

# Clear Horizons



Spring, 1954

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## As We Go to Press

While you are reading Glenn Clark's article (p.1) on wholeness and healing, he will be about half way around the world starting the last leg of his world tour. The article is taken from his new book **Be Thou Made Whole**. (\$2.50) The book started out as a correspondence course on healing and through many revisions and additions has finally been made available to the public in general. We think it is one of his best books, and that's saying a lot . . . **Florence B. Larson** (p. 5) retells an old story that will never grow old. If you are enmeshed in seemingly insurmountable problems, let the tale of how the birds got their wings soak into your conscious and subconscious mind. It can do wonders for you...Everyone seeks after happiness. It may mean different things to different people, but the fruit of the goal is happiness, and an old professor's formula for happiness is excellent reading as written by **Charles William Phillips** (p. 7) . . . One of our favorite people in the world is a sweet little lady by the name of **Mittie Waters**. There is no telling how many people owe what they are to the helping hand of Mittie. There is probably one group more than any other that does know and appreciate her, however, and that is the prison population of the state of North Carolina. Mittie has done volunteer prison work for many years. The author of the article is one of the inmates on the prison paper (p. 9) . . . **Albert Cliffe** (p. 16) is one of the most dynamic Christian laymen in North America. If you ever get the chance to hear him speak, give yourself a treat and make every effort to be there. His article on stumbling blocks makes good reading for good living. He is the author of **Lessons in Successful Living and Let Go and Let God**. . . . Tension is one of the marks of our age and the managing of our tensions is one of the problems that we all must solve in some manner. **Harold Ruopp** (p. 37), a most successful pastor who is now devoting himself to writing, writes out of his rich and varied experiences to help us come to grips successfully with our tensions . . . The article by **Frederika Blankner** (p. 49) is a treat that we feel will set your imagination on fire . . . **Hazel Pickett** (p. 55) is the author of the book, **God's Perfect Way for You**.

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## CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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# Clear Horizons

Fourteenth Year

Spring, 1954

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☞ "Wilt thou be made whole?"

## The Divine Law of Wholeness

Glenn Clark

THE DIVINE LAW is that everything should be whole, perfect, and complete. Anything that is whole is beautiful. Anything that is whole is true. A whole maple leaf is very beautiful, but tear it to bits and you destroy the beauty. Whole wheat is good. Remove some of the wholeness from the wheat, and its good nourishing power is largely lost. That which we leave to the laws of nature gravitates toward wholeness. If cracks or crevices come in the wholeness, nature undertakes at once to fill those cracks and crevices with elements which at first glance seem bad, but which, when carefully analyzed, prove to be nature's instruments for attempting to restore the wholeness. If we keep turned always to God, these cracks won't come, but when we forsake God and the cracks come, God does not forsake us. He sends in His salvaging crew of workers to clear the cracks of the

debris that naturally accumulates in them. This "salvaging crew" consists of vermin to destroy dirt in cracks in barn floors, maggots to absorb poison in wounds, fevers to destroy infections in illness, mania to dull suffering in "split personalities." If we accept these rescue workers of nature in a friendly spirit, acknowledging their service and offering assistance to them, it is remarkable how obediently they will depart when their work is done.

When there are cracks in the barn floor and the vermin come in to destroy the decaying matter that falls into those cracks, don't condemn the vermin — cement up the cracks! When there is a lesion in the body and infection develops, thank the fever that arises to help you burn out the infection, don't condemn it. The fever will leave when you drain out the infection. When a crack appears in a man's mind—a split in his personality—and mania appears

From *Be Thou Made Whole* by Glenn Clark, Macalester Park Publishing Co., \$2.50

as nature's anesthetic to dull the mental anguish that would otherwise be present, don't condemn the mania! Treat it kindly, as Jesus treated the demons of old, but when its job is done and the split personality is cemented over with the love of God and faith in the Healing Christ, thank the demon kindly and quietly but firmly command it to depart. When the plumber has cleared the obstruction in the kitchen sink he has absolutely no business to linger around.

A practical illustration of what I mean occurred in the First World War when a man terribly wounded on the battlefield was picked up hours later, and under the dirty wrappings of his bandages a young interne in the base hospital discovered the wound was filled with maggots. It was a hopeless case of gangrene, but when the physician in charge discovered the maggots, he commanded that the wrappings be replaced by clean ones but care should be used not to remove the maggots. The little creatures consumed the poison, and the patient recovered. Johns Hopkins Hospital honored this same physician for his discovery by putting him on its staff to breed maggots for special use in all cases similar to this, and the results have been marvelous.

A true physician of souls will see everything in this world and every person in this world as whole, per-

fect, and complete. Where there are any appearances of cracks or breaks, he will see God's hand, through direct intervention or through the indirect process of nature, filling these crevices and cracks in ways which, if properly understood, will always bring healing.

The kind of filler that God uses can be either positive or negative, depending entirely upon the state of consciousness of the person concerned. When one's state of consciousness is good, God sends the positive elements to fill these cracks: faith, hope, and love. If one has sufficient of these, no other filler is needed. Where the patient's consciousness is negative and his faith, hope, and love are inadequate for the purpose the negative elements enter in to do the job. The negative elements will depart, however, as soon as one becomes so surrendered to God that he can see good in everything, even in the negative elements and accepts them with understanding, forgiveness, gratitude, and love. That was the way the physician accepted the maggots and cured a broken body. That was the way Jesus accepted the demons and cured a broken mind. "I must decrease," said John the Baptist, for he depended upon denunciation, "and Christ must increase," for He depended upon love.

Jesus' way of handling demons in his day, and curing insanity in what-

ever form it presented itself to him, is a perfect illustration of what I am saying. He did not converse with demons in the spirit of hate, but in the spirit of friendliness; he did not combat them with anger; he commanded them with authority. This is exactly the way parents deal with refractory children, and masters deal with sullen servants. One of the four commissions that Jesus gave his disciples is described in the statement, "He gave them *authority* over unclean spirits." Many places where Jesus went people failed to recognize who he was, but the demons never failed to recognize him as the Son of God.

Jesus' technique of handling demons is very interesting. First he would find out the demon's name, just as the psychiatrist's first step today is locating in the subconscious the hidden cause of the psychosis. Having found its name, He could speak with authority, and the subconscious, always obedient to the voice of true authority, would quickly respond to his command. For instance, in one case the demon confessed that his name was legion. The word *legion* implied that there was no unity or wholeness in the man. He was split into a thousand different "selves." All Jesus needed to do was to cast out this disintegrating force called Legion, and putty up the crevices in the man with the great integrating force

called Love, and the man was made completely whole. Jesus took pity on the demons, however, when they begged him to let them serve the world in some other place where a crack had occurred that might draw disease or pestilence upon others. Seeing some swine that were undoubtedly diseased, creatures which Moses in the ancient "unrefrigerated" days warned his people against touching, Jesus granted their request. The swine undoubtedly must have been infected or Jesus would never have allowed the demons to enter them. Had he not done so they would probably have started a pestilence that might have taken many lives. Demons are so constituted that they can never enter into anything or anyone where there are no "cracks" to receive them.

In the Greek race, demons were actually considered helpers. Each philosopher had his private demon or guardian angel which he consulted. These demons differed from the angels in only one way—they warned their charges *against* evil, and didn't show them the way *to* the good. The angels on the other hand, whose eyes were too pure to behold iniquity, led their wards only to the good.

The domesticated demons of Jesus' and Socrates' day served as the left hand of God while the angels served as the right hand. The demon of Socrates turned on the red

light to prevent accidents and as a shield to ward off Karma. The guardian angel of St. Paul turned on the green light to show the right path and make the way straight for the triumph of good. Demons make their appearance only after a break is made in the perfect wholeness. They come in to fill the crevices and cracks. The quick preventive of all troubles, the way to cast out all demons even before they appear, is to close all the crevices in your soul and establish complete union with God and man, and the way to do that is through the way of love. Repent of your sins, forgive your enemies, cast out all jealousy, resentment, lust, and hate, and establish complete union with your brother through love, and complete union with God through adoration and faith, and all forms of illness will stay away. Jesus summed up all the laws and the prophets in his two great commandments, and he gave the perfect rule for health and harmony when he stated the Golden Rule.

Some remarks are in order before you come to the exercises. There is going to be tremendous power in this healing course because we are going to marshal to our aid the two greatest instruments God has ever given man to use—imagination and faith. My own success in prayer comes largely from the fact that for thirty years I was

a teacher of literature and creative writing and I there discovered that there were greater advantages in drenching oneself in poetry than in theology.

Prayers are only answered when the conscious is in perfect alignment with the subconscious. This is the theme of the first chapter of *I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes* where I show how the hind's sure-footedness on mountain heights comes from her rear feet always tracking perfectly with her front feet.

When you see yourself whole you are using your imagination creatively to see the exact true condition of your being. When you use your creative imagination to become aware of God's healing presence within you, this is not pretending, for God's presence is everywhere, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent. And where God is, all is whole, perfect, and complete.

Our theologians have been very slow to see that along with Jesus' towering faith also went a towering imagination. This is proved by the fact that the Sermon on the Mount has two beautiful allegories, one in the center about the lilies and birds, and one at the end about the house built on sand and rock. And after this sermon he confined his teachings entirely to parables which created the form and furnished the faith, the "substance out of which they were formed."

## Burdens Can Be Wings

Florance Bagley Larson

ACCORDING to an old legend the birds had no wings when God first made them. They could only hop about on the ground. As God watched them in their restricted life He wanted them to know greater freedom. He thought how beautiful they would be flying through the air and singing their songs wherever they went. So, God made a pair of wings for each bird. He took them to earth and laid them at the birds' feet explaining to them their use. In horror the birds looked at the new wings and thought them an intolerable burden. Bitterly they complained that they could not possibly carry such a heavy load. In deep melancholy they finally fastened the wings to their shoulders and made a very feeble attempt to use them. But as the wings grew tighter and tighter to their bodies they discovered that the wings would bear them up and up. Soon they were soaring and floating through the sky in glorious abandon.

How many times we, like the birds, have been weighed down by the burdens life thrusts upon us, burdens we feel we can not possibly carry. Then suddenly, we realize that these burdens have become wings. We find that we can pick

them up and still soar. We have discovered, through God's guidance, a glorious secret.

Year after year life's currents swirl around our feet and those of us who know not this secret are swept off balance. We are overcome by our burdens. Burdens we are sure are like unto those carried by no one else. We stay by ourselves hugging these burdens until they grow so large and so close that we cannot see over them or around them. We become like the woman who in grief over the loss of her only son bowed her head and wept. In vain her friends tried to arouse her but she turned herself aside and wept and wept. When, at last, the weeping and wailing had become so loud that she could no longer hear God's voice speaking through her friends, the Lord God became annoyed. He sent her out into the town with the instructions that she was to bring back a cup of sugar from every home in which she found no burden. Door after door was knocked upon. Each opened door revealed to her some burden, some sorrow, some difficulty that had to be surmounted. At last, cured and grateful for her own blessings, the woman returned home to mourn no more.

Someone has said that "the beauty of life is always found in the thoughts that rise above the needs of self." That is what Jesus meant when he instructed us to lay our burdens at His feet and then go out and serve another. It is the only way we can keep from being swept under by the currents of life. As we start lifting and helping to carry another's burdens we find our own growing lighter day by day. Sometimes we even discover that our own have disappeared. How often we need to be broken or bent with weeping before we can give unto others the lovely hues of understanding, encouragement and sympathy. Only what we have experienced, met, and conquered ourselves can be given away in love to another. Only then can we, like the

birds in the legend, turn our burdens into wings that carry us joyfully through life grateful for our many blessings. So long as we hug our own sorrows close we are blinded but if we truly open our eyes, if we honestly and willingly look, we can always find another whose burdens are infinitely greater than our own. In the Orient they say that if all men were ordered to place their burdens in a common heap and then to pick up one and carry it away, each man would gratefully pick up his own. It is only when we have learned to be grateful for our sorrows as well as our joys that we open a gateway through which God can bring deep and silent joy into our hearts. Only then can He say to us in the words of John Oxenham:

"Come share the road with Me, my own,  
And where the black clouds gather  
I'll share thy load with thee, My son,  
And we'll press on together.

And as we go we'll share also  
With all who travel on it.  
For all who share the road with Me  
Must share with all upon it."

\* \* \*

### A Morning Prayer

Bessie Maloy

Dear Lord, keep me in love today,  
In love with all who come my way;  
In love with You, in love with life.  
For love o'ercomes all daily strife.

☞ He stopped making comparisons between himself and others.

## The Professor's Formula for Happiness

Charles William Phillips

ONCE ASKED one of my teachers—a much-beloved man—to tell me the secret of his never-failing cheerfulness.

"Many years ago," he said, "I learned a lesson I have never been able to forget. In my fifth year of teaching, I felt that I was on the verge of a 'nervous breakdown.' I thought it best to take a leave of absence and think things over.

"In the solitude and beauty of the Maine woods," he continued, "I discovered that the source of a large measure of human unhappiness lies in our habit of making comparisons between ourselves and others.

"There and then, I decided that such comparisons not only make for misery, but also that they are unnecessary—that it is the height of foolishness for anyone to feel anxiety over whether he is as clever, well-to-do, intelligent, handsome, well-dressed, cultured—or even as well-liked—as others are."

I interrupted: "I don't see," I said, "how this 'discovery' of yours helps. How does your attitude make a difference?"

The professor simply smiled. "It's all really very easy to understand," he replied, firmly but quietly: "In

my world, the academic world—which I suppose isn't so very much different from the world 'outside'—there is always apt to be a good deal of rivalry among professors. Each tries to impress the other (not to mention his poor students) with his superior wisdom. In the 'outside world,'" he continued, his eyes twinkling, "so they tell me, people try to impress each other with their superior incomes, tastes, social contacts, and what-not.

"Now, it seems to me that all this sort of thing results in envy, dissension, heated argument, inner tension—and in a mad scramble to 'get on top'."

"Well—" I started to say.

The professor interrupted: "Don't you see," he said, "that once you realize that there is no earthly reason why you should care at all whether you possess superior knowledge, greater culture, more refined taste, higher income, better physique, a prettier wife—or a more handsome husband—than the other person, you enjoy a wonderful feeling of release. A thousand annoyances fly out the window.

"Then, too," he went on, "you get along better with others. For instance, you avoid a lot of arguments,

simply because you no longer feel any need to prove that you are right and that the other fellow is wrong.

"Maybe—" he paused: "Maybe you're happier because you're fulfilling one of the Ten Commandments."

"Which one?" I asked.

"Thou shalt not covet . . ." he replied. The professor paused to light his pipe, then continued: "There are a good many ways of being greedy, you know. I think that when we stop comparing ourselves with others, we stop being greedy—to some extent, anyway."

"I hadn't thought of that," I replied.

"Well," said the professor, "neither had I until I was driven to it . . . But this 'discovery' of mine has certainly added a lot of happiness to my life. I no longer have to

bolster my ego by convincing myself that I know more about Egyptian art than my friend Forbes, or more about Bach than Schmidt. I don't envy Professor Black his new car. I don't even envy Dr. King his rich wife.

