

featuring
A Stormy Christmas in the Holy Land by Derek Prince

Magazine New Wine

December 1982

The Holy Seed
Our reason for celebration



Editorial

Tonight the air is cool and the sky is clear. Far above me a host of brilliant stars dances in a procession across the firmament, while closer by a breeze plays in the treetops, and the branches clap their hands in rhythm with the dance. Though today a hundred mundane details surrounded and subdued me, tonight I look up; and the trees invite me to lay my burdens down and lift my hands with them. Tonight the ancient heavens beckon me to see beyond this day to the edge of eternity. And in this quiet moment I am summoned—as were some shepherds on another night two thousand winters ago—to lift my head and celebrate the sovereignty of God.

Genuine celebration is the

fruit of perspective. If the problems we face each day are all we see of God's purposes, then "we are of all men most miserable." It is only when the Lord works in us His alpha and omega that we can look beyond present circumstances and celebrate the unfailing goodness of the Author and Finisher of our faith.

For this reason an issue on celebration appropriately follows one on heritage. The knowledge that we have a place in God's eternal plan is the sure foundation for our exultation in His faithfulness. With this in mind, Charles Simpson takes us in his message through history, from Eden to Bethlehem and on to the new Jerusalem. As he does, he traces God's careful planting and pruning to produce a holy seed which will accomplish His purpose in the earth. In Dick Leggatt's Christmas story, the lives of a shepherd and his son are apprehended by the promise and provision of the God of their forefathers.

Several articles offer practical approaches to this month's theme. With some fresh ideas about how to help your family celebrate God's goodness over the generations, Ed Chinn describes two family reunions that brought him a new perspective and an appreciation for his personal heritage. Edith Schaeffer points out that today's fleeting moments can be transformed into treasured memories which will enrich our family heritage and celebrations for years to come. And as a special holiday feature we present ten practical tips for enhancing your Christmas celebration this year.

Finally, the staff of Integrity Communications celebrates God's grace and faithfulness to us throughout the past year in an expression of our gratitude to the Lord and to our readers. We couldn't pass up the opportunity

to say all at once, to all of you, Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and Thank You.

This year my personal perspective on the nativity of our Lord has been transformed by the birth of our own first child, Lydia Marie. I appreciate now as never before the awesome humility of a God who would dare to fill a human womb and enter our world as a crying, helpless infant. This Christmas I look at my daughter and wonder what kind of world awaits her, what kind of future will be her inheritance. But the eternal perspective reminds me that the circumstances of her world will be no more uncertain than the ones He invaded and conquered so long ago; and I rejoice to know her inheritance is a glorious one made certain by His coming.

When I pray for Lydia before she goes to sleep, she looks up from my arms and smiles, recognizing me. Her vision still cannot focus on objects at a distance; beyond my face she can see very little clearly. But she knows who is holding her, and that is enough to give her peace.

Tonight I look into the night sky, into the face of the Everlasting Father, and beyond His countenance I can see little else clearly. But I know who is holding me, and that is enough. This Christmas I pray that, with the saints of all the ages, we will learn to celebrate the eternal Word who became flesh and dwelt among us. And I trust that as He plants in us the seed of Eternity, we will come to know more deeply why He is called as well the Prince of Peace. ♥

Paul Thigpen

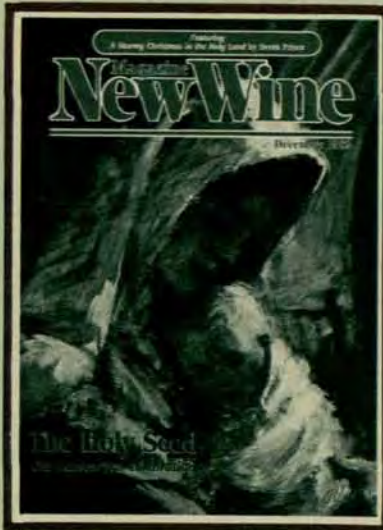
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This Month

THE HOLY SEED

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Life is a mystery. It is perhaps the mystery of all mysteries. But one of the greatest mysteries of life is how all of life can be compressed and reduced to a seed.

Virtually all of living creation—the plants and the animals—perpetuate themselves in seed. Within each seed is a code, like a bank of information in a small computer, which has been stored up since its creation, eons ago when God first spoke life into existence. That tiny bank of knowledge controls everything that will happen in the seed, even down to the timing of its release into growth. Within that small storehouse is locked up all the identity and characteristics of the plant or animal it will become. How a tiny seed can contain all this is a great mystery; but we know that the life is in the seed.

In Genesis 1:11, we read about the original process that God established in creation: "God said, 'Let the land produce vegetation, seed-bearing plants and trees on the land that bear fruit with seed in it.'" God has purposed that His fruit have seed in it. Whether plant life, animal life or Christian life, its fruit ought to have seed in it. In other words, our fruit should contain the means to reproduce itself. The seed is the remnant of the fruit and therefore the remnant of the harvest, for as we know, God will *always* have a remnant when every age is harvested. Our desire should be, by the grace of God, to be a remnant, a part of God's seed for the planting of the new generation.

One of the mysteries of the seed is that it can lie dormant for many years and still, under the right circumstances, sprout into life. When a seed is in a sterile or hostile environment, it remains a seed. But if that seed is dropped in a place that nourishes it, the purpose of the seed is unlocked. The seed will dissolve itself, its code will begin sending signals to all its genetic parts, and they in

turn will initiate their God-ordained actions until the next thing you know, you have a plant.

The Seed of Humanity

The seed of human life began with Adam. Adam was the first man, the father of our race. The Lord God put him in the garden and gave him the responsibility to be the steward over creation. But Adam was irresponsible in the job God gave him to do. Because of his irresponsibility and disobedience, Adam was cursed, and his seed was cursed.

When Adam disobeyed God,

something happened to his loins: He became defective. God told him: "Your seed is going to die. From now on you and yours are going to return to the dust that you came from."

We are Adam's seed and therefore we have a basic flaw in us. People have long debated about whether or not all men are born in sin, but it is a moot question, because *all* men sin. If only nine tenths of us sinned, we could say that the flaw is only in part of the race. But since we *all* sin, that indicates a flaw in our beginnings—our seed. We are *sown* with a flaw, with a defect. We are

The Holy Seed by Charles Simpson

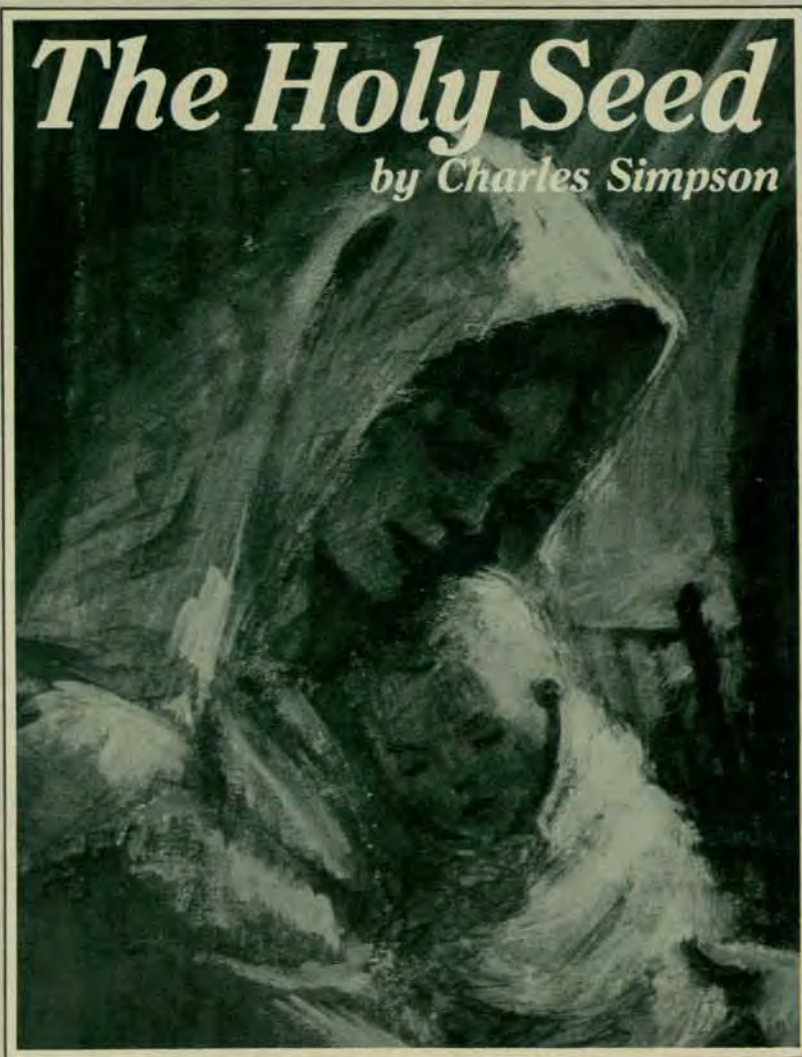


Photo: H. Armstrong Roberts, Philadelphia.

defective from the moment we are conceived. Though Adam was not *created* defective, he *became* defective because of his irresponsibility.

But God, in His mercy, did not leave Adam without hope. He said, "I won't leave you in this condition. I'm going to redeem you out of it." The Lord had passed a sentence on him because He is a just God; but He is also a merciful God. He told the serpent:

I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and *between thy seed and her seed*; he shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel (Gen. 3:15).

God was promising Adam: "I will yet give you a victory over the enemy; even though he strikes and wounds the seed of the woman, that seed will crush the serpent's head." And God made a covenant with Adam and Eve in the garden.

No seed of Adam could have redeemed us, because it was rendered defective by disobedience, and that defect is inherent in all of us who are born only after the first Adam. It takes *another* birth with *another* seed to work out the blemish and defect of disobedience in us.

Humanism has failed to redeem man, not for lack of vision, but for lack of the right seed. When you begin with the Adamic seed, you will always end up with the Adamic problem. There will always be a snake in your Eden if you don't have a better seed than his.

The History of the Seed

Adam's action loosed sin in the earth, because as the steward over creation his irresponsibility opened the door for the enemy's activity in the earth. It also released the enemy's work in his own seed, and his very first son was named Cain, which means "to lament or weep." This first

son, his first seed, was a liar and a murderer.

His second child was Abel, whose name means "meadow" or "grassy place." Abel was the tender shepherd who understood how to please God and offer up to Him a pleasing sacrifice. But Cain was angered by the favor of God toward Abel, and one day in the field he took up a weapon and slew his brother. And the blood of Abel cried out from the ground about the defective seed, the fallen nature, the corrupted creation.

But God gave Adam another son whose name, Seth, means "compensation." God compensated Adam and Eve for their loss by giving them a blessed seed. Despite that compensation, however, a war began in the generations of Adam between the unholy and the holy seed, between the child of faith and the child of sin. Adam lived to see the chaos that resulted from his irresponsibility and disobedience. Eventually Adam's descendants produced a society so obnoxious to God that He looked down one day and said, "I'm sorry that I ever made man."

Nevertheless, the Scripture says that God watches over His Word and protects it, even to a thousand generations, for His Word lives and abides forever. So the Lord searched throughout the earth until He could say, "I have found a righteous seed—a man who still leads his family in the ways of righteousness!" God found Noah and gave him a vision to build the ark. He and his family were faithful to the vision and in that ark God saved His remnant and preserved His seed for a new sowing, a new generation.

But soon the defect in Adam's seed became manifest again. The human race became polluted and diluted in their worship of God until they gathered themselves in an act of humanistic self-deification to build a tower that would glorify their own accomplishments.

Remember: Friday, December 3, is a national day of prayer and fasting.

God again was angry, but He was intent upon protecting the covenant seed through each upheaval. He had made a promise to Adam and Eve that He would crush the enemy's head with the woman's seed. So the Lord drew out of that society a man whose name was Abram, which He changed to Abraham, "father of a multitude," because He desired a nation as a womb for His seed.

