

No Holy War

Speaking on radio station WINS, Rabbi Marc H. Tanenbaum, director of the Interreligious Affairs Department of the American Jewish Committee, called America's pioneer human relations organization, said that "when we heard talk of a holy war this past week we shuddered at the terrible implications. . . . The fact that it was the destruction of a holy place that aroused fierce emotions in the Moslem world is especially sorrowful. We had all hoped that such time-and-tradition honored shrines might inspire the building of bridges of understanding rather than the digging of chasms of hatred and fear."

Rabbi Tanenbaum said further:

"Surely, if there ever was a contradiction in terms, it is Holy War. How can war be holy? War is evil — anathema, and in a nuclear-missile age, threats of war unleached by fanatic emotion must be condemned by all mankind because military technology is now so lethal that if its buttons are ever pushed by a demagogue it can destroy the entire inhabited world. . . .

"The irony raised by this medieval cry for holy war is deepened by the fact that the very geography on which the mosque of Al Aksa stands ought to have strengthened bonds between Moslems and Jews rather than alienate them. For this is Mount Moriah where the Patriarch Abraham turned away from human sacrifice, the same Abraham whose monotheism the Prophet Mohammed claimed as his own. Here, too, was erected the Holy Temple of King Solomon, who prayed for the welfare of 'the stranger that is not of thy people Israel' (1 Kings 8:41).

"The Prophet Mohammed himself is recorded as having said, 'Whoever wrongs a Christian or a Jew, against him shall I myself appear as accuser on Judgment Day.' . . .

"The prayer of King Solomon on Mount Moriah and this tolerant utterance of the Prophet Mohammed are the compassionate voices of religion that mankind needs to hear at this difficult hour, not those calls for holy wars or crusades against infidels which deserve to stay buried in the ruins of the medieval past."

Church Attendance Emphasis

Religion In American Life (RIAL), organized in 1949 to promote church attendance, has spent large sums of money in advertising attendance at the church of one's choice particularly in November (RIAL month). It has reported significant results benefiting all churches. Seventh Day Baptists are not now officially affiliated with RIAL. Five years ago RIAL changed its emphasis to stress the importance of putting religious faith to work seven days a week.

Alliance, Ohio, which is credited with originating the new emphasis under the leadership of the Rev. George L. Cutton (American Baptist) has won for the second time the Community of the Year award from RIAL.

It is reported that since Alliance shifted emphasis five years ago from church attendance to action, church attendance has been increasing at the annual rate of 2 per cent for the past four years. Prior to that time church attendance had been declining at the rate of one-half of 1 per cent since 1958.



THE SABBATH RECORDER

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Miss ESTHER BURDICK, Editor

Rev. LEON M. MALTBY, Managing Editor

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CONTRIBUTORS

Carol Clarke Clare, the artist for this issue, is a student at the Ceramic School in Alfred living in Freeville, N. Y., with her husband George.

Donna Sanford is a junior at Milton College where she is majoring in English and French.

Steven Crouch has been a student at Milton. He served in dedicated service two summers and is giving this current school year in extended dedicated service.

Esther Burdick served as youth field worker in '68 and '69 is now employed as social worker in New London, Conn., public schools.

Sharon Fish graduated in nursing from Alfred University and is now working in Rochester, N. Y. She served in dedicated service in 1967.

Christine Ayars is a high school senior, member of Marlboro, N. J. church. She was in dedicated service in 1969.

(More contributors listed on pages 7, 10, 15)

YOUTH ON THE WAY

By Esther Burdick

Guest Editor

During the last five years, since 1964, young people, high school and college age, have been giving their summers in dedicated service for church and denomination. These projects have included assisting in Bible schools, day camps, overnight camps for all ages, visitation, work exhibits at fairs, family camps, retreats, as well as responsibilities in church services. A few have given extended service of a year at some project. Sponsored and supported by denominational boards, project churches, and many individuals, the program has brought new vitality, new enthusiasm, and a sense of mission, which like ripples in the water, have reached far beyond just those participating.

It seemed appropriate, in planning a youth issue of the *Recorder*, that individual youth, representing the teams who served this past year, and those who served in previous years, should be asked to contribute their ideas, experiences of commitment and service, as well as hopes for the future.

It is significant that the twenty-three young people who served this past summer called themselves the "SDS" (summer dedicated service) using initials which have come to mean a movement on campus, both radical and revolutionary. The gospel of Christ, when it is most simply and clearly understood, as well as when it is drastically applied, becomes both of these. We hope that you will be inspired to deeper commitment and action for Christ as you read these articles telling of the power of Christ to reach out to the world through the dedicated lives of His servants, those who have learned to know and love Him.

The theme that we have chosen for this issue is "Youth on the Way — Christ's Way," in witness, in worship, in work and service, and in vision.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life" (John 14:6).

Finding Life

Steve Crouch of Milton explains what dedicated service means to him.

Dedicated service has come to mean a lot more to me than it did originally. I have discovered the joy in giving service, not only in Summer Christian Service Corps, and in extended service program, but in the home church as well. For one spends much more time in his home and school life than he ever can in a dedicated service program; so this is his greater field of service. But for my part, it has been through the dedicated service program that I have first come to discover the joys of Christian service. Many great things have happened to me, directly or indirectly resulting from my participation in SCSC (Summer Christian Service Corps).

First and foremost, it was at training session this year that I accepted Christ as my Savior. I had previously had many wonderful experiences with the presence of His Holy Spirit, but I had never before really given myself to Him. Now I have knowledge of this fact, and I no longer need to rely on feelings. I now realize more and more just how much Christ has done and is doing for me, and how thankful I am for everything.

Prayer has taken on a new meaning. I have come to realize that God has given me all the faith I need for what He asks me to do, if I will but obey. Last summer, for example, I went into a week of camp feeling totally inadequate and unprepared for what I had been asked to do. But a simple prayer for guidance was answered, and things somehow fell into line.

