

# Reaching Arms

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Staff pictured from left to right: Christi Payne, Robbie Dean, Al Notter, Mary Bartlett. Not pictured Glenda Marvel and advisor, Jack Dorwart.

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## Assistant Editorial

by Christi Payne

So many of us have heard the common analogy of the potter working at his wheel to the Lord performing His perfecting acts in our lives. It seems very beautiful, doesn't it? Yet very few realize just how accurate this analogy really is. I took a class in pottery two years ago, and this is how it works:

First, the potter grabs a clump of clay out of a barrel full of clay. Then he throws it down (hard!) on a table, kneads it like dough, and then drops it over a wire which is stretched across the table and six inches above it. This cuts the clay immediately in half and exposes any internal air bubbles which must be worked out. This "wire-dropping" is done over and over, for approximately fifteen minutes, before the clay is ready to be applied to the wheel. Then, after having been cut and torn apart, the clay is lovingly molded into a ball and is ready for the potter's wheel. Such is our experience in conviction and our wrestling with "circumstances" before we are ready to be made ready for molding into eternal purposes.

Then the potter gets a pail of water and sets it beside the wheel and proceeds to water down the wheel. Without enough water on the wheel before the clay is thrown on, the clay will stick to the wheel much more than is wanted. This may cause damage to the clay.

The potter then takes the clay and firmly slams it on the very center of the wheel. If the clay is not perfectly centered, the molding will be difficult and the finished product will be misshapen and lopsided. And if the clay is not centered perfectly, the potter will pry the clay off the wheel and try it again. Sometimes this must happen over and over, and the potter gets the

impression that the clay has a mind of its own and is simply refusing to be centered perfectly.

As the potter first coats the wheel heavily with water, so our Christian experience must be firmly based on a life well-saturated with the Word and with prayer. But I wonder, how many times must we be put on the wheel before we will consent to letting the potter center us perfectly? It hurts to be torn from the wheel. If it is done too many times, the clay is permanently damaged, though still workable. Many Christians never get beyond this stage. Have you?

But then the clay becomes centered to the satisfaction of the potter, and He turns on the wheel. How confusing and frightening this can be! Suddenly, our world is spinning. Many securities are gone, and we are simply setting on the wheel of life, looking up at the Master Potter.

He begins to apply much water, for the clay will tear if it is not moist enough. And the water makes it easier to coax the unwanted portion of the clay away from the main clump as it is shaped and molded. The potter gently pulls, subtly coaxes, and firmly controls the clay into the desired shape.

How marvelous! If we saturate ourselves with prayer and the Word, if we yield to the Master in the art of pottery, there is no doubt as to the perfection of the finished product!

## Cupid's Arrow

Cupid's Arrow, when it flies,  
Could get someone in the eye.

The beauty of a woman  
Is hard for one to describe  
What can a man look for,  
When he looks for a bride.

Is beauty important  
If not with love?  
Nay, I say it is better,  
When she honestly flows with love.

A lovely woman,  
May launch hubby on his way,  
Yet if there is no love,  
He may just go away.

But a 'plain Jane',  
Flowing o'er with love,  
Is to her faithful husband,  
As a dove from above.

But why do I think this?  
I'm only eighteen.

# A BIBLE COLLEGE IN TONGA?

by Tevita Mata'afa Fohe

Greeting in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. As you read this testimony, let me first say that I am ashamed of the things I have done, but thank God I am proud of the things He has done for me. Thank God He said, "Greater is He that is within you, than he that is in the world. Where sin did abound, grace did abound much more." Because of this and this only, I can say that I am glad I am a child of the King.

I was born in the Methodist Church. All of my family belonged to this church. I went to the Methodist College which is the boarding school with at least eight hundred students and they were all young men. The name of this college is Tupou College, named after the king of my islands. While I was in this college, most of my time I ran away from school, searching for girls outside the towns around this college and even most of my time I worked outside while the students attended the classroom. Unfortunately, I was expelled together with my other three best friends from this college.

