



GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

Official Publication of God's Missionary Church, Inc.
Penns Creek, Pa.

"The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it." Psalms 68:11.

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December 1982

The Wonder Of Christmas

"Unto you is born this day a Saviour,"
Which is Jesus Christ the wondrous Lord;
Not a "teacher," not a "good example,"
But the Son of God, the living Word.

No "philosopher," his fancies weaving,
Warp of dreams and woof of visions vast,
Not a "prophet," peering down the future,
Not a "scholar," delving in the past.

"Unto you is born this day a Saviour,"
Shine, O star! and shout, O angel voice!
Unto you this precious gift is given;
Sing, O earth! and all ye Heavens, rejoice!

Long the world has waited such a Saviour,
Sunk in sin and torn by fear and doubt;
Long in darkness groped for truth and wisdom,
Glory, glory, now the light shines out!

"Unto you is born this day a Saviour,"
Earth's one hope, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Mighty God and glorious Redeemer,
Jesus Christ the Lord is born today.

—Annie Johnson Flint



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our aim to uphold the teaching of the infallible Word of
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Editorial

The Wonderful Gift of Peace

John 14:27 "...my peace I give unto
you."

Christmas is the most generous
season of the year. People anticipate
gifts as a part of the celebration.
Those gifts are gaily wrapped in
multi-colored wrappings, some with
fancy home-made bows, some hastily
wrapped in the department store.

People rush from store to store
with gift list in hand, spending long
hours seeking just the right gift for
that special person. Even though the
economy is depressed, merchants look
forward to that end of the year boost
brought on by Christmas gift giving.

Christmas 1982 finds the world in
an increasingly chaotic state. The hor-
ror of the slaughtered Lebanese
refugees is still fresh in our minds.
The mindless killing that is a part of
each day's news came into new focus
with the deaths of numbers of people
due to cyanide-laced Tylenol. Over
and over we recognize the strange
symptoms of a sick society.

In the midst of it all is the continu-
ing quest for something that has pro-
ven most elusive—peace. The ancient
historian Herodotus once aptly
wrote— "No one is fool enough to
choose war instead of peace. For in
peace sons bury fathers, but in war
fathers bury sons." It is precisely
because of the memories of wars past
or portrayals of present wars spilled
across television screens, news
magazines and newspapers; and the
scenarios of future nuclear holocausts
that much is being said now of a
nuclear freeze, a halt in the produc-
tion of nuclear weaponry.

It is not my intent to step on the
soapbox and harangue you with one
viewpoint or another. Rather, it is my
purpose to point out once again that
the message of hope and peace
brought by the angelic chorus to a
group of humble shepherds years ago
is not a charade. It is not a false hope;
it is not a tinsel peace. It is found in
the heart of every child of God. The
late Herbert Hoover once
stated—"Peace is not made at the
council tables by a treaties, but in the
hearts of men."

The hoary-headed prophet, hun-
dreds of years before that blessed
event took place, picked up the pro-
phetic telescope, viewed along its eye
piece and issued this inspired ut-
terance—"His name shall be called



Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty
God, The everlasting Father, The
Prince of Peace."

That one of whom prophets wrote,
whose birth was orchestrated from
the heavens, to whose nursery were
led shepherds, roused by the angelic
chorus, for whom room in luxurious
surroundings was not available, for
whom the angels gave the birth an-
nouncement—Jesus Christ, the Son of
God, stepped down the stairway of
the stars, left heaven's glory and
splendor and came to a world who
hated him, but who needed Him so
desperately. He came with a disturb-
ing message. He himself testified that
he came not to bring peace but a
sword, to set family members at
variance with one another. But where
He has gone and in whose hearts His
message has been gratefully received
has come that most elusive
quality—peace.

The Pauline statement is that "...
he is our peace." Eph. 2:14 As He
comes into our lives we have peace
with God and the peace of God. One
has written "Christ spells peace.
When everything else in life fails
Jesus draws near to support. He
makes real, through His living
presence, that those whose minds are
stayed on God shall be kept in perfect
peace."

Of all the gifts to be given and
received this year, whether wrapped
in gaily printed paper or drab brown
bags none can be more precious than
the gift which He gives. It was His dy-
ing legacy which He bequeathed to

(Continued on Page 10)

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LORD JESUS"

Wilfrid E. Moutoux,
Kitchener, Ontario, Can.

At this blessed season we want to express our gratefulness to You for Your noble condescension in taking upon Yourself a robe of flesh, and being born of a woman.

The world honors the natal day of many so-called great men; but You, Lord Jesus are the Greatest of them all. The charisma Christmas creates proves the nobility of Your Person and the excellency of Your position. No other birthday warms the human spirit like Yours does, Lord Jesus.

