"Light has come into the world."
(John 3:19, NIV)

An Era Ends. A New One Begins.
I think I heard groans from some of you who did. I think I saw some thankful smiles on the faces of those who didn’t.

In algebra, one of the most frustrating concepts for students is the X that stands for the unknown number in an equation. When a student looks at an equation made up of various numbers and lots of Xs, it can be very confusing. However, once you understand how to work with the sides of the equation correctly, solving for X can be very rewarding.

Generation X got its name, in part, from the algebraic concept of X, the unknown. The baby boomer generation looked at their children and said, “We don’t understand them. We don’t know them.” The church looked at the younger generation and said, “Our present methods of evangelization don’t seem to be working with the youth. What has changed?”

Here are some of the things that make Xers different from boomers:

• Gen-X seeks real relationships. The effects of divorce and neglect have left this generation wanting closeness and intimacy in friendships.
• Gen-X wants authenticity. They are more concerned about someone being real than about what that person believes.
• Gen-X lives in the present. They are pessimistic about the future, so they concentrate on getting the most fun out of the present moment.
• Gen-X is looking for true spirituality. The pain and despair of their childhood have left them seeking true experiences with God, but they are open to any way that they feel is authentic.

Perhaps you find yourself, as a Sunday School teacher of Xers, trying to understand them. WordAction curriculum has developed material that specifically addresses generation X and answers the all-important question: “How can we reach them for Christ?”

Young Adult Bible Fellowship Leader is designed specifically for use in group settings of the 18 to 30 age-group. The activities are based upon the same scripture passage as the adult material but are geared to the interests and life situations of gen-X. Plus, the Young Adult Bible Fellowship Leader features articles that will help you grow in your understanding of this important generation.

WordAction shares your concern to answer the question, “How can we reach this generation for Christ?” We feel the answer is to move into their world and find ways to show them that biblical truth is relevant for them.

Generation X may be the unknown part of the equation to us, but not to God. He knows all about them, and He cares for them. May we be willing to venture into the unknown with the good news of salvation.

—EVERETT LEADINGHAM
Young Adult Editor
FEATURES

4 Believing and Receiving
PAUL M. BASSETT

6 When Promise Becomes Presence
WAYNE M. WARNER

8 A Pocket of Calm
LUCINDA NORMAN

10 Christmas All Year Long?
JUNE CERZA KOLF

14 Christmas Traditions—Making Your Family Celebrations Memorable
STAN and LINDA TOLER
ELMER and RUTH TOWNS

POETRY

9 A Prayer for Advent
JOEL T. MILLS

CONTINUING COLUMNS

2 Editor's Choice, J. WESLEY EBY

3 Masculine Journey, VICTOR SCHREFFLER

7 General Superintendent's Viewpoint
JERRY D. PORTER

11 Words of Faith, ROB L. STAPLES

16 The Unheralded, J. WESLEY EBY

17 In a Woman's Voice
MARLO M. SCHALESKY

DEPARTMENTS

12-13, 20-21 News
18 Annual Index
22 The Readers Write
23 NCN Broadcast Schedule

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An Era Ends. A New One

The Herald Commences

When three different groups united in 1908 to form the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, the new denomination for a time recognized and supported three different publications: the Beulah Christian (Rhode Island), The Pentecostal Advocate (Texas), and the Nazarene Messenger (California). In 1911 the Committee on Publishing Interests of the general church recommended the election of a Board of Publication, which was duly empowered to establish a central publishing house and a church paper.

The new Board of Publication purchased printing equipment and set up a publishing company in Kansas City. The board also elected B. F. Haynes editor and C. A. McConnell office editor of the new periodical. The official organ of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, titled Herald of Holiness, rolled off the presses in 1912.

The first issue—Volume 1, Number 1, dated April 17, 1912—contained 16 pages of black-and-white text and four small photographs. Along with editorials and articles was a poem by Haldor Lillenas and a Sunday School lesson on the Beatitudes. The subscription price was $1.00 a year.

Holiness Heralded

Over the past 87 years, the Herald’s editors have faithfully proclaimed the message of heart holiness. In his first editorial, B. F. Haynes wrote: “While the great gulf stream of aim and endeavor shall be the inculcation and propagation of the new birth from above, and of holiness as a second definite work of grace, Herald of Holiness will stand for every principle and truth essential to . . . the advancement of our Redeemer’s Kingdom in the world.”

Consider these quotes from the Herald’s editors:

“The way from regeneration to heaven leads right through ‘sanctification of the Spirit.’ . . . the time comes when one must become a sanctified Christian or he cannot remain a Christian at all” (J. B. Chapman, April 18, 1923).

“Sanctification with us must be something more than a mere doctrine. It must be a vital, throbbing experience of purity of heart and devotion to God” (H. Orton Wiley, June 8, 1935).

“By the work of the Holy Spirit in entire sanctification the nature of sin remaining within the heart of a born-again Christian is destroyed, . . . that henceforth we should not serve sin” (D. Shelby Corlett, March 25, 1939).

“The new birth, or conversion, carries with it a certain purging; so sanctification is called entire because it finishes the cleansing of the whole personality when it destroys inbred sin” (Stephen S. White, August 1, 1949).

“[God] purges the emotions and perfects the soul in love. But He also strengthens the will and guides it in holy purposes. He helps us bring every thought into captivity to Christ” (W. T. Purkiser, January 11, 1961).

“Those whom [God] justifies He also sanctifies. It is this full-orbed biblical truth that Nazarenes preach. To leave off sanctification—a real change in man—is to preach a truncated gospel” (John A. Knight, November 19, 1975).

“[God’s] promise to make us holy is not carelessly given. In the atoning death of Christ and in the power of the Spirit, provision has been made to sanctify us wholly. God wants us to be vessels suited to His use, . . . making us fit and safe to live with” (W. E. McCumber, March 15, 1984).

“Sanctification also begins at conversion. Our theologians call it ‘initial sanctification.’ But entire sanctification and full cleansing, God chooses to make a subsequent gift” (Wesley D. Tracy, September 1997).

Without question, the Herald has been clear and true in its proclamation of the Wesleyan-Holiness doctrine.

Herald of Holiness Facts

Many changes have occurred in the Herald’s format, look, and price throughout its long history. Here are a few examples:

• For the first 51 years, the Herald was published weekly. From March 1971 until July 1989, it was a biweekly magazine. Only in its last decade, beginning July 1989, did it become a monthly.

• Starting out with 16 pages, the Herald increased to 32 pages under Dr. Chapman’s editorship. Through the years, the number of pages fluctuated, increasing and decreasing at various times, from 18 to 32 pages. In 1971, the magazine consistently maintained 32 pages, until July 1989 when it moved to 48.

• The Herald was entirely a black-and-white magazine until September 11, 1949, when color appeared on the front and back covers. On March 1, 1961, two-color treatment, for the first time, was given to all the inside pages as well as the covers. Full-color
Masculine Journey

Begins.

throughout arrived with the 1980 General Assembly issue. The regular, every-issue use of full color, along with bold, eye-catching graphics, began in July 1989.

