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Reaching Arms

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Fall Quarter





... About Reaching Arms

"Reaching Arms" came into being at Northwest College this year to give students an outlet for expression. The publication which will be put out each quarter is funded by A.S.B. It is a students publication, with the contents written by students and production taken care of by "Reaching Arms" student staff members.

"Reaching Arms" is a creative magazine and as Christian college students how can we help but be creative? Is it possible to observe the gentle blue sky or an orange sun without feeling inspired? Writers in the world many times use love as the theme of their writing—Christians have such a capacity to love, because Jesus loves through us. With all of that love bubbling inside, Christian's pens could be writing constantly, expressing feelings of love for God, for humanity, for our world. As Christians, many of us have been in a situation in which we were completely alone, fearful of the future and uncertain as to a purpose for being here. But wasn't it beautiful to call out to Jesus and to experience the warmth and joy that comes from serving him? When we know Jesus, the giver of life, how can our hearts and minds let our hands refrain from expression?

This magazine is yours and mine. . . We need participation from the students to make it a success. The first issue of "Reaching Arms" is comprised of very few writers. For the winter quarter issue we would like to publish a magazine that hosts more of a cross section of the students at Northwest College. So begin creating in your mind, write your thoughts down and submit it to any staff member or to our magazine sponsor, Mr. Jack Dorwart.

FROM PSALMS 23: 1-2 submitted by Bob Pruitt

The Lord is my pathway
and my companion;
with him at my side,
I never want.
He provides for me green grass
to lay down my weary body.
He leads me through virgin meadows
not yet censored
by the touch
of any other man
where
a bird on the wing
and fish in the spring
and every living thing
rush to cease the hustle
hush to hear the rustle
of their master's footsteps
flowing patiently
through the envied daisies and morning glories. . .
And I,
only a man,
am at his side.

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Rain

by Mary Bartlett

Lord. . . it's raining and drippy again; I guess you realize that, but I forget. Sometimes these dark, rainy days make me depressed. But, Lord, I'm not asking you to take away the rain. I love the green world that you've given me to live in. Please forgive me for complaining about the rain. Sometimes I just forget that to live in a beautiful green world I need the rain.

Lord. . . it's raining inside of me, where it really hurts, again. It seems that there's always something dripping, making me uptight and miserable. Dear Lord, please forgive me for complaining again. I look back on what I used to be and compare that with what you've helped me to become. I realize that I've got a long way to go. Without these miserable, drippy type of days I would have dried out instead of growing. Lord, let me always have a reason for these tears, I want to grow.

Why Reaching Arms?

The staff has selected the name "Reaching Arms" for Northwest College's literary publication. Featured below are two views of what our fountain symbolizes. The articles are written respectively by Ken Dobson and Richard Cary.

Centrally located on a God-fearing college campus sits the theme of its founders in a metal array of art whose name is "Reaching Arms." Although the artist, Kenton Pies, portrays five men reaching out to God whose eternal spiritual water refreshes their lives, greater spiritual stimulation evolves when one stops to imagine the creative content of the sculpture.

Captured in the metalwork is the thought that God is the central being in our universe. Five men surround his being, perhaps representing the races of mankind, who unavoidably fasten themselves together as his Spirit falls on each. That men are one in the Spirit of God is a thought that can evolve as one observes the artwork. The portrayal of man's imperfection is also captured in "Reaching Arms." Each pair of arms are non-matching. One arm is longer than the other in each pair. Pies could be saying that all men are sinners, lacking unity and perfection. Perhaps the black color of each man represents the sin of which he is a part. Regardless of this imperfection all men who reach to God are seen receiving the spiritual water. The men are also of different shapes and sizes as represented by Pies. This perhaps expresses the variety of power, intellect and importance each man possesses. Although men are different in nature and different in importance, Pies show that God has no priorities because each man is given an equal portion of the spiritual, living and eternal water of God.

God has different characteristics than man because he has no sin. This is likely the reason why the artist located God above the men in his creation. Man can never attain the state of God, but when his arms reach to God in faith, man intersects the Spirit of God and climbs to his plateau.

Kenton Pies in this creation has stimulated many a student, faculty member, and visitor who has stopped for a moment or appreciated at length the plan of God as expressed through imagination in the metalwork located on the campus of Northwest College. For those who continue to experience the beauty of flowing spiritual water in their lives, the sculpture has eternal significance.

Most of the time, as one walks through the campus and up the top-most flight of stairs which leads to the administration area, the imposing figure of a gnarled, twisted and blackened piece of metal appears to be but a fountain, strategically placed to accent the area around which much of the campus is poised. This piece of art, however, may be viewed as something more than a mere fountain if one takes the time to observe it.

