

the
PLAIN TRUTH

a magazine of understanding

VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 1

JANUARY, 1965



Dignified, simple yet beautiful Italian Gardens with contemporary sculptured fountain at Ambassador College, Pasadena, California.

What our READERS SAY

From Behind Iron Curtain

"I read *The PLAIN TRUTH* every chance I get. I especially liked your two articles about Russia. I came to Canada from Poland four years ago, and I know that it is the truth."

Man from Canada

Inside France

"I have been able to spend almost six months in France as a guest of one of my daughters who lived there. I listened to your sermon last evening on the rising of a mutual Europe. After being there and seeing it I knew you speak the truth. I left France with a feeling of sadness. Their dislike of us is so open and hostile. If they have learned English and can speak it, they do so under pressure and I was told English is no longer being taught in most schools."

Mary C., Tennessee

"My husband and I thank you most sincerely for your magazine and also for your broadcasts. People find your message overwhelming; some say you are preaching a 'new theology'; others say that you have the truth. I don't want to take up your valuable time with a long letter. I just want to ask you to pray for me that God will deliver me from all my physical weaknesses and that He will open my mind to His truth."

Couple from Lyon, France

What African Readers Think

"I want to thank you for the books—*The Plain Truth About Child Rearing, How to Have Healthy Children* and *The PLAIN TRUTH*. I have found them most informative and have lent them to friends who also found them most interesting. Could you send me any other books I have not read yet, please? Thanking you once again."

B. C., South Africa

"I am grateful for your kind supply of *The PLAIN TRUTH* during the past year. I doubt if I have ever admired a paper more while agreeing with it less. The format and editing are outstanding. The News Analysis articles in particular are informative. . . . but . . . your

Bible-thumping is a bore, or worse. You can not make it a magical textbook anymore, and it simply hasn't all the answers, and it does contradict itself over and over again. . . . Still, thanks a lot, and keep up the good work. Your printing is almost flawless, even to aging eyes, and your proof-readers must be at the top of their class."

D.W.R. Swaziland, Africa

• *Your prejudice is not as flawless as our printing, D.W.—Hope you find the truth. And why not write for the "Proof of the Bible"?*

Xmas

"I knew it had to come—and it has, but with a force I didn't expect! Your 'straight-from-the-shoulder' articles on Christmas motivated me to do some research into the matter, and having found the truth of it, I know that I am responsible for that truth. In Bible Study at our church [I spoke] against its observance. . . .

Thank you for your courage. Now: Why do people insist on using 17th Century language in praying to the Eternal God? I give Him the credit for being All-Wise. I don't have to 'thee'-'thou'-'art' in praying to make Him understand me—He shouldn't be 'baby-talked' in dead terms, in my opinion!"

Daniel J. H., South Carolina

"The New Morality"

"For nine months I have been receiving my free copy of *The PLAIN TRUTH* magazine and soon I will receive again a free copy of the new book, *God Speaks Out on The New Morality*. I do not know how I could ever express my most profound thanks to you aside from sending me free to me, but for the many wonderful things and knowledge I learned from its contents."

Mrs. Generosa G. M., Philippines

• *Your new book will arrive shortly, after crossing the vast Pacific!*

From Around the World

"My mother has been receiving *The PLAIN TRUTH* for several years now, (Please continue on page 14)

the PLAIN TRUTH

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Personal from the Editor

MAY the Editor take space preceding the editorial to say something concerning teen-agers? I feel seriously concerned, perturbed, and burdened.

In gathering and sifting material for the new book on morality and marriage, in collaboration with the doctors on the faculty of the Graduate School, I have had to become even more aware than before of the drastic *change* a one-generation plunge into immorality has made in the lives and attitudes of adolescents. Our young people between ages of 13 and 21 have a totally different view of sex and marriage than my generation assumed when I was in transit through those years.

Those who most urgently *need* the book are these same young people. Yet circumstances prevent getting this tragically needed knowledge and proper instruction into the hands of more than a pitiful *few* within those age-limits.

And *WHY*? Because a deceived world has assumed diabolically *false* interpretations regarding the delicate subject of sex. If we should make this true, wholesome, godly, *necessary* knowledge indiscriminately available to all under 21 who might request it, we know only too well that some misunderstanding parents, regarding sex—which the all-knowing GOD designed and created—as inherently evil *in itself*, would accuse us, in hostile anger, of putting something *they* would mistakenly brand as “indecent” in the hands of their adolescent children.

This very false concept of morality which has been brain-washed into too many parental minds is the *circumstance* which has slammed shut the door, making this direly needed knowledge inaccessible to those who need it most!

The *RESULT*? Because a *few* such

misguided parents would rise up to accuse and harm the very *WORK OF GOD* if it did rightly instruct their children through this book, their children, unknown to them, are very probably *being* wrongly instructed and influenced by other teen-agers. Very probably these children are being led into the modern *IMMORAL* trend that will destroy their lives—all for *LACK* of the right and proper *TRUTH* as that truth has been revealed by the *Eternal GOD*!

If you could read the anguished letters coming in to your Editor now, by middle-aged people who have read this book—people saying that *if only* they could have had this book while they were still teen-agers, it would have saved them the tragedies that have come to them through ignorance—you would understand a little of the burden I feel—and the frustration I experience at being *UNABLE* to get this book into the hands of those who need it *most*, the adolescents growing into maturity!

We have been forced, by this circumstance, to restrict the offer of this free book to those who are already married, or past twenty-one.

But my heart goes out, with a sense of helplessness, to these young people being led down this fatal cataract of modern immorality into wretchedness, broken marriages and broken lives later—and all because too many parents are the victims of this false pseudo-morality which labels even the teaching of Almighty GOD, about the sex HE created, as “indecent.”

To *UNDERSTANDING* parents I urge, in the name of the *living* Jesus Christ, *get* your free copy of this book, and *allow* your children—at least of twelve or thirteen years or above—to *READ IT*! And use this book, yourself, to properly *teach* your younger children what

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OUR COVER

These formal Italian Sunken Gardens lie between Ambassador Hall and South Orange Grove Blvd. These gardens were part of the outstanding estate of Hulett C. Merritt of United States Steel Corporation. Purchased at public auction after Mr. Merritt's death, they became part of the expanding Ambassador College campus in July, 1956. Today, there are *three* Ambassador Colleges—one in Pasadena, California, another in Texas, and a third near St. Albans, in Great Britain. Bulletins for the American institutions are available for prospective students. Interested young people in Great Britain, Continental Europe, Australia, and South Africa should write to our London address for the Ambassador College prospectus.

they ought to know on this subject—before their lives are ruined!

LAST MONTH I wrote about the churches trying to unite—by compromise of doctrines and practices. WHY are the churches *divided*? Have the churches *failed*? Do we *really* understand what is the real PURPOSE—the divine MISSION—of the Church Jesus Christ founded?

Did Jesus Christ intend His Church to become divided?

Did Jesus Christ give His Church the commission to work actively in this world's governments, its society, its commerce and industry, *to make this world a better world*?

Is the divine mission of the Church of God to make this a BETTER world? If so, it has failed abysmally.

Should you *join* a church—and if so, *which one*?

WHERE is the original *true* Church which Jesus Christ founded? That is the question that haunted me, back in 1926 and 1927. I had been challenged on a point of God's Law in the Bible. I had been *angered* into an intensive, almost night-and-day study of the Bible.