• The subscription price remained at $1.00 until 1950, when it increased to $1.25. A decade later the cost was $1.50. The subscription increments escalated through the years—$2.50 . . . $4.00 . . . $6.50 . . . $7.50 . . . $9.00. Then in the ’90s, the price went to $10.00 and topped off at $12.00. But, whatever the cost, the Herald has always been, and still is, a bargain.

The Holiness Today Era Begins

In January 1999 the Herald of Holiness and World Mission magazines will be united into one monthly periodical. Under the leadership of R. Franklin Cook, Holiness Today begins a new era in the Church of the Nazarene—one that will take the church into the new millennium and serve its members well for decades to come.

While the name Herald of Holiness ceases with this issue, the purpose of the Herald does not. The mission statement for Holiness Today is:

To guide the church through transition to a new clarity of holiness and global mission.

With Dr. Cook as editor in chief, the Church of the Nazarene can be assured that their denomination’s distinctive doctrine—Christian holiness—and their church’s mission—world evangelism—will be trumpeted monthly from the pages of its all new, official church magazine. Holiness Today.

Source:
• Church of the Nazarene archives, Kansas City.

J. Wesley Eby has been managing editor of the Herald of Holiness for the past two years. Following Wesley Tracy’s retirement, Eby has been interim editor for eight months.

Victor Schreffler

VICTOR SCHREFFLER

is senior pastor of Blue Springs (Missouri) First Church of the Nazarene.

Favorite Things

At eight, Stephen, my youngest, likes to keep moving. Ride his bike, play with his guinea pig, climb the fence, and generally cause his surroundings to move from order to chaos.

He’s all boy, and neutral isn’t on his transmission.

But guess what the highlight of his week is.

Saturday morning. And it’s not cartoons.

One of Stephen’s favorite things is getting up early with his dad and being at our church by 7 A.M. to spend the next hour and a half in prayer with a group of men.

And these guys pray. They don’t talk about prayer; they actually pray.

Here’s Vince* calling out to God for his family. Recently remarried, he has seven kids; and both wise and desperate, he begs for God to bring about the blending that’s nothing short of miraculous.

Stephen hears this prayer. I wonder, at eight, do you suppose he’s learning about the devastation of divorce and the need for any family to keep God first?

He hears Don* really getting into it, sometimes praying so loud it’s almost scary, but with a heart so tender you know he’s for real.

Stephen sees that manliness and brokenness go well together.

Robert,* a brand-new Christian at 48, pleads with God for his family, for wisdom to raise his kids, and for strength to be free from cigarettes. What does that teach my son about things that addict?

Ben* weeps for the teens who are teetering on the edge.

Karl* gets so choked up he can’t even speak.

And Lynn* asks God to humble him and make him the kind of man that will be a servant to his wife and children.

Stephen even jumps in himself. Prays for his friends. Prays for his world. For many weeks, Afghanistan and Sudan were at the top of his list. Sometimes he’s so moved his voice breaks; my little boy experiences the touch of God.

Robert, mentioned earlier, has observed that he never really knew what it was to be a man until he spent these hours with the brothers, calling on the Lord. It is there at the altar this formerly unchurched man has learned about true manhood.

Do you suppose that it’s there, at the altar praying with men of all ages, that Stephen’s discovering true manhood?

*Names changed
Believing and Receiving

by Paul M. Bassett, professor, Nazarene Theological Seminary

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Word, “came unto his own, and his own received him not” (John 1:11). The Holy Spirit guided the Gospel writer to set down this awful fact so that the Church, God’s own people since Pentecost, would keep it in heart and mind.

You don’t need me, a church historian, to tell you why the Spirit has done this. Even in our day, “his own,” the Church (we say it through tears), has often seemed to receive everyone but Him, to receive every word but His. Oh, not everyone in the Church, thank God, but enough to call us to give heed to the Spirit’s guidance here.

Sadly we say it, some quite willingly receive any manner of pleasant and comfortable notion about our Lord but turn Him away. We see this perhaps most clearly around Christmas. Talk of God’s greatness, goodness and mercy, love and acceptance, and such folks sit on the edge of their pews, all infatuated. They sing of it, all smiles. “Ah, now we’ve got the true Christmas spirit,” they say. But speak of the need for real repentance and freedom from sin, speak not of adjustment of life but of its transformation, speak not of psychological self-fulfillment but of unconditional surrender to Him, and interest fades.

Christ comes even now to “his own,” and some receive Him not. How tragic to receive only that which is pleasant and comfortable about Him when He would give himself to us. He came. He comes. And He will come again, asking not whether we know about Him but whether we know Him.

Then, too, we sadly note, some of “his own” do not receive Him because He disregards their rules for being religious. The enemy works subtly here.

He came.
He comes.
And He will come again, asking not whether we know about Him but whether we know Him.

The Church has always struggled, not always successfully, with the temptation to control and manipulate even the presence of Christ and Christlikeness. Sometimes even “religion”—with its practices and dogmas and opinions, with its arrogance and smugness and lack of love—has shut out the Word made flesh.

Sometimes the Church has cast Him out or refused Him entry by attempting to make Him an instrument for gaining social respectability or political clout.

Christ comes to “his own,” the Church, and some receive Him not because He insists on having it His way. He came. He comes. And He will come again, insisting that we shall have no other gods before Him and that the Church is His Body.

Again, sadly, we see a refusal related to this last one. Some of “his own [receive] him not” because they cannot tolerate being stewards of the Kingdom; they must be its owners and operators. Mark (12:1-12) recalls Jesus’ parable about this failure to receive Him.

Operators look upon the Church as a business or an assembly line or an investment house or a private army of supporters. They want control; some want more, some less. Some want it openly; some are more stealthy. But the aim is the same. Christ’s Church must benefit them above all, whatever that “benefit” may be. Position, “turf,” and reputation become matters of great gravity. So service and glory that should go to God are diverted, sometimes with great pretense of piety, into serving and glorifying human beings or human institutions.

The Word become flesh comes to “his own,” the Church, and “his own,” receive Him not because they will not surrender their claims to His. He came. He comes. He will come again as King and Lord to receive His kingdom.

HERALD OF HOLINESS
Christ comes to “his own,” the Church, and some receive Him not because they do not really trust Him with life itself—do not trust Him, the Lord of life. They demand the right to define what is life for themselves. He came. He comes. And He will come again with life—the only true life, life more abundant. And as for all the rest, it is without Him. It is death.

These things disturb us. I don’t really like to think about them. But the Spirit has preserved this passage of scripture for our sake—that we might reflect upon it.

And, thank God, that same Spirit has given us another great fact to ponder: “But to all who received him, who believed in his name, he gave power to become children of God; who were born, not of blood nor of the will of the flesh [not through ancestry, nor through human yearning] nor of the will of man [human declaration or human legislation], but of God” (John 1:12-13, RSV).

So, next time you are in church, look around you. You will see those who have received the Word made flesh and have believed on His name. You will see those to whom the Lord Jesus Christ himself has given power to become the very children of God.

Some of those around you were born and reared in the church. I was. Perhaps you were. But of those born and reared in the church, I hope those you see know this: that they did not receive Him, they did not believe on His name, they did not receive power to become the children of God because of their Christian ancestry. No. They became the children of God because God called each of them out of the darkness and death of their own sinfulness into His glorious light. For while they are by blood the children of believing parents, they were by moral nature the children of wrath, dead in trespasses and sins. But God, who is rich in mercy, has raised them up with Him and seated them in heav-

enly places in Christ Jesus (see Ephesians 2:1-6).

