

Faith Of Our Youth

February 1997

"The Voice of Young Christian Faith"

Volume 4 Issue 1

Respect For Mrs. Simon

by Benjamin J Morris

Mrs. Simon, an elderly woman with a formal European background, was normally a very active and healthy eighty-five year old. After having a few spells of sickness she was admitted to the hospital for a series of test. When she entered, Mrs. Simon's belongings were quickly taken from her and put in a safe place. Her eyeglasses, house robe, and dentures were among the items taken. The explanation for their removal was cold and blunt. "Senile old people can hurt themselves with those false teeth."

Many of the comments from the young hospital staff members were similar to this. When a close relative objected to the use of the word 'senile' in reference to Mrs. Simon, a nurse replied, "She's eighty-five years old, people at that age don't have all their marbles." Comments of this nature continued to increase while Mrs. Simon's health steadily declined.

Tired of being called "Dollie," "Grannie," and the like, she reverted to speaking her native German tongue. To this the hospital asked a neurologist to visit with her. His determination was that Mrs. Simon was suffering from 'psychotic episodes' indicated by her 'unintelligible gibberish.' After a two week stay in the hospital, Mrs. Simon's physical body finally gave up the fight.

("My Name is Mrs. Simon.", LHI,

(See "SIMON" on page 3)

My Walk

by
Terry Martin

My walk started at 4:00 a.m. May 19, 1993 with a one half hour drive to downtown Kansas City. I can't remember what my father said as he dropped me off. His words were soft and full of love, but hard for him to express. It was an awkward time for both of us saying good-bye.

At 5:30 p.m. the same day I and two other people were taken to Kansas City International airport. We were headed for San Antonio, Texas. We were going farther away from home than ever before. We were going where we didn't know anyone, not even each other. We were on our way to basic training, where all men and women of the Air Force have to go.

When we arrived in San Antonio it looked like any other airport, people rushing by, waiting, looking lost, hugging loved ones whom they haven't seen in some time. We were put in a holding area with both men and women from all over the United States. We were all there for the same reason, but yet with different purposes.

The time was going slowly and it was getting late. A bus finally arrived around 9:15 p.m. About 40 of us got on and were ready to go. I sat up front by a window. All I really remember is looking up at the moon and thinking about my family. How I wished I would have spent more time with them before I left. It didn't take long to get to the

base, only about half an-hour.

Upon arriving the first place they took us was to a cafeteria to get something to eat. After that we went to a different building to go through a check-in process to ensure everyone was there. Shortly after 11:00 p.m. we all got back on the bus and proceeded to our respected living quarters. As we went from building to building they all looked the same. Then my name was called "Martin." It was kind of an uneasy feeling hearing my name called, but it still hadn't hit me that I was actually at basic training. As I got off the bus with about six other guys, they told us to line up in a straight line along side each other. The building looked old and it's design was like nothing I've ever seen. We stood under an overhang that extended from the building on all four sides.

Shortly our TI (Training Instructor) came out of a door in front of us. There was the man who was going to yell at us and teach us all the things we needed to know to be in the Air Force. He didn't look at all like I had pictured him as being big and intimidating. He was a short guy about 5' 7" and not very big. Actually I was kind of disappointed. None the less, he started calling off our names to make sure everyone was there. The first guy responded, "here." The T.I. then yelled, "you all better stand at attention when I'm talking to you." He then took a moment to show us all how to stand at attention.

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After the last name was called he said, "this is your new home, this is the place where all of you will be staying for the next six weeks. Now get in line, shut up and follow me upstairs".

We went up two flights of stairs and entered a door with a tiny little window at eye level. Upon entering we took an immediate left into another room with couches and chairs on three sides of the room. We were told to sit on the floor and be quiet. It did cross my mind as to why he would tell us to sit on the floor. I didn't question it, I just sat down. At this point I not only felt like sitting down on the floor, I felt like lying down and going to sleep.

