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**FACING THE DAWN**  
**(The Paul Rice Story)**  
**By George Rice**

Illustrations by Melton Wienecke

Pedestal Press  
Kansas City, Missouri

First Printing 1970 -- 2,000  
Second Printing 1970 -- 10,000  
Third Printing 1971 -- 25,000

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Digital Edition 10/25/99  
By Holiness Data Ministry

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**FOREWORD**

The Paul Rice Story speaks to me.

It speaks of love. Father. Mother. Brother. Son. At first you wonder just how a father, suffering, could ever have written it this way. Then you wonder how a father, loving, could ever have not written it this way.

It speaks of life. Its ups and downs. Its humor. Its "everydayness." Its great moments like Eagle Scout rank; and International at Estes Park; not going, but going, on an IMPACT mission.

It speaks of faith. Not recitation. Not desperation. Not Resignation. But simple, growing, dynamic trust. God became, not the last resort, but the Living Resource. So much so that when in circumstances thought to inevitably produce preoccupation inward, it did not happen. The miracle

was not physical healing, but spiritual transformation. Until the "care-for one" cared most of all for others. Amazing.

It speaks of hope. Whatever God gives that makes it possible for a life-loving, 17-year-old to die, not bitterly or afraid, is worth having. God opened some the door of promise, and he went in. Forever.

Yes, THE PAUL RICE STORY speaks to me, as it will to fathers . . . and mother . . . and brothers . . . and sons. But perhaps most of all, it will speak to the young whose understandable human tendency it is to look for "the threescore and ten" in which to learn to walk with God, and who will be inescapably reminded that it can happen in only 17.

-- Paul Skiles

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## 01 -- "I'M PART OF THAT MISSION YOU'RE GOING ON."

Twenty-seven excited but sleepy teen-agers looked out into the night from the window of the chartered Greyhound bus, heading south on the Kansas Turnpike. They were excited about their trip to Del Rio, Tex., via the Hemisfair in San Antonio. But their excitement was tempered by concern for a missing member of their "Teens Plus" group. Paul Rice had been left behind at home in Kansas City, desperately ill with cancer.

They would not know it for several hours, but just as they crossed the stateline into Oklahoma, their friend crossed another border. Just as dawn on this morning of August 16, 1968, Paul, seventeen, died.

Only a few days before . these same young people had met for an unusual Wednesday evening of prayer and Bible study. As they gathered around Paul's hospital bed in his home and listened to his testimony, they probably did not realize that most of them would be hearing his voice for the last time. Paul had told them how much he appreciated every one of the youth group friends.

Then he talked about their anticipated Del Rio adventure. "You're going to have a lot of fun," he declared to them, "but it's more than that. You're going on a mission, and I'm part of it. I'll be praying for every one of you, every day." Then he gave them the money he had earned and saved toward making the trip himself.

Thirty-five teen-agers never forgot that evening, or Paul's testimony. One girl said, "Our Texas mission became much more important to me because Paul valued it so highly." Everyone seemed to sense, some for the first time, the really important values in life. Later, one of the "Teens Plus" group declared, "When the chips were down, Paul had what it took. And I know that what God did in giving such victory and faith to Paul, He will do for me, and for every one of us kids."

Paul had been a charter member of the teen-age singing and service group, organized a year earlier in his church so that Christian teen-agers might become personally involved with the needs of their generation, and not just sit around and talk to one another about their faith. Using the IMPACT theme of "Immediate Personal Action for Christ," they shared in months of practice and training. "Teens Plus [Christ]" became the name and motto of the growing group.

Then had come the thrill of a first weekend trip to a small town near Kansas City. Two by two, the teens went to every home in the community, especially inviting the young people to the Saturday night and Sunday morning church services where they would be singing and speaking. They sang and testified on the town square, and over a local radio station. Their impact on the churches, and on the townspeople, was immediate and lasting. But the impression on the teens themselves surprised them even more. They had found a way to do something about their faith, and to do it now. They had discovered that the act of sharing their faith with others drew them nearer to God and to each other. A new "esprit de corps" possessed them.

This enthusiastic response to several weekend trips encouraged the teen group and its adult leaders to plan a summer missionary trip to work with the Mexican American people of Del Rio, Tex. It would be a combined vacation Bible school and singing revival effort. Excited about belonging to such an action group, Paul was enthusiastic about the August plans.

His church, with its children and youth programs, had always been the center of Paul's activities. But he had often declared that the daily family altar in his home was the strongest influence in shaping his Christian life. After listening to a chapter from his favorite Bible story book, he would ask and answer questions about the details and meanings of the scripture account. And he had found that home frictions and personal problems melted away in the warmth of "praying around" the family circle.

Convicted in a revival service when he was 11 years old, he walked into the woods near his home one Sunday afternoon and sat on the rock in his favorite secret place. There he confessed his sins, believed that God could forgive even him, and God did. The people of his church were helpful and patient, and the public altar became a great means of grace to him. Revivals, youth meetings, and Sunday services often became times of soul-searching, as he would pray for himself and for others.

Paul completed a pastor's training class before he entered his teens, and joined the Church of the Nazarene by profession of faith. A membership certificate signed by Dr. Orville W. Jenkins, then his pastor, thereafter hung in a prominent place on his wall.

He seemed challenged to make his Christian experience consistent, and to show his faith to others by his straightforward life. His daily family altar and his personal devotions at bedtime helped him to achieve this goal. It was never easy or automatic. More than once he confessed, "I just get to the top of one problem and then, Bang! down I come again." But failure and defeat he would not tolerate. When he fell below God's standard for him, and realized it, he would pray for restoration and be lifted up again. His habit of "praying through" about his personal problems enabled him to maintain a fresh, vital experience and testimony. "Everybody around Paul knew that he was a Christian," his pastor later declared.

Paul instinctively seemed to resist the temptation to spiritual smugness or superiority. "Why shouldn't we be good Christians, when we have it so easy?" he remarked to a close friend. "Look at those kids who don't have any help or encouragement at home, but who still keep the faith. They're the ones I look up to." He treasured personal friendships, but hated "cliquishness." Perhaps for this reason he tried to be "everybody's friend," alert to making newcomers and any backward teens feel welcome in his youth group.

A sobering influence during his high school years was the death of his close friend, Jimmy Lynn, and the fatal accident that took the life of his assistant scoutmaster, Jim Spruill. Their testimonies and the impact of these providences seemed to challenge him to deeper personal devotion.

"Teens Plus," wearing new "dress-alike" clothes, sang in their home church during the Friday night service in late March of 1968. Paul had helped to choose the gold sport jackets, picked to complement the blue dresses worn by the girls of the group. Among other numbers they sang the prayer chorus:

Not my will, but Thine; not my will, but Thine;  
Not my will, but Thy will, be done, Lord, in me.  
May Thy Spirit Divine fill this being of mine.  
Not my will, but Thy will, be done, Lord, in me.