Some around you were not born and reared in the church. But some had an upbringing or have the kind of personality that just seems to draw them to being what the world would call good people—generally decent, generally honest, usually hard-working, alert to helping folks in need. I hope those around you who fit this description know this: that they did not receive Him, did not believe on His name, did not receive power to become the children of God because of upbringing or natural tendencies. No. For all of their decency and good works, they, too, were dead in trespasses and sins. But One came to them, and I hope they received Him. If they did, they have accounted their own righteousness as filthy rags and received Him who alone is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. It is He, not their upbringing nor their personality, who has made them His brothers and sisters, His Father’s own children and fellow heirs with Him.

Some around you have had it said of them that if anyone is Christian, they are. Some have participated in rituals that declared them to be Christian. Some have received assurances from church authorities or from any number of others that they are surely Christian. Some have had embarrassingly good things said about them even before their funerals. But I hope those around you who have received such declarations or accolades know this: it is not the will of others—not even the good will of the holiest of persons—that makes one a child of God. Human desire simply cannot make us the Lord’s dwelling. Flesh and blood, on their own, cannot even tell us who Jesus really is. (Now there’s an Advent to ponder.) And no human can make us members of the Body of Christ. But, thanks be to God, we can have a witness far more sure than the proclamations, the positive
votes, or the good opinions of all of humankind.

This Advent season, on this we can count: as once the Word made flesh came to Bethlehem, so the Word made flesh comes to us and to our fellow worshipers through His Spirit. Grace is given us to make a choice. He can come to us, “his own,” and we, “his own,” can refuse to receive Him. Refuse in ways crude and in ways subtle. Or He can come to us and we can receive Him.

To those who receive Him He gives power to become the children of God. And so we may become, not by ancestry nor by trying to work it out so that it is so nor by declaring it to be so, but by the will of God.

As once the Word made flesh came to Bethlehem, so the Word made flesh comes to us and to our fellow worshipers through His Spirit.

He will come again, one last time. And here is His promise to those who here and now receive Him: “I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also” (John 14:3, NRSV).

The Heavenly Father does not turn away the presence of His Son (see Psalm 132:10). And at the last, none of us will be able to, though now we may. But, rather, let us receive Him now, and let us receive Him as those born not merely of the flesh nor of human will, but as those who, by His gift of gracious power, are born of God.

The Christmas story tells of God’s promise fulfilled in the presence of Jesus. “All this took place to fulfill what the Lord had said through the prophet,” wrote Matthew (1:22, NIV).

The following verse tells us He will be called Immanuel, meaning God is with us. Not only is Jesus a promise who became a presence, as “God with us,” but He is our primary Source of truth today. Presence is always better than promise.

When my wife and I married 50 years ago, we decided presence was better than promise. I was a young airman stationed at Scott Field, Illinois, attending Radio Operator’s School. She was a college dropout because of failing health.

We married and lived on a minimal income. We occupied tiny, roach-infested apartments and ate lots of BLT sandwiches. Why? Because we preferred presence to promise!

At the 1992 Olympics in Barcelona, Spain, the world watched Derek Williams running his heart out in the 400-meter semifinal. Suddenly, he fell to the track and grabbed his right hamstring in obvious pain. High in the stands, a man watched him fall.

That shadowy figure of a man jumped to his feet, evaded five security guards, and raced madly onto the track. Putting his arms around Derek’s shoulder, father and son limped across the finish line as the crowd cheered wildly. That is presence!

For centuries, Jesus had been but an unseen promise. With His birth, however, He became an undeniable presence—Immanuel, “God with us.”
Broke at Christmas

by Jerry D. Porter

My wife gave my salary away! It was November 1978 in the Dominican Republic. “I wish we could give a cash Christmas gift to each of the 30 Nazarene pastors,” I told my wife, Toni. We had stretched the World Evangelism Fund money as far as it would go.

Early in December we were listening to a cassette tape from Pasadena, California, First Church as we drove to a revival service. Along the way, as I changed the inevitable flat tire, Toni continued listening to the tape. We had just started driving again when she spoke with deep emotion: “Honey, you are really concerned about giving the pastors a Christmas gift, aren’t you? Well, I believe the Lord has given us the answer. On the cassette I heard the testimony of a young man who had been unemployed. He promised the Lord that he would give his first month’s salary to the Lord once he found a job. I believe the Lord wants us to do the same thing on behalf of the pastors.

I tried to debate this crazy idea. What about our children and all the expenses of Christmas? But the more I argued, the more certain I became that this truly was the Lord speaking to us. We deposited that month’s salary of almost $700 into the district account. We didn’t miss any meals, our children did not even realize we were pinching pennies, and we were able to have a pastors’ Christmas fellowship where each family received a small cash gift!

On December 19, we had a glorious district assembly with Dr. Charles Strickland as we culminated the first each-one-win-one thrust. Five hundred twenty-eight Nazarenes became 1,079 in one year! The joy of the victory celebration helped us forget that we were heading for a bleak Christmas.

The next day, Dr. Jerald Johnson called to ask me to take my family to my wife’s home for Christmas. “Following that,” he said, “we want you and Toni to come to Kansas City for orientation. You have just been appointed rector of the Nazarene seminary in San José, Costa Rica.”

I was honored, excited, challenged—and suddenly it dawned on me: Toni gave away our salary, and God surprised us with a miracle! He gave us an unexpected Christmas trip to Pennsylvania, where bountiful gifts and delicious meals were provided for our children and us. We responded to a need, and the Lord chose to replenish our supply.

This 1998 Christmas season, we are bombarded with appealing advertisements luring us to a consumer mindset that focuses on us and ignores the hungry, hurting, and poor who share this planet with us. Toni and I are asking the Lord to teach us new lessons in “faith generosity.”

Scores of Haitian Nazarenes died this past year from hunger and malnutrition. While we are tempted to overconsume this holiday season, there are great needs, even within our immediate family of faith, that we can no longer ignore.

I thank the Lord for 4,870 sponsors who, through Nazarene Compassionate Ministries, are providing loving assistance to over 29,000 precious children each month! There is a waiting list of nearly 532 children who need to be sponsored.

“Tis the season to be jolly” needs to be held in a paradox tension with “I was hungry and you gave me something to eat” (Matthew 25:35, NIV). In the midst of our holiday spirit, we must open our hearts to the less fortunate ones all around us.

This holy Christmas season, join thousands of others in responding personally to make a difference in the lives of hurting people in your immediate community and around the world. We cannot feed the whole world, but we can feed one. We cannot meet all the needs, but we can be faithful stewards of the gracious blessings from the Lord and make a difference in someone’s life this Christmas.

Faith generosity challenges us to give, even beyond the comfort zone—into the obedience miracle zone. I tend to be stingy while my wife is generous. She teaches me what Merry Christmas is all about!
When my three friends and I make our yearly trip to Erie’s Mill Creek Mall for holiday sales, I used to become a combat shopper.

I felt I needed soldiers’ skills to maneuver through cramped stores and survive the onslaught of other shoppers with Christmas Club checks and credit cards.

