

Clear Horizons

Dorothea Pickemeier

Spring, 1955

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As We Go To Press

John Homer Miller (p. 1) touches a mighty theme when he says that the events of any day are not final — there will always come a third day, the day of resurrection . . . So many people feel that life is passing them by, that they are not doing anything useful and therefore life is not really happy. **Norman Vincent Peale** (p. 5) does his usual excellent and inspirational job in telling us how to enjoy life and be useful . . . We have been convinced of the necessity for physical check-ups every so often, but **Judith Mason** (p. 7) says that there is also much need for a spiritual check-up . . . **Frank Robertson** (p. 11) has had other articles in your magazine on this same theme — being forced into greatness. In this issue his interesting subject is J. C. Penney . . . **Bertha H. Dougherty** (p. 18) tells of what she went through after her husband died. "After Bereavement — What?" is an extremely helpful article that can point the way over sorrow into a useful and full life . . . You can never tell what a man is by the outside picture of him, and "Old Crabby" certainly was anything but what people thought he was. **Carroll Van Court** (p. 21) writes a beautiful sketch of a man who never let his right hand know what his left hand did . . . **Glenn Clark** (p. 23) has talked every so often about what he calls "holy arithmetic" and it always strikes fire with the imagination of his audiences. We are glad to get it down on paper for a wider audience. We think you will like it too . . . **Helen Clark Wentworth** (p. 26) was the founder of "Clear Horizons" and a deep spiritual soul. She first put the magazine out in mimeographed form from Chicago. This article will give you an insight into a wonderful woman . . . Many of us have had a visit from our minister in a hospital, but did you know that many hospitals have "certified chaplains" who are members of the hospital staff? **Russell L. Dicks'** (p. 37) article on certified chaplains is a thrilling one and will give you an idea on the value that medical and psychiatric professions place on proper religious attitudes . . . **Frank C. Laubach** (p. 43) wrote a book recently that is powerful — *Channels of Spiritual Power* — and this article is taken from one of the chapters of this book . . . If you have not read the new book, *The Master and the Disciple*, we think you will want to live with it after tasting a sample of its daily devotions by **John Gayner Banks** (p. 51) . . . **Margaret Lee Runbeck** (p. 61) writes about something — self-pity — that will do us all good!

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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☞ "After three days I will rise again."—Matthew 27:63

A Third Day Will Come

John Homer Miller

INTO the world of our everyday life, noisy with the violent forces of evil, Easter quietly comes saying, "Never look upon what happens today as final. The events of any one day are never a closed case. A third day will always come. Wait and see what it will bring."

On a particular day two thousand years ago, Black Friday it was, Pilate and the Roman Empire, Caiaphas and the Pharisees, the milling crowds in Jerusalem thought that the events of that day were irrevocably final, that He who had been born in a borrowed manger, hanged on a cross and buried in a borrowed tomb was completely and forever done for. From their minds they dismissed His as a closed case.

Why should they have thought otherwise? Out of obscurity He had come, born a Jew in a small province of a great empire, despised and rejected by the influential mem-

bers of His own race, leaving behind Him no written record of anything He had ever said, done or dreamed, the object of hatred and derision, deserted in the end by His few remaining followers. The chances were about a million to one that He would go into blackest oblivion. They would have been fools to have thought anything other than that the events of that day were unalterably final.

Even His own disciples were afraid His crucifixion was final. Everything seemed over for them on the night of Good Friday. They were afraid, dejected. Some of them were already making preparations to leave Jerusalem to take up their old tasks. Their expectations for a kingdom had shot upward like a rocket and exploded. Their hopes were buried in the tomb.

They talked with one another in words of blackest despair as they walked the Emmaus Road saying,

From *Christian Herald*, April, 1954.

"We hoped that it was He who would redeem Israel." Suddenly they stopped and one of them hopefully asked, "Didn't He say something about a third day?" The more they remembered, the greater their hope became and they waited in Jerusalem to see what the third day would bring.

On the third day something happened, something so persuasively real that it changed Good Friday with its tears into Pentecost with its triumph.

To us who are troubled and cast down by the happenings of any one day Easter comes saying, "The events of no one day are ever a closed case. Only what happens the third day is irrevocably final." That is not only the great central fact of Easter; it is the most cold-blooded fact of history.

