

*GOING SOMEWHERE?*  
SEE PAGE FIFTEEN

THE PENTECOSTAL  
**evangel**

NOT BY MIGHT, NOR BY POWER, BUT BY MY SPIRIT SAITH THE LORD

INTERNATIONAL EDITION

I had lost

everything—

my wife and sons,  
my medical practice,  
my friends—

because of drug addiction.

But

God broke my bondage.

# I was hooked on drugs

**N**INE YEARS OF DRUG ABUSE had taken a tragic toll in my personal and professional life. The climax of my agony and humiliation came on a spring morning in 1965 when two deputy sheriffs entered my clinic, put handcuffs on me, and carted me off to the locked ward of a federal hospital.

As the car sped toward the hospital, my tortured mind relived the pattern of life that had brought me to this agonizing moment.

My experience with alcohol and drugs, like that of most people, began innocently enough. My wife Ann and I began to drink socially while I was in college. While taking my internship in Atlanta, I often worked until midnight and then drove to west Tennessee to see my father who was ill. I began taking amphetamines (“pep” pills) to stay awake, and grew to like the feeling of exhilaration they brought.

Like many users of amphetamines, I began to combine their use with barbiturates such as pentobarbital in order to sleep or in an attempt to reach a level of “good feel-

ings.” I was to learn from experience that this is an extremely dangerous practice.

As my addiction progressed, I took stronger drugs and went from oral doses to injections—which acted faster. In addition to amphetamines and barbiturates, I took narcotics such as demerol and morphine. I went from one injection a day to several a day, and, ultimately, to several shots an hour.

My painful reverie was interrupted as the sheriff’s car pulled into a special entrance of the neuropsychiatric hospital. I was promptly taken to a locked ward with all types of addicts and sex offenders.

I deeply resented being hauled off to the hospital like a criminal, but my new associations in the locked ward served to remind me how low I had sunk.

During my idle moments in the ward, my thoughts often drifted back to 1956 when I opened a clinic in a small town in west Tennessee. Drugs had not yet become a problem for me, but I owed lots of money and there were many pressures connected with establishing my practice.

My wife and I seemed to fall right in with the worldly clique in the town’s society and we took part in their wild parties. This style of life did not satisfy us, however, and I found myself turning to drugs more and more frequently. As my use of drugs increased over the next two years, my practice fell off and my erratic behavior began to cause problems at home. My wife and three young sons were suffering from my neglect.

I moved my practice to another small town, but my patients soon detected that “something is wrong with the doctor.” Like a true addict, I came to live for the next injection. I would interrupt treatment of patients to slip away for a shot. Sometimes I left on house calls and never arrived, at times awakening in a stupor the next morning on the road or in the woods.

I sometimes went to sleep while driving or had hallucinations at the wheel. This resulted in several major accidents which tore up three of my cars and nearly took my life. I couldn’t understand how I survived these accidents, but even then I suspected that God had His hand on my life.

By the time we moved to Saltillo, Tennessee, in 1962,

Dr. Howard Thomas relaxes in the office of his Saltillo clinic.





By **HOWARD W. THOMAS, M.D.** / *Saltillo, Tennessee*

my narcotics license had been revoked and I was in danger of losing my license to practice medicine. A crisis was also brewing in my homelife. I desperately wanted to be a decent husband and a real father to my growing boys, but I found myself spending less and less time at home. I finally moved out of our house and began to sleep in the office. A short time later Ann took the boys and went to live with her mother.

In spite of all my heartaches, I felt helpless to break my bonds. My addiction grew steadily worse from 1962 to the day in 1965 when I was committed to the hospital.

The hospital was like a prison. To get out of the locked ward for a while each Sunday, I attended a church service conducted by one of the hospital chaplains. In one of these services God planted the seeds of a new life in my heart. A chaplain talked about the power of Jesus in a way that had never got through to me before. He made Christ sound alive and real, and his witness started me to thinking that maybe Jesus Christ could set me free.

**Dr. Thomas teaches a Bible class at his church, the Trinity Tabernacle Assembly of God, Decaturville, Tennessee.**



After my release several weeks later, I returned to my dwindling practice. But I knew that it was just a matter of time until I reached for another injection. With my family gone and my practice failing, there was more of a vacuum in my life than ever before.

At the urging of a persistent friend who delivered freight to my office, I reluctantly agreed to attend a laymen's church retreat in North Carolina. I had been a nominal church member for years so I thought I knew what to expect at the conference. I was wrong.

The men who rode a chartered bus with me to the mountain retreat were different from most people I knew. They were full of joy and they discussed the Scriptures in a natural way. They talked about witnessing for Jesus at their work. When we stopped along the road, the men talked to waitresses and gas station attendants about Jesus. It was clear that they really knew the Lord like the chaplain at the hospital.

Shortly after arriving at the retreat grounds, a group of men asked me to join them for an informal prayer meeting in one of the cabins. I could only stand and watch them as they prayed, but my heart was strangely warmed. I was deeply touched by the prayer of a young man who prayed for his separated parents to be saved and reunited. I could see my own sons—Jimmy, Bobby, and Joey—in this youth. How contrite I felt over my failure as a husband and father.

I was deeply disturbed when the prayer meeting was over. I could see clearly that these men had what I wanted and desperately needed—but I wasn't sure how to receive it. In misery of soul I prayed alone all night, but I did not find peace.

As I walked across the grounds the next morning, I saw some of the men who had been with me in the prayer meeting the night before. My heart was crying out for help, but I didn't say anything. A plumber, sensing my need, placed his hand on my shoulder and said gently, "Doctor, would you like to be saved?"

"More than anything else in the world," I told him.

Several of the men knelt with me under a water oak tree, and we prayed until Christ's peace and power came into my soul. For the first time Jesus became real to me, and I knew that my chains were broken!

I returned home a few days later with a new joy and a new sense of mission. I was eager to start telling people how Jesus could change a human life. I was particularly anxious to visit my wife and children and tell them what had happened.

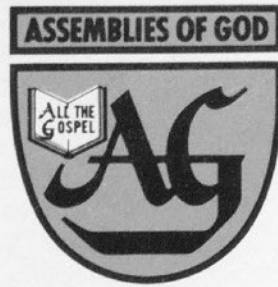
Ann was skeptical about my "change" and would not return to me. She reminded me that she had filed for divorce.

Shocked and disappointed, I returned home and tried to salvage my practice. I knew it would take time to regain the confidence of the community, but I was determined to let them know that Christ had given me new power for living. I began each day with the simple prayer, "Lord, help me to get through this day without drugs." I tried to witness as well as I could and began to get invitations to give my testimony to churches in the area. This was a new role for me as I had never liked any type of public speaking.

I sorely missed my family and longed to give them the

*(Continued on page 13)*

# Declaring All the Gospel



OUR HEAVENLY FATHER does not want His children to have empty, frustrated hearts. The Bible says that God sent His Son into the world "that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly" (John 10:10).

This is life at its fullest—Life with a capital "L"—but unfortunately many Christian people are not enjoying it. They may be affluent in worldly goods but they are below the poverty level in spirit. They believe in Jesus as Saviour, but their Christianity is more a duty than a delight.

They have only a fractional salvation instead of the full salvation God wants them to have. They are still bound by sinful habits, often gloomy in spirit and sick in body. They have never received the full gospel which includes deliverance from all evil, healing of the body, and the bright hope of Christ's return. (For other points in the full gospel, see the "Statement of Faith" that appears on this page.)

God wants His people to have the whole gospel. He wants His Church to preach everything that is in the Bible, as did the apostle Paul who could say, "I have not shunned to declare unto you *all* the counsel of God" (Acts 20:27). Writing to a different congregation, the apostle spoke of living "in the *fullness* of the blessing of the gospel of Christ" (Romans 15:29). On another occasion he exhorted his followers to be "*filled with all the fullness of God*" (Ephesians 3:19). This is God's desire for all His children today—that they might be full of joy, full of faith, full of good works, and full of the Holy Spirit.

This God-filled life came to 120 disciples of Jesus on the Day of Pentecost when "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance" (Acts 2:4). There were women in the group, as well as men, and every one was filled with God that day. This Spirit-filled company became the nucleus of the Christian church.

