

# GOOD NEWS

UNLIMITED

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July 1987

Why Do We  
Never Learn?

Part II

— Desmond Ford

Reflections of  
a Cyclist

— Desmond Ford

TV &  
RADIO

SPECIAL ISSUE

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## Word to the Wise

**D**id I say last month that flying is like combat: moments of terror followed by long stretches of boredom? I forgot to mention television. When I'm in the studio and the theme music for **Worth More Than a Million!** comes up on the monitor, my reaction is Pavlovian. The producer gives her cue for me to introduce the program—and it's moments of terror!

At our last session Dr. Ford and I sat under hot lights for over three hours and completed only two half-hour programs. The rest of the time we sat waiting for the mysterious temperamental videototechnology housed in the control room. Outside the studio, the temperature was 100°. Wired for sound, it was awkward for us to move about. We sat and wilted under the lights. Sometimes we waited so long for delayed machines, we missed the cue when the cameras came on. Dr. Ford did one program under the impression I was just fooling around asking him questions to pass the time! He had no idea the crew was taping. The show turned out just fine, but it's an example of how in television the line between reality and make-believe becomes blurred.

In the studio picture below you can see Dr. Ford sitting brightly in his armchair on the custom-made set. My usual place is to his left (on the right of the picture), tucked into the corner of the sofa. I'm not there, which suits me just fine. I enjoy not being in the studio.

But we can't have Des do all the hard work around GNU. So we work together. We recently completed twenty-six **Worth More Than a Million!** programs. GNU has just signed a contract for twenty-six more. Where Dr. Ford will find material for another thirteen hours of television, I don't know. "I've already used all my best stuff first," he told me.

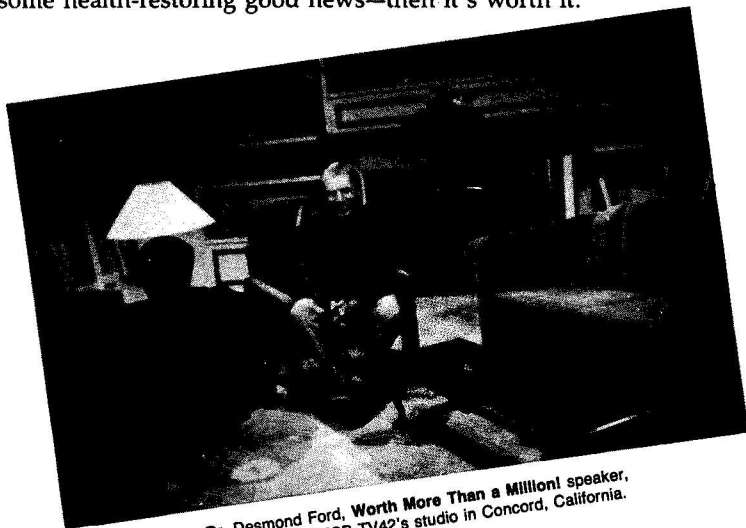
People are interested in WMTM's preventive medicine format. Everyone wants good health. "There is a great difference between being sick and being well," says Dr. Ford. "And only the sick know how vast is the chasm that divides. If we can contribute to someone being well, we will have spent our time, money, and energy wisely."

Two incredible things: 1) How Dr. Ford makes what he is saying fit exactly to the second into the program segments. 2) The way he weaves the gospel through the preventive medicine fabric of the show. Whatever the topic—be it exercise, rest, nutrition—Des always speaks of the grace of God, Jesus our Substitute, and the free availability of forgiveness in Christ.

Dr. Ford has often pointed out that Christ's way to his throne was *via* Golgotha; before he wore his crown of glory he wore a crown of thorns. Our triumphant salvation cost his dreadful sufferings. Thus, none can escape pain, for it is part of the gospel pattern of reality. Faith in Christ alone transforms our pain into a diadem.

I suppose it's little enough we suffer: the two-hour drive through early morning pathological traffic to the Concord, CA, studio; the shamefaced appointment in the makeup salon; the constant changing of clothes; the panicky feeling that you're not in control; the cruel lights; the terror and the boredom.

But if it helps some dear soul who tunes in to **Worth More Than a Million!** for some health-restoring good news—then it's worth it.



Dr. Desmond Ford, **Worth More Than a Million!** speaker, on the set at KFCB TV42's studio in Concord, California.

by Roy Gee

Editor:  
Roy Gee

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**COVER:** Dr. Desmond Ford on the **Worth More Than a Million!** set at TV42, Concord, CA.

Lee Melton, program director for KFIA AM radio, Sacramento, CA, interviews Dr. Ford live at Northern California's Family Trade Show.

## The Reality of Evil

**N**O CHRISTIAN NEED be ashamed of affirming that the doctrine of human depravity gives the only true explanation for human sorrow and folly. In recent years such a conviction has been forced upon many who once declined to have anything to do with religion. For example, the well-known philosopher, C.E.M. Joad, wrote a book called *God and Evil*, in which he set forth a change of mind as regards his former agnosticism:

Evil is not merely a bi-product created of unfavourable circumstances. It is too widespread and too deep-seated to admit of any such explanation; so widespread,

so deep-seated that one can only conclude that what the religions have always taught is true, and

*In Part One Dr. Ford reminded us there is such a thing as right and wrong. A cause and effect relationship operates throughout the whole universe, because God, the Creator, is moral. Humans are slow to learn this truth because they are fallen. Only righteousness works in a permanent sense.*

WHY  
DO  
WE  
NEVER LEARN?

PART II

by Desmond Ford

that evil is endemic to the heart of man.

I am claiming no credit for this conclusion. On the contrary, it is ground for humiliation to have come to it so late. (p. 24)

Centuries ago David Clarkson, one of the Puritans, had this to say as he preached on Psalm 51:5:

The end of the ministry of the Gospel is to bring sinners unto Christ. Their way to this end lies through the sense of their misery without Christ. The ingredients of this misery are our sinfulness, original and actual; the wrath of God, whereto sin has exposed us; and our impotency to free ourselves either from sin or wrath.<sup>1</sup>

## The Bible and Human Evil

The Bible is a wonderfully concentrated book. It refuses to be diverted from its one topic of man's need of salvation and the remedy. Therefore the sin of man is emphasized on every page. We read of "the sin which doth so easily beset us" (Heb 12:1); "the old man, which is corrupt" (Eph 4:22); "the carnal mind is enmity against God" (Rom 8:7); "sin that dwelleth in me" (Rom 7:17); "the body of sin" (Rom 6:6); "the plague of...[the] heart" (1 Ki 8:38); "Foolishness is bound in the heart" (Pr 22:15); "the stony heart" (Ez 11:19); "the evil treasure [of the heart]" (Mt 12:35); and "the poison of asps" (Rom 3:13).

We all know that sin always seems attractive, otherwise we would not be caught. It is like the butter that Jael brought to Sisera "in a lordly dish" (Judges 5:25). This is why sexual sin, in particular, is so attractive. It is associated with youth and beauty. However, could we see sin as it really is, we would behold a black and misshapen monster. Scripture compares it to the greatest deformities and the most filthy and repelling objects to be found in this world (see 2 Pe 2:22; Rom 7:24; Is 1:5,6; Php 3:8).