No one in the crowded church realized that Paul's first time to sing in the proud new jacket would be the last time he would ever wear it. He went along with the teens after the service for his favorite pizza, prepared this time by his friend, Song Evangelist Jim Bohi. But he was not able to eat the snack. The very next morning he was taken to the hospital. There an operation revealed the malignancy that in five short months would take his life.

"Teens Plus" continued to hold a high place in Paul's life and interest. As these friends visited him in the hospital and later in his home, he would probe for details of their latest trip, and of developing plans for the big August trip. He still hoped to be able to go along. But after a second operation in early June he accepted the fact that his fervent wish would probably be denied. Then he simply shifted his emphasis to helping the others make the mission a success.

The Sunday night service on August 11 was a farewell program for the "Teens Plus" group, who were scheduled to leave for the Texas trip the following Friday morning. At home, Paul was listening eagerly to the radio broadcast of the service. The teens sang his favorite prayer chorus, "Not My Will, but Thine," in dedication to him, and one of them led in direct prayer for God's highest will in their friend's life.

The next morning Paul asked his soldier brother the exact date when his friends would be leaving. "Friday, August 16, just four days from now," was the answer. "Don't tell Mother or Daddy, Larry," Paul confided, "but I've got the strangest feeling that after the teens go, I'll be taking my trip."

All week long the kids visited him. On Thursday one of them suggested that he should not go to Texas because Paul was so sick. Paul reaffirmed what he had told the whole group a few days earlier, "You've got to go. You're going on a mission, and I'm part of it."

It was 10 minutes after midnight on August 16 when his father told him, "The teens are on their way to Del Rio, Paul" He did not answer for a full minute; then he summoned strength to say, "I'm praying they'll make an impact."

And what an impact they made! Their Sunday services launched a revival effort that saw 35 professions of faith in Christ as Savior before the week ended. Vacation Bible school started on Monday morning just about the time of Paul's memorial service back in Kansas City, Mo. The 13 "Teens Plus" boys were his honorary pallbearers. The thoughts of the whole group were focused on that funeral back in their home church. They would have liked so much to be there, but they were carrying out the mission that had meant so much to their friend.

Every teen-ager did his part to meet the needs of the 150 boys and girls enrolled in an unforgettable week of VBS. In this border town and on two afternoon trips to Mexico, they saw deeper needs than they had ever known. Using their talents, prayer, and faith they saw God's power at work to meet these needs. Some of them even discovered that God had a particular, special thing that He wanted them to do, like being a minister or a missionary.

They loved to sing one song that took on special meaning for them this week:

To be used of God, to sing, to speak, to pray,  
To be used of God, to show someone the way,  
I long so much to feel the touch of His consuming fire.  
To be used of God, is my desire.

They had been used of God. They would never be the same. And Paul in his bed had had a vital part in their mission.

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02 -- "I WONDER WHAT'S BEYOND THOSE MOUNTAINS."

Twelve hundred teen-agers from all over the world had come together in July, 1966, to share an unforgettable week in Rocky Mountain National Park. It was International Youth Institute, sponsored by the Nazarene Young People's Society. Paul was thrilled to have part in these seven days so crammed with action: classes, hikes, films, horseback riding, skits, and chapel services.

One of the youth leaders remembers the day when he saw his young friend of many years walk across the porch at the Estes Park Lodge. Paul was wearing his red sombrero, and carried a jug of cherry cider in the crick of the index finger of his right hand. He stopped for a while, surveying the colorful action of 1,200 teens at play in the spacious field across the road. Then he sat down on the top step of the porch, and Paul Miller, Conquest editor, came over and sat next to him. Neither of them spoke. Beyond the blur of activity was the horizon of the Rocky Mountains. The snowcapped peaks seemed to lift Paul's spirit. They were quiet for a while, side by side. The cider was forgotten. Then, with a characteristic lick of the lips, young Paul said, "Some times I wonder what's beyond those mountains."

"I just wish there was more time to do everything," he remarked one time to an adult leader and friend. He cheered his zone Bible quiz team, and thrilled to the challenge of the hillside missionary service. He was inspired to personal action by the Ambassador "sending service" for the young men soon to leave for a South American summer campaign of personal witnessing and evangelism. After "lights out" there were hour-long talks with Rev. Harold Graves, his cabin supervisor, about future life plans. The impact of International Institute got through to Paul, helped him to clarify his own consecration to Christ, and deepened his resolve to hold nothing back that God could use of his life.

Just getting to go to International Institute had been a real mountain climb for Paul. He did not think he had a chance to be chosen, but he set out to try to meet the qualifications. One of them was to memorize the twelfth chapter of Romans. His written application included this testimony: "I love the Lord, and I want to serve Him in every way I can, all of my life." His sincerity and depth of conviction impressed the youth leaders who interviewed the 45 young people from the Kansas City District.

Paul's joy knew no bounds when he was selected as one of two high school freshman boys from his district. But his second thoughts were for those who were not chosen to go. Many of them were his personal friends, and he sincerely thought they were more deserving than he. "Besides, I get to travel with you every summer, Dad, and it might mean more to some of them," he reasoned. It was hard for him to be a winner when his friends had to lose.

He finally settled these questions by resolving to put everything he had into making the trip a real success and getting from the Institute all that was possible for him.

Paul enjoyed every minute of the bus ride to Denver and on to Estes Park. As the group rode toward the setting sun, they sang about it in the then popular "Red Rubber Ball" song. The anticipation that kept him awake when most of the group was asleep was not better than the reality of the mountaintop experience.

Romans 12, which he had memorized and studied in qualifying for International Institute, became his favorite scripture and rule for living. He liked to read this Bible portion in other modern English versions for his personal devotions:

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice . . . be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed having then gifts differing. . . . Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. . . . Let love be without dissimulation. . . . fervent in spirit, serving the Lord . . . patient in tribulation . . . Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. . . . Be not wise in your own conceits. . . . ye peaceably with all men. . . . overcome evil with good."

These words challenged Paul to make an unreserved commitment of his life to the God who had become so real to him. His consecration was not a complicated theological process, but a simple turning of his life totally to God and His highest will. He never wavered from this commitment.

Paul had fought the normal teen-ager's battle to establish his own sense of personal worth, and still "not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think." He considered himself to be woefully lacking in talent, but he was anxious for God to have and to use what little talent he had completely.

He was thrilled after his return to Kansas City to have a part in the youth film "Sandi," depicting the effect International Institute had had on the lives of several young people.

International Institute made a definite difference in Paul's life. A year after this Rocky Mountain experience, when preparing a paper on his "philosophy of life" for a high school English class, Paul wrote: "I am just a speck of life in a great universe. But I know one thing; I'm not alone. I have a Friend who walks by my side day by day, and helps me in every time of need. He died on a cross to save me from my sins, and to set every man free. What can I do to repay Him for all His kindness to me? This is a big question, but I know this. Even though I am just one man in an infinite universe, I will do my best to serve God and to help other people in every way that I can."

