

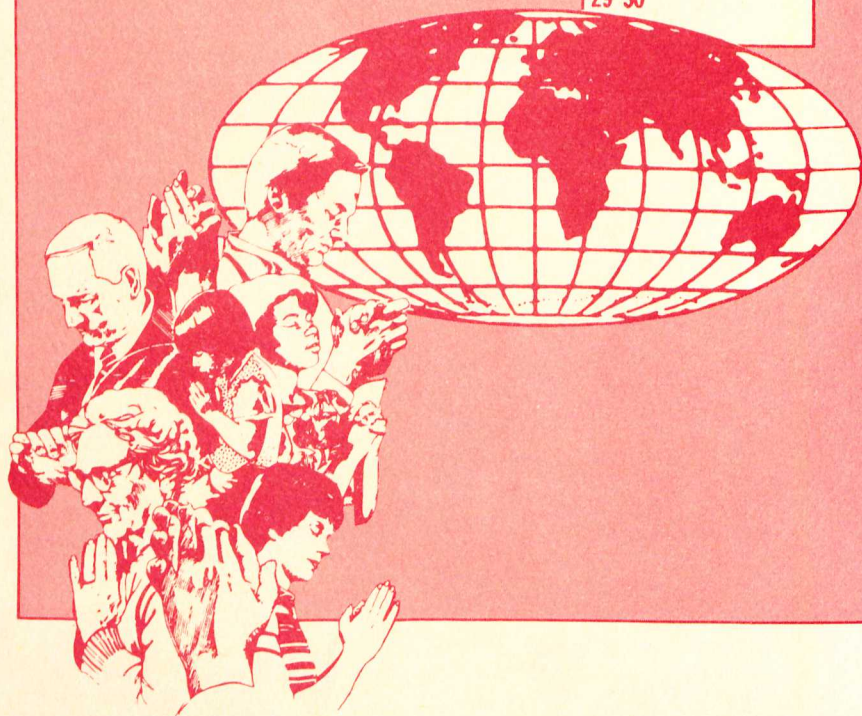
Co-Laborer

April, May, June 1984



PRAY WITH US

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Pre-Easter Week of Prayer for
Foreign Missions

Pre-Easter Week of Prayer Program



"he is risen"

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Objective: To see the message of Easter in the lesson of the firstfruits
Scripture: Exodus 22:29-31a
Hymn: "Christ Arose"

Introduction

Solemn pomp and ceremony attended the presentation of the firstfruits. In the wee morning hours, the people gather in the open squares with baskets containing the first and best fruits from their harvests.

"Arise, let us go up to Zion, the city of our God," the leader announces and the people begin to walk through the streets in procession. Before them goes an ox whose horns are wreathed

in gold and silver and an olive garland on his head. The music of the flute precedes them as they march along the way, singing and rejoicing. All along the way, other pilgrims join them, for it is said that in the multitude of people is the king's honor.

As they near Jerusalem, they send messengers to announce their arrival. Choirs of Levites meet them, chanting Psalm 30, until they come near the mount. Every man then takes his basket on his shoulder, singing praises

until they enter the courtyard. Putting down their baskets, the priests put their hands under and wave them, leading in a vow which is repeated by the worshippers.

The Jews recognized God as the creator of all living things—vegetable, animal and human. Thus with ritual regularity they brought the first, and presumably the best, of their produce and offered them back to God.

The first ripened grain was a pledge and sample of the coming harvest. It guaranteed more to come. Let's think of this principle of the firstfruits as it relates to our spiritual life, our labors, and finally to the resurrection of our Lord.

Firstfruits of the Spirit (Rom. 8:23; Eph. 1:13, 14)

Before our Lord ascended to heaven, He promised His disciples that He would send them a Comforter who would abide with them forever. He instructed them to go to an upper room and wait for His arrival. On the Day of Pentecost, this promised visit took place and the city of Jerusalem was turned upside down.

What happened? The disciples were empowered with supernatural ability to perform miracles, to preach and witness. The world took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.

When we accept Christ as our Savior, He indwells us in the person of the Holy Spirit. His power enables us to do all He desires. He imparts to us various gifts for service. He's a Comforter, Teacher, Guide, Deliverer, Reprover, and Enabler. And the best is yet to come.

Paul instructs us in his letters that the Spirit is only a down payment of all God has in store for us. He calls Him the firstfruits—a pledge of something

more to come. (Read 1 Cor. 2:9).

Firstfruits of Redemption (Rev. 14:4)

The first order given to man was to be fruitful and multiply. "I want many more just like you," He was saying to Adam and Eve. And they did just that. Have you multiplied and offered up your spiritual firstfruits to God?

Christians today are so busy serving the Lord that they have no time to reproduce. Either they are too immature that their reproductive organs aren't developed, or diseased organs have produced sterility, or perhaps they aren't living in union with Him.

Just as we don't birth a baby and leave him to grow by himself, neither do we lead a person to Christ and leave him on his own. A person is saved in a moment of time, but weeks and years are required to get him on the road to maturity. He must be taught to study God's Word, how to pray, develop his devotional life, how to be victorious over sin.

What happens with this kind of firstfruits? They reproduce themselves. First thing you know, you're a grandmother, then a great-grandmother, and on and on—with many trophies to lay at our Savior's feet.

Firstfruits of our Children (1 Sam. 1:27, 28)

The first son to come from the loins of the father, called the "firstfruits of his father," was special. Upon him was bestowed all the privileges of preferential treatment, headship of the family, and a double portion of the inheritance. Interestingly enough, this prerogative was limited to sons, not daughters.

In worship, however, the firstborn

offered to God came not from the father's loins, but was the firstfruits of the mother's womb. Though Samuel was not the firstfruits of his father, he was the firstfruits of his mother and Hannah considered it a privilege to give him back to God.

Legally the firstborn son is still considered the heir today. Although the firstborn is no longer ritually offered to God, mothers the world over feel a kinship with Hannah. When the birthing pains have ceased and the new mother gazes for the first time at her newborn—whether son or daughter—an offering-of-a-sort takes place in that sacred moment.

All of our children belong to God, but presenting that first one as a firstfruit offering can be a precious experience.

Firstfruits of our Labors (Rom. 11:16)

Tithes and firstfruits are not the same. A tithe is a portion given at the end of an accounting. Firstfruits are a token given at the beginning with the promise of more to come. Firstfruits from our gardens, our canning, baking, sewing, the fruits of our hands may be offered in love and praise to Him who made it all possible.

One woman bakes fruitcakes to sell at Christmas, but the first one goes to her pastor. Another makes crafts for a display at the fair, but she gives the first item to a missionary. The first article published, the first garment sewed for a new child, the first package of food canned or frozen may all be presented as an offering to God.

Perhaps the firstfruits of our hands don't meet the Biblical standard of perfection. We're ashamed to offer to

Him that which is blemished and marred. But something miraculous happens to offerings when they pass through altar fires. They're transformed into objects of beauty and usefulness. Firstfruits are not designed for personal satisfaction (they belonged to the priests); they are destined to reach out and bless others.

Firstfruits of the Resurrection (1 Cor. 15:20-23)

Paul begins 1 Corinthians 15 by painting a dreadful picture of death. Then the scene brightens considerably at the 20th verse with a shout of rejoicing, "But now hath Christ been risen from the dead!"

Paul was familiar with the pomp of the firstfruits procession. Perhaps that is why he describes Christ as the great Captain, the firstfruits of the resurrection, leading His procession to present His glorious church to the Father. Following Him is the raptured company of believers, followed by those who had died in the Lord. And what a glorious company—all clothed with immortal bodies just like the body of their returned and ascended Lord.

Paul reminds the Corinthians that the doctrine of the resurrection is the foundation stone upon which their salvation depends. All humanity is cursed with the death of the body. But the resurrection of Christ guarantees restoration of that dead body to life. Much like the first sheaf of the harvest, it pledges and assures our own resurrection.

Christ was not the first to rise from the dead. He had raised some Himself, only they were to die again. His resurrection was to a life which will never know death. And because He lives, we too, shall live.



Memo From Cleo

Ask of Me (Psalm 2:8)

The above is the theme for the 49th Woman's Auxiliary convention. Focusing on prayer, we will convene in the Statehouse Convention Center, Little Rock, Arkansas, July 16-17. The Excelsior is the headquarters hotel. Pray as plans are completed.

Third National Retreat

We are expecting approximately 1200 women from 20 states to attend WNAC's third retreat, September 6-8, at Ridgecrest, N.C. (18 miles east of Asheville). Some are chartering buses for this time of worship, learning, and fellowship, in the heart of the beautiful Blue Ridge mountains.