"What is more—*superiority and inferiority are notions which have ceased to have any personal meaning for me. This means that I have more energy to devote to the things that matter to me—my life's work, my family, my friends.*"

The professor knocked the dottle out of his pipe, indicating that the 'interview' was over. As I was about to leave, he smiled again, his eyes twinkling. "You know," he said, "I shouldn't be at all surprised that this theory of mine might work for others. Do you know anyone who might be willing to experiment with it?"

\* \* \*

### Forever Spring

Mary Gustafson

If the voice can lift in praise  
The heart is young,  
Upon the inner feeling  
Age is hung.

Though winter-white  
May crown the crested hill,  
It's always spring  
Unless the singing heart is still.

¶ She is one of the few authorities who understand the problems of both prisoners and officials.

## Mittie Watters: Messenger of Hope

George Collins

IT ALL BEGAN back in 1939 when Mrs. Mittie E. Watters read a magazine article written by a man in the Texas Prison—a man who was making good in every way. She reasoned that such boys and men were not hopeless to reform, or incorrigible; that what they needed, above all, was a friend, a friend and counselor not only in religious matters, but one with whom they could confide and discuss their troubles. And right then was born a desire to help the forgotten man in prison.

Today, thirteen years later, there are literally thousands of men who refer to her as "Mother Watters". Beginning with visits to juvenile courts she followed up and helped many of these cases and, three years later, gave up her profitable music business and resigned as organist in one of the largest churches in San Antonio in order to devote all her time, without remuneration, to this, her chosen career. In the short period of two years this work was so outstanding, and of such importance, that in 1944, she was accepted with all privileges, in the National Prison Chaplain's Association—one of the few women ever to be so honored.

"My hope is to arouse the spir-

itual life of these men, to aid them in adjusting themselves, and to encourage the public to understand their problems", says Mrs. Watters. She has found many prisoners confused in their thinking, both mentally and morally, and most of them know that something is radically wrong in their lives. And it is because she understands their troubles probably more than they do themselves, that she primarily tries to help them in a spiritual way. But here she differs from the average Christian prison worker, in that she realizes this, *alone*, is not enough. She discusses their problems, counsels them and, of equal importance, devotes more than a third of her time in comforting and helping their families in a material way—by food donations, clothes, obtaining the cooperation of Welfare Agencies, and in various other ways. Truly a powerful liaison force. So there is little wonder that when Mother Watters visits the men they often tell her "When you come to see us, it is like a visit from home".

Before she graciously accepted Mr. Walter Anderson's invitation to help in the new North Carolina Prison Rehabilitation Program, Mrs. Watters had to her credit twelve years of prisonwork in Texas. There

is no doubt she is one of the very few authorities who understand the problems of *both* the prisoners and the officials. In Texas she campaigned vigorously for improvements in that State's prison system and was largely responsible for the Legislature's appropriation of \$4,500,000 for that purpose four years ago.

Since coming to North Carolina she has spent much of her time at Central Prison, particularly on Death Row. Here, because of her great compassion for those in trouble, she has produced almost miraculous results. Through her efforts a number of men on "The Row" have found spiritual contentment and are at peace with God. The writer of this article can personally attest to this fact.

Thus far, she has visited fourteen of our eighty-six road camps and has succeeded in encouraging local citizens, particularly church people, to take a definite interest in the men at their nearby camp. This policy is already paying dividends at the Hillsboro Camp, which now has a fast growing library, an organ, a record player, and a band started. Because this particular camp already had a well planned religious program (sponsored by local church people) little stimulation was required in spiritual work. Thus by inspiring others to "Carry the message to Garcia", her dream to have

similar results in all the camps will be more quickly realized. This work, says Mrs. Watters, can be compared to a mosaic—its success is due to the cooperation and contributions of many people in many walks of life.

Her "boys" she says, have met with varying success and, on the whole, have made good, as did a youngster, an orphan, she helped a few years ago. This boy won three medals, two of which were Purple Hearts, in World War II and since has attained two university degrees at the State University. One life term, with whom she worked, is now the owner and editor of a newspaper; another, the pastor of a church in a large California city. We well believe her assertion that "It is a tremendous satisfaction to help these men."

To quote from a recent article in a Richmond (Va.) newspaper: "At fifty-eight the woman with the sparkle in her eye looks good for many more years of solace and help to the 'men behind the walls', and plans to take full advantage of each of these years." May God grant her more years among us, is the sincere prayer of every inmate of this Institution.

—*This article appeared in the initial issue of the Inner World, inmate publication of the North Carolina Prison System.*

☐ A secure home is built on a foundation of spiritual values that the world cannot destroy.

## Family Security in a Topsy-Turvy World

Everett W. Palmer

A FRIEND has told me of his experience during an earthquake. He was mowing his lawn. Suddenly, it began to rise and fall beneath him like waves on a lake.

He tried to run and fell down. He got up and fell down again. The ground was never where he thought it was. He chanced to look up just in time to see the fireplace chimney of his house behaving like a jitterbug. He barely managed to scramble out of the way as it crashed to earth.

"It is quite an experience," he said, "to discover yourself all at once in the midst of a world with no foundation; a world gone topsy-turvy. After one such experience, nobody calls for an encore.

In a sense, that is the world we have been living in for some time. Ours is a world that has lost its foundations. It is a world in revolution; a world gone topsy-turvy.

Where is the home not shaken and subjected to strain by it? And the question is, how can we establish adequate security for home and family life in this topsy-turvy world? "If the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do?" That is the question.

From *Christian Advocate*, July 2, 1953.

The destiny of all of us hangs on the answer we give in the next few years to a number of questions — questions pertaining to international relations, use of atomic energy, conservation of natural resources, and new concepts of justice.

But what is more important than the need to find sufficient security for home and family life? For home and family life is the basic unit, the indispensable heart for any kind of human living worthy the name. Whatever happens, that must be protected and given effectual security. If that is lost, all is lost.

In any time of confusion and crisis the first requirement is understanding. Part of the blame for our present situation rests upon the wars, both hot and cold, through which we have been passing. Home is the first casualty of war and the last to recover from it.

The loneliness, insecurity, fear, and hate of wartime strike at the heart of home and family life. The surrender of moral standards undercuts the spiritual foundations on which homes and families are maintained. The criminal lack of regard for human worth required for mass killing of the enemy destroys chivalry, respect for womanhood, and

reverence for the sanctity of marriage in the homeland as well as elsewhere.

You cannot teach men it is permissible under certain circumstances to kill, and not expect many of them to decide that it is all right, under certain circumstances, to commit adultery, or to rape, for that matter. As one man, guilty of breaking up another man's home, said to me defensively, "When I was in the army, they taught me to kill. And during the war I killed a lot of people." He added, "After you kill enough people, what a man does with a woman is a small matter."

The moral and spiritual consequences of war strike at the underpinning of home and family life. That is part of the reason for the earthquake. But it is only a minor part.

As Dr. Evelyn M. Duvall and other authorities suggest, the major cause reaches back several hundred years, back to the eighteenth century when a Scotch lad named Jimmy Watts watched his mother's teakettle cover jump. The idea which found birth in his brain fairly exploded mankind out of the serenity and security of an agrarian culture into the industrial revolution.

Until then, economic life had been centered in homes and family units. Most foodstuffs, shoes, furniture, tools, dishes, clothing, and other required articles were hand-

made and homemade. Hence, the butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker, the shoemaker, tanner, weaver, and tailor carrying on manufacturing in their homes with all the family, from children to grandparents, lending a hand. Economic life was home-centered with every member of the family a productive unit.

With the coming of steam-powered machines, homes no longer could be used for the production of goods. The machines were too big and noisy. Separate buildings had to be provided. So, factories came into being, and people began leaving their homes to earn their living.

At first, they perhaps liked it. It provided a novel escape from the humdrum routine and petty irritations of home life. But soon they discovered this new way of life created problems, tensions, fears, antagonisms, conflicts far beyond their previous experience and wisdom.

Here and there thinkers struggled to find a solution. Sometimes their ideas helped promote understanding, justice and harmony. Often, they only increased tension and confusion. One such thinker was a man named Karl Marx, who wrote a book entitled "Das Kapital."

The problems involved in shifting mankind from an agrarian to a machine society have tipped our world out of balance, and it will be that way for some time to come. As in war, homes were the first to be af-

fectured by the industrial revolution, and they will be the last to recover from it.

No less destructive for home and family life has been the mate of the industrial revolution—urbanization. Factories pulled people, not only out of their homes and normal family relationships, but away from villages, hamlets, and countrysides, and packed them into cities.

What was involved was much more than the physical dislocation involved in moving people from one place to another, for, as the old saying goes, "You can take Johnny off the farm, but it takes a lot of doing to take the farm out of Johnny." This task of getting the farm out of Johnny has been making the world shake.

For instance, there is the matter of moral control. In the rural society of the horse-and-buggy days, most people spent their lives under the close scrutiny of neighbors and relatives. Rarely, if ever, did they feel themselves beyond the range of surveillance. Human nature being what it is, that monitoring exerted continual pressure for the maintenance of moral standards.

In present-day urban society, by contrast, anyone in a matter of only a few minutes can be swallowed up in anonymity. He can be among people who do not know him and do not care much what he does, so long as he does not make himself ob-

noxious. The requirement for shifting from major reliance upon external control for moral conduct to that of inner control will have us topsy-turvy for some time to come.

Another aspect of the problem is the changed status of children. In the old agrarian culture, children were an economic asset. The more children a man had, the more prosperous he could be, the more free labor he had.

But, in modern urban life, children are an economic liability. The more a man has, the harder he has to work, the bigger his bills, the leaner his bank account.

According to a survey of some four or five years ago, the average child in the average middle-class family, by the time he reaches the age of 18 years, represents a cash expenditure for his parents of approximately \$16,000. That is a conservative figure. If college expenses are added, the total would be approximately \$20,000. If anybody doubts, let him begin with a layette and add it up.

Now, homes are not places for material gain. They have but one task—the development of personalities, the growth of persons. While most, if not all of us, would say that is to the good, nevertheless it gives rise to complications which rock the world.

Still another disruptive factor has been the competition which modern



urban life gives to the home in matters of recreation, social life, friendship, even food and shelter. Where once the home was the center of all living, in recent years more and more of the functions of the home have been taken over by institutions of modern urban living. People have been using their homes less and less.

Add to the disruptive influence of modern industrial and urban life the frustrations, insecurities, tensions, and fears which it creates; conditions of mind which prompt increasing numbers of people to use such home-destroying escape techniques as liquor and sexual immorality.

This is the earthquake which now rocks the earth under every home and subjects every family to strain. Understanding the earthquake does not stop it, but it does help us to know enough to plan and act with intelligence.

Now let us come to the nub of the issue. Understanding is not enough — that we know. "If the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do?"

Again and again we find the answer that we seek in the Bible. "Find your security in things of the spirit," it says, "in the attitudes and commitments of great religion. Put your trust in the Lord."

This is not to depreciate the importance of material or physical aspects of security for home and fam-

ily—health, housing, and an adequate budget. But home and family, to mean anything, must be able to survive the loss of any one or all of these securities. A home that has no further security beyond that provided by the possession of good health, adequate housing, and sufficient money is a home that is built upon sand. Each, or all, of these securities may be swept out from under a family anytime.

What is required are securities of the spirit. A solid and indestructible foundation of trust, hope, loyalty, love, goodness, faith, sacrifice, consecration—the nobilities for life we associate with belief in God and the practice of religion.

A home built upon those foundations can stand. The winds may blow, the floods descend, the earth shake, and the world turn topsy-turvy, but it abides secure for, as Jesus once said, "It is founded upon a rock."

Sometime ago somebody sent me the reprint of a portion of *The Congressional Record*. It was a Mother's day message emphasizing the importance of God-centered homes. And it contains the statement:

"Three hundred years ago a young immigrant and his bride, on their marriage day, agreed to kneel and pray with each other every day of their lives. They put this agreement in writing and signed it. Their children, growing up in this atmos-

phere, followed their parents' example and did the same. So have their children's children throughout, now, ten generations.

"There has been no crime, delinquency, or divorce in their descendants for 300 years. Among them have been numbered distinguished clergymen, musicians, teachers, and others of outstanding merit. All the descendants have been law-abiding citizens."

During those 300 years of history in this country there have been wars and depressions, but no matter how topsy-turvy the world, those families have had security, not of things, but of the spirit—a security that comes as a by-product of commitment to God.

Shortly before the beginning of World War II, a California girl married a British government official and made her home in Borneo. You may have read Agnes Newton Keith's account of life there, "Land Below the Wind," which won the *Atlantic Monthly* prize in autobiography.

Shortly after Pearl Harbor, she, her small son, and her husband were imprisoned with other non-Asiatics. They remained in prison until liberated by Australian troops in 1945. They suffered all that human spirit and flesh can endure and yet survive. After Mrs. Keith recovered sufficiently from the ordeal to begin writing about it, articles began to

appear and then a book, *Three Came Home*.

What impressed me as I read her report is the remarkable way in which calamity can serve to strengthen the spiritual security of home and family. They lost every material security—their home, their personal possessions, their money—everything material but their own physical existence. They lost their freedom; even the assurance of one another's presence, for the husband and wife were separated during the whole experience. They were subjected to starvation, sickness, separation, humiliation, and torture.

Yet through it all, their love deepened, their sense of unity increased, their loyalty to each other strengthened. As never before, they belonged to each other. Calamity serves to strengthen rather than to destroy the security of the family, when that security is of the spirit.

There is something more to say about security for families in a topsy-turvy world; Everybody yearns for it and needs it desperately.

We need what home and family can do when it is founded upon security of the spirit. We need what it can do to encourage, comfort, heal and strengthen us. That gives new horizons for the heart, and makes us ready to face life with courage and confidence.

300 yrs

## Stumbling Blocks into Building Blocks

Albert E. Cliffe

There is a poem which says:  
"Isn't it strange that princes and kings  
and clowns who caper in sawdust rings  
and simple folks like you and me,  
are builders of Eternity?  
To each is given a book of rules,  
a shapeless mass, and a bag of tools,  
And each must make, ere his life has  
flown,  
a stumbling block or a stepping stone."

**H**AVE YOU EVER thought that every stumbling block you have ever experienced in your life came to you as a potential stepping stone to Heaven? Every sickness, every sorrow, every trial, every disappointment. For we get in this world daily tribulations. God does not send them to us, but they are a part of life, and when we truly have found the Kingdom of Heaven within us, when we have proved that CHRIST lives within every true Christian, then we know the technique for releasing fear and worry, for turning those stumbling blocks into stepping stones which lead us daily nearer to God.

