

Magazine **New Wine**

Help for reaching our destiny in God.

December 1980



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Family

The Christmas season is upon us and from all sides we are baraged by the pressure of materialism that accompanies this time of the year. Although it is easy to be caught up in the holiday spirit which presses upon us, we need to realize that more important than the holiday atmosphere is the time and reason it gives us to gather together as families.

The family gathering, which is becoming more and more unique in a world that is growing increasingly hostile to the traditional Judeo-Christian home, is an opportunity for parent and child to quietly share the important events of their lives with one another; an opportunity for grandparents, in their own special way, to impart a sense of heritage and tradition that would otherwise be lost to their grandchildren. It is a time, particularly in that moment when loved ones gather together around the dinner table, to experience that same peace and security of family

and outdated, and in these days of "new ideals," progressive thinking and change, traditional family stands as an obstacle to progress.

Despite what the "experts" believe, God has chosen the traditional Judeo-Christian family as the building block of society—His prescribed way of meeting such basic human needs as acceptance, self-esteem, achievement and security. And these are only a few of the components found in the family setting which make it essential for a healthy, well-adjusted society.

So great is God's esteem for the family that He chose it as the instrument through which He would reveal the very essence of His intentions for mankind. For it was through a family—Joseph and Mary—that He introduced His own Son, Jesus, to all creation. God could have dramatically split the heavens in two or performed some other supernatural act to catch the attention of mankind, but He deliberately chose that humble, insignificant family, situated in the midst of a troubled

one by David Dyke, who relates the testimony of how his family faced a tragic accident and how the support of his natural and covenant family helped him to endure it. There's even a Christmas fable by Don Basham that you and your kids are sure to enjoy.

We hope all of these articles will serve to inspire all who read them to dedicate themselves more fully to God's plan for creation in the family.

This year when we gather together as families to celebrate Christmas and exchange gifts, let us remember that God's greatest gift, Jesus Christ, came to us through a family, and perhaps the greatest gift that God gives us today besides His Son is our family—His own unique way of demonstrating His care for us and for the earth.

Bob Robinson

Bob Robinson
Editorial Assistant



EDITORIAL

life that God has bestowed upon generation after generation.

Unfortunately, in some segments of our society, such tradition is rapidly losing ground, as family-times like these are increasingly labeled as less important by the so-called "experts" of our day. These are the same "experts" who would have us believe that family is simply a pair of consenting adults living under the same roof—regardless of their sexual preference. They tell us that the Judeo-Christian home is old-fashioned

society, to introduce to all of His creation the foundation stone upon which all subsequent families were intended to be built—Jesus the Messiah.

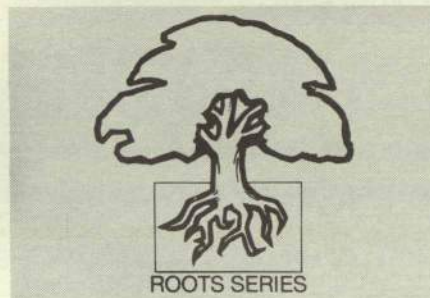
In this issue of *New Wine*, we want to simply extol and honor the wisdom of God in creating the family by giving you a personal glimpse into the lives and families of Don Basham and Charles Simpson, as they write about their families and how God has unceasingly protected and cared for them. Along with their articles is

Remember: Friday, December 5, is a national day of prayer and fasting.

This Month

December 1980

Vol. 12, No. 11



magazine staff

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The cover illustration, "Freedom from Want," by Norman Rockwell, is reprinted from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST © 1943 The Curtis Publishing Company

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STRANGE as it seems, Christmas for some people is a time more to be endured than enjoyed; more to be tolerated than celebrated. In fact, psychologists tell us that the incidence of mental depression among Americans rises sharply during the Christmas season. I suppose there are a number of reasons for this, not the least being that Christmas celebrated the way most Americans celebrate it can become a nightmare of expense.

Among Christians—even charismatic Christians—there is a wide divergence of opinion as to the prop-

er way Christmas should be observed. Some approach the season with solemn earnestness, convinced that their loyalty to the Lord requires that they forego all the usual customs. No gift-giving, no trees or wreathes, no manger scenes or special music, etc. To these people, the birth of Christ, a solemn scriptural event, is to be treated the same way one would accept the Sermon on the Mount or Moses' crossing the Red Sea—anything beyond recognizing the birth of Christ as a scriptural event is sinful, they say.

Other Christians celebrate Christmas only in a careful, religious way. No Santa Claus or Christmas trees or toys. Only religious observances with a minimal giving of gifts of the purest religious nature: Bibles, religious books or pictures. Still other Christians feel free to enter into the whole celebration, enjoying the nonreligious festivities along with those of particular Christian significance.

It is not my intent in this article to pass judgment on these or any other groups of Christians who

Christmas Is for Families

Even with no gifts to give, they had all that was needed for a special Christmas by Don Basham



A special reprint from the December 1977 issue of New Wine.

choose to celebrate Christmas in some unique way. To apply Paul's advice to the Romans, we say about Christmas:

One man esteemeth one day above another: another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.

He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it (Rom. 14:5-6).

When asked my opinion about the way other Christians observe Christmas, remembering that I have good Christian friends who celebrate (or refuse to celebrate) it in widely varying ways, I'm inclined to answer like the wise politician who, when challenged to take a stand on a controversial question, said, "Some of my friends are for it; some of my friends are against it; and I'm for my friends." I'm for my Christian friends, regardless of how they observe Christmas.

However, my impression is that most Christian families face Christmas pretty much like we do, i.e., trying to stand against the horrendous over-commercialization of the holiday, and resolving to keep the spiritual significance of Christmas intact in a way which will not squelch the excitement and shiny-eyed wonder of our children and grandchildren. The trouble is, that sense of wonder, which I believe to be basically good and spiritual, gets all mixed in with other exciting things. Then Christmas comes out a mixture of—

Christmas trees and angels
sleigh bells and shepherds
colored lights and manger scenes
reindeer and wise men
carols and the Christchild
Bethlehem and Santa Claus.

To some extent at least, I feel our family has been successful in maintaining the basic spiritual impact of Christmas in the midst of all the other hectic and happy trappings. One reason why I feel gratified—though not totally satisfied, since we too endure the annual battle with the economics of Christmas—is that we seem to become more aware every year of the place of the *family* in Christmas.

brothers and parents. And the whole of the nativity story is a story of a family's awesome struggle to adjust to God's astounding and miraculous intervention in its life.

Looking back over the Christmases in my own life, I would say all of them contain some happy memories, but some were especially meaningful. They were the ones where, usually in some unplanned and unexpected way, family love and sharing and fellowship transcended every other aspect of Christmas.

There was one particular Christmas many years ago when circumstances combined to especially press this point home to me.

It's not just individuals, but families that God chooses to serve His purpose.

Psalm 68:6 says, "God setteth the solitary in families." The scriptural story of Christmas is one more indication of how God has woven His divine purposes in incredible fashion into family life. It's not just individuals, but *families* that God chooses to serve His purpose. In describing its heroes, the Bible is careful in most cases to reveal not just God's dealings with certain specific men, but His involvement in their families as well. Adam and Eve and their children, Noah and his family, Abraham and his wives and sons, Isaac and his sons, Joseph and his

It was a time early in my ministry when I was struggling to find my place as a student in seminary and a minister in my own denomination. In those days I was trying hard to fit the role and fulfill the image I had projected for myself and...well, let me tell you the whole story....

Christmas Is for Families

It was Thursday, December 23, 1954, and classes were closing for Christmas at Phillips University and its Graduate Seminary in Enid, Oklahoma, making it possible for the students who ministered in over a hundred small churches throughout Oklahoma and Kansas to spend a few extra days with their parishoners. I was a second-year seminarian at the time, doing my student preaching at the First Christian Church in Howard, Kansas, a small farming community of some 450 people located 80 miles due east of Wichita, Kansas.

Having packed our small Studebaker sedan for the two-week holi-

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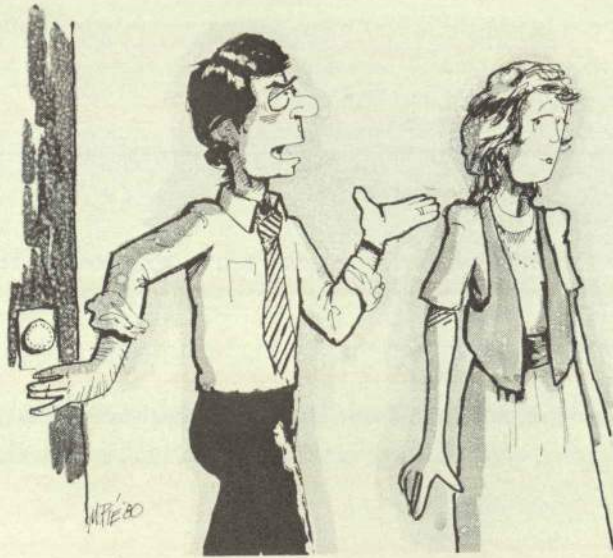


day, Alice and I, with our three-year-old daughter, Cindi, headed east out of Enid for the 160-mile drive to Howard. The weekend trips out of Enid had been a regular part of our lives for well over two years. The only way a student minister learns to preach is through the experiences of preaching, and so the seminary's carefully developed and maintained program of student pastorates was an integral part of its curriculum.

Our first student pastorate had been in Burkburnett, Texas, an exhausting 210 miles from Enid. Looking back on those weekend trips to Burkburnett and later to Howard, I marvel at the divine protection extended to over a hundred young ministers like myself who drove thousands of miles in all kinds of weather to render Christian service. Our guardian angels must have worked overtime, for I do not recall a single student minister being involved in a serious automobile accident during my years on campus.

Our Friday afternoon trips to the church were most always pleasant and uneventful; but those return trips to Enid on Sunday nights were something else. After a long weekend at the church, which included pastoral visitation and preaching a morning and evening service on Sunday, that trip back to Enid was a four-hour ordeal of fighting weariness and staving off the treacherous fingers of sleep which constantly tugged at our eyelids.

One other aspect of those trips that I vividly remember was a strange, kind of mystical feeling I had every Friday as we reached a certain point on our trip. About halfway through the journey, we would come to a section of road construction where a super highway (which later became the Kansas Turnpike) was being built. Our route was such that we would temporarily abandon the usual two-lane state highway to travel for 8 or 10 miles along that new stretch



No, I didn't spank him. How can you spank a kid who keeps yelling... "Oh Lord God of Israel, have mercy on me!"

of road. Every time we turned onto that broad ribbon of glistening concrete, I suddenly felt like the whole nation belonged to me. It was as if my spirit would stretch out in all directions to embrace the whole of the United States from border to border and sea to sea.

Now, having completed more than a decade of interdenominational ministry which continues to take me into every area of the U.S. and to various foreign countries as well, I can gratefully confirm the validity of those early spiritual stirrings. Of course on that particular wintry day back in December of 1954 I could only wonder why I was feeling what I felt.

Our Arrival

Four hours after leaving Enid, Oklahoma, we were parking in front of the small frame house which served as the parsonage for the First Christian Church of Howard, Kansas. Hauling our two suitcases from the trunk of the car, I crossed the yard and stepped onto the creaky, wooden porch. As usual, the lock in the door stubbornly resisted my efforts with the key and in exasperation I dropped the suitcases, using both hands to simultaneously jiggle the key and twist the knob.

"Every week about this time I

wonder if that church trustee gave us the right key!" I fumed to Alice as I finally succeeded in shouldering the warped door open. Alice and little Cindi followed me inside.

A flip of the light switch revealed the same cold, uninviting scene which had awaited us every week. Bare wooden floors with a week's accumulation of dust, a worn couch of dubious age and origin, one straight-backed, wooden rocking chair, and faded curtains sighing at the windows. Near the center of the living room loomed the single source of heat for the entire house—a huge, formidable gas furnace with its 8-inch black pipe disappearing into the ceiling. Moving the furnace switch to the "on" position, I winced at the rumblings that issued from its depths. I knew as soon as I turned it on that I would be awakened at least four times during the night by those ominous noises that seemed to threaten some imminent explosion.

The two small bedrooms, one containing a bed and the other a studio couch, were separated by a dingy bathroom with peeling walls and a leaky tub. A small wooden table with four folding chairs from the church basement stood at the end of the living room nearest the tiny kitchen.

the
lighter
Side
by Mark Pie

"There's a nicely furnished parsonage for you and your family if you take the job," a member of the pulpit committee had enthused three months earlier during our first visit to the church. Still, it *was* livable...for a few days at a time at least.

I left Alice to unpack and hurried next door to the church where some of the members were already arriving for the final rehearsal of the annual pageant to be presented the following night, Christmas Eve.

The pageant consisted of the usual manger scene with Mary and Joseph, shepherds and wise men portrayed by young couples and high school students, an eleven-voice choir accompanied by the piano, plus the narration of the scriptural story of Christmas by an elder whose booming voice made up in quantity for what his reading ability lacked in quality.