In his book *Peace with God*, Dr. Billy Graham gave a marvelous summary of sin and its results:

All mental disorders, all sicknesses, all destruction, all wars find their root in sin. It causes madness in the brain, and poison in the heart. It is described in the Bible as a dread and prostrating disease that

*"...too often when we think of sins, we are thinking of outrageous acts rather than selfishness and pride which taints all."*



*"...in every act we side either with or against God."*

demands a radical cure. It is a tornado on the loose. It is a volcano gone wild. It is a madman broken loose from the asylum. It is a gangster on the prowl. It is a roaring lion seeking its prey. It is a streak of lightning heading toward the earth. It is a guillotine cutting off the head. It is a deadly cancer eating its way into the souls of men. It is a raging torrent that sweeps everything before it.

Because of sin every stream with human crime is stained, every breeze is morally corrupted, every day's light is blackened, every life's cup tainted with the bitter, every life's roadway made dangerous with pitfalls, every life's voyage made perilous with treacherous shoals. Sin—destructive of all happiness, darkening the understanding, searing the conscience, withering everything, causing all tears of sorrow and all pangs of agony, promising velvet and giving a shroud, promising liberty and giving bondage, promising nectar and giving gall, promising silk and giving the shirt of sackcloth. (pp. 85-86)

#### **Misunderstanding the Nature of Evil**

It's because we do not understand the seriousness and the depths of our sinful nature that we never learn without special help from God. We are inclined to think of sins done occasionally, whereas the biblical teaching is that everything we do is imbued with sin because of our sinful nature. Similarly, too often when we think of sins, we are thinking of outrageous acts rather than selfishness and pride which taints all. Let us never forget that there were very good men in the group that drove Christ to his death. Look at the faces of the men around the cross. They tell us things about ourselves. Those men still live in our society today, in our churches, in our homes. There at the cross were Pharisees who were rigorous and self-righteous. There also were relaxed and casual Sadducees. In the background of the Calvary scene you may see the treacherous Judas, blasphemous and denying Peter, the vacillating Pilate, seared Herod. But you see there also the conforming soldiers and the acquiescent mob. Are we not all there?

#### **No Neutrality**

An English writer reminds us that: Fundamentally there is only one sin—rebellion of the human will against the will of God. Insofar as my own will is rebellious, it is in tune with every act of murder, rape, or oppression committed this day in the world. My private acts of selfishness committed today, trivial though they may seem to me, nevertheless range me on the side of those whose more sensational deeds of cruelty or lust publicly advertise the rebellion of the human will. They bring me into a deep, sympathetic alliance with the murderer, the swindler, and the debauchee. I too like them am in rebellion. I too like them am serving the self; a little more cautiously and subtly perhaps; being rather more sensitive than they to the earthly cost of extravagance in such matters—but what heed does God pay to that added touch of worldly caution and subtlety? He looks down today upon a human race engaged in obedience or disobedience. There is no third alternative, no discreet maintainings of silence between the praising or blaspheming throngs. In every act we praise or we blaspheme.<sup>2</sup>

Stunning is it not, to realize that in every act we either praise or we blaspheme? That in every act we side either with or against God. There is no neutrality, we are all the day choosing between Christ and Barabas, between God and the devil.

#### **The Real Enemy**

If a besieged company in a fortress were ever looking over the parapet to the east, expecting devastation from that quarter, would they not have been grateful to someone wiser who pointed out that their real enemy was coming from another point of the compass? Should not we be grateful to God that he has told us again, and again, and again, that our real enemy is not what we think it is? It is not our poverty or straightened circumstances. It is not the evil of other people. It is not the cruelties of nature or any one of a thousand things which we blame. Our real evil is within. Dwight L. Moody was right when he declared that he had had more trouble with himself than any other man he had ever met.



*All that we do that is good is but an echo of God's good.*



## A Menagerie of Evil

There is no part of man's nature but has come under the dominion of sin. In his sin man is compared to 1) an adder for his venom (Ps 58:4); 2) an ass for his stubbornness (Job 11:12); 3) a bear for his cruelty (Dan 7:5); 4) a canker worm for destructiveness (Joel 2:25); 5) a dog for uncleanness (Pr 26:11); 6) a dragon for desolateness (Job 30:29); 7) a fox for his cunning (Lk 13:32); 8) a leopard for fierceness (Dan 7:6); 9) a lion for ravaging (Ps 22:13); 10) a moth for frailty (Job 27:18); 11) a sheep for stupidity (Is 53:6); 12) a spider's web for flimsiness (Is 59:5); 13) a sow for her filthiness (2 Pe 2:22); 14) a viper for his poison (Mt 23:33); and, 15) a wolf for his voraciousness (Jn 10:12).

May we say again what was said earlier? Moral truth is self-authenticating. Even in the darkest hour when we seem to be doubting everything, one thing remains certain. Even if there were no God and no heaven and no hell, we are internally convinced that it remains better to be generous than selfish, chaste than licentious, true than false, brave than a coward. But the question is, how is it to be done?

## How Can We Be Good?

When Professor Joad became convinced of the error of his intellectual ways, he wrote a book to the world making his confession and urging men to find true religion as the only remedy for evil. He pointed out that the teachers of religion varied in a number of ways, but that through their teachings ran a number of threads that were fairly clear and consistent. He suggested that religious teachers were agreed on the necessity of these things—to be kind, gentle, compassionate and just; not to be self-seeking; to discipline, even in some cases to suppress the bodily passions; not to set over much stock on the things of this world; to respect the rights of others, treating them as not less important than oneself; to love them so far as one can, and to love and fear God. Then he added these words:

But the way of life which the religions enjoin cannot be lived without assistance. . . . Because men are by nature sinful, we cannot always resist temptation; we cannot, therefore, lead the life which

the religious enjoin, unless God helps us to do so. If, however, we pray to Him for help it will be given. Thus it is only through the assistance of Divine Grace, as it is called, that man can succeed in living aright.<sup>3</sup>

## The New Testament Tells How

The question of the "how" that Joad has addressed is answered clearly by the New Testament. It tells us there is no other way than the way of the expulsive power of a *new affection*. So Paul could write in 2 Corinthians 5:14,15, RSV, "For the love of Christ controls us, because we are convinced that one has died for all; therefore all have died. And he died for all, that those who live might live no longer for themselves but for him who for their sake died and was raised." Every great life has been under the constraint of some mastering principle or influence. As Spurgeon once pointed out, a man who is everything by turns, and nothing long, is a nobody; and a man who wastes his life on whims and fancies, pleasures and pleasures, never achieves anything. Such a person flits over the surface of life and leaves no more trace than a bird upon the sky. But a man becomes great (even for mischief) when he becomes concentrated. Just as horses must be harnessed and steam must be confined, so the energies of man are powerful when motivated by something greater than anything within him.

