

1921-17-38

HERALD of HOLINESS

CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

BENNER LIBRARY
OLIVET NAZARENE COLLEGE
KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS



WELCOME
TO THE CHURCH OF
THE NAZARENE
OUR CHURCH CAN BE YOUR HOME



WELCOME TO THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE!

by General Superintendent Orville W. Jenkins

MR. MICHAEL McMANUS, syndicated writer for church news in America, in his newspaper column released in January of this year, wrote: "What is your denomination doing to help your local church evangelize new members?" He continued, "Many apparently have forgotten the church is the one institution whose primary purpose is to reach those not involved. As Mark recorded Jesus' last words, he said, 'Go into all the world and preach the good news to all creation.'"

Mr. McManus went on to say, "I attended a conference on Evangelism sponsored by the Church of the Nazarene in Phoenix last week. By the time similar meetings are held in Fort Worth, Texas, next week and in Tampa, Florida, January 24, 80 percent of the small denomination's 5,000 pastors will have been bombarded with ideas for reaching the unchurched.

"For example, there were 30 workshops that one could attend to learn how to train laity for personal evangelism, to conduct an evangelistic service and make an altar call, or to 'conserve converts.'

"Alternative strategies looked at how to evangelize through such regular programs as women's ministries, home Bible studies, Sunday School or to reach non-English-speaking cultures."

Mr. McManus gave a very favorable report on the evangelistic outreach and the communications developed by the Church of the Nazarene within the church and between the congregation and the community. His analysis and report caused me to think and ask, "What particular appeal does my church have to the unchurched and non-Christian peoples of the world?" Why

should we invite you to our local church? What is distinctive about the Church of the Nazarene?

Here are some of the answers that came to mind:

1. There is a sense of Christ's presence through the Person of the Holy Spirit manifest in our services. We have not been remiss in keeping the fire of God's presence burning upon the altars in our churches. By constantly feeding and tending the fire through prayer, by our anointed singing in public worship, through the preaching of God's Word, by Bible study and by discipline in holy living, we have determined to maintain the spiritual glow!

2. We have vital faith in the Lord Jesus Christ to save and redeem men from their personal sins and to cleanse their inner hearts from all sin and empower them for Christian service through the baptism of the Holy Spirit in sanctifying grace. In the face of a life-and-death struggle with full-blooded and insolent paganism that is hedonistic and materialistic, we have found a faith in Christ. It is through His Word that we find deliverance and victory over sin and evil!

3. The enthusiasm we have for the Lord is not some self-created, worked-up emotionalism but, rather, a derivative experience. It emerges from a right relationship with Christ. We simply know that what the Lord has done in our hearts and in our lives He wants to do for you! The secret of our joy is a burning heart that comes to every person when we receive Christ's holy heavenly love into our souls.

So, we say, "**Welcome to the Church of the Nazarene!**"



HERALD of HOLINESS

W. E. McCUMBER, Editor in Chief
IVAN A. BEALS, Office Editor
MABEL ADAMSON, Editorial Assistant

Contributing Editors: **V. H. LEWIS** • **ORVILLE W. JENKINS**
CHARLES H. STRICKLAND • **EUGENE L. STOWE**
WILLIAM M. GREATHOUSE • **JERALD D. JOHNSON**
General Superintendents, Church of the Nazarene

Cover supplied by NPH

Design: Royce Ratcliff

Volume 73, Number 19

October 1, 1984

Whole Number 3407

HERALD OF HOLINESS (USPS 241-440) is published semi-monthly by the NAZARENE PUBLISHING HOUSE, 2923 TROOST AVE., KANSAS CITY, MO 64109. Editorial Office at 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131. Address all correspondence concerning subscriptions to Nazarene Publishing House, P.O. Box 527, Kansas City, MO 64141. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send us your new address, including ZIP code, as well as your old address, and enclose a label from a recent copy. **SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:** \$5.50 per year. Second-class postage paid at Kansas City, Mo. Litho in U.S.A.

SPECIAL ISSUE

WELCOME TO THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE 2
General Superintendent Orville W. Jenkins

THANKSGIVING DINNER AT THE LAMB'S SUPPER CLUB..... 4
by Glen L. Van Dyne

"IT'S JEWISH TO BELIEVE IN JESUS" 7
by Laurie Wasserberg

HIS LOVE HAS NO LIMITS 8
by Gene Van Note

"I FELT SO MUCH LOVE" 11
by Tom and B. J. Arbuckle (an interview with Glen L. Van Dyne)

FROM SPECTATOR TO PARTICIPANT 13
by John Polivka

FILIPO—FROM PRISON TO PRAISE 14
by Polly Appleby

A WARM FAMILY FEELING 16
by Glen L. Van Dyne

100% OR NO DEAL 18
by Un Chong Yi

I WANTED SUCCESS 20
by Janine Tartaglia

"I EXPECTED JUDGMENT BUT I FOUND LOVE" 22
Anonymous

I FOUND A HOME 24
by Cecilia Bowman

THE FAMILY 28
by W. E. McCumber

Thanksgiving Dinner at the Lamb's Supper Club



THE PATH that led to his encounter with Jesus had taken Joe into the depths of the drug culture in the late 1960s and the “if it feels good, do it” life-style. Heavy use of marijuana brought hallucinations of seeing himself as God, followed by a very real feeling that he was Satan. Not finding the courage to end it all by jumping off a bridge, he turned to a friend who invited him to “come with me and let some people pray for you.”

In that small-group prayer meeting, Joe found not only a mustard-seed faith in Christ but also a healing for his body. It was the beginning of an exciting journey.

After seven months in Santa Fe, N.Mex., which he describes as God sending him to “boot camp,” Joe returned to Pittsburgh, Pa., to work in the construction business. All this was a humbling experience for a man who had served on the staff of a university in Pittsburgh, but the “boot camp” period was not yet over.

In Pittsburgh, Joe heard a Christian speak on the need for “laborers in the harvest in New York City.” He was deeply moved, but he hated New York. His one experience there had left a bad feeling for the city.

Feeling compelled to go, he set out with faith that God would supply his needs and lead him to the ministry He wanted him to have. His only tangible possessions were his Bible and guitar. He had no money.

With the help of a panhandler, he finally found himself on 42nd Street in lower Manhattan. Discouraged, penniless, hungry, and lonely, he wandered the streets. The ministry he thought would be there turned out to be a closed door.



Hey, Joe, I thought, you've tried everything else. Give it a shot. That's how Joe Colaizzi describes the first step that led him to faith in Christ.

by Glen L. Van Dyne

We pick up the story at this point in Joe's own words:

“I spent 13 days on the streets of New York City—I mean just walking through the streets, not eating, not sleeping, just trusting in God to see me through. I came to a place where I was broken and I was hurt. It was like, ‘God, where did You go? I came here to seek first the kingdom of God.’ That was my Scripture to go by, and He wasn’t giving me anything.

“I wanted to sleep. My ankles were swollen to the size of my thighs, and my stomach must have been the size of a pea by now. Sure, I had picked up a little food along the way, and I had picked up about 13 hours of sleep—maybe.

“One day as I was praying for direction, I was led to a Christian bookstore. I was looking for a place someone had told me about—a place where they took care of young

Christians. They had never heard of the place.

“‘But wait a minute,’ the lady said. She ran into the back room and came out with a magazine called *Alternatives*. In the back were advertisements for Christian organizations. One of them was the New York Bible Society, where I wanted to go to see if they would give me tracts to pass out.

“As I was on my way out the door, the lady said, ‘Wait a minute. Where are you doing your witnessing?’

“I said, ‘42nd Street area.’

“She thumbed to the front of the magazine and found an advertisement for the Lamb's Supper Club. She said, ‘You ought to check this place out. I don't know anything about it, but there are some young Christians who just picked this place up. Maybe they can help you.’

"I left there and went to the New York Bible Society to get some tracts. On the way I prayed, 'Lord, if you want me to go to this Lamb's place, whatever it is, you confirm it. You encourage me to go that way once more and I will go there.'

"At the Bible Society, they couldn't give me any tracts, but as I was on my way out, the guy said, 'Talk to me for a minute. Where are you ministering?'

"I told him, '42nd Street area.'

"He said, 'You ought to check out the Lamb's church or Lamb's something. Some young Christian folks just picked up the place; you ought to check it out and maybe they can help you.'

"That afternoon, I went to the Lamb's. A lady invited me to come on in and look around. As I was going out the door, she gave me a dollar for something to eat. 'Come back tonight for the Bible study,' she said. I went back that night.

"I had never heard of the Nazarene church before. The only Nazarene church I had ever seen was a single-car-garage meeting place that I used to pass as I was picking up lumber when I was working in construction. So Nazarene didn't mean anything to me.

"As I was leaving the place that night after the Bible study, they said they were going to have a revival that week and encouraged everyone to come, bring your friends, get them saved.

"There was a brother I recognized from the sanctuary standing in the lobby. He saw me and with a big smile he put out his hand and said, 'Hey, brother, how are you doing?' He shook my hand and reached into his back pocket and pulled out a wad of bills, peeled off a ten, slapped it into my hand, and said, 'Here, the Lord wants you to have this.' I agreed!

"I took the ten and bought candy, peanuts, and things to sustain me. That Friday night I was back for the revival meeting. None of my friends came. Saturday I went back, but no friends came. Sunday—again no friends. After the morning service Sunday, I was totally disgusted with it all. I thought, 'God, You have abandoned me or I missed my cue.'