It is never what happens to us in life, it is WHAT WE THINK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS TO US. So you are today, as you read this article, exactly where you are due to your past thinking. The Bible says, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and this applies to

every single thought that you think as you travel the road of life. No one ever can do your thinking for you, and yet look at your past, see the fears and worries you have suffered from your wrong thinking, because you did not know how to let go those fears and LET GOD handle them for you. Job was supposed to be a very holy man. He suffered all kinds of things which he believed God had sent to prove him. So as long as he thought those things, more and more of them happened to him, till at long last he got wise to himself and what did he say then? Behold all the things that I feared have happened to me.

So it is today in your life and mine too, that if we fear, if we worry about any single thing we shall attract more and more of that same thing to us, but as Christians KNOWING GOD LIVES WITHIN US how can we fear what man can do to us? YOU can do all things through CHRIST. You can make every trial and worry a real and true stepping stone to happiness. Jesus said He came to bring us LIFE MORE ABUNDANTLY, so when you fear and worry, when you let disappointment get you down you have lost your faith, and without

faith the stumbling blocks of your life will multiply day by day. I have learned to truly feel happy whenever I get a disappointment. In all honesty I thank God for that disappointment when it comes for I KNOW that a much better thing than I had thought about was NOW on its way to me. So I look for it, POSITIVE IN FAITH that God's good is now coming towards me and my problems, and in every case that is just what happens.

There is so much joy in living when you know how to think right thoughts, when you learn to talk to God every hour of every day for one minute. HE becomes the one dominating personality of your life, and as you learn to understand His laws and live within them so God's abundance of health, happiness, peace of soul and prosperity comes your way. You opened the door by FAITH; you changed your thoughts; you let go fear and worry; and you thereby contact HIS radio station K.O.G., Kingdom Of God, and with His wave length tuned in, comes the overcoming of sickness, every trial, every debt, every sorrow, every fear; your handicap, your trials turned into stepping stones of great worth to your soul.

The Christian way of life, O my dear friends, is so practical. Going to church alone does not get you into Heaven. It is how you act, how you react, how you live in thought

towards everyone every day you live, that gives you this more abundant life. Attending a C.F.O. camp is getting your spiritual batteries recharged. You meet folks there who have found the KINGDOM. You learn lessons in living there, teaching you how to live your life with JESUS CHRIST. You make your complete surrender to God at that camp, and you leave it filled with the Holy Spirit. You have received there proof of what God can do for you; you gain a fellowship with others who too have stumbling blocks to overcome, and by daily contact with them and the leaders, you have found God. You cannot help but see that every trial you have had to meet has been but a means to stepping higher into the KINGDOM.

A little girl I know, nine years of age, one day in the garden said to her daddy; "I know why the flowers grow so quickly, and so beautiful. Because they want to get away from the dirt." How that simple statement covers you and me, when we really want to get away from the dirt of gossip, scandal, hate, resentment, criticism, and selfishness. Then we too grow beautiful spiritually, we grow healthfully; but we must remember that good only comes to us through our thinking patterns.

Why not then from this day on learn to look upon every trial as

the means of learning a lesson, thanking God for having begun to set right that evil condition, making Jesus your lifetime friend, surrendering your heart and body and soul to HIM in all completeness. Rejoice when the stumbling block of trouble comes your way. GIVE IT TO GOD. Let go your fears, let go your worries, and let GOD make your stumbling blocks into stepping stones for Heaven.

\* \* \*

### Spring Sorrow

*Miranda Snow Walton*

A pine tree sorrows most when it is spring;  
 In winter time she stands beneath the snow  
 Rejoicing that her heart need never know  
 The tragedy of trees whose hearts still cling  
 To leaves long dead, whose arms are sorrowing  
 For blossoms fair they bore a year ago,  
 Whose empty branches pantomime their woe.  
 A pine tree does not feel this bitter thing.  
 But when the springtime's benedictite  
 And restoration fall upon the earth,  
 She learns that Heaven can give felicity,  
 And joy be recompense for winter's dearth.  
 She sorrows for reunion's ecstasy  
 And prays for greening rapture of rebirth.

\* \* \*

### Calmness

*S. Emma Davis*

Keep calm, the world is rushing on,  
 Keep cool with inward strength of will,  
 No mind in turmoil can direct,  
 We need to listen, and be still.  
 And in this rest we find relief  
 From all the passing crowd at hand,  
 And life moves onward cheered and blessed,  
 We take our place, know where we stand.

☐ A vast amount of this world's trouble originates with those who never seem to suffer from it.

## Jim's Liver Trouble

*Roy L. Smith*

MANY YEARS ago there lived in a small Missouri city a very disagreeable individual who served as the proprietor of the one hotel. His ill nature and his churlish ways discouraged many a traveling man from staying with him, but some of his intimate friends excused him with the explanation: "Jim's got an awful bad liver, you know."

Most to be pitied was the woman he called his wife, a demure and discouraged little person who did most of the work about the place and, in addition, suffered terribly from her husband's ill humor and bitter speech, all the time keeping silent.

One summer we stopped in the town to fill a Chautauqua engagement and saw nothing of the frail little woman. Upon inquiry we were told that she had died a few weeks before. "What was her trouble?" we inquired politely.

"Well, we don't really know," the local citizen replied, "but all the womenfolk say she died of Jim's liver trouble."

Behind the grisly jest there was a profound bit of wisdom. A vast amount of this world's trouble orig-

inates with those who never seem to suffer from it.

It is so easy for the disagreeable person to be disagreeable without actually being aware of his disagreeableness. So often it happens that he feels he is the only sensible person in the household, and is quite unaware of the fact that he is reducing life to a nightmare for all the rest of the family.

Then, too, there are those persons, women in many cases, who are always estimating situations to discover, if possible, whether or not they have been given the consideration that is due them.

There was one mother, for example, who carefully cast up the balances on the occasion of every Christmas, birthday, Mother's day, and Thanksgiving to determine, if possible, whether she had been given the credit that was due her as the mother of the household. She counted Christmas cards, even estimating the cost of them, to determine whether or not she had been shown the proper amount of deference.

The result of her accounting was inevitable. She became a burden on each member of her household, and

her children, instead of lavishing their affection upon her, began counting the remembrances to make sure they had insured themselves against retribution.

There is a wise word in the New Testament which warns us against thinking of ourselves "more highly than we ought to think." The person who keeps himself on his own mind is very likely to be extremely unhappy in the process.

Pain is always a grievous burden, but to think of it as a means of soliciting attention is to make it even more disagreeable.

Grief is a terrible thing—especially the grief that comes with the loss of a loved one—but it can be-

come so obnoxious that it causes sympathetic friends to avoid the grief-stricken. Those who seize every opportunity to obtrude their woes on other people are almost certain to find themselves deserted at the first opportunity.

All of us are acquainted with those brave souls who have suffered more than their share of illness, bereavement, or misfortune, but who have refused to share their woes with their friends with the result that they still have all the friends they have ever made. And we also know those who, asking their friends to share their liver trouble with them, have lost even the few they had.

\* \* \*

### Glad Day

*Fannie R. Buchanan*

It's a day to be glad,  
All the sky is high blue,  
Every green blade of grass  
Has been painted brand new.

Where the crocus buds blow  
There's a rainbow unrolled  
At each end daffodils  
Spill the pot-full-of-gold.

It's a day to be glad,  
Bird wings flash as they glide;  
Tree tops wave, sunbeams beam,  
I'm all shiny inside!

*The author retains radio, song, and reprint rights.*

☪ Miracles are happening today just as in Jesus' time.

## A Teacher Prays Her Problems Through

*Chloe Holt Glessner*

THE PAST YEAR has been one of the most successful of my long years of teaching. It is hard to put the why into words. In fact, the reasons for my feeling of success are rather intangible—they are spiritual rather than material.

From the first of my teaching in the public schools of Oklahoma I have felt my responsibility keenly, but this year I believe I have felt it more keenly—if that be possible. While I know reading, writing, and arithmetic are very important, yet there is a more important side of it. That is the emphasizing of character building.

Perhaps my reason for such genuine concern this year has been the particular set-up. There are thirty-seven pupils in my fifth and sixth grade room of our new school which is located in one of those mushroom additions. This area seems to have blossomed over night. Three years ago the school-ground was a wheat field. My pupils hail from nine sections of this city, from three Oklahoma towns, and from one Pacific coast state.

After school had been in session a few weeks my problems began to rear their heads. Mary couldn't get

along with others, especially so on the playground. Davy was genuinely naughty at times. Irene didn't or wouldn't learn her multiplication facts. Then there were Sue and Johnny who had failed to learn to read as they should. They certainly didn't seem to care whether they learned or not. Several boys of the room were "smarties."

It came to me one morning as I was doing my devotions. Why not consistently pray for each boy or girl in my classes, calling each by name? I prayed for them to become socially adjusted. I earnestly asked God to help those who were falling low academically, and I implored His guidance in helping me to deal with the various "problems."

Some tell us the age of miracles is past, but I'm here to testify that miracles are happening today just the same as in Jesus's time. Davey began to apply himself diligently and became genuinely interested in school. He had such a different expression on his face. Not only did Mary become rather popular with her classmates, but that tense, drawn expression left her eyes, and seldom was there any trouble on the playground. This you may not believe, but Irene began to know her mul-

tiplication facts and she was able to use them in her thought problems. Sue and Johnny gained confidence in their ability to learn to read. Before they had only exhibited a defeatist attitude, but it had changed. All the other pupils seemed happier and no longer did the class contain any "smart alecks."

Yes, dear readers, prayer works in wonderful ways. Don't be afraid to try it. Pray about your homely every-day problems. Sincere faith expressed to God in behalf of others surely does bear fruit, and especially does God help them to help themselves.

## *The Vacuum—a Technique of Answered Prayer*

Glenn W. Ellis

"The Last shall be first and the First last."—Matt. 19:30

The "last" thing a materially minded person would think of doing, would be to give away all of his possessions.

But to have the "first" things Jesus is speaking of, a person has to come to a giving away or an emptying out process.

A person full of self, full of ego, full of fear, cannot at the same time be full of God. Whatever has your attention has you. Whatever makes you decide is your God. If your point of reference falls among the following, it is your God: family, money, prestige, religious denominations, alcohol, sex, or what have you.

If you want the God that Jesus knew as "Father" and followed in "truth" you will have to empty out

your idol and fix your sole attention on Him.

When a heart is vacuumed into humility and teachableness, that heart will get its answer. The universe is so made that there is no question, even the most fantastic, that cannot find its answer. The answer is born in the question.

You can have anything you want if you don't want it for yourself.

You can see anything done if you don't care who gets the credit.

You can speed your answer if you will not despise the source.

You can have whatever you need if and when God says "Yes."

If you can dream and then vacuum yourself by letting God select the time, the place, and the channel, your dream will surely come to pass.

☞ The weak are worthy of the best service strength can bestow.

## *Learning To Live Together*

Raymond W. Settle

THE STRONG AND the weak as individuals, races, and nations must live together, on some kind of terms, in this world. They have always existed side by side, and always will. That being true, the relationship between them presents one of the gravest problems confronting Christianity and the church because through the ages it has spawned a fearful brood of injustices, oppression, and stark cruelties.

Long before our day the propriety and right of the strong to compel the weak to serve them was written down as a biological law or necessity and was called "the law of the survival of the fittest." As a law it cannot be condoned or justified; as a cold, cruel fact it cannot be approved. The saddest chapters in human history have been written in blood by those who believe that might makes right.

The idea that the weak must serve the strong is heathen in its concept and unspeakably brutal in practice. There is not—there cannot be—anything Christian about it because it is the false doctrine of unbridled selfishness, greed, and lust.

From the beginning, the Hebrew religion was concerned with two

fundamental relationships, that of man to God, and man to man. Perhaps it might even be said that in the last analysis there is but one, for man's relationship with his fellows is held to be a part of his relationship with God. This is seen in the Ten Commandments, the words of the prophets, and the teachings of Jesus.

What Christianity has to say about this age-old problem is summed up by Paul when he says, "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves". (Romans 15:1) Here is not only a complete denial of the brutal law of the survival of the fittest, but also a lucid statement of the Christian law of Brotherhood. Here also the mantle of protection is thrown around the weak, unfortunate, underprivileged, and immature members of the human race.

The law that the strong should bear the burdens of the weak is so fundamental to the Christian religion that the denial of it destroys the whole fabric. When that happens the beautiful ministry and most of the teachings of Jesus are repudiated. Apart from the salvation of the soul, this principle is the finest

thing Christianity has to offer the world.

One of the most revolutionary ideas the world ever heard about is the spiritual dogma that the weak are worthy of the best service strength can bestow. Jesus believed this, and shaped his ministry accordingly. To him, greatness, wealth, prestige, privilege, and power were justified solely by capacity and willingness to serve. "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant," he said (Matthew 23:11). As an example of this lofty principle he performed the menial task of washing the feet of his disciples. Therefore, wherever his Gospel has gone this principle has been gloriously exhibited in the life of somebody.

The history of Christian missions presents incontrovertible, overwhelming proof of the Christian truth that the weak are worth serving. Even we ourselves, whose ancestral lines run back to Western Europe, are the beneficiaries of the work of someone who believed that our savage forbears were worth an effort to save and civilize them. Therefore it seems that gratitude alone should stir us to self-sacrificing toil in behalf of the unsaved, untaught millions of the earth.

Another fact which is borne out in history is that stern retribution is inevitably visited upon the strong who fail to serve but exploit the

weak. Prosperity may seem to bless them for a season, but in the end disaster comes. The Scriptural proclamation, "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord" has been carried out to the letter innumerable times within the era of recorded history.

Always there has been an Ides of March for Caesar, despair for Alexander the Great, a Waterloo for Napoleon, a Proclamation of Emancipation for American slaves, and total defeat for Hitler, Mussolini, and their kind. It is comforting to know that the master of the Kremlin is headed toward the doom which has always awaited the oppressor of the weak.

This visiting of retribution upon the strong for injuries inflicted upon the weak is grounded in both spiritual law and the inescapable fact that the high and low, rich and poor, good and bad, are all bound up together. No ill can befall the one that does not also befall the other. Indeed our world today is one world. Ignorance and poverty anywhere, hatred and resentment in any quarter, disease and degradation in any land, poverty, hunger, despair, — anything that degenerates and destroys human life places everybody in jeopardy everywhere. No one can be lifted up while others remain prostrate. No one can be free

while others live in chains. No one can fully possess the blessings of civilization until they are shared. The strong dare not rejoice in their strength while a weak brother lives beside him.

\* \* \*

### Living

*Frederick D. Brewer*

Being useful is our duty;  
To be happy is our aim.  
Being happy while we're useful,  
Is the way to play Life's game.

Let our song be sweet and cheerful,  
Let us sing it with a smile;  
Let it be a pleasant ear-full  
That will make life more worth while.

Let us turn and face the sunshine,  
Make the shadows fall behind,  
And we get a new perspective  
That will clear our troubled mind.

Let the good deeds that we scatter,  
As we travel, day by day,  
Leave a trail of golden blessings  
To help others on Life's way.

Let us greet each happy morning  
With a bright and smiling face;  
Let us try, with each new dawning,  
To make earth a better place.

