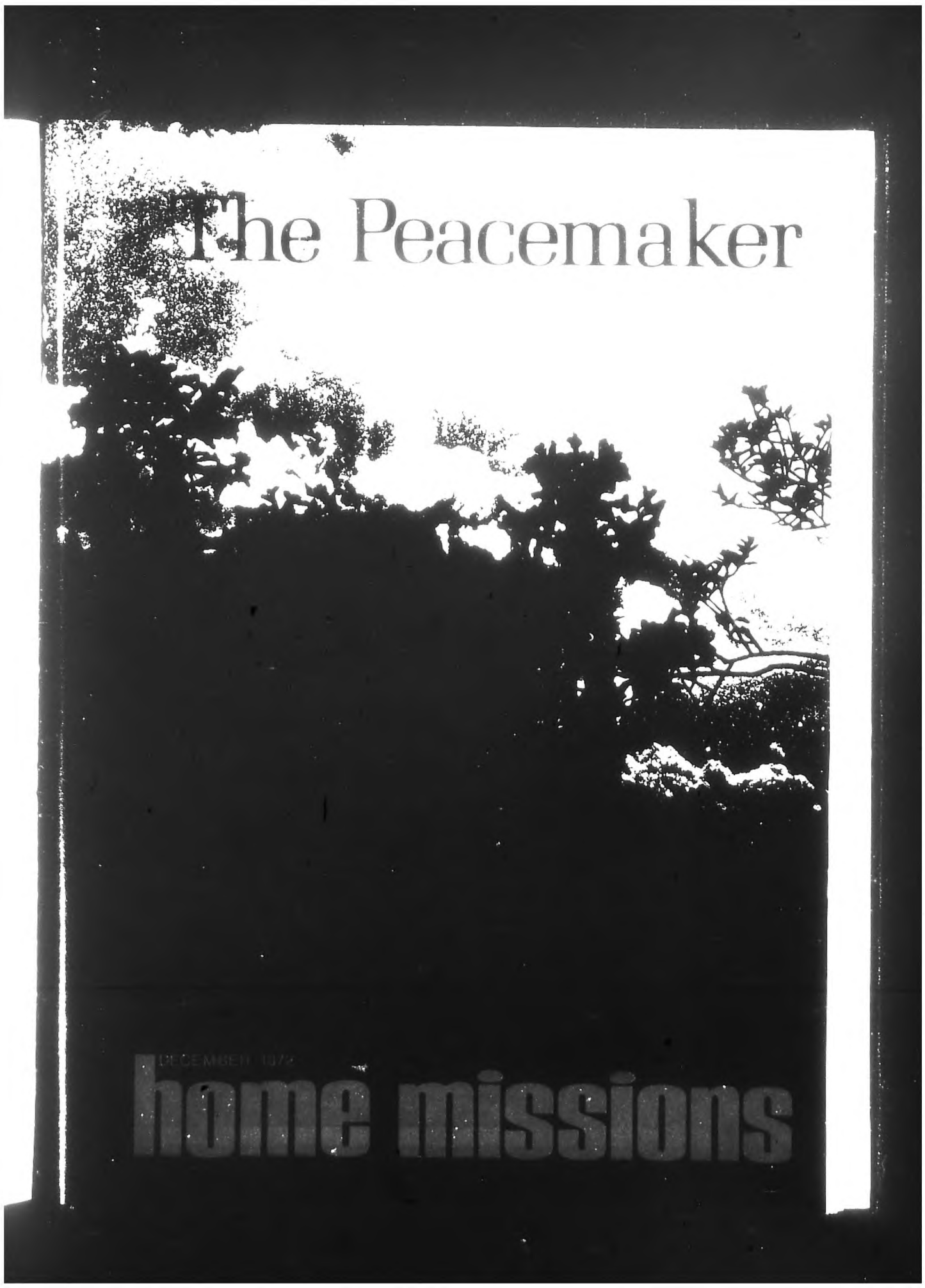
The Peacemaker
DECEMBER 1972
home missions

THE PEACE-MAKER

The glitter of tinsel. The flicker of lights. The warmth of memories. The gifts of friends. All surround us. And at this season of Christmas we quickly raise our voices to praise the Prince of Peace, in whose memory we celebrate. But in our quieter moments, we may wonder why peace does not come when the fighting stops. And in our despair, we cry for lasting peace ‡‡‡ What is peace? Who is peaceful? In a poetic essay, this issue lifts the gem of peace to view its many facets, to let the prism cast its brilliant rays upon our lives, and to discover anew the source and meaning of shalom—the peace of God • BY WALKER KNIGHT

shalom a feeling of peace

Terror,
raw, unmasked fear twisted their faces
into grotesque shapes.
The fear was so open you could touch it.
You could smell it.
They were frozen by it,
impotent,
immobile.
Kneeling, they raised their hands
in prayer-like gestures of mercy.
Pleading—
Not for the straw hut so quickly fired.
Not for the few possessions snatched from poverty.
But for life itself, these villagers pled.
And the American stood there
tall in his green fatigues
girded with the accouterments of war
casually holding the death machine
now no more than an extension of himself,
playing God with their lives . . .
Or was it with his own life that he played God?

In anguish I cried, "My God, give us peace!"

Continued

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"Shut your stupid mouth," she shouted,
reddening in her anger,
and he moved threateningly closer
while the children cowered in the corner
whimpering
frightened
the adults in their world,
the security of their lives
at war
and their world was cracking at the seams.
The meal simmered on the stove;
a faint curl of smoke escaped
the neglected food.
As he moved, he staggered,
knocking a cup from the half-set table.
Over the odor of singed food
came the whiff of alcohol,
his doorway to another world,
separated from failure
beyond shattered dreams
past expectations unrealized.
Frustrations boiled. He struck her in the face.

"My God," in anguish I cried, "Give us peace!"

She held the crying child in listless embrace.
Her strength nearly gone,
and she squatted still in her accustomed way.
The dry stench of hunger was stirred by the wind,
but her face was without emotion.
Too weak for the luxury of hate,
too drained for the appearance of passion,
she simply stared ahead into the Indian sky.
And the child cried, and cried, and cried,
while his bloated stomach
appeared to beat to an endless plodding time.
His eyes loomed out from sunken sockets
and his skin pulled tight against the bone.
Man's wanton rape of land and sea
had birthed an illegitimacy—famine.

In anguish I cried, "My God, give us peace!"

"Pig!" she snarled,
and her lips curled to twist the youthful face in hate,
as others joined her in the war of protest.
Her weapon was the word
and she hurled it with the force
of passion long denied.
"Pig!" she yelled into the forest of raised clubs.
"Pig!" she screamed into the iron faces.
Firsthand she knew the power of words,
how they could cut and maim,
how they could be driven into the heart all askew,
nearly impossible to remove.
Words were the tools by which her parents
had raised her.
Too civilized for switch or club
they had beaten her with the lashing tongue
a barrier to their love.
She had learned her lessons well.

In her turn she jeered, "PIG-PIG-PIG"
and the young, white helmeted men
struck back with their weapons.
Blood splattered across the trampled sign,
and one could barely discern its message: PEACE NOW.