As I entered the sanctuary, those members nearest the door nodded a solemn greeting. The small congregation was made up of solid farm families and a few tradespeople who through the years had endured a succession of student ministers. I had discovered

sibilities were assigned to local members. "We used to let the preacher and his wife take larger parts in the pageant," the program director had told me at the first rehearsal, "until a few years ago when we had the preacher's wife in the part of Mary the mother of Jesus. The night of the play their car broke down on the way here from the seminary and we had to find a substitute Mary at the very last minute." After that terse explanation, I felt fortunate to get to sing in the choir!

Although we had been coming to the church for three months, even small talk with members still didn't come easily. Howard was typical of many midwest villages—unless your family had lived there at least four generations, you were still an outsider. Conversation was polite, but acceptance limited.

The rehearsal over, I returned to the parsonage where Alice had our bags unpacked and Cindi asleep. We kept the lights on for awhile in case some church member might "drop by" after the rehearsal; but no one came, and after half an hour we also retired. There was nothing else to do.

We kept the lights on for awhile in case some church member might "drop by"...but no one came.

that years of enduring young green preachers preaching young green sermons had thoroughly conditioned the officers of the church against releasing any significant measure of church authority or control to the minister.

Even the Christmas pageant was designed to function whether the current student minister was on the scene or not. As the current student minister, my job was to open and close the service with prayer. I was also allowed to sing in the choir. All other respon-

Christmas Eve

The next day, Christmas Eve, I worked on my Sunday sermon in the morning and made a few perfunctory pastoral calls in the afternoon, feeling the same frustration many a young minister feels, striving to balance his secret hope of setting his church on fire by the wisdom and eloquence of his preaching against the cheerful indifference and settled lethargy of his church members. In my case it was even worse since I was also baptized in the Holy Spirit and

was struggling to accommodate my hopes for a powerfully prophetic ministry, not only with an indifferent congregation, but a whole denomination which demonstrated singular apathy toward miracles, answers to prayer and "all things pentecostal."

That evening Alice and Cindi took their usual place on the second pew as I stood by the door greeting the arriving church members during the minutes preceding the pageant. I was still entertaining the dim hope that someone might invite us to their home the next day for Christmas dinner. But I hoped in vain. By the time the pageant was over and I shut the door behind the last departing member, I had received polite handshakes aplenty and not a few "Merry Christmases," but not one invitation. Things like that are hard on a young minister's pride. "Don't they know I'm supposed to be their spiritual leader?" I fumed to myself.

Back at the parsonage we waited once again for visitors who didn't come. Not that we could really claim to be ostracized. There had been a few Sundays when we had been invited to a farm home for a bountiful meal. And occasionally members had dropped by the parsonage with a bag of home-grown corn or tomatoes or beans. And just a month earlier one family had provided us with three large frying chickens. Three Rhode Island Red pullets delivered alive, feathered and squawking in a wooden crate. Recovering from my initial shock, I killed, plucked and dressed them just as I had done as a youngster at home when my parents had raised chickens in our backyard.

Yet, here we were on Christmas Eve, facing the prospect of a lonely Christmas away from our friends at college and our families in Texas.

"Well, shall we have our Christmas now or in the morning?" Alice asked a little wistfully. "Either way

it won't take long." I knew what she meant. We were the typical student minister family—living on faith and just a little bit more. My salary at the church was \$45.00 a week, paid each Sunday after church. We'd had no money to buy each other gifts, but providentially, Alice had packed a few simple reminders of Christmas: a 12-inch high, folding, plastic Christmas tree with a few tiny ornaments at-

Alice explained. "It's such a lovely card; I thought it would help." The final article was one of Cindi's little white socks, nestled against the plastic tree and stuffed with a tangerine, three Hershey Kisses and a package of chewing gum.

I looked at my wife and then down at Cindi as she gazed in fascinated wonder at the glistening tree and the reindeer in the flickering glow of the candle.

...by His magnificent Gift...we have become a part of His eternal family.

tached. On impulse the week before I'd purchased a small, painted, wooden reindeer for 49 cents, planning to use it as a part of our tabletop Christmas display with the plastic tree. Cindi hadn't seen it yet.

Still awake following the Christmas pageant, Cindi pled for an immediate celebration.

"Christmas now!" she cried, jumping up and down excitedly, anticipation stirring her wide awake.

So while I played with Cindi in the bedroom, Alice prepared for our most unusual Christmas Eve. A few minutes later she called us into the living room. The ceiling light was off and on the small wooden table beside the kitchen stood the tiny Christmas display, bathed in the glow of a single candle standing in a saucer. Quietly we took our places at the table with me holding Cindi on my lap. The candlelight cast a warm, friendly glow on the little plastic tree with its tiny ornaments. Somewhere Alice had scrounged a bit of red ribbon to tie around the neck of the little reindeer, giving it a kind of saucy perkiness. A folded Christmas card depicting a lovely manger scene was propped beside the candle.

"The card from your Aunt Peg was in the mail we picked up at the Post Office as we left town,"

"That candle is a stroke of genius, honey." I touched Alice's hand in gratitude. The half-used taper which she had found on an otherwise empty shelf in the kitchen had transformed the tiny, sparse scene into something soft and beautiful.

Cindi reached shyly to touch the reindeer, then squealed in delight as we told her it was her Christmas present. Tears, half of gratitude and half of frustration, came to my eyes as I watched her cuddle the 49 cent wooden figure under her chin as though it were an expensive doll.

"Did you see your stocking?" Alice asked Cindi gently. Still holding her reindeer she drew the bulging sock to her with the other hand, then settled back in contentment against my chest and gazed sleepily at the candlelight.

Sitting across from each other, Alice and I held hands and softly sang the ancient carol, "Silent Night." Cindi's sleepy treble joined our voices on the first two lines but she was fast asleep before we finished the verse.

My singing, I confess, was more out of duty than desire. I was still fighting feelings of failure and self-pity. I sighed and apologized, "Not much of a Christmas, is it? I'm sorry we haven't had the money to

buy each other gifts or to get some really nice things for Cindi." And my feelings of being rejected by the church members didn't help much either.

"Don't talk like that, Don," Alice interrupted gently. "Don't you see how really blessed we are? *We have each other. We have Cindi. And most of all we have Jesus. What more does it take to make Christmas?*" And almost reading my mind she said, "And don't feel bad because none of the church members invited us out. We're still practically strangers to them and Christmas is a time for family." "Besides," she smiled lovingly across the table as she squeezed my hand, "they don't know what I know...that someday people from all over will recognize your ministry and be blessed by it."

I smiled back at her, silently thanking God for a wife whose encouragement was unfailing. Today, a quarter of a century later, I'm still grateful for the same reason; any achievement in ministry is due in no small part to her constant faith in me.

So, I've become convinced that God wants us especially to be aware that Christmas is a time for families. And as the years have passed, that strange Christmas in that little dingy parsonage in the midst of those frustrating circumstances has come to hold a special place in my memory. I fully realize that some families are more separated than others and that for some, family celebration at Christmas is difficult, or literally impossible. Yet even the loneliness of separation from our families can be overcome in part when we remember what God has done in Christmas. For Christmas is that special time in history when God the Father opened His arms wide to the world. Through the very special relationship made possible by His magnificent Gift, our lives are linked with His and we have become a part of His eternal family. ♥

"Father, I Thank You"

by
Sue Fentress

For every blade of grass that got trampled on and refused to grow because my little girl chose that path to run in,

Father, I thank you.

For every fingerprint on the wall that appeared because she rounded that corner,

Father, I thank you.

For every keepsake item or precious vase or figurine that those little hands broke,

Father, I thank you.

For all the sleepless nights because my child was sick and I had to sit and rock or hold her to get her to sleep,

Father, I thank you.

For all the trips to school, countless meetings I've attended, walks looking for leaves, pick-ups and drop-offs I've been subjected to,

Father, I thank you.

For all the spilled paints from painting a picture and the dough on the cabinets from learning to bake a pie,

Father, I thank you,

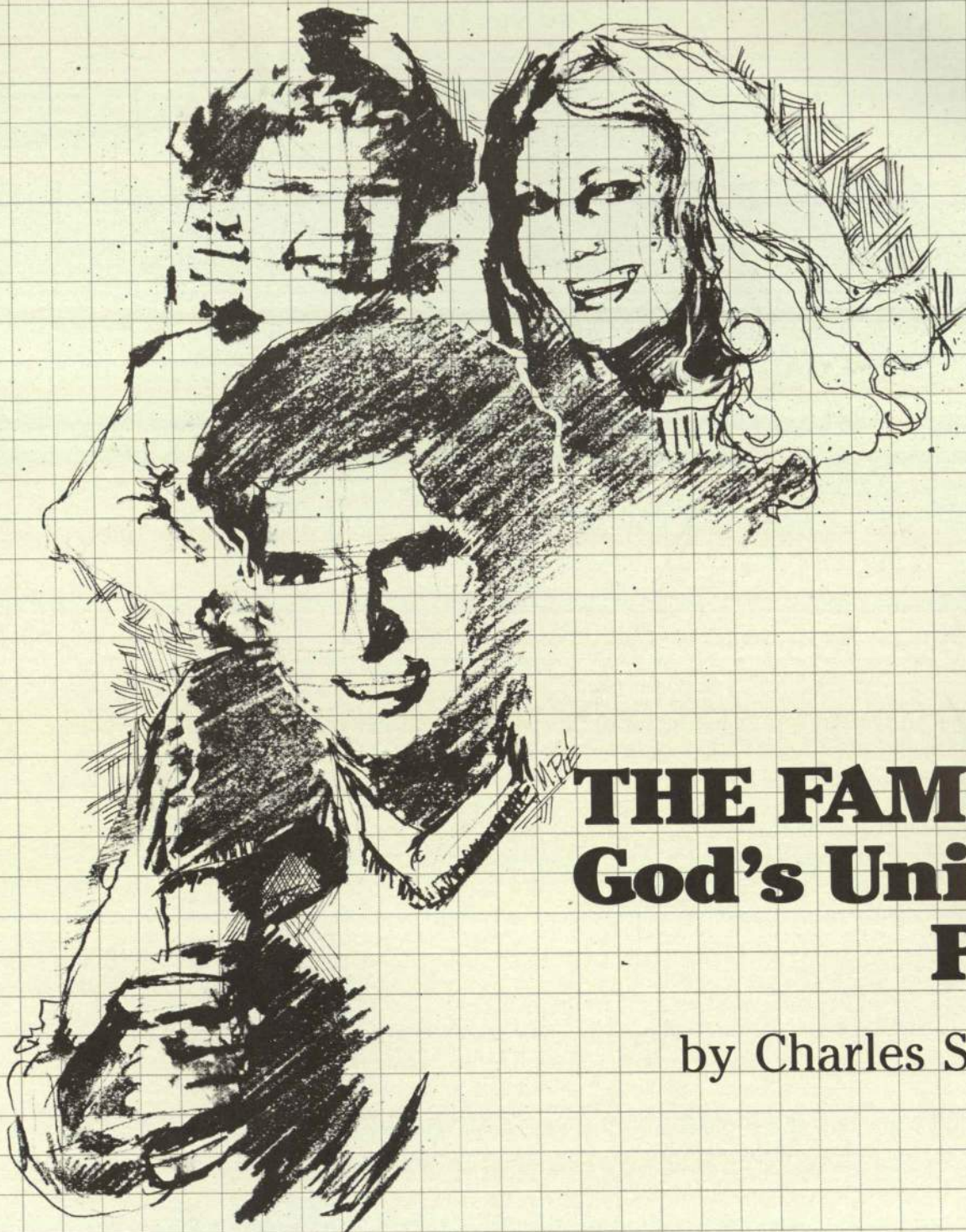
For:

- more grass will grow where those feet trampled those blades of grass;
- paint will cover those precious fingerprints;
- keepsake items can be replaced by more precious memories of the heart;
- rest will come when there is no longer a child to comfort;
- and in learning to be creative, she is growing into a more interesting person.

Had I not have been blessed with these "inconveniences" or "disturbances" I would have never known the joy of:

- a reassuring smile and often the words, "I love you, Mommy," or "that's *my* mom and it's okay" that only a child can say with all the pride in the world about someone who has made many mistakes;
- a truly forgiving heart, as only a child knows how to forgive, when a friend has wronged or hurt her;
- laughter and the foolishness of giggling over something I may never have seen humor in, that only a little girl can do;
- the curiosity and wonder that only a child can display;
- and the love of God our Father in a parent-to-child relationship.

Thank you, Father, for making me a "Mom."



THE FAMILY: God's Unique Plan

by Charles Simpson

IN THE LATE 1960's, a friend and I scheduled an around-the-world trip. We planned to leave home in early December for six weeks of travel and ministry, despite the fact that we would be away from home during Christmas. I suspected that it would be difficult to be apart from my wife and young son during the holiday season, but I had no idea just how difficult.

