

INTEGRITY is published each month and seeks to encourage all believers in Christ to strive to be one, to be pure, and to be honest and sincere in word and in deed, among themselves and toward all men.

Integrity

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Celebrate!

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(Eph. 4:3) Then we will be a blessing and a cause of celebration to one another.

There is a place for solemnity in our spiritual lives. Repentance, with its associated feelings of remorse, is a continuing need in our experience.

But celebration is the proper ultimate expression of spiritual realities. Even the awareness of our sins grades into joyous affirmation of the remission of sins. As Soren Kierkegaard wrote in his *Journals*, "When the thought of God does not remind him of his sin but that it is forgiven, and the past is no longer the memory of how much he did wrong, but of how much he was forgiven—then man rests in the forgiveness of sins." The Lord's Supper we often conceive to be a time for morbid soul-searching. While the Supper reminds us of our sins which sent Christ to the cross, and causes us to resolve to forsake sin in the future, it is also a pledge that our sins *are* forgiven. The Catholics have the right spirit when they speak of the "celebration of the Mass."

Centuries of tradition, and the innovations of today, supply us with multifarious forms by which to celebrate. The Lord's Supper, congregational singing and prayers and sharing of testimonies, fellowship and liturgy, drama and dance, in fact anything we do together as Christians, our every activity and the very tenor of our individual lives, can express rejoicing. We have need to celebrate. We have reasons to celebrate. We have forms by which to celebrate. Let us praise the Lord.

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CONCERNING WRITERS AND READERS

The writers in this issue are, in Pope's words, "by nature honest, by experience wise." *Judy Romero*, an unusual woman, shares with us her unusual experiences with the hippies who flocked to Taos. In this first of two parts she not only reveals lessons learned, but exemplifies how Christians should seize the opportunities put before them. *Michael Fanning* responds with a poetic vision of the other side of the picture. *Carl Ketcherside*, a man rich in experience bought with a price, speaks with authority on the grief caused by tyranny in the church. *Wayne Massey's* experience as a physician enhances his perception of an ancient counterpart. And *Tom Lane*, judging from our literary acquaintance with him, is one for whom celebration is a constant experience. We will be wiser for listening to them.

We hope that our writers, during the months ahead, will give special emphasis to the *gospel* basis of hope in facing our various problems. We get few requests to "play another somebody done somebody wrong song," but there is a great hunger for positive signs which will encourage troubled souls. The prophetic voice will always have a somewhat negative tone, but it will also create a vision of glory. Most of us already know what is wrong with us, and we need to hear what can be done—and *is being done*—to make us right.

Our little note in the December issue provoked several hitherto noncontributing readers to send small sums. We are delighted, because we believe this will make them better readers. Of course, we are very thankful for the financial assistance. If we counted only the cash on hand, we would never be very far from bankruptcy, but we have learned to count other blessings, and therefore do not doubt that we will be sustained.

What I Learned from the Hippies (1)

JUDY ROMERO

Ranchos de Taos, New Mexico

Nude swimming scenes in *Easy Rider*, free sex, and easy-to-get drugs have made Taos, New Mexico, into a national image of easy-living "flower-children." People who had never before heard of Taos came to see it either as the pits of hell or a dropout's paradise. The big communes were nationally applauded for their experiments in new life styles. Taos became *the* place for community marriages, drug experimentation with minimal interference from the law, and availability of every religious experience, from Zen to open witchcraft. This is what the nation saw. The view of Taos residents was something else.

Local residents of the heretofore sleepy little village were suddenly inundated by near-nude hippies in the Safeway, partially eating food and throwing it back on the shelf. Foul language and unbelievable filth made it nearly impossible to shop or eat out. Most hippies lived in crowded squalor in abandoned mud houses, with no water and very little food. Every common-sense health standard was abandoned, causing malnutrition and epidemics of hepatitis. Grade school children were hooked on drugs on the playground. It didn't take long for the local citizens to rebel. Hippies were bodily thrown out of restaurants. Chicanos and businessmen raided communes, shooting and burning down houses. Not a week passed without shootings, rapes, or savage beatings on the streets of Taos.

Most Christians in the churches of Taos at this time were violent in their fear and verbal abuse of the "dirty hippies." I have to confess that I was among those who turned up their noses at them. I mostly stayed in the family and church circle, and fearfully locked myself in after dark. But something happened to me. My younger sister came to Taos from Illinois to visit us, and I discovered that she had dropped out of college and become a "hippie"! She was not the type prevalent in Taos, where the dirtiest hippie was considered the best, but she was professing to be a Zen Buddhist and came armed with arguments against our Christianity.