In anguish, I cried, "My God, give us peace!"

Peace?
What is peace?
Is it life prolonged,
calm amid storms,
terror removed,
the absence of pain,
health amid sickness,
silence in an angry room,
an undelivered blow,
directions to nowhere?

Peace?
What is peace? Where shall I look for peace?
History knows but little of the word—
man tells his story by recording his wars:
he has few words for peace.
In all the 50 centuries of recorded time,
the brief intervals of peace,
all the days and years together,
man has known but 300 years of peace—
for only 300 of man's 5,000 recorded years
have the battlefields been silent.

Even that record is deceptive,
like smiles that cloak anger
like gifts given to deceive.
What we so easily call peace
has been no peace at all.
We were fools to believe
such peace could ever endure—
erected as it was upon the backs of slaves,
it was a house built on sand.
Such peace stopped the fighting by men subduing men.
If the record of those years is closely read,
one quickly finds the pages filled with quiet wars,
little undeclared wars, plans for war—
men waiting for the right moment
to start the new war.

Again in my anguish
I cried,
"God, today, give us peace!"
In angry tones I heard Him ask,
"Can my world have peace as long as men fight?
Can there be world peace as long as men kill
in Vietnam, or Cambodia, or Ireland or the
United States?"

"Can there be peace in the United States
if there is no peace in your state?

"Can there be peace in your state
if there is no peace in your city?

"Can there be peace in your city
if there is no peace in your house?

"Can there be peace in your house
if there is no peace in you?"

Wait just a minute, I cried.
You've put the whole world on my back,
and Lord, that's too much of a load.
That's unfair.
Peace is needed out there—
not there's where the killing bloodies the ground
not there's where violence destroys life
not there's where the widows cry
the children go hungry
the land is ravaged
not there's where men anger at each other.
That's where peace must come, Lord.
So I pray, bring us Peace.
Why withhold peace, Lord, why?

No answer came
and I in the quietness
I slowly began to understand;
just a little of the meaning soaked in.

Peace does not wait on God,
Peace waits on me.
God does not withhold peace.
I do.
Peace—it's internal
nothing outside
not words
not writings
not even deeds.

God does not deny peace.
Peace waits on me.
Peace—it's an attitude
a way of life
a point of view
an ordering of existence.

Peace is not knowing how to act.
Peace is how to be.
Peace is existence. My existence.

Peace is being. My being.

Peace is essence. My essence.

Peace is life. My life.

Peace is of me.

"The waters of peace come up like the dew from the ground where even the grains of sand are individual."
Phyllis Meyers

Peace does not wait on God.
Peace waits on me.

So into the stormy silence of eternity
I changed my cry.
"God, give me me me, give me Peace."
And even more silence filled the room
I felt it,
feared it,
welcomed it.
In the quietness would reside the truth, I thought.
I listened for the silence,
strained to hear the nothing.
At first it came in little snatches
fighting with the tiny sounds of the night
that chipped away as at a granite wall.
The noises finally faded,
and the silence crept in
chasing the shadows of my thoughts
until only the silence seemed there.
But other vibrations filled the void,
and I was trapped.
This time the sounds arose from within,
stronger than the others,
more threatening.
In the silence I had dropped the veil,
torn it asunder and exposed myself
to myself.

Continued

My God, my God, have mercy.
Blot out my sins for they obsess me.
They are always before me.
I have always known sin.
I was shaped in sin.
Cleanse me, Lord.
Make me to hear joy and gladness.
Blot out my sins.
My spirit dies, my heart is defiled,
and I feel separated from you.
Create in me a clean heart,
renew a right spirit within me.
I am at war within myself—at war, God.
I weep bitter tears for peace. (Psalm 51)

There is no peace in silence, I know.
There is no such thing as silence.

"My God, My God, give me peace!"
Into the silent din came a new sound—
Shalom
Shalom
Shalom

And in expectancy,
aquiver with the joy of new discovery,
I waited.
Like a puppy for his master
Like a bee for spring's first flower
Like a traveler for the oasis
Like a lover for his beloved
I waited
and peace flooded my soul.
Joy returned. My spirit soared.
Shalom was mine.

Where once I was far away from God,
now I have been brought very near.

Christ is my way of peace.
He has made peace between me and myself
between me and God
between me and my enemies.
We are one family. Walls between us have crumbled.

Christ ended the anger,
annulled the dividing lines.
He took us—me and my enemies—
and he made us part of himself.
He fused us to become one.
we are new persons.
At last, there is peace—*Shalom!*
Parts of the same body—our anger has disappeared.
We are friends, friends of God. Sons of God.

The feud ended at the cross.
Christ brought the Good News—
the news of Shalom.
It came to me though I was far away,
to my enemies, though they were nearer.
Now we all have come to God,
our Father,
with the Spirit's help, because of Christ.

No longer a stranger, no more a foreigner,
I am a member of God's family.
I am a citizen of His land.
I am a child of His house.
It is a house of peace and the cornerstone is Christ.
We are joined with Him,
parts of a beautiful, growing temple of God.

SHALOM is of me.
SHALOM is mine.

I am a maker of peace.

"Blessed are the peacemakers,
for they shall be called the sons of God."

In Christ, God has given me peace,
He has given me his nature,
He makes me like himself
Now I know him as the God of peace,
the Prince of Peace,
the Christ, my Peace.

There's freedom in that knowledge—my friend,
lilting, unshackled freedom;
soaring, unburdened freedom.
There's assurance in that freedom—my friend,
knowing that the rock will hold,
feeling that it bears my weight.
There's strength in that assurance—my friend,
being garrisoned from within.

No longer at war within myself,
there is calmness in my soul.
The reed blows not in the wind,
the leaf tosses not with the gale,
"My anchor holds." I am at peace within myself.

Contented, strengthened, I stand
prepared for the work He gives me.
I am at peace ready for peace making.
But I must confess,
I'm not too sure what it all means,
this making peace, this Shalom.

I hear it sounded,
I feel its comfort.
I need its power—
but I must learn this peace, this Shalom.

One thing I sense intuitively—
It's not just loving peace, wanting peace
while sitting back and waiting for peace to come.
It's not just hating war, despising war
while sitting back and waiting for war to end.

Peace has one thing in common with its enemy,
with the fiend it battles, with war.
Peace is active, not passive
Peace is doing, not waiting
Peace is aggressive—attacking.
Peace plans its strategy and encircles the enemy.

Peace marshals its forces and storms the gates.
Peace gathers its weapons and pierces the defense.

Peace, like war, is waged.

But Christ has turned it all around:
the weapons of peace
are love, joy, goodness,
longsuffering
the arms of peace
are justice, truth, patience, prayer.
the strategy of peace
brings safety, welfare,
happiness
the forces of peace
are the sons of God.
Yes, Christ has turned it all around:
I am to love my enemy.
I am to do good to those who despise me
I am to turn the other cheek.

The peacemaker intrudes—
He is salt, so he attacks to save.
He is leaven, so he penetrates to quicken.
He is light, so he shines to illumine.

"Jesus called it striking with the other cheek,
capturing a man in the trap of the second mile."
(J.B. Phillips)

That is waging peace, that is making peace.