In His infinite wisdom, God knew that seed must have a nourishing place in order to unlock its secret, so He began cultivating a nation which would be a friendly environment for the Holy Seed to grow and flourish. God chose Abraham, a craggy, old, dried-up stump in the desert, and He rained on him by the Holy Spirit and gave him the covenant. God breathed on Abraham so that the stump began to flourish in his old age, and by faith he became the procreator of a nation.

As God watched over His chosen nation, He became very selective, looking for a certain family that would manifest those particular qualities He desired. Hundreds of years after Abraham was chosen and the Holy Nation was growing amidst all the heathen ones, the eye of the Lord fell on a man called David, whose name means "beloved." God saw in David things that were in His own heart, and He said, "I've found the man who shall father the fam-



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ily that shall bear the Holy Seed." God promised David that one from his lineage would rule on the throne forever.

The Pruned Vine

Then God, like every good husbandman, began to prune His vine. For it was not the purpose of God that Israel be a scraggly, untended vine that would aimlessly fill the earth. Rather he intended that *out* of Israel would come a seed which would fill the earth—the new seed of the new race of the new age.

So God began to cut away at the vine until He had a stump. He even cut on the stump, until He got it down to the right size, until even the people of God cried out in fear that there would be no more of them. But every husbandman knows that when you cut off branches from a vine, the quality of the vine's life is intensified in the stump that is left. God was looking for a certain quality of life, not for a certain quantity of branches.

So the life that was in Israel

grew sweeter through its difficulty. The persecution, the agony, the groanings of that nation will never be known fully until eternity. Only God realizes all those people have suffered for His purposes in order to give us a Holy Seed.

The Woman of God's Choosing

But the day came when the eyes of God scrutinized the cities, and finally lit upon a little hamlet scarcely known outside of its immediate surroundings. In the midst of severe judgment, when great cities were being leveled, God said, "You're smallest among them, Bethlehem, but out of you shall come the Ruler who will oversee nations."

God had chosen a nation. Out of that nation He had chosen the tribe of Judah, whose name means "praise." Out of that tribe He had chosen the family of David, whose name means "beloved," and out of the tribe he had chosen a city. It remained but to choose a woman.

Scripture says that God waited until "the fullness of time," when the genetic timing for His Seed to

be unfolded was perfect. In that moment when nations did not know the purposes of God and men slumbered in the despair of fatalism and inadequacy, the Lord God acted. In the very moment of time that all of eternity had waited for, He turned to Gabriel, the archangel assigned to watch over His purpose for the people of Israel, and spoke:

"I have found another Eve, a young woman, a humble virgin. She is a true daughter of Abraham, with faith like his, for when you speak to her, she will say, 'Be it unto me according to your word.' She is a true daughter of Judah, because when I move on her, she will say, 'My soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior!' She is a true child of David, for she is beloved of God, highly favored among all women. She is my choice.

"Go to her now. Pass by the queens of Rome and Syria, of Greece and Egypt. Pass by Jerusalem; stop in none of those places until you come to a little, out-of-the-way place called Nazareth. And when you get there, you will see her and you will recognize her."

Then the faithful angel of God found his way to the young woman, who was going about her business, oblivious to the great events about to take place, delighting herself in the simple things of God. Gabriel stopped before her, a messenger more radiant than the setting sun, and told her God had chosen her to bear the Holy Seed. She answered, "Be it unto me according to your word." Unlike Eve, unlike Sarah, unlike Rebekah, unlike any other, she obeyed without hesitation. And the result was a Child unlike any other man. A new Adam was conceived and a new era began.

Another Chance

The covenant seed was planted. God had kept His word to Adam and Eve. He had watched over it through the flood and through the

Tips for Fathers

In this season when we celebrate the birth of Jesus, we are moved once more to express our gratitude, both to God and to one another. Gift-giving—a custom closely associated with Christmas—is at its heart an expression of gratitude. A gift is a token of honor, a sign that the one that receives it is treasured as someone special. What makes a gift special?

1. **A special gift has great value to the giver.** A gift that is precious to the giver will be precious to the receiver as well. The widow's "mite" was great in God's eyes because it cost her all she had.
2. **A special gift says something about the specialness of the one who receives it.** It shows in specific ways an appreciation for who the receiver is. The Wise Men brought Christ gifts that reflected special aspects of His life and character. They showed in specific ways an appreciation for who He was.
3. **A special gift is one that no one else can give.** The woman who anointed Jesus with perfume gave Him a gift that was uniquely hers to give. Because of our particular talent, position or perspective, each of us has gifts as well which no one else can give.

Let your family's imagination run free as you talk about ways to express gratitude. Can you think of other qualities that make a gift special?

"Tips for Fathers" are provided by Fathergram. If you would like to be added to their mailing list, write: Fathergram, P.O. Box Z, Mobile, AL 36616.

exodus from Egypt. He had watched over it through the reign of corrupt kings, through the conquest and dispersion of Israel into the nations, through great tribulation. He had watched over it faithfully, and on that day it came to rest on Mary and He said, "I have kept my covenant to Adam and Eve; the Child is conceived."

Finally, when the time came, Mary went down to Bethlehem on a night when the shepherds were watching their flocks. And the holy shepherds of many generations before—men like Abel and Abraham and David—were probably watching those shepherds from the windows of heaven as the angels began to gather from all over the universe.

As the men stood unsuspecting in the cool quiet of the night, the angels began to sing, "Glory to God in the highest; and on the earth, peace among all men." To the frightened shepherds the angels said, "Don't be afraid; go into the city of David, Bethlehem, and you'll find a Savior."

In that moment all of history was gathered together and focused upon the Savior of the world. "Unto us a child is born"—not just another child, but another chance! He was only one child; but God said, "He is enough. This is the Eternal Seed."

A New Adam

Time passed, and the purposes of God unfolded. Thirty-three years later, Mary—tired, grieving and weeping—walked out of open city gates beyond the city walls. The years had passed so quickly. Her son—her seed and God's seed—had raised the dead, healed the sick and loved the poor.

She wondered how this could have happened, but she remembered as she walked there the words of old Simeon who had prophesied, "A sword will pierce your heart." And as she watched her son's blood and the life of the

seed flow into the ground, she recalled as well her son's words: "Unless a grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it will abide alone. But if it dies it will bring forth much fruit."

The three days that followed were hard, terrible days. But on the morning of the third day "the firstfruits of them that slept" walked out—a new Adam, a new Man. He was One who had not wavered in His responsibility or His obedience; He was One prepared to take God's newly created Eve—His Church—into the very portals of eternity as His bride.

Fifty days later, at the Feast of Firstfruits, the horizon was filled with little green shoots sprouting from the fields by the thousands, new plantings who had partaken in faith of God's seed to become the beginnings of a new race. By faith in the Holy Seed, we are grafted into the faith of Abraham, into the choice of Judah, into the beloved nature of David. By faith in Him we are grafted into the true vine; by faith in Him Adam's defective nature of irresponsibility and disobedience is purged out of our lives. By faith in Him we become the responsible heirs of a

new creation, whose glory will be known in all the heavens and the earth.

The Mystery of the Ages

Today we must not devour all our seed, but instead we must sow bountifully, for the seed that we bear in Christ is the only seed that can crush the serpent's head. Hell must be defeated, and the Holy Seed alone can conquer it.

Even to this day, God is watching over His Word. The eyes of the Lord today are still going to and fro to find the people in whom He can reveal His word and His glory. We must ask the Father to show us the secret of the seed, so that it might find in us a fertile place where it will be nourished. There it will die in order to live, and release the deposit of the Holy Spirit within us, even the seed of the truth, the word of Christ Jesus.

We must ask God to help us put away those things that veil the light and shadow the truth, that bar the path of His purpose in us. We must lay down our resistance to His Word so that He can release in us the incorruptible, the eternal, the Holy Seed—the mystery of the ages. ▼

Photo: H. Armstrong Roberts, Philadelphia.



What is a family meant to be? Among other things, I personally have always felt it is meant to be a *museum of memories*—collections of carefully preserved memories and a realization that day-by-day memories are being chosen for our museum. Someone in the family—one who is happily making it his or her career, or both parents, perhaps a grandparent or two, aunts and uncles, older brothers and sisters—at least one person needs to be conscious that memories are important, and that time can be made to have double value by recognizing that what is done today will be tomorrow's memory.

Planning Memories

How can memories be planned? First of all, as a new family starts, it is good to carry on *old* traditions and to start some *new* traditions of your own. What kind of traditions? Birthdays should be celebrated in some special way. Each family can have its own traditions woven into the remembering of a birthday. Perhaps everyone screams, "Happy Birthday!" first thing in the morning, or the birthday person is served breakfast in bed. Perhaps it is your tradition to wait and surprise the person late in the day with an afternoon party.

Of course, there can be a variety of surprises and changes, but it is a lovely thing to choose one or two things to become a family tradition, and whatever else is done, always do that special thing as well, year after year. If there is some tradition that goes with the

birthday in *your* family, you'll find that the very preparing and serving and putting out the things of tradition will bring along the memories of past birthdays and give a strength to the feeling of belonging which comes as people remember your special day.

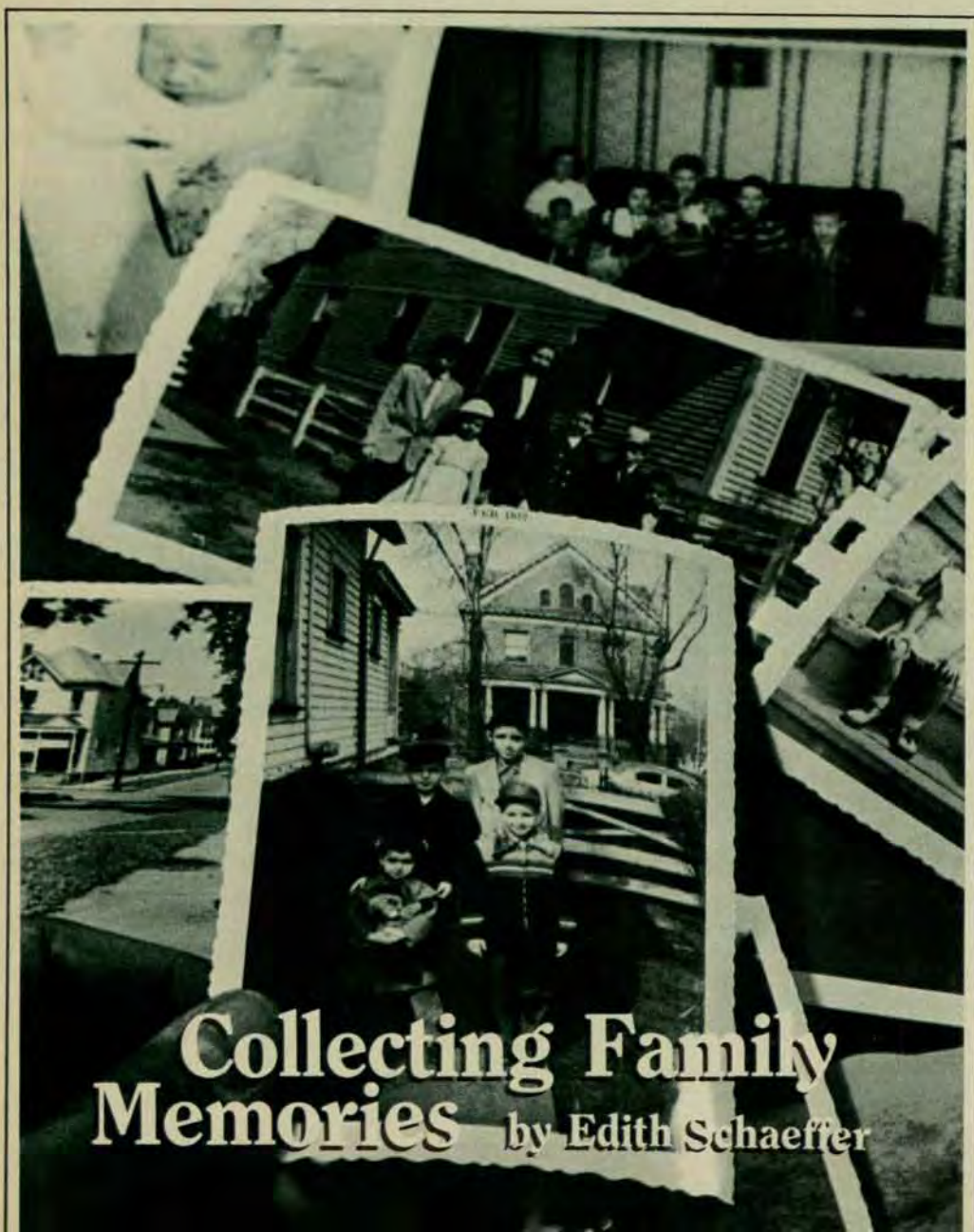
Memories (not all of them, but *some* of them) should be planned with the same careful kind of planning one would give to designing a museum. A family life in retrospect should be a museum of diverse and greatly varied memories, with a unity that makes the grouping of people involved share at least many if not all of the overlapping memories. Memories don't need to be just a thing of chance collection, but can have some measure of planning. Of course, no one can plan an hour, a day, a week, a month, or a year without saying and meaning that, "Lord willing," we will do thus and so.