The question has been asked: "Which is the better way to witness, through your life or through your words?" The answer, I have discovered, is that both are necessary. I had the opportunity at three different camp sessions to speak to the group about what Christ has done

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

YOUTH ON THE WAY



In Prayer

Donna Sanford writes about the value in her life of being part of a small group engaged regularly in conversational prayer

Prayer Power

"Hey, Donna. A bunch of us kids are going to stay after choir practice tonight for conversational prayer and if you'd like to join us you're more than welcome."

"Uh sure. Okay." Me? Pray out loud? Yes, it did sound square, at first. But it was the first Friday night of school year '68-69, and I wanted to get to know the new Seventh Day Baptist students at Milton College. So . . . I stayed.

There were, I think, about seven of us that first night. We were fortunate in having three SCSC veterans to keep the ball rolling until we rookies caught on. Then, as the Spirit moved, we prayed.

I got what I wanted that evening—I did meet the new SDB students. I got a lot more than that, too—I also met God because He was right there in our circle. (Not only that, He stayed with each of us all summer as we went our separate ways!)

This was only the beginning. A group of us met together for prayer once a week and called ourselves "the faithful

five" for a month or so. Then we started meeting twice a week and calling ourselves "the faithful five plus."

So how has God helped me through conversational prayer? He has strengthened my personal rapport with Him, multiplied my sensitivity for others, given me a new unlimited resource for problem-solving, and increased my Christian witness.

Personal rapport with God is hard to talk about since it means something different to each individual. My attention span before last year was like that of a first-grader as far as private prayer was concerned. I very seldom got beyond my major crisis of the day (when I took time to pray at all) and I never really listened to a pastoral prayer in my life. Listening to other kids my own age praying is teaching me to hold a prayerful attitude for more extended periods of time and to respond. It gives me new insight on what needs special prayers and it reminds me to thank God for things I often take for granted.

In this society of anonymity and apathy, we have a genuine need for understanding. Many a prayer made in and by a group has made more sensitive to another person by making me aware of his special problems and needs. This can affect one's dealing with people in daily life. Try it. I have experienced it myself, and I am basically as self-centered as anyone.

My list of problems solved in part by the unity of group prayer is a long one. The most striking of these is one faced by "the faithful five plus" last winter when we had a proposed retreat eleven days away. We almost backed out because we didn't know whether we could host a worthwhile retreat on such short notice. When we prayed for guidance we could practically hear God saying, "Have the retreat." Plans were begun that very night, and for the next eleven days our group worked *together*. The theme? "Prayer Power."

We will never know all the effects of this retreat on the spiritual lives of the forty young people, but at least two immediately visible results convinced us

that we had done God's will: At least three more kids mailed in their applications for SCSC that week, and an active prayer group was initiated in Dodge Center.

The mere act of leaving my dorm friends to go someplace and pray twice a week has given me many opportunities to witness for Christ. It is impossible to say how effective these encounters have been, but God has done His part in providing them. In this respect, it is essential to remember that actions speak louder than words, and there had better be something in your life to show the difference communion with God is making.

On behalf of "the faithful five plus" I invite all groups of one person or more to join us in prayer at 9:00 Tuesday night and at 10:00 Friday night. Let's be united from Cali to Rhody this year in a super-conversation with God!

Prayer Power

Sharon Fish tells about the power of prayer in a specific instance

The ivy clings to its dusky walls; boys raid it; girls who call it "theirs" curse its rules and regulations, and cry when they must leave its clanking radiators and chilly mornings. It was my college dormitory and I love it for the memories it holds of a freshman whose parting words were . . . "Christ was a pretty neat guy."

As counselor for a floor of freshmen I acquired increased insight into the problems of late adolescence, yet perhaps a greater gain was a new appreciation for the power of prayer that knows no boundaries.

I will call her Sarah. She was our dorm's youngest, a city girl caught up in the wave of a student protest movement with its "anti-establishment" demonstrations. She shunned authority, and I was top on her list of people to ignore.

The walls of silence crumbled as suddenly and dramatically as did the walls of Jericho one fall day following a bitter and slanderous scene with her roommate which led to Sarah's taking refuge in my room until the waves of gossip abated.

Although Sarah's heritage was Jewish Orthodox, she had been early disillusioned and had "evolutionized" herself right out of the existence of God. With this knowledge I yielded to the urge to place numerous tracts rather conspicuously about my room. The second night Sarah greeted me at the door with a neat little pile of tracts and the query . . . "Are you religious?" Hence began a new relationship for us both, which suffered much in the ensuing months.

Our fall retreat arrived, and after no little persuasion Sarah agreed to join in. It was a shattering experience for us both. During our evening singalong Sarah abruptly left us, and following her into the quietness of the night, I listened to her tell me of being caught up in something she didn't quite understand. She found the "retreat kids" to be different from her friends — happier somehow. She was afraid and she wanted to leave. A week passed before Sarah came knocking at my door to talk about her new and bewildering experience, and about this Christ everyone thought so important.

Sarah continued to ask questions in weekly Bible studies, yet clung to her tenets that God was nonexistent and Christianity irrelevant. A required English course emphasized large portions of Scripture and, though reluctant, Sarah read them and ventured that the passages did say something pretty relevant in a rather beautiful way.

Sarah's admission as we parted company for the summer, that Christ was a "pretty neat guy" was short of my grand expectations for her. Yet perhaps this was one giant step ahead into a relationship with her God and Savior.

It is my firm belief that nothing short of the power of prayer and the working of the Holy Spirit in the lives of those who were praying daily (individuals and conversational prayer groups) and through Sarah herself, who was searching, albeit in doubt, introduced one most important life to the promises of Christ.

So says the prophet Isaiah, ". . . before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear" (Isa.

65:24). How anything positive could have come out of the negative attitudes and incidents of early fall is beyond my finite mind to grasp, yet not beyond His infiniteness.

It seems that when we are most helpless, God is the most helpful. When we recognize our inability to go it alone, and to solve seemingly insoluble problems, we can remember to say, "Thy will be done," and can believe that so it will be.

God gives the increase. God works the miracles. This is the power of prayer and its secret — to give ourselves and our problems to Him, and work diligently with what He gives us in return. When we give God the glory, He reaches out to offer His guidance.