The spiritual infusion they received from heaven was quite a "happening." It caused such a stir that 3,000 other people were converted to Christ before nightfall. These 3,000 were not pagans. They were Jewish pilgrims who had come to Jerusalem to worship God—but nothing in their religious experience could compare with what they saw and heard that day. Here was life—the life their hearts thirsted after. Here was power—the power their spirits were longing for. Here was a miracle performed before their eyes—the miracle of ordinary men and women being filled with God, set aglow with a heavenly hope, transfixed with a radiant joy. It was an experience that really "turned them on."

Today, as then, mere religion does not satisfy. The human heart wants something real. It wants the full life these first Christians had. What love they showed one for another. What simplicity of faith. What zeal for Christ's kingdom. What they had was real.

As Stephen explained to the wide-eyed leaders of Judaism who were so proud of their beautiful temple: "The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands" (Acts 7:48). No, He dwells in human bodies. He will dwell in all who yield themselves to Him.

What the world needs now is not more cathedrals—not more beautiful church buildings—but more men and women who will permit their minds, their spirits, their bodies to be filled with the Holy Spirit. Every believer may know the inexpressible joy of being filled with God as were those first Christians at Pentecost.

—r.c.c.

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WE BELIEVE the Bible to be the inspired and only infallible and authoritative Word of God. WE BELIEVE that there is one God, eternally existent in three persons: God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. WE BELIEVE in the deity of our Lord Jesus Christ, in His virgin birth, in His sinless life, in His miracles, in His vicarious and atoning death, in His bodily resurrection, in His ascension to the right hand of the Father, and in His personal future return to this earth in power and glory to rule a thousand years. WE BELIEVE in the Blessed Hope, which is the Rapture of the Church at Christ's coming. WE BELIEVE that the only means of being cleansed from sin is through repentance and faith in the precious blood of Christ. WE BELIEVE that regeneration by the Holy Spirit is absolutely essential for personal salvation. WE BELIEVE that the redemptive work of Christ on the cross provides healing of the human body in answer to believing prayer. WE BELIEVE that the baptism of the Holy Spirit, according to Acts 2:4, is given to believers who ask for it. WE BELIEVE in the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit by whose indwelling the Christian is enabled to live a holy life. WE BELIEVE in the resurrection of both the saved and the lost, the one to everlasting life and the other to everlasting damnation.

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# HE TOUCHED ME!

PERSONAL TESTIMONIES FROM TWO WHO RECENTLY DISCOVERED  
THAT WHEN CHRIST TOUCHED THEIR BODIES, THE SICKNESS DEPARTED



## Lutheran healed of arthritis and other ailments

I KNOW GOD LIVES and is always present. On the night of November 4, 1969, He became very real to me.

As a result of an automobile accident more than five years ago, I had surgery to remove three discs from my neck and to fuse bones from my hips in their place. I also had arthritis in my feet, hands, and neck. I had constant pain due to muscle, ligament, and nerve damage in the neck and back, as well as from the arthritis. I was taking an average of 12 pills a day to calm my nerves, aid circulation, and make the pain bearable.

At the invitation of the Fred Johnsons, our beloved neighbors, my wife Alice and I attended special meetings at Central Assembly. We both responded to the invitation to go to the altar to pray. Evangelist Ron Wahlrobe asked those who needed healing to come to be anointed and prayed for, with the laying on of hands.

Evangelist Wahlrobe explained there is a difference between expecting to be healed and accepting the Lord's healing. I told him I understood and accepted His healing. It had been my prayer for several years that I would receive strength so I could once again support my family and, above all, better serve the Lord.

God gave me a witness that I shall remember the rest of my life. As the evangelist anointed me and he and Pastor G. B. Manning laid hands on me, I felt a tremendous surge in my chest and throughout my body as though everything was cleaned out. I knew I was healed before I left the altar because I could turn my neck to look over either shoulder, something I had not been able to do since the accident.

After the Lord healed me, I did not take any more medicine; I threw it away. I have not had a pain anywhere in my body. A few weeks later my shoe specialist removed the correction from my orthopedic shoes. I have continued to grow stronger each day.

Most of all, my wife and I have grown spiritually, according to God's promise in Matthew 6:33, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." We have both received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. This is an even greater blessing than my healing. I know in a real way that

Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday, and today, and for ever" (Hebrews 13:8).—Roger E. Nelson, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

*(Endorsed by G. B. Manning, pastor of Central Assembly, Albuquerque, N. Mex., who added, "Roger is a member of Faith American Lutheran Church here. He is now released from the doctor's care and once again has a full-time job.")*



## Pastor healed of enlarged spleen and ulcers

I WISH I COULD TELL the whole world how good the Lord has been to me.

My appendix and gallbladder were removed in December 1969. During the operation the surgeon discovered my spleen was enlarged three times the normal size. This alarmed them, and they began running all kinds of blood tests.

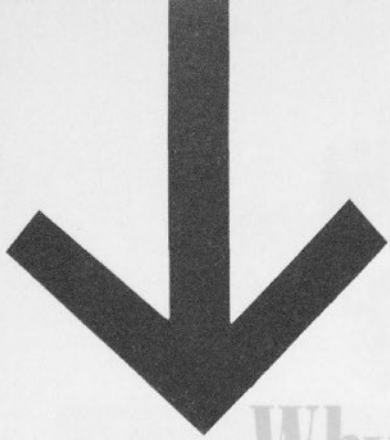
The five doctors who attended me were perplexed as to what my condition might be. Of course, I also was greatly concerned, and so was my church. We all began to pray very earnestly that God would heal me.

Evidently God answered our prayers, for after two months of extensive tests and hospital visits, the hematologist said to me: "I can't understand it. The enlarged spleen that had us all concerned has gone back to normal, and I am releasing you from my care."

A week later I went back to the surgeon for my final checkup. He confirmed what the hematologist had said and stated that my spleen going back to normal without further surgery truly was a miracle.

Not only this, but the Lord also healed me of stomach ulcers. These had plagued me for over two years. In February 1968 I had been hospitalized on account of them. I had three X rays at this time, all showing the ulcers. A year later I went back to the hospital and the X rays again showed stomach ulcers. Two private physicians were doctoring me for this trouble.

But during my operation in December 1969 the surgeons saw that my ulcers were completely healed. I haven't had any stomach pains since that time, and I am back on a normal diet. To God be the glory!—James Occhipinti pastor of the Assembly of God, Mount Holly, New Jersey.



# Why all this fuss about one death?

By DICK CHAMPION

**M**EN DIE EVERY DAY. Death is no stranger. A copilot, flying a routine flight into Boston, meets death from a hijacker's bullet.

A teen-ager, doing a man's job, dies a man's death under enemy fire in Vietnam.

A young father, driving carefully, is hit by a drunken driver running a red light—and dies.

A wino dies with a bottle in his hand on the Bowery—and no one seems to care.

The body of a hippie is discovered in a rat-infested room—dead of an overdose of drugs. And no one even knows who he is.

Yes, death is no stranger. Look at your newspaper. The young, the old, the middle-aged—death eventually comes to them all.

Is it morbid to dwell on death? Is there nothing the living can learn from it?

If death is such a frequent occurrence around us, then why all this fuss about one death that happened almost 2,000 years ago?

What really happened? A young Israeli was charged by his own people with advocating rebellion against Caesar. The judge said he was innocent but sentenced him to death anyway. He certainly wasn't the first innocent man to die.

He died an agonizing death—crucifixion. But others died that way too.

Then why are so many people interested in that death? Why do millions around the world commemorate it each year? From the solemnity of Lent to the joyous celebration of Easter, it's all about the same death.

And this year several hundred thousand tourists will make their way to a tiny village in Bavaria, Oberammergau, to view an eight-hour production about the life and death of this young Israeli. Every 10 years the villagers put on the famed passion play because of a vow. In 1634 the village was threatened with destruction by the Black Plague. To show thanks for a miraculous intervention that spared the village, the people vowed to visualize the passion of Christ every 10 years. With the exception of war years, they have kept that pledge. And every 10 years more and more people come to view this spectacular production with its 18 acts, numerous tableaux, musical embellishments, and its 1,200 performers who regard their roles with religious devotion.