Send your reservation with \$8.00 deposit to Ridgecrest Baptist Conference Center, P.O. Box 128, Ridgecrest, N.C. 28770. Forty-eight dollars provide two nights hotel (quad), five meals, and your registration fee.

Wedding Bells

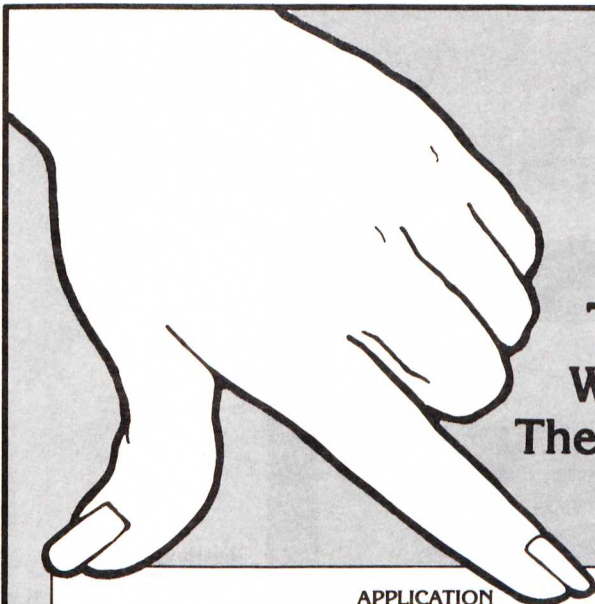
Raul Sanes and Damaris Gonzalez, Panama, were united in marriage the first week in December by Rev. James Munsey, Texas. The newlyweds express their appreciation for the assistance WNAC gave them from our National Student Fund. Pray for them as they begin their life together in God's service.

Medicine Bottles

Please do not send any more medicine bottles to the national offices. The Foreign Missions Department requests that they be sent directly to the field. Here's how: Send small packets (two pounds in a shoe box works fine). Use Form 2976, Green Customs label, completed and placed by sender or postal clerk on address side. Mark in bold letters on address side the words **SMALL PACKET** or **PETIT PAQUET**. Send to Sherwood Lee, Mission Protestante Evangelique, B.P. 20, Bouna, Ivory Coast, West Africa.

Missionary Provision Closet Needs

Tupperware: Mix-N-Stor sets, Seal-N-Serve sets, tumblers, all sizes, in the new colors (tangerine, apple green, brown, daffodil), round pitchers, and any new pieces.



THIS!
Will Make
The Difference

APPLICATION

Mail to: Ridgecrest Conference Center, P.O. Box 128,
Ridgecrest, NC 28770

Please register me for the retreat. I have enclosed \$8.00 which I understand is applied to my total fee. **(Deposit not refundable after August 6.)**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

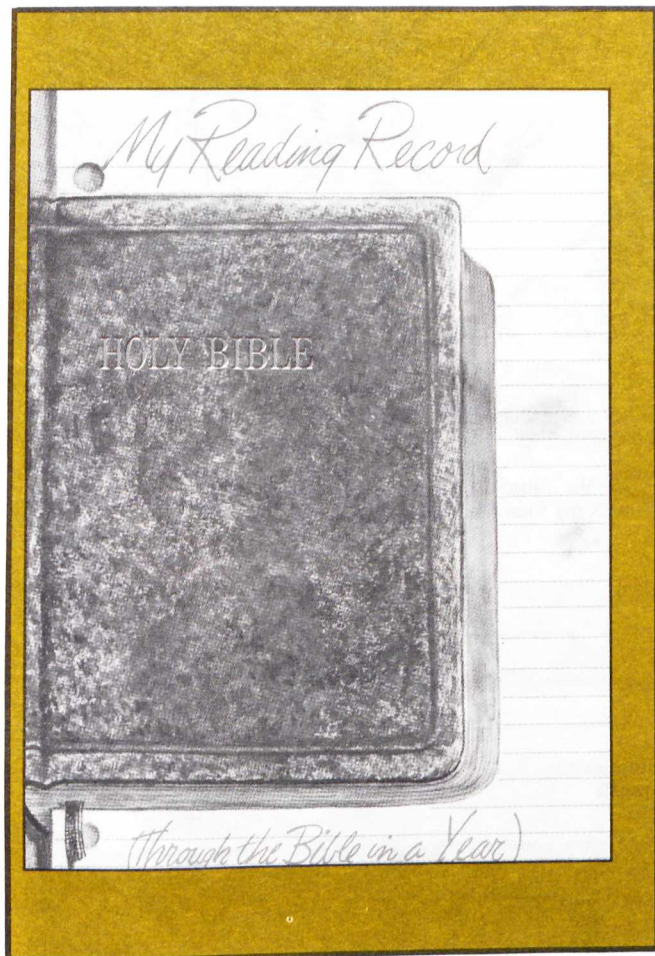
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Accommodations Requested
Price Includes five meals
and two nights motel

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| ☐ Quad | ☐ Triple | ☐ Double |
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Trula Cronk



Two Sisters

Objective: To become more appreciative of what we have in Christ. To be challenged to pray...give...go...that others might experience these same blessings.

Scripture: 1 Timothy 5:9, 10

Hymn: "Count Your Many Blessings"

Introduction

Following a term of missionary service in India, Trula Cronk returned to this country on furlough. When she experienced an emotionally traumatic day, a dear friend, whom we will call Joanne, invited Trula to her home for a few days of rest and recuperation.

Trula enjoyed every minute of her stay—the beautiful home, good conversation and the warm Christian atmosphere. She basked in the sheer joy of it all. But her mind would not be bound by four walls—it kept wandering off to her Indian sister she had recently left. This program compares these two sisters, one an Indian and the other

American, but they call the same God, "Father."

Bathing and Sleeping

This was in the days before air-conditioned cars, so Trula arrived at Joanne's house tired and dusty after a long journey. Immediately she was ushered into a spacious mirrored bathroom where hot water and fragrant soap soon revived her. As she toweled herself with the sheet-size towel, she thought of her Indian sister, Phulmami.

In her mind's eye, she saw the little grass and bamboo home whose bathroom is the river. Arriving home tired and dirty after walking twelve miles barefooted in the hot sun to market and back, Phulmami goes to the river to refresh herself in its cooling, but contaminated water. Modesty insists she bathe fully clothed. She cannot afford soap and her only towel is the sun as she walks home.

When Trula became sleepy, Joanne

led her to the guest room. She went to sleep between snowy white sheets on a thick springs and mattress in a room cooled to the right temperature. Phulmami, too, is sleepy. She lies down on a grass mat on the floor with her children. She pulls her sari around her face to keep off the mosquitos, even though it is too hot to be covered up.

Eating and Laundering

The next morning Trula awakened to the smell of coffee perking and bacon frying. Donning one of Joanne's silky robes, she entered a cheerful, sunlit kitchen gleaming with beautiful appliances. Besides bacon and eggs, breakfast included the biscuits, grits, gravy, and an assortment of jams, cheese and fruit.

Phulmami, away off in India, awoke hungry, too-twice as hungry because she had gone to bed not fully satisfied. She opens a sack and takes out rice to husk, pounding it for hours before it is ready to cook. Then she goes to the river for water to wash the rice. Taking down cowdung patties from their drying place on the wall, she lights her fire and sets on the pot. Hours after rising, and her stomach growling from hunger, her breakfast is ready. She feeds her family, and when they have eaten, she eats what is left.

After breakfast, the women went to the laundry room, piled their dirty clothes in the machine, poured in perfumed soap, turned a few knobs, and then wandered off to the family room to chat and watch television for awhile. Later they returned to fold the clothes and put them away.

Trula marvelled at the ease of it all. But her mind was watching Phulmami,

her bundle of dirty clothes on her head and a water pot under each arm, making her way down to the river. Trula watched her put the pots down on the bank and wade out to where the water was deeper. Piece by piece, she takes her clothes and beats them on a rock which she had affixed there. The water is cold and there is no soap. After washing, she spreads the clothes on the sandy river bank to dry.

When the clothes are dry, she folds them, fills her water pots, and with the bundle of clothes on her head and the water pots under each arm, she walks back to her house.

Relaxing

Their morning chores finished, Trula and Joanne drifted out onto the patio where they talked and enjoyed the summer air, the flower garden, and the beauty of the distant mountains.

They became thirsty, so they went inside and chose a drink from an array of choices. They supplemented it with small, tasty sandwiches and returned to the patio. Phulmami is thirsty, too, so she pours a cup of river water and drinks it.

As it warmed up outside, the women went inside, turned on the air conditioner and lay down. It is warm, even hot, where Phulmami lives. Trula could see her taking a break from her days work, finding a shady spot under a mango tree, and fanning herself with a palm leaf. She would rest before returning to the jungle to gather wood and cowdung for cooking fuel.