After I sat down I glanced up at this chalk board and saw written "Sir, Airman _____ (last name) reports as ordered". Just as I finished reading the sentence the T.I. threw me a book about three quarters of an inch thick. He told everyone to write down those six words on the board on top of this book and to fill in our last name. He stated, "from this point on if you need to speak you better memorize those six words. If you want to know how to do something read the book". This is similar to the way we speak to God in prayer and read the Bible for instruction in righteousness.

By this time it was getting close to midnight, and my attention span was non-existent. Then he told us to get up and to bring our book with us. As we walked out of the room, the door we originally came in was on our immediate right. To our left were two big open rooms with no doors. We went past the first one and then went about another 15 feet to the second one. We were told to find a bed and go to sleep. This was the best news I heard all day and I wasted no time in finding a bed.

The next morning the lights came on, music started playing and I heard men yelling. I sat up in my bed and looked around on both sides of me. I saw guys jumping out of their beds and standing up. Then I tuned in to what the men were saying, "get up, get up and stand next to your bed." Then and there I realized where I was and the reality began to sink in. I got up quickly and stood next to my bed like everyone else. Two T.I.'s came to our side and told us to put all of our valuables in our hands and spread everything else out on our bed. One T.I. started yelling at the first guy. I was about the 5th bed down. No one could understand him he was talking so fast. He got to my bed and rattled off some-

thing real fast. I just said, "Yes sir" and then he went on. Once all of that was complete they told us to get dressed and get downstairs for breakfast. During breakfast I tried to observe all the guys who were in my group.

After breakfast we were headed off for the traditional first day thing. Everyone must have their hair buzzed off. We lined up in four columns, about 12 people deep and started marching. It seem liked we marched for ever. Finally, we reached the building where we got our haircuts.

After our haircuts, I could hardly recognize one person from another. It's an odd feeling getting your head shaved.

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I think about it now and I can compare it to being baptized. Before you are baptized, you are of the world. Once you have been baptized you are a child of God and everyone around you of like precious faith is family. Once we received our haircuts, it was like we had shed the things of this world and were isolated from the cares of this world. "And have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him" (Col 3:10). We were physically isolated yes, but the haircut made it evident that we were together as a team and dependent on each other. We had been transformed. We all came from different backgrounds of race, culture and families. The things that made us individuals and the way we expressed ourselves in the world didn't matter in this situation. Being a Christian we know that we must not love the things of this world. "Love not the

world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (1 Jno 2:15). Our Christian walk today is similar to this. We live in the world everyday, but we must remember not to fall into those things that are of the world.

After our haircuts we were issued all our clothes. Everything from socks and T-shirts to a coat and shoes and a duffel bag to throw them into. This was the last time we would wear our civilian clothes. We put on the standard military camouflage uniform, boots and all. Now we all truly looked the same from our shaved head to our combat boots. We packed all of our stuff in our duffel bags and prepared to march back to the barracks. The bag was heavy and each man had to carry his own. Paul speaks of this, "For every man shall bear his own burden" Gal 6:5. Everyone had to carry their own bag. This was a test of faith and endurance to see if every man could carry his own weight. This is another comparison how we must take care of ourselves as Christians, so that we might be able to help others in need of help.

Upon arrival at the barracks we hauled our duffel bag up the stairs and the T.I. instructed everyone into our training room; the one with all the couches and chairs. He explained to us how to mark and fold our clothes, everything from undergarments to our laundry bag. When everything was marked we went into one of the rooms where all the beds were. He showed us how to make a bed the military way. He stated that who ever sleeps beside you will be your partner and that you must help each other. He had a couple of us make the bed so we would understand how people must work together to get the job done. Once we were familiar with it, he told us to go make our beds and to fold our clothes. Folding the clothes was the complicated part and we had to look to each other for help. This same principle applies for Christians. In Gal 6:2 we are taught to, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Finally after three days of training and marching everywhere it was Saturday. Even though it had only been three days, I was drained from the long days. I was glad it was the weekend. The T.I. will go home and we can finally get some rest around here. It wasn't long until I realized

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"Walk" (Continued from page 2)

there were no weekends. Saturday we spent all day learning the techniques of marching to different commands on this huge blacktop. March, march, march, the day was over and my legs were tired. All I could think about was I sure hope tomorrow isn't like this. After supper we were told anyone wanting to go to church would be allowed to go. This was music to my

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ears.

