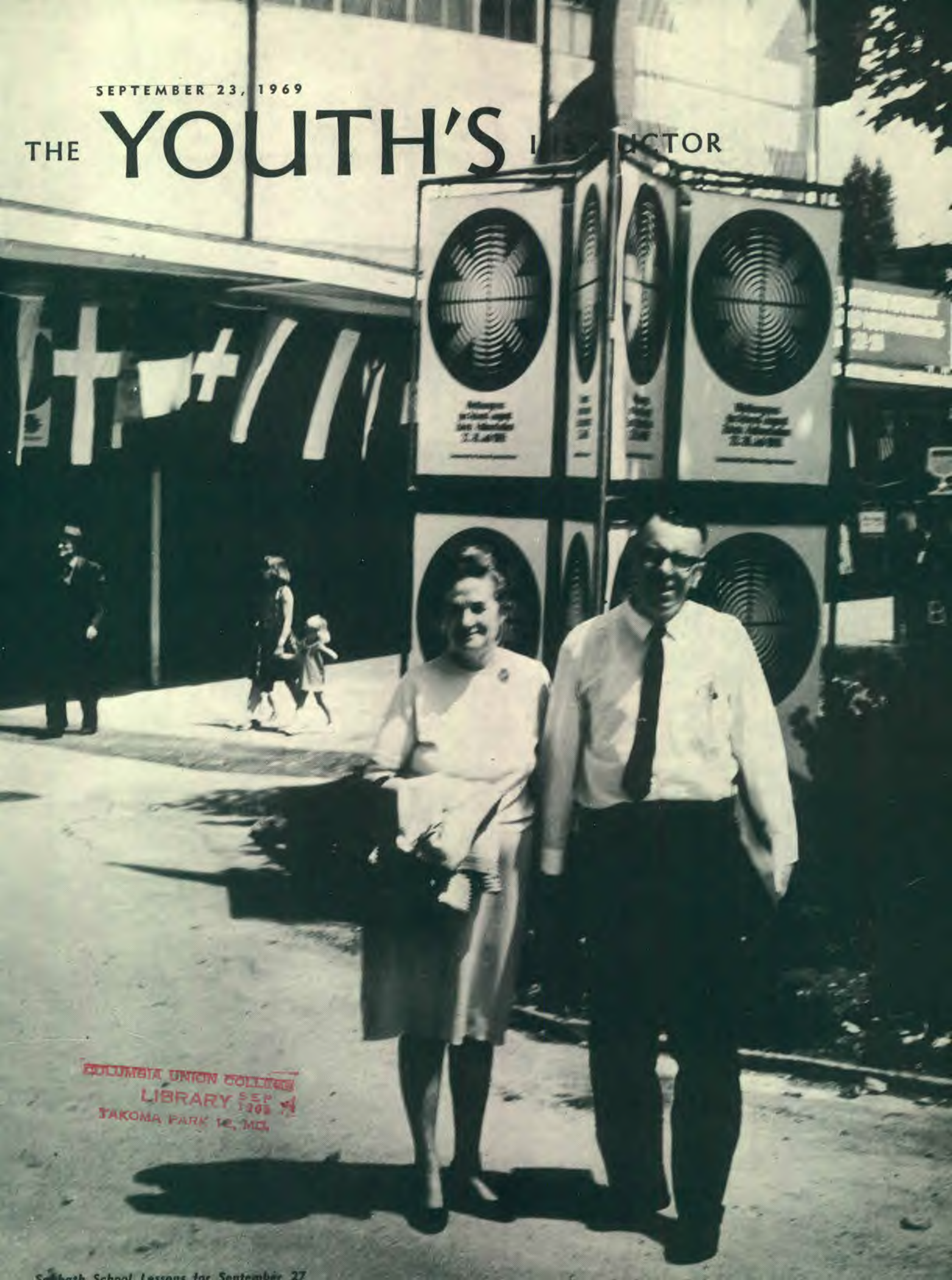


SEPTEMBER 23, 1969

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



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The First

by MORTEN JUBERG





ZURICH, the staid, conservative bastion of six centuries, has fallen. Hordes of eager, clear-eyed young people speaking unintelligible languages began the takeover yesterday, the day before the opening of the World Youth Congress.

These are not hippies on a bacchanal. They are not college students flocking to a resort for a weekend in the sun.

These are Seventh-day Adventist youth—15,000 or more of them—who have come to Zurich for the first World Youth Congress.

Though not qualifying as a youth, I came as a reporter and photographer, to chronicle the happenings of these five days. Zurich's famed Hallenstadion, an enclosed race track and site for other sporting events, rings with the songs of youth who have a purpose, whose universal goal is the giving of the gospel to the world.

I saw an interesting demonstration of this earlier today. As I wandered about with my camera I heard a group of young people singing "Give Me That Old Time Religion." I

paused a moment and went on. A few minutes later they were singing a song in another language and then switched to one in Spanish, "Mas Allá del Sol." By this time my curiosity made me stop them momentarily to find out what was happening. These youth from Peru, Italy, Switzerland, Panama, and Costa Rica had found music a universal language.

"I'm one year older than you," I heard a young man say proudly to a winsome lass. Though she didn't understand the words, she understood when they sang.

There have been minor problems and the frustrating waiting that is usually tied in with registration, but the big headache has not developed. Nor does it seem that it will. This is the problem that could develop in feeding 15,000 people.

The first meal came off the assembly line tonight. I mean just that. To feed this many people in three hours requires planning, and it shows.

I went to the first meal expecting the usual feet-dragging, block-long lines. I found none.

Left: Adventist youth from around the world make up the opening-night audience at the first World Youth Congress in Zurich, Switzerland. Below: Takoma Academy Chorale introduces the theme song on opening night in the famed Hallenstadion, an enclosed race track in Zurich.



THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR®

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a non-fiction weekly. It is published for young adults who are capable of asking sincere questions, and who seek to know the counsels of Scripture. Its contents are chosen to serve readers who want to reach maturity—spiritually, socially, intellectually, and physically. Its staff holds that God is man's heavenly Father; that Jesus is man's Saviour; that genuine Christians will strive to love God supremely and their neighbors as themselves.

Its pages reflect an expanding objective from 1852 to 1969. First it was essentially a vehicle for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also provides many added services for a generation that should witness the literal return of Jesus and the restoration of a sinless world to the universe of God.

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Youth adorn steps of the registration building. Congress insignia is in the background.

Seven serving lines through two entrances kept people moving. I picked up a disposable paper tray and a plastic plate, a roll and a peach. Rapidly I moved to the main course section where I received a sealed plastic container with rice-vegetable combination.

There are no frills, no extras, but the food is delicious and nourishing. As I ate I watched the hungry flock to tables with trays. I counted fifteen people in fifteen seconds from two combined lines—not a bad average in any eating league.

All this food was prepared weeks ahead by a commercial firm, to Adventist specifications. The main dishes were cooked and sealed in plastic containers. At the serving deck large steam cookers heat the food to perfection.

It is a thrill to meet youth of action from all over the world. Yesterday I sat with a Czechoslovakian pastor who told me 500 had come from his land for the congress. He beamed as he introduced me to some of his youthful members.

"We are happy to have such a fine delegation present here," he said in his broken, though readily understandable, English.

The sharp, clear clinking of metal halted my conversation with the pastor. I turned to see a tall, smiling Argentinian striding by, replete in riding boots. The sound came from his spinning spur rowels.

Camera in hand, I wandered on to capture more sights and sound.

It was a half hour before the official
To page 6

"Pigs" . . . and Reason

When the National Student Conference on Revolution convened at Lake Forest College north of Chicago, it produced a new slant on student demonstrations. Some seventy students from thirty-seven colleges met for five days in opposition to "any extremist group on campus, right or left."

As reported in *Newsweek* (July 7, 1969), they call themselves "squares" and their victory sign is "thumbs up." It appeared to be "a gathering of moderate and conservative students who wanted to end—not perpetuate—dissent on campus."

Although many of these moderates, characterized by short hair and fresh faces, agree with radicals about "just grievances" against society and schools, they have a different solution. It was expressed by Louisiana State University sophomore Kim Stovall:

"We don't believe the solution is found in burning buildings or taking them over. We want two guys to sit down and talk about the issues."

During the conference the "squares" put on their own kind of demonstration. Taking chartered buses to Chicago's West Side, they set up a picket line in front of the national headquarters of Students for a Democratic Society. Obviously turning the tables on SDS demonstrations, the "squares" chanted "SDS Pigs" in unison.

Placards seen in front of the SDS headquarters included one saying, "Why Be Violent . . . Debate." Another read: "Stop SDS."

A list of four demands was read by one of the moderates. One called for the SDS to "cease destroying free institutions" and another asked the radicals to reimburse students and universities for damage caused in the past year.

Then the "squares," perhaps borrowing a page from Martin Luther's experience, posted their demands on the front door of the SDS headquarters. Finally, they put on a short sketch portraying "competing factions of radicals" fighting "over a book of matches to determine who could burn down society first."

The conference was sponsored by the Information Council of the Americas, a New Orleans organization that produces "anti-tyranny" radio programs, records and films, many of which are circulated in Latin America.

We would be reluctant to describe any people as "pigs," even the people who hurl that epithet along with obscenities and more tangible missiles at those who protect society at the peril of their lives. But we feel a certain amount of pride that youth are willing to stand up to their revolutionary peers and be counted.

Destructive acts are not the answer to campus problems. The Lord's counsel in Isaiah 1:18 seems particularly appropriate here: "Come now, and let us reason together."
jj

Grace Notes

Zurich Leader of world Adventist youth, Theodore Lucas was deeply involved in planning the first World Youth Congress in Zurich. This week's cover photo, by Morten Juberg, shows him and Mrs. Lucas during a brief respite from their intense activity at the congress.