The house was quiet, so Joanne turned on the stereo. The house was filled with soothing music. Phulmami had never heard a bar of good music. At festival time she and her friends play

their simple homemade instruments and sing the songs they know from memory.

As they rested, Trula and Joanne discussed books they had read and places they had been. **Phulmami can't read and she has never been more than 40 miles from where she was born.**

Later in the day Trula became ill, so Joanne drove her to the doctor who spoke kindly and gave her fast-acting medicine. **Phulmami gets sick . . . so does her child . . . but there is no doctor and no medicine except for the herbs she gathers in the woods and the home remedies she prepares herself.**

Sharing

Before the visit ended, Trula shared with Joanne some of her mental images of her Christian sister, Phulmami. She told how Phulmami prepared the floors of her little house with clay and cowdung to make a hard clay surface. How she walked for miles to carry back a special white clay to plaster the front of her house. How she made colors from plants and flowers to decorate around her front door. How for beauty, she always wore a brilliant red hibiscus in

her long, black, oiled hair.

The two friends wept together at the thought of our own dissatisfaction and complaints about trivial things. How often we forget how blessed we are! The Arabs say that all sunshine makes a desert. Some of us on whom nothing but sun has ever fallen live very "dried up" lives. Living in a golden age, we complain about how "yellow" everything looks.

Material comforts, desirable as they are, do not bring contentment because the fountains of content spring up in a satisfied heart, or they come not at all. Happiness is not something that can be directly sought. It is always a by-product, the fall-out, as it were, from doing our duty, doing right, serving others and worshipping God.

A satisfied heart comes from being filled with the love of the Lord Jesus for the unfortunate in the world, the hungry, the sick, and especially those who have never heard of God's love. The best thing about this wonderful life which God has given us is that we are free to give it away. In giving it away, we find the truth of our Lord's word, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

**Adapted from Co-Laborer,
fourth quarter, 1963.**



Joyce Crouch
Farmington, MO



Ann Maines
Norfolk, VA



Shirley Turner
Carlisle, OH



Gladys Gragg
Nashville, TN

A Pause



At The Crossroads

The Crossroads Free Will Baptist mission, Effingham, Illinois, began in June, 1981. Two years and 50 people later, they organized their first Woman's Auxiliary.

State president, Jan Arnoldi, and some women from their church, Bethel in South Roxana, were on hand to assist in the occasion. Officers were elected and installed and a date set for their regular meetings. In October, they joined the Emily Malone district.

Except for one former Free Will Baptist, most of the ladies knew nothing about the auxiliary or its missions pro-

gram. Yet they accepted responsibility with enthusiasm. Ten or twelve women attend the monthly meetings which include not only program and business, but a time of fellowship as they share burdens, prayer requests and praises.

Each year the state convention adopts a project supporting both home and foreign missions. Half of the current project goes to the Effingham mission. The local women are pitching in to raise their share. They want other auxiliaries in the state to know they appreciate their efforts.

A special thank-you to auxiliary groups in Illinois, the United States, and all over the world for your support of our mission work here. We are endeavoring to be the support to home and foreign missionaries that others have been to us.
Vickie Hollis, pastor's wife

The thing I enjoy most about auxiliary is the time it gives us to share with each others.
Becky Johnston, secretary-treasurer

My family was in the military for many years. I am a shy person, so I was ripe for the fellowship that the Woman's Auxiliary in Hawaii offered. They taught me that people really care and listen, and it helped me talk to others. My goal is that our auxiliary be a place for fellowship and helping others as I was helped. Being the product of two mission works, I want to help support missions, both at home and abroad.

Pat Robertson, president

I enjoy the fellowship with the ladies, as well as working on our missions projects.

Phyllis Petty, member

I enjoy the monthly auxiliary programs. They bring Scriptural lessons close to our hearts. I'm grateful for the fellowship we have with each other and what we can do for missions.

Mary Wines, mission study chairman

Our Writers



Debbie Cavitt (Mrs. Johnny)
Airport FWB Church
Tulsa, Oklahoma

This mother of three children, ages 14, 9, and 7, serves as auxiliary program chairman, CTS teacher, and director of Children's Church.



Trula Cronk (Mrs. Daniel)
Horton Heights FWB Church
Nashville, Tennessee

A former missionary, Trula is now employed by the state, teaches the college Sunday school class, and is the mother of a married son.



Kathy Douglas (Mrs. Thomas)
White Oak FWB Church
Macon, Georgia

Kathy and her husband team-direct the Children's Church and Puppet Ministry. They have two children, ages 4 and 6.

Designed for
prayer groups,
auxiliaries, per-
sonal, inter-
cessory prayer



Eunice
Edwards



April

More people attend church at Christmas and Easter than at any time. Pray for these special Easter services in our mission churches around the world—that many people would be attracted to hear a Spirit-anointed message with decisions made for Christ which would last for eternity.

Pray for the physical health of our missionaries: Janice Banks (Japan) and her tendon problem; Louis Coscia (Brazil), an eye problem; Louise Vandivort, AZ, a heart problem; Delores Hester, MS, bleeding ulcers; and Jimmy Aldridge, AL, on medical leave from Ivory Coast, recuperating from tropical fevers.

Pray for the new candidates approved by the Home Missions Board: Tim and Kathy Coats to open the state of South Dakota; and Mike and Vicky Mutchler to Portland, OR.

Pray for a good response from the missionary and evangelistic conferences conducted throughout the states.

Meditation

Leviticus 2 brings us a delightfully poignant lesson of our Lord's perfect kinship with man. Although He was so inextricably interwoven with man—He was the God man—He was completely free of sin or even the thought of sin.

Verse 4 states that the cakes were of "fine flour mingled with oil . . ." Since oil is an emblem of the Holy Spirit, we are reminded here that the power of the Holy Spirit permeated every act of our Savior. The "mingling" confounds my feeble mind, but I believe it without understanding.

Let's examine these truths a little more. Verse 13 tells us plainly what effect the gospel has upon those who come in contact with it: "with all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt." The salt of the covenant makes the offering acceptable with God.

Can we claim the same devotion and faithfulness? Are the offerings we make "seasoned with salt"—that is, tasty, full of His truth, and given sacrificially in His name and to His glory? Colossians 4:6 warns: "Let your speech be always seasoned with salt."

Have you ever suffered a severe burn? Imagine for a moment that one blister is broken open and salt poured into the wound. Terrible? Yes! Awful? Yes! But look at the sweet, gentle voice of our Lord as His offering was "salted with fire" on the cross and He prays to His Father, "Not my will, but thine be done."

Oh, what a Savior!

A little boy read Luke 14:34: "Salt is good; but if the salt have lost his Savior wherewith shall it be seasoned?" I'm convinced the child read it correctly according to God's meaning in the verse for us.

A portion of this offering was for the priest and his sons. God's incredible plan is that "saltiness" makes the offering acceptable to God and it also becomes bread to the offerer. Jesus satisfies both!



May

Pray for missionaries in language study. Ken and Judy Bailey as they study Japanese in Tokoyo; Cathy Crawford as she studies French in Albertville; and Jeff and Susan Turnbough as they study Spanish in Madrid.

Pray for missionary mothers whose children are in school a continent away—Jean Deeds, Pat Franks, Nancy Hughes, Geneva Poole, Pansy Murray, Vada Lee, Sandra Payne, Evelyn Hersey and Anita Sparks.

Pray for short termers on the field—Marilyn Pritchard (IC), Mark Riggs (Spain), and Tim and Deanna Thompson (France). Pray for the pastoral interns and summer missionaries journeying to their assignments this month—for financial needs, common sense in fulfilling obligations, and a dependence upon the Holy Spirit in their ministry.

The Foreign Mission Board meets this month. Pray for wisdom in making decisions, and for Bill Jones, chairman.

Meditation

Why do you do what you do?

This intriguing question was asked of a sports figure recently and set me to thinking. **Why** do I do what I do? What reason can I give for the many activities that make up my day? And when I asked myself this question in relation to my Christian duties, sometimes the answers didn't flatter me much.

How about you? Have you ever asked yourself why you teach this Sunday school class? Is it because you have always taught it? They couldn't get anyone else? Because your class meets in your room and you aren't comfortable anywhere else? Or is it because you know it is God's place for you and you must be obedient? Why do you do what you do?

How about this question: Why do you fix breakfast for your family each morning? Is it because there's no one else to do it? Because you are concerned with the well-being of your family? Because you consider making breakfast one of your God-given chores? Your answers might startle you a bit.

What about this one? Why do I read my Bible? Is it because I need to turn in so many chapters on Sunday morning? (Or else everyone will know I'm getting spiritually lazy). Is it because so-and-so said I should? Or is it because I can't go through the day without meeting my Beloved in His Word?

