

# THESE TIMES

JUNE 1, 1983

WHAT JESUS  
COULD HAVE DONE  
WHY THE OLD  
TESTAMENT SANCTUARY?  
DON'T LET SUFFERING  
OVERWHELM YOU



Knee-deep in June (page 16)

# Don't Let Suffering Overwhelm You

Suffering is one of life's inevitables for everyone. No one escapes it. No one permanently evades it. Pain is as personal and as inevitable as death.

BY C. WILLIAM FISHER



*of faith*

**T**he story is told of a Persian prince preparing for the throne. Aware of his need for more knowledge, he summoned his wise men and commanded them to prepare a history of mankind. Twenty years later the scholars brought him six thousand books. Too busy with the affairs of state to wade through that many books, the king told his wise men to edit their work and to condense their findings into one book.

Another twenty years passed, and the scholars presented the king with the book he had asked for. The king, however, was dying and was not able to read any of the book. From his deathbed he looked up at his wise men and cried, "Then I shall die without knowing the history of mankind!"

"Sir," said one of the group, "I will sum it up for you in a few words: They were born; they suffered; they died."

Everyone experiences suffering. Young or old, rich or poor, educated or illiterate—everyone sometime, somewhere must suffer.

**You there, young man.** Your body is strong and healthy. The muscles ripple under your smooth skin. Your brow is unfurrowed and your face is unscarred. Your whole body seems atingle with vibrant, surging life. Health is your hallmark, anyone can see that. Pain? What's that? It's something that happens to old people.

But wait. It is night and the streets are wet and slippery. The car is full of friends—laughing, cuddling, carefree friends. The curve is sharper than you thought—your speed is faster than you thought—the pole is closer than you thought! And then! Screams, sobs, moans, the gurgle of blood, one girl is dead, and another is dying. And you? You have a fractured skull, a crushed pelvis. And from that night—from that moment, you begin to know pain. You know it personally and permanently.

I saw him soon after he was released from the hospital. Crippled? Yes—for life.

**You there, young mother.** You are blond and beautiful, charming and gracious. You have never known real pain. To be sure, you have known the short, sweet, sharp agony of giving birth to two healthy sons. But real pain? That body of yours is too fair. Too supple. Too full of life and warmth. Too capable of giving pleasure and receiving it. Pain? What's that? It must be something that happens to other people.

But wait. At 46 you begin to notice a slight, hard lump on your body. No. It couldn't be. It just simply couldn't be! Not to me. As healthy and careful as I've always been! But the lump persists and grows. Fear and disbelief do not dissolve it.

Surgery. Recovery. And you laugh again. You live again. Your sons are proud of your beauty and vivaciousness and your husband thrills at your touch. Life is good again and full again. Pain? Not really. The doctors removed the lump before it became serious.

But then—oh, no! Please, God, not again! But there it is, and this time the doctors are too late. The malignancy has spread too far, too fast. And then it begins. Pain, real pain, begins to gnaw in your body. You pray. Friends pray. But pain persists and grows in your body until it seems an evil, hungry beast—a *thing!* An awful, ugly, voracious thing that is devouring and draining and destroying you.

You suffer, and your blue eyes lose their luster. You suffer, and your cheeks lose their bloom and fullness. You suffer, and your body—that once vibrant and beautiful body—begins to shrink. You suffer, and suffer.

I saw her one week before she died.

**You there, sir.** You have always had a secret pride about your health and strength and physique. Other men approaching middle age became soft and flabby and careless and full of complaints. But you were different! Pain? That happened to old codgers and to people who didn't take care of themselves. But you—you worked out regularly at the "Y." You loved to fish and hunt. In fact, it was on one of your hunting trips

that you first noticed a certain stiffness and drawing in your back. Must have sprained it a little when you stumbled over that log, you said.

But the stiffness and the drawing wouldn't work out. And then it began—pain, the first uneasy, nudging sensation of pain. It would go away, you insisted. But it didn't go away. It lingered and grew.

Finally, the doctor's office. You, of all people, having to go to the doctor! "Arthritis," he said. Maybe a change of climate would help.

"What," you said, "me move and change jobs at 57?" But you knew you must. So it was Tucson, Arizona. You enjoyed the sun and the new neighbors and friends. But the pain persisted and your body was becoming bent. You who had always been so straight and tall—now bent over!

That's how I met him—bent and in pain. I didn't know whether to feel sorrier for his hurt pride or his pained body. There is deep purpose in pain; it opens our eyes to the methods of God with men.

**What does a person do** when life caves in? How does one go on living when the world, as he has known it, comes to an end? When life, happy life, meaningful life has jolted to a stop, and pain—gripping, throbbing, searing pain—burns like fire in the blood and the bones and the flesh, and a sob seeps up from the soul and every cell of the brain cries out: "I can't go on! I just can't go on!"

The midnight of the soul does come. It came to George B. Lieberman one night in 1947. He was on a train that jumped the tracks and rolled down an embankment. From that night on, this rabbi knew pain—real pain—for his legs were crushed. Then followed the long, lonely, pain-filled hours and days and months when the mental anguish of believing his ministry was at an end compounded his physical suffering. Here is what he said about pain:

"There are two ways to conquer pain: either we can try to escape it, or we can try to make it useful. . . . Pain is a cruel master. But can it not be a teacher?"

"Yes, the first lesson it teaches is faith—religious faith. Of course, there are moments of rebellion when it seems easier to reject, to denounce—and to shake a fist against Heaven. But in the midst of despair and helplessness, the feeling that we can still lift our voices to a Power beyond ourselves, that we can still communicate our torment and our triumph to the unseen Friend and retain a light however dim—that is faith. . . .

"So upon its wings of destruction, pain carries a promise. And this is the great lesson it has taught me: the promise beyond pain is life."

### "The promise beyond pain"

—that's it. The moving through it and beyond it. The fact of pain is still there, but it no longer is master. It no longer blots out all beauty, all meaning, all hope. Like every other experience of life, suffering, if surrendered, becomes redemptive.

If we park by it, however, it becomes a festering bitterness, a gnawing frustration, a shaking of the fist in the face of God, until we become a quivering, hateful mass of aching, complaining clay. And *that* is not redemptive to anyone.

**A beautiful young wife** and mother lay in the hospital. An older woman came one afternoon to "cheer her up." (It is surprising how morose and mournful some people can be when they set out to "cheer" others up.) With her most pitying expression she came to the bedside of the younger woman, and laying her hand on the young wife's hand sighed, "Honey, I'm so sorry for you, suffering as you are. I don't know why you have to go through it, for suffering colors one's life so much."

The young wife and mother smiled up at her "cheerful" visitor and said, "Yes, I know. Suffering does color one's life—and I propose to choose the color."

And we *can* choose the color. We can choose indigo, if we like. But we can also choose the

## Others Who Suffered

Shall we linger for a moment and visit other men and women who refused to park by their pain, but who moved on past it—not the *fact* of it, but the *futility* of it—into productive, achieving lives?

Robert Louis Stevenson contracted tuberculosis in his early years and from then on for the rest of his life he knew sickness and pain and life-sapping struggle with relentlessly advancing death. Here is a letter he wrote to George Meredith in 1893:

"For fourteen years I have not had one day of real health. I have awakened sick and gone to bed weary, and yet I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written my books in bed and out of bed, written them when I was torn by coughing, written them during hemorrhages, written them when my head swam from weakness. . . . But the battle still goes on—ill or well is a trifle so long as it goes."

"The battle still goes on"—he hadn't parked. And one can only begin to realize what those words meant when one reads words like these:

"When a temporary illness laid Stevenson on his back he wrote in bed one of his most thoughtful and careful essays—the one entitled 'The

brighter hues. No one who has ever really suffered is a stranger to the dark colors of life, the black moods, the somber shades. But one can choose the lighter, brighter, more hopeful hues, too, and can keep on choosing them until all of life becomes a blend, a balance of all the rich, beautiful colors and shadings of life's spectrum.

Who wants to live life in black and white when, for a price, technicolor is available?

"I choose everything," said Theresa of Avila. "I will accept everything, the suffering that is

Technical Elements in Style.' When eye trouble forced him into a darkened room he still wrote on in the diminished light. When after a severe hemorrhage his right arm had to be bound in a sling, he scrawled with his left hand some of the poems now included in his book *A Child's Garden of Verses*. And when the hemorrhages finally became so severe that the doctor forbade him to talk, he actually tried to dictate in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet a portion of the book on which he was then working. Everything against him, and yet he carried on."

Stevenson never moved beyond the fact of his pain until death released him. But he was constantly, throughout his entire productive life, moving beyond its futility, its mastery, its stifling grip.

You're not feeling well and so you can't accomplish anything? Think again of Robert Louis Stevenson, and let him shame you or inspire you into moving on past your pain into the accomplishment of something fine and good and worthwhile.

Someone has said, "Whenever you see, or hear, or read anything that is truly fine and noble, you can be sure that someone, somewhere, and in some way, has suffered." That

inseparable from the joy, and the joy that is the crown of suffering."

**Carl Michalson speaks** of the pain involved in spanking his young son in discipline and scuffling with him in play. Pain is real in either case, but pain while playing produces no "crisis," no real hurt. If the son looks, however, into his father's eyes and sees them clouded with parental judgment, he cries. If he sees merriment and parental approval, the pain doesn't *feel* so bad.

Job, Michalson reminds us, consulted the eyes of God and saw

is true whether it be a Sistine Chapel painting by a Michelangelo, a *Ninth Symphony* by a Beethoven, a *Messiah* by a Handel, or a noble and fine and beautiful life *by you*.

**Jane Needham** lives in an iron lung and at 38 has lived in one for eleven years. What would you do if a doctor told you, as he told Jane:

"'Nobody knows what's ahead for you. Maybe a wheelchair, maybe not. But you'll have to face this fact, Jane. From now on all you'll have is the crumbs of life. Crumbs and your three wonderful children. That's your deal.'

"'Crumbs and children,' I repeated, the tears stinging my eyes.

"'That's it,' the doctor added. 'And believe me, it will be easier being brave. Your courage can inspire others.'

"He went away and I lay there saying to myself, 'Crumbs, crumbs, crumbs.' I let the tears flow. I didn't want to be brave. I didn't want to inspire anybody."

And who could blame this woman—mother of three children, paralyzed until she couldn't even breathe without the aid of the iron lung, with a husband divorcing her

because of her "hopeless" condition—who could blame her if she had parked and had become a whimpering invalid?

But Jane didn't park—even in an iron lung. She began to see the value of prayer and surrender. "Each morning," she says, "right after breakfast, I had a time of communion with God. I lay there and offered up to Him my sorrow, my suffering, my fears."

And did Jane become an inspiration to others? Indeed so. There was a woman of about 30 in the same hospital with Jane. This woman had had both breasts amputated because of suspected cancer. Then she learned that the tissue was not cancerous, but precancerous. The woman felt so mutilated that she threatened to kill herself.