Christmas Memories

There is discussion among Christians as to how Christmas should be celebrated and what sort of traditions should be handed down. It seems to me that God makes this clear to us in Romans 14:5-6—which strongly says that there are some who place one day above another in importance, and that it is up to the individuals as to whether they regard certain days as special or not. There is room for individual differences, as long as we do what we do "unto the Lord" in the way we regard the day.

If you think that Christmas should not be a family day of gift sharing and special feasting together, but a day of special worship and fasting, then that is up to you in *your* family setting. However, one thing is very important—if you are not going to make Christmas a special day for the family and the little children to grow up enjoying as one of

DECEMBER 1982



Collecting Family Memories

by Edith Schaeffer

special surprises, then you must choose another day of the year—let us say the sixth of June or the fourth of August or just any other day you choose—and you must have that be a day which is looked forward to all year long as the Family Day with all its wonderful traditions. One day a year should be this kind of carefully planned-for occasion.

Our traditions connected with Christmas are very special. Our four children and their families have their own careful Christmas traditions—some are the same ones we had and some are different ones. For all of our twenty-eight years in Switzerland we have had the five-o'clock Christmas Eve Service in Champéry, with over a hundred candles to be put in wooden candleholders made of rough logs, and also fastened on fresh green trees.

The supper at home has always started with cream of tomato soup with salted whipped cream on top, and had a main course of easy-to-serve ham and potato chips and salad with special trimmings and homemade rolls. The apple-mince pies with crisscross crusts (or pumpkin if you would rather) are also a traditional dessert. The Christmas tree has been trimmed the night before, during a traditional time of drinking iced ginger ale and eating homemade Christmas cookies spread out in lovely rows on a tray.

The Christmas stockings, filled with all sorts of interesting but inexpensive things, are the old hand-knitted stockings our girls wore the first year in Switzerland. Full of holes but still usable, they add much in the way of memories as they are pulled out one night and filled and then found on Christmas morning. There are always tangerines to be eaten as we come to them, and homemade Christmas bread, along with tea or hot vanilla eggnog to be enjoyed in the bedroom as we open

the stockings.

The traditional lunch of homemade rolls (filled with thin beef), tomato juice, olives and pickles, and either milk shakes or ginger-ale floats for dessert, is eaten whenever we feel hungry, sitting around the Christmas tree, opening gifts. There is the customary reading of Luke 2 and prayer together before eating. For dinner in the evening, there is a traditional tablecloth of lovely thin linen with appliquéd deer on it (bought at a sale in Philadelphia twenty years ago and used every Christmas since).

There is something about saying, "We *always* do this," which helps to keep the years together. Memories ought to be planned, memories ought to be chosen, memories ought to be put in the budget, memories ought to be recognized and given the proper amount of time, memories ought to be protected, memories ought not to be wasted, and memories ought to be passed down to the next generation.

Choosing a Memory

How do you choose a memory? First there is the choice that involves *time*, but no money. For years the ten-year-old and the three- and five-year-old will remember the bubbles of excitement that came when Mother and Daddy said, "We have finished the doctor's appointment and we could take the next train [or drive home on the expressway as fast as possible], but we have decided to turn off and go to the zoo [or the aquarium or the birdhouse in the park]. We didn't plan to do this, but we thought it would be fun for all of us."

The bubble of excitement, the thrill that comes in being loved and considered important, the reality of discovering that our mother and father really like to be together with us, the highlighted enjoyment of whatever it is you decide to do, will make it a

stronger, longer-lasting and more vivid memory than even the planned days off could ever be. The memory multiplies the use of those hours into hundreds of hours!

Memories ought to be planned, chosen and put in the budget.

When you choose a memory in this way, you are choosing to lose hours of time—in order to keep them! A family should have a whole museum of memories gathered through the years—of moments when the choice has been to go ahead and lose a couple of hours in order to save them. Memories must take time, and the *choice* of a memory always means that a negative choice is made not to use the time another way. We are finite, and in our finiteness and limitedness we can never choose to do something without choosing not to do something else. There is usually the need to put aside ten other things to do one special thing.

Whether you live in the Midwest of America, in a big city, in the South, in the East, whether you live in Scotland or England or Austria or Hong Kong, Nairobi, Bombay, or a farm out in the countryside of any part of the world, there will be decisions to make from time to time concerning choosing to go together to some ancient place of interest, to explore a cave with an underground lake, to look at a temporary exhibit.

Something will be suddenly pos-



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sible one day, and the choice will be between taking the hours to have a memory to add to the all-too-short family years together—or waiting for some other time. There must be some times of choosing memories very consciously or your family museum will be an empty, echoing building waiting for new acquisitions which you will never have time to acquire. This is because *people* are involved in the memories, and the togetherness only lasts a certain length of time.

Spending the Money

Memories ought to be put in the budget. This is a sentence to underline in red ink in your mind. How do you put memories in your budget? Of course it involves a choice, but this time it is a choice in which the spending of money must be definitely faced. You have a little fund or box or an envelope in which you have tucked away bits of saving when you have economized, or when birthday presents have been given to you. Perhaps you have in mind a few possibilities of what you want to use it for—you could get a rug for that old stained linoleum

floor on your sewing-room office or new linoleum for the kitchen or even a new winter coat.

Then you get the Music Festival programs for the summer and fall, and notice that there is to be an unusual concert—the Philharmonic Symphony soloists playing as a quintet of strings at Castle Chillon. (It depends on where you live in the world, but I have to use illustrations of my own experience.) The question comes to you and to me: "What is more important, the rug, my linoleum, or memories that will last a lifetime for my children and grandchildren? How long do we have before war makes concerts an impossibility? How long do we have before the family circle will be broken?" And the determination comes—to choose seats, to send off a letter for reservations, to pay the staggering amount!

Will the adults of the family ever forget the evening? Will the children? Who could forget the full moon behind the Castle Chillon, with flood-lights illuminating the old moss-covered rocks? Who could forget crossing the covered bridge and peering over to see the dark water rippling below, imagin-

ing the days of captive prisoners and the deep intrigue centering in this very place? Who could forget the togetherness of sharing such an experience on the various levels on which it has been shared?

What has the money been spent for? Anything tangible? *Memories.* Memories which cannot be taken away from any person who has made up the family group that night, memories which will come back to lull each one to sleep during some restless night of tossing with worries of one kind or another. Memories help to sort out the reality of what God has given us in beauty, to share horizontally in our capacity for enjoyment. Memories help children to realize the contrast of what they were being lured into with promises of "fun," when the fun includes drugs and the dangerous spoiling of the tomorrows with ugly hangovers of some kind. An evening like the one at Chillon, once in memory's museum, is a tremendous protection against false judgments as to what a great evening is like. "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it" (Pr. 10:22). How better can you really teach children what this means—than by spending money for memories which illustrate this fact?

A Museum of Memories

What is a family? Oh, what is a family?—a *museum of memories.*

"What do you do? You're just a housewife and slave, aren't you? A nursemaid to a bunch of kids?"

"No, I have a fantastic job, a terrific career. I am a curator in a museum—a museum of memories!"

"You're tied down by a whole family. What a bore! Don't you wish you could get away with the fellows for a real good time?"

"No, I can't waste my time that way. I'm a collector, you see. I have to spend my time collecting, whenever I'm not tied up in work. I am collecting memories for our family museum!" ♥



Instruction in the fundamentals of the faith is an important part of our Christian heritage. "The Word" feature over the course of the year will provide a systematic, seasonal study of basic teachings about the creation and fall of man, the person and work of Christ and the nature and destiny of the Church. In this trimester we are studying four aspects of the Church: its unity, holiness, universal nature and apostolic authority. We encourage our readers to use this feature daily, both for personal scripture study and family reading.

THE WORD

I believe in the apostolic Church because . . .

I. Men Are Called to Fulfill God's Purpose

A. Noah	Gen. 6; Heb. 11:7	Dec. 1
B. Abraham	Gen. 12:1-9; Rom. 4	Dec. 2
C. Moses	Ex. 3; Heb. 3:1-6	Dec. 3
D. Amos	Amos 7:10-17	Dec. 4
E. Joseph	Mt. 1:18-25	Dec. 5
F. Zechariah	Lk. 1:1-23, 57-80	Dec. 6
G. Simeon	Lk. 2:25-35	Dec. 7
H. John the Baptist	Jn. 1:19-42	Dec. 8
I. Peter	Mt. 16:13-20; Jn. 21:15-25	Dec. 9
J. Paul	Acts 9:1-22	Dec. 10
K. Timothy	1Tim. 1:12-20; 4:11-16; 6:11-21	Dec. 11
L. Titus	Ti. 1:1-3:15	Dec. 12
M. Philemon & Onesimus	Phile. 1:1-25	Dec. 13

II. Men Are Authorized to Rule in God's kingdom—The Principle of Delegated Authority

A. The Apostles	Mt. 4:18-22; Mk. 3:13-19; Jn. 15	Dec. 14
B. The Church	Mt. 18:15-20; Jn. 20:19-23	Dec. 15
C. Peter	Acts 5:1-11	Dec. 16
D. Paul (to Rome)	Rom. 1:1-17	Dec. 17
E. Paul (to Galatia)	Gal. 1:1-24	Dec. 18
F. Epaphras, Paul's fellow servant	Col. 1:1-14	Dec. 19


III. Men Are Recognized by Others as Chosen of God

A. Receive the messenger as Christ	Mt. 10:40-42	Dec. 20
B. Seeing Jesus in the one sent	Mt. 23:37-39	Dec. 21
C. Apostles' doctrine and decrees	Acts 2:41-47; 16:4-5	Dec. 22
D. God's Word and Apostles' word the same	1 Th. 2:13-16; 4:1-8	Dec. 23
E. Those who have the rule	Heb. 13:17; Acts 20:28	Dec. 24
F. The foundation of the Church	Eph. 2:19-22	Dec. 25
G. Gifts to the Church	Eph. 4:11-13	Dec. 26

IV. Men Are Portrayed as Fellow Workers With God

A. Ambassadors	2 Cor. 5:20; 6:10	Dec. 27
B. Stewards	Ti. 1:5-9	Dec. 28
C. Servants	1 Cor. 4:1-13	Dec. 29
D. Fathers	1 Cor. 4:14-21	Dec. 30
E. Co-laborers	1 Cor. 3:1-9	Dec. 31

A monthly Bible study by Bruce Longstreth.



