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The Quest of the Magi
MISS S. PORTE

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SUE TERPSTRA
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**Editorial**

**SOME MORE OF THE SAME OLD THING?**

*And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.* — John 1:14

One cannot help but be struck by the simplicity with which Matthew records the birth of Christ: "Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise." Indeed a simple statement but one filled with profound truths.

The feeling strikes me sometimes, however, that the simplicity of the statement tends to make us think of the incarnation as something which is of little importance or significance. We often go to church on Christmas morning taking the miracle of the incarnation for granted, feeling that we will hear something of the same old thing. We expect to hear repeated to us the Christmas story, a story with which we are already so very familiar. I wonder. I wonder whether we really grasp the significance of the incarnation.

The purpose of this article will be to cause you to think and reflect, to cause you to go to your Bibles to read about that story, to cause you to think about the significance of the birth of Christ. The purpose will be to remind you of the exhortation of Hebrews 2:1 where the author after comparing the excellency of the Son of Man with the status of the angels, states: "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." Certainly this is an applicable warning to us in these times when we are so thoroughly inundated with the confused notion of Christmas presented by today's society and today's church. The point which I wish to make and emphasize is that reflection on the incarnation ought to result in our being deeply touched, spiritually touched, by this historical fact. The consideration of the incarnation should move us deeply because it reminds us of some very important things.

The incarnation ought to remind us, first of all, of our horrible sins. Sin, after all, was the historical necessity of Christ's birth. The incarnation was the fulfillment of the promise given in Genesis 3:15, a promise given just after the fall of Adam and Eve. Christ came indeed to glorify the name of the Father, but he came nevertheless because of our sin. *Cur deus homo?* Because of our sin.

Secondly, the incarnation should remind us of our complete dependence upon God for our salvation. Notice carefully that it was not man who came to God to seek reconciliation for the horrible sins which he had committed. No, God had to search out Adam and Eve and it was God who in the fulfillment of His promise had to come in the very flesh of man. He was the God-Man, we did not become the Man-God. He came because of us — creatures of the earth, finite, human. He became the Immanuel, God with us, and he came to us for the sole purpose of redeeming us.

Finally (for the purposes of this article only — certainly there are volumes to be written), the incarnation should remind us of the astounding faithfulness of the Father. The prophets prophesied and the angels revealed the good news of the fulfillment of that prophecy. God, the Father, has not left us in our sin. He truly did send the Redeemer. He sent the Son of Man, born of a woman, flesh of our flesh, the promised Messiah, Jesus the people's salvation.

The word with which I leave you is to think about these things, pray daily that the Spirit may testify with your spirit that these things are true, and by all means respond as did Simeon when he saw the Christ-child: "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." Or as did Anna when seeing Jesus "gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem."

Some more of the same old thing? A story with which we are all so familiar that it does not bear reflection and repetition? Hardly.

J. Huiskens
Welcome to Jamaica!

It was very cute. Good nights were being said. Even that was done in something of a rush, since we were to arise at five in the morning. Jets won’t wait beyond scheduled departure. “Is there time for one question, Dad?” Sure, what is it? “If a person makes a vow, is he bound to keep it?” Yes, he is. It’s a promise: when you make a promise, you ought to keep it. A Christian must keep his vow, even if it means for him much sacrifice.

Yet, if it happened to be a vow to do something wrong, something against the revealed will of God, or something impossible, a man is not bound to keep it. Herod was not bound to keep his vow, even to the point of persecution of the saints, and to murder. The honorable thing for him, in this case, would have been to repudiate his vow. Take also for example, a man I once knew who vowed never to marry, if it could not be to one certain girl. That vow was not only foolish, but not according to the will of God and flew in the face of Genesis 2:18 and I Cor. 7:1-9. “Well, even since that accident . . . I vowed never to drive a car. Would it then be alright for me to take ‘driver’s training?’” I thought it would. Jan. Let’s talk about it further in the morning.

The next morning, speeding on to the airport, the conversation returned to this subject, especially in the light of Numbers 30, where the law of vows appears. There it is plain that once a vow is made a man must not break his word. It is also plain from that law that a woman may not make a vow apart from and under the headship of the man. If her father, or her husband, hears the vow and has nothing against it, agrees to it, so allowing it, then she is bound to it, and her vow stands. “But if her father disallow her in the day that she heareth (it), not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand; and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her.” In this case, her father disallowed his daughter in the day that he heard it, which was a considerable time after it had been made, exhorted her to repent of a hasty and ill-conceived vow, and assured her that confessing it to the Lord, “the Lord shall forgive her.” . . . Then with a clear conscience prepare to take “driver’s training.”

Loving good-byes were excitedly and hurriedly said at the airport. Loved ones and well-wishers waved and watched the DC-9 quickly disappear from sight. Before many of them had left the airport, we were half way across Lake Michigan. By the time Janice’s driver-trained brother headed his car south on the highway back to Kalamazoo, we were touching down at O’Hare in Chicago. There we were met by Reverends Heys and Decker and the Lam Lubbers family. They, too, bid us Godspeed. Soon we were again airborne at
a height of 35,000 feet, traveling at eighty-ten-ths the speed of sound, while we ate a delicious breakfast of pancakes and ham and eggs. It was raining two hours later at New Orleans. Over the Gulf we ate a sumptuous roast beef dinner. Here there was not much to see outside the plane except cloud and patches of blue Gulf and Caribbean. Suddenly there was a momentary view of extremely mountainous land before we were touching down at 2:15 P.M. in Jamaica. Columbus had it all over on us when he saw Jamaica in his unique approach to the island. We never saw it like that. But then Columbus never saw it as we did. Still, Columbus was probably better prepared for the atmosphere of his new environment than this writer. For his approach was made under long days and rays of enduring hot tropical sun. Whereas deplaning meant for us exiting from an air-cooled jet into the heat of an oven. Immediately, not only did handbag and camera feel heavy, but the summer suit felt heavier. A cheery greeting was semaphored to us from some of our Jamaican brethren up on the “waving gallery.” The customs man made a little peck into my luggage. There was considerably more of a hold-up (almost as popularly understood) on the item of our missionary’s newly received gift of a stereo radio and tape player. He had to pay over $60.00 in customs fee for bringing this possession into the country.