I went home during this time, and I did all the bad things that people of today are doing, and the results—I went to jail sometimes. Everytime I came home, I saw my mother cried. She told me not to do those bad things because she was ashamed of me. I tried to be good but I couldn't. One night I went to watch the movies with my seven friends. As we went by the First Assembly of God church, I felt someone spoke to me to go to this church, therefore, I left my friends and went into this church. This is the first time in my life to go to this church, I gave my heart to Jesus and the same night I was filled with the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues. I gave my heart to Jesus on April 5, 1968. Praise the Lord! My mother tried to change my old life (old man David) but she couldn't. I also tried but I couldn't. No man can change another man's heart because he can't go inside to man's heart. Only Jesus can come to our hearts, that is why we need Him. Revelation 3:20.

I came home and the same time my parents chased me from home because they belonged to the Methodist and I belonged to the Assembly of God. I went victoriously and lived at the seashore for almost two months. Right there I learned how to pray and fast. I prayed to God to satisfy my parent's hearts and let me come home. The Lord answered my prayer, one day my father went around to find me and finally we met, then he took me home again.

I went to the Fiji Islands to the Bible School of the Assemblies of God which is run from Springfield. After I was graduated from there then I went to my own islands—Tonga Islands.

I was a pastor there in three different places. The young people started the work of the Assemblies of God in Tonga, and I am one of them. Right there in my ministry field I prayed to God asking to open the door for me to come here to U.S.A. to the Bible school for further study because I saw the need of the church. We need someone to teach the new converts to grow in the Lord spiritually. It's real hard for a Tongan to come here but nothing is impossible to God. I didn't know that I would come to Northwest College. All I asked from God was to open the door to the U.S.A. God answered my prayer. I know He answered my prayer because I am here at Northwest College. God answered prayers yesterday, He answers prayers today, and He will answer our prayers tomorrow. Praise the Lord!

In Tonga, there are eleven different denominations. Out of these eleven churches, I can say that only four are Christian churches. These are the Methodist Church, the Free Church of Tonga, Tonga Houeiki Church, and the Assemblies of God. Most of the eleven denominations have their own Bible school but they never allow the Assembly of God's people to enter in their Bible school because they hate the Pentecostal people. The Mormon Church has her own Bible school but the Assemblies of God people never like it because mostly, they teach Joseph Smith more than Jesus. Most of the believers want to come to the Fiji Islands for the Assemblies of God Bible school but only a few of them can speak English when they come to the Bible school. This is the thing that impressed me so much, that's why I am here to study to know more about God's Word then I'll go back for sure to Tonga to establish the Pentecostal Bible School.

The government of the Kingdom of Tonga will not allow me to do this unless I have a degree in the Bible. I must get a degree first, before I will start the Bible school. I want to do something for Jesus before He returns. Please, pray for me so that I will get my degree soon, and then I will go back to Tonga to start the Bible school. When I will establish this Bible school in Tonga, everyone can come to this Bible school because I have to teach them in the Tongan language. The Bible school in Fiji the students spend three years then they go back to start work for the Lord, but in my Bible school, the students will learn but at the same time they will work for the Lord. This is what I plan to do and I pray to God to bring it to pass soon.

If you don't have anything to pray for, please, pray for me, so that God will supply the needs for the Bible School. Praise be the name of the Lord!

# Paul's Proverb Parlor

by Paul Williams

Often, until we see the sun set we don't realize how beautiful the day has been. And until we see the Sun come, we'll not know how beautiful the day will be. But this day is also beautiful, and as such will I live it.

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Upon hearing that there was no life on Mars, Charlie Chaplin summarized the sadness of unregenerate man, by saying; "I feel lonely." In the words of Francis Schaffer, "If God is not there, who is there?" Thank God for His Thereness!

## This One

by Paul Williams

there once were some who were proud. they were strong and looked upon with awe. great hope lay in these.

and then there were the others. not so proud or strong! nor desirous to be.

some did not like the others. they used the others to prove their own strength. Others became fuel for their pride. some crushed the others beneath their feet to gain higher esteem.

the others felt quite unwanted. they had no hope, like some. a few of the others lashed out at each other. but to no avail, as some still saw them as others. their hearts were again broken and bruised by some.

the others tried to act happy. but inside they were sad. they wanted to be some one, but did not know how.

it seemed that no one cared. every one was blind to their suffering. not one would help the others.

one day this One came. He loved the others. He helped them. He told them they were really someone.

many of the others believe Him. but some heard of it and were displeased.

some, a few, heard and came to the others and told them they too were truly sad. they had no hope. they wanted this One to help them. and He did.

when some heard of this they sought and killed Him. He was buried but the grave could not hold this One. He lives on.

now many of the others have been made some one by Him. they have a heart of love and hope. they care about some. some still seek out others to hear about this One. and they give this One a home - within them.

some will live their lives and never accept Him. others may die but will live with Him forever.

there are some and there are others. but never has, is or shall there be one like this One.