Sunday morning I was ready to go to church. I was exhausted from the week and was looking forward to the day. Some other troops from another unit who were more advanced in training came by to escort us to church. They informed us that TI's were not allowed to attend church services with us. This was a relief to everyone. We marched to the church building, which took about 15 minutes. I walked in and there must have been 1,000 young men in this building sitting in pews and everyone looked the same. We were greeted and told to sit anywhere we wanted. It was overwhelming at first, no TI's and sit anywhere you want. We were given back some freedom that I had taken for granted.

Church started and they asked us all to stand and to greet the people beside you. Then they called out a song selection, so I opened up the book and started singing. Then all of a sudden something came over me, I started crying. I wasn't sure why, I guess I felt at ease, I felt alive, I felt like the Lord was there with me, yet I felt fear for the days ahead. I didn't want the services to end. However, this day made it bearable to go ahead

with my training, because I knew I could attend services on Sunday. Sometimes I don't think we realize how much Sunday worship service, or any service for that matter, helps us. Whether in uniform or not, we are all soldiers of Christ. "Put on the whole armour of God that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil" (Eph 6:11). "Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked" (6:16). "And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God" (6:17).

During my last week of training, we finally got to sit on those couches and chairs in our training room. Graduation was only a week away and we had earned the privilege of sitting on them. Our T.I came in that day and he just simply said, "It feels good doesn't it?"

I chose to join the military and to be a soldier for my country. We all must choose to be a soldier for the Lord and be a voice for him. "Thou therefore endure hardness as a soldier of Jesus Christ No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier" (II Tim 2:3,4).

Graduation day finally arrived and I knew without the others I could not have made it. As I walked up to receive my diploma, I was filled with joy. But now as an official member of the United States Air Force I was expected to uphold the standards and conduct myself accordingly. It's the same for Christians, we are expected to obey Christ and his commandments. "Nevertheless, whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing" (Phil 3:16).

I have learned a great deal in the military about people and how to treat them. But most importantly, I learned about myself. My basic training taught me to be the best that I can be in life, which requires being a Christian. When I started basic training I wasn't a Christian, but my walk through that difficult training of discipline was the test of my character that aided me in obeying the Lord.



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"Simon" (Continued from page 1)
Aug. 1984)

Working in a hospital myself, I see many people just like Mrs. Simon on a day to day basis. I have seen the disrespectfulness of youth towards the elderly and am quite disappointed. The wisdom to be gained from this generation is invaluable yet the young chose to let it slip through their fingers. In 1990 the people over the age of sixty-five and classified as elderly made up 12.5% of the United States population. It is this group including Mrs. Simon that I will base my thoughts on.

It is disheartening to see a generation such as ours giving little heed to the wisdom of the elderly. They are passed off as being old-fashioned, out of touch or senile. Scripturally, we find no backing for this attitude and in fact quite the contrary is true. Among the many laws given to Moses, Lev. 19: 32 commands us to 'Rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of

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the old man.' This particular command troubled some in Israel. Jeremiah speaking of Israel's sins in Lam. 5: 12, refers to dishonoring the elderly with killing the rulers and ravishing the women. God does not take lightly the boastfulness of youth. Many times we find ourselves poking fun at the ailments of age. I can remember a time when my brother and I visited a widow. Although her heart was sweet, her memory was not as it

(See "Simon" on page 4)

Endure to the End

by Glen Sears

Have you ever seen as much repetition in a chapter as found in the 136th Psalm? Repetition of a speaker is usually used for emphasis. Do you think God was trying to get a certain message across in this passage? The phrase, "for his mercy endureth for ever" occurs at the end of each of the 26 verses of Psalm 136. God's mercy endured through everything in the past, and will always endure. He wants us to endure as well, through the good times and the bad.

