

THE GOSPEL NEWS

Vol. 18 No. 1 Jan. 1962

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST, MONONGAHELA, PA.

Office 519 Finley St.

DEDICATION OF CHURCH AT SAN CARLOS, ARIZONA

It is with joy in my heart that I write this account of the dedication of our Church on the San Carlos Indian Reservation in Arizona. This has come to pass thru the efforts of many, but especially, the diligent work on the part of Brother Dan Picciuto.

On Sunday, Nov. 19th 1961, we held the first of a series of 2 wks. meetings. The little building was filled with visitors from California, Penna. and the Phoenix area. We were happy for the nice crowd of Indians that attended; for this is the purpose for which the building was erected; that the Seed of Joseph might have a place to meet to learn of the Gospel Restored. We were pleased and grateful to have Brother Wm. H. Cadman and Brother and Sister Thurman Furnier in our midst.

Brother Cadman read several portions of scripture beginning with John 10:16, showing proof of the origin of the Indian people and the promises God has made to Israel. Brother James Heaps continued with wonderful words of life. An opportunity was given to Mr. Mall, the assistant Chief of the Apache tribe on this Reservation, to speak. Brother Dan Picciuto told of a miraculous healing of a little Indian boy, Kenneth Bread and while he was speaking, Brother Thurman Furnier arose and sang in the Spirit.

The afternoon testimony meeting was held outdoors and we especially enjoyed hearing the testimonies of our Indian sisters.

There was an evening meeting, also, although many of the visitors had left earlier.

Once more, we can say that it was good to spend such a fully blessed day in the service of the Lord. Our prayers are that the Church will grow and flourish here in Arizona and throughout all of the World.

Sister Ann Damore

MEAFORD, ONTARIO

I am in receipt of a letter dated Nov. 20th from Sister Bertha Ford of Meaford, Ont., Canada. I will quote a few excerpts from it. She speaks of several being sick—Sister

Beavers of the Indian Reservation at Grand River is gravely ill. I am sorry to hear it, for she has been one of our faithful Indian members in that part of the vineyard. Also that Brother Cotellesse who has been very faithful in attending and taking part in the work on the Reservation is poorly and has not been able to travel there of late.

Along with Sister Ford on this trip to the Reservation, was her husband and also Sister McKay attending the services including Feet Washing service at our Mission on the Reservation. It is a long trip for them to make in order to attend services—but according to the letter, they were well rewarded for the efforts made.

These folks live on the shores of the Georgian Bay and Sister Ford says there is 11 inches of snow up there. And too, she says that a Sea Gull comes to her door every day for food. Wonderful, that the birds know where to go for something to eat. The Lord gives us a good lesson on the Fowls being cared for.

(Editor)

THE OLD YEAR HAS PASSED ON!

Dear Readers:

By the time this issue of The Gospel News reaches you, the year of 1961 will have passed into oblivion with all its cares, sorrows and sins, and the year of 1962 will have been ushered in—another evidence to us mortal creatures, that time waits for no one.

If the year has been spent good—very well indeed, nothing to regret if mortals have done the best they could; otherwise, if their time has been misspent, if they have sat in an easy-chair waiting and waiting for this or that to happen, instead of doing their part—no doubt they will have regrets that cannot be remedied—too late—the time to do has gone. The opportunity to do may never return again and, it may be something in our spiritual lives, even as in our material or timely affairs.

Not long ago I was told of a remark made by one professing to be a follower of Jesus Christ relative to supporting missionary work (which is carried on for the salva-

tion of the soul) "What is the use, there is only ten years to wait."

In other words, the salvation of the soul is postponed because of ones concept of the duration of time. And, how puny and frail has man proven himself to be thus far. Jesus warned all men to be aware of false prophets—and many have arisen. In this issue of the Gospel News the end of the world may have taken place before this one reaches you—the world may end on February the second of 1962. Let all people who profess to be in the service of the God who changes not—do not be weary in a righteous cause—but do your best while it is yet day.

Editor

NOTICE PLEASE!

The September, October, November and December papers of 1961 are properly dated but some how, the Vol. number is marked 18 and it should be Vol. 17. We are at a loss to know how this error slipped up on us. But it has happened. We are sorry. The year 1962 will start the Vol. 18.

Editor

HYMN 391

"MY GOD THOU SEEST ME"
(Experience of Our Late Brother Ashton)

My first impressions relative to the hymn I composed came from an English story I read. It was a book which contained a number of stories called, "Miscellany." Among the stories was one which attracted me considerably. It was entitled, "Mary Ashton." I read it with much interest. Mary Ashton was a small girl about 6 or 7 years of age when her mother died. Her father had died when she was an infant. She had a brother John, a young man who had previously left home. He now resided somewhere in London. After Mary's mother's death she was taken in by people who had a large family. She was treated mean. So weeks and months passed by and Mary tried to plan a way to escape from this family. After enduring cruelty for considerable time she finally made her get-a-way. She was sent to the store for a few groceries, but never returned. Before going to the store, she was mindful of hiding her shoes inside

her dress. That night she had the sky for her roof as she laid herself down in a pasture field. Her mother had instilled in her young mind a little prayer found in Genesis 16:13. It was when Hagar, the bond-woman of Sarah and Abraham, was in distress and the angel of the Lord appeared to her. Hagar spoke saying, "Thou God seest me." Mary Ashton was trying to make her way to London in search of her brother John. After many weeks, suffering much fatigue, such as hunger, thirst and almost nakedness, encountering people who looked upon her with contempt, she finally reached the outskirts of London.

Once a band of gypsies took Mary but her pathetic story along with her constant prayer her mother had taught her touched them. She was finally released and given new shoes and clothes. All along her journey, many times weary, she often uttered the prayer. "Thou God seest me." After being in London a few days she found her brother John. She stayed with him until she was a young woman. She then was fortunate to secure a position with one of the high government officials. She lived to the age of 77. So ends a brief sketch of this story from which I was impressed to write hymn 391.