Dr. Hayes put the woman in a wheel chair and brought her into Jane's room:

"He told her: 'I want you to see a woman who has lost everything, even the power to breathe on her own. Now take a good look at her. Is she moaning and groaning? Is she down in the dumps? But you . . . you can't even take losing your breasts. Breasts, of all things! Not feet, not hands, eyes, something really important, but breasts. And in

this day of foam rubber! . . . You ought to be ashamed!'

"'I am ashamed,' the woman said, wiping her eyes. 'I promise I'll never be down in the dumps again.'

"'Oh, you will,' Dr. Hayes told her. 'But just think of Jane and cheer up.'"

Thousands have undoubtedly cheered up as they have thought of Jane Needham and her radiant good humor.

And how has she done it?

When she overheard a little child ask her mother, as the two walked down the corridor of the hospital, "Will she never get out of that thing?" and the mother answered, "Never, dear. Never in this world."

When Jane heard that, she said she finally accepted her condition. "I lay there accepting. Accepting paralysis for the rest of my life, and offering it up to God."

Did God send the polio? No. But because Jane Needham has surrendered her suffering to God, God is working out His will in and through the situation. And the very situation, because surrendered, is proving redemptive to her, to her children, and to the thousands who are beginning to hear of Jane Needham and her radiant and unconquerable spirit.

that God *intended* no pain, and *that* made the difference. Same boils, same losses, but suffering didn't *feel* the same, it produced no "crisis."

"The knowledge that God does not intend our suffering," concludes Dr. Michalson, "minimizes the agony of this present age to the status of a pregnancy. Its days are numbered. 'Our affliction is but for a moment.' It will not last forever. And you can stand almost anything if you know that it is not going to last forever."

Why do people suffer? Why do the righteous suffer? Why do the wicked suffer? Why does *anyone*

suffer? These are age-old questions, and they have been asked ever since the first body was torn on the first brier and the first heart was punctured by the first grief.

You can read many books which attempt to answer these questions: big books, brief books, helpful books, absurd books. Books written by psychologists, by preachers, by philosophers, by priests.

But the painful truth remains that no answer proposed in these books adequately removes the hurt, the pain, the agony that all of us experience from time to time.

However, while the Christian

faith may not be able to entirely blunt the power of suffering, it does provide the inner resources for living through it, above it, and beyond it.

Therefore, make sure that you don't park by your suffering and allow your spirit to become tormented and shriveled under the shadow of those twisted question marks. Move on. Surrender your suffering and thus permit God to make it redemptive—to you, and to others.

"Suffering accepted and vanquished," wrote Cardinal Mercier, "will give you a serenity which may well prove the most exquisite fruit of your life." **Tt**

# Senior Gleaners

## Revive a Biblical Custom

According to a Government report, one fifth of all food produced for human consumption in the United States is wasted. Part of this waste can and is being conserved through the efforts of the Sacramento Senior Gleaners.

—BY GRACE ERTEL

**B**eautiful large pears hang on the trees—free for the picking. Apparently it's a labor of love for the elderly pickers, who enjoy the outing in spite of the hard work. A group calling themselves the Sacramento Senior Gleaners follow the Old Testament practice known as gleaning.

In Biblical times, the needy were permitted to pick part of the harvest left by farmers who had plenty. The Sacramento, California, group belong to a large informal network of groups who systematically scrounge for food to help the needy. First, they fill the truck for charity, and then the gleaners, mostly retired persons on meager pensions, may take what they can use.

And why does the farmer give away these beautiful pears? Canning pears must be a certain size, it seems. Marketing standards require a specific number to fit into a can and if some pears are too big, they won't do. The farmer prefers to get the surplus out of the orchard, where rotting fruit would attract destructive insects. He also avoids

a dump fee for disposal of the excess while earning a tax credit on his contribution to charity.

According to a Government report, one fifth of all food produced for human consumption in the United States is wasted—an estimated 137 million tons, worth \$31 billion, or enough to feed 49 million people for a year. This wastage happens while many people go hungry!

**The Sacramento group** began about seven years ago when Homer Fahrner, a 76-year-old retired stockbroker, noticed that a lot of senior citizens had a hard time making ends meet on small pensions. Living in Sacramento, the center of the State that grows the largest portion of the nation's produce, he also observed a tremendous amount of food being wasted. It's estimated that about 1,000 tons of produce a day never make it to the marketplace in California alone.

"If the Salvation Army can distribute surplus clothing and furniture, there should be an organization to distribute surplus food," Fahrner reasoned. And that is how his idea for the group began. Today he is pushing

Gleaners Statewide, which has chapters throughout the State that exchange their gleanings.

"Of course, we didn't start out on a grand scale," admitted Fahrner. "When we began in January of 1976, it was a small self-help group for retirees. At first, we were given a tree here and there to pick—hardly enough to serve the families of the pickers.

"Our first big challenge came in the form of 7,000 packages of bread. A tractor with two trailers hauling fresh bread had blown off the freeway near Bakersfield in the southern part of California. Since it happened at 2:00 A.M. and all the truckers depots had closed, the driver curled up and went to sleep. When help arrived the next morning, it was too late to make delivery to the original purchaser. The driver attempted to sell it as he continued north on Highway 99, but the only offer came from a hog farmer."

Upon reaching Sacramento, the driver offered the bread to the Senior Gleaners, who proceeded to distribute it to various charities with the help of a truck loaned by the U-Haul Company. The Gleaners found many deserving charities that served the needy,

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Volunteers collect surplus food items for the Sacramento Gleaner's Center (top and right) for senior citizens in the area (above and center right).



and the community found the Gleaners could do a creditable job of distributing surplus. More offers of food followed.

However, many farmers resisted helping the group at first. Fahrner went up and down the agricultural belt speaking to chambers of commerce and Kiwanis, Lions, and Rotary clubs. Although these groups gave encouragement and support, when he and his assistants first called on the farmers, they encountered hostility.

"I pay taxes." "Let them get jobs!" "I'll feed it to the hogs first!" "Get off my land!" These were some of the comments received.

Actually, the farmers feared the pickers would damage the trees or vines, or would injure themselves and sue the farmer. Finally, when a cherry farmer who couldn't find a market for his undersized cherries allowed the band to pick the fruit from his overburdened trees, he was so pleased with the results that he spread the word among his friends.

"Now," said Fahrner, "we get some of the best produce because it's usually vine- or tree-ripened. Tomatoes and melons, for example, must be very firm to be shipped. We find tomatoes and melons too ripe for shipping but perfect for eating or canning. Sometimes we're given onions too large for hamburgers, or carrots too small or not shaped right for sale in the markets. We've had beautiful peaches whose only fault was they had split pits, which made them unfit for processing by the mechanical pitter in the cannery."

Occasionally gleaners are offered produce right off the conveyor belt at the processing plant when such food could not be sold. Even canneries offer food that is edible but unsaleable because of overruns, labeling errors, or test market cancellations.

**Similar groups abound** in various parts of the country. One of the largest gleaning operations takes place in Santa Cruz, California. It is run by a group of senior citizens who call themselves the Gray Bears. This private, nonprofit,

## How to Start Your Own Gleaning Group

Homer Fahrner, of Sacramento, California, who recently received a medal of recognition from President Reagan for his volunteer activity in the field of food for the needy, offers the following advice to others interested in forming gleaning units:

First, a classified ad in a local paper requesting persons interested in gleaning for the needy to call a certain number should bring in a fair response. Thirty-eight persons responded to our ad in a senior citizen's weekly and from these, a dozen dedicated workers began the operation that later expanded to include several thousand.

Not everyone in an organization may possess the physical ability to do the actual gleaning. However, a skills bank can help determine just what contribution each person can make. Some, for instance, may keep records or make phone calls.

Next, you must ask farmers and others with an edible surplus to permit gleaners to gather the food. Expect to be

turned down quite a bit at first.

Once a farmer opens his property to you, treat the offer like a gift.

Usually the farmer will have parking for no more than 35 people on one trip. Then follow these rules:

- Wear a group-identification badge.

- Learn the proper way to harvest the produce.

- Do not climb any trees, but use ladders to avoid breaking any branches, which wounds the tree, inviting insects.

- Stay out of the way of the paid help.

- Glean only in the area offered and leave the property cleaner than when you entered—no empty bottles, etc.

When you respect the farmer's ground rules and leave the area tidy, chances are you'll be invited back next year. Soon word may spread to farm bureaus, granges, and other farm organizations about your group's good work. Then, just like the loaves and fishes in the Bible, the surplus bounty may be shared with many.

volunteer group reaps the surplus from the large agricultural area around them. Besides providing a community involvement activity for seniors, this work supplements the Brown Bag program, which distributes a weekly bag of food to senior adults living on fixed incomes.

Some groups who do not live near agricultural lands glean surplus food from food processors, manufacturers, distributors, and retailers. Many began with the establishment of church food banks to help supplement the welfare of less fortunate parishioners. They use volunteers of all ages.

One of the nation's oldest food banks was started in 1966 in Phoenix, Arizona, by John Van Hengel, who persuaded the pastor of St. Mary's church to provide an old building as a warehouse to

store surplus food for distribution to the needy. St. Mary's Food Bank later became a nondenominational clearing house for salvageable food, supplying over 250 charities.

Today a national surplus food clearinghouse based in Phoenix, called Second Harvest, solicits donations from national food producers and brokers and arranges for them to be transferred to a large network of charity food banks around the country that meet a certain criterion. Second Harvest also offers organizational help to other communities wishing to distribute surplus food. **TT**

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For further information write to:  
SECOND HARVEST, National Food Bank Network, 1001 No. Central, Suite 303, Phoenix, Arizona 85004.  
Or phone (602) 252-1777.

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# JUNE STRONG

## HOW PLANTS (AND PEOPLE) GROW

Everyone marvels at my indoor ferns. I have to admit they *are* luxuriant and a healthy deep green in color. Dozens of tiny new fronds curl up from their centers, reminding me that the huge pots they are in won't do forever.

My friends say, "Where did you get those ferns? They must have cost you a pretty penny."

"No," I reply modestly, "they all came from the grocery store or the farmer's market. I spent no more than four or five dollars apiece. They were small and some of them were a bit sickly when I bought them."

"Well, what do you do to them? Out with it. What's your secret?"

"I water them once a week and fertilize them each month. That's all."

They don't believe me because that's what they do to *their* ferns, but with less startling results. They walk away muttering, sure I'm withholding some botanical magic. *And I am.* But it isn't anything I do to them. The ferns are grouped in one corner of our family room. One hangs in a large macramé planter, another sits on the floor, and yet another falls like a green fountain from a wicker plant stand.



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It so happens, that two walls of floor to ceiling windows, facing east and south, meet in that corner, which means the plants gain full benefit of light and sun from daybreak to dusk. They, in fact, receive a lot more sun than I ever dreamed ferns could tolerate. In this bright atmosphere they thrive.

There you are, my friends. I can take no credit, you see, for this green miracle. The blessing comes to the ferns all apart from their own efforts or mine. They escape mediocrity only through their prolonged exposure to a mysterious, intangible source of nourishment that they can never comprehend.