Elder Lucas has been in the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department

since 1946, and has headed the department since 1955.

Zurich Morten Juberg's first report of the World Youth Congress begins on page 3 of this issue. This report came air mail from Zurich, courtesy of Swissair. Further reports by Elder Juberg are scheduled for the October 21, October 28, and November 4 issues of the *INSTRUCTOR*.



THE FIRST

From page 4



opening of the doors to the stadium. Outside, a large crowd listened to an East Switzerland band. The doors opened, and I became a part of the surging crowd.

The press table at a convention of this sort is a handy base of operations. Just behind me were some glassed-in booths. These had been provided for translators. Booths on one side of the auditorium were occupied by Finnish, Polish, Portuguese, Greek, and Italian translators. Broadcast systems in special sections made the program available to the listener in his own language.

On the other side of the auditorium

were other major languages being translated. As I threaded my way across the floor to that area I stopped to watch a man with a headphone set sprouting from a small plastic case about the size of a small transistor radio. In effect, that's what it was.

Translators using Dutch, French, Spanish, Norwegian, Serbian-Croatian, and Czechoslovakian have their words beamed by radio in the auditorium. A listener, sitting anywhere, can turn a dial to pick up any one of these languages. The main program is translated into English and German at the platform.

Above: Elder Theodore Lucas introduces Elder Robert H. Pierson, who brought his greetings opening night. Left: A common sight near the registration area—young people studying Zurich city map. Below: Registration of Czechoslovakian delegates.





Top left: German delegates watch slides of Swiss youth activities. Top right: Berlin delegation receives convention kits. Center: Many servicemen based in Europe got leaves to attend. Bottom right: Axel Buchli registers Adventist youth from Pisa, Italy.



The spotlight shines on two delegates from Switzerland, in national attire, standing before the world map on opening night of the congress.

As I sit in the pressroom typing these notes, I hear a babble of unknown tongues from a low partition behind me. Suddenly an English voice punctuates the variety of languages, and I hear the words "Next time the Youth's Congress should be held in Hong Kong!" No doubt about it—Adventism is a world work. The multiplicity of languages alone takes care of that.

Back in the auditorium, the lights dim, and I hurry to my seat. The program is about to open. Trumpets blare, two delegates in costume march to the attractive center stage, and the historic program begins.

Elder Robert H. Pierson welcomes the delegates: "This is an important occasion in the Adventist Church. This is the first time we have the cream of our youth from around the world together. This has never happened before."

Each sentence Elder Pierson speaks gets careful attention from the youthful delegates. He is speaking to them.

"God's great time clock may not point to such another gathering. Tonight this should be a solemn thought to each one of us. This great congress must under God do something for every one of us. It must send us home with a new experience, a new personal commitment to God and His church. We must go from here irrevocably committed, for He has given us a great task tonight. This must be a time of real spiritual refreshment."

One musical number after another delighted the vast audience. Thunderous applause greeted the announcement that a large Polish choir was singing a song specially composed for the occasion. An equally warm response came when a 135-voice Yugoslavian choir also sang a special composition.

Music is not one of my fortes, but the warm shivers running up and down my spine as these choirs sang told me they were getting to me, even if I did not understand the language.

Speaking with his usual dynamic punch, Elder Theodore Carcich, a vice-president of the General Conference, told the delegates to "stay in the race." His keynote speech was the first of many treats to come for the delegates.

Unfortunately, my attendance at this part of the program had to be cut short. Back in the pressroom a demanding typewriter was waiting. Back in Washington a demanding editor was waiting. The combination forced copy from me.

With the help of Swissair, this manuscript and two rolls of film got special treatment soon after the close of the first meeting. At the airport the materials were given to a pilot for delivery to THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR offices.

In the meantime, the camera and tape recorder will be in action to bring more news of this first and important World Youth Congress.*

* The issues of October 21, 28, and November 4 will bring the next reports on this first SDA World Youth Congress.

The Apples Meant Gold

by VELVA B. HOLT

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

LONG periods of time would elapse between studies, but Louise Ballard was doing a great deal of reading in the intervals. Not always the right kind of reading, however. That was the trouble. She was reading to discover (she hoped) some way out of the dilemma in which she now found herself. She was either going to have to be honest with herself and accept these truths or find positive evidence that they were not truths at all.

So far, she could find nothing in the Bible to refute the teachings of the book. It had so many strange doctrines, but it also had all the proofs for each of them, and this was very disturbing to one as prominent as she.

Mrs. Ballard's social life was one of the most difficult things for her to give up. She could see nothing wrong with playing cards, and in her jolly way she laughed as she told Dick Davis how she would argue with the women about her "new religion" over a game of cards. But all her world-loving friends thought she had lost her head over it and would eventually come back to herself and forget the "nonsense."

Louise did not put on any air of sophistication or try to hide anything from anyone. She was just what she was—anywhere, anytime. And now that she had seen the light (in part, at least) she was not about to turn back. In fact, she had become eager to go on and learn more about the Bible and Seventh-day Adventists.

This attitude had been stirring up the whole town, and her friends and relatives were giving her a bad time over it. The text "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God" certainly held new meaning for all those concerned with bringing the message to this rich woman.

It was during evangelistic meetings that winter that she became more firmly grounded and was led to make her decision to be baptized. She still had a long way to go to be ready on the set date, but was progressing well.

Then one day a telephone call came unexpectedly from one of Louise Ballard's friends to inform Mr. Davis that she was in the hospital, seriously ill. He immediately went to see her. Not only did he find her seriously ill but he found that she was not expected to live through the night. He felt that he must pray right then, but one of her skeptical friends was with her and she was not going to allow it.

Leaning over the bed as near as possible to Mrs. Ballard, he asked, "Would you like me to pray for you?" And she answered in a faint voice, "Yes, please do."

Mr. Davis did not stand to pray, but knelt down beside her bed and offered a short fervent prayer that she might be healed if it be the Lord's will. And his prayer was answered. She was raised up from her bed of illness and was able to go home almost immediately.

However, the doctors warned her to be careful never to get cold or even take a cool bath.

This siege of illness and miraculous healing caused Louise to do some serious thinking and deep searching of heart. Then it was that she called Pastor Wells, asking that he come as soon as possible to see her.

Sensing the desperation in her voice, he did go that very day. And she confidentially told him, among many other things, "I have given up my jewelry, and that was hard. I have given up my make-up, and that too was hard. Then I have left off pork and all the other unhealthful things that have been

pointed out as wrong, but—" and she gave a long sigh. "But," she repeated, "I have one bad habit that I just can't give up."

"Now what could that be?" the minister asked, surprised.

"Oh, you'll laugh when I tell you."

But Pastor Wells assured her he would not laugh, and that no matter what it might be, he was confident that with the Lord's help she would be able to overcome it.

"Well," she said, tapping her fingers nervously on the arm of the chair as she spoke, "I, well—I'm ashamed to admit it, but I play the pinball machines, and I suppose that's gambling, isn't it? No one has ever told me it was, but I have such a strange feeling now every time I do it. But, do you know, Reverend, uh—Brother Wells, I just can't pass one of those silly things without stopping. Sounds foolish, doesn't it?"

"Sin may sound foolish when it's the other person doing it," the pastor agreed. "But to you it isn't foolish; it is a real problem, and you will need help to overcome it."

"But I don't spend much at a time—maybe a hundred or two hundred dollars at most—and when I win, well, I do at least put the money in the church offering plate, and that's all right, isn't it?"

This rationalization is typical of the kind that people think of when some pet sin has taken hold of them. She had come a long way, but now she had encountered a seeming mountain of temptation she would rather find a way around than give up.

Pastor Wells explained that she was merely experiencing the workings of the Holy Spirit on her heart, and because of this she was under conviction. No one had needed to point out to her

that playing the pinball machines was gambling; her embarrassment over it indicated it was sinful. Indeed, none of the group who were working with her had known about it before.

"You see, Mrs. Ballard, if it were not wrong, you would have no feeling of guilt or condemnation about it, but this is the mission of the Holy Spirit—to point out sin."

She could see that he was right, and promised to pray earnestly that God would remove the desire for this and every sin in her life. Of course, the pastor, the Bible worker, and the little lady who sold her "the book" were all praying for her too.

The opposition of her two daughters, social pressures among her church and business associates, and in addition to these, many temptations, all had to be met by Louise alone. It was not without many desperate struggles that she finally won some of the battles.

She had been attending Sabbath services now for a number of weeks, and it was nearing time for the baptism.

The Friday evening before she was to take the step, she almost changed her mind. Not because she didn't feel ready for it, she said, but because of what the doctors had told her about getting in cool water or becoming chilled.

Pastor Wells and Mr. Davis both assured her that the water would be warm and that no harm would come of it if, in faith, she followed the Lord's bidding. The pastor told of similar experiences where the persons had felt no ill effects, so Mrs. Ballard agreed that it was the thing to do.

She set her alarm for an early hour so she would be sure to be up early Sabbath morning for this wonderful occasion in her life.

Pastor Wells also rose early that morning. He felt very ill and feverish, as though he was coming down with the flu. But he determined to go ahead with the baptism anyway.

Just then the telephone rang in the pastor's home. It was one of the deacons, and he spoke in an excited tone.

"Say, Elder, I came over to see how much cold water to add to the water in the baptistry, and do you know this water is ice cold! I can't imagine what has happened. The furnace was on all night, but the heater went out for no reason at all that I can see. This is the first time in all the years I've been here that anything like this has happened!"

The pastor rushed over to the church to check the water, and to him it felt even colder than ice. The way he was feeling it would surely not be good for him to get into such cold water.