Brother Charles Ashton

POEMS

By Brother Don Collison
Windsor, Canada

Dear Lord, we pray in this last dispensation
Have mercy on all of Thy greatest creation
Give courage to all who would do Thy good will
Give humbleness, meekness that Thy love might instill.
In the hearts of poor man, whose weakness is great
The desire to serve Thee, to watch and to wait,
To work and to labour when Thou gives direction
As Thy beloved Son, Jesus in all His perfection.
And we as Thy people draw nearer to Thee,
To set an example that others might see.
That the joy given us in the Gospel of love
Is direct from our Father in the heavens above.
This Latter Day Gospel, the purest

of pure
Gives strength to the soul, our cross to endure.

O Lord, we come before Thee today
To honour and glorify Thee
To serve Thee in spirit and truth all the way
And more of Thy beauty to see.
Our hearts are filled with gladness today
For Thy many mercies we see
They envelope us daily along lifes way
In our endeavor to draw nearer to Thee.
O Lord, we humbly beseech Thee today
To pour out Thy spirit divine
That we forever will trust and obey
And worship Thee here, at this shrine.

PONTILLO-BENYLOA NUPTIALS

On October 21, 1961 at 11:00 A.M. Sister Rosie Pontillo from Detroit Branch No. 1 and Brother Gerald Benyola from Hopelawn, New Jersey were united in marriage in The Church Of Jesus Christ, Detroit Branch No. 1. The double ring ceremony was officiated by Brother Jack Pontillo, the Bride's brother assisted by Brother Concetto Alessandro, the Bride's uncle. The Bride was given away by her father, Mr. Frank Pontillo. Maid of honor was Sister Patricia Gioia and Best Man was Brother Louis Benyola (Brother of the groom). Bridesmaids were Sharon Lee Pontillo, the Bride's niece, and Dianna Alessandro, the Bride's cousin. Ushers were Thomas Benyola and Raymond Benyola. Both are brothers of the groom. Soloist, Brother Benny Di Pronio sang two beautiful selections, "If I could Tell You" and "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life." The nuptial music was very elegantly offered by Brother Richard Benyola, the groom's cousin, from Hopelawn, New Jersey.

Following the ceremony a dinner at Marco's Restaurant was held for the family and Bridal Party.

After spending their honeymoon in New Jersey and Niagara Falls, the newlyweds will make their home in Detroit, Michigan.

Brother Jerry has been living in Detroit since July, 1961. The members of Detroit Branch No. 1 are delighted to have him with us and wish to extend him a warm welcome, hoping that his stay in

Detroit will be pleasant and prosperous, both naturally and spiritually.

We wish to extend best wishes to the new couple and pray that the Lord's richest blessings will accompany them the remainder of their days.

Ass't. Editor

Detroit Branch No. 1

Brother Frank Conti

CLARA SCHULTZ TUCKER PASSES AWAY

Clara Schultz Tucker, age 67 passed away November 19, 1961 at the Charleroi - Monessen Hospital, Charleroi, Pa.

The funeral service was held November 22, 1961 in the Chapel of the Bebout and Yohe Home with Brothers John Olexa and George Neill officiating. Sisters Irene Griffith and Mabel Bickerton sang, accompanied by Sister Sara Vancik. Interment in the Monongahela Cemetery.

Sister Clara was born in Smithton, Pa. on October 18, 1894 and was the daughter of the late Brother Herman and Sister Lena Schultz. She and Brother Joseph Tucker were united in marriage, September 10, 1914. Sister Clara was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ August 3, 1930 by Brother W. H. Cadman.

She is survived by her husband, Joseph, one daughter, Harriett Beresh, Monongahela, Pa., one son, William H. Tucker, Tampa, Fla., five grandchildren and two brothers, Ernest Schultz of Boynton Beech, Fla. and Charles Schultz of Philadelphia, Pa. Her brother Henry died just four months ago, July 24, 1961.

Just two weeks before Sister Clara passed away she dreamed that she and her Father were riding together on a street car. Her Father said to her, "Clara it is time to get off". Clara replied, "no, Dad, it is not time yet". They continued to ride a little longer then Clara to her Father, "now it is time for us to get off". She went to the rear of the street car to get Billy (her son) who was a small baby in her dream. She awoke before they got off the trolley.

Sister Clara will be very much missed by the Saints here in Monongahela. We extend our sympathies to the bereaved family. May the Lord bless and comfort you all.

Ethel N. Crosier

THE GOSPEL NEWS

William H. Cadman Editor

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EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

By William H. Cadman

On Friday, Nov. 17th at 8:15 a.m. I boarded a Jet Plane at the Pittsburgh Airport for Phoenix, Arizona to attend the dedication of our small church on the San Carlos Indian Reservation on the 19th, better than 100 miles east of Phoenix. I had a very nice flight and on arriving, Brothers Furnier, Heaps and another of the brothers from California were on the grounds to meet me. There was a large crowd of people gathered at the Airport. President Kennedy had arrived there during the day and many people were still on the grounds.

I was taken to the home of Brother Ether Furnier and then on to Brother Phillip Damore's home where I stayed all night. They live in Scottsdale, just a few miles from Phoenix, and Brother and Sister Galante, formerly of Detroit live right in their rear. I do not think it needful that I specify that a spirit of welcome was extended me at these homes, for they would all leave the latchstring hang out for me if necessary, and I am sure that the welcome extended me is much appreciated. And, like all the places I go to, Arizona with its Mountains, desert plains, some of it irrigated and some not, and where the cactus of many kinds grow, apparently needs no irrigation and along with the Palms—which to me stands so graceful, and the cactus in the rocks as well as in the sandy soil, one wonders, to what purpose was their creation? Yet I must not question its Creator, for I am persuaded that He has done all things well—and especially as I revert to any previous thought—Arizona with all its wonders (including many homes) not omitting a few homes

FROM LUIS URIAS — MEXICO

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

How great is the mercy of our Lord! I am going to tell you what He did for me. I was a very wicked man. One night I arrived at my home around eight o'clock. My children were asleep. Although I had a good job and made good money, we lived in poverty. We only had one bed and four children. Desiring to retire, I moved the chil-

dren to one side and I laid down. In a very short time I started to dream of a friend of mine who died in an accident. In the dream I said to myself, "Why do I talk to a dead man." I tried to get away from him, when he told me that in about 28 days we shall see each other. I then asked him, "Why do you tell me thus", when instantly a voice spoke into my ear saying, "Because you are going to die." I

wherein I was made welcome, is a most wonderful country to live in.