Sometimes my friends ask me another kind of question, totally unrelated to houseplants. "June," they say, discouragement tinging their words, "I've been a

Christian all these years and nothing's happening. I have the same old sins and I feel so lethargic spiritually. What am I doing wrong?"

I can relate to that. I've been in that situation myself more times than I like to recall. But there *is* an answer, and, now that I think about it, it isn't so unrelated to ferns after all.

To produce specimen ferns—or specimen Christians—certain simple procedures must take place on a regular basis. *You can't water and fertilize a fern spasmodically.*

The same applies to the spiritual nature, only more so. A fern can go a week without attention. Not so the soul. It requires *daily* nourishment from the Word of God. Otherwise, the sinful nature asserts its right to rule, and we find ourselves reverting to a pale, sickly experience.

Daily Bible study is such a simple, undramatic solution, but, then, so is watering a plant.

Now comes the exciting part. The break from mediocrity. But you can't get to that point without the faithful, daily scriptural nurturing, so never skip that stage. (It wouldn't do my ferns a bit of good to hang in the window corner if I didn't feed and water them. A dead fern isn't much benefited by sunlight.)

If the miracle of Light (please note the capital L) is going to happen in your spiritual life and mine, we must be sure we're hanging in the "window corners" of religious experience. I would say, spiritually speaking, that would include a quiet place of unhurried prayer every day, the gatherings of God's people midweek and on the Sabbath, and periods of ministry with the sick and discouraged. The more exposure to the Light, the more growth.

Then something mysterious and wonderful can begin to take place. Label it "victorious living." Fronds of joy spring out of our new life. Because we have nourished our feeble spiritual natures with the Bread of Life and hung ourselves in the "window corner" of prayer, the glorious light of the Holy Spirit is freed to release power upon our indifferent, sin-loving hearts, and, as unconsciously as any fern, we'll develop a luxuriant Christlikeness.

In my book, that beats raising houseplants any day.



# Why Did God Establish the Old Testament Sanctuary?

Many Christians today don't understand why God gave instructions to the Israelites to set up the sanctuary and its services. But it was intended to reveal to the Old Testament people the importance of Christ's death and ministry.

BY MARVIN MOORE

God had a problem. Of course, God has lots of problems. And, of course, He always solves them. The interesting thing about God is not *whether* He'll solve a problem, but *how*. He comes up with the most unusual ways of doing things. Which is why it never pays to fret about your prayers not being answered because they probably were and you just didn't catch on. But back to God and His problem.

Thanks to the devil, we humans got ourselves into a terrible mess a few thousand years ago, and God had to get us back out. The devil laughed because he thought he'd come up with a problem God couldn't solve. But God did solve

it, and every Christian knows the answer. Christ gave His own life in place of ours, then rose from the dead and went back to heaven to ask God to forgive us. Eventually, He plans to rid the entire universe of sin and put the devil out of the way forever.

But that's not all there is to know about God's problem and how He solved it. Put yourself in His place some 4,000 years ago. You've worked out this marvelous solution to the sin problem and now you need to let the people know about it. Oh, you've told them about a Messiah who'll come save them someday, but words don't seem to be enough. Somehow, you've got to get across that sin means death and that somebody else must die for them. How do you teach that? How do you make it seem real?

How do you tell them that the

Messiah will go back to God's throne to ask for their forgiveness? And how do you explain that someday it'll all be over—the entire universe will be forever cleansed from sin?

Actually, God decided to do more than tell them. He showed them! We can call it God's show and tell—the greatest show and tell in the history of the world. God's answer to His problem came in three parts.

**About Christ's death.** The cross was fresh history for Paul, and it was easy for him to say, "I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified" (1 Corinthians 2:2). He could say to the Christians in Galatia, "I am crucified with Christ" (Galatians 2:20), because they had heard about the crucifixion.

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Marvin Moore is a Seventh-day Adventist minister living in Waco, Texas. © 1983 by Marvin Moore.

But God's people who lived before Christ's time knew nothing of His life and death. God could have told them about the cross, but He had a better way. He required anyone with a sin to confess to bring an animal to the Temple and offer it as a sacrifice. Today's English Version of the Bible describes it vividly:

"If it is one of the common people who sins and becomes guilty of breaking one of the Lord's commands without intending to, then as soon as the sin is called to his attention, he shall bring as his offering a female goat without any defects. He shall put his hand on its head and kill it on the north side of the altar, where the animals for the burnt offerings are killed. . . . [The priest shall] burn it on the altar as an odor pleasing to the Lord. In this way the priest shall offer the sacrifice for the man's sin, and he will be forgiven" (Leviticus 4:27-31).\*

Imagine yourself a wealthy rancher 3,000 years ago who cheats \$10,000 on King David's income tax one year. You get away with it, but a few years later your conscience still smarts and you decide to make things right with the Israelite IRS. After paying back the \$10,000 you choose a sheep from your flock, tie a rope around its neck, and lead it to the Temple.

The Temple is surrounded by a high wall. Standing at the entrance, you survey the courtyard. The Temple itself is set back some distance from the gate, and about midway lies a large bronze altar called the altar of sacrifice. Smoke rises from the altar. You wrinkle your nose at the smell of burning flesh from previous animal sacrifices.

A white-robed priest steps up and says, "May I help you?" The two of you walk to the bronze altar. Laying your hands on the sheep's head, you say, "I repent of cheating King David out of \$10,000 income tax five years ago." Your sin has now been transferred to the sheep. The priest hands you a knife. You hold the blade under the sheep's throat a few seconds,

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## Christ's Ministry in the Heavenly Sanctuary

There is a sanctuary in heaven, the true tabernacle that the Lord set up and not man. In it Christ ministers on our behalf, making available to believers the benefits of His atoning sacrifice offered once for all on the cross.

He was inaugurated as our great High Priest and began His intercessory ministry at the time of His ascension. In 1844, at the end of the prophetic period of 2300 days, He entered the second and last phase of His atoning ministry. It is a work of investigative judgment which is part of the ultimate disposition of all sin, typified by the cleansing of the ancient Hebrew sanctuary on the Day of Atonement.

In that typical service the sanctuary was cleansed with the blood of animal sacrifices, but the heavenly things are purified with the perfect sacrifice of the blood of Jesus. The investigative judgment reveals to heavenly

intelligences who among the dead are asleep in Christ and therefore, in Him, are deemed worthy to have part in the first resurrection.

It also makes manifest who, among the living are abiding in Christ, keeping the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, and in Him, therefore, are ready for translation into His everlasting kingdom. This judgment vindicates the justice of God in saving those who believe in Jesus. It declares that those who have remained loyal to God shall receive the kingdom.

The completion of this ministry of Christ will mark the close of human probation before the Second Advent. (See Hebrews 1:3; 8:1-5; 9:11-28; Daniel 7:9-27; 8:13, 14; 9:24-27; Numbers 14:34; Ezekiel 4:6; Malachi 3:1; Leviticus 16; Revelation 14:12; 20:12; 22:12.)

then pressing its sharp edge to the sheep's jugular vein you bring it up with a swift stroke. The sheep bleats a little and the priest catches the blood in a basin. A few minutes after, the sheep wobbles, then slumps into your arms. It has died for your sin. The priest skins it, cuts its body in pieces, and lays the pieces on the altar to burn. The priest's last words ring in your ears as you walk back out the gate: "God has forgiven your sin."

This was God's show and tell. He didn't just *tell* the people that someone else must die for their sins to be forgiven. He made them act it out! Of course, God never intended the people to think of a sheep or goat as their savior. Rather, they were to see in these animals a representation of the Messiah, whose death would truly pay for their sins.

What an interesting way God chose to explain to the Hebrew people that someone else must die to pay for their sins! And what a profound impression it must have made on their minds!

**About Christ as Mediator.** Let's look at the second part of God's show and tell. To do this we must go inside the Temple. People like you and me were never allowed inside the Temple, but since this is an imaginary trip nobody should mind.

On entering, we discover that the Temple has two rooms called the holy place and the Most Holy Place. We're in the holy place. At our left is a golden lampstand with seven branches, three on each side and one in the middle. A flame flickers on the wick in each oil cup. At our right we see a low table about like a modern coffee table on which have been placed two piles of cakes, six to a pile. These cakes, which look something like our pancakes, are called showbread. Straight ahead is a small gold-covered altar about waist high. A priest stands before the altar burning incense and sprinkling blood on a curtain that hangs just beyond. The priest turns and explains that sprinkling the blood of slain animals is one of

the most important parts of his work, though he does not tell us what it means. We notice angels embroidered into the fabric of the curtain.

The curtain, also called the veil, stretches from wall to wall, though it does not reach the ceiling. A bright light shines over the veil and the priest beckons us to see where it comes from. He pulls back the veil and we enter the Most Holy Place. Normally, only the high priest is allowed in this room, and he only once a year. But, of course, this is an imaginary trip.

Inside the veil we see a gold-covered box about the size of a modern cedar chest, with two golden angels standing on top facing each other. This box with its angels is called the ark of the covenant or the ark of the testimony. The light that we saw shining over the veil seems to come from between the angels, and it almost blinds us. The priest tells us that the light is God's actual presence in the room. He opens the side of the ark and inside we see God's Ten Commandments on tables of stone.

And all of this is a part of God's show and tell. What does it mean? From the New Testament, and especially from the books of Hebrews and Revelation, we discover that the entire inner complex of the Temple (the holy place and Most Holy Place) represent God's throne room in heaven. The lampstand represents the Holy Spirit. The showbread represents Jesus Christ, the bread of life. The burning incense represents the prayers of God's people as they ascend to God, and the ark of the covenant represents God's throne. (See Revelation 4:5; John 6:51; Revelation 8:3; 11:19.)

Anytime a priest entered the Temple to sprinkle blood on the veil he represented Christ entering heaven after His resurrection to appear in God's presence, pleading before God for the forgiveness of our sins. Hebrews 9:24 says that "Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands [the earthly temple], which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to

appear in the presence of God for us." In 1 John 2:1 we read that "if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

Showing that the Messiah would plead before God for the forgiveness of their sins was the second part of God's show and tell for ancient Israel.

**The final end of sin.** The third part of God's illustration involves the final elimination of sin. To understand this, we must take another imaginary trip, but this time we can't go just anytime we wish. We must wait till the Day of Atonement, the high point of the Jewish religious year, which always fell on Tishri 10 (a Jewish month), sometime during September and October of our year. Let's roll the calendar around quickly to Tishri 10 and spend the Day of Atonement following the priest around. (See Leviticus 16 for a full description of the ritual on the Day of Atonement.)

Early in the morning he sets aside four animals: a ram, a bullock, and two goats. He kills the ram and the bullock and burns them on the altar. Catching some of the bullock's blood in a basin, he carries it into the Most Holy Place and sprinkles it on the ark of the covenant seven times. By this ritual he purifies himself for the services of the remainder of the day.