"Even though miracles were happening all through those 13 days, I wasn't eating and I didn't have a place to sleep. Surely, I thought, the Lord will provide that much for me. Just as I was thinking I had probably made a mistake, I felt a hand placed on my shoulder. I looked up to see the pastor of the church standing there. 'Hello, brother, my name is Paul Moore,' he said.

"He sat down beside me and began to question me as to where I was. He had seen me around. What was going on in my life? Did I have a place to sleep? When did I eat last? When he found out what was happening in my life, he called over a couple of brothers and said to them, 'Do we have some space where this brother could stay for a few days?'

"They set me up in a room in the basement and I stayed for seven days. He interviewed me again at the end of the seven days and invited me to stay on because I was finding things to do and ways to be helpful as thanks for my place to stay. I accepted the invitation.

"From there it just built into developing the ministry to the street people, of whom I had been a part for 13 days. That had been the education I needed to be able to minister to them and relate to where they were coming from.

"That was my introduction to the Nazarene church. They loved me. They really loved me. At my greatest



*Dinner guests at
Manhattan Lamb's Church of the Nazarene.*



*"They fed me, they clothed me,
and they taught me and loved me."*



Part of the crowd gathering for Thanksgiving Day dinner

point of need they were sensitive to me, they cared about me. They fed me, they clothed me, and they taught me and loved me.

“As a result of sharing a burden for feeding hungry people with the chef in the church’s restaurant, meals were offered to the poor from the leftovers. In the beginning days there was very little money. A few dollars would be given in the Wednesday night offerings for helping the poor and hungry.

“One year, Pastor Paul Moore preached a message in which he said, ‘Imagine you were this rich guy and you were reading your Bible. You came across the Scripture that says something about when you give a feast, don’t invite your friends but invite the poor and maimed, the lame and blind.’ As he continued preaching, I was stirred and said to myself, ‘That’s it! That is how we’ve got to do it.’

“The pastor went on to imagine how this guy got into a chauffeur-driven limousine and drove through the city, picked up the poor, and brought them to his apartment. He spread out the best he could for them, just to love them as Christ would love them. I thought, ‘That’s it! Let’s do it! I talked it over with the chef and she said, ‘Great idea!’

“We planned for that Thanksgiving to have a feast for the poor. We didn’t have a penny to our name, or

not very much at any rate, but just in faith we said, ‘Hey, this is from God. Let’s go and do it.’

“That year we rented a limousine for \$50.00 and I got all decked out in my suit, got in the backseat of the limousine, drove through the city and picked up this guy—that family—and drove them over to the Lamb’s in a chauffeur-driven limousine.

“We put out the best linen, best silver and china we had, all you could eat—turkey, ham, homemade pies—the whole deal. We went out in the streets to hand out personal invitations to people—200 invitations!

“The people didn’t know if this was for real or not, but they came. We had about 150 people and it gave us an opportunity to say, ‘Hey, we are doing this because Jesus says this is how you can express love to people, and we wanted to tell you about Jesus.’

“We shared the gospel message and gave them a chance to respond. Then from that we developed a food program.”

The ministry of feeding hungry people continues at the Manhattan Lamb’s Church of the Nazarene. Hundreds of Nazarenes from across the country have become involved. And in many other cities and towns in the U.S. and Canada, people are finding a church where the door of love is open in the name of Jesus and there is food on the table.



Glen L. Van Dyne is editor of *MISSION ALERT*, a paper produced by Church Extension Ministries. He is an ordained minister and formerly served as a pastor in Alaska.

“IT’S JEWISH TO BELIEVE IN JESUS”

I CONTINUED TO ATTEND the Maranatha Church of the Nazarene in New Milford, N.J. In my heart I knew it was *my* church. But every Sunday, phrases like “the blood” and “the Cross of Calvary” made me very uncomfortable. And the very idea of a Jewish person kneeling at the altar to pray was distasteful to me.

I found a Messianic Jewish congregation (one which teaches that Jesus is the Messiah and accepts Him as the Son of God who died for the sins of the world) in which I felt more comfortable, but it was too far from home to allow a real commitment on my part. Soon I stopped worshipping at all.

But God brought me back to the Church of the Nazarene through the wedding of a close friend. Sitting there in the last pew, I realized that loving the Lord is like a marriage. It is a relationship that demands commitment and obedience. The very next Sunday, I returned to church.

I prayed that the Lord would show me His will for my life. I asked Him to show me if my preconceived ideas about what was “Jewish” and “Gentile” really had a place in my new life in the Messiah, or were these ideas simply an excuse for my lack of obedience?

I also prayed for fellowship with other Jewish believers and a way to retain and enrich my Jewish heritage. Almost immediately I learned that my church was starting a Jewish outreach!

I not only attended—I arrived at the first meeting two hours early and volunteered for every ministry mentioned.

Meanwhile, back at the church, the Holy Spirit convicted me and I took that first frightening walk to the altar. What a relief to finally place my burdens into the loving

hands of Jesus. I rededicated my life to Jesus that day.

The Jewish congregation started by the New Milford Nazarenes is called Beth Israel Messianic Congregation. It is the first such Jewish congregation in the Church of the Nazarene in the United States. Our pastor, Danny London, says that one of the reasons for us to have a Jewish congregation is that “there’s a lot of misunderstanding among Gentile believers about their heritage. We also need to reach out to the Jewish community and give believers in Yeshua, the Jewish Messiah, the opportunity to get together and worship in a style that’s not foreign to them.”

My own family is just amazed that I am learning about my own Jewish heritage in the Nazarene church. I believe it is a very good way to reach my family.

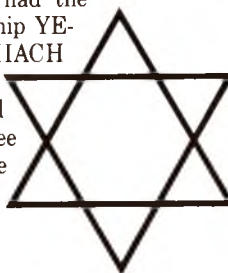
I now attend both Beth Israel Messianic Congregation and Maranatha Church of the Nazarene regularly. At Beth Israel, I can worship in a completely Jewish atmosphere, learn more about my Jewish heritage, and help bring the gospel to other Jewish people.

At both Maranatha and Beth Israel, I worship and fellowship with other Jews and Gentiles; it’s just that on Friday night we call Him YESHUA and on Sunday, JESUS!

We sing the same lovely songs in both places. I often think of this line: “Since the Spirit of the Lord now rests in me, I can pray like David prayed.”

I’m sure if he’d had the opportunity to worship YESHUA HA MASHIACH

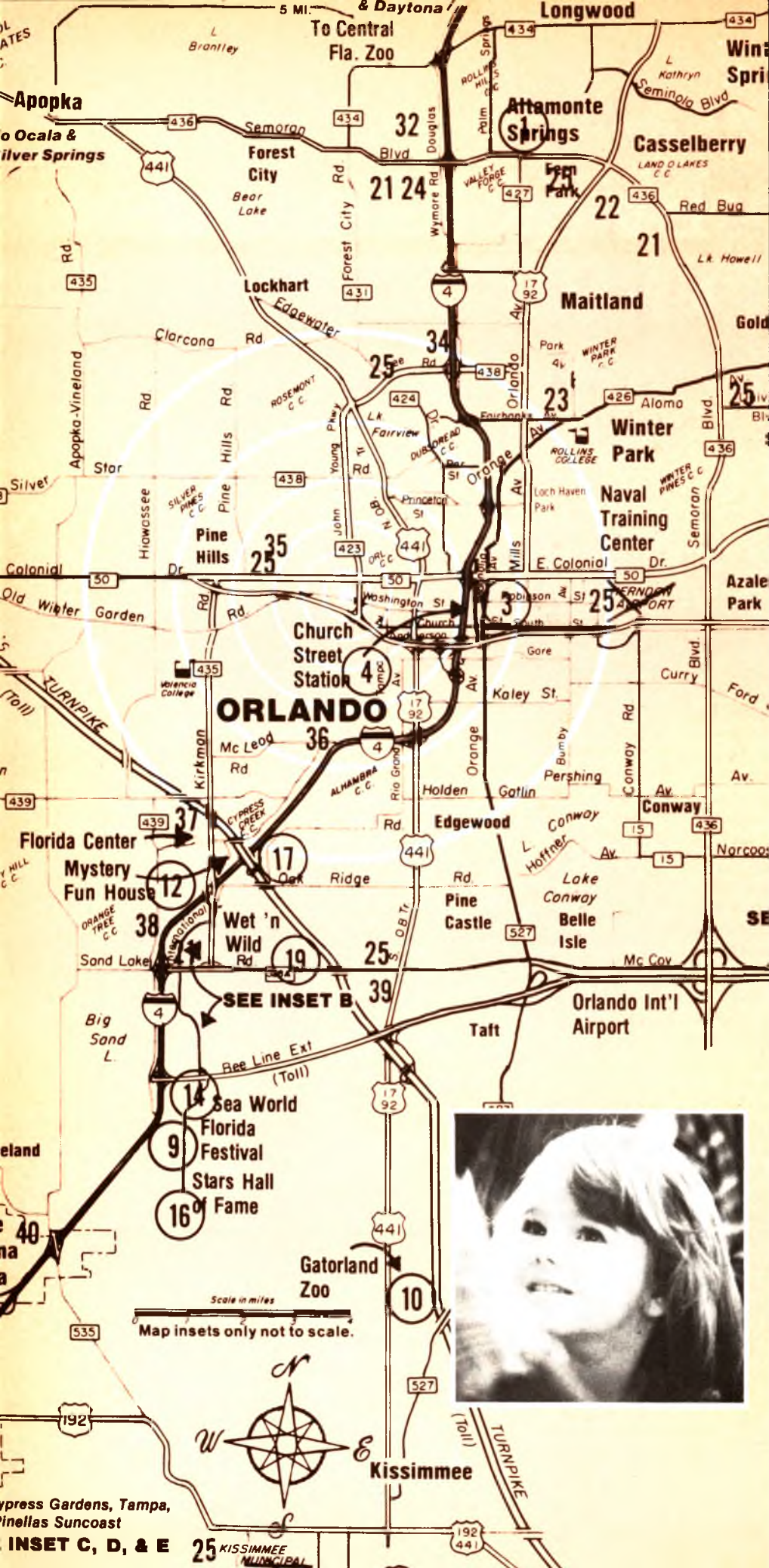
(Jesus Messiah) at my church, David himself would agree that kneeling at the altar is very Jewish!