Conversational Prayer

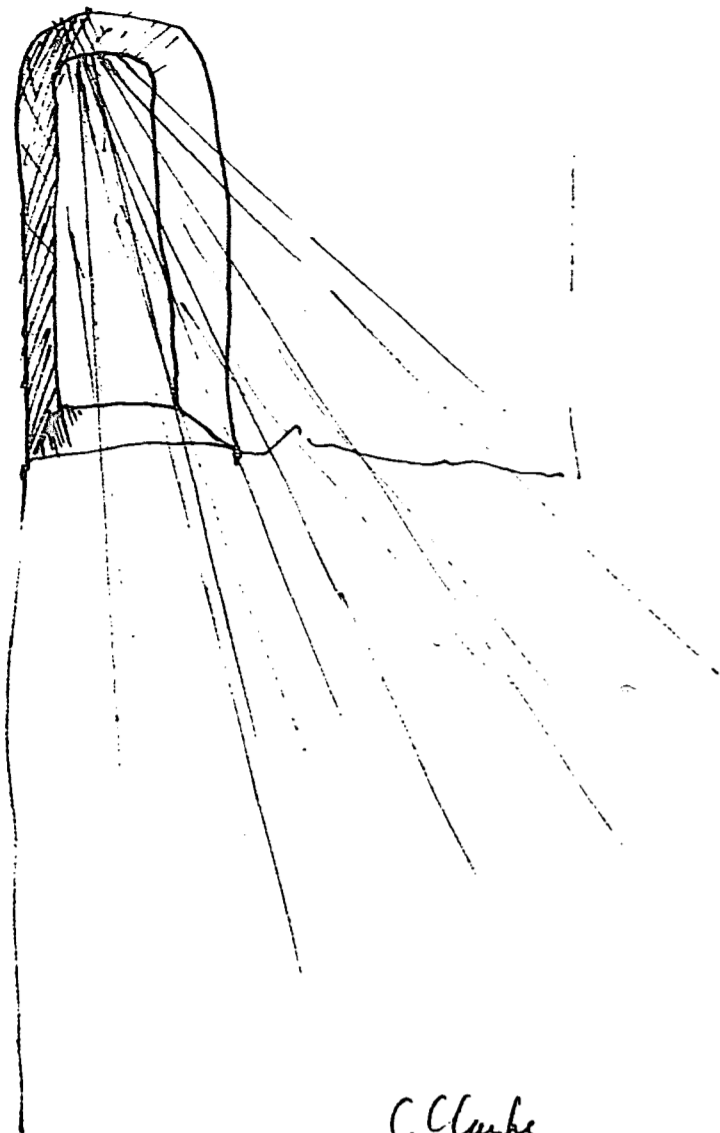
Chris Ayars talks about prayer experience at Senior Camp on the summer project, and in her personal life

Conversational prayer has been something wonderful for me. As an SDS worker, I was introduced to it for the first time. I have never been able to open up in prayer so much before. But as I prayed with the group—it wasn't just me praying — I was part of one functional body. We were praying ourselves, but the mood, the same topics, were being concentrated by all at the same time. We were all showering God with the same tone at the same time. So we prayed as a group, giving thanks and sharing problems.

Our team this summer would meet every night with teens from the church where we were assigned for prayer. These times helped us all. I feel very close to the young people there. It's hard to relate how much prayer has come to mean to me. I learned to depend on my God through it all, I think. I'll just say that because of conversational prayer I have found a closer relationship to God, and because of this I am able to function now at home. I have found a fuller life as an active Christian. I am not doing anything alone, anymore. My

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YOUTH ON THE WAY



C. Clarke

In Worship

Some new ways of worship
discussed by Cathy Clarke

Church Worship Services

Worship means an experience with God present. As part of our time with God in our church we have used rhythm choir, a sharing of ideas in a spontaneous dialogue, a chancel drama, poetry reading with Scriptural parallels, new translations of the Bible for Scripture lesson, new anthems, and two years ago an experimental youth week service.

Rhythm choir was first introduced to some young high school girls, five years ago this fall, by a German-born member of our church. Mrs. Richard Tolins stressed creativity to us. She made us pretend we were a flower — from seed to full growth. At first we thought it was funny, but it was an exercise in imagination, empathy, self-control, and muscle coordination.

From that beginning we worked toward the portrayal of the Nativity. Our first performance took place on Christmas Eve 1966, before a group who gathered to remember the humble birth of our Christ. Robed in white with red stoles circling our necks, we first received a blessing from Mrs. Tolins through an old theater custom. We walked down the aisle of the dim-lit church, hands quietly at our sides and reached the lighted platform area. "And there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus . . ." The story took shape in motion to words — Mary, heavy with child; the quiet shepherds' fear at the great light of God; the adoration of the Child.

From that performance grew the Conference program given two years ago telling the prophecy and story of Jesus our Savior's life. The rhythm choir has now disbanded, because of diffusion of time and interest of girls working together. A few singles, trios, and doubles have been performed and a group of community children gave one performance.

Another aspect of our church worship was a planned interruption of an orthodox sermon that prompted some of the people in the audience to speak about the scope of their Seventh Day Baptist belief and polity and action for Christ today.

A chancel drama which was repeated at Conference this year — "Remind Me to Live," provided an interesting worship experience. The point of the play is to make us aware of the need to slow down and seek God's plan for us in our busy days, and to ask what we have chosen as our priorities.

An autumn Sabbath morning sermon was spent in a poetry reading by Carol Burdick Hudson, from her book *Destination Unknown*, with the pastor assisting, reading Scriptural references that dealt with the themes of the poems. One that struck me particularly was a unique telling in Carol's words, of Eve's purpose for being made. Eve was consternated with Adam because he nagged her and didn't always consider her needs, as she was only a part of *him*. But as she spoke

to God, Eve realized that she loved Adam in spite of everything.

With the aid of the deacons and deaconesses, the pastor has tried to keep Sabbath morning special by using college students and other laity as leaders in the service. Often the invocative, responsive reading, and Scripture lesson are delegated to a college student during the school year. Use of *Good News for Modern Man* or Phillips translation help the Scripture come alive for them and hopefully for the congregation.

