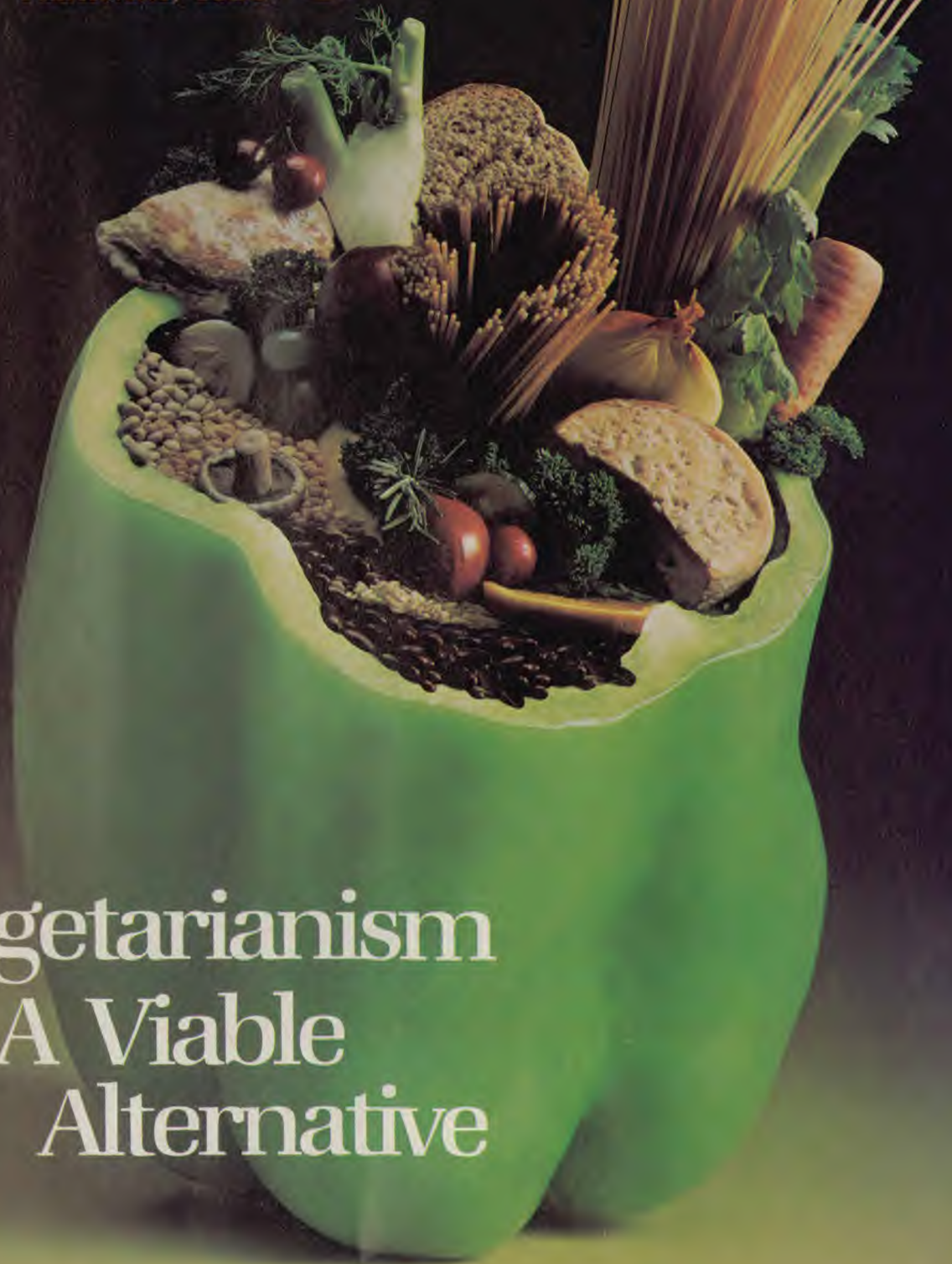


THESE TIMES

FEBRUARY, 1982



Vegetarianism
—A Viable
Alternative



WHAT'S BEHIND THE UFOS?

AS TOLD TO KEN WADE

First I saw a large, bright white light at our right.
It hovered for a moment, then started coming toward us.
Then another light appeared from the left, and the two of them
moved toward us as if stalking a prey.

"Patty . . . Patty . . . Patty . . ."

My voice bounced around me in a slowly diminishing din. Every rock and hill in New Mexico seemed to echo my frustration. I stared at the ground, then shook my head when no answer came. I kicked a rock in disgust. It skittered off across the sand and clattered against a boulder somewhere in the dark. Steve, my hiking companion, kicked a rock and shook his head.

"I sure hope she made it back to the car before dark," I said. "Why'd we ever let her wander off like that anyhow?"

"Aw, she's probably back at the car, waiting for us." Steve tried hard to sound reassuring. "Like you said, how could anyone get

lost on top of a plateau?"

We hadn't seen my sister-in-law Patty since we'd left that plateau to climb another hill ten hours before. By the time we got back to the plateau it was dark, and Patty was nowhere to be found. Now we stood at the edge of the plateau only a mile or two from our car. A full moon overhead illumined the almost-smooth face of the sixty-foot cliff we must descend to get off the plateau. It would have seemed peaceful if we hadn't been worried about Patty.

"I think the place we came up is over that way," I said, pointing to our right.

"Yeah," Steve said and started walking.

We hadn't gone far when I felt an uneasy tension in the middle of my back, just below the shoulder blades. It crept up into my neck,

then shot down my spine in a cold chill that almost shouted, "THERE'S SOMEONE BEHIND YOU!" I whipped around, ready to fight whoever or whatever was back there. Steve turned too, almost as if on cue. He must have felt the same thing at the same time. Our clenched fists would prove no match, though, for what we saw.

First I saw a large, bright white light at our right. It hovered for a moment, then started coming toward us. Then another light appeared from the left, and the two of them moved toward us as if stalking prey—slowly at first, but within seconds they were in position to pounce.

"What do we do?" Steve almost screamed it.

"Pray!" I said.

Then they pounced! They came

Kenneth R. Wade is a pastor and free-lance writer living in Portage, Wisconsin. © 1982 by Kenneth R. Wade.

Planet Earth Under Siege

Here is what the Bible says about the battle between Satan and God over Planet Earth and its inhabitants.

1. Our world is currently under attack by sinister forces. Ephesians 2:2 and 6:12 tell of "the prince of the power of the air" and "the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places" (R.S.V.)* whom we must battle against.

2. Satan is our antagonist in this struggle. Revelation 12:17 pictures Satan as a dragon making war against God's remnant of commandment-keeping Christians.

3. This real war of the worlds began in Eden. According to Genesis 3:15, enmity or warfare between mankind and Satan with his evil spirits is a continuing result of Adam and Eve's first sin.

4. Our battle against evil spirits will continue until the end of time. Revelation 16:14 tells of spirits of devils who will go forth performing miracles and gather the kings of the earth for the battle of Armageddon.

5. Satan can be expected to use supernatural manifestations in this struggle (perhaps even flying saucers). Second Corinthians 11:14 says that Satan is accustomed to disguising himself as an angel of light, and Revelation 13:13 says that one of Satan's representatives will even have power to make fire come down from heaven. (Flying saucers purporting to be from a more advanced evolution on another planet could help perpetuate Satan's lie that God did not create us.)

6. Satan might even use flying saucers to fake the second coming of Jesus. Jesus warned that false Christs would come in the last days, showing great signs and wonders (Matthew 24:24), and He warned us not to go anywhere to see anyone who claims to be Christ (verse 26).

The key to victory. The Bible not only tells us about this spiritual warfare but it tells us how to win. Ephesians 6:13-18 prescribes a special armor made of truth, righteousness, the gospel, faith, salvation, the Bible, and prayer. The most important part of this armor is faith in God, "with which you can quench all the flaming darts of the evil one" (verse 16, R.S.V.).

* The Scripture quotations marked R.S.V. are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, copyrighted 1952, 1971 by the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.

straight at us faster than anything I've ever seen. Were they going to collide right over our heads? Or vaporize us? Or swallow us? Or . . . ? I fell on my knees, shut my eyes, and shouted, "In the name

of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave this presence!"

When I opened my eyes the lights had moved away, and another, larger, light had joined them clear across the plateau from

us. We lay flat on the ground and watched them for a couple of minutes. The larger light hovered in one place, and the smaller lights took turns going over to it, touching it, and moving away

again. I knew I had to have a closer look.

"Come on; let's go over there," I said as I started crawling. Steve started crawling too. I don't think we had gone more than six feet when my eyes met his. For a second we froze. My heart tried to pound its way out of my chest. I knew the lights could be on top of us again in seconds. "Let's get outa here!" I said.

We did an about-face, crawled to the edge of the plateau, and looked down. I could see a foot-wide ledge about ten feet below me, so I swung myself over the edge and dropped. Steve followed quickly, and we worked our way from ledge to ledge, hanging onto bushes and brambles to get to the bottom. After two more hours of confused stumbling through the desert we found our car. Patty sat there waiting.

I did a lot of thinking about those lights as we drove back to our motel. Once at the motel, though, I was too tired to lose any sleep over them. I went to sleep as soon as my head hit the pillow. The next morning I couldn't think about anything but those lights. I had to find out what they were and where they came from. I couldn't know that before the day was over, I would have a chance to see the lights again—up close this time. And more important, I would have a chance to meet the beings on them.

Early that morning Steve, Patty, and I went back to a house in Albuquerque where we planned to pick up a load of marijuana to sell in Wisconsin. I was a backslidden Christian, you see. I knew the power in the name of Jesus, but in discouragement I had fallen back into some old habits.

Ron, our contact, opened the door and asked us to come in. "So where were you yesterday? The stuff was here," he said.

"We were up in the hills, and, hey, you ain't gonna believe what we saw," I said.

"So what did you see? Flying saucers?"

"You better believe it!"

"And how did you feel when

you saw them?"

"How did I feel?" I described the fear, fascination, awe, wonder, bewilderment.

But somehow it seemed that Ron already knew just what I was going to say. We talked for a while, and several of his friends

"If they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth: behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe it not" (Matthew 24:26).

came in. Finally, Ron popped the question. "Would you like to talk to the people on the flying saucers?"

My jaw dropped. I stared at Ron for a minute. "Talk to them?" I said.

"Yeah, talk to them."

"I'd have to know a little more about what I was getting into first." I was hedging. Ron's suggestion had caught me totally by surprise. "What's on those things anyhow—little green monsters?"

"No." Ron was matter-of-fact as usual. "They're people just like you and me. And they're here to teach us a better way of life."

"A better way, huh?"

We talked on like that for an hour or more. Then one of Ron's friends looked right at me and said, "I think this is the guy we're looking for."

I don't know what she meant, but if she intended to rouse my curiosity a little more, she succeeded.

I had known Ron and his comrades for about a week. They were a strange bunch—more like zombies than people in some ways. Their eyes were dead, their faces expressionless. They seldom showed emotion. They reminded me of a colony of bees—each seemed to have a part to play and would do it without being told. They came and went at will, but

whenever one was needed, he always showed up right on time.

They spent their days in a bar in downtown Albuquerque, always slightly under the influence of either beer or marijuana. They claimed to be learning a better way of life by reading the teachings of

Don Juan or some such thing. But happiness obviously eluded them, and they sought solace in intoxication.

About three o'clock that afternoon Ron's friends left the house, taking Steve with them. Then Ron started really pushing me to eat some hallucinogenic mushrooms so we could go back to see the flying saucers and talk to the people on them.

"Come on, man. You'll never get another chance like this. It's gonna rain tonight; it'll be perfect for finding mushrooms. How about it?" he urged.

I wanted to say, Sure, I wouldn't miss it for my life! But somehow my better sense kept telling me not to get involved. I knew there must be something evil about those lights. Why else would Ron insist that I eat the mushrooms before I could see them? And why else would they have gone away at the mention of the name of Jesus?

The only other experience I had had with anything that had to be driven away in Jesus' name had almost cost my life.

At that time (about three years prior to my flying saucer encounter) a demon attacked me and tried to strangle me. That hair-raising experience grew out of my attempts to communicate with my dead brother. Fortunately some Christian friends told me

what dangerous ground I was on then and taught our family the power of Jesus. When the demons attacked me, my wife drove them away with that sentence I used up on the plateau, "In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave this presence!"