# The Moon

by Paul Williams

A mellow silvered sphere:  
An oddly faced, half dollar size:  
Random darks and lights:  
Not unlike one of Grandma's meringue pies.

The dark curtain of night for a back drop;  
A simple monologue of pantomime.  
Expression supreme.  
Unheard, yet sweet and sublime.

"Gazing to earth," they say, "is a face."  
"But what kind?"  
"A jolly, graying old man," they say.  
But that's not the mirage of my mind.

Petal-pink cheeks explode with autumn freckles  
That match wind-combed hair.  
Like playful, brown-red leaves, drifting;  
Neatly settling everywhere.

Lash-framed stars make twinkling eyes,  
Calling a message to be felt, not heard;  
But mirrored by other eyes,  
Not by words.

Strawberry lips sweeten a moon-gazer's dreams.  
Kissing the day good-bye,  
And welcoming this night-watchman.  
Whose glance is affixed to the sky.

Pearl-like glow, that catches the thoughts of a man  
And twirls them in an enchanted trance;  
Making dim his mind, and fluttering his heart:  
Tieing tightly the string of romance;

Whose elusive face are you for me?  
Whose fantasy of beauty do you commune?  
What lovely girl will fill my dreaming arms?  
A mystern known only to the moon.

## Definitions

by Joyce Brandt

### FATE

Time is a prison cell from which there is no escape. One is born into it and one dies in it. Time forces one into a mold and enslaves one by ageing the body so it can no longer keep pace with the spirit. Only God is not bound by time.

### LIMITATIONS

My spirit dreams of far-away places, great adventures and magnificent accomplishments. My body aches of rheumatism, stumbles in clumsiness, and is securely held in place by gravity. What a limited existence.

## JOYCE BRANDT (Cont'd.)

### ON HAPPINESS

A seemingly empty search—hearts wearing a happy mask. What is happiness? It is having work to do, someone to love, and a clear conscience. I am happy.

### POVERTY LEVEL

Loose yarn and a blister on my heel. But my shoes are old and comfortable. . . I have a hole in my sock.

### HOOKED

A good show—undone school work.

The bright glare—heavy eyes.

Dazzles of color—missed opportunities.

What a thief of time—the idiot box.

# The Innocence of Childhood

by Kitty Pearson and Miss Guy

TO MOM FROM KITTY P. (age 7)

my prayer

Thank you for

The trees and grass.

for shine and rain,

and the moon in the high sky.

Thankyou God for everthing

Oh God we do not realise

how great you are, but yet without

you we'd be dead.

So we thankyou for everthing.

Oh deer God thank you for

Mom and Dad and for

all my sister's and brother's,

yet they seem like nothen

but when I come right down

to it they arn't so bad after all.

Thank you for more, and more

and yet it's hard to count the

things you don for us

so

Thank you God for

everthing.

aman

P.S. I made it up by my self

# The Little Lost Cloud

by Miss Guy

It was only my second day at Kindergarten and I was walking to school one afternoon. It was a short distance from home so I was allowed to go unaccompanied. That

day the sun was shining brightly, the sky was a lovely, light blue with here and there a few fluffy white clouds stuck into the blue like gobs of whipped cream. Quite near my school, as I looked down, I saw a piece of cotton on the ground. It was probably a wad of cotton someone had dropped out of a pill bottle, anyway, it was about that size. But to me (at that stage of my life) it was a great discovery. You see, I thought I had found a piece of cloud right fresh from the "Big Blue Above." I picked it up lovingly and then looked up at the remaining, fluffy clouds in the sky, and thought it must be a baby cloud that had gotten lost and had fallen. I thought it was so awful that something so white and so pretty should lie on the dirty ground and get wet or stepped on. So since I couldn't put it back into the sky, I put it into my coat pocket so I could show it to my mother when I got home.