Wherein lies the power of Christmas to change and cheer the heart? What is the source of that mystical, inexplicable something that lends lustre to life and colors to, what often is, a drab existence? The essence of Christmas quickens the pulse and fires the imagination until one can almost hear Heaven's choir sing, "Glory to God in the highest."

The power of Christmas to change and cheer

lies in the fact that on that day was born the Son of God, and Prince of Peace. He came that we might have life. That life is the core of Christmas. "In him was life; and the life was the light of men." (John 1:4) This, then, is the true light of Christmas. It is significant that Christmas is a time of light — colored lights everywhere. These soon dim and die. But You, Lord Jesus, are the Light of the world and will shine forever.

Millions of pious pilgrims visit the place of Your birth, but many have missed the point by revering the place rather than the Person. For it is not where You were born, but why, that is important. Then there are those who quibble about the time of Your birth and say Your people celebrate the wrong day. You and I know, dear Lord, that the day really doesn't matter. The important thing to remember is, not when, but why.

Still others speculate on the star of Bethlehem. Was it an angel? Was it a meteor? This too is irrelevant, for whatever it was, it was directed of God to lead sinners to the Saviour.

The birthdays of other great men are remembered only because they became great in later life. Your birth, Lord Jesus, created interest the day You were born. You were already great. "For unto you is born this day . . . a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." (Luke 2:11) Creation, both animate and inanimate was interested — from the stars in the sky to the beast in the barn, from the worldly wise to the simple shepherds — all were interested in, "this thing which is come to pass." (Luke 2:15)

Christmas started with a gift when God gave You, His precious Son, to save a sinning world. This spirit is still the character of Christmas. You gave Yourself, Lord Jesus. What can we give You? All things are already Yours. "For by him (and for him) were all things created." (Col. 1:16) Your Word tells us it is not silver and gold we should give, but ourselves, our wills, our devotion, our obedience, our complete surrender.

So, on this Thy day, we give ourselves to Thee. It is the only gift we have to give. It is the only gift You really desire. It is the only way we can truly say, "Happy birthday, Lord Jesus."



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Penn View Alumni News

On August 31, 1982, the last Saturday of Penns Creek Camp, the Alumni Association of Penn View Bible Institute had their annual meeting.

The graduates met at noon for lunch in the new cafetorium and enjoyed a time of fellowship around the table. At 1:00 P.M. they met in the Chapel for a brief meeting.

Attending the meeting, were about forty-six graduates and others who were either students at one time or spouses of graduates. It was a time of introductions and a time of meeting classmates that we haven't seen for years.

Don Gessner shared with us some of the things in the future of the Penn View Alumni Association. Some advances on the campus were also cited during the meeting.

It was an enjoyable time together. We are looking for an even greater number next year. Look for the advertisement for the date and "special" activities next year at the Penns Creek Annual Alumni Meeting. We will be looking for YOU!

NEW From The Alumni Association!

Penn View Bible Institute received an Audio Sound Slide Projector from the Alumni Association on September 28, 1982 during a meeting of the Alumni Association Board. This machine will be very helpful in the representation of the school. It will be

placed on the representation table to show the campus and explain the pictures. It will give the purpose of Penn View. This appeal will be to prospective students. It can also be used to acquaint new businesses to our program in hopes of securing outside support.

A special "thanks" to each of the Alumni members for their support of the Association that enables us to make the presentation.

Missionary Crusaders

The Youth Crusaders of God's Missionary Church would like to report a wonderful opening rally held September 25, 1982 at the Coopersburg Church. The Lord's Presence which we need in all the rallies, was there in a wonderful way.

We had a good representation from various churches that night. The churches represented were Weaversville, Penns Valley, Blosserville, Lebanon, Coopersburg and the Evangelical Christian Church, with a total of sixty one present. Penns Valley and Weaversville churches provided the music. The Cooley Brothers, and their wives and the Marshalls sang together. The Marshalls sang a duet and the Cooley Brothers and Sister Marshall sang a trio. The Lord blessed their ministry in song to our hearts.

Rev. Barry Arnold brought the evening message preaching from Gal. 6:7, 8. The topic of the message was "Chickens Come Home to Roost" with the thought of what we sow we'll surely reap. The message was a timely one for the youth of this day.

The October 23rd Rally at Penns
(Continued on Page 10)

by William S. Deal

In the light of John 3:16 and the blessed Christmas season, take a few minutes to meditate on what Henry Drummond once called "the greatest thing in the world" — love.

Love is giving with no thought of getting something back in return. It offers itself in selfless dedication without thought of remuneration.

Love is tenderness enfolded with strength to protect. It cares not what the cost of protection may be, so long as it can protect its object of affection.

Love is forgiveness without further thought of the thing forgiven. It is understanding of the thing forgiven and forgetfulness of why it was done.

Love is an understanding of human weakness, with a knowledge of the true man coming through as a result of love's faithfulness in times of need.