A few years ago, this holiday shopping spree became a contest of survival of the rudest and sneakiest. Overzealous shoppers elbowed and hip-bumped me. Others jumped the fitting rooms and cashier lines.

During a 10-minute special (10 percent off the already 25 percent discount), a woman grabbed a lace tablecloth from my hands. I looked her in the eye, grunted “Mine!” and yanked it back.

By four o’clock, my mood was belligerent. I stood in line for 20 minutes for a nonsmoking seat in the restaurant where my friends had agreed to meet for an afternoon snack. I collapsed into the booth. My head, legs, and feet ached.

I halted a waitress. “I need hot tea. Bring lemon.”

“I’m not your waitress.”

“I’m experiencing caffeine withdrawal. If I don’t get some tea immediately, I won’t be responsible for my actions.” I expected her to salute and follow orders.

“Wait your turn,” she snapped.

“I’ve waited my turn all day,” I said to her departing back.

Moments later, someone laid a menu in front of me. “I’m Rob, your waiter.” I looked up to see a red-headed young man, smiling.

“Would you like anything while you wait for your party?”

“I need hot tea. Fighting this crowd all day has depleted my caffeine reserves.”

Rob actually chuckled. “I know what you mean. I’ve been here since 11.”

As Rob returned to the kitchen, he helped the snappy waitress with her loaded tray. He greeted customers and staff. Wherever he went, people relaxed and smiled.

My friends arrived, laden with packages and suffering from battle fatigue. In a better mood from already having my tea, I commented to Rob, “Two of us are grandmothers. All of us have teen sons. Humor us. Just pretend we’re your mom and grandma.”

Rob grinned. “In that case, I’ll
give you the royal treatment.” He bowed. By the time he left, my friends were smiling.

Later, without my asking, Rob dropped a fresh tea bag by my cup and winked. “If you’re like my mom, you’ll want another cup.” As he poured steaming water, I saw he wore a dull silver ring made of connected letters. I looked more closely.

“Did you notice our waiter’s ring spells ‘Jesus’?” I asked my friends when he left us.

“No wonder he’s the most courteous person I’ve seen all day,” Marlene said. “He’s conscientiously being a Christian on the job.”

Rob hadn’t said a word about being a Christian. Polite, pleasant, and patient, Rob let Christ create through him a pocket of calm in the middle of Mill Creek Mall’s mad holiday sales.

I felt conviction sweep my conscience. That snappy waitress, clerks, and other shoppers wouldn’t guess I was a Christian. I was as ruthless as every other mall combatant. I mentally asked God’s forgiveness.

I left Rob a generous tip for his service and his quiet witness. He’d made me determined to model Christ. I was no longer a greedy, harried shopper ready to snipe at anyone who crossed into my zone. I was a Christian shopper facing mall combat with an adjusted attitude.

During the night sales, I excused myself when I bumped someone. Smiling, I called clerks by the names on their I.D. pins. I thanked fitting room attendants for showing me to empty booths. I let a mother with a tired toddler ahead of me in the checkout line.

Shoppers and clerks reacted differently to me too. That same pocket of calm and pleasantness that emanated from our redheaded waiter seemed to surround me and encompass whomever I contacted too.

Now whenever I enter a mall during peak hours, I remember Rob, the teenage Christian waiter. I remember I’m not a mall combatant. I’m a Christian shopper.

Come, Lord Jesus,
into the still, silent night
of my loneliness.
Bring light
into the starless vault
of my unbelief.
Expand me
past the insecurity,
the inhibitions,
the feat that stops me
from trusting You,
And hinders You
from blessing me.
Oh, Lord Jesus,
amid the din, the tumult
of these busy days,
Bring calm
to the raging waters
where I live.
Strengthen me
through my failures,
the disappointments,
the crises that force me
to trust You,
And bring You
closer to me.
Wash my heart from the grit of the road.
Clean my mind from the grime of this world.
Purify my spirit by obedience to Your Word,
that I may worship You
courageously, truthfully, in love,
each day, every day, of my life.
—Joel T. Miller
I smiled as I looked at the pastel-colored ceramic Nativity set, complete with animals, angels, a drummer boy, and the three kings, sitting on a shelf in the bathroom. I'll bet not many people have a Nativity on display in their bathrooms, I thought, smiling even broader. At first I had thought it might seem disrespectful to display it in there, but the colors matched the rest of the bathroom perfectly, and I now had so many natiivities that I had run out of room in the rest of the house.

It all started about 15 years ago with a frosted glass set of the three central figures—Mary, Joseph, and Baby Jesus. I had never been a collector of anything and had no intentions of starting a hobby or collection. Yet, as I stared at the delicately defined features of the frosted glass figures, I knew I had to have this particular set. I went home and hinted quite vigorously in the weeks before Christmas. Naturally, it appeared in an odd-shaped box under the Christmas tree. My husband was very proud of himself for catching my hints as he watched me run my fingers over the smooth surfaces.

Each year after that a new Nativity appeared under the tree: wood, pewter, clay, ceramic, bamboo. Nativities from all over the world, each with their own unique interpretations. My children even constructed adorable, handmade ones, and the collection grew. However, the best part of my collection happened quite by accident.

One year, after packing away all the holiday decorations, I realized I had forgotten to pack away the Nativity in the bathroom. We stored all the holiday decorations in a huge carton in the rafters of the garage. It was a major production to get it up and down, and opening the box was even more of a big deal. The box was taped closed, wrapped with newspaper, taped again, and then tied up with string. My engineer husband left no detail to chance. His efforts paid off. There was never a speck of dust on anything inside the box, and no mouse could have eaten its way into the box before Christmas, even if it started early in January.

I looked at the forgotten Nativity and pictured the air-tight box way up in the garage. I'll just leave it out all year long, I decided, and pack it away next year. Even my husband agreed. "How about moving it out of the bathroom, though?" he suggested.

I did just that. I moved it into the living room to a prominent position on top of our piano. That was over 10 years ago. The results were startling. No one coming into our home could miss it. Some people simply stared, not saying anything. Others remarked that it was interesting to have a Christmas Nativity on display in July. I would smile and tell them that all year long I liked to remember the birth of Jesus and what His life stood for.

The next Christmas my children begged me not to pack the Nativity away. In fact, I left out several others as well. As the years have passed, I continue to display various sets from my collection in almost every room of our house. Many of my friends have copied this practice and now do likewise. All three of my children are grown now, and they have various natiivities all over their houses. My grandchildren are being raised to think it's perfectly natural, that natiivities are not for the Christmas holidays only.

What started out as an oversight has grown into a family tradition. It allows us the opening to talk about Jesus in a natural, comfortable way to guests in our homes, and it warms my heart whenever I dust a little figure in a manger and remember the accidental way this tradition started. Or was it accidental?
“The Bible is the manger in which Christ is laid.” With that concise and graphic metaphor, Martin Luther explained his view of Scripture.

The great Protestant Reformer was utilizing Luke’s account of the birth of Jesus, in which the shepherds found the Christ child lying in a manger. The manger itself was not the shepherd’s ultimate goal. They were looking for the newborn Babe, and the manger was simply the place where the angels told them to look.