A bite of supper did not come for us until about 8:20 that night. Although only 15 minutes drive from the airport, we had much to do opening the house and starting the car. We also had our troubles. There you are in a strange land of rather African setting, smelling like a steaming jungle, car stalled, battery weak, and you are quickly tiring of pushing the little English Ford up and down slopes. You eye the reluctant conveyance rather dazedly. It is dark and getting darker. No one seems to know what to do. You are stalled dead on what turns out to be The Creek, a one-way artery of the city running in one direction with speeding traffic and in the opposite direction with a sluggish canal and its whitish water. You get the dead car off to the side to avoid the murderous stream of traffic zipping by. Another stream surges all around you, the whelming endless flood of humanity, so that you become immediately converted to the view that here at least there is population explosion. Hordes of peoples, of both sexes, of all ages and many races are on this island confine closely thrown together. Now a swarm of Jamaicans mass around you and the tiny Cortina like flies on a raisin. It has become a very popular thing now for many a self-styled auto mechanic to set himself up in the car repair business, choosing the spot of his local “garage” right on the side of the road wherever he can “cop” or “con” a place along the right of way. You find a lot of cars strewn along the sidewalks with various volunteer experts in charge, accompanied with their coterie of willing advisers, trying to mend them. The mechanic has no place or premises of his own in which to put the cars he is purporting to mend. Try it some time—when visiting in Jamaica—open the hood (bonnet) of your car and you will be quickly surrounded by a lot of Jamaican hooligans in no time flat. Into just such a place our car slid silently to sickening rest. But the crowds of men about were kind and did help when we did not know where to go or what to do. As never before you find your defense and aid in God and His providence.

Somehow or other you feel that this could be but the beginning of a long night. Especially is this so when around a bend in the road both lanes are strewn with rock. The car hits one of them, or one of them hits the car. A car behind tinks its horn at us and something is yelled at us which Rev. Elliott translates as, “Your gas tank is leaking.” We just make it in time to lose most of the gas at the station where we “filled up.” Some of the gas was saved in an old oil can. The leak was repaired not with a stick of gum, but with a stick. Eventually, in another twenty-four hours, this entirely sealed up the leak. Finally, we had that late supper. We felt better. Our faith was strengthened. We knew the Lord would take care of us and use us in His service. Under mosquito netting we slept well despite dog and rooster serenade. One thing I remembered as I went to bed: even my luggage was sweat-
ing! That fellow who always sleeps next to me (My-Soul) nudged me and grunted sleepily, "Welcome to Jamaica!"

We live in direful days. As we flew to Jamaica, the headlines read on the plane screamed in heavy, bold type, HIJACKERS! On my return the headlines carried the threat of the Weathermen to blow up every airport in the country. Revolution is everywhere: in the home, school, church and country. Mind you, not Reformation, but Revolution! In the university, the student is required, under the guise of Comparative Social Institutions, to read and study Revolution. But then, revolution is the harvest of the modern university ever since the seeding of its deleterious crop early in the century twentieth. One of Jamaica's boasted national heroes is a revolutionist. A postage stamp bears his likeness; a famous boulevard on the island, his name. Ours is a much more advanced country, in every way, yet here, too, low-brows are made heroes and lauded with honorary (not earned) memorials. One of our most persistent myths is the advantage of revolution. The advantage is said to be renewal. But renewal of a country cannot come by the means which destroy it. Both here, and in Jamaica, the advocates of revolution are sorry candidates for any office in any kind of administration. Such small-brained people are not liberals, nor leaders, but exceedingly immature egotists envenomed with contempt and fear, a fear of work and contempt of people. Revolutionaries only overthrow one set of fascistic tyrants for another crude lot just as oppressive, or, as history shows, much worse. As the "reign of terror" continues, the world is being torn to bits. The church of the world is also being torn to bits. But as for the church in the world, the true church of Jesus Christ, the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. The anarchy and destruction continue. It is Gog and Magog versus Christendom. The vulture and the jackal are in mortal combat. Babylon and the now-Jerusalem lay each other out in bloody shreds. Antichrist in the confused violence makes a kamikaze dive on his own nuclear stock-pile. The dragon voraciously devours his own tail. The roaring lion eats himself up. In the midst of the combat the church continues, from one point of view, like poor Lazarus, small, weak, persecuted, but suffering for Christ's sake; while from another point of view, it is a Boanerges, thundering out its mandated message, “Our help is in the Name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth!” The message is impelled by the commission, “Ye shall be witnesses unto Me.” In Paul, the church sent forth an indomitable witness, who testified of Jesus and the resurrection wherever he went, in the Middle East, in Asia Minor, in Europe, in the arena, in prison, by the riverside, even on an island!

FEATURE

The Quest of the Magi
by MISS S. PORTE

(Matt. 2:1-11)

With glowing light the dawn doth break
O'er yonder hills; And in its wake
Majestically the sun doth rise
Casting its rays o'er land and skies.

The city stirs from slumber deep
Jerusalem rouses, wakes from sleep
And soon the tread of busy feet
Are hastening on, in every street.

The cry of vendors everywhere
Sound loud and shrill on the morning air.
The busy marts are opened wide
And shoppers throng on every side.

The Roman soldiers tread their pace
To keep their watch o'er the Hebrew race
From tower and portal they closely guard
The royal city, with power of sword.

And on the throne sits Esau's son
Herod, the vile, the crafty one,
He rules with pride o'er Israel's race,
Contemptuous scorn upon his face.

And in yon temple, shining bright
'Neath eastern sky, in sun's pure light
Sit learned Pharisee and scribe
And haughty priest, from Levi's tribe.
Clad in long robes and garments fair
They spend much time in lengthy prayer.
They love the greetings in the mart
And crave men's honor, from the heart.

Upon this scene did come one day
A caravan from far away.
Their trappings rich were wrought with gold
A splendor glorious to behold.

They came from eastern land afar
Compelled by God, led by a star.
These learned men and lustrous sages
Had studied long from history's pages.

The heavens and all its starry frame
Proclaimed aloud God's glorious name
But of God's Gracious Saving Love
They did not read in the heavens above.

Nay! History's pages did declare
Of all His tender love and care
His mighty power and glorious worth
Was lauded far throughout the earth.