Love is the ability to be quiet in the midst of turmoil and troubles — a rest of confidence in God's goodness that will ultimately prevail.



LOVE

Love is trust in God with no thought of self. It is complete recognition of the supreme care of the Heavenly Father for His own.

Love is the light in the mother's eye, the altogether lovely devotion, the glory in the needed sacrifice, and the quiet assurance of God's protecting care.

Love is the expectation of our Saviour's promise coming true, "Lo, I am with you always."

Love is the refusal to look for the bad in our fellowman and the eye that sees his best traits.

Love is the glory that comes with selflessness and the power that comes with assurance of our Father's care for His children.

Love is the voice that says "No" to our brother for his own good, when it would be easier to say "Yes."

Love is resistance to the world's lust and greed, and a positive working toward the banishment of error and evil.

Love is the one thing that no one can take from us, and the one thing that we can give constantly and become increasingly rich in its giving.

Love is the spirit that takes no offense for that which it cannot know, and does not conceive of what its outcome may be.

Love cannot be hurt by men or devils, and it can never hurt another. Its inherent nature is harmlessness, and it strives always for the good of all concerned.

Love is the purest reflection of God and eternal good in the hearts of God's children.

Love is the one eternal, indestructible force for good in all the universe.

Love is the ever-working will of God, preparing, planning, directing all things toward what is always best for all His universe.

Love is the never-failing, ever-enduring, all-consuming compassion of God for all men, working in every true heart of His children and above us all, for the eternal welfare of all His creation.

*Oh, love of God, how rich and pure!
How measureless and strong!
It shall forevermore endure—
The saints' and angels' song.*



Missionary Message

And Then The Angel Opened The Door

All the little ones on the front row looked in amazement, their eyes wide with interest as the door opened and shut to the prison and the apostles walked out to go to the temple. An angel had come and let them out! It all happened here at the church at Carrefour as we told the children the story of the Book of Acts in the summer services.

The children would come an hour early each week and play in our big yard for a while and then they would come up the steps of the missionaries' house to see if they were not ready yet. Peeking into the window they would see them working on the scenes for the story that day and would have this to say, "Miss, its ten o'clock," But it wasn't and they had to be told to wait a little longer.

To begin the service we always had prayer and then sang. This year they laughed to see the "funny smiling faces" used to illustrate the song, "Happiness is the Lord" and sang loudly the new song, "Everybody Ought to Know". It did not take them long to learn either of the songs and by the second or third service they could sing them without looking at the sheets. Some would request the old favorites too like "The Joy Of the Lord is My Strength," and "God Can Do Everything". Of course singing them in their own language.

At the La Croix station our first service we had 113 children! Little faces all over. There too they came early to play in the yard, waiting for the service to begin.

The flannelgraph story this year had small introductions about boys and girls in today's life that drew their attention and then led into the Bible story. The Haitian children enjoyed relating to these everyday situations.

Were things always the way we wanted and planned them to be? No, for all kinds of things can happen when you have a large number of boys and girls together when they are small and active. For instance at the La Croix station some of the seven or eight year olds would get tired listening or singing and decide to play "Mommy," going to some of the smaller children and picking them up

take them to the mat and place the "baby" there. Oh, so carefully, just as though they were sleeping. Just like they see their own mothers do in grown-up church with their real babies. Then of course when one did it, others would follow the example and your story was threatened.

Or at the Carrefour station in the middle of Peter's vision of the "unclean beasts", in walked a younger

child with a bottle of cold water, handing it to an older girl. Well, that was the end of the vision, for every thirsty little child in the place wanted a drink from that bottle! They had not thought of it till they saw the water. We took the water from the girl but it was too late. To get their attention again was like pulling teeth. But we prayed and the Lord gave it. So they were able to receive the message that God is no respecter of persons and came to save the Gentiles as well as the Jews.

There are other dangers when one is working with flannelgraph. Some of the figures can decide to fall to the floor if a slight breeze passes through the church. You can try to continue with the story just as if nothing had happened, maybe for half a second, before some or many little voices call out, "Miss, Peter fell down, or Stephen is under the altar"! Then along with the helpful shouts there are the braver ones who hurriedly leave their seat and come to the aid of the fallen characters so that they can hurry and get back into the story!

Yes, its all there, the happy times and the frustrating times. There were some days when we thought we would never try again, with children running in all directions at the same time. But when they came the next day and ask, "Is there school today?" with their large round eyes looking so trustingly at you, we knew that we would go on, praying and asking for grace to get the Word into their hearts while they are young.

yours for souls,
Bonnie Cleaver



For The Young People

Jack Adams'

Most Wonderful Christmas

Mrs. Adams was reading a letter she had just received from her son Harold:

"Well, it looks if Harold won't be home until New Year's Day," she said. "It seems that he and his partner must choose one or the other day, and of course, it's just like Harold to give his partner Christmas Day."