The point of Luther’s analogy is that Christ, who is the Living Word, is to be found in the Bible, which is the written Word. But the latter is but an instrument directing us to the former, and thus not an end in itself.

Let me construct a story, playing off Luther’s metaphor. In my story there are four shepherds. We usually assume there were three, but the Bible does not tell us how many magi brought these gifts, whether 2 or 20 or 200.

So I can have four shepherds in my story if I wish. There is a Modernist, a Fundamentalist, a Postmodernist, and a Wesleyan. One by one they come to the manger (remember the “manger” is the Bible) seeking the Christ.

The Modernist shepherd comes to the manger and says: “This is a weak manger; some of the boards have knotholes in them.” So he sets about to make it better by ripping out the “miracle” board, the “virgin birth” board, the “resurrection” board, and pretty soon he has so weakened the manger that Christ falls onto the straw on the stable floor!

Then the Fundamentalist shepherd rushes up. “I will defend the manger,” he says. “I will fight anyone who tinkers with it. Let no one lay a hand on it.” He spends most of his energy defending the manger and practically idolizing the boards (the written words), leaving little time to adore the Christ (the Living Word), who lies in it.

The Postmodernist shepherd probably never even bothers to find the manger. He thinks the angel’s announcement of a newborn king is a nice story but only one story among many. It has meaning for some people. Other stories are meaningful to others, and who can say which story is most important? We can each create our own stories, and one is as true as another.

Now the Wesleyan shepherd differs from them all. Unlike the Postmodernist, he knows he must go to the manger (the Bible) to learn about Christ. There are many mangers (books) in the world, but only this one has the words of eternal life. But, having come to the manger, he differs from the Modernist, who wants to reconstruct it. The Wesleyan knows that this manger is truly unique. Of all mangers (books) in the world, this is most important. He respects it, loves it, handles it with care. But he does not worship it. Having come to the manger, he, unlike the Fundamentalist, does not tarry there, adoring the manger itself. He does not even defend it, believing its truth is strong enough to defend itself. He quickly turns to worship and adore the Christ, who lies there, and then goes and proclaims Him.

That is my little story. Now someone might say, “Wait a minute. Haven’t you slanted this story to make it come out the way you wanted?” I answer, “Of course; it is my story. You may develop your own story and slant it as you wish.” But this is my simple way of explaining the place the Bible has in Wesleyan theology.

Luther was correct in calling the Bible a “manger” in which Christ is laid. He also said: “Christ is Lord and King of Scripture.” In these respects, Wesley was much like Luther. The center of the Bible is Jesus Christ. The written words are important. But they are important for one main reason—they point us to the Living Word, whom alone we worship and adore.
New D.S. Orientation Held

Newly elected or appointed district superintendents from the U.S. and Canada met in Kansas City September 14-16 for orientation sessions. Sponsored by the Board of General Superintendents and the General Secretary’s Office, the event included meetings with the general superintendents and Headquarters directors. Other sessions included interaction with veteran district superintendents and a visit to Nazarene Publishing House.

Earl Lee Dies of Cancer

Earl G. Lee, 80, died October 9, after a battle with cancer. Lee, a 1939 graduate of Eastern Nazarene College, was ordained in 1941. He served as pastor of Pasadena First Church from 1966 to 1984. He also served churches in Idaho, New York, and New England. Lee and his wife, Hazel, were missionaries to India from 1946 to 1960. He authored several books, including the best-seller Cycle of Victorious Living. Lee is survived by his wife, Hazel, and three children, Gary, Gayle, and Grant.

Revised Pension Summary Available

The Pensions Office at the Nazarene Headquarters has updated the booklet that describes the Nazarene “grandfathered” pension plans, according to Don Walter, director of Pensions and Benefits USA. The booklet, which is called a “Summary Plan Description (SPD), contains up-to-date illustrations based on the most current benefit formula, which became effective July 1, 1998.

“Grandfathered” participants are those who were participants under either the “Basic” Pension Plan or the General Church Pension Plan before January 1, 1996. Walter said that eligible participants who are not retired probably will want a copy of the new SPD. To request one, contact the Pensions Office. Walter added that participants with Web access may read the SPD on the Nazarene web site.

Holiness Today to Offer Opportunities for Paid Announcements

Starting in January 1999, Holiness Today in conjunction with Nazarene Publishing House will offer a new service to the denomination; namely, Nazarene churches and organizations at the general, district, and local levels will be able to purchase paid-announcement space in the new denominational magazine.

The types of paid announcements will include:
- Special Events
- Educational Opportunities
- Services
- Miscellaneous

Cost: $7.00 (U.S.) per line or fraction of a line with a $21.00 (U.S.) minimum charge. (There is an average of about 50 characters—letters, numbers, punctuation, and spaces—per line.)

Deadline: The first day of the month two months prior to publication date for both reservation and cancellation. For example, reservations for the March 1999 issue must be received by January 1, 1999.

Address: Send paid-announcement requests to Holiness Today, 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131.
Sharpes New D.S. in Australia

R. Wayne Sharpes has been appointed superintendent of the Australia Northern Pacific District, according to General Superintendent William J. Prince.

Sharpes has most recently been the minister of discipleship at Lima Community Church in Ohio, where he had been senior pastor for 22 years. He previously pastored churches in Wisconsin, Kentucky, Kansas, and Ohio.

Sharpes holds a bachelor's degree from Trevecca Nazarene University, a master's of divinity from Nazarene Theological Seminary, and a doctor of ministry from Fuller Theological Seminary.

Sharpes and his wife, Wanda, have three grown children, all involved in Nazarene ministry.

Golden Celebrates 100th Birthday

Newell Golden celebrated his 100th birthday on September 10, according to his pastor, Wayne Hicks. Golden and his wife, Edna, celebrated their 75th wedding anniversary in February. The Goldens are charter members of the Valleyview Church of the Nazarene in Amarillo, Texas, which they joined 70 years ago.