The pastor's prayers reflect the depth of his faith. Some of his most valuable words come through his prayers. He gives time for members and guests to have their own quiet moments of pleading or joyfulness with God, too. For every thought of himself come two for another person — even so far as providing the organ meditation and quiet moments before his prayers.

Our organist at church gives dedicated service every Sabbath morning. He helps us keep the anthems lively, though most of them are traditional Scriptural texts. He has used some new ones by contemporary composers occasionally. Some of our Christmas music has a real flair.

About April comes time for youth week. Under the leadership of our Youth Fellowship president we once presented a really different service. The exclusive use of guitars and folk songs for hymns, along with some pertinent questions being raised began a new trend for Youth Week. There have been some changes made in lives toward the closing of the generation gap, since then.

Butch Keown gives some thoughts on individual worship, involving obedience and spiritual disciplines.

Individual Worship

We can be just as cantankerous, lonely, frustrated, and separated from God as we want to be. But there is forgiveness and grace without price when we go to God. Our lives can be changed to such a degree that we seek God all the time and feel Him leading us and gently prodding us when we falter.

Our obedience to Christ is one thing,

but if we truly submit ourselves to Him, we are nailed to the cross with Him! Submission helps us love the drunkard in the alley, helps us smile when we have been jilted on a date, and to tithe because we want to! Submission involves the giving of our *unmasked* selves to gentle Jesus. Submission makes us want to listen to and thank God for His goodness.

We need discipline for submission. I think of six ways:

1. Regular, daily, orderly Bible reading.
2. Creativity in reading the Word.
3. An hour of alone time with God daily in which we may read, pray, paint, or just think.
4. Prayer is not an instant Santa Claus, but an interaction with Him.
5. Spiritual creativity meaning new ways of worship of God.
6. Thanks to God at all times for each thing He provides.

We project Christ by yielding to Him.

Finding Life

(Continued from page 3)

for me. I am realizing more and more that something as great as Jesus Christ is certainly worth talking about.

Becoming a Christian has made me realize how weak I am, and that this is my strength: that I must yield to Christ and rely on Him. It worked in dedicated service; why shouldn't it always work?

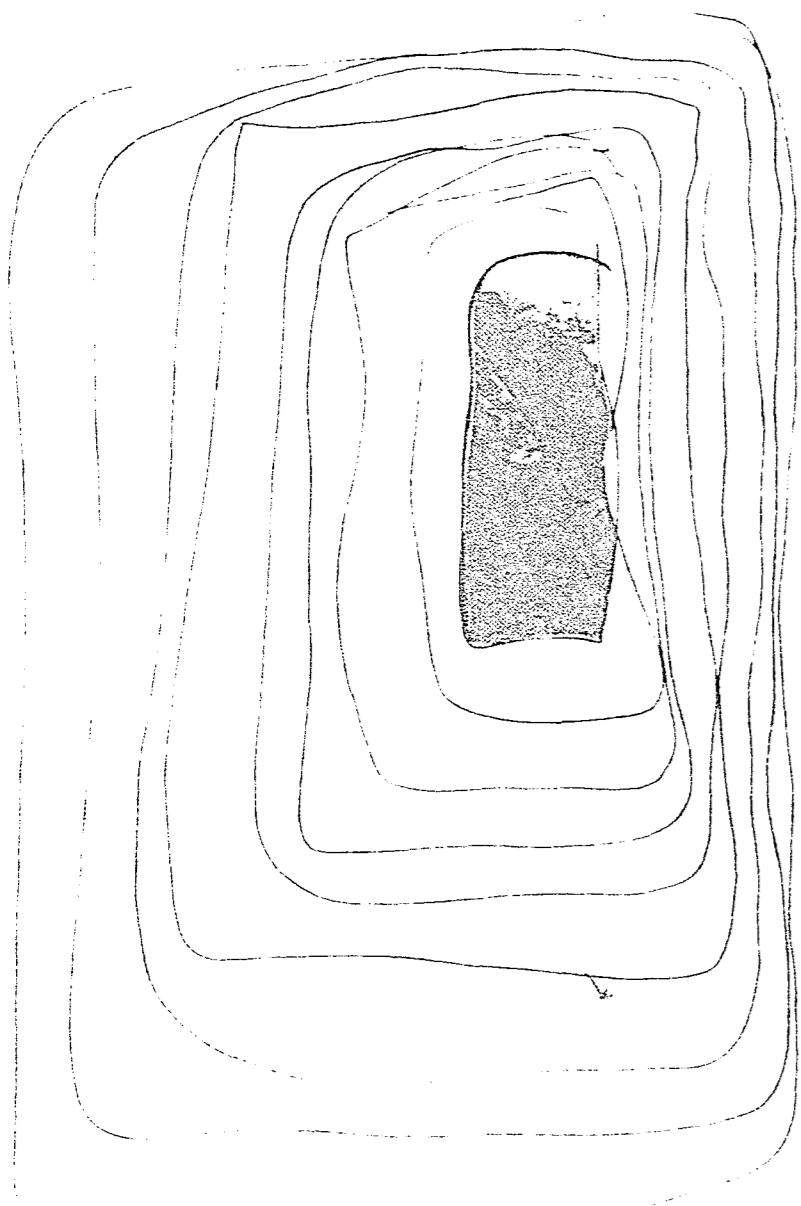
CONTRIBUTORS

Cathy Clarke, senior at Alfred University, was a member of summer dedicated service in 1968 and 1969.

Bernard Keown, a sophomore at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln, was in summer dedicated service in 1968. His remarks were given at Conference and appeared in the "Conference Crier."

Jennie Wells gave a year of dedicated service in Plainfield, N. J., is now in Denver attending a business school, training to be a medical assistant. Her remarks appeared in the "Conference Crier."

YOUTH ON THE WAY



In Work and Service

What is dedicated service? Jennie Wells, Boulder, Colo., who gave a year of dedicated service to the denomination, expresses well what any dedicated service may be.

To me it is giving to the Lord through service, time, talent, and work of any kind, from young and old alike. It is one of the smallest gifts that can be given to God in return for all He does for each of us.