"I hope we can get it warm in time. You know, brother, I believe the devil blew that flame out—it just couldn't have happened any other way. I was here late last night myself and it was going then. But we'll go ahead with the baptism as planned and show the devil he isn't going to discourage us."

Mr. Davis stopped by for Mrs. Ballard shortly before time for Sabbath school to begin, but she was not ready, and had decided again that she could not go through with the baptism. This time it wasn't because of her health, but she said, "For some mysterious reason my alarm did not go off, and I just can't possibly be ready in time."

Satan surely seemed to be busy that morning, doing his best to prevent Mrs. Ballard from taking this important step. But Dick Davis, as usual, would not take No for an answer. He used every means of persuasion he could muster, and said it would be all right even if they were a little late for the first service, and that she

should not put off doing what she knew was right. Then she admitted that if she didn't do it now she probably would never have the courage again.

When the moment came to begin the sacred rite, Louise was first in line with twelve others to be baptized. Even the pastor didn't expect the water still to be so cold, and now he felt he should explain to the candidates so they could make their own decision as to whether or not they should go in. But he knew that if Mrs. Ballard refused it might well mean that all of them would.

Cautiously, she slipped one foot into the water and quickly withdrew it, for she knew it was far too cold for her condition.

There was a long pause. The pastor shivered tensely, and waited.

Finally she whispered, "I've come this far and I'm not backing out now. I'll go ahead even if it means the hospital for me."

The curtain was drawn, and there stood Louise Ballard, a peaceful smile on her face, ready to be baptized.

Most of the congregation were unaware of all that had threatened to prevent this baptism, and that on this cold winter morning the water in the baptistry had not heated. They did not know that as Mrs. Ballard stepped into the icy water she could easily relapse into what might be a fatal illness.

As soon as she was dressed she was taken home, and went right to bed. The next day when Mr. Davis went to see her she felt fine "and oh, so happy," she said. And she thanked him over and over for insisting that she go ahead with the baptism in spite of all the obstacles that had seemed to block the way.

The pastor's flu did not get worse, even though his legs were almost paralyzed from the cold, and he was thankful that this baptism was over. Perhaps Satan had tried so hard because Louise Ballard's influence would be so great. Hers was not an ordinary story of conversion. It was the story of the wealthiest woman in the valley who had opened her door to the humblest little colporteur, whose unbelieving husband had not wanted her to sell books at all.

And to Louise Ballard it was "a word fitly spoken" that became "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," when the richest woman became even "richer" in her new-found faith.

WIT SHARPENERS

Step-O-Gram

by EARL HILLIARD

Fill in the blank spaces with the missing letters to form the words defined.

- The beginning.
- Timeless, eternal.
- A costumed procession.
- The darkest part of a prison.
- A seeker of revenge.
- Ehud said he brought one to the king (Judges 3:20).

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Key on page 19

THE sun was calling her last playful rays to come in for the night. Reluctantly they left the rolling hills for their soft cloud beds, and the long shadows crept silently across the fields to replace them.

I stood on the crest of a hill, deep in thought. Before me lay three graves, neatly tended, each bearing a bronze plate identifying the loved one who rested there. The approaching shadows gently caressed them in passing, and again I read the inscriptions before they should be obscured. By coincidence they all three bore the name Irene. But it was not so much upon this interesting fact that my thoughts dwelt that balmy tropical evening. It was rather on the sacrifice of those heartbroken pioneers who had carried on in service for their Master in spite of this grief; and of the contrast between their sacrifices and those required of workers for God today.

The two graves nearest me were those of a mother and her year-old daughter: Irene Barsokevitz Vasenius and Anne Irene Vasenius. They were laid to rest the same day, January 22, 1913, victims of the same dread disease—blackwater fever. It is hard for us to understand, in this day of wonder drugs and cures, the dangers that the early missionaries faced from disease and primitive living conditions. There were no hospitals nearby; only long weary days of travel on foot connected them with any form of civilization.

How helpless and frustrated Dr. Vasenius must have felt in the face of this unconquered enemy, and how bitter must have been his grief as he battled in vain for the lives of his wife and baby. Yet his faith in God was never shaken, and he continued to work for the Lord for many years after this dark experience. He had laid down no conditions when the Lord called and he answered, "Here am I; send me."

The other stone was marked Caroline Irene Pursley, not quite two years old. My eyes dimmed as I pictured the young parents, just newly arrived in this foreign field, so far from home and comfort of loved ones. How cruel and unfriendly must this land have seemed where they had been only a few months when dysentery took their first-born from them. How dark were those days! Yet God was with them through the valley, and their faith never faltered. They were given strength by the Great

The Three Irenes

Comforter to carry on for many more years in His service.

What trials, what sacrifice! Are all missionaries called on to make these same sacrifices? Is this what we mean when we speak of sacrifice? If not, what are these sacrifices that mission ambassadors are called upon to make?

In those distant pioneer days life was cruelly hard. Water had to be carried on the heads of faithful servants; supplies and mail had to be brought in by porters from long distances; communications and medical facilities were unbelievably lacking. But in spite of these things the old-timers look back on those as the "good old days." The challenge of that rough life held a fascination for them that made it almost an adventure, and the rewards in souls were great, making it worth the inconvenience. They speak with a sniff of pride of the dangers, small budgets, and primitive conditions they had to endure, implying that we have it far too soft these days and know nothing of hardship and sacrifice. Are they right? Is it no longer a sacrifice to give yourself in mission service?

It is true that we now have radio contact with our other stations and the big cities. Roads are comparatively good, so travel is much easier. The stores in the towns carry almost everything we need (though the prices are much higher). There are hospitals within an hour or so of travel, and today's advances in medicine make disease a minor aggravation. Most of the houses have all the conveniences of home. So where is the sacrifice?

There are still sacrifices, make no mistake about that. Physical conditions may not be as difficult as they were twenty-five or fifty years ago. Even the past ten years have seen great improvements. Other things have not changed. Educating the children is still a prob-

lem not easily solved when one is required to send them away to boarding school and the alternative is struggling with correspondence courses at home alone. It is still just as hard to be separated from loved ones, although quite a number are fortunate these days in having their families visit them in their mission homes. There are still never enough funds for the rapidly growing needs. And one still has the heartache of seeing people turn their backs on the light you have tried so hard to bring to them.

However, the most discouraging experiences of the mission field today are not these, for they are understood and expected. One's mind has been conditioned to accept these. No, it is the unexpected things—the clashes of personalities (the realization that missionaries are human after all, and not saints); the lack of cooperation among fellow workers for God; the internal strife and criticism that the devil manages to bring in; and most of all the strain of carrying the extra load because no recruits can be found to answer the calls to leave the easy life and give not only of their money but of themselves in service.

My meditations had led me far afield. Now, as the tropical night spreads its blanket of darkness over the three sleeping Irenes, I turned toward my home. I realized that sacrifice is, in principle, still the same. We may not have to walk three days to reach the nearest town, but we must still walk with our Lord every step of the way. We may not be asked to lay our loved ones to rest, but we must be willing to lay our own lives at His feet, for Him to use as He sees fit, in whatever conditions He may place us. There must still be no conditions or reservations when we answer, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

"One Step's Enough for Me"

by BARBARA H. PHIPPS



Vicki Lim

"Lead, kindly Light,
Amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark,
And I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet;
I do not ask to see
The distant scene;
One step's enough for me."

THE words of this Christian hymn by John H. Newman persistently intruded on my thoughts as I pieced together the steps that had brought Vicki Lim to the campus of Pacific Union College, and considered the many steps that lay beyond into a veiled future.

The first significant step was taken when Vicki was too young to remember, when her parents, Seventh-day Adventist workers in the Canton Sanitarium and Hospital, were called to Thailand in 1949. This enabled them to leave China before the political situation would have complicated their move. A brief period was spent in Taiwan before going on to the clinic at the Bhuket Mission in Thailand.

Some time later Vicki's father was called to Bangkok, which necessitated another move. At present her parents are at the Bangkok Sanitarium and Hospital, where they are both employed. Though her home has been in

Thailand for most of her life, she retains her citizenship in Nationalist China.

Vicki's early education was largely obtained in the mission schools where her parents were located. As she continued her secondary education in the academy in Bangkok she developed a growing interest in music, with outstanding skill as a pianist. She eagerly took every opportunity for practice and instruction in music theory. Finally her instructor believed that she was ready for the examinations given by Trinity College of London. Usually a professor was sent out to Bangkok to supervise the examinations, and the schedule was set months in advance.

Vicki began taking the battery of examinations, emerging successfully in each one, until the one in music theory. To her consternation she discovered that this test was to be given on Saturday. She is reticent to speak in her own behalf, so she turned to her pastor for help. He was glad to speak to the authorities at the university in Bangkok, where the examinations were being held. They told him, with great finality, that nothing could be done. The British representative had a tight schedule, and no changes in the scheduled exams could be made. She was firm in her decision to forfeit her credit in music theory rather than compromise her conscience.

A short time before the theory examination, the mission personnel and Vicki had special prayer. The pastor tried again. Again the university administration said that they could do nothing. Permission, if given, must come direct from London. This was one faint hope; the request was quickly sent. Wonder of wonders, permission was granted for her and a few others to take the theory examination on another day, administered by the local university.

Nervously Vicki awaited the results. When the scores were posted she discovered that hers was the highest of all who had taken the test. One more step had been taken toward her goal.

After completion of her music examinations, she realized that she had gone as far as her finances and the local educational facilities permitted. She began giving private music lessons, saving her earnings, and hoping for further opportunities for study in the distant future, content to mark time for the present.

Two years passed. Then a tour group of American Adventists arrived. One woman was especially interested in the youth she met in Bangkok, and felt impressed to sponsor one of them for a college education in America. When she consulted the mission personnel, Vicki was named as the one most qualified in character and ability.