Why do I go to work daily? Is it because I need my paycheck? No one else can fill

my place? Because I must keep going at rapid pace to convince me of my indispensibility? Or is it because I can't bear to be alone with me?

Why do I go to church each Sunday? Because people will say ugly things if I miss? Is it because He wants me in His house on His Day? A good habit? An opportunity to identify with my Lord?

Why do I do what I do? This provocative question is unsettling! The fact of the matter is: the **why** of what I do can make all the difference in the world.



June

Summer means a greater influx of returning missionaries—Lynn Mileys, Pooles, Gillilands, Bishops, Herseys, Eagletons, and Franks. Pray for ease in adjustment, wisdom in locating housing, and fortitude on deputation.

Pray for the new joint project workers approved by the Home Mission Boards: Greg Bevan to Quantica, VA; Willie Booth to Lancaster, OH; Tom Dooley to Hamilton, OH; Sam Hensley to Fairfield, CA; and John Reed to Petersburg, VA. Pray they would meet the right people at the right place at the right time.

Pray for the missionaries involved in building programs: Pinkertons in Ivory Coast, Hughes in Brazil, Bob Thomas (CO), Vandivort (AZ), Dunn (OR), and Maness (NJ). Pray they will meet the city's codes and restrictions.

Pray for the missionaries (and other personnel) who will be ministering at the National Association next month. May they sense the direction of the Holy Spirit in their preparation.

Meditation

We hear a great deal today about the quality of life of those who live in nursing homes, mental institutions, prisons, etc., and well we should.

What is the quality of your life? Are you living on the meager crumbs of Christianity when God wants to enrich you with His fresh bread from heaven? Do you feel that because you are living in an obscure, out-of-the-way place, humanly speaking, that all you deserve or can expect are crumbs from His table? Not so! God wants to give you His choicest blessings.

He yearns to meet you face to face in communion. He longs to share our darkest and brightest hours. As we walk with Him in an intimate, friendly and trusting relationship, it is easier to have faith during the dark hours that come to all of us.

What is the quality of your life? Are you living a defeated, hopeless life? That is not God's will for you! He wants to show through you His mighty acts of love to a world that is dying without Him. Yes! Through you!

I'm convinced God wants us to see, hear, feel as He does. Our God is interested in people—in souls! When we work with God, we will be interested in the same things (Phil. 2:5). Stretch your world today by allowing Christ's mind to broaden your vision of a lost world—beginning with your next-door neighbor who is hurting and has no knowledge of the One who died to heal her hurt.

There is a song which states: "I'm a child of the child." The Scriptures testify to this fact also (Rom. 8:16, 17). Open your heart wide and receive His bread today in abundance. Invite Him to reign in your heart as King of Kings and Lord of Lords and be amazed when He does. Because He will.

A Woman of St. Nazaire



Patty McCullough

I remember the day over a year ago when I was introduced to this new believer.

Patsy VanHook, our co-worker, presented her dark, petite friend as "Madame Juguet," but I had so often heard Patsy refer to her as "Therese" that I immediately began to do so as well. Ordinarily, I would have been committing a **faux pas** in addressing her by her first name so early in our relationship, even if she was ten years my senior. However, she graciously encouraged me to call her Therese and our friendship began to bloom.

Although Therese remains a new believer, her relationship with the Lord has deepened this past year. At the beginning, one could clearly distinguish the vestiges of catholicism in her life as she read aloud a prayer she had written out at home. Today one recognizes the leading of God's Spirit as she spontaneously verbalizes the desires of her heart.

This woman of France exhibits a keen interest in Bible study. Her vitality and eagerness to discuss the things

of the faith have often been the only light at the end of a very dark tunnel. Sharing her faith with others seems to be a natural manifestation of her outgoing personality.

Therese has every reason to be a sad and lonely person. She is the only Christian in a very catholic family in a country where everyone is catholic. Her husband, Michel, suffers from asthma and emphysema so severely that he is unable to pursue his profession as a lawyer. Therese is employed as secretary in an insurance office. She prays faithfully that her husband and sixteen-year-old daughter, Emanuelle, would come to know the Lord as she does. She often exposes them to her Christian friends and their fellowship.

Her enthusiasm and love for Christ are apparent in her compulsion to help others. The obvious change in her life and her joy in knowing Him are evidenced in the closing of her last letter: "Very warmly, in the joy of the Lord, Therese."

The Little Preacher

Joyce Crouch

Last year's size 2-3 tights were too short. I tugged and tugged, lifting her 31 pounds off the stool where she stood. She chuckled at being lifted by the waist of her tights and grabbed my neck to pull me to her for a kiss. "I love you, Mom."

"I love you, too, darling," I said as we swapped hugs.

Still holding onto my neck, she declared, "Someday I want to be a Christian like you."

The evangelistic conference had ended only hours ago, and here was the Lord touching my heart again through my three year old. I was already full to overflowing, yet what Corrie said with her soft cheek against mine was as challenging as any of the eleven messages I had just heard.

Knowing Corrie will be a Christian much like me robs me of sleep at times. If she hears me speak for the Lord, she, too, will speak for Him. If she never hears me mention Him outside church or devotions, she will learn to be silent.

If I am listening, really listening, the preacher most apt to speak directly to my heart is my daughter. She expresses my best and my worst attitudes with the clarity of her uncluttered mind.

Now when I help her dress, a help she needs less and less, I am remind-

ed of those sweet and startling words, "Someday I want to be a Christian like you." The Lord will continue to send me messages through Corrie. Lord, I pray my heart as well as my ears will be listening.

His Little Lambs

Ann Maines

Last November my first-born child was born again. The big brown eyes that looked at me as he asked, "Mama, will you pray with me?" were full of sincerity. His prayer was direct and to the point, "Dear Jesus, please clean up my old dirty heart."

A great responsibility is laid on my shoulders to teach my children to obey and honor their parents, as commanded in Ephesians 6:1, 2. There are times when television, magazines, and other people will almost convince me that I am worthless and unfulfilled. After all, I am only a wife and mother. Then I remember that I am to bring up my children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," and I realize I have the most important job in the world.

God has placed three little souls into my hands. To see these souls grow to love Jesus and realize His love for them is all the fulfillment I need. My prayer each day is that I won't lose sight of the purpose for which God has blessed me with a family.

I look forward to the day when my

Mother's Anthology

second-born and third-born will feel their need for the Savior and will come to me and say, "Mama, will you pray with me?"

Please Forgive Me

Shirley Turner

On September 9, 1972, I began my career of motherhood. Mentally I pictured myself as the perfect mother with a perfect child. I would show my parents the right way to raise a child! Of course, I would have to do it alone since I didn't yet know Christ as my Savior.

I started Billy's training early. At four months he was put in a walker and walked every night. In spite of this—or because of it—he didn't walk alone until his first birthday. I was so disappointed that he was just average.

Next came potty training. I started Billy when he was eight months old, yet he wasn't trained until he was two years old. I did let him keep his bottle until he was three years old because I couldn't stand his crying.

Our son learned early not to touch things in other homes, as well as his own. He had the sore hands and bottom to remind him.

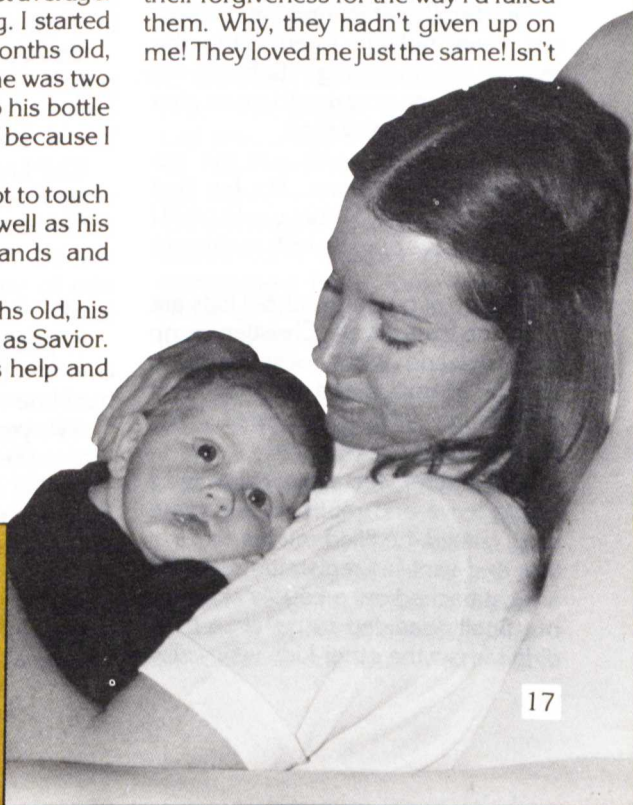
When Billy was six months old, his father and I accepted Christ as Savior. Now I had access to God's help and

guidance, but I thought I knew all I needed to know. I could do this by myself.