Harold Adams was a forest ranger in the Lake of Bays district. This would be his first Christmas to be away from home. Jack, his brother, was in his last year at high school. Although their parents were Christians, neither of the boys had taken their stand for Christ.

"Does that mean that Harold will have to stay in that forsaken place alone?" asked Jack. "I think I'd better go north and keep him company for Christmas, and then we'll all be at home for New Year's Day."

After his parents talked it over, they decided to let Jack go to keep Harold company.

"It'll be a rather strange Christmas for us all; with the two boys all alone in Harold's cabin, and we two without our boys with us," said Mrs. Adams to her husband. "But we'll all be together at New Year's."

When Jack got off the train at Huntsville his brother was there to meet him. They drove in Harold's car to South Portage, where they both put on skis and, leaving the car in the postmaster's garage, they started across the frozen lake for their long hike to Harold's lonely lookout post. Harold's companion had already left for his home in Toronto, so he was delighted to have Jack with him.

"It won't be such a lonely Christmas after all," he said to Jack.

Jack was admiring the grand northern scenery as they crossed the lake. The dark evergreen of various kinds along the shore contrasted vividly with the pure white snow — the air was so crisp and clear and unspoiled, Jack noticed; and, though the temperature was very low, he did not seem to mind, at all.

Finally, they reached the path that led to Harold's cabin. As they approached, Jack heard a sound like that

made by a sawmill.

"I didn't know there was a sawmill near here," he exclaimed.

"There isn't — but a chap near South Portage has a power saw. He puts it on his sleigh and comes around to all of us, and we saw up our winter wood supply. He was late in getting around to us this year. Just now, he's over at trapper Ryan's place. Tomorrow he'll come to my place."

The next day the two boys were helping to saw up their wood. When they were about through, Jack slipped and fell. Somehow, his sweater caught in the belt, and before the motor could be shut off, Jack realized he was badly hurt.

The injured boy was bundled up in blankets and placed on the sleigh. On reaching South Portage, Harold placed him in his car and hurried him to the Huntsville hospital where it was found his right shoulder was dislocated, and he would have to stay there for a few days.

"So this is how I keep you company for Christmas," he wryly said to his brother.

"Oh, don't worry about me. You get fixed up, and we'll both be at home for New Year's," said Harold, encouragingly.

The next morning as the nurse was taking his temperature, she remarked: "I see you have no reading matter. Would you like any?"

"I sure would!" Jack responded. "Anything to keep me from jumping out the window."

They both laughed at that. She said, "Surely, that's not the way you feel."

"Well, wouldn't you? This is a fine way to spend the Christmas season!" he complained.

She said nothing, but went away and was back soon with a magazine. He looked at the title: *Gospel Herald*. He looked at her in surprise and said, "Why, that's the paper my folks get. I hardly thought this kind of reading would interest a young person like you."

"It didn't used to," the nurse replied, "but since I found Christ as my Savior, that's the only kind of reading I care about."

Jack thought he would read it, to while away the time. It was the Christmas issue. The first article he read told the purpose of Christ's having been born among men: it was that He might die to save the lost. It showed that all men were born lost, and needed a Savior. He had often heard that before, and he knew that his parents believed that. What he did not know was that his folks, hearing of his accident, were at that very moment praying definitely that God would overrule this in some way to their son's salvation. He read the entire magazine through that day. That evening, as the nurse brought him a warm drink, he was re-reading the Christmas account.

"That article has got me to thinking," he said.

The nurse smiled. "I shall pray tonight that it will get you to believing, too."

"I guess my folks are very likely praying the same thing," said Jack, quietly.

Before morning, Jack committed the saving of his soul to the Savior who came into the world on that Christmas Day long ago. The nurse did not have to be told. As soon as she entered the room and saw his bright smile, she knew!

"Yes, you've guessed it," Jack said, "and I've just been thinking that what I figured was to be my gloomiest Christmas, will now be the most wonderful Christmas in my life."

When Harold visited Jack that afternoon, he told him of the great joy that had come into his life. He gave him the magazine, and said:

"Take this with you, and read that article. That's the article that got me to thinking, and it got me to believing, too."

At that last statement, the nurse who was just going out the door, turned and smiled understandingly.

Two days later, Christmas morning, the Adams home was gladdened by a telegram which they received. It read: "Both of us have received God's Gift! Rejoicing! Be seeing you, the Lord willing, New Year's Day."

—Gospel Herald

When they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother. — Matthew 2:11.

I NOTICED FIRST of all that these wise men from the East came to the house at last. They had had a long and toilsome and perhaps a perilous journey; they had crossed the desert and they had forded rivers; yet in spite of all hardship and difficulty and obstruction, here they were at their desired haven.