Now, three years later, I seemed to be in contact with demons again. I knew better than to get involved with them, but curiosity kept urging me, tempting me, to go with Ron. I paced the floor, stared out the window, got a drink of water, and paced some more. Patty was in the house too, but she kept herself in another room. It was just Ron and I most of the time. I pacing the floor and he reading a book, waiting for me to give in. He didn't pay any attention to me except when I asked questions. Then he would answer, always evasively, and go back to his reading.

As I tried to sort things out in my mind natural curiosity would say, "Go on, you've got to see for yourself what it's all about!"

Then another part of my mind would say, "Wait! Those saucers fled at the name of Jesus." And I would remember my previous encounter with demons.

Then pride would say, "You aren't going to let some silly lights in the desert scare you, are you?" And, "What's everybody going to think if you back out? Jim Track, the old safecracker, is himself cracking up—running from his own shadow."

When I came to an impasse where thinking about it didn't seem to help, I talked to Ron, hoping to find a good excuse for either going out or backing out.

"What are those saucers all about?" I asked.

"They're here to teach us a better way of life."

"Is Jesus on there?"

"If you wanna call him Jesus, well, OK. But they're here to teach us a better way of life."

"What do I have to do to talk to them?"

"Well, you can't really talk to them like you talk to me. First you've gotta eat some special mushrooms. That opens up your mind so you can communicate

with them. Then we'll go back into the mountains late tonight—"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "There's only one way I'm gonna go see those saucers, and that's straight. No drugs, no alcohol, no nothin'. And it's gonna be daylight. I have to see them in the light."

"No way!" Ron said. "They won't come in daylight. Someone might see them. We have to go out in the dark, and you have to eat the mushrooms first."

"I ain't eatin' no mushrooms," I said.

"You don't understand." Ron's voice raised only slightly. "You can't communicate with them without the mushrooms."

"I can too. I don't need any drugs to do telepathy, if that's what it really is."

When I refused to do it his way Ron just went back to his book and ignored me. Conflicting thoughts spun through my head like a dog chasing its tail. I knew Ron had lied to me about some things, so I couldn't trust anything he told me. But fascination kept drawing me, urging me, to go see the saucers.

We talked off and on all afternoon, Ron sitting, I pacing or staring out the window or sitting head on hand, elbow on table, trying to sort out my thoughts.

About ten o'clock Ron's friends brought Steve back. Ron and his friends talked together and then announced that Steve and I couldn't get the marijuana we wanted until one of us went back to see the flying saucers. The pressure was building. All of a sudden Ron's 10-year-old son, Joey, got real jumpy.

"What's the matter, Joey?" Ron asked.

"There are evil spirits in this room," Joey said. That created quite a stir. Most of Ron's friends filed out quickly.

By that time I was ready to break down. Greed, curiosity, and pride had poured enough "sand" into the gears of my good sense to bury it. I pulled Steve aside and said, "I'm going back up there."

I didn't tell Ron, though. I kept negotiating with him, determined to persuade him to take me to see

the saucers without eating the mushrooms first.

Not long after Joey sensed the evil spirits, Ron's friends took Steve away again. That left Ron, Patty, and me alone in the house. Actually, Ron and I were both trying to persuade me of the same thing—that it would be OK to go and see the saucers.

"Is Jesus on that saucer?" I asked again.

"If you wanna call him Jesus, call him Jesus."

The thought of meeting beings from heaven obsessed me. I couldn't think of anything else. I was ready to say, All right, let's go, when another thought burst into my mind as if from nowhere.

Suddenly, as unexpectedly as a bolt of lightning on a starry night, I started hearing one sentence over and over again in my mind, like a broken record. A voice right in my mind kept saying, "If they say he is in the desert, go not forth; if they say he is in the secret chambers, believe it not."

I knew I had heard that somewhere before, but I couldn't figure out where. And I certainly couldn't figure what it had to do with this situation. I shook my head and tried to think of other things, but I couldn't get that broken-record sentence out of my mind for more than a minute at a time. It just kept coming back. I couldn't shut it off. "If they say he is in the desert, go not forth; if they say he is in the secret chambers, believe it not."

I jumped up and headed for the door. "Come on, Patty," I called. "I've gotta go for a walk."

Patty followed me. Once outside, I hustled her into the car and drove away. We hadn't gone more than six blocks before a new thought hit me. Hey! That saying comes from the Bible! (See *Matthew 24:26*.)

WOW! I whirled the car around in the middle of the block and headed back to find Steve. Where could they have taken him? We raced from one bar to another. I didn't know what they would do with Steve if they figured out that I was trying to get away from them. At last we spotted him coming out of a bar with Ron's



Flying Saucers in the Bible?

Did Moses see a flying saucer on Mount Sinai and describe it as a burning bush? Did the beings (presumably creatures from a more advanced planet) on the saucer teach him to make a giant battery, called the ark of the covenant, to power a radio transceiver so they could keep up communication with him?

Have superevolved beings from other solar systems paid regular visits to earth to teach and even interbreed with subhuman and pre-Homo sapiens beasts in order to upgrade this planet's life? Were Enoch and Elijah such visitors who one day returned to their mother planet in fiery rocket chariots?

Was Sodom visited by interplanetary voyagers who were so disgusted by their reception that they dropped a hydrogen bomb on the city?

Can all the Biblical accounts of man's encounters with God be dismissed as encounters with mere products of the more advanced evolution of other planets?

A careful reading of the Biblical narratives involved shows that none of these explanations—popularized in books and articles by Erich von Daniken—fit the facts as they are related in the Bible.

The ark, as described in Exodus, could not possibly have functioned as a battery. The Creation account of Adam and Eve (see Genesis 1 and 2) leaves no room for a gradual improvement of a subhuman species by interbreeding with celestial visitors. If Mrs. Lot was killed by radiation, how did Lot, standing beside her, live through it? Since when does one have to be looking at a radiation source to be killed by it?

The Bible's description of God's interaction with men involves much more than a mere tourist stop for a flying saucer pilot. God does not come down to interbreed with flesh in hopes of advancing its evolution. He gets involved with human beings in ways that really help—even to the point of dying for them—in order to raise them above the level of the flesh to the realm of the spirit.

The Bible's testimony is that when God came down to earth, He gave special power to all who received Him—"power to become children of God; who were born not of blood nor of the will of the flesh nor of the will of man, but of God" (John 1:12, 13 R.S.V.).

God has visited our planet. But He came as a participant, not a tourist. And if we will just invite Him, He will participate in our lives and adopt us as sons and daughters with the privilege of living eternally with Him.

friends. I screeched to a stop in front of him, threw open the door, and shouted, "Get in, Steve!"

It worked. I took everyone by surprise and Steve jumped in. By the time anyone but Steve realized what had happened, we were gone in a cloud of tire smoke.

On the way to the motel I told Steve and Patty about the Bible verse that had popped into my head. "This whole deal is evil," I told them. "I don't know about you, but I'm getting out of it. I'm

not having anything more to do with these people."

"Me too," Steve said. "I thought there was something wrong with this deal from the start. Let's get outa here!"

Patty agreed too, so we went straight to the motel. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning, but I woke the manager anyhow and got our money out of his vault.

Back at our room we packed as fast as we could.

I knew now that our

Albuquerque friends were deeply involved with evil spirits, that they were on the wrong side of the spiritual warfare that is raging over our world, that when Joey thought he sensed evil spirits, it must have been an angel or maybe the Holy Spirit coming to remind me of that Bible verse.

As we drove out of town, a feeling of relief flooded through my body. We had come dangerously close to an encounter with spirits of the wrong kind. **T**



Who Will Fight the Battle

Many view Armageddon as an atomic holocaust between the super powers of today.

General Douglas MacArthur has been quoted as saying, "We have had our last chance. If we do not now devise some greater and equitable system, Armageddon is at our door."

General MacArthur has not been alone in warning the world about Armageddon. It has entered the vocabulary of statesmen, politicians, world leaders, as well as generals. It is found in the company of non-Christians as well as Christians.

The word, mysterious for most and foreboding for some, conjures up images of violent destruction for the world and an obliteration of history as we know it. For many it means the final conflict to end all conflicts, brought about by the two superpowers' unleashing their nuclear arsenals in an attempt to gain control over the Middle East, with its rich oil

deposits, and in an attempt to resolve in one or the other's favor the squabbles between the Israelis and the Arab nations.

Why a word like *Armageddon* should become so symbolic of world destruction and find its way into the vocabulary of the world's great leaders is puzzling. For the word is found only in one verse in the Bible, in one of the most enigmatic books of the New Testament, the book of Revelation. The word is constructed by the writer of Revelation out of two words: *Har* and *Magedon*. Together they mean "mountain of Meggido." Revelation 16:14 describes Har-Magedon as the place that will be the gathering site for "the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for battle on the great day of God the Almighty" (R.S.V.).*

It is important to notice in the textual reference in Revelation that

the kings of the whole world are not pictured in conflict with one another. They are gathered there by the manipulation "of the dragon and . . . the beast and . . . the false prophet [and] three foul spirits like frogs . . . for battle on the great day of God the Almighty" (verses 13, 14, R.S.V.).

In the Bible this "great day of the Lord," as the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Micah, and Zephaniah all point out, is not when the nations of the world join in conflict with one another. It is a day when the God of heaven reveals Himself in vengeance and wrath against evil in the world. This day of the Lord is to be the final reckoning, the final solution to the problem of evil that has plagued this world for so long. This is how the day of the Lord is presented in the Hebrew Prophets. It is the day for the vindication of God's people, who have been oppressed by the powers of evil, represented in the nations of the world.

Robert Zamora is pastor of the Mountain View, California, Seventh-day Adventist church. © 1982 by Robert M. Zamora.

* The Scripture quotations marked R.S.V. are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, copyrighted 1952, 1971 by the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.



of Armageddon?

BY ROBERT ZAMORA

world. But does this view harmonize with the scriptural record?

In order to understand this concept better, we must look at the historical roots of this word *Armageddon* and why John perceived its usefulness to depict God's action in His final assault on evil. First, no mountain called Megiddo existed in Palestine in Biblical times. There is the valley of Megiddo surrounded by mountains. It is more generally accepted as the location designated as the mountains of Megiddo. These mountains encircled a great battlefield of Old Testament times, where the chief battles took place between Israel and the enemies of God's people.

The history of this region is teeming with historical memories. At the northwest side of this valley stands Mount Carmel, where, at the Kishon River, Elijah slew the hundreds of prophets of Baal, and a victory was won for Jehovah over idolatry (see 1 Kings 18:19-40). This valley symbolized the struggle between good and evil. Its force was in relation to two great victories, the one of

Deborah and Barak over the Canaanites (see Judges 4), the other of Gideon over the Midianites (see Judges 7). Concerning the first victory, "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera" (chapter 5:20) and swept away the invincible enemy army.

This valley seems to have been connected with judgment in one way or another. In the Prophets it became a symbol for God's visitation against the nations who defied His will and purpose. Joel prophesied that "I [God] will gather all the nations and bring them down to the valley of Jehoshaphat, and I will enter into judgment with them there, on account of my people and my heritage Israel, because they have scattered them among the nations, and have divided up my land" (Joel 3:2, R.S.V.). God calls for the nations to "bestir themselves, and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat; for there I will sit to judge all the nations round about" (verse 12, R.S.V.).

The reference in Revelation 16:14 goes back to the times in the Old Testament when God visited His people and delivered them from the oppressors, and delivered judgments to the nations who, in their opposition to God's people, were in opposition to Him. It is in this light that we must see the word *Armageddon*.

When we look into the book of Revelation itself, we see that it supports the concept of judgment—a judgment that will deal with the powers of evil and resolve the controversy between God and the nations of the world who want to rule over God's creation and who oppress the people of God.

Some, of course, would not concur with this view. Rather they believe that Armageddon depicts a literal political conflict that, they say, will take place literally in the Valley of Megiddo in northern Palestine. However, the book of Revelation does not concern itself with the conflicts among nations as such. The careful reader will

notice that the conflicts presented occur between earthly evil powers and the people of God. The oppression of the people of God by these evil nations reflects their defiance against the will and purpose of God for this world.