I’ll never forget the first time I went to church. As an unbelieving Jewish woman, I felt really threatened. Even the presence of my two best friends (both loving Christians) on either side of me didn’t help. Shortly after this experience, I was born again.



Laurie Wasserberg was born in Brooklyn, grew up in New Jersey, and presently works in the administrative office of a New York City-based insurance company.



His Love Has No Limits

by Gene Van Note

Gene Van Note, an elder in the Church of the Nazarene, is now editorial director for Adult Ministries. He resides in Overland Park, Kansas.
This article is excerpted from one by the same title that appeared in STANDARD, May 2, 1982.

DURING THE FINAL MONTHS of his presidency, Jimmy Carter sent his personal representative to a special event in Orlando, Fla. Also present were: an aide from the office of the governor of Florida; Dick Bachelor, U.S. Congressman from the Orlando area; and more than 400 of the city's leading businessmen. They had joined together at a testimonial dinner for one of Orlando's outstanding public servants.

The man they honored, C. R. Smith, is the inspiration and driving force for an effective ministry to the teens of Orlando's inner city. With a private organization, supported totally by voluntary contributions, C. R. touches the lives of more than 500 Black young people each week. His operating budget exceeds a quarter million dollars a year, but it is never enough.

The recognition banquet was not the first time a grateful community had expressed their appreciation to C. R. Smith. Three years earlier he had been given the Walt Disney World Award for outstanding service to the young people of Orlando. A few months prior to the dinner, C. R. was the first recipient of the Midas Award for his selfless contribution to ghetto youth.

The most moving tribute at the dinner, however, did not come from



INSET C, D, & E

an imported politician or a local businessman, but from his daughter, Becky. Simple, moving words of respect and honor brought the entire crowd to tears.

"My dad," she said, "did not tell us how to be good stewards, or how to give our money to help others. He simply showed us by his example—he would give his last dollar to one of the kids on the street.

"He did not tell us that we ought to care for people, we just saw him answer the phone at 1 A.M., put on his clothes, and go bail someone out of jail.

"He didn't tell us we ought to feed the hungry, but we couldn't miss the fact that, more often than not, we had one or two extra people at the table at any given meal.

"My father didn't tell us. He showed us."

The tears of appreciation from the audience were more than an emotional reaction to a loving tribute a daughter poured out to her father. They received it against the background of C. R.'s dedication to inner-city youth, and the extent of personal sacrifice that had been required from every member of his family.

C. R. was born in rural Ben Hill County, Ga., more than 57 years ago. His parents named him Clarence Randolph Smith. The name, however, was too big for the little son of a luckless sharecropper. C. R. became his name and poverty his birthright. Throughout his childhood, C. R.'s family moved year after year from one dreary cabin to another. The mailing address was different but everything else remained the same.

One of the pivotal experiences in C. R.'s life came when his eight-year-old cousin died. Earlier, her parents had attended the Church of the Nazarene. In their grief they turned once again to the church. C. R. was 16 years of age when he entered the Church of the Nazarene for the first time.

That funeral service had a profound effect on him. He began to see that life contained far more than he had experienced. There

were spiritual dimensions he had never heard of before.

The impact of the funeral prompted him to return to that church the following Sunday evening. At the conclusion of his message, the preacher invited anyone with a spiritual need to "come forward and pray."

C. R. had never heard an "altar call" before. But he had a spiritual need. So he went forward, totally unaware of the furniture in the church designed for special times of prayer. Unsure of himself, he knelt timidly at one side of the sanctuary, about three feet from the altar. Jesus Christ has never been one to insist on a prescribed "altar protocol." He found C. R. without any difficulty and welcomed him into the family of God. It was the beginning of an exciting new life for a frightened, insecure country boy.

Soon the entire Smith family was attending the church—a happy choice that resulted in the conversion of others in the family.

Before long, the Smith family moved again—this time into town, away from their life as sharecroppers. C. R.'s father managed a country store, while he worked in a feed store. This happy interlude was terminated two years later when C. R. was drafted into the United States Army.

His first job after discharge was with a direct-sales company. The area assigned to him consisted of the shacks and cabins of underprivileged, mostly illiterate, Blacks. His genuine interest in people and his uncompromising honesty soon became well known. His Black customers trusted him, making him the top salesman among the 30 who were in that area.

Two years later, because of his phenomenal sales record, the company transferred C. R. to Orlando, Fla. His assignment was to train salesmen for the company as they expanded into new territory.

Just when it looked like everything was finally going to work out for him, C. R. Smith's world fell apart—again. His company decided that they had overextended them-

selves and announced that they were closing down their Florida operation. After praying about the matter, C. R. decided to stay in Orlando.

It was not an easy choice. He had no job, no education beyond high school. But he did have bills to pay—the kind and amount generated by a growing family.

Once again, the combination of C. R.'s survival skills and God's grace opened the door to success—credible financial success! But not without a lot of hard work. Almost at the same time, C. R. enrolled in junior college and borrowed money to start a new business.

Within two years he had graduated from junior college, but he was unable to continue his college education. His business had grown so rapidly it took all his time and energy. He drove expensive cars and built a beautiful new home. C. R. and his family enjoyed all the comforts financial success can provide.

Then tragedy struck C. R. one more time. The doctors diagnosed his wife Jean's problem as a virulent form of cancer. Six operations and two years later, she died.

C. R. was more lonely than he had ever been before. When his happy world collapsed, he filled the void with hard work. Before long, he had three successful appliance stores in Orlando's Black community.

Then Estelle entered his life. A happy Christian with an infectious smile, she was God's antidote to C. R.'s depression. Her prayer had been, "Lord, give me a husband who loves You more than he loves me."

Six months later they were married.

Estelle and C. R. continued to be active in the Central Church of the Nazarene in a variety of ways without knowing that the Lord was preparing them for a significant new ministry. Every morning, on his way to work, C. R. would see groups of unemployed Black young people. Their apathy grew out of a variety of unhappy conditions: poor hous-



C. R., daughter, Becky, and the extended family

ing, no jobs, broken families, drug use, etc. Crime and violence were common. Membership in a street gang was almost a requirement for survival.

The overwhelming needs of these forgotten young people began to weigh heavily on C. R. Smith. Often, at night, he shared his burden with Estelle. Prayer was helpful, but never enough. Every day he saw the same young people, listlessly facing a hopeless future.

Finally, on November 10, 1967, they acted. They held a Sunday morning "Shade Tree" Bible study for Black young people at George A. Barker Park in southwest Orlando. These informal classes soon attracted a large number of teens. Before long it became evident that some form of organization was essential.

So Frontline Outreach Ministries Inc. was born.

With growing success, the ministry reached out into new areas. High School Bible Clubs were formed; special ministries reached student leaders and athletic heroes in the schools. Estelle began to work with the young adults, especially the ladies.

Finally, C. R., Estelle, and the family were faced with a life-changing decision. By this time the family had been expanded by the adoption of two Black children—a high school student and a 15-month-old baby.

Thus, at the age of 48, C. R. Smith terminated a successful 23-year business venture in Orlando's Black community. In its place, he accepted the responsibility for and the insecurity attached to a creative ministry to young people, a thoroughly Christian, evangelistic thrust into the heart of the city—one of the neediest mission fields in our world. New ministries have been developed including a Home for Girls and a club for young married couples.

These have been years of change and challenge for the Smith family. There have been many difficult adjustments and sacrifices during recent years. Yet their investment in others has not gone unnoticed. Scores of young people have found Christ as their personal Savior. Area law enforcement officers are aware that fewer crimes are being committed in the inner-city. The

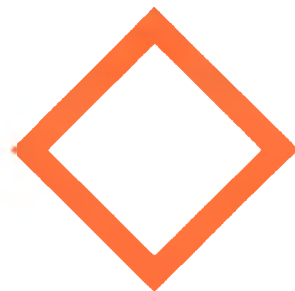
mayor has observed that "Orlando is a safer and happier place to live in because of Frontline Outreach Ministries Inc."

Today, through miracles of answered prayers, a building valued at \$1.5 million is now being occupied by this growing ministry. Present ministries being carried on and planned for include:

- A food distribution center
- A child-care center
- A drug counseling clinic
- A medical clinic
- Legal assistance services
- An athletic program with a full-sized gymnasium, a modern skating rink, and a swimming pool
- Weeknight inspirational rallies in the skating rink-auditorium with live Christian music and guest speakers

An example of young people being helped to get on their feet financially as well as spiritually is seen in a married couple hired to care for security. They are provided a small two-room-plus-bath-and-kitchen apartment in exchange for their services. The money they would have to pay for rent elsewhere is deposited in an account that will accrue interest. At the end of a 3-year period they will have a down payment on a house of their own. Over a 20-year period, seven families will be able to buy their own housing.

When this new facility is completely finished and all the ministries are in place, it will be one of the finest examples of what God can do with an individual who sees a need through the eyes of Jesus and dares to do something about it in the face of impossible obstacles.