My wife had taken up with a teaching she said she got out of the Bible—a teaching and a practice utterly contrary to the CHURCHES. On this particular point all the churches appeared to be in agreement—except possibly one I had branded as a fanatic.

Yes, I was angered. I was indignant! I was plain MAD! My wife taking up with religious fanaticism? Surely *no* advertising man could tolerate *that*! She said it was Bible teaching.

"Look!" I exclaimed, "you can't tell me all these churches can be wrong!" I firmly believed that. I believed these churches—at least the Protestant churches—were CHRIST'S churches, firmly based on the BIBLE!

Haven't YOU believed it?

So I was goaded into opening the Bible. I was going to *prove* to my wife that "all these churches can't be wrong." Desperately I searched for Biblical evidence to refute my wife's "fanaticism." But I couldn't find that evidence. What I *did* find staggered me!

I had been reared in one of the smaller, but older and respected Protestant denominations. From birth I had been taken to Sunday School. I had taken for granted and assumed the usual teaching of the immortality of the soul, the going to heaven or hell at death, and the idea that I was "saved" from birth, since I had a "birthright membership" in the Church.

When I read Romans 6:23, I stared at that verse in my Bible in shocked, incredible disbelief! It said, "For the wages of sin is DEATH, but the *gift* of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." I had always believed the wages we earn for SIN was *just the opposite* of DEATH. I had been taught that what we get paid for SIN was ETERNAL LIFE—in hell fire! This verse says eternal life is something we can only receive AS A GIFT from GOD.

But NO! Surely no! We already *have* eternal life—so I supposed—we are immortal souls! I learned that many Protestants INTERPRET that verse—that is, they PUT A DIFFERENT MEANING INTO IT. They *change* the meaning of the words. They manufacture a new definition of the word "*death*." They define "death" to mean "separation from God." I looked at this verse again. On the one hand, for sin, we get DEATH. On the other hand, the *opposite* of that penalty is ETERNAL LIFE. Now, it certainly was clear, if ETERNAL LIFE is the very *opposite* of DEATH, then DEATH cannot mean eternal life!

I was confused! My head was swimming!

But there it was, in plain language. Then I read that SOULS can *die*! "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. 18:4, 20). Then my startled eyes read, in Revelation 16:3: "and every living *soul* DIED in the sea." That said SOULS can DIE. Then I saw where Jesus said souls can be DESTROYED! "...but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell" (Mat. 10:28).

It began to look like some of the churches *were* wrong, after all! But did not Jesus Christ found His CHURCH? He surely did, and I found where He said the gates of the grave would never

prevail against it—IT WOULD ENDURE—IT COULD NOT BE DESTROYED! I found where Jesus Christ said He would never leave nor forsake it—where He would always be "in the midst" of it. I found where HE was the living HEAD of it! Jesus Christ was resurrected from the grave. HE IS STILL ALIVE!

So WHERE was the Church HE was guiding, directing, and using?

I was perplexed. But I kept searching. I continued studying.

I found where Jesus Christ came to DO THE WORK OF GOD. He came to bring to mankind the GOSPEL, from GOD. Yet He said that *of Himself*—as a human—by His own human power, He could do nothing—He was utterly *powerless*, of Himself, for this divine spiritual MISSION. The Father that dwelt within Him—by the power of His Holy Spirit—did the work.

So it was really GOD doing it, by His Holy Spirit, using the individual human body of Jesus as His instrument. GOD carried on His WORK of revealing His MESSAGE through the individual human BODY of Jesus Christ.

I saw where God's true CHURCH is called "THE BODY OF CHRIST" (I Cor. 12:27, 13; Rom. 12:5). How could the CHURCH be the BODY OF CHRIST? I searched. I studied. God's Word made the truth PLAIN. God *started* His Gospel WORK—proclaiming the Gospel (Good News) of HIS KINGDOM through the individual human BODY of Jesus. But after His resurrection, Jesus sent the same HOLY SPIRIT to enter, on the day of Pentecost, 31 A.D., and thereafter, into the COLLECTIVE BODY of those in GOD'S CHURCH.

The CHURCH, then, is the COLLECTIVE BODY Christ uses as HIS INSTRUMENT, empowered by God's Spirit, to carry on GOD'S WORK. Jesus Christ heads and directs it from heaven!

How does one get into this ONE BODY? By receiving God's Holy Spirit. "For by one Spirit are we all baptized [immersed] into ONE BODY." To baptize is to immerse—to plunge into. It is God's Holy Spirit which PUTS ONE INTO the only true Church!

But are there MANY churches? No, everywhere the New Testament speaks
(Please continue on page 48)

The Autobiography of Herbert W. Armstrong

1956—A momentous year! Several wide-coverage daily radio stations added. The *WORLD TOMORROW* booms around the world. Mrs. Armstrong's diary records our tour of Middle East.

INSTALLMENT 67

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first installment of the Autobiography since the June, 1964, number. In order to devote all the time available for writing to his new book on sex and marriage, now published, Mr. Armstrong suspended the Autobiography for six months. He picks up his life story, now, where he left off then.)

WE COME, NOW, to personal events that happened in 1956. That year—1956—was an important, crucial, and exciting year in an eventful lifetime.

That was the year of our tour of the Holy Land, of ancient Babylon, Damascus, Tyre and Sidon. That was the year the Ambassador College campus expanded to include the fabulous Hullett C. Merritt mansion and other properties. That was the year of organizing our first church in Britain.

Back to Personal Experiences

In three or four preceding installments I had covered, rather than *personal* experiences, the development and growth of Ambassador College, the problems and progress of the radio broadcasting and telecasting, and the growth of *The PLAIN TRUTH*, up to the beginning of the present decade in 1960.

Then in the installment of June, 1964, I had gone back to the year 1952 in order to recount some of the more *personal* experiences. That installment ended with the speaking tour in Belfast, Glasgow, Manchester and London, during September, 1954.

My time was almost completely absorbed, after our return to the United States, with the coast-to-coast broadcasting over the ABC Network, the television scare, and intensive preparations to leap from radio over to television.

Almost immediately after our return to Pasadena, in October, 1954, I be-

came disturbingly aware of the movement of major network programs from radio to television. America was going TV crazy. Sets were being purchased by the millions. By early 1955 I became somewhat frightened. Was radio going dead? Was radio becoming a thing of the past? Was it going the way of the horse-and-buggy, horse-drawn street cars, and other things of the past?

It seemed so. I decided we must go on television before the demise of radio. But I found television a far more complicated activity than radio. The production of a TV half-hour program was a somewhat monumental task. I soon discovered I was in the motion-picture business, and each program was the equivalent of a fourth or fifth of an entire motion picture!

Our telecasting experience lasted 27 weeks. By January, 1956, we had become satisfied that radio was *far* from dead. Radio had been forced to change its format—true! Radio had adapted itself to a different type of programming. But it had survived! People were actually buying more radio sets than ever!

And now, as recorded earlier, we had reached our crossroads, made our decision, and started on the sound and permanent road of going on with *daily radio*. This decision was made by January, 1956.