When told of the possibility of further education in the States, she was overwhelmed. Awe, gratitude, fear, excitement, all intermingled. She had saved enough money for her plane fare. This she would provide. Her sponsor was to assist with school expenses at Pacific Union College. Her acceptance at college came through, but details of the sponsorship were delayed.

By December, and near the end of the autumn quarter at the college, the uncertainties were cleared. Vicki had less than a month to unravel the red tape relative to the documents—visa, passport, et cetera. From her knowledge of other such cases, she knew it could take several months for her visa to be granted. Her status was complicated by her citizenship in Nationalist China, her residence in Thailand. Of course, an understanding with the authorities of all countries involved concerning her purpose in coming to the United States would be necessary. Again she prayed. The visa, plus all other permits, came through in an incredible three weeks' time.

Vicki was in a whirl of preparation. Clothes would be a problem, as she had nothing but lightweight summer clothing, suitable for the year-round heat and humidity of Bangkok. Ready or not, she must be on her way.

The sky was big and lonely for this girl traveling alone on the huge jet. Unfortunately, the air was rough, and she was tormented with airsickness all the way. The airport in Tokyo was vast and bewildering. She had a brief stop and a change of planes. With a confusion of tongues around her, she got lost, and barely found her way to the correct loading ramp in time.

Her first introduction to the U.S.A. (in Honolulu) was also a traumatic experience. The plane made a half-hour stop in Honolulu to go through customs. After getting lost again in the airport, she finally made her way to the immigration desk, with passport, visa, and health record ready to present. All seemed to be in order until the officer checked her health record. "Now we need that lung X-ray. You have that with you?" he asked.

With mounting panic she remembered that, indeed, she had the X-ray—packed carefully in her suitcase!

She stammered, "Yes, the X-ray I have in my suitcase. It is on the plane, maybe?"

It seemed imperative that the X-ray be produced. An order to search for her luggage was given. Vicki went

along to assist in the identification. The suitcase simply was not in the designated area. An intensive search went on, and the time for departure drew near. Finally, as time had nearly run out, the suitcase was located, the X-ray produced, and she was on her way.

Vicki's sponsor met her at the airport in San Francisco, and her time of wilderness wandering seemed to be over as she took the next step into college life on a busy campus.

Though she realized that it was impossible to be completely self-sufficient, she sought part-time jobs on campus in order to be as nearly self-supporting as possible.

All went smoothly for the two remaining quarters of the school year. She attacked her studies with singleness of purpose. Her music preparation was adequate. She felt confident that she was on the road at last to the goal of graduation from a Christian college.

After school began the following autumn, her bright future was clouded with uncertainties. Her sponsor's commitment had apparently ended. She knew that her parents, willing and loving as they were, would not be able to help her substantially, for there were two younger sons and a daughter still at home to support, with a missionary salary barely adequate for the basic needs. Vicki stepped again into the unknown, confident that if it was God's will for her to stay in college the money would be provided.

A new threat to her stay in America arose when she was notified that she had to re-register as an alien in Thailand (because of her Chinese citizenship) by a certain deadline. At the time of her hasty exit the preceding winter she had neglected to provide for the alien registration. If it was not taken care of she could not return to Thailand.

Because of her lack of financial guarantee, she was urged to return home before this deadline, lest she never see her family again. An overseas student must have money deposited with the school sufficient for transportation home, so her return fare was available.

A plane reservation was secured for the day of her last final examination of the autumn quarter, just before Christmas. Arrangements were made to take her to the San Francisco airport, and she was told to be ready immediately after her exam.

She had already confided her worries to a teacher friend in the music depart-

ment. They had both been praying that some source of money would be found. This teacher contacted the local Rotary Club, before whom Vicki had played at one of their meetings. There was a hurried consultation, and a welcome decision—the Rotary Club would sponsor Vicki for the next quarter!

A cable sent to her father, asking that he take care of alien registration for her, disposed of that worrisome matter. So she stayed in college. I asked her how she was able to stand the stress of this crisis during exam week. With a serene smile she replied, "I didn't even pack. I was sure something would happen!"

A small scholarship from the SDA Music Guild assisted Vicki another quarter. Interested friends have given occasional help. But always there is only one step visible ahead.

During the past summer she lined up a variety of jobs to save what she could for the ensuing school year. She flitted from the custodial services to the kitchen, to the dormitory office, to housework in the community. It was during her hours working for me at home that I began to learn her story.

Letters from home were always eagerly, happily received. One day Vicki was touched by a letter from her teenage sister, studying in the mission academy in Bangkok. "Would you believe it?" she exclaimed to me. "She enclosed five dollars for me! That was at least her whole week's pay for grading papers at the academy and working Sundays at the hospital office!" It was a genuine sacrifice from a loving younger sister.

Working hard all summer did not provide enough for the required deposits. Vicki had no assurance of acceptance for the coming school year, nor of sources of help sufficient for the first quarter. She was unruffled, confident that "something would happen." Sure enough, with awe in her voice, she tripped into the house and said, "I received a letter from someone at Loma Linda who has heard about me. They sent a check! Why would people who don't even know me want to help?" The check was enough to assure her of beginning the fall quarter. These benefactors wanted her to visit them.

During registration week I talked to her again. She had been to visit these new friends. Yes, everything is fine for the first quarter. Beyond that, she doesn't know. You see, "one step's enough" for Vicki.

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The Youth's Instructor, September 23, 1969

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Lydie, beginning her work at Songa Mission, weighs babies with a hand scale.

Years of the Bonus

by **LYDIE DELHOVE**
as told to **GLADYS PIATT ANSLEY**

PART THREE

AFTER finishing my nurse's course in Switzerland I went in the autumn of 1929 to Charleroi, Belgium, to begin the midwifery course. Three months later the call came for me to be the nurse at Songa Mission Hospital, in the Belgian Congo. The need seemed to be urgent.

My father had been transferred from Ruanda-Urundi and was in charge of the new South Congo Mission Field, living just four kilometers outside of Elisabethville. I would be near my people and in Africa. Yet I was sorry to interrupt my course. Besides class-work, I had to my credit only fourteen deliveries—normal cases under supervision.

I was nearly nineteen that February day in 1930 when I climbed down the steps of the wooden coach of the Cape-to-Elisabethville train after the sea voyage down the west coast of Africa to Cape Town. My father and mother embraced me over and over. For the first time since the trip to Europe from Buganda, Urundi, in 1926, we were united as a family, for Lucy was also home, having returned the year previously from school in France.

Elisabethville was a thriving center for the railroad and for Katanga's copper mines. Much progress had been made in the twelve years since World War I ended. There were smooth,

sandy roads over the wooded savannas of the countryside, so different from the mountain trails I remembered in Ruanda-Urundi. Father had a green-and-black Plymouth convertible for his work. I learned to ride a bicycle during the two months I stayed with them. Also I helped the union president, Claude W. Curtis, in the office and polished up on the bookkeeping I had studied in England.

My father would look at me, fat again after my illness, and remark, "How thankful we are to see you so well! You gave me gray hair, wondering whether we'd ever see you again!"

Just after my nineteenth birthday that May, I went to Songa Mission, some

five hundred miles from Elisabethville, to be a missionary in my own right. Six months later Dr. J. H. Sturges and family left for their furlough. Then I was very much on my own! About that same time my parents also left for their furlough to the Cape (South Africa).

Songa Mission and its school had been established in 1921. The medical work began with Dr. Sturges, who arrived in 1927. With his departure it suddenly came to me how inexperienced and inadequate I was to meet the needs of the people. I was afraid to treat them blindly. My father had some medical books, for he had once taken the Belgian tropical medicine course planned for lay workers in the tropics. I studied diligently to learn more. Among the local African people I found nothing but a wall of prejudice against anything in the way of Western medical ideas.

But there was plenty to do. The mission builder, H. G. S. Pratt, and his wife occupied the director's home while building the new leper colony dispensary. I conducted the daily clinics for minor ailments and also was in charge of the mission books and cash. I learned Swahili and Kiluba and began to understand the people better. But I made little progress in gaining the villagers' confidence—partly because I didn't have much confidence in myself!

A few months later, father and family returned; this time to Songa, for he had been appointed mission director. "Lydie, you are the nurse," he told me. "You do whatever you think you should in the medical department, and I'll uphold your hands." We had opportunity to work out this relationship soon afterward.

Monga Shesheta, the dispenser who had helped Dr. Sturges, was my only African worker. He had no book train-

Dr. Elton Morel, with his family, at Songa Mission, in 1934 or 1935.





Left: Lydie, with the first twins born at Songa Mission. Right: Lydie and sister in Belgium for tropical medicine course.



ing. One day as he was sorting out the patients—schoolboys and mission people, into groups of “coughs,” “wounds,” and “worms”—I saw him talking to some village men. They had come from two miles away wanting help for a woman who had been in labor for five days.

I went on my bicycle and found her labor pains had stopped and the baby was probably dead—a formidable complication even for a doctor. I had delivered normal cases under supervision in Belgium. This was far different. I insisted that the villagers bring her to

the hospital, and on the return journey turned over in my mind how to deliver that baby so we could save the mother. The woman was paralyzed by the long pressure on nerves and had no use of her legs.

At the hospital I tried forceps. But the head was too high. What next? I hunted up my father.

“Papa, I have a difficult case and I can’t deliver with forceps.” I explained what had happened. “I’m going to the house to study; then I may need your help.”

In his old book I found what I was looking for and read what to do—step by step. When I had it clearly in mind I returned to the hospital. Fortunately, the mission hospital had the needed instruments. When all was ready, we knelt in earnest prayer. Well we knew the importance of this mother’s life, not only to her family but also to our mission work. If only I had completed the midwifery course! I resolved to do so at the first opportunity.