My jobs were many this past year. At times it seemed as if nothing was being accomplished, because some of the jobs seemed less valuable, slow, and at times even boring. But one of the most important things that helped me through the year was knowing and feeling that

God was right there helping me to do His work. . . . Among other things my work involved all types of secretarial jobs (typing, mimeographing, filing, etc.) working with all the boards, agencies, and secretaries located at Plainfield and Alfred Station. I also worked for the Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church and the Plainfield church. I even enjoyed doing some painting and window-washing.

Dedicated service should be voluntary; it is an everyday experience and practice, to be fulfilled through the help of the Holy Spirit. This can be done any place, on the home field or abroad. . . . Even the little things that we do become important through the Lord Jesus Christ.

Most of the summer dedicated service teams were involved with at least one Bible School. Here is the report of one team—Team Bountiful—Linda Greene and Alice Rood.

Neither of us had ever worked with children in Bible Schools as much as we did this summer. Teaching children is not an easy job. Too often it is thought of lightly as a small undertaking. We soon realized how false this was. Perhaps this was the most important thing we learned; that being teachers, and with the kids soaking everything in that we said, we might have a strong influence on their lives. After realizing this, we turned to God for the strength we needed in accepting this responsibility. He gave us that strength which carried us through many discouraging times, when we were ready to give up. We were used several times by Him, though unaware of it at the time. This is what made our Bible School so enjoyable.

We worked with all kinds of children, ranging from big to little, lovely to unlovely, loved to unloved, rich to poor, spiritually filled to spiritually empty; happy to unhappy. This meant that we had to be sensitive to individual needs, and show them our love. We tried to do this in our story, singing, snack, recreation, craft, and worship times. Some of our rewards were: sparkling eyes from a smiling face, a big hug or a squeeze of

the hand, a present made especially for us with love, a memory verse learned well, singing with all the "umtion" possible, and questions about Christ's love. Many of these children had nothing much to do during the summer, so Bible School was their pride and joy. We felt happy when they worked hard and said, "I wish this could last all year." The Lord richly blessed us in our Bible School work. We see a great need for Bible Schools wherever they are possible. Our prayer is that more children might be involved.

The Church in Action

Judy Parrish of Battle Creek writes about youth involvement in her home city — the inner city movement.

The Battle Creek young people have always worked in service projects, but we are now involved in the area around our church. This area is mostly Black, and predominantly poor. The inner city of Battle Creek is this district of slums or ghettos.

One of the first projects our church and youth initiated was the Recreation Center. Our parish house was equipped with two pool tables, a Ping-Pong table, and a closet full of games. The "Rec" center was manned by adults, but youth were often there with other young people of the neighborhood. This was a very worthwhile project because the police reported that there was a decrease in disturbances or crimes by young people of the area. All we did was take them off the street and give them some fun and something constructive to do.

Several years ago our church started a day camp instead of a Vacation Bible School. Every weekday morning, with the use of our church bus, small children through teens, were taken out to our Camp Holston. There were no classes for senior high youth, but many of our church teens went out to help the teachers of classes for younger children, or to assist in crafts, swimming, or music. The Day Camp is for our own children as well as for those around our church. It

provides the start of a good relationship between black and white children and also teaches about the love of Christ.

The Day Camp carries oftentimes over into the church camps, and so many of the children carry over, too. Neighborhood youth attend all our camps, primary through senior. Moreover, for those who can't afford to come to camp but would like to, our church and one of the local community clubs provide scholarship aid to cover the cost. Our young people have been counselors.

One of the most recent community services has been the development of the Washington Heights Project. A vacant lot in the middle of the city was made into a playground, and it was this summer scene of Bible School for two weeks. Our church has been involved in the project, as well as other area churches and community leaders. Some of our youth were teachers or helpers at the Bible School. All of the children and young people were taken out to our camp many times for swimming, while several of our own young people who were qualified, served as lifeguards.

Now our Parish House is serving the community in another way, through letting mothers who are on welfare leave their children at the Day Care Center, so that they can train for, or hold, a job. This center was not begun nor is it sponsored by our church, and our church members are not on the staff, but since much of the Parish House is being used by our youth, we had some influence in backing this project. The big part our youth played was in preparing the building for the center's use. We repainted all the rooms to be used by the center, and made a large walk-in closet into a very modern kitchen, with all appliances and conveniences. The building is now attractive, and being put to good use.

The youth of the Battle Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church have been a part of all the projects mentioned. We have given, but I think we have gained even more than we gave. These have

been valuable experiences in human relationships and a chance to show Christian love. We also give credit to our pastor, "Gene" (Rev. Eugene Fatato) and "Aunt Connie" (Miss Connie Coon) who helped us start, kept us going, or gave us the extra push to *get involved*.

A special involvement by a church in the community is described by Cathy Clarke, in collaboration, she says, with her father, the Rev. David S. Clarke

Recently Alfred Seventh Day Baptists discovered that out of the approximately 1,800 migrant workers annually in the Steuben County area some 700 had settled in the area as permanent residents over the last ten years or so. Many of them live in poverty and illness and in separation from community services available to more literate persons.

Source of this information was the Rev. David Jones, himself a migrant, now permanently living in Steuben County. The Rev. Jones is pastor of a Black Baptist church in Corning and of "Harvest Chapel" in the area where many migrants are employed.

Clothing and household goods have been given to Pastor Jones in past years by Alfred folk, but little vital personal contact with migrant families themselves had occurred. Last fall, personal contact began through visits to homes of these resettlers by concerned Alfred Christians. Next came exchange of youth choirs. This involved preparation of music for worship and the leadership of a Sunday morning service at Corning. Our Black Baptist friends hosted us at a delicious dinner and a heart-warming songfest.

Their return visit to our church involved several musical contributions by their enthusiastic and skilled junior and youth choirs. Also, Pastor Jones preached an inspiring message on "The Startling Christ."

Youth assisted in the collection and distribution of clothes to resettlers during the winter months. The Girl Scouts collected canned foods as admission price

for a movie at the local theater through the kindness of the manager.