Actually, on a few important stations, we had been using *daily* radio for nearly ten years. We had recently gone *daily* on two major stations, WLS, Chicago, and WWVA, Wheeling, West Virginia. And now, after our experience with *Sunday-only* once-a-week broadcasting on the ABC Network, and once-a-week telecasting, we became convinced that—whether radio or television—what was needed was reaching our audience *daily!*

We had not given up the idea of using television. We had merely become convinced it required *DAILY* programming—not weekly. We could not afford daily telecasting then—not were we yet big enough to *produce* five to seven half-hours per week. We simply looked confidently forward to it as a future development. For several issues, *The PLAIN TRUTH* carried a special notice, captioned, in black type: "DAILY TV." The notice said, in part: "In order to create the special fund required to make this possible, we have cancelled the weekly TV series temporarily."

Meanwhile, we felt that *DAILY RADIO* would be the medium to build the *Work* to make daily TV possible.

Actually, what did happen is this: The daily radio broadcasting kept building up, reaching an ever-increasing audience. The *Work* continued to grow at the rate of 30 percent each year—continued to *DOUBLE* in size every two years seven and one-half months. But we learned that *DAILY TV* is an impossibility. There not only were *NOT* enough Garner Ted Armstrongs and Herbert W. Armstrongs to produce five to seven TV programs a week, but it would be an utter impossibility to obtain the *SAME* half hour of *TIME* on TV stations five to seven days a week. We do still contemplate going back to a once-a-week TV half hour, but only to *SUPPLEMENT* and to channel viewers to the daily radio programs.

Planning the Middle-East Tour

But early in 1956 we were planning actively for daily TV. I had used a great deal of "film stock"—that is, motion-picture footage—to illustrate whatever I was talking about on TV. I felt we needed some very *special*

motion-picture film of Palestine, the ancient area of Babylon, such places as Tyre and Sidon. Also I had for some time felt the need of a personal visit to those lands, to obtain material for articles and broadcasts. I knew that if I visited the ancient Bible lands, got the "feel" and experienced the very atmosphere of these lands, my preaching, lecturing, broadcasting and writing would be far more effective. The places I would be speaking about would be far more *REAL* to me, and therefore I could make them more real to listeners and readers.

We were now well along on our new road of *DAILY RADIO*. I was no longer tied down with the furious night-and-day grind of intensive television production. And I really *needed* a change of scenery.

So we began making plans for a tour of the Middle East, and an every-night evangelistic campaign in London.

Our son Dick, with George Meeker, an Ambassador graduate and ordained minister, had sailed back to Britain and Europe June 29, 1955. A considerable mail response was coming from the broadcasts on Radio Luxembourg, and the broadcasts on Radio Ceylon, and into South Africa. They were needed in London to handle much of it, although the general mailing list was still maintained at Pasadena headquarters.



British Railways

In 1955 *The WORLD TOMORROW* broadcast was beamed to the huge Indian subcontinent over Radio Ceylon. Thousands of Hindus and Moslems—like this group—heard the true gospel for the first time.



South African Railways

A view of central Johannesburg, South Africa, where Radio Lourenço Marques offices are located. *The WORLD TOMORROW* is heard throughout southern Africa on this superpower station.

But it was becoming impossible to process, answer, and handle this increasing volume of mail from Pasadena. We needed an office in London.

Late in August, 1955, Dick obtained occupancy of a small suite of offices he had located on Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square, in the very heart of downtown London. He had returned to Pasadena for some three weeks in October, 1955, speaking on the television program while here.

Once it was decided that Mrs. Armstrong and I would take the Middle-Eastern trip, to be followed by the nightly evangelistic campaign in London, Dick began planning the itinerary through American Express in London. He was to accompany us.

But at that time the Middle East began to sizzle as the world's trouble spot. Nasser was soon to seize the Suez Canal. Trouble was brewing between Jews and Arabs. War seemed imminent. Russia had been supplying Nasser with arms and planes. The Suez crisis might result in British intervention. That might result in Russian intervention against Britain. World War III *could* suddenly flare up out of this crisis.

Then, suddenly, the crisis quieted down along about February. The way was opened for us to proceed with plans for the trip. The war scare re-

mained quiet until our tour was finished. Then, on our return to America, the crisis boiled hot again. Nasser did take over the Suez Canal on July 26. I wrote an article on it for the September *PLAIN TRUTH*, immediately on our return.

That article said: "The war clouds that have hovered over the Middle East were cleared just long enough to permit Mrs. Armstrong, our son Richard, and me to visit Cairo, and the capitals of the Middle East—Baghdad, Ammon, Damascus, Beirut, Jerusalem and Tel Aviv... Now that we have returned to America, our mission accomplished, the crisis explodes all over again—this time over the seizure of the Suez Canal! It was quieted just long enough to allow God's emissaries to complete their visit."

Mrs. Armstrong and I left Pasadena during the latter half of March, 1956. We stopped off a few days at the site of the third Ambassador College (just opened September, 1964) near Big Sandy, Texas. We traveled by train to New York. One of our Ambassador graduates drove our car to New York, loaded with the entire mailing list for Britain, Europe, Africa—which we were then transferring to the new London office.

We boarded the *Queen Mary*, sailing
(Please continue on page 41)

About thirty of the fleeing Israelites were struck and killed before someone among the pursuing Benjamites began hollering excitedly and pointing backward.

The pursuers glanced back. They came to a quick halt when they saw the great cloud of smoke billowing up over their city. Not until then were they beginning to be aware that enemy troops had somehow made their way into the city and set it on fire. When they turned and saw the Israelites rushing back toward them without a sign of fear, they realized that they were the victims of well-planned strategy. (Judges 20:29-32.)

The Worm Turns

It was the Benjamites' turn to panic. Pursued by the ten thousand Israelites who had turned on them, they raced for the hilly area east of Gibeah. As they ran, they could see throngs of their people hurrying out of the city in a frantic attempt to escape the men who had rushed in as soon as the Benjamite soldiers had left. Hundreds were not able to get out.

The escaping inhabitants also headed for the hills to the east. Just as the first of their numbers topped the first large rise, they stopped, then rushed back in the opposite direction. Behind them suddenly appeared the first ranks of the largest division of the army of the eleven tribes. At the same time the troops who had raided the city came out of it from the west in hot pursuit of the inhabitants. (Judges 20:33-34.)

The people of Gibeah and the whole Benjamite army were rushing into a tremendous three-jawed trap that was closing in on them just as fast as they were moving into it!

(To be continued next issue)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from page 8)

for Southampton, England, on April 11, 1956.

Mrs. Armstrong kept a diary of this trip. Her comments, written on the spot at the moment, are far more accurate than anything I could now write from memory.

Mrs. Armstrong's diary was published in *The PLAIN TRUTH* in three installments, in the October, November, and December, 1956, issues of *The PLAIN TRUTH*. They evoked a tremendous interest among our readers. Many exciting and interesting things happened. I feel that her diary belongs as a part of this record, so I shall reprint it here—breaking in, as I may,

from time to time, with comments of my own.

Following is her account of that trip:

Mrs. Armstrong's Diary
by Loma D. Armstrong

WE arrived in New York after our train ride from Longview, Texas. We encountered varied weather conditions on the trip: dust storms in Texas, Missouri, and Illinois; rains, of almost cloudburst intensities, in Indiana and Ohio; and heavy fog in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York.

The weekend, in New York, was very windy and today (April 8) we awakened to see several inches of snow on the ground. It is still snowing. We hope that the weather will clear soon and allow the sun to come out.