After spending the night at the Damore home, we started off in the morning for San Carlos, arriving there after about two hrs. drive. We found a very nice little cement block church with 3 or 4 living rooms attached, which Bro. Picciutto had provided for his little family to live in, also he provided running water from a well he had drilled. And, it was good water to drink. Really Brother Dan has done a very nice job thus far. (Elsewhere in this issue, Sister Damore has written an account of the dedication services, so I will not touch upon that in this writing) However, all went off well throughout the day.

It was on Nov. 18th when I went to San Carlos and I stayed there over two Sundays, returning to Phoenix on Nov. 29th, and we attended meetings every night with fair attendance of the Indian people, and though I was not very well during my stay there, yet I only missed one meeting on that account. A number of Indian people showed an interest in the meetings. I understand the church is built on the site of an old Indian ruins of a village or city. A few graves of an ancient burial ground near, are still to be seen. It is said to be nine or ten hundred years old. Graves are designated by boulder stones covering them. The valley in which the church is located looks as though the earth at one time dropped possibly about 1000 feet. The surrounding country standing high and level on the top thereof. You can stand in the church yard and see mountains in most any direction—some not far off, while there are others in the distance, and some of them capped with snow. There is wonderful mountain scenery in Arizona.

Leaving Phoenix on Nov. 30th I sat in a train for about 27 hrs., before arriving at St. John, Kansas. I don't know when I was ever so tired. It is too slow of travel for a man of my age. However, I spent four different occasions in our pulpit in St. John, and on Dec. 6th. Sister Eva Sanders Delp drove me to Wichita, where I boarded a plane for Kansas City. After about one hr. delay there, I boarded one of these big things they call jets, and was in Chicago in a few minutes short of one hr. after a delay there of about one hr. I boarded another jet, and was at the Pittsburgh Airport in a few minutes short of an hr. The Modern Way of traveling suits a man of my age just fine. Not tired, but I have been very busy since arriving home in the evening of Dec. 6th. I have faith that my efforts among my brothers and sisters will not prove in vain. To the Missionary Benevolent Society, How about buying a Jet?

awoke frightened and I kept pondering over this and that the time would shortly be here and that the 28 days would be the 25th of December. I thought the Lord would take my life for having been so wicked.

The following day I wanted to stay away from my friends or buddies. I went to my job and tried to talk to others in a kind way. I would think about my wife and

my children. Time had passed and there was only one day left until that appointed day, it being the 24th of December. As was customary in all the homes they were having tamales and other things at my mother's house. We went there but my mind was uneasy awaiting the morrow. We all ate and afterwards it was as if we all obeyed a very powerful force, that was commanding us. My children, wife and myself went to one part of the house, while in the kitchen the rest of the folks all talked very happily. I picked up a blanket and spread it on the floor for my wife, children and myself. As quickly as I covered myself, I began to feel that someone I could not see was following me and trying to destroy me, and also my father and a cousin of mine. I went to warn them so that they might not fall into danger and when I did this he started to follow me. I could not see it. It seemed to fly and it would pursue us everywhere. We were running. On occasions it would appear like a light of an automobile very beautiful, but it would get lost because the roads were hilly and when the light would leave us, we would try to gain territory.

This spirit would avoid the light and only in the dark it would try to reach us until we reached a very illuminated place and there we felt like we were safe. Many cars were passing through this beautiful illuminated place. It was just like mid-day. I managed to help my father and nephew into a car that appeared to be a 1941 Ford. There was no place for me so I got up on the top of the car and now we were going to pass the light, which was so beautiful. We were in the most brilliant part of the light, when this thing which followed me whispered into my ear the following words: "Wrestler, prepare yourself so that tomorrow you can wrestle with death." I awoke as if someone had shaken me. I remember that the next day would be exactly the end of the 28 days that had been given to me. I got up crying. I told my wife and children to kneel down. I poured out my soul to the Lord asking forgiveness and for the sake of my children to spare my life. I felt a love like I had never felt before for my wife and children. The next day I was very sick. I felt as if I were going to die but

the Lord was merciful unto me and gave me my life. Blessed be the name of the Lord forever. The Lord gave me a hymn of this experience.

I tried to find the Lord but I had been so wicked that no one believed me and made fun of me and mocked me saying "who are you that the Lord would speak to you. I studied the Bible much and the Lord gave me understanding but I felt that the church was not to be found on the earth. Some said I was a false prophet, and a ravening wolf and what kind of a doctrine did I have. For a time we endured much hardship and there were days that we had nothing to eat. I asked God to have compassion upon us and that it was not the fault of my children but they were suffering along with my wife and myself. My wife told some people that the Lord had spoken to me and they laughed at us.

Some church people listened to me and I told them that the true church was not on the earth and referred to Chap. 12 of Revelations as if someone had told me this.

A church group asked me to come to Ti Juana to preach the Gospel. With my family I left my home town. When I would prove to them by the Bible that there was only one church, they did not like it, and they wanted me to preach the things that would please the people. They offered me a salary but I could not comply with their wishes as to the things they wanted me to preach. In the meantime we had been praying to the Lord for direction. We stayed with this group for about two months. When they handed me material to preach, I refused, because it was not the truth. The Lord gave me the strength to resist them and did not permit me to do as they wanted me to. They let me go. There were some who understood and tried to be kind to me by offering us a place to stay, and while at this place I met Brother and Sister Perdue, through Brother and Sister Torebio. I was told to read the Book of Mormon. I was given the book and started to read and I liked it very much.

One day I was reading the 15th chapter of Mosiah and at night a voice spoke to me saying "Now, why do you detain, arise and be baptized and wash away your sins

calling upon the name of the Lord." Fifteen days later I was baptized. The Lord has given us unmistakable proof of His church and we are happy. I do not have sufficient words to thank God as we do not merit anything from him. Humbly I give my testimony and through the spirit of God you shall know that what I have written is true.

Your brother in Christ
LUIS URIAS, JR.
ELDER - TIJUANA,
MEXICO

SAN CARLOS, ARIZONA

Dear Brother Cadman,

You asked me to write about the meeting on the reservation on Sunday, November 26, and so I will try to comply with your request.