During Senior S. D. B. Association Camp some of the youth undertook a major sorting and sizing project with the large collection of clothes amassed by that time. A small group of campers tied two quilts with the aid of some "expert quilters" (Mrs. L. O. Greene and Mrs. L. R. Polan). These service projects took the place of the usual craft period and seemed to be very satisfying both to the youth and those they served.

Several youth were involved in the planning, publicizing and serving of a "Soul Food Dinner" in Alfred community—forced inside the Parish House by rain. This dinner had been sponsored by the Alfred Area Migrant Resettlers Assistance Committee with the Black friends doing the buying and cooking of the food. Very broad patronage was realized, but even more important were the rich human relations shared in food preparation, soul music and cleanup! A large and colorful sign was created with matching thematic flyers distributed by the youth.

It is anticipated that in the coming personal encounters of our people with those newly settling in our area, the exciting hopefulness of applied Christian love may be enlarged.

Conversational Prayer

(Continued from page 5)

Friend is with me. Right now at home I am still having conversational prayer. It's really helping me. The group size is only two — Him and me. But it is still just as great; just as enriching.

CONTRIBUTORS

Judith Parrish is a senior in high school and a member of the Battle Creek church. She plans next year to train as a dental hygienist.

Dale and Althea Rood live in Chester, Pa., where Dale attends Crozer Seminary and Althea teaches in high school. Both were in summer dedicated service, Dale in 1964 and again in 1966, Althea in 1965 and 1966.

YOUTH ON THE WAY



In Witness

A young couple, Dale and Althea Rood, both formerly in summer dedicated service and now preparing for the ministry, tell some of their experiences of witness and work for the Lord

Althea begins:

In Mark 8:35, Jesus Christ tells us: "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." Strange words they are to be sure, and the individual is inclined to ask what they have to do with him.

A story was told in a recent publication about a retired man who returned from an invalid condition to a normal healthy life when he got caught up in doing the work of the Lord — in giving his life to other people in the name of the Lord. This story illustrated the words from Mark. Here was a man who literally found his life again when he started giving it away in the work of the Lord. It started me to thinking: "What does giving my life away mean to me? Is this what so many of my experiences are adding up to — what it means to lose my life in service to my Lord?"

My thoughts went back to 1964 when I was in the New Orleans area doing

dedicated service for the summer. I was one of four who were calling in housing projects in the city largely to announce Bible Schools we were holding.

On one particular day the Lord had something else in mind for our team. As one door opened to our knock, there stood a miserable looking alcoholic woman who was just about at the end of her rope. She walked using a single battered crutch due to extreme pain from her arthritis. We announced our names to her and told her we were from a church. Immediately she burst into tears and said, "Oh, won't you please come in. Please! I've been praying, 'Dear God, won't you please send somebody to help me.' Won't you please come in." We did come in, and thus began a long relationship that continues to this day. She did accept Christ and she did manage to overcome her alcoholism. And praise God for that!

But suppose we hadn't gone calling that day because we were a little tired or wanted to go to the amusement park instead? Or suppose we hadn't gone in because she had no children that she could send to Bible School? Suppose no one had been available to follow up, to show continued love, to lead her into a deeper faith, to help her overcome her problems? It was definitely the work of the Holy Spirit that brought us to her door. That very morning she had been praying for someone to come to help her and thus our coming could only have been an answer to her prayer.

Another day we found a Seventh Day Baptist family who had moved into the city and lost contact with other Seventh Day Baptists. Once again, it must have been the Holy Spirit that brought us to the four people out of the more than one million in the New Orleans area. Next summer in the same area a young merchant marine sailor was home only for a week, and it just happened to be then that a call was made and he also accepted Christ. He too had been praying for someone to come and to explain the Christian faith he'd learned of as a boy. Even though contact may be lost with some of these individuals, we know

this work is not in vain as is promised in First Corinthians 15:58.

The question again arises: Suppose we had decided that we wanted to do something for ourselves on these days? Suppose we had said, "We aren't interested in all those people"? Would we have found these few who were in need if we had not in some way or other been involving ourselves with many in our work and service?

Dale adds:

It seems to me there are at least two things to be noted. For one, Christians cannot be truly committed and just sit idly by. They must go out and "get their hands dirty," actually living their lives for others. Once one has gotten his hands dirty in this way he will never be happy again unless he is giving himself to others. This may mean finding a different means of expressing his concern if one type of work is not where he feels comfortable. But, one way or the other, he must be giving his life away to others.

The second point concerns *how* one gives his life for others. The Christian is not called to give his life away any old way but to give it for Christ's sake and the gospel's. As Christians, we find ourselves concerned for these people because Christ was first concerned for us. This means that we must be ready and willing to share our Lord with anyone—whether it be an alcoholic ready for help or someone simply asking why we are concerned. We must remember that what we have to share is Someone greater than we, greater than mere silver and gold, greater than just our helping hand.

Yes, finding our lives through losing them is something each of us as an individual must discover. Yet this question cannot be answered without Christ and without "getting our hands dirty." Involvement in Christ's work brings true joy! Althea and I are finding this to be true in our lives. We hope you are discovering the same to be true in your lives.

Phil Rood talks about witness through visitation.

Telling others about Jesus Christ is for many Christians the hardest assignment to follow. Yet witnessing is important to the spreading of the gospel and it also adds a new dimension to one's Christian experience. My summer in dedicated service has convinced me that telling the good news should be a vital and living part of every person's Christian faith.

For myself, the thought of my visiting people's homes scares the daylight out of me. Myriads of doubts and questions flood my mind every time I approach an unfamiliar door. But once I meet the people behind that door and start to tell them of my Christian experience, the words begin to flow easily and excited joy fills my soul. Often I don't have a chance to share all of the Christian story, but it is worthwhile just to learn to know people and show Christian love for them.

Our team visitation this summer was mainly sharing Christian love along with recruiting children for a day camp. Two visits in particular, stand out in my mind. In both instances, we were talking with middle-aged women, one who was alone most of the day and another, who didn't feel a part of the community. They both invited us in warmly, served us refreshments, showed us around their homes and shared experiences with us for a couple hours. Bringing up Christianity and dedicated service was easy since people are interested in why two young persons would spend their time doing calling. After visits like these, we both felt that our spirits were lifted. The second lady invited us back for supper one evening and we came to know her whole family. Two of her children attended our Junior Camp and two attended the Day Camp. We became good friends by the end of the summer and were pleased to see them become friends with our minister and his family.