After a week or so of being bombarded with Zen, I got down to some heavy praying, and for the first time I experienced the Holy Spirit speaking directly to her through my mouth. It was something of a shock, having my little Bible-college arguments all prepared and finding something completely different coming out of my

mouth. But for the first time her arguments seemed shaken. It was at this time that I heard of a "Jesus Ranch" outside of Taos which was supposed to be a colony of hippies converted to Christ. My sister was ecstatic when I told her I was taking her to visit a Taos commune. I left her there a couple of days, and when she came back she was converted!

This began our contact with the hippies and also some pronounced troubles in relations with our "straight" friends. We began to see the dropouts as confused kids crying for help instead of being a threat to us. We took groceries out to them and brought them home to take baths. We found them hungry for Bible teaching, but it was next to impossible to get them to attend church services. They were suspicious of "straight" Christians, and when we did talk some of them into coming to church with us, they were either told to leave or given the "cold shoulder treatment" so they wouldn't want to come back. So we began to have impromptu Bible studies at the Jesus Ranch, and later, weekly studies at our house. This didn't exactly improve our standing in Taos society. However, God opened a chapter in our lives over the next few years that was both maddening and joyful, and gave us a ministry we couldn't have dreamed of. On the whole, we found an openness and sincerity in these young people that we have never found anywhere else.

I would like to share with you a few of the many lessons I learned that completely turned my life around.

I. HOW TO BE HONEST, or HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS THINKING THAT?

Raised the daughter of a preacher, I considered myself above average in honesty. But I quickly found that you can never be honest with others if you're not honest with yourself.

The girl across the table was visibly angry at something I had said. My automatic reaction was to say, "I'm sorry." She looked at me directly and answered, "No you're not." The challenge in those words was so stunning that I've never forgotten it. I remember staring at her a long time as I searched out my heart, and finally told her, "You're right. I'm not sorry. I really meant that. Now what are you going to do with it?" An insignificant incident—yet it began in me an examining of how much I said to people that was insincere. With the hippies we found if we trotted out any "pious platitudes" we were shot down immediately.

Ephesians 4:15 tells us to speak the truth in love. This is one of the hardest commands to obey. We usually speak the truth without love, or for what we think is love don't speak the truth. 1 Corinthians 13:6 says that love rejoices in the truth. Where did we get the idea that if you love someone you don't tell him the truth? I can see how this idea is instilled in us from childhood. "Don't rock the boat" or "Don't be rebellious" is saying, "Think what you want, but don't talk about it—don't say what you really think." "If you want the boys to like you, tell them how nice they are" (even if they're not), or, "Let the boys beat you in the spelling bee"—or basketball, or whatever. Heaven forbid that you be what you are—the social price is too great. Tell the song leader he's great, even if he doesn't know 2/4 from 4/4 and is always flat.

"Our church has All The Truth"—never mind the Baptist lady next door who seems to have more joy and peace than you do; she's probably putting it on.

Get the idea? I believe that a great many of our problems in the church could be quickly healed if even 50% of the members would have the courage to stand up and say what they really think.

It's a scary thing to start speaking the truth. It takes some trial and error to learn just how to do it, but once you get into it, you'll be thrilled at what it can accomplish. One time I noticed a friend in church smiling and talking as usual, but his eyes were so full of pain it hurt to look at him. I asked, "How are you?" "Oh, fine, fine!" But my heart was troubled. I went home and prayed for him, and got the distinct impression his marriage was in trouble; I began to see the signs of trouble in their relationship. Soon his wife and children left—"on vacation," he said. Again I asked him, "How are you, really?" "Fine, fine." This time I didn't back off. "Brother T, I don't really think you're fine, because I've been praying for you and your wife, and I think you're having trouble. I just want you to know I'm concerned and praying. My husband and I love you and would be glad to talk and pray with you if you'd like." After the first shock, he admitted with tears that they were on the verge of divorce and he was ready to try counselling as a last resort.

Risky? Socially unacceptable? Maybe. But it is scriptural, and more important, it works—when done in genuine love, and if you're not known as a gossip.

The more I worked with the hippies the more I appreciated open honesty. One day as I was holding a Bible study in the park, a hippie girl walked by and joined us because she recognized some of the girls there. As we were reading that Jesus is the only way to God, she slammed the Bible shut and shouted, "I don't believe that!" At first I was speechless. One just doesn't interrupt nice Bible studies like that. Then: "I'm so glad you're honest enough to tell us. Why don't you believe that?" And we had a calm but honest discussion about who Jesus really is.