The meeting began about 10 o'clock, there was a good attendance. Bro. T. S. Furnier, opened the meeting, speaking on the mode of baptism, and the way we are baptized in the church today.

He spoke about the holy spirit after baptism, and of us keeping our temples clean. Bro. Phil Damore followed Speaking from the 5th ch., of Galations, which concerns the gifts of the spirit some of which are joy, patience, love, peace, and so forth. We surely enjoyed the words of these brothers. The meeting was then turned to testimony and praise to God. I wish I could write all the testimonies but space will not allow it. I will just say that it was wonderful. Sister Nash, (Indian) who was baptized a few weeks ago told of how she meet with the church. I cannot write her great experience now but perhaps one of the brothers will write it for a latter time. The Lord is blessing these people, Bro. Dan has a full time work with these people and needs our prayers, also the other brothers and sisters who have gone to help him in this work. I just want to say that I cannot express my thankfulness to God, for having the privilege to be at this meeting, it takes 8 hrs., to get to Phoenix, and another two hours to get to the reservation, but the blessings I received were well worth the trip. There is so much I wanted to write but I know I must not take to much space in the paper, so I will say good bye Bro. Cadman, and it was so good to see you again and all the other brothers and sisters in Arizona.

Sister June

The Children's Corner . . .

Mabel Bickerton

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Psalms 90,12

Dear Boys and Girls,

Happy New Year! What a wonderful opportunity to begin over again and try to do better than we have done before. Let us resolve to follow more closely the pattern the Saviour left to the world. The Bible tells us "He is the author and finisher of our faith". Let us think back over the year and ask ourselves if we have been kind enough, thoughtful enough and unselfish? If we have made mistakes, others have too. Can we be slow to anger and think twice before we speak? Let's decide to read more of God's word, and pray for guidance throughout this coming year.

I want to tell you a story about a little man named Zaccheus, who was a rich Publican. He had heard that Jesus was to pass through Jericho on his way to Jerusalem. He had a great desire to see Jesus. Everyone wanted to see Jesus. The people had heard much about this good man. As the crowds gathered along the way, Zaccheus no doubt wondered how he was going to see. Maybe he thought, "I am just a little man, and the streets are so crowded and I cannot push through the crowd. What am I to do?" Then he saw a sycamore tree. Quickly he climbed up into the tree and sat down where he could see Jesus as he passed. As Jesus came near he looked up into the tree. Jesus saw Zaccheus and said, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down; for today I must abide at thy house." How happy and surprised Zaccheus must have been for Jesus to pick him out from all these people. Quickly he came down from the tree and took Jesus to his home.

In Jericho as well as in the other cities some Pharisees found fault with Jesus for having anything to do with publicans. They thought publicans were sinful people. So they began to murmur and say, "Jesus is going to be a guest of a sinner." But this didn't bother Jesus. He went on home with Zaccheus.

Jesus taught Zaccheus good things. He said, "Today salvation is come to this house. And that the Son of Man is come to seek and save that which is lost." As Jesus continued with His wonderful words, Zaccheus believed. He told Jesus that he would give half of his goods to the poor and if he had taken anything falsely he would return four times as much as he had taken. What a wonderful day this was for the little man, Zaccheus. This is just the way it is when Jesus comes into our life. We want to do good to all mankind.

Search the Scriptures

What is a parable?

What parable did Jesus tell Zaccheus? Luke 19:11, 28

Sincerely,
Sister Mabel

G. M. B. A. in ALIQUIPPA PENNSYLVANIA

Nov. 20, 1961

The Missionary Benevolent Association held its general conference at Aliquippa, Penna. on Saturday, November 11, 1961. There were representatives present from Michigan, Ohio, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Canada.

The morning session was taken up with unfinished business and reports of the various locals.

The conference elected officers in the afternoon. The newly elected officers are: Bro. Louis Ciccati and Bro. Arthur Gehley, organizers in Ohio, and Bro. James Gibson, organizer in Pennsylvania.

The conferences for the year 1962 was appointed for the third Saturday of May in New Jersey and the second Saturday of November in Detroit, Michigan at Branch No. 1.

In the evening meeting after the Installation of Officers, the Aliquippa local presented a program of topics and song entitled, "History and Faith of The Church of Jesus Christ". The remainder of the time was devoted to speaking by several of the visiting brothers on the inspiration of the subject presented by this local. The conference was concluded with the singing of

"Blest Be The Tie That Binds", which was very fitting for the wonderful day spent.

Corresponding Secretary
Sister Ruth E. Akerman

MANCINI-MELLOR

Patricia Mancini and Kenneth Mellor were joined in Holy Matrimony in a very lovely and quiet ceremony on November 25, 1961 at 5:30 P.M. in the Church of Jesus Christ, Monongahela, Pa. with Elder James F. Campbell, officiating. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Mancini of Monongahela, Pa. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Mellor of Victory Hill, Pa.

The matron of honor was Mrs. Mary Ellen Lupetin and the best man was Anthony Mancini, Jr. brother of the bride.

Appropriate and lovely organ music was played by Erma Campbell.

A family reception was held at the bride's father's home following the wedding ceremony.

Kenneth has just finished his boot training in the Navy and Patricia will continue to reside with her parents for the present.

Our sincere and best wishes are extended to this young couple along with our prayer that God will bless them with much happiness.

Ethel N. Crosier,
Branch Editor

MY TESTIMONY

Dear Editor,

My testimony as a young Brother in the Church. I can really say that GOD has really blest me in many ways. I was baptized when I was only 15 years old by Bro. Bill Kunkle. The Sunday before I was baptized Bro. Bill was preaching, and it seemed like everything that he said was for me. I waited a week before I was baptized, and that seemed like the longest week of my life.

Also GOD has blest me with wonderful parents which are also in the Church, it really is nice when your whole family is in the Church, GOD has blest us very much, and I know we can not do enough to thank HIM. We have all been healed many times by his healing hand.

Now I am in the Navy, and I am stationed in California. I have also had GOD bless me out here. Sister Eva Moore gave me the address

of her Sister here in San Fernando who is Sister Pearl Nester. I had a week end liberty so I called up Sister Pearl and ask her if I could come up and spend the week end. I have spent all my free time there, and she has treated me wonderful. I have been blest every Sunday in the San Fernando Branch, in fact we all have there has been 3 baptisms in the last two weeks.