“I FELT SO MUCH LOVE”

by TOM and B. J. ARBUCKLE • an interview with Glen L. Van Dyne

TOM AND B. J. ARBUCKLE recently moved from upstate New York to the Dallas-Fort Worth metroplex area. Tom works for IBM. B. J. has a crafts business in her home.

Both were raised in a traditional church but neither took their religion very seriously. A little over a year ago, someone invited them to Metroplex Chapel, a brand-new Church of the Nazarene that meets in a commercial building on Sunday mornings and in private homes during the week. We interviewed them in the cafeteria of the American Airlines Learning Center in the Dallas-Fort Worth airport complex as they waited for the morning service to begin.

GLEN VAN DYNE: Tell me about your spiritual journey. What were the factors that led you to where you are now spiritually?

TOM ARBUCKLE: It has been a relatively short journey. About a year ago, a neighbor of ours came over while we were outside picnicking, reading, and just enjoying the sunshine. He asked us if we went to church. Neither of us went to any sort of church at that time. He invited us to come to the church he was going to, which was Metroplex Chapel. He said there were some really neat people over there and thought we would enjoy it.

We decided to go along and just check it out. It was more out of courtesy than anything else that we agreed to go along with him.

GLEN: What was your first impression?

B. J. ARBUCKLE: Tom and I were raised Roman Catholics but not very strict or with any kind of loyalty, so it has not been a part of our life since we were married. We were married in a Methodist church because it was just convenient.

This style of worship, for one thing, was completely new to us. But I felt so much love and it made me feel really good.

I questioned my motives at that point. “Was I supposed to be going to church because it made me feel good?” It wasn’t the way I was raised. It was more of a duty that you go to church, so I didn’t know how to handle this.

That week Jim Garlow, the pastor, phoned to thank us for coming. I started explaining the feelings I was having about it and he said, “Can I come over and talk with you?”

I said, “Yeah, sure.”

So he came over the following night and spoke to Tom and me. He went through the Four Spiritual Laws book and explained what the gospel was. That was the first time I had ever heard it.

During a very long evening with lots and lots of questions, Jim asked if I wanted to pray and I said, “OK.”

I didn’t feel very comfortable doing that, and he said, “OK. Will you just pray this in your heart?” He prayed for me to receive Christ. I didn’t really understand what was going on.

He came the next day and brought me a Bible. Sometime during that evening it all made sense to me. I don’t know why, but the Holy Spirit just did it. From that time on I have had the peace and joy that God gave me.

GLEN: Tom, is that the way it was with you?

TOM: It wasn’t my experience that night. I resisted. Jim asked me if I felt comfortable praying, and I told him I didn’t feel like I wanted to do it at that time.

B. J. mentioned that he brought over a Bible. We didn’t own a Bible. Didn’t have one of any kind in the house. Much the same way we don’t own a firearm—we were afraid of having one in the house or something.

We went over to Jim’s house for dinner a few days

later and all the while both of us were continually asking questions. “What does this mean?” “What does that mean?” We just had no idea about Christian things, really.

Jim left the Four Spiritual Laws book in our house. I reviewed it from time to time out of curiosity.

Then B. J. was all of a sudden changing drastically. She filled up with all kinds of joy. She would go around the house and all of a sudden she would just break out crying joyfully. She talked about some things in her life that were changing. We both had problems with alcohol, and she started saying things like she wanted to quit drinking. Things that I wasn’t used to.

I’m kind of a scientist in the sense that I want everything to be laid out in orderly fashion; analytical. I tend to ask “how?” instead of “why?” Anyway, I was studying the Four Spiritual Laws book from time to time and then a couple of weeks after she had received Christ I just told her that I felt like I wanted to have the same thing that she was going through.

I didn’t understand this kind of a magic that was happening, but if there is a God, then He must be what is doing this. So I said I would like to be a part of that. She then called Jim and she said, “Jim, Jim, Tom is ready!”

Jim rushed over and I prayed to receive Christ. We talked some more and asked some more questions.

Then we began to become involved in church and in the Bible studies, the cell groups. We would go to a cell group at least once a week and ask a lot of questions there of anybody and everybody, searching—trying to find.

B. J.: That was a big help to us. There were people there who were really cemented in the Word. They explained a lot of things to us and gave us a lot of the basics. That was really important to us, plus the fellowship.

GLEN: Since you have received Christ into your lives, what changes have you noticed in your home life?

TOM: Just prior to getting involved in the church at all, a little more than a year ago, we both quit smoking cigarettes. Then after receiving Christ we both—well B. J.—quit drinking and hasn’t had a drink in nine months.

GLEN: Was that a big part of your life?

B. J.: Yes, I had a problem. A definite problem.

GLEN: Do you give God the credit for helping you there?

B. J.: Oh, definitely. The Bible says you can’t keep worshipping two gods; it is one or the other. I said, “Lord, I can’t do this. I have tried too many years.” He said, “I will do it. Stick it out.”

TOM: I continued on. I did not have as big a problem with alcohol, and I didn’t think I had any problem at all. In fact, I disagreed with the teaching that we should not drink at all.

I got to a point where I decided that I could not follow God and look like, act like, be like, and follow the devil at the same time. Drinking is of Satan, and you can’t follow God and Satan at the same time. That was a big turning point for me.

GLEN: How has the teaching of this church affected your lives in other ways?

TOM: We have learned that the Bible is the old covenant and the new covenant. We started learning what it means to be in a covenant relationship with God. What it means to have a handshake partnership with God. What He does for us if we abide in His Word and obey His commandments and if we love one another and all of those things. Now everything takes on a completely different meaning. Our study of the Word makes a lot more sense and everything we do in our walk day by day makes a lot more sense once we understand this covenant relationship.

GLEN: Why do people come to Metroplex Chapel? What happens when you come here?

B. J.: It is alive! Praise God because He is here!

TOM: We come because we want to get closer to God; to learn more about God. We come here because we love God.

B. J.: It is the highlight of our week. It is so uplifting coming here on Sunday.

GLEN: The church has really impacted your whole lives, hasn’t it?

B. J.: Yes, coming to church on Sunday is just a part of it, a very small part. What is really important is carrying through with all of it. God is not just a part of our lives, He is—He is everything. He is right at the center and everything we do revolves around Him.

GLEN: You make it sound like He is a natural flow of your life.

B. J.: Well, He is. He certainly is!

GLEN: How about the friends you had before this happened, what do they think of you now?

B. J.: Oh, yes, they notice. They sometimes look at us kind of weird, but that’s OK.

TOM: When you talk to your old friends about God, all of a sudden, when you used to talk to them about what kind of beer you drink, it makes them nervous.

B. J.: I think at first the initial reaction was because it was such a drastic change in our lives. They would say, “What have you done?” I think, since it has almost been a year, that they are used to us talking about God now. They are not accepting it so much in what they are saying, but they are accepting it in us. That is the first step. □



Tom and B. J. Arbuckle are young Christians residing in Dallas, Texas, and part of the new Metroplex Chapel, a Church of the Nazarene recently begun in the Dallas-Fort Worth area.



FROM SPECTATOR TO PARTICIPANT

B Y J O H N P O L I V K A

W hen I come down the road, that building looks like home!



John Polivka is a claims adjuster for General Electric Credit Corporation in Kansas City.



That's not how I felt on my first visit, though. When I drove in the parking lot and didn't see anyplace to park, I was tempted to turn around and go home. Except for the fact that there were too many cars on a Sunday morning for it to be an office building, that's exactly what it looked like. First Church in Kansas City isn't a traditional church building.

In spite of the difficulty in finding a place to park, I was determined that after all that effort to get there, I was not going to leave. So I drove around until I found a parking spot.

When I got inside, I was pleasantly surprised. The "Sanctinasion" (combination sanctuary and gymnasium), as it is affectionately called by those who worship there, was full of friendly people. They really gave me a warm welcome and went out of their way to get acquainted.

My introduction to the church came about through a casual conversation in the waiting area of a repair shop where I was having work done on my car. David Hoffman, a Nazarene Seminary student, was also waiting. He had prayed for God to lead him to someone with whom he could share Christ that day. So, although it seemed a chance meeting, God was answering his prayer.

The story of my spiritual journey is not nearly as dramatic as many. Sometimes I could wish it were, but I realize that the important thing is making the journey and finding Christ, however dramatic or commonplace. The beginnings go back to my childhood days when I attended VBS and Sunday School.

As I grew up, I served in the army, attended the University of Pittsburgh, and went to work for General Electric Company. I went to church from time to time. But I was only a casual spectator, certainly not a participant.

I had recently moved from Pennsylvania to Kansas and had no family nearby. I was feeling a little more lonely and isolated than usual and the warmth of the welcome I received that Sunday morning was like coming on an oasis in the desert. That alone would have no doubt brought me back to the church. But there was more!

Right after that first visit, the pastor called to thank me for coming and to ask if he could come to my home the following Thursday evening. Accompanied by Dave, Pastor Keith Wright called on me and talked to me about Christ. He told me about Jesus standing at the door of my heart and knocking for entrance. I eagerly opened the door and for the first time in my life, received the assurance of eternal life.

At first, I was still a spectator, but as I was nurtured through the Sunday School class, through a prayer seminar, and through the wonderful fellowship of the regular church services, it became easier for me to share my own faith with others. When Pastor Wright asked me to give my testimony to my new life during the Christmas Sunday morning service, I was ready.

I am now a member of the Church of the Nazarene. It's the first church I've ever wanted to join. And when I drive into that overflowing parking lot now, it truly does look like home! □

FILIPO – FROM PRISON



“Would you like to accept Jesus as your Savior?” the missionary asked, explaining further what was involved.