Paul spoke about running the race, in I Corinthians 9:24. He tells us to run the race of life, as if there was only one prize to be won. The way to win through Christ is described in Matthew 11:28-30. If you go to Him, He will take away your burden and help you to endure through life. Not only must we

love God with all of our heart, soul, and mind, but we also must love our neighbors (Matthew 22:37-40). We must love them if they are friend; we must love them if they are foe.

In the sermon on the mount, Jesus teaches us of loving everyone, as well as enduring through the good times and the bad. In Matthew 5:43-48(KJV), Jesus explains that it is easy to love those that love you. The challenge is found in loving your enemies who do not love you.

Christ also illustrates that the sun rises on the good and the evil, and rain falls on them both as well. He tells us that good things will happen in our lives as well as bad things, no matter who we are. It is how we demonstrate our patience and endurance in trying times that determines the strength and integrity of our own Christianity.

When times are great, it is very easy to endure and live for Christ. However, when the going gets rough, we must not let ourselves get down. We must remain steadfast and continuously let our light shine unto others to show them the way to Christ. To do this, we must have an open mind and an open heart. Paul gives us examples of how to work with others in I Corinthians 9:20-22. To win others he became as a Jew, or as those without law, or as the weak. He did not sacrifice God's standards, but perhaps his own personal gain. He did not have to "associate" with those type of people, but yet he did because he truly loved his friends and his foes. He cared for their souls, therefore he was not a mere bystander. Whether the situation was good or bad, Paul never gave up, but endured to the end. Never letting others stand in his way, he turned bad things into good.

We should model ourselves after Jesus and follow the examples of men like Paul. We must learn to endure to the very end and let nothing get in our way.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him."

—James 1:12—



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"Simon" (Continued from page 3) was in times past. By the end of the evening, Jeremy and I had heard the same four stories at least five times each. On the drive home we laughed about the conversation with the widow which brought to life the story in II Kings 2: 23-25. This passage gives us the best example of the severity of disrespecting the elderly. As Elisha traveled to Bethel, several children met him in the road. They began to mock Elisha's bald head which angered him so much that he rebuked them. God punished the disrespectful children by sending two she bears from the woods. God finds no humor in dishonor. Keep in mind Jam. 4:14, life is a vapor and soon we will be standing in their shoes.

Passing the elderly off as senile leaves us with no one to turn to for advice but the young. As hard as we try there is no way to gain the experiences that come with age. However, by listening and taking to heart their wisdom, we may avoid many sins. Solomon once said, 'The glory of young men is their strength, and the beauty of old men is their gray hair.' Though the young may be strong nothing can substitute for knowledge. Job tells us that 'with the ancient is wisdom and in length of days understanding.' (12:12) This is best exemplified by Rehoboam in I Kings 12. Rehoboam trusted in the advice of his young peers as opposed to the wisdom of the elderly and in the end his people revolted against him.

It all boils down to this: Respecting the aged is our duty and should be a pleasure. If we will do this there is much we can learn from their wisdom to help us live for God. Life is tough. To battle alone when others can help is ridiculous. Treating our elders the way Mrs. Simon was treated has no advantage. Instead, listening to their advice from a lifetime of experience gives us the advantage in our struggle against Satan and sin.



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DEATH ETERNAL

by
John Minton

A second of life a death eternal.
Encased in my tomb a star filled night
burial.

Standing alone in my search for the
truth.
My family I knew would find it uncouth.

To death I was put in the December
water.
My soul I knew I could not barter.

I was alone no one really knew.
As I choose a life with Christ and my
sins he slew.

Beckoned by the light from my icy
funeral.
A second of death for life eternal.



%Ozark Church of Christ, Ozark, MO.