So Brother and Sister I can truly thank GOD for calling me into this Church. And my desire is to serve GOD the rest of my life. I ask all to remember me in their prayers, and I will do the same for you as GOD gives me strength.

Bro. Mike Buffington
Imperial Branch, Pa.

LETTER FROM ANN SMITH

Dear Bro. Editor:

It has been some time since I have written you and I am glad for this opportunity to be able to send greetings from our Branch of San Diego.

This being the Thanksgiving season, the thought occurred to me, as it does so many times, how we of the Church of Jesus Christ can be a most thankful people, as God has allowed us to know His Gospel and to be given a glimpse of the glorious future He has prepared. As we go about our daily labors in the midst of this confused and troubled world, the feeling of comfort and security which we have, knowing that we are encircled with God's love and promise is a treasure for which we can truly be thankful.

Last week my daughter JoAnn was telling me about the wonderful time she, Sister Marlene Ciccati and Sister Willa Wilkenson had when they accompanied Bro. Felix Buccellato on one of his visits to Ti Juana, Mexico, and were participants in their Feet-washing service. She told me how sincere these people were, and of how thankful they were for the Gospel even though they have so little and are so small in number. As I told her then, though they are a small number now, we know that this is just the beginning of God's work there, and we know that they will grow, just as she could look back and see how her own Branch had grown.

I remember when my family and I moved to San Diego fourteen years ago, it was difficult to have to leave our home Branch at Glass-

port, Pa. where we had enjoyed a goodly number of Brothers and Sisters and come to a strange city where there were just a handful of Brothers and Sisters meeting in the basement of our Sister Josephine and beloved Brother Charles Breci's home. The loneliness for the main body of the Church and missing the conferences, etc., were something I don't like to think about. Many times we desired to be "back home," but always there was this feeling that God had a purpose for giving us the desire to be here, and we hoped and prayed for God to give us increase. I was reading the history of our Branch one day and I thought I might take a few of the points from it to pass on to you, though you may have heard them before.

The history tells of a dream which Sister Josephine Breci Galanti had where a personage appeared to her and gave her a packet of flower seeds and told her that she was to come to California to plant them. I won't go into detail how Sister Josephine and Brother Breci and several other Brothers and Sisters wondered and prayed and then prepared to come to this city, but they did; and in the year 1944 they moved here. On November 19, 1944, the first meeting was held in San Diego at the home of our beloved Bro. Patsy DiBattista and Sister Louise. In April 1947 we were organized as an established Mission, and the Branch history tells how the Lord blessed that little original group of thirteen members. It was a happy day for our Brothers and Sisters when, through Bro. William Cadman's assistance in correspondence, our Church was incorporated in the state of California and received our Church Seal on December 1, 1947. Our Mission became a Branch on January 21, 1948 and we were so happy to have our Bro. Alma Cadman visiting here at the time and who assisted the small number in becoming organized as a Branch.

As time passed our membership grew, and we rejoiced that God had answered our prayers in sending us more help, not only from the Brothers and Sisters moving here from the East but mostly that He began to send in the strangers who became our Brothers and Sisters.

When our basement meeting place became too crowded, we

knew we would have to think of building a place to meet, and we all fasted and prayed for the Lord to direct us where we should build this building to be dedicated to Him. It was revealed in several dreams just which lot we were to purchase and this was done, and at a cost that was very nominal for the property. The construction of our building was done mostly by the Brothers, and donations poured in from everywhere for our assistance. It was a joy to watch the progress, and when our dedication day came on June 22, 1952, our hearts were truly filled with thanksgiving. When we began having meetings in our new building, it seemed empty and we prayed that God would bless us and that He might fill our building, and God has answered that prayer also, so that now we are again approaching Him about a location for another property where we might construct a second building. We know that God's work is going forward and is spreading as He has promised the Church people it would if we trust in Him and keep His commandments.

And so, when I think of how God has given us so many Brothers and Sisters here in San Diego, Bell, Modesto, San Fernando Valley, Anaheim Mission, and now Ti Juana Mission, we are glad that though we were lonely and many times discouraged in the early days of our moving here, we can see that God did have a purpose for sending some of His people here, as He has been also working sending His missionaries to Canada, Africa, Italy and Mexico. We are thankful to see these things.

Last Sunday, the day the small building on the Indian reservation at Phoenix, Arizona was to be dedicated, our hearts were filled with thankfulness to see this beginning and to envision how God can and will multiply His people and prepare us for that day when His Church will be preached in great power and glory.

Meditating upon these things causes us to forget our many afflictions, disappointments and discouragements, and realize that these are but trials of endurance and preparation so that we and/or our children can be fitted and suited as the Lord says, and we know that we must be, to be worthy of this great work. Our desires and

our prayers this Thanksgiving Day are as they have ever been, to love and serve God to the best of our ability, being thankful for His goodness through the years, and thankful most of all that He has kept us holding on to the Rod of Iron.

Branch Editor
Sister Ann Smith

Detroit, Michigan

Dear Bro. Editor:

Just a few lines to tell you of how the Lord is blessing His children in this part of His vineyard.

On Sunday, October 22, 1961 we were very pleased to have in our midst, visiting brothers and sisters from Hopelawn, New Jersey and Youngstown, Ohio. We felt honored to have Bro. Richard Benyola as pianist during our morning service. It gives us a wonderful feeling to see our visiting Brothers and Sisters from out of town, for it causes us to feel as the poet "From east to west, from North to South, The Saviours' Kingdom shall extend, And every man in every place, Shall meet a brother and a friend."

The Branch No. 1 male quartet opened our meeting by rendering a beautiful selection, "The Old Country Church." A wonderful spirit was experienced by all as these young brothers. Our speaker, Bro. Paul Vitto chose as his text, Romans 5th Chapter, Verses 1 thru 12. His topic was "The Love of God." What a wonderful topic! As our brother spoke to us very ably concerning the "Love of God" all present were caused to feel the spirit of God in our midst. We were made to recall the day we felt the "Love of God" in our hearts and rose upon our feet and requested to be taken to be baptized in His name, that we might be constant recipients of His love.