The first three weeks were spent travelling through Israel, India and Indonesia. After our ministry in Indonesia, my friend left for the Philippines, and I left for New Zealand, where he would join me later. By now, the unfamiliar Jewish, Hindu and Muslim cultures were beginning to take their toll on me in terms of homesickness. I was weary of my ministry and travels, and with Christmas only five days away, I missed my

family and friends.

The route to New Zealand took me to Singapore, where I was to catch a flight to New Zealand. But to make matters worse, my flight to Singapore ran late and I just missed my connection there. I watched helplessly as the Qantas Airways jet I was supposed to take to New Zealand left without me. (At that moment I joined with the little koala bear in the airline's commercial that says, "I hate

Quantas.”)

I located a travel agent and asked him, “How long before the next flight to New Zealand?”

“Two days,” he replied, much to my dismay.

I couldn’t believe that I would actually be stranded there, but it was true. As the taxi drove me to a hotel in Singapore, I was angry and alone. No Christmas carols filled the air in Singapore—no “Jingle Bells,” or “White Christmas,” no decorations—it wasn’t Christmas in Singapore.

For two days I rested and slept (the Lord knew I needed it), did a little sightseeing, and tried unsuccessfully to be “spiritual” about my situation. Finally, I boarded my plane for New Zealand. The next day I sat with a New Zealand family in their living room. There was no snow, it wasn’t even winter there, but they were Christians, and they spoke English and sang Christmas carols. In that living room and in the hotel room in Singapore three days earlier, I understood that Christmas truly was a family event.

Both Christmas and the family are under severe attack today. Christmas is being changed from a holy day to holiday. Family is being changed from a covenant couple to two or more people who merely cohabit. Abortion, E.R.A., tax laws, as well as single life-styles and career preoccupation, are penalizing those who remain committed to the virtues once held by almost all of us. Fragmentation rather than family has become our

national policy.

Is there some special relationship between the Incarnation of God’s son and the health of the family? Does faith in Christ and family fidelity have a bearing on one another? I think so. I believe Christmas celebrates both the birth of Jesus Christ and the redemption of the human family. We need to see that “Silent Night, Holy Night” is not just a song about a divine baby and a virgin, but a song about a *family* made

guilty of husband failure when he neglected to communicate with Eve and lead her in obedience to God. Instead he deliberately followed *her lead* into disobedience. Eve failed as a wife by rejecting Adam’s and God’s instruction and succumbing to the serpent’s subtle enticement. Later, spouse failure was translated to parental failure when their son Cain murdered his own brother. The breakdown in family relationships yielded death and dispossession.

... the family reflects the fatherhood of the eternal God.

holy by the purpose of God.

The First Family

Joseph, Mary and Jesus represent family at its holiest. But long before that was the first human family in history: Adam, Eve, and their subsequent children. The family has been at the heart of social development from the very beginning. Indeed, the family was the first social unit, and today remains the most fundamental and universal institution.

That first family reflected God’s purpose that man procreate and mature in the context of covenant union. But the family was beset by human failure. The institution was perfect, but the people involved became defective through disobedience. Adam was

The Adamic heritage is with us yet as is evident in the same tendencies that exist in the modern family. Indeed, more homicides happen among families than in any other setting. And yet the family continues to be the purpose of God. That the family has survived in spite of human failure testifies that the family ideal is part of our very nature.

God The Father

With the failure in the Garden, one might think that God would have designed another plan for human social structure. To the contrary, God continues to use the family and scripturally authenticates it as His ideal for man. Jesus blessed the wedding of Cana, the Apostle Paul spoke of marriage as the great mystery that depicts Christ’s relationship to the Church, and the Apostle John saw the Church as Christ’s eternal bride. Why does God go on with the family ideal? Because it is not the family that is imperfect—it is mankind. In fact, the family reflects the fatherhood of the eternal God. His eternal nature is that of a father. Fatherhood is more than being a progenitor or procreator. *Fatherhood is an on-going relationship with*



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what one has produced. It is God's nature to produce a family, and His concern for creation is a father's concern. God is a creator, but before that He is a Father. God is a deliverer, but before that

distorted by an incorrect experience of it in real life. An illustration of that point is the story about the two little boys watching the minister eat up all the chicken at Sunday dinner.

...the best thing parents can do for their child is to love each other.

He is a Father. God is a judge, but before that He is a Father. God is a miracle worker, but before that He is a Father. His creation, deliverance, justice, and power all proceed from a fatherly nature. All that He has done must be interpreted in light of the fact that He is first and foremost a Father.

God's fatherhood is an eternal reminder that all mankind is intended to exist as a family. His fatherhood is the cornerstone of human history and social order. The greatest act of approval that could ever be bestowed on the human family was that the eternal Father allowed His Son to become one of us through the human family.

The institution of the family, as well as that of the Church, needs renewal and restoration. A clear understanding of fatherhood is necessary for such restoration since these institutions flow from fatherhood. In fact, the Apostle Paul says that every family on earth gets its name from God the Father (Eph. 3:14, 15). The Greek word for family is "patria" which means fatherhood. Paul is saying that a family is a "fatherhood," and it derives its identity from God's own fatherhood. The human family must have a renewed revelation of the meaning of God's fatherhood in order to understand itself and to function successfully.

Defining Family

The meaning of a word can be

"I'll have another *portion*," the minister was saying.

"How much is a portion?" one boy asked the other.

"I'd say about half a chicken," the other boy answered as he watched the preacher unload the platter.

The true meaning of fatherhood is not to be found in the distortions presented in television programs, movies or books. Nor can fatherhood's true definition be discovered in a church that has had its fountains polluted by theological humanism or modernity. The true content of fatherhood can only be discerned by the action of the Holy Spirit magnifying Jesus Christ, the Bible, and godly families that express God's order.

As we saw from the two little boys at Sunday dinner, in a child's eyes words often can mean what somebody makes them mean. The words "family," "father," and "mother" can either be ugly, harsh words, or they can be beautiful words that evoke happiness, depending upon how they have been experienced in real life.

Like most small children, I was close to my mother. In the context of her care for me, I learned that "mother" meant love, acceptance, and a lot of good things. Dad however was away from home more than Mom. He had to be out preaching, ministering and providing for his family, so as a small child, I knew very little about Dad's life. Fortunately, my mother loved

my dad, and respected him as a man. She helped to interpret for me his masculine presence and discipline and his frequent absence. In a sense, Mom introduced me to Dad. She imparted to me her love and respect for him, and as I grew I learned to respect and identify with him. Someone has said that the best thing parents can do for their child is to *love each other*.

Because of their prayers and example, I eventually came to put my trust in Jesus Christ. One night when Dad and I were praying together, I began by saying, "Dear God. . . ." After I finished, Dad told me something I will never forget. He said, "Charles, I want to tell you something. You can call God your Father. You can pray, 'Dear Father,' because He is your Father in heaven."

My whole life has been strengthened by the fatherhood of God. Mom and Dad gave "fatherhood" solid content. When I hear "father," I think of love, faithfulness, strength, and provision. I didn't learn this from the classroom, but from my family. My entire academic education was built on a foundation of basic Christian truths which I had learned in the home: there is a God who is my Father; He has a Son, Jesus Christ; the Bible is His Word; there are moral absolutes; judgment and justice are realities; there is a purpose to life; and I am not alone. I learned those principles early, and at home where each of them had practical application.

Geology, biology, physics, chemistry, philosophy, logic, even religious rationalism could not destroy those presuppositions because my family did its job. Because of that foundation, academic challenge and life's tests have only served to enhance my awareness that God is more than my Creator. I am more than His creature. He is my Father; and I am His child.

The Family, God's Instrument
In spite of Adam's failure, God

DECEMBER 1980

demonstrated persistence to raise up a redeemed family. After Nimrod had built cities in the fertile plains of Mesopotamia, and after they had fallen victim to their own ambitions, God selected a man named Abram, whose name meant "exalted father." Through Abram, God promised to bless all the families of the earth. (Scripture tells us that God chose Abraham because He knew that Abraham would teach His children God's ways.)

Later God changed Abram's name to Abraham—"father of a multitude," and promised that nations and kings would come from his fatherhood. Finally in Abraham's old age Isaac was born. Thus, an old, childless man became a father of nations. All of the families of the earth have benefited spiritually and socially from Abraham's obedient faith, and from the covenant God established with him, his son Isaac, and his grandson Jacob. These three generations give us a picture of the unfolding of God's purpose.

Lately I have begun to understand that it takes about three generations for a family's perspective to unfold. This point was made very real to me several years ago when my oldest son, then in junior high school, was having difficulty with an older schoolmate who was abusive, and a passive teacher who tolerated an unjust situation. As my son related the circumstances to me, my feelings were subjective and angry. My response to the teacher, the other boy, and his parents was "pugilistic," not pious. I was prepared to go to the school and thrust my parental instincts upon the staff, but something within me seemed to say, "Go talk to Dad first."

Both my father and mother still have a very active part in my life and the life of my family, and I cherish the value of my father's wisdom. So together my son and I went to see Dad. As I explained the situation in the presence of my

own son, Dad stood by quietly. His blue eyes gave no hint of emotional instability or untempered reaction.

When I finished explaining the problem, he was silent for a moment, as my son and I waited for his seasoned wisdom. Then he began, "I remember when you were a boy. . . ." Somehow I knew he would start that way. As I listened, I remembered the manly advice he had given me more than thirty years earlier facing a similar situation. As he talked, the whole matter began to clear up. I left thinking how fortunate I was and my son was to have a grandfather like that. I made the trip to the school to resolve the situation, but my objectivity had been adjusted by multigenerational wisdom.

The contemporary family has been destabilized by rejecting the wisdom of former generations. Falling for the notion that "new is better" and "progress" is the inevitable product of evolution, children have disregarded their parents, leaving themselves with

which could be done by somebody else. But there is one job that no one else can do—reveal the Father. We must do that.

The Family, Reconciling The World

In Eden a serpent talked a woman into disobeying God and becoming "enlightened." She persuaded her husband to follow her in disobedience and the result was dispossession and death. In Nazareth, an angel talked with another woman about the will of God and she said, "Be it unto me according to thy word." The first woman gave birth to a murderer; the second to the Prince of Peace. The first received dishonor; the second took away the dishonor of womankind, and her name was called "Blessed." In the Incarnation, womanhood regained its honor. Sin established its root in the earth through a broken family—righteousness was re-established in the earth through a virtuous family.

If they are to face such a future successfully, our children must know the Father and His strength. . .

only their peers for counsel. Cut off from the past, they face a future of unparalleled danger. Nuclear disaster, genetic engineering, and family destabilization are but a few of the challenges that face our children. If they are to face such a future successfully, our children must know the Father and His strength and it is the Church's task to reveal the Father to them.

Jesus declared to His disciples, "Have I been with you so long, and yet you have not come to know me? He who has seen me has seen the Father." The world needs to see the Father in us as well.

The Church is attempting to do many jobs in society, most of

When the enemy of God sought to destroy the seed of God in the earth, he attacked the family. In Eden, in Egypt, in Bethlehem, he has killed babies and enslaved mothers and fathers. Likewise in our day, Marxists, feminists and humanists are attempting to destroy the family in order to accomplish their purposes.

In contrast, when God has sought to bless mankind, He raised up a family. God made a covenant family, Mary and Joseph, the custodians of eternal wisdom and salvation. In the sanctuary of that family, Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and favor with God and man. God the Father caused His own Son to become subject to

the tutelage of a righteous family.

One holy night the angels serenaded and shepherds paid homage to a covenant couple and the mysterious babe who came from on high to be born among the lowly. A few days later the mothers of Bethlehem wailed in horror as Herod's soldiers sought to destroy the divine seed. In a short space of time, joy unsearchable and tragedy unspeakable visited the family and paid their respects to its unparalleled importance. (God alone knows how many futures have been aborted in *our* time, the untold and unspeakable agony imposed by a wisdom more subtle and sinister than Herod's.)

In the face of Herod's demented ambition, Pharaoh's stubborn blindness, Marx's foolish nightmare, and feminism's strident libertarianism, the family—despite its human frailty—has throughout the centuries nurtured the divine

seed and kept hot the smoldering coals of God's covenant love.

If the family is to flourish in our nation once again—and it must if we are to survive as a nation—some changes must be made:

1. The church and the state must allow the family to regain its status as society's most fundamental institution.

2. Society must make room for the family by eliminating career pressure, financial pressure, taxation and other pressures which rob it of valuable time and resources.

3. Society must return basic responsibilities to the family, such as moral instruction and Bible teaching. In spite of family failure, the church and the state must expect the family to function with integrity. If the family's responsibilities are usurped, it will collapse. And when the family collapses, it is unlikely that the church or state will

find the qualified constituents for their survival. Both church and the state have been historically proven as poor substitutes for family.

4. Society must be reintroduced to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ and to the God of our fathers—the Father in heaven. Family is His plan and without Him it will not work.