Let us greet Life's gathering twilight,  
As we watch the setting sun,  
With a faith that never wavers,  
Born of all Life's work well done.

## Ask God to Help You Wake Up!

Mrs. Gordon Lancaster

WITH WHAT GENTLENESS Jesus rebukes us. He knew weariness, for a great heaviness was upon Him when He asked, "Sleepest Thou?" His humanity gave him weariness, and His divinity gave Him the love that gentled his scolding — filled even His taking us to task with gentleness. Consider, when one of His friends complained to Him about her sister, how beautifully He chided her—by the simple repetition of her name — Martha, Martha. Only the genius of the Master could so combine love and a rebuke.

So He asks, "Sleepest Thou?" And how can we answer this gentle rebuke except with humility. For surely we sleep. We sleep when we fail to love God and our neighbors as ourselves. To obey these two

commandments we need to awaken—we need to read the words of God and meditate upon them so that God and His words and ways are familiar and so become easier to understand and follow. We need to awaken so that we may face ourselves with clear minds and so discern our failures. We cannot honestly love ourselves when we allow selfishness, resentment, jealousy, and aggression to be a part of our nature. We need to awaken so that we may see our neighbor as another self — for we are duplicates, brothers.

During your time of prayer and meditation ask yourself, "Sleepest Thou?" Then ask God to help you awaken. He will you know, for He wants this prayer answered more than we know.

\* \* \*

### Benison

Susanna Beyer Quinn

When troubled thoughts like sad imps fill my mind,  
To God in prayer I go to seek release,  
And there a benison of grace to find  
In Him who is the author of all peace.

Like the swift shadow of a passing cloud  
Above a high green hill  
The dark mood passes, and I hear aloud  
Celestial universes tuned to do His will.

## Miss Queller's Quintet

Carroll Van Court

AT THE CLOSE of the meetings of the Parent-Teacher Association and the Women's Club of the little town of Cloverdale, the members of both groups had agreed that something must be done to lessen religious and racial discrimination around the country.

Then some bright mind suggested that they have a contest, during Brotherhood Week, to bring together in friendly meeting different religions and races.

This idea made a hit immediately and all the clubs in town, for once, agreed on the soundness of the suggestion, and the writers and orators of the various clubs began to compose and practice speeches for the Contest Night.

Miss Mary Queller didn't belong to any of the clubs. She had a little music studio in which she taught piano and singing. This took just about all of her time, although she took an interest in civic affairs. She was a fine musician and teacher.

The Contest announcement in the town newspaper interested everybody, and Miss Queller wished she could do her part—but how?

She thought, "how can music be

of any help, in this particular kind of brotherhood promotion?" Then she remembered something.

Her vegetable man was Ah Sing, the Chinese gardener, who stopped his little wagon at her studio every week.

His little daughter, Sally Sing, had started taking vocal lessons from her several months before and Miss Queller had found out that the child had a wonderful voice. A thought struck her—why not?

She telephoned the manager of the Contest and asked whether music would be barred from the Contest.

"Why, no, Miss Queller," said the manager. "Anything that will contribute to the spread of international friendship and peace among nations is welcome, but I don't see how you could apply music to such an occasion. However, if you have anything in mind that you want to try, go right ahead with it."

"I have," said Miss Queller, "and thank you for the permission." She hung up, so excited she could hardly wait to get started on her little project.

Contest night arrived, and a goodly crowd turned out, for the newspapers had given splendid co-

operation to the Brotherhood Movement.

The manager made a brief announcement about the purpose of the Contest, and the program began.

Speeches and oratory about the Theme of Good Will came, one after another, and the Athletics Coach made a nice talk on the value of letting everybody play games together, regardless of race or color.

Behind the scenes, one of the clubwomen remarked, "I don't see how music fits into this program, but if Miss Queller wants to try something, I wouldn't be narrow enough to interfere."

When Miss Queller's number was announced, the little music teacher stepped forward, and said, "I imagine some of us here tonight might wonder what music could have to do with world harmony and peace on earth. Well, I'll try to demonstrate." And she sat down at the piano, on the stage. She started playing "Abide with Me."

Voices were heard, offstage, in pretty harmony, children's voices. It was very nicely sung, and they received a fair round of applause. Then, two more well-chosen songs were sung, with good effect. The audience wondered who the clever little children were.

Then, Miss Queller played "God

Bless America," and slowly, in marched Miss Queller's Quintet, hand in hand.

A gasp of surprise came from the crowd, as they recognized the talented youngsters.

First tenor, Mike Murphy, from the Catholic School; second tenor, Johnny Jones, a Protestant; baritone, Abe Goldberg; tall young Rufus Jackson, a Negro boy, son of the school janitor; and, in the center, soprano, cute little Sally Sing, daughter of Ah Sing, the vegetable man! All of them were under eighteen years old.

The significance of the grouping hit the audience with a shock, and they clapped and cheered, all joining in and finishing the song with the children.

The minister of the local church had tears in his eyes as he went up to congratulate Miss Queller for a beautiful job saying, "Have I got a subject for my next sermon!"

With no hesitation or jealousy, the Prize Committee awarded Miss Queller First Prize, and when they asked her how she happened upon such a delightful idea, she said, "Well, music is a universal language, and is one language which has no word for 'hate' in it, so I thought it belongs in every Brotherhood Program!"

\* \* \*

Conquer thyself. Till thou hast done that thou art a slave; for it is almost as well for thee to be in subjection to another's appetite as thy own.—*Burton.*

☞ Where danger lurks the stakes are close.

## Stakes or mis-Stakes

Ward Munselle

JUST ONE YEAR ago I stood on the edge of disaster. It has been a year filled with frightening experiences. Deep terrifying periods of loneliness, but covered, I know now gratefully, by the Grace of God.

The first rugged weeks were filled with black despair. Even with a sound foundation in religious beliefs, I found it hard to hold onto my FAITH that, "all things work together for good to them that love God". I had two choices to make.

I could strike back, deal a crushing but legal blow, one that would most certainly prove how smart I was, how protected with and by authority. Or just a few stiff drinks and certain oblivion for a few hours—hours when I wouldn't ask repeatedly, "Why did this happen to me?" That was the first choice.

The second choice was an intangible FAITH. Some faint unseeable promise of a future day when I could walk in the perfect "peace that passes all understanding." The stiff drink from the Word of God, the drink from which my soul could drink deeply and secretly.

That was the trouble. I had nothing to hold in my hand, only in my heart and my mind. Friends offered

advice, most of it vindictive. I had nothing material, no concrete evidence of a FAITH that could quiet my unrest, and not the courage to trot it out before their eyes lest it vanish.

So I hesitated, wondering if this intangible, unseen stimulant could give me lasting peace, justify my many sacrifices. Could it eventually balance the scales of my life? Could it lift me from the depths? Would it succor my bruised heart and pride? Would it eventually set a table before me in the presence of my enemies?

Having so long relied on my human senses it is not surprising that my spiritual senses were feeble.

Then in one short trip I found my answer. I saw the material evidence of FAITH and I KNEW; knew that if man could have unswerving FAITH in man, I could put my FAITH in God's greater judgment.

The trip was over "Trail Ridge," the highest, winding, twisting road at the summit of the Rockies. Crossing the continental divide, it reaches a peak of breath-taking glory. One looks down into the craggy canyons which are blanketed with the panchromatic green of the for-



est. Like a seething dragon the road coils around the mountains.

The miracle of the road is that for nine months of the year it is snowed in, covered with a blanket of snow that extends from the mountain tops down the side. It completely erases the road.

Late in the month of May the road crew mount their snow plows and dig away at the solid snow to uncover "Trail Ridge." On Memorial Day a ribbon cutting ceremony opens the road for tourist traffic until Labor Day.

HOW? With possible danger and death at every treacherous curve?

By FAITH. The men set the plows between the giant stakes that were set last fall. Accurately they make the turns, the sharp descents, the sudden rise. On the open road only occasional stakes are seen. But where danger lurks the stakes are close, marking the side of the mountain and the ragged descent of the canyon.

There is nothing except the stakes jutting above the snow. Often only an inch is visible. By these must the plow be guided to uncover the solid ground. There is no guessing, no supposing that what looks like road is road. If the stakes say otherwise, that IS the path, regardless of what human sense may say.

There is no doubting the integrity of the man who last fall put down the stakes. There is only

FAITH. Many times they have never seen the man, but the driver seeks no short cuts across the deceptive snow. He believes that the solid road lies between the stakes and no where else.

As we drove over "Trail Ridge" I said to myself "so it is with life." We can always see the stakes at the dangerous curves, the treacherous descents. They may be only barely visible but they are there and if we plow between them our life is opened for traffic. But if we doubt the accurateness of the stakes or the integrity of the Man who placed them, we slide down the mountain side into the canyon.

Choosing human solutions to my problem I had missed the solid road and catapulted down the mountain. I stood at the bottom of the canyon, bruised and fearful. The walls were high with despair, self-pity, selfishness, and pride. My feet were bogged tightly in the mud of righteous indignation that such a thing could happen to me.

As we rode I saw that at the most dangerous spots the stakes still stood. For even "Trail Ridge" gets snowed in when the sun is shining brightly on the plains. It must be dug out several times during the open season. Cars caught in a sudden snow squall can find their way by driving between the stakes.

Just as the stakes are not more beneficial to a Cadillac than to a

Ford; just as each car, regardless of cost, age, condition, or the personality of the driver (and we, regardless of our personal situation, individuality, or wealth) must head between the stakes to find the road, we must trust their accurateness in marking the solid road and "lean not unto our own understanding." And the STAKES?

PRAYER: to accept our present situation, prayer that empties us of righteous indignation, tensions, desires, and the selfish perusal of personal importance, prayer for vision to see the stakes.

FORGIVENESS: for the voluntary or involuntary hurts we feel others have inflicted upon us. Reaching for that forgiveness until we can say with sincerity, "Forgive them; they know not what they do." And in saying it, feel the compassion Jesus must have known when he uttered those words two centuries ago.

UNDERSTANDING: to withhold our human judgment lest we be judged as harshly for our faults. To know that there is but one God and we are not in a position to question his wisdom.

HUMBLENESS: to turn the other

cheek. To do the best we can where we are, with willingness, graciously, and without bitterness. To wait humbly upon the Lord until we are spiritually ready to do HIS work.

A flooding satisfaction enveloped me as I stood atop my own personal continental divide. Suddenly the debris had been swept away. Below lay the blackness of my hate, the mud of my righteous indignation. The forest had been swept with the fire of my bitterness, frustration and disappointment. But underneath, my feet were on solid ground.

The road turns sharply ahead, I know not where.

The stakes are clearly visible at the first turning and for my plow I shall use LOVE; love shall I give those who sought to use me, spitefully; love to those who have sought to persecute my beliefs. I shall pray that they, too, will raise their eyes and see the stakes.

I shall not look back at the *mistakes* but ahead to the STAKES and have FAITH. I am not unique that this should have happened to me. The stakes will always stand for all who need to use them. If the road looks "snowed-in" and impassable have FAITH; the road is there.

\* \* \*

Do you wish to be free? Then above all things, love God, love your neighbor, love one another, love the common weal; then you will have true liberty.—*Savonarola*

KNOWING IT'S ALREADY DONE

*"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."*—Mark 11:24.

WHEN JESUS LIFTED his eyes to heaven and thanked God that He had heard his prayer and granted it, the resurrection of Lazarus had not yet taken place, but Jesus knew that it was already done. When Jesus told the lepers to go and show themselves to the priests, they were still lepers, but Jesus knew it was already done. When the angels told the shepherds that a Saviour was born, they went to a stable only to find a helpless baby. The child may not have looked like a Saviour to them, but the angels knew it was already done.

The time between the granting of a prayer and the fulfillment of that prayer may take some necessary time, but the moment it is granted the whole Kingdom and the King say it is already done. All we have to do is to know it and give thanks for it. The fulfillment is already on the way.

If a farmer wants a great harvest of wheat, great golden shocks of it, barns filled with it, he plants the seed. Suppose he waited a day and said, "I don't feel that my prayer has been answered." We would either laugh at him, or explain to him the cycle of events that must take place. We might also say to him, "Your prayer has been granted. Tend to it, love it, take good care of it and believe in it. You will see. The harvest will come."

It takes time before an egg that is "born" becomes a chick, but the minute the egg is born the prayer to have a chick is already answered. The hen accepts the fact, and in accepting she acts as if the chick were already here and needs loving care. Before long she has her little chicks.

In the prayer life, we must couple the prayer of petition with the faith of believing and knowing that it is already granted in heaven. As it is already granted in heaven, nothing on earth can stop the fulfillment of it with the possible exception of our becoming weary and disbelieving. Believe that you have it, and you shall have it.

READ: **Answer Without Ceasing**, Margaret Lee Runbeck. \$3.50.

DO YOU LOVE YOUR PROBLEMS?

*"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."*—John 10:10.

IT MIGHT SOUND a bit cruel and unfeeling if you were to say to an invalid, "You really don't want to get well. You are enjoying yourself too much. Oh yes, you say you want to get well, but you wouldn't be sick if you really wanted to get well." Still, this is a fact in too many cases.

An outstanding religious counselor was once called to see a wife and mother who had been bedridden for years. After a few interviews with her, it became plain to him that she really did not want her health back again. When he told her this she was silent for awhile and then told him the real story of her illness. Years ago she and her husband were about to separate. Marital life had become strained to the breaking point. She became ill and immediately she was showered with sympathy. The marriage bond held and the past few bedridden years seemed happy to her. She said "I'm afraid if I did get well now that the family would fall apart."

It would be a good exercise for everyone to sit down and write out the reasons for and against their problems and illnesses. Divide a sheet of paper in half, right down the middle, and on one side write the good points of the problem, and on the other side the bad points of it. Be brutally honest with yourself. Think of all ways your problem serves you, or might possibly serve you. In most cases you will find that it serves you in more ways than you had thought possible.

Physicians say that in examining dead bodies they very often find conditions which would indicate the person ought to have been dead years ago. In other cases they find that there is almost nothing organically wrong. This is added evidence that the life is not the body. It is the spirit that gives life to the body. It is the spirit that gives health, or sickness, as you will. Jesus said that he came that we might have life. Let us make up our minds that we shall sweep aside all props and crutches and accept the life-giving invitation of Jesus, and even demand it.

READ: **Be Thou Made Whole**, Glenn Clark, \$2.50.

## IN TUNE WITH GOD

"The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works."—John 14:10.

IF ONE TAKES two tuning forks of the same pitch, places each on separate sounding boxes close to each other, and strikes one of the forks with a rubber mallet, the sound vibrations of that fork will set the other fork in vibration. This is called sympathetic resonance. The forks are not in contact with each other, but the sound vibrations of one set the other in motion.

Every so often we see two people who illustrate this fact. When one is feeling well and high-spirited, the other feels the same way. When one feels depressed or ill, the other feels the same. We might say they "are in tune" with each other. One "vibrates" to the other.

