

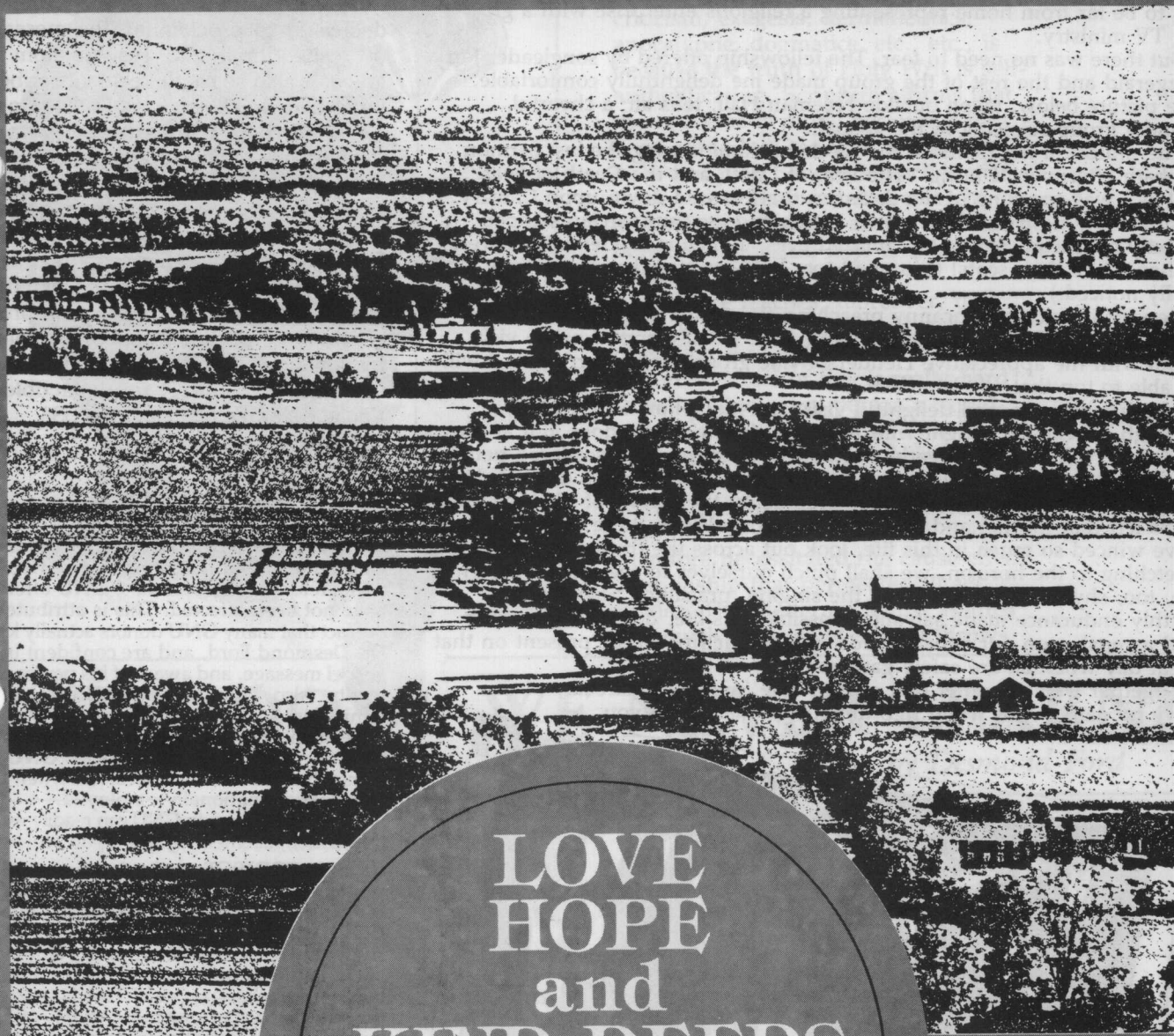
GOOD NEWS

UNLIMITED

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June 1987



LOVE
HOPE
and
KIND DEEDS

Summer Congress Information Inside

FLYING IS FOR ME like combat: moments of terror followed by hours of boredom. (I recently thought the two had met — flying and combat — on my trip to South Carolina. Below our American Airlines MD Super 80, barely discernible against the brown Utah mountains, silently slipped a camouflaged B-52. It seemed awfully huge and close to nervous me.)

Still, it's worth it (flying that is, never combat) to be able to visit gospel fellowship groups.

The first weekend of May 1987, I was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Ratzlaff (Alvin and Carol) of Spartanburg, South Carolina. I met with the enthusiastic and gentle-mannered group in the Hendersonville, North Carolina, area. What a memorable weekend!

This was my first official outing as a GNU minister. No longer was this Roy Gee popping in for a visit with a few quick sermons, but Pastor Roy Gee from GNU—representing all of you. It is a serious matter to represent the gospel. During these days of PTL scandals it is even more sobering to be far from home representing a religious enterprise with a growing TV ministry.

But there was no need to fear. The fellowship offered by songleader Jerry Fitzgerald and the rest of the group made me delightfully comfortable. The picture below, taken outside Freeman Hall, tells all: a cheerful, friendly group rejoicing in the gospel!

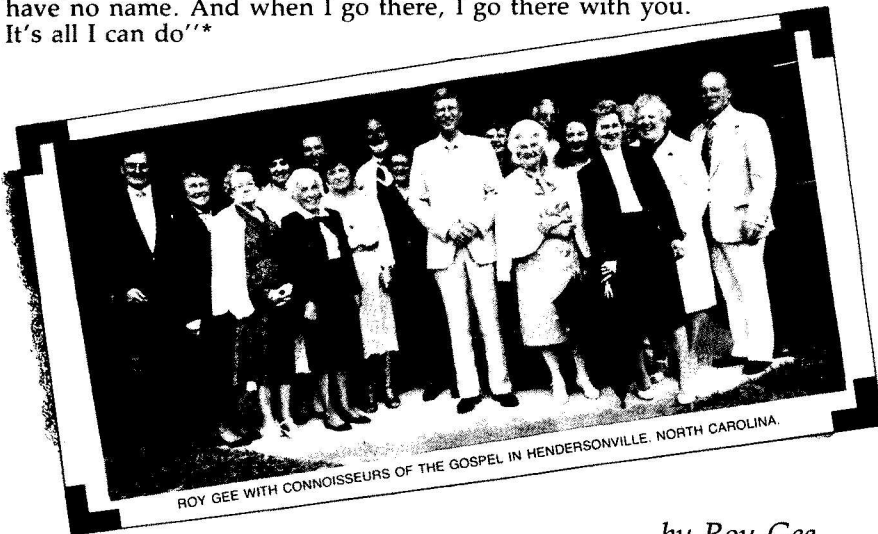
The oratorical highpoint of the weekend came during the last sermon, Sabbath afternoon. During "The Fear of Death and the Death of Fear," just as I was speaking of the darkness that pressed down upon Calvary, I gestured my right fist downward. A tremendous thunderclap slapped directly overhead. Before my amazed eyes, all before me levitated several inches above their seats! (I jumped too, but was standing, so no one really noticed.)

Reports of such an uncanny preaching style must already be all over the Asheville, Greenville, Spartanburg area. I really hope I get to visit again with the appreciative Hendersonville group; but I worry how I will be able to top that special effect!

My dire journey, and delightful visit, is a metaphor. Our journey through life can be fraught with terror, larded with boredom. But at the end there will be a great gathering and fellowship of the scattered people of God. Everything endured on the journey will be worth it on that day.

We know we shall be there, gathered about the throne of God, because Jesus left that throne, and ascended the cross. When these eyes, which have winced so much in this life, look out across the thronging crowd stretching to the horizon, we shall pinch ourselves to see if it's true. Then we, too, shyly at first, shall join the singing, praising a Savior who's earthly endurance made salvation possible. His life, death, resurrection and ascension on our behalf, made sure of our right to be present on that great day when all are safely gathered in.

Together we shall enter that golden city "where the streets have no name. And when I go there, I go there with you. It's all I can do!"



ROY GEE WITH CONNOISSEURS OF THE GOSPEL IN HENDERSONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

(*Chappell Music/U2 [ASCAP]).

by Roy Gee

Editor:

Roy Gee

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Patpourri

DONATIONS STEADY. Some religious organizations report donations are down, due to the televangelist scandals. GNU offerings have not been affected. This is attributed to the fact that many GNU donors actually know Dr. Desmond Ford, and are confident in his gospel message, and aware of his personal integrity. Also, TV is only one of GNU's services.

Nevertheless, Dr. Ford wishes it known that the salaries of ministers at GNU are somewhat less than that received when they were denominationally employed.

All regular donors to GNU can readily receive a financial statement simply upon request.

CRISIS! PROJECT. A Berrien Springs, MI, resident has financed a special project for the 200 Masters of Divinity students at Andrews University, MI. He has paid for each of the students to receive a free copy of volume two of Dr. Ford's masterpiece-commentary on the book of Revelation, *Crisis!* This is to enable the students to become more widely familiar with a gospel interpretation of apocalyptic literature. A booklet, "Jesus and the Last Days" by Dr. Ford, and a GNU brochure of available materials, were also included.

Readers of this item might be inspired to adopt a similar project (though perhaps on a smaller scale.) Multiple copies of Dr. Ford's books are available at a genuinely useful discount.