It wasn’t possible to save the baby, which had been dead probably for days, but with the Lord’s blessing, the mother’s life was spared. Slowly, as the months went by, she recovered the full use of her legs. In later years I delivered her three times more—normal babies each time.

My first goal was set: completing my midwifery course.

Not long afterward another deficiency in my professional education became evident. The young missionary in charge of a Protestant mission about 85 miles distant sent us an urgent message. His bride of three months was critically ill. I went with my father in his car only to find on arrival that she had died six hours before of blackwater fever.

Then a smallpox epidemic hit. The government assigned us the task of vaccinating villagers in our vicinity. I had never vaccinated before, but I found

out I could learn—and fast! We sent word to the chiefs to have the people ready when we would arrive in their villages. My father and I went from village to village on bicycles, or by car to villages near the road. To the goal to obtain my midwifery certificate I added a second—the Belgian tropical medicine course.

May, 1932, marked the turning point for Songa and for me. Dr. E. L. Morel and his wife, Marion, a registered nurse, arrived from the College of Medical Evangelists in California. The months that followed were an extended nurse’s course—amplified. There was so much to do and so many nursing skills I needed to learn—especially operating-room techniques.

“Well, mademoiselle, are we ready to operate?” asked Dr. Morel.

What a lot of work had made that question possible! Our first operation was on a patient with a simple hernia. I was doctor’s assistant, and Marion gave the anesthetic (ether). All our sterilizing had been done in a pressure cooker on Marion’s stove. Our instruments and gloves were boiled. The operation was a success, and the Africans were duly impressed by the mission doctor who first prayed, then operated.

For my part, I had been encouraging the mission women to come to the hospital to have their babies instead of staying in their huts. It had been their custom to come only if there was nothing else to do—like one right on the mission who stayed in labor for two days before letting us know.

Dr. Morel went to the hut that day. It was the woman’s first baby, and he saw she would need a forceps delivery. Patiently he explained to the attending women that they must bring the patient in. That baby was deeply asphyxiated. With prayer and hard work on our part, it did live. I held the wiggling infant to the window where the anxious relatives had silently waited.



Lydie with Phyllis Ansley at Cape Town.

They erupted into cries of delight and amazement. "*Wa-fwa-ko, Wa-fwa-ko* ["Thank you, Thank you"]," they repeated over and over with jubilant gesticulations.

The groundwork for confidence in our plans for Songa Mission medical work was established.

My work was so absorbing that when my kidney began to give trouble I tried to ignore it. When it got worse Dr. Morel sent me to Elisabethville to have the opinion of the government doctor. Pyelitis before antibiotics and sulfa drugs was a major medical problem. Finally I had to go on sick leave to the Cape for a couple of months. But I made it back in time to help with the birth of Dr. Morel's first child, a son, Elton Stephen. Elaine, the second child, was born a couple of years later. Both were "my" babies, two of many European babies at whose birth I assisted during my years in Africa.

When I had an overseas furlough in 1935 I went to Belgium and took the tropical medicine course. One goal was accomplished.

Back at Songa I had part in the growing mission work. There had been only four maternity cases in 1931. In 1933, Dr. Morel's first full year, there were 44 maternity cases and 57 operations. Each year saw the numbers grow. It was during these busy years that we interrupted the medical work long enough to translate a Bible doctrine series into Kiluba—Dr. Morel, Noah Mokbanza (a Muluba), Pastor Soldier Kanjanga from Nyasaland, and I.

In 1937 the Morels left for overseas furlough and on their return went to Malamulo Mission, Nyasaland. Dr. Olavi Rouhe and his wife, Allene, a registered nurse, with their six-month-old baby, came in the Morels' place. And the busy program continued. In fact, for me, the nurse, it was almost too much, for I still carried the mission books. Of course, there were high lights such as occasional trips, pets like the Rouhes' two monkeys and my two genets. There were always exotic and entertaining animals as pets throughout the years.

Monga Shesheta became more and more useful as he added to his knowledge and skills. Other Africans were beginning to learn also. But we white missionaries were trying to do too much of the work ourselves. I felt my efforts would be more effective if I had that midwifery course.

The opportunity came in October, 1938, when my short furlough was due.

Color Spray

by NINA WILLIS WALTER

Autumn
at her easel
in the deep-piled plush clouds
dropped her palette,
and color sprayed
the woods.

I asked for an extension of time, and at my own expense added the nine extra months needed, and completed the one-year South African midwifery requirements at the Salvation Army's Booth Memorial Hospital in Cape Town.

During that year the Ansleys, missionaries at Malamulo, Nyasaland, were on furlough, and their little girl, Phyllis, was born—one of "my" babies. We couldn't realize then how many times our paths would meet.

I returned to Songa full of plans for the new maternity work, determined to remain there the rest of my life, completely satisfied to have it that way.

But the Lord had other plans for me. I hadn't thought of that possibility, so I wasn't prepared when in April, just four months after my return, disastrous complications followed what should have been a routine operation I had needed. The mission doctor and the doctors in Kamina were puzzled. It seemed to be angina. True, I had been very tired when I finished my midwifery course. Also I had lost much weight and was thin. As the doctors reviewed their findings they reached the conclusion that I must take an extended sick leave, probably permanent!

Was this to be the end of my mission life after only ten years? After all that preparation I was just ready to do my best work. One doctor even told me to sell my uniforms, that I'd never wear them again. A blank wall was in front of me. I couldn't see around it, or beyond, as I prayed to the Lord who had led me thus far. I did not sell my uniforms. I couldn't believe this was the end for me professionally. But neither could I pierce that wall. What would become of me? I wasn't yet thirty.

This is the third installment of a six-part serial. Part four will appear next week.



Lydie (right front) and class of midwives, Booth Memorial Hospital, South Africa.

Hero Below the Hudson

by JAN S. DOWARD

WHEN Peter Woodland ordered the great air-lock door closed that night he actually sealed himself and twenty others for the rest of time, but it opened a way to the glory of real heroism for him. His name may not be found in any of the annals of history's hall of fame. His decision, nevertheless, vaulted him to the summit of selflessness of those who have dared to die for others.

Near the close of the past century digging the first tunnel under the Hudson River was begun in earnest. More than a mile in length, it was to extend from Jersey City to Manhattan. A great shaft was begun at the Jersey City end, and from this deep well, hundreds of feet below the surface of the river, extended the tunnel.

Overhead the river traffic plied the waters, unaware of those toiling far below. Away from the sight of the sun and deaf to the sounds of the harbor bustle, the men silently labored. At first through solid rocks and then into mud and ooze and the treacherous shifting sands the crews worked round the clock. The masons kept close behind the diggers, walling up the whole area with brick, stones, and iron plates. This construction was never more than a few feet from the farthest end of the excavation. Compressed air was constantly forced into the unwallied part, holding up the temporary roof and sides, and it was this that made working conditions so difficult. No man can work for very long in such air.

The shifts were four hours' duration and required the men first to descend the shaft and then pass through the air lock. This was an iron chamber fifteen feet long, fitting so tightly to the sides that no water or air could pass between it and the inner surface of the wall. The whole chamber was moved along as fast as the wall was completed.

At each end was a heavy door with a round pane of thick glass called a bulls-eye. The doors both swung toward the unfinished end of the tunnel and when closed the air could be forced into the chamber, making it the same density as the compressed air at the unfinished end.

Peter Woodland, a soft-spoken Dane in charge of the midnight shift, had been in this country only nine years. Humble and patient with his men, he was the epitome of an ideal foreman. His decisions were always respected. This night they would have to be. Destiny was about to alter the routine below the Hudson. Both hands moved together on the face of the construction yard clock, and twenty-seven men, led by Peter, descended the ladder for their excavation time. Walking through the finished portion of the tunnel, they came to the dimly lighted entrance to the air lock.

Once inside, Peter ordered the door closed and the air pressure on. He watched the gauge, and when the proper density had been reached he nodded and the door was opened for the men to enter their work area.

The night's procedure was no different than any night before. It would never be the same again. The four hours inched by, and it was time for their early morning lunch break. A few of the men had already dropped their picks and were starting for the air lock. Peter was standing near the open door when it happened.

Suddenly an ominous sizzling sound filled the tunnel. Not far from the door a jet of water shot between the iron plates. Peter leaped toward it and cried, "All hands to stop this leak!"

It was too late. One of the plates had been misplaced, and the water poured through in a torrent. Peter stood there with both hands pushing as hard as he could against the plates. He

could have been the first through the air-lock door, saving himself, but realizing that he could not hold back the water, he quickly pushed the men through ahead of him. As fast as they came up he would shove them into the air lock.

Seven were already in the chamber, but as the eighth reached the door one of the heavy iron plates above it fell and killed the man instantly. His body slammed against the entrance while the plate rested against the door in such a manner as to close it within a few inches. Not another man could pass through.

Peter and the nineteen remaining were trapped. The river, already pouring in over the body of their dead companion, was fast filling the tunnel. There was no time to lose, even for those in the air lock. The pressure against the upper door was so strong that it was impossible to open.

"Stop up the doorway with your coats!" shouted Peter.

The men had left their coats in the air lock, and these they began using to seal off the jammed door. This was not enough. The seven pulled off their shirts and stuffed these into the crack, too. The water continued to pour into the now almost-half-filled air lock. Unless they could open the other door they still would drown like rats in a hole.

Then they heard the muffled voice of Peter again. "Break out the bulls-eye in the upper door. Kick it out!"

The men in the air lock watched him through the lower bulls-eye as he gave his last order. The water was already to his chin.

"Break it! It's your only chance. If you're saved, do what you can for the rest of us."