Now the high priest takes the two goats and "draws straws" over them.\* He sets one goat aside as the Lord's goat and the other to be a scapegoat. The priest offers the Lord's goat as a sacrifice. Catching some of its blood in a basin, he enters the Most Holy Place again and sprinkles the blood seven times upon the ark of the covenant. Emerging from the Temple, he sprinkles the goat's blood seven times on the altar of sacrifice. The Bible explains that by this ritual the priest cleansed the Temple and its furnishings of sin and made an atonement for the people.

Next, the priest lays his hands on the scapegoat's head and

\* Literally, "cast lots" (Leviticus 16:8), a method for making choices and decisions similar to drawing straws or flipping a coin.

confesses over it all the sins of the people. This is most unusual. Always before the people confessed their own sins upon the head of the sacrificial victim first. Then the animal was slain and its blood sprinkled either on the altar or on the veil in the Temple. This represented Christ taking our sins, dying for them, and entering God's presence to plead for our forgiveness.

But on the Day of Atonement the animal is slain as a sin offering for the people and its blood carried inside the Temple to "make an atonement for the holy place, because of the uncleanness of the children of Israel" (Leviticus 16:16).

We get a clue to the meaning of this from what happens next. Immediately after confessing the sins of the congregation over the head of the live goat the high priest ties the rope around its neck, leads it to the Temple gate, and hands the rope to a rugged-looking man who leads the goat into the Judean wilderness. When he returns without the goat, the people know that their sins have been removed from them forever. That is what the Day of Atonement represents.

**God says that He** has cast our sins into the depths of the sea and removed them from us as far as the east is from the west (Micah 7:19; Psalm 103:12). The Day of Atonement was God's show and tell, visually representing to the Israelites something about the way the Messiah would actually accomplish this someday through His death and His ministry in God's temple in heaven.

Sin will be completely removed from the universe in the lake of fire at the end of the millennium of Revelation 20. All sinners, including the devil himself, will be destroyed, and this earth will be recreated into the eternal home of the redeemed.

God could have just told the Israelites all this, but instead He chose to give them a show and tell—a way for them to actually participate in His plan of salvation in a symbolic way. I think God's idea was much better than anything I could ever have dreamed up. Don't you?

## AMERICANS ARE PREY FOR PROPHETS

Americans are "vulnerable in their religious life" and "easy prey for false prophets," says Pollster George Gallup, Jr., in a report by the Evangelical Press News Service. "No false prophet is so readily available as that of an easy faith—a faith that makes few demands and falls away when severely challenged," Gallup says in a commentary in the 1982 edition of *Religion in America*, a new collection of previously published Gallup poll data prepared by the Princeton Religion Research Center.

Gallup lists four reasons for his concern:

"A glaring lack of knowledge about the Ten Commandments and about the basic tenets of our religious heritage.

"A high level of credulity among Americans. For example, a high proportion, even among regular church goers, believe in astrology. At times it seems that Americans are prepared to believe almost everything."

"A lack of spiritual discipline in our lives. Our prayer life, for example, appears to lack the structure, the focus, and the intensity it demands."

"What some may regard as a continuing anti-intellectual strain in our religious life. At times it appears that religion veers

off either toward sterile intellectualism or empty emotionalism rather than a . . . healthy blend of religion of the mind, the heart, and the spirit."

But Gallup says other factors suggest that the past two decades of the century could be "a period in which America reaffirms and deepens its religious faith." For example, he says, "as many as seven in ten have felt at some point as though they were close to a 'powerful life force that seemed to lift them out of themselves' and fully half of these people say that this experience has altered their outlook on life in some way."

### Increased Interest in Religion Courses

"Shunned by students during the 1970s as irrelevant, and crowded out by computer and career courses, religious studies are scoring a strong comeback on a number of college campuses," according to a report by AP's Lee Mitgang (*The Philadelphia Inquirer*, December 25, 1982).

Mitgang's survey of professors in the field produced this explanation: "Educators doubt that rising enrollment in religious studies reflects a surge in religious fervor among students. . . . More often, they say, religion is being accepted as relevant even for the career-minded students, a legitimate course of study for understanding a complex world."

At the same time administrative pressure often seeks to reduce or

eliminate religion programs. Ernest B. Lowrie, Penn State's director of religious studies, said that rising enrollments might not be enough to ensure long-term

survival of religious studies. "The important question," he said, "is to convince the community that religion is central to the mission of the university."



### Lutherans and Episcopalians Celebrate Eucharist Together

At a historic service in Washington National Cathedral on January 16, the leaders of three Lutheran Churches and the presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church joined in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. From left the participants were: the Reverend William Kohn, bishop of the Association of Evangelical Lutheran Churches; the Reverend David Preus, bishop of the American Lutheran Church; the Right Reverend John Maury Allin, presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church; the Reverend James R. Crumley, Jr., bishop of the Lutheran Church in America; and the Right Reverend John T. Walker, bishop of Washington and dean of Washington Cathedral. Close to 2,500 persons attended the service, including more than 100 clergy of the four groups and several visiting bishops.

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### Oldest Woman Water-skier Makes Ripley's Column

At an age when most people have settled for a rocking chair by the fire, Arabella Williams (above) continues to win trophies as a water-skier. Now 86, she has been skiing for the past 16 years. Each New Year's Day (unless January 1 falls on Sabbath) she participates in Penguin Day—skiing, on one ski and without a wet suit, on the near-freezing waters of San Diego's Mission Bay.

To keep in condition for her water-skiing hobby, Arabella jogs two miles each morning and follows her workout with a cold shower. She believes one of the secrets of her remarkable health is her diet. She is a strict vegetarian and eats only natural foods, prepared without added salt, fat, or sugar.

Arabella, who is by all

accounts the oldest woman water-skier in the U.S., has been featured in Ripley's "Believe It or Not." Stories about her have also appeared in numerous publications, including *Modern Maturity*, *The Water-Skier*, and *The National Inquirer*. The publicity has given her many opportunities to tell people of the benefits to be gained by following principles of healthful living.

All the attention she has received leaves Arabella unimpressed. "I don't know why it's such a big deal," she says. "I don't do anything flashy; I'm just a plain water-skier."

### America's Future

America will shut down its big industrial factories and switch to supplying information and scientific knowledge to the rest of the world by the year 2000. Moreover its major power centers will shift from the

East to the Southwest.

These are two startling changes now in progress reports John Naisbitt in his book *Megatrends*, published by Warner Books. In the next 20 years Naisbitt predicts 30 percent of the goods now manufactured in America will be produced by third-world countries, which will be able to put out such items more cheaply.

The Federal Government will become increasingly obsolete, with State and local governments becoming the real lawmakers and handling such programs as food stamps, Welfare, Medicare, unemployment insurance, and highway construction. The Southwest, from Texas to California, along with Florida, will become America's new land of opportunity.

Labor unions, even today steadily losing membership, will continue to diminish in both influence and numbers, while the work week will shrink to 30 hours and vacation time will increase dramatically.

One in four homes is a single-person household, compared to one in ten back in 1955, and that trend will continue. The traditional nuclear family—working father, mother at home, and two children—will become increasingly rare, with single-parent homes and other variations more common and representing a challenge to assisting community agencies, including churches.

### TV Evangelists Have Little Political Influence

Maybe the preachers of the electronic church do not influence the political views of their listeners, especially the elderly, as much as has been generally thought. Such was the finding of Mel Mobley, director of the Center of Religious Research

at Emory University in Atlanta, in a poll he conducted recently. Listeners ranked TV evangelists as the last of seven factors influencing their vote. Even those over 65, comprising nearly a quarter of the 600 Baptists and Methodists Mobley questioned, ranked evangelists last.

### What Calvin Wrote to Women

Four thousand of Calvin's letters remain; among the 307 named recipients are more than 18 women. Charmarie Jenkins Blaisdell ("Calvin's Letters to Women: The Courting of Ladies in High Places," *The Sixteenth Century Journal*, Fall) summarizes the purpose of this correspondence: "Calvin understood very well that the successful conversion of France depended on the support of the powerful French noble families. For this reason he deliberately directed his attention to them by initiating and maintaining correspondence with individual members, including especially the women. . . . The popularity of Calvinism with a number of women of related French aristocratic families is important to the history of the Reform movement in France."

These were often women of influence, education, and ability. Blaisdell affirms, "Direct, unmediated relationship with God without the intermediary role of a priest placed Calvinist women on an equal spiritual footing with all men. The Calvinist acknowledgment of the intrinsic value of the marriage relationship and reciprocal love between husband and wife undermined the traditional acceptance of the sexual double standard perpetrated by the Roman Church." **TR**

# *Knee-deep in June*





June is a wonderful time to be alive and aware of life around us. It is a time of richness, of early ripeness, of summer at its very best.

BY HAL BORLAND



June is a generous month. It is flowery June, a time of beauty and sweetness, spring come to its first great wealth of achievement. It is birds still singing, meadows and pastures lush, brooks still busy and chattering, trees in full leaf at last, cool shade, morning dew, the air fragrant with blossoms. We think of June as a special time for enjoyment.

June comes with a bit more than 15 hours of daylight. Dawn comes early, and with the cool, shimmering mist that fishermen know on inland lakes, mist that swirls and vanishes soon after sunup. Dusk lingers with long light on the hilltops and the night air stirring in the softness of new leaves in the treetops, air fragrant with the smell of cut grass and softly echoed with the throaty call of the wood thrush.

June invites tranquillity, for it soothes the land and eases the haste of green and urgent growth. June is a month to live with, to relax, to appreciate life. Every field, every roadside, every woodland and meadow, is evidence of the quiet abundance with which the earth clothes itself year after year. No matter what humans may be doing, the fundamental earth is not a hostile place. It is a hospitable environment for life that would live in peace and know the essentials of existence.

**The June world** has its own business, and man can participate or not, as he will. The urgencies now are of his own making. It is his calendar and clocks that drive, not the seasons. The trees and the grass and even the water could do very well without hurrying man and his machines. That's one thing June means. Another is that no season, not even spring and summer, lasts forever.

The sun now rises after five o'clock, daylight time. June days begin early, possibly because there is so much for June to accomplish. The leaves are spread, the early flowers have bloomed, and now comes the surge of growth that prepares the plants for the heat of July and August. Tree and vine, bush and grass now need a full fifteen hours of daylight to complete their annual assignments.

But even a June day begins with a sense of peace and leisure. Night is gone, the stars have faded, yet the day itself takes its own time in rousing. The insects are quiet, still sluggish with the night's chill. A few birds sing, but even the chattering brown thrasher is somewhat restrained, waiting for full

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*Hal Borland, the late New York Times nature writer, lived in Connecticut. From "Hal Borland's Twelve Moons of the Year." © 1979 by Barbara Dodge Borland. Reprinted by permission of the Marie Rodell/Frances Collin Literary Agency.*



sunlight. The night's mist lingers in the hollows, shimmering like remnants of vanished starlight, reluctant to go.