The very theme of Revelation argues for a more spiritual interpretation of Armageddon. As an apocalyptic book it employs symbols to reveal the opposition of evil against good. Apocalyptic literature, both Jewish and Christian, depicts the forces of evil, led by Satan, opposed to the righteous God. These sides are represented in the evil nations of the world, who have become the agents of Satan's tyranny, and in the people of God, who are God's witnesses to the world. Satan plans to silence that witness, so he employs these wicked nations and powers. It is not a conflict between these nations that Revelation describes, but the conflict they wage against the Christ of God and the people who represent Him.

Here John sets forth not only what the followers of Christ experienced as they were oppressed by evil Rome but what the followers of Christ will experience from the hands of evil powers and nations who seek to silence their witness. To some people the kind of persecution meted out to Christians today seems to have no rhyme or reason, yet the reader of Revelation knows that behind that oppression stands the archenemy of all mankind.

It seems sometimes, for Christians, that evil has the upper hand. They lose courage, especially when they are involved in the oppression. The book of Revelation gives out hope that God will deal with this evil and bring it to naught. God will sit in judgment against the evil in the world, and the judgment will deal with it.

Final events. So, the book of Revelation sets forth the events that will lead up to the coming of Jesus, who will destroy the powers arrayed against Him and God. He will bring deliverance to His

beleaguered people. In chapter 12 we glimpse the one who has caused the whole controversy. Satan has invaded this earth and gathered the earthly powers to set up an oppositional front against God. In chapter 13 Satan sets down his final ultimatum: Worship the beast, or else. In chapter 14 God calls to the people of the world to turn from evil and worship Him and warns of the consequences if they don't.

The impenitent world, though, rejects the appeal and warning. Now the judgments of God (Revelation 16) must be brought to bear on a stubborn world. You will notice that these plagues move toward a final conclusion. They follow the pattern of the seven trumpets (Revelation 8:6-13; 9:11:15-19), whose destruction is similar to the seven plagues. The seven plagues are reminiscent of the plagues on the Egyptian Pharaoh who would not let Israel go. He too stood defiantly against God. Now God's long patience has ceased. Now He must act in behalf of His truth and His people.

The battle of Armageddon is the battle between the kings of the earth and the King of kings (see Revelation 11:15). It is not a battle between nations on earth. The conflict rages between good and evil, God against the rebellious and defiant who will not

acknowledge Him as the true God.

The important issues that have to be decided upon this earth are not military or political; they are spiritual. As history speeds on to its climax it will be seen with greater clarity that the great problem with this world, the problem that underlies every human conflict, is the rebellion that humans have entertained against God. Through man's desire to take the place of God, mankind has separated itself from God. We have been wandering along, trying to do our own thing, not realizing that if we are not under the power of God, we will come under powers that are not of God.

Revelation is about Christ and His church. It is the story of people armed only with their faith who stand against impossible odds, but who remain faithful. The world, opposed to their witness, seeks to silence them. Today is no different than yesterday except that the conflict may come in different guises. But Armageddon is the Waterloo of all who oppose God. It occurs on "the great day of God the Almighty." Evil will meet its doom. That is the promise of Revelation. The question we must ask is *Where do I stand?*

I hope it is with those who find in God and in Christ the way, the truth, and the life.

Tr

Review Questions

1. According to the Scriptures, Armageddon is a battle between (check one):

- ☐ the various different nations on earth.
☐ the kings of the earth and the King of kings.
☐ the kings of earth and Satan.

2. The book of Revelation records, "For they are the spirits of _____, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the _____, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty" (Revelation 16:14).

3. The book of Revelation does not concern itself with conflicts among nations. The conflicts in this book occur between earthly evil powers and the people of God. (Check one):

- ☐ True ☐ False

4. State in your own words what encouragement a Christian can gain from knowing who will win the battle of Armageddon. _____

JUNE STRONG

CHILDREN OF SORROW AND GRIEF

I opened the letter with interest. Though a writer often receives hundreds of letters, for me the fascination never wanes. Someone out there has taken the time to make contact, and I'm both curious and grateful. The picture I held in my hand stirred some memory out of the past. The face . . . so familiar.

It took a few moments for my brain to sort out the schoolmates of thirty-five years ago, but finally I was able to put a name with the face. She had read my books and felt moved to renew our acquaintance.

I'll call her Marla. She and her sister had arrived on our campus at midyear. Bright and pretty, they made quite a splash. We girls assessed them a bit too attractive and a very real threat to our carefully tended relationships with the occupants of the boys' dorm on the other side of the campus.

As I read the letter in my hand, my vision blurred.

"When I knew you in college, my heart went out to you because I heard you too were an orphan. [I wasn't technically an orphan, though I'd been thoroughly stripped of mothers and mother substitutes.]

"Barbara and I had been



waifs in a foundling home and during our teens often felt a desperate loneliness for our own mother in whom to confide. We yearned for her love and understanding through those years."

I looked at the picture through new eyes. We'd had so much in common, and I'd never known.

She'd seemed so strong, so sure of herself, in those far-off days. How well I now understood the hardy exterior she'd developed as a shell against a world that never seemed to play quite fair.

"When I was 3," the letter went on, "my mother visited us at the orphanage. I remember she hugged and kissed us, and then, taking a small mirror from her purse, showed us the lipstick imprint of her kiss upon our cheeks. A year later she took her own life."

I wept for those girls and for thousands like them who've been mothered by sorrow and fathered by grief. What do such experiences do to a child? Because I've had in my own home the children of war and trauma, I can answer with some assurance.

The hardy children grow tougher, often rejecting their own tenderness and vulnerability lest they be overpowered by pain. They achieve, driving themselves on and on, to prove they were, after all, of value.

The sensitive, weaker child retreats from life, accepting no challenges. He clings to people pathetically. He's fragile and helpless and backs off whenever the going gets tough. He has no stamina and cannot make decisions.

Sad, you say. Indeed. But

let me share with you the closing lines from Marla's letter.

"We often marvel, Barb and I, that we've become decent adults and parents. And we praise God for His watchcare over us, and for His patient love. Isn't Jesus wonderful!"

So the sad picture is suddenly aglow with a shaft of sunlight. Jesus enters the gloom, touches the torn and tattered lives, and somehow uses the heartbreak to re-create unusually tender and compassionate men and women. Out of the broken threads, Christ, the Mender, spins lovely lives.

So if you were born to tears, weep no more, lest you miss Him when He passes by and calls to you. "His compassions fail not. They are new every morning" (Lamentations 3:22, 23). Marla knows, and so do I.

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June Strong, of Batavia, New York, is a lecturer and author of the books *Journal of a Happy Woman*,

Mindy, Where Are We Running? and *Project Sunlight*. She enjoys people, writing, gardening, and sewing.

HOW TO WIN AGAINST CLERGY STRESS

The rates of suicide, divorce, alcoholism, depression, heart attack, and other stress-related maladies are all significantly higher today among clergy. The dropout and early retirement rates are also up." Alan C. Reuter ("Stress in the Ministry: Can We Fight Back?" *Currents in Theology and Mission*) sees these as results of excess stress in the ministry.

After reminding readers of the sources of stress ("Stress is cumulative, and the sum of the parts is greater than the whole") and its effects ("Some estimates have it that as much as 85 percent of all illness is stress-related"), Reuter suggests a remedy: "A seemingly paradoxical process of taking charge and letting go."

"Taking charge" involves selection of goals in varied aspects of life ("Trying to do everything at once is as stressful as doing nothing at all"). It is "an ongoing process that connects personal study, reflection, insight, and planning with disciplined, intentional behavior and action."

But you must also "let go." "Letting go is the acknowledgment of our own limitations." Clergy may have special problems in this regard. "If in ministry clergy seek to establish the grounds for self-esteem, prove their value and worth as persons, secure their lives, indeed, be their own salvation, then they will inevitably be plagued by unrelenting stress and anxiety about the success of that project. . . .

"At this level stress



becomes a fundamentally theological problem no longer amenable to taking charge. We need the freedom to let go of the obsessive compulsion to see the church as our creation rather than God's."

Reuter is not surprised that many ministers are workaholics: "Their lives are on the line. They live under the constant stress of juggling all the balls for fear of letting one drop."

Life and the Scriptural Imperatives

Harvard psychiatrist Armand N. Nicholi II recognizes ("Moral and Mental Health Values," *Christian Medical Society Journal*, XII, 2) that "the moral responsibility" and "moral concern" are topics of frequent interest.

He asks, "Does our preoccupation with morality imply that we are a highly moral people? Quite the opposite. A nation preoccupied with food is usually a nation deficient in food. Our preoccupation with moral issues

underscores our confusion over right and wrong."

Dr. Nicholi sees the spiritual dimension of life as providing the necessary foundation: "The first aspect of a healthy mind comprises a sound, consistent conscience with well-defined moral precepts. . . . These moral precepts, of course, need to be internalized and not imposed from without. . . . We now find that a young person growing up in our society, a society that refuses to give moral guidelines and clues as to what behavior is expected, suffers a kind of culture shock in his own culture."

While others argue that Christian faith acts as a harmful emotional "crutch," Nicholi responds: "Christian sexual morality is clear-cut. It is marriage with complete fidelity, or abstinence. . . . Absolutely no evidence exists that conscious control of sexual impulses is psychologically harmful. If anything, conscious control or suppression of impulses is indicative of and fosters ego strength."

Scouts Take a "Bible Break"

During the recent National Scout Jamboree in Bowling Green, Virginia, some of the participants are shown taking a Bible study break (left) with copies of the American Bible Society's *Good News New Testament*. From left, they are: Eagle Scout Hunter Pickett, of Memphis, Tennessee; volunteer scout chaplain J. Mitchell Richardson, pastor of the Community Presbyterian church, Hazard, Kentucky; Eagle Scout Keith Christopher, Decatur, Alabama; and Life Scout Scott Sewell, of Richmond, Kentucky.

We Quote . . .

Richard L. Strout, 83, dean of the Washington press corps, has reported on every President since Warren G. Harding for the *Christian Science Monitor*. He states: "I fear that if this country really gets into a jam . . . our Constitution would make it possible for us to become a dictatorship more easily than other democracies."—*U.S. News & World Report*, July 20, 1981.

Writing in *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* (March), John A. Loraine, a senior lecturer at the University of Edinburgh, expresses his grave concern: "The global recession can only deepen and the inflationary spiral will trend ever upward as the demand for scarce resources increasingly outstrips the earth's ability to supply them." "There is little doubt that vast impersonal forces are pushing the world closer to the rim of catastrophe."



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Photo Highlights of 1981

Top from left: (1) Ronald Reagan sworn in as President on January 20; (2) Former hostages from Iran welcomed home on January 27; (3) Creationist leader, Kelly Seagraves, loses battle against evolution on March 5; (4) President Reagan shot, March 30.

Middle from left: (5) Antiabortion demonstrators march in Washington on April 23; (6) Supporters of the Equal Rights Amendments on June 30; (7) Sandra Day O'Connor nominated to the U. S. Supreme Court on July 7; (8) Voyager 2 bypasses Saturn on August 25.

Bottom from left: (9) Relatives of American churchwomen slain in El Salvador meet the press on September 30; (10) Sun Myung Moon indicted on October 15 for charges of tax evasion; (11) Bodies of 33 Haitian refugees on October 27; (12) Participants of the November 30 White House Conference on Aging.

"Global 2000: Report to the President" forecasts a world population of 6 or 7 billion, more food, but less available where needed: less water and greater and more widespread pollution. The report advises immediate consultation among nations to avert disaster and unrest.

Dr. James Dobson dons prophet's garb, when he writes, "The Western world

stands at a great crossroads in its history. And it is my opinion . . . that our very survival as a people will depend on the presence or absence of masculine leadership in millions of homes." To him the ultimate priority of a Christian father is to "pass the baton" of salvation and spiritual conviction to his own children without dropping it.—*Christianity*

Today, June 12, 1981.

"The insanity of inflation leaves a mark of insanity on society; it changes a good society into one which, so long as inflation lasts, is wholly and fraudulently unjust." It corrupts and weakens every social institution; it makes every member of society feel himself to be the victim of every other member of society; it sets class against

class.—*Daily News Digest*, June 3, 1982.