At the beginning of his talk, Bro. Paul spoke of the creation when God created man and breathed in his nostrils the breath of life; after a period of time, man fell into sin, even to the extent of building the Tower of Babel to reach Heaven. In spite of man's sin and extreme wickedness the "Love of God" was extended unto man even from the beginning, even to the point where Christ died on the cross for our sins, and while upon the cross He cried, "Father, Forgive Them, For They Know Not

What They Do." At this time I am reminded of the poet's words:

The "Love of God" is greater far,
Than tongue or pen can ever
tell.

It goes beyond the highest star,
And reaches to the lowest hell.

The congregation sang Hymn "Sweet Peace, The Gift of of God's Love." Our next speaker was Bro. Nick Pietrangelo who followed Bro. Paul's subject very well. He spoke inspiring and it was evident that he was speaking under the influence of the Spirit of God. He mentioned that there is nothing that can compare with the "Love Of God." He also stated that there are many types of love, but the genuine "Love of God" is unmatched. Bro. Nick brought forth as an example, the Love of Patience and Reason of our Lord with the adulterous woman, when she was brought unto the Master by the Scribes and Pharisees and they requested she be stoned because of her sin, according to the Law of Moses, but the Lord said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Upon hearing the Lord's words, the Scribes and Pharisees left one by one. The woman remained alone with Jesus, and when He looked up and saw her there alone he asked her, "Woman, where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" She said, "No man, Lord." And Jesus said unto her "Neither do I condemn thee, Go and sin no more." What better example can we seek that might convey the true "Love of God?" At this point I cannot help but think of the words of our Saviour to his disciples, "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." (John 16th Chapter, Verses 12, 13, and 14.)

Bro. John Buffa introduced our afternoon service continuing on the same subject. He stated that had he not joined the Church of Jesus Christ he would never have been able to taste of this "True Love of God." Bro. John did not speak at length but it was well seasoned with the Spirit of God. Hymn "O What a Joy I Find In This" was sung, and the service was left open for all to participate in bearing testimonies to the goodness of God.

Many wonderful testimonies were given and the Spirit of God continued to prevail in our service. At the termination of our service, all present were able to say that surely we were fed with that manna which comes from above, that fills and satisfies our hearts and souls to the uttermost. It is meetings of this type that strengthens us spiritually and causes us to become more determined to serve God with all of our hearts and to continue to strive for that great goal — The mark of ETERNAL PERFECTION.

Ass't. Editor,
Bro. Frank Conti

BY INVITATION OF JESUS

By Peter Marshall

One bitterly cold December night, when Washington was covered with a blanket of snow and ice, a man sat in his comfortable home on Massachusetts Avenue. A crackling log fire threw dancing shadows on the paneled walls.

The wind outside was moaning softly like someone in pain, and the reading lamp cast a soft, warm glow on the Book this man was reading.

He was alone, for the children had gone out for the evening, and his wife had retired early.

He read the following passage from Luke: ". . . When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor the brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors . . . But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind." (Luke 14:12-13)

Somehow he could not get away from those simple words. He closed the Bible, and sat musing, conscious for the first time in his life of the challenge of Christ, whose birthday was so near.

What strange fancy was this? Why was it that he kept hearing in a whisper the words he had just read?

He could not shake it off. Never before had he been so challenged. "I must be sleepy," he thought to himself. "It is time I went to bed."

But as he lay in bed, he thought of the dinners and parties that they had given in this beautiful home. Most of those whom he usually invited were listed in "Who's Who in Washington."

He tried to sleep, but somehow he could not close the door of his mind to the procession of the poor

that shuffled and tapped its way down the corridors of his soul.

As he watched them pass, he felt his own heart touched. He whispered a prayer that if the Lord would give him courage, he would take Him at His word, and do what He wanted him to do; only then did he find peace and fall asleep.

When the morning came, his determination gave him new strength and zest for the day.

His first call was on the engraver who knew him well. At the counter he drafted the card, chuckling now and then as he wrote, his eyes shining. It read:

Jesus of Nazareth Requests the honor of your presence at a banquet honoring The Sons of Want on Friday evening, in a home on Massachusetts Avenue. Cars will await you at the Central Union Mission at six o'clock.

At the bottom of the card was the quotation: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. (Matthew 11:28)

A few days later, with the cards of invitation in his hand, he walked downtown. Within an hour, there were several people wondering what could be the meaning of the card that a kindly, happy, well-dressed man had placed in their hands.

One was an old man seated on a box trying to sell pencils; and another stood on the corner with a racking cough and a bundle of papers under his arms. There was a blind man saying over and over to himself, "Jesus of Nazareth requests the honor of your presence . . ."

At six o'clock, a strange group of men stood waiting in the vestibule of the Central Union Mission.

"What is the catch in this, anyhow?" asked the cynic. "What's the game?" The blind man ventured to remark: "Maybe it's part of the government relief program."

Just then someone came over and announced that the cars were at the door; without a word, they went outside.

There was something incongruous about it all, these men, clutching their thin coats, huddling together, their faces pinched and wan, climbing into two shiny limousines. At last they were all inside, and the cars glided off with the strangest and most puzzled

load of passengers ever carried.

When they dismounted, on Massachusetts Avenue, they stood gazing at the house. Up the broad steps and over thick-piled carpets, they entered slowly.

Their host was a quiet man, and they liked him—these guests of his, whose names he did not know.

He did not say much, only, "I am so glad you came."

By and by, they were seated at the table, with its spotless linen and gleaming silver. They were silent now; even the cynic had nothing to say. It seemed as if the banquet would be held in frozen silence.

The host rose in his place. "My friends, let us ask the blessing.

"If this is pleasing to Thee, O Lord, bless us as we sit around this table, and bless the food that we are about to receive. Bless these men. You know who they are, and what they need. And help us to do what You want us to do. Amen."

The blind man was smiling now. He turned to the man seated next to him and asked him about the host. "What does he look like?"

And so the ice was broken; conversation began around the table, and soon the first course was laid.

It was a strange party, rather fantastic in a way, thought the host. His guests had no credentials, no social recommendations, no particular graces—so far as he could see. But, my, they were hungry!