THOUGH I FIRST heard the words nearly fifty years ago, they still ring in my mind. There in tropical North Queensland, the land of crocodiles and monsoons, sharks and cyclones, sweaty bare feet and boys who often ran wild like animals, I emerged imperceptibly into my contemporary heathen society. At the theater each Saturday afternoon (a theater where during the evenings the wall blinds were rolled up so cool

again and again and again? Why do we never seem to learn? From whence can come the motivating power to enable us to do what we know we ought to do? That's the theme of this article. Drawing from the best medical book in the world, we shall tell the truth about human nature and set forth the sovereign remedy for all our ills.

There Is a Right and Wrong, Cause and Effect

The reason that a searcher after revealed truth does not need to understand Hebrew, Greek, Aramaic, archaeology, textual criticism, higher criticism, exegesis, hermeneutics, apocalyptic, dogmatics, etc., etc., is because the truth of Holy Writ is self-authenticating. Scripture affirms that the universe is moral because it has been made by One who is innately holy and just. Scripture teaches that there is a difference between right and wrong, as sharp as the difference between night and day, and life and death.

Scripture teaches, moreover, that there is a cause-effect relationship operating throughout the whole universe. None of this is really hard to believe, as every person's experience is a microcosm of what is happening throughout the whole world. Modern science could never have started but for the belief in a creator who ran the universe by law, and therefore necessitated the cause-effect relationship that permeates all activities. The modern scientist assures us gravely that when a baby throws

Why do we make the same mistakes again and again and again?



WHY DO WE NEVER LEARN?

(Part One)

by Desmond Ford

breezes could blow upon excited cheeks), I enjoyed the adventure stories of sin and judgment. For in those days, before the existentialist philosophy hit us, evil in screen stories inevitably brought judgment. Among what we called the "shorts," were very brief police stories, and the moral to each of these stories was given by the speaker at the close—"crime does not pay!"

In our souls we were not convinced. Why do we make the same mistakes

its rattle out of the baby buggy, it affects the motion of a furthest star. And yet, convinced though we are that the universe is run by law and that that law at its essence is moral, we never learn sufficiently to cease being deceived repeatedly by sin and folly.

An Example from the Third Reich

Take, for instance, Obersalzberg Mountain, Hitler's mountain, that overlooked the town of Berchtesgaden.

Scripture affirms that the universe is moral because it has been made by One who is innately holy and just... that there is a cause-effect relationship operating throughout the whole universe.

The scenery is magnificent. In the Wolf's Lair, the fortress resort built by the Nazis high atop Obersalzberg, Hitler found frequent refuge. At this mountain he finished writing *Mein Kampf* before he came to power. The entire mountain became a Nazi retreat for party leaders, Gestapo, and others.

If you go to Berchtesgaden today to hunt for Hitler's headquarters, you will find the driveway completely blocked and overgrown. If you get to what was once Hitler's home, you will find the concrete moldering and the bricks crumbling. Only a few concrete blocks and iron ventilation shafts remain of the once-imposing house. A visitor described it as "a dead, dead place!" Yet it was once the nerve center for the Third Reich which was intended to last a thousand years.

Of course, no European in 1941 would have said that crime did not pay. All surrounding evidence said crime did pay, for the victorious Nazi divisions had conquered most of Europe. But this only shows, once more, how correct Scripture is when it not only affirms that sin brings judgment but also warns us that sin is a sowing which may take time to come to harvest.

An Example from Drugs

Let us come closer home. *Newsweek*, of June 4, 1984, contained a story concerning the multitudes of Americans now struggling to break the grip of drugs and alcohol. We quote:

The snapshot is frightening: A grinning skeleton of a man wearing a Lacoste shirt. "Look at that," says Paul, 37, a lawyer and owner of a trucking firm. "Matchsticks for arms and slits for eyes. Eighty-seven pounds and coked out of my gourd." In the five years before the photo was taken, Paul explains, he "snorted away, his wife, his suburban home and \$500,000. After the drug ate away the cartilage inside his nose, he bought liquid cocaine and droppered it into his eyes. Then a year and a half ago, shortly after posing for the cadaverous photo, Paul pointed a .38 pistol at his head. . . .

The same article went on to speak about the fact that 35,000,000 Americans were users of illicit drugs in 1982.

An Example from the Failed Sexual Revolution

Of course, there are much more "respectable" crimes against society and the self. Illicit sex is one of these. It is astounding that in recent years even prominent figures who helped inspire the sexual revolution of the sixties have begun to confess that it didn't work. Such men now acknowledge that casual sex does not offer a satisfying meal but rather a plastic-wrapped fast-food product. The fact that between 9 and 15 million new cases of sexually transmitted diseases are contracted each year in this country alone gives adequate support to such confessions from another angle—not one of satisfaction but of health. Only the fact that it is many of the same people contracting additional sexual diseases within their own generation, prevents the above-mentioned statistic from meaning that all Americans from earliteens up would soon have venereal disease.

A limited percentage of the younger generation are beginning to suspect that moral crime does not pay. Said one boy recently:

I don't care whether it's wrong, I want to know whether it's smart. Now don't give me your old religious pitch. I'm looking for some adult who will cool his moral fever long enough to tell me what is smart for me. I have this girl on the make and she says she wouldn't mind. But I want to know, would I mind? What am I going to think of me? You can go anywhere in the world to get away from a pregnant girl or from a boy who took it away from you but you can never get away from you. Every morning when you get up you are going to look in the mirror and there you are.

We have heard from childhood that it's love that makes the world go around, but somehow we've confused love with lust. Sex was never meant to be a main dish in the feast of life. It's a garnish. True love has much more to do with giving than with taking, with improving things rather than desecrating them. Marriages launched by sexual attraction alone have no staying power. Said a typical mismated wife, "You've heard of the Sphinx—well, I married it." Despite

The modern scientist assures us gravely that when a baby throws its rattle out of the baby buggy, it affects the motion of a furthest star.

THIS MAN RECEIVES SINNERS

by F. Collett

This scornful criticism, levelled at Christ, is a true and glorious appraisal of our gracious God. God does receive sinners. From the moment sinners first appeared on this planet God came searching for them, armed with the covenant promise and a vicarious sacrifice. This was a loving God's response to man's dire need of grace.

Consider the Gibeonites. They were a bunch of sinners. As soon as the fame of God reached their ears they believed in His power. Afraid, wily, crafty and lying, they came. And God received them; just as they were. He entered immediately into a covenant relationship with them. Then grace abounded to those blatant sinners. No sooner had they confessed their guilt when trouble overtook them and responding to their need for help, God caused the sun to stand still over them for a whole day.

In addition, God made provision for these sinners to participate – to a small degree – in the sanctuary services. They hauled wood for the altar of burnt offering and water for the lava. Gibeon was situated on a wooded hill which had a reservoir (18 metres by 11 metres) on the side of it.

There was also the famous pool of Gibeon. As an added bonus for these people, the ark of the covenant came to stay with them in Kirjath Jearim, a Gibeonite city. Thus did they serve the Lord for many years.

Towards the end of the reign of King Saul tragedy struck the Gibeonites. The king tried to exterminate them. Thirty years later God brought Saul's wrong to the attention of David, the then civil administrator. Like Pilate years later, he asked, "What do you want me to do?". "Give us blood", they demanded. So innocent men were delivered into the hands of the people of God's covenant.

Seven men of royal blood was the demand. Saul's four sons had already died. Three with their father in battle and one by assassination. Shortly before his death Saul had fathered two so-called illegitimate sons by his concubine, Rizpah. These had been in hiding for thirty years. Together with five of Saul's grandsons they were delivered into the hands of the Gibeonites. 'They fell all seven together' as one man. A perfect atonement for the sins of another.

How did they die, these seven innocent men of royal blood? They died for the sins of another. They died accursed; hanging on a tree. And at what time? It was the time of the Passover; the first days of the barley harvest.

The inspired record gives many details of this tragic event. They hung outside the city wall; outside Saul's royal city Gibeah, the hill of God (1 Samuel 10:5 margin). The city was situated on the highway North from Jerusalem. One can imagine travellers passing by who would look at these despised and rejected victims, laughing them to scorn; shooting out the lip; wagging their heads. On this place there was a rock, much like Golgotha, the place of the skull. It was at Gibeah that Saul built his first altar to the worship of God (1 Samuel 14:35). It is said of the death of these seven men, "They died before the Lord".

Rizpah, the mother of these victims, like Mary later on, was there to witness the tragic scene. But unlike Mary, she did not leave at sunset. To her, as to the whole nation, this was a covenant sacrifice. God had promised to send rain on the land when justice had been done. It was now the beginning of the dry season. It would be a full six months before the rainy season. Armed with a piece of sackcloth Rizpah determined to keep away the vultures and the jackals, that not a bone of the sacrifice be broken or missing. She would brave the noon-day heat and the chilling dews of night for the six months until the three and a half years of drought were over. God is faithful. Precisely on the 1260th day of drought the first shower of rain fell. Atonement had been made. Rizpah's sons had not died in vain.

All that was needed now was the burial. Little did Rizpah dream that her sons would make their grave with the rich! King David gathered the bleached bones of the seven men as one and together with the bones of Saul and Jonathan, placed them in the sepulchre of Kish. The Gibeonites had seen Christ's day and were glad.

God receives sinners through the death of His son. The record is that these sinners, saved by grace, remained faithful to God all through the years of the Babylonian captivity and were restored to live in the promised land. Thus they were received, in a figure, into the new Earth.

When man's long, costly experiment with sin is over, God will again receive sinners. The only thing that God will retrieve from creation as His share – His inheritance – will be sinners saved by grace. He will receive a multitude of such sinners, the travail of His soul. And He will be satisfied. Throughout the endless years of eternity God and the Lamb will accompany ransomed sinners. Yes, our God and His beloved son do receive sinners. That is surely good news for you and for me.