“Yes, I would,” I answered.

A WONDERFUL YEAR FOLLOWED in which I enjoyed fellowship with caring Christians. Then I went to New Zealand for a few months to visit relatives. When I returned to Samoa, I went to work in a merchandising store in Apia. I went only occasionally to my little church. The year’s absence had cooled my former religious enthusiasm.

I married, and life stretched from one rainy season to another. I was busy working at the store and being a father, for by now four daughters graced our home.

By this time I had drifted far from God and rarely thought of Him. One day my entire world

caved in. At work I was charged with a dishonorable deed. The thing I had hoped would not happen did! I fell headlong into a pit of despair as they hauled me off to a common prison. My pride was crushed. My loftiness and high notions had brought me disgrace that I felt was everlasting. I did not realize that God’s mercy often allows us to fall flat so we will turn from our own ways, nor did I foresee how by His grace He would use my predicament to prepare me for future service for Him.

When I returned home, a favorite uncle came to visit me. We enjoyed a meal together and as we sat chatting, I was more and more aware that something about him was different.

“Uncle,” I asked, “why are you not drinking today?”

“Well, I have just returned from a trip to American Samoa,” he replied, “and while I was there, I was born again in the Church of the Nazarene.”

I sat up straight as he told me

about his visit to that island territory. Riding past a church, his carpenter’s eye had noted the beautiful lava rock on the front, the tasteful architecture, and the trim grounds surrounding the church.

“I will drop in,” he decided, “and see what it looks like inside and what kind of people meet here.” His curious mind did his hungering heart a favor that day. God so changed his life that the money he used to spend for drink now went for the needs of his family. His entire life was transformed, he told me.

I was definitely impressed.

“Do you know what else?” he asked.

“You mean there’s more?” I responded.

“Yes. The church I attended that day in American Samoa was pastored by missionaries from America. They told me that a year and a half before that night they had stood with a visiting general superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene, gazing across the lagoon.

TO PRAISE

by POLLY APPLEBY



stepless house and picked our way around the sea of legs. We wedged into a tiny space on a front row mat, and it took me a few moments to gain my composure.

I leaned forward and peeked around to see if I recognized anyone. I could scarcely believe it! There sat my friend Kamia with whom I had been drinking only a few days before. Our eyes met and held the same question, "What are you doing here?"

I was a little uncomfortable on the front row, for in his fervor the song leader narrowly missed stepping on me several times, but I really enjoyed the singing. Those Nazarenes sang with such enthusiasm.

A few months later the missionary visited in my village. "Will you come to American Samoa and visit my family and attend revival services?" he asked. I instantly liked the young, blond missionary and appreciated his straightforward manner.

I made the trip to American Samoa and it proved to be a memorable experience for me. During the revival meetings the Holy Spirit spoke to me and I knelt at the altar—the same one where my uncle earlier had found Christ as his Savior. Not only did I earnestly commit my life to God that night, I also acknowledged God's call into the ministry with a big yes.

That marked the beginning of many changes in my life. The missionary asked me to move my family to his island and offered us the downstairs in his home. I got valuable on-the-job training as we worked together to build God's kingdom. We shared a mutual love and appreciation for one another. God blessed our ministry, and the church was filled with faithful Samoans along with 40 American contract workers who regularly attended.

We held a weekly Bible class in the prison. I found it easy to identify with the frustrations these men felt, and many became our close friends. Some made lasting commitments. One strong, handsome young man who regularly came to our classes had, in a fit of anger, killed someone. Today he is free and serving God as a faithful layman and board member in the church.

Several months after we moved into the missionary's home our annual youth camp was held. The speaker talked on holiness and the importance of living a victorious life. I had become aware that something was missing in my spiritual life and lately had felt disturbed about my frequent temper outbursts. There had to be a better way.

During the camp I was convicted of my need, but for some reason, perhaps pride, I waited until I returned home to pray. I closed and locked the door of my bedroom and earnestly sought the Holy Spirit for two days. I promised God I'd spend my life preaching holiness to the Samoan people wherever He led me. I gave Him everything, including my "unknown bundle" of the future. The marvelous infilling of the Holy Spirit that I experienced is beyond my ability to describe. I knew without a doubt God had sanctified me!

I opened that bedroom door and walked out to meet daily obstacles that reassured me holiness is vital if a Christian is to live a life of victory. □



Jerry Appleby with Filipo

Well, directly across the lagoon, of course, is my house. 'Wouldn't it be wonderful if that family over there would become Nazarenes?' the missionaries asked.

"Later in the evening they prayed for the family across the lagoon and asked God to grant the Church of the Nazarene the privilege of opening work in Western Samoa. The missionary was amazed when he learned that I, the owner of that home, was now kneeling at the altar of his church."

As my uncle prepared to leave me that evening he said, "Next week the Nazarenes are coming to this island for their annual camp. Would you go with me, Filipo?"

I wanted to say no, but he seemed so excited about it that I felt compelled to say yes.

When we arrived at the camp, an oversized crowd was jammed under the roof of an open house. Many people sat outside on the humped roots of an overhanging mango tree. My uncle seemed oblivious to the crush as we climbed into the

Polly Appleby has been involved in missionary work in Samoa, and in intercultural work in Hawaii, with her husband, Jerry, who now serves as pastor of Bresee Avenue Church of the Nazarene in Pasadena, California.

Filipo's story is taken from her forthcoming book, *GOD GIVES RAINBOWS*.

Filipo now serves as pastor of the First Samoan Church of the Nazarene to be organized in mainland U.S.A., located in Long Beach, California.



— by Glen L. Van Dyne —



AN'T YOU STAY LONGER? I'm not through talking yet."

This question from nine-year-old Christy after the church service reflects the feeling of the Cholakis family for their home church. And they do stay. Jim and Linda stay not simply to please Christy, but because they too have found a spiritual family in the Church of the Nazarene with whom they love to worship and fellowship.

It hasn't always been this way for this upper-middle-class family. Both Linda and James had good religious backgrounds. Raised in two different denominations, they never really took God too seriously. It was more a matter of tradition to go to church. Their lives tended to center around their career preparations and pursuits.

Raised and educated in Rochester, N.Y., both were involved in highly commendable careers in the field of

cancer research. There were all the outward signs of success. What most Americans strive for as bringing happiness was within their grasp. Yet something seemed to be missing.

When Christy was born, Linda chose to become a housewife and gave up her career. Life began to be boring to her. She longed for a meaning to life that had so far eluded her. Even the happiness of a healthy child, a beautiful home, and a secure job for her husband did not satisfy the inner longings in her heart.

At the invitation of a friend, she joined a cosmetics sales organization. Even though she could not honestly say that she agreed with the Christian teachings of this business organization, she was attracted to it as something good to do with her time—something exciting. She became an outstanding saleswoman.

James Cholakis accepted a job that meant moving from Rochester, N.Y., their hometown, to Kansas City, Mo. With his Ph.D. in the field of toxicology, he became a principal scientist at Kansas City's Midwest Research Institute. His work in research relating to cancer cures continued to be center stage in his life.

The adjustments in moving were tough on Linda. She felt the old boredom creeping back in, though she continued to be a successful businesswoman. Even her marriage to James seemed to be deteriorating.

Church was no longer a part of their lives. But Linda decided to return to the church of her childhood heritage. It was while sitting in a church service during prayer time that Linda opened her heart to receive Jesus as her Savior. From that moment on, life began to take on a brighter hue for her. She later joined the church and became involved in its ministry. Her husband's spiritual encounter with Jesus was to come later.

A Nazarene couple lived next door to the Cholakis family. As they became acquainted, these friendly neighbors invited them to their home one evening for a Bible study led by one of the pastors at the local Church of the Nazarene. They began attending these weekly meetings. Other Nazarenes became a part of their circle of friends.

The search for meaning in their marriage led them to accept an invitation to attend a Christian marriage enrichment retreat. Linda prayed much for James during this time that he would not be turned off by too much Christian teaching. Two weeks later, during the home Bible study, James Cholakis came to confess Christ as his Lord and Savior.

James' early training and experience in his own culturally oriented church had not given him a sense of freedom from feeling that, as he puts it, "My sins were so bad; I felt I would never find answers to the deep questions in my heart."

In telling about his own spiritual journey, James refers to himself as a man with an analytical mind. Through the patient teaching of the Bible and the nonpressure atmosphere he found in the Church of the Nazarene, he came to see the logical side of the gospel.

Confronted with the facts, he saw he must either turn his back on the evidence or accept it for himself. He accepted.

A few months and one membership class later, James and Linda stood at the front of the church on a Sunday evening to be introduced as new members. Not long before, during special evangelistic services, they had knelt at the altar to pray as they made a complete commitment to Jesus and experienced the infilling of His Holy Spirit.

Linda describes the change taking place in her life since accepting Christ as Savior as turning her around from being a selfish person into an unselfish one. One of the most noticeable differences James is aware of in his life is that he is finally "at peace with myself."

The warm family feeling they both have about the Church of the Nazarene has provided an atmosphere in which Christy too has come to faith in Jesus. She is planning to become a full member soon. The strengthened marriage relationship that has resulted since Jesus became Lord of this family is reflected in another quote from the delightful Christy. "Daddy's purpose," she says, "is to make Mommy laugh." And the laughter in the Cholakis home comes from three hearts bound together in love. As James Cholakis says, "It's not the Hollywood movie kind of love—it's real love—God's love."

Linda indicates that if ever they have to move to another city, finding a Nazarene church there will be as important as finding a house in which to live. She says, "Never again do I want to be without a church home."