By the time our second child, Trina, was born, I knew I was failing as a mother. I became angry and frustrated and took it out on my children. I blamed them, especially Billy, for my failures. He became less afraid of strangers than his own mother. A clipping from a newspaper describes my children at this time, "Hours later, I can still see the fear in their eyes as they scurry around trying to appease me—thinking my maniacal raving was their fault."

Finally I could stand it no longer. I had reached a crisis in my motherhood career. I dropped to my knees and admitted I had failed. "Oh God, please forgive me," I cried to the only One who could help.

I went to my children and asked their forgiveness for the way I'd failed them. Why, they hadn't given up on me! They loved me just the same! Isn't



that just like Christ? Our sins are like hammering spikes in His feet and hands, yet He keeps on loving us and never gives up on us.

Through all this, our children have grown into curious, loving children. They have both accepted Christ as their Savior, even at an early age.

I'm still not a perfect mother, but my children know that I love them and am trying to let God teach me how to raise them. I still make mistakes, but thank God for the promise of 1 John 1:9: "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Romans 8:28

Gladys Gragg

Our family sat stunned at the special news bulletin interrupting the regular programming: "Schools will not open tomorrow due to a new plan for school reorganization."

The following week was our national auxiliary retreat. My fee had already been paid. What could I do? I couldn't leave our son with nothing to do.

"Some of our high school kids are going on a retreat at a Christian camp that week-end. What doesn't Mike go along?" a family friend who teaches at a Christian school suggested. "The principal said it'd be okay."

The timing was ideal. Mike and I would leave and return at the same time. Elated, he filled out his application and sent his registration fee. He almost backed out a couple of times, but finally decided to go even if he didn't know the other kids very well.

My own heart was touched at the retreat and my body was physically refreshed. Many, many times I breathed a prayer for Mike.

As I pulled into the driveway that Saturday, I noticed Mike had already returned. I left everything in the car and rushed inside. Mike lay sound asleep in a heap on the sofa.

When my husband came in, I asked eagerly, "Did Mike mention how things went at camp?"

Tears came into his eyes and I knew something had happened. "Mike wants to go back next year as a helper. There's more," he added, "but he wants to tell you himself."

Our noises awakened Mike and he came into the kitchen. "Mom," he told me, "I accepted God's call to preach while I was at camp."

By this time, all three of us were crying and hugging each other. I think I must have been the happiest mother in all the world.

God had more than answered my prayer, but gradually doubts began creeping in. "God, he's so young. Are You sure You want him to preach?"

The Lord reminded me. "Gladys, when Mike was a baby you told me I could have him back to do with as I wished. You thanked Me for lending him to you. Now what's your problem?"

A peace I can't describe washed over me. It wouldn't be an easy road, but I knew God would be with him.

Two years later our church licensed him to preach and he plans to attend Free Will Baptist Bible College when he graduates from high school. Did I really believe Romans 8:28?

Pastel Profiles

(CHARACTERS:) Narrator

The Samaritan Woman—wearing traditional robe and sandals. She should carry an earthen vessel, as a large clay pot.

Martha—traditional robe and sandals, carrying a large clay bowl and wooden mixing spoon

Naaman's maidservant—shabby traditional robe and bare feet.

Deborah—robe of quality cloth with purple and gold, sandals.

Mary of Bethany—robe and sandals, carrying a small flat box, as a small jewelry box.

Mary Magdalene—robe and sandals, carrying a single long stemmed rose.

(SETTING/STAGE DIRECTIONS:)

Place five chairs on state. At the appropriate time, the characters should enter from off stage and be seated after giving their parts. After the final part, the characters should stand and follow Mary Magdalene as she exits. They should leave down a center aisle if possible.

NARRATOR: Long ago when the world was brand new, God formed an unique, feminine being whom He called "Woman." This woman, fashioned by a loving God, was the result of God's special handiwork. She would be a helper to her husband, filling a void that none other could fill. She would be the vessel through which the earth would be replenished. She would be used of God, loving and serving Him, and recognizing Him as her

creator. She would be special. Not only would God work through the rugged coarseness of fishermen, but also through the pastel softness of woman.

The Bible records many experiences of women as they worked and loved God and served Him in varied ways. They were mothers and messengers, cooks and seamstresses, judges and servants, laborers and royalty; their mode of service as different and diverse as their personalities and talents. Yet each one was united in a common bond of love and loyalty to the God who so richly blessed and called them "Woman."

Listen now as some of these women share with you the profile of a woman's life who has been touched by God. **(exits)**

THE SAMARITAN WOMAN: My life is one with which most of you are well acquainted. Preachers preach my story from the pulpit. You read my story from the Bible. Parents, you teach my story to your children. You're not interested in me for something I have done, but because of whom I know—Jesus. I have actually seen Him. I've looked into His eyes. I've heard His voice. I've seen the sand upon His weary feet and the sweat upon His brow.

One day as I was walking to draw water. I noticed a man sitting beside the well. As I approached the well, He asked me for a drink . . . and there I was, face to face with Jesus. Oh, at first I didn't realize who He was. The things He spoke of confused me. Just what was

"living water?" And who could have it? But as He explained, I began to understand. All my emotions seemed to surface, my confusion, my anxiety, my inadequacy, my sinfulness. Still he offered me the precious water.

There have been many to the well since that day. People weary of life, troubled by many things, just as I was. And still, even today, Jesus freely gives "living water" to all who will receive. You can read about me, The woman at the Well" in John, chapter 4. **(is seated on the stage).**

MARTHA: I am no different from many of you women here today. I am hard-working. I am friendly. I love my family. I keep my house clean. I'm a good cook, and like most women, I wrestle with managing my time. It's often difficult to find time for what needs to be done. My sister, Mary, and my brother, Lazarus, live with me; they help share the workload of our busy home. Well, usually, that is.

Sometimes, though, I feel that Mary is a bit negligent in her duties. For example, a while back, a visitor came for dinner. Now this wasn't just any visitor; this was Jesus. Can you imagine having Jesus as a guest for dinner? I was a nervous wreck. I wanted to make His visit as delightful as possible. And to add to my worry, my sister, Mary became impossible when Jesus arrived. Instead of helping, she sat at His feet to listen. Enough is enough, I thought, and approached Jesus with the problem.

Jesus lovingly helped me see that my priorities were wrong. While preparing dinner was important, it was not the most important. Our

love and fellowship are more important to Him.

You can read about me and the evening Jesus came to dinner in the tenth chapter of Luke. My name is Martha. **(is seated)**

NAAMAN'S MAIDSERVANT: When people see me they are often surprised by my youth. It's true, I'm not very old, but I have lived through things that many dear saints have never known. Not long ago a marauding band of soldiers from Syria swooped down upon my helpless nation and I became a victim of this violence. In a single day, the security of my life crumbled. My family, possessions, and freedom disappeared as I was given to a general to attend to his wife.

Now you might think that life in the house of General Naaman would be very glamorous, and you would be right, had it not been for one thing. General Naaman was afflicted by an incurable disease, leprosy. The black cloud of death hung low over Naaman and his home.

It seems strange that I had knowledge to help the general, but I did. I knew of a man in Samaria who was a man of God. His name was Elisha. I knew he could help. I spoke to my mistress about this and she coaxed General Naaman to go see him, and he was healed.

During my days in this home, I realized I possessed treasures that no one could steal or destroy—my knowledge of the true and living God.

You can read about my life in II Kings, chapter 5. I am Naaman's maidservant **(is seated).**

DEBORAH: I have always been sensitive to God and His will for my life,

also for my country, Israel. I don't boast of this, for any of God's children may be sensitive to Him if they will only learn to listen. Listen when you don't understand. Listen when you desire direction. Listen though others may doubt you. Listen, and then be willing to obey. It may be God will speak to you when it seems no one else is listening. This is what happened to me.

Through the providence of God, I was placed in a position of judge of my people. Israel was terribly oppressed and many of our leaders were despondent and fearful. I listened when God spoke, and called for one of our chief military leaders to fight a showdown battle with the enemy. I accompanied him on this battle and our victory is now history.

God had chosen to use me, a woman who was listening and eager to obey. You can read of the victory in Judges 5. My name is Deborah (**is seated**).

MARY OF BETHANY: My name is not important, but my story is. One day years ago I met a man who changed my life. His name is Jesus.

I had heard of Jesus. I knew He healed the lame and blind. Some said He even had power to forgive sins. I believed with all my heart that He could forgive me as He had forgiven others. I must see Him—today!