For example, as its title implies, it may actually be symbolic of "Reaching Arms." It would appear to be three pious deacons, dressed in their finest black suits, holding each other's up-lifted hands in earnest supplication to God. They always seem oblivious to the world as it moves about them, and they ignore the blank stares of the curious observations made by the scores of people who daily pass by.

How interesting it is that the water, or prayer, is pouring forth from the deacons' innermost beings and as it ascends heavenward, the water then descends back from God in the form of "showers of blessings." And yet, the deacons are not content to allow these blessings to be enough but rather are seeking God for continued blessings. As long as they keep on praying to God, as long as they draw near to Him, He blesses them and ever draws nearer to them.

Jesus, I Love You by Paul Williams

more than the freshness of the morning air;
more than the softness of a pretty girl's hair;
more than the blueness of a wide open sky;
more than the redness of the sun as it dies;
more than the wetness of the Aprilly dew:
 Jesus, i love you.
more than the quiet of a rose bud in bloom;
more than the romance of a full yellow moon;
more than the running of the wind through the grain;
more than the caresses from the pedal-like rain;
more than the cry of a baby just new:
 Jesus, i love you.

more than the majesty of eagles so bold;
more than the grandness of canyons so old;
more than the whipping of salt air on my skin;
more than the innocence of a child's little grin;
more than the joining into one who were two:
 Jesus, i love you.
All these sound and feelings will go as they've come,
As the brightness of morning and the setting of the sun.
But on the first eternal day, I'll have nothing else to do,
But sing over and over,
 Jesus, i love you.
 Jesus, i love you.

Is it all over now?

by Gerry Gillock

To write about such a life-changing experience as the Northwesterners have had, is in some respects, a very difficult task. It is hard to put in words what we have shared with one another and to tell others of the factors that all added up to make this experience for the four of us so unique. In the divine providence of God we have been allowed to formulate a unity of spirit between the four of us that has been exciting. We have truly laughed together, cried together, and endeavored to bear one another's burdens. It has been our joy to walk this path, and we hope our experiences will encourage others to seek to know the same kind of wonderful relations we have had as four young people.

It all began in April of 1971. Dale and Rita Lindstrom and Jerry Gillock were encouraged by Miss Dorothy Amundsen, a music professor at Northwest College and director of the college's concert touring choir, to try out for summer travel as a musical group representing the school. The three of us met, talked over the idea, and decided it was worth a try. It would seem that the divine guidance of God was in effect from the first night of practice together. As we began to sing, the melodies and harmony flowed naturally from each person, and we soon discovered that we had the same musical inclinations and stylings. It was amazing, at least to us, for none of us had ever encountered a situation where three individuals had joined together so naturally in song and so quickly.

We worked up a fantastic repertoire of two songs for the tryout session and were accepted. As we continued to pray for God to direct us, it seemed that we should add a fourth member to the group. God led Dale and Rita to invite Miss Toni Perkins to join, and thus, we became the Northwesterners Quartet. Two weeks after Toni joined the ranks, we made our first record album entitled "The Gloryland Way." Unbelievable as this may seem, there were twelve songs on that album.

The rest of the story, as far as facts go, can be told by the public relations office at the college. We have covered ten states in two summers with our musical ministry and have shared with hundreds of people our testimonies and the truth of God's word. We have sung in camp meetings, youth camps, church services, youth rallies, banquets, and picnics. We have travelled by car, bus, and airplanes logging thousands of miles in the interests of Jesus Christ and Northwest College. What cannot be told, in terms of facts and figures, is the profound effect that this experience has had on the four of us.

As we think in terms of soon ending our singing ministry as a group, we are deeply appreciative of the wonderful friendships that we have been able to formulate with fellow students, the faculty and staff of the school, and our churches throughout the Western United States. It has impressed us with the fact that it is truly wonder-

ful to be a part of the family of God. There is no family unit quite like it in all the world. We have sensed that our God is at work in His children, both to perfect them for His glory and to reach others of the human race with His glorious gospel.

The most interesting part of this whole experience has been the long hours we have spent with each other. There have been times of rich sharing together of the things of God as we have spent long hours on the road. It has made the miles slip by unnoticed at times, and it has eased the weariness of long periods of travel. We have reached our determined service full of the joy of the Lord and ready to minister in His presence.