As we celebrate the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, bear in mind that it is a family event. Enjoy it with your loved ones. If you cannot be with your own family, be sure to gather with His. Let us pray for the renewal of family—fathers, mothers, children and their relationships and for the renewal and unification of His family—the one for which He died. And let us always remember His promise concerning the family: "And he will restore the hearts of the fathers to their children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers...." ♡

Tapes

For a more in-depth study of the topics in this issue.

CHRISTIAN FAMILY SERIES by Don Basham

The family is the basic unit through which we are to fulfill the destiny of the Church. Yet the tremendous onslaught against the family is so intense it takes constant effort and the grace of God to have a stable, unshakeable family. Don Basham clearly presents God's standards for a Kingdom family, offering practical aid to establishing or restoring a family to God's standards. These principles are essential in preparing your family for the future.

- The Family is God's Idea
- Biblical Roles for Men and Women
- Marriage - God's Crucible
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center of God's calling on our lives is a great blessing, but to also have our daily efforts affect over a quarter of a million people each month, from one end of the world to the other, is an even greater privilege.

1980 has been a very good year at *New Wine*. While our first twelve months in Mobile could be characterized as a year of rebuilding, this year has proven to be one of refinement. On the inside of the magazine operation, we have seen refining taking place in the areas of increasing employee efficiency and

the purpose of our becoming a more productive magazine. One obvious result of a more productive magazine is increased readership. Therefore, our priority for 1981 is to tie up the loose ends that refinement has brought and to turn our efforts toward productivity. We are confident that a year from now we will see thousands of new households receiving *New Wine*. Because of this, we're looking to 1981 with great anticipation.

Finally, we wish to express our deepest appreciation to you, our readers. We're glad you enjoy *New*

Administrator's Letter

Dear Friend,

By now you have probably enjoyed your Thanksgiving turkey and have your mind geared, somewhat reluctantly, toward Christmas. But take heart, because soon all the hectic preparation for the holidays will be over and no longer will every moment be filled with thoughts of "What should I give Uncle Joe and Aunt Sue?" When the preparations have been completed, all of us, along with our families, can then reflect on the joy, thanksgiving and gratitude that accompany the Christmas season.

As the Administrator of *New Wine Magazine*, I wanted to take a moment to first express to you, our *New Wine* family, the thanksgiving and gratitude we feel being associated with this magazine and second, to express our appreciation to you, our readers.

Let me say at the outset that we consider it a privilege to work at *New Wine*, and various members of our staff have expressed this very sentiment to me on many occasions. For all of us, being in the

in bringing new people on staff to serve in key positions. Also, in a year of 12% inflation and a depressed economy, we have been able to keep our finances in line. A combination of holding down overhead along with the faithfulness of our readers has enabled us to maintain a secure financial base.

New Wine has also undergone a refining process in its editorial content this past year. We have seen many new authors such as: Edith Schaeffer, Jesse Helms, Jeremiah Denton, William Simon and others, previously unknown to our readership, featured side by side with the authors who are familiar to most of our readers. All these authors have played a significant part in communicating the message of *New Wine* we defined earlier this year as "Help for Reaching Our Destiny in God."

Another area of refinement that many of our readers have commented on is the improved appearance of the magazine.

The refining process that *New Wine* has undergone in 1980 is for

Wine and that it is having a positive effect on your family and friends. We also appreciate your faithfulness in prayer for us and your financial generosity on our behalf. These two elements of support are invaluable to the success of the magazine.

Let me encourage you as 1981 approaches to take an even more active role in *New Wine Magazine*. You can do this by writing us regularly and telling us how the topics we cover affect your life, letting us know whether they are relevant or fall short. The degree to which you do this will have a significant bearing on the overall success of *New Wine Magazine*.

Thank you again for all you mean to us. It is our hope that for you, this Christmas season will be the best God can possibly give you.

Sincerely,

George P. Gundlach
Administrator
New Wine Magazine

*A touching Christmas fable for
you and your children.*

Alvie and the Great Event

by Don Basham



Superintendent Silas, chief guardian of Heaven's Outer Province, stood near the edge of the landing platform frowning as he gazed into the distance. He wasn't angry because anger isn't allowed in heaven. But he was upset, because Alvie, the smallest angel under his care, was late returning from his assignment. As al-

ways, Alvie's task had been a simple one; bringing a word of comfort in response to a troubled mother's prayer. And, as always,

Alvie was taking longer than expected. Periodically Silas wrestled with the uneasy feeling that Alvie was really too small to qualify for out-of-province duty. For whether you measured him wing tip to wing tip or

heels to halo, Alvie barely met minimum flight specifications.

What's more, the art of graceful flight which came so naturally to other angels seemed to have eluded Alvie entirely. They wheeled and soared through the lofty realms of heaven with ease, touching down and

lifting off again in graceful rhythm. But not Alvie. With every new flight Alvie climbed the sky as if it were an obstacle to overcome.

And once safely aloft, knowing that graceful wheeling and soaring were accomplishments far beyond the reach of his stubby wings, he simply paddled his way through the air with happy earnestness.

Neither, Silas suddenly recalled as he finally spied Alvie's lonesome, meandering figure, had Alvie mastered the art of landing. He watched Alvie's erratic approach with rising alarm. "Too high and too fast, Alvie," he shouted, waving his arms frantically in a vain attempt to signal Alvie to go around the flight pattern again.



But misinterpreting Silas' shouts and frantic waving as expressions of welcome, little Alvie sailed high across the boundary of the landing area, angling straight for Silas. Then folding his wings he fell the final few feet. Narrowly missing his scrambling superintendent, he struck the surface with such a force that Silas winced. Still, it was a better landing than some; he bounced only once.

Climbing to his feet, Alvie dusted himself off, straightened his halo and smiled innocently at his scowling superior. "Hi, Silas. Sorry I'm late," he said, lifting one arm in a shy gesture that was half wave and half salute.

But to Silas the smile and apology were only added reminders of Alvie's monumental indifference toward his own advancement.

"The trouble with you, Alvie," Silas heard himself reciting the familiar complaint once more, "is that you just aren't flying in the right circles. Every time new assignments come down from headquarters, you choose some insignificant duty where no one can see or appreciate

you. It's not right for you to stay on here while others move up to better things. Besides, it looks bad on my record. Why, I'm the only superintendent in this end of heaven with an angel so long overdue for promotion. Don't you want a home up in the heavenly city *where you can become eligible to serve in the very presence of the Most High God?*" Silas' voice trembled slightly at the mere thought of such a rare and magnificent prospect, and even Alvie knew it was the heart's desire of every angel in the outer province to have a chance, someday, to serve in the very presence of the Most High God.

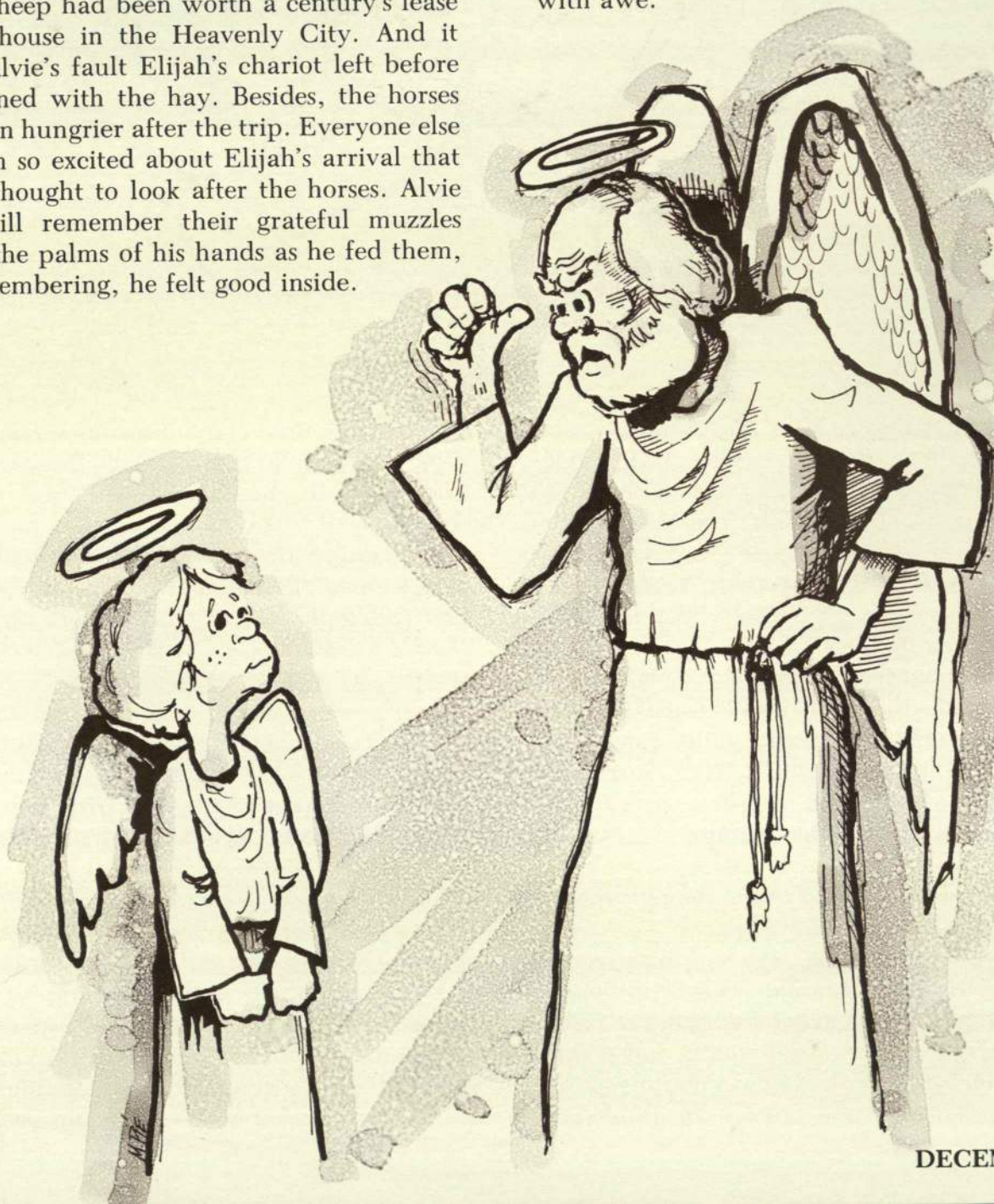
He ducked his head and brushed an imaginary speck of dust from his robe with a wing tip. "I'm sorry, Silas," he said. "I mean to do better. Honest. But, someone has to take the little jobs."

Silas ignored his reply. "Remember how you could have joined the angels climbing Jacob's ladder? But no, you had to help some ragged shepherd boy look for a lost sheep! And how you missed the chance to ride with the other angels in the fiery chariot which picked up the prophet

Elijah? All because you went looking for hay to feed the chariot team! Today, every one of those angels has a home in the Heavenly City. And what about all those other times you could have earned a promotion, where were you? Off watching over some nobody in trouble, that's where! I tell you, Alvie, helping shepherd waifs and feeding the livestock is no way to advance your career."

Alvie didn't answer. Silas wouldn't understand because little jobs weren't important to him. But they were to Alvie. Why, seeing the joy on that little shepherd's face when he found his lost sheep had been worth a century's lease on any house in the Heavenly City. And it wasn't Alvie's fault Elijah's chariot left before he returned with the hay. Besides, the horses were even hungrier after the trip. Everyone else had been so excited about Elijah's arrival that no one thought to look after the horses. Alvie could still remember their grateful muzzles against the palms of his hands as he fed them, and remembering, he felt good inside.

But more important news cut short Silas' recital of Alvie's missed opportunities. "Listen, Alvie," his voice changing from exasperation to excitement, "all Heaven is preparing for a Great Event. It's just been announced that the Most High God is going to visit the earth. They say He's going to appear as a king! Now a big operation like that will involve many important assignments. In fact, they say some angels may be given the rarest privilege of all, a chance to serve in the actual presence of the Most High God Himself." Once again, Silas' voice filled with awe.





"All heaven is getting ready, Alvie," he continued. "Look." From the edge of heaven where they stood, Alvie looked. He saw the vast sweep of stellar plains, he saw the matchless gardens with their crystal fountains, and in the distance he saw the soaring walls and towers of the heavenly city resting high on God's holy mountain. And everywhere he looked Alvie saw bands of angels busily preparing for the Great Event.

Then Silas led Alvie to a large table covered with scrolls where all the other angels of the Outer Province were standing by.

"These are the assignments for our province, Alvie," he explained. "Each scroll contains the description of a task to be performed in connection with the Great Event. We've all been waiting for your return so you could have the first choice. There are dozens of important jobs here,

any one of which will practically guarantee you a promotion to the heavenly city. But choose quickly, Alvie, we're late already." With that word, Silas left to make a final check at provincial headquarters.

But Alvie could not bring himself to take one of the important jobs. "I'll just wait and take whatever's left," he said to himself. And stepping aside he watched each of the other angels move in and make their choices, one by one. Alvie was glad that every angel seemed delighted with his choice.