When school was over I ran home as fast as I could, rushed into the kitchen where my mother was and gently pulled the cotton out of my pocket. Triumphantly I gave the happy announcement that I had found a piece of cloud, "jus a 'lil baby cloud, that had gotten lost from it's mommie."

Naturally, I thought she'd be surprised and pleased, so her pronouncement to me was a bitter disappointment. She sternly informed me that it couldn't possible be a cloud; that what I had found was just an old piece of cotton that someone had thrown away and wasn't a cloud at all! She said it had germs on it, too.

Of course, I'm not saying that mom should have gone along entirely with me in my fantasy regarding the cloud. I'm only reporting that my remembrance of the incident and her total opposition to the idea of "a cloud" in a piece of cotton. . . somehow left me feeling burnt-out about like one of last year's yule logs. But, of course, I grew up quite a bit that day!



## Poetry by Steve Pecota

Just today  
my spirit much in need,  
I left my studies behind  
and carried myself (my mind fighting desperately  
to go along) toward the chapel  
then knelt, right up front (the carpeted part).

"Father, I really need. . ." as I wondered  
if anyone might enter  
and see me kneeling there—how  
spiritual they would think me.

"Jesus, I. . . Oh, Jesus, I ask your forgiveness  
for these" empty words floating  
through that part of me that  
never really knelt, trickled, built  
and grew into a rushing stream  
of conscious thoughts,  
of myself. I struggled on

"Holy Spirit, my motives, they're so  
warped, so. . ." wondering is someone  
might come in  
and hating myself for wishing it.

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I  
have come  
to the conclusion  
that either you are trying my affections  
or you are telling me that you no longer care  
in any special way —  
but love  
does not put  
others to the test so that  
any way I look at it  
I have already lost.

## Father by Victoria (Martha Rios)

Father, I know that you are in heaven  
and even from that far away  
You always watch me every day.  
Father, to you I always pray.  
I always ask you  
To take me to heaven  
so that I can see you.  
Father, I always pray  
and ask you,  
"Why do I have to day?"  
Father, take me with you!

## Becoming God's P.R.

by Al Notter

Each of us is engaged in the process of representing God to those around us. How the world sees God is often totally dependent on us. What type of God they see is determined by our actions and by our attitude toward life. Do others see Christ portrayed as a careless, fun-loving youngster who cares nothing for discipline? Or do they see him as the well-balanced Savior of the world? Let us consider this matter.

This summer most of us will be going home, many to work on a summer job, others to work in their home churches, and still others will go home and just bum around all summer. Others will not go home. Many of these will be remaining in this area and will be working the whole summer so that they can return next Fall. And some will be out on summer public relations tours. But whatever we are, we will be out there with people having various needs and what they see in our lives, may determine their decision for or against Christ. We hate to even mention adverse impressions that we may cause in others, but we have to face it. There are times that most of us do fail to be a true example and some people are offended because we let ourselves become temporal minded. Meanwhile someone has become further away from God. We cannot afford as Christians to offend our brothers by careless action.

Especially to those who are going on public relations teams and those who will be traveling out of the States as summer interns, I wish to address myself. Some of you are Freshmen, others have been here just a little bit longer. What is your real reason for wanting to go out in the activity you are in? Are you looking for a good time and just to enjoy yourself? You will find it to be fun. Traveling for the Lord can be great fun. And the insights you get into the ministry and toward life in general will be very valuable to your life later on. Perhaps you seek to go out, just to be seen by others and maybe you really do not care what appearance you give, but this is an important part of your summer of service. You will go out as representatives of Northwest College. Northwest is not sacred. Do what you want to do. But remember that you are also representatives of God. God expects more than Northwest does. God expects holiness on the part of those who would sincerely serve him. How is it?

Let us put away then the weights of the past and those things which will so easily drag our testimony down. Do not try to conform to the world in dress and actions, nor in the type of humor you give out, but look around and see the need of the world. Be a light-house of joy and peace to those around you. Let your face show a radiance of God's power and be truly what God wants you to be. Be pure and clean, useful in the hands of God, and more than all else, be "God's P.R. ."