Theodor Mommsen, the historian, put it, "History has a Nemesis for every sin." An Alexander, a Caesar, a Napoleon, a Hitler may inflict and torment the world for a few years and even God Himself will endure them for a day. But a new fact which cold-blooded history reveals is that the triumphs of evil are becoming more temporary with the passing centuries. The world had to endure Hitler for only a little more than a decade. The third day comes more quickly now. Love, peace, good will do not remain in the tomb as long as they used to. Goodness,

beauty and truth crushed to earth rise more quickly in our kind of world.

Now, more personally, Easter and human experience prove that there will be a third day for you, but on this condition: that you take whatever life brings to you in Christ's spirit and face it with His faith.

You do not have to wait until you die for your third day to come. A third day has already come for some of you. Some of you have suffered personal losses which can never be offset, which in this world you can never recover. The very life went out of you. For a time you could see no meaning or purpose in anything, no justice anywhere. Then the third day came.

The first words a mother said to me when she received word of the death of her son were, "I can never believe in God again. How can I, when I prayed to Him to take care of my son and He let me down?" Her feelings on that first day seemed so irrevocably final. But I promised her that a day would come when she would feel differently. It did. A new sense of responsibility, a recovery of life's purpose rolled away the stone. Today she is more alive than ever before, renewed by sorrows borne and strengthened by frustration overcome. She no longer feels that her son is dead, but that he lives, not only in the house not made by hands but in this world as

well.

On that first day when Madame Curie received the news of the unexpected, accidental death of her distinguished husband, she said, "This is the end of everything, everything, everything . . . My life is upset in such a way that it will never be put right again. I think it will always be like this and I shall not try to live otherwise. I want to bring up my children as well as possible but even they cannot awaken life in me." Then the third day came, transcending and transmuting her inevitable loneliness into such greatness and newness of life that at her death her own daughter looked into her face and said, "She was at this moment the noblest and most beautiful thing on earth."

Dr. Sherer of New York has made public a letter which he received from a young man in the service. It illustrates poignantly what happens when you begin to think of life in terms not of the first day but of the third. He wrote, "Dear Sir: I am a sailor, and I'll be pulling out in a few hours. But first I've got something to say. I came into your place this morning scared to death about sailing again. I wanted to talk to somebody pretty badly. There was a girl who said hello to me. She said for me to sit down and we got to talking about the future. I said maybe there wouldn't be any future for

me. If only a fellow could be sure, I said, that something would come through worth dying for, it wouldn't be so bad.

"And then she said the queerest thing. She smiled and said, 'That's easy. Christ is coming through, and He's worth dying for.' I looked at her and she kept talking as if He was alive and a good pal of hers. I sort of expected to see Him walk in the door, it was so real. I was only there about ten minutes, and I don't know why, but her talking to me like that sort of did something to me, and I'm not lonely any more, and I'm not scared. She said, 'I want to make you acquainted with my friend Jesus. You ought to get to know each other since He'll be going your way.' I'm nineteen, and I never knew before that there was a God like that who would go along with a fellow. It doesn't matter so much now if my ship goes down and I go down with it as long as there is a God that no sub can sink and that won't ever change from what's right."

That is the priceless feeling you have when you think of life not in terms of what can and does happen to you the first day, but what you can make happen on the third day.

Why should you go on being discouraged, cast down, and undone by the events of the first day?

¶ Jimmy was certain about the dependability of God.

Dependability Teaches Faith

Evelyn Witter

BECAUSE YOUNG children are so dependent they need to put their trust where there is reliability. They put their trust in their parents, for example, because there they have found a refuge on which to depend.

This simple fact helped us give our child faith in God. We conscientiously pointed out God's dependability at every opportunity.

The assurances of the trustworthiness of God's world came naturally, out of the happenings of every day living. Like one day four year old Jimmy came into our farm kitchen where I was busy canning peaches.

"These are for when the snow flies," I told him.

"How do you KNOW the snow will fly, mommy?" he asked wonderingly.

"Because God has told us in the Bible that there will always be four separate times of the year, and snow time is one of those. Because God promised it, that's the way it has always been and always will be."