The trees, lush with fresh green, seem to shiver and stretch as a breath of breeze touches them. They shed a fine shower of dew from their night-washed leaves and almost catch their breath, as though newly wakened. Beneath them the grass twinkles. Buttercups nod at the edge of the hay meadow, and yesterday's cutting of hay, awaiting the day's sun for further curing, breathes the essence of June in the dampness of first sunlight.

A robin scolds, then flies to the tall elm and begins to sing. A grosbeak takes the cue and whistles from the nearest maple. The thrasher stops chattering. The mist rises and the day begins, but still unhurried, still peaceful, still full of that sense of unending time, of long-day June.

**Dusk approaches**, on a June evening, and you sit and rest after a day in the sun at the shore, in the country, in a lawn-and-garden suburb. You sit and sense the evening without really looking or listening, sense birdsong back of and beyond the sound of cars or trucks or children shouting. You sense the evening chorus of robins and orioles and thrashers and wrens and catbirds. A pleasant sound in a somewhat less than ideal world. And no need to try to sort out the singers, even if you can. Birds.

You listen with only half your attention, still aware of the day's worries. Then another voice is there, a voice you have waited to hear without quite knowing you waited. *Ay-oleee. Olee-ay. Ay-olee.* Up at the edge of the woods, but somewhat dominant over the birds in the nearby trees. The wood thrush, the bird with that superb contralto voice, first cousin of the hermit

thrush, and one of the two or three best singers we have.

You listen now to this thrush's song, deliberate and almost serene. The phrases are clear, precise, and with casual pauses between them. There is no rush about this singing, nor even any sense of effort. It is like a breeze in the woods, like the flow of a brook. *Ay-oleee.* And after a pause, *Olee-ay.* Not exultant, as the singing of an oriole, not effusive as the wrens, but pronouncing that life itself deserves a song. You listen and your pulse begins to slacken. The thrush still sings.

**Now the nestlings appear**, robins on the lawn, ducklings on the pond, baby partridges in the thin woodland. The new generation is hatched and feathered and beginning to learn a few things about life.

Young robins, trailing their mothers as they search the grass for worms, cheep like spoiled brats and stand agape, waiting to be fed. They don't yet know they will have to forage for themselves in a few more weeks. Ducklings, swimmers from the day they were hatched, pursue their mother along the shoreline, learning early lessons about shallow water and its insect fare. And scattering frantically at the splash of a frog or the sudden appearance of a turtle. Innate wariness is the price of life.

In the edge of the woodland a mother partridge sees a human intruder, clucks an alarm, and feigns a broken wing. Her brood of chicks, each no bigger than a dandelion's ball of fluff, scatter and vanish. The mother limps and flutters, trying to lure the intruder away. Stand still two minutes and you probably will see a tiny eye wink where there seemed to be nothing but a leaf shadow. Perfectly

color-protected, the chicks hide by squatting motionless among the woodland litter. Turn and walk away and the mother partridge will return.

It is mid-June, the time when nestlings learn to fly and face the hazards of this unpredictable world.

**We are knee-deep** in June, as James Whitcomb Riley put it. A good many birds still sing, at least morning and evening, and the drone of the cicadas is yet to come. Bees do the droning now, bees in clover. And farmers with their tractors, at work in the hayfields. June is haytime, and anyone with a nose to smell can tell you that if he has been out in the country. There's no other smell in the world quite like fresh-cut hay seasoning in the June sun.

Knee-deep in June, which means roses both in the garden and along the fence rows. The pasture roses didn't winterkill, as so many of the garden roses did, and they are pink as dawn just now, flushed and sweet and almost as much a lure to the bees as is the clover. June without roses, all kinds of roses, just wouldn't be June.

And strawberries, of which Riley also spoke in celebrating June. Strawberries, also both wild and tame come to their ripeness now. And in those berries is the sweetness of early summer, June's own concentrate. The wild ones hide in the meadow grass, but the tame ones are there in the garden for anyone, preferably the owner, to savor, sun-warm and full of juice. Raspberries approach ripeness now, too, including the little wild blackcaps, which are a treasure to anyone abroad in June. But give the blackcaps another week to sweeten.

Knee-deep in June. A wonderful time to be alive and sentient. A time of richness, of early ripeness, of summer at its very best.

**Tomorrow brings** the summer solstice, another marker on the endless cord of time. In original meaning, the solstice is that moment when the sun stands still; and perhaps we cling to the old name because we wish this might be so, though we know it never happens. We would have summer, the lush, warm days of sweet luxuriance and green achievement, for weeks and months on end. At the year's meridian, we would linger and have the sun, and time itself, stand still.

But we know the solstice is only a notation in the inevitable progression of the seasons. In everyday terms, the sun has now achieved its greatest northering and now turns back. Tomorrow marks the turn and from here on the hours of daylight, as a consequence of the earth's own motions, not the sun's, will slowly, subtly diminish into autumn and winter. Bee-drone days and firefly nights will pass. Time has no resting place.

So we listen to the bees, we cherish June's roses, we smell the hayfield's fragrance, and we watch the swallows in their evening flight, welcoming summer. Ripening berries are sweet to the tongue. Brooks are languid, rivers are leisurely, bogs team with brief amphibian and insect life. And the day's dimensions are as hospitable as the green earth itself. Summer is briefly ours, a season that dims the memory of

inclement March and holds no hint of raw November. The solstice comes, and all about us is the sense of summer's foreverness, like glowing starlight, like clear, cool dawn, like the midday drone of the July harvest fly.

**Now comes the exodus**, the annual change of scene. Vacation time, freedom from the job, and the going from city to country, to the seashore, to the wooded hills and lakes, to the mountains. The search for or return to another scene than the close, familiar streets and their summer swelter, their artifacts and machines.

Why quit the cities merely for rest and refreshment? Why seek the green of trees, the ebb and flow of ocean tides, the stubborn stand of mountains? Fresh air, of course, and relaxation, a chance to let down. But something more, too, something as subtle as a breeze, as obvious as a lighthouse. Because the ocean's slow, incessant beat still speaks of the beginnings of life, all life, and of the endless flow of time. Because a mountain has its own enduring identity as well as firm reality. Because a tree in a hillside pasture is a living thing grown from a seed, an achievement that cannot be duplicated by man's most ingenious machines.

One needn't renounce the cities or the machines to know these things, even briefly. But without at least an awareness that they do persist, a dimension of life is lacking. That is the basic reason for the annual exodus—to know again, if only by brief contact and subconsciously, that there is a fundamental world that does not depend on the artifacts and the factories for existence; to sense, however vaguely, that there is a source, a basic environment, that sustains life. That there is an ocean, a tree, a mountain, as well as a city street.

**You know it is** June-becoming-July, even with your eyes closed, when you smell the too-sweet milkweed blossom at the country roadside. You know what time it is by the season's clock when you hear the first harvest fly buzz to its shrilling climax and run down to a hiss and a dull drone. You listen to the oriole and the tanager and the exuberant robin at dawn and again at dusk, but seldom in the warm hours between.

Walk the open fields before the heat of the day has settled on them and you smell the old, old tang of mint and bee balm and yarrow. Stand at the garden fence before the bees have gathered for their day's work and the spiced fragrance of old-fashioned pinks is a sweet reminder of the season. Stand there at dusk and you will know the perfume of nicotiana and the soft flight of dark moths hovering at the nectary blossoms. Linger as the first stars appear and you will be in the midst of a firefly galaxy.

It is a sensible time, in the root-sense of that word. The senses are piqued and quickened by the smells and sounds and subtle presences of early summer. It is a lively, teeming world, too busy to watch any calendar except that of the sun and the long, lingering daylight hours of summer growth and summer abundance.

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# BETWEEN THE LINES

## THE OVERTONES OF DEITY

Some Bible texts rarely get the attention they deserve. One such jewel, rich in meaning, is 1 Corinthians 14:7: "And even things without life giving sound, whether pipe or harp, except they give a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped?"

The apostle Paul, nearly two thousand years ago, wrote of music in harmonics, or overtones, but it wasn't until 1860 that the musical genius Helmholtz discovered the nature of overtones and gave us the scientific explanation for them. Without overtones, which are combinations of higher tones with the fundamental, music is flat, thin, and hollow. It is the proportion of the various overtones present in any given tone that determines its quality. With them, music becomes rich, full-bodied, and satisfying.

It is the skillful use of overtones largely that makes the difference between a fiddler and a violinist. It plays its part in converting the player of tunes into a virtuoso. It is an Isaac Stern thrilling an audience with his superb skill and finesse.

In the realm of the spiritual, there are overtones too. They may be rarely understood, infrequently noted, but always they are appreciated when demonstrated by a master Christian. These distinctive qualities, we might say, are the overtones of deity.

Even lifeless instruments—if they are to speak in the language of music, thereby influencing

the emotions of their hearers—must make a distinction in the sounds produced by them. Furthermore, they must be controlled by the accepted laws of tone and rhythm and the intervals of scale and measure; otherwise the sounds they give out do not produce the desired effect. The spiritual artist likewise has his life under control; it is controlled by the Master Artist, Jesus Christ.

God still looks for spiritual virtuosos. Johann Christoph Blumhardt and Christoph Friederich Blumhardt, writing in "Thy Kingdom Come," an antique German document that is still ahead of us, state: "God does not need much upon earth. God needs only a few, yet total persons. God can lay hold of these people, so to say, and by them the whole world can be held firm.

"Do not consider yourselves too insignificant, dear friends. Leave behind the ordinary disposition of people who think that there must always be large masses representing the kingdom of God on earth. It is much better when we are a little band. One, two, three, ten people who are united are stronger than a hundred thousand who thrash about in their piety, yet never arrive at a true and unanimous striving for the kingdom of God."

We Christians have not been without our heroes. It was said of a chaplain at Yale University, "For twenty-seven years he moved among us and wist not that his face did shine." The great composer Johann

Sebastian Bach, on every piece of music he ever composed, wrote the words "To the Glory of God."

The extraordinary Christian lives one day at a time. Only then can he produce in all their clarity the overtones of deity. His philosophy is "We can do anything for one day. So just for today let us be unafraid of life, unafraid of death, which is the shadow of life; unafraid to be happy, to enjoy the beautiful, to believe the best. Just for today let us live one day only, forgetting yesterday and tomorrow, and not try to solve the whole problem of life at once."

The extraordinary Christian sees in every human being an individual as Jesus saw him—a candidate for the kingdom of heaven. Ellen G. White states: "In every human being . . . [Jesus] discerned infinite possibilities. He saw men as they might be, transfigured by His grace—in 'the beauty of the Lord our God.'"

She also wrote: "At the foot of the cross, remembering that for one sinner Christ would have laid down His life, you may estimate the value of a soul. If you are in communion with Christ, you will place His estimate upon every human being. You will feel for others the same deep love that Christ has felt for you."

A stranger visiting the old cathedral in Freiburg, Germany, was especially interested in the organ, which the old sexton took great pride in exhibiting.

The visitor asked for permission to play it, but was denied the privilege. He pleaded, but the sexton said the instrument was so delicate that he could not let him play.