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Ten Ways to Make Your Christmas More Memorable

by Paul Thigpen

There are people who will tell you that Christmas is not what it used to be. . . .¹

The sentiment sounds familiar to all of us, yet these words were written in England in 1836 by Charles Dickens. His statement may come as a surprise to those of us who have always considered the traditional holiday celebration of that era—the kind Scrooge disdained in Dickens's story "A Christmas Carol"—as the ideal Christmas of "the good old days."

Evidently, Christmas in any age will only be as meaningful to us as we are willing for it to be. It is no use lamenting, for example, that carolers no longer tour the neighborhood as they used to; instead it is up to us to gather our friends, grab our songbooks and candles and sing up and down the streets that "Christ the Savior is born!" It is no use complaining about the commercialization of Christmas; it is up to us personally to put Christ at the center of

our celebration—in our thoughts, in our homes and in the lives we live the rest of the year.

The following ten ideas which have been compiled after conversations with a number of people are only intended as suggestions—possibilities you may want to con-

sider for the Christmas season. Some may be useful for your family, and others may not; but the point is to encourage us all to look closely at this special time of the year and to consider what we can do to allow God to make it a significant event in our lives.



1. Shop early so you can be free to enjoy the season. One great enemy of Christmas joy is the frenzied pace of preparations leading up to the holidays. Perhaps in the past you have found

that the resolution to get shopping done early is futile, but there is great wisdom in working ahead as much as possible. Take a moment now to consider how much more you would enjoy the season if shopping lists and checkout lines were behind you by the first week of December. That would leave the rest of the month open for other, more enjoyable activities. Just the thought of how much more freely you could celebrate may prompt you to make that seemingly futile resolution a reality this year.

¹ Charles Dickens, *Sketches by Boz*, 1836



2. A little planning goes a long way. Try getting together as a family and mapping out the whole month of December. If you set aside ahead of time some specific days or evenings for visiting, decorating, baking, caroling, or whatever, you are less likely to have it all to do Christmas Eve. You will also make it easier to coordinate visits to your relatives' and friends' homes with their own holiday calendars. Be sure to include special events involving family members—school Christmas plays, church services, holiday get-togethers—to anticipate and resolve scheduling conflicts ahead of time.



3. Christmas should be more than a day—it's a whole season. The Church calendar has recognized this for centuries in the tradition of Advent—a time when believers anticipate the celebration of Christ's coming to earth. If your family has never used an Advent wreath or calendar, why not try one this year? The wreath can be easily purchased or handmade with natural greenery, wire and four candles.

Beginning four weeks before Christmas, light one candle at dinnertime every night for the first week; two candles throughout the

second week; three during the third; and all four the week of Christmas. If you're using an Advent calendar you may want to open the calendar flap for each day at the same time you light the candles. The wreath and calendar can be added to scripture reading and prayer as a daily reminder throughout December that God sent His Son to be the Light of the World.



4. Decorate for Christmas as a family. However you plan to decorate your home and tree this year, make sure you do it as a family (or if you are single, have some friends come over to help). Find a day or evening to decorate when every family member is home. This may be difficult with the busy schedule of a large family, but it's worth the effort. Include everyone from the youngest child up if possible—even a toddler can help hang an ornament on a tree. Add some Christmas music, a few holiday refreshments, and lots of mutual praise for the finished product.



5. Make your Christmas tree a family history book. As the season approaches, look back over the past twelve months together as a family and think of a significant event from the year that you would like to remember

in the years to come. For example, you may have moved to a new city, had a new addition to the family, or adopted a stray puppy. Then look for a tree ornament that will symbolize the event, or perhaps even symbolize the whole year. A tiny house could represent a new home; a little toy dog, a new pet. You may even want to make your own. Be sure to paint or carve the number of the year somewhere on the ornament. Years from now, you'll be able to look over your Christmas tree and see your family's history hanging on the branches.

Many families also buy or make an ornament to mark each child's first Christmas. Then when the child becomes an adult and moves out on his own, he takes the ornament with him to start his own tree.



6. Go caroling in your neighborhood. What's a Christmas without carols? There is no better way to enjoy the music of Christmas than by sharing it with your neighbors. Door-to-door caroling is an ancient Christmas tradition that still brings delight to both the singers and their audiences.

It only takes a handful of people to make a joyful noise—two or three families or a small group of friends gathered for an evening is plenty. Don't worry if you're not accustomed to singing in front of other people—the point is not necessarily to have a professional concert, but to have a joyful one. Caroling books are great, but if they are unavailable you can make your own song-sheets, or just sing the first verse

of the carols you all know.

You may want to carry candles—but to catch the wax drips, cut an “x” in the center of small paper plates and push the candles through them. A candlelight performance is beautiful, and the light helps carolers see their music.

Let your music reflect whatever talents your particular group may have—add harmony, bells, guitar, perhaps a poem or scripture to be read aloud. One person should be responsible for giving the cue to start each song. Dress warmly, limit your route to a manageable distance and come back home for hot apple cider and cookies. The pleasure on the faces of your neighbors as they open their doors to listen and join in will be a happy memory for all of you for years to come.



7. Have the whole family “invade” the kitchen. “Stir Up Sunday” is an old Christmas tradition from England. The Sunday before Advent was set aside as the time to prepare Christmas puddings and cakes (the old recipes call for a period of several weeks to mellow the dishes). Christmas is a great time for *everyone* to enjoy the kitchen, helping to bake holiday treats for entertaining, preparing gifts of food and creating dough ornaments for the tree. Try getting the whole family together in the kitchen for a “Stir Up Day” of your own.

Cookie cutters and dough are a special favorite of children, and even Dad, whose specialty may not be working in the kitchen, can take part in creating master-

pieces. A gingerbread house can be a project in which everyone participates. You’re liable to have flour from head to toe—so involving everyone in the clean-up will be a great help to Mom.



8. Have a Christmas family portrait made. Ask a friend to come to your home with a camera and make a group portrait of your family in front of the Christmas tree or some other holiday decoration. Then place it in a special photo album to make a record of your family’s growth each year. The book will become a history of your home which can be pulled out each Christmas to provide a rich source of memories of the years before. You can also offer to be the photographer for another family’s portrait and make the picture a Christmas gift for them.



9. Let Christmas day be a sabbath. The greatest burden is often on Mom, who usually cooks a great feast for the occasion. Helping her prepare as much food as possible ahead of time will add to her enjoyment of the day. Festive holiday paper goods on the table will also eliminate washing dishes. You may find that having a restful day will mean much more to the family than an elaborate meal served on

fine china. Another alternative is to have the meal early on Christmas Eve so that Mom is free to relax the remainder of the holiday.



10. Make someone who is alone part of your family’s Christmas. Christmas can be the saddest, loneliest time of the year for those who live alone and have no one to share the holiday with them. Many families are careful to include in their celebration people who are elderly, shut-in or otherwise isolated. A simple invitation to Christmas dinner and a small gift could brighten someone’s holiday in a far greater way than we realize. Sharing Christmas with a lonely acquaintance could be the beginning of a continuing relationship that grows into genuine friendship.

You may also want to consider visiting as a family with residents of a nursing home or patients who must spend Christmas in the hospital. Just a brief room-to-room visit coordinated with the nursing staff could encourage many who would otherwise feel forgotten. The joy of Jesus’ birth is ours to share, and if we ask God for specific ways to give it away to others, He will be faithful to answer our prayer.

These suggestions offer ways to celebrate some of God’s most special gifts to us: our family, our friends, our neighbors and the people with special needs He sends into our lives. We hope you will find them useful, and that they can in some way enrich your celebration this year of His most precious Gift of all—the Gift of His Son—Christ Jesus, our Lord.



"The God of our fathers will provide. . ."

The night sky was unusually clear over the hills surrounding Bethlehem as Joash looked out from the isolated spot where he sat, well away from the other shepherds. Gazing at the sheep clustered together just below him, he could barely make out the figure of his father walking around in the midst of their tiny flock. His father had momentarily left the comfort of the fire where the other shepherds huddled to coax one of his straying lambs to return to the safety of the flock. Normally, Joash would have been the one to take care of that job, but his father, knowing how cool nights made Joash's leg hurt even more than usual, had assumed the task for him.

"One year ago this very night," thought Joash, as the sigh he breathed turned almost into a groan. Pulling back the lower part of his robe, he gazed at the extensive scars covering his right knee and thigh. Shifting his position to ease the dull ache the cold had brought on, he covered the leg again and pulled his cloak over his head, more to shut out the faint sound of the others' conversation than to keep himself warm.

The other shepherds and their sons had looked at him strangely when he had moved away from the fire's warmth on this cold night to be by himself; but he needed to be alone. "Tonight I need to collect my thoughts and remember," he said to himself.

On this very night a year ago, *he*, rather than his father, had been the one coaxing a stray lamb back from the ominous darkness of a thicket toward the other sheep. It had been only his third time tending the flock overnight at his father's side, a privilege which came when he reached the age of manhood and took his place with the rest of the men in the temple gatherings. That night he had been even further from his father and the other shepherds when the lion crouching in the thicket had lunged out of the darkness. Before the lad had even been able to raise his staff to protect himself, the lion, with one swift stroke of his claws, had left Joash's leg shredded and mangled.



The Provision

a Christmas story by Dick Leggatt

More vivid than the fear and pain of that night was his memory of the expression on his father's face as he dropped down beside his injured son—not a look of fear, but one of deep shock and agony at what he saw. Working feverishly to stop the flow of blood from Joash's leg, his father had repeated over and over: "The God of our fathers will provide healing for you." Though his father's voice had sounded shaky, Joash had no reason to doubt him. He knew his father's trust in God was deep and strong.

Joash then remembered how each morning before taking the flock to pasture, his father would enter the room where he lay recovering, reassuring him over and over again that "the God of our fathers will provide" as he tenderly changed the wrappings on the leg, pouring fresh oil on the wound. Though that task should rightfully have been performed by Joash's mother, his father had brushed aside his mother's protest, saying, "Joash and I will see God's provision together." But as the days passed it grew more and more difficult for his father to hide his discouragement as he dressed the wounds. Joash could tell that his father was bothered by something, but what Joash hadn't known was that he was wrestling with the unsettling fear that his son might never regain the full use of his leg.

An icy breeze swept up the hill; and an uncontrollable shiver ran through Joash as he remembered. He shifted again to ease the pain. "My wound has closed, but his still festers," thought Joash as he watched his father trudge up the hill to warm himself silently at the fire once more. From the day Joash had first tried to test the strength in his leg after the wounds had healed, he had noticed a change beginning to take place in his father. On that first day out of bed, as he had attempted to put his full weight on the injured leg, he had immediately collapsed into the arms of his father. Joash remembered how tightly his father had held him at that time, and how he had struggled to repeat again the promise of healing he had uttered the night of the lion's attack. But

the word "provide" stuck in his throat.

After months of further attempts it became apparent that Joash would be able to do no more than walk with a severe limp, leaning heavily on his staff and dragging his right foot on the ground. The father's agony for his crippled son finally crystallized into bitterness toward God.

The ground beneath Joash suddenly seemed unbearably hard. Grasping his staff with both hands, he pulled himself up to a standing position. He somehow understood the reason for his father's bitterness. "Sometimes," he thought, "it's easier to be you love in pain." Almost instinctively, he knew that his father's trust in God had been shaken by the guilt he felt for failing to protect his son that fateful night, and then for promising a healing that never came.



"God of our fathers," Joash looked out over the flock of sheep again, "when it is time to provide, heal my father's wound first—for his is much deeper than mine." Uppermost in his mind as he prayed was the incident which marked the lowest point of his father's anguish. During the preparations for the Feast of Booths, as he and his father walked together through the flock searching for a lamb suitable for the feast sacrifice, Joash's father had suddenly grasped one with a lame leg, and held it aloft in exasperation, crying out,

"You have given *our* family a crippled lamb—perhaps You should receive one in return." Then falling to his knees he hugged the crippled lamb and wept openly, saying over and over, "God, help me."