Arriving in Europe

Monday, April 16

We arrived in Southampton at 2:45 p.m. Our son Dick and George Meeker were on the dock to meet us. Dick was so glad to see us that he whirled me around until I was almost dizzy. When our car was unloaded at the dock it had three flat tires, but they held air when inflated. George Meeker drove Dick's car to London and Dick drove our car, with us.

The drive from Southampton to London, in the bright English sunshine, was beautiful. Our drive was interrupted with a stop at a quaint little tea room for tea. We arrived in London after dark.

Dick took us first to the apartment where he and George live; then we

went to our hotel. After our baths we enjoyed a good night's rest.

Tuesday, April 17

We had to completely repack our trunk and pack our suitcases as lightly as possible for our trip by airplane to Zurich, Switzerland, on our first lap to the Middle East.

Wednesday, April 18

We arrived in Zurich, Wednesday afternoon. It was a cold, rainy day—rain mixed with snow. In places the ground was white with snow.

In London, we were told that we would not need coats, and that it would be very hot over the whole area in which we would be traveling; so, before leaving London, at the airport, we gave our coats to George to take to their apartment until we returned. As a result we were damp, soggy, and shivering before we were in Zurich many minutes. Mr. Armstrong bought a Bolex movie camera for our TV pictures.

We left Zurich by train for Rome, having to sit up until midnight. When we arrived in Milano we changed trains for the remainder of the trip. Mr. Armstrong left his hat on the first train. So we arrived in Rome with him bareheaded. He remedied that soon after we arrived, however, by buying a new hat.

We were in Rome only a few hours. The nearer the time came to fly across the Mediterranean Sea the more tense I felt. I do *not* like to fly.

Our flight was in the bright sunshine and the Sea was beautiful. We flew along the Italian coast over the Bay of Naples—near Mount Vesuvius, over the Island of Capri, across the boot of Italy, over Stromboli, then out to sea. In the middle of the Mediterranean we saw an American aircraft carrier and several cruisers.

Destination Africa!

Though trouble had quieted down between the Arab Egyptians and "Israel" for a while, military ships were in evidence—standing by—in a number of places.

It was dark when we reached the

shores of Africa. We flew over Alexandria and the Delta of the Nile.

We arrived in Cairo at 9:30 P.M., April 18, to a strange and different world. At the airport, an Arab and a Negro, possibly an Ethiopian, checked our passports. Because we were Americans, we were held up until our names were checked against a list they had of spies or political undesirables.

The friendliness of the personnel at the English and at the Swiss airports was sadly missing here. We were looked upon as sympathizers of the British, who are hated in Egypt.

We were taken to our hotel in a bus driven by an Arab dressed in robes—in fact, all people, here, dress in robes. It was a long drive and so surprising. We saw block after block—mile after mile—of large, *modern* apartment buildings, four to twelve stories high.

After arriving at the Semiramis Hotel, we had baths and washed our teeth in water from the Nile (along its banks, Moses was hidden in the bulrushes when he was a baby). It flows deep and wide, just outside our window and across the street. Ex-King Farouk's yacht is anchored just below and is used as an annex to this hotel. A young lady from Long Beach, California, a school teacher, was on our plane and has a room on the yacht.

It was 1:40 A.M. when I finally got to bed.

Friday Morning, April 20

A guide from the American Express office—a young Arab named Sayed, who speaks English very well, dressed in a red robe and red fez—came to the hotel after us. He had a nice car—a Chrysler—and an Arab driver who could not speak English.

What Egypt Is Like

We drove all through the native quarters where we saw the narrow streets filled with donkeys pulling carts of hay or vegetables; donkeys being ridden by men who were like giants on them (the men were so long-legged that their feet almost dragged on the streets); cars, mostly American, being driven by Arabs; and people wearing dirty, filthy, and so often

ragged robes. In the midst of it all there were children and dogs. The children, too, were dirty and ragged. Our driver used the horn on the car to drive through. All other cars were doing the same. Horns honking incessantly. The drivers of the donkey carts were yelling; people chattering; dogs barking; and the *smell was awful*. The motion pictures we took could not bring back with us the sounds or the smells. Actually, no one paid any attention to the honking of the horns. We had to wind our way slowly through the whole mess. The streets were as filthy as the people.

Some of the shops are crude holes in the wall where different craftsmen are plying their trades. We saw one man carving large copper and brass trays by hand. These trays were intricate with beautiful designs—very beautifully done.

We were taken to the "City of Death." It is a place outside, or in the outskirts of the city. It is the place where the poor are buried. When we arrived, a pickup truck was unloading a body, merely wrapped in cloth, to be



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In Cairo, beside Arab guide Sayed, in white robe, are Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong. In background is a mosque with with two minarets.

put in a hole which they dig in the clay banks and afterwards close up.

There were many caves in the hillsides. We found many people living in some of these dirt caves, sitting on the ground outside their openings in the dirty, dusty streets, even though they were in the midst of the "City of the Dead."

We were then taken to a large mosque. We were told that it is the largest in the world. When we entered the courtyard of the mosque, we had to don canvas slippers over our shoes. No one is allowed inside in shoes. All Arabs remove their shoes and go in either barefooted or in socks. In the center of the courtyard is a large fountain, around which the Arabs sit and wash their hands and feet before entering the mosque.

As we entered, we were surprised at the beauty of the place. Its only furniture was a high altar reached by an ornate stairway from which the Koran (the Arab Bible) is read. The floor was completely covered by a beautiful red carpet on which a number of Arabs were sitting or lying down. They were scattered over the large room, not in groups. We tried to take pictures inside the mosque but the lighting was too dim.

We have never in all our lives seen so many diseased eyes. Many people are blind and deformed—especially with twisted feet. And it's no wonder; besides bad diet, I doubt if they ever take a bath. Their clothes just rot off them.

A Tourist Trap

Our guide took us into a shop which he called the "Palace of the Flowers." When we entered, it was full of perfume. The shopkeeper said that all the oils of the flowers from which the French made their expensive perfumes came from Egypt. (All the flowers were grown in Egypt, so he said.) Not knowing anything about the perfume business, I, at least, was gullible. While the shopkeeper had me smell different (?) perfumes (he put a little on the back of my hand) an Arab served us mint tea, which I did not want. The atmosphere was very oriental. At the end of the shopkeeper's spiel he tried

to sell me a box with five large bottles, each a different scent, for \$95.

I kept asking him if he did not have a tiny perfume bottle. So, he showed me a box slightly smaller. Finally, after showing me five or six boxes, each a little smaller than the previous one, he came to a size that would be nice to take home as gifts to some of the college girls. So, I fell for it. The sequel comes later!

After seeing Cairo, we left in the evening by train for ancient Thebes, now called Luxor—450 miles south, up the Nile.

As the train pulled slowly through the city, we saw how the people live. There were mud or adobe apartments—just a conglomeration of rooms placed anywhere, one on top of the other. There was no plan, but they were placed as if they had been blown together by a strong wind and stuck just as they happened to light. The Arab women and children sit on the ground wherever they take the notion. It makes no difference what filth surrounds them.

After we were no longer able to see the country through which we were traveling, we went to bed in our tiny compartments only to awaken in the night choking with dust. The only way a person could breathe was by holding the sheet over the face. The dust was thick in the air.

Daylight came very early so we were able to see the country through which we were passing. A canal, beside the track, seemed to provide water for use in their homes and huts as well as for irrigation. The black-robed women were dipping the water in huge pitchers or bottles which they always carried on their heads.