As one might suspect, it is not exactly the easiest thing to put four people together for a long period of time and have those four people function properly and fulfill their coordinated responsibilities without encountering problems. We do not pretend that we never had our problems. The marvelous part of it all has been the work of the Holy Spirit in this regard. As each of us has prayed and carefully tried to define our role as a member of the group, the Holy Spirit has been at work in us drawing out those conflicts that would hinder His workings in us as well as the flow of His ministry through us. It has made us see what kind of fellowship God intends for all of His children.

We are convinced, as four people, that this experience which we have had is not intended to be unique with us. Rather, God wants this testimony to be repeated many times over in the lives of people who will dare to yield their lives to Him. We pray that the living testimony which Jesus Christ has created in us will continue to shine out telling others that they too can know this way.

Andrae Crouche's words in his song "Through It All" comes to our minds as a fitting benediction to our testimony.

*"Through it all; Through it all;
I've learned to trust in Jesus,
I've learned to trust in God,
Through it all; Through it all;
I've learned to depend upon His word."*

Haiku

The waterfall course down
like droplets dancing on rocks:
I sense your smile now.

We leave: part of ourselves
We take: faded hair ribbons, an old ticket stub,
love notes, photographs—

But is a picture a tenth of the thing? Or a hundredth?

Is a picture anything without the smell of the water,
the sound of the ducks, and the warmth of the love
shining in his eyes?

Oh but I've got all that too. It's etched forever on
the sensitive screen of my mind.

Fall Song

by Al Notter

When Cathy Spring first came to Bendington College of the Bible, she came with the feeling of expectation of finally being free of her parents' noisiness and constant arguing. In her seventeen years at home, she could not remember one day when she and her brother had not been yelled at by their parents for some insignificant matter. Until three years ago, Cathy had never even heard of Jesus' love for her and so it had been quite a day when a Freak, (she only knew him by the name of Jerry) approached her while she was waiting for a bus. He told her that Jesus Christ loved her. It was just as simple as that. The Freak told her that Jesus loved her and then gave her a small tract. As he left, he said that he would be praying for her.

Cathy was curious about his faith that "Jerry" had. What did he find that gave him such a glow? Cathy thought about the peace showing in Jerry's face and she read the tract, and it really seemed to make sense. The tract was only a two-inch by three inch standard size tract, but it told of a fellow who had found peace in Jesus Christ and how he was now trying to introduce people everywhere to this peace in Jesus Christ which he had found. "But how could a girl expect to understand peace and love when she had known neither one at home?" Cathy reasoned. She was interested, but thoroughly confused.

It was not too long after this that Cathy ventured into a Jesus Freak praise and prayer service and found this one who really could give her inner peace. She found that these kids were really sincere. They knew Jesus Christ and were not ashamed to proclaim it. She realized that each one really cared about other people without Christ. It shocked her.

Soon afterward Cathy heard about Bendington, a small conservative college in Northern Idaho. It promised a well-rounded, Evangelical education and Cathy knew that this was where she really wanted to go, so during her Junior and Senior years Cathy prepared by getting involved in a local Pentecostal Free Church.

She could not really say even now that she felt love for her parents. She tried several times to tell them about Jesus and witness to them but each time they told her to just forget it. "But Mom, Jesus is the greatest thing that has every happened in my life. I've got peace now and I've found out what love means. Won't you at least come to Church with me?"

"Cathy, I've told you enough. I want nothing to do with religion and I still think that you'll learn soon enough that there is really nothing to this religion you think you got. But don't tell me I have to get right with God cause I just don't care to listen to it. Now get out of here."

"Mom, how can I make you understand. I'm not going to drop this relationship I've found. It's too real for that to happen. Or maybe you haven't seen that yet."
"Cathy! I don't want to hear it."

Cathy decided that it was useless to try to win her mother over, so she got more involved in her job and in the Church youth activities. As she figured it, "if home life is just one big argument, then home life is not very important." Cathy was blind to her fault.

She had been at Bendington for about eight weeks now, and Cathy could clearly see that it was going to take an awful lot of work even to make it through one quarter. She had only one letter from home. Her mom said that Daddy was being made district manager of his corporation and that they would be moving in a month to Eastside. Her mom also mentioned that Pastor West had been to talk with them. She had made it definitely clear to him that they were doing just fine without getting religion.

That evening when Cindy Folk returned from her job at Duxon's Drug, she could clearly see that her roommate was troubled over something. So she asked, "What's up, curly head?" This had been a thing between them ever since they had met eight weeks before on campus. With Cindy's flowing blond hair and Cathy's curly dark hair they made quite a pair, if a pair was what you wanted to call them. But right now Cindy sensed that something was wrong.