The Cholakis family: James, Linda, and Christy



Un Chong Yi spent her summer in Southern Africa as a part of *INTERNATIONAL STUDENT MINISTRIES*, a program unit of *YOUTH IN MISSION*, working in evangelism, cross-cultural ministries, and music.

100% OR NO DEAL

by Un Chong Yi

FOR 15 YEARS, I lived in the land of my birth—Seoul, South Korea. We were Buddhists, but it didn't seem too important to me. The study of music in a private high school I attended was the biggest thing in my life.

At the end of my sophomore year, however, my father decided to move to America and we settled in Los Angeles. I was very excited. I was sure I would find greater opportunity in America to become a famous pianist.

But the opportunities did not materialize and I became disillusioned. While I was searching for answers I began attending a Korean church. As I sought God in prayer, He proved himself to me again and again.

Through a high school teacher, the door opened for me to go to the University of Southern California for piano studies. It finally seemed I was getting the chance I had been looking for. But just about that time, my father decided to move again. I did not want to move and I resisted strongly. I even prayed for God to change my father's mind. I tried to bargain with God, but it didn't work.

After we moved to Kansas City, I visited many churches. Something was missing. There had to be more reality to this business of being a Christian. Whenever I met "happy Christians," I tried even harder to be one. But my pride and anger were too much for me to deal with. The harder I tried, the worse I became.

I entered college in Kansas City, where I found there were others studying music with me who shared the same emptiness I felt. I had thought I was a dedicated Christian, but God began to show me music was really my idol.

I struggled for some time. Finally I reached the place where there was no peace, and I felt that if I didn't find it, I might as well die.

One day when I was browsing in a bookstore, I noticed a book with a wedding couple on the cover. Opening the cover of Ann Kiemel's book *I Gave God Time*, I began to read words that seemed to leap from the page and remind me of my own self-centered ambitions.

What a terrible struggle! I felt like God was asking me to give Him my music. How could I give it up? It was my life! I had been told many times that I showed great talent.

I tried again to bargain with God. On Wednesday, I said to God, "You can have 50 percent of my music." It was not enough. On Thursday, I told Him, "God, you can have 75 percent of my music." But it was "No deal."

That Friday, I returned to the bookstore and this time picked up Ann's book *YES*. When I opened the book, I read this quote from Betty Scott Stam: "Lord, I give up all my own plans and purposes, all my own desires and hopes, and accept Thy will for my life. I give myself, my time, my all utterly to Thee to be Thine forever. Fill me and seal me with Thy Holy Spirit. Use me as Thou wilt, send me where Thou wilt, work out Thy whole will in my life at any cost, now and forever."

My heart fairly leaped within me. My whole being responded so to those words that I found myself saying, "Yes, Lord," right out loud. What a joy filled my heart!

That was the turning point for me. And God has since led in such wonderful ways. Through a student (under God's leadership, I'm sure), I came in contact with the Church of the Nazarene. I was immediately attracted to the church. The people were so enthusiastic and open. They talked so freely about their relationship with God. And I found Truth that meets the need of my heart.

I am still in love with my music, but it belongs to God now. With great joy, I have given it to Him and I now want His direction as to where and how He wants me to use my talents.

God has blessed in another wonderful way. He has allowed me to be used to show my parents the way. They now know this Christ I serve, as well!

And my church? It's like finding a second home!





I W A N T E D

Success

MY HUNGER FOR CHRIST began in childhood. As a little girl, I wanted to be a priest. I would invite friends over and serve Communion to them, using candy wafers and grape Kool-Aid. The services were held in our garage, where I talked to the kids about my friend Jesus.

He was my friend and I talked to him a lot. I believed that He had called me to the ministry. Until I was a high school senior, I really expected to be a priest, though the role of women in that church was severely limited.

Friendship with Christ and plans for ministry got sidelined,

however. In college I worked at small radio stations as the first step toward a career in television journalism. My goal was to become an anchorperson. I wanted success—wanted to be somebody—and I was willing to do almost anything to achieve that goal.

I worked hard. My TV career began in Santa Maria, Calif., about 30 miles below my hometown of San Luis Obispo. As a reporter I did everything—shot film, edited film, reported news, served as news director, sports director, and as weatherperson. I made some blunders, but I put them behind me and forged ahead in my career.

I worked in San Francisco, then

San Diego. I had no time for Christ, and very little for my fiancé, or friends, or family. My career came first, pushing everyone and everything aside. I was moving up the ladder.

Not without setbacks! My news director was fired, and a new man took over. Instead of the promotion my hard work should have brought, I was demoted again and again—from weekday anchor to weekend anchor to the noon show to a little five-minute news report in the mornings. Feeling horrible, I hung on till a better job opened in Los Angeles.

Now I was a full-time reporter/anchorperson, and I was driven to

succeed. Whatever they asked for, I delivered, covering fires, murders, plane crashes—anything, anytime, and anywhere.

My fiancé left me. Once again the news director who hired me was fired, and once again demotions started coming.

Why? I tried so hard. Was something wrong with me? Was I a failure? Well, in some ways I was, for when you wrap your whole life around your career and it begins to fall apart, you begin to unravel, too. That's what was happening to me when I met Earl and Hazel Lee. Their son Gary was one of the hostages in Iran. Lee is a common name, and Gary lived in Virginia, so the networks hadn't connected this Pasadena pastor with the hostage at first.

I was calling psychologists, wanting insight into how prolonged captivity might affect those hostages. The third doctor I called agreed to help. He was Sam Mayhugh, and he told me, "I know the family of one of the hostages. I attend their church." He wouldn't divulge the name, but I soon had the church and pastor pinned down.

Phoning the Lees, I invited them to the studio to see pictures of the hostages filmed during Easter. Gary was on the film. They came and I sensed something special in this couple.

Before long, I was visiting their home. After interviews, we would sit and talk about God, and about my spiritual life, which was almost zero at the time. From observing their lives under pressure, I learned something about trust in God, about peace in the midst of storms, about loving those who had brought hurt to you. That helped, for my job-related stresses were piling up and I was undecided about the future. Still, I wasn't yet willing to attend their church. Churches had disappointed me too many times.

But two days before the hostages were released, I was in the balcony of First Church of the Nazarene, Pasadena, covering the story. About 30 reporters and cam-



Janine and senior adults enjoy special moments together.

eramen were there. This bothered me. I had covered the Lees so long, been in their home so often, that I felt I had a kind of "squatter's rights" to their story.

I was writing when Pastor Lee read one of Gary's favorite passages from Scripture, Isaiah 43:1-3. It changed my life. I believed God was speaking to me, telling me not to fear, telling me I was redeemed, telling me that I was not alone, that He had called me by name.

I put down my notebook and stood up. Reporters thought I was standing in order to direct my camera crew, but I wasn't. I stood there because I was hearing God's word to my own heart.

Jimmy, my cameraman, turned to me and said, "Well, what do you want us to shoot?"

"I don't know," I answered. "Something beautiful is happening to me."

I can still see the look on his face as he murmured, "Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes," I thought.

Jesus Christ came into my heart. I was sorry for every hurt I had caused on my climb for success. How mixed up my priorities had been!

When I was taken off the air a year later, I had a peace that protected me. After giving my whole life to news for 10 years, I was

ready to leave the newsroom. Journalism had changed, I had changed, and it was time to go.

Right now, I am studying for the ministry, and I'm working with senior adults in my church.

For some 18 months I traveled around the country, sharing my testimony with many churches in all denominations. That was exciting, but I came back exhausted and drained. I had been giving, but I needed to receive. I needed a personal Pentecost, needed to be filled with the Holy Spirit.

Estelle Crutcher, Pastor Lee's mother-in-law, guided me into the experience of entire sanctification. The love, peace, and joy in my heart is indescribable.

What the future holds, or where, I don't know. Right now I'm happy to be a part of a great church, a wonderful spiritual family, with the privilege of sharing life in Christ with them. I'm living a day at a time, as Earl and Hazel Lee did during the hostage crisis. And I know God has good plans for my life. I'm excited about what's ahead. As my pastor tells us, "Straight ahead!" □

by Janine Tartaglia

Janine Tartaglia is a former TV news-person who is presently studying for the ministry. She lives and works in Pasadena, California.

“I EXPECTED JUDGMENT

I CAME TO THE FIRST CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE as a deeply disturbed young woman. I had failed the Lord, had sinned in His sight. Pregnant and unmarried, my struggles with guilt and fear were intense. I wanted to be in the church, but would I find acceptance or condemnation?

For several weeks, I kept my condition secret, but soon I began to show and to wear maternity clothes. My greatest fear was that people would judge me. The devil told me they would turn me out. On the first Sunday that I came to our singles class in maternity clothes, I was so embarrassed and afraid that I slipped out quickly when the class was over, not wanting to talk with anyone.