And help others he did. His witness was effective. A high school friend for whom he had often prayed during family devotions had been away from Kansas City during the summer of Paul's death. Several weeks after the funeral service, the young man wrote to Paul's parents:

I just heard about Paul's death. He was one of my best friends. We ate together in the cafeteria all the time. He struck me as a very kind and sensitive person. We talked a lot about God. Paul really had deep faith. He knew that I was having some deep personal problems at this time, and made me feel better because he was sympathetic. I don't think I've known another kid with his depth of feeling. I really miss him. I just wanted you to know how I feel, and how much I care. -- Joe Kramer.

On that incredibly happy day on the front porch of Estes Park Lodge, Paul knew something of what was "beyond those mountains" geographically. He had traveled to 39 of the 50 United States, and to seven of Canada's 10 provinces. He had explored many national parks of both countries. He was surrounded by friends from all over the world.

And on that day he knew, with equal clarity and certainty, that beyond those snow-covered peaks of time and space was a place called heaven. He had often talked and wondered about what heaven would really be like. He had mentioned the wonder of exploring along the streets of gold and the river of life for all eternity. It was not a strange or foreign country, but a home where his Friend had gone to prepare a place for him.

Paul's whole life lay before him with all of its challenge and promise. There at International Institute he had talked with a friend of the vocation and the wife and the home and family and friends he would have in future years. He was facing the dawn of a satisfying life of service to God and his fellowman.

He knew, but gave little thought to it then, that someday he would face death, perhaps on a battlefield, or, as he hoped, at the end of a long and useful life. It was easy then to believe that when his time came to face life's last test, in that dim, distant future, he could do so with courage and faith.

Paul had always loved tree-covered hills and mountains. Once while driving his mother through the Great Smoky Mountains to meet his father at Asheville, N.C., he exclaimed, "This is where I want to bring my bride someday on our honeymoon. It's the most beautiful place I've ever seen." But he had a deep, ingrained fear of high places. Once he had suffered humiliation at having to be helped up the steep "Devil's Staircase" trail at Osceola Scout Camp. Every scout had to prove his courage by climbing that cliff. A few months later, however, he showed surprising poise looking down from the snow-covered heights of a mountain-pass switchback road in Glacier National Park. "I'm not afraid when I'm inside the car, and you're driving, Dad," was his explanation.

The carefree boy happily looking at the mountains towering over Estes Park could not realize what lay beyond the unknown peaks of God's will for him. But he knew that Jesus, who was at the controls of his life, would be with him, even down through "the valley of the shadow of death." Jesus would show him what was "beyond those mountains" throughout eternity.

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03 -- "THEN I'M IN GOD'S HANDS, DOCTOR."

About Christmastime in 1967, Paul had begun to suffer severe leg and abdominal pain. It became increasingly difficult for him to keep up with school and church activities. Medical tests and X rays finally revealed the presence of an obstructing abdominal tumor. On April 2, 1968, he underwent surgery for its removal. It proved to be malignant.

Just three days later he asked the question that his doctor and his concerned parents dreaded to answer. Having studied the nature of cancer in a human-science course in high school, Paul knew the potential dangers. "I'm an adult," he had declared, "and I'd rather know the truth about my condition than to have to imagine what's wrong." Before surgery he had exacted the



promise of his doctor and his parents that they would "level with him" about the results. They could not violate his confidence in their promise.

"Is the tumor malignant, Dr. Cox?" Paul asked his friend of many years. The physician honestly answered that this was indeed the case. The sick teen-ager asked only two further questions: "Did you get it all?" and "Is it anywhere else?" To both queries the doctor honestly replied, "We don't know." Paul thanked him, cupped his hands together, and said simply, "Then I'm in God's hands." He asked to be left alone for a few minutes.

Just a year before, as part of a poetry assignment for an English course, he had written:

One thing I've learned, and I want to tell you;  
God's hands are sturdy; He'll carry you through.

Now he had a golden opportunity to prove the sturdiness of those Hands, and how well he had mastered the lesson he had written about.

Paul was happily optimistic about his prognosis. He had studied about medical progress in recent years in the treatment and cure of cancer. He had implicit faith that God would heal him by direct intervention, if this was His will.

A few weeks later, when Paul was home and able to attend a church service, he revealed what had happened between God and him in those minutes alone after he had found out about the malignancy. At the conclusion of the evening service his pastor invited all to come to the church altar who desired to be prayed for and anointed for physical healing. Paul did not go forward.

On the way home from church Paul said to his mother, "I'd better tell my pastor or Jerry Ketner why I didn't go up there tonight. When Dr. Cox told me the tumor was malignant, I put myself in God's hands, and I made a pact with Him. If I had gone up there tonight, I'd have been saying to God, 'I really didn't mean what I said the other day, when I turned everything over to You.' God can heal me just like that, Mother," he said, snapping his fingers for emphasis. "But we have to trust Him to do what's best, in His own time and way."

It was not the first time that Paul had been placed in God's hands. He had often heard his parents tell of the way God had touched him 17 years before when he had been born with a badly damaged lung. "Your baby probably can't live until morning," the doctor said. On that Thursday before Easter in 1951, Paul's pastor-father had been scheduled to preach in a Holy Week service. He planned to use the Bible text, "Nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done." He stayed at the hospital instead, and both parents prayed that prayer, trusting God to work out His highest will in their son's life. God heard and answered. Within three days Paul was able to breathe normally.

But his physical problems had not ended there. A preschool checkup revealed a small benign tumor, imbedded in the muscles of his lower lip, which could not be removed without disfiguring his face as he would grow older. Ten times in the next 12 years he underwent surgery. Dr. A. Milton Smith, his early pastor, recalls the time when he visited the eight-year-old boy in the children's ward after such an operation. After telling his visitor of the serious needs of many of the

other patients, Paul called out, "Quiet, everybody! This is my minister, and he's going to pray for all of us."

These early operations were all performed from the inside of his lip, leaving a surface lump that caused the child some emotional problems. Finally his doctor suggested that the next surgery might be done from the outside of the lip, and Paul was quick to agree. "A scar won't be nearly as bad as this lump that makes other kids wonder what's wrong," was his reasoning. In the years ahead, he accepted the facial scar without the severe embarrassment that had previously plagued him. "Everybody has some handicap of some kind," he once declared; "only with some it doesn't show like it does with others. We all just have to learn to live with ours and not let it bother us too much."

Paul had learned not to pity or pamper himself because of his problems. And this training stood him in good stead in April and May of 1966. The surgeon had not been able to remove all the malignancy, as his doctor had feared. Discomfort and suffering intensified. Further hospital tests showed that the cancer had spread throughout his abdomen. Only drastic surgery could relieve his suffering and prolong his life. To the very sick teen-ager his doctor carefully explained the nature and seriousness of the operation.