## The Cross Alone Our Motive

Not the life of Christ, not the teachings of Christ, but his sacrificial death alone provides the motivation that we need. It offers a fulcrum and a lever that can heave our lives up to the heights. This is the only way we can get out of ourselves. It is of no use to try and whip ourselves up to certain religious emotions in order to discharge certain duties. Only when faith is used as an eye to focus upon Christ on the terrible tree, and the hand to lay hold of him as a personal redeemer, shall we become united with the very power of the heavenly throne itself. If we want ice to melt, we put it out in the sunshine, and if we want a mirror to gleam, we do not spend all our time in polishing it, but

*To know  
that we are  
loved,  
despite what  
we are,  
inclines us  
to love  
others  
despite  
what they  
are. To see  
the evidence  
of the  
patience of  
God towards  
us inspires  
us to be  
patient with  
the rest of  
our kind.*

rather we carry it where it can catch the sun's rays and flash them back in glory. Scripture says, "We love him because he first loved us" (1 Jn 4:19). All that we do that is good is but an echo of God's good.

To contemplate Calvary and to recognize our part in it is to find in God a new center. To understand the meaning of that event is to find self displaced. We can no longer live to ourselves, says the apostle (Rom 14:7; 2 Cor 5:15). To know that we are loved, despite what we are, inclines us to love others despite what they are. To see the evidence of the patience of God towards us inspires us to be patient with the rest of our kind. To catch a glimpse of the hope of Paradise offered to a penitent thief arouses in us an undying hope which can transcend "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." To behold Christ's willing subjection to his crucifixion energizes us in a way that nothing else can.

problem that leads us to love the things that could destroy us and to hate the things that could save us. But "whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Acts 2:21). Shall we not call on God repeatedly to give us an understanding of those hours in which he bared his heart of love to the universe? Call upon him until he reveals that we, too, died on that cross, and that we are now Christ's; and the only life that we have is the one he has given us. Then we will confess that we are not our own, for we were bought with a price. Then it will be true as we behold heaven's wondrous grace that "sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace" (Rom 6:14). Henceforth we shall live no longer for ourselves but for him who for our sake died and was raised again. There is no other way to right living, to health of body and soul. □

#### Our Only Problem—Solved!

Your only problem and my only problem is the sin problem—the sin

1. Cited by Arthur W. Pink in *Man's Total Depravity*, p. 10.
2. H. Blamires, *The Will and the Way*, pp. 60,63.
3. *God and Evil*, p. 12.

## Potpourri

- (pō'pu-ré ) n. 1. A miscellaneous collection  
2. A combination of various elements.

### WORTH MORE THAN A MILLION FOR YOUR VCR

Dr. Ford's 26 programs from his first TV series on the gospel and preventive medicine are now available. Each VHS video cassette is \$15.

Titles include:

- "Greatest Disease of All" (sin and its gospel cure)
- "Abolition of Death"
- "Blessings and Dangers of Modern Medicine"
- "Three Sisters" (Faith, Hope, and Love)
- "Heart Disease & Cancer"
- "Insomnia."

Cassettes and a complete list of titles are available from: **GOOD NEWS UNLIMITED**, 11710 Education Street, Auburn, CA 95603-2499.

### 1988 AUSTRALIA/ NEW ZEALAND TOUR

Sacramento Travel Bureau came up with the idea of **Good News Unlimited** hosting a group visit to Australia/New Zealand. Marilyn Badzik, tour coordinator, will be at the Santa Rosa Congress July 17-19 to answer questions and supply the latest information.

The tour April 23-May 12, 1988 will be for a group of around thirty-two. Dr. Des Ford (from Australia), and Gill Ford (from New Zealand) will be great sources of information. Gospel believers from most of the tour areas will be meeting with the group. Highlights of the Australian part of the tour will include a tour of Sydney, sparkling northern surfing beaches, and Cooranbong (near Avon-

dale College.) Des and Gill will give the history of the area. A meal will be shared with gospel believers.

Sharing worship, fellowship, and a meal with gospel believers will also occur in Brisbane, site of the 1988 World's Fair. The Fair will feature exhibits by more than thirty countries and thirty corporations. The theme: "Leisure in the Age of Technology."

There will also be a boat trip to the Great Barrier Reef.

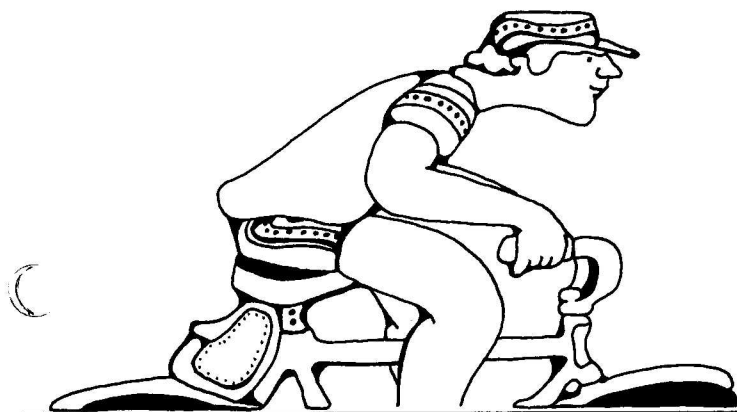
Vegetarian meals will be available for those preferring them.

Marilynn Badzik can be contacted for more information at 170 Twin Ponds Lane, Lincoln, CA 95648. Phone: (916) 645-8208.

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**C**S. LEWIS had the habit of deflating the ego of his readers. On one occasion he wrote: "If anyone will take the trouble to think back upon the thoughts he or she has thought in the previous ten minutes, and to analyze them, it will be surprising how much garbage will be found" [paraphrase]. I thought on that the other day when I was



of different types of solutions, none of which is a favorite of the enemy. With malice I pictured the fright, and then retreat, of this four-legged monster as he got his deserts.

At that point my malevolent thoughts were interrupted by a cherubic face appearing at the window of the house which the threatening animal was "protecting." There was a bright-faced, smiling lad of probably no more than eight summers, and he called out to me through the window—in the brightest and most cheery of tones—"Good morning." Immediately, I felt ashamed. Here I was contemplating the most dire threats of antagonism towards the pet of this innocent child, and he was wishing me a happy good morning!

Somewhat subdued, I continued on my way, thinking upon the topic of human depravity.

Only two corners further on, I came



## REFLECTIONS of a CYCLIST

by Desmond Ford

cycling to the office. The trip is about eight miles, and usually involves encounters with a number of dogs.

### Reflections on Threatening Dogs and Cherubic Children

I was coming up a hill when I heard the warning bark of one regular nuisance on the left side of the road. I thought with wry humor of John Newton's hymn "Through many dangers, toils and snares, etc." Of course, the contrast is abysmal. Newton nearly lost his life on a variety of occasions. He suffered naval floggings, repeated exposure to inclement weather while chained to a ship's deck, and knew the horrors of being treated as a slave in darkest Africa. To date, on this particular route, I had been bitten twice, had one pair of trousers rather marred by canine jaws, and occasionally had to swerve perilously close to traffic in an endeavor to avoid attackers.

Anyway, on this particular morning, as I heard the threatening roar, I reflected it would serve the dog right if I had been carrying a plastic container of antidog solution. You know the stuff, or stuffs. There are a number

upon another canine protector of the way, who showed great interest in me, and expressed it vociferously. This one, too, I had met many times before. He really only had three effective legs, possibly having been run over or hit by a passing motorist long before. I realized that this was really a gallant little animal, who, despite his handicap, was still determined to protect the household which fed him regularly and gave him other marks of affection. Yet here I was cherishing thoughts of unkindness towards the whole canine creation that ventured forth on the county roads. Once more I felt ashamed.

