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### QUOTAS? Who Sets Them?

Paul B. Osborn  
Stewardship Chairman

How shall Seventh Day Baptists be encouraged to give to Our World Mission? Quotas are frowned on by many, but are the easy way. A simple matter of division of the budget by the total number of members and then a multiplication by the number of members in any church would give some indication of whether that church is ahead or behind in its obligation to support Our World Mission.

But division and multiplication can't take into account other factors, such as the economic resources of the local church, the status of its membership roll, and the need of the local church for funds to carry out an aggressive evangelistic program.

There's a better way to find out if the support for Our World Mission from you and your church is what it should be. Ask the Holy Spirit to guide you in your giving. After all, our responsibility is not to men, but to God! It is God's money and God's work that we are called to be stewards of, and only He can perfectly judge when we have fulfilled our commitment.

So each individual must do two things. First, prayerfully examine the handling of his own personal finances. How much do I give and how much is left? Second, examine his own church's record and handling of Our World Mission. Is there adequate publicity? Are people encouraged to give extra gifts when the need is great? Does the church pledge and send a specific amount each month?

"Seventh Day Baptists cherish liberty of thought as an essential condition for

the guidance of the Holy Spirit." This liberty is not an "escape clause" to allow us to dodge our responsibilities. Consider the report of the treasurer of Our World Mission in this issue of the *Sabbath Recorder*, not comparing your giving with others, but asking the Holy Spirit to show you your obligations!

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### Public Affairs Agency Names Seventh Day Baptist as Chairman

The Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs in semiannual session in Washington, D. C., elected a new chairman, rearranged staff titles, and discussed current issues on church-state relations.

This was also the first regular meeting of the Baptist Joint Committee with its new executive director, James E. Wood, Jr., formerly on the faculty of Baylor University, Waco, Tex.

Alton L. Wheeler, general secretary of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference, Plainfield, N. J., was named the chairman of the Baptist Joint Committee. He succeeds Warren R. Magnuson, general secretary of the Baptist General Conference, who has served as chairman the past two years.

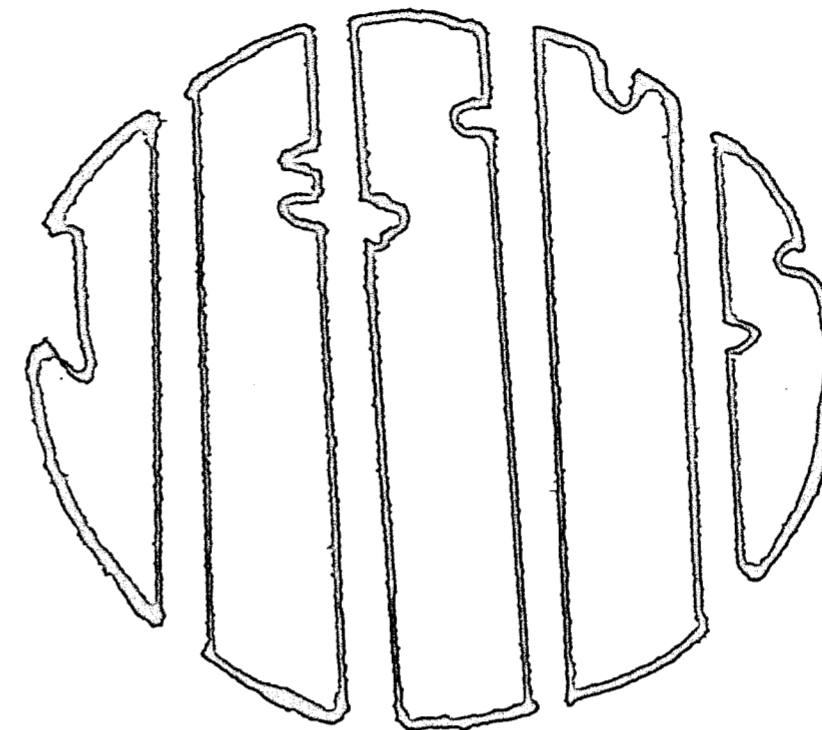
#### Note:

The above is part of a news release sent to all editors of Southern Baptist papers and the other Baptist journals whose Conferences (Conventions) cooperate in the Baptist Joint Committee.