Jesus was in perfect harmony with God. We could say he was in perfect "sympathy" with God. The word "sympathy" literally means to "feel together," or to "agree in feeling with."

Another word that means the same thing is "compassion." The derivation is from the Latin but it means the same as "sympathy"—to feel with, or to suffer together with. When Jesus had compassion on the multitude, he felt and suffered with them. God had compassion on the multitude and the compassion of Jesus was really the compassion of God being expressed through him.

We might also say that Jesus was in "symphony" with God. He was in "agreement in sound" with God, or "in harmony" with God. Jesus was so in at-one-ment with God that when God spoke, Jesus spoke. We say that God spoke through Jesus, and Jesus said the same thing, "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself. . ." This is being in symphony with God.

By using the tuning forks as an analogy, we can say that when God "vibrated," Jesus also vibrated. Jesus struck the same note that God did because Jesus was in complete harmony with the Father.

When we are in tune with God, then when God yearns so shall we, when He heals so shall we, when He feels so shall we, when He comforts so shall we, when He speaks so shall we, when He raises the dead so shall we, and when He wills so shall we. The life and teaching of Jesus is to show us "how to be in tune with God."

READ: **Good News**, Starr Daily. \$2.00.

## Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

**GOD'S PATTERN FOR THE HOME**, Clarence W. Kerr. Cowman, \$2.00. 147 pages. This is a book of Bible-centered chapters on the home. The writing is fluid, well thought out, and very often inspirational. For anyone who has wondered what the Bible has to say about marriage, husbands, wives, parents, children, in-laws, and lovers, it is an excellent volume. There is very little of psychological reasoning in the book and the reason for certain conditions is that God made it so because it is in the Bible. If this is considered a limitation, then I can say that within the boundaries of this limitation it is an excellent book.

**GOD'S PSYCHIATRY**, Charles L. Allen. Revell, \$2.00. 159 pages. The word "psychiatry" comes from two Greek words meaning the treatment (or cure) of the soul, and while the psychiatrist, the minister, the teacher, the sociologist, and many others, may help out on the job, the real treatment comes from God, and it is the psychiatry of God Himself that makes the difference. The book is very uplifting, very comforting, very practical, and very much worth reading. The author gives us "spiritual prescriptions" that are to be taken and followed. Part I is titled "How to Think of God" and the prescriptions are the verses of the Twenty-Third Psalm. Part II is called "God's Rules for Living" and consists of the Ten Commandments. Part III is named "How to Talk to God" and is about The Lord's Prayer. Part IV he called "The Keys to the Kingdom" and is a discussion of the Beatitudes. The writing is brightened and livened by many true stories out of life. I'd recommend it to anyone who feels the need of help, and also to everyone who counsels others.

**BEYOND ANXIETY**, James A. Pike. Scribners, \$2.75. 147 pages. This book

concentrates on what the author, a good pastor and counselor, has found to be the principle causes of anxiety today: fear, guilt, inhibition, frustration, indecision, loneliness, and despair. He does a good job of analyzing them and applying to them the therapy of Christianity and Christian faith. I like the combination of learning, ability to comprehend and present for our consideration, and the Christian way out of our difficulties. This is more than the usual sugar-coated treatment of psychological difficulties; and it is more than the usual falling back on Bible verses to substantiate one's conclusions. It is an admirable mixture of psychology and Christianity, faith and commonsense, and man and God.

**BEAUTY IN THE HEART**, Archibald Rutledge. Revell, \$1.50. 64 pages. The book includes a good 16 page biography of Mr. Rutledge by Frank S. Mead. I really would find it hard to think of someone not enjoying this book. Archibald Rutledge has a talent for looking at life, all of life, the soiled and the clean, the laughter and the tears, the victories and the defeats, and making out of them something that makes you want to go on in life, singing as you go. In this book he talks of such things as beauty in storms, friendship, patience, loyalty, tenderness, resourcefulness, handicaps, and the beauty supreme. It's the sort of thing you want to read every so often, and then encourage your friends to dip into.

**WHAT PRAYER CAN DO**, *The Editors of Guideposts with a Photographic Commentary by Lucien Aigner*. Doubleday, \$2.50. 96 pages. There is more material in this book than the number of pages indicate for each is 7 x 10 inches. More than that, the writing is excellent and very substantial in content. If anyone wants to get a real start on their

prayer life I believe this is the place to begin, and besides getting a start one will be well along on the way to effective prayer living. The photographs lend much beauty and are an integral part of the book. Some of the vital items of prayer discussed are how to prepare for prayer, how to pray, when, where, the realistic test, when God seems not to listen, healing prayer, science begins to see, and how others have prayed. The writing is done in such a manner that there is no air of superiority or sanctimony in it. The so-called skeptic, and the honest searcher, will find it meat for thought.

THE FAMILY FUN BOOK, *Helen and Larry Eisenberg*. Association, \$2.95. 188 pages. Well, if there is anything in the way of fun that this book has not looked

into and reported, I am sure I cannot think of it. If there is anyone who wonders how to have fun in the family, and if there is anyone who says their home and family are just not capable of having fun, for goodness' sake buy this book and see how wrong you are. The book is encyclopedic in nature and content—indoors, outdoors, in the kitchen, the living room, the basement, at a picnic, and what have you, it's all there.

"For information about CAMPS FARTHEST OUT write to Fellowship Messenger, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota."

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## Your Church Garden

*Anonymous*

First, plant five rows of Peas: Presence, Promptness, Preparation, Purity and Perseverance.

Next to these plant three rows of Squash: Squash gossip, Squash criticism, Squash indifference.

Then plant five rows of Lettuce: Let us be faithful to duty; let us be loyal and unselfish; let us be true to our obligations; let us obey rules and regulations; let us love one another.

No garden is complete, of course, without Turnips; Turn up for the meetings; turn up with a smile; turn up with new ideas, and turn up with determination to make every thing count for something good and worthwhile.

☞ "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

## Managing Our Tensions

*Harold W. Ruopp*

EVERLASTINGLY involved in the management and mastery of ourselves is the management of life's tensions. What can we do about them? How can we learn to handle them so that we become unified, poised persons rather than turbulent and chaotic half-persons?

The first step is obvious. We must study and analyze our tensions in order to discover which of them are inevitable and wholesome, and which are needless and destructive. For some of life's tensions are inevitable, and some of them are wholesome. Indeed, the complete absence of all tensions would seem an empty vacuum in which no soul could grow. A human being can be explained not only in terms of a push from behind but also of a pull from ahead. The biological thrust from behind and the pull of great ideals and the spiritual world from ahead! Where earth and heaven meet, there you have a human soul; and both earth and heaven exert their respective pressures upon that soul. If man were only divinity, or only dust, presumably he would

have no pressures or tensions—but then he would not be man, he would be either God or a cabbage!

It is because of this fact that profound religion has always insisted that certain tensions must be maintained if life is to grow and mature. One of these tensions is "being in the world and yet not of the world." That must be maintained. So also must the tension between what we now are and what we might—and ought—to become. That, too, must be kept, else we become smug, complacent, self-satisfied, and life sinks down to the level of a dull mediocrity.

But if it be true that some of our tensions are inevitable and wholesome, it is equally true that there are others that are needless. Not only are they unnecessary, they are dangerous, taking a heavy toll in health and peace of mind. Such, for example, are the tensions set up by conflicting desires, those which are induced by groundless fears and anxieties, the tensions of wrong attitudes—envy, greed, hatred, resentment—in short, the tensions that always result when the object of man's

devotion is his own ego.

One manifestation or symptom of this constant tension is hurry—breathless haste. Hurry is a peculiarly American disease, so much so indeed that it has been given the name, "Americanitis." For a whole generation we have been keyed up, literally traveling "on our nerves." A man running up an escalator — that is a picture of the typical American! Driven sometimes by heavy responsibilities, sometimes by false ambitions, sometimes by the tyranny of avarice, sometimes by an exaggerated sense of our own importance, sometimes, too, by a false philosophy of life which says, "You must get ahead," we hurry, we bustle, we hustle. That has become our settled habit of mind, our fixed habit of living. It is not strange, therefore, that we have become a high-strung, harassed nervous people, with "dyspepsia" and fatigue as our two most common complaints.

Twenty years ago, I clipped a cartoon from a popular magazine. It impressed me then; it impresses me still. It pictures a man with a watch in his hand, running breathlessly up a path which leads over the hills to the setting sun, before which is silhouetted a cemetery and in the rays of which is the word, "Success." Under the cartoon are the words, "Success at Forty — Death at Fifty."

What can we do about our ten-

sions? The first step, I repeat, is to discover which of them are needless, and then begin gradually to reduce those tensions to their irreducible minimum. In the beginning this will require an effort of will, deliberately developing a way of life which is calm and unhurried; a way of life in which one is the master of his tensions and not the victim of them.

We may now go on to say that many times we auto-suggest ourselves into tension and turmoil and haste by a constant use of the word "pressure." In troubled days, we speak again and again of "the pressures of the world situation," "the pressures of the times," "the pressure of living." It would, of course, be foolish to deny that pressures have increased by leaps and bounds during the past ten or fifteen years. And yet we need to check ourselves time and again to discover whether or not we are putting ourselves under needless tension by reacting to the word "pressure," when in our lives there is no reality back of the word. This is a common, although usually unconscious, habit with many of us. We react to words in our vocabulary, even though those words are only symbols with no corresponding reality. This is to say that if we repeat the word "pressure" to ourselves often enough, sooner or later we shall become just as nervously and emotionally tense

as though there were real pressures in our lives.

Many of our tensions and pressures, moreover, result from a wrong attitude which we have towards the inevitable difficulties and troubles of life. Here, for example, is a mother with a family of five, and with no help in her home. There are numberless meals to be prepared, dishes to be washed, beds to be made, floors to be swept, clothes to be mended, fingers to be bandaged, colds to be treated. Or, here is a business man with an endless succession of committee meetings, with a mass of correspondence to be answered, with a host of problems in his office, and constantly changing governmental regulations. Life for that mother and that business man becomes complex and confused. They are apt to become upset, nervous, tense. What is the difficulty? Part of it, at least, is due to the fact that they tend to see themselves as soldiers "attacked by enemies advancing from every side" all at the same time.

What is the remedy? It consists of getting a different mental image of themselves. They would do well to picture themselves as clerks sitting behind a post-office window. "All sorts of people, ladened with all sorts of bundles, are waiting outside the window. But they are waiting in line. They

reach the window one by one and in sequence: they never make a mass-attack. The line outside the window may continue all day, but at any given moment only one person stands before the window. By dealing with all those individuals one by one the clerk at the window can live through the day, live through it with little sense of strain. By splitting a long and difficult task into its component parts and then handling those parts in sequence he can keep inwardly serene."\*

By some such process as this, we can all free ourselves of some of life's needless tensions and live with much greater serenity than most of us do.

But beyond these suggestions and far more important, we must learn the art of relaxation, for relaxation means strength and power. As Dr. Winfred Rhoades puts it: "Through quiescence energy can be had. By laying aside power you can get power: letting go in order to a new taking hold."

We see this law illustrated in the lives of certain people. There are persons who get a great deal done, and yet they are never nervous, fussy, tense, but give instead the impression of poise and serenity and power. Indeed, their power comes precisely because they have learned, not how to eliminate all the pressures of life, but how to do away

\*James Gordon Gilkey, *How to Be Your Best*, (Macmillan, 1942) pp. 50-51

with those which are needless and to manage those which are inevitable. They illustrate Goethe's familiar motto, "*ohne Hast, ohne Rast*" — without haste, without rest. "They work steadily and to vast purpose, but always without hurry."

We also see the law operating in nature. Nature works upon the principle of alternation—flow and ebb, action and reaction, contraction and expansion, effort and relaxation. The human heart is illustrative of the principle. We are in the habit of saying that the heart never rests, that it works continuously. That is not true. The heart works, then rests, then works, then rests. Someone has estimated that the heart's relaxation amounts to fifteen hours out of each twenty-four. Systole followed by relaxation. If the heart worked all the time, it would wear itself out in a relatively short time.

In the rush of work and the pressure of life, we must learn to relax. Relaxation is not something which can be given us by other people nor can we get it in a moment of time. It must be consciously and deliberately studied and practiced. It must be a science before it can become an art. It must begin as an act of will; gradually it will become a settled habit, taking the place of the old habit of tension and haste. Instead of living on our nerves, we begin to live on the deep spiritual resources which are constantly

available to all of us. Assuming then that we want to reach this goal and master relaxation so that it becomes an art, the question is, How? What is the process?

Several suggestions may be given. A good place to begin is to learn the art of voluntary muscular relaxation. Once or twice a day for a period of ten or fifteen or thirty minutes, lie flat on the floor or on a hard mattress. Close the eyelids gently, take several deep, easy breaths, and think how heavy you are—lying as limp as a cat before a fireplace. Then begin with various muscles, relaxing them in turn. Think to yourself—"I relax the muscles of my face"—"I relax the muscles of my neck"—and so on all the way down to the tips of your fingers and the tips of your toes. After a time you will feel the tension going out of your muscles, at the same time you will find your mind relaxing. This cannot be learned in a day, or a month, but with patience and perseverance it can be learned. If someone says, "This will take time out of my busy life," it may be answered: "No more time than you now waste in fretting and fussing and in being sick because of your needless tensions."

There are other helpful methods which can be used in learning the art of relaxation. One of them is to think certain words — words like

serenity, poise, quietness, peace, hope, and joy. The words chosen should all be free from unfortunate emotional associations; words, too, which suggest the goal we are trying to reach.

Another method is to use images that suggest quietness and relaxation. A wet oak leaf lying on a log — rain drops falling softly on the roof—fleecy white clouds drifting lazily through the blue heavens—a stream moving quietly through fields and forest — a sunset across the lake—a bird gliding effortlessly through the air.

Still another method is to make great positive affirmations—our own or someone else's. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures! he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul." "My presence shall go with you, and I will give you rest." "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." Or one may say to himself: "God is giving me his strength, God is giving me his peace, God is giving me His power."

Miss Muriel Lester tells of a breakdown in health which she once had, and how through learning relaxation she gradually worked back to new health and new power. In her periods of relaxation, she would say to herself, "With every breath I draw, I am breathing in the very breath of God."

Combining the suggestions given

above, I have found the following method especially helpful to me, as indeed, it has proved helpful to others. In a reclining position with muscles relaxed as can be, I see in my mind's eye an ocean—vast, illimitable! I remind myself of the lines of the hymn, "There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea."

On this ocean, I see a ship. In comparison to the "wideness of the sea," it is a tiny, fragile thing. That ship does not try to sustain itself, it does not struggle to hold itself up; rather it puts all its weight down on the ocean and permits the ocean to sustain it. God is like that, so I say to myself; a vast ocean of strength and power, and I can trust myself to Him—not trying to hold myself up by my own efforts but letting Him hold me up. So with an ancient biblical writer, I repeat several times: "The eternal God is (my) refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

With some such process as this I find, not freedom from all tensions, but a certain quietness in the midst of life's pressures. When I fail, as fail I often do, I know that the trouble is not with God, but with me. In those periods of failure, I know that I am not willing to "let go" and "let God." For the heart of the whole matter is to be found in those six words—"to let go and let God."