A compassionate God His people saves
While they are laboring as slaves
With mighty power He overthrows
A wicked Pharaoh and all their foes.

With cloudy pillar He led by day
His people safely on the way
And with a fiery pillar of light
He led them through the darkest night.

Sihon, the Amorite king they slew
And Og, the king of Bashan, too
Jordan's waters stood as a wall
And Jericho's walls did crumble and fall.

Thus they were led to the promised land
In infinite love, by God's own hand.
For God is not a man; He repenteth not.
And it was said of Israel; what hath God wrought?

Yea! When the enemy endeavored to curse
God caused the enchantor to utter this verse
In Jacob, I behold not iniquity
Nor perseverance in Israel I see.

In exaltation they shall sing
For among them is the shout of a King
Yea! a star in Jacob shall appear
And a sceptre rule both far and near.

And now, the Magi have come to bring
Homage to Israel's newborn King.
For God mysteriously did impart
Salvation's message to their heart.

They quest from busy passers-by
Where is He born? thy King most high?
In eastern sky we have seen His star
And have come to worship and adore.

But! All Jerusalem is troubled at their quest
And Herod is shaken, and sore distressed.
He urgently demands from chief priest and scribe
Where must Christ be born? of royal tribe?

And they answered and said unto him
In the land of Judea, in Bethlehem.
For thus it was written of David's town
Thou art Bethlehem Juda of great renown.

Thou art not least, for from thee shall come forth
A mighty Governor by glorious worth.
He shall rule o'er my people Israel
As long ago the prophets did foretell.

Then Herod bade the wisemen come
To commune in private, in his home.
Diligently he inquired about the Star
What time it appeared in land afar.

Then craftily saying, "Go search for Him
In the land of Judea in Bethlehem
And when ye have found Him, let me know
That I may come and worship also."

The wise men are puzzled and sad at heart
When they from the palace did depart.
Jerusalem's indifference seems strange indeed
Why has hope faded for the promised seed?

The shadows have fallen, night is at hand
Sending darkness and gloom o'er all the land
The day is now spent; their quest unfulfilled
Their thoughts are confused; their voices are stilled.

When lo! The Star of the east so bright
Shedding its rays of wondrous light
Doth go before them, leading them on
To where the child was; The promised One.
Their joy is unbounded. Their faith is restored.
Their hearts leap up in praise to the Lord
They hasten their step, till they come to the place
Where they had been led by the God of all grace.

They entered and saw the young little child
And Mary His mother, so meek and so mild.
They knelt down before Him and worshipped Him there
Presenting their gifts so rich and so rare.

Gold and frankincense and myrrh
Precious treasures from bounteous store
With humble hearts they have come to adore
The King of Kings, Who reigns evermore.

O! Gentile Christian, do you understand?
These noble men from far off land
Were your substitutes of worth
Representing you at Jesus' birth.

They are the first fruits of the Gentile world
God's gospel banner stands unfurled
He elects from all nations, peoples and race
Choosing as His own, in boundless grace.

Come kneel down before Him and worship Him now
In holy adoration, in lowliness bow
To Jesus our Saviour, our Lord and our King
In grateful acclaim His praises sing.

FROM THE PASTOR'S STUDY

"NO ROOM IN THE INN . . ."
"... and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."
Luke 2:7a

Each time that Christmas comes, these words seem to strike me with great force. These seem at the same time so pathetic — yet so blessed. The thought also occurs to me: has the world changed since that birth some 2,000 years ago? Now He seems widely acclaimed. All men join hearts and hands in celebrating His birth — but then: there was no room for Him.

Mary and Joseph had travelled the weary way from Nazareth to Bethlehem. Because these two were of the lineage of Six...
David, they were required to register in Bethlehem. This was according to the decree issued by Caesar Augustus. For Mary, in her condition, the trip could not have been easy. The days, likely, were warm. The travelling stranger would have to trek through the dust. Weariness must have come upon them in the way.

Now the town of Bethlehem was in sight. It was not a large city—or even a large town. There was not a great deal of room for any influx of visitors. Probably there was only one inn—and not of the proportions of the hotels of our day. The few rooms were quickly taken. When Mary and Joseph arrive at the door of the inn, they are told. “There’s simply no room.” That must have been a disappointment. Who has not, in travelling, been greatly discouraged upon seeing sign after sign stating, “No vacancy?” But the predicament of Joseph and Mary was far worse. At any time the baby could be born. And they were so weary. The journey had been long and hard. But there was simply no room—no room in the inn.

Of course, one must understand the situation there at Bethlehem. Because of the decree of Caesar Augustus, the town of Bethlehem had been crowded with visitors. Mary and Joseph were not turned down at the inn because of some tendency to segregate peoples. The inn keeper did not turn them away because he did not like their appearance. And surely he did not understand that in the womb of Mary was the Christ-child, about to be born. He did see, and who could not, their desperate plight. He may well have felt sorry for this couple—but what could he do?

Yet that statement continues to echo through the ages of time: “No room in the inn.” It was not coincidence. It was rather a sign that within the world there is never room for the Christ. The devil seeks to persuade men that there can be no room for the Christ. He will urge all men to remove every semblance of His Word and truth. He will seek to push the Christ from this earthly scene. He will urge Herod to kill the babes in Bethlehem. He will enter the heart of Judas to persuade him to betray the Christ. He will provoke evil rulers of the Jews to condemn Him unjustly. And the wicked gladly cooperate with satan. There is no room in the heart of natural man, there is no room within the halls and palaces of this world, for the Christ. No room... no room... no room.

But God directs all of this. It is His sovereign and eternal purpose that in the very birth of our Savior it becomes evident that salvation is wholly of God. Man did not seek Him; they did not desire Him. Man did not plan or devise this way of salvation. It must become clearly evident that there is no room for Christ—that the truth may be seen that God Himself prepares a place for His Son; that God Himself works salvation for His chosen people. There is no room for Christ—that salvation may be of God. The testimony of lack of room, therefore, reveals at the same time the gross wickedness of man and the sovereign, free, and undeserved favor of God.