Another young man came to our house one night and deliberately tried to disrupt the Bible study with filthy language and long harangues. Because the Lord was teaching us honesty, we told him he wasn't going to be able to break up the meeting, because we loved him and wanted him to be a part of it. Then we asked him what he really wanted out of life, and he revealed how frustrated and miserable he was. We shared what Jesus could do with his life, and though he didn't become a Christian then, he hugged us as he went out and said, "No one ever treated me as nice as you people have." Truth in love. It doesn't always work that quickly, but it does work.

Pie in the Sky?

I was soaring verbally into the sky, telling a Bible study group what a wonderful time you have when you're a Christian; what miracles Jesus would work as you became a totally new creature in Christ. An unbeliever, eyes round, asked, "You're kidding! Is it really that great?" A Christian across the table responded matter-of-factly, "No, not always. But eventually it is."

Thud.

I *meant* well. And I was telling the truth. The trouble was, I just wasn't telling the whole truth. There's a price tag of self-denial on many Christian blessings, and you

don't get a total commitment overnight. Sometimes we seem to think we must protect God's reputation by not letting new converts know there are some pretty big rocks in the Christian way. Or that some Christians aren't very loving; or that some churches can freeze you right into the devil's hands. "Charismatics" would have you believe speaking in tongues is the ultimate perfection, and try to hide the problems still in their lives. "Noncharismatics" loftily look down their noses and thank God they're not like those "emotionalists," when if they were honest they would admit that their cold, hurting hearts are dying to experience some real evidence of God's love. We cannot be understanding of others until we stop deceiving ourselves about ourselves.

I don't want to give the impression all the hippies were totally honest. They have their own self-deceits and dishonesties. But it wasn't until I admitted my own dishonesties that I was able to help them with theirs.

II. NATURE LOVES BONDAGE

"Be not entangled again in a yoke of bondage" (Gal. 5:1).

It constantly baffles me to see how much human nature lusts for bondage. Young dropouts who would consciously break every law in sight would sell themselves to an enslaving drug. Those who objected most strongly to the discipline of Christianity would join an ascetic group that would half starve them with fasting and not even allow them to speak a word without permission from the head hokey. Among Christian hippies legalistic bondage is possibly the biggest problem.

Did you ever try to get a rattlesnake out of a hole? Rattlesnakes can be very beneficial in their place, but that place is not under some cellar stairs close to my house, where we found one recently. My husband could only reach under the stairs while standing in the cellar, and as soon as he would poke the snake out from under the stairs, it would zip through a hole into the cellar. David would come leaping out, only to have to go back and hunt it out of the cellar, and the snake would slide out under the stairs again. Our children thought watching Daddy and the snake pop out of the cellar was great entertainment, and their whoops of laughter only set Daddy's nerves more on edge. This reminded me of the struggle it is to try to keep some people free. Get them out of one prison, and they'll run right into another.

We know of young people who have been gloriously delivered from drugs, alcohol, and all of sin's bondage, only to become in their Christian life so legalistic they would make the most ultra-anti-church of Christ look like liberals. They shave off their beards and then condemn anyone with a beard. One group got hold of the Old Testament verse about the Jews cutting the corners of their beards and said if you *did* cut off your beard you were not a Christian. The plight of the women in some of these groups is pitiable. At least most churches that literally interpret "let the women be silent" are compromising enough to draw their own line where it's convenient. But in some Christian hippie groups a woman's voice is never to be heard without permission of her husband. Some groups teach that a husband is responsible for his wife's soul, and if she "gets out of line" he is obligated to beat her to keep her in submission. One such battered wife and her little boy ran away to our house at midnight one night, saying if that was Christianity she wouldn't be a Christian anymore. Fortunately, her

What we were seeing on a small scale was the development of church hierarchy.

husband had a soft enough heart to come after her, and after some concentrated Bible teaching they left the group and went on happily with their Christian life. Many times the husbands in these situations are in greater bondage, in fear of the group leader.

What we were seeing on a small scale was the development of church hierarchy. Almost every Christian hippie community we've seen eventually developed into a small-scale dictatorship, with one guy (or 2 or 3 at the most) being "top banana." Once he got control, anyone who disagreed with him got kicked out. Sound familiar?