Second thoughts are usually best. The trouble is they are often not permanent. Tomorrow when I once more cycle through the gauntlet, my repentance will doubtless flee away to be replaced by thoughts of havoc and mayhem. What a creature is man!

To add to this revelation of depravity, I want you to know that the particular day in question was a beautiful one. All things stood out bright and clear in the early morning sunshine,

*Continued on page 10*

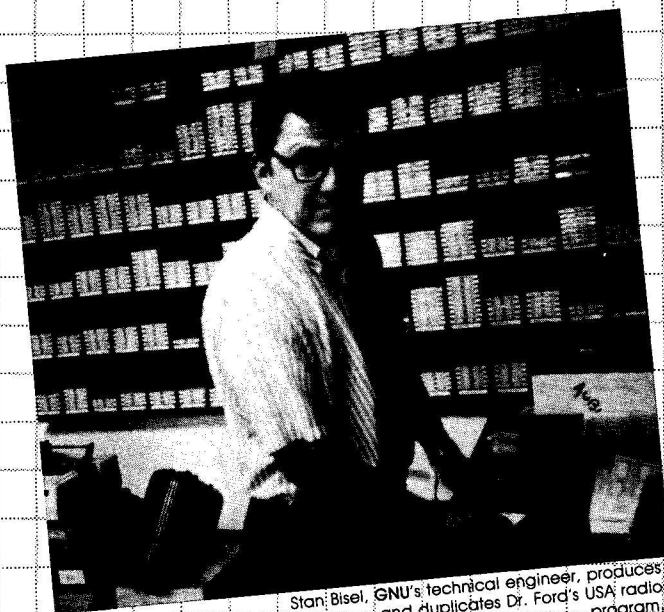
*"...I was  
occupied  
with dogs  
in a world  
that had  
the sun, the  
moon, stars,  
rippling  
streams,  
green fields,  
flowers,  
fruits, and  
a million  
other  
wonders.*



Lawrence Hornbeck, TV42 director of *Worth More Than a Million!* gives last minute changes for the teleprompter to Tanya Samuelsen.



Lee Melton, program director for KFI 740 AM radio, Sacramento, CA, interviews Dr. Ford live at Northern California's Family Trade Show.



Stan Bisel, GNU's technical engineer, produces and duplicates Dr. Ford's USA radio program.



Ed Simpson, in the GNU studio, announces the Good News Unlimited radio program.

## RADIO LOG—USA

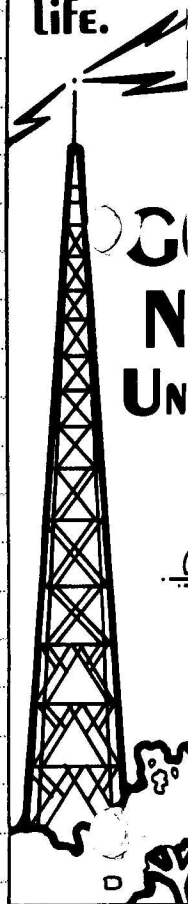
LITTLE ROCK, AR Monday-Friday Saturday	KITA 1440AM 10:45 a.m. 6:00 a.m.
HOLTVILLE, CA  Saturday & Sunday	KGBA 97.7FM 100.1FM 7:30-8:00 a.m.
RIVERSIDE, CA Monday-Friday	KPRO 1570AM 7:15 a.m.
SACRAMENTO, CA Monday-Friday	KFIA 710AM 12:30 p.m.
INDIANAPOLIS, IN Monday-Friday	WXLW 950AM 12:00 noon
BLACK MOUNTAIN, NC Monday-Friday	WMIT 106.9FM 9:15 p.m.

## RADIO LOG—CANADA

WETASKIWIN, ALBERTA Sunday	CJOI 1440AM 4:00-4:30 p.m.
100 MILE HOUSE, B.C. Sunday	CKBX 1240AM 8:30-9:00 p.m.
PENTICTON, B.C. Saturday	CIGV 100.7FM 8:06-8:36 p.m.
QUESNEL, B.C. Sunday	CKCQ 920AM 8:30-9:00 p.m.
WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C. Sunday	CKWL 570AM 8:30-9:00 p.m.

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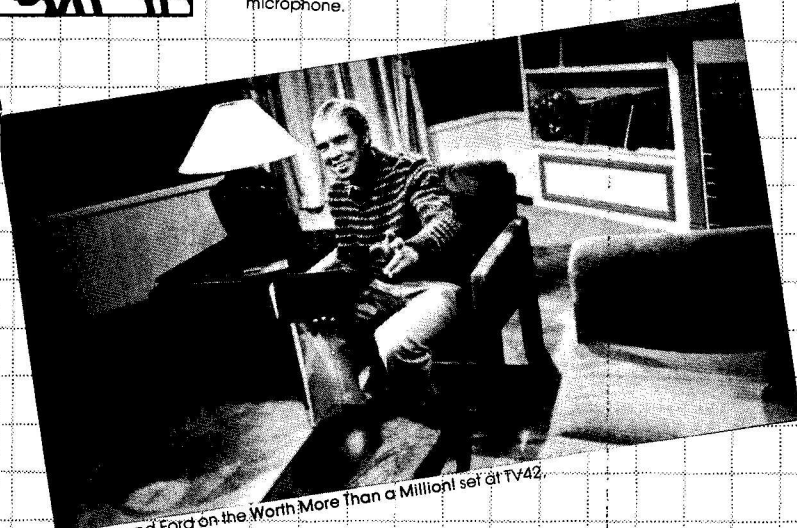
Dr. Desmond Ford successfully negotiates a new season's series at *Worth More Than a Million!* with Debra Fraser (pronounced Frazier), TV42's general operations division manager.



Dr. Desmond Ford



Floor director, Bea Gomes, adjusts Dr. Ford's microphone.



Dr. Desmond Ford on the *Worth More Than a Million!* set at TV42, Concord, CA.

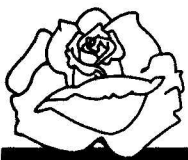
## RADIO LOG AUSTRALIA

*Bellingen, NSW*  
2BBB-FM  
Sunday 8 a. m.

*Coffs Harbour, NSW*  
2CHY-FM  
Sunday 9.30 a. m.

*Adelaide, SA*  
5PBA-FM  
Sunday 9.15 a. m.

*Tweed Heads*  
Radio 97  
60 second radio spots  
aired regularly



***Surrounded  
on all sides  
by evidence  
of the love  
of God, we  
concentrate  
on the  
slightest  
threatening  
shadow—  
and forget  
the rest!***

*Continued from page 7*

and the air was crisp and fragrant. I should have been thinking, not of Newton's hymn, but Browning's, when he declared that "God's in his heaven, and all's right with the world." Of course, Browning was overoptimistic when he said that all things were right with the world, but I guess he meant the providence of God overshadowed all. The main point is I was preoccupied with dogs in a world that had the sun, the moon, stars, rippling streams, green fields, flowers, fruits, and a million other wonders.