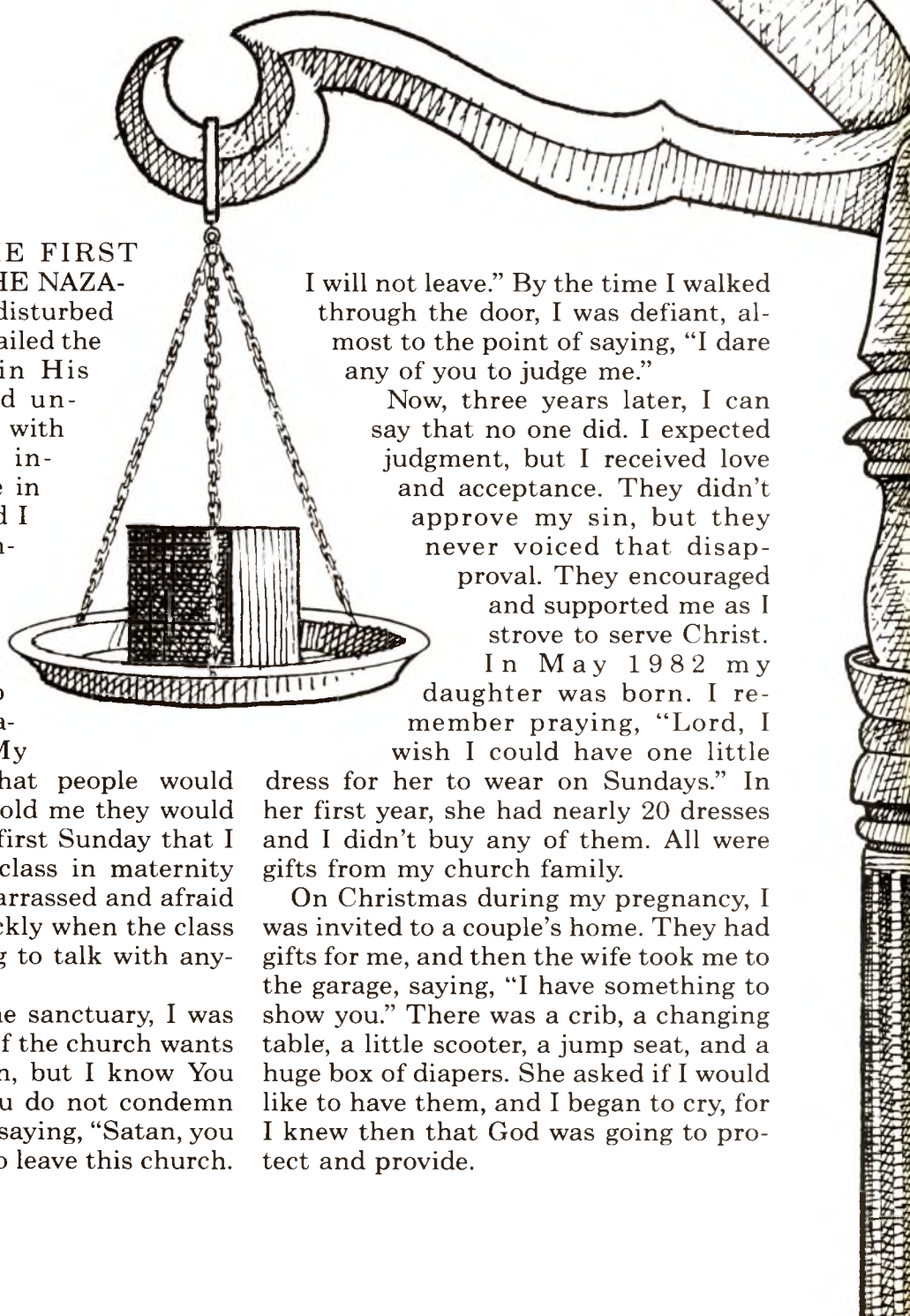
As I approached the sanctuary, I was crying. I said, “Lord, if the church wants to judge me, they can, but I know You have forgiven me; You do not condemn me.” And I remember saying, “Satan, you cannot convince me to leave this church.

I will not leave.” By the time I walked through the door, I was defiant, almost to the point of saying, “I dare any of you to judge me.”

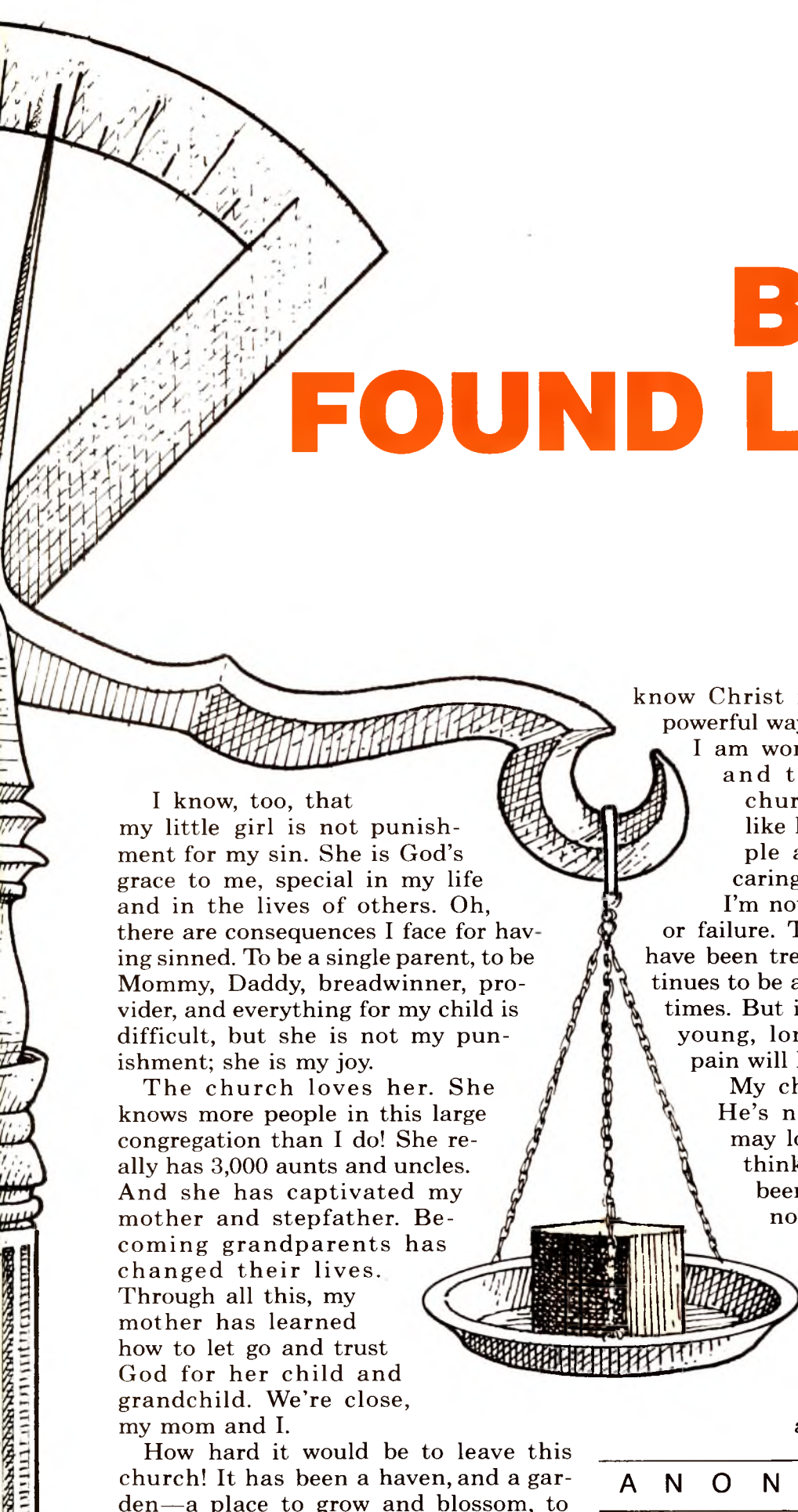
Now, three years later, I can say that no one did. I expected judgment, but I received love and acceptance. They didn’t approve my sin, but they never voiced that disapproval. They encouraged and supported me as I strove to serve Christ.

In May 1982 my daughter was born. I remember praying, “Lord, I wish I could have one little dress for her to wear on Sundays.” In her first year, she had nearly 20 dresses and I didn’t buy any of them. All were gifts from my church family.

On Christmas during my pregnancy, I was invited to a couple’s home. They had gifts for me, and then the wife took me to the garage, saying, “I have something to show you.” There was a crib, a changing table, a little scooter, a jump seat, and a huge box of diapers. She asked if I would like to have them, and I began to cry, for I knew then that God was going to protect and provide.



BUT I FOUND LOVE”



I know, too, that my little girl is not punishment for my sin. She is God's grace to me, special in my life and in the lives of others. Oh, there are consequences I face for having sinned. To be a single parent, to be Mommy, Daddy, breadwinner, provider, and everything for my child is difficult, but she is not my punishment; she is my joy.

The church loves her. She knows more people in this large congregation than I do! She really has 3,000 aunts and uncles. And she has captivated my mother and stepfather. Becoming grandparents has changed their lives. Through all this, my mother has learned how to let go and trust God for her child and grandchild. We're close, my mom and I.

How hard it would be to leave this church! It has been a haven, and a garden—a place to grow and blossom, to

know Christ in a day-by-day and powerful way. At the present time, I am working for the church, and that has made the church seem even more like home to me. The people are warm, accepting, caring—a real family.

I'm not glossing over my sin or failure. The struggle and hurt have been tremendous, and it continues to be a painful experience at times. But if I can help even one young, lonely, scared girl, my pain will have been worthwhile.

My child's father left me. He's never seen her. Some may look at me in pity and think, "This poor girl; she's been dumped." No, I have not. The Lord and His people have filled the void and given meaning to my life. My daughter is loved, not just by her mommy, but by 3,000 aunts and uncles!

A N O N Y M O U S

by Cecilia Bowman

Found a Home

I WANTED TO GET AWAY! I wanted freedom! I was sure I could find it in New York City, but how could I get away from Guayaquil, Ecuador? The best reason I could find to go was that I wanted to learn English and by that means, I convinced my father to let me leave.

I soon found that I was ill-prepared for life in the big city. I was desperately lonely in a strange land, with no friends. I cried every day for six months but I was too proud to go home and admit that I was wrong.