Eugene Nida, one of the great Bible translators and theorists in our time, thinks that talk about Biblical infallibility misses the point of Scripture. "The real issue is authority. A math book without any mistakes is infallible, but that doesn't prove it comes from God."—*Context*, June 1, 1981.

TT

From the responses of many husbands who were asked, "What makes your wife easy to live with?" these below are selected as representative. Here are some of the secrets in keeping a husband happy.

Joy pervades her life. "The first thing that comes to my mind is that my wife conveys the feeling that she is happy in being my wife and in doing the many things that need to be done to keep our home going. Whether it's getting my clothes ready for a business trip or looking for something I can't find, she vibrates with joy. She loves doing things she knows I enjoy or need. It's really fun living with a person who loves to make others happy."

Accepts me as I am. "From the first time we met, my wife

accepted me just for being me. It wasn't dependent on what I said or did. I'm the silent type, and she accepts me as such. It's the best feeling of all just to be accepted and loved because I am who I am. I don't worry about acceptance or rejection. Even if the painting isn't done or other work isn't finished, she loves me."

Absorbs my grouchiness. "My wife somehow absorbs my grouchiness with patience and understanding. When I come home tired and ready to complain, she has a way of encouraging me. Her uplifting words are always there. They move me onward and upward in whatever I'm doing."

Beverly is a busy beaver. "My wife, Beverly, is what one might call a busy beaver. She is constantly on the go, keeping

things in order and making my life easier. One aspect of her industriousness is her willingness to receive friends, guests, or even an occasional drifter whom I bring to eat and talk with. Bev enjoys doing things for others."

Nancy gives love away. "On one wall in our house hangs a plaque with the statement 'Love is not love until it gives away.' My wife, Nancy, knows how to give love. She overlooks my faults and looks for the best. Early in our marriage we struggled over small irritations, but we've learned to work them through because my wife gave away such love."

She enjoys my company. "My wife is easy to live with because she enjoys my company. When I work late at night, she will make

What Makes My Wife Easy to Live With

What Makes My Husband Easy to Live With

In marriage retreats and seminars many wives were asked what particular trait or characteristic made their husband easy to live with. Following are typical replies that may give husbands some ideas to work on (or at least ponder) in order to promote happier relationships. Here then, right out of the mouths of wives, is what wives appreciate about their husbands.

Martin and meals. "During our six years of marriage Martin lets me know he appreciates my cooking. He never compares me with his mother, who is a great cook! Beyond his regular compliments about my cooking, he often gives me a special kiss,

making me feel my efforts are worthwhile."

Frank's fun to live with. "My husband, Frank, is exciting to live with. There's never a dull moment when he's around. He's happy and gives people a good laugh. This spirit also makes him a good father to our kids.

Fairness is foremost. "I think one of the most prominent qualities that makes my husband easy to live with is his fairness. It's a quality I hadn't noticed before we were married, but living with him brings it out so well. He's willing to take his share of responsibility around the house and with the family. He is not a particularly affectionate man, but when he shares so willingly, his love comes skipping through."

Dennis, the encouraging one. "In our home we've faced a

constant financial struggle. In the eleven and one half years of our marriage, with three children, it seems we never can pay our bills. It is a real struggle for me to remain unaffected when we have no money to meet our debts. Dennis, however, reminds me not to worry, because worry always makes it worse. Sure enough, we do somehow (with God's help) get the money, and once again, because Dennis has such a good attitude and it rubs off on me, I feel my life is in God's hands."

Forgiveness helps a lot. "My husband's willingness to forgive and forget makes it easier for me to pick up the pieces and try again when I know I've failed. I can't remember any time in our almost nine years of marriage when he ever mentioned or retaliated by reminding me of some mistake I had made. It's great to have a husband who forgives instead of

John Drescher, professor of applied theology, Eastern Mennonite Seminary, Harrisonburg, Virginia, has had articles published in more than 100 periodicals. © 1982 by John M. Drescher.



my supper and usually wait to eat with me. Instead of complaining about my being late and causing her extra work, which my schedule often does, she makes our time together especially meaningful."

Sharing and caring love. "My

wife is a sharing person. She gives of herself to others. Her care and concern are visible in the way she deals with our children. She listens attentively to their stories and really looks over their attempts at artwork. Whether preparing a meal or putting the kids to bed, she has the ability to

share herself. Such a person is easy to live with. It gives me a good feeling when I see her caring love with the children."

Makes me proud. "In spite of a lot of household duties with four children, my wife keeps alert to world and community happenings. I feel proud of her when we visit friends and she can discuss current subjects. She is a lover of books, and her insights are always stimulating."

Pat has patience. "My wife is very understanding with the kids and also with me. She has patience when mine grows thin. With her patience, Pat has taught me how to be more tolerant. Also she helps me to be patient when the going is tough and I'd act hastily. It has, I'm sure, saved my face in many a situation, and also

ive With

What qualities do you look for in a husband or a wife? Here are comments from nearly three dozen husbands and wives.

ive With

BY JOHN M. DRESCHER

keeping a record of failures."

Sam's strict but sensitive. "My husband is a good father to the children. He is strict but with love and concern. Sam is sensitive to my feelings and the feelings of the children. He helps around the house with the dishes and other chores. Our family has learned to work together."



Flowers fill the bill. "A big thing that makes my husband easy to

live with is that he remembers to bring home flowers not only on special occasions but on other days also. Last week he brought me a dozen red roses, and last month he brought two dozen carnations home. This gives me a good feeling in being his wife."

Kenton helps keep the house. "My husband is a considerate person. One way he shows it is in helping to keep things in their proper place rather than letting clutter overwhelm the house. Kenton picks things off the floor and is interested in keeping the house clean and tidy. This is important, since I have piano students coming into the house during the week."

Dave is dependable. "What makes Dave easy to live with is that he assumes responsibility. I can depend on him to follow through on his promises in things

like remembering to mail a letter and keeping in mind an



appointment I have. Having a responsible husband removes a lot of worry and concern."

He's tightfisted. "The thing that makes my husband easy to live with is the same thing that at times causes tension in our marriage. I can't pass up a good bargain. If it were not for my

saved many a situation."

Ann accepts. "Ann doesn't try to change me into some ideal she may have. She allows me to share my problems without telling me not to feel that way. By her acceptance and listening without reprimand, she allows me time to think through situations. I need that."

A kind of thermostat. "My wife is a kind of thermostat in our home. She listens and by her positive comments sets the temperature of the family. I can come home quite discouraged and she always seems to be able to see something good or she sees how it might work out OK. Her spirit makes her not only easy to live with but makes life easy to live."

Goes the extra mile. "What makes my wife easy to live with is that she is willing to go the extra mile. She has a good attitude about herself and her family,

which keeps things positive. Her attitude helps everyone in the family to be more giving and loving. I'm a person who doesn't have much give. I'm rather rigid. My wife has helped me see that marriage is more than a fifty-fifty affair. For a happy marriage each must be willing to go the second mile."

I feel needed. "My wife makes me feel needed. She does it by the way she consults me and the way we talk over decisions. She wants to know my opinion and looks to me for guidance. Actually, the more I feel needed, the more I feel my need of her. She has a way of making everyone she meets feel important. It's great to live with such a wife."

Barb affirms me in my work. "My wife is easy to live with because I feel she is interested in my job. I don't feel alone. We are in it together. When I come home, she seems to sense when she

should talk about the day's work and when not, but usually we talk over the day's happenings and she makes my job seem important and worthwhile. I need this kind of affirmation continually."

Pinches pennies. "My wife is easy to live with because she uses our money wisely. She knows a bargain, doesn't spend needlessly, and knows the value of different kinds of food, clothes, and other needs a family has. I do not know how I'd face a lot of debts or deal with the situation if my wife were a spendthrift. I can thank her for a balanced budget."

Connie is confidential. "My wife is easy to live with because she is not a gossip and I know she is careful in what she shares with others. Connie can keep a secret, and it is comfortable to know I can share anything with her. Others also must sense this, because many persons share with her their personal problems." **TT**

husband's tightness, I know we would always be broke. Because of his tightness I can feel secure, knowing there will always be enough for the necessities of life."

Lester listens. "My husband is easy to live with because I know he loves me by his words and deeds. Above all, he is patient in listening to me. He usually is very sensitive to my needs, spiritually, mentally, and physically. Lester is always ready to hear my side of any situation and he is not afraid to admit when he is wrong."

My feelings and opinions count. "The thing I like about my husband is that he lets me speak my mind. Sometimes I don't like the way he reacts, but I feel free to say what I wish."

He doesn't demand. "My husband is easy to live with because he is not a demanding person. Don't get me wrong—he likes cooked meals, clean clothes, fresh sheets, straightened house, well-kempt children, and a wife he

can be proud of, but he does not demand these things. He loves them into existence.

"Not once in our eight years of marriage has he demanded that his home was his castle or that he had to have his life a certain way. As we began raising our family and having a house, he would just approve and tell me how much the things I did for him and the boys mattered. All this made me want to do them all the more."

Paul isn't pushy. "Paul loves me the way I am. I know there are things he would be glad to see changed, but he never pushes. He accepts me as I am, and this gives me a desire to please him. If I felt he was out to change me, I know I'd prop my feet and feel worse about my own worth than I do now."

Robert helps me relax. "My husband is easy to live with because he's very easygoing. He calls me 'Martha' because Martha was the busy one, always doing something. So Robert often says,

'Slow down—sit down for a while and relax.' That's not easy to do with four little kids running to and fro, but I really need to hear it from him. I'm glad that he's a more relaxed person than I am. I'm glad my feelings and opinions are important to my husband and that he lets me air them and that he takes them seriously."

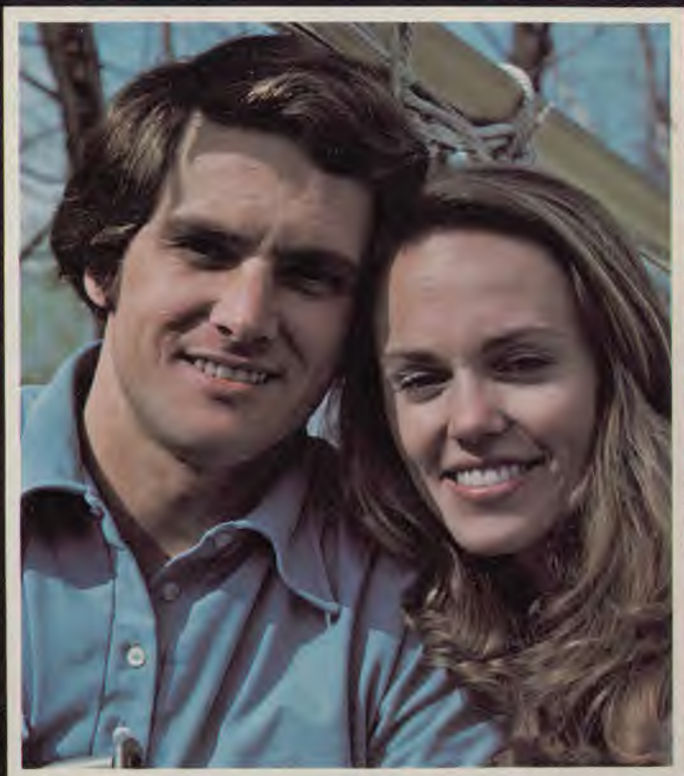
Ready to compliment. "One of many reasons my husband is easy to live with is that he gives me sincere compliments. Not a day goes by in which I do not receive a compliment. I tend to minimize my abilities; therefore, it's quite easy to see why his compliments are so welcome and uplifting."

He has time to talk. "As a wife I need to have time to talk, particularly after a day at home alone with small duties. When he comes home, he wants to share a lot of things with me, and what a good time it is. Often we think of the wife who talks too much, but I pity the wife whose husband talks too little." **TT**

ADRIFT

Hours went by. I craned my neck, searching for an airplane. Not even a sea gull flew this far out. Our crippled boat became a tiny floating island of hopelessness.