Often, as in our calling, we don't see immediate dramatic results in our witness to others. We have no way of

knowing what effect there was on many of the homes we visited this summer, but we are confident that the Lord used us to tell of His love and of His Son. As we learned in our training session, it is impossible to fail when you are witnessing about Jesus Christ.

Showing the Way

Bill Bond describes some personal experiences in witnessing for Christ as a college student

During my first year of college I saw many of my colleagues getting "smashed" every week and I soon began to re-examine my position as a Christian on getting drunk. I discovered this helpful verse. "And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit" (Eph. 5:18). Then I saw that Christ told us that . . . "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth" (Acts 1:8). As I began to let the Holy Spirit work His ministry in my life, I experienced a new power in sharing the good news of Christ. I would like to relate three different situations in which God used me in some way to share my faith and testimony of Christ.

Keith and I had been praying for Al for several weeks before we started our trip to Ft. Lauderdale for spring break. All three of us were college students on the way to Florida for a week of fun, but Keith and I had a special purpose. We planned to share Christ and the way of salvation with the young people on the beaches, while Al, who wanted nothing to do with Christianity, was going for the sex and suds. During the thirty-six hour non-stop trip from Minnesota to Florida in a Volkswagen, Keith and I shared with Al the new dimension that Christ had added to our lives and the peace and the power we had experienced which could come only from God. Al would have nothing to do with the mystical experience we called Christianity.

After we arrived in Florida, Al split off into his own groove of guys and gals while Keith and I met the other 200 kids who were in Ft. Lauderdale for the same purpose of sharing Christ on the beaches. Al, along with the many of the searching college students, found that after the initial excitement of the beach and the ocean wore off, Ft. Lauderdale can be very lonely and frustrating. Al found us about the third day, admitting that there was something different about those 200 kids with Christ in their lives. We got him a blind date with a Christian girl, she witnessed to him, and Al prayed to receive Christ into his life that night. This is not the end of the story; it is hardly the beginning. One of Al's Ft. Lauderdale buddies saw such a change in Al's life, that he soon prayed to receive Christ into his life. Now that we are back in Minnesota, Al is growing strong in his faith. For example, he really shook up his Sunday School class with his talk about a personal relationship with Christ and one of his parties almost turned into a mini-crusade because there was so much witnessing about Christ.

Another interesting experience happened to me later that school year. My psychology final ended about 9:00 at night, and I was mentally exhausted. After a short rest, I decided to do my laundry so the night would not be entirely wasted. Just after I put my clothes in a washer, the owner of the laundromat came in and told me it was closing time. I immediately started a long-winded discussion on college demonstrators, my strategy being that I would keep him talking until my wash was done. During the course of our debate, I told him that I knew many students who were not interested in destruction, but rather were concerned with each individual's relationship with God. He wanted to know more and soon I was sharing God's plan of salvation through Christ. He asked if he could get down on his knees, and right there in the laundromat he prayed to receive Christ into his heart. Besides that, he let me finish my wash!

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YOUTH ON THE WAY

In Vision



Sue Bond shares some ideas about the "gathered community" —the church

Individuals make up a church and each one is as important as the other. Minister, secretary, custodian, choir member, and pew sitter are all responsible for each other's welfare as well as for the church's spiritual growth. The word "vision" makes my whole being feel a big tug. It says to me, "Get off your bottom, don't sit and mourn all day because you think your church is going to pieces with the rest of the world. Be enthusiastic, get in there and work and help and love those people."

Frankly, I do not want to go to church just to hear the preacher talk about peace to people whom I count are sleeping, then leave after the benediction with a forced "Hello" to everyone. I want to know the people — all ages — and not put labels on anybody.

Enveloped in the word "vision" I see pictures of the church as it might be. One is the minister with a happy face because his flock has shown him their love and their concern for the church.

They have offered to help and be active for the sake of a growing and vital church.

Another picture is of the congregation putting church activities first, thus enriching their own spirits, instead of feeling that attending once a week is all that is needed, or even represents a sacrifice. They are smiling because they have found a treasure, something that was missing in their lives.

The last picture is of every member sharing tasks that Christians face. The youths are singing at a hospital. The middle-aged are going from house to house visiting and witnessing to those in the community. The elderly are folding church bulletins or baking pies for a sale, all the proceeds of which go to Our World Mission. Does this sound like a dream?

A lot of faith, hope, and love go into a real Christian church and a lot can come out of it if each of us will accept responsibilities and love God with all our mind and heart and strength and soul.

Sharon Fish shares some thoughts about the dedicated service program.

Suggestion for SDS

On one project our team gave a repeat performance of our training session (somewhat condensed) to the local youth fellowship. It was effective, and for several weeks they went calling with us or on their own. Perhaps this could be tried with anyone interested — adults and youth alike — and emphasize dedicated service the year around.

It is important to reach the youth of the community! Our most meaningful encounter was with the teens, yet the door-to-door process wasn't the most effective in meeting the young people. Perhaps the local youth fellowship has suggestions on youth outreach. We had a couple of youth parties, well publicized and open to teens of other churches and the community.

Another point is more follow-up on people who have left the church, on shut-ins, etc., rather than canvassing the whole town. Get together with area ministers to find out about the needs of the community, of the elderly, of youth of whom they might know who need a contact. The ministers we called upon were helpful and friendly. Visit hospitals, or nursing homes, or homes for the problem teens.

Strongly emphasize Bible study in the churches — Old Testament as well as New Testament. Use the Bible as a text instead of Sabbath and baptism tracts, unless these are asked for specifically. Talk about Christ first in your encounters, and of your church affiliation later.

I really lacked a good solid Biblical, Scriptural background while in summer service. After a series of Bible studies later, I realize how little I knew. A knowledge of the Bible certainly helps to overcome the sick feeling the first time you ring that doorbell.

Keep good follow-up records (something we unfortunately failed to do).

