

ISLANDS OF LIGHT

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THE AGE OF LIGHT¹

I remember sitting in my home with my wife and three children a few years ago listening to a radio broadcast commemorating the fifty years of light ushered in by Edison's discovery of the incandescent light bulb. The lights of our house were turned off, as were those of the neighbors' houses; in fact, by request of the sponsors of the event, lights were turned off all over the land. The street lamps of our city were off. Nothing around us but total darkness, Then a voice entering the room from far away spoke:

Now Mr. Edison is coming into his old laboratory, reproduced as a surprise for him by Henry Ford. An old assistant, the only one living of those who helped him at that time, is with him. Edison turns to the bulb that they are experimenting with to see if it has been rendered incandescent yet. Together they look at it. Edison shakes his head. It is not ready for the current. After a while he looks again. Again he shakes his head. The bulb is not yet emptied of the atmosphere of the room sufficiently to hold the current of pure light.

And as the voice went on, it suddenly occurred to me, what if Edison fails? What if the bulb fails? What if it can not sufficiently be emptied of itself, and cleansed of its own little atmosphere to bear the blinding flame of light and power it is to carry to a waiting darkened world. What would happen if it failed? We should be condemned to fifty more years of darkness—to kerosene lights and candles!

But again the voice is breaking in upon my meditation.

Edison turns and looks again. He appears excited. 'It is ready!' he exclaims. His hand trembles. And then in a clear voice he commands, 'Release the power, open the circuit, TURN ON THE LIGHT!'

Immediately the lights on the street flash on. The bells and whistles in St. Paul sound forth. My children run from room to room turning on lights. All down the street in all the houses lights are flashing on. THE AGE OF LIGHT HAS COME!

Now let us tune our radio in to another station in human history. Let us get still, silence our thoughts, and turn off our lights, and reproduce for ourselves, not an event of fifty years ago, but an event of two

thousand years ago. We do not hear the voice of Graham MacNamee broadcasting the picture, but we hear another voice, just as clear, the voice of the Apostle John:

He rises from supper, and lays aside His garments; and takes a towel, and girds Himself. After that He pours water into a basin, and begins to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel that was tied around him. Then He came to Simon Peter: and Peter says unto Him, Lord, are you going to wash my feet? Jesus answers him, If I wash you not, you have no part with me. Simon Peter says to Him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head. Jesus says to him, He that is bathed doesn't need to bathe again except for the feet. After He washed their feet, he said, Do you know what I have done to you?

Can we answer that last question? Do we know what Jesus has done in this last momentous hour?

He did to His disciples what Edison did to his bulb of glass. Edison washed all the air out of it, he cleansed it of the heavy inflammable atmosphere of the outer room, he emptied it of itself so that it could be an instrument of a power greater than itself. That is what Jesus did when he washed the feet of His disciples in that upper room. He cleansed them of their little selves. He washed from them the dirt and dust of materialism and selfishness that they might be incandescent enough to be carriers of Light to a darkened world.

And what if He had failed!

What if no one in that upper room were humble enough and surrendered enough to be rendered incandescent! We know that one of them was not. The voice of John described this one in words that a modern broadcaster could apply with equal force to a family lamp: "He went immediately out and it was night."

What if the light of all the disciples had gone "immediately out," how great would have been the darkness! The age of light would then have been postponed 2000 years.

Fortunately there were some in this inner group who were humble and loving enough to be incandescent. Therefore we are able to hear Jesus' triumphant voice ringing down the ages to all His disciples of all races and of all climes: "YE ARE THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

The tremendous truth at the core of all the teachings of Jesus was that He and the Father were one, and that He and the disciples were one. That last night He tried to make that truth clear in two parables: first, that the Father was the vine and we are His branches; the other, that the Father's kingdom was a great house of marvelous beauty in which Jesus had prepared for all of us rooms or mansions. But the climax of that night came when He suddenly ceased speaking in words and began speaking in symbols and actions. Let us tune in again to the great radio of the gospel. This time it is the voice of Matthew speaking:

And as they are eating, Jesus takes bread, and blesses it, and breaks it, and gives it to the disciples, and says, Take, eat; this is my body. And He takes the cup, and gives thanks, and gives it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

Here Jesus was turning on the light!