Future Families Of Faith

Roger Rinckenbaugh & Tina Stowers
May 3, 1997

Brian Futterrow & Jessica Thompson
May 17, 1997

Phillip Smith & Sarah Miller
May 24, 1997

John Morris & Amber Sparks
May 30, 1997

Terry Martin & Amanda Miller
June 7, 1997

Roger Bown & Stacy Tomlin
June 14, 1997



FOOY's Growing Pains!

"FOOY" is almost three years old. And like most youngsters there are problems associated with growing up. Our original subscription list is becoming outdated. Young people tend to move around a lot. Students graduate and move on and we are left with an address list that prompts many "Return to sender" or "No forwarding Address."

It is truly a work of faith and a joy for our church family to publish, print and mail approximately 1,000 copies of FOOY every four months, or so. But so many copies are being returned unread, we would like to try a new approach.

Starting with this issue, we will begin mailing each congregation a packet of papers to distribute among their youth. It will be your responsibility to deliver copies to young members in college or away from home. We will remove most of the individual names from our list, except those we know that are not directly associated with congregations on our mailing list. We will try to estimate the right number to send to each congregation. If you need more or less, let us know before next issue. **Enjoy Faith of our Youth!**

Melodies in our Hearts

Grant Riggins is the featured writer for this edition's 'Melodies' column. I have always appreciated Grant's love of meeting and singing with the brethren. - L.G.

There are three verses in the New Testament that talk about singing in the church. "Speak to one another with psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs.

Sing and make music in your heart to the Lord." (Eph. 5:19) "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly as you teach and admonish one another with all wisdom, and as you sing psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs with gratitude in your hearts to God." (Col. 3:16) And finally, "So what shall I do? I will pray with my spirit, but I will also pray with my mind; I will sing with my spirit, but I will also sing with my mind." (1 Cor. 14:15)

The New Testament contains other references to singing. Paul and Silas sang in prison. Our Lord sang with the disciples just after the last supper. We are told to sing if we are merry. And there are several passages in Revelation

about singing. But there are really just these three to guide us in our worship. They are sufficient to tell us what to sing and how to sing.

What does God want to hear in our service? He says psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs. The words then may be inspired or uninspired. If the words are not taken directly from scripture, then they must be spiritual.

We are free, actually encouraged, to compose and sing songs to the Lord. It surely is a strengthening and joyful art to create words and music to celebrate the richness of God.

Paul says "I will sing with my mind." The words are crucial. A lovely melody, rendered with gorgeous harmony, is not spiritual by itself. What we sing must make sense. Songs can be sung so rapidly

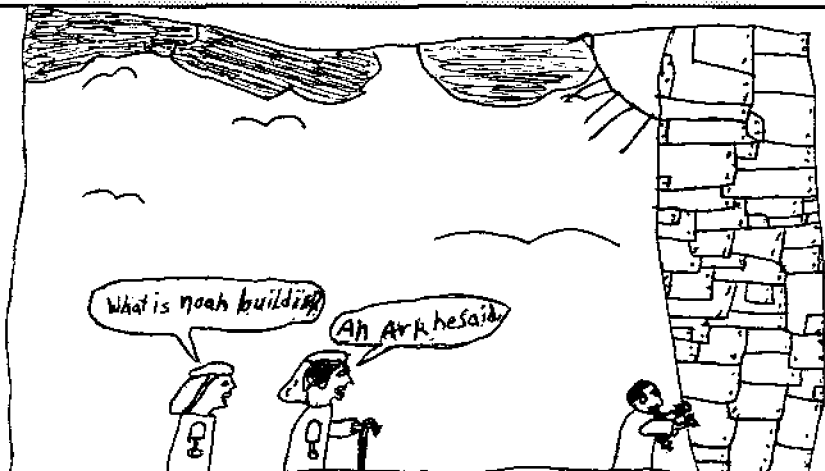
that we are only phrasing words. Songs can contain obscure references such as "O, beulah land, sweet beulah land" or "let the lower lights be burning." Some songs may become so familiar that we just go through the motions without thinking at all.