RADIO MINISTRY

Good News Christian Ministries still broadcasts gospel material on stations in Adelaide, Coff's Harbour and Bellengen. One station which has a special interest for GNCM people in the Gold Coast area is 'EASY LISTENING 97', Tweed Coast Radio.

This station has a listening audience which extends from the Gold Coast to Ballina. GNCM has started broadcasting on this station with messages prepared by Pastor Ron Allen. This is the one station carrying our witness, which is situated in a place where we have several Good News fellowships. Please pray for the success of this part of our work.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★

RAYMOND COTTRELL TAPE

On February 15 of this year Raymond Cottrell, a retired Adventist scholar, delivered a paper entitled 'A Reliable Method of Bible Study' at a forum meeting. This address is available on audio cassette from the GNCM office NSW. The quality of sound is a little poor in places, but for those interested in the study of Daniel, this is a small price to pay for a real exegetical treat.

Price: \$5.00 postage paid.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THANK YOU

Good News Christian Ministries is pleased to acknowledge anonymous donations that are received from time to time. We would like to thank those who sent the following:

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19.00	20.00
20.00	226.00
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We wish our anonymous helpers the joy of God's grace to rest upon their lives.

ODDS AND ENDS

Visitor's Day at Palm Beach

On May 23 approximately 60 folk gathered at Palm Beach for an hour of worship through music and bible study. This swelled the usual numbers considerably. By planning ahead for this time of fellowship, people were able to come from further afield.

Ron Allen presented a gospel study on the theme of Christ and violence – a timely subject in these days of military coups and nuclear free lobbies.

Jeff and Eleanor Watts led in praise through music. This particular talent of theirs is always a source of blessing.

Friends from Brisbane, Lismore, Murwillumbah and other places enjoyed the day of combined fellowship. If you are meeting in a home fellowship group why not plan for a combined gathering like this in your area for next month?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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the mixing of metaphors, it's appropriate to say that silence from a spouse is a far cry from the whisperings of sweet nothings before sexual attractions became dim.

Howard Hughes

I have toyed with the possibility of one day writing a book drawing from modern biographies evidences that the Christian way is the only real way to live successfully. Tragically, the people who best demonstrate that moral crime does not pay rarely have any wish to write autobiographies. So far as we know, Howard Hughes didn't write one. Among his gods had been financial success and he had succeeded indeed. He wasn't a millionaire, he wasn't a multimillionaire, he was a billionaire. It's estimated that he owned over \$2 billion worth of real estate, etc. What was his life like in those closing years? Half lunatic for the final fifteen years of his life, he neglected himself dreadfully. It cost millions of dollars just to take his entourage of four doctors and six Mormon helpers (his guards), from country to country. He lived in luxury hotel penthouses. He let his straggly beard grow down to his waist, his matted hair fall halfway down his back; he refused to cut his fingernails until they were two inches long, and his toenails until they looked like yellow corkscrews. What a miserable life for anybody, let alone a man who could have bought anything he wished in this world—except peace, health and happiness. Of course, not all who worship mammon experience such a weird climax to life. It may be that the air crashes of Hughes had paved the way for his eccentricities. But having said that, how many people do you know of who, having made the pursuit of money the first thing in their life, have gone on to find health and happiness trailing along behind will-of-the-wisp wealth?

Personal Health Habits

Take our personal health habits. Everybody knows that they ought to exercise. Some are aware that the most sedentary have eight times more likelihood of an early death than the most active. But only the minority really want to exercise. We don't really believe that God meant it when he

declared, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread" (Gn 3:19). We forget that exports must match imports, and, consequently, about one in three in this country has a problem with encroaching obesity, and about one in four regularly goes on diets. We take in platefuls of compacted energy by way of imports, but our exports are very much deficient in the matter of the expenditure of energy.

Think also of the 50 million in this country who still worship at the shrine of nicotine. Ninety percent of them have tried to give up smoking and failed. Apparently they don't really want to give it up enough. If we watched a man burning ten-dollar bills, we would know he was crazy. Or if he drenched himself in gasoline and went looking for a match, we would suspect the same. Yet this habit of over 50 million smokers in the USA is not different in principle to either of these. I use again the love letter of one smoker that I quoted in my book on stress.

You are closer to me than any living creature, reposing in my pocket near my heart. With my lips, I caress you more than I do my family. When I awake, my thoughts turn to you and remain there all the day. I worship at your shrine with burnt offerings, constantly. At my desk, the fires seldom go out on your altar. I scatter your incense of smoke in the faces of my loved ones. I call upon you more than upon my creator. I pay more money for you than to the church and charities combined. I risk my life for you. By smoking, I take one chance in eight of having lung cancer and twice as many chances of death from heart attack. I take no such risk for my religion. I bear in my body the marks of my devotion to you—the color of my fingertips and skin. My body is so soaked with nicotine incense that when I perspire, many people hold their noses and walk away. A new light is dawning. I have become your slave. I do not smoke but suck one end of the cigarette while you smoke at the other. I am a sucker!¹

Why We Are Slow to Learn

Why is it that we do not learn that moral crime indeed does not pay?

*True love
has much
more to do
with giving
than with
taking, with
improving
things
rather than
desecrating
them.*

**The
universe is
run by law
and that
law at its
heart is
moral.**

Why are we so much like tortoises in the speed with which we regress from our wrong habits? Scripture has the only right answer. It tells us that the heart of man is desperately wicked, and every imagination of his heart from his youth up is evil continually. Scripture says that we have cut the cord that once united us to God. An unholy spirit dwells within us instead of the original Holy Spirit. It is time for all sane people to look again at the biblical doctrine of original sin, a doctrine of human depravity. Let none ever be ashamed to consider the religious answer to the human dilemma. All other answers have been tried and failed. If God exists, then outside of

him there is nothing but death. A moment's thought should convince us that he either matters tremendously or he doesn't matter at all.

SUMMARY

All moral truth is self-authenticating. Light proves itself, we never prove light.

The universe is run by law and that law at its heart is moral.

History and biography are replete with illustrations and examples that only righteousness works in a permanent sense. □

1. *Coping Successfully with Stress and Distress*, pp. 30-31.

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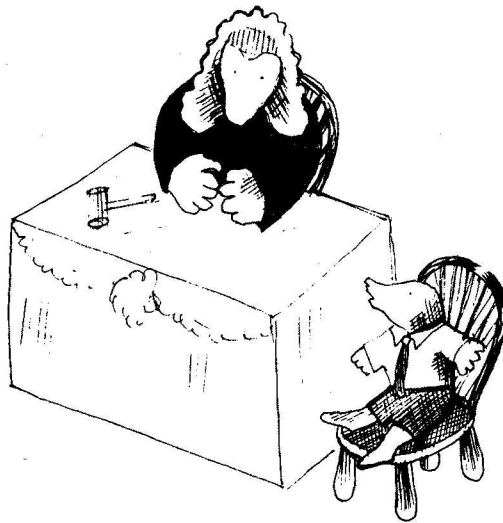
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MARLEY IN TROUBLE

Chapter 11

by
Gillian Ford



ON THE NIGHT of the inquiry into Willy's death, Marley's tummy felt really strange. He made an attempt to eat but had no appetite. "I'll pack something for you to nibble on should they have a break in the hearing," said Mrs. Mole.

The family made their way to the hall of justice in the nearby village. The hearing was closed to the public because of Marley's young age, but a huge crowd had gathered outside. Inside the building Marley saw Sam's mom and dad, but they ignored Marley and his folks, sticking their noses in the air. There were reporters trying to get into the building, hoping for a good story for their newspapers the next day, but they weren't allowed in either.

Marley and his family were led inside a small room where the hearing was to be held, and sat down on little leather seats. Marley looked at the desk at the front, at the Molk flag unfurled beside it, at the witness box, and then at Sam and Freddy. They were sitting close together, gazing straight ahead lest the venom they felt for Marley become apparent. Once Sam looked at Marley, and the cold glint in his eyes was so terrible that Marley felt cold waves of fear run up and down his spine. "Why does he hate me so much?" thought Marley. "What have I done to him?"

They had waited for about twenty

minutes, which felt like an eternity to Marley, when a door on the left opened and in came the judge. Everyone stood as he came in. The judge had tiny, jet-black, twinkly eyes, smiling under a fleecy white wig, and he was dressed in a long, black velvet robe. Smiling kindly at the children, he spoke, still standing up.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the reason we are here is to discuss the disappearance and possible death of William Wolverine three nights ago at the school picnic. Certain accusations have been made against young Marley Mole sitting here. We are here to see if the evidence against him is valid and whether this case should go to a higher court with a jury for a proper hearing and trial.

"Marley, I don't want you to be unduly scared ahead of time. Under the Molk system of justice, you are innocent until proven guilty. Anyone can make an accusation. It may be true or it may be false. The evidence must be sifted, and I will make a verdict as to whether this case should go to a higher court. So, if you are innocent, you have nothing to fear, little mole."

That made Marley feel a lot better, but it was still hard to be happy when Freddy Ferret went forward to the witness box. He was sworn in by a jury officer who put Freddy's hand on a small white Bible. Freddy promised to tell the truth, the whole truth, and

nothing but the truth, and then proceeded to tell a pack of lies.

"Tell the court your name," said the judge.

"Freddy Ferret," came the reply.

"Do you attend the local school and were you at the picnic the other night?" asked the judge.

"Yes I do, and yes I was," replied Freddy.

"Can you tell us your version of what happened close to the time when William Wolverine disappeared?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir, it was during the obstacle course. I was standing at the part of the course where the racetrack for this particular event went around a corner. I wanted to get a good view of the second part of the race, which was where the animals dropped their sacks and began the obstacle course. It's real fun, sir. There are hurdles to jump over, water troughs to climb over—I wanted to see it close up."