"God's plan of making peace doesn't just bring
outward settlement
between evil men: He creates men of good will."
(Clarence Jordan)

He makes peacemakers.

We peacemakers are agents of the Kingdom,
enlisting the Kingdoms of this world
into the Kingdom of our Lord.
(Rev. 11:15)

Away then with violence,
Christ's kingdom is one of peace.
Away then with force,
God's sons endure injustice.
Away then with arrogance,
peacemakers suffer quietly.
Away then with hate,
God's sons never break fellowship.

As peacemakers we seek to overcome evil with good.
We meet the wicked and in our agony at their accusations,
in our pain at their hands,
we lift the tree upon which peace was nailed.

As peacemakers we carry this word:
Through what his Son did God
cleared a path for everything to come to him.
Christ's death on the cross made peace with God.
This included his enemies, separated by evil,
now brought back as friends.
Christ brought us into the presence of God,
and we stand before him with nothing against us.

Only one condition, we fully believe the Truth,
standing in it steadfast and firm,
strong in the Lord,
convinced of the Good News that Jesus died for us.
Never shifting from trusting him to save us.
This is the news of peace
we wage over the world,
that Christ in our hearts is our only hope of glory.
So everywhere we go we talk about Christ
to all who will listen,
warning them and teaching them
as well as we know how.
We want to be able to present each one to God,
perfect because of what Christ
has done for each of us.
This is our work, and we can do it
only because Christ's mighty energy
is at work within us."
(Colossians 1:21-29)

We are reconcilers.
We are peacemakers.
Continued

I am at peace with men

I am black man.
born in slavery, nurtured in neglect.
I am 50 years old,
and still called "boy."
I am "granny" when I have no grandchildren.
I am "darky" when my back is turned.
"Mean. Lowdown. Evil. Lazy."
These words bite into me.
Your children point at me and call me "him."
Your wife calls me "that one."
You call me "nigger."
And I wonder who I am.

I am 20 million from 20
who came first to this land 350 years ago.
I braved Jamestown winters and Plymouth snows
with Christians who believed
no other Christian should be held in bondage.
But such ideals proved fragile
beneath the weight of cotton blossoms,
and I became worth more as a slave
than as an object of Christian brotherhood.
The legacy and prejudice of my slavehood live on.

I am black man—searching for peace.

I am brown man.
American because I was born here,
Texan because I was born in Texas,
and Mexican—because no one will let me forget it.
Every Anglo tells me how he loves
Mexican food. Tequila. Bull fights.
Me, I like professional football.

In Texas, I'm Mexican
In Miami, I'm Cuban
In New York, I'm Puerto Rican
But anywhere, I'm uneducated "Pedro"—
victimized by segregation, harassed by placards shouting,
"Be American: Speak English."
I'm often low man on the ladder of life,
unappreciated, overlooked, even unknown.

In the West I gave America its cowboy:
his spurs, boots, chaps, and hat are mine.
The lore of the cattle country is mine.
Words like rodeo and lariat and adobe are mine.
But I am cheap labor—
the migrant trucked across the land
the maid, the garbage collector, the yardman.

I am brown man—searching for peace.

Continued

I am red man—
still the government's ward,
squeezed in a vise between the cultures,
lured by promises of plenty
into empty self denial.

I am red man—
red for blood spilled in greed,
red for the blush of the broken deed
red for the anger bottled inside
red for the debt that left no pride.

I am red man—You call me
savage, squaw man, firewater thief
stoic, placid. But never chief.
Bought off with trinkets; driven off with guns.
Force marched and herded like cattle in runs.

I am red man—and I search for peace.

I am woman.
I live in a male-dominated world—
Black man, red man, brown man, indeed!
You were speaking of woman, too.
How do you think we will plead?

I am woman.
always a lady, never a person.
My role is fixed,
and I am fitted into the mold
by the time I'm six.

Boys won't like you if—
  if you're too smart
  if you're too strong
  if you're too ambitious
  if you want to be anything other than wife or mother.

I am woman.
a sex object, a center fold,
a non-person without an identity of my own.
I'm known by the men in my life,
I've even lost my name.
I'm paid less, passed over more, given jobs as helpers—
I am nurse to doctors
secretary to bosses
assistant to everyone.
Without husband or children I'm pitied
"Old maid"—"unfulfilled" person.

I am woman—much in need of peace.

Wait a minute! Where does that leave me—
I'm neither black nor brown—
neither red nor female.
I'm white, man, and I've got problems, too,
not the least of which are you
I've paid the price
of sweat and toil for all I've got—
and now I'd like to have a little
PEACE—
A little of that "at-ease-in-Zion"
give me some of that "Shalom"
you throw about so easily.
Shalom to you, Buddy—

After I've put in my eight hours,
fought that traffic,
listened to the latest about the kids,
fixed the leaking faucet,
I've just about had it.

You still want me to take another look at Peace?
You think I've missed Shalom all together.
What did you expect me to find? Love?
I should think about love first—?
It is hard for me not to think
the old ways of love.
Love has always been an emotion,
a feeling,
a fondness for someone known.

Now, you ask me to believe God's love embraces all?
Included are the ugly, the corrupt, the cruel?
Haters and murderers? The Lost?
And he commands me to include them too?
To love even my enemy?

But love of my enemy cannot be
emotion or feeling;
for commands do not suddenly,
mesmerically,
change hate to love.

Ah, here's the insight—
The clue to understanding God's love,
the breakthrough I need,
comes in personification of God's Word.
He spoke
Worlds were created.
Light splashed over darkness.
And the stillness was broken by
the breath of life.

God's Word.
Not letters strung together.
God's Word
Is
Jesus Christ.
And God's love,
revealed in Christ's life,
is not emotion.
But stooping, heedless self-giving,
aimed straight at benefiting me.

God's love—I can now understand—
seeks until it finds entrance,
mends what is broken,
purifies what is corrupt,
releases what is bound,
redeems what is lost.

God's love shows itself in action.

Likewise my love must become a design
chiseled in the mind to produce
a pattern of response,
a way of giving myself.
Love shows itself as I serve another.

This is the new, fulfilled meaning
of agape, God's love.

Like a gem sparkling in the light
Shalom now captures my attention,
and invites closer inspection—
for this is no simple greeting of peace,
no quick word for friends,
no carelessly dropped salutation.

Shalom—
I had missed its meaning, too,
for I had thought too long in easy, simple ways.
I had missed its depth,
for it is as deep as the nature of God.
I had missed its breadth,
for it is as wide as the nature of man.
I had missed its length,
for it is as long as the span of time

Shalom, my friend,
  conveys my desire for your good health.
Shalom, my friend,
  conveys my desire for your sound strength.
Shalom, my friend,
  conveys my desire for your well being.
Within this word, my friend, is my desire
for your happiness.
In Shalom I wish for you the best, and more—
I commit my love to you,
the agape of my soul.

Peace is none other than a brother of love,
fathered by God himself and nurtured in his bosom.
Peace is the issue of God.

Peace, like true love,
like the gift of God that it is,
reaches beyond friends, family, wife, husband.
Peace reaches out, out
to embrace the enemy himself.

What God does in me
and for me
is done so that he might
do things through me
for others.