"It surely is a strengthening and joyful art to create words and music to celebrate the richness of God."

(See MELODIES on page 6)

MUZ & BUB

By Craig Shaffer, New Castle, IN



It wasn't raining when Noah built the ark. So we should always follow. II Tim. 4:2

Craig Shaffer

MELODIES (Continued from page 5)

There is more to a song than words. There must be some sort of melody flowing with the words. This melody has an appeal, but it is not intellectual. It is emotional. We sing because we like to sing. We like to hear others singing. There is a joy in creating music with others.

Part of that is a sense of the beauty in the music. We relish good singing, and there is nothing wrong with that. There is a danger though. We may find ourselves thinking that our singing must sound good. In the Old Testament, David appointed 4000 skillful singers to attend to the sacrifices at the temple. These priests were chosen from among their Levite brethren for their ability to sing. They were to train each new generation in beautiful singing. This fits well with the high ceremony of the Jewish sacrifices. In the New Testament there is no mention of skill at singing. Two of the three references quoted say we are to sing from the heart. We are to know what we sing and express it with feeling. We are not told to do it with great skill. Some are blessed with beautiful voices. Others are not, but all of us can sing to the Lord with feeling.

Singing in the Lord's church is not a production; it is worship.

David wrote in Psalm 95, verse 1, "Come, let us sing for joy to the Lord; let us shout aloud to the Rock of our salvation." Singing is a gift from God to all of us. No earthly voice could ever match the sounds in heaven. God does not expect perfect singing. He does ask us to sing.

◆◆◆
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The song for this issue was written by John Morris. The lyrics are from the Lord. I think that if you will take the time to learn the melody and the harmonies you will find a song that is very compelling. It has great deal of feeling, and the lyrics are sure.

-L.G.

◆◆◆
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Pillar of Truth

by Jeremy Morris

What is the Pillar of Truth?

In the world around us, truth is not always found just around the corner. Scandals of every sort in the human imagination run amuck. With each party accusing the other of dishonesty, it is rarely a clear cut issue to decipher between truth and treason. An offer that seems "too good to be true," very often is because the advertiser neglects to point out or list key elements of the agreement. The statement "there's a sucker born every minute" would not hold true if the truth was not clouded.

In general, the Christian today is forced to open a watchful eye and take everything with a grain of salt when dealing with the world. In all of this chaos, is there even a shred of truth to be found, much less a pillar? And if one is to be found, where is this oasis of truth amidst a desert of deceit?

In Paul's first letter to Timothy, he said in the third chapter and verse fifteen, "but if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of Truth." The Apostle Paul knew full well that a day would come when men would no longer hold fast to the solid doctrine of Christ and would fall to diverse doctrines of man. He issued this warning both to the Ephesian elders and Timothy.

Man's desire's are not always to hold on to tradition. During the 20th century, the big buzz word is "change." This concept of change crept into the religious world and tainted the view of God's consecrated institution. No longer is the church likened unto a pillar supported on a rock, rather it is like a river of water; constantly moving, never staying in one place, and continually rerouting its course to fit the changing environment. This raises one serious question: can man change what God has set in place?

Paul assimilates Christ's church as a pillar. I often envision the great arches erected by the various Caesar's of the Roman Empire commemorating their triumphs in battle. Such monuments still stand today as a constant reminder of not only the feats, but also of the Empire itself. These structures molded by the hands of mortal men have managed to withstand the passage

of nearly 2000 years. Some works of men, such as the Great Pyramids of Giza have lasted much longer. None have moved, none have changed, and they have been barely affected by their environment. If these pillar's exhibit such qualities, how much more should God's creation exhibit them.

The church, as a pillar, is the institution of God which will stand until the end of the age shining the light of hope to lost souls in the sea of sin. It is a pillar that will withstand the effects and changes of time. An institution that changes with the whims of society is a sure sign that is not the true church. Because, as the song reads, "It shall stand, forever, and ever, and ever."