The colostomy which was to be part of the proposed surgery especially shocked the vibrant teen-ager. "Will I be able to swim again?" he inquired hopefully, as he thought of his favorite sport. "Probably not," the doctor answered. "It will be all right," Paul stated; "I can take it. I'll just have to start playing golf, or something like that." The attending physician testified later that he had never seen any adult make a more cheerful adjustment to this difficult physical condition, or show more determination in taking care of himself during the weeks ahead.

Early that June morning, the day of Paul's scheduled surgery, his family came to his hospital room, groping for words with which to encourage him. But he didn't let them do the talking. He had prayed much during the night, and he reminded them that he was still in God's care. "God's hands are going to be guiding my surgeon's hands," he assured them. "And God has showed me that I'm going to come through this operation OK." (Privately the surgeon had confided to anxious parents his fear that Paul could not survive the prolonged anesthesia and extensive surgery, and that they should be prepared for the worst.)

Paul was radiant as he told of God's love and nearness to him in this "valley of the shadow," as he described it. Then he turned to his soldier brother, whom the Red Cross had helped to rush home from a Texas army camp. "Larry," he declared, "God is so real to me, and I've never been happier in all my life."

He exhorted Larry and his wife, Kay, to keep up their family altar every day, telling them how much this had meant in his own life. "Just keep God first, Larry, and He will help you to succeed in whatever you set out to do with your life." This was his parting assurance as he was wheeled to the operating room.

The surgery confirmed the doctor's worst fears. The neuro-carcenoma had spread throughout his abdomen, far beyond any possibility of hope for recovery, or of effective follow-up radiation treatment.

Paul survived the six hours of surgery. He was taken to the intensive care ward, where he told Dr. C. William Ellwanger, his pastor, "God brought me through. I knew He would." To a visiting uncle he declared, "Everyone has to learn how to suffer."

He was able to return to his hospital room in time to be visited by many friends who had come to Kansas City to attend the General Assembly of his church. Several of these were friends he had made at International Institute two years before. And his "Teens Plus" friends stood by and gave him assurance that he still "belonged" to this cherished group.

Paul was allowed to return home early in July. He had lost one-third of his normal 160 pounds, and he never really regained his strength. At his urgent request, the doctors agreed to allow him to remain at home as long as he could be cared for there. Discomfort and suffering increased during the long summer days and nights as he lay in a hospital-style bed in his favorite family room.

Paul's mother was his nurse. She was a trained registered nurse, but had set aside this profession to serve as a pastor's wife and homemaker. Now in this labor of love, caring for her own son, she put her providential training and skills to their highest use.

Early in August, Paul's father was called home from his district assembly work, and his brother and wife back from the army camp. The tumor had returned with devastating rapidity. Even now Paul's perpetual sense of humor showed itself, as he was able to joke with his family about his badly protruding abdomen. But he was sensitive about this when visitors came because, he said, "it would make them feel bad if they saw how bad it looks."

Paul still had great faith that God might be pleased to touch and heal him. Even as he faced the reality of his worsening condition, his was not a surrender to a blind, impersonal fate, but an unreserved commitment to his loving Heavenly Father, whom he trusted implicitly to do what was best for him.

Once again he probed the doctor with questions. "Aren't you going to tell me?" and, "Is this the cancer back again?" he asked in early August. The veteran physician, who had called in several specialists to confirm his diagnosis and treatment, could only express his regret that the malignancy had returned.

"Can't you operate again? Won't cobalt treatments help?" Paul continued.

"There's nothing more we can do," was his doctor's answer.

"How much time do I have, Dr. Cox?"

"We don't know," was the honest reply.

Four months previously Paul had responded with courage when the same doctor had told him that the tumor was malignant. Now he faced the sentence of impending death with the same overcoming faith. "Thank you for telling me, Dr. Cox," he said. "Then I'm still in God's hands."

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04 -- "I'VE FOUND IT'S FUN TO DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE."

It was August, 1967. For months Paul had been planning a vacation camping trip with his father and a friend in Wyoming. Just ahead of the time for the camping trip, his soldier brother had telephoned for help in moving his furniture and household things from Oklahoma to Texas, so that his wife could be with him at the Texas army camp. Paul brushed aside his own plans, insisting, "Don't tell Larry or Kay what we were going to do."

On the last night of a hurried, hot, humid week of moving, Paul's father thanked him for his unselfishness. Paul shifted on his narrow cot in the cramped quarters of the army guest house. Then he remarked, "I've found it's more fun to do something you didn't want to do for someone you love than to do what you wanted to do for yourself."

It was a secret learned early in life. Mrs. A. F. Harper, his second-grade Sunday school teacher, remembers his understanding and sympathy for another child who had eye problems, and his vibrant enthusiasm for everything that was going on in the class. She recalls seeing him scamper across her lawn, after leaving a surprise May Day basket of wild flowers hanging on her doorknob.

Even as a young child, Paul demonstrated an insatiable curiosity about everything around him. He was not content until he knew what it was, how it worked, or why it acted that way. Sometimes this hunger to know everything became the despair of teachers who wanted him to concentrate on one thing at a time.

His telescope, microscope, and magnifying glass gave him more pleasure than any other toys and games as he investigated and explored. He was fascinated by pioneer artifacts and old coins discovered through using his metal detector. He became a confirmed collector. He would spend hours seeking, classifying, and then mounting a luna moth, an unusual fossil rock, or a rare coin. The walls of his room were decorated with assorted displays of insects, shells, coins, and rocks, as well as travel souvenirs.

Paul's father once sent him the rattles from a poisonous snake he had killed while on an Idaho rockhounding excursion. "Thanks a lot, Dad," Paul responded in a telephone call the next week; "but why didn't you save me his head?"

This compelling interest in so many things often lured Paul into talking at great length about some current project or interest. But when he realized what he had done, he would call up his friend and apologize for having monopolized the last conversation. Paul loved music, and became an enthusiastic collector of folk records. He liked to listen to them, and to his favorite radio

station, while lying flat on the floor between the two auxiliary speakers of his stereo, using his hands as if he were directing the musical group. He liked religious music as well, especially when the soloist or group sang "as though they meant what they were singing about."

Paul's carefree, easygoing disposition and his originality and wit made him easy to live with, and pleasant to have around. "Everybody says I look and act just like Dad," the stocky, blond teen-ager once joked with an adult friend who was visiting his home. His brown eyes twinkled as he added, "But I think I'll make it OK, anyhow."

One of the joys of his life was his Spanish guitar. During early lessons he despaired of ever learning to play this instrument, blaming his short, clumsy, unartistic fingers. But he persisted until he could play almost any song he heard, with some improvisation. He had the thrill of practicing with several friends in an informal folk musical group. Often he would strum his guitar by the hour to express his happiness or work off occasional frustrations. But he never gained enough confidence to play in public.