“No room... no room!” How true is that cry yet today. Also in our world there is no room for the Christ. There is no room for the truth of His vicarious, efficacious, limited atonement. There is no room for a blood payment for sin. There is no room for His promise of glory and everlasting life. Man is too concerned with his daily affairs. Man will rather establish his utopia on this earth. Man will continue in his open rebellion against God and His Word. There is no room for the Christ in all his thoughts; in all of his actions or words. What a terrible indictment against the wicked!

The same is true in this Christmas season. Has man now suddenly, though for a season, found room for the Christ? Is man now ready to confess and acknowledge Him? Can we not be glad that we have such a season of the year when all men sing concerning the manger and the birth of the Christ? But man has made of Christmas a commercial venture. The songs, the holly, the decorations—all these are but to instill in the hearts of men the “Christmas spirit” so that they will purchase more of the material things of the earth.

But ought not this season of the year
become the occasion for every child of God to search his own thoughts and deeds? Is it not yet our nature to force out the Christ? Is there always room for Him in all that we do and say?

Thanks be to God: Christ made room for Himself in our hearts. For it is the Lord Who opens the heart that one believes and confesses the Christ.

But is it always so very evident that Christ and His promise have proper place in our lives? How often do we not complain that we have no time to read and study the Word of God as we ought? How often do we not confess that we do not pray as we ought? Do we not insist that we have not the opportunity to study for society? Sometimes, do we not also absent ourselves needlessly?

No room for Him . . .

How attached are we to the entertainment of this world? How much do its songs appeal to us? How fascinated are we with its television programs? With whom do we seek friendships? Is there not very much room in our lives for all those things which are earthly?

But no room for Him . . .

Now the Christmas season is upon us. We go out and buy our presents. We decorate our trees. We sing our Christmas carols. We send our cards. We admire the abundance of merchandise of this world. We feast together.

Is there room for Him???

Children of God ought to consider seriously to what extent they have perhaps simply followed the example of this world. To what extent do we conform rather than being truly transformed? The separateness which supposedly is ours as children of the light ought to be more clearly seen. There is something very wrong, spiritually, when there is but little room for the Christ in the lives of those who profess to belong to Him.

How are you using this Christmas season? Rejoice in spirit and truth because of that wonder of the incarnation. Give constant praise to God for this manifestation of His infinite love and grace. When there is thus room for Christ worked in us by the Spirit of the Son, then there can not be, there must not be, room for anything else. Anything that compromises Christ and His Word is rejected by the child of God. Show in your lives that you who have been united to Christ have proper room for Him in all things.

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CRITIQUE

AGATHA LUBBERS

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE: An Introduction, Analysis, and Evaluation (IV)

The conclusion of our last article on this subject in the August-September issue of the Beacon Lights found us making a few preliminary evaluative comments about the theories and the philosophy of this highly imaginative and controversial thinker. Because of the immensity of his theories we are not finished with our consideration. We have made some general comments about his theories in our very first article; our second article discussed the rise and breakdown of civilizations; and our third article discussed some of the ramifications of the theories of Toynbee. In this third article which appeared several months ago we particularly noticed that Toynbee ostensibly rejects the opinions of the determinists. Toynbee remains convinced, as he views the ruins of many wrecked civilizations, and as he
stands amidst the smoking ruins of the twentieth century, that the divine spark of creative power is still alive in Western society. If the possessors of this creative power have the grace to kindle it into a flame, the stars in their courses cannot defeat the efforts of humans who endeavor to build a lasting civilization. The mistakes of the past will help to prevent the final destruction of Western civilization.

**The Breakdowns of Civilizations (continued and concluded)**

We have noted that Toynbee considers and rejects various reasons for the breakdown of civilizations. The reason, which for him best explains the breakdowns of civilizations, is the loss of creativity by the creative minority. When the leaders are no longer creative, the masses, who are naturally docile, have no one to imitate and the process of mimesis, which is so essential to progress, is destroyed or becomes inert. If the leadership does not have the willing response of the uncreative majority, the majority revolts and the leaders must restore order by drastic action. This is an uncreative approach to the problem and the result of this type of action is further breakdown because the military formation breaks down further into mass anarchy. This kind of disintegration and breakdown become evident in the secession of the proletariat (the vulgar class) from the band of leaders who are not the creative minority but have degenerated into a dominant minority, which seeks to achieve by force what could only previously be ideally achieved when the masses would willingly accept the leadership of the creative minority.

Toynbee is discussing the loss of harmony and self-determination which is one of the fundamental signs of breakdown. This becomes exceedingly apparent when an attempt is made to introduce into society social forces which the existing set of institutions is not designed to handle. An adjustment must take place. If the adjustment cannot take place, a revolution occurs, which is a violent method of assuring the adjustment for the new social forces. or an enormity of some type assumes the place of that social institution which mimesis or natural adjustment should have assured.

**Industrialism and democracy** are two social forces set in motion in the last two centuries of the history of the world. The West has been challenged to respond to the challenges of these two social forces. In order to understand and predict the response of the West to these challenges Toynbee tries to show how the West has answered the problems of slavery and war. Toynbee indicates that the West has solved the problem of slavery by abolishing it, but the response to war has been unsatisfactory and is a challenge which no other civilization was able to solve.

Toynbee decides that the failure of the West in conquering war is rooted in democracy’s collision with local sovereignty. Toynbee suggests that democratic industrialism has stimulated war rather than solving it. Political and economic nationalism has resulted in total modern war. Parochial states with little power have become war-like when nationalized.

C. Gregg Singer discusses the theories of Toynbee in An International Library of Philosophy and Theology publication entitled *Toynbee*. In this work he says:

“This thesis is too neatly arranged to satisfy most of his readers. There is in it, of course, something more than a germ of truth. There is no doubt that modern technology has greatly increased the war potential of even the smaller states. But Toynbee draws too sharp a distinction between the old parochial state and the new industrial democracy with its strongly nationalistic overtones. Nationalism can hardly be said to be a product of the era since the Industrial Revolution, and not all the parochial states have become democracies, however nationalistic they may be. This over-simplification of the history of the past three centuries fails to come to terms with the forces at work in modern society which have really produced the problem of total war. If political and social nationalism are truly the enormities which Toynbee considers then he has failed to offer a satisfactory explanation for their appearance” (p. 27).