My heart pounded within me as I ran to find the one thing of value which was mine—an alabaster box of precious ointment. I ran, clutching the love gift, until at last I came to the home of Simon the leper. I ran in, uninvited and unannounced. As I stooped to wash the feet of

Jesus and anoint Him with oil, I felt His presence. "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." He told me. I had come into His presence as a sinner, but I left as a saint. You can read about me, the woman with the alabaster box, in Mark 14 (**is seated**).

MARY MAGDALENE: There are many events which I remember as I think over my life. But the most important times were centered around my friend and His tragic death. He was young and death came prematurely. I had known Him for only a few short years, but it seemed much longer. In those short years, He taught me a lifetime of lessons. Then suddenly He was gone and my heart felt empty. He had helped so many people. Now who would carry on?

A few days after His death, I needed to think things through. As I often did when I needed to be alone, I took an early morning walk.

It was spring (hold up rose) the beginning of new life, but it only reminded me of the horrible death of my Friend. I only half noticed that my path was leading toward the place where, just a few short days before, I watched His body being laid to rest. "Why?" I wondered then. And I still wonder why.

Suddenly the answer came in one word: "Mary." I turned toward the direction of the voice and looked up into the familiar eyes of My friend Jesus. And then I knew.

You, too can know and understand my friend if you read John, chapter 20. I am Mary Magdalene. (**She exits from the stage and the others follow.**)

Song: "Tell Me The Story of Jesus"

SHARE —A— BOOK

FIGHT FOR THE FAMILY

by Jill Briscoe

Zondervan Publishing House

Grand Rapids, Michigan

1981 186 pages \$5.95

Seasoned writer and speaker Jill Briscoe has combined Scriptural truths and practical applications without pulling any punches to make FIGHT FOR THE FAMILY well worth reading. Discussion questions with each chapter make the book ideal for individual or group study.

Mrs. Briscoe very candidly points out that many of our Christian homes, rather than offering solutions to the unsaved families, are becoming part of the frightening statistics in the divorce court.

"Count if you can the homes that lie in ruins, the children who cry for their fathers, the wives who gaze in terror around the corner of tomorrow wondering how they will ever cope alone to face the foe."

Against this backdrop Mrs. Briscoe cries with Nehemiah, mourning over the fallen walls of ancient Jerusalem, "It is time for those who care to 'rise up and build'!"

FIGHT FOR THE FAMILY moves at a rapid pace. Even with the explanations about Nehemiah, you will not get bogged down. But neither will you relax! The book is thought provoking and full of conviction.

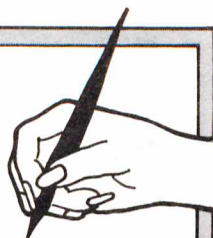
A bit of poetry here and there adds beauty to FIGHT FOR THE FAMILY. And because the writer has wisely dealt with only one specific principle from the Word in each chapter, you will not feel overwhelmed by the enormous amount of teaching found there. Scripture and practical truths merge to offer workable, spiritual suggestions for rebuilding neglected walls, brick by brick. Not only are husband-wife and parent-child relationships examined, but the church's concern for a broader "family," such as the elderly, is considered. One's attitude towards in-laws is a very special segment. Actually the study in Nehemiah makes the book valuable for the single person as well as the married.

But FIGHT FOR THE FAMILY is not a pessimistic book. On the contrary, Hope has co-authored it. While rightly stating that Satan himself is behind the vicious attacks on our Christian homes, the writer succinctly declares, "The battle is the Lord's. We are on the winning side!" She also points out the danger of being undisciplined and unconcerned as Christians. One has the distinct feeling that the Briscoes are flesh and blood people, not made-for-television-characters whose walls have never been threatened.

If this book is read and the truths are applied to our Free Will Baptist women, we will be strengthened and better equipped to minister to others. We dare not think that we are immune from crumbling family walls! And we dare not neglect needy repairs in a nation filled with piles of rubble—the homes that have already disintegrated.

by Genny Waddell

The poet's CORNER



Mary Phillips Lewis, Canton, NC, came to know the Lord when very young. She says, "Though God is great beyond description, I love the simplicity of salvation that even a little child can understand." A career in nursing was interrupted by marriage to William, who now operates a small woodworking shop—"where he spends much of his time." They have five married children and nine grandchildren.

After 28 years of marriage and her husband's heart attack, Mrs. Lewis returned to nursing and received her LPN license. Personal health problems prevent her practicing nursing today.

"I suppose I have always enjoyed reading poetry," Mrs. Lewis writes. "When our last child left for school, I found I had a little spare time which seemed to lean toward the desire for expression. I had something to say, but not quite sure how to go about it. I wrote various types and lengths of poetry, short stories, fiction, essays, and even had five or six songs published."

At first her idea of poetry was words that rhymed at the end, so she majored on rhyming words. "But I learned there's more to it than that," she remembers, "like different forms and styles, depending on the person and

her likes and dislikes."

"I've written poems, poems, poems and stashed them back. Quite a few have been published. Though I'm sure much of my material will go unread, it has served to be a source of satisfaction by being able to direct my thoughts to more positive channels. Writing poetry has helped me keep in touch with my surroundings and attune my heart, eyes, and ears and soul to God's wonderful creation."



RELATED

I met with yesterday,
It became a part of me;
Now it's taken leave, you see,
And I'm dealing with today.

Whether joy or sorrow,
it, too, will join yesterday;
'Tho' related, it can't stay,
It makes way for tomorrow.

(From **Tapestry**, sixth volume of poetry written by Free Will Baptist women)

Women in Action



A Galilean service with campfire and a lighted cross highlighted West Virginia's annual retreat at Churchlands. **Vivian Rice** and **Rita Wenning** spoke on the theme, "Be A Mary, Not A Martha." A crazy hat contest gave variety to the program.

Almost 100 ladies representing every area of the state enjoyed South Carolina's retreat at Look-Up Lodge in the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains. **Joanne King**, NC, brought two challenging messages. A funeral service for a "dead member" accented fun time.

Twelve ladies from the First FWB Church, Montgomery, AL, experienced rich fellowship at their first overnight retreat at the home of **Lois Hibbs**.

The theme "What Happens When Women Pray" permeated every area of State Line's district retreat at the Vineyard in Ariton, AL. **Jan Baxley** brought the book review with **Maxine Bennett** presiding.

Pennsylvania's Keystone district enjoy their first retreat at the Truth FWB Church in New Oxford. **Linda Green** reports that president **Gloria Welsh** presided over this "great time in the Lord" which featured **Joyce Sanger**, York, as guest speaker.

Six of the 27 auxiliary members of the First FWB Church, Fredericktown, MO, attend the state retreat in Nian-gua. **Donna White** is president.

Thirty-four ladies register for First Mission district's first retreat at the Campgrounds, Drumright, OK.



Presidents who planned First Mission's first retreat: **Nadine Hood**, district president, **Vickie Hilde**, Tulsa area, and **Lavina Blingham**, Central Area.

"Down By The Riverside" Emphasis Program

First Church auxiliary, McAllen, TX, invited the whole church to a picnic dinner on the lake. The ladies dressed their parts and performed in an amphitheatre at sunset down by the river-side. **Wanda Powell**, pastor's wife, reported that even live ducks got in on the act.

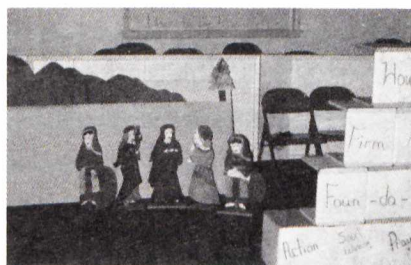
First Church, Benton, IL, presented the skit one Sunday morning and served everyone ham and beans for the noon meal.



Pat Russell narrates the program at Deerfield Beach, FL. **Jane Knight** sings between the scenes.



First Church, Montgomery, presents their program using puppet-like figures.



District and State Meetings

Elizabeth Gibson, Booneville, presided at the Mississippi State Convention, First FWB Church, Tupelo, with **Lorene Miley**, WNAC, guest speaker. The new project supports the Greenwood mission.

Georgia's 47th session met at the Norman Baptist Assembly, Norman Park. **Margie Patton** replaced **Fleda Snow** as president. A \$6000 project finances the children's education of Georgia's two missionaries—**Crowsons** and **Bishops**. **Lora Shutes**, first president, was honored. **Elaine Allen**, missionary nurse to Ivory Coast, brought the missionary challenge.