It was this memory that prompted Joash to limp back to his father's side at the fire, and reach up to place his hand tenderly upon his shoulder and whisper, "Will not the God of our fathers still provide?"

Silently they stood there together, the glow from the wind-blown fire lighting up their faces and casting erratic



shadows upon the shepherds standing around it.

Suddenly, the shadows vanished in an instant as the little hilltop was inundated by an awesome, blinding light, causing Joash to cover his eyes with both hands. As he did, his staff slipped out of his grasp and he fell directly in front of the magnificent white-robed figure who had suddenly appeared among them.

"Do not be afraid. I bring you good news of great joy that will be for all the people. Today in the town of David, a Savior has been born to you: He is Christ the Lord. This will be a sign to you: You will find a baby wrapped in strips of cloth and lying in a manger." As the shepherds stood awestruck and open-mouthed,

there came a swelling chorus of voices from magnificent beings who filled the sky around them confirming this message. Then as suddenly as they had appeared, all of them were gone.

Joash's father was the first to move. With his face radiating an expression Joash hadn't seen for almost a year, he pulled Joash to his feet. "Let's go into Bethlehem and see for ourselves this thing which the angel of the Lord has told us about." And half-carrying Joash, he set off at breakneck speed down the sheep paths to the town with Joash struggling to hold on tight, his staff bouncing and flailing in his hand.

As they came to the place the angel had told them about—the stable behind the old inn—they found exactly what the angel had described: the manger, the baby wrapped in cloth, the mother of the child resting on a pallet of hay, and her husband looking at the shepherds in surprise.

"The angel has told us. . . ." Joash's father began breathlessly, but then the knowing nod and welcoming gesture of the husband kneeling there assured him that it was unnecessary to explain any further. Loosening his grip around his father's shoulders, Joash used his staff to lower himself to the ground inside the stable, right beside the hay-filled crib. He gazed tenderly at the infant lying there. "Just like a newborn lamb; and a perfect one at that," he thought to himself, as he reached up to touch gently the newborn's cheek with his finger, just as he had done many times with the lambs born into his father's flock.

His gaze shifted from the baby to the exhausted young mother on the other side of the manger, and he saw her lick her parched lips. Remembering how he had attended to the mother sheep after

their lambs were born by providing water to quench their thirst, he looked around to see if anyone had taken care of this need for the weary young mother. But everyone, including his father, was enthralled in admiration and adoration of the baby.

Quietly, Joash moved back from the manger, slipped through an opening at the crowded entrance to the stable, and hurried to the well in front of the inn. Hastily, he grabbed one of the full water pitchers that lined its perimeter and turned back toward the stable. So intent was he upon his task that he was almost back to the stable before he suddenly realized that he had been walking—indeed, running—without the aid of his staff. He stopped in amazement and gazed at his legs. That very moment Joash's father burst from the stable, his son's staff clutched in both hands, to see Joash standing there on two strong legs.

It took only an instant for the two to cover the distance separating them, and they embraced and then whirled each other around—one moment, weeping, the next, laughing. As they danced and wept and laughed they were totally oblivious to the fact that the provision of God they were celebrating was but a token of God's Eternal Provision, who lay just inside the stable, cradled on a makeshift bed of hay; the One who alone would enable all creation one day to dance, weep and laugh in celebration of God's fulfilled promise.

Struggling to speak, this time hampered by joy rather than bitterness, Joash's father was able to utter only a few words: "The God of our fathers..." he began and Joash, completing the promise, answered, "...has provided." ▼



A Stormy Christmas in the Holy Land

by Derek Prince



For most people in America or Europe, the strongest memories of Christmas are those of home. They think of warmth, of comfort, of good food and good fellowship and of family reunion. Perhaps their thoughts may also turn to the Holy Land and to the scenes of the first Christmas there more than nineteen hundred years ago. Even

so, they seldom realize how different in all its circumstances was that first Christmas from those which we are accustomed to celebrate today.

For Joseph and Mary that night, home, with all its comforts and associations, was far away. At the command of an alien emperor, compelled by circumstances outside their own control, they had left their home in Nazareth, and had made a long and weary journey to Bethlehem. On arrival, they had made their way to the public inn—feeling, no doubt, that it would be a poor substitute for their own home. But even there they had been told that “there was no room for them.”

At last, in desperation, they had found shelter in a cattle stall; there, as they rested, weary, discouraged, unwanted by the world, the greatest miracle of the ages took place—“she brought forth her firstborn son.” Surely, the glory of that first Christmas arose not from any material or

external circumstances, but from one thing only—the revelation of God’s mercy and love in the gift of a Savior.

December 1947

These reflections are made very vivid to me as I go back in memory to the last Christmas our family spent in the Holy Land, in 1947, a few months before the state of Israel was reborn. For in the events of that Christmas, too, there was little of external comfort or glory; but there was a fresh and wonderful revelation of the love and care of our God and Savior.

At that time my wife Lydia* and I were living with “the children whom the Lord had given us” in a district of Jerusalem known as Upper Bakaa, on the very road that led due south to Bethlehem. Our children were all girls. They were not our own by natural birth, but God, who “setteth the solitary in families,” had entrusted them to us.

By natural birth, indeed, we were widely separated from each other: Lydia was Danish, six of the girls were Jewish, one was a little Arab of Moslem parentage, and the youngest girl and I were British. But we had each of us entered, by rebirth through God’s Spirit, into Christ—“in whom there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female.” Through the same Spirit, God had united us as a single family, by bonds which were just as real as those which unite any natural family.

The story begins on December 12, 1947. A few weeks previously the Assembly of the United Nations, at Lake Success in the United States, had decided upon partition as the solution of the “Palestine problem.”

Partition in Palestine was not due to take place until six months after the decision of the United Nations, but in Jerusalem, at any rate, through the forces of fear and suspicion, a form of partition was brought about almost immediately. Jews and Arabs were no longer willing to live side by side. Each party was afraid that they might be attacked without warning by the other. In those areas of Jerusalem which were purely Jewish or purely Arab, no immediate change was necessary. But in the “mixed” areas where Jews and Arabs had been living

**Lydia died in October of 1975.*

Photo: The Prince home in the Upper Bakaa district of Jerusalem, 1947.

side by side, a change quickly took place. In the areas where Jews were the stronger, the Arabs hastily packed a few of their belongings and left to seek new



Lydia Prince with adopted daughters.

homes. In the areas where the Arabs were the stronger, the Jews left.

Upper Bakaa, where we were living, was one of these "mixed" areas, with Jews and Arabs living side by side. We occupied the first and second floors of a large stone house, with our own private entrance on one side. Our neighbors on the ground floor were Jewish, except for one Moslem Arab boy who acted as errand boy and caretaker for a Jewish contractor, sleeping at night in his office.

After the announcement of partition, we soon realized that all our Jewish neighbors had left us. Quietly and inconspicuously they had departed, carrying only a suitcase or two with them (anyone seen moving with large quantities of luggage or furniture was too tempting a target for Arab snipers). As our own household



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contained both Jews and Arabs, and as we were all Christians by faith, we did not feel that the new relationship between the Jews and the Arabs directly concerned us, or that either side would regard us as enemies. It was not long, however, before we learned our mistake.

"None Shall Be Lost"

The Scriptures warn us: "Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Pr. 27:1). Certainly, on the morning of December 12th, no member of our household had any idea of all that that day was to bring forth. But God knew, and He began to prepare us. Lydia and I began the day with prayer in our bedroom. As we were praying, God gave Lydia an utterance in an unknown tongue that sounded strangely "urgent." Then He gave me the interpretation in English. The message concerned the family which He had entrusted to us. The last sentence, which made a deep impression on my mind, was this: "None shall be lost or scattered."

When the Australian lady arrived, we had a time of prayer together with some of the children. The policeman, who had been a member of the Salvation Army but had backslidden, re-consecrated his life to the Lord. As we were praying, the Lord spoke again through the gifts of the Spirit. This time the sentence that remained in my mind was: "I have delivered thee from the snare of the fowler"—words from Psalm 91:3.

As we got up from prayer, one of our older girls—a Jewish girl named Johanne—burst into the room. She was pale and trembling. Quickly, she told us her story. She had gone out, as her habit was, to have a music lesson with an Armenian lady who lived a few doors down the road. At the end of the lesson she had been delayed; by the time she left, it was already getting dark. As she walked back in the shadow of the houses, she saw a military truck, full of Arab Legion soldiers, standing before the front entrance of our house. The Moslem boy, who was the only remaining

Just Around the Corner

Preparing for the New Year

with a message by Charles Simpson on how not to overextend ourselves.

Next Month in New Wine

In the afternoon we had an unexpected visitor. A British policeman from the Palestine Police Force came to the door. He did not know us, but he asked us if we could tell him the address of an Australian lady connected with the Salvation Army who was a friend of ours and lived not far away. Instead of sending him on to the lady's house, we invited him in, and sent one of the children to fetch the lady to our house.

occupant of the ground floor, was talking with the Arab Legionaries, a main part of the so-called "Security Forces" that were supposed to be maintaining law and order in Jerusalem while partition was taking effect. But actually they were entirely pro-Arab and violently anti-Jewish. For the Jews in Jerusalem they were not a source of protection, but rather their chief danger.

To Johanne, therefore, it im-

mediately seemed strange and suspicious that an Arab Legion truck should be standing outside our house. Running round the back of the house—out of sight of the Arab Legionaries—she entered by the side door that led to our part of the house and a veranda which was protected by a low stone wall and jutted right out over the main ground floor entrance. Crawling on her hands and knees, Johanne made her way out to a position on the edge of this veranda, from which she could hear what was being said below, without herself being seen.

The Arab Legionaries were asking the Moslem boy about the people who lived in the house; he, in reply, was giving them full details of us all, emphasizing especially that all our older girls were Jewish. The soldiers then asked what would be the best time for them to come back; the boy replied that from midnight onwards there would be no other security forces on that road. Finally, the soldiers drove off, after promising to come back again at midnight.

My wife and I both had close personal acquaintance with the Moslem Arabs, so as soon as we heard Johanne's story, we knew that we were confronted by a very real threat to our home. The British policeman, who also had worked much among the Moslems, was of the same opinion. As we had no phone, he offered to go to the nearest police post for help. On his way to do this, he escorted the Australian lady back to her home, where she was comparatively safe, having the protection of Arab neighbors who were her friends.

When the policeman got back, his report was not encouraging. The sergeant in charge of the police post was willing enough to help, but the situation all over Jerusalem was so bad that it was not in his power to do much. It was possible that a police patrol

might be in the neighborhood of our house about midnight, but he could not promise this. Even if the patrol should arrive, it would be no protection against a truckload of Arab Legion soldiers, fully armed with the latest automatic weapons.

From all this, we saw plainly that we could not risk the children's lives by remaining in the home that night. We had no alternative but to leave as quickly as possible. We told the children each to prepare a little bundle of the most necessary things to carry with them. Even in such a moment as that, it was a joy to me to see that the first thing that almost every one of the children put into her bundle was her Bible. Meanwhile, my wife quickly prepared a meal since we did not know when we would eat again. However, we found that none of us had much appetite.

Out Into the Dark

It was about seven o'clock when Johanne overheard the Arab's conversation. They had promised to return at midnight. At nine o'clock our whole family filed silently out into the dark and deserted streets of Jerusalem. Each member of the family was carrying a bundle. I came last, and my bundle was Elisabeth, the youngest child, whom I carried in my arms. The British policeman was still with us.

There was not a living soul in sight—not even a cat or a dog. The doors of the houses were all fast closed, the windows shuttered. Every now and then the silence was broken by the distant crack of a rifle. There was no way of knowing whether anyone was watching us.