Why does this happen so often? I believe it's because each of us has a Mount-Sinai, knee-knocking, thumb-sucking insecurity when it comes to dealing directly with God! We always feel better if we can shove a Moses out in front and say, "Talk to *him*, God. Tell him what to do and we'll do it." (And then, of course, we don't.) Direct communication involves direct responsibility. Somehow we still want to think we're going to hand God a list of laws neatly checked off, and He'll be delighted to open the pearly gates to us.

Slavery can be a wonderful cop-out from responsibility. If I make my husband responsible for my salvation, then I can blame him if I don't do what I really should. It is wrong for any group to suppress women in their spiritual service, and the leaders of those groups will answer for their sin. But at the same time, I believe a lot of women need to do some heavy soul-searching to see if they aren't a little too comfortable in their bondage! Even in the church of greatest bondage there are opportunities to minister—if we're willing. If you can't speak in the pulpit, then go preach to the PTA. If they won't let you testify in church, then go down on 5th and Main and witness to the people there. Oh, but that's a different matter! Why? Because it's a lot easier to *speak* of righteousness, and to find an excuse for not doing the works of righteousness.

Isn't it strange how nicely we can choose the commands we want to obey and ignore all the others? The man who shouts the loudest about obeying in baptism is often the first to rationalize turning the other cheek. The man who is proudest of his list of things he doesn't do (drinking, smoking, using a piano) completely forgets all the positive commands, like loving your enemies, doing good to those who despitefully use you, etc. That's why the flesh loves bondage to a set of laws: because laws usually have to do with outward appearance, or outward holiness, while the inner person can be filled with hatred, bitterness, jealousy—all works of the flesh (Gal. 5:19-23)!

Christian legalism stems from guilt. The more camels the Pharisees swallow, the more gnats they strain from the soup. The more dead men's bones we find within, the more we whitewash the sepulchre. The less power we experience in our lives, the more we look for someone to exercise power over us.

The solution? Stop thinking you can earn your salvation. It is the gift of God. "Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you." Stop running away from a harsh, condemning image of God. If you come to Him as a repentant sinner (James 4:8 was written to Christians!), you will find Him loving, compassionate, understanding, and offering you the power of the Holy Spirit to change you from the inside out, and to really *be* the man inside that you profess to be outside. *(to be continued)*

PRAYER
IN
THIS
DAY
AND
AGE

by
Michael
Fanning

You will be happy to know that the news
has either You or one of your widely-hailed avatars
either alive or preserved in library-shaped jars
somewhere on the right or left—depending on which views
you accept—bank of probably the Jordan
but possibly the Ganges or even, based on seismographic hum,
as some have suggested, the Missouri-Mississippi system.

I report this not because You need to learn,
but because I need to know.
Certainty is a grand gift to bestow
on one living by Bunny Bread and chronic heartburn.
Apropos, am in receipt of Your *Memoirs*, final version.
Very interesting, but I feel compelled to mention
that dead languages tend to create confusion.

I do wish that we had a more recent snapshot.
The one we have I don't think does You justice,
being so yellowed and fusty
that You seem a halo atomized into a dot.
Besides the regrettable fact
that the identification on the back
has not survived intact.

All nostalgia aside, rumors are legion
that You *will* appear to a hiking individual
(provided he can define "existential")
in certain sacred semi-arid regions.
Thrice, I am loud but cowed to say,
I have made pilgrimages out that way,
failing, however, to save the day.

I confess frankly that I struck no oasis.
On my first trip I was getting warm
until I touched the whiteness of an arm
and awoke the next morning in Las Vegas
holding the remainder
of a thin garter
heavy with lavender.

My second experience ended in Salt Lake City,
which can't, I suppose, be counted bad,
except that I went nearly mad
combing the cafes for a simple cup of coffee.

And the third had plenty of zing
until I realized I was imagining
the whole thing.

So, while waiting, I've decided to build up the old bod.
In spite of the fact that Adelle Davis hippies are a bore,
I've opened a Taos New Mexico health store.
(According to the lore, John the Baptist ate carob.)
And part of my latest tactic
involves voting Democratic.
I have also installed a CB in the attic,
where I wait through the night for more than the static.