At peace with God, secure in his concern,
I am free to wage peace.
I am a complete person
no longer at war within myself.
In the wholeness of Christ
I can do what peace demands.
No matter if he is brown or black,
red or yellow, male or female
I can now love my brother.

Shalom, my friend.

Continued

I at peace with creation

saw my world from outside.
a view of the spinning spaceship
rolling like a milky bowling ball
down the black alley of space.

Jarring white-capped peaks broke the silence
and called to me in loneliness.
They spoke of creation's agony and pain.
I heard the speech of gutted valleys
    when the drip of days
    filled such cups to overflowing and
    flooded out these ways.
I heard the whisper of hanging shroud,
    a softly told tale of stranger vapors,
    of liquid rock, freezing into these tortured vales.
I heard the jagged rock and eaten stone
    make their fierce witness of the years.
    They cried in agony at divinity's toss
    of forming sphere into cooling midnight bier.
I read the centuries' storied history—
    how hotter inner fires in convulsions
    pressed this stone towards the heights
    and finally left these whitened spires exposed.

saw the cooling volcanos burst,
    these bubbles of the sphere.
    They spilled out and spewed,
    raced hot and raw, burned slow and black
    as they built the land
    running to the sea, filling in the cracks
    burning down the slopes,
    nothing to hold them back.
I saw the tree and heavy fruit,
the sea and swimming fish.
I saw the bees and soaring birds
the animals and the land.

And then God said, Let us make man
in our image, after our likeness;
and let them have dominion over . . . all the earth.
So God created man and God blessed them,
and God said, "Be fruitful and multiply—
replenish the earth and subdue it."
God saw everything he had made
and behold it was very good.

And in it all, over it all—
I saw the man.
The spark was struck, the flame was lit,
the fire danced in his eyes.
Man's power was in his grasp.
As the cold crept closer the flame was warmth.
As the darkness pressed in the flame was light.
As the hunger gnawed away the flame was cooking fire.
Around the fire's flickering fingers,
around its heat and light, the family gathered.
In its white heat, its yellow flames,
its blue darting shadows,
even in its ashen coals, I glimpsed the future—
the city was foretold.
I saw the day when the pendulum would swing,
when time itself would serve this man,
when this huddled band of threatened men,
awed by fire and rain,
would one day in their billions
live throughout the land
and threaten earth herself.

Spring, unfolded;
I looked into the treasury of God.
I entered the awakening woods,
led by a yellow butterfly,
and we flitted carelessly
hungrily
insatiatingly
from sight to sound to smell.
Brilliant purple petals opened to the sun.
Antenna sepals embraced floating pollen.
Fading dogwood blooms surrendered to tender leaves.
Cascading melody showered down in harmony.
And the musty pine
touched the memory of another spring.

But we stopped at the rotting log
where busy vermin fed—
some feasted on the wood,
others on a lifeless 'possum.
The circle of the woods was complete,
The beginning and the end did meet,
Alpha and Omega now intertwined.
Amid this hopeful bursting scene,
I looked on death, and knew the cycle of life.

"A pebble, a drop of water, and a blade of grass
these are the magic ingredients.
These are all the tools we have;
to destroy them, abuse them,
to interrupt their function,
is to destroy ourselves.
Not all the decisions of business,
not all the laws of politics,
not all the money of banks,
not all the power of armies can change this fact.
Yet we act as if they could.
The laws of man take
priority over the laws of nature;
Wealth is more precious than life.
A pebble, a drop, or a blade of grass are not 'things.'
They are phases in a process
that moves as waves of energy through time and space,
We are at best poor voyagers upon this tide." (Don Fabun)

Continued

I see the land.
I measure its boundaries and define its limits—
only so many yards, so many miles.
But what of man, Lord, where are his limits?
How many men can one mile hold
and how many come before we explode in war?
Before there is blood upon the land?
Before there is peace for every man?
How many, Lord, how many?

I see the air.
I test its heights,
and define its limits—
only so many cubics, so many pounds.

But what of man, Lord,
where are his limits?
How many men can one cubic sustain
and how many days before we restrain
our greed? Before there is death
in the air? Before there is health
and care? Before there is peace?

How many, Lord, how many?

I see the sea.
I plumb its depths,
and define its limits—
only so many waves, so many fathoms.
But what of man, Lord, where are his limits?
How many men can these fish feed,
and how many Lake Erie's will we need
to see before there is famine upon
the land? Before there is peace for every man?

How many, Lord, how many?

I hear Isaiah's cry—
"The earth mourns and withers
the world languishes and withers:
the heavens languish together with the earth.
The earth lies polluted under its inhabitants,
for they have trangressed the laws,
violated the statutes,
broken the everlasting covenant.

Therefore a curse devours the earth,
and its inhabitants suffer for their guilt."

You made it, Lord, and called it "good."
You gave it beauty, Lord,
in its strength, in its plenty, in its perfection.

We are subduing it, Lord,
and the garden becomes a desert,
the fig gives way to thistle,
the land lies buried beneath the road—
in blindness we war with your creation

We are subduing it, Lord,
but you call it "greed."

Give us a new vision, Lord,
renew your covenant with us.
All life is yours,
all things are blessed by you.
Teach us to bear our burdens—
to respect life
to guard the land
to clean the air
to purify the sea.
O Creator, renew in us the right spirit,
the strength to resist greed,
the insight into your glory,
the ability to share.
We are part of your creation.
Keep us from becoming the cancer
that would destroy all life.

May we be reconciled in Christ,
not only to you, Lord,
but to all that you and he have made.
He is Creator, who made heaven and earth,
all were made by Christ for his use and glory.
He was before all else began,
and it is his power that holds all together.
(Colossians 1)

Give us a new vision, Lord,
let us see the new humanity in Christ,
the center of his new creation.
We cry for a new heaven and a new earth,
help us to renew the one you have given us
that all things may become complete in Christ.

"As the rain and snow come down from heaven,
as they stay upon the ground to water the earth,
as they cause the grain to grow and produce the seed
as the seed makes bread for the hungry,
so also is [your] Word. [You] send it out,
and it always produces fruit . . .

"[We] will live in joy and peace.
The mountains and hills, the trees of the field—
all the world around us—will rejoice.
Where once were thorns, fir trees will grow;
where briars grew, the myrtle trees will sprout up.
Your name is ever great,
and this miracle will be an everlasting sign."
We will live in peace with you and with all creation. (Isaiah)

Continued

at peace with the nations

They marched us off to war, boys
They marched us off to war.

We sang our songs of war, boys
We sang our songs of war.

We fought the men of war, boys
We fought the men of war.

We slew the men of war, boys
We slew the men of war.

We bombed the house in war, boys
We bombed the house in war.

We dropped the napalm down, boys
We dropped the napalm down.

We met the child of war, boys
We met the child of war.

His father died in war, boys
His father died in war.

We did grow old in war, boys
We did grow old in war.

We knew not why the war, boys
We knew not why the war.

Why the war, boys?
Why the war?

The news from the war was skimpy—
"Light casualties"—the headline said.
Light? I said, Light? When our son died?