Is that not too often the case with us all? Surrounded on all sides by evidence of the love of God, we concentrate on the slightest threatening shadow—and forget the rest! Would not life be different if we formed the habit of thinking upon the good, and only giving the evil our close attention when some decision was required regarding it.

It has only been weeks since the PTL debacle and the Gary Hart political upheaval. Many of us asked whether "The good man is perished out of the earth" (Mic 7:2). But again, it is a matter of where we look. In the last two and a half months I have met hundreds of people, some of them Americans, some Australians, some Filipinos, some Japanese. Everywhere I have gone, I have encountered kindness and generosity.

#### **Reflections on Tokyo**

There was that evening at Tokyo's main train station. I was very weary after a long flight from the Philippines. Before that, a wearying truck ride under armed guard to Manila Airport. I had been through the maze of getting from Tokyo airport to the train station, which to a newcomer can be a challenging and somewhat trying experience. Signs in English were few. Most travelers about me knew only their own language. I wanted to find out how to reach Nagoya.

Everyone was rushing hither and thither. (The Japanese are very energetic people and always seem engrossed with business. In contrast, Filipinos are more relaxed and love to sit in the sun and laugh, tell stories, or sing.) The night was late, and I didn't wish to wander in my ignorance forever. So I stopped a man

walking briskly towards me, and said to him sharply and inquiringly, "Nagoya?" Immediately, he took one of my bags and began to lead the way to an office about 200 yards away. Only when I had received the necessary information from an English-speaking official, and was in good hands and no longer lost, did my Japanese "Good Samaritan" bow with great courtesy and leave.

During my three days in Japan, finding my way around Hiroshima and other places, I must have asked fifty people for directions, and was always met with uniform courtesy. I am no stranger to being lost. I confess that due to a very poor geographical sense I am capable of being lost even in a telephone booth. Therefore, it is with continual gratitude that I meet the wonder of kind and helpful strangers.

#### **Reflections on the Philippines**

In the Philippines I was assigned an escort, "lest I be kidnapped." I didn't know how seriously to take such words, though it was a fact that some Australians, Americans, and Swiss had been kidnapped in recent weeks. The young man assigned to me kept closer than any brother. He steered me through the complexities of Philippine cities, and did what he could to prevent my being cut down by the traffic as we made perilous forays in search of a passing jeepney.

In one home where we both slept in the same room because of a multiplicity of guests, I remember the hostess—a lady of infinite charm and apparent happiness. To my sorrow I learned she had lost her husband by a sudden stroke just a few weeks before. In the early morning I arose to walk before what would necessarily be a sedentary day of meetings. I found her busy in the kitchen. She was crying. She said, "Since my husband's death I find it hard to sleep." Here was a woman suffering terribly from bereavement, yet she had greeted her guests with a smiling face and all the genuine signs of hospitality.

#### **Reflections on the USA**

Recently in Grand Junction, Colorado, I left my motel just after 6:00 in the morning to walk to the airport about a mile away. Kind friends had been eager to pick me up and take



***It is up to  
us whether  
we will  
concentrate  
upon the  
darkness of  
threatening  
dogs...or  
marvel  
at the  
abundant  
evidences  
of the grace  
of God.***

me, but I saw no reason to disturb their early Sunday morning rest. I like to walk and my bag was not heavy. I had gone only half a mile when a car stopped, and a lady's smiling face appeared, inquiring, "Are you trying to make a flight?" I thanked her for her kindness and assured her that I had plenty of time. But I went my way marveling.

#### Reflections on Choosing Good or Bad

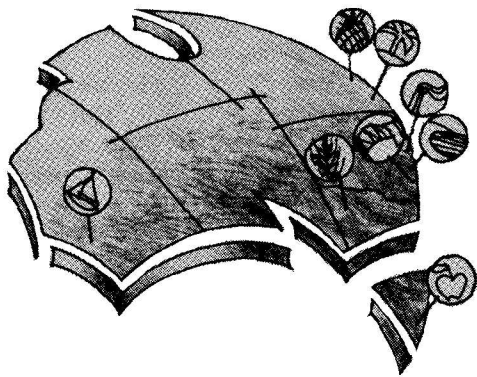
Yes, the world, your little world and mine, has its threatening dogs. But it also has shining-faced children, glorious days, and a multitude of people who reflect the goodness of God in their own unpaid-for acts of kindness and charity. The three women

doctors I met in Mindanao represent a vast, unheralded host. Sisters from one family, the three doctors regularly harness the talents of many Christian young people for regular visits into the country—even Communist insurgency country—in order to heal the sick and educate the poor in matters of hygiene.

It is up to us whether we will concentrate upon the darkness of threatening dogs, the clouds on the horizon, the ordinary and unending complexities and perplexities of life; or whether we will marvel and adore at the abundant evidences of the goodness and grace of God, still reflected in both his animate and inanimate creation. □



## Fellowships



### VACANCY

*Pastor or Assistant Pastor for small gospel-orientated Baptist Church in Riverina, NSW, part-time basis initially, may be assisted to find other work. Housing commission area, challenge and fun. Suit retired, middle aged or younger man with gifts of hospitality and preaching.*

*Enquire Pastor Tom Toogood,  
PO Box 811, Wagga Wagga,  
NSW 2650.*

#### BRISBANE GOOD NEWS FELLOWSHIP

Meets the second Saturday of the month, 3pm at Rochedale State High School, Priestdale Road, Rochedale, Qld.

#### PALM BEACH GOOD NEWS FELLOWSHIP

Meets every Saturday except the second Saturday of the month, at 3pm in the Palm Beach Share-n-Care Centre, Tenth Avenue, Palm Beach, Qld.

#### LAKE MACQUARIE GOOD NEWS FELLOWSHIP

Meets monthly in Newcastle, Phone (049) 68 4396

Meets weekly in Cooranbong, Phone (049) 77 1378

(First Cooranbong fellowship each month is a Fellowship Tea. Third Saturday of each month the group combines with Sydney at either Cooranbong or Sydney.)

#### SYDNEY GOOD NEWS FELLOWSHIP

Meets every Saturday, 3pm, Phone (02) 899 1183.

Combines with Lake Macquarie Fellowship on the third Saturday of each month at either Cooranbong or at the Uniting Church, cnr Hinemoa Avenue and Pennant Hills Road, Normanhurst, NSW.

#### BAYSWATER CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Meets every Saturday at 9.45am at the Bayswater Uniting Church, Murray Street, Bayswater, Perth, WA

#### SOUTH PERTH CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Meets every Sunday at 10am in the South Perth Uniting Church, Broome St, South Perth, WA.

#### HOBART GOOD NEWS FELLOWSHIP

Meets on the last Saturday of each month at 2.30 pm.  
Phone (002) 31 0945 for details.

#### RIVERINA REGIONAL FELLOWSHIP

Meets every fourth Saturday of the month at 3pm for meeting, basket tea and social evening. Phone contact: (069) 29 3196.