"Yes, I understand," said the judge, somewhat impatiently.

"Please carry on."

Freddy continued, "Well, sir, Marley—that mole over there—was heading the race. He always does. He won't let anyone else win if he can help it. He came bounce, bounce, bouncing like a coiled spring around that corner and for some reason he went off the course. It was really strange, sir. I knew he was heading in the direction of the stream, so I decided to scrap the race and try and stop him."

"Why didn't you shout out after him?" asked the judge.

Freddy hesitated. "I think it happened so quickly that I was overcome with surprise. But I did follow him, sir, and saw him by the stream talking to someone I recognized as Willy, that is William Wolverine."

"Could you hear what they were saying?" inquired the judge.

"Marley was arguing with Willy. It seemed that he still thought he was going in the right direction. Those moles have poor eyesight, you know. But you could hear that the stream was close. Willy was trying to stop him and Marley got nasty and told him to get out of the way. We all knew he didn't like Willy."

"What happened then?" asked the judge.

"Marley pushed Willy hard and there was a little cry and a splash and we haven't seen Willy since."

"What happened to Marley?" asked the judge.

"He ran for his life, leaving his bag behind. He didn't seem to see me,"

said Freddy.

"Now Freddy, nobody else seemed to have found out about this for several hours. What did you do then, and why didn't you go to your teachers for help?" questioned the judge.

"I went and found Sam and he said he might be able to save Willy if we hurried downstream and looked for him. If we had got together a search party it would have taken too long. We should have told them, but it was an emergency and we did what we thought was best at the time. We thought we heard him crying for help for ages, but the screams became feebler and feebler. When we finally caught up with the noise, we found it had been caused by a bird. By the time we gave up the search, we weren't sure where we were for a while. It took ages to get back. Then we went to the teachers and told them."

"I see," said the judge, "I think you've told us enough for now. I'll call you back if necessary. You may step down."

As Freddy stepped down, Sam was called up. His story added nothing to Freddy's, so it does not seem necessary to repeat it here. The only difference was that he told of an incident at school which he actually made up, where Marley was supposed to have hit Willy in the face.

Marley felt very confused and very angry. He whispered to his father, "Not a word of what they are saying is true, dad. I feel so angry I could hit them."

"Son, whatever you do, calm yourself down. If they are lying, you have nothing to be afraid of. But if you go up to the front showing your anger, you may look guilty. Just go up quietly and tell them what you saw that night. Try not to get emotionally involved."

Soon Marley was called up to the front. When he sat down, he squirmed and fidgeted and his paws were trembling, but he saw his father smile at him and hold his own paws together steadily, to tell Marley to do the same. So Marley did calm down.

The judge asked kindly, "Your name is Marley Mole?"

"Yes, sir," whispered Marley in a tiny voice.

"Speak up, don't be afraid," said the judge. And suddenly Marley wasn't.

"What happened the night of the picnic, Marley?" asked the judge.

"Well, Your Honor, I was racing down the track in a sack, up and down, up and down, and I was following the signs when I went around the corner. I must have somehow gone the wrong way because I ended up near the stream. Freddy is right about my eyesight. It was a misty night and very dark and I couldn't see, but I did hear

the stream. I was going so fast it was hard to stop."

"When did you stop?" asked the judge.

Marley replied, "I was thinking I should stop when I got the fright of my life. Something seemed to step out in front of me or a bit to the side. Nothing was said. I was just trying to focus and stop when I was knocked over by a huge wing." He shivered as he said it.

"A wing?" questioned the judge. "You mean it was a bird that knocked you over?"

"All I know is, Your Honor—I saw a shadow in front—then one above. A big wing knocked me over. Oh yes, before that I heard a growl. As I fell over I heard a splash and a cry. Then I heard a woosh, woosh, woosh of something flying upwards."

"Marley pushed Willy hard and there was a little cry and a splash and we haven't seen Willy since."

"What did you do then, Marley?" asked the judge.

"I ran for my life, Your Honor. I didn't realize Willy was there or I would have gone looking for him. I thought that bird was after me, had somehow misaimed and was going back up for another pounce. I jumped out of the sack, raced back across the track, knocking someone over as I ran across. When I got to my parents, I was so terrified, I just shook like jelly and couldn't talk."

Marley had just been asked to stand down after giving evidence when there was a great commotion at the door. To Marley's delight, which the judge noted, in came Willy Wolverine. Thought Marley, "Now I'll be exonerated. Willy will tell what happened." But the judge and Marley's father weren't so sure.

Willy was called up to the witness stand immediately.

"Your name is Willy Wolverine?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir," said Willy.

"Did you realize that many people have believed you dead? Why didn't you make your presence known before?" inquired the judge.

"Well, sir, I was afraid I'd get a whipping from my dad for falling in the water. I got out a couple of hundred yards downstream and went home. I had been told to be home early from the picnic because we were setting off to see relatives that night. I didn't want

to go and I had been in trouble over that at home anyway. So I certainly didn't want dad to find out I'd been in the stream as I always seem to be getting into trouble. My father no longer listens to my excuses. If anything out of the ordinary happens, he just thrashes me. I got one anyway when he found out all about this."

"You must have known," said the judge severely, "that you caused a lot of trouble by not revealing your whereabouts in the past few days."

"No," said Willy. "You'll remember I said we were going to relatives. We've been away till tonight. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I found out that everyone was looking for me. You see I was walking by the river on my way home when Marley saw me and pushed me out of spite into the stream. . . ."

Here Marley gave a jump of unbelieving fright. His father leaned over and said to him, "Marley, don't be naive. The three of them are out to get you—don't expect the truth out of any of them. But just wait. It will all work out."

Willy continued, "I didn't know anybody saw it happen. I could have drowned, but fortunately I was not pulled out by the current into the midstream. After I'd floated downstream close to the bank, I managed to grab some reeds and was able to get out. I just went out and said nothing to my parents."

"Didn't you hear Sam and Freddy calling for you?"

"No," said Willy. "I believe I was already out of the water and on my way home by then."

"But you say Marley did push you in on purpose?" questioned the judge.

"Sure," said Willy, "he hates me. He always has. He thought I was in his way when I was just trying to stop him going towards the stream. It made him mad and he got really nasty."

The judge frowned. Marley looked and acted so innocent. The judge had worked in juvenile courts for many years and he knew that Marley was not guilty. The other three seemed to him as sly as any he had had appear before him. But the problem was, their evidence agreed and Marley had no other witnesses. The judge didn't know, but wouldn't have been surprised to learn, that Willy had been back earlier than he said, that the three had collaborated on their evidence so they would all tell the same story. Even Willy's dramatic entrance had been contrived.

Of course, their stories did not quite tally—surely Willy would have notified the school if he was going away to visit relatives. But nevertheless, it looked as though it would have to go to a higher

court. The judge was deeply disturbed.

But at that moment something happened that caused everyone in that hall of justice to scurry for cover. Through the air vent came the unmistakable voice of an owl. "Too whit, too woo. It isn't true. I wouldn't believe them if I were you!"

There followed a deathly silence, except for the multiple pounding hearts of each animal there—just as yours would pound if you suddenly found yourself in the confined presence of a venomous snake.

The owl spoke again. All had to listen. They were numbed and transfixed.

"I was there at that stream the night before. I heard it all. There were three of them—the shrew, a young wolf, and a ferret. I have lived for many years and I have never seen any good come from that combination. I could easily have eaten the shrew for supper. I didn't see me because he was too preoccupied with his evil plans. But I was intrigued, so I listened instead."

Sam was visibly shaken. His eyes darted around, but the jury officer was watching him. He couldn't leave.

"I heard them, Your Honor. You know, I've been a judge myself and I'm retired now. They planned it all—how they would switch signs and send him in the wrong direction. The wolfling would be by the water to push the mole in. You know, the mole could have drowned and the wolfling should have. I decided to stay around the next night to prevent a miscarriage of justice. It happened as they planned it, but as the wolf stepped out, I flew down and knocked them both over."

"I saved from the river. The other I pushed in. I am sorry I gave you a fright, mole, but it was better than dying."

Marley looked at his dad. How clever he had been all along. There was another silence. Then the judge moved quietly to the air vent and thanked the owl.

"It's nothing," he replied. "I must be the only owl in history that saved a mole. But right's right, you know. If you want to send the shrew out now, I'll make short work of him."

The jury thanked him but said these things had to be done their own way. The owl left. The judge summed up and dismissed the hearing, saying some very nice things about Marley. The others would be dealt with later, he told the assembly.

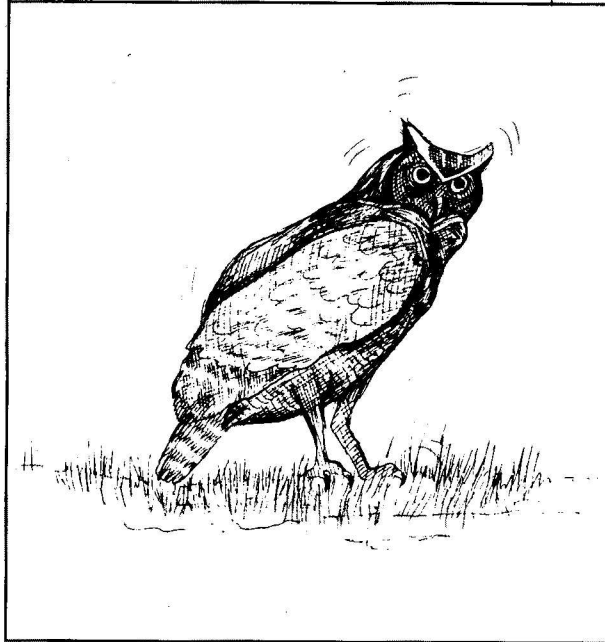
When Marley emerged, many wanted to talk to him, but Mr. Mole said he was

too exhausted and was going straight home. When they got there, Marley was famished and his appetite mysteriously came back. So he had supper and went to bed and slept untroubled right through the next day.