We would also see people in water up to their waists and water buffalo wading. A highway ran along the opposite side of the canal, and, early as it was, early dawn, we could see many men and women walking briskly along. Some of the men rode small donkeys—with their feet almost touching the ground, while the women carried baskets or jars on their heads. Others rode camels. Children were driving goats or water buffalo. There were people scat-

tered over the fields working with their hands in the soil. A few had crude hoes. Once in a while we saw a donkey and camel yoked together pulling a crooked stick or a plow. Their agricultural methods were primitive. But the soil appeared rich.

Ancient Egypt's Grandeur

We arrived in the early morning at Luxor and were taken to our hotel in an antiquated motor-driven hack. There was no room for Dick so he was driven in a horse-drawn buggy.

This was Luxor, built on the site of the ancient city of Thebes, capital of the ancient Egyptian domain when Egypt was at the zenith of its splendor. Luxor, today, includes also the village of Karnak, six miles from the main village.

All the wealth of war, the booty, and the shipments of goods from other countries were once hoarded in Thebes, the capital. Today, we saw the remains, only a number of rich monuments, and supporting columns of temples and tombs. Once they were overlaid with gold, silver, alabaster, or marble; now there is nothing but time-worn stone. The temples had been connected with one another by courtyards and lobbies. Now, however, the massive columns are all that remain of the former splendor.

Our guide, an elderly and scholarly Egyptian, walked over the ruins hour after hour with us, explaining the history and the religion of the people who worshiped at the temples. It was all worship of the sun-god Ra.

We were there during the Muslim fast called Ramadan. Although our guide was in his seventies, he carried on all day through the hot sun, with no food. The fast lasts a month and no food can be eaten from sunrise until sunset; however, they can feast all night if they choose.

After a long day we sat on the large veranda of the hotel overlooking the Nile. The moon was full and the stars seemed so near and so very bright. It was a beautiful evening.

Our beds in the hotel were covered with high canopies with curtains of mosquito netting. We did not pull the netting over us when we went to bed,

but we soon found it was impossible to sleep without it, after being bitten a number of times by mosquitoes.

The food was terrible. I could not eat any breakfast, so I drank some hot tea. At least the water had been boiled.

King Tut's Tomb

This morning we crossed the Nile river in a felucca or sailboat built as they used to build them thousands of years ago. A driver with an old Ford car met us on the other side and we rode over hot dusty roads to the tomb of king Tut-Ankh-Amon. His tomb was discovered in 1922. He is said to have died at the age of eighteen in 1341 B.C. His tomb was the last to be found.

The tomb is deep underground, down a tiled and decorated passageway, past a false entrance and thence to the real entrance where the inner coffin lies. In the room were images of the history of some part of his life. These images were in the tile on the walls.

The contents of the tomb filled one whole wing of the museum at Cairo. It took several years to move all the contents from the tomb. The mummy is in a museum. The wealth buried or stored in the different treasure rooms of the tomb was fantastic.

After King "Tut's" tomb, we entered the tomb of Ramses the Sixth. I did not go to the end of the passageway down into the tomb, but Dick

and Mr. Armstrong did. I felt that the long climb back up was more than I wanted to try. I did, however, go into the tomb of Seti.

After our visit to those tombs we were taken to the Temple of Queen Hatshepsut, which was carved out of a mountainside. She is said to have ruled Egypt from 1505 to 1448 B.C. She reigned like a King and the large figures or statues at her temple have been made with false beards. She claimed she was the daughter of the sun-god himself. The story of her birth and of her reign is depicted on one of the terraces of the temple ruins. There is today the theory that she was the Queen of Sheba, who visited King Solomon. Our guide vehemently denied this, though we overheard other guides stating it as fact.

After returning to our hotel we packed our bags for our return through the night to Cairo. Once more a dusty trip.

Cairo Again

When we reached Cairo our guide who had previously taken us over the city was at the station to meet us with the same Chrysler car and chauffeur. He had planned a trip to the Pyramids and a camp out in the Sahara Desert, but we still had the box with the five bottles of perfume intact. I had never unwrapped it because the evening after I had bought it, Dick learned that it was *not* perfume oil but perfumed

water. We had been taken to a place for tourist "suckers."

Mr. Armstrong told Sayed that he wanted to go directly to the American Express office and find out about this camping trip before we were letting ourselves in for something else. Then he and Dick expressed in no uncertain terms how we felt about being taken to a crooked "perfume" dealer by a guide hired by the American Express.

Sayed was crestfallen and very apologetic and assured us he wanted only to please. He told us to give him the package and he would get our money back for us while we ate our breakfast at the hotel. He did just that, and was back before breakfast was over—with the money.

Our next visit was to the site of the ancient city of Memphis, where Moses and Aaron pleaded with the Pharaoh to let the children of Israel go. Only a few ruins which have been excavated remain now of the ancient city.

We drove from there to the Pyramids at Saqqara which, we were told, were the oldest of the Pyramids. There were also, in this area, a number of tombs over 2500 years old.

We then drove through the city of Giza, out into the Sahara desert past the Great Pyramid where we found our camp. We were quite surprised to find it really *just* our camp. We expected to find others there, but the four tents were just for us.

Mr. Armstrong's and my tent was



A general modern view of ruins of Luxor temple with Nile in foreground.

Lehnert & Landrock, Cairo

quite large. It was white on the outside but very colorful on the inside with each panel of the tent a different design. The sand had been smoothed out level and covered with oriental rugs. There were two cots nicely made up with sheets and wool blankets (it is very cold on the desert at night). There were also a table, large pitcher of water, wash bowl and soap; and hung on the center pole were towels and a mirror. A large bouquet of flowers adorned the table. Dick's tent was like ours but smaller. Another large tent we found was our dining room. It also had a rug over the sand. In it was a large table with a centerpiece of flowers. There was a table for serving, and chairs with cushions. A short distance away was another tent—the cooks' tent. Here was a cook, assistant cook, and a waiter.

Sayed had brought his little seven-year-old son, Mohammed, out to spend the day and the night. They slept out under the stars on cots.

We arrived at the camp before lunch time.

After lunch, three camels with their leaders were outside our tent. We were helped aboard and had our first camel ride. I rode on a camel called "Ginger Ale," Mr. Armstrong's was called "Christopher Columbus," and Dick's was called "California." Sayed rode a small donkey called "Moses in the Bulrushes."