BY SANDY FEATHERS-BARKER



Nothing, it seemed, could spoil that hot, windy day in June. At 10:00 A.M. my husband, Joe, and I pulled out of the driveway of our apartment in Gainesville, Florida, where Joe was getting his Master's degree in architecture. Trailing behind our camper-truck was our 16½-foot

sailboat. We were headed for Cedar Key on Florida's Gulf Coast.

"Just think, a whole afternoon of sailing," I said. Gringo, our big cinnamon-brown dog, wagged his tail. Joe whistled. It was starting so perfectly.

If anything at all threatened

to mar the day it was the problem we'd wrestled with for weeks. Joe would finish graduate school in a couple of months, and after that, life curled up into big question marks: Where should we settle? Which job should we take? I'd worried till I was in knots. But

now, as we bounced along the highway, I shoved aside my anxieties about the future. They could wait till I returned.

We arrived at the marina with the sun burning at high noon. As I stepped from the truck, a strong gust of wind squalled through the parking lot. I gazed out at the choppy blue water. A few emerald islands dotted the bay. And beyond that, the Gulf stretched to the horizon, immense and awesome. A peculiar feeling swept through me. Not really foreboding, just uneasiness.

We threw a twelve-ounce bottle of water in the boat, strapped on bright-orange life jackets, and slid our sailboat into the water. "Hop on, Gringo," I called. Within minutes the three of us were careening out into the bay. I leaned over the side of our little turquoise boat to steady it against a howling northeast wind.

Suddenly we slammed aground on a sandbar. I listened as the sand grated against the boat, hoping the centerboard wouldn't be damaged. Without that slim, three-foot stabilizer that serves as a keel we would lose practically all control.

"I'll shove us off," Joe yelled, pushing with an oar. Suddenly we broke free. Joe struggled to tack toward the deeper channel waters. But something was wrong. The boat sideslipped through the blue-green swells like a car without a driver. The sandbar had damaged the centerboard. I wondered how badly. We were sliding sideways out of the bay! Only one last island remained between us and open sea. The shoreline rapidly shrank to a green strip in the distance.

"Joe! We're passing the last island!"

"Don't worry; we'll make it," he said. Joe . . . always the optimist.

But around the island, the wind grew even wilder. The ocean tossed our craft from wave to wave, sloshing gallons of water



Sandy and Joe Barker today thank God for the series of miracles that made their nearly impossible rescue possible.

over the boat's sides. I grabbed for terrified Gringo. "Lord," I whispered, "I think we're going to need Your help." But the gale seemed to tear the words away from my mouth.

Joe seized the anchor and threw it over. "Oh, no!" I screamed as the anchor line tore from its cleat. The rope snaked overboard and disappeared forever.

"Got to get the sails down," Joe shouted over the wind, "or we'll be blown out to sea!" In our haste we did lower them, but we also knocked a fitting loose and lost the halyard that we'd need to raise the sail later.

We looked at each other in horrified silence. The only way we could hoist the sail again would be to lower the hinged mast to the deck and re-rig the line from its top. And that required a calm sea and no wind at all.

In desperation, Joe fitted oars into the oarlocks and tried to row. It was hopeless. We reeled on like a toothpick in a torrent. Now the sun was sinking into a fading orange haze. Night was coming . . . darkness on the ocean. I looked back toward land. It was gone. We were lost, blown into the open sea.

Soon darkness surrounded us. Black waves crashed against the boat, showering us with cold

water. I shivered in the night wind. Joe helped me wrap in the sails and we huddled in the cramped, decked-over cockpit area beneath the mast. The boat pitched so violently that we lashed ourselves down with ropes to keep from going overboard. My body pounded the hard hull of the boat till I ached.

Then seasickness struck. All night as we slid through the dark, twisted labyrinth of water, I lay in agonizing nausea. I wondered: Was anyone, anywhere, looking for us?

As dawn filtered into the morning sky and the relentless wind still blew, I looked out at the most terrifying sight of my life. Water. Everywhere. Like a jagged gray blanket, it stretched on forever. "Joe, where are we?" I asked.

"We're a long way out," he said grimly. "We were blown southwest."

The sun became a white-hot laser. I licked my parched lips. "We'll have to save our water," Joe said, as he measured out a few sips. I drank, watching Gringo lick the saltwater on the boat. How long could we last on twelve ounces of water in this heat?

Hours went by. I craned my neck, searching for an airplane. Not even a sea gull flew this far out. Our boat became a tiny floating island of hopelessness. I

Sandy Feathers-Barker is a free-lance writer living in Kingsport, Tennessee. Reprinted by permission from Guideposts magazine, copyright © 1980 by Guideposts Associates, Inc., Carmel, New York 10512.

remembered the anxieties of yesterday. What to do after Joe finished graduate school suddenly seemed such a small, petty uncertainty.

The waves rolled by like the years of my life. Unconsciously, I laid my hand on Gringo's head. He turned his huge brown eyes up to mine. As I stared down into

"Lord," I said, "we're ready. Please give us wind to blow us back east to shore."

As if the Creator's hand were moving across the sea, a steady wind began to blow. The sun hovered on the water. We were sailing away from it, east toward land! "Praise God," I rasped.

In a moment so awesome I can scarcely believe it, the six-foot swells melted into a sheet of still water. The wind stopped abruptly. Not a ripple or a sound interrupted the stillness of the moment.

Gringo's eyes, something profound, yet simple, took place. I saw the look of trust. Trust that, despite everything, I was taking care of him, as always. And like an arrow, a thought came to mind. *Why shouldn't I trust God just as Gringo was trusting me?*

Across the boat Joe was saying, "We're helpless. If only we could raise the sails again, but it's impossible with the wind and waves this rough."

The thought returned: *Trust.*

I spoke slowly, hesitantly. "Do you remember in the Bible when the disciples were caught in a storm on the Sea of Galilee?"

Joe looked at me strangely. "Go on."

"Jesus calmed the wind and waves for them," I said. "If He did it for the disciples, wouldn't He do it for us?"

So while the sun glowed low and golden on the ocean, we joined hands and prayed. "Please, Lord, we're trusting You to still the wind and water. Amen."

Three minutes passed. Four. Five. And then, in a moment so awesome I can still scarcely believe it, the six-foot swells melted into a sheet of still water. The wind stopped abruptly. Not a ripple or a sound interrupted the stillness of the moment. Frantically we lowered the hinged mast to the deck and retrieved the line for hoisting the mainsail. "It'll work now," Joe said, raising the mast.

Our sails slatted in the still air.

The moon rose in front of us. Since the wind blew from the west, we could run before it with no need for our useless centerboard. For twelve hours, Joe clutched the rudder and the line controlling the mainsail. We guessed we'd been blown more than a hundred miles out to sea. Yet, if this wind held, we could make land again.

As daylight approached, Joe neared complete exhaustion. We both collapsed in the tiny cockpit to sleep. When we awoke, the sea was a mirror of glass, the world an eerie vacuum of silence. The sails hung limp. What had happened to our east wind?

"What does it mean?" I asked. Joe shook his head. Gringo paced nervously. Fear mounted in me like a tidal wave. Was this the calm before the storm I'd always heard about?

Oh, God, You've brought us this far. Why have You left us here? I thought.

Trust Me, came the silent assurance.

Trust? Stranded, without land in sight, our water gone, our bodies near collapse and maybe a storm coming. Suddenly, it seemed too much to ask.

Joe crawled into the cockpit in despair. Even Joe, the eternal optimist, knew. We had reached the end.

I stared at the sea, too desolate to cry. "God," I whispered, "I was counting on You . . ." I stopped,

my breath suspended. For in the distance, coming over the horizon, was a cross. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. It was still there. A breathtaking white cross! It seemed to rise straight out of the water. Was I hallucinating? Seconds later a boat rose beneath the cross. It was a cross-shaped mast. Dear God! It was real! My breath came back in muffled little gasps. A dazzling white boat plowed through the water right toward us.

"Joe," I called, hardly able to find my voice. "A boat!" Joe leaped up, his eyes incredulous. As it churned closer, Joe raised his life jacket to the top of the mast. I waved my arms wildly.

Soon, a fifty-one-foot yacht floated beside us. Up on deck, an astonished boy peered down at us. "What in the world are you doing way out here?" he called.

I burst into tears as a vacationing doctor and his family appeared on deck and helped us aboard. We gathered around their table below, while the doctor checked his charts. He returned, shaking his head. "The course I set this morning on automatic pilot was eighteen miles off. An eighteen-mile deviation. I can't explain it."

But I could. There in the safe, solid cabin of the doctor's boat, it all ran together. The calming of the ocean, the sudden east wind, then its abrupt ceasing, an eighteen-mile alteration on sophisticated electronic navigation equipment—all this had made their big yacht and our little sailboat intersect exactly in the midst of endless time and water. God—a powerful, ingenious, caring God—had been there through every uncertain hour. And now I knew I could trust Him with every uncertainty . . . including those small, worrisome anxieties about the future still waiting for us at home.

A few hours later a storm smashed into the Gulf, twisting the sea into savage ten-foot waves. But I leaned back, enveloped in the thundering sound of the storm, at peace. My future, like the sea, rested in very good hands.

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BETWEEN THE LINES

THE HOPEFUL SIDE OF CANCER

Progress against cancer is the subject of a new American Cancer Society pamphlet, "The Hopeful Side of Cancer." We are pleased to call it to your attention.

Each year hundreds of thousands of Americans who had cancer and who received prompt treatment are pronounced cured. More and more frequently the prognosis for cancer patients is life—not an invalid's existence, but an active, productive life free from disabling symptoms.

An updated version of a former publication with the same title, the new pamphlet offers an optimistic outlook on the curability of cancer and cites recent statistics and personal stories of cancer patients who have made successful recoveries. One of the ways to save even more lives, the pamphlet stresses, is through personal awareness and action. The pamphlet acquaints readers with the seven warning signals of cancer, the ACS guidelines for cancer checkups, and common-sense safeguards such as not smoking and avoiding too much sun.

Concerning treatment, the pamphlet details advances in surgery, radiotherapy, and chemotherapy that have helped to speed recovery and improve survival rates for cancer patients. Also covered briefly is the current testing of interferon, a protein that occurs naturally in the body, as a possible anticancer agent.

The fifteen-page pamphlet describes ACS rehabilitation programs—ranging from the long-established Reach to

Recovery mastectomy program to the newer self-help counseling services for cancer patients and their families such as "I Can Cope" and "I Can Surmount."

"The Hopeful Side of Cancer" is available free of charge from local units of the American Cancer Society.—K.J.H.

On Eating, Drinking, and Weight Management

We never seem to lack for epigrams about overeating and overweight: It isn't the hours one spends at the table that put on the avoirdupois, it's the seconds; a woman is never overweight until she has run out of places to hide it; a gourmet is just a glutton with brains. Euripides termed the stomach the greatest of deities.

Eating and drinking have been variously called "the gift of God" (Ecclesiastes 3:13), the function that kills more people than wars, an artificial aid to conversation,

the demagogic demands of the belly.

For precise, practical advice on weight management, perhaps Dr. Charles Thomas, of the School of Health at Loma Linda University, states it best:

1. Eat a hearty breakfast. This is the most important meal of the day.
2. Reduce or omit supper. It puts weight on you. Fruit or a salad is acceptable.
3. Reduce or omit refined desserts and carbohydrates such as white bread, sugary cereals, pastries, cakes, candies, sugars, and jams.
4. Omit snacks and carbonated or alcoholic beverages. They add pounds and destroy health.
5. Exercise regularly. This helps you to stay slim, trim, and full of vigor and vim.
6. Reduce or omit free fats, oils, grease, including margarines, mayonnaise, salad dressings, and cooking oil.
7. Dedicate your life to God anew every morning.
8. Eat largely of fruits

(preferably fresh or frozen), whole grains, vegetables, and nuts.

Thomas says, "You can follow this practical and simple approach to permanent slimness wherever you are. No need to count calories or worry about scales. It is a sensible way of life."

It also makes of no effect the old saw, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow ye diet."—K.J.H.

Resolutions Par Excellence

New Year's Day, which is a good time to lay aside futile reflections on past imprudence and mismanagement, always seem to call for someone's list of resolutions.

For 1982 we offer the extraordinary resolves of Jonathan Edwards, a noted theologian and clergyman of the eighteenth century, who made five resolutions for himself in his youth:

1. Resolved: To live with all my might while I do live.
2. Resolved: Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.
3. Resolved: Never to do anything which I should despise or think meanly of in another.
4. Resolved: Never to do anything out of revenge.
5. Resolved: Never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.