It was here we cried—
Right here in this old room
that the tears came.
They came flowing free
for some and salty hot,
for others there was only a trickle.
It wasn't they didn't feel,
they just weren't used to crying.

We cried those tears
for a life cut off in early bloom
for one who loved well, lived zestfully,
and never gave anyone but his due,
those tears,
they hallowed this old room.

We cried those tears
for the ache of birthing pains,
for first steps and first grade,
for early smart and late dumb,
for baseball, track, and football, too.
Those tears,
they hallowed this old room.

We cried those tears
for the college years of law and Grace
for the love he found and the place
she found in all our hearts
for plans and hopes never to be.

Those tears,
they hallowed this old room
and we aren't through crying yet.

The fire of man,
that tiny flame
that fought with darkness for its life,
grows now beyond the man's control.
There is a swelling of the fire—
a pressure from within.
The inner flame heats the shell
until the force begins to build
and grow and swell again
and build and heat the outer skin
and still it grows,
this swelling cloud of fire
until it threatens all our lives.
How like a dangling sword
it hangs above our world
until all men turn to watch its turn
immobilized
transfixed
impaled upon this blade of fear and dread.

Continued

It is the weakness of man's strength.
It is failure at its peak.

Beneath the dangling sword
the nations rage and snarl and starve
while inept men debate the means of peace.

The nations swell
and build another pressure from within
as babies cry,
wrenched too quickly into a bitter fate
of little food, heavy filth and serious hate.

There's where the killing bloodies the ground.
There's where the violence destroys life.
There's where the widows cry
the children go hungry
the land ravaged.
There's where men anger at each other.

Those bitter cries,
that mounting fire,
the coming stench,
like vapors from the deep
assail the nations,
transcend their borders
and rise to debase the nostrils of our God.
He abhors our wars,
our hate,
our violence.
He calls us to climb the violent stairs,
to ascend the heights from which He calls.

Ahead of us the answer lay
as we climbed those violent stairs.
We walked that way in our infancy,
as the steps led through the jungle path.
There we huddled in our fear,
and in our rage,
all were slain when one of them did sin.

Ahead of us the answer lay
as we climbed those violent stairs.
We walked that way in our early years,
As the steps led through the country side.
There we gathered in our hope,
and in our justice
life paid life and eye paid eye
when one of them did sin.

Ahead of us the answer lay
as we climbed those violent stairs.
We walked that way in our maturity,
As the steps led through the village square.
There we gathered to forgive our friend,
and in our selfishness
our love was freely given—
but only to him.

Ahead of us the answer lay
as we climbed those violent stairs.
We walked that way in our later years,
as the steps led through the city streets.
There we celebrated our joy,
and in Christ
there was love enough to forgive
our friends and enemies alike.

Like a gem sparkling in the light
Shalom captures our attention—
for this is no simple greeting or peace,
no quick word for friends,
no carelessly dropped salutation.

Shalom, my friend,
conveys my desire for your good health.
Shalom, my friend,
conveys my desire for your sound strength.

Shalom, my friend,
conveys my desire for your well being.
Within this word, my friend, is my desire
for your happiness.
In Shalom I wish for you the best and more—
I commit my love to you,
the agape of my soul.

It's not just hating war,
despising war,
sitting back and waiting for war to end.
It's not just loving peace,
wanting peace,
sitting back and waiting for peace to come.
Peace, like war, is waged.
Peace plans its strategy and encircles the enemy.
Peace marshals its forces and storms the gates.
Peace gathers its weapons and pierces the defense.
The weapons of peace
are love, joy, goodness, longsuffering.
The arms of peace
are truth, honesty, patience, prayer.
The strategy of peace
brings safety, welfare, happiness.
The forces of peace
are the sons of God.

Now Christ has turned it around:
I am to love my enemy.
. . . do good to those who hate me.
. . . turn the other cheek.
I am salt, so I attack to save.
I am leaven, so I penetrate to quicken.
I am light, so I shine to illumine.

I serve the Prince of Peace.
His ever expanding, peaceful government will never end.
He will rule with perfect fairness and justice
from the throne of his father David
He will bring true justice and peace
to all the nations of the world.

He has made me a Peacemaker,
and he has given me the ministry of reconciliation.

Shalom, my friend. Because I love you.

Executive's Word

by Arthur B. Rutledge
Executive Secretary-Treasurer, HMB

Together with the World

As one of Southern Baptists' representatives on the executive committee of the Baptist World Alliance I have had the enriching experience of becoming acquainted with Baptist men and women from many parts of the world.

The BWA committee usually meets during July in a different country. Our trips overseas afford opportunities to visit national Christians and Southern Baptist missionaries of nations which can be included in travel itineraries. In turn, whenever the committee has met near the United States we have been favored with visits from Baptists of other lands.

During the closing days of July, the committee met in Kingston, Jamaica. The Home Mission Board was pleased to host visitors from several countries as they spent from one to three days in Atlanta. They were particularly interested in learning of our evangelism program, and usually of church extension. Interestingly, as a result of one of the visits HOME MISSIONS magazine is now widely circulated among Baptist leaders of the Union of South Africa. These visitors usually develop an itinerary which permits visits to other Southern Baptist agencies, particularly the Foreign Mission Board and the Sunday School Board, and also the offices of other Baptist bodies, such as the American Baptist Convention.

Either before or after the Jamaica meeting the Home Mission Board had visitors from Hungary, the Union of South Africa, Australia, and Norway. We had expected four Russian Baptists but a change in schedule forced them to omit Atlanta from their list of stops in the United States. The first visitor was an esteemed friend from South Africa, General Secretary Chris W. Parnell of the Baptist Union of South Africa. Some days later President Janos Laczkovski of the Baptist Church of Hungary paid a visit. He was accompanied by President and Mrs. Sandor Palotay of the Council of Free Churches in Hungary, who did not attend the Jamaica meeting but were making visits to Baptists in America. Following the meeting Pastor Gunter Wieske of Norway visited the Board. All are warmhearted followers of Jesus Christ, in most cases serving the Lord in very difficult circumstances.

The Baptist World Alliance, organized in 1905, holds a general Congress every five years, with the executive committee of some 200 persons meeting each of the four intervening years. More than 8,500 Baptists from around the world attended the 1970 conference in Tokyo. The next Congress will be held in Stockholm July 8-13, 1875.

Several regional organizations relate to the BWA. One is the North American Baptist Fellowship, organized a few years ago. Nine Baptist bodies of Canada, Mexico, and the United States comprise the fellowship which meets annually in late November for a day and a half. One result of these meetings is the encouraging of each Baptist group to invite fraternal observers from other bodies to attend their conventions and board meetings. During the past two years the Home Board has had home missions executives from the North American Baptist General Conference, the American Baptist Convention, and the General Association of General Baptists to attend its fall board meetings as observers. HMB staff members have visited the American Baptist Convention and the North American Baptist General Conference home missions meetings in the same relationship.

The purpose of the BWA is expressed clearly in the preamble to the Constitution: "The Baptist World Alliance, extending over very part of the world, exists in order more fully to show the essential oneness of Baptist people in the Lord Jesus Christ, to impart inspiration to the brotherhood, and to promote the spirit of fellowship, service, and cooperation among its members; but this alliance may in no way interfere with the independence of the churches or assume the administrative functions of existing organizations."