Silas returned just in time to see Alvie reach for the very last scroll. It was wrinkled and a little flat from lying at the bottom of the pile. "Let me see that, Alvie," Silas grabbed the scroll from his hands. Alvie ducked his head as Silas scanned the contents.

"Well, Alvie, you've done it again!" he ex-



claimed. "Out of that whole pile of magnificent opportunities, you've managed to end up with the only unimportant task!" Shaking his head in dismay, he handed the scroll back to Alvie, then turned to join the other angels who were preparing to leave. Some were to be a part of Gabriel's procession; some were to sing in the celestial choir and some were to serve as special messengers to the four corners of the earth. It seemed as if every other angel in heaven's Outer Province had chosen some exciting and important task which could lead to a promotion and perhaps a chance, someday, to serve in the actual presence of the Most High God. Everyone, that is, except Alvie, who had waited to take the last scroll, the job no one else had wanted.

Just before takeoff, Silas paused for a final word.

"Even though you're not coming with us, you still have a job to do, Alvie," he said. "Bet-

ter get on with it!" And with a rush of wings Silas and his companions lifted off into a sky already filled with other important angels bent on other important tasks.

Alvie watched until the last angel was out of sight. Then stepping to the edge of heaven he gazed at the earth spinning far below. He was sorry Silas was upset, but inside, he didn't feel left out at all. In fact, in his heart he was delighted with his new assignment. It was the kind of job he loved best; watching over a homeless, newborn infant. He really didn't mind missing all the excitement.

So with a last look at his scroll for directions and with a quick nod of his tousled head, little Alvie spread his stubby wings and dove into the sky. Then slanting himself in earth's direction, he set out to find a stable in a place called Bethlehem. ♥

Special Notice:

Don Basham will be speaking at the Family Life Conference in Amarillo, Texas.

Where: David Crockett Jr. High Auditorium
4720 Floyd
Amarillo, Texas

When: December 13, 1980
7:30 PM

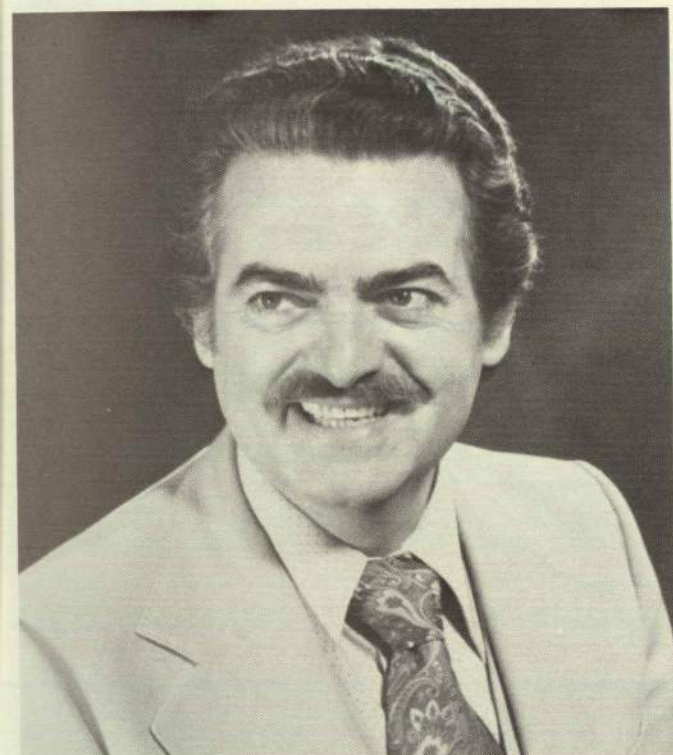
For further information, contact:
Covenant Life Fellowship
P.O. Box 3784
Amarillo, TX 79106

Pastors: Phil Borden (806)359-6007
F.S. McBride (806)355-2542

Each month our Update feature brings news of recent events in the lives and ministries of the men on New Wine's Editorial Board. This month is an update on Bob Mumford.

Update

Bob Mumford



Family and Personal News

First of all, I want to bring you up to date on the problem I had been having with my throat. As most of you know, I had two ulcers on my vocal chords which took nearly 7 months to heal. This caused me to be "grounded" from quite a few meetings besides causing us real concern. There was no medication that could be prescribed to bring relief—only "voice rest" could do it. This past July, the throat specialist gave me a full release, with no further treatment and no residue of damage or weakness. I thank each of you personally for your concern and prayer.

Our biggest family news is this: *Judy and I are grandparents!* This July our daughter and son-in-law, Beth and Jim Hensley, gave birth to a handsome baby boy. His name is James Quintin and we are all sure he will be a prophet! Beth enjoys being a wife and mother, and of course, Jim is rejoicing to

have a son.

Keren, our eldest daughter, is very much in love with an excellent young man who is part of our community here in Ft. Lauderdale, and they are carefully making their plans for the future.

Bob Jr., now 18, is taking some studies in junior college here and Eric David, who is now 12 years old, is embracing the changes from adolescence to manhood.

Ministry Report

Recently at *Life Changers*, which is my book, tape and newsletter ministry, we have received some remarkable responses from the readers of our newsletters. This is especially true of one we did on *The Renegade Male*, a treatise on the man's responsibility toward his wife. (If you are interested in Bob's newsletter or catalog, write: Box 22948, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33335.)

Looking Ahead

On December 29, 1980, I will be fifty years old. This has included 25 years of nearly unlimited travel which has been most rewarding and personally fulfilling. As I begin my fifty-first year, however, I am deeply aware of my need for time to seek God's face. Busy-ness, activity, projects and pressure have always taken their toll in the lives of God's people. I feel a certain "judgment" has begun at the household of God. There are distinct evidences of God getting serious about *who* we are, *why* we do things, *how* we conduct ourselves and *what* our goals are. There is, as well, an ever-present need to hear the "now word" God is speaking to us, that we might more efficiently and spiritually be able to prepare ourselves to face the future.

Our society has wandered far afield into a degree of "hype," Madison Avenue flashiness and superficiality that *must*, by the principles of God's creation, come to an end. I can't help but believe the same principle is at work in the Church. Tricks, gimmicks, advertising and faith in faith vs. faith in God, must all come to their own end.

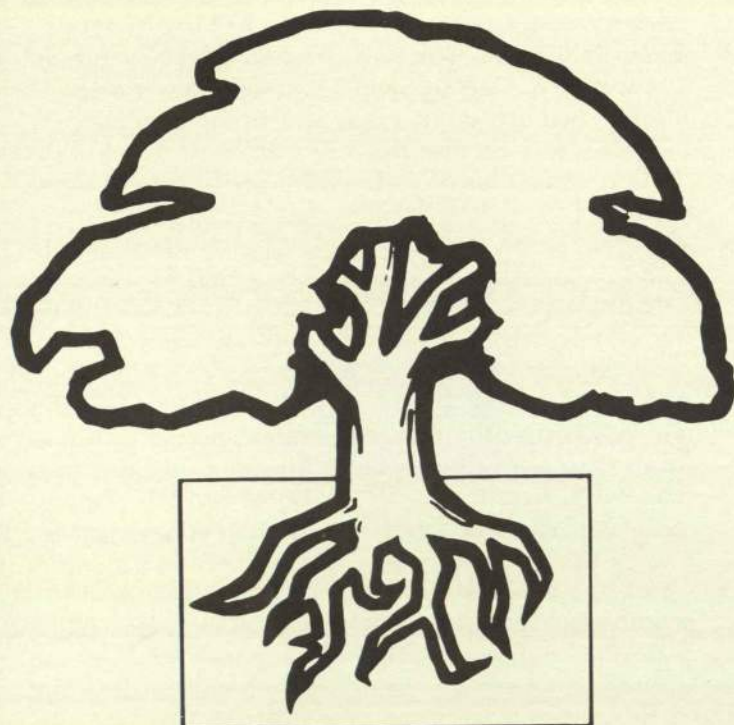
This expresses for me the hope that I see for our society and the Church. After society goes out as far as it can go, there will be hundreds of thousands who will turn to the Lord, His Word and His Church. They will earnestly seek "old paths" because of the total frustration and vanity of the "new paths" upon which they have been walking. I see signs of this in psychology, education and other disciplines. When that does happen, both in the world and in the Church, my prayer is that God will call forth in the earth a substantial group of people who will be able to sound forth a trumpet to show the way to spiritual reality and the joys of Christ's eternal Kingdom. ♥

Our Roots series began with Jorge Himitian's, "How Firm a Foundation," back in our October 1979 issue. From there we have covered the moving of the Holy Spirit from Pentecost through the middle ages and the Reformation (Luther, Calvin, and Knox), through the times of the early revivalists in America such as Wesley and Whitefield, the Irvingites, the Welsh revival, the Azusa Street revival, the Latter Rain and Healing revivals, up to our last installment which dealt with the Catholic Charismatic Renewal. What we have experienced in the last 10 or 15 years is what is known as the charismatic renewal, which has evolved tremendously in these last few years.

That brings us up to the present, and this installment of the Roots Series will feature an interview with Ern Baxter. Ern has had over 40 years of experience in the various moves of God and this gives him a unique perspective to interpret what God has done, where He has brought us, and where we are headed.

NW: Ern, with your 40 years of experience in various moves of God, can you comment on all that God has done and give us some perspective on it?

EB: That's quite a demanding question and I'm a little reluctant to try to attack it because it requires not only a comprehensive answer but also a perceptive one.



ROOTS SERIES

The God of Surprises

An interview with Ern Baxter

Rather than answer specifically, I will begin with an important principle I have seen in all movements—the need for balance between the Word and the Spirit. In one of the movements of God's Spirit that I was involved in which was experiencing some instability, I told the leaders right from the beginning, "If you don't bring this movement under the disciplines of the Word of God, it's going to scatter 27 ways to nowhere." And that's what happened. Had it stabilized and come under the authority of the Word, it could have made even more of an impact than it did. As it was, its impact on Christianity was considerable.

The conviction I have held for over 40 years now, ever since I was a young man trying to lay my own conceptual and life foundation, is that if we don't maintain balance between the *didactic* and the *pneumatic*—the Word and the Spirit—we will get off the track. When there's an overemphasis on doctrinal rectitude and conceptual accuracy, to the neglect of the inspirational and the pneumatic or charismatic, the Christian life deteriorates into an intellectual exercise and produces little spiritual food. On the other hand, when people get too involved with the experiential and the emotional without hedging it with biblical disciplines and guidelines, they go off into fanaticism and radicalism, and the movement eventually dissipates.

As I read history, it seems to me that somehow all the problems lie in that area. In fact, I was recently talking to a group of men who were discussing their

pastoral responsibility, and I asked them, "Where are you headed?" They replied, "We've been pretty heavy into teaching with our people lately and we really feel that we need to get a little more inspiration." I smiled, because I could see that these men were wrestling with that legitimate tension between the Word (didactic) and the Spirit (pneumatic). That is an ever present tension.

I can look back over my own life and see where I have reacted to both sides. I have said about certain movements, "Well, that's too cerebral—too theological. It doesn't have any life in it." And in doing so, I've almost thrown the baby out with the bath water. Other times, I've reached for the inspirational and found it going off into extremes, and I have overreacted to that. So what I'm saying is to some degree autobiographical.

NW: *That tension of maintaining a balanced approach to the Christian life is something we all grapple with, don't you think?*

EB: Yes. I recently talked with another group of men who are in charge of a large constituency of believers and they had obviously reacted to some charismatic extremes. I said to them, "I can understand why you've reacted, but in the final analysis, it rests upon those of us in leadership to determine where the balance is." That's the agony of being a leader. I can't indulge my personal feelings. I must make godly evaluations and try to maintain a balance between the Word and the Spirit, because from Genesis to Revelation, the Word and the Spirit are Siamese twins. They are inseparable. If you try to cut them in half or separate them, you will have problems.

NW: *That whole question is very appropriate to the charismatic renewal because it certainly caused an explosion of the experiential in most denominations and churches.*

EB: That's right. All of the revival movements mentioned earlier sprang up out of an obvious need for some kind of renewal. The Church had not just settled down to normal—it had settled down to *subnormal*. The renewal came to break that subnormalcy and breathe some life into the situation. James Gilchrist Lawson says in the preface to his book, *Deeper Experiences of Famous Christians*, that historically it's obvious these renewal forces had to be extreme to bring about the required effects and changes. I believe that's true for any renewal. Then adjustments can be made somewhere along the line to bring the extremes back into balance.

Unfortunately, those adjustments aren't always made. I've heard people in the charismatic movement glibly say, "The Lord said this" or "The Holy Ghost told me that," and I didn't have to have the

gift of discernment, or any profound perception, to simply recall two or three scriptural references to show conclusively that "what the Lord was saying" wasn't what the Bible said. When it comes to a choice like that, my choice is in the Word of God.

Some Christians who have lived in a dry religion for years are so enamored with this new-found release that the charismatic movement provides that they don't believe there are any perimeters or boundaries. They go off emotionally—and that brings us back to the constant tension between the didactic and the pneumatic.