His irrepressible energy and frivolity often got him "in trouble" at school, and even at church, for he was the last one to want to "settle down" when it was time to do so. He couldn't wait to tell the latest joke, and always saw the funny side of any situation, even when the butt of the joke was on him, as it so often was. Whether it was a slap-stick incident at Osceola scout camp, or a party trick played on a friend, or a fun-time skit at junior high church camp, he enjoyed it to the full, and stored it away for a "remember the time" reservoir of future pleasure and fun.

Pets were a constant source of joy to him, especially his dogs, Penny Sue, Blondie, and Tinker Belle, in that order. He seemed fascinated by any living thing. He trained a half-grown snapping turtle to eat out of his hand. Once, to his mother's dismay, he caught an adult shrew, and immediately read up on its habits in his World Book encyclopedia, so that he could keep it as a pet. For several months he kept an albino sand crab his father had found on the beach at Pensacola, Fla. All of his family remembers the crisis after he agreed to remove two captured "pet" snakes from his room, only to discover that one of them had just escaped.

But his deepest interest and curiosity were reserved for people. He had early set his goal to become a doctor, "just like Dr. Dave Robinson," his favorite surgeon and friend.

But he finally realized he was of too nervous a temperament and not a good enough student to achieve this goal. He then settled upon becoming a psychologist or a social worker because, he said, "I like people and want to help them solve their personal problems." Every victory he had won over his own limitations and problems seemed to encourage him to believe that he could use what he had learned to help others.

Paul enjoyed having fun with people, but not making fun of them, especially of their handicaps or shortcomings. He had had enough problems himself. He did not like to see anyone else hurt. And if he saw that he had gone too far even in having fun, or that someone was injured by his words or actions, he was quick to apologize and try to make amends. Even those he "fought" with became his friends.

He seemed to have an understanding and "kinship of spirit" with the questing young people of his "now" generation, even with the extremist or "way out" groups, as he called them. "They're rebelling against the same false adult standards that you preach against," he told his father. "And they're searching for truth and meaning and purpose in life; only they're doing it in the wrong way. Instead of just criticizing them, we've got to show them Christ and spiritual reality."

He was deeply concerned with the moral issues of capital punishment and of war, and would discuss these problems by the hour while traveling with his father. "Someday I'll do something about these things," he often said.

Paul idolized his brother, four years his senior, even when competition was keen between them. Marking their growth lines on the doorframe of their room and recording their weight became a favorite home tradition on their March and September birthdays. "Hey, I'm 10 pounds heavier than you were at my age, Larry," Paul would boast. "Look, Mom, I'm one-half inch taller than you are," he exulted as he marked up his score on his fifteenth birthday. "Now I'll try to catch Dad this next year, and maybe someday I'll be as tall as Larry."

During his "growing up" years, even when he disagreed with parental decisions or authority, he kept the lines of communication and respect intact. "I sure feel sorry for some of the kids who can't seem to talk things over with their folks," he declared one day, and added, grinning, "even though I don't always get you to change your mind about things."

With occasional teen-age lapses, Paul carried out his share of home chores with only minor complaint. But he usually had some difficulty in keeping his personal belongings in order.

One summer he voluntarily "grounded" himself for two weeks to undertake the major task of helping to paint the family home. "Let's paint the back side of the house first, Dad," he suggested. "Then we won't be tempted to quit if it gets hot and we've finished the sides and the front part that people can see."

Paul was always a home lover. He was relieved when the doctor allowed him to stay at home during his last weeks, and he insisted that everyone follow his own familiar routines of activity as much as possible. Once when various chores took everyone to other rooms, he needed help and medication, but did not ask for it until he was suffering intensely. "Why didn't you call us, Paul?" his mother chided. "I didn't want my trouble to interfere, and you all seemed to be having a good time," was Paul's reply. After this he was never left alone for a minute in his remaining two weeks.

His lifelong affection for his brother deepened intensely during this final illness. For his last six months he would eagerly await Larry's nightly telephone call. During Paul's last two weeks Larry stayed with him every night, so that their mother could get rest. The brother seemed to know just how to move Paul's legs or to shift his pillow to relieve discomfort. "Hurry up and move me before Dad comes in and wants to help," Paul said to Larry with a chuckle one day. "I don't want to hurt his feelings, when he wants so much to help. But he's so clumsy -- just like me."

Months of illness intensified his love and appreciation for his mother, who was also his nurse. "You're the best and the most," he would tell her as she helped him through a difficult time. On Saturday night before his last Mother's Day he was very sick and weak, but insisted on getting out of bed and dressing. He rode to a nearby department store. He was determined to pick out and buy his present himself with his own money. No mother received a more valued gift on that May 7 morning than the olive green, electric can opener which he had selected.

And how he loved his friends! Just a few close pals and many more general friends kept his time and the telephone busy.

He felt responsibility for others. He once gave \$5.00 anonymously to make sure that a friend would be able to go to scout camp. As he said, "I couldn't enjoy myself there if he couldn't go and I didn't do something about it."

Never did his usual considerateness and warmth of spirit show through more than during his final weeks of sickness. Whether it was for a pass-the-time game with a teen friend or the birdbath installed in his backyard by his favorite aunt, he was profoundly grateful for every kindness shown him.

Paul once talked to his mother about the possibility of donating part of his body, if doctor's could use it, for study, or anything that could help someone else. He was disappointed when this plan could not be worked out.

Early in August word reached Paul's parents that his close friend, Paul Clack, had been the victim of a swimming tragedy in Wisconsin. He suffered a broken neck with permanent paralysis resulting. They debated whether to tell their own desperately sick teen-ager about this accident, but realized that he would want to share in concern for his friend. When he heard the news, Paul's eyes filled to the brim with tears that quickly spilled over. "Let's pray for Paul right now," he declared. Through his remaining days he carried a prayerful concern for his friend, with whom he had spent a happy week just a year before.

Declining physical strength brought an increasing spiritual urgency to witness of his faith in Christ to those who had not yet accepted Him. To a visiting scout, he testified: "Remember our 'Be Prepared' motto! When you're a Christian, you're really prepared to live, and even to die." In his last week he asked to have telephone privacy while he called another friend for whom he had been praying, to tell him of his God, who was very much alive, and able to meet their mutual needs.

He discussed many questions at length with his pastor, and also his assistant pastor, Dr. Roy E. Swim. "Isn't he a grand old man!" Paul once said of the latter, after a particularly vivid discussion carried on while tuning the teen-ager's guitar. They talked of life and salvation and heaven and the needs of other young people about whom both of them were concerned. "How can I be happy in heaven if someone I love doesn't make it?" was his constant question in these last weeks. He finally realized that he could only do his best, and then leave the rest with God. And he felt that he had "prayed through" and that God would answer his prayers for these loved ones.

"I never saw any person grow so fast spiritually," was Dr. Swim's evaluation of Paul's intense final weeks. His former pastor, Dr. Orville W. Jenkins, commented, "Paul witnessed more for Christ in his last six months than many folks do in a long lifetime."