## The Race With Time

George L. Rush

THE WORLD-WIDE struggle is to win the hearts of men. The battle line runs through your heart and mine. There it will be won or lost, to decide the fate of generations to come. The challenge is to fill the hearts of men with God's love. Then and only then will men's minds and stomachs be filled with peace and plenty. Time, the precious vehicle, the God-given opportunity to fight for His Plan, is not to be wasted. The time for action—your time and mine—is now!

Awake America, your hour of trial is near,  
Lift your sights, change; pay the price—  
Live His Plan right here.

Men hunger desperately for that to which they can be completely committed. Their hearts ache for dedication and direction. Chaos, deceit, and heartbreak rend man from wife, parent from child, and nation from nation, yet still we stumble recklessly toward the brink of collapse for the lack of guidance. The world cries for men who can decide; for men who plainly see.

The negative ideology of Communism is giving guidance to half

of the world and spreading its influence rapidly. Most of its followers embrace it in the absence of a positive way to which they can be dedicated. The vacuum into which communism rushes is in men's hearts. Empty minds and stomachs invite it but are far less fertile breeding grounds for it than empty hearts. The challenge we must accept is the call to change our hearts so we can live at the level adequate to meet the deepest needs of all men everywhere. God can only use us to reflect His completely satisfying love if we willingly surrender our wills to Him—become His servants, free of the chains of selfishness.

Fourteen men — Frank C. Laubach, E. Stanley Jones, Rufus M. Jones, Starr Daily, Glenn Clark, Samuel M. Shoemaker, Walter H. Judd, Howard Thurman, M. Glenn Harding, J. Rufus Moseley, Abram Vereide, John G. Magee, Orris G. Robinson and Henry Lee Robinson, Jr. — realizing the urgency of the need to rebuild the world and longing to gear their lives into God's plan, met in Washington, D. C. on January 1-3 of 1943 to pray for the answer that would give them the adequate guidance to meet the chal-

lenge of our time. Their prayers were fused with those of groups praying throughout America.

The idea of Koinonia was born after a period of soul-searching prayer in 1949 and began operating in 1950. Koinonia Foundation, the germ seed of the new level of living adequate to the challenge of our time — Koinonia,\* the point of departure into the new adventure of full living under His Guidance; an ideal, not a place; an ideal under which men of all creeds and races can rally to fight the battle of the War of Amazing Kindness Everywhere. Koinonia, the rallying point in which all groups and individuals can unite to complement each other's plans and programs; programs that must be boldly carried out now if we are to build an inspired democracy throughout the world. Koinonia, the new voice and the spark for awakening America and all other nations, to the need for the War of Amazing Kindness Everywhere; the need to send forth quickly an army of technically competent, God-guided men and women to the world's areas of greatest need.

Koinonia Foundation, located in Baltimore, Maryland, was not conceived and did not become a reality so that there would be just another good cause. It evolved to be the vital germ seed of the new level of living in which all men can work in

\*Koinonia (coy-no-NEE-ah is a word from the Classical Greek, meaning Friendship - Partnership - Fellowship.—George L. Rush.

unity under God.

“But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me . . . unto the uttermost part of the earth.” Acts 1:8 “Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.” Isaiah 6:8

To awaken all men to the need to build a vital democracy everywhere, and to initiate the necessary action, Koinonia is engaged in two basic efforts.

1. Awakening America to the point of knowing and meeting the deepest needs of men everywhere especially in under-developed areas of the world. Awakening America to the positive answer which is equal to the great challenge of our time. The answer we must live in our hearts. Already a ground swell of interest and action has been created by Koinonia's publications, and the new radio series, “America Awake” which began in July. The Projects booklet and the “Study, Prayer, Action” pamphlet have brought a large response including the creation of numerous prayer groups and the enlistment of Koinonia co-workers who are undergirding the effort by their actions, prayers, and financial support of the Foundation in their local communities. You don't have to go abroad

to join the War of Amazing Kindness Everywhere. You can be a co-worker where you are *now*.

2. Technically competent men and women are being recruited, trained, and placed abroad with industries, governments, churches, and agricultural and social agencies. Already a number of people inspired at Koinonia are in the field or enroute this summer. A group is now training at Koinonia to be sent abroad. The training is oriented to condition them to the languages, mores, and habits of the peoples among whom they will live abroad and to sensitize them to men's deepest needs by providing at Koinonia the contagious spirit which inspired men carry in their hearts—the spirit that speaks louder than words, guns, or dollars; louder often through silent caring than from shouted praise. The spirit that enables men to be channels of God's love. Koinonia undergirds these people abroad with prayers and close continuous contact to give them the backing of the Koinonia family. Koinonia seeks to act as the focal point where all groups with similar aims can find together the best ways to maximize their respective efforts and thus complement and strengthen the effectiveness of all groups seeking to make a positive contribution to international relations. To work toward realizing this goal Koinonia has placed its promotional empha-

sis on the over-all goal and the role each organization plays in meeting the world need. The recently published Projects Booklet illustrates how forty-five of these organizations are meeting needs and how individuals can support their efforts.

The demand for skilled Americans abroad is much greater than the present supply. All types of teachers, doctors, and people of industry are urgently needed. Recently a large corporation told us of their need for construction engineers. An agency has called for three public health doctors to be sent to the Near East and a well digger to go to Africa. There are limitless needs you can help satisfy by looking for skilled people of high moral character, by becoming better informed on the world crisis and the intensity of the world wide battle for the hearts of men. If you think and pray about it long enough you may find yourself going abroad—who knows? As you begin to give of your time, talent, and material resources God refills you a hundred fold. As you pray for Koinonia's needs for the right trainees, the right sources of spiritual and financial support you will find the answers will begin to flow. To become a Koinonia co-worker or to volunteer as a talent scout, write Koinonia Foundation, Pikesville, Box 336, Baltimore 8, Maryland.

☪ The final authority of what is truth is the Spirit of God within us.

## The Fellowship of Friends of Truth

Winfred Rhoades

AS PEOPLE WHO undertake to follow Jesus Christ we are, supposedly, friends of truth. Are we so in actuality? Do we recognize and gladly learn from the truth that is imbedded in such faiths as Hinduism and Zoroastrianism and Mohammedanism, or do we think we are defending the Truth when we call the people who are trained in those religions "mere heathen"? Do we ignore the truth that is hidden behind statements that differ from those we are accustomed to? What are the implications of those words of Jesus when He says, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold?"

One implication is that there is more than one path to God.

A small group of men in India have been feeling the need of developing in the world "reverence for all authentic religious experience" — reverence for all honest search for God in any part of the world and under any name at this time when great forces are working with determination and power to banish all supernatural religion from the world, and are endeavoring to lead people everywhere to give themselves to no worship except

worship of the state. These men in India have therefore banded themselves together in a Fellowship of Friends of Truth, and are offering to sincere believers in religion all over the world the opportunity of belonging to that Fellowship.

They quote the words of William Penn, the Quaker, to the effect that "the humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion." They remind us that when we sing Whittier's words, "We test our lives by Thine," we should not forget that in India and other Eastern lands (and in fact everywhere) the non-Christian is *also* testing our lives by His: that is, by the way in which we practise the teachings and the spirit of Christ. They seek to recall men—and they say "ourselves first"—to the central importance of prayer in the religious life. "I believe," says the chairman of the Fellowship, Horace Alexander, "there is no power so potent for right action as the power engendered by united prayer. Therefore, in a world where evil is mighty, and the forces of goodwill often seem weak and ineffective, we should not neglect opportunities for forming 'spiritual



power-groups.'"

At the third annual meeting, which was held at Gandhi Gram last April, G. Ramachandran made it clear that "equal reverence for religions other than one's own does not mean subtracting an iota of what one holds true in one's own religion, but it can mean a tremendous enrichment of one's understanding of Truth." A Unitarian from Australia emphasized the point that the first need in the practice of religion is "a raising of the quality of the religious life of particular groups of people," and declared that only in second place comes the liberalizing of thought. Horace Alexander stated what all of us know to be the sad fact that in many places in nominally Christian lands "the standard of Christian discipleship is often so low that a very half-hearted devotion to Christ is accepted as qualifying for Christian membership." The Secretary of the Fellowship, S. K. George, declared that, contrary to a great deal of present-day thought, social service, important as that is for troubled people, is not the first task of the man of religion; the first task is the development of intimate personal relations with God — the development of "harmony within himself and with the universe or the Life Force around him or, in traditional parlance, reconciliation with God and his fellow beings." Mumtaz Ali, a

Muslim, quoted from one of the scriptures of India the saying that wherever there is decay of religion there is increase of irreligion, and therefore there is need of having God's special messengers come time after time to the earth. Still another speaker brought out searching personal questions which each individual who claims to be religious must ask of himself. "What do you say?" he demanded. "What do you know of truth and love—experimentally, not what you have heard said, but what you have experienced?" And before he finished he laid emphasis on the fact that "the final authority of what is Truth. . . is the Spirit of God within us all."

Here, in this Fellowship, is matter that should appeal to every one of us who feels concern for the present state of religion in the world. We who are seeking for "clear horizons" in order that we may give better direction to our daily living—we should feel that we are certainly part of a worldwide fellowship of friends of truth.

If you would like to know more about this organized Fellowship of Friends of Truth, write to Emma Cadbury, 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia. This leader among Quakers has consented to act as the representative of The Fellowship in this country, and will put you in touch with literature that will give you further information.

☞ Enough love, in large enough doses, will blast out anything which is unlike God.

## Clear Out Your Spiritual Debris

George V. McCausland

IN THE DAYS of the pioneers in this country, before a house could be built the land had to be cleared. Trees and under-brush, and in some cases boulders, had to be removed. The stumps of trees must have caused a great deal of trouble because each root had to be cut and dug out by hand. There were no bulldozers in those days.

Today some folks wonder why it is so hard for them to grasp new, vital, spiritual experiences. Can it be that they have some clearing to do? Are there trees of unbelief, doubt, tradition, and false statements about the power of Jesus today, which need to be uprooted?

I remember so well a prayer which Louise Eggleston offered at one of the retreats in New York. A very highly educated man was in great need of the help which only God can provide, and yet, because of much learning, he was having some trouble to accept the simple promises of Jesus. Louise Eggleston began her prayer something like this, "Now Lord, you know that this man has to forget a lot of the things he knows before you can do anything for him."

How can we clear our minds and

hearts of too much learning of the wrong kind?

1. "Perfect love casteth out fear!" I John 4:18. Enough love, in large enough doses, will "blast" out everything which is unlike God. At times we try love but we do not have enough of it to move anything. We can get enough love and the only way to get it is to graft ourselves again into the Living Vine, Jesus. If we have trouble at first in making a direct connection with Jesus, we can get close to some other human being who is a part of the living Christ and receive the love we need through them.

2. THE NAME OF JESUS IS ABOVE EVERY NAME. Just the repeating of the name of Jesus will blow away all the trees of unbelief, doubt, and false tradition.

Dr. Harold Tassell was in a hospital and was very close to death when the truth came to him that THE NAME OF JESUS IS ABOVE EVERY NAME. Just by repeating the name of Jesus over and over again he was set free from all the underbrush of doubt and fear.

3. The turning of our eyes upon Jesus, just this simple act, will clear all the secondary and minor learn-

ing in our minds. As one song puts it, "Turn your eyes upon Jesus. Look full in His wonderful face. And the things of earth will grow strangely dim in the light of His glory and grace." All of us have had the experience after moving to a new city of forgetting old names at a rate which surprises us. Bishop Hazen G. Werner says that the liv-

ing of the Christian religion is just as simple as a flower turning to the light. If the life of the Christian becomes complicated, it is so because the underbrush and trees of doubt and much learning of the wrong kind have been allowed to fill the space in our minds which should be occupied only by the highest—Jesus and His Love.



## The Garden of Love

*Florence Cowan*

Father I now plant my Tree of Being in the Garden of Thy Love, knowing it is Thy Power, Thy Wisdom and Thy Substance that give it strength to grow.

I am grateful for this new joy of beauty and harmony as I rest as Thy Child underneath the shade of Thy Everlasting Arms.

I grow tall and upright in Thy Strength and am no longer concerned with the weeds of ignorance and limitation for the brightness of Thy Light has destroyed their power over me.

I continue to grow in stature; sweeping the skies with the radiance of Thy Love; swaying in the cool, gentle breeze of the rhythm of Thy Loving Will; letting the

rain of Thy Heavenly Grace fall upon me; basking in the sunshine of the Light of the Eternal Truth of the Perfection of my Being; lulling myself to peaceful sleep at nightfall as the songbirds join the music of the rustle of the leaves and all Life merges in one glorious symphony of the Oneness of Thy Universe.

The seed of the Fruits of Thy Spirit, I scatter to the winds of Thy Infinite Wisdom, knowing they will take root and grow in the Universal Garden of Creation under the quickening power of Thy Divine Mind, budding forth in love and blessings to all mankind in the ceaseless, timeless, spaceless rhythm of Thy Divine Action, throughout all Eternity.

## A Pathetic Symphony

*Frederika Blankner*

### I: *Doloroso assai.*

A MAN was dying of starvation. A wanderer, happening by, came into his hovel. "I am starving," said the man. "But why, when you have gold?" "Gold? Not I! I am a poor man. I have always been poor. Gold is for the rich."

"No gold! But your shelves are laden with money chests!" And the stranger dragged out one of the chests and opened it. It was packed to the brim with gold. He opened several others and they likewise were full.

"But I didn't know about it," said the man.

"You didn't look?"

"Oh others, too, have come and told me to look—but I didn't believe there was any. And I'm not sure there is now," he added.

And he died of starvation.

### II: *Meno triste ma non troppo.*

There was a man who lived in one room.

One day a stranger called.

The man showed the stranger his house — first the room where he lived, which was dark and had nothing in it.

Then he opened a door and the stranger looked into another room,

more beautiful than any he had ever dreamed, though in his travels he had seen all the palaces of the world. It was adorned with art and radiant with light, and the tables were piled with gold.

The stranger exclaimed: "But I thought you were a poor man, when instead you must have in this room all the wealth of the kingdom. But why do you not live in this rich room? Why do you live instead in the poor room that is dark and empty and spend only a single copper?"

"I cannot live in the rich room," the man said. "I am a poor man."

### III: *Scherzo—Allegro e poi non tanto.*

One day a wayfarer paused to watch a young man standing on the corner, giving away purses of gold.

"The young man is rich," reflected the stranger, "very rich. Whenever he has given away a basketful of purses, a servant has brought him another great basket. He has given away a dozen basketfuls while I have been watching him. And yet his face is sad—"

"Why are you sad when you are rich?" the stranger asked the young man.

"Because I should like to give,"

the young man answered.

"But you have been giving continuously—a purse to everyone who passed."