Here He was connecting His disciples with the Great Central Power Station. When He said, "take, eat . . . this is my body and my blood," he was saying, "Assimilate me unto yourselves."

Jesus does not here tell His disciples to take His words into their minds and ponder on them. He tells them to take His very body and blood and live His life for Him. In a little while He was taking His body out of this world, and they would presently be the only bodies on this earth that He possessed. Henceforth they must be His visible body, must think His thoughts, perform His deeds and live His life. Henceforth they must take the light of His life into their souls and let it shine forth unto all the world, not by the mere words they speak, but by the lives they live, even unto the end of the age.

One final lesson we can learn from the practical, efficient, devoted followers of Edison is that they did not rent a hall and place on exhibition the great bulb that was the climax of Edison's historic achievement, where people from all over the world could come and pay admission to admire the wonderful piece of handiwork and praise the genius of its maker. Instead they took the invention as something not merely to be *admired*, but as something to be *used* in the practical affairs of life. So they applied themselves faithfully and industriously to the reproducing of thousands, yes, millions of other bulbs like unto it, until the light of these millions of bulbs has lighted the world.

We, as disciples of Jesus, have a choice between two ways in which we can take this great event that happened two thousand years ago in the upper room in Galilee. We can participate in it as a mere ecclesiastical form, a religious rite, separate from life, which we can reproduce and enjoy at stated intervals; we may bow in adoration before the great, incandescent, transfigured Author of the little drama of the upper room and then immediately forget Him and the far-reaching implications of the event the moment the church doors close behind us. Or, on the other hand, we may enter into the experience as a vital part of our religious life, experiencing the cleansing of sin, and become filled with the living Christ. We may accept it as an invitation and a challenge to be made incandescent and filled with light as Christ was incandescent and filled with the light of God's love.

Think what would happen in this old world if every one who partook of the Lord's Supper in the sanctuary of the church would go forth carrying the Light of the Christ consciousness within his own soul. THE WORLD WOULD BE FULL OF LIGHT!

SEARCH FOR LIGHT

How can we make ourselves incandescent enough for the Light of Heaven to flow through us? What a beautiful world we should have if enough people could do that! How wonderful it would be if the AGE OF LIGHT in the hearts and souls of men could be turned on as effectively and as miraculously as the age of light in the streets and homes was ushered in by the work of Edison and his little group of men in the laboratory.

Perhaps that is what we need—a laboratory. Perhaps we have been making our churches too much museums commemorating the past instead of laboratories preparing for the future. Perhaps all we need is the laboratory, and the time, and the tremendous inner urge in our souls—as tremendous and persistent an urge as that which burned in the soul of Edison and his little band fifty years ago.

But where will one find the laboratory? Where will one find the people who have the urge? And how much time can a group of earnest seekers set aside from their responsibilities and duties in a workaday world to give to this.

There was only one immediate answer that came to me. And that was this: *Whoever embarks upon this seeking must give himself wholly to it.* Yes, that is it—God demands the whole man. Nothing must be withheld. Each one must give himself with all his strength, with all his mind, with all his heart and with all his soul. This laboratory must not be merely a laboratory of the soul, then. It must take in the mind and body as well. Religion alone will not be enough to save us. Not only must the heart and soul be rendered incandescent, but the mind and body also as far as one is able.

So I started on a journey one year—a journey down through the heart of America—to find the laboratory, the seekers and the method by which we might help usher in the Age of Light for a dark and weary world.

My first stopping place was Lake Geneva, where students from eight mid-western states were gathering in an open air conference for building personality around the pattern of Christ. My task was to present to them ideas of the inner spirit—Spiritual orchestration I called it. I stressed the need of making one's entire soul empty and incandescent and completely surrendered to God. When I wasn't speaking I listened to other speakers on similar themes. But one afternoon I stumbled upon a little gathering around a Miss Ruth Raymond, a teacher of Art, who was leading a rather unusual group of young people in a rather unusual way.

"Erase your faces," she said, "Wipe out all your old preconceived actions and ideas and make your mind incandescent. Now tune in to Beauty, Love and Joy." And as the hour went on, I realized that here was what I had been seeking for. One day she had them work out dramatic poses to illustrate different emotions. The next day she took up color and told them to feel themselves as vapor drawn about by the colors of the rainbow while she explained the significance of the colors: red signifying blood and excitement, blue, remoteness and loyalty, etc. One day she had them read their own original poems or poems of others which were particular favorites of theirs and therefore "belonged to them."