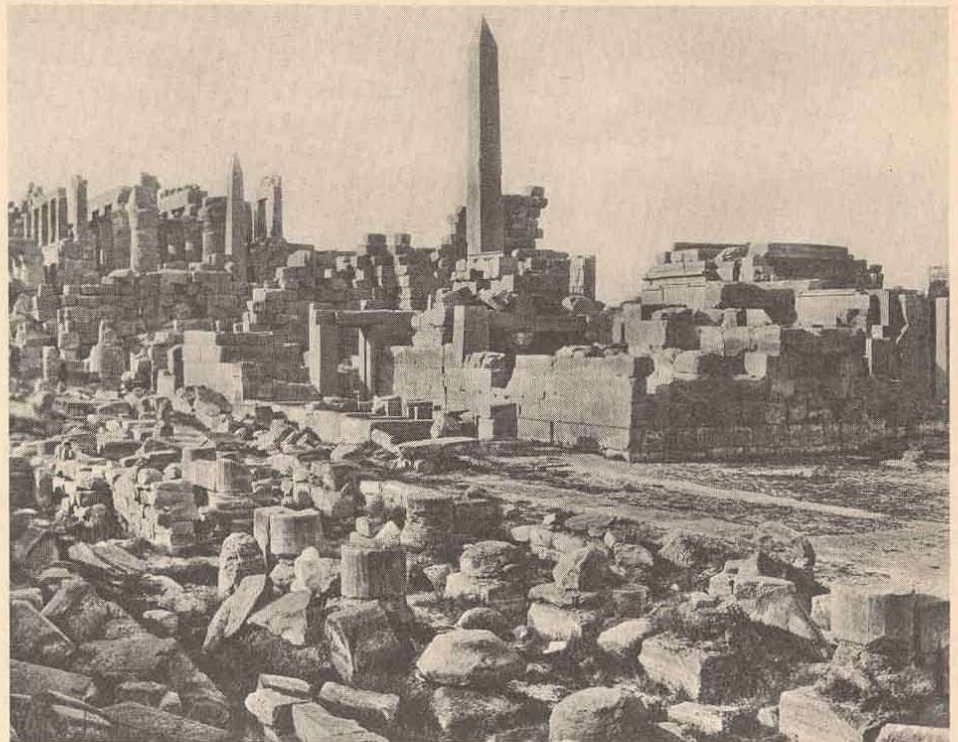
The Great PYRAMID

We really enjoyed our camel ride to the great Pyramid of Giza. This Pyramid is one of the seven wonders of the ancient world and many books have been written about it. Many people believe it to be of divine origin.

We went into the Pyramid through its long, low passageway to the King's Chamber. It is a marvelous building and although the King's Chamber is in the center of the huge pile of stone, it is ventilated by built-in air shafts.

I waited while Mr. Armstrong and Dick walked stooped over in the shorter low passageway to the Queen's Chamber.

We could only wonder, and *question*, the supposed origin of the Pyramid when we had seen it all inside



Lehnert & Landrock, Cairo

The ruins of the Great Temple of Amen Ra at Karnak, Egypt.

and out. Mr. Armstrong has read many books, and studied a great mass of pamphlets and material on the theory of "a divine message in stone" in the Great Pyramid. After personal examination, he left it with many doubts regarding any inspired architectural design. Most self-designated "authorities" and "Pyramidologists" have never vis-

ited or personally inspected the Great Pyramid, but have worked out their theories and mathematical calculations in London or America. We were quite disillusioned by what we saw.

When we once more mounted our camels we rode back across the desert to our camp, where the cooks had prepared a huge dinner which none of us



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At the foot of the shattered, giant remains of statues of ancient Pharaohs at Luxor stand Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong.



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On a carpeted camel at the great Pyramid of Gizeh is Mr. Dick Armstrong. Guides insist visitors ride camels, experience Egypt firsthand!

could eat, because of the size of the lunch they had served before we left for the Pyramids. Our guide told us that he had asked some Arab entertainers from the village to come out that evening to put on a show for us.

We saw them coming by foot across the dunes in the moonlight. Then the dining tent was made ready for the entertainment. Although it was bright and beautiful out in the moonlight, the wind was cold.

There were six entertainers, all men, in their Arab robes. Four with strange musical instruments which they played with rhythm and not much music. The other two were dancers and the dances were weird imitations of animals. Finally, one danced the dance of a demon. Our guide stopped him before he danced himself into a frenzy because he noticed that I was shocked by it.

After they left we tried to eat some of the huge meal that had been prepared for us. Then we went to our tents for a night out on the Sahara desert. The air was so clear we could hear the Koran being read over the loud speakers from the minarets of the mosques of Cairo.

When we awoke and had our break-

fast, the car came to take us back to Cairo. We first visited the Sphinx again, then on in to Cairo.

We then went to the Museum where we saw room after room of the fabulous furniture, vases, jewelry, and other material taken from King Tut's tomb.

Conference with Sheikh Hafiz Wahba

During the afternoon, we returned to the Hotel to pick up our bags that we

had checked there while we were on our trek to the desert. We found that Sheikh Hafiz Wahba had called and had left us his telephone number.

He and his wife and three daughters came later in the afternoon to see us. While Mr. Armstrong and Dick talked to the Sheikh (whom Mr. Armstrong had met in San Francisco at the first meeting of the United Nations and later in London, England), I had an interesting visit with his wife. They had lived in London while the Sheikh was the Ambassador Extraordinary from Saudi Arabia to Britain for 25 years. His wife was very irked to have had to return to the customs of the Arabs and dress in the black robe and veil of the women of the Middle East, and to be forced to walk several paces behind her husband. She was quite well educated and her daughters had been educated in London. All were dressed in western clothes when they came to see us.

After our visit with them we went to bed early and were called at 3 A.M. to go to the airport for our flight over the Dead Sea and the Jordan River to Jerusalem, our first stop.

The airport at Jerusalem was so far from the city that we could see nothing of it. After a 30-minute stop we flew to Amman. That was a rough flight and for the first time on the trip, I became air sick, or perhaps it was flight sick.

When we arrived at Amman airport, Dag Hammarskjold's plane was there.



Lehnert & Landrock, Cairo

Incense trees brought from "God's Land" were carved on wall of Queen Hatshepsut's temple at Dair El-Bahari.

He was sent by the United Nations to settle, or to quiet the trouble between the Arabs and the Jews.

Now to Babylon!