When he woke up, Mr. Mole called the family to worship and Marley went into the lounge room in his pajamas.

"How do you feel now?" Marley's mother asked.

"I feel wonderful. It was as though I was dead and buried and suddenly I was resurrected. I just couldn't see how



it would turn out all right. They were all against me, I thought, and there were no other witnesses. But the owl heard them. Wasn't that funny? I thought his was the wing of death, but it was the wing of an angel delivering me."

Mr. Mole replied, "It wasn't as bad for you as for poor Mishma in the scorpion pit, but it's the same principle. You were in trouble, and you were brought out of it. You'll remember we talked about the pit of the underworld before—that the ancients believed that there was a great hole full of water under the earth stopped up with the navel stone."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Mole. "We heard all about that pit in the story of Noah's flood, and before that in the story of the beginning of the world."

"Well, there were several words for 'pit' in the Hebrew language," said Mr. Mole. "Besides meaning the pit under the earth, they had other meanings in everyday life. One 'pit' could mean 'cistern,' which was a pit in the earth which was lined with limestone for storing water in. The limestone made it waterproof. Another 'pit'

meant the 'grave.' Another meant an animal's 'den.' Another meant a 'dungeon' or 'prison.'

"So the underworld 'pit' had all those shades of meaning, too. It was a cistern full of the seawater or 'deep' that God had put there at creation. It was believed to be the grave, the place where men went when they died. There were pits which were snares to catch wild animals. Finally, the 'pit' was a prison where Satan and his spirit-followers were imprisoned supposedly after the great battle between Christ and Satan."

"Now, all through the Bible you have the theme of going down into the pit, and coming back up again, and it symbolizes death and resurrection," continued Mr. Mole.

"Oh, dad," said Marley. "I never heard of it. How can it be all through the Bible?"

"It's in there more than you think," said Mr. Mole, "but it doesn't necessarily always say the word 'pit' in English. Sometimes it can say 'cistern,' 'dungeon,' 'den,' 'deep,' or 'grave,' but the Hebrew has the meaning 'pit.' Can you think of any individuals who went down into those sort of pits and came up again?"

They thought a long time in silence, but it was too hard.

"I'll give you the hardest one first," said Mr. Mole. "Jonah went down, down, down into

the **deep** into the belly of the whale. Remember "deep" was the water (the sea) contained in the "pit." It was like being in a grave. Not many have been swallowed by a whale and lived to tell the story."

"And he came up again," said Mrs. Mole.

"That's right—death and resurrection. Remember that Jesus used Jonah as a sign of his own resurrection. Now, can you think of any more? What about the word prison or dungeon? Who went down into a pit which was a prison? Actually, he went down into a pit twice—once into an animal trap, and the second time into a dungeon. Who was he?"

"Joseph?" asked Marley.

"Right," said Mr. Mole. "Joseph's brothers said, 'Come let us kill him and throw him into one of the pits....' That was an animal trap that was also a pit. Then we're told, 'Joseph's master took him and threw him into the prison....' That word for prison or dungeon is 'pit' also."

Marley said, "So Joseph went into the pit twice as a symbol of death and

twice he rose again."

"Yes," said his father, "and when he came up from the pit or dungeon, he was exalted next to the Pharaoh. It's all about death and resurrection. Now who else was put into a prison which was also a cistern containing water?"

"Jeremiah," answered Mrs. Mole.

"Good for you, mother. Remember that in the Bible it says, 'They took Jeremiah and cast him into the cistern of Malchiah.' The word for cistern is 'pit' also. So Jeremiah was thrown into the pit and later brought up out of it—death and resurrection again. Now, this is a good one—the clue is the word 'den.'"

"Daniel!" shouted Marley.

"Yes, Marley, it was Daniel. In the Bible it says, 'Daniel was brought and cast into the den of lions.' That word for 'den' also means 'pit.'"

"And Daniel was brought up out of the den so he 'died and was resurrected,'" said Marley.

Said his father, "In the story of Mishma, you couldn't have lions for they are so much bigger than moles. Instead, they took the symbols from Revelation 9, where you have scorpion-like creatures coming up out of the bottomless pit. Scorpions are a much more appropriate size. But the principle is the same—death and resurrection.

There were several words for 'pit' in the Hebrew language... Besides meaning the pit under the earth, they had other meanings in everyday life. One 'pit' could mean 'cistern,'

Another 'pit' meant the 'grave.' Another meant an animal's 'den.' Another meant a 'dungeon' or 'prison.'

"Now, as far as grave is concerned, the Psalmist used going down into the pit as going down into the grave or dying. Of course we all die eventually, but not many actually die and are resurrected like Jesus. In the New Testament, the word 'abyss' is the same as the Hebrew word 'pit,' and in Romans 10:7 it is the place of Jesus' grave. So altogether you can see that the idea of going down into the pit and coming up out again symbolizes death and resurrection."

"But," said Marley, "they didn't really die in the stories, except Jesus."

"Yes, son," said Mr. Mole, pleased that Marley had noticed this point.

"That's right, but they were in danger of death. There was a Greek word used in the New Testament—'tarasso,' which came from a word meaning sea or stormy waters or the deep of the underworld, and it became associated with troubles that stirred up the heart. So the pit and the deep became associated with troubles of the heart and the danger of death.

"Another use of the idea of going down to and coming up from the pit is found in Revelation 20:1-3, where it speaks of the 'bottomless pit.' It tells of throwing Satan into the pit using it as a prison. Revelation 9, when it speaks of those scorpion-like creatures which I mentioned coming up out of the pit, means demons—Satan and his followers were believed to be imprisoned down there.

"Do you remember the story where Jesus sent a bunch of demons into a herd of pigs? They asked him not to send them back to the abyss (the pit). But they ended up diving into the sea anyway."

"This makes a difference in the way. I look at the book of Revelation," said Mrs. Mole. "I can remember my grandfather getting so agitated about the book of Revelation. He belonged to a church that took the symbols and tried to apply them to current political events. For instance, he took Revelation 19:21, where it says, 'And the rest were slain by the sword of him who sits upon the horse, the sword that issues from his mouth; and all the birds were gorged with their flesh,' and said it was speaking of the war between the Molks and Shrewds in Maon's day, all because a group of owls had eaten some of the Shrewds at the end."

"Yes," said her husband, "I remember how miserable he made your grandmother because he was so hateful towards anybody who disagreed with him. She was very practical and kind and said that the most important thing in religion was loving God and each other, not history and politics."

He turned to Marley. "It may not seem very important to you, but moles and men have done this all through the ages. They didn't understand how to interpret the symbols in books like Daniel and Revelation, so they interpreted them by what was happening in the world at the time they lived. The trouble was they died and their ideas became out-of-date. A hundred years later they no longer had meaning."

"They really misread the Book, didn't they daddy," said Marley.

"Yes, they did, son. And the sad thing is not that they had some funny ideas about the Bible, because we all do. None of us knows much. The problem was they often forgot the important thing—the gospel—and made their strange ideas their main message, persecuting and hating all those who didn't agree with them.

Now, all through the Bible you have the theme of going down into the pit, and coming back up again, and it symbolizes death and resurrection.

"A good example of what they argue about is the story of creation,"

continued Mr. Mole. "How many Christians have been alienated by their brothers because they thought there might be evidence that the world was older than just some thousands of years. Oh, all the tricks that have been got up to hide the evidence.

"The sad thing is, the Bible doesn't really talk about the age of the earth. It's as though God knew there were better things to talk about than that. The whole point of the creation story is to tell us that God has made us and we are his. It's not trying to explain geology.

"Now, next time, I will let you know what I think is the real heart of Christianity, and if you grasp that, nobody will ever sidetrack you with these other unimportant issues that waste your energies and don't feed the spirit. Then you won't be fooled into spending all your time arguing over things that don't matter. Now you'd better get dressed and run off to school."



Gillian Ford

Worth More Than A Million

[When GNU first counseled with television executives regarding a TV series, we were urged, "Follow our Lord's example. Minister to the whole person—while keeping the gospel paramount." This interesting format of gospel-based preventive medicine has brought an impetus to the programs that promises a potential audience of millions. The decision seems justified by a recent *USA Today* headline: "Prime time TV is saying yes to fitness and health."

Dr. Desmond Ford is now preparing a large book that will carry the same title as the TV series: *Worth More Than a Million!* In coming months we will ransack the manuscript's Questions and Answers section, to bring you the very best in health information.—Ed.]

Q What is the health condition of the average middle-aged man in the USA?

A When Thomas K. Cureton wrote his well-known book *Physical Fitness and Dynamic Health*, he asserted that "the average middle-aged man in this country is close to death. He is only one emotional shock or one sudden exertion away from a serious heart attack—this nation's leading cause of death" (p. 15).

Q Are chronic diseases increasing?

A There has been a tremendous improvement in the statistics for heart disease and strokes in the last fifteen years. Nevertheless, Lowell Levil of Yale University estimated that within a single generation, this century, chronic diseases more than doubled. It should be emphasized that we now have enough knowledge about nutrition, exercise, and psychosomatic factors to enable us to at least postpone if not eliminate such health problems. Dr. James Fries has documented his conclusion that "the average age at first infirmity can be raised." (*New Engl Journal of Med*, VOL 303, No. 3, July 17, 1980, p. 130)

Q What are the best antidotes to stress?