Judy Puckett was elected to replace **Carole Camer** at Oklahoma's state meeting, Ada, which registered 219 delegates. Besides the missionary projects supporting the **Metcalfs**,

Lynn Midgett and **Bob Lewis**, they pledged \$4.00 per member for audio-visual equipment for Hillsdale.

Cumberland District, TN, chose "Equipped Through Knowledge" as a theme for their fall workshop which featured a skit by **Kay Hampton** and a Bible study by **Lorene Miley**.

Tennessee adopted two major projects at their annual session: "Land for Lakeland," a \$2000 for the home mission endeavor in Paris; and a two year project for the 1985 Golden Jubilee session of the WNAC in Nashville. **Kay Hampton** presided and was elected to serve as president.

"Storing Up God's Word, Not Pounds", a skit written by a native Arkansan, **Velda Tucker**, was presented at the New Hope District Meeting at the Mt. Bethel Church. **Mary Mergenschroer** presided.

Wanda McClary (Nebraska) and **Olena McLain** (Japan) were guest speakers at Arkansas's 30th annual session at Beaverfork in Conway. Nine districts were represented which reported 78 local auxiliaries and total membership of 1,031.

Entertaining missionaries dominated the Old Mt. Zion district meeting at the First Church in Berryville, AR, with **Anita Wolfe** presiding. Two pastor's wives, **Shirley Thomas** and **Mary Kelton**, shared their experiences. **Deborah Vanhook** read a letter from her sister, **Patsy**, missionary in France, in which she gave advice to those who entertain missionaries on furlough.

Here and There

Memorial Church, CA., observed a **Jerry Webb** Day with a personal shower given by the auxiliary. Janice was pleased with some boots in her small size.

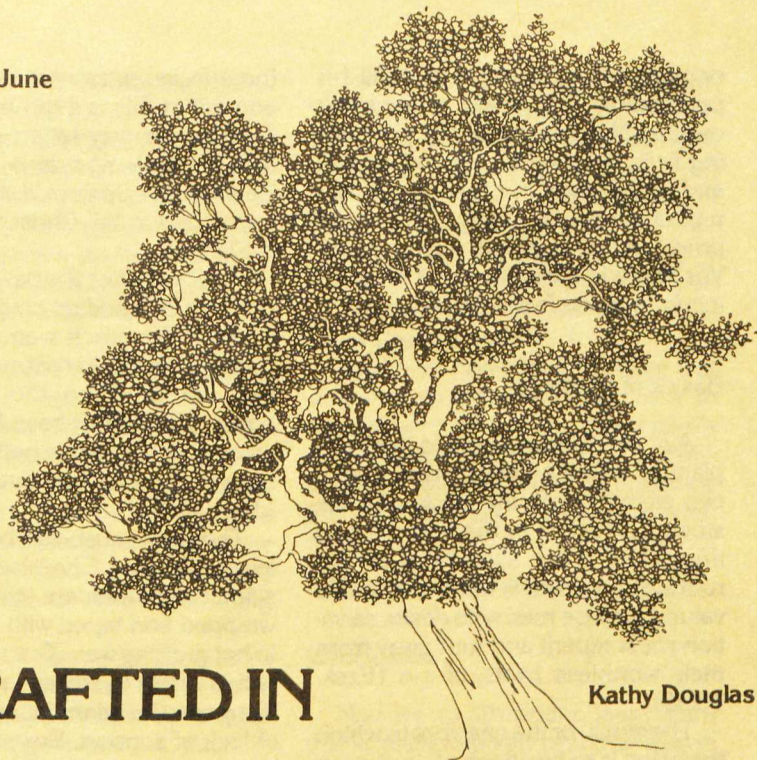
Little Star auxiliary, SC, netted over \$100 for missions by sewing patches on an apron. Each lady concealed her offering underneath an individually made patch. These patches varied in subject content, artistic design and needlework.

"Mountains in Your Life" was the theme of the second annual Bible Conference at Kistler, WV. **Dorothy Chaffin** (Central), **Peggy Huffman** (Mountain View) and **Glenna Murphy** (Sophia) challenged the 61 women from 13 churches.

The South Carolina district sponsored a Prayer and Praise rally at the First Church, Darlington. Seventy-three women attended to hear **Gwen Hendrix**, guest speaker.



Mrs. A. J. Lambert, Jasper, AL, is crowned "Mother of the Year" at the First Church Mother-Daughter Banquet.



GRAFTED IN

Kathy Douglas

Aim: To compare physical and spiritual grafting; to appreciate the fact that we have been grafted in the family of God.

Scripture: John 15:1-8; Romans 11:16-25

Hymn: "The Family of God"

Introduction

The New Testament gives rather detailed examples of grafting both in the physical and spiritual sense. In this program, let us look at the similarities of the two. For the sake of convenience in drawing parallels, we will use a fruit tree for physical grafting and a Christian to illustrate spiritual grafting.

The Need For Grafting

A hybrid fruit tree has been developed for a specific purpose—to bear larger, or sweeter, or better quality fruit. God created man to accomplish a specific purpose—to glorify God (Romans 8:28).

But the hybrid fruit tree is frail; it is not sturdy; it is unable to bear the weight of the fruit; it is not hardy. Likewise man in his sinful state is of no value to God. Original sin alienates man from God and makes him impotent in accomplishing God's purpose (Rom. 5:12).

Just as the hybrid tree may bear some good fruit, its potential can only be completely fulfilled by altering the

original. Likewise man, to fulfill his potential to God, must change the original. Man may show signs of bearing fruit. He may be a good, moral, and just person in other's eyes, but unless he is in Christ, he cannot produce the true fruit (John 15:4). Yes, there is a definite need for grafting in both the fruit tree and man.

Basics of Grafting

A graft is the union of two parts of a plant to make a single plant. These two elements are the scion and the stock. The scion, or the branch to be implanted, is cut away from an old root system which is weak and of little value. Likewise men who desire salvation must repent and turn away from their worthless roots of sin (Ezek. 18:30).

The stock, or the new root to which the scion is to be attached, is chosen for its worthiness of being stable, sturdy and hardy. It supplies food and water for the growing plant. God is man's only chance for a new life (Rom. 6:4).

In joining the scions and the stock, a new tree has been formed, one with amazing potential in fruitbearing. After a man is grafted into the Spirit of God, the sap of the Holy Spirit flows through him to produce fruit. A Christian should exercise his full potential of bearing fruit after he has been grafted into God's family (Jer. 17:7, 8).

Details of Grafting

In cutting away the scions to be grafted, the cut must be clean and complete. Although some fruit trees are grafted to produce two or even

three fruits, nursery men will readily admit that this is a gimmick and not an effective way to produce quality fruit. Similarly, no man is "half-saved." He must give up the old life of sin to be successful in his Christ walk (2 Cor. 5:17).

We also notice the new life must be genuine. It would do no good to graft a tree if the stock was of no better quality than its old root system. Man's new life must be the result of a fundamental Bible-based conversion, as opposed to an emotional experience or a vow to "turn over a new leaf" (John 15:1).

The graft must also be supported lest it fall away. The place where the scions and stock are joined must be wrapped and taped with yarn soaked in hot grafting wax. Then the new tree is tied firmly to stakes in the ground. Many new Christians fall away because of lack of support. Even though they have a good start and are wrapped in faith, they are not tied down by being grounded in the Word (1 Tim. 2:15). Discipling new believers is an important, yet too often neglected, ministry.

If this essential support is withdrawn too early—if the new tree has not matured enough to make it on its own—the tree will topple over. New Christians, too, may topple if they are thrust into positions of leadership before they are mature enough to handle them (1 Tim. 3:6).

Development of the Graft

The new tree must have proper nourishment. Not only water and sunshine, but fertilizer and plant food give it a boost. New Christians need proper nourishment as well. They thrive on a steady diet of Bible study and prayer.

They also benefit from prayers offered in their behalf (1 Tim. 4:13, 15).

To be most effective, the new tree must be properly pruned. In pruning something that is proof of the vigor of life is cut away. The more vigorous the growth, the greater the need for pruning. And why? Because it would consume too much sap and none left for the new growth.

Christians also need to cut away old habits or anything that hinders their development as Christians (Heb. 12:1). God often has to bring us to the end of ourselves before we evaluate our priorities. Then He lovingly, and sometimes ruthlessly, removes those things, however good and worthy they be, that hinder us from producing fruit.

The new tree also needs protection, not only from things that can be seen, as insects, fungus, hail, wind, etc; but also from dangers unseen, such as undermining of the root system. New Christians also need protection from external pressures (2 Cor. 6:17) as well as internal pressures, such as the undermining doubts of their salvation (1 John 5:13).

Results of the Graft

If the tree develops properly and reaches maturity, results are clearly seen. Although the fruit tree does provide some secondary benefits, such as providing shade and beautifying the landscape, the primary benefit is the fruit. The grafted fruit is now larger, juicier, and of more marketable quality.