The amazing thing about the resolves is that those who knew Edwards felt he had lived by them faithfully.—K.J.H.



Illustration by Tom Dunbebin

RESPONSE

PORNOGRAPHY DOESN'T HURT ANYONE!

I wish to protest in the strongest possible terms the publication in the August issue of the article "Is Pornography a Victimless Crime?"

As a conservative Christian who has been reading you for years, I agree with your stance on most issues, including your evangelical theology, but when you get into sociology, as you have done on the pornography issue, you are into the waters over your heads, in my opinion.

Specifically, the writer, Lois Dick, has seriously erred in the writing, and you have compounded the error in the publication of the article by lumping together as one problem the disparate issues of adult pornography and child pornography, or, as it is often called, "kiddie porn."

Adult pornography is entirely voluntary on the part of both its producers and its consumers, and although the conservative Christian may find it morally and/or aesthetically offensive, the preponderance of research in behavioral science and sociology to date indicates that pornography does not contribute to antisocial behavior, but, in fact, serves as the only acceptable sexual outlet for many people, and probably reduces criminal activity. No "victimization" has been shown to date.

Child pornography, on the other hand, is not a voluntary activity of a knowledgeable, consenting person, but a cruel molestation of a child's innocence, privacy, et cetera, which is punishable

under any number of laws. And THESE TIMES does well to inveigh against all who participate in this type of destructive and illegal activity.—Richard Lewis, Jr., Stoneham, Massachusetts.

If you're right about adult pornography, then why has the former queen of porno movies, Linda Lovelace (star of Deep Throat and a dozen similar films), taken such a strong stand against pornography and porno movies in her new biographical exposé Ordeal (Citadel Press, 264 pp., \$2.95)?

Pornography is not a victimless crime, she claims. (And who knows more about its victims than she?) "I never thought something like that could happen to me, but now I know better. It could happen to me, and it could happen to you. . . . Incredible damage can be done."—page 262. (Today she is a housewife who has finally escaped from the porno trap.)—Editors.

Thanks

We have been receiving your magazine for some time now and enjoy it very much. We would like to thank our sponsors for our subscriptions.—Carol and Dan Moon, Williamsburg, Virginia.

Much Pleasure and Information

I enjoy your magazine so much and just wait for it to come to me, but I would like to know who my very kind Christian friends are who have been sending this to me for quite some time now. I would certainly like to thank them personally and let them know how

much pleasure and information I receive from reading it. Would it be possible for you to let me know who my wonderful friends are?—Mrs. Hattie Rohde, Brookfield, Illinois.

Many Sins and Many Guns

Out of all the monthly periodicals that are circulated through Adventism, THESE TIMES is my favorite. However, I couldn't get past page 7 of the September issue without being disgusted: more gun-control issues taken up in our literature.

When I took a stand for Christ in 1965, I had many bad faults, many sins, and many guns. God, working through His Holy Spirit, pressed upon my mind that these faults were unnatural and should be surrendered. Also, by His Spirit God has shown me the sinfulness of my sins, and by the grace of Christ I have had many victories and hope to have many more.

But though my guns stand in the closet and lie in drawers, never has God's Spirit impressed upon my mind to get rid of or surrender any of these guns. So if God is not taking up this issue, why are we, His servants, taking it up?—Esmond O. Huff, Shingletown, California.

That item, a news story, carried with it no editorial opinion either pro or con. However, isn't it interesting (since you asked) that a knife can cut bread, an ice pick shatter ice, a hatchet chop wood. But other than killing (or threatening to kill), what can a

gun do? (See Romans 13:9; 1 Peter 4:15; Galatians 5:21.)—Editors.

Confused Writer

After reading the article in THESE TIMES (August) by Mary Jo Heckinger entitled "Sensible Sexuality," Part III, I just could not let it go by without commenting on it.

I have never read such a mixed-up, confused assortment of twisted facts in my entire life. It appears to me that she is trying more to score points as an intellectual journalist than to relate or clarify God's Word.

Thank God she realized at the end of the article that she needed to put her confusion into God's hands to unscramble and give her His own beautiful, simple, and amazing answers, which are formed on the foundation of all love, truth, and wisdom that is beyond her sight.

If she had begun her article with her closing statements and then proceeded to give Biblical truths to support her statements, she might have had a great article—centered on God, not herself.—Mrs. Evelyn Todd, Bloomfield, Connecticut.

A Word of Thanks

Just a little word of thanks for giving us the opportunity to receive THESE TIMES.—Mrs. M. D. Cochran, Atlanta, Georgia. **Tt**

Address all correspondence for this column to: Letters to the Editor, THESE TIMES, 6856 Eastern Avenue NW., Washington, D.C. 20012. Items selected for publication may be edited for clarity and length.

From Death to Life —the Story of a Murderer

BY JOHNNY GARCIA, AS TOLD TO E. MICHAEL PRILEY

On death row I refused to show any fear as I faced seven dates with the executioner. When the clergy offered me spiritual comfort, I spit and cursed at them.

When I entered a Christian home for drug addicts in 1971, I wanted only to rest, relax, and take refuge from the police. As a man devoid of love, I lacked the vision to see beyond the misery and evil of my past life. Indeed, the devil ruled my soul and kept me proud, selfish, and spiritually dead.

I was born and raised in the barrio of East Los Angeles. As a teen-ager left to his own devices, I ignored Christian values, experimented with drugs, led a street gang, built a tough-guy reputation, confused pride with courage, and joined the Army at age 16.

In the Army my outfit of twenty-five misfits invaded a headquarters of the German high command in France, destroyed 250 enemy troops, and returned to England with maps and papers that proved vital to the planning of the invasion of Normandy. For this exploit I received a Presidential citation and a battlefield commission.

After the war I acquired a heroin habit and went on a robbery spree to support it. During the robbery of a liquor store, I shot and killed a police officer. Consequently, a court sentenced me to die in the gas chamber at San Quentin Prison in California.

On death row I refused to show

any fear as I faced seven dates with the executioner. When the clergy offered me spiritual comfort, I spit and cursed at them. Even on the seventh date, when they actually strapped me inside the gas chamber with the door closed, I declined to pray. Though fear wrapped itself around my heart like a steel vise, I sat smugly in the chamber until the governor called and commuted my sentence to life in prison.

In prison pride led me to stab my cellmate to death. It also prompted me to serve sixteen months in a dark hole for refusing to tell the guards who stole a razor from the prison barbershop, where I worked.

Released from prison after twelve years, I returned several times during the next twenty years for drug-related crimes. In 1971 I resorted to the use of heroin once again. I cut parole and forged checks to survive. Nothing but heroin mattered. Anyone with money became a target for my madness. In fact I even stole money from a narcotics agent. Like a rabid dog, with eyes like fire pits, I evaded the agents and lurked in the streets in search of victims.

But one day I met a man on the street whose experience with Christ changed my life.

To my utter astonishment, I recalled that this well-dressed and happy man used to be the most sleazy dope fiend in the barrio. But when he tried to tell me that Christ could save me from "social

and spiritual death," I sneered and pushed past him. As I did, he shoved a business card into my pocket and told me to go to a Christian home for drug addicts.

Two days later, after a narrow escape from a narcotic agent's bullets, I committed myself to Fellowship Vine in Pasadena, California—under the pretense that I wanted to change my life. Of course when Nick Cadena, the minister in charge, told me that he relied solely on the work of the Lord to cure addiction, I doubted that I'd survive the painful withdrawal period without drugs.

For two days I suffered the agony of withdrawal. Meanwhile Nick and others sat at my bedside. They prayed. They told me about Jesus. They shared their own experiences and assured me that Christ would get me through the ordeal if I believed. But the pain and chills increased.

On the third day I decided to leave. I walked into the yard but got too ill to go any farther. So I pulled a chair onto the lawn and sat in the sunshine. Just then, an awful pain gripped my stomach and doubled me over.

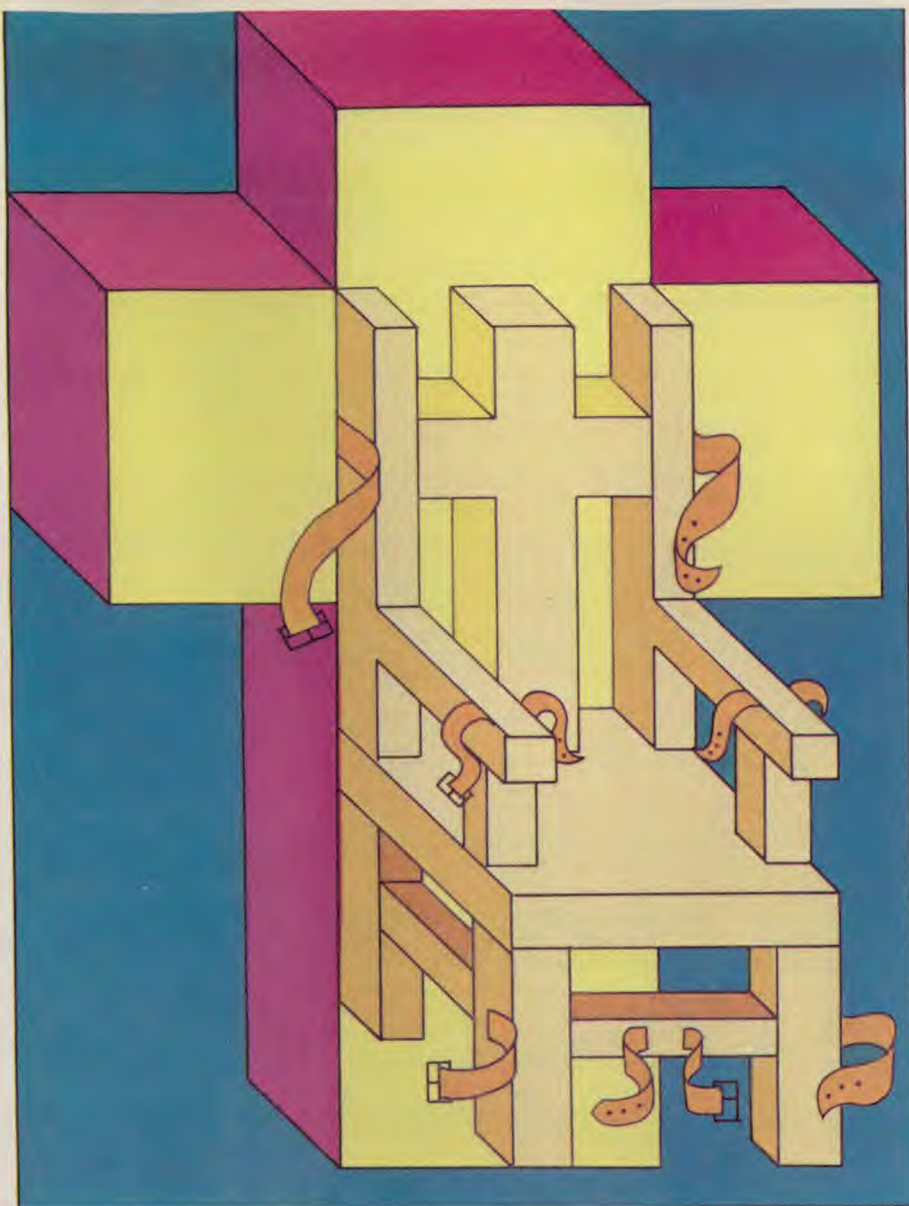
Pauline, Nick's wife, and Nadine, her 2-year-old daughter, watched from the porch.

"Look, Nadine," said Pauline. "Johnny's sick. Go pray for him."

Tiny footsteps approached me. Then the baby's hand touched my forehead. "Amen, Amen, Amen," she said.

I glanced up and saw this beautiful little child praying with a

E. Michael Priley is a life prisoner in San Quentin Prison in California. For the past three years he has devoted most of his time to studying and communicating the Word of God.
© 1982 by E. Michael Priley.



sincerity beyond description. The pain and chills stopped, and I felt at peace with the world for the first time in years.

Soon Nick invited me to work as his clerk. I agreed. But I told him not to depend on me to stay more than a few days.