Cathy told her room-mate about her mother's letter. "Cindy, Mom and Dad are just impossible. I tried witnessing when I first got saved, but they just shut me up before I got started. Now it looks like even Pastor West will not be able to reach their hearts. Why do parents have to be so difficult?"

Cindy looked at her petite roommate. She sensed the real problem, but did she dare to say what she thought it was? She decided to get to the point. "Cathy, I though there was something wrong between you and your parents when you first moved in here. At first you didn't say much of anything about your parents. Then you started saying little remarks against them. Are you sure that it is your folks who are so difficult?"

Cathy thought about that for a few minutes. She realized that though she would not admit it, she was the reason her parents had not responded to her witnessing. All she could say was, "Thanks Cindy." Somehow she knew her roommate understood.

As Cathy got up from prayer that evening she sensed that God was going to bring both of her parents to himself as they saw the change that was finally taking place in her life. For the first time in her life she felt overwhelmed with a wonderful feeling of warmth and she knew that things would work out very soon to the glory of God. Who knows, maybe she could achieve that three point average she was striving for.

Thoughts About Thoughts

by Richard Cary

A man's thoughts are his and his alone. They live inside the mind and are housed within his head, but may penetrate the soul and pass out into the world around him. They stretch as far as the imagination will allow, being held by a string so small that it is not visible. And yet, this strand acts as an umbilical cord, holding man's thoughts to their source with its immeasurable strength.

Like prisoners confined for the rest of their lives in the Bastille, thoughts are constantly seeking a way of escape. The mouth is the most popular exit, and the most convenient. Thoughts must, however, be willing to submit to change, for it is impossible for them to be converted to language and expelled through the mouth without losing a considerable amount of force and original meaning.

Every thought longs to be immortal but to live forever thoughts must be willing to pass into the world and place themselves at the mercy of whoever will accept them. They will, upon acception, be interpreted in many ways and in light of many experiences.

Thoughts are destined to fall into one of two fates. They will either die in the mind of the thinker, or they will be carved a thousand times over into countless points of view. Yet, their destiny is entirely out of their control. They are at the mercy of men.

Time

(analogy to a Christian walk)

by Orin E. Marsh

TIME, The seasons come and go,
Death grey of Winter,
The thawing of the summer.
I stand my ground.

TIME, a seed hurled to the ground,
a green sprout sends its roots
deep in the rich black soil
I stand my ground.

TIME, Rivers flow bringing forth
life giving springs,
nourishing the seedling to grow.
I stand my ground.

TIME, the years pass on, on.
the years, seasons, days,
He climbs upward to the sky.
I stand my ground.

TIME, Rains descend to the earth
the sun breaks through,
winds whisper through his branches.
I stand my ground.

The Message

by Paul Williams

"Here is your message," the soldier barked as he handed me a folded sheet of white paper. "Now hurry!"

I darted out the door and paused, deciding the best route for my run. I chose the alley leading to the "Street of the Jews." Dodging and leaping over garbage and debris that had accumulated since the besieging of the Old City by the Arabs had begun, I reached the emptiness of the deserted street. Turning right at full sprint I passed stores that flooded my mind with boyhood memories. I had once run through this street laughing and playing. I recalled the faces in a concentration of busy people mulling around the many shops. Most were hard while haggling for a better price but would yield a wrinkled grin after winning a bargain. A mortar shell exploding somewhere behind me brought the ugliness of reality back before my eyes. I was still a boy of fourteen yet I did not feel like one. I no longer ran this street for play but raced in desperation for my life. I turned into an alley knowing that at its end stood my destination—a windowless, debris covered shack called Out Post Jacob. As I did, an explosion threw my thin body to the ground. Picking myself up, I turned to see a gapping hole in the street where I had just been seconds before. Turning to complete my run I realized my message was gone. I had not dropped it yet it was not there. My eyes followed the vein in my left arm from the elbow down my forearm to my wrist where blood frantically spurted out. Then I saw it. Ten feet to my side lay the message—tightly clutched in my left hand. I rushed over, picked it up and ran. I watched as life gushed from the stub where my hand had once been. I ran harder. I leaped up the step and through the door of the building and watched as the face of the man within went white. It contrasted to the puddle of red that now lay at his feet.

"Here is your message, sir," The words stumbled out of my mouth as I gave him my hand that still grasped the now wrinkled and blood stained slip of paper. "Now please get me a doctor."

TIME, Rivers everlasting
Flows past this mass of life
to where no one knows.
I stand my ground.

TIME, Friends He once knew
die and decay for another.
Creatures come and scratch.
I stand my ground.

TIME, Day grows hot and dry.
The Sun blotches out
yellow-orange flame lick this life.
I stand my ground, no more.