One morning as he lay on his bed, looking out his window toward the backyard birdbath, he called his mother into the room. "You've been crying, Mother, and I don't want you to do that. Just look out there! Don't you know that the same God who takes care of those sparrows is taking care of me; and He will take care of you, if I don't get to stay here!" Later he told his father about this conversation, and asked, "Was it juvenile to talk to Mother about those sparrows?" His father reassured him that, if it was, then Jesus was a juvenile, for He had talked about sparrows centuries before.

Paul never lost the secret of finding fun and real joy in doing things for others whom he loved. "God has been so good to me while I've been sick," he told a friend. "I only hope I can use what I've learned to become a greater blessing to other people who have needs." He was thrilled when this friend showed him that another Paul, in II Corinthians 1:4, had expressed the same ambition and purpose in his suffering.

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05 -- "I'VE GOT TO FINISH WHAT I'VE STARTED."

"Paul Rice, I am proud to present you with Scouting's highest award, the Silver Eagle Palm." These were the words of Scoutmaster Richard Fields on a memorable Sunday afternoon in August, 1968. The award was made in a private ceremony, for the now bedfast teen-ager had not been able to attend the public Court of Honor to receive the recognition. Just five days later Paul died.

Six years before, on the night when he was inducted as a Tenderfoot Boy Scout, Paul had made a resolution. To his older brother, also an Eagle Scout, he pledged that he would not only become an Eagle, but would go beyond this goal to earn the Silver Palm.

Scouting became a major interest in Paul's life, and went much deeper than just its slogan to "do a good deed daily." Many times he would explain an action by saying, "That's part of the Scout Law I live by." Scouting was fun, but it was also serious business to him to be "trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent." He had taken the Scout oath, and often repeated it: "On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law. To help other people at all times. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

Scouting's "Be Prepared" motto challenged him to put forth whatever extra effort was necessary to achieve a goal. Several times when he was tempted to give up Scouting because of personal problems or other pressures, he would say, "I can't quit now! I've got to finish what I've started."



Advancing through Second Class requirements was easy, but the Morse Code hurdle for becoming a First Class Scout stalled him for a time. Finally, enlisting his mother's aid, he practiced by tapping out coded messages to her after he went to bed at night, until he had mastered the system.

Summer Scout Camp at Osceola, Mo., was a great boost in his achievement of the Star and Life Scout ranks. It was a red-letter day when he qualified for the lifesaving merit badge, his last major requirement for the Eagle award. When he became an Eagle Scout, Paul was only 14 years old, one of the youngest members of Troop 64 ever to achieve this honor.

He worked and studied for a year to win the prized God and Country award. Meanwhile he earned Mic-O-Say Warrior rank, as "Little Strange Flying Ember," at Mohawk District's Camp Osceola. He ultimately amassed a total of 39 merit badges, many of which opened up new areas of study and hobbies. After attaining Eagle rank, he continued to serve his troop, eventually becoming senior patrol leader, thus qualifying for the Bronze, Gold, and finally the Silver Eagle Palm. Boy Scouting had helped Paul to find himself as a person, and he enjoyed repaying part of his debt by trying to help the younger boys.

Paul was rather awkward physically, and avoided most competitive sports. Challenged by his brother, he did, however, try out for high school football. His pastor, Dr. C. William Ellwanger, vividly remembers a visit to the home during this time, when Paul burst in the front door, helmet in hand, proclaiming, "I've made the team."

He surprised himself by becoming an expert "skateboarder." He especially excelled at swimming, which he used to strengthen his lungs. It was a proud day for Paul when, as a 14-year-old at Scout Camp, he won the mile swim award. Paul described this as a victory of the spirit. "I got so tired after the first half mile that I thought I couldn't go on. But as I kept on trying, I got my second wind, and knew then that I could finish, if I didn't quit."

Paul, a very ordinary student, was challenged by science and social studies but found mathematics and most language courses difficult. He admired many of his teachers during his school career, and was especially impressed by Mr. Wallace Good at Southwest High School in Kansas City, Mo. "He teaches more than biology," Paul once said of him. "He teaches what life is all about." He was particularly thrilled with a spelunking field trip to explore cave ecology in southern Missouri. Paul led mealtime devotions for the group on this weekend trip.

Graduating from high school in 1969 was a goal he took for granted. When helping his father pour a concrete walk at the family home two years earlier, he inscribed, "Paul Rice -- '69," in the fresh cement, along with a bare footprint. At the beginning of his junior year, in September, 1967, he seemed sparked to overcome some less-than-good study habits. By Christmas, he had proved to himself that he could achieve much better grades than he had been satisfied with heretofore.

It was a valuable lesson, learned just in time. The first three months of 1968 severely tested his resolve to do better work in school. Increasing illness made paying attention at school

and doing effective homework study more and more difficult. After the April operation, he was able to attend classes only two days during the last 10 weeks of the school year.

But he stubbornly insisted on keeping up with all his class assignments, sometimes when he could not sit erect for more than 30 minutes at a time. "I've got to finish these courses," he said often, "or I'll not be ready to graduate with my class in '69." Cooperative teachers, through his counsellor, sent home assignments and makeup and extra homework, to compensate for his enforced absence from class. He would work between periods of rest, and persisted until he had finished the last assignment for his major courses on the day before he had to return to the hospital early in June of 1968.

Mr. Roger Wendell, his junior class counselor, personally telephoned Paul to congratulate him on having earned a passing grade in every course, and on now being a senior at Southwest High School. Even in his pain and discomfort, Paul exulted in the joy of achieving a cherished goal for which he had worked so hard. His counselor later declared, "I have taught and coached in high schools for 10 years, but what Paul has done will stand out as the greatest example of courage and determination I have ever seen."

This inner compulsion to finish what he had started showed up even in little things. Paul had been eager to renew chess competition with his soldier brother, and hurriedly challenged him to a contest as soon as Larry arrived home in August. But he never had the strength to play a complete game. Three times they started, but Paul would make only a few moves, then be forced to push the board aside. On Thursday afternoon, just a few hours before his death early Friday morning, he realized that he could not continue the chess effort. With a characteristic smile, he sought to encourage his brother, saying, "Don't worry about that chess game, Larry. We'll finish it up in heaven."

Paul had achieved the Silver Eagle Palm goal. He had done his best to be ready to receive his high school diploma in '69. He was content to complete in heaven what he could not finish here on earth.

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06 -- "I WANT TO DIE EARLY IN THE MORNING."

"So many folks and so many songs talk about death as the evening of life. They think of it as the sunset just before darkness," Paul told his mother one August night. "But when my time comes, I want to die early in the morning, for it will be the dawn of a wonderful new day."

"I want so much to live," he said at another time, "but it's all right; I'm in God's hands." He often talked of his hopes and plans for the future and his ambitions to serve God and others through whatever he did in life. There was so much he wanted to accomplish, but now there was so little time, and he knew it.