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### Christian Books

Christian book sales for the past year were up about 50 percent over the previous year. The growing interest in religion has no doubt triggered much of this. Hopefully an improved product has also contributed.



A Light to Those  
Who Are in Darkness

THE SABBATH RECORDER

# In Darkness? - Me?

We've all had the experience of finding ourselves in a dark room, with the light switch somewhere . . . over there. You grope around for a time, all the while searching for that switch. Along the way, you almost tip the chair over and then you bang your leg on that stool. But soon, you find the switch and light fills the room with a comforting glow. What was once a dark hazardous maze has now become a beautifully lighted pathway. The obstacles are still there, but in the light, you can easily avoid them.

I could tell you of numerous bruises I've contracted from running into such obstacles in my search for Christ's light. When I chose this theme it was because I felt that we are all in a continual search for the perfection of Christ's light and love. When we give selflessly of ourselves to others, when we try to live the Christ-like life; these are a few of the many steps which lead us toward that light. So often we make mistakes and stumble, but it is Christ who comes, bringing His for-

giveness and the encouraging reminder that He is always with us.

The world is the hazardous pathway through which we must take those steps, only to fall and rise again. And yet, there are so many others by the side of the road, who need your help and Christ's light. In your striving, do not pass them by. For Christ taught that the greatness of His light increases many fold only as it is shared with others.

This edition of the *Sabbath Recorder* presents the efforts of many of the youth across our denomination. We offer it to you with the hope that within its pages you will find the inspiration to seek out the light that Christ offers us all.

I would like to offer a heartfelt "Thanks!" to all those who contributed their time and efforts for this special issue of the *Sabbath Recorder*. I want the reader to note that I had more poetry and photography submitted than I could fit in. I praise the Lord for the wonderful response. It is with a great deal of love and respect that I give a special word of thanks to my brother, who worked diligently as my art editor and advisor.

My heart is filled with joy because I know that there are many more youth and adults who are giving of their talents and time in response to the love of Christ and His mission in our times.

## Contributors

The front and back covers and all the art work within the magazine was created by Scott Smith. Other contributors are: Lynn Ashcraft, Chris Ayars, Lois Green, Verne Higgins, Shelley Hunt, Chris Lawton, Doreen Sanford, Linda Smith, and Kevin Warner.

By the way, I might introduce myself; my name is Linda Smith. I'm graduating from Milton College in January 1973 and I plan to go on into nursing. God bless you all as we try to walk in the light as He is in the light.

# Beautiful

God's love  
A smiling face,  
Someone to hold you,  
Just in case.  
A warm, gentle hand  
And understanding look,  
A verse of kindness  
From a lovely book.  
Someone who cares,  
Someone who knows,  
All your trials  
And all your woes.  
Beautiful is a word  
That not many people understand,  
Until they have felt it.  
From the touch of a hand.

Shelley Hunt

## THE SABBATH RECORDER

First issue June 13, 1844

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Linda Smith, Editor

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# "FORGIVE US, LORD . . ."

—Lois Green

Forgive us, Lord, for using people as pawns, moving them about and manipulating them to gain our goals and achieve our ends. Forgive us when we have seen persons only in terms of their value and usefulness to us.

Help us to see people as individuals. Forgive us when our eyesight dims and we deny a person his unique humanity.

Forgive us too for placing the high price tag of doctrinal agreement or unanimity of opinion upon our friendship and our love. Help us, Father, to free others to think for and to be themselves—without this freedom destroying our relationships.

# THE CAVE OF LIFE

—Ida Gay Vaught

*I lived once in a dark, dark cave;  
I stumbled around, I couldn't see.  
I came in because someone shoved me;  
But where was the opening? Nowhere near me.*

*Thinking that I was here all alone,  
I lived in a silence with an echo.  
But someone pushed away a stone  
A stream of light touched my soul.*

*I bathed in its beauty, an unknown thing.  
But I saw shadows behind, around me.  
I stepped to the side, staying in its light  
It touched the others and they could see!*

*Once alone, I now was with others,  
More shadows I saw to pull into the light.  
No more alone, I learned to communicate  
And draw others from their eternal night.*

*Are you, like me, in a dark cave?  
There is a light shining near you.  
Have you, like me, been touched by the light?  
Then stay in it, but let it pass by, more work to do.*

*Then follow the light to wherever it leads  
Follow it all the way  
Till one day you find the source of that light,  
Then, oh what a Day, that Day.*

Why should I feel lonesome,  
Friendless and down  
When God is a friend  
Who's always around?