And then one day I drew her aside and told her of my dream of establishing an open air laboratory to help bring to pass the Age of Light. "In my spiritual orchestration hour," I said, "I am telling people the great Divine Laws of life as stated by Jesus, and how one can use them as shafts to tune right in to the infinite power of God. As one attains oneness with God, he turns on the Light in his own soul, and brings light to all who are in the house. Now I find you doing with art what I was trying to do in terms of religion."

"Yes," she said, "I believe that the Arts may be our avenue for losing our self-consciousness in a sense of oneness with God. When we yield ourselves to the spell of the great artist, we 'lose ourselves,' through our imagination, in his creation; we are one with the characters in the drama, we are swept along with the movement of the music, we find repose in the spacious ease of the seated 'Fates' of the Parthenon, or draw deep breaths of courage with the Victory of Samothrace. If the piece of beauty we contemplate is great art, it has elements of the Universal in it; through it we push out our horizons. It manifests Unity; through it we experience peace. For the moment of our contemplation

we have lost that self-consciousness which insulates us from God. I believe through art we can turn our attention from our self-axis to our wider orbit, and through it to link ourselves to the source of radiant energy and creative power, and bring ourselves into true relationship with the universe in which we live."

"Would you be willing to come to a camp next summer and put your philosophy into practice with a specially chosen group of people who are willing to give all they have to the releasing of themselves to your teachings and opening themselves up to God?"

"There is nothing in the world I would rather do. I would go to the ends of the earth to find such a group," she said.

My next stopping place was New York City where I was to be the guest for several weeks of a very interesting family, the family by the way that brought Coué to America. The first thing I found awaiting me when I went to my room was a letter from a man I had met only once before in my life.

"Come out to my island as my guest for a week," he wrote, "and let me demonstrate my wonderful new discovery. I have found a way of making the body an instrument of prayer."

I accepted his invitation and there on the "Island Farthest Out" I studied under this man. And as I watched the great ocean move in its irresistible and ever relaxed way, I caught a little of the tremendous spirit of the sea into my soul and knew from whence he had derived his secret. One day I asked him to put into words what he was doing. He replied:

If you were to ask me to say in a single sentence what I am doing, I would say I am teaching people how to pray—teaching a definite technique a man can depend upon and use for praying with his body—a technique by which a man makes himself sensitive, radio-like to the Unseen—opens himself soul and body to God.

Prayer in its fullness and sense of communion has a technique for connecting a man with God, which is as definite (to put it in a homely way) as turning on the light by putting the plug in its socket. Prayer in its fullest sense is the act of fitting one's soul into one's body —of lighting up one's body with God. In other words, in prayer, a man coordinates his instrument for knowing God.

The Church instead of giving a man the means, when it converts him, of using his very appetites to praise God with, is still trying and still feels obliged to try to get him to praise God in spite of his appetites—praise God all he can manage to with God on one side, and his appetites on the other.

I believe that until we provide people with a definite technique for praying with their bodies as well as with their souls, we are not going to be able to draw the world singing and crowding into our churches.

"Could you come to a camp next summer and teach a group of serious seekers how to do this?"

"I myself am fastened to this island," he replied, "part and parcel of this island as much as that old lighthouse is a part of it. But suppose you select one of your group—one of your finest chosen seekers to spend a month or two with me and my wife and learn my method and let him do it for you."

Returning some time later to the home of the great efficiency expert, he said, "Do you know I have been practicing your philosophy in my business and I find it works. Your idea is that if a thing is put into perfect balance it will work itself—the kinks and errors will fall off of their own weight, so to speak, isn't it?"

"Something like that," I smiled.

"Well, when a great business fails and I am called in to put it on its feet, I invariably find that somewhere or other things are out of balance. And I find that the philosophy of looking for the spiritual unbalance first is a good thing. Therefore, the first thing I look for is a man in the establishment who is what you would call 'in tune.' that is to say, humble, yet efficient and willing to do his best without regard for recompense or glory, but for the good of all. Sometimes this man is one of the under-managers or a sub-foreman, but even if he were the mere office boy or janitor I think I would take him. This man I pick out and appoint as the head of the firm until conditions begin to ease. I tell the rest that he is the 'king' and they are to do exactly as he says."