There had been days when their journey seemed a failure, when they were tempted to renounce it altogether; they had knocked at door after door in Jerusalem seeking news, yet for a long time they had knocked in vain. They had thought to have found Jerusalem rejoicing — illuminated, maybe, because its king was born; and men were trafficking and little children were playing, as if nothing remarkable had happened. They had said to each other as they battled across the desert, "Our difficulties will be over when we reach Judea. The roads will be thronged with pilgrims travelling kingwards, and we will join ourselves to one of these singing companies." But the roads were empty, and listen as they might, the wise men could not catch one burst of song. There were a thousand things to damp them and discourage them. It was almost impossible that they should be successful. Their Chaldean neighbors had told them it was folly when they set out a week or two before. But with magnificent enthusiasm they perserved — nothing could baffle them or daunt them or dismay them — and all that story of heroism is in these opening words, "when they were come into the house."

What a stirring and great history may lie under half a dozen commonplace words! A few quiet sentences, when the time of utterance comes, may cover the effort and the pain of years. It is not always in impassioned declamation that the deepest concerns of the human heart are spoken. There may be hardly the lifting of the voice, yet the words may tell of the tragedy of years. A young man may quietly say, "I cannot do that," and to the unobservant ear that may mean little; yet struggle and failure and repentance and prayer and promise may all be hidden in that

George H. Morrison, 1866-1928, was a Scottish preacher, remembered chiefly for the warmly phrased and well-prepared sermons delivered at the Wellington Presbyterian Church in Glasgow.

It needed more than earth to carry them through;

it needed the bright and beckoning radiance of the sky.

Wise Men Worship The Child

By George H. Morrison

quiet refusal. There is more heroism in a smiling face sometimes than in half of the deeds that are chronicled in battle. There may be more self-mastery in the doing of quiet duty than in the scourgings of a whole calendar of saints. A world of effort and of hope deferred and of resolute uplifting of a man's brow again — all this may be hidden in such a simple sentence as "when they were come into the house."

The secret of the perseverance of these wise men is not hard to find. It sprang from this, that they were following a star. Had they been guided by anything less than that, they would have sunk down wearied long ago. Do you think, now, if they had read about this king in some of their Chaldean or Babylonian libraries — do you think that that literary discovery would have buoyed them up and carried them of last unto the manger? It needed more than earth to carry them through; it needed the bright and beckoning radiance of the sky. They were strong because their guidance was a star. They looked at the lamp of heaven and not to earth's taper. And if they battled bravely, and journeyed with zeal unquenchable, and if nothing could turn them from their unheard-of quest, it was because they followed, not a light of earth, but a light that was hung aloft by God.

You may make up your mind that all the great enthusiasms have had at heart of them something religious. When a man can follow a great purpose steadily, through ridicule and insult and obstruction, there is more than strength of will in it — there is God. He who sees no star never can be stable. He wanders vainly in a trackless wilderness. Conflicting voices reach him, he is perplexed; he cannot tell whither he is tending. But when above all mists our eyes have seen the light, when we can say,

"Come night or agony, God reigneth," when we believe that no effort is in vain, and that there is not a pang but has a meaning in it, then life is filled with such a quiet purpose that like the wise men we come to the house at last.

We should never forget the variety of motives that brought men under that roof at Bethlehem. The house was an inn or caravanserai, and we know that at that season it was very full; the wise men from the East had varied company when they came into the house that nightfall. Merchants were there, and all manner of wayfarers, and men who had gathered in Bethlehem for the taxing. And they fell to eat and they chatted by the fire and they rehearsed their adventures by the way; but not a man of them dreamed that in that very building the

Christ of God was born into the world. They came into the house and saw the child, and they said, "This is no place for a tender child like that." They came into the house and saw the child, and they said, "God have mercy on that poor mother there!" But the wise men came, and when they say they worshiped, and presented gold and frankincense and myrrh.

How blind most of us are! How little we know what is going on! We rise and journey and eat and go to rest and we know not what is being transacted at our door. Tragedies happen, lives are altered in an hour, heroic deeds are done or are attempted, and you and I, living within a stone's throw, may never hear one whisper of it all. The isolation of a great city is pitiable. Who lives in that house a few doors off! We do not know. But one day the blinds are drawn, someone is dead; and there have been tears and watchings and breaking hearts within it; yet all the time we were happy with our children and could not have told you so much as our neighbor's name. Many a husband goes cheerily to business, in total ignorance of what his wife is suffering. Many a father would be amazed if he knew the thoughts that were stirring in his daughter's heart. The greatest things are never obtrusive things. They are never clamorous or noisy or spectacular. How many are in the inn where Christ is born, yet they know nothing is the glory.

Do you observe why the wise men saw the King when all the others that night at Bethlehem were blind to Him? The simple reason is that they were seeking Him, and just because they were seeking Him, they saw. Where is He that is born King of the Jews? — they had troubled all Jerusalem with their questions. They were more than stargazers, they were anxious searchers not to be beaten off in their endeavor. And so where others saw nothing but a child, they saw, because they had searched for Him, a king. We read that Caesar came and saw and conquered; but these three wise men came and saw and worshiped, and to worship is sometimes better than to conquer, if they be not identical before the Throne.