I got a job and moved in with some friends of my family. For three years, I stuck with it. Finally I began to meet others from South American countries, and at a party, I met a man and fell in love with him.

We were looking for a pastor to marry us and someone told us of a minister at a nearby Hispanic Church of the Nazarene. When I went to see him to arrange for the wedding, I almost left without even entering the building. I had dreams of being married in a beautiful cathedral in a white wedding gown. This little church building was not at all attractive. Nevertheless, I was determined to have a church wedding, so I went on in.

The pastor agreed to perform the wedding after we had some counseling with him. He was very helpful in spite of the fact that the sanctuary looked nothing like that of my dreams, he tried to make the wedding all that I desired.

After our wedding we wanted to express our thanks especially to him and to the congregation for their kindness, so one Sunday morning we visited the little church. We just couldn't believe how warm and friendly everyone was to us.

We certainly had no plans to return. However, the following week, the pastor visited us in our home. About two weeks later, we returned for another visit. The music was lively and the people were so friendly that we found ourselves going back again and again.

It wasn't long after our marriage that I discovered my husband was an alcoholic. Things were very difficult and I hated his drinking so much that I was considering a divorce. I remember crying out one day, "If there is a God out there, please help me!" God heard and answered that cry.

My husband began to be more and more uncomfortable in the church services. One day, he simply said, "I can't go on living like this—one foot in the church and one foot in the world." Not long after that, both of us went forward to the church altar to accept Christ. Drinking immediately ceased in my husband's life.

There was both happiness and heartache in the years following. We made several moves, from New York to Texas, to South America, and back to Texas, and finally to Kansas City. Everywhere we went, I found friends and a spiritual family to help me over the rough places.

The Hispanic church where we were married saw to it that we had everything we needed for setting up our home in San Antonio, where my husband had decided to go to school. When we went back to South America to visit our families, a dark cloud fell on my life, but even there I found counsel and comfort from the church. When I did not feel able to confide in my own parents, a Nazarene missionary talked with me on the phone and prayed with me.

Back in the States, the darkness culminated in a very painful divorce when my husband left me for someone else. Even then, my spiritual family in the Church of the Nazarene stood by me and helped me. Whenever I needed them the most, people were there: someone to teach me how to shop for groceries; someone to teach me how to drive; someone to help me find an apartment; someone to train me in a new job. What a wonderful family!

God healed my hurts! I prayed and prayed that all the bad memories would be erased and that I would be able to remember all the good things about my marriage. And it was amazing how the Lord helped me to do just that!

So completely did He heal my broken heart, and so wonderful was the nurturing of my church family that after a period of time, I was able to allow myself to become vulnerable again. I was attracted to a man who had gone through a similar heartache. We were married in our beloved Nazarene church.

Today, Bud (Harold) and I, and our precious son Marcos, worship regularly in our church. I have no problem believing there is a God, for I have seen Him in the lives of these people in my "home away from home." And I have experienced His grace again and again through their loving care.

In my spiritual journey, I have been passed along from one group of loving Christians to another in the Church of the Nazarene and I know that wherever I go, these people will always be a part of my family.

Cecilia Bowman works in Church Extension Ministries at the International Headquarters of the Church of the Nazarene in Kansas City. She keeps the records for mission churches in the United States and for Language Bible Classes.





THE FAMILY THAT READS TOGETHER . . .



Some of us grew up in the generation that cut its intellectual eye teeth on the family of Dick, Jane, Sally, Spot, and Puff. Can you recall your pride in sight-reading

Dick.
See Dick.
See Dick run.
Run, Dick, run.

Or, do you remember sitting around the kitchen table at family worship time and discovering that you could actually sound out some of the words in Mom and Dad's Bible? That made the antics of Dick and Jane fade into oblivion.

Trips to the public library were biweekly excursions for a lot of our homes. Seems only yesterday that we'd do a wheelie on our bike, then shove our treasured Western Flyer into an empty slot in the stand by the front steps. Inside, the artificially quiet reading room positively hummed with all kinds of reading possibilities; *Richard Halliburton's Book of Marvels*, *Treasure Island*, *The Little Engine That Could*, *Lang's Blue Fairy Book* (also, his red, yellow, green, and all the rest), and *The Children's Pilgrim's Progress*. Those shelves that loomed much taller than most of us, held wonders and flights of fancy that beckoned us into worlds we could hardly imagine.

At home, there were copies of *Egermeier's Bible Story Book*, *The Sugar Creek Gang*, and *The Family Medical Encyclopedia* (the latter was off limits to curious junior eyes).

Today, Nazarene Publishing House is a primary supplier of books that are suitable for the eyes, minds, and hearts of the whole family. Under its trade name, Beacon Hill Press of Kansas City, our books provide all ages with spiritual growth, adventure, biblical knowledge, and inspiration. (Not to mention a recipe book for Sunday dinners that's become a best-seller.)

Whether you're thinking of a very special gift to mark a family milestone or to honor a much-loved relative, think of a book.

The following are some recommended books that will be of particular interest to families. All are available from Nazarene Publishing House.

LORD, I'M NOT SMART ENOUGH

By Caroline Gilroy. Through the use of simple prayers and related drawings, this pastor's wife takes readers through an average Mom's day, with its involvements with the kids. The reading is light and devotional, with anecdotes drawn from her own children's lives. The title comes from her statement, "Teach us, Lord, for we humbly admit we are not smart enough to do this job alone." 48 pages. Paper. **\$1.95**

THE HOME CONNECTION

Family Devotional Activities

By Karen Holcomb-Densmore. Growing out of her own family's together times, the author has created an activity book to give guidance to others who want quality times with a devotional emphasis. Games, discussion starters, and activities are included. 78 pages. Paper. **\$3.50**

RUSTY WAGNER AND THE ANDERSVILLE GANG

By Lola Williams. A preteen novel that's more adventure than mystery. It involves Rusty, whose father accepts a church in a small town. To a city kid like Rusty, it seemed like the end of the world, that is, until "The Gang" came into his life. Excellent story with a nonpreaching moral. 80 pages. Paper. **\$2.95**

THE TEMPTATIONS OF JESUS

By Reuben Welch. In his own style, Reuben Welch examines the temptations of Jesus and applies them to contemporary life. Excellent material for family discussion. The five chapters reveal the implications of Jesus' temptation and victory for us. 78 pages. Paper. **\$2.95**

FAMILY JOURNEY INTO JOY

By C. S. Cowles. Sound advice on how to turn your home into a place where "there is laughter echoing from the walls, singing ringing down the halls, and a celebrative spirit filling the air." If this doesn't sound like your home, you need to read Cowles' chapters on trauma, communication between family members, creative activity, and husband-and-wife relationships. Christian joy can be yours. 168 pages. Paper. **\$3.95**

POSITIVE PARENTING

Edited by Gene Van Note. Thirteen chapters by the likes of James Dobson, Edith Schaeffer, and Miriam Hall cover such topics as positive disciplining, what to do when kids go wrong, where the church fits into the picture, and spiritual nurture in the home. A thought-provoking volume in the Dialog series. 112 pages. Paper. **\$2.25**

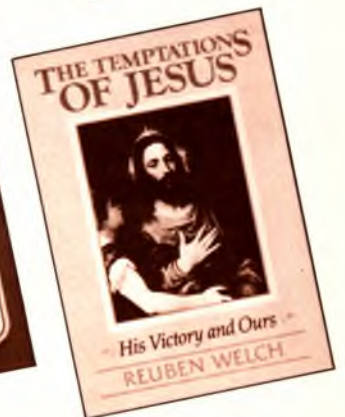
THE TEXTURE OF MY DAYS

By Marva Weigelt. A hand-lettered journal of one young woman's journey in faith. This soul-searching exposure of strengths and weaknesses will be quickly devoured by young readers. Marva's discoveries are as common as God's patience. 144 pages. Paper. **\$2.50**

LET THE CHILDREN COME

A Guidebook for Parents of Young Children

By Elizabeth B. Jones. A realistic look at the pressures bent on destroying today's family. The author's answer to this problem is for parents to use God's plan for nurturing in the ways of righteousness. Every parent needs to digest this valuable book. 112 pages. Paper. **\$2.95**



For a complete listing of family-related books, send for the NPH Bible, Books and Gifts Catalog.

THE FAMILY

Say "church" and most people think of a building. But a church is not wood, bricks, and glass—it is people.

According to Scripture, the church is a **family**, "the household of faith." The church is a complex of human relationships.

The Church of the Nazarene is part of that family of God. Each local church is a family within a family. There you will find people of all ages and in all stages of spiritual growth. Each is unique but all are one.

In the church you will discover love, warmth, acceptance, and encouragement flowing from God to people, flowing from person to person.

The church near you is a family at worship, praising God as their Creator, Jesus Christ as their Savior, and the Holy Spirit as their Comforter.

This family is always growing and it is never too large. There is room for all who will come. The welcome mat is out.

In the church you will find the best of friends. They will love you, accept you, and support you. When you grieve, they will weep. When you rejoice, they will laugh. When you hurt, they will offer solace and service. The church wants to make you a part of the family.

Are you lonely? Confused? Discouraged? Guilty? Afraid? The family will understand and sympathize. They have been there too! You will find caring people in the church.

Best of all, you can find the One who is able and willing to forgive, to cleanse, to renew, to heal. He will invest your life with meaning and fill your heart with peace.

Welcome to the Church of the Nazarene!
We want to be your family.

—W. E. McCUMBER
Editor



WELCOME
TO THE CHURCH OF
THE NAZARENE

OUR CHURCH CAN BE YOUR HOME