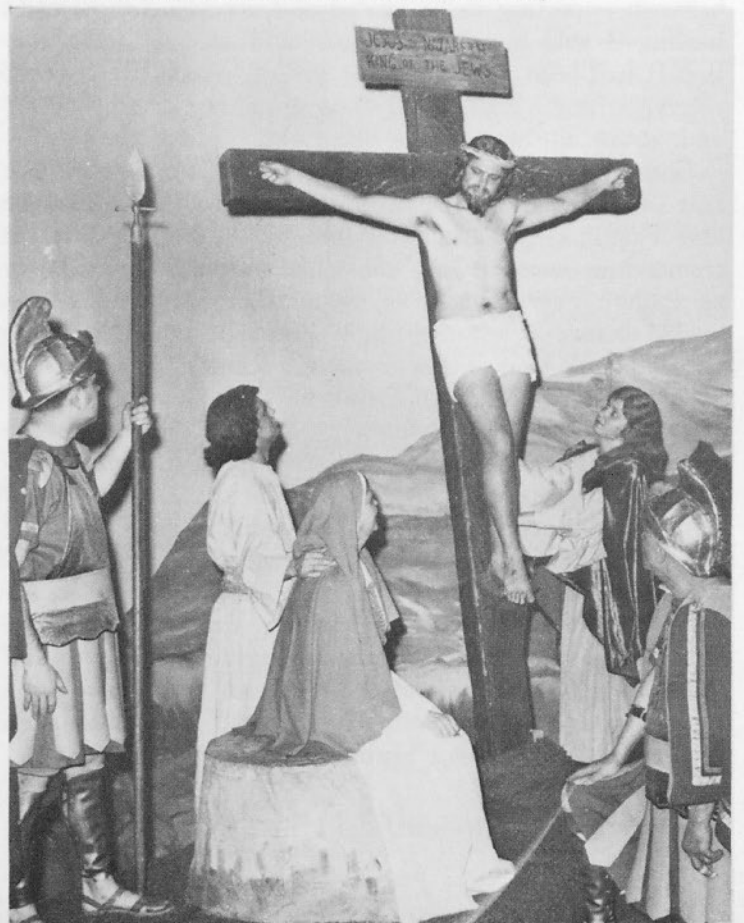
But people don't have to travel overseas to see a passion play. A number of them are held each year in the United States. For example: at Zion, Illinois; in Eureka Springs, Arkansas; in the Black Hills at Spearfish, South Dakota. People pay hard-earned money to spend a few hours reliving the last few days of the life of Jesus Christ.

Does this say something to you? If death is common to all, and everyone dies, then why all this fuss about one man's death? It must have some special meaning.

Was it because He was a great leader? On what day did George Washington die? On what day did Thomas Jefferson die? We usually honor great men on their birthdays—not on the days they died.

We might remember the days when great leaders of our era died—because those tragedies are etched in our memories: the assassination of John Kennedy, of Robert Kennedy, of Martin Luther King; and the death of Dwight Eisenhower. But in a few years how many people

Crucifixion scene in the Zion (Illinois) Passion Play.



will be able to tell you *when* those men died?

Yet people do remember when Christ died. Most schools dismiss. Many factories close. And it happened almost 2,000 years ago.

There were some things about His death that made it different. Although He professed to be innocent of the charges against Him, He made no attempt to defend Himself.<sup>1</sup> He refused to allow His disciples to defend Him.<sup>2</sup>

Beaten, mocked, scourged, bleeding—He offered no word of protest or pain.<sup>3</sup>

When He was crucified, the sun refused to shine—although it was midday.<sup>4</sup> When He died, the earth shook.<sup>5</sup> People who had died came out of their graves and entered into Jerusalem, and many witnesses saw them.<sup>6</sup> The heavy curtain of the temple in Jerusalem, separating the holy place (where the priests ministered daily) from the most holy place (where only the high priest could enter—and that only once a year with the atoning blood of sacrifice) was torn from top to bottom.<sup>7</sup>

The centurion who watched Him die declared that surely this was the Son of God.<sup>8</sup>

What really happened? Before He died, Jesus said He was the Good Shepherd who would give His life for His sheep.<sup>9</sup> This gives an indication of what was involved. He did not die for Himself or for His own sins—for He had never sinned.<sup>10</sup> He was “tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.”<sup>11</sup> He died for the sins of all mankind.<sup>12</sup> “He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities.”<sup>13</sup> “But we see Jesus . . . that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.”<sup>14</sup>

He had predicted that He must be “lifted up from the earth” to draw all men unto Himself.<sup>15</sup> Through this He made it possible for all men to be brought back into a right relationship with God. “Christ also once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.”<sup>16</sup>

Yes, He died. But He arose from the dead. After He had arisen, He declared: “I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.”<sup>17</sup>

So that’s why all this fuss about one death—and why you need to know about it. That weight of guilt you have been carrying—you needn’t bear it. Christ took it for you. He died to set you free.

“If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.”<sup>18</sup> Ask Him to cleanse you, to become the Lord of your life. Ask Him to forgive your sins. His promise is: “If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”<sup>19</sup>

What’s so important about Christ’s death? It was the only time in history that a sinless God-man died. Why did He die? He died so you could live.

What does it mean? It means you face a decision. “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.”<sup>20</sup>

I hope you make the right decision—in time.

<sup>1</sup>Isaiah 53:7 <sup>2</sup>Luke 22:50, 51 <sup>3</sup>Luke 22:63-65 <sup>4</sup>Mark 15:33  
<sup>5</sup>Matthew 27:51 <sup>6</sup>Matthew 27:52, 53 <sup>7</sup>Mark 15:38 <sup>8</sup>Mark 15:39  
<sup>9</sup>John 10:11 <sup>10</sup>John 3:5 <sup>11</sup>Hebrews 4:15 <sup>12</sup>1 Corinthians 15:3  
<sup>13</sup>Isaiah 53:5 <sup>14</sup>Hebrews 2:9 <sup>15</sup>John 3:14 <sup>16</sup>1 Peter 3:18  
<sup>17</sup>Revelation 1:18 <sup>18</sup>John 8:36 <sup>19</sup>1 John 1:9 <sup>20</sup>John 3:36

# YOUR QUESTIONS

## ANSWERED BY ERNEST S. WILLIAMS



*Does God love the ungodly the same as He loves those who serve Jesus?*

God so loves the sinner that He is willing to forgive him all his sins and bring him into the family of God—if he will turn from his sin to accept and serve Jesus. This is love for a person outside the family. He loves His children as a father loves his own, those who are in the family.

Our human relationships might serve in a limited way to illustrate this. We should love everyone, but those of our own household are especially dear to us.

*Is it true that when a person is saved, “the slate is washed clean”? Are our past sins forgotten by God?*

Jesus took our place, suffered for us, paid our penalty. Because of this, all the sins we committed before we were saved are gone. “Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life” (John 5:24).

God is able to forget our sins, but men will remember them. For example, if we can make restitution, we ought to. Zacchaeus said, “If I have wronged any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold” (Luke 19:8). Salvation makes a person honest.

*Although I am a Christian, there are times when something tells me I am not saved. Will you please help me?*

It is the work of Satan to depress us, and then to accuse us. Our victory lies in accepting the salvation offered through Christ, then continuing to trust in what Christ is and has done. It is when we take a depressed view of ourselves that the enemy gives us much trouble. “This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.” “The just shall live by faith.” We can cultivate faith, or we can submit to the accusations of Satan. I trust that you will take your place in Christ and steadfastly declare your faith in Him.

*Is it true that everyone will be resurrected when Jesus comes, and that the unsaved will then have opportunity to accept Christ as their Saviour?*

Jesus said, “Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation” (John 5:28, 29). According to Revelation 20, these resurrections are separated in time by a thousand years. I do not know of any Scripture verse that says sinners will have an opportunity to obtain salvation after they have died. The Bible says: “It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment” (Hebrews 9:27).

*If you have a spiritual problem or any question about the Bible, you are invited to write to “Your Questions,” The Pentecostal Evangel, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, Missouri 65802. Brother Williams will answer if you send a stamped self-addressed envelope.*



Right now you may be facing the  
barbed wire entanglements  
that say brutally, "Keep out!"  
You are separated from children  
and loved ones. You are separated  
from affection and physical embrace  
that once were so freely bestowed.  
It is hell on earth, and you know it.

# Marriages can be mended

By C. M. WARD / *Revivaltime Speaker*

I WISH THE LABORATORIES of this nation could analyze the spite and bitterness that destroy sacred marriage relationships. I wish they could discover a serum, an antitoxin, that would shatter this venom.