#### PASTORS

#### Ron Allen

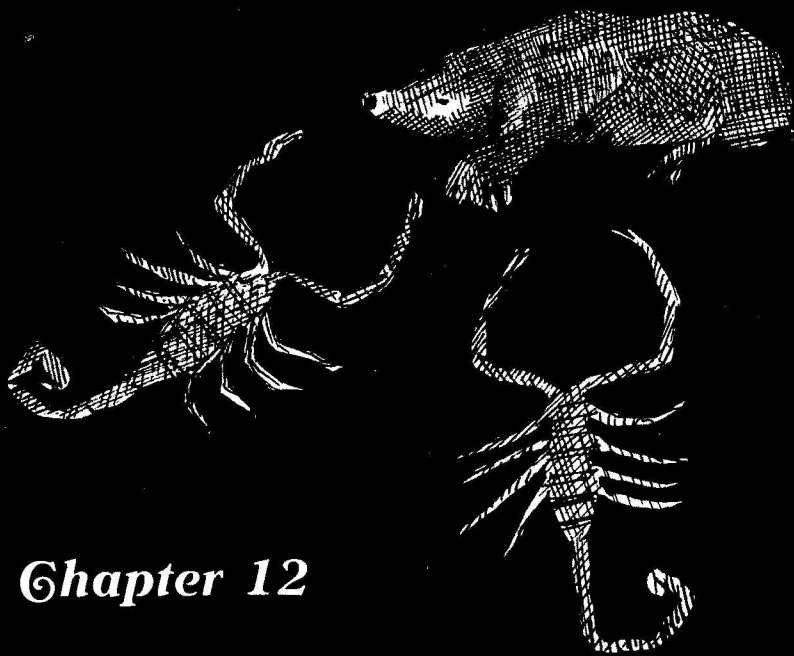
12 Patonga St,  
Ashmore, Qld 4214  
Phone: (075) 39 5081

#### Neville McKenzie

15 Longfield St,  
Maddington, WA 6109  
Phone: (09) 459 9232



# The Trial



## Chapter 12

**D**OWN IN THE PIT where Mishma was trapped, things looked bleak. Mishma could not know he was about to be rescued. All he knew was that he was down in a dark hole, with venomous, stinging creatures all around him, and he couldn't get out. For some reason, the scorpions hadn't touched him, but he thought that was only part of the torture. They might, they would, they *must* sting him sometime, he reasoned—that was the nature of scorpions. The waiting, the uncertainty, and the fear set him all aquiver.

His life passed before him like slides passing through a projector. There were no nice pictures. Mishma had, in the past, done many loyal and brave deeds, but

these were now forgotten. All he could remember were the mean things he had done, and the many nasty thoughts he had contemplated.

He tried not to think, but a sudden stirring around him brought back to him his perilous position. The sound of water rushing violently over rocky terrain pierced his imagination. He was immediately back on the mount with Maon, the night of the Flood. He experienced again the terror and fear of the sudden storm. Then he saw himself rushing wildly to safety, no thought for the king, only for finding a secure, safe place.

"Guilty, yes, that's what I am—guilty!" he said. "That's why I've been put here. I ran away, so I've been put in a place where there is

no escape. It's a reckoning, a judgment day and I deserve to die." And he willed the scorpions to strike him dead. He was still in this sad, depressed state of mind some ten minutes later (it seemed like ten years) when he heard noises overhead, and felt the vibrations as a key clanked against the huge rock over the mouth of the pit. "This must be the execution," he thought, as he was overwhelmed by a sudden piercing light, which almost blinded him. Then he heard the compassionate and anxious voice of his master calling.

"Is it well with you, Mishma?"

"It is well, sire," said Mishma sadly.

What great joy it gave Maon to find that God had restrained the evil scorpions from destroying Mishma. In a brief moment Mishma was released. As he was being helped out, his cruel jailer lost his footing and fell into the pit, where the scorpions made short work of him. Maon said gravely, "He that digs a pit for another, shall fall into it himself."

Poor Mishma was in a severe state of shock, expecting the king to speak roughly to him. By contrast, Maon embraced him and told him not to be afraid—all was well. "You must go to trial," the king said. "It is the law of the land that those accused of treason—when there is apparent evidence—must face a judge. But I will be with you, and you will go free."

*"This must be the execution," he thought, as he was overwhelmed by a sudden piercing light, which almost blinded him.*

Mishma couldn't grasp this. His heart told him he was guilty, even though he hadn't betrayed the king to the Shrewds. You have to understand that those who are under the burden of guilt and remorse become so downhearted that they cannot see the facts of their situation clearly. They have a black wall in front of their eyes.



Marsi, on the other hand, standing behind the king, was actually guilty of high treason and spying for the Shrewds, and nearly guilty of the murder of Mishma (had it happened). But he felt very good about himself. Marsi thought himself very clever and wise. Even now, his mind was working at a furious pace seeing how he could get out of this jam. There was no proof of his involvement with the Shrewds. He was not under suspicion as far as he knew. A story could be concocted to make the jailer solely responsible for what had happened to Mishma with the scorpions. Mishma might still be found guilty and punished by death. All was not lost.

The next couple of days were sleepless ones for Maon, who was suffering bird lag from his flight. He was worn out with anxiety about Mishma soon coming up for trial. Sympathetic Mica, his wife, lay awake with him, and they both tossed and turned in vain, unable to rest.

"Our problem is," said Maon, when he finally gave up the struggle for sleep, "we know that Mishma is innocent of treason, yet evidence against him has been furnished. The evidence was probably falsified by Marsi, though we have no proof of that." He added dispiritedly, "And Mishma for some reason is so depressed. I suspect he'll stand trial and plead guilty. It's probably the shock of his experience in the pit."

The next night, at the preliminary hearing of the accusations, the king—who presided as judge—had the trial delayed for some days so evidence could be collected. Mishma, sitting opposite, was clearly still in a state of distress. The king's heart ached for him, but he had to keep aloof since it was essential that the judge be nonpartisan. Things otherwise might go worse for Mishma. Later, however, Maon sent Mica down privately to the dungeons to comfort the prisoner.

Marsi knew he did not have a lot of time to rig the evidence against the jailer so as to deflect criticism from himself. He was usually very careful, but in his haste less so than usual. He returned to his chambers, wrote a coded message to the Shrewds, telling them of the

evidence he needed. Taking a lighted match in one paw and a stick of wax in another, he melted hot drops of wax on the envelope to seal it. He took from a hidden compartment in his desk a tiny ring given to him by the Shrewds as a sign of identification and authority, and plunged it into the rapidly cooling wax. Then the ring was returned to its hiding place. Unfortunately for Marsi, in his haste he failed to close it fully. It looked closed, but it was not. Marsi's failure to close the compartment carefully was to lead to his downfall.

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***He took from a hidden compartment in his desk a tiny ring given to him by the Shrewds as a sign of identification and authority, and plunged it into the rapidly cooling wax.***

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As Marsi left, he was followed. When he was seen passing on the letter (despite his care to conceal it), a message was sent to have him diverted so his room could be searched. To do this, Maon called Marsi in. To Marsi's relief, the king only asked his advice about military strategy against the Shrewds. Marsi was completely taken in. Always happy to air his knowledge and voice his opinions, Marsi spoke loud and long. This gave Maon's search-party the opportunity to slip into Marsi's room to search it. They picked the lock on the front of his desk and began to search through it thoroughly. Running expert fingers over the inside of the desk, they soon discovered the improperly secured hidden drawer.