NW: *In many ways, we're still struggling to find that balance, aren't we?*

EB: Yes, but I see the battle between the didactic and the pneumatic as a part of the process of God in history, and there will come a time when that balance will be achieved. I would probably give in to an ultimate discouragement if I didn't believe from the Word of God that in the purposes of God there is a time factor that God has planned in the inscrutability of His decrees and counsels, that there is a time in history when certain things are going to happen. I'm prepared to live with the process of God in history that's going to have an ultimate victorious outcome.

We're saved by hope, but hope is not "I hope it will happen." In the Bible, hope is the assurance of what *is going to happen*. Men like David served their generation, made their contribution to the divine historic process and then went on to sleep. That gives me comfort because I, too, have to serve my generation and fall on to sleep. It is my hope that the next generation will be the one to see the Kingdom of God in all its reality. If it's not, that

When it comes to a choice...my choice is in the Word of God.

generation will also contribute to the process. The plan of God is a progressive one, and only a philosophy that sees the ultimate victory of the decrees of God can keep you safe.

NW: *Where do you think God's plan is taking us?*

EB: I can only attempt to answer this from God's standpoint. To try to get into an analysis of all of the elements and factors involved is, first of all, beyond my ability. Secondly, even if I were an expert in that kind of analysis, there is other data that indicates to

Just Around the Corner

Preparing the Next Generation

Will the next generation carry on God's purposes or will they falter and forsake the Lord?

me that I don't have all the information.

So I have to approach it from God's standpoint. I believe that such factors as righteousness, the purposes of God, obedience, and others are being worked out in us. Man is learning, God is teaching. God is revealing these principles and we are making our responses, whether they be good, bad or indifferent. Ultimately, the decree of God is going to be victorious. God has always had a witness and God will always have a people. These people are destined for ultimate victory to co-share with Jesus Christ the sovereignty over the earth. God's going to work it out. I'm a biblical optimist and I believe as we walk in the light, we will see God's purposes revealed.

I don't want to be abrasive, but I sometimes think that we can be a little too inquisitive about what is going to happen, a little too anxious to prognosticate the future rather than being childlike and trusting that our Father is taking care of tomorrow.

One of the problems with trying to analyze the future is you can never anticipate God's surprises. I was thinking about this recently and I began to mentally list the surprises of God as revealed in the Scriptures. The Bible is full of God's unanticipated interventions—unanticipated because you would never have guessed in a hundred years what He was planning to do. For example, the coming of Christ. Who could have ever believed that a Nazarene carpenter being put to death between two thieves could be the Savior of the world?

What will His next intervention be? God reached down and put His hand on John Wesley, Dwight L. Moody, Augustine, Saul of Tarsus, Peter the fisherman. Who is He going to put His hand on next? We can't know what is just around the corner, but the fact that God intervened in the lives of all these men

and has performed a whole lot of exciting interventional surprises since, indicates that He's got a lot more up His sleeve.

What is He going to do next? I don't know! I look at the visitations just in my own lifetime and I wonder where they all came from.

I don't want to appear to be wisdom personified and say, "This is going to happen," because I *don't know* what's going to happen. You may pick up the newspaper tomorrow and find a whole new thing is taking place.

I know that doesn't provide much intellectual satisfaction, but it feeds me in that I know I am walking with a God of history and sovereignty. And the God of history is certainly no drab personality. He is the most exciting Creature in the universe.

NW: It really is a privilege to be alive in this day and age. The Scripture talks about Samuel, and says that he was born in a time when the word of God was rare. That's quite a contrast between our time and his. What a privilege we have to be born in a time when there is so much happening spiritually.

EB: Yes. It's very obvious that quantitatively and qualitatively there's never been a time like this. It is an unprecedented period.

But getting back to God's intervention in our lives, I was struck in one of my studies of Scripture with the recurrence of phrases like "And on the 27th day of the third month, the word of the Lord came." It didn't come on the 26th day; nor on the 28th day. When the 27th day came, nothing in the world could prevent that word from coming. That word came sovereignly because God decided on the 27th day of the third month He would intervene. Many times that word was an earth-shaking, life-changing history-reconstructing word. Well, what if on the 5th of December the word of the Lord came? Or the 9th of January? That word could change the entire course of history. What I'm trying to say is this: let us not make evaluations and try to come up with prognostications that rule out the fact that God is full of surprises and that the word of the Lord may come down tomorrow.

NW: What would you say our responsibility is to be, knowing that God, by sending His word, is able to completely alter our circumstance?

EB: I think our main job is to find out what God wants us personally to do and then do it. I'm not sure that I haven't been too nosey and curious about what everyone else is doing. There is a place for a general knowledge, but I don't need to be aware of what everybody is doing down to the last detail. Rather, my responsibility is to find out what God wants me to do and do it. I've received great comfort from that in recent years because there was a time

when I wanted to be a kind of cosmic ecumenist; I had to know what everybody else was doing. Lately, however, I have received great strength and comfort from finding out what God wants me to do, getting involved with it, and *doing* it. It carries with it some publicity, but that's really not important. The point is, I must do the will of God.

Jesus knew what it was to be in the limelight, to feed five thousand, but He also knew what it was to forego the pleasure of going to Jerusalem with His brothers. Jesus found His fulfillment in doing the Father's will. He said, "I always do the things that are pleasing to Him" (Jn. 8:29). I want to give myself totally to what I should be doing. That is our responsibility—to know what God wants us to do and then do it.

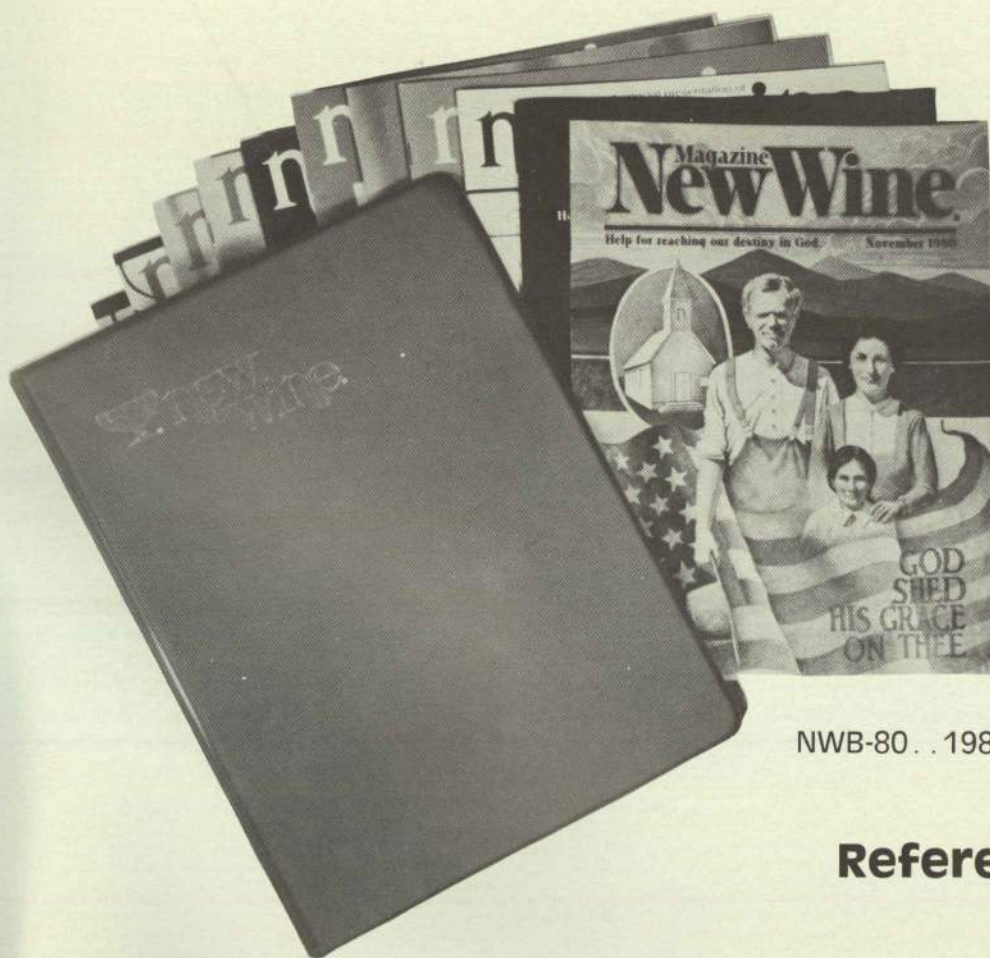
NW: That whole characteristic of God's unpredictability is the essence of what He did in the charismatic movement. For example, who could have ever predicted that God would reach down into the midst of the drug culture and start the Jesus movement, bringing those young people into the things of God?

EB: That's right. In fact, God almost seems to have a kind of humorous mischief about Him. The Caesars and the governors were carrying on as if they owned the world, not knowing that the little baby who had just been born in Bethlehem was about to split history in two. Who would have guessed that the little boy growing up chiseling wood in his stepfather's carpenter shop was nothing less than history-changing dynamite—a little kid in a carpenter shop. During the 30 years that he was growing up, the rulers had no idea what was going on.

My question is—what's going on somewhere right now? I know something's going on. It has to be going on because Jesus said, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." There's no doubt the Lord is at work to accomplish His purposes and establish His sovereignty in all the earth.

My personal confidence, which I think is pretty well known, is that God will win the victory. Not one jot or tittle of His plans will fail. I live for that and I live *in* that—it is my hope. You and I and every other Christian are a very small part of the whole plan; but thank God we are a part of it. ♥

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**A Study Guide—A
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But for Adam no suitable helper was found. So the Lord God caused the man to fall into a deep sleep; and while he was sleeping, he took one of the man's ribs and closed up the place with flesh. Then the Lord God made a woman from the rib he had taken out of the man, and he brought her to the man. The man said, "This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called 'woman,' for she was taken out of man." For this reason a man will leave his father and mother and be united to his wife, and they will become one flesh. Genesis 2:20-24.

He who finds a wife finds what is good and receives favor from the Lord. Proverbs 18:22

Husbands, love your wives, just as Christ loved the church and gave himself up for her to make her holy, cleansing her by the washing with water through the word, and to present her to himself as a radiant church, without stain or wrinkle or any other blemish, but holy and blameless. In this same way, husbands ought to love their wives as their own bodies. Ephesians 5:25-28

Wives, in the same way be submissive to your husbands so that, if any of them do not believe the word, they may be won over without talk by the behavior of their wives, when they see the purity and reverence of your lives. 1 Peter 3:1-2

THE WORD

The Family

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A wife of noble character who can find? She is worth far more than rubies. Her husband has full confidence in her and lacks nothing of value. She gets up while it is still dark; she provides food for her family and portions for her servant girls. She opens her arms to the poor and extends her hands to the needy. She is clothed with strength and dignity; she can laugh at the days to come. She

speaks with wisdom, and faithful instruction is on her tongue. Proverbs 31:10-12, 15, 20, 25-26

Sons are a heritage from the Lord, children a reward from him. Like arrows in the hands of a warrior are sons born in one's youth. Blessed is the man whose quiver is full of them. Psalms 127:3-5

Fathers, do not exasperate your children; instead, bring them up in the training and instruction of the Lord. Ephesians 6:4

Lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes. And ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt write them upon the door posts of thine house, and upon thy gates: That your days may be multiplied, and the days of your children, in the land which the Lord sware unto your fathers to give them, as the days of heaven upon the earth. Deuteronomy 11:18-21 KJV

THE THOUGHT that one of our children would have a serious accident, nearly die and be crippled had never occurred to us. We had always believed that somehow we were immune to catastrophe because of our relationship to the Lord. You can imagine our shock, then, as we paced the floor of the hospital waiting room, fervently interceding for our daughter's life.

Our 2½-year-old daughter, Susannah, who loved the water and was not afraid of it, even though she could not swim, had briefly slipped out of my vision and had apparently jumped or fallen into our pool. From the upstairs window my wife Gayle saw her floating face down and yelled to me. I jumped into the pool, carried her from the water and, finding her completely limp and bluish, gave her mouth to mouth resuscitation as we sped to the hospital five minutes away. One of the nurses in our church fellowship was on duty as we brought our daughter to the emergency room. The first news she brought us was that there was no response from Susannah, and that her chances did not look good. We continued to pace and intercede.

It is hard to describe what we experienced while waiting in that

little room. We do remember receiving an assurance from the Lord that, regardless of the outcome, His hand was in the circumstance. We were reminded that He is the author and finisher of life, and that our family was committed to His will. We reaffirmed to Him our trust in His way of handling our lives.