I never grow accustomed to the numbness I feel all around me—faith that has been misplaced and souls that have turned sour. I want to turn my head and cry at the bewilderment of children. I want to say, "It cannot be that way. There must be an answer so that this man and this woman can make it together."

Theologians call it a *curse*. Do you know a better description? I only know it is something you face on every street—this awful chill of resentment that blights what so happily begins along the orange blossom trail. The apostle calls it alienation—a strangeness, hopelessness, and enmity. *It is a bleakness more barren than the Arctic wastes.*

But there is a word tender with promise that dares to enter this wasteland of broken dreams. It is the word *reconciliation*.

It is the miracle worker for those caught in this dragnet of alienation, strangeness, and enmity. Its record for triumph and gladness is unmatched in anyone's vocabulary. Language would be incomplete without the word *reconciliation*. It spells healing, repair, peace, and strength.

Government has long recognized it in disputes between

labor and management. So often industry is torn asunder. Disagreement flares. Angry diatribes are publicized. Picket lines form. Production ceases. Homes feel the pinch. Everyone is affected. It almost becomes like a state of war. Neither side says it will surrender what it considers its best position. *The nation looks to the office of conciliation.* It is never easy but it is always possible.

Suddenly the picket lines are removed. A better understanding is reached. Production resumes. Paychecks gladden the homes. A total and ignominious defeat has been averted. *If it can happen in business, why can't it happen in marriage?* And what would happen to this nation's economy if every industrial dispute ended like thousands of marriages are ending?

It is impossible without *reconciliation*.

Paul thought of what had existed between Jew and Gentile for centuries. He speaks of it as a "wall of partition." We often use the same simile. We say, "There is a *wall*. I cannot get through to him."

The *barrier* was there when the Christian Era began. A hostility existed. One side regarded the rest of humanity from a lofty pinnacle of superiority. The Gentile hated the Jew as the enemy of mankind. *Sides were drawn.* Bitterness was unmitigating. *Mankind badly needed a new contract.* Such was the tension when Paul wrote to the Ephesians:

"Wherefore remember, that ye being in time past Gentiles in the flesh, . . . that at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world: but now, in Christ

This is a condensation of a sermon delivered on *Revivaltime*, international radio broadcast of the Assemblies of God, now heard on more than 630 stations each week.



Jesus, ye who sometime were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us" (Ephesians 2:11, 14).

Christ, the Conciliator, provided a better contract for humanity. It is known on earth as *the New Testament*.

I ask you to look at the record: "Having abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances; for to make in himself of twain *one new man*, so making peace; and that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby" (Ephesians 2:15, 16).

I know this from personal experience. *You can get together with anybody in Christ*. That is the message our missionaries have brought back from the corners of the earth.

Oh, the terrible walls that have been built again in our time—of which the "wall of shame" in Berlin is a visible reminder, dividing brother from brother! *Hell wants to build that same kind of shame in your home, in your life, in your family*.

I ask you, will you settle for division, discord, feud? Will that make you happy? I will tell you this. *If you let that wall be raised, only Jesus Christ can break it down*.

Right now you may be facing the barbed wire entanglements that say brutally to you, "Keep out," when once you were free to cross at will. You are separated from children and loved ones. You are separated from affection and physical embrace that once were so freely bestowed. It is hell on earth, and you know it. *The wall is there*. You might as well be shut off in another world.

But the worst wall of all is when a separation exists between you and your God. That wall is built when some mocking, lying spirit comes into your life. That spirit asks you to pity yourself, to consider yourself imposed upon, denied what is rightfully yours. It tempts you. It comes again and again. It is like liquor in your bloodstream. It demands an opening. It says that you must choose between God and it.

Promises turn to ashes. You barter a garden for an acreage of hard, unremitting toil. You face weeds and thorns. Every hour is an agony. *And always there is a wall!*

I ask you to *appeal*. Try your case in a higher court. There is reconciliation. Take courage! Stubborn walls have been pulled down in history whether it be industry, politics, or race. *That wall can be pulled down in your life!*

God is willing. Are you? God has offered to place His position, unconditionally, before the office of reconciliation in His Son. You can reach an agreement instantly when you are willing to do the same.

Every page of the New Testament says one big thing to sinners. It says, "God is not mad at you." Get the thing that separates you out of the way, and all is forgiven.

Leave your incompatibility for the Blood to cover. Nothing by the nature of it could be further apart than man's transgression and God's holiness. Every court on earth would call it hopeless. A final divorce would be granted. All previous relationships would be severed.

That is what Earth would do. Heaven does something else. Paul tells another New Testament church, the Colossians, who were transformed by the power of the Cross, that: "You, that were some time alienated and enemies

## Ex-Cop Offers Some Definitions

# That's love

**J**OHANNES F. SPREEN, former police commissioner of Detroit and now a columnist for the *Detroit News*, agrees with radicals that the world needs love.

But he finds it hard to understand the kind of love that seizes buildings, burns banks, smashes windows, and hits police officers over the head.

The young will be on solid ground if they define the word properly, the newsman says. He has developed a list of definitions of love which, he contends, will do more against crime than police departments, vigilantes, guns, tanks, and tear gas:

If it's caring about your neighbor so you report an assault upon him or his home that you witness, that's love.

If it's caring about your city so that you don't want to see it suffer, that's love.

If you care about your fellowcitizens, no matter what their hue, that's love.

If you put your personal desires and politics second to your concern for your city, that's love.

If you consider the feelings of the other person as an individual who is with you on this small spinning speck of dust called earth, that's love.

If you use consideration, care, courtesy, and compassion in your dealings with all you meet, that's love.

If you feel that there are things wrong, injustices, evils in this world and you earnestly wish to do something about them, that's love.

If you want to change things that do not seem right to you, calmly, coolly, with considered judgment, rather than with a destructive attitude, that's love.

If you have faith in people and in your police, that's love.


If you are charitable to all your fellowmen, that's love.

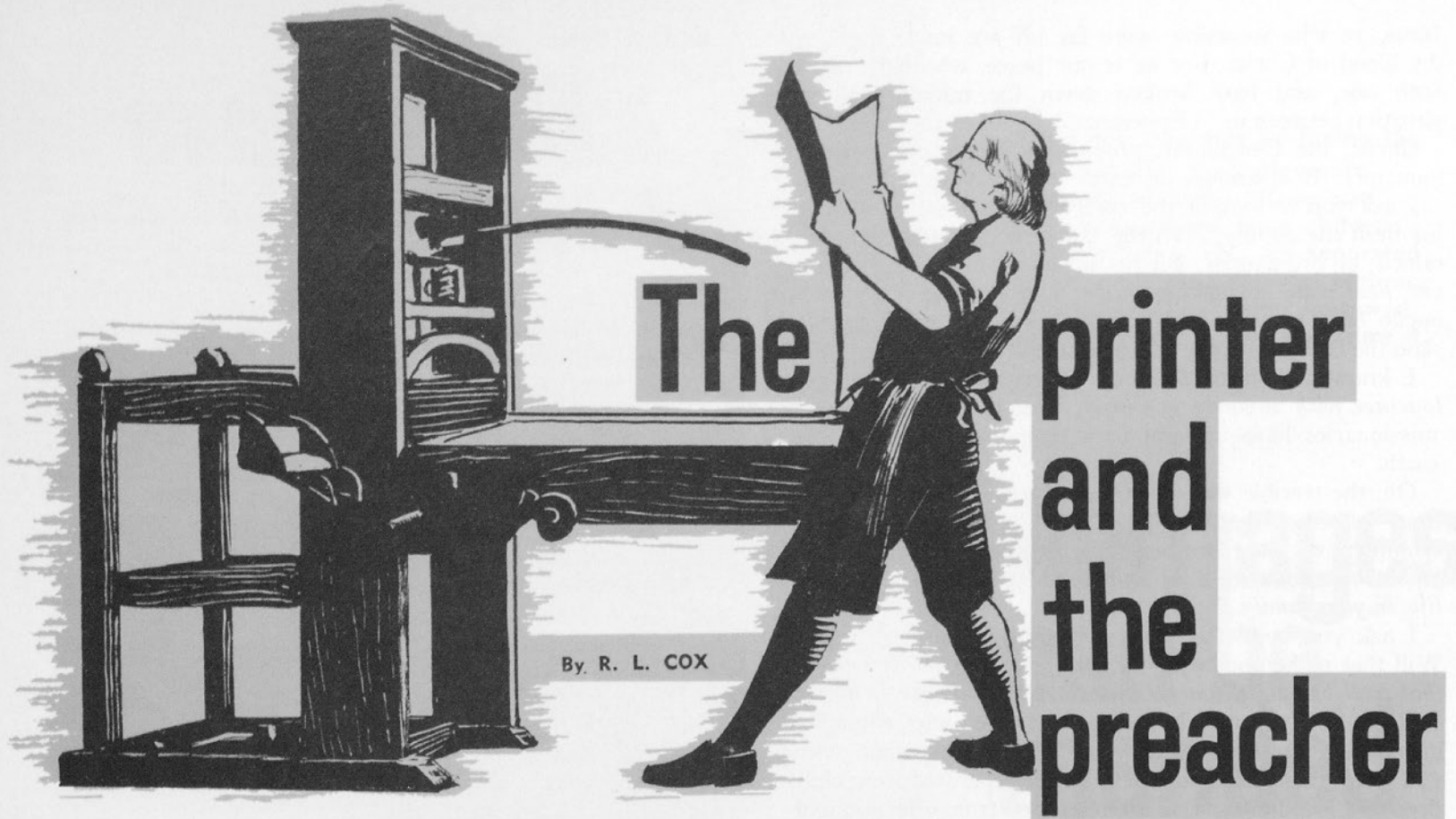
in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through death, to present you holy and unblameable and unproveable in his sight" (Colossians 1:21, 22).