Finally, however, because of his importunity, the visitor was permitted to seat himself at the organ. The old sexton was awestricken as he listened. Never before had such music rolled out from his favorite organ. "Who are you?" he asked as the stranger was leaving. "Felix Mendelssohn," the visitor replied. After that, when the sexton exhibited the organ, he would say, "Ah, could you have heard it when Mendelssohn played! And, think, I nearly forbade his playing upon it!"

A greater than Mendelssohn is pleading for opportunity to play upon the heartstrings of our lives. Our Lord longs to bring out of them the sweet, strong, full harmonious music of the victorious life. Shall we let Him?

When you as a Christian can get the highest-type response from those who know you best; when you make them think life is worthwhile and they count in the struggle; when you arouse in them their noblest thoughts, their holiest virtues, their inborn longing for God; and when they leave your presence, saying with pride, "There is my friend, I'd like to know his Christ as he does," then you can know in your inmost soul that you have captured for yourself—for time and eternity—the overtones of deity.—K.J.H.

TT

# RESPONSE

## WE'LL MISS FRANK HOLBROOK

**J**ust a note to express my disappointment at the ending of Frank Holbrook's column. I can understand his need for more time, but his column will surely be missed!

Although I never sent a question in to Pastor Frank, I composed many over the years, and his column was one of my favorites in your fine publication. Please try to find someone to continue the question-and-answer column.—David L. Hoskins.

I read in THESE TIMES where you request the readers to let you know whether they would like the Frank Answers column resumed. I would. Please consider my vote in this matter. Thank you.—Ms. J. Revak, Van Nuys, California.

It would be a real disappointment not to have the column Frank Answers in your magazine. It's one of the first things I look for, so even if it isn't "Frank," I'm sure someone else could come up with the "Answers." I send THESE TIMES to someone who is not a Seventh-day Adventist, and I'm sure many of his questions are answered in that column. Please do keep it coming.—Doris M. Bliven, Grand Junction, Colorado.

For many years I have read your magazine THESE

TIMES. I am a believer that is now worshiping at First Baptist Church of Orlando, Florida. I just want to say I have learned from Frank Holbrook's column, and I pray that he will continue to let the Lord use him. May his decision to leave be God-directed.—Lou Collins, Orlando, Florida.

*Many have written or expressed similar feelings to the above regarding how much they appreciated Frank Holbrook's column. Fortunately we will be announcing some good news for such readers in our August issue. Be sure to watch for it.—Editors.*

### Many Blessings

I was just thinking of the many blessings God has given me and want to thank you for publishing my article "The Year the Raccoons Came" (September, 1982, issue). I was especially delighted with the picture that accompanied it—as you can no doubt imagine! Thank you for allowing me to help people. You and your magazine are a blessing to many, including me.—Marcella N. Janes, Issaquah, Washington.

### Will God Intervene?

I just read with interest Dr. Johnsson's article "Nuclear Holocaust: Is It Inevitable?" (November, 1982, issue). His diagnosis, I believe, is accurate that we are suffering from anxiety and dread of a nuclear conflagration and that this dread permeates our entire life perspective. I also agree that faith in the sovereign

God of history, who is eternally present and who does overrule the reign of evil, does provide hope and peace amid this nuclear madness.

However, while he did not explicitly state that "God won't let the bomb happen," the article does seem to imply it. With that implication, I fear your readers could assume a careless stance to this very real danger. Thousands of preachers throughout history have proclaimed the likes of "God won't allow a Hitler," with the result that the listeners to such "theology" were deaf and blind to the Hitlers of all ages when they arose and prospered in their evil. Other preachers have attempted to predict about God with the likes of "God won't allow us to land on the moon," and when we do, the listeners question the authority of God!

Christ is coming! But are we so sure that His coming might not be to a ravaged world of nuclear atrocities? Are we so sure that Christ will come to a Detroit or a United States spared from nuclear difficulties? I don't believe we can make that claim.—Douglas L. Griffin, Bethesda, Maryland.

### Here Come the Bouquets

THESE TIMES is one of the finest magazines around. I read every word.—Edna Mullins, Tampa, Florida.

I started reading THESE TIMES when a friend sent me a gift subscription. I find it a very nice little magazine

with many interesting and helpful articles.—Susan Crank, Antioch, Illinois.

Your magazine is concise, up to date, and very informative. Its variety of topics is excellent. I especially enjoy Frank Answers. You are to be commended for providing such spiritual food.—Paul Pohacek, Berwyn, Illinois.

THESE TIMES is the only magazine I read from cover to cover. I enjoy it very much.—Mrs. Fay Roberts, Benton City, Washington.

I love to read this magazine. It is timely, informative, and beautifully written! I like the way the articles clear up misunderstandings of Bible doctrines! God bless this work.—Linda Penny, San Clemente, California.

Excellent! I enjoy reading THESE TIMES more than any other magazine. We look forward to reading the magazine each month.—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilkin, Onsted, Michigan.

I love this magazine. It keeps me updated on world events that pertain to these last days. It seems much longer than a month between issues, probably because I read each one so quickly. The covers always seem to capture my attention. They're very colorful and eye appealing. Thanks again for a wonderful magazine, so appropriate for our world today.—Darlene Cotten, Amarillo, Texas.

*Address all correspondence for this column to: Letters to the Editor, THESE TIMES, 55 West Oak Ridge Drive, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740.*

**L**unch can be delightful, and who doesn't look forward to dinner? But mention breakfast and you hear a chorus of, I don't eat breakfast because—I want to lose weight, . . . I don't want to get fat, . . . I'm not hungry, . . . I don't have time. . . .

Those who belong to the I-don't-eat-breakfast group cheat themselves of proper nutrition and the good health it brings. We all know that to be healthy we must eat a well-balanced diet consisting of a variety of foods. It's a lot easier to get all the needed nutrients by starting the day with a breakfast that provides at least one fourth or preferably one third of the daily recommended dietary requirements.

Besides, it's been 12 to 15 hours since the last meal, and, asleep or awake, the body performs necessary tasks requiring the expenditure of energy. In the morning nutritional reserves, especially protein and the B vitamins, need replenishing. You wouldn't think of starting on a trip without filling the gas tank of your car, so why not treat your body as well as you treat your auto?

Scientists have carried on numerous experiments to determine the effect upon the body of eating or of omitting breakfast. The most widely known of these, conducted by nutritionists and physiologists at the University of Iowa in 1943, recruited assorted groups from 12 to 82 years of age, from sedentary college students to industrial workers of both sexes.

The results of these studies showed that when one section did not partake of any nourishment before beginning the day's activities, their work output dropped, mental reaction slowed, and fatigue increased by midmorning.

On the other hand, those eating a balanced meal turned out more work, had quicker reactions, and did not tire as easily as their counterparts. Many things change over the years but not the needs of the human body, so the effects of eating or omitting the first meal of

Heavy or light, conventional or way-out, breakfast is the healthy way to begin your day.

# The "I Don't Eat It" Meal

BY LOUISE PAGE CRAIG

the day remain the same as they were 40 years ago.

This middle-of-the-morning slump that breakfast skippers often experience results from the blood-sugar level dropping below normal. Of course, this can happen to you even when you eat if your meal consists mainly of starches and sugars without enough protein. Some try to remedy this condition by eating a sugary snack, such as a doughnut, sweet roll, or candy bar at about ten o'clock. They feel better for a while as their blood-sugar level rises. Later it plunges again. This falling and rising causes stress to the pancreas as it attempts to adjust to the changes in blood-sugar level. Eating a substantial breakfast with an adequate amount of protein will keep your blood-sugar level normal all morning.

**Here are some suggestions** for adding protein to your diet: drink a glass of milk (soy milk is fine); put peanut butter on your toast; make French toast; eat an egg, a handful of nuts, or a cup of yogurt. If your tastes run to hearty

foods early in the day, how about having a dish of baked beans, a bowl of cream soup, or a serving of last night's entree? Although not top sources, cereals and toast, when combined with milk, furnish a protein of high quality. Adding wheat germ to cereal increases the amount of protein.

Children are especially vulnerable to the effects of missing the morning meal, because their bodies burn food faster than those of adults do. Teachers can usually single out those youngsters who come to school without eating. Before noon they become listless and inattentive and do not do as well in their studies or games as those who come fortified with a nourishing breakfast.

If it's so important for good health to start the day with an adequate meal, what about those reasons for not eating? Let's take a look at them.

**Reason number 1.** "I don't eat breakfast because I want to lose weight" or "I don't want to get fat." Nutritionists disagree with this theory. They say that a good breakfast is the key to any successful reducing plan. To try to

Louise Page Craig is a dietitian living in Puyallup, Washington. © 1983 by Louise Craig.



reduce by omitting this meal doesn't make sense when you consider that in the morning most of us are fairly active so that our bodies burn those calories and usually have them disposed of by noon.

Those who go without eating breakfast and eat a light lunch will probably be so hungry by evening that they will eat a heavy meal and then spend the evening watching television or pursuing other sedentary pastimes. The body doesn't have a chance to burn all the dinner calories, so it stores them as fat.

To lose weight sensibly and healthfully, eat a hearty breakfast, a medium-sized lunch, and a light dinner. It is a wise plan for anyone to follow, reducing or not. Also, if you eat breakfast, you'll find yourself less tempted to snack during the day or to overeat at the other two meals.

In the previously mentioned Iowa breakfast experiments those who conducted them found that eating or skipping the first meal of the day made no difference in their subjects' weight loss or gain. They concluded that eating an adequate breakfast does not mean you will gain weight, nor does omitting breakfast mean you will lose weight, provided the day's total calories remain constant.

**Reason number 2.** "I'm not hungry." If that's your problem, and you really want to improve your health habits, you can educate your stomach to accept food in the morning by eating a light dinner early in the evening and not snacking afterward. Getting vigorous exercise shortly after arising should help to perk up your appetite too.

You may find it easier to change your eating habits if you start out lightly by drinking juice or eating fruit. A few days later, add toast or crackers and later high protein foods such as milk, eggs, or peanut butter. It may take a while for your digestive tract to adjust to these eating habits, but don't give up. Remember, persistence and patience pay off.

**Reason number 3.** "I don't have time to eat breakfast." If you really want to get your day off to a better start, set the alarm clock

## Breakfast Suggestions

1. Hot wholegrain cereal (includes oatmeal) with added wheat germ plus chopped dates or raisins for sweetening.
2. Whole-grain cereals with fruit toppings such as canned or fresh peaches, berries, apples, or bananas.
3. Whole-grain cereal with chopped nuts added.
4. French toast spread with peanut butter and eaten with a dish of fruit. (Applesauce is especially good.)
5. Make toast with different kinds of bread, such as raisin, date, banana, oatmeal, and nut.
6. Spread raisin or date bread with peanut butter or cream cheese.
7. Serve browned mushrooms and broiled tomatoes.
8. Thin cream-of-mushroom soup to the consistency of white sauce, brown mushrooms, and add to heated soup mixture. Serve on whole-wheat toast.