That suggested another idea to carry to the camp, how a man can put his business into balance while he is putting his soul, mind and body into balance. So I decided then and there that we must have an open forum hour for businessmen and others to discuss spiritual life from this practical point of view. How glorious it is to think that one can become an office boy or janitor or under-manager for the Lord! Sometimes I wonder if all the really successful men aren't just God's janitors and office boys in disguise. And all the while it was growing more and more clear to me that this taking religion into all the affairs of life was not demeaning heaven to base ends, but rather was a lifting of the sodden affairs of earth heavenward. At this camp we must learn to put every phase of our life under the leadership and under the control of Christ. More and more I became thrilled with this idea of the conception of the wholeness of the spiritual life.

Years ago I had taken football teams down to a camp on the Mississippi River two weeks before college opened for special training in the fundamentals of football. These camps were always thrilling affairs but not nearly as thrilling to me as this new kind of Camp I was contemplating, a camp for training athletes of the spirit.

Then a set of problems began to arise.

Problem I: These football camps were financed by an athletic board. How was this new kind of camp of ours to be financed? We wanted to keep expense per person as low as possible. But there was going to be some expense that would be very great. For instance, we knew of no one in the middle west who understood this new philosophy of physical coordination, so there remained nothing for us to do but send someone east to study for several weeks or months the system which had so intrigued me on my journey of discovery. Better omit the physical side, some of my friends said. Instantly I said, "No." This must be an adventure into the *wholeness* of the spiritual life or it would be nothing. Unless we could give the picture complete we would not even start. Otherwise it would be *just one more camp*. So I selected one of the most spiritual young persons I knew, Vivian Combacker, and sent her East—and we have never regretted that investment. It has certainly borne fruit a hundredfold.

Then suddenly out of the blue sky, without soliciting it, without our expecting it, twelve friends came forward and offered to underwrite the camp to the extent of \$500.00. Moreover they paid the money in. I am glad to report that when the camp was over we were able to return to them two-thirds of what they had given.

Problem II: Another thing to give concern—at least it gave my wife considerable concern—was the preparation of the message for such an extended study as this would be. "Do you realize that this is a three weeks' camp, and you are scheduled to speak morning and evening? I don't remember ever seeing you write down a speech in your life. Are you sure you could give forty-two talks?"

Of course, this was the most sensible sort of advice. Fortunately I was going to Lake Geneva again to give a series of nine or ten talks and I promised to take special pains in preparing those. But, alas, when I returned and with some elation turned to produce my notebook with a dozen outlined talks to show my wife, I discovered that I had left it on the train never to be seen again. I accepted this as God's leading that in this camp we must trust *all* to Him, and that He would say what should be said, through me or through others at the right time and in the right way. And God has never failed us yet.

Problem III. There remained one serious problem, now that the time of the first camp was rapidly drawing nigh. Would the right persons come to it? In fact, would any persons come to it?

The first letter of acceptance came from a young woman we had never heard of or seen before—a Miss Sparrow. If the robin is the first forerunner of summer, the Sparrow was the harbinger and forerunner of the Camp Farthest Out. For she wrote, "I am so thrilled with this idea of making ourselves complete channels for the Christ to work through us that I am going to Lake Koronis two weeks before the camp begins, and be quiet there with God, and walk beside the still waters and look at the woods and hills and prepare my soul for the divine spirit of the Christ to come down and bless us all."

"If they all come with that spirit," said my wife, "the camp will be a success."

And they did come with that spirit, from east and west, from north and south until nineteen states were represented . . . seventy self-chosen souls, or perhaps I should say, God-chosen souls, for no one who ever came to these camps seemed directed from any other source than that of God.

Problem IV: But how amalgamate and blend together easily and quickly all these people, from every walk of life, representing practically every profession, and of all ages—men and women and little children? How could one gather together the threads of these lives, the deep hidden consciousness of all these people nearly all strangers to each other and blend them together and make them one?