Industrialism also has an impact upon private property. The old institution of private property is found in a society in which the single family household is the normal unit of economic activity. When a nation becomes industrialized this normal
situation must be adjusted and Toynbee suggests:

"The method of pacific adjustment is to counteract the maldistribution of private property which industrialism inevitably entails by arranging for a deliberate, rational and equitable control and redistribution of private property through the agency of the state" (p. 291, Somervell).

Toynbee states that the maladjustment of private property promoted by industrialism must be averted by a deliberate, rational, and equitable control and redistribution through the state. He continues by saying:

"By controlling key industries the state can curb excessive power over other people's lives which is conferred by the private ownership of such industries, and it can mitigate the ill effects of poverty by providing social services financed by high taxation of wealth" (Somervell, p. 291).

Toynbee sees this whole procedure to be necessary to prevent a bad situation from developing and for correcting a situation which may have developed. He also notes the advantage that the state is transformed from a "war-making machine - which has been its most conspicuous function in the past - to an agency for social welfare" (Somervell, p. 291).

If this method of peaceful adjustment does not succeed, says Toynbee, then the "revolutionary alternative will overtake us in the shape of some form of Communism which will reduce private property to the vanishing-point" (Somervell, p. 291). The impact of industrialism, according to Toynbee, would be so stupendous on a society which is essentially agrarian that the only solution to the problem would be some form of social service by the state and a program of high taxation to make this social service possible.

The revolutionary experiment in Russia might prove less deadly than the disease itself, admits Toynbee, but he also admits that the institution of private property is so intimately bound up with all that is best in the pre-industrial social heritage that its sheer abolition could hardly fail to produce a disastrous break in the social tradition of our Western society. Toynbee seems to be admitting that this program for redistribution of wealth is little different than the program in Communist Russia but he offers little hope for a solution of the problem and appears to suggest that the Communist approach and his approach, which is the enormity now confronting the West, are both fatal, although the former is a bit more fatal.

At this point C. Gregg Singer, who is an economic conservative and an avowed Calvinist, is severely critical of the theories of Toynbee.

"It is apparent that at this point Toynbee is confronted with a tremendous difficulty and to a large degree it is of his own making. It can be noted that the essentially pragmatic character of his philosophy comes to the forefront of his thinking in the assumption that the institution of private property is basically a social convenience, a product of a certain society, but which, nevertheless, has contributed much to our heritage. Thus to surrender the practice of private property is to endanger a set of values derived from a previous age to which it contributed so much. Toynbee's basic failure at this point lies in his inability to recognize that private property is not merely an institution created by man for his own convenience at a particular period in his development but rather that it is a divinely ordained means (1 underscore, A.L.) for maintaining social order in a sinful humanity. Thus Toynbee does not oppose communism on moral or religious grounds, but simply from the point of view of social convenience, namely, that his program for the seizure of private property could endanger certain attitudes and values deeply ingrained in our Western society" (Toynbee, p. 28).

In the Volume entitled The Breakdowns of Civilizations Toynbee has discussed the nature of the problem, has rejected the deterministic solutions, has denied the loss of command over the environment as a reason for the breakdowns, and has emphasized the importance of the failure of self-determination as the important reason for these breakdowns. The failure of mimesis has been cited as one of the major causes in these breakdowns with the resulting change of the creative minority into a dominant minority.

In the long section on self-determination Toynbee submits: ". . . it were uncommon for the creative responses to two or more successive challenges in the history of a civilization to be achieved by one and the same minority" (Somervell, p. 307). He
That this is calletl evali~ evaluation t~~reh. face sihibilities trsc treatment tvould one. we will opposition to of new ire spots lsc to \rho cl;t;ts forms: tax-cre;ltors. This
BEACON LIGHTS

The Firsts, fore in that Land” the traditional heroic Jewish revolt who
The Messiah Himsell comes from ‘Gallic of the Gentiles,’ and the
greatest of his executors is a Jew from Tarsus, a pagan Hellenized city beyond
the traditional horizon of the Promised Land” (Somcvell, p. 308).

That this is a very naturalistic and strange use of historical incidents surrounding the
life of Christ on earth is evident to anyone who has studied the Scriptures and
therefore correctly understands the Scriptures. This of course is a very generous
evaluation of the theories of Toynbee, but we will have more to say on this in our
final evaluation of the theories of Toynbee.

Situations such as those cited above are
called by Toynbee the nemesis of creativity. This nemesis he says can bring on
social breakdown in two distinct ways. In
the first place it reduces the number of possibilities for playing the creator’s role in the
face of any possible challenge, since it would rule out those who had successfully
responded to the last challenge. On the
other hand this disqualification of those who had played the creator’s part in the
former generation would range these same ex-creators in the front of the opposition
to whomever may be making the successful response to the new challenge. (Those who
are familiar with the Hegelian dialectic will recognize a similarity with these theories
of Toynbee.) Toynbee says in fact that the
opposition to the new leadership is caused by the sin of idolatry. Men who oppose the
new leaders are infatuated with the leaders and deeds of the past.

The nemesis of creativity can take two forms: — the idolization of an ephemeral
self or the idolization of an ephemeral institution. Toynbee finds a sufficient
number of historical illustrations for his present theme. He suggests that the Jews
of the Old Testament are the most notorious example of an idolization of an ephemeral
self and that this is exposed in the New Testament. I must concur with C. Gregg
Singer, who says: “This is, to say the least,
a novel view of the New Testament
indictment of the Hebrews as a people” (Toynbee, p. 29). This charge also seems to be
similar to the charge by Marcion, the Anti
Judaistic Gnostic of the Ancient Period of
the Church. Toynbee also says that Athens,
Virginia, and South Carolina are guilty
of idolizing themselves. Toynbee exonerates North Carolina of this charge. The
nemesis of creativity in the idolization of
the ephemeral institution is to be found in the
Hellenic society and the most classic case of this type of idolization is the fatal
infatuation of Orthodox Christendom with
the ghost of the Roman Empire in the
Middle Ages.

Toynbee also suggests that societies can
be destroyed by idolizing an ephemeral
technique. He charges the nomads and the eskimos with an excessive concentration on
techniques used in the care of sheep and
in hunting. Because of this concentration
they find themselves retrogressing rather
than progressing. He also accuses the
British industrialists of this kind of retro
gression because they idolized obsolescent
techniques in the twentieth century just
because their grandfathers had become
wealthy with these techniques.