Soon a doctor came to tell us that Susannah was breathing on

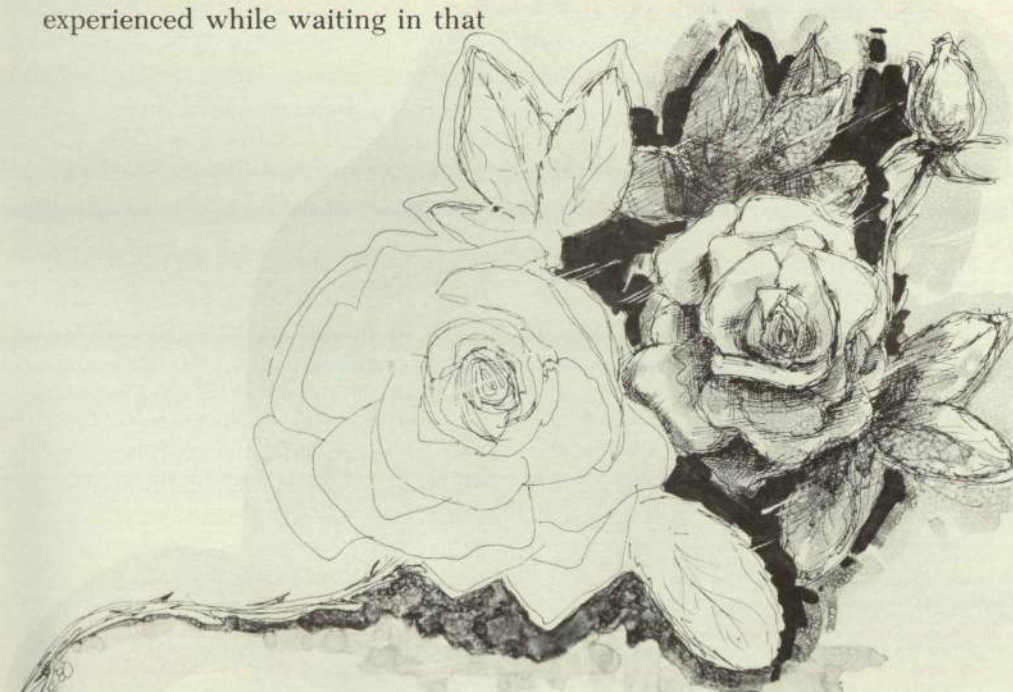
Facing Calamity as a Family

A testimony by
David Dyke

her own and that her heart and brain had begun to function again. We were ecstatic with the news. He returned shortly and reported that the staff wanted to move her to Children's Hospital in downtown Louisville where she would receive excellent attention.

We were allowed to see Susannah briefly just before she was moved. As she lay quietly on the table, moving ever so slightly, we laid our hands on her and thanked Jesus for the wonderful 2½ years of her life that He had given us. We recommitted ourselves to His will. We later discovered that our prayer had touched the hearts of several of the staff who looked on.

By this time some of our spiritual kin had arrived to pray and to comfort us. It was decided that I would travel the eleven-mile trip with one of the men in our fellowship and Gayle would ride in the ambulance with Susannah. At this stage, time was crucial. Her brain needed immediate treatment to prevent swelling, which could cause irreversible brain damage, since her brain had been without oxygen for some ten to fifteen minutes. In many cases that much



time means certain death. In others, it causes some degree of permanent brain damage.

I went home to change my wet clothes before going to the hospital. On the way we passed an ambulance sitting along the expressway with a flat tire. Later I found out that Gayle and Susannah had been in it losing precious minutes as they waited for another ambulance. The transfer took place during evening rush hour traffic on a busy expressway.

At the hospital I searched for a doctor who could tell me something. The first staff physician who had examined her told me he was doubtful of her recovery. What ebullience I had felt began to subside.

We were placed in a little office and were informed as to what might occur in the next few hours. The doctors were frank: Susannah's chances of living through the night were not good.

Throughout the night Susannah was subjected to a number of procedures aimed at saving her life. A hole was drilled through her skull and a probe placed in her brain to monitor the pressure of the brain as it swelled against the skull. A tube was placed in her side to keep a collapsed lung from failing. She was placed on a respirator (a machine to force oxygen into the lungs), and a needle was placed into her heart, thus allowing direct application of medication which would induce a deep comatose state. As if all that was not traumatic enough, she suffered another cardiac arrest (heart stopped) and underwent vigorous massages before

she responded.

As we waited for news from the doctors the Lord gave us two encouraging words. The first was simply "be patient." I hoped that meant a few days of trial and then

pastoral oversight.

For the next few weeks Susannah's condition fluctuated between critical and stable. As she came out of the induced coma, she began to run high fevers as a result of

Susannah's chances of living through the night were not good.

the whole thing would be over. The second word was this: "Prepare for the worst, but expect the best." We continued to hope and pray for her life.

The brothers in our fellowship, the Louisville Covenant Churches, assembled that night for worship and intercession. We were encouraged by the reports from the meeting. The Holy Spirit had been present, bringing hope and trust.

My pastor, Carter Foster, called us from Atlanta where he was vacationing prior to attending the 1979 Covenant Life Conference in Mobile, Alabama. We agreed the Lord had allowed this attack from Satan to test us at an important time in the growth and extension of our ministry. While I resisted the idea of his leaving his vacation to be with us, I was nevertheless greatly relieved and blessed when he flew in very early the next morning. He stayed with us for several days until Susannah had passed through the crisis stage. His presence in our time of need vividly demonstrated the Lord's love and dedication for His people through

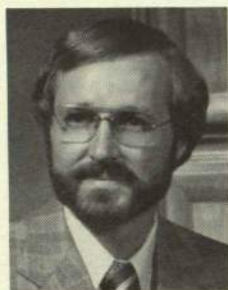
pneumonia, develop rapid heart beat (often over 200 beats per minute), show signs of posturing (abnormal positions of hands, feet, and back), and suffer from rashes and bedsores. During those weeks we would visit her for twenty minutes at a time, reading stories, telling her about the family, and singing songs, particularly "Oh Susannah." I'm sure the nurses began to wonder about us as we sang that song four and five times a day in the Intensive Care Unit.

Many in our church family had gone to Mobile for the Covenant Life Conference. The first few back reported to us how Charles Simpson and Bob Mumford had led 8,000 Christians in prayer for Susannah's recovery. We were moved to tears as our hearts were touched with stories of this event.

Facing Difficult Decisions

Susannah's situation did not improve as rapidly as we had hoped. I began to fight with Satan every evening in my prayers. I promised God a lot of things and threatened Satan with even more. I searched for scriptures to support my prayers, and found some. One evening, I even stayed up praying all night thinking that surely God would be moved and touch her dramatically. Her condition, however, remained the same the next morning. I was confused and exhausted.

Carter, who had returned from his vacation and the conference, saw the perplexity of my spirit. He gave me some of the best and hard-



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est counsel I have ever received: "Let her go completely into God's hands, and trust the outcome to Him, whether it be life or death." I had been struggling too hard, losing too much sleep, and pushing myself too hard to keep up with pastoral duties. It was difficult for me to acquiesce and let the fight in me die, for I felt as if that would be spiritually like signing her death certificate. Still, I knew Carter's counsel was sound, so I eased up and moved into more rest and trust in His will.

Shortly after this time, Susannah came out of intensive care and was moved to the children's floor. Hope grew within us, only to be dashed as, within a few days, she suffered two cardiac arrests, one right after the other. I was by her bedside during the second one, and watched her heartbeat go from 120 to 0 on the monitor. I found Gayle and we moved to another room to await reports from the attending doctors as to whether or not Susannah had made it.

The doctors came in and advised us of the alternatives: let her continue as she was without a respirator, which didn't look promising, or put her back in intensive care on the respirator and follow that route again. They were tactfully trying to say that perhaps it would be better to let her go and not prolong the crisis any longer.

We prayed and asked the Lord for direction. Was He saying the time had come for us to give her over to Him for eternity? I looked up from praying and focused on a poster directly across the room from us. On it was a caricature of a little girl, and beside her were the words, "Please be patient, God's not finished with me yet." We had our answer.

When the doctors returned they announced that they felt the decision was too difficult for us to shoulder alone, and so they had decided to put her back into intensive care. I told them I believed they had heard from God.

While Susannah was in intensive care for the second time, it was decided that she should have a tracheotomy (hole in the throat) to help breathing and diminish congestion, and a gastrostomy (tube in the stomach) for her feeding since she could not eat by mouth. We were advised that these conditions would likely be permanent, for the severity of her brain damage indicated she would never have a normal life, or even participate in the higher brain functions of eating, voluntary motor movement, reason or emotion.

After a week Susannah's condition stabilized enough to have her transferred once again to the children's ward. In the weeks that followed we were taught how to feed her through the tube and how to suction out congestion from her lungs with a sterile glove, catheter, and suction machine. We tried to give her physical therapy but her body was too rigid. She could not be placed on her back or stomach because she was so arched in her

away for rest. Many people called, wrote letters, and sent flowers and gifts. All of these expressions were warmly received as we saw how the Lord had prompted the hearts of hundreds of people, some of whom we did not even know, to pray and trust God for Susannah's recovery.

As the cost of our daughter's hospitalization rose to nearly \$30,000, Carter informed me that the financial burden was not mine alone, but that it would also be shouldered by the church. We were amazed as we watched Jesus work through the State of Kentucky, the hospital, the benevolence of many doctors, and the generosity of our brethren to whittle that figure down to manageable proportions which did not press on us too severely.

It was a great relief for us to bring Susannah home in late August. The three and four daily trips to the hospital had begun to take their toll. We were grateful to God to have her home with us,

The final report read, "Her future is very dismal."

back. At times the back of her head was only ten to twelve inches from her bottom.

Support From Brothers and Sisters

During the two months Susannah was in the hospital, our covenant brothers and sisters rallied around us to comfort, assist, and support us in numerous ways. We did not have to worry about our other children, aged 9, 7, and 10 months—couples stayed in our home to care for them. Meals were brought to us, and we were taken out to lunches and dinners many times. Several of the churches' nurses volunteered to stay with Susannah at night so we could get

even though she gave little evidence that she was aware of us.

The care for her at home was very strenuous. Susannah needed to be under clean, vaporized air every day, and that required the daily cleaning of vaporizers with vinegar. Because of her need for suctioning twelve to fifteen times daily, rubber catheters had to be sterilized in boiling water every day. Her "trach" tube had to be cleaned and sterilized. Formula for feeding was made and blenderized once a day. She needed to be turned every few hours to prevent bed sores. She received physical therapy every day.

Gayle and I would not have been able to handle this tremen-

dous responsibility had it not been for the support of our covenant brothers and sisters. With joyful determination, our people moved into the various responsibilities. Yvonne Shaw, a single girl who had lived with us for some time, gave herself freely to the most difficult tasks. Ladies from the church rotated days and worked in four-hour shifts every day to help us. The neighborhood women helped with the house cleaning and other chores. One of the greatest blessings was the commitment of Mrs. Carol Mudd to Susannah's physical rehabilitation. Carol, a

concluded that there was little hope of her recovery to any kind of meaningful life. The final report read, "Her future is very dismal." It was difficult for us to embrace these remarks, but we knew our hope was in Jesus, not the medical community.

During the early autumn months we faced a number of frustrating trials. One night after a long day at the clinic, I accidentally yanked out Susannah's feeding tube. We were at the hospital until 3 a.m. before she was released. The night before we were to open a teaching conference in the city, the suction

almost normal. She began to relax more and cease from her constant arching enough to be placed upright in her wheelchair. Most exciting of all, she began to smile.

We knew God was at work because all the conditions she improved in were supposedly irreversible circumstances. Weekly, she would do some little thing that would excite those working with her. Once as we were walking outside with her, an airplane flew over. She raised her eyes at the sound, focused on the plane, and watched it disappear behind the trees. Two months previously we were not sure if she was ever to see at all!

Through the winter months Susannah continued to improve in recognition and flexibility. Her lungs grew clear of congestion and as a result, she required less suctioning. Our fellowship physician stated that only God could have kept pneumonia out of a condition such as hers.

In January we invited one of Susannah's former physicians and his wife to dinner. I watched his face when he saw her. Tears welled up in his eyes and he said, "I can't believe it," and throughout the entire evening, he continued to make that same remark.

During a routine examination in January the surgeon was impressed with Susannah's cognizance and ability to breathe without use of the tracheostoma. She was hospitalized in February for its removal and subsequent observation.

At this point God once again demonstrated His faithfulness and loving care for us. When we took Susannah into the operating area to hand her over for a bronchoscopy, we found ourselves placing her into the hands of Dr. Wayne Marlowe. Wayne was a medical student from our fellowship who had moved to San Antonio the previous fall to finish his last year of school. But he had had to return to Louisville to fulfill a requirement in surgical duty. Without our

She later remarked that in ten years of clinic service she had never witnessed such a dramatic recovery.

professional therapist, gave her time freely to train about forty people to give Susannah therapy. After learning the exercise routines by observation and practice, these folks rotated days so that Susannah received an hour and a half session twice a day, six days of the week. Each session was attended by two or three helpers. Our fellowship physician, Dr. Tom O'Neal dropped in weekly to check Susannah for pneumonia and other problems.