Every pillar has a base. So if the church is the pillar of truth, it must have a base. In Eph. 2:20 reads, the church is built upon the foundation comprising the teachings of Jesus, the Apostles, and the prophets. A foundation is laid only once and can never be changed. For this reason the right to bind and loose doctrines of the church was given solely to the apostles. Once these men laid the foundation, the church must grow thereon; never changing it's base. The Church as the pillar of truth is constructed upon an unmovable foundation crafted by God through the Holy Ghost. Like the wise-man in Matt. 7, our house, the church of the living God, is built upon a rock.

While viewing the religious labyrinth entrapping countless souls around us, one need only look in the direction of God, instead of man, to see a wonder far too great to describe. Before us stands a great and glorious pillar erected upon the teachings of inspired men and built to withstand the changes of time. This pillar is composed, not of stones or bricks, but of living stones of which you and I are a part.

And finally the question is, what is the purpose of this awesome wonder? Consider John 8:32, "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

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For a continuation of this thought see "FOOY" Views on the back page.—DRS—

Songs of our Youth

Psalm 71:1-2

Lyrics: Ps. 71 Adapted

Music: J. Morris

In You O LORD, I put my trust; Let me nev-er be put to shame.

De-liv-er me in Your right- eous- ness, and cause me to es- cape;

In- cline Your ear to me, and save me.

Be my strong re- fuge- to which I may re- sort;

You've giv'n the com- mand- ment, You are my rock my fort.

D.C. al Fine

You are my rock my fort. You are my rock my fort. You are my rock my fort.

Fine

"FOOY" Views

Truth will set you free."
—John 8: 32—
Such is mere foolishness in the eyes of the world. Society, in general, ignores and rejects truth. Yet, the spirit of man has an appetite to be free, but not necessarily in concert with truth. There are several reasons for this.

Truth involves conformity to fact and fidelity to proven standards. That, in the opinion of earthly wisdom, is enslavement, not freedom. Conformance to standards restricts freedom to act as you please. Also, being faithful to someone else's standards involves more responsibility and commitment than most are willing to assume.

Therefore, instead of being free by accepting truth, the human spirit contrives situations of bogus freedom by being untruthful to themselves and others. The resulting double-standard is confusing, even to the perpetrator. No wonder so many struggle with the concept of truth, morality, and knowing right-from-wrong.

Do you grapple with an emotional

and intellectual (and, perhaps, spiritual) battle raging within? Is your concept of freedom based on your ability to direct your life without interference? In the process of steering clear of control by others is it necessary to mislead or deceive them from the truth of the matter? Is this freedom? Can you actually live free while your conscience is in captivity to deceit?

There is only one source of truth that frees. Jesus said of God, "... your word is truth." King David found truth as revealed in Ps. 119:45, "I will walk about in freedom, for I have sought out your precepts." The gospel is our precepts. It is the perfect law that gives freedom (Jas. 1:25). As Christians, we are urged to speak and act as those who are going to be judged by the law that gives freedom (Jas. 2:12). Peter said, "Live as free men, but do not use your freedom as a cover-up for evil;" (1 Pet. 2:16).

Freedom in Christ does not include self-indulgence, but service to others in love (Gal. 5:13). Think about this, "Christians are freed to be slaves" (Rom. 6:18).

Some may feel trapped by attendance in church. Others feel freed by the regular and frequent meeting together with kindred spirits. The difference is in the spirit that prevails. "... and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom" (2 Cor. 3:17). It is the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus that frees us from the law of sin and death.

The Truth experience allows mere mortal beings to live and experience life in it's fullest sense; free from the burden of sin and guilt, free from stress of directing ones own steps, and free from a certain sentence of death.

May we all walk through life in freedom, as David, by searching out the Lord's precepts of truth. May our spirits be filled with the wisdom and revelation of truth that we may know God better, having the eyes of our understanding enlighten to know the hope to which we have been called and to share the glorious inheritance with all saints and to recognize God's incomparably great power.

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Faith of our Youth

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