He still struggled to do all that he could for himself, and to keep as much of his independence as possible. "It's getting harder to get out of bed every day, Larry," he told his

brother. Finally the night came when he could not stand up on his feet. "Does this mean that I'll never walk again?" was his anguished question. Then, as he described it later to a friend, he "turned it all over to God again," and found courage to go on and to help his loved ones and friends.

Often he would express his ideas about life and death and the meaning of it all. "Death," he said one night, "is really a great adventure. Just think, Mother, how wonderful it will be to take God by the hand, and walk down that road! I'll see Jim Lynn, and Jim Spruill, and that wonderful mother Dad talks about, that I never got to meet here. I'll ask Jesus about all those questions I haven't found the answers to yet." Then, with characteristic thoughtfulness of her situation, he added, "Remember, it will seem like a long time to you, but not to me, for in no time at all you'll be there with me."

"To go through death's door is not something to be afraid of," he once told a teen-age friend. "It is only stepping off life's escalator into a better world, when you're ready to meet God."

"People don't think straight about time and eternity," he reasoned at another time. "They figure the time between 17 and 70, and my life seems short. But they should measure the difference between 17 and eternity, and then that differential is just that much," he said as he snapped his fingers to illustrate.

The long nights of suffering became wonderful times of fellowship with his loved ones and friends who stayed with him. He would talk of family remembrances, teen activities and fun, Scouting adventures, travel episodes, and all the good times he had enjoyed. "Remember the time you washed the car, and then I spit on it, and you chased me around the block?" he said laughingly to his brother; "and the time I ate so much watermelon at the Rice reunion that I ended up sick?" He recalled the time in kindergarten when he had spent half an hour carefully wrapping up a Christmas gift he had made for his mother, only to discover that he had not put the gilded handprint mold into the box before he wrapped it up.

Thursday, August 15, brought a crisis. Several "Teens Plus" friends visited him that morning. He seemed well enough for his father to keep an urgent business luncheon engagement, not realizing that within minutes the malignancy would finally reach the most vital organ of Paul's body -- his heart.

About 1:30 p.m., Paul suddenly complained of a terrible shoulder pain, convulsively gasped for breath, and then his breathing and heartbeat stopped. His mother and brother were frantic, especially because his father had not yet returned from the luncheon. They did everything they could to revive him. Then suddenly Paul started to breathe again. He regained consciousness, but looked beyond the loved ones gathered about him. Calmly, reverently, with eyes wide-open, he prayed: "Dear Jesus, search my heart. I know that You saved and sanctified me, but search my heart. Show me anything that shouldn't be there, for I've got to go to heaven. Thank You, Jesus. Amen."

Then in never-to-be-forgotten personal expressions, he exhorted his brother and wife to always live for God. He rejoiced in their pledges to meet him in heaven, and expressed his love

and appreciation for his family. "Will Dad have anyone with him when he comes?" They did not think so. "Someone should be with my family at a time like this," Paul declared. "Larry, will you call Mr. Dudney?"

When this friend came, Paul told him, "I saw Jim Lynn and Jim Spruill. They were over across that beautiful, crystal-blue water." His radiant face seemed touched with the light of another world. Two hours later he mentioned the same vision to his mother, gesturing with his hand in locating the "crystal-blue water" and his friends who had waved to him. The vision was still more real to him than the covers of his bed.

When his pastor arrived, Paul asked him to read Romans 12, the Bible portion he had memorized two years before in preparing for the International Institute at Estes Park. His fervent "Amen" testified that its truth was still very real to him.

The next 12 hours were unforgettable to his family and friends. Alert and responsive, he took advantage of every golden moment. His sense of humor still buoyed him up, no longer in his typical teen frivolity or pleasantries, but in smiling appreciation and thoughtfulness of others. "What about Mrs. Wolf's children? Shouldn't she be home with them?" he asked of a family friend who stayed throughout the long night. He expressed his prayer for the "Teens Plus" group now on their way to Del Rio, Tex.

"Don't worry about that dinner date we weren't able to keep," he told another close friend who stood by. "We'll keep it at the great marriage supper up in heaven."

He asked someone to read again the letter and a poem he had received a week earlier from a favorite relative in Pennsylvania:

Dear Paul: Talking with you tonight was the nicest birthday present you could have given me. You sounded so weak, and yet so strong. You'll never know the inspiration you have been to your family and friends. If I can just be as ready to meet God when my time comes, I'll die happy.

Seventeen years is not very long to live here, but in your case quality, not quantity, counts most. I think you have really lived, all of your life. And maybe we can find God's plan for us through your life, Paul. . . . We love you. Aunt Georgia.

His condition remained static after midnight, and his family insisted that Paul's mother and father lie down for some much-needed rest. He remained alert and sensitive to everything that was taking place throughout the early morning hours. His interest in his physical condition seemed to be as objective as if all this were happening to someone else. "My chest is filling up with fluid: I can feel it," he diagnosed, as breathing became more difficult.

About 3 a.m. he asked, "Larry, is it time for my shot yet?" "Not for half an hour," was his brother's reply, "but I'll call Mother if you need it now." Paul chose to wait. But a few minutes later he said with calm authority, "Get Mother now, Larry." The analgesic she administered seemed to ease his pain.

Paul's doctor had been called out of town because of illness in his own family and was not able to attend the youth in his final hours. The veteran physician had once honestly confided to anxious parents, "I'm praying that we'll be able to keep him comfortable, for the cancer could possibly strike a painfully vital organ." His prayer was answered. The teen-ager was spared the intense suffering in his final hours that he might have been forced to endure.

Months before, Paul had talked rather casually about death and its eternal implications. "When my time comes, I hope I'm awake and alert," he had expressed, "for death is life's Great Adventure."

His ragged, weakening pulse and deadening limbs were to his nurse-mother clear evidence that the final physical crisis was near. Family and friends gathered around his bed in the little family room.

About 4 a.m., Paul looked up and asked, with manly poise and dignity, "Am I dying now, Mother?" She could not speak, but nodded her head in confirmation. Paul prayed aloud, "O God, give me courage and strength." They were his last spoken words.

His father quoted several appropriate scriptures, and all the family and friends joined in repeating the twenty-third psalm.

Paul tried once more to raise his head and to speak. His mother said, "Don't struggle, Paul. Just relax." He smiled at her and rested back quietly. "We'll all meet you in heaven, Paul," his brother assured him. "Are you still conscious, Paul?" his mother asked. The teen-ager nodded his head, took one short breath, and was gone.

It was "early in the morning," the dawn of Paul's wonderful new day."

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07 -- "I HOPE THEY DON'T SEND FLOWERS; SO MANY KIDS NEED HELP."

As Paul had opened his heart to so many friends and loved ones, these now responded in tribute to him, and in helpfulness to his family. Several hundred paid personal respects; and many more sent cards and letters, telegrams, and telephone messages of prayerful concern.