The only place we could think of going was an American mission situated in the center of Jerusalem, about two miles away. But this mission lay inside a special British security zone which was encircled with a wall of barbed

wire and to which no one was admitted without a special pass. Our family did not possess these passes. How then could we enter the zone?

Did You Know?

This Christmas we would like to thank you for your faithfulness to us during this past year, a year of transition for us. In July, we printed an article by Bob Mumford, Don Basham and Charles Simpson entitled "Why Do We Publish?" which outlined some of the challenges we were facing at Integrity Communications. The subsequent response from our readers was overwhelming.

Your continuing demonstration of support has strengthened and encouraged us. We have received hundreds of letters expressing appreciation for the ministry of these publications, and now it is our turn to say how grateful we are for you.

As our readers you are an essential part of this ministry. We deeply appreciate the kind concern you show us with your correspondence and your prayers. All of us thank God again and again for your faithfulness and ask Him to encourage you as you have encouraged us. Now more than ever, you are a great blessing to us, and we thought you'd like to know.

God's answer to this problem was provided by the British policeman. When we reached the entrance to the zone, the policeman went in and asked to see the British commander. We were left outside. The sentry on duty took pity on us, and allowed my wife and the two youngest children to sit down in his sentry box (which was made of sandbags). The rest of us remained standing. From the oldest to the youngest, we were all praying.

The suspense of waiting was hard to bear. My watch told me that forty minutes had passed—but it seemed twice as long. Then the policeman returned. He had obtained permission for all of us to enter the zone! He escorted us through the barbed wire barricade right to the door of the American mission. Only when he had seen us safely inside did he take his leave of us. Just a few hours previous he had reconse-

crated his life to God's service. In turn, God had used him that very night to save our whole family.

We spent the night in the American mission—some of us on beds hastily made up, others on mattresses spread in the attic. But news travels fast in the Middle East, and we were not left long in peace. The American missionaries worked mainly among the Arabs and were thus in touch with a group of Christian Arabs. The next morning, the leader of the Christian Arabs brought a message from the Moslems to say that, if the Jewish children were allowed to remain in the mission, they would burn the whole house down.

After consultation, the Americans told us that they would willingly keep my wife, myself, and the non-Jewish children, but that we must find another place for the Jewish children. To this we replied that we were all one family and we could not be separated from any of the children. Wherever they went, we would go, too.

A Christmas Battlefield

Two days later our whole family was again moving—in a small rented truck—through the streets of Jerusalem. At one point we had to pass a roadblock manned by Arabs. We told the girls to speak to each other loudly in Arabic—and we were allowed to pass. Our place of refuge this time was a British mission located on the edge of one of the pure Jewish areas of Jerusalem.

Our situation here made us safe from direct attack by the Arabs, but on the other hand, just beyond the mission was a sort of no-man's-land—an area in which all the houses had been vacated and neither Jews nor Arabs were living any longer. Each night in this area, opposing bands of Jews and Arabs met and conducted intermittent battles, so long as darkness lasted.

It was in this mission that we

spent Christmas Day. As soon as darkness fell, the battles began just outside our walls; after that, it was no longer safe to remain in any of the rooms which had windows facing outwards, as we never knew when a bullet might come through the window. We withdrew, therefore, into a hall in the center of the mission which had no outside walls.



Here we sang hymns and prayed and sought to occupy the children's attention with some games. But through it all we heard the intermittent chatter of rifle and machine gun fire; at intervals there was a bigger explosion, as one side or the other blew up some deserted house which they suspected of harboring snipers. These bigger explosions caused the whole of the mission building to vibrate, and broke some of the windows. When we eventually went to bed, we were careful to arrange our beds below the level of the windows, to avoid any stray bullets which might enter. But few of us enjoyed much sleep.

Early in the new year of 1948 we moved again—back to the American mission in the central security zone. Meanwhile, the American missionaries had left for the United States and the Moslems who had threatened to burn the house had been driven out of the zone by the Jews. A few days later the British mission where we had spent Christmas

became the scene of actual fighting, being captured first by one side, then by the other. Eventually it was abandoned by both sides, empty and gutted.

"God With Us"

Early in May 1948, our four eldest Jewish girls left us, being evacuated to Britain by the British forces as they withdrew from Palestine. Lydia and I remained with the four younger children in the American mission. Here, for two months, all six of us lived in a basement laundry room, sharing the fate of the Jewish community in Jerusalem—siege and starvation. During this period we were cut off from all communication with the outside world and had no way of knowing what had happened to the older girls.

Then, by a sudden miracle, God opened the way for the six of us also to leave Jerusalem. This time we walked out of the house at 5 a.m., once again taking with us only as much as we could carry. As a nation, Israel was still under siege. There were no transportation services entering or leaving the country by land, sea, or air; but God provided an airplane that took us from Haifa to London. A week later, at a pentecostal church in a small English village, we were reunited with the four older girls who had gone ahead. Thus God kept the promise He had given us on that fateful morning of December 12, 1947: "None shall be lost or scattered."

Looking back over that stormy Christmas, I realize that it taught me the real message of Christmas. Stripped of all its externals and its non-essentials, that message is "Emmanuel"—"God with us." In all the tension and the turmoil, the abiding presence of God was more real and more precious just then than in any other Christmas I have celebrated—before or since. ▼

Photo: Derek and Lydia Prince.

“More Than Ink On Paper”

*An expression of thanks to
you from our staff*

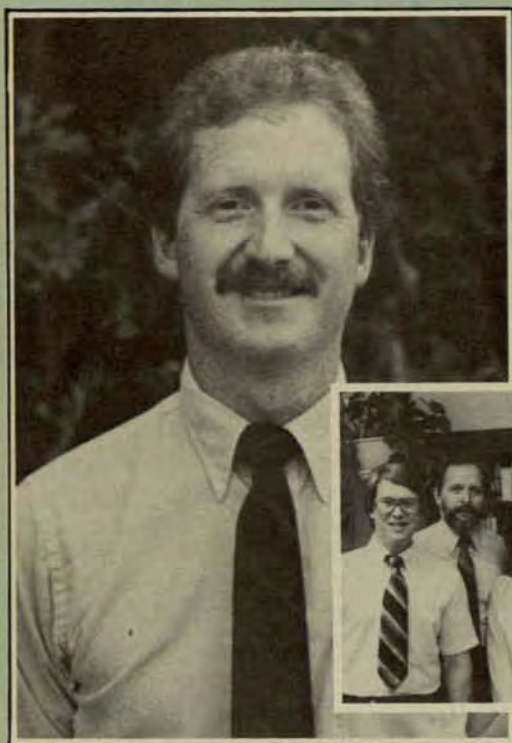


*Left: Mike Coleman, newly
appointed President of
Integrity Communica-
tions. Inset: Keren
Kilgore, secretary.*

Recently we asked the staff members of Integrity Communications what one thing they would like to say to *New Wine's* readers if they had the chance. The answers varied from "We appreciate your love and support" to "It's a privilege to serve you" to "Hang in there with us and keep praying." But the one sentiment common to them all was how important you are to us. As a matter of fact, you are one of the most important reasons we publish *New Wine*, *Fathergram*, *Plumbline*, *New Wine Tape of the Month*, *Recommended Tape* and the *Integrity Newsletter*.

Above all, of course, we publish because we believe God has directed us to communicate His truth and to build up the body of Christ. But the starting point He has given us is *you*. We hope we are a source of strength in your relationship with the Lord and a help in reaching your destiny in God, because you're not only important to us—you're important to Him. Because we serve the Lord's purposes by serving you, we feel a tremendous sense of accountability to you and to Him.

As you look through these pages, putting faces to the names of those who serve you here, we hope you sense our love and appreciation for you. To us, you are much more than a mailing label, and in the same way, we want to be more to you than ink on paper. In these pages we want to say to you—as a friend and co-laborer—"Thank you," and wish you and your family a blessed Christmas and a happy New Year.



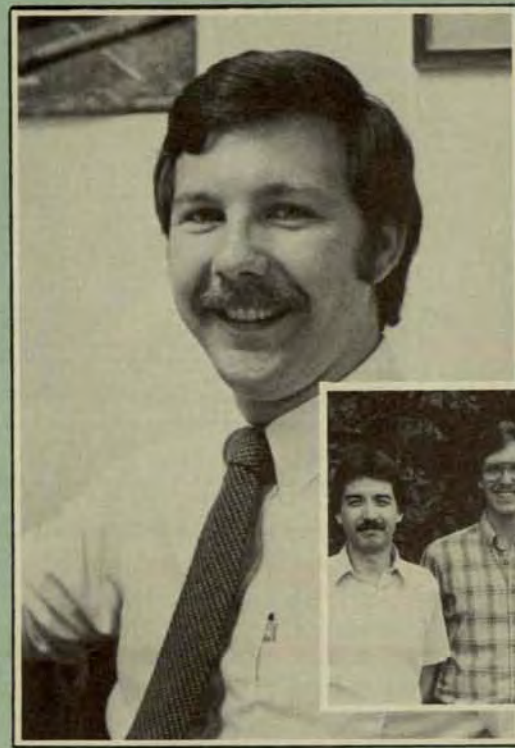
Above: Dick Leggatt, Editor. Inset, left to right: Stephen Simpson, Curtis Forman, Nita Steffanic, editorial assistants; Paul Thigpen, Assistant Editor.



Above: Bob Robinson, Production Manager. Inset, left to right: Mark Pie', Art Director; Catherine Girod, Kay Richey, production assistants.



Above: Bill Turk, Accounting Manager. Inset, left to right: Joy Murray, Leola Syputa, accounting assistants.



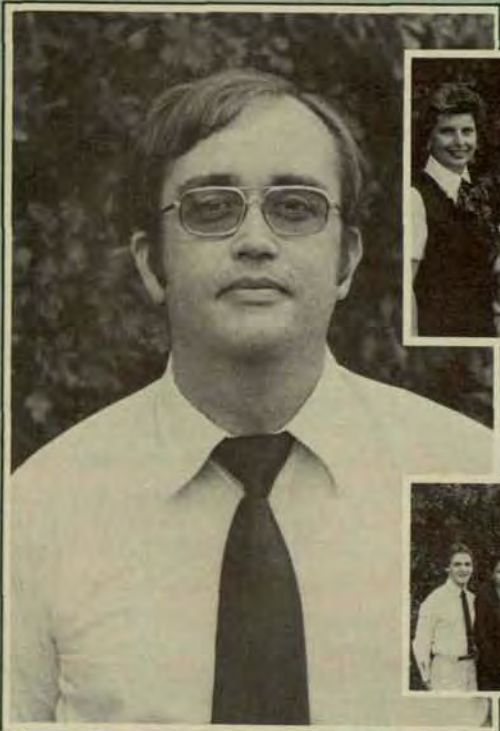
Above: Tim LeBlanc, Shipping Manager. Inset, left to right: Syd Houseknecht, Rod Hofferber Jr., John Bigger, shipping assistants.



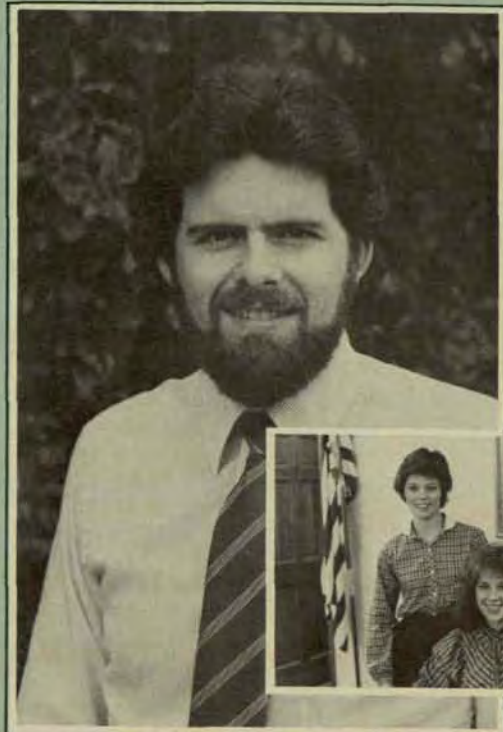
Above: George Gundlach, Administrator for New Wine Events, Circulation, Core Group and Reader Relations. Inset: Kathy Reinig, secretary.