Despite daily threats to leave, I always found a good reason to stay. In the meantime, I went along with the program—the work, the Bible class, the prayer meetings, and the fellowship of many former addicts. In the bargain I accepted Christ, played with the children, and enjoyed the first birthday party of my life—a surprise party with forty-seven candles glowing in the darkness.

As the weeks turned to months, everyone noticed the change in my personality—the smile, the concern for others, and the desire to learn the Word. But I didn't feel any great change in myself.

"Nick," I said one day, "it's hard for me to swallow the fact

that I've been forgiven of my sins. Maybe some of the petty criminals here get forgiven. But I've killed!"

Nick assured me that no person, regardless of his past, is beyond the mercy and forgiveness of God. He then arranged for me to hear the testimony of an ex-Mafia man whose past paralleled my own. After hearing his experience, I knew that God did forgive and change me.

The first sign of my transformation came the night I spoke to a church audience for the first time. As I related the horrors of my past, I suddenly realized that God had been working with me all along. The tears that followed were the first tears of my adult life, and I knew that I was no longer hard and cold inside.

On the way home I sat alone in the back of the van and prayed. "Lord," I said, "I'm putting my life in Your hands from here on."

The next day, after a full night of prayer, I decided to turn myself in to the police, for I knew then, as I do now, that men are better off as Christians in prison than as sinners in society.

On January 4, 1972, everyone gathered at Fellowship Vine to pray. After the prayers inside, the group gathered on the lawn to bid me goodbye. Snowflakes the size of quarters drifted gently earthward around us, as we stood in awe at the beauty of the scene.

The ex-Mafia man broke the silence. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

More silence.

As I stepped into the car with my Bible, I merely traded smiles with everyone, for no words could describe the joy we shared by going from crime to Christ, from darkness to light, from death to life.

T

Postscript

Johnny Garcia served six months in the Los Angeles County Jail, where the Lord used him to win countless souls to Christ.

In 1972 he appeared on the International Prison Broadcast, toured several Latin American countries with the Billy Graham Crusade, and spoke at churches throughout the United States.

In 1976 he returned to Folsom Prison on purpose, where he led many notorious criminals, including this writer, to Christ.

Today he remains free in Christ.

For the meat eater accustomed to bacon, hamburger, steak, and fried chicken, the idea of 7 million vegetarians in America raises one question: Why? Let us look at a number of answers.

Poverty is one. Meat, the world's most expensive protein source, simply costs too much for many people. Because of world food shortages, as well as inflation, its price likely will continue to rise.

Ecology is another reason. Some feel that flesh eating squanders earth's resources, since it takes seven to eight pounds of grain or soybeans to add one pound to

VEGETARIANISM

-A Viable Alternative

More than seven million Americans claim to be vegetarians. Compared with a total U.S. population of 224 million, this figure doesn't seem too large. But thought of in terms of a whole vegetarian city the size of New York, it does.

BY KENNETH I. BURKE WITH ANN BURKE



livestock and sixteen pounds of grain for one pound of beef in the feedlot. With one half of all cultivated acreage in the United States planted for animal feed—corn, barley, oats, and soybeans, which contain high-quality edible protein—ecologists feel that earth's food shortages could be substantially reduced by widespread vegetarianism.

Ethics. Some people choose vegetarianism for ethical reasons—they oppose the killing of animals. Others abstain from eating flesh because of their religion or the conviction that a flesh diet hinders spiritual growth. Still others cannot stand the idea of eating a dead body. But of all the reasons given by vegetarians for their chosen life style, the most often cited is "health."

Is a vegetarian diet (as some allege) more healthful than a flesh

diet? How can a vegetarian get enough protein? What about the claim that vegetarians have less heart disease, cancer, and other degenerative diseases?

Before we discuss these questions, let's notice that some segments of the world population have for centuries eaten little meat. The Otomi Indians of central Mexico and the Hunzas of northern Pakistan, known to live long and vigorously, provide cases in point. While we cannot assume that a meatless or low-meat diet is entirely responsible for their vigor and longevity, we should note that it has been possible for them to be

both healthy and vegetarian.

On the other side of the coin, we find vegetarians in areas where the variety of foods is severely limited or we discover followers of dangerous diets such as the macrobiotic Zen Buddhist system (which progressively limits the number of foods until only brown rice remains). Unfortunately, such individuals often experience emaciation, anemia, calcium deficiency, scurvy (vitamin C deficiency), beriberi (thiamine deficiency), and pellagra (niacin deficiency).

Since deficiency diseases can be observed in deprived meat-eating populations as well as deprived vegetarian populations, we are left to conclude that a healthful diet involves much more than whether or not a person eats meat. In fact,

Photograph by Roger Phillips/
Marshall Cavendish Limited



the fewer kinds of food a person—vegetarian or meat eater—consumes, the harder it is for him to obtain all the needed nutrients. The greater the variety of foods in his diet, the easier it is for him to get them. The issue is *variety*.

In America the meat eater who chooses wisely from a large selection of foods can get a balanced diet.

Kinds of vegetarians. Now let's look at the vegetarian.

Of the several types of vegetarians we'll discuss three: (1) *total vegetarians*, who eat only vegetables, fruits, nuts, legumes, and grains; (2) *lactovegetarians*, who add dairy products to this list; (3) *lacto-ovo vegetarians*, who include not only dairy products but eggs.

The *lacto-ovo vegetarian* diet differs little from the typical Western diet in nutritional adequacy. It includes foods from all four food groups: milk (milk, cottage cheese, yogurt, ice cream, and other dairy foods); cereal grain (bread, breakfast cereals, rice, and other grains); fruit-vegetable; high protein (meat alternates like eggs, dried legumes, peanut butter, soybeans, nuts, seeds, and meat "analogs" [manufactured products that can replace meat]). In other words, it leaves out meat, fish, and poultry, but substitutes other items high in protein.

Lactovegetarians, who forfeit eggs as well as flesh foods, must take a little more care to include protein sources, but they still have a good variety available.

The *total vegetarian*, though, must exercise the greatest care. By dropping the milk group, he has omitted a significant source of protein in his diet. Still, it is possible for him to obtain more than adequate amounts.

Proteins are made up of combinations of about twenty-two compounds called amino acids. The body can synthesize (or make) most of these from starch and other carbohydrates. It must get the remaining eight or nine amino

acids, already formed, from foods, and it must get them in certain proportions.

Milk, eggs, and flesh meat provide these preformed (or "essential") amino acids in approximately the needed proportions. We say that they contain "high-quality" protein. Wheat germ, dried yeast, and soybeans are hardly distinguishable from meat as high-quality protein sources.

The soybean, which has had a place in Oriental vegetarian diets for thousands of years, has been boiled, roasted, and sprouted. It has been made into flour, tofu (a cheeselike curd), and powder for a "milk" that, fortified, nutritionally resembles cow's milk. It has also been used extensively in the manufacture of meat-shaped and textured analogs with names like Sizzle Burgers, Wham, and Ocean Fillets. These meat substitutes help those who are converting from a meat diet and those who simply enjoy their flavor and texture.

While the soybean may be an excellent nonmeat protein, vegetarians do not have to depend heavily upon it. So many other foods contain high-quality protein that even a total vegetarian can obtain more than sufficient for his needs.

Did you know that

- The quality of protein in oats ranks slightly higher than that of red muscle meat?

- That 10 percent of the calories in your potato and 35 percent of those in your serving of broccoli come in the form of good-quality protein?

- That 4 to 6 percent of the calories in fruit is protein, and that many of the foods you eat for iron, vitamins, or energy sneak you a little protein each time you eat them?

True, the quality of protein in some foods is lower than that in others. It may be low in one or more essential amino acids. For this reason vegetarians practice what is known as food supplementation. In other words, a protein food that is low in a certain amino acid is combined with another protein food that is high in that one.

Food combinations. The lacto-ovo vegetarian or lactovegetarian may improve the quality of plant protein simply by combining it with an animal protein (e.g., egg salad on rye bread, cottage cheese with whole-wheat crackers, cereal with milk).

In the same way, the total vegetarian combines plant proteins. Because similar plant foods are low in similar amino acids, it is not difficult to learn how to do this.

Grains such as wheat, corn, and polished rice (which are high in the amino acid methionine and low in the amino acid lysine) can be combined with legumes like lentils, beans, peas, or certain nuts (which are just the opposite—high in lysine and low in methionine). These foods do not need to be eaten together at the same meal, as we once thought. Including something from both groups during the day seems to work just as well.

Very often items from the two groups go together naturally (for example, peanut butter on whole-wheat bread; tortillas and beans; rice and beans). Protein-wise, it is easy to "get it all together." In the United States we find few cases of protein deficiency. They occur mainly where people do not get enough food.

Americans do have a protein problem, though. Conditioned to believe that protein increases strength, we tend to consume about twice the Recommended Dietary Allowance. Actually, the function of protein is to build and repair tissue—skin, bones, fingernails, hair. This function is especially important during growing years, pregnancy, and lactation.

However, an overload of protein not only overworks the kidneys and liver but causes loss of calcium, in this way becoming one possible factor in some cases of osteoporosis.

Besides protein, vegetarians must give attention to other nutrients. The total vegetarian, having abandoned milk, must find alternate sources of calcium,

Kenneth Burke is associate professor of nutrition and dietetics, Loma Linda University, Loma Linda, California. © 1982 by Kenneth I. Burke.

riboflavin, and vitamin D. His need for calcium is less than that of a person who eats much meat, because the calcium requirement drops with a reduced intake of protein. He can find calcium in certain green leafy vegetables like collard greens, broccoli, and kale.

In fact, on a weight basis, mixed green leafy vegetables* supply as much calcium and riboflavin as milk. Other sources of calcium include soybeans, sesame seeds, and almonds.

Since children on a total vegetarian diet may have difficulty eating ample amounts of these foods, a daily calcium source such as fortified soy milk provides good insurance for strong teeth and bones.

The body produces vitamin D when the skin is exposed to the ultraviolet rays of the sun, and it does not have to be included in the diet. However, limited exposure to sunlight creates some risk, especially for the dark-skinned races, whose skin pigment filters out much ultraviolet light. No plants provide a good source, but some soy milk, like cow's milk, is fortified with vitamin D and, again, is a type of nutritional insurance.

Vegetarians can get the mineral zinc in milk, eggs, legumes, and whole grains, and iron in legumes (notably soybeans), dried fruit, green leafy vegetables, and whole grains—especially when the grain is eaten in leavened form as in yeast bread. (The latter is effected because the action of the yeast destroys a substance in whole grains called phytate, which combines with zinc and iron, making them unabsorbable.)

Vitamin B₁₂, the vitamin of which we need the smallest amount, is either difficult or impossible to obtain from plant sources because it is a product of microorganisms. Since animals eat material containing B₁₂ and since the bacteria in their alimentary tract synthesizes B₁₂, it is found in flesh meat, milk, and eggs. (In our alimentary tract B₁₂ is synthesized

also, but mainly in the colon, where little absorption takes place.) Among vegetarians, only the total vegetarian has difficulty finding B₁₂.

Perhaps the simplest and safest way to be sure to get the vitamin is to use B₁₂ fortified soy milk or breakfast cereal. Those unwilling to do this run the risk of deficiency disease (megaloblastic anemia and damage to the spinal cord), which may not appear for many years because of the body's thrifty handling of B₁₂.

There you have it: protein, calcium, riboflavin, vitamin D, zinc, iron, and vitamin B₁₂—the vegetarian's "problem" nutrients. Fortunately in the United States we can obtain them easily.

Today many physicians and nutritionists agree that people can be healthy without eating meat. Textbooks are not likely to include vegetarianism in the section titled "Food Fads." And in general we are not so prone as we once were to think of vegetarians as deprived and undernourished.

Knowledge of the nutritional status of various populations is more accessible than in the past, and with it has come understanding. The proof of the pudding has not been merely in the eating.

We know, for example, that for whatever reason, heart disease and some forms of cancer are almost unheard of in certain underdeveloped sections where meat is not eaten and that the Danes and Norwegians during the two world wars, when forced to adopt a virtually vegetarian diet, improved healthwise, experiencing a notable drop in heart disease. After the crisis passed, each nation returned to its old pattern of eating and dropped to its previous level of health.