That question was answered the first night. Glenn Harding arose and led them in song. Strange we had not thought of having a song leader present! And Glenn was a revelation to us of what a true song leader of the spirit could be. Of all the forms of spiritual and aesthetic coordination, this most wonderful means of all—the method of song—had been left out of the picture. And now Glenn Harding arose to make that picture complete. The word "picture" fits well here because I believe we can all recall, whoever has seen Glenn lead singing at Koronis, the picture of the way he leads and blends and sweeps us into that glorious oneness where souls meet souls while voices blend with voices out in the starlit air.

ISLANDS OF LIGHT

A.—Koronis

Such lovely people came (only unusual people would come to such an unusual camp, one of them told me), and so marvelous was the fellowship, and the friendships that grew up in that relaxed, released, heavenly atmosphere that words can not be found to describe it. People who had gone year after year to typical, inspirational conferences anywhere in the world could not get over the unique spirit of this camp.

One Y. W. C. A. secretary who had been to many camps, put it this way:

"In trying to find words to express the quality of this camp which seems to have gone beyond all other camps in my experience, there occurs to me these seven reasons:

1. It was an experience involving one's whole personality.
2. It was filled with freedom, spontaneity, trust in one another and the fun of doing creative things together; the program was marked by fearlessness, sanity and balance and emphasis on really fundamental things; the program grew in an amazing way out of the harmony and unity of feeling in the group.
3. Nobody was dogmatic, yet each one had strong convictions.
4. There was no destructive criticism: of the church, of modern society, of the young people of today.
5. There was a vital interest in the social problems of the day.
6. There was such delightful comradeship among young and old.
7. There was such a tremendous amount of 'carry-over' after camp, due to the fact that we actually began to live there; we did not find in the camp an escape from our problems but a new facing of them.

The whole thing was perfect. When I left I kept thinking of Tagore's lines: 'When I go from hence, let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable.' "

This was not a healing camp, but a camp for replenishing the soul. But several remarkable things happened. One old lady hardly dared to come because her arthritis made it impossible for her to climb steps; indeed, she could hardly walk, even with the assistance of a crutch and a cane—both of which she constantly used. But she came and the last week she threw both cane and crutch away.

One woman hardly dared come because a member of her family was in peculiar danger, and she was the only one able to avert the danger. I felt led to tell her that if she came she would be able to help by her prayers more in the camp than she would be able to do if she remained at home, especially with her mind under the cloud and heaviness that she had been in for months. She came and found upon her return that the danger was not only averted but was permanently removed.

Ruth Kennell had come to help Vivian in the physical coordination, and her lightsomeness and glad group harmonizing was always missed when she was not there. Opal Gilpatrick came with her creative motion, derived from Mrs. Russell, carrying one step forward the beautiful basic relaxations Vivian had brought us from the islands of the East. To our regret Ruth Raymond could not come the second year, but Franz Aust, landscape artist, nature lover, man lover, and—above all—lover of God, came with his beautiful selflessness, his infinite resources. His spirit blended with that of Vivian and Ruth and Opal and Glenn Harding and others and the camp continued to be a heavenly place for us all. This camp was not on an island, but out on the lake we found an island—a fairy island if ever there was

one. It was always the high point of the camp when we gathered all the boats and went over to the island for a corn roast, managed by Franz Aust, and a climb up the hill to its highest level, where we were led in song by Glenn Harding and listened to a talk on the sunset as the sun went down by Franz, one of the greatest landscape artists in the world, and then following a song and a talk, we all marched down with lanterns, singing, "Follow the Gleam."

B. The Shoals

One year Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Holt came to the camp and the next year, with the aid of the Dan Flemings, the Dan Blisses, the Tryons and others, laid the foundation for a camp in the east. The first year it was held at Kennebec Point, Georgetown, Maine; the second year at Harpswell Center and the third year we discovered Star Island, one of the Isles of Shoals where we think we shall remain forever. Anyone who has ever been to the Isles of Shoals knows the fascination of those wind-swept, ocean-exposed, sun-kissed spots in the Atlantic. Here on Star Island, the only island in the world devoted entirely and exclusively to spiritual retreats, one finds himself very, very close to God and heaven. While it is not the island farthest out off the coast of Maine, it is the island farthest out in its reaching toward God and the infinite.