—Doreen Sanford



## BRIDGING THE GAPS

Loneliness. "Oh, where do all the lonely people come from?" There are children and youth who are lonely. The chronically ill, the aged, prisoners behind bars, and those in self-made cages without bars. Loneliness. It is everywhere! To help the lonely, be a friend.

—Lois Green

THE SABBATH RECORDER

## WHAT IS GOD?

—Shelley Hunt

When you wake up happy for no special reason, without wanting any new toy to add to your joy, that is God, giving you the gift of life.

When you feel good all over, because you have made someone else feel good, that is God, living and loving through you.

When you feel very close to someone other than your mother, father, sister, brother, or children, that is God, telling you of your kinship with everyone.

When you feel love for a dog, a kitten, or a wiggly worm, that is God, letting you recognize that He is the Creator of all creatures.

When you feel sad because you've been bad, that is God, whispering your mistake to you.

When you do not want to hurt someone who has hurt you, and can forget that someone was unkind, that is God, teaching you the healing of forgiving.

When you want to share something very special with someone who does not have something special to share, that is God, giving you the gift of giving.

When you go to sleep at night, knowing that everything is all right, that is God, answering your faith.

When, awake or asleep, you never feel alone, that is God, making His presence known.

That is God.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

# How Great Thou Art

—Doreen Sanford

The first six days  
You made the earth and water.  
And all the life  
Both near and far away.  
The seventh day  
You rested from exertion  
From this has come,  
Our blessed Sabbath Day.



## Inspiration

Lynn Ashcraft

The human mind cannot comprehend the greatness of God. A universe so vast that myriad galaxies stretch out into ever-expanding, unending space, and earth so minute that molecules are filled with visible atoms separated from one another in space proportionately as great as the stars above, — this is a universe so complex that it is impossible for one to comprehend its greatness, much less the greatness of the Creator.

# TO THE MANAGER

Thank you, Jesus, for being the Head of this whole earthly corporation. It's so great to be employed by you.

Thank you that your office hours don't run from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., but that you're in seven days a week all day, and I don't even have to have an appointment to see you. You're busy, but still never too busy to see even a laborer like me.

Thank you also, Lord, for not firing me all those times I didn't show up for work, and also for paying the loss yourself, for the times I did show up and messed up on the job.

Thank you also for the pay, Lord, for I always have more than enough plus the fringe benefits of eternal life that you give all your employees.

Thank you for caring about individuals and listening to our grievances. Even if two of us get up a petition for a need, you've never refused to grant it. You're always so patient and willing to listen to our silly ideas, even though we're sometimes too stubborn to listen to your wise ones.

I also am glad that when there's bad weather I don't have to walk ten miles to work, but you will bring the work to me. Even then, you never give me a job I can't handle, and the products are always good. True, your competitor always tries to outdo you and his products do sell, but they're cheaper and always break down while yours last forever.

I also think it's fantastic of you to employ anyone who even applies for a job here, regardless of his race, education and background. There are always suitable jobs for anyone who wants to work for you.

Your instructions are always wise, your products are the best, and the contract to work for you never runs out! What more could I ask? You offer me the security I need these days.

I know that so often I don't stop by to tell you, but I just wanted to drop by and tell you today, thank you, Jesus. It's really good to work for you!



It seems like every time I turn around, something has changed. Nothing is constant; only constant change. It can be terribly frustrating to reach and grab what once was rock fact and shut tight your fingers on thin air.

Today's faith; tomorrow's frightening questions  
Today's firm stand is tomorrow's shaky ground  
Today's excitement lends tomorrow's indifference.