At the Monday morning memorial service, Gary Moore sang "Just Inside the Eastern Gate," and then another poem of praise to the God who had faithfully met every need of the nature-loving teen-ager:

Great is thy faithfulness; O God my Father;  
Morning by morning new mercies I see.  
All I have needed thy hand hath provided;  
Great is thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me.

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest;

Sun, moon, and stars, in their courses above,  
Join with all nature in manifold witness,  
To thy great faithfulness, mercy, and love.

Dr. Roy Swim read Romans 12, and told of several ways in which Paul had lived out this favorite scripture. Then Dr. C. William Ellwanger, his pastor, used the theme "Facing the Dawn," as he described the teen-ager's faith, courage, and radiant life. He chose the words of an other Paul as the teen-ager's funeral text: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing" (II Tim. 4:7-9).

His body was laid to rest near a large granite cross. A simple bronze marker, inscribed, "G. Paul Rice, 1951-1968," was soon to mark his grave. But his greatest memorial was not in metal or stone, but in the hearts and lives of those touched by his life and continuing testimony.

Paul's victorious faith under the pressure of suffering and death gave to all about him the challenge to love God supremely and show this love in meaningful service to others. "Paul showed me the way to become a Christian," one girl later testified. "When I visited him just a few weeks before his death, we talked for two hours about what it meant to live for God." Another teen friend said, "I saw Paul's faith, and I know now that if I keep Christ first in my life, like he did, I can have victory in whatever problems I may face."

He had mentioned that he wanted his coin collection to go "for a college fund for Larry and Kay's children." This has now been set aside for his namesake nephew, Paul Travis Rice, born December 10, 1969.

Paul had always been fascinated by flowers. Even as a child he delighted in finding wild flowers to bring home. He would keep watch on the rosebushes at his home, and never tired of bringing a choice bloom to his mother. In October of 1966, he had excitedly worked with his father planting several dozen tulip bulbs beside the house. It was to be a Mother's Day present, and he kept the secret all winter long until March warmth revealed his surprise gift. Those tulips still bloom every spring, perennial reminders of his love.

But tulips and roses, even at their beautiful best, would soon be wilted and gone. They were important to him only because of the people who gave and received them.

One of the joys of his life had been to visit his brother at Bethany Nazarene College, especially when he could stay in the dormitory with Larry. He would talk by the hour of the time when he too would be able to attend such a Christian college.

Paul had made, and paid, several pledges for new buildings at Nazarene colleges, when the needs had been presented at his home church, or at the district conventions he had attended with his father. But his primary interest was in the young people who would use these buildings.

"You've always talked of helping with one-half or more of my expenses," he told his parents, "and I'll be able to work the rest of my way through college. But so many kids I've talked to don't have this backing, and they'll never even get started without some help."

Just a few days before his homegoing, flowers reminded Paul of a further way he could show his love and concern for others.

After he knew that his time was very limited, Paul talked to his mother about what might happen if he "didn't make it." It was the only time he ever talked about his funeral, and his thoughts were not morbid or self-centered. "I hope they don't send flowers," was the way he expressed it. "So many kids need help, and that money could make such a difference to someone. Why don't you suggest a scholarship fund instead?"

This suggestion was carried out in his obituary notice. Several dozen floral tributes were still sent in his memory. And friends and relatives responded within three weeks in contributing more than \$5,400 to establish the "Paul Rice Memorial Scholarship" at Mid-America Nazarene College in Olathe, Kans. The fund was to be used during the years when he might have been registered there himself as a student.

And his story does not stop at MANC. Paul's uncle, a successful businessman in Pennsylvania, shared his vision of "so many kids needing help." He established a \$10,000 "Paul Rice Freshman Scholarship" fund at Eastern Nazarene College in Wollaston, Mass., all to be used during the 1969-70 school year. "So many young people have so much to give today, but they don't have a chance unless they can go on to college to prepare," this relative explained. "If we can just help them get started, they have what it takes to go on from there to finish school, and go out to give a life of service just like Paul wanted so much to do."

September 7, 1969, was the date when Paul had hoped to enroll as a freshman student at a Nazarene college. On that day 21 young people registered in his place at Eastern Nazarene College, and nine at Mid-America Nazarene College. In just one year, the "good soil" of Paul's life and influence had brought "thirty fold" increase.

Paul had had a deep appreciation of and respect for his pastors, and for all those called to special Christian service. "If God wants you or me to be a preacher, Larry, we've got to mind Him. And wouldn't it be wonderful!" he had told his brother after a youth service one day. The teen-ager would have been thrilled to know that seven of the 30 scholarship recipients would be preparing for the ministry, and two others planning for full-time Christian service in other areas.

Paul had loved many of his teachers, in public and church school classes. It was appropriate that 16 others of the 30 young people would be planning to become teachers of elementary-, high school-, or college-level youth.

He had wanted to be a doctor or a psychologist. As it turned out, three of the young people hope to pursue this profession, one of them as a medical missionary. Nursing, rural social work, and business administration are among the expressed goals of three other young men and women, most of them identical to Paul in age and in devotion to God and others.

Paul had looked forward to 1969 as his special year. Before this year ended, his vision-sharing uncle added another \$7,500 to the "Paul Rice Freshman Scholarships" at ENC, and the same amount to the MANC scholarship fund. In addition, he established a similar memorial of \$7,500 at Bethany Nazarene College in Bethany, Okla.

July, 1970, was the date of another International Youth Institute at Estes Park, Cob. The first edition of Facing the Dawn was completed just in time for presentation to this enthusiastic group of promising teen-agers.

In the fall, just a few weeks later, some of these same young people were among the 41 who registered at Mid America on a Paul Rice scholarship. Another 22 teenagers were enabled to enroll at ENC, and 37 others were helped to become freshmen at Bethany.

Paul's inspired scholarship idea, born of his prayerful concern for "so many kids who need help," had yielded a second harvest, this time "an hundred fold" increase. Their service will bear fruit far beyond the years when he had hoped to share the joys and challenges of college life himself. And the others they will help, in repaying his legacy to them, will, like Paul's tulips, bloom perennially.

A token of this continuing influence was demonstrated at Olathe, Kans., when the trustees of MANC voted in August of 1970 to name a newly completed dormitory building in his memory. "Rice Hall is a fitting memorial to Paul's life and testimony and interest in Christian education," declared Dr. Curtis Smith, president of the college.

The proceeds from the first two editions of Facing the Dawn, along with additional help from Paul's uncle, have brought total scholarship giving to more than \$50,000 in just over two years after his death. Olivet Nazarene College, in Kankakee, Ill.; Trevecca Nazarene College, in Nashville, Term.; and Mount Vernon Nazarene College, in Mount Vernon, Ohio, were added in December, 1970, to the list of schools where young people can benefit from Paul's vision.

He had often sung of the charge that was his to keep:

To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill,  
Oh, may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will!

Paul had presented all there was of him, as a "living sacrifice." He had often prayed that he too would be "used of God" to "help other kids." This prayer is still being answered.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END