For reconciliation to take place, *someone has to make the move*. Someone already has! That is why you feel the Spirit of God. God has moved toward you. Now it is your move. God is saying to you, "Let us begin again. I want you. I love you."

Paul remembers that God moved toward him. "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Romans 5:8).

Here is the message of God to you, "Be ye reconciled!" A new beginning is possible. There is a better agreement. Issues can be resolved. Salvation, not damnation, is your goal. Save that marriage! Save that partnership! Above all—*save your soul!*

Make every bruise, every wound, and every lonely, pain-wracked moment serve one supreme purpose—to lead you back to where the damage started. Then with the assistance of Jesus Christ, make a new start. 



**A** LETTER FROM LOUIS TIMOTHY," mused Benjamin Franklin, as he opened the missive from Charleston.

Franklin had sent his partner to South Carolina about six years earlier to revive the *South Carolina Gazette* and establish a printing business.

Benjamin Franklin read the message. "So George Whitefield is coming to Philadelphia from Georgia!" he exclaimed. "It's just like Timothy to urge me to hear him preach."

It was not the first time Franklin had heard of the famous revivalist. Franklin prided himself on his ability to maintain an open mind regarding religion. But one thing bothered him concerning the English evangelist's reputation. "He just can't possibly preach to 25,000 people in the open air and make them hear him," Franklin decided.

Franklin decided to follow his partner's advice and attend Whitefield's meetings. He came with a philosopher's and philanthropist's interest in the evangelist. But before long a warm friendship bloomed between the two, and it lasted until the Englishman's death.

Franklin did not have opportunity at once to test Whitefield's reputation as a field-preacher, for the churches of Philadelphia welcomed the evangelist. Later when the clergy closed these doors, "Old Bugle Tongue," as Whitefield's detractors nicknamed him, preached in the fields. This was only for a short period because bad weather necessitated indoor meetings. Franklin helped to obtain and erect a building where Whitefield could preach to his heart's content, unobstructed by ecclesiastical opposition.

Franklin came to hear his friend often. The first few times he listened, Ben would not have been surprised to

witness the audience mob the preacher, because Whitefield denounced them unmercifully for their sins. But instead of mobbing the evangelist, the audience almost idolized him. "The multitudes of all sects and denominations that attended his sermons were enormous," wrote Franklin, "and it was a matter of speculation to me, who was one of the number, to observe the extraordinary influence of his oratory on his hearers, and how much they admired and respected him, notwithstanding his common abuse of them."

But an even more noteworthy marvel attracted Franklin's admiration. "It was wonderful to see the change soon made in the manners of our inhabitants," he commented. Then he appended this observation of the results of the revival: "From being thoughtless or indifferent about religion, it seemed as if all the world were going religious, so that one could not walk through the town of an evening without hearing psalms sung in different families of every street."

When Whitefield left Philadelphia, it was to return to Georgia. In that then backward colony he discovered desperate social conditions. Families unable to endure the rigors of a new settlement perished in droves. Hundreds of helpless children remained unprovided for. Whitefield resolved to promote an orphan home there to support and educate these waifs. He itinerated northward, eventually reaching Philadelphia.

"Why don't you build the orphan house here instead of in Georgia?" Benjamin Franklin suggested to the evangelist. "It would be easier to bring the children here than to transport the materials for construction thither."

Whitefield insisted on following his original plan. "The home will be built in Georgia," he told his friend.

"Then I refuse to contribute anything to the project,"

Franklin retorted stubbornly. The pair parted company. But Franklin felt drawn to hear his friend preach again.

In the course of the sermon Ben realized that Whitefield intended to take a collection. "I silently resolved he should get nothing from me," the printer-philosopher reminisced later. But he inventoried his pockets, noting possession of a handful of copper coins, several silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold.

Benjamin Franklin had underrated his friend's persuasive powers. "As he proceeded, I began to soften and concluded to give him the coppers," the Philadelphian related. "Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all."

A friend of Franklin's had come to the meeting suspecting a collection. This man had "emptied his pockets before he came from home," Franklin declared, as insurance against being carried away. But as Whitefield finished his discourse, this acquaintance felt a strong compulsion to contribute, and asked a neighbor to lend him some money to give!

Yet Franklin hesitated to embrace the gospel which Whitefield proclaimed. When the evangelist wrote he was coming again to Philadelphia but was doubtful about his lodgings, Ben invited him to stay at his home. Whitefield shot back a letter of acceptance, adding that if his host had made the offer for Christ's sake, Franklin would not fail of a reward. But the Philadelphia printer gave this historic reply: "Don't let me be mistaken; it was not for Christ's sake, but your own sake."

Still Whitefield continued praying and pressing for Benjamin Franklin's conversion. Nor did his entreaties jeopardize the friendship. Franklin remained aware of a strong attraction to the evangelist, not only to him personally but also to his ministry.

When Whitefield later wrote to Franklin, the evangelist's strong concern for his friend appeared. In a letter dated August 17, 1752, the Methodist revivalist penned these words: "I find you grow more and more famous in the learned world. As you have made a pretty considerable progress in the mysteries of electricity, I would now humbly recommend to your diligent, unprejudiced pursuit and study, the mystery of the new birth. It is a most important, interesting study; and, when mastered, will richly answer and repay you for all your pains. One at whose bar we are shortly to appear hath solemnly declared, without it we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. You will excuse this freedom. I must have something of Christ in all my letters."

The two friends were reunited on the other side of the Atlantic in 1766. Benjamin Franklin was in London at a time when agitation of the American colonists against the Stamp Tax had reached a fever pitch. Encouraged by Edmund Burke, who was friendly to the colonists' cause, Franklin plunged vigorously into the struggle to repeal the hated tax.

Parliament finally agreed to hear the subject before a Committee of the Whole House. Benjamin Franklin proved the foremost spokesman for the American colonists. He remained poised during his long interrogation. He never seemed at a loss for an answer. Edmund Burke commented concerning his testimony that the scene re-


minded him of a master surrounded by a parcel of little boys.

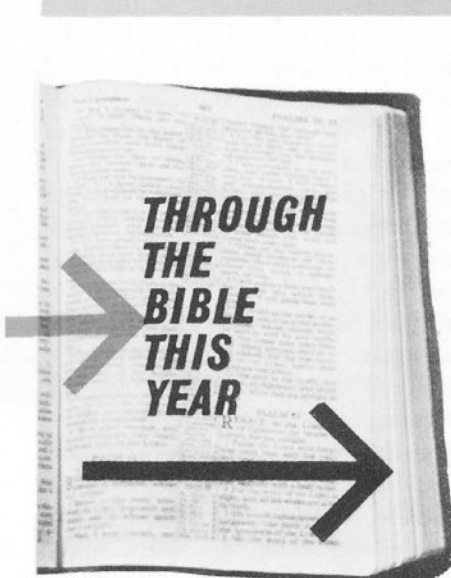
And George Whitefield later wrote of the occasion, "Our worthy friend, Dr. Franklin, has gained immortal honor by his behavior at the bar of the House. His answer was always found equal if not superior to the questioner. He stood unappalled, gave pleasure to his friends, and did honor to his country."