To stop Marsi from becoming suspicious, they took a clay imprint of his seal, and carefully put everything back as before. Then they closed the flap, locked the desk, and left the room.

Marsi had no idea he was suspected and left the king's room happy that his advice had been sought. It was obvious, he reasoned, that the king had turned his favor from Mishma to himself. Things were going well.

Marsi's courier was followed

very cautiously by the best of Maon's scouts to a secluded spot near the border. Apparently the courier did not suspect he was under observation. He passed on the envelope to a Shrewd scout, then disappeared into a small cave to await the answer. Maon's scout also hid at a distance, so he could watch all that was going on. Back at court, the day passed swiftly and uneventfully. The next day came and went, the delay came to an end, and the trial began again. No reply had been forthcoming from the Shrewds, and Maon was worried. But he kept on praying.

After the preliminaries, the first witness for the prosecution was brought in. He was a mole in Mishma's battalion. He was a rather poor sort of creature who had often been in trouble in the ranks, and just as often received discipline from Mishma. While Mishma had been consistently fair, he had also been firm, which the witness resented. Therefore, it was easy for Marsi to coerce him into giving evidence against Mishma.

The soldier dramatically told how Mishma had, on the mountain, deserted the king in his greatest hour of need. In emotive language, he stretched the night's events right out-of-proportion into an act of treason. The king cleverly counterquestioned him, getting him to describe how bad the storm was. The soldier spoke of the terror and fear it had caused.

"How many of the soldiers that you were with did not run away?" asked the king.

"None, sire," was the answer.

"And you," continued the king, "what about you, soldier? Did you stay with the king?"



*by Gillian Ford*

"Uh, no sire," answered the soldier.

"In other words," said the king, making his point, "Mishma was no worse than anyone else there?"

"No, sire, but he was the leader," replied the soldier.

"I was the leader that night," said the king. He told the court in detail what had happened during the flood. In his reckoning it was such a night as to drive all reason out of the mind of a mole. He said that he personally would not blame anyone for running off, and had never felt that he was deserted. "I stayed in one spot," he continued, "but that was purely because I was rooted by fear, paralyzed and unable to move. There is no virtue in that."

The soldier was excused and other similar witnesses were called. There was not one shred of evidence in anything they said, but the spoken word always has authority, and mud always sticks. Many of the jurors were convinced of Mishma's guilt. They thought Maon was just being kind and overlooking Mishma's faults.

The final testimony came from Marsi, and it was masterfully done. He spoke well of Mishma, recounting his good points (though not emphasizing them). He spoke dispassionately, giving the appearance of being a disinterested observer dealing only with the facts. He invoked past conversations with the headjailer, all of which were fabricated. There were no direct accusations, just veiled suggestions; but when the whole speech was finished, it was devastating, like a spider's web intricately woven, looking apparently harmless and frail. And through no fault of his own, the poor fly, Mishma, was caught (it seemed inextricably) in the middle of it.

Witnesses were called for Mishma's defense, basically giving character references. While some were very touching, Marsi's witnesses had been better tutored, and the jury

had already been convinced of Mishma's guilt. The jurors passed off his good points as a clever ruse by him to fool the king. When Mishma himself was called into the dock, sneezing and snuffling, he was prepared to admit almost anything. It was as the king feared.



The case for Mishma deteriorated rapidly.

There was nothing left but for the jury to put their heads together and decide the verdict. This did not take long. They found Mishma guilty of high treason and recommended the death penalty. Mica wept openly.

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*...but when the whole speech was finished, it was devastating, like a spider's web intricately woven, looking apparently harmless and frail. And through no fault of his own, the poor fly, Mishma, was caught (it seemed inextricably) in the middle of it.*

---

It was time for the king's summing-up speech before he passed judgment. He stood up slowly and solemnly, gazing calmly on the court. He spoke of

the evil of moles' hearts. Not just Mishma was in the dock of life, but all of them as individuals must answer for their actions one day. When one was accused, all should remember that everyone is a sinner in the sight of God, and therefore all are under judgment. If God

should judge as all deserved, not one would be able to stand without guilt. Only when a mole is humbled by that thought, is he ready to enter into judgment on another as they were today.

Maon spoke with great clarity. No one who heard that speech was ever to forget it. He continued by saying that what they had to decide in this case was whether deliberate evil had been planned by Mishma, a carefully reasoned plot against the crown.

Then came the shock. "I don't believe Mishma capable of this. I had hoped to remain impartial

in this case, but I believe the situation is so serious that I can no longer do so. Mishma's life is at stake, and I believe false evidence has been presented against him. As yet, I cannot prove it. But I have had a lifetime of association with Mishma. His father served my father faithfully for many years. Both in peacetime and in battle Mishma has been a loyal, kind, and generous comrade, more like a brother than a servant. You cannot fake these things. His character has been too consistent over the years for him to be a fraud.

"I believe the evidence is circumstantial, and that Mishma one day will be exonerated.

"However," Maon continued, "a decision has been reached by the jury, and under Molk law, I am bound to abide by it and pass judgment." His next statement stunned the courtroom into disbelieving silence.

"I will take Mishma's place. The verdict shall come upon me and he shall go free. You may say to me it is better that he should die than

the king, for what will happen to the realm after the ruler's death? But I say that truth and justice are more important than the life of the king, and I for one am prepared to die for them." He then gave orders for Mishma—now legally free—to be put under surveillance for his safety's sake.

In the abrupt silence that followed, only Mica's weeping could be heard. Her sorrow for Mishma was now transferred to someone even dearer to her. She broke down in grief for Maon.

The room went from relative silence to a great din of voices as all began to speak at once. The jury was in consternation. Such a thing had never happened before in Molk story. But the king's word was final, and the procedure legal. Marsi was taken aback initially, realizing that the king suspected something. But in a few moments he regained his composure. The king might die—that would be even more advantageous to Marsi's cause than had Mishma died.

Both Maon and Mishma spent the next day in jail together under the watch of several guards. Maon knew Mishma might try to take his own life to save the king's. Maon was hoping that the Shrewds would return an answer to Marsi's message, and that both of them would be vindicated.

***In the abrupt silence that followed, only Mica's weeping could be heard. Her sorrow for Mishma was now transferred to someone even dearer to her.***

Just so, the next day, Maon's scout returned accompanying both Marsi's emissary and the Shrewd who had delivered the message Marsi had requested. Both were imprisoned and closely questioned by Maon and his elders. The Shrewd was so impressed by Maon and the fact that no torture was used (a normal practice in Shrewdom) that he opened up and told them all he knew. He hated the system he had been brought up in, and was glad for the chance to get out of it. Marsi's

spy was a weak character and caved in under the severe and probing questioning of Maon. He soon spilled out his story.

Marsi was quickly arrested, after a futile attempt to escape over the border. The court reconvened the next day. The trial didn't take long. When the Shrewd was called to the witness stand, and the contents of the message incriminating Mishma were read out, the tide soon turned. It was then told by the Shrewd how he had been given instructions to get this false evidence to Marsi. It had been emphasized to him that it was a matter affecting the domination of the Shrewds over the Molks. He told how he had run on many missions of a similar nature between Marsi's courier and the Shrewds. Thus it became apparent that Marsi was planning to overthrow not only Mishma, but also the king.