The Alliance's central offices are in Washington, D.C., with Robert S. Denny serving as general Secretary. A European office is maintained in London.

Alliance President V. Carney Hargroves of Philadelphia recently wrote: "The Baptist World Alliance is faced with the gigantic task of communication with 23,000,000 Baptists in 82 member conventions. This is done through personal visits by the officers of the Alliance, by correspondence, and publication." He wrote further: "The Baptist World Alliance is now one of the largest Christian organizations in the world. It is a voluntary fellowship in which we seek the guidance and the power of the Holy Spirit in confronting the issues of our day."

This would be a good place to note with gratitude that the officers of the Alliance have been of immeasurable help to the Home Mission Board in relation to the Baptist work in Cuba. Southern Baptists had missionaries in Cuba from 1886 to 1969 and continue to have a vital interest in the Christian cause in that nation.

More than 85 percent of the Baptists of the world are in the United States of America. Baptist groups around the world draw strength from association with each other and contribute to each other.

I have been impressed with the strategic service of our Foreign Mission Board in relation to the worldwide Baptist mission. With missionaries in 75 nations our Board is helping develop a strong Baptist witness in many of these countries where Baptist work—and indeed the total Christian cause—is still weak, and in some cases almost nonexistent.

This month we observe the annua

Continued on page 3

Here's the special February
Report on Missionaries
many readers have asked for...

It's HOME MISSIONS in a new tabloid format adapted to fast, creative news coverage of the work of missionaries throughout the United States. We've turned our reporters and photographers loose for the warm, exciting human interest report on what missionaries are doing in this land.

The sweep of the report carries the reader from the pine trees and snow capped mountains of the northwest to the fog draped coasts of the northeast with a score of stops in between. The reader camps with a caravan of vacationers on mission, eats dinner on the ground with the Choctaw Indians in Mississippi, gets excited with churches engaged in renewal evangelism in Texas, Louisiana, and other spots, takes an inside look at church extension in the Northeast and sees the struggle for adequate housing and churches in the compacted living of New York City.

We've timed this special report for the annual emphasis on home missions in February. Churches observing the week of prayer and the Annie Armstrong Easter Offering can order extra copies to distribute to all members.

With advance ordering you can secure bulk copies for 10 cents each in orders of 10 or more. Send your check with your order to the following address: 1350 Spring St., NW, Atlanta, Ga. 30309. Orders after that will be filled only as long as extra copies last.

HO! HO! HO!

Merry Christmas

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Com'on Down to Spring Street

"Spring Street USA," Southern Baptists' first attempt at presenting the gospel in a variety show format through television, will premiere Feb. 11 on 20 television stations.

The half-hour color program, first of a 13-week series, features evangelism leader Kenneth Chafin as host, and Truett Myers of the Southern Baptist Radio Television Commission as producer.

The Home Mission Board, of which Chafin is former director of the division of evangelism, has been responsible for the content of the show while the Radio and TV Commission is cooperating in the production and distribution of the programs.

Although the premiere of "Spring Street USA" is not a major network showing, it will be aired over 20 stations, mostly in Southern states, with plans before the year is out to more than triple the number.

The format includes music, interviews, and a message by Chafin. Such guests as Norma Zimmer, singer for the Billy Graham and Lawrence Welk shows, will perform and talk with the host.

The Spring Street Singers, a newly formed musical group, will appear regularly. Music by Beryl Redd, associate music director for Holt, Reinhart & Winston and one of Baptists' best known composers and arrangers, will be used for the telecasts.

Fred Moseley, assistant executive-secretary and acting director of the division of evangelism, said before the year is out the program will be broadcast on 75 or more stations throughout the nation.

Also, he said, "Those wishing to have the programs shown in their areas, and can provide financial support toward the purchase of them, should contact W.D. Lawes of the HMB evangelism division.

Spring Street Singers rehearse for pilot shooting of new gospel-variety program, "Spring Street USA."

Chafin, now pastor of South Main Baptist Church in Houston, said "The show attempts in music and interviews and in message, to communicate Jesus Christ and to invite men to a personal relationship with him."

The half-hour program and the singing group derive their names from the 1350 Spring Street address of the Atlanta-based Home Mission Board.

Busload of Blessing

A bus load of church members in a North Carolina Baptist Association took their carpentry tools to Twin Falls, Idaho, to build a church auditorium in five days.

The modern church raising was coordinated by E.J. Jenkins, superintendent of missions for French Broad Association at Mars Hill, N.C. Jenkins formerly was a pastoral missionary in Idaho from 1957 to 1969 and he maintained ties with that pioneer area.

Churches in the French Broad Association and two in the Buncombe Association paid $4,000 to retire the debt on the church property, but they decided that wasn't enough.

With the debt paid off, Bob Schrickenburg, pastor, and members of the East Side Baptist Church in Twin Falls, were able to secure a building loan on the property—French Broad Association provided the muscle.

During the week of October 2-7, the 15 North Carolinians built a church building which will seat 180 people. It has nine Sunday School rooms. Continued

The story of
Helen Barrett
Montgomery
and
Lucy Waterbury
Peabody:
ecumenical
pioneers.

Lamps are for Lighting

Louise A. Cattan

A Christian World Mission Book

Long before Woman's Liberation was a popular subject, church women struggled to participate personally in the overseas mission and to gain an equal place with men in its support and direction. Among the many women who participated in this cause, none were more prominent than Helen Barrett Montgomery and Lucy Waterbury Peabody.

LAMPS ARE FOR LIGHTING tells the story of these remarkable women. Each was born in 1861, and though their early lives and personalities differed greatly, each came to a commitment to missions that was to last as long as she lived.

Louise Cattan pays eloquent and moving tribute to these pioneering women in a story rich in detail, and rich in inspiration as well. 128 pages. Paper, $2.45

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After laying the foundation, they framed the entire building, boxed it, raftered it, and sheeted it. They laid the shingles, corniced it, and put most of the siding on. They hung the doors, put on the locks, and installed insulation.

Camping on the grounds, the volunteer builders were reimbursed for expenses by their own churches. They donated their labor, an estimated saving of $10,000.

Pamphlet Released

C.B. Hastings of the Interfaith Witness Department of the Home Mission Board has announced that his department has prepared a pamphlet for using the Book of Galatians in Interfaith Witness. Encouraging Baptist-Catholic dialogue, the pamphlet is available on order from the Home Mission Board.

Brotherhood and Home Board Unite for Lay Evangelism

The Home Mission Board has joined forces with the Brotherhood Commission to offer churches opportunities for spiritual experiences in lay renewal.

Terms of the agreement call for the Home Mission Board to emphasize renewal evangelism, including a renewal evangelism weekend, and a continuing spiritual growth process.

Under the plan the Brotherhood Commission will specialize in lay witness missions as an initial renewal experience. Mission action projects will serve as the main avenue of response for persons who have been spiritually motivated.

The cooperative arrangement in lay renewal was announced jointly by Arthur Rutledge, executive secretary of the Home Mission Board in Atlanta, and Glendon McCullough, executive director of the Commission in Memphis.