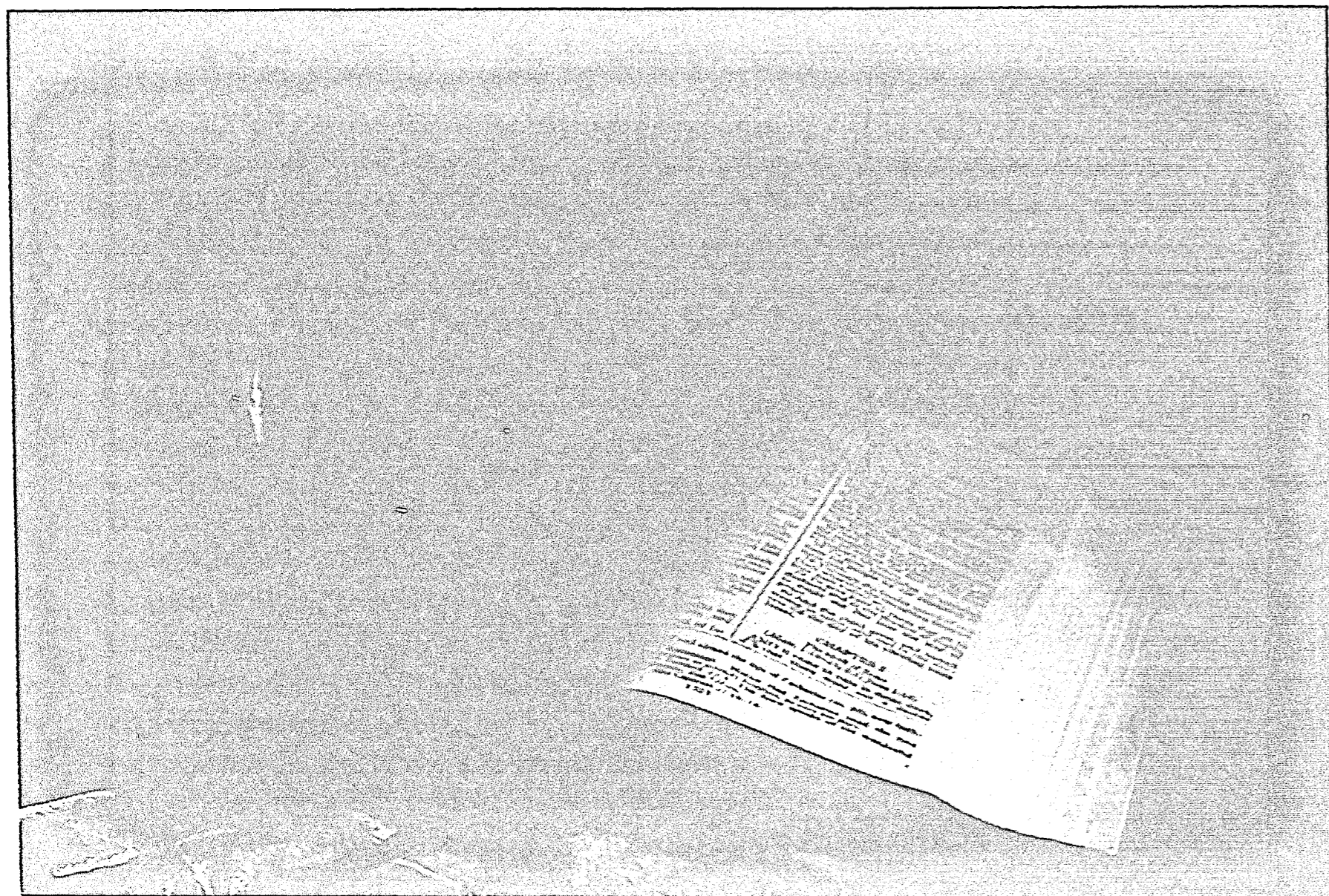
To a God who is ever-changing for me (but always there when I let Him) I have a plea to make. Put up with me. Please.