ABBOTT, DAN: Junction City, OR, Jan. 17-20; Myrtle Creek, OR, Jan. 31-Feb. 3

ALFORD, DAVID: Visalia, CA, Jan. 3-6; Thief River Falls, MN, Jan. 17-20

AVERY, STEPHEN: North Vernon, IN, Concert, 1-25

BARTON, TAMMIE: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

BATEMAN, DONALD: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

BAY, ANTHONY: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

BELL, TED: Bloomington, IN, Concert, 1-25

BENTON, ROBERT: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

BLACK, TERRY: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

BOWMAN, RAY: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

BROWN, JAMES: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

BURLINGTON, WAYNE: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

BUSH, JAMES: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

CAMPBELL, JAMES: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

CANNON, JAMES: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

CARDENAS, RUSS: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

CARTER, RICHARD: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

CHAMBERLAIN, RICHARD: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

CHENOWETH, JOHN: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

CORDER, RAY: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

CROSBY, WILLIAM: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

CUMMINGS, JAMES: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

CURTIS, RAY: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

CUTLER, ROBERT: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

DAVIS, RAY: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

DEAN, JAMES: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

DEWEY, STEPHEN: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

DICKINSON, RICHARD: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

DONALD, RICHARD: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

DORSEY, ROBERT: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

DYER, JAMES: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

EASTON, ROBERT: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

EVANS, RICHARD: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

FAIR, ROBERT: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

FAY, RICHARD: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

FISHER, ROBERT: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

FLINT, ROBERT: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

FREEMAN, JAMES: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

FRANKLIN, ROBERT: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

GARDNER, ROBERT: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

GENTRY, ROBERT: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

GILBERT, ROBERT: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

GRIFFITH, RICHARD: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

HAGER, JAMES: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

HALL, ROBERT: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

HARRIS, THOMAS: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

HAWKINS, RICHARD: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

HEMANN, ROBERT: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

HERVEY, JOHN: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

HICKS, RICK: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

HOLLAND, JOHN: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

HURST, ROBERT: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

HYNES, RICHARD: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16

James, RICHARD: Independence, IN, Evangelists' Gathering, 14-16
It is more blessed to give than to receive." Our family has learned this important lesson. Each member of our extended family goes to his or her overflowing closets, toy boxes, or pantries to find presents for a family who might not have Christmas. After deciding who will receive the surprise gifts, we sneak information, such as sizes, ages of children, or specific needs. Next, we collect a large box of goodies—lotions or fragrances for Mom, warm sweaters and a toy for each child, something special for Dad, and a bag or two of groceries (a ham, oranges, nuts, a package of dressing, some sweet potatoes, freshly baked bread, and a few candies to top it off).

Christmas Eve night, we decide who will have the honor of delivering the gifts. Amid giggles, barking dogs, and tripping over each other, the delivery team leaves the box on the doorstep, rings the bell, and runs like crazy. This is always so much fun, we now fight over who gets to deliver the surprise.

One year we received a big cardboard "thank you" card in our gift-family's front yard. It said, "Thank you, Santa, whoever you are."

—Elmer and Ruth Towns
Christmas Day 1981, Heritage Memorial Church. She carried her beginner’s book and slowly approached the grand piano, left center of the platform. Kim Hawk was all of 10 years old—a Down syndrome child.

More than a thousand worshipers silently cheered for her as she opened the book and began to play the Sunday morning offertory. With one finger, Kim painstakingly pecked out “Jesus Loves Me.” At times she paused indefinitely, struggling to place her stubby little fingers on the right keys. Her brow wrinkled in concentration, her lips puckered with determination, her eyes narrowed with intensity.

As Kim continued in her simple, pure worship, my own heart swelled with God’s love—perfect, holy, blameless. “Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!” Every nuance of Christmas seemed wrapped in that simple message.

At last, Kim finished and slipped off the piano bench. An avalanche of applause punctuated her message. “Jesus loves me!” swelled from every heart as God’s Spirit filled that sanctuary with the force of His infinite power. Grown men, breathing deeply, struggled to retain their dignity, while weepy women searched for tissues to blot their damp cheeks.

As He invaded the world 2,000 years before, the Holy Creator invaded our church service through the simplicity of an innocent child. God was near. And in that close moment, He wrapped His arms around each of us and said, “I love you.”

—Stan Toler

Saint Nicholas was born wealthy in 280 A.D. He was a small-town boy from Patara in Asia Minor. Even though an epidemic killed his parents during his youth, they had made sure of both his spiritual and material wealth. Nicholas had a faith no one could shake.

After his parents’ death, Nicholas lived in Myra and there showed his love for Christ through his love for others. Eventually, the town asked him to be its bishop. Emperor Diocletian jailed him because of his faith. But Emperor Constantine released him.

News of Saint Nicholas’ generous deeds spread through the countryside. Not only did he beg for food for the poor, he also gave impoverished girls dowries, which enabled them to find husbands. And, of course, there is the unforgettable story of his putting on a costume, sneaking into the homes of poor children, and leaving gifts. Because of his generosity, Nicholas gave away everything he owned and died poor in 314.

He never rode around with reindeer, though. We can thank the clergyman Clement Clarke Moore for that (1822). And if you like his suit, you can thank the illustrator Thomas Nast for that. But for his generosity and love, you can thank his heavenly Father.

Saint Nicholas is the embodiment of what we all should be. The man reached out to his world and has touched humanity ever since. Think what our world would be like if we followed his example.

Maybe this is the Santa that parents should tell their children about. Perhaps telling youngsters the real story of Santa would put the right balance into the Christmas gift-giving ritual.


As a church we must minister to those who serve our country and challenge them to be missionaries in uniform.

Come alongside and let Chaplaincy Ministries know your servicemember’s address, send them a Servicemembers’ Readiness Packet, and keep in contact with them.

“God and the soldier all men adore
In times of danger, if not before;
When all things are righted
God is forgotten and the soldier is slighted.”

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6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131

Home page
www.nazarene.org

Military coordinator home page
www.keynet.net/~shirley

1/800/233-8962
THE UNHERALDED

by J. Wesley Eby

Christmas. This favorite holiday brings gifts, treats, and treasures. Indeed, rare is the person who has never been the recipient of a special Yuletide surprise.

George Mowry Jr. is like one of hernia-inducing moving ministry in which he has helped hundreds of people relocate who lack the money to hire a Mayflower van. His heart and hands continually reach out to folks labeled “unlovely”—the incarcerated, the unemployed, the homosexual. No one—whether nursing-home resident, most unusual pastor. His current assignment is minister of outreach for First Church of the Nazarene in Spokane, Washington. Though he never felt the call to preach, he daily evangelizes and disciples others. In fact, that is his first love. He was trained in Evangelism Explosion and Navigator Discipleship. And those unanticipated Christmas presents. His life has been chock-full of out-of-the-ordinary events. With him, family and friends never know quite what to expect.

For example, his wife, Sharon, quipped that she never knew who was coming to Sunday dinner—or how many. For many years, George scoured the Sunday crowd for a new or lonely face and invited that person to join in the delicious food and warm fellowship of the Mowry home. Sharon just knew she needed to be prepared for an extra guest, or maybe more.

Ministry for George is far more than routinely carrying out assigned responsibilities at his church. He believes in getting down and dirty in the everyday lives of folks. Thankless tasks—the unpopular kind with the average churchgoer—have included a “bed ministry” in which he acquires good used mattresses and transports them to homes where individuals have been sleeping on the floor, and a new immigrant, or lawbreaker—escapes his love and care. One day, he intervened in a robbery, befriended the thief, found the young man a job, and led him and his live-in companion to Christ.

Yes, Rev. George Mowry is a he enjoys sharing his knowledge and experience with others. Also, he and Sharon are certified trainers for Nazarene Marriage Enrichment and have assisted with numerous retreats over the years.

Because George’s gifts are not in the area of a preaching pastor, he did not pursue ordination until later in life. Finally, at age 59, when most men are thinking of retirement, George was ordained as an elder.

Actually, the fact that George is a minister should not be surprising at all. He is a PK (preacher’s kid), and his father, George Sr., was a pastor in the Church of the Nazarene for 45 years.

George Jr. graduated from Northwest Nazarene College (NNC) in 1953 with a degree in English. Later, he completed two master’s degrees. He served in the military for two years and played in an army band. His professional career included the following positions: a public school band director, an elementary school.
principal, a professor at Olivet Nazarene University, and for 25 years, a minister of music or outreach in various Nazarene churches. George met his wife-to-be in Moscow, Idaho, where he was the volunteer choir director and her father, E. B. Hartley, was the pastor. George and Sharon married in 1959, becoming partners in ministry for the past four decades. (Today, Sharon serves her church as NWMS president while working as an assistant school superintendent in Spokane.)