A Physical exercise and religious faith. Exercise is nature's protection against the stress induced by emotional and nervous "burn-out." When we are anxious and worried, our muscles tense, but a person physically relaxed is also mentally at rest. The important point to keep in mind is that only physical activity regularly pursued brings about adequate muscle relaxation. The person who never exercises is far more liable to sustained muscular tension from circumstances that are stressful.

The second factor of religious faith has no substitute. Experience is not what happens to us but what we do with what happens to us. It is how we interpret life's experiences that has the casting vote as to their impact upon us, unless it is intense physical trauma as in a car accident. Those who believe that God is in charge of the universe, and that nothing happens to the believer but by divine permission and for his or her ultimate good—that person has the key to interpreting life's changes. It is not correct to think that God ever originates evil, but belief in divine sovereignty carries with it the conviction that God is the great chess expert who ultimately wins whatever the moves of opponents. The Christian has the assurance that he or she will win the war despite the appearance of losing battles. [See our two books, *Coping Successfully with Stress and Distress* and *How to Survive Personal Tragedy* for more on these topics.]

Q I understand that the germ theory, though generally accepted, is not regarded now as adequate for explaining the genesis of disease. Why not?

A There is an increasing stress on the immune system as the great barrier to disease. A medical aphorism runs: "It is not so important what disease a man has, as what man has the disease." Similarly, one could say that in many cases: "It is not so important what germs have invaded a human, as what is the state of that person's immune system."

It was in 1870 that Robert Koch proved that bacteria could cause illness. A hundred years later scientists are stressing both the strengths and the limitations of Koch's disease model. It is now generally recognized that disease is usually the result of complex, not simple interactions among agent, host, and vector (animal or insect purveyor). The germ-theory causation is not always applicable to pathogenic bacteria, viruses, fungi, and parasites, and does not include the often important concepts of the asymptomatic carrier state (that is, someone carrying and even imparting the germs but who himself reveals no symptoms), the biologic spectrum of disease, the epidemiologic and immunologic elements of causation, multiple causation, the reactivation of latent agents, the prevention of disease by eliminating the supposed cause, the possibility that clinical syndromes may have different sequences of causation in different settings.

Most chronic diseases today are not the product of virulent bacteria but of our own oral vices such as smoking and heavy intake of animal fats or refined foods.

Q What is the typical death rate in this country?

A About 1 percent per year. So in the USA approximately 2 million die annually.

Q Is neurosis more common in higher socioeconomic groups or lower?

A The answer is the opposite of what might be expected. Neurosis, like suicide, is much more common (almost twice) among the have's than the have-nots, the educated than the uneducated. Keep in mind that the worst neurosis consists in knowing what is required for good health but not being willing to do it.

Q How successful is most medical intervention in cases of chronic disease?

A Almost nil. See the *Time* 1976 bi-centennial essay by Dr. Knowles, former president of the Rockefeller Foundation. Chronic diseases can be prevented but rarely cured.

Q Is mental attitude really that important in provoking physical disease?

A Up to 80 percent of serious physical illnesses seem to develop at a time when the sufferer feels helpless or hopeless. The death rate for widows and widowers is ten times higher in the first year of bereavement than it is for others of the same age. Similarly, in the year following divorce, the parties concerned have ten times the incidence of disease that married people have.

"A cheerful heart is good medicine" (Pr 17:22 NIV) is sound advice. When we remember all that Jesus has done on our behalf—and promised to do at his return—we cannot help but have our hearts cheer-up. The true gospel is a strong defense against hopelessness and helplessness, and a powerful impetus to good mental health. □

by Desmond Ford

Muriel Ferris, our guest author this month, lives in Glenrowan, Victoria, Australia. Muriel's lineage is from Australian pioneer Christian stock. She is a wide reader and able writer. Muriel and husband Peter, are well-known in Australia for their Christian witness and hospitality.

IBEGAN reluctantly and finished with relief.

A friend had loaned me three immensely long volumes of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago*. The emotion-stirring books were filled with isolated islands of human misery: secret prisons, hidden camps, slave-operated mines and mills. Torture, starvation, death.

My friend must have been testing my ability to read such material. What kept me reading was the evidence of the human will being indestructible; of courage and purpose being immortal. Stories of rebelling slaves, lovingly and loyally surmounting depraved conditions, thrilled me.

There is but one summary of the volumes for me: Humanity becomes utterly inhuman when it rejects God. "The fool says in his heart, 'There is no God.' They are corrupt, their deeds are vile; there is no one who does good" (Ps 14:1 NIV). [The Hebrew words rendered **fool** in Psalms denote one who is morally deficient.]

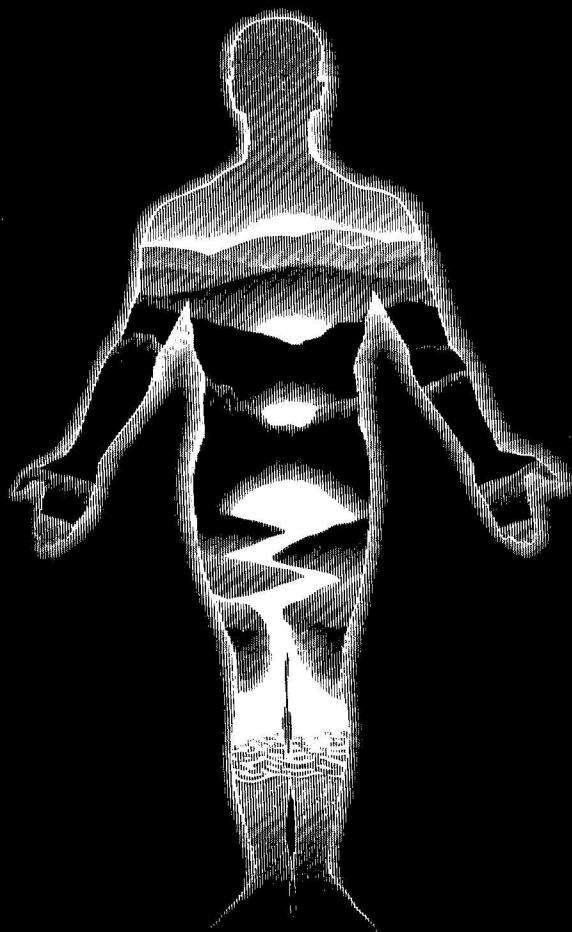
Fearful for the Future

I am fearful for the future of our world. Though my long life has left me no doubt that such fear is a snare (Pr 29:25), a future humanity severed from God

threatens me with its vacant inhumanity. I also have childhood memories to contend with: of studying apocalyptic beasts who would trample Christians beneath iron feet, and willful kings bringing about a time of trouble such as never was. (At which point the little girl holding the chart in the cottage meeting would fall asleep and drop the chart. She would wake with a start in time to hear about the beasts of Revelation

13 bringing a worldwide boycott on those who kept the Sabbath.) Prophecy was made fascinating by keeping it frightening.

We have had a TV expose here in Australia about the dangers inherent in one man's ownership of Australia's news media. Combined with Solzhenitsyn's mention of religious prisoners, and my upbringing, I was oppressed again by the shadow of prophetic fulfillment. How easily a



FLY TO OUR MOUNTAIN

*What Daniel Really Reveals:
that God is Deliverer.*

by Muriel Ferris

people could be proscribed by directed public opinion.

Daniel Fills Reader with Hope, Not Fear

Then two of my senses made contact. First, I heard the voice of the True Witness (Rev 2:20) saying clearly "Fear none of these things." Then I saw a new and exciting view of the old Daniel charts.

"Every chapter of the book of Daniel promises ultimate vindication and deliverance for those who are faithful in the midst of heathenism."¹

Chapter-by-Chapter Through Daniel 1-6

In chapter 1 of Daniel it is not the captivity, nor the test of loyalty to principle, that is the focal point, important as they are. What is vital is that the young men were vindicated and elevated in position and respect.

In chapter 2 we note that all the wise men are sentenced to death. Deliverance comes when God reveals the meaning of the king's dream.

"The wise who knew their God gained what was promised" (Heb 11:33).

Chapter 3 shows the Hebrew youth "quenching the violence of fire" and walking in the visible company of the Son of God. Again, their time of trouble was overridden.

Chapter 4 reveals the king warned by Daniel. The king is humbled, then restored through the mercy of the Most High, the King of Heaven. This may have a bearing upon the purposes of a time of trouble.

A decadent king is

deposed in chapter 5. In contrast, the servant of Yahweh is exalted.

Chapter 6 tells the story of the aged Daniel delivered in his greatest trials. Nothing was more important to the prophet than the law of his God. Angels make excellent lion-tamers.

Yet the angel who gave Daniel understanding maintained unbroken the theme of vindication and deliverance.

Prophetic Visions of Daniel: Chapter 2

When we come to the great lines of prophecy, surely there is some foundation for the fear that was bred in many of us. Daniel himself was certainly dismayed by some of the predictions. Yet the angel who gave Daniel understanding maintained unbroken the theme of vindication and deliverance.

The great image of Daniel 2 unfolded the historic progression of nations. Though each following nation would deteriorate in grandeur from its predecessor, each would reproduce the pride, arrogance and cruelty of Babylon, the head of gold. Yet amid the sinister activities of kings, the true focal point of the prophecy was an unostentatious stone. Produced by nonhuman hands, the stone signified destruction for earthly kingdoms.