Just emphasize total involvement with the church you are assigned to. Our assigned church certainly cooperated in this, and it was good. Leave a local team

behind you when you leave for the summer.

Consider extending dedicated service into the college year. For those who have been in it, introduce conversational prayer, growth by groups, visitation, etc., to campus religious groups. Continue calling while in college — tremendous opportunities are offered!

Showing the Way

(Continued from page 13)

I have recently become involved in a Christian group working with kids who get in trouble with the law. Just two days ago, while coming back from camp I stopped at a country-fried chicken place. While I was waiting in line a strange man started a conversation with me. I soon recognized him as a familiar man on one of the more popular TV channels in Minnesota. He told me what he had been doing on television and I told him of the camp I had just returned from and how Christ had changed many of the young men's lives. He asked me if I would like to be on a television program in a couple of weeks. As of this day, plans are being made for an hour's program to tell of Christ's power.

Maybe these few examples will show what Christ has done in my life. It is exciting to know that as great as God is, He can still use individuals here on earth to carry on His work.

CONTRIBUTORS

Bill Bond, in his junior year at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis, was in dedicated service the summer of 1967.

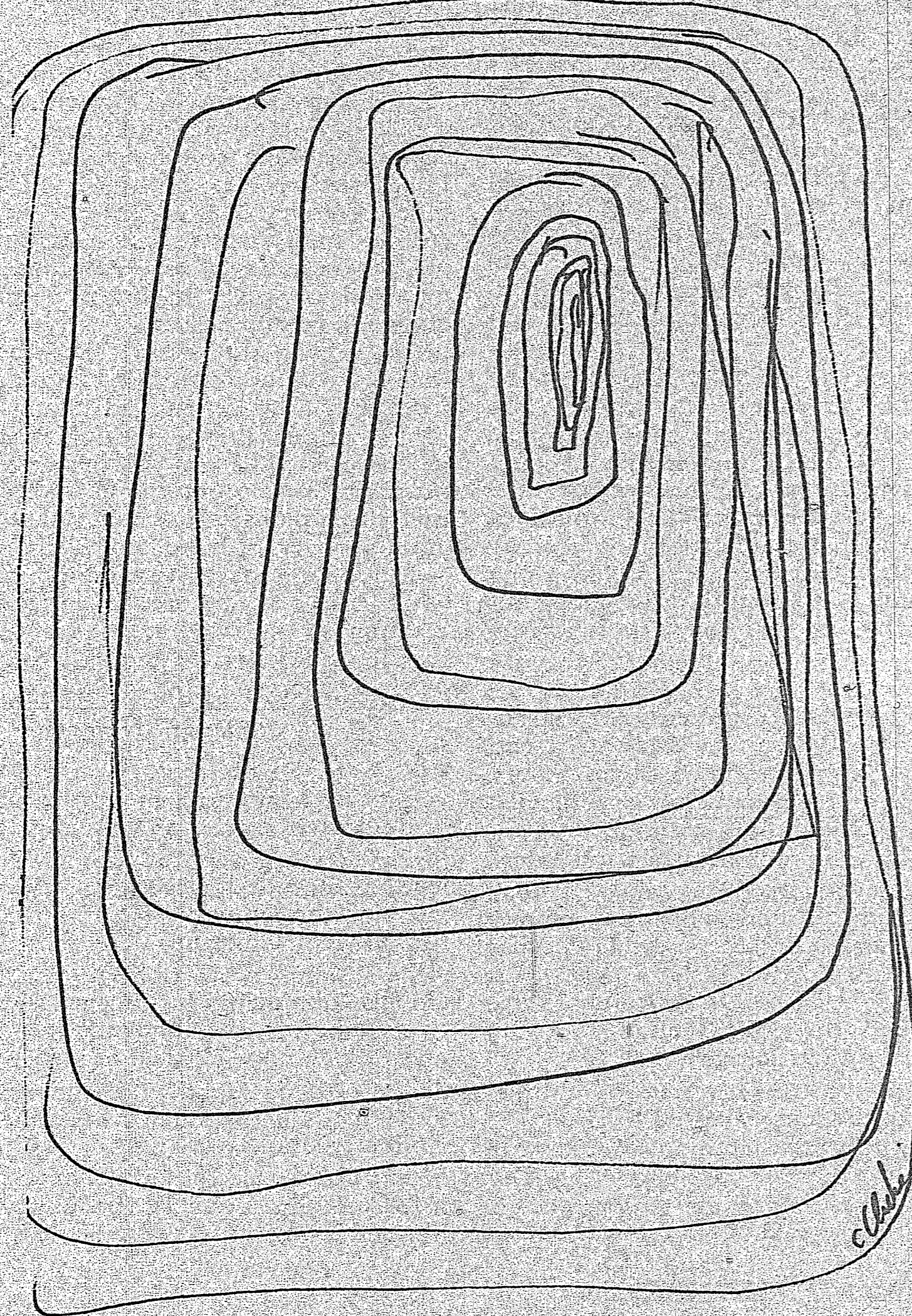
Philip Rood graduated from Milton College in June and served in dedicated service for the summer. He is now working for IBM in Chicago.

Alice Rood is a sophomore at Milton College majoring in music. She served two summers in dedicated service, '68 and '69, is now *Beacon* editor.

Linda Greene served in dedicated service in 1969, is a freshman at Mankato State College, Mankato, Minn.

Susan Bond served in dedicated service in 1968. She now is a young wife and mother living in Alfred, N. Y.

The Sabbath Recorder



Stalwart Trees or Tumbleweeds

A giant tumbleweed, according to its nature, breaks loose from its roots and rolls whichever way the wind blows. It dwarfs the Mexican-American boys who at the moment are footloose and fancy-free, playing in a grove of stalwart, deep-rooted eucalyptus trees that have reached down for water in a thirsty land and have withstood the hot winds of Southern California. What of the zesty boys? Which will they be, trees or tumbleweeds? The choice is theirs, but that choice is influenced by the love or lack of love displayed by the Christian church made up of such members as you and I. As we meditate on Youth Day let us resolve to help the young folks of our neighborhood to become well-rooted in the faith, not "blown about by every wind of doctrine."