One who has spent many summers on this beautiful island writes: "Do you want to feel the appeal of the open sky and the distant horizon encircling you around? Do you want to feel the wind and hear the surf and stand on the top of a great submerged mountain on the very summit of which is our little stone meeting house? Do you want to share the deep yearnings of human hearts and be touched with the healing that comes mysteriously from the tides of the spirit? Do you want your faith kindled into a light which will illuminate many of the darker hours of your daily life through the days to come? If you would receive all these blessings, you will visit our beloved island."

Here with the light of nine lighthouses twinkling back to us, safely out of reach of the materialistic grip of the mainland, we give ourselves utterly to our dreams, our visions and our God.

Here great leaders have come. I haven't space to describe them to you, but to many the names will be enough: Gerrit A. Beneker, the famous painter; Mrs. Chas. M. Hunt, director of the Art Guild of New York City; Dr. Frederick Schleider, unusual teacher of creative music; Alice Craft, internationally-known teacher of rhythm and dancing, not to mention Opal, Vivian, Ruth, Glenn Harding and others from the west who came at times to help. In fact, the eastern campers tend to differ from the western campers in this respect: They wish a new set of teachers each year to introduce them to some new art technique, and they do their best to secure people of international reputation.

These islands have a wonderful history. From the days when legend says they were discovered by Captain John Smith, until now they have been the sanctuary and inspiration of more famous authors, artists and men of genius than any spot in the nation. unless it be Concord, Massachusetts. Oscar Laighton's history of Ninety Years on the Isles of Shoals and his famous sister, Celia Thaxter's beautiful book, The Isles of Shoals, are fascinating reading which will make the finest preparation one can have for coming to the Camp, and beautiful reminders after one has left it.

Every spot on Star Island is hallowed with memories. The rocks, the coves, the winding paths, but above all the little stone meeting house that crowns the topmost point of the island are all rich in traditions and memories. To this little meeting house every evening as the closing event of the day, all the campers go in perfect silence. each carrying his lighted candle. These candles are hung on crosses inside the little building and furnish the only light for the closing service of song and stillness which brings a perfect day to a perfect close.

So each camp has its individuality, we might say its personality, but behind and through and over all is the great Personality of God.

SOCIAL VISION

There is always danger in withdrawal from the world that one might become so engrossed in his inner vision and so thrilled with his own experiences of self-discovery (in art and rhythm and new ideas), and in the experiences of new and beautiful friendships with congenial people, that he will forget the needs of the unfortunate, the needy, the suffering in the outside world and will become detached from the social problems of the day.

There is no danger of that at the Camp Farthest Out.

Every year we give deep consecrated study and prayer to some large, national or international problems of the day, and the high points of the Camp are those hours of united prayer where these hard, pressing problems of suffering humanity are given most completely and utterly to God.

There is no way of determining in advance what the social thinking and visioning of the groups will be, for each group has its own unique spirit—creates its own camp personality, and the dreams and visions well up spontaneously from within those who gather there. They are not organized and programmed and set up in advance. This is one reason why the thinking and praying at these camps has been as creative as it is.

In 1931 we gave much attention to the farm problem.

In 1932, we took up the pressing unemployment problem, especially as it affected Minneapolis, and before the camp was over, largely as a result of our prayers, the great Organized Unemployment Movement of Minneapolis started. The story of this remarkable answer to prayer is revealed in the opening chapters of "The Land We Vision."

In 1934, we devoted our time and prayer to discussion of the entire social order and through the orchestration of our vision, people of all political and economic beliefs, radical and conservative alike, united in love and harmony in a prayer that is described in the closing chapters of "The Land We Vision."

In 1935, in preparation for Kagawa's coming, we united our vision in prayer for the Kingdom of God Movement, the germ idea of which may be found in "Silver Sandals."

In 1936, the vision of the camp may center around the practical social implementing of the Christian life in terms of economics and politics, not only in national terms but in world terms.

I had hardly written this last line before I was interrupted by an internationally-known gentleman from Bombay, a man who has sometimes been called the "Kagawa of India."