In a section entitled “The Suicidalness of
 Militarism” Toynbee discusses the active
forms of the nemesis of creativity. The
other forms previously discussed were the
passive forms. He uses three Greek words
to describe and discuss the active aberrations of the nemesis of creativity. They are
Kuros, which means sinful, hubris, which
means outrageous, and atè, which means
disaster. These objective meanings of the
words are also enriched by Toynbee with
his subjective equivalents. Kuros means the
psychological condition of being spoiled by
success; hubris suggests the consequent loss
of moral and mental balance; and atè
means the blind, headstrong, ungovernable

Eleven
impulse which sweeps the unbalanced soul into attempting the impossible. The theme involved in these three terms were derived by Toynbee from the fifth century Athenian tragic drama by Aeschylus concerning Agamemnon. He also quotes the Lates of Plato to indicate his point: "If one sins against the laws of proportion and gives something too big to something too small to carry it — too big sails to too small a ship . . . — the result is bound to be a complete upset.” Toynbee selects examples of this kind of misproportion from the military history of Assyria, and Charlemagne. He concludes that the fatal chain of koros, hubris, and atē throw light on the misuse of military power and skill which can inflict injuries on those who misuse them. “They that take the sword shall perish with the sword.”

The intoxication of victory is the most fatal form in which the tragic chain presents itself. Toynbee says: “Both variants of this drama could be illustrated from the history of Rome: the intoxication of a military victory from the breakdown of the Republic in the second century B.C. and the intoxication of a spiritual victory from the breakdown of the Papacy in the thirteenth century of the Christian Era” (Somervell, p. 349). He confines himself however to the Holy See. Hildebrand or Gregory VII, the great reformer in the Roman Catholic Church of the 11th century A.D., is assessed by Toynbee. Toynbee says: “Hildebrand himself had set the Hildebrandian Church upon a course which was to end in the victory of his adversaries — the World, the Flesh, and the Devil — over the City of God which he was seeking to bring down to Earth . . .” (Somervell, I, p. 353). By the 14th century, says Toynbee, the “Papacy became possessed by the demon of physical violence which it was attempting to exorcize.”

(to be continued)

POLYCARP OF SMYRNA
AN INSIGHT INTO THE LIFE OF A BISHOP AND MARTYR
by SUE TERPSTRA

We have little information regarding the early life of Polycarp. Most commentators give his birthdate as approximately 69 A.D. and his birthplace as Smyrna, a city of Asia Minor which is now the site of Izmir, Turkey. Some say he was raised by wealthy parents, while others argue that he was brought up by a devout Christian woman, Callisto.

Polycarp in his youth was an eager listener to the words of the Apostle John. These treasured moments at the feet of the most beloved apostle must have been a great source of strength for the young Christian who was just beginning to face the cruelty of an Antichristian world. John’s words must have painted a vivid picture of Christ’s life for all who listened. Even Polycarp’s letter to the Philippians, written many years later, reflects a great faith within him that must have been prompted by the beautiful testimony John had given of his Saviour.

“... believing on Him who raised our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead and gave Him glory and a throne at His right hand, to Whom are subjected all things in Heaven and earth ...” (15 - p. 144).

While still a young man, the Apostles appointed Polycarp to be the bishop over the flock at Smyrna. The tasks of the bishop were many and important. He was the actual head of his appointed church, taking charge of the presbyters and deacons, and serving as a sort of minister. Polycarp knew the importance of this office, and could often be found in deep and humble prayer before his God. Perhaps the words of H. C. Kee can explain why the man, young, yet strong in the faith, Polycarp was chosen for this work. He tells us that “the true leader of the congregation is the one bishop. As the guardian of true apostolic tradition and as the center of unity around which the Christians gather at the Eucharist, he is the God-given bulwark in the fight against heresy” (11 – p. 414).

This was truly an important office to hold. Even the Bible gives command to the bishop who is to use his office properly.
In Titus 1:9, we read that this can be possible only by “holding fast the faithful word as he hath been taught, that he may be able by sound doctrine to exhort and convince the gainsayers.”

The church at Smyrna was a small, but very faithful church, that as the others also experienced trouble. When Polycarp became the bishop, the foundations of that church were already being struck by heavy blows, both outside and within her. Three basic problems tormented her, heresy, a colony of trouble-making Jews, and the rise of paganism. The Bishop especially despised the heresies, for they could always so subtly creep into Smyrna.

Within Polycarp there had grown a fear of losing the truths given him by the Apostles. It was known that he would scarcely speak to those who offended him greatly by not speaking this, so precious a thing to lose at the time. The leader of the sect, the Marcionites, was especially a torment to Believers at this period of Church history. Polycarp, one day in the city of Rome, met the evil man. It seems that Marcion asked, in this story told later by Polycarp’s famous pupil, Irenaeus, whether Polycarp knew before whom he was standing. Marcion must have felt a stunning blow when Polycarp answered, “I know you to be the first-born of Satan” (10 – p. 138).

Polycarp did not end his refutation of false beliefs with this attack upon those who tried to quell the Christian truths of the Resurrection and the Last Judgment. He also attacked the Docetism so prevalent in his own pastorate. The bitterness he felt for those who denied directly the coming of Christ in flesh and indirectly His suffering and great torment physically, was brought out in his only remaining letter, which was written to the Philippians.

“To deny that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh is to be Antichrist. To contradict the evidence of the Cross is to be of the Devil” (14 – p. 147). It must have been a hard task for this shepherd to bring back his wandering sheep. They had the very words of the Apostle, John, before their eyes, and their own bishop to witness of the truth of these words, “and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us...” (John 1:14). Yet they insisted upon rejecting them for words which offered no comfort at all to the sinner who wants proof of the forgiveness of sins.

John, the exiled Apostle on the island of Pergamos, penned words of comfort to these tried saints of Smyrna, reminding them that their suffering and torment of soul was not for a futile cause.

“I know thy works, and tribulation, and thy poverty, (but thou art rich) and I know the blasphemy of those that say they are Jews and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life” (Rev. 2:9).