Franklin so impressed Whitefield with sympathy for America that the evangelist seriously considered volunteering to serve as a chaplain in the colonists' militia!

It was not until the last encounter of the printer and the preacher that Franklin's lingering doubts about Whitefield's reputation of making 25,000 people hear him in the open air finally were resolved. Some historians place the incident in Philadelphia, but Franklin in his *Autobiography* puts it in London. On this occasion Whitefield preached "from the top of the Courthouse steps, which are in the middle of Market-street, and on the west side of Second-street, which crosses it at right angles. Both streets were filled with hearers to a considerable distance. Being among the hindmost in Market-street," Franklin reported, "I had the curiosity to learn how far he could be heard, by retiring backwards down the street towards the river; and I found his voice distinct till I came near Front-street, when some noise in that street obscured it." Franklin proceeded to calculate a semicircle of which the distance he measured would be the radius, and computed that Whitefield might "well be heard by more than thirty thousand."

Did Franklin ever yield to the entreaties of his friend? In his *Autobiography* the printer relates how Whitefield used to "pray for my conversion, but never had the satisfaction of believing that his prayers were heard."

But more than once the prayers of loved ones have been answered after the persons who prayed had passed away! Who can deny that the printer may at last have seen the light? But if he didn't, he can never claim that he lacked opportunity to believe on Jesus Christ. 



**DAILY READINGS**  
FOR THIS WEEK

*Sunday*  
Ecclesiastes 1, 2

*Monday*  
Ecclesiastes 3-5

*Tuesday*  
Ecclesiastes 6-8

*Wednesday*  
Ecclesiastes 9-12

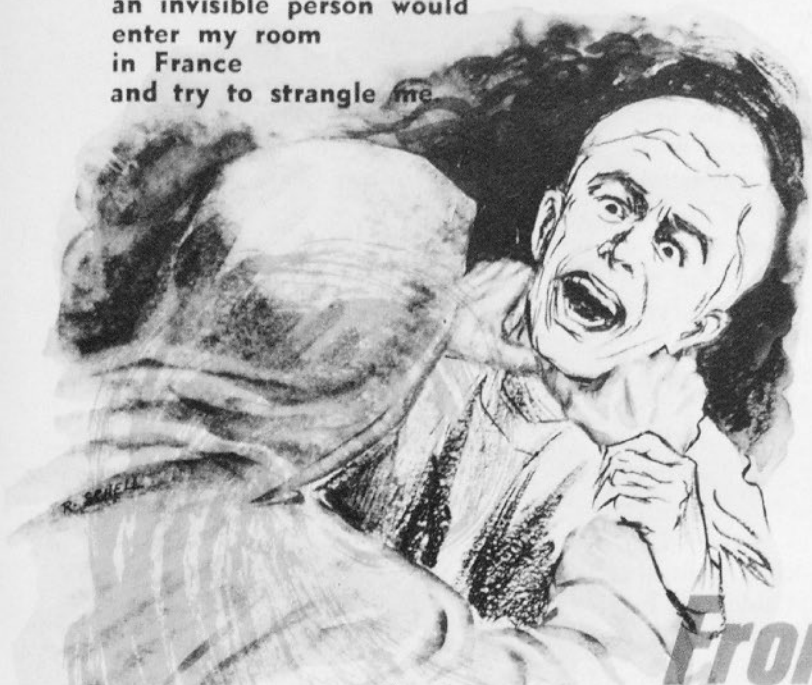
*Thursday*  
1 Kings 12-16

*Friday*  
1 Kings 17-19

*Saturday*  
1 Kings 20-22

"Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man" (Ecclesiastes 12:13).

About 11 p.m.  
an invisible person would  
enter my room  
in France  
and try to strangle me



## From black magic to Christ

By Pastor ARMAND HELOU / Arles, France

**W**HEN FACING THE REALITY of the world, man can feel only anguish, despair, and weariness because this world is far from what it should be.

I was 18, in college, and an atheist. I was afraid of the universe, of my weakness before the powers of life and death, and of my inability to do the good I wanted to do.

My heart knew only dread and uncertainty. I was tired of instability and the need to submit to the changes of time. I thirsted for justice and certainty, independent of the mind of men and of time.

I sought an answer to my problems in the common remedies the world offers: pleasures, the Catholic mass, and repetitious religious exercises. But they were widening the deadly wound of my heart.

Then the mystical allurements of black magic enticed me by their supernatural character. They seemed to have something to offer.

In childhood I had heard about the spirits intervening in the lives of many neighbors and terrifying them at night. We practiced such customs as leaving the door open, putting a big meal on the table, and keeping a fire in the fireplace during the cold night of November 2—the night dedicated to the dead. Tradition says that the spirits of the ancestors would come from purgatory on that night to reinhabit earthly bodies.

I grew up in this frightening atmosphere of mysticism, superstition, and necromancy.

Once my mother sent me to a sorcerer (healer), a farmer living in my neighborhood. He practiced healing with a gift passed on from generation to generation by the laying on of hands.

He collected leaves from nine different wild plants near his home, nine splinters of wood from his broom, nine crystals of salt from the sea, nine little pieces of bread, nine small pieces of earth from the clay floor of his house, nine measures of dirty scrapings from the table, and put them all in a little linen bag.

Three times, with this bag in his hand, he made the sign of the cross on my forehead. Then he cast out the sickness by “placing” it on a tree and telling me to keep this bag around my neck for three days. He told me to pray 10 times to the Virgin and to give money to help the dead who are suffering in purgatory.

I did all this, and the sickness disappeared. Miracles do happen through these people who are completely ignorant of the power of Satan gripping them.

I was curious and asked how to do it. I studied a book of black magic from the Middle Ages with all the formulas of the Egyptian Pharaohs’ priests. I was surprised to see this power working—healing animals and men—by the reciting of an incantation in an unknown language or by the use of a linen bag like the “healer’s.”

I was still hungry for the true God. But I could not find any satisfaction in my religion and I became more and more afraid of the mysterious power I was holding. In my intense thirst for truth, I was anxious to exercise these infernal sciences, but it was ephemeral. It brought about a nervous depression and a weariness of living which sometimes made me want to commit suicide.

The fear of death haunted me in such a terrible way that I could not sleep at night. I had power but not peace. Only terror and darkness filled my heart.

Then God stepped in. I had never heard the words of Jesus, “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.” No one had ever brought them to me! But God is still alive and merciful for He heard the despairing cry of my heart.

I read a friend’s Bible. The words that I read were wonderful words! They became words of love from the Almighty in whom I could now believe. I discovered a love from the Lord Jesus which drew me toward Him. This love led me to Calvary where God opened my eyes and showed me that He so loved me that He gave His only begotten Son that I should not perish, but have everlasting life by believing in Him.

What joy! What happiness! For too long I had relied on my own strength; now I realized that the help of man is but vanity. This Book filled the emptiness of my heart. A new joy engulfed me. It did not depend on the happy or unhappy events of the day.

My great occupation was reading the Holy Scriptures where I had found Jesus Christ. I did not feel the need of reciting impersonal formulas. The confidence that I now had in God impelled me to talk simply to Him, as a child to his father.

This experience not only changed my way of thinking, but also changed my way of living. I became a new man whose joy was in God as revealed in Jesus Christ through the gospel. Neither the mass nor the exhortations of the college chaplain could contribute to this joy.

Then, thinking with disappointment that I was the only one who had discovered this way, I said to myself: "Now you are compelled to do your religion according to the Word of God." A few months later (imagine my joy) I discovered in my town regenerated Christians who believed as I did. I had never heard of them before.

The most difficult experience I had with demons took place after my conversion when I returned home from college every weekend. About 11 p.m. an invisible person would enter my room and try to strangle me. A friend of mine who came to help me in prayer had this same experience. But through prayer these strange manifestations went away little by little. Many Christians here have ex-

perienced this kind of Satanic attacks. Satan has power, but God is all-powerful.

Yes, one day while reading and meditating in the Holy Scriptures, I found the supreme remedy and the ultimate answer to my deadly wound and urgent need; the One who holds everything in His hand—Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Lord of all men.

This is what He says to whoever seeks Him wholeheartedly: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I know He will; He did it for me!