Details of the cooperative effort were worked out by Reid Hardin, director of Renewal Evangelism for the Home Mission Board, and James Johnson, director of the Lay Ministries Department of the Commission.

The two agencies plan to work together to provide churches with coordinators for lay renewal and in the training of these specialists.

Under the plan, the Commission will produce and distribute guidance materials on lay witness missions and communicate information about lay renewal experiences and opportunities to the churches on a regular basis.

In a memorandum on the cooperative effort, the agency leaders defined lay witness mission as a weekend renewal experience where a group of lay persons visit a church to share their faith in small and large group experiences.

Renewal evangelism was described as the process of intensive care given to a church which has had an initial renewal event. Through renewal evangelism a church participates in an itinerary of activity designed to develop a life-style of evangelism. These activities span at least one year.

The agency leaders said their organizations will both respond to churches and individuals who inquire about renewal and will recommend an approach based upon the needs of the inquirer.

Cuban Ministries Continue

Soon after the death of home missionary Christine Garnett (see August HOME MISSIONS), Moises A. Gonzalez, a pastor in Cuba for more than 40 years, died in San Antonio, Tex.

He pastored a Baptist Church in Santa Clara, and for 13 years served as vice-president of the Baptist Convention in Western Cuba. Upon retirement, he moved to Havana and continued his work in Cuba while serving as pastor of the Bethel church in Marianao, Havana. He also served as professor in the Baptist seminary there.

The son of missionary parents, he was born in Algeria in 1890. His parents moved several years later to Cuba.

The death of Pastor Gonzalez prompted a letter from former missionary to Cuba, Herbert Caudill, who writes, "Many people in this country do not seem to realize that the church

Continued

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continue in Cuba.

"In February of 1972, two conventions were held in Cuba, the Baptist Convention of Western Cuba in Havana, and the Baptist Convention of Eastern Cuba in Santiago de Cuba. Two of the ministerial students in Havana have graduated and will now enter full service there. When a call was made at the convention quite a number of young people demonstrated their call to the ministry and mission service."

But, Caudill continues, "It is becoming increasingly difficult for them to continue their secondary and university studies, since the Communist government discriminates against students who are faithful in their churches. They are not interested in giving education to Christians.

"Yet the churches go on with their work. There are limitations, perhaps, more than there were when we left Cuba, three and one-half years ago. Yet in most of the letters we receive there is a note of triumph as they tell of their experiences in Christ's service..."

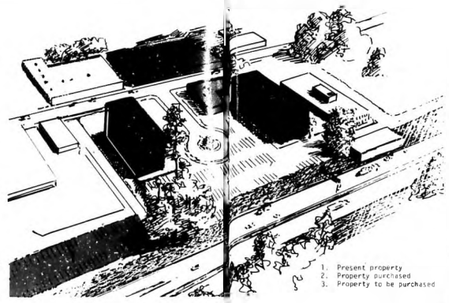
The Caudills keep up contact with the Spanish work in the United States also. Many of the Spanish leaders are refugees from Cuba.

"Recently one of our Cuban women started a mission in St. Louis," he writes. "Last month we were in the home of a Cuban Baptist woman in Boston through whom we hope that something definite may be started in Spanish. While we feel a special interest in the people from Cuba, we also rejoice when we see others from Spanish-speaking countries as they rejoice in their faith."

HMB Invests in Property

The Home Mission Board has shifted investment funds in the amount of $785,000 to purchase property valued at $1,875,000 adjacent to its office building in Atlanta.

Executive Secretary Arthur B. Rutledge said the remaining property in the Spring Plaza complex became available at the same time an expressway expansion is taking most of the Board's parking space.



The new HMB property

Included in the purchase is a 50,000 square-foot, five story office building with across-the-street property for parking.

Rutledge said the purchase provides for needed parking and the future expansion for the agency's offices, if this should ever be needed, and shifts investment reserves for a better earning rate.

A settlement for the highway expansion to pay for the new parking space, and money from the Board's Memorial funds will finance most of the remaining portion of the cash payments. The Memorial Fund was established in 1943 and consists of bequests to the Board. The earnings from this fund apply annually to the work of the agency.

"We receive a better return on our investments from these funds we hold in trust, and we will not use Cooperative Program or Annie Armstrong Easter Offering funds in this purchase," Rutledge said.

The loan on the property will be self-amortizing from rental returns.

Chaplains' Prayer Calendar

January 1: Herman M. Kincaid, Tex., Army; William H. Mathes, S.C., Air Force; Andrew A. Bratcher Jr., Tex., hospital. **January 2:** Emmett Solomon, Tex., institutional. **January 4:** Carl B. Case, Tex., hospital; Neal Aubrey, Ark., Navy.

January 6: Edward C. Middleton, S.C., Navy. **January 7:** Harold F. Menges, Kan., Army; Wendell T. Wright, Va., Army; Harry W. Clifton, Mo., institutional. **January 8:** Milton L. Trawick, Ala., Navy; Vernon Wall, N.C., hospital; Ralph Medlock Jr., Ga., Army.

January 9: George M. Coaker, Ala., V.A.; Robert R. Whiteside, S.C., Air Force; Douglas Dexter, Miss., institutional. **January 11:** Joy D. Peterson, Fla., Navy. **January 12:** Harvey L. Lilly, La., Navy; Jack C. Randles, Ga., Army. **January 13:** John E. Rasberry, Ala., Air Force. **January 14:** Charles E. Burgess, Tenn., institutional; Marion K. Kelly, S.C., Army.

January 15: Delton Collins, Ga., Army; John T. Collins, S.C., Navy. **January 16:** Albert Parsons Jr., S.C., Air Force; Joseph W. Vetter, Ky., Army; Harold D. Wright, La., hospital. **January 17:** Lewis E. Allred, Miss., Navy; Donald C. Hancock, Ga., hospital.

January 18: Cammid O. Arrendell, Tex., Air Force; Roy A. Baxter, Tenn., Navy. **January 20:** Joe E. Lunceford, Miss., Air Force; William H. Reed, Ky., Air Force. **January 21:** Clarence L. Hopkins, Okla., Army; Homer E. Keen Jr., Miss., Navy; J.V. Porter, Okla., hospital. **January 22:** John T. Goad, Tenn., Navy; Newton Hardin, N.C., Air Force; William F. Hatton, N.C., V.A.; Hugh R. Kinsey, Fla., Air Force.

January 23: Bell Reaves, Ala., Army; Dewey D. Underwood, Tex., hospital; William M. Strickln, Mo., Air Force. **January 24:** Paul R. Fine, Fla., hospital; Glenn Jude, W. Va., Air Force. **January 25:** Nathan L. Robinson, La., hospital. **January 27:** Harry C. Hubbard, Ohio, V.A.; Willis L. Saunders, Okla., hospital; Deyo J. Williams, N.C., V.A. **January 28:** Roy Riddle, N.C., Air Force; Frank A. Renfro, Okla., hospital. **January 29:** Roger E. Williams, N.C., institutional. **January 30:** James F. Agnew, S.C., Navy.