The Tyranny over Thought

W. CARL KETCHERSIDE

Saint Louis, Missouri

Charles II was crowned king of England on April 23, 1661. His father, Charles I, had been beheaded on January 30, 1649. He had been found guilty of being a tyrant, murderer, and enemy of the nation. One of the first steps taken by Charles II was to restore the Episcopacy, and provide for the persecution of Nonconformists and Presbyterians. To provide against dissent and erosion of the Establishment he passed two decrees. One was the Conventicle Act which made it a crime for as many as five people to meet and discuss without first securing a writ of authority to do so. The other was the Five Mile Act which forbade the clergyman of any Free Church to come nearer than five miles to the limits of any city in the realm.

I thought of Charles II recently when I was visited by several members of an outstanding Christian family. Tired of the boredom of their Sunday school class they had invited a few members of the congregation to meet in their home with some of their neighbors for a friendly and meaningful study of the Bible. After the second week they were informed that they were proceeding without having first secured permission from the elders. They were given a cease and desist order unless an elder was present to supervise the study and sound the gong if any false doctrine was advocated.

The brother resented this intrusion and asked to meet with the elders. He insisted that he was head of his house and free to invite anyone he wanted to study with him. The elders insisted they were the overseers and intended to personally attend and supervise every meeting in which the word of God was studied. When the brother expressed opposition to such an arrangement he was warned that if he persisted in his course, he would be charged with rebellion against the authority of the Lord's church.

The apostle Peter, who was also an elder, specifically charged, "Do not try to rule over those who have been put in your care, but be examples to the flock." The idea that elders can invade the private home of a saint and tell him when he can study the word of God and who can be invited is absurd. On what ground can such men tell a brother that he must secure their permission to have a noontime Bible study in his office, or on a freight dock where he works? Such high-handed tactics are those of little men, grasping for power, frightened at their shadows.

If our "Establishment" must be maintained by tyranny it is time for a revolution. It will be difficult to change a system reinforced by custom and sanctified by preachers, even though not one verse of scripture sustains it. Long before Jesus arrived on earth, Aristotle wrote, "A tyrant must put on the appearance of uncommon devotion to religion. Subjects are less apprehensive of illegal treatment from a ruler whom they consider godfearing and pious. On the other hand, they do less easily move against him, believing that he has the gods on his side."

We have been tricked into developing a philosophy best expressed in the words, "Vox presbuteros, vox Dei." "The voice of the elders is the voice of God." The gall-

ing yoke of servitude to men will never be broken by those who quietly resign themselves to it. Brethren are going to have to assert their right under God to teach His precious word where and when its divine Author opens up a door. We are not under the rule of the clergy and there can be no Conventicle Act among us. The time has come when we must choose between the will of our Elder Brother and that of our brother elders!

Luke, the Beloved Physician

E. WAYNE MASSEY, M.D.

Bethesda, Maryland

Many of the parables which Luke recorded are not found in the other Gospels. Jesus must have told many stories to illustrate his teaching, and the authors of the Gospels made a selection. I think we can see why a physician like Luke would at once see the significance of some parables which he alone records. They are all very well known to us, but I wonder if you have ever thought about them from the point of view of a physician-author.

There is the story of that teenage delinquent, the Prodigal Son. I am sure that anyone with Luke's intellect and keen powers of observation would be familiar with the manifestations of an inferiority complex, even if he did not know that modern term. And I think that one of the points in the story that St. Luke seized upon was the phrase, "and when he came to himself." The boy's trouble was as much or more mental as moral. Now for the first time he began to think straight, and so he decided to go home and confess his failure to his father. When we have to deal with someone like the Prodigal Son we can get nowhere until he starts to think straight and see things as they really are. No doubt Luke was thrilled, as we are, by the love and understanding of the father in the story. But his own experience would have made him at once note the essential turning point in the boy's life—when he came to himself.

Luke knew that while some people's troubles were in the body, like those of the man attacked by robbers, yet others were sick in their mind, and others again were sick in their souls. For he also tells the story of the Pharisee and the Publican, the tax collector. The Pharisee was so bound up in smug self-righteousness that there was no hope for him. He was sick in his soul and did not know it. The Publican was sick too, but he faced the fact. His sins had cut him off from God and from other people. He felt rotten in his soul, and out of his misery he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He discovered that God is merciful and can heal even such a mess as was in his soul. He was "justified," i.e., made right with God, and therefore restored to wholeness. I think that Luke chose that story because he knew that some people were sick in soul and needed to be made whole there before anything else could be done for them.

The Good Samaritan is the story of a traveller on the lonely winding road from Jerusalem to Jericho. He was robbed and wounded and left half dead by the roadside.