## I was hooked on drugs

(Continued from page 3)

love and protection I had failed to give them before. Just prior to a speaking engagement in a small Methodist church, I drove to where my wife was and asked her to go to the meeting with me. To my pleasant surprise, she agreed to go.

The Holy Spirit blessed my testimony that night, and Ann was the first to respond when the pastor gave an altar call. Although a long-time church member, Ann acknowledged she had never given her life to Christ before that moment.

This experience in the country church marked a new beginning for our home. Ann and the boys returned to Saltillo the next week, and we began the exciting adventure of establishing a *Christian* home. We were getting a late start, but God is merciful and He helped us make up some of the lost ground. The boys were won to Christ and became witnesses to their friends at school.

We considered leaving Saltillo because of the lingering shame, but we were convinced that God had a work for us there. My practice began to grow, and doors were opening for me to counsel patients who needed Christ.

**The Thomas family at their Saltillo, Tennessee, home. Jimmy and his wife Suzanne (at left), Bobby, Joey (in front), and Dr. and Mrs. Howard W. Thomas.**



I came to realize that God does the healing and that my job is to help Him all I can.

As more opportunities for witness opened to us, Ann and I felt an overpowering need for more of God and His gifts. In addition to the church meetings near our home, we began attending revivals and prayer meetings as much as a hundred miles away where the Spirit was being poured out. It became clear that God was leading us in the full-gospel way, and we began to earnestly seek the baptism in the Holy Spirit. We claimed the simple promise of Luke 11:13: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

Ann awakened me one night after returning from a church meeting where she had given her testimony. "Wake up, Howard! It's real, it's real," she exclaimed.

"What's real?" I asked, half awake.

"The baptism of the Holy Ghost," she said excitedly. "I received it tonight at the altar, and it's even more wonderful than I thought it would be."

We spent the remainder of the night praying and rejoicing, and my own yearning for the baptism became intense.

After that night Ann became a more radiant Christian than ever. She was zealous in her witness to the neighbors and began to pray for the sick with real power. For weeks after Ann's baptism, even our bedroom seemed to be filled with the power and glory of the Lord.

My own baptism came one night when I awakened speaking with tongues. The joy of heaven flooded my soul, and Jesus became more real and precious to me than ever before. This experience has added a glorious dimension to my Christian life.

God continues to bless our home, my medical practice, and ever-growing opportunities to witness. Ann plays the piano and I teach an adult Bible class at our church—Trinity Tabernacle (Assemblies of God). We also have a prayer meeting and Bible study in our home each week.

Ann and I are often asked to give our testimony to churches of all denominations, schools and colleges, youth groups, and even on television. One of my most thrilling experiences was speaking to a group of boys at a county delinquent home in Memphis. As I looked into the troubled faces of these young men, I thanked God that I could give them more than a clinical account of the torment of drug addiction. I was able to tell them that Jesus Christ set me free.



# "They say"

## **Sin perverts man's judgment**

"It might seem natural to suppose that every time a man sins, he would know a little more about sin, its nature, and its methods. Actually the reverse is true. Every time he sins he is making himself less capable of realizing what sin is, less likely to recognize that he is a sinner; for the ugly thing about sin is that it perverts a man's judgment. It stops him from seeing straight."—Dr. James Stewart

## **Perish without love**

"To say that one will perish without love does not mean that everyone without adequate love dies prematurely. Many do, for without love the will to live is often impaired to such an extent that a person's resistance is critically lowered, and death follows. But most of the time, lack of love makes people depressed, anxious, and without zest for life. They remain lonely and unhappy. Without friends or work that they care for, their lives become barren treadmills, stripped of all creative action and joy."—Dr. Smiley Blanton, psychiatrist

## **It's one world!**

"The view of the earth from the moon fascinated me—a small disk 240,000 miles away. It was hard to think that that little thing held so many problems, so many frustrations. Raging nationalistic interests, famines, wars, pestilence don't show from that distance. I'm convinced that some wayward stranger in a spacecraft, coming from some other part of the heavens, could look at earth and never know it was inhabited at all. But the same wayward stranger would certainly know instinctively that if the earth were inhabited, then the destinies of all who lived on it must inevitably be interwoven and joined together. We are one hunk of ground, water, air, clouds, floating around in space. From out there it really is 'one world.'"—Frank Borman, astronaut

## **Ideals and behavior**

"Man generally operates a considerable distance below his ideals. Where his ideals are low, his behavior will be lower still. And the jam we are in today is in large measure caused by the fact that in recent years our mass communications and entertainment media have publicized deviation from our traditional moral standards to the point that impressionable youth imagines that deviation is the norm."—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, newspaper editor

## **War of dogma**

"Christendom and heathendom now stand face to face as they have not since the days of Charlemagne in Europe. The people who say that this is a war of economics or of power politics are only dabbling on the surface of things. At the bottom it is a violent and irreconcilable quarrel about the nature of God and the nature of man and the ultimate nature of the universe; it is a war of dogma."—Dorothy Sayers, author

## **Youth and suicide**

"Suicide is the second greatest cause of death among college students and the third greatest among youth of high school age. Only automobile accidents take the lives of more college students than suicides. Among youths 15 to 19 years old, auto accidents and cancer are ahead of suicide. A feature often found in the background of adolescents who attempt suicide is some kind of social isolation—most often a disorganized home or a breakdown of the family structure."—Dr. Matthew Ross, psychiatrist.



## Christ prays for His followers

*Next Week's Lesson*

BY J. BASHFORD BISHOP

JOHN 17:9-24

OUR LESSON TEXT is what is truly "The Lord's Prayer"—the sacred, sublime, yet simple outpouring of the heart of God's Son to His heavenly Father, and His intercession as our great High Priest for all His people.

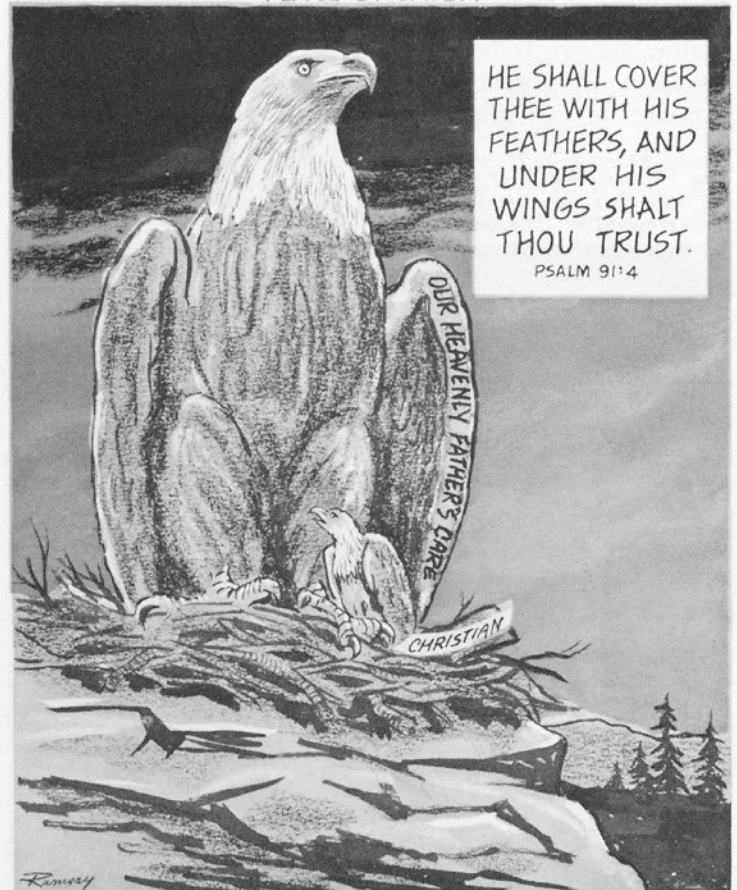
### **CHRIST'S PRAYER FOR HIMSELF (vv. 1-5)**

"These words spake Jesus." He had told His disciples who He was, why He was about to leave them, whom He would send them, and everything calculated to give them comfort, peace, strength, and hope. Now Christ faced with poise and fortitude the great act for which He had come into the world. His prayer gives us a clearer insight into His thoughts and feelings in contemplation of that hour.

1. *The petition.* "Father, the hour is come." John made many references to the "hour." In view of it, Christ uttered His petition, "Glorify thy Son." (See also verse 5.) Does this petition seem self-centered? Consider the purpose for which it was offered.