—Scott Smith

## Remembering and Praying

—Verne Higgins

Why is it that I have had such a beautiful life?  
Here I am sitting, remembering, and thinking  
Of my past year or two;  
Bring back the good time; the times I've  
Been alone, the times shared  
With a thousand and one friends,  
All moments now added with a bit of misbelief.  
It's hard to believe that I have done so many things  
With so many people;  
People I may never see again, yet will be in my mind  
For as long as I live  
And then, maybe, more;  
People I have yet to see again; and  
When I do, if I do, it might bring on a tear in my eye  
If not alone in my heart;  
A tear of loneliness leaving, and of happiness  
to see what was just a memory, becoming a reality.  
I wonder if maybe my body will soon die off, leaving  
Only my living spirit;  
I pray this won't happen for many years to come.  
As I sit here in my room, admiring everything  
That brings a memory of its own to mind,  
I realize it could be all gone, destroyed,  
In just a matter of minutes.  
I also pray for my possessions and memories  
Along with the world and its possessions and memories;  
Hoping and wishing that they have had the good life  
I have had lately,  
And even more, they (the world's people) along  
With me, share even greater future  
Of memories; in love and in beautiful.



—Kevin Warner

## God Had A Son

—Doreen Sanford

God had a Son, named Him Jesus  
Sent Him to earth, a man to be.

Born in a manger, when He came to earth,  
King of kings with a humble birth.

He learned as a boy, the carpenter's labor,  
Taught as a man to love thy neighbor.

Pharisees called Him a cheat and a liar  
'Cause He called them hypocrites who'd die in fire.

Made the lame walk and the blind to see.  
He was better than they, so they hung Him on a tree.

The rain has fallen  
To clear the air  
Of yesterday's mistakes  
And today's troubles.  
Puddles form, flow  
And meld together,  
A little stream of  
The world's trials.

But, look!  
The Sun has risen.  
It's beaming rays  
To dry that rushing stream.

Did I but forget  
The ever-present Sun  
Beneath the transient  
Clouds of grey?  
The forever Sun  
Bestower of joy  
And salvation to  
All who will receive.

Shine Thy light  
On us Thy children  
Who are groping  
Beneath such clouds of night.

## Conference Christian

I was sitting alone on a swing, contemplating the ground which moved slowly beneath my feet. Suddenly a man stood at my side. I looked up totally unprepared for his first words.

"Is that all you have to do?" he asked.

"At the moment, yes, it is." I said with a laugh.

He shook his head for a moment, then turned to me again.

"Are you a part of this group of Christians?"

He continued before I had time to reply.

"With all your nice cars and big homes and plenty of money?"

I just continued to watch him, a strange expression creeping through me.

"Yes, I am a Christian. Do you have something against Christians?"

I asked, a little wary of his answer.

He turned to face me and I saw an intense fierceness burning through his hardened eyes.

"You sit in your churches on Sunday and pray to your God, but you walk out of the church, leaving your Christianity behind in the pews." I tried to utter some kind of rebuke, but he cut me off.

"No, I know, believe me, I know. When I was in the red-light district, destitute, but with too much pride to go out of my room on Christmas Eve, where were all your Christians then? When I searched and searched for a job and ended up as a parking attendant for a dollar an hour, where were you? Sitting in your big living room with plenty of food and clothes. Oh yes, I know what's wrong with your Christianity."

"But . . ." I muttered, not quite sure what should come after it. My mind was filled with anguish. This was no TV or movie character, this was a real man — who had traveled the hard road of life, who had endured hardships I would never have to know. This was a real man, hardened, tough and bitter. But is he bitter against me? I mean, I wasn't even there. I'm a different kind of Christian, aren't I? He isn't really talking about me. It's those other Christians. Those others . . . . And Christ said, "Truly I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me."

—Linda Smith

somewhere  
somewhere there's a willow  
that's weeping

I would long to catch a few tears  
from under its boughs  
and feed them  
as sweet nectar  
to a golden butterfly,  
and see the grandeur of God  
in the lace of a colored wing.

—Scott Smith



## TEN COMMANDMENTS

- I. Believe in God and don't worship anything else.
- II. Don't make statues and worship them.
- III. Don't say God when you are mad.
- IV. You should not work on the Sabbath Day and you should go to church every week.
- V. Do what your mother and father say.
- VI. Do not kill people.
- VII. Do not flirt with another man or woman when you are married.
- VIII. Do not steal things that are not yours.
- IX. Do not lie about your neighbors and friends.
- X. Do not be jealous of other people's things.