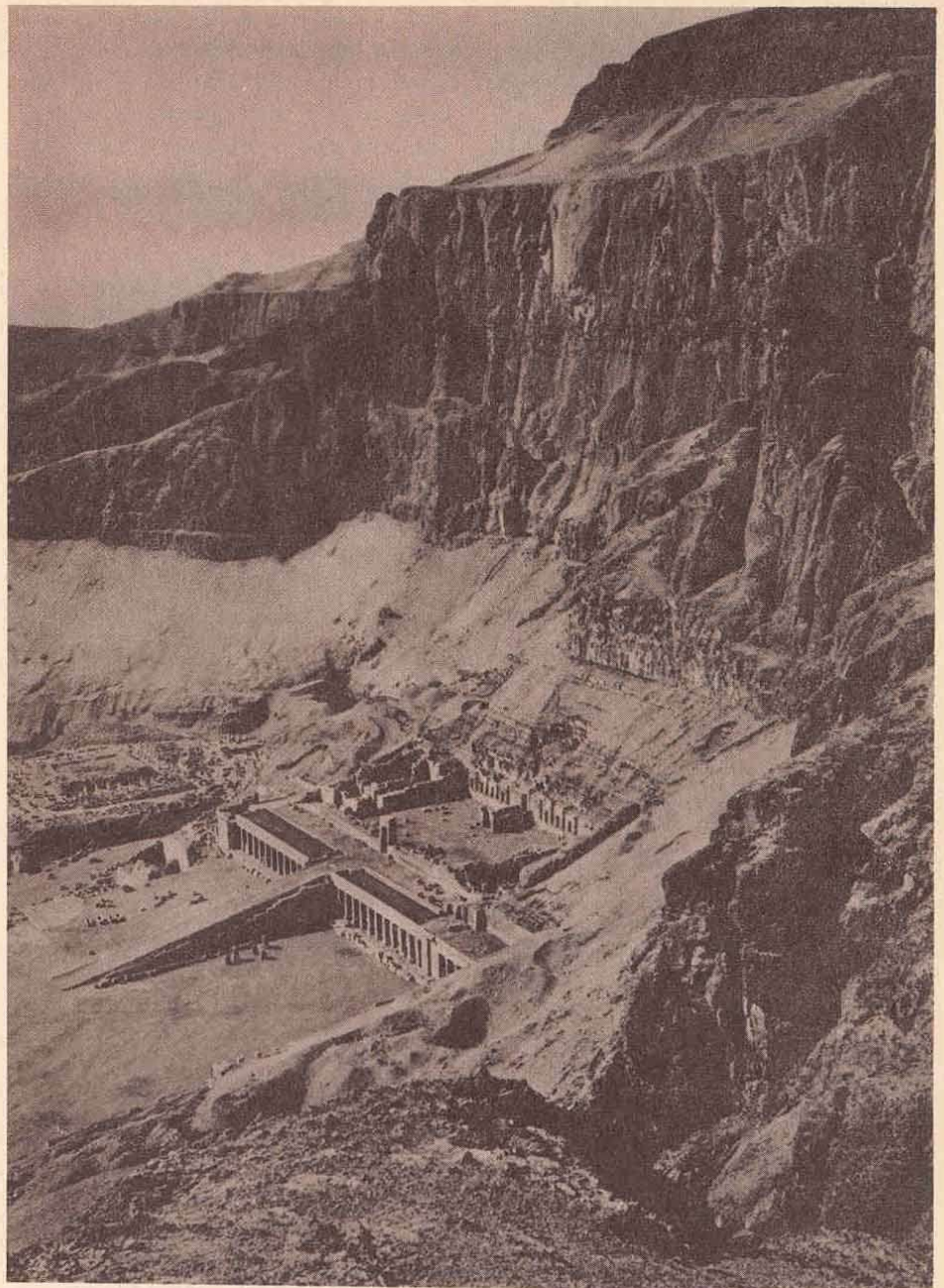
We were delayed in Amman about an hour, while some repairs were made on our plane. Then we flew on to Baghdad, where we arrived in the early afternoon. For some three or four hours we flew over nothing but desolate, waste, desert land. Our American Express guide met us at the airport and took us to our hotel. The hotel was a modern, air-conditioned building, opened only five months before. It is surprising to find, all over the Middle East, very new, modern apartment buildings and hotels. Our hotel was on a narrow side street just a half block off a dirty and dilapidated street, which was actually the main street of Baghdad.

I was too tired to look at Baghdad but Mr. Armstrong and Dick walked a mile or so through the main street but came back to get away from the swarms of beggars. Everywhere in the Arab countries children and grownups besiege one every few steps begging and blocking one's way, following along determined not to leave until they are given money.

We went to bed early and were called at 6 in the morning. After a breakfast of tea, toast, and orange juice our guide met us and we drove 65 miles by car over the roughest, dirtiest roads to the site of ancient Babylon.

A very small part of Babylon was excavated by the Germans prior to World War I. We saw the Ishtar (Easter) gate with the dragons and bulls in the brick walls. There was also the lion's den into which Daniel had been thrown. A picture, or rather a brick form of a lion, is still on the wall (den). The inscriptions, placed on the wall by King Darius identifying this very pit as the lion's den into which Daniel was thrown, were taken to Berlin by the Germans.

The "Processional Way" from the Ishtar gate to the ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's Palace have been excavated. The paving stones are just as they were when Daniel and the three Hebrew



Lehnert & Landrock, Cairo

A spectacular aerial view of the Temple at Dair El-Bahari. It was built by Hatshepsut, the Biblical "Queen of the South." On its walls the Queen portrayed her trip to "God's Land" to visit Solomon.

children were there, but the Palace is in ruins and a stork had built its nest on top of one of the ruins. The owls were there just as is prophesied in the Bible. We also saw the ruins of the hanging gardens, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. Miles of the ancient city is still under 15 or 20 feet of sand, soil and rubble.

It was so strange to realize we were walking over the same paved street that the prophet Daniel with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego walked over. To be in the place where Daniel had been thrown into the lion's den and

the other three into the fiery furnace and to realize that "One like unto the Son of Man" had been there too, and delivered them all from death, was awesome. All of those events seemed so real to us even though the proud old city is now in ruins.

On our way to Baghdad we passed through two of the filthiest villages on earth. Surely, none could be filthier. How any of the babies there ever grow up is a mystery to me. They are filled with vermin and filth.

We were covered with dust when we returned to our hotel and after a

good bath had naps until dinner time.

Although it was only April 26, the heat was terrible and our air-conditioned room was such a relief.

On the next day our guide took us all over the city of Baghdad. Our first trip was through the dirty streets to the Gold Mosque. None but Moslems are allowed in the mosque. Our guide, though an Arab, was a Roman Catholic, we found, and was engaged to marry a Lutheran girl. When they become married he said he would change his religion to hers.

There Are Dangers, Too

As we took movies of the open door of the mosque, a crowd began gathering around us. Their manner plainly told us we had better move from there *fast!* Our guide took us through the crowd and into a building where we climbed three flights of narrow, *very* steep stairs to the roof and had a good view of the Golden Dome. We took movies from that vantage point unmolested.

After leaving the mosque we were taken to the market, or Bazar (as they are called there). There were narrow, dirty streets packed with dirty people—all Arabs in dirty robes. There were open shops on both sides of the streets. A number of times in the crowd we were separated from our guide and from Dick. There were many square blocks of these shops—mostly filled with sandals, materials or yard goods, Arab head-dress materials, or copper and brass wares. We finally came to a wider street or passageway where men and boys were pounding out pans and other vessels from copper. It was a regular bedlam, but we stayed long enough to take movies of them and their handiwork.

After we emerged from the Bazar free from vermin (and I was so sure we would not be, after being jammed in with so many people), we were taken to a beautiful new and modern building—the Tombs of the Kings. Everywhere as also in this Mausoleum, an Arab will be seen chanting the Koran, and always they expect to be tipped by a visitor.

We were so surprised to see on the main street of Baghdad, men selling

their wares outside the buildings. Along the curbs there were men with trousers or jackets for sale—with tape measure over their shoulder to measure the prospective customer. There were baskets of bread for sale, put upon the dirty sidewalks, covered with flies and dust.

Many of the people are diseased and blind and crippled or deformed. It is a miserable existence but they know of nothing better.

In most of the hotels in the different Arab cities, the clerks and managers were German, well-dressed, and speaking English fluently. We found this to be true in all the Middle East.

We drove out of the city several miles to the southeast to the great Arch of Ctesiphon, built by King Kisra of ancient Persia, long after the days of Alexander the Great. It was an *immense* arch! We also saw a part of the

King's Palace. This palace of King Kisra had been excavated by the Germans. We took pictures of the storks on the ruins.

When we were returning from the Arch, we passed a tribe of Gypsies—some of them riding on donkeys. One woman was nursing her baby as she walked along. All their tents and equipment were carried on donkeys.

At Baghdad we were 11 hours sun-time from home—almost halfway around the earth.

Our flight back west to Damascus from Baghdad over the Euphrates river, and the desert, took several hours.

We saw the green trees surrounding Damascus from the air and they were a welcome sight after the wasteland of the desert.

And that completes the first installment of Mrs. Armstrong's diary. It will be continued in the February issue.