An animate, expanding stone that would grow

into a mountain filling the whole earth fulfilled the traditions and expectations of both Hebrews and Chaldeans. Not only was it to be a dominant mountain, or kingdom. It was also to be the foundation stone of a great temple (obviously, the temple of the God of Daniel). Since to a Hebrew the word "stone" contained the word "son," the whole becomes a cryptogram of the Son of Man, the Messiah. (According to Isaiah 2:2, the Messiah would establish the mountain of the Lord's Temple as chief among the mountains. It would be raised above the hills, and all nations would stream into it.)

Prophetic Visions of Daniel: Chapters 7-9

Later, Daniel was to see ravenous beasts—the kingdoms of the earth from a heavenly viewpoint—attack and trample upon both the ill-fated temple restored by returning exiles, and the spiritual kingdom-temple (the church) the Son of Man proclaimed during his incarnation (Mk 1:15).

Always in his visions Daniel beheld the Son of Man participating in judgment against Yahweh's enemies, and vindicating his kingdom-temple, his church. The temple would be desecrated by an abominable desolater (Dan 9:27), but it would be cleansed and vindicated by the divine tribunal, and reconsecrated (Dan 7:26; 8:14).

The vision also revealed Messiah slain. But that was the very act that brought about mankind's rescue from sin: rescue

from its guilt, power, and eventually, its presence. Thus would be anointed a "most holy place" (Dan 9:24), a place for the indwelling presence of the God of the universe.

Prophetic Visions of Daniel: Chapters 11-12

Chapters 11 and 12 enlarge upon this theme, as Daniel was shown malicious enemies of his people surrounding the "glorious holy mountain" (11:45). But Michael, the first of the chief princes, would come with incomparable power, and deliver his people from their "time of trouble."

There is the snare: that fearful eyes have been upon the surrounding enemy instead of upon the all-conquering prince, riding out for their vindication and deliverance.

In that beautiful city, foursquare, with its precious stones, its crystal river, its delectable fruits, and tree of life with its leaves for the healing of the nations, all will be light and love and holiness, worship, joy and safety.

Distant Turrets of Jerusalem the Golden

Nearly two thousand years ago, Messiah Jesus declared the kingdom was near. Perhaps it seems to us like the vision of turrets, towers and

banners seen by Sir Roland de Veaux in the Valley of St. John. Only the witching light of moonbeams and starlight revealed it. To the fainthearted it was a phantom meant to deceive. But to the questing knight it held a prize of unequalled worth. "Childe Roland to the dark tower came," and the spells of evil sped away before his conquering tread.²

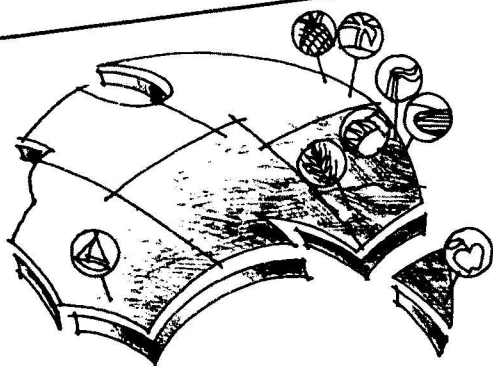
Jerusalem the golden has been revealed by the Spirit only to the eye of faith. But to the heart of love and hope even its pleasant stones shine in their beauty, displacing the phantom fears of feeble vision.

"The fullness of Jehovah's presence was the hope and end of all prophetic expectation.









"The pledge of all this is the name, Jehovah-Shammah, **Jehovah is there.** In that beautiful city, foursquare, with its precious stones, its crystal river, its delectable fruits, and tree of life with its leaves for the healing of the nations, all will be light and love and holiness, worship, joy and safety. There will be no more curse, no adversary, for the wicked doer will be cut off from the city of the Lord Jehovah. Then will be realized the full and final rest of the redeemed, the Sabbath rest of creation restored. The glory of Jehovah will be fully manifested in the Lamb that was slain. And God Himself shall be with them."³

1. Desmond Ford, *Daniel*, p.26
2. Sir Walter Scott, *The Bridal of Triermain*
3. Nathan Stone, *Names of God*, section "Jehovah-Shammah."

Dr. Ford Travels to Australia & The Philippines



FELLOWSHIPS

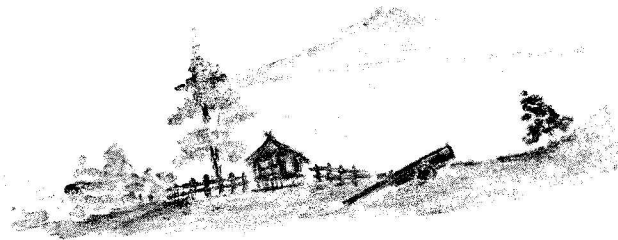
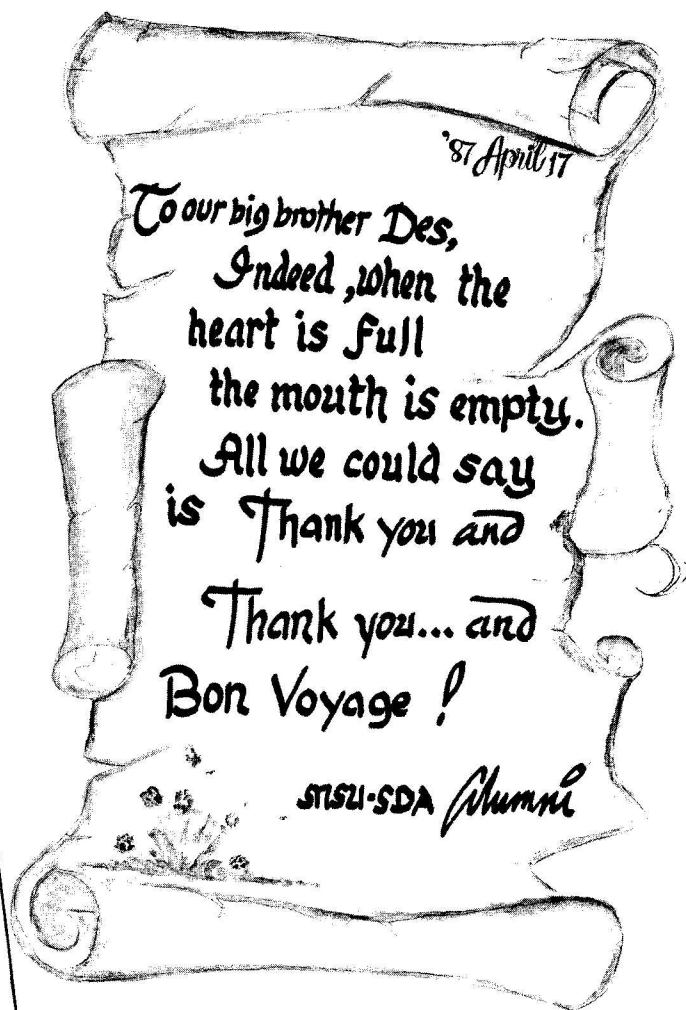
-  **BRISBANE GOOD NEWS FELLOWSHIP**
Meets the second Saturday of the month, 3pm
at Rochedale State High School, Priestdale Road,
Rochedale, Qld.
-  **PALM BEACH GOOD NEWS FELLOWSHIP**
Meets every Saturday except the second Saturday of
the month, at 3pm in the Palm Beach Share-n-Care
Centre, Tenth Avenue, Palm Beach, Qld.
-  **NEWCASTLE GOOD NEWS FELLOWSHIP**
Meets the third Friday night of each month at 7.30pm at
54 Christo Rd, Georgetown, NSW.
-  **BONNELLS BAY GOOD NEWS FELLOWSHIP**
Meets on the first Friday night of each month at
7.30pm in the Bonnellys Bay Hall, Station Street,
Bonnellys Bay, NSW.
-  **SYDNEY GOOD NEWS FELLOWSHIP**
Meets every Saturday at 3pm in the Normanhurst
Uniting Church, cnr Hinemoa Ave and Pennant
Hills Rd, Normanhurst, NSW.
-  **BAYSWATER CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP**
Meets every Saturday at 9.45am at the Bayswater
Uniting Church, Murray Street, Bayswater, Perth, WA.
-  **HOBART GOOD NEWS FELLOWSHIP**
Meets on the last Saturday of each month at 2.30pm.
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 293196.

PASTORS **Neville McKenzie**
15 Longfield St,
Maddington, WA 6109
Phone: (09) 459 9232

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

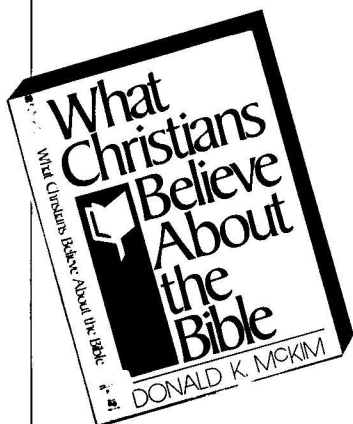
Things that are happening in Australia PLANS 1987-88

- To establish and maintain radio ministries in Adelaide, Bellingen, Coffs Harbour, Newcastle, Perth, Sydney, Tweed Heads. Other possibilities will be examined as finances allow.
- To organize regional gospel fellowships around Australia on a quarterly basis.
- To foster a network of home fellowship groups throughout Australia.
- To upgrade the **Good News Unlimited Magazine**. Also, to include more articles by a wider range of authors and to increase the Australian content.
- To produce a special promotional issue of **Good News Unlimited Magazine** to introduce GNCM to a wider audience.
- Organize Congresses in the capital cities featuring various GNCM speakers in March 1987.



PHILIPPINES

Souvenirs from the Philippines



What Christians Believe About the Bible, by Donald K. McKim (Nashville, TN: Thomas Nelson) 1985, 192 pages, \$8.95.

Reviewed by Roy T. Gee

Reader: You again!