Yet there was not a trace of condescension in his attitude. He was treating them as brothers.

It was a grand feeling—a great adventure.

He watched each plate, and directed the servants with a nod or a glance. He encouraged them to eat; he laughed at their thinly disguised reluctance, until they laughed too.

As he sat there, it suddenly occurred to him how different was the conversation! There were no off-color stories, no whisperings of scandal, no one saying, "Well, I have it on good authority."

They were talking about their friends in misfortune, wishing they were here too . . . wondering whether Charlie had managed to get a bed in the charity ward, whether Dick had stuck it out when he wanted to end it all, whether the little woman with the baby had found a job.

Wasn't the steak delicious!

When the meal was over, someone came in and sat down at the piano. Familiar melodies, old songs, filled the room; and then in a soft voice the pianist began to sing "Love's Old Sweet Song," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "The Sidewalks of New York."

Someone else joined in, a cracked wheezing voice, but it started the others. Men who had not sung for months, men who had no reason to sing, joined in.

Before they knew it, they were singing hymns; "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," "The Church in the Wildwood," "When I survey the Wondrous Cross."

Then the pianist stopped, and the guests grouped themselves in soft, comfortable chairs around the log fire.

The host, moving among them with a smile, said: "I know you men are wondering what all this means; I can tell you very simply but, first, let me read you something."

He read from the Gospels, stories of One who moved among the sick, the outcasts, the despised and the friendless: how Jesus healed this one, cured that one, spoke kindly words of infinite meaning to another, and what He promised to all who believed in Him.

"Now, I haven't done much tonight for you, but it has made me very happy to have you here in my home. I hope you have enjoyed it half as much as I have, and if I have given you one evening of happiness, I shall be forever glad to remember it. But this is not my party. It is His! I have merely lent Him this house. He was your Host. He is your Friend. And He has given me the honor of speaking for Him.

"He is sad when you are. He hurts when you do. He weeps when you weep. He wants to help you—if you will let Him.

"I'm going to give each of you His Book of Instructions. Certain passages in it are marked, which I hope you will find helpful when you are sick and in pain, when you are lonely and discouraged. Then, I shall see each one of you tomorrow, where I saw you today, and we'll have a talk together to see just how I can help you most."

They shuffled out into the night with a new light in their eyes, a smile where there had not been even interest before. The blind man

was smiling still, and as he stood on the doorstep, waiting, he turned to where his host stood.

"God bless you, my friend, whoever you are."

A little wizened fellow who had not spoken all night paused to say, "I'm going to try again, mister; there's somethin' worth livin' for."

The cynic turned back, "Mister, you're the first man who ever gave me anything. And you've given me hope."

"That is because I was doing it for Him," said the host, and he stood and waved good night as the cars purred off into the darkness.

When they had gone, he sat again by the fire and looked at the dying embers, until the feeling became overwhelming, again, that there was Someone in the room. Someone who stood in the shadows and smiled too, because some of the least of these had been treated like brothers for His sake.

(Dr. Marshall told this as a story, But many who first heard the sermon felt it must have had basis in fact. We like to think so too. The Editors.)

(Peter Marshall, prior to his death in 1949, was Chaplain to the United States Senate. His prayers and sermons have inspired thousands. This story is taken from his book "Mr. Jones Meet the Master, published by Fleming H. Revell Co.)

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THE LADIES UPLIFT CIRCLE

The general meeting of the Ladies Uplift Circle was held in the Church at Monongahela, Pa. in December. Twenty-eight Circles were represented by delegate or letter. A new Circle was organized this quarter at Roscoe, Pa. Communications were enjoyed about the work at the Muncey, Canada Reservation and Nigeria, Africa. Letters were read from Sisters Rachael Arthur and Martha Akpan of Nigeria, Africa, also from Brother Moses Akpan, who is attending Allen University in South Carolina.

Several of our brethren were present and gave us many wonderful things to think about. We feel it is a privilege to be able to help

the Church with this wonderful work. We hope to see Circles in every branch of the Church and all the Sisters united in this great cause.

The Circles were trying to raise \$1,500 for a house in Africa for our missionaries. We are happy to report that we went beyond our goal. This next quarter we will help the Church with the secondary school. The other donations were; \$500 Indian Mission; \$100 Church Missionary Fund; \$50 Printing Fund; \$50 Gospel News and \$25 to Conference.

The next quarterly meeting will be in the Greensburg, Pa. church March 17, 1962.

ELYRIA, OHIO

Gospel News Editor
Monongahela, Penna.
Dear Brother Editor:

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. We praise our God for the portion of blessings He bestows upon us here in this portion of his vineyard. Three more souls have come into His fold here in Lorain of late. The first two came to the Lord on Oct. 22nd. In the afternoon meeting while Bro. Louis Cerone was giving his testimony Adela Marquez cried aloud for some time when Brother R. Biscotti went to her and asked if she was ready to be baptized. She replied she was ready. We sang two hymns after which Harry McGuire asked for his baptism.

Sister Marquez is a Puerto Rican sister, a friend of Bro. and Sister Gonzalas, they took the Gospel to her. She was baptized by Bro. F. Calabrese as was Bro. McGuire. Bro. R. Biscotti confirmed them into the Church of Jesus Christ. We ask the Saints everywhere to pray for the new born babes in Christ, for the evil one is already at work trying to destroy one of these new converts, and he is OH! so cunning and powerful!

On the afternoon of Dec. 3 rd. Thomas Baldwin made his wishes known. God opened the meeting that afternoon before any Elder could do so. We sang a hymn, had prayer and as we sang 318 Bro. Baldwin stood up and remained so, till the hymn was sung all the way through. After which he humbly said, "Please, Please dear God, take me, take me home. I want to be one of thy fold. Please dear God,

baptize me with thy Holy Spirit, that I may follow in thy footsteps and be one of thine and serve thee to the end." We received a wonderful blessing as he spoke these words. Bro. J. Calabrese then related a dream this bro. had the night before. We retired to the lake at 2:25 where Bro. J. Calabrese took Bro. Baldwin into the water. At 10 past 3 we were back in church where Bro. Patsy Fyre confirmed our new brother. Sister Eunice Bernard has brought this bro. to church from Elyria, Ohio.