The ministerial legacy of the Mowry-Hartley union runs deep. Their four children are all ordained elders in the Church of the Nazarene. Elizabeth Potter, a former church planter, lives in Kansas City with her husband, Mark, and their children. Doug is the minister of pastoral care for a United Methodist Church. He and his wife, Agnes, live in Richland, Washington. Jon and his wife, Kathy, are Nazarene missionaries in Saint Petersburg, Russia, where Jon is the area director and Kathy serves as director of pastoral training. David is the children's pastor at Spokane First, where his father is on staff. His wife's name is Melissa.

The four Mowry children and their spouses have given George and Sharon eight (almost nine) grandchildren with whom to play and love. How appropriate that a sign hangs in the Mowry’s home that reads, “Grandpas are just antique little boys.”

Rev. Mowry's love and enthusiasm for the Lord are boundless. He has spent his life spreading the good news through both his words and deeds. As an encourager, his favorite phrase is “Give 'em heaven.” Most important, this not-so-usual minister lives as if each day is his last one on earth. While unheralded on earth, George's heavenly record is a voluminous chronicle of his Christlike, selfless servanthood.

Information provided by Elizabeth Mowry Potter and Northwest Nazarene College.

Trucks, Toys, and Grown-up Boys

Marlo M. Schalesky

Marlo M. Schalesky is a Christian novelist and freelance writer. She and her pastor husband, Bryan, live in Gilroy, California.

Well, it finally happened. Bryan got a brand-new hitch for his Ford Explorer. Not just any ol’ hitch, mind you—not one of those pesky little balls on the bumper. Oh no. This was a man-sized hitch.

I knew I was in trouble when Bryan came home with a smile as big as a slice of watermelon. “So, what do you think?” he grinned, motioning to the back of the truck.

I looked down at the metal bar and attempted to appear impressed. “Uh, it’s nice.” I squatted down to look closer, thinking I must be missing something. Nope, it still looked like nothing more than a steel bar with a hole in it.

“Nice?” Bryan raised his eyebrows. “That’s a Type 3 hitch. Why, we could pull a huge boat,” he motioned with one hand into the air, “or a camper, or a big trailer, or . . . or . . . well, just about anything!”

“Oh.” Bryan glanced at me, obviously disheartened by my lack of enthusiasm.

Of course, I would have been more impressed if we actually had one of those things he mentioned. But we didn’t. No boat, no camper, no trailer, not even one of those little bike racks. Nothing. But this fact didn’t seem to squelch Bryan’s joy. And I knew better than to point it out.

“My, it’s . . .” I searched for a word. “Lovely.”

The watermelon-look turned more like a prune.

I swallowed. Hard. Apparently lovely is not a word you should use in conjunction with a man’s truck. I took a deep breath and tried again. “It looks very strong.”

Bryan’s face lit up again. “It can pull 5,000 pounds.”

Was that a lot? I didn’t know. I decided to take the leap. “Wow, isn’t that great! That’s a pretty powerful piece of equipment. I’m impressed.” I then proceeded to make the appropriate "oooo" and "ahhh" sounds.

Bryan’s grin returned, full force, as he knelt down to show me just how incredible that hitch really was and how much we could now do with it. As he explained a variety of very important features that meant nothing at all to me, I realized something. He was happy. And I was happy. And that made our marriage just a little bit better.

I learned a valuable lesson that day. I discovered that being interested in the things that interest my husband shows him that I value him. I was reminded of Paul’s instruction in Philippians 2:4 (NIV): “Each of you should look not only to your own interests, but also to the interests of others.” In other words, be impressed with his toys. And using the right words—like strong, powerful, big, wow—doesn’t hurt either.

Oh, and by the way, it wasn’t long before we found plenty of fun things to pull behind our Explorer.
Comforters, The .....................................Susan Hanson Bates, Jan., p. 35
Harvest, The ...........................................Mario M. Schalesky, Apr., p. 34
I Thought They Were Weeds ......................Mario M. Schalesky, Feb., p. 36
My Manual for Love .....................................Mario M. Schalesky, June, p. 13
Trucks, Toys, and Grown-up Boys ..........Mario M. Schalesky, Dec., p. 17
When a Friend Says She’s a Lesbian ..........Mario M. Schalesky, Aug., p. 8
When Nightmares Come True .................Mario M. Schalesky, Oct., p. 7

Into the Word
First Choice .............................................Roger L. Hahn, Feb., p. 16
God’s Family Plan .......................................Roger L. Hahn, Mar., p. 47
Letter to Churches, A .............................Roger L. Hahn, Jan., p. 19
Price of Freedom, The .........................Roger L. Hahn, Apr., p. 44

Masculine Journey
Favorite Things ........................................Victor Schreffler, Dec., p. 3
From the Mall to the Call: Servanthood After the Party’s Over ...Victor Schreffler, Jan., p. 9
Of Husbands and Wives .........................Victor Schreffler, Feb., p. 37
Out of Control ..........................................Victor Schreffler, June, p. 11
Peripheral Blindness ...............................Victor Schreffler, Aug., p. 17
Two Tickets to Paradise ..............................Victor Schreffler, Apr., p. 7
What’s in a Word? ......................................Victor Schreffler, Mar., p. 2
Wisdom on the Water ...............................Victor Schreffler, Oct., p. 19

Nazarene Roots
Model Pastor: John Short and the Cambridge Church, A ...Stan Ingersol, Oct., p. 10
Orange Scott, Wesleyan Methodism, and Nazarenes ...Stan Ingersol, Feb., p. 18

Words of Faith
Authority ..................................................Rob L. Staples, July, p. 6
Glorification ...............................................Rob L. Staples, Apr., p. 18
Holiness .....................................................Rob L. Staples, Aug., p. 15
Inerrancy ....................................................Rob L. Staples, June, p. 5
Judgment ......................................................Rob L. Staples, Feb., p. 43
Millennium ..................................................Rob L. Staples, Mar., p. 32
Predestination ............................................Rob L. Staples, Nov., p. 10
Satan ..........................................................Rob L. Staples, May, p. 11
Scripture ......................................................Rob L. Staples, Dec., p. 11
Theology ......................................................Rob L. Staples, Jan., p. 20
Vocation ......................................................Rob L. Staples, Oct., p. 11
Worship .......................................................Rob L. Staples, Sept., p. 15

DEPARTMENTS
Editor’s Choice
An Era Ends. A New One Begins ..................J. Wesley Eby, Dec., p. 2
Going Primitive .........................................Wesley D. Tracy, Feb., p. 8
Last Word, The .........................................Wesley D. Tracy, Apr., p. 48
Premature ...................................................Wesley D. Tracy, Mar., p. 7
Trouble with Solitude, The .....................Wesley D. Tracy, Jan., p. 10

The Unheralded
Dennises—A Family of Pastors, The ..........J. Wesley Eby, Oct., p. 18
Double Duty: Pastor and Chaplain ..........J. Wesley Eby, Feb., p. 47
George Mowry Jr.—A Not-So-Usual Minister ..J. Wesley Eby, Dec., p. 16
God Will Make a Way ...............................J. Wesley Eby, Apr., p. 20
Kathryne Milton—A Stewardship Yardstick ..J. Wesley Eby, Sept., p. 10
Phinola Schmidt—Doer-of-All-Church-Jobs ..J. Wesley Eby, Mar., p. 40
Portrait of a Mother ...................................J. Wesley Eby, May, p. 16
Rev. Roebuck—Gloom “Dispeller” ............J. Wesley Eby, Nov., p. 20
Revivals Pay: Just Ask the Beckums ........J. Wesley Eby, Aug., p. 16
Simple Folks, Simple Faith .......................J. Wesley Eby, Jan., p. 40
Uncle Boxy and Books: Synonyms ..........J. Wesley Eby, July, p. 18

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Deaths


MARY N. CLARK, 69, Harmony, Ind., Sept. 27. Survivors: husband, Rev. William; son, David; sisters, Glenna Ogborne, Marcella Lovell; brother, James Virgil Muncie; two grandchildren.