The men broke the upper bulls-eye, releasing the compressed air. The door opened easily, but sent them scurrying down the tunnel in mad flight. Amid the deafening roar of rushing water and escaping air they raced for the ladder. In breathless haste they scrambled to safety.

Once on top they looked back. The tunnel was full. The waters of the Hudson lapped at the rungs of the ladder in an ugly testimony to the twenty-one remaining who would never return. The seven owed their lives to the presence of mind of Peter Woodland. And there, safe above the engineering failure of the first attempt to tunnel the Hudson, could be written on the top rung the simple epitaph, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General
Conference Sabbath School Department

SEPTEMBER 27, 1969

SENIOR

XIII—"Be Ye Perfect"

MEMORY VERSE: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" (Matt. 5:48).

STUDY HELPS: *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 95-102; *Steps to Christ*, pp. 43-48, 67-75; *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, 1956 ed., pp. 76-78 (1943 ed., pp. 116-118); *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

Importance of the Command

1. After Adam and Eve sinned, what sudden realization came to them? Gen. 3:7.

NOTE.—The first record of man's creation reads: "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him" (Gen. 1:27). A perfect creation! A perfect being! But sin marred man's perfect life; it caused him to lose his perfect character.

"The eyes of them both were opened. What irony lies in these words, which record the fulfillment of Satan's ambiguous promise! The eyes of their intellect were open—they realized that they were no longer innocent. Their physical eyes were opened—they saw that they were naked.

"And made themselves aprons. Standing ashamed in each other's presence, they sought to evade the disgrace of their nakedness. Their fig-leaf aprons were a pitiful substitute for the radiant garments of innocence they had forfeited."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Gen. 3:7.

2. In the Sermon on the Mount, what standard did Jesus uphold before His hearers? Matt. 5:48.

NOTE.—"The word 'therefore' implies a conclusion, an inference from what has gone before. Jesus has been describing to His hearers the unfailing mercy and love of God, and He bids them therefore to be perfect. . . .

"The conditions of eternal life, under grace, are just what they were in Eden—perfect righteousness, harmony with God, perfect conformity to the principles of His law. The standard of character presented in the Old Testament is the same that is presented in the New Testament. This standard is not one to which we cannot attain. In every command or injunction that God gives, there is a promise, the most positive, underlying the command. God has made provision that we may become like unto Him, and He will accomplish this for all who do not interpose a perverse will and thus frustrate His grace."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 76.

3. How did Paul express his feeling regarding perfection? Phil. 3:12-14.

NOTE.—It is most dangerous to sit at ease and say, "I have reached perfection." With Paul we must say, "I count not myself to have apprehended: . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3:13, 14). Those who boast of their perfection are as imperfect as were the Pharisees in the days of Christ. It was Spurgeon who said, "He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I never saw a perfect

man. Every rose has its thorns and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. And faults of some kind nestle in every bosom."

Means of Attaining Perfection

4. In what way does God evaluate a man's true character? 1 Sam. 16:7. Compare Rom. 14:17.

NOTE.—In all the illustrations Christ shows that in the kingdom to be established it is the inner attitude and motive that will determine perfection of character and not that which appears on the outside. It is human to look on outward appearances and divine to look into the heart.

We read: "The Jews were toiling wearily to become righteous by their own efforts, to earn salvation by works. But in their scrupulous legalism they paid so much attention to the minute details of the letter of the law that they lost sight completely of its spirit. . . . In the Sermon on the Mount Christ sought to turn their attention from the husks to the wheat. They had made the law an end in itself, something to be kept for its own sake, and had forgotten that its purpose was to lift their gaze to the high ideals of supreme love toward God and self-sacrificing love toward ones fellowmen. . . . The rabbis taught that righteousness consists in having an excess of good deeds over evil deeds to one's account in heaven.

"It is important to note the relationship between vs. 48 and 45 (ch. 5), for to be 'children of your Father which is in heaven' (v. 45) is equivalent to being 'perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect' (v. 48)."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Matt. 5:48.

5. What initial step is essential in order to obtain perfection? Matt. 16:24, 25. Compare Matt. 10:37, 38; 26:39 (last part).

NOTE.—"When one surrenders to Christ, the mind is brought under the control of the law; but it is the royal law, which proclaims liberty to every captive. By becoming one with Christ, man is made free. Subjection to the will of Christ means restoration to perfect manhood."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 131.

6. What does God's Word do for us in the development of a perfect character? 2 Tim. 3:16, 17.

7. What does James admonish us to do in order to reach perfection? James 1:4.

8. How does the writer of the book of Hebrews suggest that we develop perfection? Heb. 6:1. Compare Mark 4:28.

NOTE.—"Sanctification is not the work of a moment, an hour, a day, but of a lifetime. It is not gained by a happy flight of feeling, but is the result of constantly dying to sin, and constantly living for Christ. Wrongs cannot be righted nor reformations wrought in the character by feeble, intermittent efforts. It is only by long, persevering effort, sore discipline, and stern conflict, that we shall overcome. We know not one day how strong will be our conflict the next. So long as Satan reigns, we shall have self to subdue, besetting sins to overcome; so long as life shall last, there will be no stopping place, no point which we can reach and say, I have fully attained. Sanctification is the result

of life-long obedience."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 560, 561.

9. What takes place in the lives of those who behold Christ? 2 Cor. 3:18.

NOTE.—"The contemplation of the image of Christ acts upon the moral and spiritual nature as the presence of God did upon the face of Moses. The humblest Christian who constantly looks to Christ as his Redeemer will reflect in his own life something of the glory of Christ. If he faithfully continues to do so, he will go on 'from glory to glory' in his personal Christian experience. . . .

"From glory to glory. This transformation is progressive. It advances from one stage of glory to another. Our spiritual assimilation of Christ comes through His glory and results in a reflection of glory like unto His."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on 2 Cor. 3:18.

Perfection to Become a Reality

10. In whom is perfection of character realized? Col. 2:9, 10. Compare 2 Peter 1:4-8.

NOTE.—Goodspeed renders Colossians 2:9, 10 thus: "It is in Him [Christ] that all the fullness of God's nature lives embodied, and in union with Him you too are filled with it." *

"The Scriptures teach us to seek for the sanctification to God of body, soul, and spirit. In this work we are to be laborers together with God. Much may be done to restore the moral image of God in man, to improve the physical, mental, and moral capabilities. Great changes can be made in the physical system by obeying the laws of God and bringing into the body nothing that defiles. And while we cannot claim perfection of the flesh, we may have Christian perfection of the soul. Through the sacrifice made in our behalf, sins may be perfectly forgiven. Our dependence is not in what man can do; it is in what God can do for man through Christ. When we surrender ourselves wholly to God, and fully believe, the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin. The conscience can be freed from condemnation. Through faith in His blood, all may be made perfect in Christ Jesus. Thank God that we are not dealing with impossibilities. We may claim sanctification. We may enjoy the favor of God. We are not to be anxious about what Christ and God think of us, but about what God thinks of Christ, our Substitute. Ye are accepted in the Beloved. The Lord shows, to the repenting, believing one, that Christ accepts the surrender of the soul, to be molded and fashioned after His own likeness."—*Selected Messages*, book 2, pp. 32, 33.

11. What is Christ's ideal for His church? Eph. 5:25-27.

12. What will be the condition of the church at the coming of Christ? 1 John 3:2.

NOTE.—"When this work shall have been accomplished, the followers of Christ will be ready for His appearing. 'Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old, and as in former years.' Malachi 3:4. Then the church which our Lord at His coming is to receive to Himself will be a 'glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.' Ephesians 5:27. Then she will look 'forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.' Song of Solomon 6:10."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 425.

"Christ will clothe His faithful ones with His own righteousness, that He may present them to His Father 'a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.' Ephesians 5:27. Their names stand enrolled in the book of life, and concerning them it is written: 'They shall walk with Me in white: for they are worthy.' Revelation 3:4.

"Thus will be realized the complete fulfillment of the new-covenant promise: 'I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more.' 'In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found.' Jeremiah 31:34; 50:20."—*Ibid.*, pp. 484, 485.

* From Smith and Goodspeed, *The Complete Bible: An American Translation*. Copyright 1939 by the University of Chicago.

KEY WIT SHARPENERS

GENESIS; AGELESS; PAGEANT; DUNGEON;
AVENGER; MESSAGE.

XIII—Attaining God's High Standard

MEMORY GEM: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3:13, 14).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 95-102; *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, chapter, "The Spirituality of the Law," sec. "Be ye therefore perfect . . ." pp. 76-78 (1956 ed.), pp. 116-118 (1943 ed.); *Steps to Christ*, chapters, "Consecration" and "Growing Up Into Christ"; *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

STUDY AIM: To review God's provisions for enabling us to reach "the mark."

Introduction

"God Himself is the only Pattern of the perfection which He recommends to His children. The words are very emphatic: 'Ye shall be therefore perfect'—you shall be filled with the spirit of that God whose name is Mercy, and whose nature is love. These words of our Lord include both a *command* and a *promise*. Can we be fully saved from sin in this world? This is an important question, to which this text gives a satisfactory answer. 'Ye shall be perfect, as your Father, who is in heaven, is perfect.' As in His infinite nature there is no sin, nothing but goodness and love, so in your finite nature there shall dwell no sin, for the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus

shall make you free from the law of sin and death. . . . God shall live in, fill, and rule your hearts; and in what He fills and influences, neither Satan nor sin can have any part. But where is the person thus saved? Wherever he is found who loves God with all his heart, soul, mind, and strength, and his neighbor as himself."—*ADAM CLARKE, Commentary on the Holy Bible*, on Matt. 5:48, pp. 776, 777.