What an inspiration these words must have been to Polycarp and his church. Persecution was becoming more prevalent now, and it was getting much harder to hold fast one’s faith. The Heathen games had come back and now the pagans were building their amphitheaters, one of which was placed in Smyrna. The infamous Jews, of course, had their part in the great celebrations that were taking place. The cry during one of the great festivals rang louder and louder in the arenas. “Away with the Atheists!” “Away with the Atheists!” again and again the throngs in the amphitheater shouted.

The bloodthirsty crowds clamored more and more for games. They daily thronged to the gates, but today was even more busy. A celebration even more exciting was being planned for today. The people had reminded the Asiarch, Philip, to obey the laws of the great Antoninus Pius. The Christians were at last to be punished for their defiance of Caesar. Away with these Atheists! Have no part with those who forsake the gods of Rome! Bring them into the arena!

Philip selected eleven Christians to be executed. One by one they were torn cruelly apart by the angry lions in their frenzied rush for food. The crowds went wild with joy and delight. Now they got their reward, a torn and broken body, crushed by the savage teeth of the lions. Now let them tell us of the resurrection, they who have such faith!

Finally all is over. The last body has
become shreds of flesh. The last soul has gone to the Creator. But lo... the throns are not yet stilled. The people clamor for still more. The martyrs were eleven in number, but now they want to make it twelve. Now they wanted Polycarp, the eighty-six year old Bishop of Smyrna. Philip gives the order and the soldiers set out to get the old man.

There is some doubt as to whether Polycarp here heard the news of their coming and fled to an old country farmhouse or that his friends persuaded him to leave.

We next see a band of Roman soldiers hurrying up the road to an old house. Commentators here disagree as to whether Polycarp greets them at the door or has his hiding place betrayed by a servant tortured into doing this, but all agree that upon his arrest, he feeds the guards and requests an hour in which to pray. Fox's Book of Martyrs tells us that “he prayed with such fervency that his guards repented that they had been instrumental in taking him” (5—p. 9).

The soldiers next proceed onward with their charge who gives no trouble to them, but rather enters into conversation with them. The High Sheriff, whose own sister is a Christian cannot understand why this old man does not remember his age and concede. “What is the harm,” says he, “in saying ‘Caesar is Lord?’” (2—p. 15). But the words of the man fail to penetrate the stubbornness of Polycarp. He is on the way Home.

The arrival is rushed. The guards have forgotten that prayer, and now they are eager to pleasure the throns that await their arrival. He is brought to the Asiarch, Philip, who will decide if he can whether the man is guilty of being a Christian. The man himself will be weighed in the balances. Philip gives Polycarp three chances to save himself. First, he must shout “Away with the Atheists!” This he does, pointing to the true Atheists sitting in the galleries. Next he must curse Christ, and once over that hurdle, he has saved his life. But no—he will not give up his crown, but orders the Tempter off with the words, “Eighty-six years have I served Him and He hath done me no wrong. How can I revile my King who saved me?” One more chance is given. “Swear in the name of Caesar.” The answer is irrevocable. He is a Christian and will not deny his Lord.

He now is convicted for his stand against the evil represented by those around him. He will die.

Polycarp's martyrdom is not an extraordinary one with respect to the means by which he had to be executed, but there are several interesting accounts of the way he died. The most interesting, but certainly not the most credible, account is found in the letter written by a great storyteller, Marcion, who wrote to the other churches an account after they had requested it of someone who had seen it. We read of his death that it took place on a day that we would figure to be February 23, 155. After his body had been chained to a post and surrounded with faggots by the Jews, the fire was started. According to Marcion, the body would hardly burn, but was as a loaf of bread in the midst of it. Because the mob had so eagerly awaited the death of this man who had insulted them by his gently reprimanding words, they were rather disappointed that he died so slowly. Therefore, Roman soldiers plunged a sword into the side of Polycarp. To the astonishment of all around, a dove came forth from that side and the blood, freely flowing, quenched the fire (13—p. 161).

So Polycarp died the lowly martyr's death, not a victim, but a victor. He left behind no great earthly possessions, for his treasure was where his heart was, in the Eternal Mansions. And although many will never hear of his life, those who are given the opportunity can be greatly comforted by this.

The prayer he prayed, supposedly before he died, is recorded by Roland H. Bainton in The Church of Our Fathers.

“Lord God, Almighty, Father of Jesus Christ, I bless Thee that Thou didst deem me worthy of this hour that I shall take a part among the martyrs in the cup of Christ to rise again with the Holy Spirit. May I be an acceptable sacrifice. I praise Thee, I bless Thee. I glorify Thee through Jesus Christ” (2—p. 16).

This prayer can do two things to the true Christian reading it. First, it will make him ashamed if he has forsaken the Path of Life at times to be a friend in all ways.
possible to the World, in order to save his own skin. If a man such as Polycarp, so old, and yet, so strong, could profess his faith before a whole multitude of heathens, without wavering, how then is it possible for the one who also claims to have strong faith to forsake his Lord in front of the one or two who might have mocked his religion had he not done this? The Christian should also see when he faces persecution or just simple taunting from the World's representatives, his will be the greater reward. Polycarp even said in the face of danger, "you threaten me with your fire of persecution, but you forget the fire of hell that never goes out" (2 — p. 31).

His humility can also be equated with his faith, for in the Letter to the Philippians, he equates himself with his presbyters, when he even knew of the power he held over them! Such a strange clash is found when we read that the Bishops of Rome even took the power over those of the same rank for themselves, and gradually became infallibly speaking Popes.

The only written things he left behind are his Epistle to the Philippians and a creed that can be traced through the Bishops of Smyrna to him because of the knowledge we have of his beliefs.

The former was written to the Philippians by Polycarp when they asked for information from him about Ignatius, another saint who met his death by martyrdom. It opens with Polycarp's praise of their "solid roots of faith" and then proceeds on with the admonition to hold fast the "True Hope and Pledge of Righteousness." It concludes with words of comfort to those who greatly mourned the passing of Ignatius and of their fellow Christians who had to die in the amphitheaters.

The creed is a very interesting example to compare with our own final version of the Apostles' Creed. It can be found in Early Christian Creeds, by J. N. D. Kelly.

"We also glorify one God, but as we know Him; and we accept the Christ, but as we know Him — Son of God Who suffered as He suffered, died as He died, and rose again the third day, and is on the Father's right hand, and will come to judge living and dead" (12 — p. 82).