The young man shook his head. "I inherited it," he said.

*IV: Adagio lamentoso.*

One day a passerby stopped in at a hut. In the middle of the floor sat a man clothed in rags.

There was an open chest in the room filled with princely garments.

"Why do you not put on one of these robes," asked the passerby, "or are they perhaps not fine enough?"

"Fine enough! On the contrary they are too fine—for me."

"But you are son of the King!"

"Indeed no!! You are mistaken. My father ruled no lands."

"Your Father is maker of lands, of the kings themselves, and of all the stars that shine upon them. No robes can be fine enough for the son of such a King."

"But has he a crown?" asked the man. "For unless he has a crown he is no king. And anyway I know my father. He was a beggar. He begged to buy those robes."

"I cannot wear them for I am a beggar's son."

And when the passerby left, the man was still sitting there in rags, like the rest of us.

\* \* \*

## A Greater Miracle

*Margaret Anderson*

During a certain period of my life I went through a very difficult experience. One day a very dear Christian friend handed me a sheet of paper containing two quotations.

The first was Francis Fenelon's "Accustom yourself to unreasonableness and injustice. Abide in the presence of God, who sees all these evils more clearly than you do, and who permits them." The other was a Gold Dust statement, "It is rare when injustice, patiently borne, does not leave the heart at the close of the day filled with marvelous

peace."

These gems of thought brought back to mind a certain sermon in which the preacher asked the members of his audience if they had ever questioned God's wisdom in not providing Stephen with a legion of protecting angels when he was being stoned. Then he added—just the words I needed for my soul—"God performed a much greater miracle in Stephen's life when He gave him grace to form the words, 'LORD, LAY NOT THIS SIN TO THEIR CHARGE.'"

¶ God sometimes reveals Himself under dramatic circumstances.

## God Protects You

*Clifford Thomas*

THE SHRILL WARNING whistle of a switch engine sounded on deaf ears as I walked close to the railroad track, on my way back to the office, after delivering some architect's plans to a shipyard close by.

The previous night, a heavy shower left pools of water here and there. Concentrating in avoiding these pools dulled my senses to impending danger and, therefore blissfully unconscious of the engine coming down the track behind me. Just as I stepped around a puddle, close to the rail, the engine buffer hit my right shoulder, but fortunately I happened to be leaning away from the track and the impact simply shoved me to one side.

Recovering my balance as the engine rumbled past, I looked up and shall never forget the look of horror on the face of the engine driver and the two brakemen riding with him, thinking I had been knocked under the wheels. Their expressions slowly changed to surprise and incredulity to see me standing on my feet.

The realization of the presence of God often impresses itself on the mind in many ways. Walking down a country lane listening to the cheer-

ful singing of birds, the faint murmur of the summer breeze through the trees, or the beauty of a sunset, all bring to the receptive spirit a sublime consciousness of God's nearness.

God sometimes reveals Himself under dramatic circumstances, not because of His choice, but rather on account of the situation calling for immediate action. Often in these dramatic incidents we are not aware nor fully appreciate the demonstration of God's nearness until many years later. This fact projected rather vividly on my mind during World War I, when another narrow escape brought a consciousness of God's nearness as never before, and a picture of that first incident in my youth flashed through my mind in all its significance.

My company left for overseas and in due time arrived at Basrah, Mesopotamia. A small detachment immediately received orders to proceed by river boat to Bagdad, five hundred miles up the river Tigris. These shallow-draft river steamers had a large flat-bottomed barge lashed fore and aft at either side. Our group occupied a space on one of these barges. Every night we anchored close to the bank of the river

and placed a guard on shore, as the Bedouins were known to seize every opportunity to make a raid and steal anything they could lay their hands on.

One night I stood leaning against a stack of cases of corned beef, watching a glorious sunset. On the opposite side the officer of the day carefully inspected the rifles of the men detailed for guard duty. One of the men, apparently a little nervous, closed the bolt of his rifle after the inspection, but forgot to pull back the safety catch. Consequently when he pulled the trigger to release the spring, a bullet discharged. Just a moment before, I sat down on an empty case at my feet. I heard the thump of the bullet above my head, and jumping up, discovered it had gone through a case where I had been leaning. A great awareness came over me right then of a manifestation of God's nearness, prompting me to sit down at the crucial moment.

The mature mind and spirit attuned to God, experiences God's nearness in times of sorrow. What a comfort to realize His sustaining presence. And when difficult problems arise, what courage it brings to know that He is near to guide and help us.

Sometimes God reveals Himself through another person; the kind friend who offers a helping hand when it is most needed; a warning

word spoken at a critical moment. I experienced God's presence in this way one memorable day in India. After leaving Mesopotamia a detachment of my company received orders to proceed to a place named Kalka at the foot of the Himalaya mountains, for guard duty.

One day I persuaded another man to accompany me on a little exploration trip up the mountainside, not realizing the danger of going into the jungle unarmed.

Starting off with nothing but sticks in our hands, we first had to negotiate a deep gully. At the bottom lay the carcass of a bullock with several vultures plucking away at its flesh. They gave us a leery stare, then resumed gorging themselves. We climbed up the other side and entered the jungle where the decayed vegetation seemed about a foot deep. The ascent now became much steeper, and consequently we had to proceed in single file, my companion following about three feet behind.

Suddenly he shouted, "Hey! look out." I glanced up and noticed a large rock jutting out of the side of the mountain, and at the foot of the rock were two black Cobras. One lay fully coiled, the other partly coiled, the rest of its body about four feet from the ground. A large flat head moved from side to side with two black eyes fixed on me.

The blood chilled in my veins and for a moment I stood rooted to the spot. One false move might be fatal. Slowly I took one step back and then another. Then we both turned, running and scrambling as fast as we could, finally reaching our billet trembling and out of breath.

How thankful I felt to realize God manifested Himself even in the jungle in prompting my companion to warn me in the nick of time.

To fully appreciate the nearness of God we must practice an attitude of awareness by prayer and hearts

always attuned to His Spirit. This seems an important phase in successful Christian living. Being aware of God's nearness brings courage and confidence to meet every experience of life. It halts the unwary when, in an unguarded moment, they would be led astray. The weak become strong in striving to overcome weaknesses in character.

To know God walks by our side day by day takes away all fear. "I know not where His islands lift Their fronded palms in air; I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care."

\* \* \*

### My Keeper

*George Skoff*

At first I thought it might be luck  
That pulled me through the cold  
Korean winter's frozen muck,  
But watching spring unfold,  
Nature's resurrection, made  
Me see how God arranged  
The perfect order life obeyed  
When the seasons changed.  
In wakening the sleeping plant  
Chance could not have shared.  
No, more than luck alone could grant  
That my life was spared.

\* \* \*

### Prayer of the Four Gifts

*R. L. Stevenson*

Grant us O Lord, in all our duties Thy help,  
In all our perplexities Thy counsel,  
In all our dangers Thy protection,  
And in all our sorrows, Thy peace. Amen.

☾ Surely in the mind of God there is only beauty.

## Beauty Is Within

Aylesa Forsee

66 **A** MAN should hear a little music, read a little poetry, and see a picture every day of his life in order that worldly cares may not obliterate the sense of the beautiful which God implanted in the human soul." So declared Goethe, German literary genius and philosopher.

Keeping beauty alive in the midst of our restless and crowded living sometimes seems like a tall order. Yet the world is full of beauty if we take time to see, to hear, and to feel it. No one can give it to us. We have to seek it for ourselves. But the more we see of it today, the more we shall be capable of seeing tomorrow.

The beautiful things that God has made are gifts to all alike. A few men may buy mountains, streams or wildflowers and fence them in, but these men have not cornered beauty. The loveliness of a crimson flower on desert sands, a bluebird in motion, a deer in the woods, a sunset over water is owned by the one who sees it.

The beauty of the cathedral; the beauty of the sounds of language, or the laughter of a little child—all these may be experienced without money, without price.

Surely in the Mind of God there is only beauty. Does not religion affirm the beauty of that Life and Presence? We have only to open our inner eyes to see that life has hidden beauty and meaning. Even in the commonplace, Jesus saw God. He bids us do likewise.

The poet Keats wrote: "Beauty is truth, truth is beauty." In the lives of those around us we can see the beauty of truth, of goodness, of holiness. Sometimes we find the imprint of the sublime in unexpected places.

In the never-ending quest for beauty we should not forget to look within ourselves for the beauty "implanted" within us. The same Mind that created the glory of sun, snow-capped peaks, moon and stars, will beautify our thoughts. Our power to choose great aims, harmony, affirmation, and kindness enables us to give and thereby to attract more beauty into our own life.

The beautiful is important. The beautiful does matter. If we have faith in it, we will claim it, insist upon it, and see it in things, places and people. If we can say with Socrates, "I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within," then beauty will live forever within ourselves and within our world.

☾ "The Father and I are one."

## God's Intimate Way

Hazel Pickett

**W**HEN WE WERE very young our conception of God was that of a large and beneficent old man, a real person of bodily form like that of our human father. Because I had such a happy, normal childhood, with parents who showered me with love and abounding sense of well-being and security, God was never a Being of wrath and anger, He was at times the "watchman" in that I refrained from doing certain things because God could see me, but He was a solid Person, very, very real.

As we mature and progress in the study of spiritual truths, we discover these words of Jesus, "God is Spirit, and they who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth." To the average human being, this statement shatters the mental image of God as a being or a person, and he finds himself thinking of God as a sort of nebulous vapor or force, impersonal and totally disconnected with man and his small affairs. This concept is mixed up wit' the modern scientist's world of nuclear energy, waves, and radiation which reveal only the way God works in His created universe.

Since God is Spirit, He has no

form as we think of three-dimensional beings, but He may take form or make forms in further dimensions beyond those we know. This idea is not too important at our present stage of unfoldment, but what we need and must have is an intimate and workable understanding of God, as Jesus revealed Him to us.

The statement that God is Spirit restrains us from making idols as the savage does, or even mental images of a great Man who embraces the universe. Yet we hunger for the personal touch, in the same way that we can never sever our feeling of love from the personal and bodily parents who give us that love. Love is a spiritual quality yet it implies a being who loves and an object of love expressed. So when Jesus tells us that God is Love, he implies a very real Being, whom he later designates as "Father" to us, and abiding within us.

Jesus makes other statements of tremendous revelation and importance. "He who hath seen me hath seen the Father," "The Father and I are one," "The Father worketh hitherto and I work," and then "Become as little children," children of this wonderful Father, His creation, made in His image, ob-

ject of His love, and never outside of it. "It is the Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom", "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

Are you drawing nearer to God, as your understanding unfolds? As we mature, we become no less God's child at fifty years than at five, any more than we are less than children of our human parents. Their love continues for us, even after they pass on to the next plane and are invisible to us. They are no less real.

In the metaphysical understanding we are prone to lay too much stress on God's expressing, as qualities of being, such statements as "God is health, God is love, God is Perfection." But as one of our teachers said to me, "He is not only health, but the Healer, not only Love, but the Lover", and I would add that He is not only Perfection, but the Perfecter of all that we commit to Him.

We travel far to find Him in Whom we have already arrived. Still our oneness with the Father at no time implies absorption into Him at the loss of individual consciousness. He is always "other" and beyond us, but in union with Him we come into an intensified, individual awareness and realization of His abiding Presence. He is Love expressed to us in an intimate, personal meaning and that Love means our completely perfect and eternal good.

God reveals Himself to us in whatever capacity we have need of Him. He may even come as a child, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." (Isaiah 9-6) Or as husband "For thy Maker is thine husband," (Isaiah 54-5) and again as a mother, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Isa. 66-13. And the incarnation of God, in Jesus of Nazareth, was to reveal to us "the Father", our Father as eternal Love and eternal Life, within and around us as Omnipotence, Omnipresence, and Omniscience.

Since He is Love, He cannot will anything but good and goodness for His children, never evil, never disease, or lack of love in any way. He would manifest in us as perfect Sonship, as He did in Jesus, if we would let Him. Jesus referred to God as "thy Father and my Father, thy God and my God" and promised that the things he did, we could and would do. The only limitations are those which we impose on ourselves as human beings separated and apart from the Father.

The answer to our problems and our need is to get back into the sweet intimacy of the "Father and

child" relationship, or if you crave the tenderness of a mother's love, then think of Him as "Father-Mother-God". Or, if you are lonely for companionship, think of Him as husband, or as the child called "Wonderful". He is all of these and more.

Think of God as a Being or as Being, as Spirit, as Creator, in His Universal Allness, but also think of Him as Father, in His personal or personalized relation to you. Most children look up to their father as a sort of hero, and want to be "just like Daddy" when they grow up. They want to do the things he does.

If he is a doctor, then they want to be a doctor. Can we not assume some of the qualities of that relationship, and in adoring our "Father," walk in His ways, become like Him, do His work?

I believe we can when we ask Him to be in us as the All in All of the all of us, asking Him as in the glorified Jesus Christ to come into us and work His perfect will in us. Then it shall be "not I, but the Father in me," and "not I, but Christ" who worketh in me to will and do the Father's good pleasure. This is the deeply intimate way of the Father.

\* \* \*

### Sanctuary

*Lora M. Conant*

Long years ago I was in tune  
With each unfolding leaf,  
The blush of bloom, the growth of corn,  
The parched earth's sigh of grief.

Then greed's persistent grinding gears,  
The bull-like roar of pride,  
And hate's rough snarling, filled my ears:  
The little tunes had died.

Now I have found a way of rest,  
Of birch tree, stream and glen;  
I'll lay my head on earth's warm breast,  
And hear her tunes again.

# On Prayer Groups

Ethel Dow

The journey to Mexico is over and I wish there was room for even a capsule version of the experiences we had, the loving welcome, the happy faces—and the desire that everyone seemed to have to make the travelers from the neighbor country comfortable and happy.

Then there were the churches where you couldn't understand a thing, but where someone always interpreted. And the missionaries supported by our own churches. The huge Cathedrals in contrast to the individual work such as the Archers are doing; living, eating, traveling day after day, sharing in every way the native life with fellow preachers in order to bring the *Living* message of Jesus to the people; bringing them a new life, a new willingness, a new vision through education and a real joy. How they can sing whether in the open or in a church! It would be a good thing for everybody to get better informed and acquire a closer relationship with the work being done in Mexico.

Land of mountains, beauty, and such contrasts in culture, living, and education. Perhaps your Prayer Group could study, pray, and do something about the tremendous need, then after you today have as a group waited silently before Him, have companioned with Him for a while, you will dare to try and *do* at any cost what seems your task.

My last memories of Mexico are the organ tones broadcast over the square at Taxco as the Presbyterian Missionary's wife played "Till We Meet Again" as we were leaving, and both husband and wife had an hour's song service and prayer before that when a blind Mexican woman with a beautiful voice sang the hymns while the Missionary (in Spanish) sang the obligato.