Marsi's courier added further to the evidence. The imprint of the ring taken from his desk and the evidence of Maon's spies in this regard made the evidence incontrovertible. When the jury met again, Marsi was soon pronounced guilty.

When the king rose to make his second closing speech within a few days, he said he hoped none would forget the lesson this experience had taught.

"How easy it is to slur someone's name, and compile evidence against him—to declare the innocent, guilty. Yet, justice and truth, however perverted in this life, will ultimately be vindicated, along with the innocent who trust in God. We don't always see that in this life. Much evil that is done will not be put right until the Lord comes. But this trial should be a visible encouragement to all who now and in the future will be called upon to suffer innocently."

He continued that it was also true that evil would be finally dealt with, and this case was a foretaste of this. It was Molk practice by law that where there were false accusations and false witnesses, judgment passed on the innocent would automatically pass onto the guilty. Thus Marsi and all who witnessed falsely

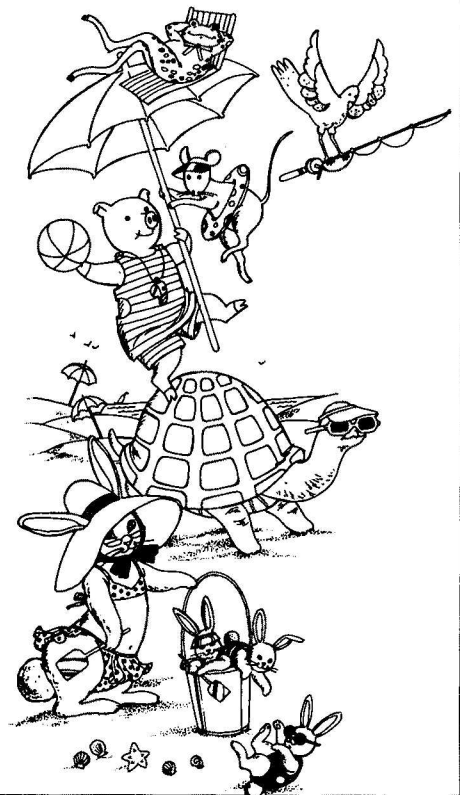
against Mishma were to be put to death.

The Shrewd was imprisoned for a while but later set free on good behavior. He was allowed to remain in Molkdom as an alien resident. Marsi's spy was imprisoned for life.

***Yet, justice and truth, however perverted in this life, will ultimately be vindicated, along with the innocent who trust in God.***

A few days after the trial Maon sent Mishma for a long vacation. Mica found out that since the flood, Mishma had been plagued by nightmares, and had been unable to sleep. One of the reasons Mishma became so discouraged and depressed was he had caught some virus that night, and it was still troubling him. He came back from his vacation full of joy and confidence. After telling the king how foolish he had been to give up so easily, the past was forgotten. Mishma was his old self. The worst was over. The best was yet to come. □

*Next time we return to our alternate story about Marley the Mole, who also has just been falsely accused and vindicated.*





# Letters

## Daniel in Communist Sector

Dear Brother D. Ford,  
For last two years I was engaged in some translation work [in the Communist sector]. One of the books that I was working on was your *Daniel*. Half of the book was translated by me ... now somebody else is continuing since I moved ... to Sweden. *Daniel* is going to be used in the Seminary ... of my country.

Just wanted to say that I often meet quite big interest to "ideas put forward by D. Ford" among pastors, of younger generation especially ... I think that your approaches and presentations served partly for liberalization of many conservative [Christians] in the [Communist sector]. And that is very, very good. S., Sweden.

## Spreading the Gospel

Dear Dr. Ford,  
We were amazed when asked by customs to open your parcel of 109 tapes, which you so kindly despatched to us in February. Fortunately when I opened it as requested, instead of finding an invoice inside, there was a short note stating there would be no charge. The Customs official was obviously a Christian lady, very kind and understanding. Thank you very much for these tapes, and also for [tape] TM87-2 which was posted to us under

separate cover and which arrived with our normal mail.

Once our [tape] masters are made, we plan to use this [copying and distribution of your tapes] as our missionary endeavour in South Africa to spread the gospel.

Many, many thanks for all that you have sent us. We feel very privileged, but also sense a great responsibility to share what we have with others.

H. & D., Durban  
Republic of South Africa.

## Sins Forgiven

Dear Pastor Gee,

I am a friend of Ron Allen whom you know well, and a member of GNCM [Good News Christian Ministries, GNU's name] in Australia. I write to tell you of a strange and uncanny occurrence that may interest your readers.

Some years ago, you must have read of a bizarre incident where a... minister and his family were out camping when a dingo took away their baby girl. This case hit world headlines and lingered on for years, better known as the Chamberlain Case.

Mrs. Chamberlain was subsequently faced with a murder charge and sentenced for life, causing a terrific uproar throughout Australia. Thousands of people protested and formed support groups that agitated for years, until a Royal Commission was set up to investigate allegations of a miscarriage of justice.

Last week [letter dated 6 June 1987], after much deliberation, the findings of the commission were out, and while newspapers carried headlines, TV stations had a busy time. The spokesman for the Northern territory was interviewed, and his words seemed to echo a familiar phrase. He said that whilst Lindy Chamberlain was thereby granted a pardon, her crime still stood on record. One articulate member was quick to mention these words had an uncanny resemblance to a popular belief of yesteryear: "Your sins have been forgiven but not blotted out!"

Yours sincerely,  
Larry B. Bundaberg,  
Qld. Australia

## Christian Assertiveness

Dear Roy,

I do want to report to you on the successful weekend Dr. Ford spent with us on May 8 and 9. Visitors came from Sterling, La Junta, Denver and Durango, Colorado; and from Moab and Salt Lake, Utah. It was certainly a nice way to celebrate Mother's Day weekend ... There were 43 mothers plus men and children [present]. Is that not the way people were numbered during Bible times? The response from around the country was very gratifying.

Aside from this event we are currently involved in a series of workshops on Christian Assertiveness ... We

have an attendance of 29, over half from the community.

On July 11 we plan to resume our early morning class on "Understanding Your Bible from an Historical Point of View" but are renaming it "Studies in Bible Issues."

I sincerely wish GNU a successful summer and I hope we can sponsor Dr. Ford again before too long.

(I am personally interested in Dr. Ford's health program ... I would really like to get more information on the program, and whether he plans to present anything like that on his tours.)

Sincerely your friend,  
Stella B.,  
Mesa Christian Fellowship  
Church  
Grand Junction, CO

## Unspeakable Good News

Dear Brother in Christ,

Thanks for the unspeakable good news in your GNU magazine. As an honorary (part-time) Baptist Pastor I find your magazine most helpful - some copies were loaned to me. Could you put me on the subscription list please?

Could you assist our small church find a suitable associate or assistant Pastor? They could be an active retired couple or middle-aged or younger, particularly if having gifts of preaching and hospitality.

Your brother in Christ's service,  
Baptist Minister, NSW, Australia.

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