1—The High Standard

1. What realization suddenly came to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden? Gen. 3:7.

"The eyes of them both were opened. What irony lies in these words, which record the fulfillment of Satan's ambiguous promise! The eyes of their intellect were opened—they realized that they were no longer innocent. Their physical eyes were opened—they saw that they were naked."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Gen. 3:7.

2. What high standard did Jesus set forth in His sermon on the mount? Matt. 5:48.

"The word 'therefore' implies a conclusion, an inference from what has gone before. Jesus has been describing to His hearers the unfailing mercy and love of God, and He bids them therefore to be perfect. Because your heavenly Father 'is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil,' because He has stooped to lift you up, therefore, said Jesus, you may become like Him in character, and stand without fault in the presence of men and angels."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 76.

3. What was Paul's attitude about the goal toward which he was striving? Phil. 3:12-15.

It is most dangerous to sit at ease and say, I have reached perfection. With Paul we must say, "I count not myself to have apprehended: . . . I press toward the mark" (Phil. 3:13, 14). Those who boast of their perfection are as imperfect as were the Pharisees in the days of Christ. It was Spurgeon who said, "He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I never saw a perfect man. Every rose has its thorns, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. And faults of some kind nestle in every bosom." James White once remarked, "Show me the man that never makes a mistake, and I will show you a man who should be in heaven."

2—Means Provided for Attaining Perfection

4. How is character evaluated by God? 1 Sam. 16:7; Rom. 14:17.

"God sees not as man sees. He lays out the work that He would have done, and you do not know which will prosper, this or that. It will be found that many such poor souls will go into the kingdom, while others, who are favored with all the blessings of life, having good intellects and pleasant surroundings, giving them all the advantages of improvement, will be left out."—*Testimonies*, vol. 2, p. 11.

5. What is the first step that must be taken in order to attain perfection? Matt. 16:24, 25. Compare Matt. 10:37, 38.

"The would-be disciple must first renounce himself, his own plans, his own desires; then he must be willing to bear any cross that duty calls him to 'take up'; finally, he must 'follow' in the footsteps of Jesus. . . . To 'follow' Jesus is to pattern our lives after His life, and to serve God and our fellow men, as He did."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Matt. 16:24.

6. What part does the word of God have in the work of developing a Christian character? 2 Tim. 3:16, 17.

"We need no other evidence in order to judge of men's sanctification; if they are fearful lest they shall not obey the whole will of God, if they are listening diligently to His voice, trusting in His wisdom, and making His Word the man of their counsel, then, while they make no boasts of superior goodness, we may be sure that they are seeking to attain to perfection of Christian character."—*Ibid.*, Ellen G. White Comments, on John 17:17, p. 1147.

7. What did the apostle Paul say the word of God was able to do for the believer? Acts 20:32.

"As a means of intellectual training, the Bible is more effective than any

The Youth's Instructor, September 23, 1969

Recipe of the Week

LEEEKS WITH OLIVE SAUCE

VEGETABLE ENCORE

Yield: 4½ cups

3 cups leeks cut in 1-in. pieces
1½ cups boiling water
3 tbsp. olive oil
1 tbsp. flour
1 tbsp. oil or margarine

1 cup water from cooked leeks
1 tbsp. tomato paste
Sugar and lemon to taste
8 washed olives

1. Cook leeks in boiling water. Drain, save water.
2. Heat olive oil and add leeks.
3. Make sauce of flour, oil, and leek water.
4. Add tomato paste, sugar and lemon to taste, and blend smooth.
5. Add cooked leeks and olives, cover and cook 15 minutes.

COURTESY, SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST DIETETIC ASSOCIATION

other book, or all other books combined. . . .

"And even greater is the power of the Bible in the development of the spiritual nature. Man, created for fellowship with God, can only in such fellowship find his real life and development. Created to find in God his highest joy, he can find in nothing else that which can quiet the cravings of the heart, can satisfy the hunger and thirst of the soul. He who with sincere and teachable spirit studies God's Word, seeking to comprehend its truths, will be brought in touch with its Author; and, except by his own choice, there is no limit to the possibilities of his development."—*Education*, pp. 124, 125.

8. What attribute does James mention as an aid to perfection? James 1:4.

"The meaning may best be expressed thus; 'Let patient endurance continue until it has completed its task.' . . .

"Not a single desirable character trait is to be lacking; each is to be developed to perfection. These two words together suggest the fullest possible attainment of the Christlike life. Patient endurance will help us fulfill this task of reproducing the character of Christ, which is the 'work' God has given us to do."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on James 1:4.

9. What is the nature of the process by which the soul moves toward perfection? Heb. 6:1. Compare Mark 4:28.

"Sanctification is not the work of a moment, an hour, a day, but of a lifetime. It is not gained by a happy flight of feeling, but is the result of constantly dying to sin, and constantly living for Christ. Wrongs cannot be righted nor reformations wrought in the character by feeble, intermittent efforts. It is only by long, persevering effort, sore discipline, and stern conflict that we shall overcome. We know not one day how strong will be our conflict the next. So long as Satan reigns, we shall have self to subdue, besetting sins to overcome; so long as life shall last, there will be no stopping place, no point which we can reach and say, I have fully attained. Sanctification is the result of lifelong obedience."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 560, 561.

10. What takes place in the lives of those who behold Jesus? 2 Cor. 3:18.

"We must not lay off the armor or leave the battlefield until we have gained the victory, and can triumph in our Redeemer. As long as we continue to keep our eyes fixed upon the Author and Finisher of our faith, we shall be safe. But our affections must be placed upon things above, not on things of the earth. By faith we must rise higher and still higher in the attainment of the graces of Christ. By daily contemplating His matchless charms, we must grow more and more into His glorious image. While

we thus live in communion with Heaven, Satan will lay his nets for us in vain."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 104.

3—Perfection to Become a Reality

11. What assurance is given those who seek complete sanctification? 1 Thess. 5:23, 24.

"Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it.' Walk the narrow plank of faith. Trust all on the promises of the Lord. Trust God in darkness. That is the time to have faith. But you often let feeling govern you. You look for worthiness in yourselves when you do not feel comforted by the Spirit of God, and despair because you cannot find it. You do not trust enough in Jesus, precious Jesus. . . . It is Jesus' worthiness that will save you, His blood that will cleanse you."—*Testimonies*, vol. 1, p. 167.

12. What does Peter admonish the follower of Jesus to do? 2 Peter 3:18.

"How is it possible that we may grow in grace? It is possible to us only as we empty our hearts of self, and present them to Heaven, to be molded after the divine Pattern. We may have a connection with the living channel of light; we may be refreshed with the heavenly dew, and have the showers of Heaven descend upon us. As we appropriate the blessing of God, we shall be able to receive greater measures of His grace. As we learn to endure as seeing Him who is invisible, we shall become changed into the image of Christ. The grace of Christ will not make us proud, cause us to be lifted up in self, but we shall become meek and lowly in heart."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on 2 Peter 3:18, p. 947.

13. What is Jesus able to do for every believer? Jude 24.

"There will be a relinking of the family chain. When we look upon our dead, we may think of the morning when the trump of God shall sound, when 'the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.' A little longer, and we shall see the King in His beauty. A little longer, and He will wipe all tears from our eyes. A little longer, and He will present us 'faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.' Jude 24."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 632.

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

Am I growing in grace daily? Am I looking forward and not back, up and not down? Do I have my eyes on the prize, on the mark of the high calling? Am I availing myself of the help that Heaven offers to enable me to be successful in the race?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but next to heart disease, emphysema accounts for more Social Security disability payments than any other health problem. In 1960, 10,714 persons died of emphysema. By 1964 the deaths had almost doubled to 18,558. No drugs will cure it, no surgical operation will fully repair the lungs that emphysema damages. Once you contract it you can't get rid of it. When emphysema, a Greek word meaning "overinflation," hits, it breaks down tissues in the lungs, expanding the lungs' air sacs. The lung, according to the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, "tends to lose its elasticity and cannot be contracted to perform the gas exchange effectively. A very large quantity of the air sacs become bloated with air that is trapped in them. In the process, they lose their spongy resilience and are unable to function." Recent studies indicate a definite link between smoking and emphysema.