By chance a priest came down the road, and he passed by on the far side. He saw the man's need, but it was a physical need, and the priest, quite wrongly, thought that he was only concerned with souls; so he left him alone. A scribe was the next to pass by, and he actually went and had a look at the man. But he was a teacher, and therefore concerned with men's minds; so he thought that the man's physical needs were no concern of his. And then came the Good Samaritan. He was a traditional enemy of the wounded man, but he loved his neighbor. He bandaged the wounds, pouring in wine and oil, which were the best antiseptic and healing salve available in his day. Luke, like both the priest and the scribe, rightly diagnosed the man's suffering as being a physical need. But what impressed him with the story was that our Lord was just as concerned with the body as with the soul or the mind.

Luke became Paul's companion and travelled with him. The Bible does not tell us just why they became so closely associated, but whether or not it was the original intention, Luke in fact became Paul's medical attendant. That can have been no easy task, for Paul was constantly in trouble. We know that on several occasions he was shipwrecked, attacked by robbers, flogged in synagogues and assaulted by mobs—on one occasion stoned and thrown out as dead on a city refuse tip. And then there were all the natural hazards of exhaustion and sickness on long journeys. We know, too, that in later life Paul had some recurrent illness, which responded neither to prayer nor to Luke's skill. He also had some eye trouble.

In addition to being "the beloved physician," Luke was an author. In fact, very many people regard his Gospel as the most beautiful book in the world. And he followed up the Gospel with the Acts of the Apostles, many sections of which are based on his diary. As an author he is unique in at least one way, in that he is the only writer of a book in the Bible who was not a Jew. And let us notice, too, that he was not a professional clergyman or theologian. From his point of view he was a layman. But he was a keen Christian and dedicated his gifts to the service of God. He was a doctor and therefore trained to sort out the really significant features of the symptoms of his patients and to assess their meaning. He brought this trained mind of his "to trace the course of all things accurately from the first"—to quote his own words in the introduction to his Gospel.

When Luke described Jesus as a boy he spoke of him as "increasing in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and men." This means that Jesus grew mentally, physically, spiritually and socially, i.e., he had a perfectly balanced personality. Luke understood that, and he knew how all these sides of our nature are closely linked together. Paul in one of his letters writes: "If any member of the body suffers, all the members of the body suffer too." I wonder if he learned that from Luke the doctor?

As Christian people we should look for a healed mind and soul as well as a healed body, i.e., we must be aiming at restoration to a true wholeness of life. The New Testament, indeed, does not show alarm when men's bodies were in fact not healed. Paul had what he called his "thorn in the flesh." He besought the Lord three times that it might depart from him, but it did not. He also told Timothy that he left Trophimus sick at Miletus, and advised Timothy himself "to use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." Or as we might put it: "Keep on with the prescription as before." And, no doubt, Timothy did not object to that particular medicine!

What mattered to these men was faith in God and the ability as Christians to meet joyfully whatever life brought, whether or not that meant bodily suffering.

That must be the goal which as Christians we set for our own personal lives, and the goal in the lives of any whom we try to help to wholeness of life.

As Christians it should be on our conscience to develop God's gifts to us in body, mind and soul, and not just leave to chance our "whole state" in any of these.

Only our Lord was perfectly developed on every side of his human nature. Luke himself cannot have been too far behind in this wholeness. We rank him as a Saint, he was the good physician, one of the world's greatest authors, and, by tradition, he was an artist. And physically he must have been fit to keep pace with Paul. He, too, was certainly growing in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and men. No doubt our Lord was his ideal, as He should be ours, and I am sure that the essential wholeness of Jesus appealed to Luke. I wonder if perhaps yet another of his patient Paul's famous sayings does not really go back to something about which Luke often used to speak. In Ephesians 4 Paul is setting the goal of all things before us. The goal, he says, is that we all "attain unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Whether or not we owe that thought to the influence of Luke, it is certainly one that the good physician would gladly endorse. And surely it is the fullness of Christ, that wholeness on every side of his nature, that we must aspire to if we are to be full-grown men.

LETTERS

Beyond the Cross?

Norma Lemley urges that we go "Beyond the Cross" to rejoice in the indwelling of the Spirit. Truly, the fact that God's Spirit dwells in us is a "great and precious promise," but it is a serious error to urge that we center our rejoicing and our attention in it rather than in the cross and our salvation. I read a story somewhere told to illustrate that very fallacy.