"I have wanted to come and see you," he said, "but I had many expenses on this journey from India, and had to meet them by my lecture tours. Now all the expenses are met, my ticket back to India is bought and now I have time to dream dreams. Before I leave for Edinborough University, where I am to give a series of lectures, I have made this special trip up to see you about the dream that has become most deeply planted in my soul as I have traveled over America. I want to go back to India and start some Camps Farthest Out. We call them Ashrams there, and last year I held one for two weeks with fifty-seven people and the results were remarkable.

"But now I want to learn all about your methods, your programs, and when I go back I wish to hold three camps, and I want them to be so closely in touch and in tune with your camps and your people that we shall feel that we are working hand in hand for spreading the Kingdom of Heaven in East and West.

"We want this movement in India to be part of the Kingdom of God Movement, and we want to get this movement from you in America, as the people of India are especially hospitable to any movement that comes from America, especially a movement of this kind at this particular time."

"This," I said, "is the fulfillment of the dream we had when the Camps were first started. And India is the land of all lands we should love to do this dreaming with. In the dim beginnings of history we were brothers. The Indo-Aryan race was cradled in the Himalayas and when they started their great trek, one half stopped in the valley of the Ganges and learned how to meditate and be still and turn their thoughts within. The other half journeyed on to build states and learn how to act, how to do. We of the Occident have been journeying all these centuries and have just now reached the end of our trail, and here in America we are ready to reach out our hands and clasp those of our brothers in the Orient we left four thousand years ago, and unite for the rebuilding of a new world."

And then, at his request, I told him somewhat of our program at the Camps.

"Because we represent two halves of the same great thought, and because our civilizations have been greatly different, we should have our camps somewhat different to meet the needs of the different races," he said. "For instance, we as a race have been taught how to relax and fall into balance from our earliest childhood, and so we will not need the emphasis upon physical rhythm or relaxation that you require. On the other hand, not having had access to the Bible and to Sunday Schools as you have had, we need to emphasize more the Bible study feature. So this is what we shall do. You send me full reports of both the Camps in America as soon as they are over in September. Then I will call a meeting of our counselors in October and we will plan our Camps for May. Then when our Camps are over in May we shall send you full reports in time for your Camps in July and August. Thus, like a revolving wheel, we shall keep the ball rolling, and know that we are praying for each other, working together and dreaming together and together seeing our vision of the Kingdom of God being born into the midst of men."

Just to show the perfect interweaving of events, the Plymouth Church, where I hold the Bible class in which the idea of the Camp Farthest Out was born, is financing this great Christian Indian teacher, whom many call the Kagawa of India. Members of the Bible class are financing the renting of the building where his Camps are to be held, high up in the most ancient and revered mountain of India.

When I told him that Dr. and Mrs. Holt, who had organized our eastern Camp and who had shared with us in its planning for many years, were to spend a year in his city in India, where Dr. Holt was to have charge of re-organizing the social work, he exclaimed, "It is wonderful the way God interweaves all

plans. I shall ask them to sit in on our council and help plan the Camps this first year and they can bring you first hand reports when they return two years from now."

Thus, without our going out to seek for it, a definite project of international proportions has been brought to us for the camps to think about and pray about and vision through this coming summer. But well we know that little can be done about visioning the kingdom of God in the entire world until we have first brought the kingdom of God into our own souls. Therefore the primary object of the Camps will remain what it has always been—to find God and live joyously in His Kingdom.

Books for the Camp Farthest Out

BOOKLETS ON SPIRITUAL ORCHESTRATION

The Lord's Prayer
Song of the Souls of Men

BOOKLETS ON THE SOCIAL VISION

The Land We Vision
Silver Sandals

BOOKLET ON PHYSICAL COORDINATION

Power in Athletics

THE TWO FOUNDATION BOOKS FOR ALL CAMPERS

The Soul's Sincere Desire
The Thought Farthest Out

A BOOKLET TO HELP SOVE YOUR PROBLEMS

Twelve Parable Miracles of Answered Prayer

A BOOK TO HELP OTHERS

Fishers of Men

BOOKS FOR AESTHETIC APPRECIATION

Water of Life (An allegory of bringing the Kingdom of God into the hearts of men)
Manual of the Short Story Art

A book that sold over 200 editions in Japan, now edited for the public by Camp Farthest Outers
Kagawa's novel: A Grain of Wheat