Margaret King

TIJUANA, MEXICO

Dear Brothers & Sisters in Christ.

May the Lord bless all of you. I am going to write this testimony for the honor and glory of God, and with His help.

I am fifteen years old. I am very grateful to God because he performed a miracle in my life that to those in the world would seem impossible.

On the 6th of January, 1961, at one o'clock in the afternoon, I had returned from school and was conversing with a friend of mine when all of a sudden I started to vomit blood, and naturally, we got very scared. After that, I knew nothing until I woke up in a clinic. I heard the doctor telling my friend that I had but a few days to live. The first thing that crossed my mind was that if I would die in that instant I would never again see any of my family that were at home waiting for me. I felt as if I were sinking in a well and I cried unto the Lord to take care of me. Again, I became unconscious. A short while later I again regained consciousness. I returned home in a taxi. When I arrived home (Elder) Brother Luis Urias was there. He knew what I had. My mother went to the doctor. I don't know what was said. I only know that my mother came back crying, and again I heard, "She only has days to live," and I heard someone saying, "There is a God that will get her well." The next morning we went to see Dr. Vasquez, a specialist in Tuberculosis. I heard the doctor telling my mother that my left lung was gone or dissolved and the other lung was beginning to get bad. Brother and Sister Perdue went with us. I don't know what the doctor told them in English. I only knew that I had a few days to live.

They gave me a very painful treatment and the doctor said "Let's see if this will help you," but the doctor didn't know that the Lord had already started to heal me through the prayers of our elder brothers here. Every night the brothers prayed to God to make me well, and I started to improve, thanks to God, Once more he had compassion on a poor soul. In the beginning, I didn't believe much in anything. I only went to the church to obey my parents but the Lord punished me because I had been baptized and didn't do what I was supposed to. My brothers and sisters, I suffered eight months. It would be hard for many to imagine what I went through, but thanks to God for the prayers of the brothers and sisters, the Lord healed me.

I hope that when the young read this experience they will be obedient unto God and not believe like I used to believe that the church was just for the old people, because the Lord can chastise us. Follow the path of God that leads to eternal life. May God bless all of my brothers and sisters everywhere. Pray to God for all of these poor people here in Mexico and we shall continue to pray for you.

SISTER FRANCES TORIBIO SANCHEZ
TIJUANA, MEXICO

(Bro. Cadman — the above is true. We saw the x-rays. This truly is a miracle.) This girl is well today. — Perdues)

MARY'S HOUR

The angel song has wafted away
On the silent wings of night,
Starry-eyed shepherds await the day
Where sheep lay peacefully quiet;
In yonder stable, man and beast;
In exhausted slumber rest.
But one is awake;
While stillness shrouds the earth,
Mary ponders the miracle of birth—
This is Mary's hour.

Her tender arms cradle Him now,
His slightest whimper she can soothe,
Her mother — hands caress His brow,
His perfect brow, so soft and smooth;
No thorn can pierce its beauty now,
No stain of cruel blood;
While daylight breaks,
While earth is bathed in dew and

pearl,
Mary fondles each shining curl—
This is Mary's hour.

His perfect baby hands and finger-tips,
So fragile, so delicate, so petal soft,
Feel the gentle touch of Mother lips
As she kisses and fondles them oft;
Those tiny hands lean and strong will grow,
Much comfort they will give;
From them will flow the healing touch,
Life blood from their wounds will go;
But now only gentleness they know—
This is Mary's hour.

Each little foot, so chubby and warm,
She touches; eyes soft with smile sublime,
Tiny toes, pink and firm; no cause for alarm,
No hint of stony paths to climb
To the mount of Calvary.
Oh the thrill of a Mother's heart
To behold her Child, of herself a part;
May no wound becloud the joy
The Virgin feels in her Baby Boy—
This is Mary's hour.

Future years will bring their tears,
Tomorrow's pain will faith reveal;
In the mist a cross appears,
Her wounded soul the sword will feel.
Let her hold close this golden hour,
Now let her joy be complete;
Now, oh Father, let pain retreat.
Sorrows will come with light of day,
But this, the time of dawning gray—
This is Mary's hour.

Ruth Mountain

PLEA FOR AID STIRS TEARS AT LUNCHEON By Wade Cavanaugh

An emotion-packed plea by a Salt River Indian woman for help for her tribe brought tears and drama yesterday at a tribal luncheon honoring Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall and members of his Indian affairs advisory board.

Mrs. Claudina Wood, mother of seven children, gave dramatic emphasis to the problem of the Salt

River Indians when she read a letter she wrote asking, "What have we done to be denied the chance to live like our non-Indian neighbors."

She pleaded for help in obtaining water for her house so that she could cook for her family without having to rely on the present primitive methods of obtaining water by containers.

SHE CHARGED the federal government with failing to help her people elevate themselves.

"Is the government so busy with foreign aid that there is no time for us?" she asked.

The three-page letter brought a hushed silence at the luncheon. Many of the tribal women brushed away tears as Mrs. Wood read her letter before the guests.

When she finished, Udall, visibly shaken, said:

"Mrs. Wood's very eloquent speech points out the seriousness of the Indians' problems."

The Salt River Reservation, although bordering the Phoenix city limits, has living conditions that take it back 100 years. Water is still carried from wells in containers, jugs, and bottles.

"This is the type of problem we are trying to solve," said Udall.

He told of the visits by the advisory board members to other reservations and spoke of the hope that the poorer tribes can be helped to a point of self-sufficiency.

"IF WE can work together, the Indians and the government," he said, "we can bring the water and other improvements needed."

Philleo Nash, commissioner of Indian affairs, told the tribal members, "We hope we can build bridges of understanding and search together for a solution to the complex problems facing you."

A late unscheduled arrival at the luncheon was Sen. Clinton Anderson, D-N.M. He reiterated the government's promise of helping the nation's Indian population.

From The Arizona Republic [x] Phoenix, Sat., Nov. 18, 1961

World Ends Next Feb. 2, Say Some Asian Seers;

RELAX, ASTROLOGERS ADVISE
KUALA LUMPUR, Malaya, Nov. 5 (AP) — Worried about Berlin, Khrushchev, fallout?