Personal from the Editor

(Continued from page 2)

of the ONE Body—ONE CHURCH. Christ is NOT divided (I Cor. 1:13). There is ONE true Church. All in it "speak the same thing" (I Cor. 1:10) and there is NO DIVISION!

But WHAT is the divine MISSION of that Church? What is its PURPOSE? The answer is to *do* the WORK OF GOD, which Jesus started, and now continues *through* His Church. And *what* did Jesus start DOING?

Mark tells us. "The *beginning* of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God" (Mark 1:1). Then, beginning verse 2, Mark records how John the Baptist prepared the way before Him. Coming, then, directly to the BEGINNING of the WORK Christ did, Mark says: "Now after that John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee . . ."—DOING WHAT? ". . . preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, and saying, The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand: REPENT ye, and BELIEVE the Gospel" (Mark 1:14-15).

Two things Jesus commanded His hearers to do: 1) REPENT, and 2)

BELIEVE. But believe WHAT? Believe JESUS! Believe His Message—His GOSPEL. You have to believe that Gospel—that Good News of the KINGDOM OF GOD, to be saved! JESUS SAID SO!

The KINGDOM OF GOD is the GOVERNMENT of God. It is also the divine FAMILY of God, into which we may be born. It is the UNIVERSE-RULING family! You *repent* of—WHAT? Your rebellion against that GOVERNMENT of God. God governs by His LAW, summed up by the Ten Commandments. Some will say, we must repent of SIN! Yes, SURELY! For sin IS the transgression of THE LAW (I John 3:4). It means unconditional SURRENDER to the GOVERNMENT of God—to yield to let God RULE your life, according to HIS laws—it means to live by EVERY WORD IN THE BIBLE (Mat. 4:4).

What is the divine MISSION of God's true CHURCH? Jesus commissioned His Church: "Go ye into all the world, and PREACH THE GOSPEL to every creature." Not just *any* gospel. Not a gospel merely *about* the Person of Christ—but His Gospel of the Kingdom of God—the Gospel He said we have to BELIEVE in order to be converted and saved!

Again, Matthew records His Great Commission: "GO ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in

[into] the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit: *teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have COMMANDED you:* and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Mat. 28:19-20). In proclaiming His GOSPEL, Jesus specifically said, teach them to OBEY God's COMMANDMENTS!

Jesus gave a prophecy for our time—just before the END of this world. The SIGN of His coming and the end of this age is this: "And *this* Gospel of the KINGDOM [the same Gospel He taught the original Apostles] shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; AND THEN shall the END come" (Mat. 24:14).

That Gospel was not preached after 70 A.D. to all the world. In every generation it has been preached—to a FEW, but *not* TO ALL THE WORLD—on ALL CONTINENTS!

Wherever God's true Church is—the ONE Church that is CHRIST'S—it will be preaching THAT GOSPEL to the whole world—over *all continents*—today. For we are *near* the END! That is the Gospel of the *living* Christ! It is the GOOD NEWS of the *coming* KINGDOM OF GOD to *RULE THE WORLD!* It is the Gospel of the divine GOVERNMENT. It teaches people to REPENT of rebellion against GOD'S government—transgression of GOD'S LAWS. It teaches salvation through the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ—the remission of sins through Jesus' shed blood and reconciliation to God by Christ's DEATH; and salvation through His LIFE.

It has NO PART in this world's governments—its members are AMBASSADORS, as in a strange land, of THE KINGDOM OF GOD, soon to destroy and replace all human governments of the nations today. Jesus prayed for His Church: "...Holy Father, keep through *thine own name* those whom thou hast given me, that they may be ONE, as we are. While I was with them in the world, I kept them *in thy name*: ... And now I come to thee; ... I have given them thy Word; and the world hath hated them, because *they are not OF the world*, even as I am not OF the world. I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the

world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil. *They are not OF the world*, even as I am not OF the world. Sanctify them through THY TRUTH: THY WORD IS TRUTH" (John 17:11-17).

Jesus said His true Church was to be KEPT *in the name* of the Father—GOD. *Twelve times* in the New Testament, the NAME of this one *true* Church, is The CHURCH OF GOD! It is GOD'S Church, and Jesus Christ is its guiding, sustaining, directing HEAD!

In this world, churches are named after MEN, or after the SYSTEM men have devised, or the kind of church government MEN have thought out, CONTRARY to God's Word—or after a significant doctrine they emphasize—or, what men hope to make it—all-encompassing, universal or catholic. But wherever that ONE *true* Church is, it will be named The CHURCH OF GOD. But that is not all. Many have appropriated God's name, but are not proclaiming the KINGDOM OF GOD, as the GOVERNMENT of God, which we must OBEY—teaching obedience to God's Law (Ten Commandments) (including the fourth)—teaching REPENTANCE of rebellion and transgressing God's holy LAW—teaching that we may be now BEGOTTEN into the KINGDOM (Family) of God, and may, by the resurrection, be BORN into the GOD FAMILY! That true Church is preaching the imminency of the coming of CHRIST as KING of kings and LORD of lords, to RULE all nations for a thousand years on earth. Not up in heaven, but ON THIS EARTH (Rev. 5:10).

There is only ONE such Church!

It is doing THE WORK OF GOD. It is, as Jesus said it would be, a "little flock," persecuted, despised by the world. But it does have dedicated, consecrated, converted, fully instructed and trained, ordained MINISTERS in all parts of the world—available to call on you, visit you in your home, answer your questions, explain the Bible to you—*IF YOU REQUEST IT!* But none of them will *EVER* call on you, unless YOU of your own free will request it! Paul had visited the elders (ministers) at Ephesus from house to house—*BUT*, regarding the general

public, Jesus said, Go NOT from house to house" (Luke 10:7).

Neither Jesus, nor Peter, nor Paul, nor any of the original true Apostles ever approached people and personally URGED conversion on them. God has made every human a FREE MORAL AGENT. God forces each to MAKE HIS OWN DECISION, *and the true* GOD will never force you to be converted.

But if you, of your own volition want to know MORE about the *very* Church which Jesus Christ founded, and heads today—if you'd like to ask questions about it, why not write your request for a personal visit, to the Editor? We might not be able to have one of God's own ministers call on you immediately—but if you'll make the request and be patient, I'm sure that before too long we can get one of these men GOD has called and trained, to visit you. And let me suggest that you JOT DOWN on paper the QUESTIONS you are going to want to ask. I've learned, personally, by more than 35 years' experience, that you'll forget them unless you do.

Hundreds and hundreds—yes, thousands upon thousands—are being *converted*—their lives CHANGED—by this WORK OF GOD, through *The* WORLD TOMORROW broadcast world-wide; through *The* PLAIN TRUTH; the Ambassador College Bible Correspondence Course, and other vital free literature we send upon request. Some, not realizing one of God's own called and consecrated ministers could call and explain, and answer questions, have JOINED one of the churches of this world. You cannot JOIN the true Church of God—the Almighty GOD *puts you in*. But if you have questions about fellowship, doctrines or practice—or ANY questions about the Church or the Bible, or the Christian LIFE, write me. I cannot call and visit with you personally any more (as I used to do and wish I still could), but God has now given me many truly called and chosen men who CAN. DON'T go to the churches of this world, or join any, UNTIL you hear the full truth and weigh carefully the FACTS, according to your own BIBLE. *Then* make your decision and take what steps GOD shows you.