January 31: Charles G. Campbell, Ga., Army; Pat H. Davis, Ala., Army; Richard Hopkins, N.C., hospital; David M. Igal, Okla., institutional; Frank A. Rice, La., Air Force.

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The pen is mightier than the sword (crgh ...)

All of us who work on HOME MISSIONS wish for you the gifts of Jesus: joy, love and peace for all humankind, and a Christmas season that lasts forever.

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Letters

Dabble On

I want to express my appreciation for the article entitled *Demons*, in the August issue.

I feel this is a topic that needs to be brought to the attention of every person who claims to be a child of God. So many people today seem to be unaware of the power of Satan and his angels.

I am especially thankful to see you publish this article after the [Jan.] issue which left the impression that there was nothing all that bad with the occult, than it did to discourage it.

What is needed today is to make everyone aware that it is extremely dangerous to "dabble" in the occult because it is so closely associated with the power of Satan. . . .

Joseph E. Wilson
Angola, La.

• One could ask nothing better of a home missions magazine than the article on James L. Gebhart (Aug.) unless it is more of the same. Too bad Christine Garnett had to die to get her picture and a write up. And the article on Oscar Romo was interesting.

But maybe we should read the literature of the Seven Day Adventist or spiritualists to find out about our work —or misunderstanding and misinterpretations. You may be overburdened with facts and reports of our representatives, but we hunger and almost starve for such information, inspiration and even drudgery.

Merle and Clarence
Richardson
Dallas, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Your plea, along with the pleas of others, has been heard, and the February HOME MISSIONS is the answer to those pleas. The special issue (see ad page 23), which highlights missionary work from a seaman's ministry in Washington state to the Choctaw Indians in Mississippi, will look different than your regular HOME MISSIONS—with more photos, more stories, it will be in a tabloid format. If response is favorable, we'll do it again, and again, and again.*

Thank-U-Gram

Just a thank you for the wonderful job you are doing, bringing us up-to-date on many issues. I read "letters" first each month and you get "more compliments than cancelations! Keep up the good work.

Mrs. John Zachary
Laurel, Miss.

• I am forever impressed with the relevancy of the HOME MISSIONS magazine. I agree and feel strongly that we as the church must come to terms not only aching pain about us but also realize that the Gospel can be experienced outside our stained glass windows on Sunday mornings. . . .

W.G. "Sandy" Smith
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

• Allow me to express my most sincere appreciation and admiration to you and HOME MISSIONS for the valuable service you are providing. At times it seems that yours is the only open and concerned forum within our denomination. Far too many of our leaders and publishers seem concerned only with the line of least resistance—that usually being what they believe the majority will agree with.

Praise God for men and women who are not afraid to give value to the presentation of vital issues. We are in the process of running this denominational ship aground unless we gain the maturity needed to face and deal with the personal issues of this day.

It is always shocking to read the venomous reactions in your letters column. I am amazed that so many of our people claim kinship with a Christ of love and yet can harbor such bigotry and hatred. The discouraging aspect is that they clothe these fears and prejudices in the cloak of dedicated churchmanship. May God have mercy on us if we continue to ignore the spiritual and personal needs of those who are "different."

Please keep the forum open and the facts and issues coming.

Jerry W. Carter
Columbus, Ga.

• I enjoy reading HOME MISSIONS. I think you are doing a good work for the Lord. I have read and saved each back issue since 1967. Since I was a student summer missionary both '67 and '68, I even know some of the places or people in your articles.

I find myself wondering why so many Christians can doubt your Christianity. I also wonder why some Christians have such a limited view of Christianity. However, I suppose all of us should pray for one another even though we have disagreements. . . .

Mrs. Christine C. Faircloth
Trenton, Fla.

• I think many times young people fight so hard for change because some of our adults have become so apathetic. Maybe that's why we have turned to extra voices of God like *Home Missions*, because there's something of an advantage of being able to relate to God's beautiful world and God's beautiful people. And that's what HOME MISSIONS does with stories of the Jesus People, the children of God, Watts, ecology, women in today's church, the occult, church social ministry, drugs, and most important Black Americans.

I always read HOME MISSIONS cover to cover [the only magazine I have ever done such a crazy thing] and I am constantly amazed at how many people, some even calling themselves preachers of the Gospel, who condemn and denounce HOME MISSIONS. I always want to remind them about judging at this point. [For those who forget frequently, Jesus is against condemning and judging.]

I am amused at how many people write in and insist that HOME MISSIONS remember that the word of God is the final authority. I have never read anything contrary to that in any issue.

No Christian young person will deny that the Bible is the Truth of Truths. The discouraging part about the Bible is when preachers do not preach what the Bible—Christianity—is totally opposed to: war, racism, poverty. There is no need to ask why young people are disillusioned by the church. Some churches aren't the church. But thank God for those that are people-minded.

So this is the message for all those "concerned Christians" who condemn, denounce and "respectfully" ask Home Missions to stick to spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ: HOME MISSIONS will continue to be the most Christian publication in existence.

Dana M. Bunn
Louisville, Ky.

Notes on Alaska

Thanks for the September issue on Alaska. It was most helpful in planning for a trip to Alaska next year preceeding the Southern Baptist Convention at Portland. The purpose of the trip will be to get a view of our work there and be able to promote home missions in the churches of our association.

Oren Bradley
Mount Airy, N.C.

• The August issue of HOME MISSIONS I found to be one of the most interesting and most useful copies that you have produced in some time. That very evening I met someone who had recently spent a term of service in Alaska and referred him to the magazine. He reported to me what a good job he thought you had done. This is simply my word of thanks for an excellent production.

Helen E. Falls
New Orleans, La.

• I read with keen interest the HOME MISSIONS coverage on Alaska.

My comment deals with the interview with the Superintendent of Missions for the Alaska United Methodist Church, a Mr. A.C. Wischmeier, who made the following comment: "I understand how you think. If you believe you have the only gospel, you have to get out of there. We just don't happen to believe we've got the only gospel. Or that you do either."

I was not aware that there was more than one gospel. I am reminded of Paul's warning to the Galatians. "But though we, or an angel from Heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that we have preached unto you, let him be accused."

I feel sorry for the Methodist brother [if he is], and my advice to him would be not to spend so much time "disliking Southern Baptists" but rather to get the true gospel of Jesus Christ and preach it. . . .

Bill Fox
St. Louis, Ill.

Along Came Lisa

It was with great pleasure . . . "Along Came Lisa" [July HM]. This is one of our own foster families from Franklin County Children's Services and this family was recently honored by one of our local service organizations as deserving of the year's "Humanitarian Award". . . .

Mrs. Virgil Reed
Grove City, Ohio

EXECUTIVE'S WORD

Continued from page 22

Week of Prayer for Foreign Missions. One aspect of this observance is the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering, which supplies more than half the financial support for Southern Baptist foreign missions outreach.

I trust churches across the nation will experience a fresh rekindling of compassion for the Christless people of the world as we study foreign missions, pray for foreign missions, and as we make a generous gift to the building of the kingdom of our Savior throughout the world.

Another item on the SBC calendar is Baptist World Alliance Sunday on February 4, 1973. The observance of this day will be a further reminder of our relationship to Baptists of the world and the important role of the Baptist World Alliance in this fellowship.

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