9. Make hot cakes or waffles with part whole-wheat flour and wheat germ. Serve with fruit topping. Strawberries are very good.

10. Fruit toast. Make this treat by heating fresh or canned fruit, thickening with small amount of cornstarch, and serving over whole-wheat toast.

11. Toasted sunflower seeds. A combination of dried fruit and nuts. This is a good one to eat if you're in a hurry.

12. Fruit cup combinations: For summer—1. Cantaloupe chunks with fresh berries and peaches. 2. Bananas marinated in pineapple juice with seedless grapes and fresh sliced peaches.

For winter—1. Mixtures of fruit canned in light syrup (or no sugar) raspberries, pears, peaches, and bananas. 2. Canned cherries, pears, bananas, and orange wedges. 3. Orange slices rolled in coconut.

ahead fifteen or twenty minutes to give yourself time to eat an appetizing meal and to see that your family joins you.

Doing part of the preparations the night before will make things run smoother in the morning. Chores such as setting the table, making juice, putting out dry cereal, or cooking cereal in a double boiler can be done in the evening and will ease the pressure when everything is hurry-hurry. And when you're baking, why not make treats such as muffins, waffles, fruit cookies, et cetera, and store them in the freezer for hectic mornings?

Perhaps we'd better add a fourth reason for omitting breakfast. Many, especially teen-agers and children, say, "I don't like breakfast because it's too blah. I get tired of eating the same thing every day." Well, it doesn't have to be that way. This meal can be as interesting and varied as the other two.

Of course, it should be right for you—your taste, activities, sex, and age—but it can be flavorful

and as different as you care to make it. A lot of us like conventional breakfasts, consisting of cereals, toast or hot breads, juice and/or fruit, and sometimes eggs, but there can still be plenty of variety. Others enjoy more hearty foods such as hotcakes, hash brown potatoes, et cetera, while some relish nonbreakfast items such as soups, sandwiches, and leftover entrees. Whatever your taste, have fun by letting your imagination take over.

Heavy or light, conventional or way-out, be sure your meal contains sufficient protein, vitamins, minerals, and fiber.

Does this sound like a big order for the meal planner? Well, it is a real challenge to your creativity, but it can be rewarding. You'll get a warm feeling when you see those former breakfast snubbers foregoing a few extra winks of sleep to keep from missing out on your good food. Best of all you will know that everyone is eating right, and that improved health will be the biggest dividend of all.



# What Jesus Could Have Done

Have you ever wondered what Christ could have done, following His resurrection, to those who wrongly testified against Him and condemned Him to death?

BY NORMAN R. GULLEY

**I**magine if you had been wrongfully treated, spat upon, beaten up, derided, cursed, lied about, and nailed to a tree to die. What would you have done when you found yourself alive, the other side of it all, leaving an empty tomb en route to Jerusalem, where it all happened—where Herod, Pilate, the Sanhedrin, and other unfeeling wretches slept that early Sunday morning? Would you have "gotten even" with those tyrants?

Just think what Jesus could have done! He could have suddenly appeared in the bedroom of Pilate and demanded, "So you thought you could murder one in whom you found no fault and get away with it did you? Well, now it's My turn. I find fault in *you*, Pilate. You are guilty of murdering God. Answer Me, Pilate, what will you do? Whom will you please now? What basin is big enough and water clean enough to wash your hands of this crime?"

See Jesus pass to Herod's dining room and suddenly appear at mealtime. "Herod, you thought you could robe Me as a king and mock Me. Behold, a divine King. I will soon ascend to the throne of the universe. I will wrench you from your office. We shall see who reigns. Your days are numbered, Herod. I now write on your dining room wall, as I did in Belshazzar's festival hall, You are weighed in the balances and found wanting. Prepare to meet your doom."

Sunday morning gossip spreads like a prairie fire through the stubble as thousands in the city pass on the news told by witnesses in Herod's dining room. Multitudes tremble in abject and utter horror. Jesus has returned and is seeking vengeance. Hundreds who cried, "Crucify him, crucify him," become as weak men. Fear lances through them to the core. How can they go to sleep? Will Jesus appear to them too?

A dense darkness descends upon their minds as their doom seems imminent. One by one they encounter Jesus in moments when

they least expect Him—in the marketplace, at work, or in the quietness of an evening at home. Methodically the risen Lord visits each with tidings of terror. Rumor has it that many rushed to the place where Judas hanged himself and went and did likewise. Others say Pilate, Herod, and the Sanhedrin members all died an excruciating death, cursed by the Man they had crucified.

**What really happened.** That's how it could have been—if Christ had stood up for His rights as many do today in our land of freedom. But not even one reference in the New Testament tells of Jesus visiting His enemies after His resurrection. Rather, Luke says, "After his suffering, he showed himself to these men [the apostles] and gave many convincing proofs that he was alive. He appeared to them over a period of forty days and spoke about the kingdom of God" (Acts 1:3, N.I.V.).

Paul records, "He was raised on the third day according to the Scriptures . . . and that he

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*Norman Gulley, professor of theology at Southern College, Collegedale, Tennessee, is author of Final Events on Planet Earth. © 1983 by Norman R. Gulley.*

appeared to Peter, and then to the Twelve. After that, he appeared to more than five hundred of the brothers at the same time, most of whom are still living, though some have fallen asleep. Then he appeared to James, then to all the apostles, and last of all he appeared to me also, as to one abnormally born" (1 Corinthians 15:5-8, N.I.V.).\*

As far as the Bible records, the risen Jesus visited only His followers and not His enemies. He had no vendetta mission. He longed to encourage disheartened Christians and establish His church among them on the basis of His resurrection. He wanted them to know He lived as their Saviour and leader, for they needed Him. His death had shattered all their hopes. With His crucifixion their world came crashing down.

As Karl Barth once said to a group of prisoners in the Basle jail, those disciples were "like a flock of hens on the perch after a thunderstorm . . . like a group of children who have just lost their father and mother—or like a troop of soldiers in flight after defeat. The most terrible thing possible had taken place: the other side had won."—*Call for God* (London: SCM, 1967), p. 120.

**Jesus returned** to His own to tell them that the other side had not won. He had conquered on Calvary. With His death He had won back the right to own His world. Now it was firmly in the hands of the Crucified One. During those 40 days He established His church on a firm foundation—on Himself, the risen, living Lord.

Jesus strode forth from the grave a conqueror! Calvary was not His last gasp. No! It was His last-word thrust at Satan, sin, and death. They, not He, received the death knell at the cross. Calvary was their end—not His. Calvary led to resurrection, to eternal life, for Him and therefore for us, too. As Calvin put it, "Sin was removed by his death, and righteousness renewed and restored by his

\* Texts credited to N.I.V. are from *The Holy Bible: New International Version*. Copyright © 1978 by the New York International Bible Society. Used by permission of Zondervan Bible Publishers.

resurrection. For how was it possible for him by dying to liberate us from death, if he had himself remained under its power? How could he have obtained the victory for us, if he had been vanquished in the contest?"—*Institutes*, 2.16.13.

Behold the risen Man moving among His followers during those 40 days. Angels at His empty tomb told the two Marys that Jesus would go ahead of His disciples and meet them in Galilee (see Matthew 28:7). There the disciples fished all night in vain until Jesus came and gave them full nets, and even cooked their breakfast on the shore to give them full stomachs too! There on the lakeside, that place hallowed

powerful presence to give her strength to be His witness, and gently said, "Do not hold on to me, for I have not yet returned to the Father" (John 20:17, N.I.V.).

He had not gone straight to heaven on Friday night after death overtook Him. His words to the thief, "I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with me in paradise" (Luke 23:43) meant I say unto you to day, thou shalt be with me in paradise in the future, at the final resurrection (see Lamba's translation of this text, which has the comma after the word "today"). Thus the interim between Friday when they laid Him in the tomb and Easter Sunday is a microcosm of the time between a person's death and the

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*Jesus strode forth from the grave a conqueror.  
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by so many memories of miracles and messages from their Saviour, Christ provided their meal just as He had the Lord's Supper in the upper room some days before. Before His death He served them. Now the risen Christ served them again, bringing cooked fish to feed these hungry men.

They could see His death had not changed His relationship to them. He remained the same. He loved them. Although God, He continued as man. True He came from heaven, but He spent those 40 days with these human friends because He also came from Planet Earth. He lingered with them in familiar places so that they would remember Him as divine and not just as human. They would need this encouragement in the days ahead.

**Before going to Galilee** Mary recognized Him. She ran and flung herself upon Him and clung to Him, sobbing her heart out with joy. "Oh, Master, it is You. It is really You! I thought I would never see You again. Now I know You are the Promised One, the Messiah, my Lord!" Jesus assured her of forgiveness again, of His

resurrection at the end of the world when Christ returns again.

John records three meetings of Christ with His disciples (John 21:14): In the room when He breathed on them the Holy Spirit (John 20:19-23); eight days later to help doubting Thomas believe in His resurrection (verses 26-29); and at the Sea of Galilee where He reinstated Peter among his peers by receiving from him one confession of loyalty for every denial (John 21:15-17). In each encounter Christ came to build confidence and encourage these men. Never did He rebuke or destroy.

**Building up their faith.** Can you see Jesus walking down the Emmaus road with the two discouraged disciples, listening to them, and making out as if He knew nothing about crucifixion weekend? (Luke 24:13-31). Yet He patiently told them all about Himself from Moses and the prophets (verse 27). Some Bible study that must have been! He was establishing them in the Word, not just on an encounter with Himself. This is a vital fact for today.

Much of modern theology speaks of "truth as encounter." The Bible is considered secondary, as providing only the possibility for an encounter to take place. Thus, many consider that the Bible is to revelation very much like a diving board is to a swimming pool. It is merely a means to an end. After all, who would try swimming on the board when the refreshing water beckons?

One problem in contemporary religion is looking to substitute authority in place of the Biblical—such as miracles, tongues, or a religious high. Yet the risen Jesus pointed disciples to the Bible and only afterward revealed to them who He was. He wanted their faith to be built upon the Word. This emphasis should correct the "experience-centered" focus found in many contemporary "Christian" teachings.

The place to encounter Christ today is within the Bible. Truth is not just a Person. It is also propositional. That means, truth is more than a meeting. It is also a message. Truth is primarily Christ and all there is to know about Him. Truth is not something we receive through the fresh air apart from the Word. We receive Christ, the Truth, through the truths about Him given to us in the Word. Apostolic preaching knows no separation between seeing the risen Christ and proclaiming His resurrection as predicted in the Word. The two go together. This is why one claiming to be a Christian because he speaks in tongues or has a miracle of healing and yet has no desire to study the Word is in peril. No experience cut loose from a daily meeting of Christ in His Word is safe.

Can you see Jesus coming back to the home of Lazarus and his sisters, Mary and Martha? What a lot these two resurrected men had to share! Lazarus knew that he lived because of Christ. Perhaps Christ told him, as He told Peter, that He would die. But Lazarus didn't fear death. Christ may have told him that His crucifixion had put death to death. Lazarus realized a new age had dawned. He could say with Paul, "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities,

nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Romans 8:38, 39).