Some scientists feel that the possible correlation between flesh eating and heart disease involves not only the amount of fat in meat (even in lean steak, one third of the calories come from fat) but the high saturation level of that fat.

Where cancer is concerned, tests indicate that animal protein tends to alter the activity of bacteria in the intestinal tract to change bile

acids into carcinogenic (cancer-forming) compounds. The meat eater's diet, often low in fiber, can contribute to slow-moving bowels and extended contact of these compounds with the colon.

Adventists are healthier. Of a National Institutes of Health study of California Seventh-day Adventists who did not drink, smoke, or eat meat, Dr. Mervyn Hardinge reports: "Our studies have revealed that the Seventh-day Adventist vegetarians are healthier than the average Californian."

He goes on to state, "There is . . . a lower incidence of all forms of cancer. Heart disease is significantly less and, when it does occur, it is an average of ten years later than in other Californians."*

Vegetarianism: What's in it for me? Is it a possible way to lengthen life and lessen the risk of some diseases? Many people believe it is, some of them strongly enough to consider a modification of eating habits. If you are one of them, may I suggest that, first of all, you clarify for yourself *why* you think a change is wise, and then that you change gradually.

Since you will probably be adapting to a lower calorie diet (in itself a bulwark against weight-related diseases such as adult onset diabetes), you may sometimes feel hungry and weak at first. Cushion the shock. If you are accustomed to eating meat twice a day, try a substitute protein food for only one of those meals at first.

Be considerate of yourself and your family. Purchase a reputable vegetarian cookbook. Try some of the manufactured meat analogs available in many local supermarkets or specialty food stores. Review the guidelines in the box.

As in time you adapt physically and psychologically to new habits of eating, you will probably come to believe with me that the Creator's original diet for Planet Earth is *still* very good. (See Genesis 1:29.)

Tt

*Where calcium is concerned, spinach and chard are exceptions to this rule. They contain a compound called oxalic acid, which combines with calcium to make it largely unabsorbable by the body.

*Quoted by Daniel Grotta-Kurska in "Before You Say Baloney," *Today's Health* (October, 1974) 74.

FRANK ANSWERS

DID TRANSLATORS ERR WITH NUMBERS?

If the old law (the Ten Commandments) is still binding on us, why did Christ have to die? Hebrews 7:11 shows that it was not perfect, and verse 12 says, "For the priesthood being changed [from the Levitical priesthood on earth to Christ's priesthood in heaven], there is made of necessity a change also of the law." This is evidence that the Ten Commandments were done away with, yes?

No! The word *law* is used in a number of different senses in the New Testament; it does not always refer to the moral law of the Ten Commandments. It is evident from the passage you cite (Hebrews 7:11, 12) that the apostle Paul is speaking about the "Levitical priesthood" and the ceremonial law or instruction that governed its function. (See also Hebrews 10:1-4.) The apostle aims to show his Hebrew-Christian brethren that the ritualistic system of the Temple was only meant to be a type, a foreshadowing of the priestly ministry of Christ in the heavenly sanctuary. It was not an end in itself,



In this column Pastor Frank B. Holbrook answers questions about spiritual truth, ethical behavior, and Biblical understanding.

Write to him c/o THESE TIMES, 6856 Eastern Avenue NW, Washington, D.C. 20012. Names are confidential. If a personal answer is desired, please send an addressed envelope. Only questions of general interest are published.

"for it . . . [was] not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins" (Hebrews 10:4).

In the same book, however, the apostle Paul does refer to the Ten Commandments. He notes that in the new covenant God promises to write the principles of this Law in the heart (in contrast to His writing of these same precepts on stone at Sinai). "For this is the covenant that I will make . . . , saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people" (Hebrews 8:10).

The apostles are very clear on this point that the moral law of the Ten Commandments, which define man's duty to God and to his fellows, is of permanent obligation. Furthermore, it is the law of the Ten Commandments that points out sin (see 1 John 3:4). "What shall we say then?" Paul asks. "Is the law sin? God forbid. Nay, I had not known sin, but by the law: for I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet" (Romans 7:7).

It is because humankind has rebelled against God's will as it is expressed in the principles and precepts of the moral law that Christ died to save us from the penalty of its violation. The death of Jesus is one of the greatest proofs of the permanency of the law of the Ten Commandments. Could it have been abolished, there would have been no sin and no need for

a Saviour to give His life.

But the intent of the plan of salvation is to bring humankind back into obedient harmony with the expressed will of the Sovereign of the universe. God's grace does not nullify God's law. Through His transforming power God enables His children to love Him and to obey Him from the heart. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law" (Romans 13:10). This vital principle motivates a Christian's obedience to God, as well as his kindly relationships with his neighbors.

Are we to accept the numerical figures cited in various places in the Old Testament as correct, or did the translators slip in some extra ciphers? For example, the record reads that King Solomon offered 120,000 sheep in addition to 22,000 oxen at the dedication of the Temple (1 Kings 8:62-66). What a feast that would make!

The problem is not with the translators. The figures are in the Hebrew text. Scholars have long debated the problem, but no firm explanation has been forthcoming. Some suggest that we may not understand correctly the meaning of the Hebrew words being used in the numerical expressions. For example, the Hebrew word for "thousand" can also mean "family" (Judges 6:15), or possibly "clan" (1 Samuel 10:19; 23:23; Micah 5:2). So it is suggested that a figure such as 600,000 men should be understood as 600

families or clans. Other scholars believe that early scribes misread the original numerical marks and thus mistakenly originated the large numbers, which continued to be transmitted by later copyists.

On the other hand, some of these figures may be correct. You cite the enormous number of *peace* offerings sacrificed by Solomon on the occasion of the Temple dedication. It is a fact that in the presentation of peace offerings, only the fat of the animals was burned. The flesh was eaten in a sacred meal in which a variety of persons as well as the offerer and his family participated in happy fellowship before the Lord (see Leviticus 3:3-5, 14, 15; 7:15-21).

Since the crowds attending this national event came from the most extreme north and south limits of the kingdom and remained for fourteen days (1 Kings 8:65), the provisions required for their sustenance during the celebration would have been enormous. We may infer, therefore, that their needs were met by means of the sacrificial flesh of the peace offerings. For two weeks a large portion of the nation lived and ate together—a long, extended sacrificial meal, as it were—rejoicing in fellowship and in giving thanks to God for His blessings upon the nation in providing a glorious Temple for the religious life of His people.

TT

Presenting Jesus Christ in all His fullness to all the world.

We believe the Bible to be the authoritative word of God, Satan to be our great adversary, Jesus to be our all-sufficient Saviour, and the coming Christ to be our only hope as the world nears its cataclysmic end.

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THIS TIME



This column gives me opportunity occasionally to expand on the sterling credentials of our writers, who have always struck me as being a rather colorful lot. Their hobbies and side interests usually provide facets of their personalities that prompt me to share them with readers.

I couldn't guess, for example, that Kenneth Burke ("Vegetarianism—A Viable Alternative" page 24), who teaches dietetic students advanced nutrition at Loma Linda University, lists as his hobbies gardening, food preservation, and auto mechanics.

One of my favorite writers, John Drescher ("What Makes My Husband Easy to Live With," page 14; "What Makes My Wife Easy to Live With," page 14), an editorial colleague of mine on the Associated Church Press board for several years, has had articles published in more than 100 magazines. A Mennonite, John has served as local church pastor, bishop overseer in the Ohio and Eastern Conference, president of the Ohio Mennonite Mission Board, editor of *Gospel Herald*, his church's official weekly magazine, moderator of his denomination, and since 1971 has served on the Mennonite General Board.

John is listed in *Who's Who in America*. He was Eastern Mennonite College alumnus of the year, 1979. The Dreschers have three boys and two girls. The family's many hobbies include music, crafts, camping, gardening, and clocks.

Much of Drescher's writing has been done in the area of family life. He and his wife, Betty, have held numerous family and married couples' retreats throughout the United States and Canada.

Joe and Sandy Barker ("Adrift," page 17) are happy to be back in their hometown of Kingsport, Tennessee, with five lakes nearby for sailing. The Barkers' love for the water comes from three years spent in Central America, living on their own island in Lake Nicaragua. Joe, who completed his Master's degree at the University of Florida in August, 1979, is now an architect with a construction firm, while Sandy teaches weekday Bible classes to fourth- and fifth-grade students.

Kenneth J. Holland

Gladys' long fingers responded slowly and painfully. "Take your pinky finger and place it in the center of your opposite palm—like this," she instructed, forcing her fingers to move against their crippled will. "Now with your other pinky, do the same."

I sat up in the center of my hospital bed mimicking this strange yet compassionate teacher I'd acquired as a hospital roommate. She was teaching me the sign language she used to communicate with deaf students.

"Now," she concluded, "cross your arms over your chest, make a fist, then point to yourself."

"Wait," I said. "Let's see whether I've got it." I made the gestures as Gladys described them, quietly mouthing the words "Jesus loves me."

As I repeated those three familiar words, the impact of their total meaning flooded over me as if I were hearing them for the first time.

Until Gladys came, my mind had slammed the door to the Lord's communication, leaving my faith aimlessly adrift outside. Experiencing the emotional low so common after surgery, I had succumbed to self-pity and fear.

It all happened in June, 1979. I had managed finally to sandwich routine foot surgery into an already-snug schedule. The operation, the doctor said, would last only half an hour, followed by two days' stay in the hospital.

Not until after the surgery, back in room 214, did the doctor tell me about the complications.

The doctor's words haunted my foggy brain: "If you had put this surgery off a couple more years, you could have lost the use of your foot."

"How do I know I've got a whole foot under that bulky bandage?" I asked my husband when we were alone. "And how do we know I'll be able to walk again?"

My mind was speeding down a course of negative thinking when someone wheeled Gladys into room 214.

I raised my eyes only slightly as attendants lifted her into the bed across from me. My concern revolved around my own problem—until I realized my new roommate had no legs.

"May I share this room with you? I'm Gladys," she said

program to help the disabled. As we talked I realized Gladys reached outward, not inward.

During visiting hours, it seemed the entire town made a detour through our room. Whites, blacks, and browns—everyone in the area—came to visit Gladys. This little angel seemed to touch lives wherever she went.

I tried to analyze her magic. God had gifted her with many talents.

Angel in Room

214

BY MARJORIE MUELLER

A familiar saying plagued my brain: "I cried because I had no shoes, until I met a man who had no feet."

without taking a breath between sentences. "I'm a double amputee and now I've lost a thumb to a disease of the arteries," she added.

"Glad to have you, Gladys," I muttered. At the same time, I detected the Lord might be trying to get my attention. A familiar saying plagued my brain: "I cried because I had no shoes, until I met a man who had no feet."

My lack of trust in the Lord was evident. I possessed blessings too numerous to count, yet I'd wasted time dwelling on imaginary defeats. It took Gladys to change my perspective. She knew the Lord was molding her for His purpose. At least that's the way she explained her thirty-nine operations.

I felt despondent and angry. Yet this stranger, who had greater reason for despondency than I, exuded trust and commitment.

Our cultures stood continents apart, but as the days of our recuperation dragged on, we shared our lives with each other. She told me of her class for deaf children and of plans for a

She was an artist as well as an organist. Before losing her legs, she could swim and ski. Now she faced having to give up her creative hobbies, as well as her class for the deaf. "God moves in mysterious ways," Gladys explained simply. "If I can't help the handicapped, maybe I'll write a book. It might help someone else endure."

Her magic, I concluded, was simply Christian love. I watched her pour it out to those who visited her. Despite her physical condition, Gladys knew the Lord had not forsaken her.

I realized He had not forsaken me, either. After all, who else could have planted this stranger in my room to reestablish my faith?

The day I was released I walked with crutches to Gladys' bedside, confident that I had two whole feet. We hugged each other and tears misted our eyes.

"I love you for touching my life," I told her. Then I placed alternate pinky fingers in each palm, crossed my arms over my chest, made a fist, and pointed at her. Gladys got the message! **TT**

Marjorie Mueller, a free-lance writer living in Mariposa, California, has had articles published in *Better Homes and Gardens*, *Christian Home*, *Reader's Digest*, and *Family Circle*. © 1982 by Marjorie Mueller.





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