The above creed, although it was finally written out in this form in about 180 A.D., is actually a compilation of what the bishops of Smyrna both taught and believed up until then. Therefore the creed is accredited, in part, to Polycarp. It is interesting to note, also, that this creed is relevant to us yet today. For those who believe that Christ was a kind man who should be to us an example worth noting, this is a warning. They who thus make Christ a good benefactor, and by this deny His important Work for us as the Son of God, can find for themselves an answer in the words of so ancient a doctrinal statement.

Polycarp's only remaining words are few in number, when they are compared to the great masterpieces of famous painters, or documents of famous writers and political leaders that have also died long ago. His name is seldom, if at all, mentioned in famous books or speeches, but, yet, when it is mentioned, it is usually referred to as the name of a poor Christian who also had to lose his life. Reflecting upon the life of Polycarp, I find Paul's words of Romans 8:35-39 a fitting end to the story of a martyr who died to gain his crown by entering an arena.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Romans 8:35-39).

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**CURRENT EVENTS AND COMMENTS**

**RACHEL LUBBERS**

We are happy to announce that after a rather lengthy dormant period, this department has again emerged under the authorship of Misses Rachel Lubbers and Kathy Bijlsma.

I shiver from the cold as I sit in my room, carefully studying the smallest of frost designs on the window before me. Slowly my gaze shifts through the branches of a nearby dead oak tree while my arms rest on the window pane. My thoughts? They ride off into the world of destruction and hate.

A phone rings in the Internation Center at Harvard University.

"Sir, I'm not kidding! In six minutes a bomb will go off at the International Center. And, don't forget, the janitor is in there too."

Four officers enter and begin a frantic search which ends with the sounds of an explosive roar. Six suspenseful minutes have passed but their evidence remains. Windows are empty ugly holes in cracked and broken walls and the floors are strewn with shattered heavy glass. Sections of the roof have crashed and what was International Center no longer is.

Today, it seems, people's standard of justice dictates that, if you do not like something, make it so you do like it. If you do not like someone, somehow get rid of him. Brute will overpowers fear, disorder rules the law, hate destroys pity, and power rises against power. Genuine peace and people's concept of peace forever engages in an endless struggle.

In the midst of this kind of world, lives the church, striving to live up to her commitments. But slowly the world tries to steal away our Christ, challenging us to follow their maddening search for meaning.

Desperately they seek to tear us apart and crowd us in roads we refuse to travel. Just recently we evidenced this again as they tried shoving their way into the Christian School. Proposal C reached out eagerly to destroy the schools for which we have fought for so many years. No longer do they desire to assist our schools with public funds, give programs in speech correction and remedial reading. Nor do they wish to offer services such as street crossing guards, health and nursing aids, or give assistance to mentally, physically and emotionally handicapped. They want to exclude all driver training and use of public school property for any sports activities sponsored by the Christian Schools. If Proposal C or any similar proposal ever is accepted, possibly we would collapse; we would not be able to carry on. Sadly, this has only begun. They will strongly and boldly march on, even through brick walls! Perhaps one day they will not only blow up International Center but they will also blow up my . . . church? They will not stop! They march on; I see them coming and now I shiver from fear. I no longer feel the cold in my room and tears burn in my eyes because they are coming, pursuing to in some way destroy . . . me?

Again my gaze slips back through the branches to that same window. I am perplexed to discover that the sun had smiled away the delicate designs of frost. Absorbing momentarily the sun's warmth, I close my eyes and see the cross shining through the darkness of future days. Rising and turning from the window, I cast the fears and doubts of those days before The Almighty Son.

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*Rachel is a member of the Young People's Society of our Hudsonville Church.*

**Sixteen**

**BEACON LIGHTS**
NEWS from, for, and about our churches
KAREN LUBBERS

From Hope in Walker, Mich.:

Confession of faith was made by Greg Engelsma, Deb Heyboer, Jack Huizinga, Carolyn Kamps, George Kamps, Terry Kooienga, Larry Menleueng, John Van Dyke, and Joel Zandstra.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kuiper rejoice at the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Hunter and two baptized children were received from the Spencer Hills Orthodox Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Tim Heemstra transferred to the Southeast Church in Grand Rapids.

Jim Rau has left for the Army Reserves and will be stationed at Ft. Polk, La., for his basic training.

On December 27 the Hope Choral Society will present their Christmas Program.

From First Church in Holland, Mich.:

Confession of faith was made by Jerry Vander Kolk and Richard Bosman.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Haak and four baptized children were received from the South Holland Church.

From Hudsonville, Mich.:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bergman rejoice at the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Miedema rejoice at the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ron Engelsma rejoice at the birth of a daughter.

On November 22 the Young People’s Societies sponsored an area-wide Thanksgiving Singspiration. The collection went to the young people in South Holland who are preparing the 1971 Convention.

On Dec. 13 the Hudsonville Choral Society presented a combined Christmas Concert-Singspiration in their church.

From Hull, Iowa:

The Hull Church has a new Wurlitzer organ! It was donated to the church by the Floyd Jansma family.

Confession of faith was made by Marilyn Hoekstra.

From South Holland, Illinois:

The new church secretary is Mrs. E. Medema. She is in charge of the bulletins and for announcements she can be contacted at: 16833 South Park, South Holland, Illinois 60473.

Confession of faith was made by Arthur Boer.

Mr. Robert Poortenga and Miss Linda Stob were united in marriage.

On November 29 the young people sponsored a Singspiration with the proceeds going for the Convention. Speaking of financing the Convention, a group of young men from the congregation Simonized cars to help raise money.

Other Church News:

There are now two young men in Jamaica attending high school to train for the ministry among the Prot. Ref. Churches there on the island. Rev. Lubbers’ work there continues to be difficult but the rewards are ones which can not be measured in money or luxuries.

On November 29 a Thanksgiving Day Mass Meeting was held in the Holland Church for all the Grand Rapids area young people. Seminarian Slopsema presented the speech, special numbers were given and refreshments were provided.
MOVING? Please fill out form and mail.

Present Address: ........................................................................................................................................
                     name
                     street
                     city  state  zip code

New Address: ........................................................................................................................................
               street
               city  state  zip code

_Eighteen_