There is an exquisite title which John Bunyan gives to the church. You remember that he calls it the House Beautiful. When you are come into the House Beautiful which is the church, the supreme question is, what do you see? It all depends on what you come to see. It all depends on what you have been seeking. If you seek to find

fault you shall find it very easily, for neither preaching nor singing nor prayer is ever perfect. If you seek the fellowship of men and women you shall get it, for in the sanctuary men and women gather. But if you seek for more than that, if you seek light and guidance, if you seek power to live well, and power to die well, then poor though our worship be, never a service shall pass, but you shall be blessed by seeing what you sought.

In closing you will notice this, that the wise men saw the young child and **His mother**: first the young child — it was a child-and-mother picture, not mother-and-child, as the catalogues describe it. There are Roman Catholics who cannot see the child,

they are so taken up with gazing on the mother; but the wise men saw the child, and then in that very glance they saw beautiful and peerless motherhood. They had found all they looked for and a little more, for they could never forget the look in Mary's face.

It is always so when a man sees God for himself. We see the young child and — something over. Motherhood, fatherhood, duty and trial and burden — all are lit with a new radiance from that hour. Then like the wise men we go home again, but like them, warned of God, we go another way; for the old ways and the old days are done and dead, when once we have seen God in Jesus Christ.

Joyous NOËL



Penn View Chapel Choir Itinerary

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| 1. Selinsgrove Center
Selinsgrove, PA | December 3rd; P.M. Service |
| 2. God's Missionary Church
Rev. Charles Haffling
Pillow, PA | December 4th; P.M. Service |
| 3. God's Missionary Church
Rev. David Church
Sunbury, PA | December 5th; A.M. Service |
| 4. Pilgrim Holiness Church
Rev. Paul Sickler
Glen Iron, PA | December 5th; P.M. Service |
| 5. Susquehanna Valley Mall
Selinsgrove, PA | December 7th; P.M. |
| 6. Wayside Mission Church
Dornsife, PA | December 8th; P.M. Service |
| 7. God's Missionary Church
Rev. Plank
Spring Garden, PA | December 10th; P.M. Service |
| 8. Pilgrim Holiness Church
Rev. Hallet
Muir, PA | December 11th; P.M. Service |
| 9. Emmanuel Wesleyan
Rev. M. R. McCrary
Gratz, PA | December 12th; A.M. Service |
| 10. Mt. Sinai Chapel
Rev. Donald Hughes
Duncansville, PA | December 12th; P.M. Service |
| 11. Allegheny Wesleyan
Rev. Haight
Hillsdale, PA | December 15th; P.M. Service |
| 12. Pilgrim Holiness Church
Rev. Joseph Winkler
Green Grove, PA | December 19th; A.M. Service |
| 13. New York Pilgrim
Rev. Tilley
Binghamton, NY | December 19th; P.M. Service |
| 14. New York Pilgrim
Rev. Bidwell
Schenectady, NY | December 20th; P.M. Service |

CRUSADERS

(Continued from Page 4)

Valley was excellent in representation and enthusiasm. Those present were from the Rebersburg, Philipsburg, Pleasant View, Bloersville, Lebanon, Roaring Springs, Penns Valley and Milroy Pilgrim churches making a total of 123 percent.

That evening the music was provided by the Lebanon Church. A boys trumpet trio with organ accompaniment played "Still Sweeter Every Day" and "Farther Along." Then a young lady played a violin solo with organ accompaniment. She played "All Because of God's Amazing Grace" and "He Looked Beyond My Fault." A clarinet duet with organ played "His Grace Aboundeth More." A girls duet, accompanied by the piano and organ, sang "Ten Thousand

Years" and other songs. Lastly, the trumpet trio with organ played "Since Jesus Came Into My Heart."

The main highlight that night was the Bible quiz. There were three quiz teams. Team one was from Pleasant View, team two from Penns Valley and team three from Philipsburg. Each team consisted of three young people. There were three men as time keepers and scorers along with three pastors as judges. Bro. Tim Cooley read the questions and those on the teams had only five seconds to answer. Before the quiz started, Rev. Evans gave a preview about the author of the book of James. Rev. Bradley Dixon gave a summary of what the book contained and Rev. Chester Marshall told concerning those to whom the book was addressed.

During the quizzing there was much excitement among the teams and those in the congregation. In fact, the older members enjoyed it as much as the younger ones present. The outcome of the quiz score was Pleasant View 90 points, Penns Valley 100 points and Philipsburg 150 points declaring them the winners.

The real purpose behind the quiz isn't to see who can out-do the other team, but it is to create an interest for the Word of God in the hearts of youth.