Above: Kenneth Veltz, Ministry Manager for Integrity Publications and New Wine Tape of the Month. Inset, left to right: Jennifer Beebe, TOM customer service representative; Susan Crews, secretary.



Above: Don Raymond, Data Manager. Upper inset, left to right: Andy Turner, computer operator; Selena Evans, Kathy Coolbaugh, data entry coordinators; Cathy Boyle, Sarah Hofferber, data entry operators. Lower inset, left to right: Natalie Vaughan, mailroom coordinator; Dot Bouldry, Elsie Spencer, mailroom assistants.



Above: Michael Kilgore, Ministry Manager for Recommended Tape, Plumblin and Fathergram. Inset, left to right: Sharri Vajrt, secretary; Heather Meeks, receptionist.

A Celebration of Heritage

by Ed Chinn

A follow-up to our issue on heritage.

In the summer of 1980 we attended the Chinn Family Reunion. Although the gathering of my grandparents and their descendants has been an annual event for over twenty years, it was the first one that I and my wife and children had attended in over a decade. For several years I had been somewhat of a self-imposed exile from relatives in my natural extended family for what I thought were "spiritual" reasons.

In the early seventies my wife, Joanne, and I had experienced a new dimension in our Christian walk in which the Lord confronted our naive, presumptuous and self-serving approach to God, and gave us a genuine hunger for righteousness. In the months and years that followed we came into a closer fellowship with God and more of a regard for His sovereignty and lordship. It was also a

period of personal revelation about the nature of the Church. We realized, for the first time, that our covenant with Jesus also

we drove to Colorado that summer of 1980 for a vacation and to attend the family reunion. The gathering of approximately eighty



had "horizontal" implications and requirements. We came into an experiential understanding that we were part of an interdependent network of relationships within the Church, that we were related to the other members of Christ's body. However, in our newfound identity with the Church as the family of God, I reacted negatively toward the concerns and relationships of my "blood" family.

But in the late seventies, our understanding began to change. I began to have a new, almost subconscious awareness of various aspects and phases of my family history. I discovered a new appreciation for my grandparents and a desire to know more about their life and experiences. I wanted to know things like when they got married, the personal impact on them of the Great Depression and when they came to know the Lord.

So I suppose it was the beginning of a natural pilgrimage when

people took place in a suburban city park in Denver. There we greeted relatives, caught up on the past ten years, and participated in an old family tradition of talking, eating, telling stories, eating, playing volleyball, eating and then having lunch! We enjoyed the day, and it was good to be back together.

Yet there was something missing. When the food and daylight ran out and my relatives slowly dispersed, I was aware of a personal longing for something more. But the event was over for another year. On the long drive back to Texas I thought about families and Chinn and reunions. I considered what, if anything, the Lord might be saying to me about my family. And slowly, over several hundred miles of my journey, He began to give me clarity and direction.

A Godly Heritage

My thoughts took me back through a century of Chinn family

Photo: The 1981 Chinn Family Reunion.

history. My great-great-grandfather, John Pigg Chinn, moved from Iowa to the farm country just south of Pratt, Kansas, in

it. I sensed the Lord calling me to identify with my family history and to cherish and celebrate the *natural heritage* which was a very



1879. He brought his family, including Edward Dunning Chinn, my great-grandfather. My grandfather, Maple Dunning Chinn, was born in 1897 on the same farm where he lived for eighty years. After he married Miss Cecil Bobbit in 1917 in nearby Sun City, they farmed the family land together for sixty years. Twelve children, including my father, Jack Dunning Chinn, were born to them on that land (one daughter died as a small child; eleven children are still living). They endured hard years, a national depression, failed crops and diseases, and sent three sons to World War II. Now retired and living in reasonably good health in Pratt, they are soon to celebrate sixty-five years of marriage. The Lord has honored them with a long and full life.

Two things were stirring in me as those details came to mind. One was a desire to lay hold of my own natural heritage as a Chinn and somehow to embrace

real part of my inheritance. I also realized a responsibility to be a good steward of that inheritance and to pass it on to the next generation.

Secondly, I heard the Lord calling me to honor and celebrate the eternal values of my *spiritual heritage*. The Scriptures say, "For the grace of God has appeared, bringing salvation to all men, instructing us to deny ungodliness and worldly desires and to live sensibly, righteously, and godly in the present age" (Ti. 2:11-12). My family's history reflects a longevity and a stability borne out of sensible, righteous and godly living. In the midst of an age that exalts rebellion, immaturity, shameful behavior that idolizes liars and fools, the Lord desires that we deny ungodliness and worldly desires and honor what He honors.

I realized that God was directing me to honor my family heritage of sensible, righteous, godly life values. These were not values which originated with the Chinn,

nor are they unique to my family. They are in fact a part of "the excellencies of Him who called us out of darkness into His marvelous light," a part of that composite heritage of God's people represented in His promise to Abraham: "In you all the families of the earth shall be blessed" (Gen. 12:3). Nevertheless, I was grateful that this spiritual heritage was manifest in my natural family over the generations and had brought with it *God's blessings*.

When I got home I wrote my father a letter expressing my personal desire that the family consider planning the next reunion as an occasion to honor his parents for their years of faithfulness to God and their family. I suggested we approach it as a celebration of our heritage. The idea struck a responsive chord in Dad, and subsequently in his brothers and sisters as well. The next family reunion was planned for July 1981, at a retreat center near Colorado Springs. I was asked by other members of the family to accept the responsibility for planning the celebration and to make it a time devoted to honoring my grandparents and their lifelong example of faithfulness.

Not long after accepting that responsibility my pastor, Glenn Roachelle, asked me to help in the planning of a Roachelle family reunion as well. It was to center around his father, George William Roachelle, a pentecostal pioneer who had entered the ministry in 1917 and died in 1966. Both reunions became laboratories for applying God's word for us about family and heritage to our own experience.

I began the planning with a



Ed Chinn attended Southwestern College in Oklahoma City and the University of Colorado in Boulder. He is a pastor in the Metroplex Fellowship of Covenant Churches in the Dallas-Fort Worth area, and resides in Bedford, Texas, with his wife, Joanne, and their three children.

number of questions: How do you structure and plan a family reunion as a celebration of heritage? How do you capture and communicate the essence of many years of history and heritage? How do you enter that territory with God's light and redeem it from the cynicism and superficiality which so often characterize such get-togethers, and even family relationships in general? How do you do all this without alienating non-Christian family members?

In approaching both the Chinn and the Roachelle reunions we were anxious to find a way to allow the redemptive potency and excellence of the kingdom of God to make an impact on the celebrations and participants, but without an unnecessarily "religious" tone that would be divisive. We tried to select and develop quality activities and presentations which would be enjoyable and suitable vehicles for carrying the purpose

and spirit of the reunions. The Lord helped us in our work. Many avenues of expression were utilized in the two celebrations. There were musical presentations by family members using old standard songs rewritten to reflect the purpose of the occasion. Some performed skits which captured particular childhood experiences or family situations. Others wrote historical accounts of the families and original poetry. Gifts carefully chosen as appropriate and tasteful symbols of heritage were presented. Old home movies were edited and presented with a sound track.

Lives Worthy of Honor

Three aspects of the reunions proved to be outstanding as the most significant means of capturing, communicating and celebrating family heritage. First of all, in order to celebrate properly lives and values worthy of honor, we thought it would be appropriate to

inform public officials and other prominent figures known to the family of our intentions to honor the lives and history of the family members. We felt that public recognition from well-known leaders, both official and unofficial, was one way in which the wider community could acknowledge and express appreciation for sensible, righteous and godly living.

The response to our contact with various state and national officials, church leaders, and others came in the form of personal letters to be read publicly at the reunion and then presented to those being honored or to their loved ones. The letters were warm, genuine expressions of gratitude for the lives of those we were honoring and for all they represented.

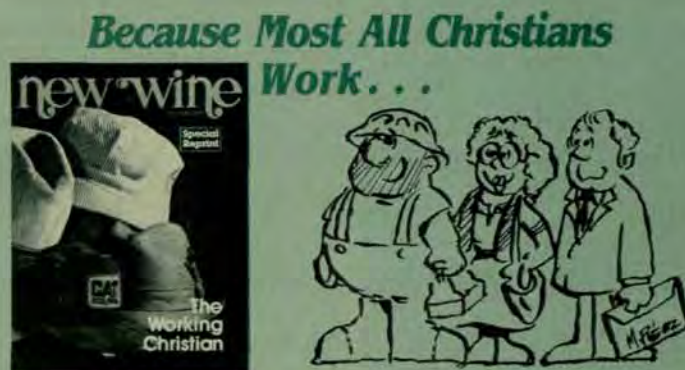
Personal Recollections

One very effective means of preserving and commemorating a heritage is the personal recollections of family members. Several months before the Roachelle reunion, the family members were requested to select and prepare personal vignettes and anecdotes which would, in an honoring way, illustrate certain family traits and recreate humorous situations. Stories were chosen that would remind the family of "Dad's" unique ways, help them remember and appreciate the provisions of the Lord and provide reminiscences of what it was like to grow up as a "preacher's kid."

The result was exciting, funny and often poignant. It was a vivid demonstration of why people have always told stories, and of how those stories—passed on from generation to generation—capture and preserve what Glen Roachelle calls "that intangible estate, our heritage."

Multimedia Presentations

Finally, multimedia presentations were developed for both reunions. With extensive assistance from several creative friends in



"The Working Christian" is one of the all-time most popular issues of New Wine Magazine. The content is timeless and the topics universal.

In addition to addressing the challenges a Christian faces in secular as well as Christian employment, this issue offers an encouraging word to those who engage in what is perhaps one of the most challenging jobs of all—MOTHERHOOD.

If you didn't receive the original "Working Christian," this special reprint is worth reading and keeping. To order "The Working Christian," see the order form on page 32.

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the church with professional abilities, we put together compositions of slides, music, sound effects and narrations which told the stories of the families.

The Chinn reunion multimedia presentation began with pictures of some of our ancestors from several generations ago, including a photo of my great-grandfather Bobbitt hunting with President Theodore Roosevelt. Next it portrayed the growing up years of my father and his brothers and sisters. Then it went on to depict the World War II experiences, marriages, children and later years of my grandparents' eleven sons and daughters. The presentation included a loving photographic tour of the farm which was a home to three generations of Chinns and has been worked and walked by six generations. Finally, it presented a portrait of my grandfather with Gene Autry's song "Silver Haired Daddy" on the sound track. This was a particularly moving segment which concluded with a comic transition to slides of my grandfather, in his eighties, riding his motorcycle to the accompaniment of the William Tell Overture, better known as the theme from "The Lone Ranger."

The Roachelle multimedia presentation was an historical review which focused on the life of George and Ida Roachelle and the spiritual life which they had cultivated and imparted to their family. It was a well-researched, inspiring presentation which included on the sound track an original song about the pioneering Rev. Roachelle entitled "He Stood Tall." The song captured the spirit of the perseverance through adverse circumstances—dust bowl days, an itinerant ministry, "brush arbor revivals"—which characterized Rev. Roachelle's life. It portrayed as well the integrity of his life, which became his children's inheritance.

The Family Response

The response of the families to both reunions was remarkable. For the Roachelles, the celebration enabled them to lay hold of their heritage spiritually in a new way. Although they had always loved and esteemed George Roachelle, by the end of the reunion those who had not known him closely seemed to honor and recognize him from a new perspective, the perspective of how God saw this great man. It was as if a new spirit of love and honor was released in the family.