Then there was the night in Fortin when the Archers and some native preachers met in the hastily built auditorium to which the natives had walked miles and miles in the rain and mud. They came singing for us and telling of

their work, later sleeping on the benches, the living Christ radiating their lives and so dedicated through Prayer in loving service.

What does a Prayer Group offer? Love, Protection, Healing, and now abideth Faith, Hope, and Love and the greatest of these is Love.

You can determine just how GOOD you are by the first instinctive reaction to something really irritating.

The requests for prayers for children are still coming in so please send your experience to be of help to someone else. In sharing we show others how to utilize their own possibilities. There are many approaches to any problem but the Divine, right way has to be solved through Love and Prayer. Our tendency is to agonize over another's need yet when our faith is steady, sure, and serene then our *expectancy* is rewarded by His love and attention. We have no limits; we have inherited His eternal love and attention and His eternal universe.

Our Prayer Groups are a force for good because of our Oneness with each other and with Him, and a wholeness that we achieve within, as we offer all of this strength that others may know of this constant companionship. They look to us to see how we "express" as they lean toward us when in need. "Plough, indeed if ploughman there be but know God when thou plougest; Sail, if thou love to voyage the seas, but make thy appeal to the steersman on high."

## *Odes of Solomon*

There seem to be an unusually large number of requests for help in starting Prayer Groups. We can share only a few:

*New York*—"My Pastor and his wife, another woman and myself are to be the nucleus of this group and would appreciate any help you could give us."

*Wisconsin*—"Your pages in Clear Horizons inspire us. Can you send some literature or other help. We are just

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starting a new church and are hungry for spiritual growth and experience."

*New York*—"We are a group of women who realize we need prayer. I feel in the past we have not been praying rightly. It was not an experience in stillness or meditation but getting together to beg God's help for ourselves."

*Virginia*—"I am a subscriber to Clear Horizons and I read about Prayer Groups. I am asking your group to pray for me."

*Oklahoma*—"I have been reading in Clear Horizons that you have material for children on prayer, ages 10-12. Please help!"

*Long Island*—"It would really be a great help to me to have any material on Prayers for Children. I am a church school teacher and have found that using prayer techniques used in the Camps assures a quietness and reverence that is most worshipful."

*Minnesota*—"A fun night and prayer group have been started here with the Hospital Nurses and Service Men in the area. Everything is going fine."

*Oklahoma*—"Some of we students meet every morning for prayer before College. I have been one of the projects and my own body and strength gets better daily because of this loving thoughtfulness and the unseen strength I receive."

What are you doing as a church about some place for people to drop in between shopping and home where anyone can come and be still for a half hour?

One woman in a Music Conservatory told me how wonderful it was to walk down a couple of blocks and sit quietly in prayer and meditation in the church chapel after hours of listening to piano practice.

What IS your church doing in the neighborhood?

*Minnesota*—"We are six couples of young married folk who give one evening a week to thinking of things of the Spirit and learning to Pray."

*Wisconsin*—"Without Prayer Groups you so kindly have helped us with, we never could carry on our denominational work. What was once a real task now just seems to flow."

We have had letters from native ministers in the Hawaiian Islands, Ceylon, South America, Africa, Italy. You would be thrilled hearing about their answered prayers, how they really hunt for a Prayer Partner as a nucleus for a group.

There are so many using the Prayer Manual of the Prayer Tower. Be sure to write for it if you don't have it. Glenn Clark wrote the January number.

A beautiful little testimony comes from "Deep in the heart of Texas", and if the author sees it I am sure she won't mind sharing it—"My work is traveling with the Book House for children. Such a happy and interesting work! I have learned to seek God's guidance in what I think and do and say, taking God by the hand every morning. This is a wonderful adventure, you never know what surprises are in store for you as you step out. First God finds a prayer partner for me. I am always led to the right one. Sometimes it is a shut-in or a colored person with a great heart of understanding, or maybe a child. There we start a Prayer Group. I'd rather have a shut-in, colored person or a child to pray for and with me, for there you find true "humility." It always starts my day right. And so we have a little prayer group in every town where I travel!"

So much of heaven

That all was well

No arrow to wound the Dove.

Was the going rough?

Yet they were strong

Thru prayer and laughter and Love.

**This is your department. Write to: Ethel Dow  
3124 W. Calhoun Blvd., Minneapolis 16, Minn.**

## Most Interesting Person?

Inez Robb

ON THE THEORY that newspapermen meet so many interesting people, I am asked from time to time to name the most interesting person of them all.

There is never any doubt in my mind as to who merits the laurel. Dr. Albert Schweitzer is not only the most-fascinating person I ever met, but certainly the only saint.

So it might do us all a smidgeon of good this Christmas day to learn what a merry, witty and vigorous saint does with a windfall of \$33,000 plus.

This is the sum recently received by Dr. Schweitzer, African medical missionary, philosopher, musician, scholar and author, when he was awarded the Nobel Peace prize.

It will surprise no one who has come in contact with him, even through his books, to learn that the good doctor is joyously spending his prize money to advance the 350-patient leprosarium he began in French Equatorial Africa in 1949.

He also will use part of the money to make improvements in his famous Lambarene hospital, which he started in Africa 40 years ago. The leprosarium is merely the newest department of that hospital.

From *St. Paul, Minn. Dispatch*.

It would be foolish to write that the world-renowned medical missionary is going to "modernize" his hospital with the Nobel money. By any standards, the hospital at Lambarene is so primitive that it is apt to horrify doctors accustomed to sterile white tile—until they see the results it accomplishes.

The world's greatest living authority on Goethe and Bach and the world's foremost organist does not believe in changing native African ways. When Dr. Schweitzer made his first and only visit to the United States in 1949, he explained that his native patients flatly refuse to use hospital beds.

They prefer the floor, but Dr. Schweitzer has coaxed them to use the 350 couchettes, or reclining places, with which the hospital is equipped. Since it is impossible to get them to use sheets, the gentle doctor doesn't try.

The patient is usually accompanied by his or her entire family, including dogs and chickens. This rather complicates the hospital's and the doctor's problems. But since that is custom and the sick must be healed, the patient's retinue is cared for, too.

Dr. Schweitzer, a man of prodigious learning and practical piety, will celebrate his 79th birthday anniversary Jan. 14. Forty-one years ago, when he had long been one of the most distinguished musicians and scholars in the world, he turned his back on the so-called civilized world and went to darkest Africa as a medical missionary.

Even at 79, he still works at least an 18-hour day. Not until his medical work is over at 10 to 11 p.m.

does Dr. Schweitzer retire to his little study in steaming Lambarene to work on the third volume of his monumental study of civilization and ethics, to practice on the beloved organ given him long ago by the Bach Society of Paris, and to continue his annotations on Bach.

He also has found time to record his two albums of Bach's great organ music. And always this modern saint has found time to minister to the sick and needy.

\* \* \*

### Within

*Ilene Williams*

Oh ragged little bush  
With your prickly thorn,  
Why is it, that we tend you  
With no trace of scorn?

Why are we so happy  
When new life is seen,  
And so much comes forth  
In your bursting green?

Because you hold a promise  
That within you grows—  
The bursting into beauty  
Of a perfect rose.

\* \* \*

### Faith for Flight

*Doris Hanks Enabnit*

As birdlings burst and leave their outgrown shells  
Returning not, but upward wing their flight,  
So would my soul from ancient creeds outworn  
Wing onward, up, to brave a newer height,  
A boundless love, and faith that thru the mists  
One star will shine to guide my wing-borne way  
Where my frail earth-bound eyes with sight made new  
Shall see thy truth, behold the light of day.



## Eastertide Is Here

Rowena Cheney

White jonquils grow by a rustic fence  
Where a garden is ready to bloom;  
And the quiet air of spring is tinged  
With their delicate, light perfume

And a friendly wren, in a nearby tree,  
Chooses this moment to sing;  
A small breeze, stirring the jonquil stalks,  
Whispers that this is spring.

Then, of a sudden the church bells chime  
From over a distant hill  
Where steeples are reaching heavenward . . .  
The wren for a moment is still.

"The Lord is risen!" the bells proclaim.  
How sweet their song—how clear!  
"Christ is risen—there is no death—  
Glad Eastertide is here!"

Again the wren pours out his song  
While the pure white blossoms sway  
As breeze and flower and bird combine  
To welcome this Sabbath Day.

The heart responds, with a fervent prayer,  
And humbly the words are said:  
"God grant that Easter's peace be ours  
Through all the days ahead."

¶ Excerpts from letters to the Prayer Tower

## Prayer Works!

"Very many thanks for the package of *Manuals*. They are very helpful to me in the work I am doing. Thank you for this splendid contribution to our religious literature."—*British Columbia*.

"Some weeks ago I wrote you on behalf of my nephew, aged three, who was suffering with a head wound that would not heal properly . . . I am happy to tell you that the wound has closed and he seems to be in perfect condition. So his little name can now be removed from that wonderful Prayer Box in the Tower. How does one find the proper words to express the emotions of the heart at a time like this? To say thank you seems rather inadequate and yet I am so grateful that I must let you know so may I say God bless you and keep you, and I am deeply indebted to the friend who several years ago sent my name to you because I needed help."—*Illinois*.

"I received one of the most thankful letters from the mother of—whose name I sent to your prayer tower. After one year in the T.B. hospital he has been discharged, cured and is back at his home and family. This mother writes with tears of joy. I shouted praise the

Lord for answered prayer. Dr. said it must have been faith and prayer that did the work."—*Alabama*.

"I wish to thank you all for the prayers for my niece. The doctor said her last x-rays showed an improvement. She has been able to go out which also showed progression. We are all grateful to our heavenly Father, our Great physician. God bless you all."—*Oregon*.

"I just had to drop in with a gift (even tho it is very small) as a very great big thank you in the deep appreciation of the wonderful help I've been receiving tuning in with you and the wonderful spiritual food I've been receiving through the loaning of the books . . ." (It would take the entire page to print the love and thanksgiving in this letter.)—*Ohio*.

"I wrote you recently with reference to an operation I underwent for a cyst in my breast, requesting your prayers. The cyst was benign, and I got along fine. I wish to thank all of you for your prayers and for the material you sent to me. Just knowing you were praying for me helped keep me from being apprehensive."—*Arkansas*.

### THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

The prayer tower is a group of praying people, in touch with prayer cells in this and in foreign countries. They *know* that with the prayer of faith *nothing is impossible*; that with God *all things are possible*. The prayer tower will gladly pray for your needs at any time.

This work is supported entirely by freewill offerings. We wish to thank those whose contributions make this work possible. Free booklet about the prayer tower on request.

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota. Telephone: DEsota 5036; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at COLfax 7396, Minneapolis, Minn., or Mrs. Ecoff, DEsota 7365, St. Paul, Minn.

"Last January I sent a request to you for help. Before your answer came I received a witness of the Spirit that God had heard. . . . In following the lessons of the prayer Manual, every one has come at just the right time. Thank you for the wonderful help that is being received."—*Ohio*.

"The occasional copies of the Manual Of Prayer I have received have been most helpful and as the fall programs of our churches and Women's groups, both religious and secular, begin, I feel that it is more important than ever to have the warm little Manual along with me in my purse so that I may increasingly be reminded to keep Him with me wherever I go."—*Texas*.

"A few months ago I wrote you about a friend. I then wrote you about her recovery from a very heavy operation. You will be glad to know of her steady improvement. She is working every day and I want to thank you again for your part in this glorious work. You wrote that you had placed my needs lovingly in the hands of the Father. There too, I have been blessed abundantly. My aches and pains have gradually subsided and I find my health better than it has been for a long time. I have the faith to know that prayers are answered; and still I am always filled with wonder over the mighty works of God. I cannot find the words to express to you my appreciation for your help; and I hope I may prove worthy of God's goodness and his peace which he has promised to his children. How I appreciate receiving the letters and literature which comes from your office. They are all so fine and helpful."—*California*.

"A few weeks ago I wrote you saying I had lost something very dear to me and asking you to put my name in the prayer box. You can now take it out, as my prayer was answered this morning. I am still overjoyed at the miracle and the tears are very close as I write this. It is such an honor and a privilege to

belong to your prayer group, and I want to thank you for that privilege, and also thank you for the *Manual of Prayer* that I am getting regularly. Once again deep thanks from the bottom of my heart."—*New York*.

"Your letters of kindly wishes and encouragement are such a help to me. I must say that I have neglected my duty in thanking you for all your kindnesses. When I wrote to you I was suffering from a prolonged giddiness which I am very glad to say has been completely cured. . . . Besides continuing to pray for my health I would like you to pray for my spiritual uplift so that as a doctor I will not be only helping the physical ills of others but also bring them to a closer walk with God."—*Rangoon, Burma*.

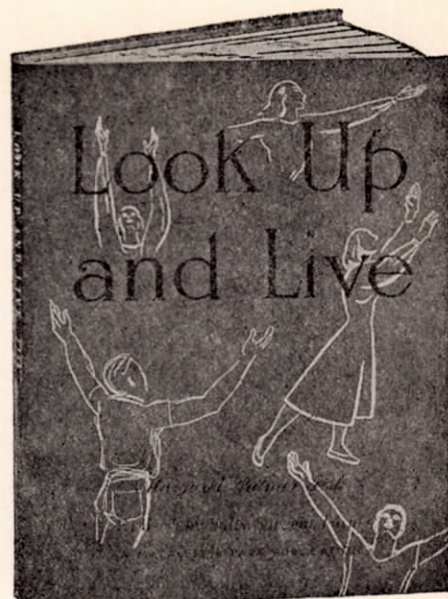
"Thank you very much for your prayers. On Easter day I became so much better and have done very well since. I still have some difficulty but feel my healing is within me NOW. I'm a real believer NOW — the Lord is shining through."—*Ohio*.

"I believe it is a year since I have written to you. At that time I was only able to be up a part of the time as even just a little exertion would bring on another attack. I had had several heart attacks from Nov. to April, my last. On or about that date I received your letter . . . It was so wonderful. I lay there in bed and read and reread it several times until I felt myself encircled by loving arms. The doctor gave me a new remedy that he said had just been released after several years of testing and he thought it was just what I needed. It certainly seems so. Who knows but that it was through loving prayers that it came to his attention. From that time I have gradually improved until I feel wonderful. . . . Pray that I may be a clear and open channel through which His love may flow as long as I shall be here. I am only here through His grace and know there is still some service He wants me to do."—*Arkansas*.

## LOOK UP AND LIVE

by

Margaret  
Palmer  
Fisk



**Look Up And Live** is a new approach to the complete and perfect integration and harmonization of the mind, body and soul. The author, the outstanding authority on this new mode of worship, takes hymns and Negro spirituals and shows us how to use body movements to augment the mental and the spiritual into a new wholeness. "It is a great gift to a stiff and stilted humanity," says *Starr Daily*. "No one can read this book and practice its instructions without being greatly benefited," remarked Alice Kraft, national leader in creative hymns at the Camps Farthest Out. Dr. Glenn Clark said, "Margaret Fisk has done a remarkable job of showing us how to make the body radio-like, responsive to the great spiritual overtones of the soul."

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