—The Milton Seventh Day Baptist Junior Sabbath School Class.



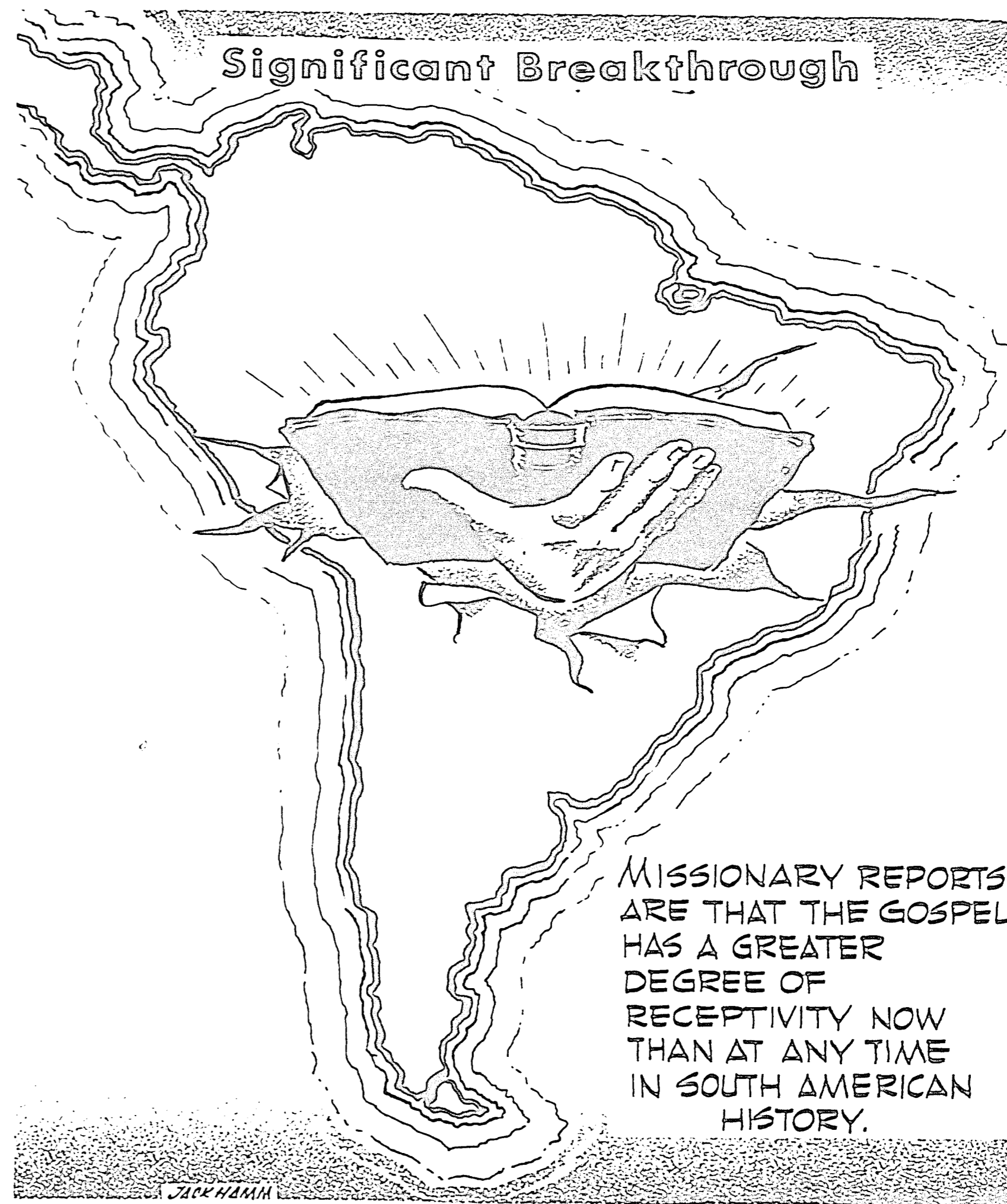
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Significant Breakthrough



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HAS A GREATER  
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RECEPTIVITY NOW  
THAN AT ANY TIME  
IN SOUTH AMERICAN  
HISTORY.

JACK HAMM

Step Into  
The Light