"Suppose you were destitute, more deeply in debt than you could ever pay, far from home, and unable to provide even for your own living for the future. A kindly, generous benefactor, in love, tells you that he has deposited to your account back home a hundred million dollars, more than enough to meet all your needs. You know him and trust him; so you are sure his word is true. He also gives you, as an earnest of the full gift, and to help you get to where the full gift is, an immediate cash gift of \$1,000. Do you spend the rest of your life rejoicing in and praising your benefactor for the \$1,000 gift?"

The story is not told to minimize the earnest, but to maximize the basic gift, justification, wrought outside of us, by the cross of

Jesus. Two other observations seem pertinent:

(1) The article implies that one may "embrace the salvation of the cross" and yet not "submit to the Lordship" of Jesus. The Bible surely makes it clear that no one has Jesus as Savior who does not also have him as Lord (Matt. 7:12).

(2) In the article, following Jesus as Lord and being led by the Spirit seems to be urged upon us as something other and different than reading his word and following it in faith and love. When we look for guidance and direction within, other than from God's written word as we have it in our hearts, we find ourselves following only our own inclinations and feelings. At best, if they have been moved to a high level of spiritual discernment, submitting to them is still a far cry from obeying Jesus as Lord. At worst, they have been known to cause deluded souls to believe they had God's approval for everything from adultery to murder.

If the flesh cannot counterfeit the fruits of the Spirit, neither can our feelings and inclinations become the leadership of the Spirit.

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INTEGRITY

Comment

by W. CARL KETCHERSIDE

A GATHERING OF FREE PEOPLE

Many frustrated and disillusioned members of various parties in the restoration movement think nothing is being done, or can be done, to offset the exclusivism which maintains wide gulfs between the segments of believers. They are mistaken. All across our land experiments are going on leading to a betterment of conditions. Many of these are more cautious than bold, and consist of testing the temperature of the water by dangling the toes in it before wading into the shallows. One attempt to plunge into the depths is the Saint Louis Forum.

Originally known as the Hartford Forum, because it began at Hartford, Illinois, with a noninstrument congregation, this 25 year old thought exchange convenes annually during the Christmas holiday season in the auditorium of Saint Louis Christian College. From its inception there were two guidelines. One was the provision of an ample opportunity for open investigation of thorny and controversial matters which were given a hush-hush or one-sided treatment elsewhere. The other was to make it possible for men to be heard who were often ill-treated by their parties either as "liberals" or "extremists."

There are five sessions in two days. In four of these, two men are invited to present forty-minute papers on a question deemed important. They must then sit down together upon the platform and answer questions from the audience for forty

minutes. Some of these questions are very probing, but there has never been a single untoward incident in all the years of meeting. The debating attitude is so lacking that when a speaker once sought to inject it and treat his fellow-speaker as an opponent, he fell flat on his face and retired from the scene with full recognition he had "flunked the course."

Speakers are invited from Disciples of Christ, Christian Churches, and every party of the Churches of Christ. Every live issue has been discussed, some more than once. The role of women in the church was discussed by a man and woman. The charismatic movement featured one speaker who claimed to speak in tongues and another who said it was impossible. In every instance, whether the question deals with fellowship, theistic evolution, or instrumental music, an honest attempt is made to provide a hearing for both sides. Two medical doctors discussed the abortion issue. No speaker is barred on the ground that he is "too radical" provided he respects his brethren—all of them.

Questions in the 1977 forum, held on December 28, 29, were: Is the baptism of the Holy Spirit available to believers today? What should be our relationship with believers in Christ in denominations outside of our restoration movement heritage? Is the practice of hiring a man to serve as the pastor of a congregation having elders in harmony with the New Testament scriptures? To what extent did first century culture affect the content of the New Testament and its demands upon believers?

Speakers were Ken Jensen, Indianapolis; W. Carl Ketcherside, Saint Louis; James Robinson, Saint Louis; Phil Young, Lawrenceville, Ill.; Edward Fudge, Athens, Ala.; Chuck Sackett, Granite City, Ill.; Don Haymes, Memphis; and Andrew Paris, Florissant, Mo. All speakers come at their own expense. Those in attendance came from eleven states from Oregon to New York. The 1978 forum is scheduled for December 28, 29.

Celebrate!

TOM LANE

Cincinnati, Ohio

"Celebrate," announces an eye-catching, spirited brochure advertising Christ Church Episcopal Cathedral in downtown Cincinnati. Decorated with simple drawings of tulips, the sun, a butterfly, and silhouettes of people holding hands, in bright reds, blues, greens and yellows, the tract continues: "Celebration is a community of people gathered together for worship to share Christ through bread and wine in new and meaningful ways." A variety of forms for celebration are listed: laughter, caring, dramas, films, songs, ministry, mystery. "Come and be with us," the brochure invites. "Celebration needs you . . . your insights, your talents, your enthusiasm, your experience, your hopes, dreams and surprises . . . because we cannot share, care, and celebrate alone."