RORBERT R. FAWCETT, 72, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 24. Survivors: wife, Dorothy; daughter, Teresa; foster son, Jose Chamah; one granddaughter; three foster great-grandchildren.


ORIN D. MURRAY, 84, Bethany, Okla., June 22. Survivors: sons, Don, Ronnie, Mike, daughter, LaDonna Moore; 14 grandchildren; 30 great-grandchildren; 5 great-great-grandchildren.


RUTH E. STEELE, 81, Valdosta, Ga., Sept. 12. Survivors: husband, Dewey; sons, James, Ronald, Kenneth; daughter, Sharon Thigpen; sister, Edna Houchins; 8 grandchildren; 17 great-grandchildren.

PAUL M. VORE, 45, Gig Harbor, Wash., May 8. Survivors: wife, Janet; parents, Rev. Warren and Jean; brother, Philip; sisters, Deborah Head, Rebekah Deeter.

KATHLEEN WHITCANACK, 86, Prescott Valley, Ariz., Sept. 27. Survivors: husband, Harvey; sons, Gary, Timothy; six grandchildren.


LESLEY WILLIAMS, 96, DeLand, Fla., Sept. 23. Survivors: wife, Opal; sons, Jack, Jerry, Garland, Bobby; daughters, Barbara, Letty, Judy; several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Births

To WILL and BETH CARSON, Kankakee, Ill., a boy, Chase Alexander, Aug. 20.

To DAVID and DAWN (WILLIAMS) CRAIG, Topeka, Kans., a boy, Adam Joshua, July 28.

To THOMAS and JANEL GOLDEN, Warsaw, N.Y., a boy, Kaleb Thomas, June 12.

To KURT and TRACEY (SWOPE) HALVERSON, Tallahassee, Fla., a girl, Kelsey Rose, Sept. 12.

To STEPHEN and STEPHANIE QUISSY, Langley, B.C., a boy, Christian Andrew, Sept. 25.

To KEVIN and EMILY (CAROWAY) SIMS, Rock Hill, S.C., a boy, Todd Lebron, Sept. 10.

Marriage

AMBER JEAN LEWIS and JASON STUART GUNTER, July 7 at Puyallup, Wash.

Anniversaries

REV. AL and ROBBIE (CARTER) HYDE celebrated their 50th anniversary Nov. 13. Greetings may be sent to 3712 N. Donald Ave., Bethany, OK 73008.

JAMES and MARY (MOLLIE) MacLACHLAN, Fawcett, Alta., celebrated their 50th anniversary Nov. 9 at a dinner party hosted by their 8 children. The MacLachlans have 18 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. Greetings may be sent to Box 127, Fawcett, Alta., Canada, T0G 0Y0.

J. L. and FRONNE McVAY, Paris, Tex., celebrated their 75th anniversary Sept. 26 with a reception in their home sponsored by Paris First Church. The McVays have one son and one grandson.

FOR THE RECORD

Moving Ministers

MICHAEL D. ADAMS, from associate, Orlando (Fla.) United, to evangelism.

MARK A. AILS, from associate, Raleigh (N.C.) First, to associate, Asheville (N.C.) First.

RODNEY E. AMOS, from Goodland, Kans., to Davenport, Okla.

JOHN D. ANDERSON, from associate, Huntington (W.Va.) First, to pastor, Fairmont (W.Va.) Central.

MARK S. ARMSTRONG, from Mineola, Tex., to Ardmore (Okla.) First.

DANIEL M. ARNOLD, from Anchorage (Alaska) Hope to Springfield (Mo.) Crestview.

J. MICHAEL BAREFIELD, from Frankfurt (Ky.) Capital to Havelock, N.C.

RONNIE R. BARR, from Paris (III) First to Moline (III) Community.

GERALD D. BELL, from Spearfish (S.Dak.) Hillsview to Libby, Mont.

GARY W. BLOWERS, from Lyndonville, Vt., to East Charleston, Vt.

GARY D. BOHANAN, from Tyler (Tex.) First to Atkins, Okla.

INCENCO C. CABANTUG JR., from pastor, West Covina (Calif.) Filipino, to associate. Los Angeles (Calif.) First Filipino.

AUBRE CARAWAY, from associate, East Dublin (Ga.) Wilkes, to associate, Adrian (Ga.) New Life Meeks Road.

RICHARD L. CHAMBERS, from Man, W.Va., to Stonewon (W.Va.) Clarksburg.

LOWELL B. CHURCHILL JR., from Derby, Kans., to Henrettta, Okla.

RANDALL D. CLOUD, from Clermont, Fla., to Charleston (S.C.) St. Andrews.

GERALD R. COLE, from associate, Richland (Wash.) First, to associate, Hermiston, Ore.

MATT T. COWARD, from student to associate, San Antonio (Tex.) First.

E. L. (J. R.) DEETZ III, from associate, Coral Gables (Fla.) First.
The following have been recommended by their respective district superintendents:

**MICHAEL D. ADAMS**, evangelist, 8174 Imber City St., Orlando, FL 32825, 407-380-4311, by Gene Fuller, Central Florida District.

**Ronald J. DICIOILLA**, evangelist, 326 East Judson Street, redhead to Columbus (Colo.) Frank Road, 503-221-6314, by Gerald Manker, Oregon District.

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**JAMES W. VANOVER**, from Newark (Ohio) First to Marshalltown, Iowa, 304-622-6040, by Wesley B. Frederick, S.E. 130th Ave., Clarksburg, WV 26301.

**KENNETH M. SMITH**, from Blairsville, Ga., to Brunswick (Ga.) Bethel, 405-495-8277, by Gene C. Phillips, Louisiana District.

**STEVEN A. McKEE**, from pastor, Saint Paul (Calif.) Highland Park to Carpinteria, Calif., 407-380-4311, by Gene Fuller, Central Florida District.

**JEFFREY W. POE**, from student to associate, Wichita (Kans.) West Side, to associate, Junction City (Kans.) First, 3711, by Gene Fuller, Central Florida District.

**STEPHEN S. RUSHING**, from student to associate, Belton (Mo.) First, to associate, Wichita (Kans.) West Side, to associate, Junction City (Kans.) First, 3711, by Gene Fuller, Central Florida District.

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