Ponder the meeting of the risen Jesus with His heartbroken mother. From the cross He gave her into John's care (John 19:26, 27). How she must have sobbed tears of joy to see her Son—and her Saviour—again! How glad she was to know He was safe beyond the final trials and crucifixion. The resurrection renewed her belief in His divinity. She had sheltered Him in the past, but now she knew He would forever shelter her—and all other disciples. He said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" (Hebrews 13:5) and "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matthew 28:20).

**Christ's resurrection** broke into history with all the force of the first Creation in Eden. God was once again creatively at work in the realm of the human. If the cross cried, "It is finished" (John 19:30) over our world as it is, then the resurrection shouts, "It is begun" in reference to the coming new one. With those 40 days the future broke into the present, the end came into time.

This time is filled with the victory of the cross. Our time remains decisively determined by the presence of the living Christ. True, it doesn't look like it. But Christ is seated on heaven's throne at the control center of the universe. He, and no world power, is in control of events on Planet Earth. No one can reach up to heaven and wrench Him from His throne. He, and not they, guides the affairs of men. All events, good and bad, move inexorably toward His second coming.

The disciples did not merely speak about a Christ who will return, but about One who also already had returned in that glorious resurrection. They had seen Him. They had heard Him. They had touched Him. It would be but a matter of time till all would do the same.

This is the very heartbeat of the

New Testament. It contains an amazing paradox between an "already" and the "not yet." Time now is merely interim time between these two experiences, and therefore should not be taken too seriously even though it contains Auschwitz, Hiroshima, Vietnam, and fears of a nuclear nightmare. Above them all, calling them in question, remains ultimate reality that makes all else but a passing scene. For there He is, the One who arose, who rules, and who comes!

**One in every 25** verses in the New Testament cry out, "Christ is coming!" That event is more certain than today's happenings. In fact, Christ is already on His way! For, in a qualified sense, He began His return during those forty days, and continued it by sending the Holy Spirit, and is about to conclude it by coming through the heavens personally to take us out of Planet Earth (1 Thessalonians 4:16-18).

Christ is already on His way, and no one can stop Him. This fact—not the growing deluge of violence, restlessness, and uncertainty—decisively determines the course of our world. Ever try to stop a roller coaster in its plunge from the heights? Ever try to hold back a bomb in its drop from a plane? Ever try to push back Niagara Falls with a bucket? The resurrection shouts out to a needy world—not "I may come" or even "I will come"—but "I am on My way!"

Is He coming to "get even" with His enemies? Is this why He separates the bad from the good? (Matthew 25:31-46). Will He finally lunge into the wicked as if He has held His breath since Calvary? Is this the moment of retaliation for which He has long waited?

This is where we need to understand the meaning of the Second Advent as urgently as understanding the God of the Old Testament. Both the coming Advent and the Old Testament pictures of God need to be understood in the light of Calvary. For there at the cross was the greatest revelation of what God is like. There is no other God different from

the God of the cross.

It is true that the Second Advent Biblical scenario portrays Christ as coming with a sickle in His hand to reap the harvest, both good and bad (Revelation 14:14-20), and also pictures Him as coming with a sword in His hand to smite the nations (Revelation 19:14-21). But there's another side to this presentation. The Bible says, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son" (John 3:16). Jesus came to proclaim the startling command, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you" (Matthew 5:44).

His final hours demonstrated this teaching. While hanging helpless on the cross, surrounded by unfeeling wretches that spewed out hatred and mockery—heaping cruelty and insult upon their dying Creator—He, beautiful Jesus, didn't retaliate. He simply breathed out a prayer in their behalf, "Father, forgive them" (Luke 23:34).

"For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3:17, 18). Simply put, "He who has the Son has life" (1 John 5:12, N.I.V.).

Conversely, those who reject Him disconnect themselves from the only source of life. Sin is self-destructive, for it separates man from his eternal life support in the risen Christ. Jesus never could and never will "get even" with His murderers, because He loved and loves them too much. This is forever true, even though there will be a separation of the bad from the good at His coming—with eternal consequences.

If the 40 days teach us anything, they declare that Christ practiced what He preached. He does, and always will, love His enemies. He is eternally *for* man and never *against* him. This coming Christ is "the same yesterday, and to day and for ever" (Hebrews 13:8). **TT**

# REFLECTIONS

BY BILL LOVELESS

To help you get the most out of THESE TIMES, we offer "Reflections," a guide to deeper understanding of individual articles. Actually, we'd like to challenge you to probe these issues that can enrich your life and make them more fulfilling. Please read each article first, then consider Bill Loveless' suggestions. Bill is a master at inspiring people to think.

## Why Did God Establish the Old Testament Sanctuary? ..... page 11

1. According to the author, what was God's problem? \_\_\_\_\_
2. Does the offering of animal sacrifices seem cruel to you? What actually did the animal sacrifice represent? \_\_\_\_\_
3. The author says there are three parts to God's show and tell lesson—explain the three parts briefly. \_\_\_\_\_
4. How does God illustrate the final victory of His plan over sin in His show and tell lesson? \_\_\_\_\_
5. After sin is vanquished and destroyed, what will happen to this planet Earth? \_\_\_\_\_

## Knee-deep in June ..... page 16

1. What "special enjoyment" in Jesus means the most to you? \_\_\_\_\_
2. Which of the simple but profound lessons from nature described by the author speaks most to your own experience? Why? \_\_\_\_\_
3. What is the meaning of the summer solstice? \_\_\_\_\_

## What Jesus Could Have Done ..... page 25

1. Why did Jesus appear to His followers after His resurrection? \_\_\_\_\_
2. In Luke 23:43 Jesus talks to the thief hanging beside Him. When Jesus said, "Thou shalt be with me in paradise," what did He mean? \_\_\_\_\_
3. Name the three meetings John describes that Jesus had after His resurrection with His disciples. \_\_\_\_\_
4. What do some Christians substitute as authority for the Bible? \_\_\_\_\_

If you have found "Reflections" helpful, we offer one more suggestion: We have available an expanded version of "Reflections" called "Discussion Guides." These guides are designed to act as aids for study groups. Perhaps your church or community club would find these guides a perfect catalyst for sprightly conversation and continuing study. Certainly they are worth trying.

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# THESE TIMES

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## THIS TIME



Since June 19 is Father's Day, we can't conclude this issue without some mention of the debt we owe the dads of our country. Fathers, of course, have to bear the brunt of numerous belittling remarks, as well as receive their share of praise.

A father has been called a man who can't get on the phone, into the bathroom, or out of the house.

He is one whose daughter marries a man vastly her inferior mentally, but then gives birth to unbelievably brilliant grandchildren.

A French proverb says a father is a banker provided by nature.

George Herbert said, "One father is more than a hundred schoolmasters."

Jean Paul Richter reminds us, "The words that a father speaks to his children in the privacy of home are not heard by the world, but, as in whispering-galleries, they are clearly heard at the end and by posterity."

Since its first publication some years ago, over 30 million copies of Charles M. Sheldon's book *In His Steps* have been sold. He has been credited with giving the following testimony of a godly father's influence: "In a log house on the prairie my father taught me to love the Bible. After breakfast every day the family moved over into the end of the room we called the parlor and had family worship. Each one of us had a Bible of his own. Father would read two verses, and each one of us two verses.

"Before five years were over we read the whole Bible five times. I think I am the only man living who has heard the whole Bible read aloud five times. We never skipped, not even those long lists of worthies who begat one another. The minute we finished Revelation, father calmly turned back to Genesis, and we went at it again. I want to repeat that my father taught me to love the Bible as the greatest book in the world.

"At the family worship after the Bible reading we would sing a hymn and then all kneel down while father offered the morning prayer. We are Scotch-Irish, and naturally father prayed as long as he liked. And he would often pray for us by name.

"When I finally left home to go down East to college, I would often be tempted to do what some of the college boys did—swear, play cards for money, and go downtown at night where I ought not to go. Then, just as I was about to give way to my desires, I would hear my father's morning prayer in the log house."

William Wordsworth put it nicely when he wrote, "To God Himself we cannot give a holier name."

*Kenneth J. Holland*

# Astronomical Phenomena

What is this strange astronomical phenomenon that witnesses describe as a miracle beyond anything words can describe?

BY PAUL HARVEY

Daily I receive mail from individuals who are convinced they have seen visions, ghosts, flying saucers, abominable snowmen. I can't run down all these reports.

For years, for example, I have heard sensitive persons try to describe a phenomenon they concede is "indescribable." Some artists tried to capture the sight on canvas. I saw their canvases, yet remained unimpressed.

Then I heard a minister from somewhere in Texas broadcasting that he had seen it, and I listened. His name is Dr. John W. Drakeford. I have since learned that he is a respected man and a responsible witness.

His account of the event exceeds the limits of my own imagination, but I am now determined to journey to wherever necessary to witness this sight for myself the next time the astronomers anticipate it and the weather is right for observation. It has been seen from the forests in east Texas, from the highlands of Montana, and best from several

points in Kansas, they say.

First, so that you will not be unduly frightened, I should mention that this is what scientists call "a natural phenomenon." They cannot explain it, but they are confident it is not "supernatural."

Here is the way Dr. Drakeford and other men of unquestioned veracity describe the miracle. You will be out of doors. You will awaken while it is yet night. The horizon line, illumined only by reflected starlight, will be barely visible.

You will then see, according to witnesses, an apparent rim of radiance separating the two shades of dark. Some say that at this instant you also "feel" something. Others say you "hear" something.

At any event, there is this electric glow that begins gradually to backdrop the stars as if some mystic incandescence were seeking to extinguish them, one by one. The illuminescence glows brighter: purples become wine red—then there leaps from the epicenter of all this daggers of fire, daggers of yellow fire, squirting forth a symmetrical arc of blazing gases—like half of a huge fiery pinwheel.

This is not a volcanic eruption, so far as is known. But the color which begins to spew forth from the inverted vortex appears both electrical and geometrical—like an illumined magnetic field.

Then, for all your anticipation and preparation, when "it" appears from the edge of the earth you quake—as you might shake from a sudden crack of thunder.

The sky is stabbed deeper and deeper by more and more tongues of yellow flame . . . and here adjectives lose their descriptive adequacy.

You are seeing a peacock's tail of fire as wide as the sky. A color-blend no mortal's brush can duplicate. If you are in a rural area, roosters begin to crow, the breeze begins to blow, leaves whisper excitedly among themselves.

Your own eyes widen until the colors fade. Then . . . a yellow explosion on the horizon, and you must turn away, unable to watch the aborning day.

No human can any longer fix his naked eyes on the brilliance of the sun's rise. The sight which you and I would travel so far to see (if, indeed, it really were a rarity) is called—"Daybreak." **TT**

*Paul Harvey is a columnist for the Los Angeles Times Syndicate. © 1981, Los Angeles Times Syndicate.*





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