"Celebrate." In a society which has largely lost the capacity for unself-conscious revelry, except as chemical stimulants force it through, what more relieving, refreshing directive than this?

"Celebrate." What better directive for Christians assembled in testimony to a common faith in a loving Father? The New Testament records that the early church succumbed spontaneously to a spirit of festivity: "day by day, attending the temple together and breaking bread in their homes, they partook of food with glad and generous hearts, praising God and having favor with all the people" (Acts 2:46-47, RSV). The *New English Bible* here describes the early disciples' disposition as one of "unaffected joy."

Christians today may celebrate with the same abandon, and for the same reasons. Away with the stuffy, somber church meeting that taxes our interest instead of rejuvenating our spirits! We have need to celebrate. And we have cause to celebrate.

The need for revelry is ingrained in society. Without the capacity to celebrate and to fantasize, a society loses its soul—its ambition to improve itself along the lines of the fantasized other-worlds, its awareness of its historical roots, its appreciation of its good qualities, the acknowledgment of which are the foundation of festival. This is the thesis of Harvey Cox, *The Feast of Fools* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1969), which is the most illuminating statement of man's need to celebrate.

Modern Western industrial culture, indicts Cox, in order to achieve its present opulence, has forfeited the vital elements of festivity and fantasy for the glorification of diligent labor and sober utilitarianism. Vestiges of the capacity to celebrate survive in a few holidays. But despite the champagne and noisemakers, New Year's Eve only whets our need of ecstatic expression. Thanksgiving and Easter and Christmas have degenerated into habit, their original meaning having been submerged by commercial

exploitation. Science fiction and Disney may provide us some visions of alternative life styles, but the spirit of the age, a pseudo-scientific "objectivity" and skepticism, tempers our impulsive reaction to such utopian dreams.

Man, Cox identifies as *homo festivus*. Festivity is an ingredient of every culture. When it diminishes in a culture, something essentially human, and something crucial to the spiritual vitality of that society, is lost.

The Christian church, Cox believes, has the wherewithal to return a measure of festivity to our modern Western world. Christianity sees significance in historical events past, anticipates a glorious future, and sees purpose in life here and now, for it is in the present that we labor toward this grand future. Christianity can celebrate its historical foundations and future consummation, and give hope for life in the now. With the advent in artistic expression of the theme of Christ the harlequin, the Western church may be beginning to rediscover its inherent quality of humor. By expressing celebration, the church may encourage society at large to do so.

Surely Christians of all people have cause to celebrate.

1. We can celebrate God's bountiful provision for our needs, the assurance of which leads us from worry into contented security in His sufficiency (Phil. 4:4-7, 11-13).

2. We can celebrate God's providence which brings good from all circumstances. The problems of society and of our individual lives we may view as challenges and approach optimistically because we believe God will see us through. "Man's extremity is

Christianity can celebrate its historical foundations and future consummation, and give hope for life in the now.

God's opportunity." Evangelist Oral Roberts' brand of expectant faith is refreshing and instructive: "Expect a miracle, a breakthrough from heaven," he affirms. "Something good is going to happen to you." We may celebrate victories actually won, and the very fact that final triumph of God and good over evil in our lives and in society is promised.

3. We can be grateful for and enjoy the partnership which we have with one another as fellow-workers in Christ's kingdom (Phil. 1:3-5). Christians have cause to celebrate one another.

How odd this sounds. Often our biggest frustration and discouragement in Christian living is one another. But the church is intentionally a loving, caring body of individuals functioning harmoniously despite individual differences of talent and ministry, background and personality, manner of dress and decorum. The church can be this intimate self-nurturing community if we take care:

We must esteem the welfare of the group above our personal aggrandizement.

We must tolerate, even more, appreciate and heed, the service rendered to us by others, even though their talent or ministry is not the same as our own (Rom. 12:3-5).

We must rate others' need as worthy of our sacrifice.

We must use only helpful words, never slander or gossip or cheap misrepresentation of another's views or actions (Eph. 4:29).

When stress arises, we must seek to be reconciled to one another (Eph. 4:31-32). We must spare no effort to secure with bands of peace the unity which the Spirit gives