As a board, we'd rather challenge our youth to learn the Word than to see them involved in secular activities that so many are involved in today.

We praise God for the good rallies thus far this year. Pray along with us that the remaining rallies of 1982 and those of 1983 will be just as challenging and even better attended.

We urge each Pastor to get behind us and stir up your congregation to support the rallies and make this the best Conference Year of the Youth Crusaders. Pray for us as a Youth Board as we try to meet the needs of the youth of our churches by the Lord's help.

Bro. Brewbaker
Youth Secretary

EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 2)

every member of Adam's race. Though he spoke directly to his disciples He was speaking in glorious promise to all of us.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

The Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, wrote these significant lines

Drop thy still dews of quietness

Till all our strivings cease;

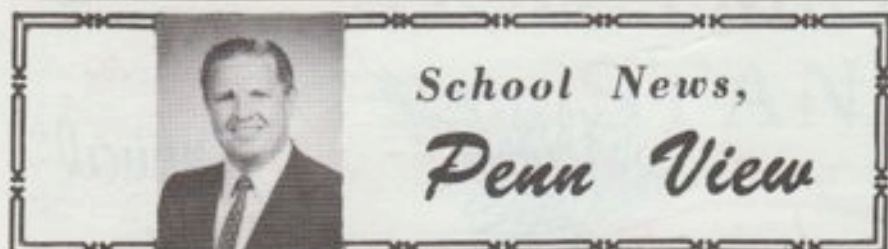
Take from our souls the strain and stress

And let our ordered lives confess

The beauty of Thy Peace.

—D.L.F.





School News, Penn View

From the desk of Rev. Kenneth E. Walter --
President

Transformed

The old Camp kitchen has taken on a new appearance as renovations have been completed to provide a lovely apartment for Bro. and Sis. Armour, Dean of Men and Dean of Women. This beautiful set of solid maple kitchen cabinets represents another way that God is blessing our efforts to stretch the dollars of our faithful supporters. The original price of this set of cabinets was over \$2800. Through a personal visit to the cabinet factory we were able to purchase them for \$400.

You too can make your dollars go further in the work of God by investing in Penn View Bible Institute.



Faculty Observations

"I'm a new creation..." rang out as hearts of praise were lifted heavenward. Glory and adoration was given to God. Those present were waiting upon God. Hearts were encouraged. The warm atmosphere was filled with the presence of Christ. Chapel service was in progress.

The chapel services are very enthusiastic. Students are being challenged by the inspirational messages expounded by the Reverend Donald Myers. Reverend Myers deals with topics that are practical truths. They are applied to our daily routine of life.

God is working among our student body. Attitudes are being changed. In the high school department there are a few who seemed to be very uninterested in spiritual matters. They are changing. God is working in their lives. They are making moves toward God. These fine young people

need our prayers and our moral support. They are facing unpleasant situations at home. Some are facing unpleasant situations at their churches. These young people need to be encouraged and not put down. They are people. They have needs. They need love and understanding by parents, pastors, and teachers. God is working in their lives. Some lives have already been changed by His grace.

Pray that God will use the administration, the faculty, and the staff of Penn View Bible Institute to direct and work with these young people in an effective manner.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled." (Matthew 5:6).

We must salvage our young people from the snares of Satan. Young people are a vital part of the church of Jesus Christ.



The Lord Provides

President Walter and Bro. Armour are observing the operation of a ditchdigger as Mr. Wesley Patterson takes it for a trial run. This excellent used machine was donated by a faithful Christian brother in another money saving venture.

There are many ditches to be dug when a forty acre school campus is under development. Heretofore we have had to hire a backhoe and operator to bury electric and water lines. With this machine we can do our own trenching at considerable savings.

At this point Mr. Patterson is over half done with our initial project for the machine. This 400 foot trench will receive the electrical wires to operate our newly installed pumps for our gas and fuel oil storage tanks.

Evaluation Report

Penn View Bible Institute
Provides Quality Education
by Robert E. Kramer

Editor's Note: Mr. Robert E. Kramer has served as a public school teacher and administrator for twenty-five years. His observations, after a recent two-day visit to our campus, make a strong case for the quality of Penn View's educational program.

As an administrator and teacher in the Public Schools of Pennsylvania, I feel qualified in evaluating the educational program at Penn View.

On October seventh and eighth, it was my privilege to observe approximately twenty teachers in action at Penn View Bible Institute. I also interviewed three administrators. I was impressed with the overall teaching ability of the staff. All the teachers I observed at this time were performing on an average or above average level. Several teachers in each division of the school were doing a superior job. My conclusions are based on my experience as a supervisor and evaluator of public school teachers.