As a result of being grafted into God's family, Christians produce spiritual fruit, of a quality never been able to be produced before. His character will manifest the fruits of the Spirit (Ga. 5:22). His ministry will be channeled through the gifts of the Spirit (1 Cor. 12—14). But they should also be producing their most important fruit—other Christians (John 15:5).

And what happens to the tree that does not produce? We don't have to own an orchard to know that it needs to be replaced (John 15:2). The Bible is just as specific in lack of tolerance for non-believers. Remember what happened to the fig tree which did not bear? (Matt. 21:19)

Conclusion

May we as Christians learn from this familiar and very practical lesson of the fruit tree. Let's apply the lesson to the areas of our lives that need improvement, whether it be through the lack of proper nourishment spiritually or the neglect of fruit-bearing. The guidelines for full dependence, perfect conformity, and abiding fruitfulness are found in God's Word. The power to accomplish God's purpose for our lives is ours because we've been grafted in.

There is such a thing as a withered branch. Evidently the graft took place but because of the lack of proper nourishment, the branch withers and is in danger of burning up.

Let's learn the secret of abiding in Christ.



Co-Laborers Write

We have had an auxiliary only 11 months, but we are enjoying our work and study together.

**Vickie Parr
Bowie, TX**

We all enjoy the **Co-Laborer** very much. All the programs and articles are truly great.

**Donna White
Fredericktown, MO**

Help for Deficit Accounts

An article written by Gertrude Cantrell challenged each member to make a gift of only 50¢ which would erase all our missionaries deficit accounts. We challenged our people.... Sister Cantrell started the ball rolling. Now we at First FWB church wish to give the ball an extra shove.

**Rev. Danny Howell, pastor
Morehead City, NC**

Funnel Cakes

Fellowship auxiliary, Kingsport, TN, has published a set of recipes on convenient 4 x 6 colored cards which are connected together with two large metal rings. Patty Vaughn gives a recipe for funnel cakes:

Sift 2½ c. flour, 1 t. baking powder, ¼ t. salt and ¼ t. cinnamon. Beat 2 eggs with 2 cups milk. Gradually add flour mixture, beating until smooth. Pour 1/3 to ½ c. batter into funnel, holding finger over bottom of funnel. Allow batter to flow into hot shortening (375°) moving funnel to form coil patterns. Fry 2 minutes on each side or until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle with confectioners sugar. Serve warm.

Our auxiliary enjoyed the program, "Where's The Dishrag." Our program chairman asked each lady to wear a dishrag as an accessory to her outfit. We had lots of fun modeling them. We had hats, neck scarves, and even earrings and bracelets all made from dishrags. We sent all the dishrags (about \$20 worth) to the children's home in Greeneville, TN.

**Cindy Ellis
Russellville, AR**

We sure enjoy the **Co-Laborer**. The programs are outstanding.

**Stella Ruck
Miami, FL**

Our Missionaries Write

... Studying French is hard work... The French language looms before me as a huge mountain... Pray that God will give me this mountain.

Cathy Crawford
France

Going as His ambassadors means moving from one place to another. We are getting ready to move again, this time from our temporary dwelling to Bondoukou where we will live our second term.

Patrick Dickens
Ivory Coast

In the beginning months of this year, I received subscriptions for the magazines **Southern Living** and **Today's Christian Woman**. The cards said they were from Free Will Baptist Woman's Auxiliaries, but gave no specific names. I am tremendously enjoying the magazines, but would like to thank personally the auxiliaries responsible for these gift subscriptions, if they would let me know who they are.

We are reminded daily through cards and letters that the women of our demonination are remembering us, supporting us, and praying for us. We thank the Lord for the Woman's Auxiliary.

Lynette Morgan
Ivory Coast

Autobiography

The last few years I've been thinking of writing my life history (with the help of my granddaughters). If I live long

enough (I am 80 years old), keep my health, my mind and have the time, perhaps my dream will come true. The title I have chosen is **Thrills and Spills in the Life of a Walking Miracle**.

Beulah Gregg McClain
Russellville, AR

Contest Entries

I accepted Christ as my personal Savior several years ago. My poems are one way I express my love and thankfulness for all He has done for me.

Alice Haney
Wabash, IN

I'm sending this article about Mrs. Pursell's book **Facing Death And Dying**. I wanted her to know how it helped two people.

Lottie Campbell
Myrtle, MO

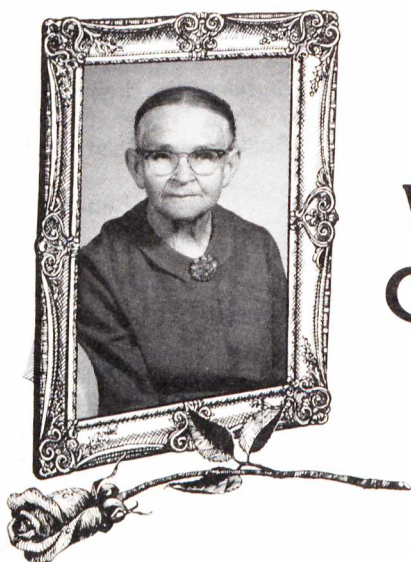
Personal Service

I'm still busy with prisoners. I had the privilege of leading an illiterate mother of one of the prisoners to the Lord. She needs our prayers.

Maizie Sevits
Kirksville, MO

Puppets are my pet project. I've made several we use and since Tom and I are both involved, the boys go with us to practice and they learn the scripts faster than we do.

Kathy Douglas
Macon, GA



A Woman God Has Used

More than a year ago, Oma Scott, a widow for 26 years, said goodbye to her eight children and went home to be with the Lord.

It's hard to put 91 years of experience into a few short paragraphs. Born again at age 14, she became Mrs. George Scott at age 18. At first a farmer's wife, seven years later she combined this with a preacher's wife. Their three pastorates were located in Oklahoma City, Myrtle, Missouri, and Mountain Grove, where she called home.

This woman of God must have done something right. Of her eight children, both sons are preachers, three of the daughters married preachers, and the other three are married to deacons. Of the 26 grandchildren, half are involved in full-time Christian work, either as preachers, teachers, musicians, or their wives. And before she died, she had prayed all but two of her 50 great-grandchildren into the kingdom (those who had reached the age of accountability). What an heritage!

Mrs. Scott held a deep respect for education and quilted many a quilt for her contribution to Free Will Baptist Bible College. This love for Bible-based education rubbed off on her children and 37 of her descendants (including spouses) have attended this college.

With no formal training, her knowledge of the Bible was surpassed by few. Shy by nature, she preferred the background, but taught the women's Bible class for years, also an extension Sunday school class at a local rest home. Her involvement in her Mary Martha circle of the Woman's Auxiliary was felt on mission fields around the world.

Ina, the oldest daughter, writes, "Our parents didn't leave us wealth like the Rockefellers, prestige like the Kennedys, or fame like John Wayne. They left us the faith of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. May this faith continue to all generations."



Editorial

In Defense of Family Altars

Family altars—like stewardship—have a way of getting lost in the shuffle. Blame it on TV, extra-curricular school activities, full church programs, working schedules; whatever it is, the family altar is usually the first to go.

If one out of every three marriages is in trouble, where does that leave our children? One Christian psychiatrist reported that of 2000 Christian couples he had counseled who were contemplating divorce, all, without exception, admitted they no longer prayed together. Some husbands and wives may manage to hold their marriages together through regular prayer and communication, but "it's so hard to get us all together at one time," is their lament concerning the children.

Satan is no dummy. I suspect he chuckles in glee at our altarless homes. And waves the victor's flag over the abandoned altar (literally) in the Anita Bryant home. He's out to destroy homes and the surest way is to replace family worship with something of less importance.

Parents may excuse themselves with, "We decided to wait until they want it; you can't force kids to pray." Or, "They go to Sunday school and CTS." Or, "They're old enough to have devotions on their own." It's not the same, mothers, it's not the same.

Clearly the American culture is not geared to family worship. Even some popular books on the family omit this vital aspect. But anything so important is worth the effort to make it work. So how? Decide on a time when all the family can be together, usually following a meal. No, it won't be convenient, but something will have to give. Once you settle on a time, make it so enjoyable that no one will want to miss it. Larry Christianson, in his book, **The Christian Family**, lists some practical ways to make family worship a meaningful experience for all ages.

What will your child remember from his childhood? Whether or not he establishes a family altar in his own home will largely depend upon those formative years under your roof now. Let's not fail him!

Lorene Miley

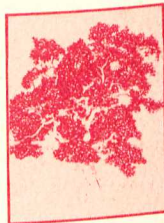
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