At the conclusion of the Chinn multimedia presentation, an unusual thing happened. Spontaneous applause turned into a standing ovation that continued for some time. The technical quality of what they had witnessed was obviously not sufficient to evoke that kind of response. It struck me that they were responding to an event which had

taken place deep in their spirits, a new understanding which had come into focus for them that night. Just as at the Roachelle reunion, a spirit of love and honor had been released. Virtually everyone present went to my grandparents—some with tears—and expressed their love and appreciation for them. Many went on to brothers, sisters, in-laws and guests and continued to express their gratitude for each other.

God's blessing on both family reunions brought me to understand in a new way the truth of the sixteenth psalm. As we participated in these celebrations of heritage, the Lord emphasized to me the significance of David's words, words which have become my own: "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and my cup The lines have fallen in pleasant places; indeed, my heritage is beautiful to me." ▼

What is the "true meaning" of Christmas?



Each Christmas season we inevitably hear this question asked. Though it may seem overused, it's an important question, and one we too ought to ask ourselves year after year.

In "The Holy Seed," Charles Simpson answers that question, clarifying the true significance of the events leading up to the birth of Christ. His insights will bring fresh perspective to your celebration of Christmas this year.

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We have had many requests for copies of the original photos used for the cover of the February '82 and April '82 issues of *New Wine Magazine*. They are now available in lithograph form as seen below. These full-color reproductions are 11" x 14" and cost \$4.95 each plus postage and handling.

To order see order form on this page.

"The Arts" \$4.95
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To the Point

by Charles Simpson

*A final comment
on this month's theme*



My friend Ern Baxter enjoys working crossword puzzles. In fact, he is very good at it, due in large part to the expertise he has developed over the years in the use of words. Occasionally from his deep interest in this area, he will comment on how words get abused in the modern vernacular, and on the need to redeem words or restore them to their original value.

"Celebration" is one of those words we need to redeem. It seems that for the most part secular society has come to identify celebration with parties, intoxication and holidays. But such social self-indulgence would seem a long way from what God's people should be involved in. Avoiding that kind of "celebration," Christians are often viewed as those who have very little reason to celebrate.

I don't recall the term "celebration" ever being used in a spiritual sense when I was growing up. I suppose it was after I became a minister that I heard the phrase "to celebrate mass," and I was somewhat mystified by what that could mean. Just how did priests go about "celebrating" Holy Communion?

Later, however, as I began to try to discover what kind of celebration Christians could be involved in, I discovered that the Hebrew words translated "celebrate" (or "keep" or "observe") in the King James Version appear often in the Scriptures, and apply to the observance of special days. The equivalent Greek words (also translated "celebrate," "keep,"

or "observe") appear a few times in the New Testament. One passage in particular—1 Corinthians 5:7-8—draws the celebration of Old Testament holy days and feasts into a New Testament context, exhorting Christians to *celebrate* Christ with sincerity and truth.

Celebrations are sometimes characterized by joy and festivity, sometimes by a more solemn mood, depending upon the occasion being commemorated. We see this in the spiritual celebrations of the Old Testament. Leviticus chapter 23 names seven holy convocations in Israel, special days that every Israelite was commanded to celebrate.

Each holy day was a recognition of God's special work and grace in Israel's history, and His continued activity in their life as a nation. Passover, for instance, was a day to stop and observe the anniversary of God's deliverance of the Hebrews from the death angel in Egypt. Such reflection was not only a history lesson to the people and their children, but also a reminder that they owed their very lives to God.

Later in the year, Israel celebrated the Day of Atonement, the highest of holidays. It was a time for great humility when sacrifices were offered for the sins of Israel.

The Feast of Tabernacles was the last and greatest feast of the year, a celebration of the final great harvest in the autumn. In contrast to the Day of Atonement, Tabernacles was a seven-day festival of joy. The people dwelt in booths made with branches

to remind themselves that they had once been wanderers.

Thus these and other annual celebrations were reminders to Israel of their heritage in God, times of remembering their past in a way that built confidence in their future. Whether joyful, sober or humbling, these specific days were an indispensable part of the life of the Jewish nation.

In light of the significance of such times of celebration, what application should we as Christians make concerning our celebrations? As heirs of the New Covenant, we have so much to celebrate—not only all that the Israelites had, but also the fulfillment in Christ of all that was promised them!

What should be our response in celebrating the Lord's birth, crucifixion, resurrection and exaltation? The angels showed us on the night of His birth: "Glory to God in the Highest!" The Father showed us when Jesus was baptized: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased!"—His pleasure overflowed heaven's balconies. The Holy Spirit showed us at Pentecost: He came with dancing flames of fire and miraculous gifts.

As Americans we have many days to celebrate such as Independence Day, Veteran's Day and Labor Day. There is nothing wrong with a proper observance of these civic holidays. But what does the secular world know about genuine celebration? And what can compare with a celebration of Christ Jesus our Lord? As Christians, we celebrate the Creator of Heaven and Earth, the conqueror of Death and Hell, the Captain of the Heavenly Hosts, the Lion of Judah, the Son of David, the Firstborn from the Dead, the King of the New Order, our Redeemer!

Glory to God and to His Son! Let's celebrate Him joyfully, victoriously—and daily. ▼

Dear New Wine



Christian support

I've been receiving *New Wine* for about five years and always read the magazine in its entirety with much satisfaction. Having been both a teacher and a counselor in the public schools for over twenty-five years, I was especially interested in your September 1982 issue. The idea of Christians cooperating with their children's schools and attempting to effect changes in a loving way seems to me what Christianity is all about. Unfortunately I hear more about those Christian groups who viciously attack the many caring individuals who attempt to teach our children.

Byron Daudelin
Columbia, MD

Good idea

Your issue on education was really good. As a former teacher and a mother I really could appreciate your articles placing emphasis on parent involvement and responsibility for a child's education. Not only are attitudes formed in the home, but a great deal of learning takes place in the home which can benefit and enhance anything the teacher in a classroom can present. I am a firm believer that if children see a practical application to what they learn in school from what they do in the home, school education can be and is twice as effective.

For example, reading measurements and directions in a recipe explains to a child why he must go through those funny measuring lessons in his/her math book. I demonstrated this vividly one year by having my children in class donate the ingredients, and with parent assistance, we baked Christmas cookies. Believe me, math attitudes, even following written instructions, improved markedly in the next few months. The children who made the most improvement were those who had parents who allowed their children to cook at home and put their "education" into practice.

This is just one example of the necessity of parent involvement which many parents tend to overlook. Thanks for the very practical aspect which you present.

Marie Madison
Gold Beach, OR

Ruled by Jesus

For some months now, I have noticed several negative letters to the editor, concerning your sharing on politics. I'm sorry to see many Christians feel we should leave politics to the politicians. When God was establishing His nation, Israel, He

told the people to choose judges to place over the nation, to run and govern the people according to God's principles.

We as Christians are ruled and governed today by many anti-God principles because we have failed to see the importance of voting into office God-fearing men who will govern our nation by God's standards, and not man's.

So I just want to say thanks again for keeping us informed on Christian issues in politics. Keep up the good work.

Jesse Shingler
Benton, PA

Teaching aid

I really do appreciate *New Wine*. As a missionary working with young people (about four hundred in Bissau churches) and teaching at our small full-time Bible school, I find your articles invaluable while preparing messages and for classes.

Tony Goodman
Guinea-Bissau, Africa

It's no accident

I am currently taking a foundational teaching class at the fellowship I attend, and this week's lesson is on prayer and worship. My issue of *New Wine* came at just the right time to act as a backup to that teaching. Most of the articles are keyed to the teachings received every Sunday. I know it's no accident!

Linda Powers
Kalamazoo, MI

Renewed

I wasn't going to renew my subscription, but when I started to read the issue on worship it seemed the Lord was saying that I should read more of this kind of thing.

Samuel Haarer
White Pigeon, MI

Don't give up

Just as I was about to give up my subscription to *New Wine* because it was not lately meeting my spiritual needs as it had always done in the past (it was my favorite and only Christian magazine I subscribed to), then along came the October issue on worship, and I was greatly blessed. What a relief and answer to prayer!

I note in the letters to the editor that many others shared my feelings of loss, so I feel the Holy Spirit has worked on behalf of us all.

Florence Morris
Westminster, CA

Home from Egypt

Your magazine has ministered to us so many times that for awhile we felt that it was just for us! We had a journey into Egypt which lasted for several years—until we returned to where God wanted us. During that time our trials were many—sometimes almost more than we could bear—but God saw us through them all. Not just some of them but *all* of them.

Your magazine would come each month and always seemed to have just what we needed. We would read it through shortly after receiving it, then go back and reread those portions that would minister to us at that time. We have always enjoyed *New Wine* and look forward to each new issue.

A grateful reader

Pass the biscuits!

Thank you so much for your obedience to the Father in walking in the ministry in which He has appointed you. The articles are always the food we need—sometimes it's delicious and refreshing, other times it resembles liver with not so good a "taste" but much protein. But they always seem to be the nourishment the body needs.

I also appreciate the caring you show by sharing God's word and truth to the poor and rich. It's amazing how God makes some humble and others not selfish. He truly knows what all His children need.

Terry Dresher
Mineral, WA

No more meat

I don't know whether your magazine has changed or I have. In the first few years that we subscribed, the issues really gave me a lot of help and insight. There was "meat on the bones." Lately, it has seemed to be more current affairs and reporting on the lives and ministries of specific people, "interviews," rather than deep searching into the Word. But, as I said in the beginning, it may be that I have reached a different level over the intervening years, one that your emphasis is not aimed for.

D. Fulton
Perry, MI

Reunited

When I started receiving *New Wine* sometime in 1980, I was introduced to it by some great Christians, a couple who really love the Lord, who were counseling me as a new Christian who was separated and trying to raise a small son in the will of the Lord.

Now, praise the Lord, your magazine is coming into the home of not a single-parent family, but to a Spirit-filled reunited family. In February of this year, my husband accepted Jesus as his Savior. We were reunited in March and in August just past, my husband was filled with the Holy Spirit.

I thrill in the fact that miracles still happen, that God can save marriages even now! And the miracles haven't stopped. The Lord is daily blessing us through our faith in Him.

Thank you for the encouragement and spiritual food your magazine has provided during these past hard years. Praise the Lord again for using you to bless us and a happy little four-year-old son.

Mrs. Margaret Smith
South Hill, VA

If for any reason you stop receiving New Wine without prior notification or without requesting that it stop, please get in touch with us.

P.O. Box Z, Mobile, AL 36616

The editorial policy and purpose of *New Wine* are (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 are 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. Your contribution, whether great or small, is always appreciated. We ask that you make the amount of your contribution a matter of prayer. We recommend a gift of fifteen dollars, which will enable us to maintain the

ministry of *New Wine*. Contributions beyond that amount make it possible to send the magazine to readers who genuinely cannot contribute. Above all, we value the support you provide when you pray for us regularly. All contributions to *New Wine* 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* and 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.

a letter from a reader...

**"Thank you, New Wine, for
leading me back..."**

Dear New Wine,

Two years ago a friend gave me the gift of your magazine. I was scornful, having left my faith a long time back. Having browsed through your items I put New Wine to the side, until one morning when it awoke in me the desire to go to my local church. There I was received with open arms.

After a few months of prayer meetings and Bible study I am now back, preparing to carry on the Lord's work. How happy, content and full of joy I am these days. Thank you for leading me back.

L.C.

A gift subscription to *New Wine* can help lead someone you care about—a family member, fellow worker, neighbor or friend—closer to where God wants them to be. This year make gifts of *New Wine* part of your Christmas celebration.

(Use the inside flap of the postage-paid envelope provided in this issue. Use separate sheet of paper for additional names.)