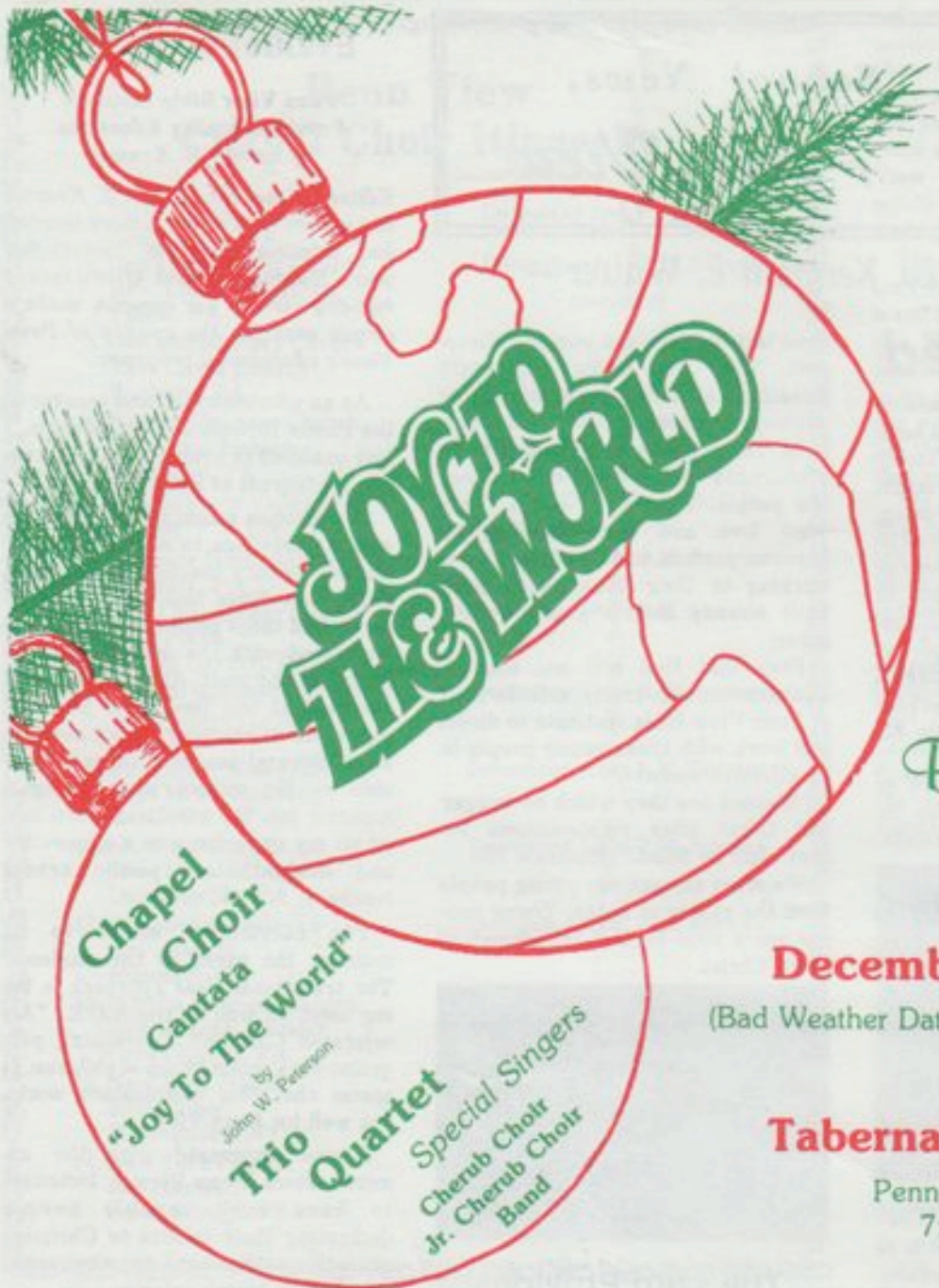
The curriculum seems to be meeting the needs of the students. The traditional class approach is being used, as well as the A.C.E., "Accelerated Christian Education", programs for a select group of children. It seems that this combination works out well for Penn View.

I was impressed with the administrators. Penn View is fortunate to have such capable people dedicating their talents to Christian education rather than in other areas which offer higher salaries.

I would urge each person to contribute to the institute. There are observable needs, such as a multipurpose building to be used as a library, offices, physical educational building, dormitories, and housing for the staff.

This church school is doing a commendable job in the academic areas and also provides a spiritual atmosphere for its students. I would recommend the school to the readers who want their children to attend a Christian school, whether it be elementary, secondary, or on a college level.

I am happy to confirm the fact that Penn View Bible Institute is providing a quality education for its students. In all sincerity, that which I observed far exceeded my expectations.



Annual Christmas Candlelight Service

Penn View
Bible Institute

December 18, 1982

(Bad Weather Date — December 20, 1982)

Tabernacle Building

Penns Creek, Pa.
7:30 P.M.