RG: Yup. Time for another book review.

Reader: These dialogues are unreal. It's like t-t-talk-talking to Max Headroom.

RTG: Well, I can assure you the topic of our book-in-review is real enough: the Bible.

Reader: Ooh! the Bible. I love it. Never read it, but I love it.

RTG: I know you read it. But this book is another matter.

Reader: What's the matter? Is it difficult?

RTG: Not so much difficult as intense, concentrated—rather like a textbook. It's crammed full of information.

Reader: About what?

RTG: About the Bible. Christians believe many things about the Bible.

Reader: Such as?

RTG: I'll come to that. Let me tell you the credentials of the author, and the structure of his book.

Reader: All right.

RTG: Donald McKim is a Presbyterian (USA) minister and associate professor of theology at the University of Dubuque Theological Seminary, Iowa. He has edited a couple of books before this, and coauthored with Jack Rogers (a dear friend he greatly admires) *The Authority and Interpretation of the Bible: An Historical Approach*.

Reader: Sounds good. What about the way the book is outlined?

RTG: A brief introduction explains that just as there are many theological positions in the churches, so there are many different views of the Bible. And what we believe

about the Bible really affects the concerns we have as Christians, and, indeed, our whole approach to things. So Donald wrote his book to help us sort out the various beliefs about the Bible.

Reader: A worthy ambition. How does he go about it?

RTG: The first two chapters cover the two major ecclesiastical traditions: the Roman Catholic and the Protestant. The remaining ten chapters cover ten contemporary theological views of the Bible.

Reader: Ten? There are ten ways of viewing the Bible?

RTG: According to Donald McKim. And for each of the views he gives a bumper-sticker summary, or caption.

Reader: Please give me an example of a bumper sticker.

RTG: You're so good at this! I was hoping you would ask for examples.

Reader: You made me say it.

RTG: Don't sulk. You'll enjoy these. I did, anyway. In fact, I think I'll give you all ten.

Reader: What's to stop you?

You're editor of this magazine.

RTG: Here we go! Donald "bumper-stickers" Liberal theology's view of the Bible as *Scripture as Experience*. Fundamental theology he captions *Scripture as Proposition*. Scholastic theology as *Scripture as Doctrine*. Neoorthodox theology, *Scripture as Witness*.

Reader: I'm getting the idea.

RTG: Good. There's more.

Donald captions Neoevangelical theology *Scripture as Message*. Existential theology *Scripture as Living Encounter*. Process theology as *Scripture as Unfolding Action*. Story theology *Scripture as Medium for Metaphors*.

Reader: Story theology?

RTG: It's pretty new. I rather like it—but then, I like all of them. I'm reminded of the wisdom of Dr. Ford when he speaks about the various schools of prophetic interpretation: historicism, futurism, etc. He says none can lay claim to monopoly of talent or piety. He thanks God for all of them, but practices eclecticism himself. He affirms what each school affirms, but denies their denials.

Reader: That's admirable, but tells me little about story theology.

RTG: That's because I don't know much about it. I'm attracted to it because I like to tell stories myself, and Story theology emphasizes the way in which religious ideas can be

communicated in story form.

Reader: Well, if you don't know much about it you don't know much about it. What about the last two on Donald's list?

RTG: Ah, yes, the controversial ones. They would be Liberation theology, with a bumper sticker of *Scripture as Foundation for Freedom*. And Feminist theology, *Scripture as Mother of Models*.

Reader: Oh, South American communists and women's libbers have their own views of the Bible?

RTG: What a bigoted thing to say.

Reader: You made me say it! You put it in my mouth, just so you wouldn't look like a bigot!

RTG: This is getting out of hand. It's turning into a personal slanging match.

Reader: Theological discussions often do.

RTG: Let's get back on track by talking about the first two chapters, the chapters on traditional church theologies of the Bible.

Reader: What is the first, the Roman Catholic view of the Bible?

RTG: Donald suggests that despite all the official church pronouncements about the Bible over the centuries, there are no set teachings concerning the Scriptures. You can believe what you want about the Bible as long as you don't knock church doctrines. While classical statements about the Bible included words such as "inspired," "infallible," even "dictated," contemporary statements have not used "inerrancy" since 1962. However, "everything in Scripture is inerrant to the extent to which it conforms to the salvific purpose of God" (Raymond Brown, p.18). Biblical statements on science and history not considered inerrant today are the product of human authors who wrote "according to appearances" within the context of their own worldview. Anyway, error is not the opposite of truth. Falsehood, or lying, is. With such theology the Roman Catholic community is able to uphold classical teachings on canon and inspiration while being open to current biblical scholarship (and often front-runners in such scholarship).

Reader: Hmmm. Or do I mean, wheww! What about Protestants?

RTG: Right away we're faced with three basic views: Lutheran, Reformed and Anabaptist.

Reader: Am I going to be sorry

I asked?

RTG: I'll put it as simply as I can, hoping I got it right from Donald's book. Lutheran theology is more concerned with the gospel found in the Bible than defining how the Bible works, or what it is. I think this must be my personal belief. If the Queen arrived at the front door of the GNU office, I'd be more interested in meeting her than examining the fancy, expensive limousine. Similarly, the person and work of Jesus on our behalf is more important than the vehicle, the Bible. Still, the vehicle is priceless, because it brings Jesus.

Reader: The other two?

RTG: Reformed theology likes to define inspiration, canon, etc. In the process I think it makes doctrine more neat and tidy than the Bible itself. Anabaptist theology, while greatly respecting the Bible, cares more about the Spirit. The Bible is a book of faith written by men of faith for the reader of faith. It is the Holy Spirit alone that makes this possible.

Reader: I'm exhausted!

RTG: So am I. Just a little more. All Protestant theology on the Bible would no doubt agree with the Westminster Confession (England, 1647) statement "in all controversies of religion the Church is finally to appeal unto them [the Scriptures]" (p. 32).

Reader: Wasn't that the slogan at Glacier View?

RTG: I can see it's time to go. One other thing about this book (though I hate to end on a negative note). However, it is noticeable for such a carefully organized and informed effort by the author.

Reader: What's that?

RTG: All the typographical errors. It's sort of ironic when you consider the tremendous effort and enterprise of copyists down through the millennia to carefully transmit the Scriptures—then this book about the Bible is so full of irritating mistakes. It's so bad, someone had gone through the copy I read before me, and written in missed-out words in pencil. And I found mistakes he/she didn't! Still, it's a valuable book, full of broadening information.

Reader: I've got to go.

RTG: Me, too. Thanks for your patience.

Reader: Thank you, Max. □

Letters

Help to Listeners

Dear Des,

It was great to see you again and have you as a guest on the SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE program on 2GB once again. Thanks so much for being available to share with our listeners and especially for your valuable comments on stress management. I know they will have been a real help to our listeners.

It's good to hear of the ways in which God has been blessing your seminar and teaching ministry both in the States and here in Australia.

With my warmest regards,
Yours in His fellowship,
Rev. Dr. Gordon Moyes, TRA
(Turn Round Australia)
Sydney, NSW

Not Far from Us

Dear Pastor Gee,

It was fun to receive your letter regarding BH who was interested in meeting other friends of **Good News Unlimited** in the Antioch area. His street is not that far from us and is in a nice part of town—close to other friends of ours. I've looked up his telephone number and my husband and I will plan to make the contact soon.

Your Friends,
E. & C. L., Antioch, CA

Watching Jesus

Dear Roy Gee,

How are you doing? I am doing fine.

It has been too long since I seen you. I miss you telling your stories. I enjoy them.

We are watching a continuing [series] of *Jesus of Nazareth*.

I am doing good in school. I have a lot of friends. How is Jon and Joyce doing? Hope there having a good time. I am working for TIN now. I ern lots of money.

Yours Truly,
Monica T. [11 years],
Bothell, WA



Entering the Kingdom

Dear, Roy,

It's been a long time since I've written you. I really miss you. How are you doing? I'm fine. I've been thinking about you & your family, and also of church.

I've been watching *Jesus of Nazareth*. It reminds me of our bible studies, like how a rich man came to Jesus & asked him how he could enter the kingdom of God. And Jesus told him to give all he has, so the man tuned away. Then Jesus said, It's easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a man to enter the kingdom of God. And the saying, The tree is known by its fruit.

I'm still going to gymnastics, and my Mom and Dad say Hi. Thank you for writing me.

Well, gotta go
Britt T. (10 years),
Bothell, WA
P.S. Hope to see you soon.

[And I hope to see you soon, Brittnie; and you, Monica. Your letters are priceless. Thanks for the pictures. Wish more people who wrote would include pictures!—Ed.]



A Timely Blessing

Dear Friends,

Happy to send this donation for the purpose of spreading the **Good News**. May the Lord continue to bless your growth!

I requested a book the last time I wrote, and soon after I received the second volume of *A Kaleidoscope of Diamonds*, by Dr. Desmond Ford. It is such a timely blessing. And the book marker you enclosed brought me to tears of gratitude. The love of the Lord is so great toward us stumbling sheep.

Thank you very much! If it is possible to receive more copies of both volumes I am eager to share them with others. I would think it no a sin to ask for you to use part of this money to cover the cost of a few copies of each for now.

Please answer soon. If you can send more of these gems, I will share them.

Thank you again,
F.D., San Jacinto, CA

[Thank you, FD, for your enthusiasm. Janie Coon, our secretary, has supplied all you asked for. Glad you enjoyed volume two of *Kaleidoscope*, "The Jeweled Glories of the Cross Revealed." Some haven't read it yet. We shall include a book review of it in next month's magazine. Hope to get everyone as excited about it as you are!—Ed.]

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