For many months, prayer teams came every day to spend time with Susannah in worship and praise. They would lay hands on her and ask the Lord for healing in a particular area of her need. As the weeks progressed we began to see slight improvements such as less congestion, greater motor movement, and better focusing with her eyes.

In September and October we took Susannah to a clinic operated by the state's Crippled Children's Services. The clinic was filled with children crippled from accidents, birth defects, and cerebral palsy. There a team of doctors and specialists examined Susannah and

machine broke down and we had to return again to the hospital to have Susannah suctioned. On several other occasions, we rushed her to the emergency room when she ran temperatures of 104 to 105 degrees only to have them dissipate to normal by the time she was examined.

Our church family increased their prayers on our behalf, because they knew we were growing weary as a result of these ordeals and the constant intense care our daughter needed. Our brethren in the Metroplex Churches of Dallas, a fellowship closely associated with ours, also knew of our weariness and arranged for us to have an expenses-paid vacation in Hawaii. We wept as we received news of this lavish gift from Brother Glen Roachelle and the Elders in the Dallas Covenant Churches.

Signs of Improvement

It was after our return from Hawaii in early November that things began to happen. We noticed that Susannah's feet had returned from their "foot-drop" position to

knowledge, the Lord had arranged for him to be at the hospital and be assigned to Susannah as anesthesiologist that morning. We were overjoyed at this unexpected blessing.

The following March we returned to the clinic we had not visited since October. We knew that Jesus had been healing our little girl, but we did not know how the clinic doctors would respond to Susannah's improved condition. The day turned out to be one of the most spiritually uplifting and satisfying times of our lives. One of the social workers was shocked at the change she saw and ran to get other staff members. She later remarked that in ten years of clinic service she had never witnessed such a dramatic recovery.

Many of the nurses were obviously filled with excitement as they saw the improvement. Susannah flashed a knowing look and a radiant smile to the head nurse and she began to weep with joy. The orthopedic surgeons kept remarking about the "fantastic recovery"

and "dramatic changes" as they saw the straightened back and near normal feet and hands. One of them was very impressed that Susannah no longer arched her back so severely. I let him know that every once in a while, when she became upset, she would still throw her head back and arch her back a little. He laughed and retorted, "Well, my wife does that!" (This same doctor later wrote on his report that "this child's recovery is nothing less than miraculous.")

The neurosurgeon examined Susannah and told us that we were very fortunate people because cases of recovery like Susannah's were, in his words, "statistically infinitesimal." He asked us what we were doing at home for her care. We told him she was receiving three hours of therapy a day, much loving care, and the constant prayers of hundreds of people. He replied, "Whatever you're doing, keep it up—it's working."

As we were about to leave, one

of the nurses told us that Susannah had brought a lot of hope into the clinic that day. We left the clinic realizing that our Lord Jesus was very much at work in and through our daughter.

One of the doctors had explained to us that in cases like Susannah's if the child continued to improve through the first anniversary of the accident, then "the sky was the limit." So you can imagine our joy when Susannah began to eat in late June, just one year after she had fallen into the pool.

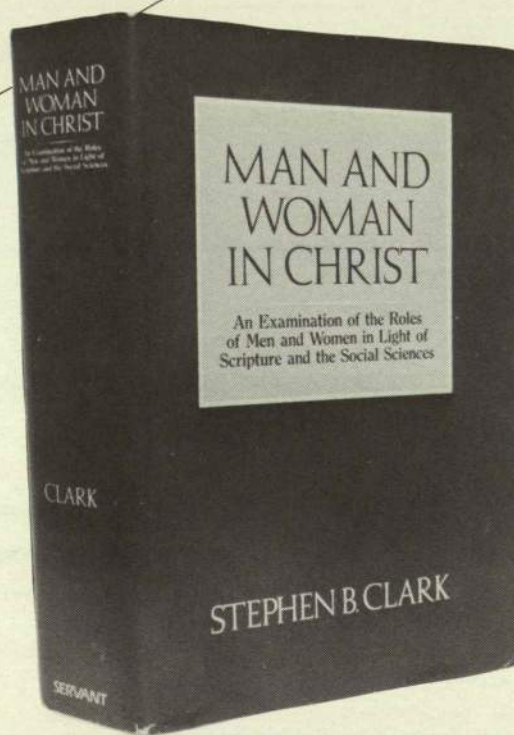
Our sweet little girl continues to improve. Her eye contact and humor is much better. She is able to reach for objects and grasp them at times. She enjoys repeating sounds like "ah" and "oh." She is delighted with other small children, and concentrates on television cartoons. She has her fussy times of course, especially when "Mama" leaves the room and no one else is around. But even that is a good sign of her growing emotions and awareness.

Susannah has a long way to go, but she has come so very far. We understand that God allows His children to go through severe trials, and we appreciate this opportunity to grow in faith, trust, and love for our Lord. There is no question that our family fellowship and commitment is tighter as a result of Susannah's accident and its consequences.

Because of it, opportunities to share the Gospel have been opened to us. Our church has grown stronger in prayer and commitment. Our people have experienced the pain and the joy of facing calamity as a family. We are thankful to our pastor who has stood beside us giving us encouragement, our brothers and sisters who have unselfishly given their support, and our Lord Jesus who has not forgotten us. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivers him out of them all" (Ps. 34:19 NASB). ♥



God has amazed the doctors with Susannah's progress.



MAN AND WOMAN IN CHRIST

by Stephen B. Clark

Man and Woman in Christ, by Stephen B. Clark, is the fruitful result of years of research and writing. It is an in-depth examination of the roles of men and women in view of Scripture and the social sciences. Beyond that, Stephen Clark's book is a comprehensive dissertation on how Christians can effectively apply the wisdom and veracity of Scripture to the modern context in which we find ourselves. In that respect, it is much more than a book about male and female social roles—it is a thorough text which provides perspective and instruction for living the Christian life in today's society.

Because it is a work of such magnitude, reading *Man and Woman in Christ* is a challenging task. Full concentration is required in order to understand all the principles and insights that Stephen Clark weaves into this work, and even then it is difficult to absorb all the truths that his book brings forth.

"Strengthening family life... is a key step toward the restoration of Christian social structure." This

is the theme that runs throughout the book, as the author skillfully combines Scripture, social and scientific evidence, and personal insight together in a strong case for the restoration of a godly society. As the title of the book suggests, Clark concentrates primarily on the roles of men and women, as he sees this to be at the heart of the matter. "Part of the program of restoring Christian social structure... must be the restoration of Christian masculine character and personality and Christian feminine character and personality.... Strengthening Christian manliness and Christian womanliness will provide greater strength for the whole Christian people." In calling men and women to return to their proper biblical roles as opposed to the unnatural ones being championed by secular society, Clark points out that "...if Christianity should do anything, it should produce a new kind of man and woman."

If we were to summarize three significant purposes that *Man and Woman in Christ* accomplishes, the first would be that it lays

a solid foundation of scriptural truth on the vital subject of the proper, God-given roles of men and women, as well as on the family in general and its relationship to the community. Although "foundational" books such as this one are not as "exciting" as those designed for testimony or inspiration, they are nonetheless an essential element in establishing the platform for a healthy, balanced Christian life.

A second purpose that *Man and Woman in Christ* accomplishes is that of challenging the mind. This book will make its readers use "mental muscles" that they may not have exercised for a while. It is not, however, the kind of futile exercise in intellectualism that many of us have experienced in the past, but rather an intellectually stimulating Christian perspective which stands in contrast to the confused and pessimistic world view.

Finally, the book encourages devotion to God's plan for men and women in the family, in the Church and in the secular community. With today's society promoting and approving of aggressive, ambitious women and passive, irresponsible men, we are in dire need of a forceful reminder of God's ultimate purpose for men and women such as this book provides.

We want to present *Man and Woman in Christ* to you with a challenge. Reading this extensive work will take self-discipline and time. However, if the effort is taken, the reward of clarity and assurance received will be well worth the hours and energy expended in absorbing the foundational principles put forth in this excellent work. ♥

(You may order *Man and Woman in Christ* from: Servant Publications, P.O. Box 8617, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48107, or check with your local Christian bookstore.)

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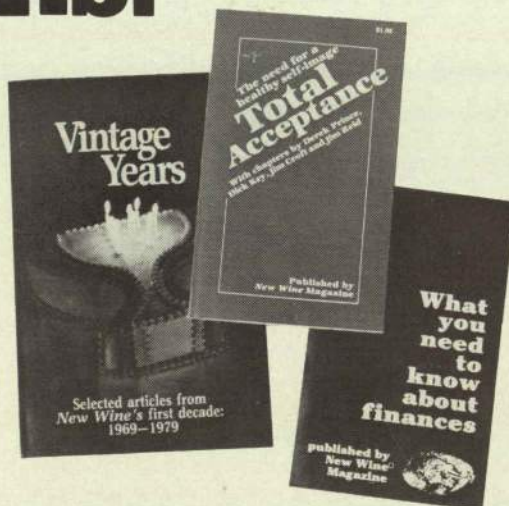
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Dear New Wine,

And thank you, readers

We want to express our thankfulness to you for not asking for any kind of support or funds other than raising what the cost is to publish a year's subscription of *New Wine*. That gives us the freedom to bless your ministry as we are able and feel led to do so. We have such a heart-felt joy in our giving when nothing has been asked of us to give. We would not want to see this policy change.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen M. Millot
Phoenixville, PA

The joy of justification

I want to thank Ern Baxter for his article on Justification [September issue]. It was refreshing, exciting and very uplifting. Ten years in the charismatic movement has left something hollow and empty—a definite lacking. All the “experiences” in the world will never even come close to touching the joy of justification. Thank you Ern Baxter for having the strength and courage to focus our eyes

on Jesus again!

Rev. Sharen Stennett
Rockford, IL

Right where we live

The September issue is superb! The article by Charles Simpson, “Getting Back to Basics” is excellent. I am sharing it with my family during our Bible Study time. It is simple, concise and all-inclusive.

In times past I have felt *New Wine* was perhaps too pedantic. But recently, especially the September issue, it has been clear, and simple, and right where we live. Fern Mann’s experience and Mahesh Chavda’s “Miracles Today,” show God in everyday life, yet in supernatural power.

Mrs. Roland Lieck
San Antonio, TX

Honoring men of God

The October issue on finances is the best you’ve ever printed. I could really identify with Don Basham when the church was not supporting him. We, as a church, decided to meet all the physical needs for our pastor so he could spend his prayer time presenting the sheep before the Lord. Previously he had to pray for food and clothes. Hope your article wakes up some churches.

We also loved the article on how socialism takes over when we do not tithe. This will help us in praying specifically for our nation.

Karen Coffing
Smithville, OH

Thank you for Don Basham’s article [October issue] “Honoring the Man of God”—it has opened my eyes—and wallet.

James Roch
Cannon AFB, NM

Keeping house

I am very happy to hear (from your October issue) that *New Wine* is on solid financial footing. This adds to your credibility and I’m glad to support an organization with its house in order!

E. Beall
Cambridge Springs, PA

God sends relief

Your magazine is a real *Godsend* to me. It is a calming influence for me when I get enmeshed in the busy life of a working mother. It often points me in new directions that helps to smooth my relationships with others and to keep God as the first priority in my life.

Josephine A. Duke
Webster Groves, MO

New strength

In your September 1980 issue you printed a testimony by Mrs. Fern Mann entitled, “The Angel with the Fishing Rod.” Her testimony has been new strength to me in knowing God does hear our prayers and is with us at all times. I want to thank you for printing her story. It was so timely as I really needed the encouragement.

Mrs. Allen Howard Coon
Monroe, LA

P.O. Box Z, Mobile, AL 36616

The editorial policy and purpose of *New Wine* is: (1) to proclaim the gospel of the Kingdom of God to all nations, (2) to work with all Christian ministries for the maturity and unity of His Church, (3) thus making ready a people prepared for the coming of the Lord. We recognize that, according to the Scriptures, God uses men given as ministries to build His Church in the earth. However, the basis of our relationship is not primarily commitment to human personalities, but to Jesus Christ as Head, to the Holy Scriptures as the ultimate standard by which all revelation and practice is to be judged and to God’s purpose for His people in the earth at this time, as interpreted by the Holy Spirit. *New Wine* is a non-subscription magazine supported by the voluntary contributions of those who believe in its mission. All

gifts are tax deductible. A tax-deductible receipt for contributions is available at year-end upon request. *New Wine* Magazine is under the supervision of an editorial board which meets several times each year to provide direction and oversight. The board consists of Don Basham, Ern Baxter, Bob Mumford, Derek Prince and Charles Simpson, who receive no remuneration for their service on the board. Please use the form found in this magazine to request *New Wine*, for address changes and contributions. All foreign contributions or payments should be made in the form of a check for U.S. dollars drawn on a U.S. bank or International Money Order for U.S. dollars.

Merry Christmas

It's a real pleasure for us to thank you for your support and commitment this past year. We wish God's blessing on you and your family for this Christmas season and throughout the coming year.
The staff of New Wine Magazine.