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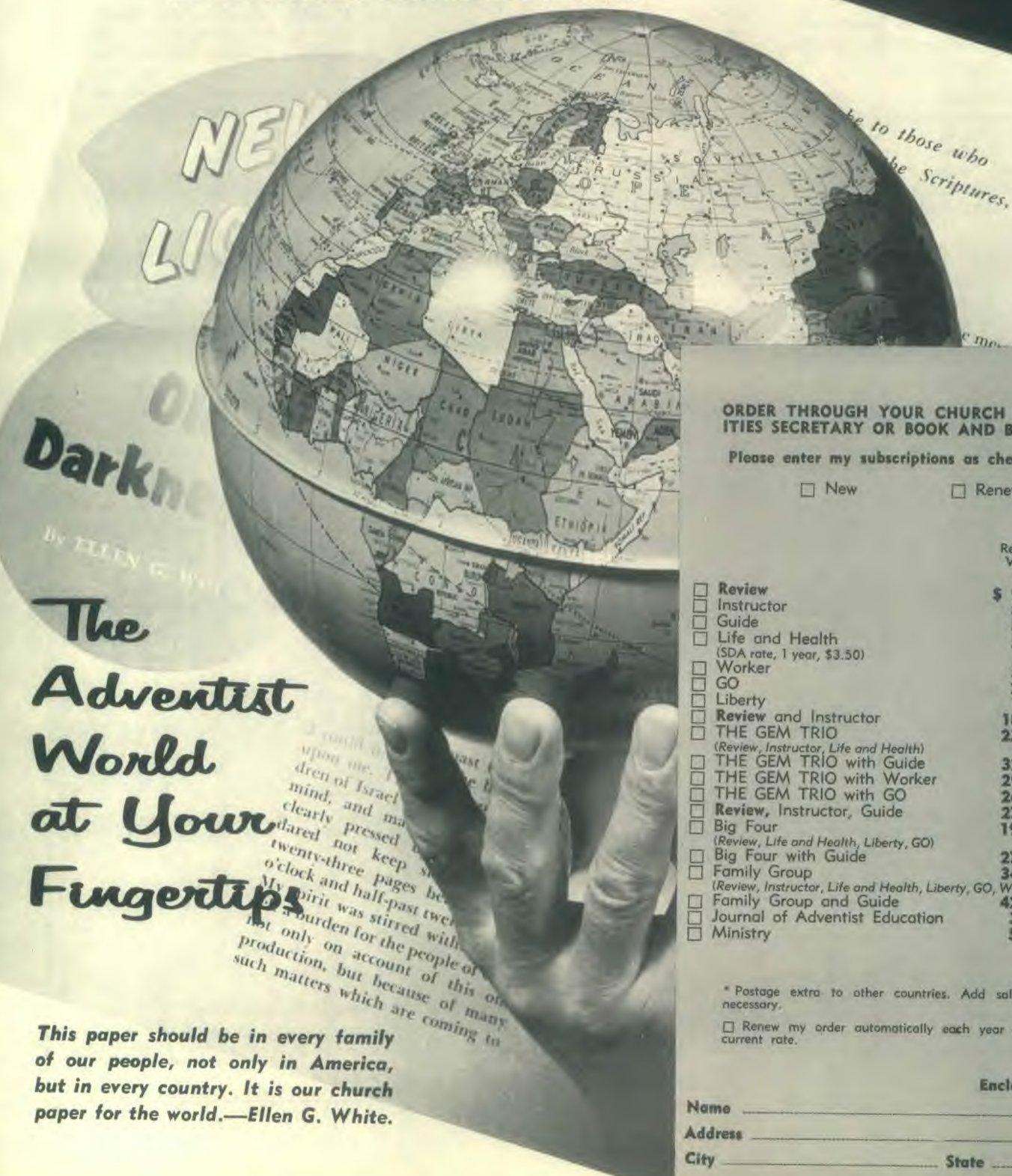
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► Fiji, the British colony in the South Pacific, has converted to decimal currency. The former Fiji pound is now \$F2.00. One shilling is 10 cents.

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► Now the largest industrial complex between Paris and Moscow, West Berlin stands 104 miles inside East Germany—a 186-square-mile island in the Eastern sector of Germany.

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► By 1972 Turkey plans to have a six-lane, mile-long suspension bridge across the Bosphorus. The span will link Ortakoy on the European side of the strait to Beylerbeyi in Asia. Both are suburbs of Istanbul.

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► In the heart of the Kansas grass country, a small concrete marker designates the geodetic center of North America. Located on private land near Lucas, the marker provides the beginning reference point for all property lines throughout the United States, Mexico, and Canada.

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► Though only two thirds the size of Maryland, the Arab sheikdom of Kuwait ranks sixth among world oil producers. Its crude-oil reserves are an estimated 10 billion tons or more, about 15 per cent of the world supply. At last count, annual oil revenues stood at \$759,000,000—or \$122,855 for each square mile of the country.

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► By looking at the 12-foot-high-mound homes of *Meridionalis* termites, which always point north and south, travelers in the Australian outback can set their course.

National Geographic Society

► All of Italy's city of Venice, including hundreds of marble palaces, turreted churches, and chic boutiques, stands on thick planks and stone foundations supported by thousands of wooden piles. Slowly—perhaps eight inches a century—the piles are sinking into mud. At the same time, melting polar ice caps raise the sea about four inches a century. The combined forces cause Venetian buildings to sink at the rate of about one story each thousand years.

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► Every second, four million tons of solar hydrogen transforms itself into radiant energy that floods into space. Yet the sun is so huge that it can continue to consume itself at this rate for billions of years.

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► New York City is studying a plan to build an airport in the ocean with its garbage. According to one estimate, a single year's supply would be enough to build an island with a runway 200 feet wide and 12,000 feet long.

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► So great is the difference between lighted and shadowed spots on the moon that an unprotected person would burn in the searing sunlight or freeze quickly in the shadow of a rock.

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► Made of bolted iron girders and standing 984 feet high, plus a 20-foot TV antenna, the Eiffel Tower grows seven inches on a sunny summer day.

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► Oldest governor's mansion flying the United States flag is the residence of Puerto Rico's governor in San Juan.

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► Biologists estimate that there are 25,000 species of fish.

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► At the deepest part of the ocean, the pressure is nearly seven tons per square inch—almost a thousand times the atmospheric pressure on the surface.

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► South Korea's average farm measures 1.3 acres.

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► Covering one third of the globe, the Pacific Ocean is so huge that it could swallow the seven continents.

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► In actuality the average "lead" pencil consists of a combination of Bavarian clay and Madagascar graphite.

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► The integrated circuit, a microminiature marvel, packs an entire electronic circuit of transistors and related components into a single speck of silicon.

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► The first Suez canal was dug 3,500 years ago. It was 53 miles long, connecting the Nile River town of Zagazig with the Great Bitter Lake, then the head of the Gulf of Suez on the Red Sea.

National Geographic Society

► Measuring 20 miles in circumference, the Haleakala crater on the Hawaiian Island of Maui could hold almost all of Manhattan. Even the tallest skyscrapers would not rise above the edge.

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► Before electronic computers appeared, a British meteorologist envisioned a "weather factory" with 64,000 human computers making the calculations necessary to forecast weather by mathematical formula.

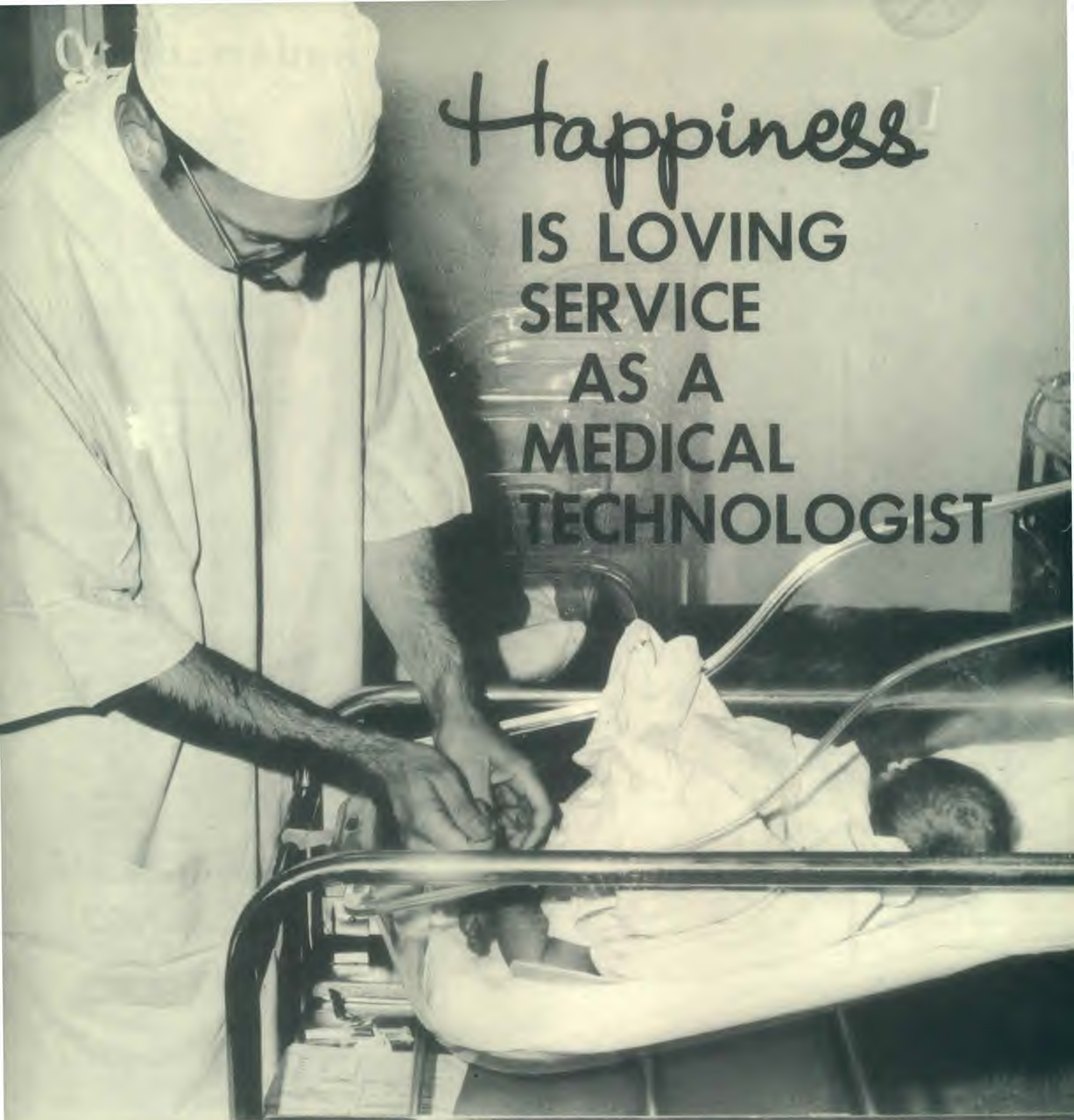
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► Northern Ireland, commonly called Ulster after an ancient Gaelic kingdom named Uladh, is a self-governing country within the United Kingdom. When Ireland was separated by the British Parliament in 1920, six of Ulster's nine counties remained with England; three joined the Irish Republic.

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