2. *The purpose.* "That thy Son also may glorify thee."

### **PLACE OF SAFETY**



What did Christ have in mind here? Nothing less than the cross! He realized that the hour for which He left heaven's glory and came to earth had arrived. He had finished the earthly ministry God had given Him to perform. There remained now the ordeal of the cross. Even as the glory, power, and anointing of God had enabled Him so beautifully to fulfill His earthly ministry, now His one desire was to glorify the Father in His death on the cross.

3. *The plea.* His appeal was made on the basis of His divine relationship—"Father"—and of the completion of His earthly ministry.

**CHRIST'S PRAYER FOR HIS APOSTLES (vv. 6-19)**

1. *The petition* (vv. 11, 15, 17). Christ asked three things for His apostles:

(a) "Keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are."

(b) "Keep them from the evil." Jesus did not pray that His apostles would be taken out of the world (that is, before their time) but that they would be given divine grace, glory, and power to triumph over sin in the midst of the world. This is always God's method (1 Corinthians 10:13; 2 Corinthians 12:9). "I pray not for the world" (v. 9). Jesus was not indifferent to a lost world, but His method for reaching the world was through men He had chosen. And they, above all, needed His prayers!

(c) "Sanctify them through thy truth." The means whereby they would be kept from evil, worldliness, and sin was the Word of God. "Thy word is truth" (v. 17). Practical Christian sanctification will be realized only in the degree that Christians love and obey the Word.

2. *The purpose* (vv. 11, 13). "That they may be one . . . that they might have my joy fulfilled in themselves." Their unity was essential to their power to carry out the work He had commissioned them to do. The joy of the Lord which results from abiding in His will and program would be their strength.

3. *The plea* (vv. 6-8, 10, 11). Christ's petition for the apostles is based on their relationship to God and their being left in a hostile world.

**CHRIST'S PRAYER FOR HIS CHURCH (vv. 20-25)**

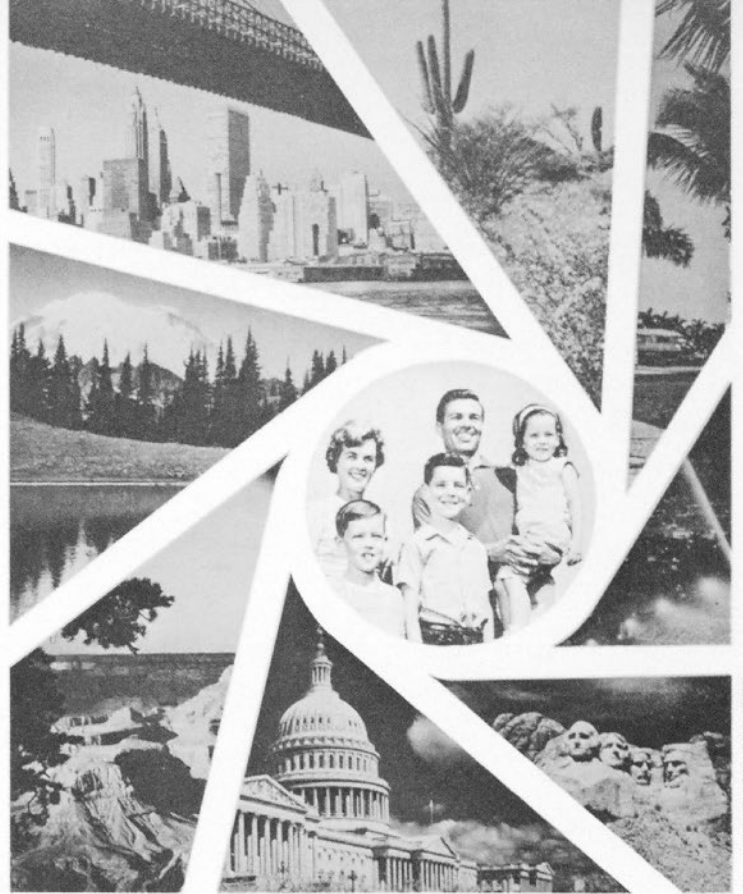
In these wondrous words Christ looked down through the centuries and took within the range of His prayer all believers of all ages—including you and me.

1. *The prayer for unity.* "That they may be one." Of all the things for which Christ might have prayed, He prayed for believers' unity. Why? Because in true unity there is a manifestation of His power and glory. All disunity hinders the flow of His mighty love and power.

2. *The pattern of unity.* "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee." Think of it! We are to strive for that perfect, harmonious, unceasing unity which existed between the Father and the Son!

3. *The purpose of unity* (vv. 21, 23, 24). "That the world may believe . . . that the world may know." And did not the unity of those believers met together in the Upper Room produce a testimony to the world that resulted in a mighty harvest of souls?

But Christ also foresaw the eternal purposes of our identification with Him in His death and resurrection, and with all believers in the unity centering in His death: "I will that they also . . . be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory." In the light of such a glorious destiny, let us live in Him and for Him!



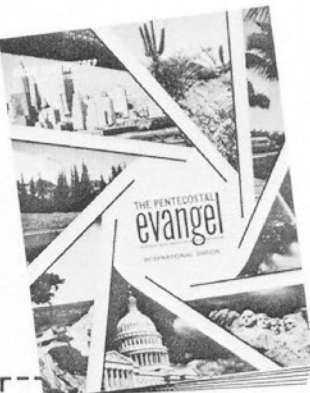
H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

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*A desperate effort  
to lose identity and become  
detached.*

# Fashions of the 70's

**By DAVID WILKERSON**

Author, *The Cross and the Switchblade*

THE CATCH WORD of our time is NOW.  
No one clings to yesterday.  
It started with violence—  
the murder of John F. Kennedy  
the vulgarizing of the old system  
convictions of conspiracy  
motivating half-educated minds to destroy.  
Leaders lost control  
moral grandeur vanished  
anarchy broke loose  
innocence died  
convictions gave way to expediency.  
In the shadow of television  
life was lived secondhand.  
People became winner lovers  
loser haters.  
There is now a trend to tribal values  
a preference for the isolated  
delimited self-life.  
We live in a "global village."  
The old walls have tumbled  
environment is total confusion

everything is looking primitive again.  
We have reentered the tribal way of life.  
The tribal adornment of the body is  
an obsession to put on ornaments.  
Men wear jewelry, beads, bells, and earrings.  
The sexes dress alike  
sporting hair dyes, cosmetics, and lace.  
Bodies are painted—  
an effort to create a beast  
so they can step into its skin.  
This putting on of the beast is  
a desperate effort to lose identity  
and become detached.  
The NOW generation searches all history  
for a sense of direction.  
Every costume of every era is worn.  
Clothes are no longer wrappers  
but an extension of one's skin.  
The language of the soul  
echoes from the pit of despair—  
images reflected from the mirror of the mind  
revealing vibrations below the surface  
undercurrents of desire,  
fear, passion, and pride.  
Clothes now reflect slumbering emotions  
exposing the root of man's ultimate thoughts.  
They weave their own styles  
with the fabric of their imagination.  
Sloppy dress expresses a role to be played  
by an independent specialist in personal freedom.  
Contemporary fashions invite youth to step  
inside themselves rather than keep in step.  
It is an invitation to touch the soul  
by letting it hang out.  
Masks are featured  
protection from the stare of evil.  
There is no more looking one right in the eye.  
Man in the 70's  
gazes in different directions—  
eyes like flashlights turned off  
shades are donned  
eyelids are dropped  
only when he is "turned on" does he open them.  
Fashions now have sounds and smells  
colognes come in lime, peat, brut, and leather.  
The lived-in smell of unwashed clothes is hip.  
Women glow like electric eels  
imitating light bulbs, TV sets, and chandeliers.  
Fashion today has become a kind of weaponry  
to shock, seduce, and frighten.  
The Lenin cap and Nehru jacket, once prison garb  
worn today as badges of rebellion.  
Fashion swingers are a new breed  
creating a centrifugal force  
sucking thousands of innocents into a whirlpool  
of madness, drugs, sex, and nothingness.  
Let none forget—  
in the last stage of the Roman Empire  
youth dressed and groomed themselves  
in the style of barbarians  
just before the fall.  
Wear your clothes in good style  
but remember—  
you are defining yourself.  
You are saying something—  
*Speak the truth.*