That was the beginning of teaching Jimmy about God's integrity. As time went on there were many other chances to show him the constancy of God's world. Like the time we were sitting together on our hillside waiting for dad to come in from the fields. The moon had risen and the

sky was spattered with stars.

"The stars and moon are always there, aren't they, mom?"

"Yes, son, and in their appointed places. It's God's order."

One time when Jimmy and I were gathering wind-falls in the orchard we talked more about God's order.

"When these trees die we can always get more, can't we?" Jim asked.

I took a deep bite in my apple. "See these seeds, Jimmy? This is the beginning of a cycle we can rely on. First the seed, then the tree, then more apples with more seeds."

We talked about a similar cycle the next spring when the robins built the nest in the elm next to the house. We could watch them from the upstairs window.

"Let's watch the miracle of God's cycle," I suggested. We talked about birds . . . eggs . . . birdlings . . . grown birds. Again Jimmy had the proof that God's cycles were dependable.

Last Sunday Jimmy joined the church. When the minister asked him if he had faith in the one God, his eyes lighted with a sure and certain response, which brought tears of happiness into my own. This is what I had prayed for. Jimmy was certain about the dependability of God. He *knew* where to place his faith.

¶ Live over the top of things.

How to Enjoy Life and Be Useful

Norman Vincent Peale

SOMEbody sent me a book called, *The Mothers of America*. And in it is the story of Ida Eisenhower, the mother of our President. Reading this, I believe I can understand the love the American people have for our President. It is the Lincoln story all over again, and that is the greatest story America ever wrote, the Lincoln story. I remember going to a theater in New York City to see, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. I sat next to two very blase people, the woman completely upholstered, the husband—most of him in width—with his chins hanging over his stiffly starched collar, eyes beady, hands pudgy, fingernails highly polished. I looked at him and thought that once he must have been a live, vigorous American boy.

Then the play began and absorbed me. There was Abe Lincoln, talking the language of the sixties. When the curtain came down I happened to notice my neighbor's face. Tears were running down his cheeks. He had been looking at America, at an ideal; he had been looking at a character who "lived over the top of things."

But let us return to Ida Eisen-

hower. Her husband never made money. He worked in a creamery. Then he went into a small business and failed. Humiliated, he moved to Texas to get away from all his friends. Ida followed him there with one baby, and it was there she gave birth to the President of the United States. The only thing the family had saved of their possessions was an ebony piano which she held onto for dear life. She still had it when they finally moved back to Abilene.

The Eisenhowers belonged to a sect called River Brethren, a very religious people who had moved away from Pennsylvania because they thought it had become too worldly. The whole Eisenhower family, including all six boys, went to church every Sunday. After the Sunday School and Church Services, they went home and the boys cooked the dinner, the only time Ida Eisenhower had any rest during the whole week. Once while making a pie the boys used the dough as a baseball, dropping it on the floor occasionally. Their mother said it was a wonderful pie, if a little dark in spots.

After dinner the boys washed the

A recorded transcription of a sermon delivered extemporaneously in the Marble Collegiate Church, New York.

dishes: the washer would throw each freshly washed plate across the room to the drier, who in turn would throw it to the stacker. We understand there was some breakage.

Every boy had to read the Bible through once every year, and commit passages to memory.

This family, you might say, lived on the wrong side of the tracks. They raised their own vegetables with a surplus which the boys sold. They were God's good, clean, American poor, and they didn't think of themselves as the *underprivileged*, in fact that word wasn't coined then. They felt they had wonderful privileges. Look at the mother they had, at the father, at the town in which they lived, the church they attended; look at the God they had, and the country. Underprivileged, these six boys? Not at all. When the day came for one of them to be made President of the United States he

must have thought of Ida Eisenhower as he looked out over that great throng and said, "Before I take this oath of office, I want you to join me in prayer." And his prayer was simple and very moving. We are having a lot of trouble in this country; there is a lot of trouble in the world. But it needn't discourage us because we have in the White House a man whose mother taught him to "live over the top of things."

That is the way to be joyful, and to be useful. You will be happy and joyful when you feel within yourself the manhood and womanhood, the courage and strength to live "over the top of things." Stop thinking about your problems from the underside; keep thinking of them from the overside. On the underside there is shadow; on the overside there is sunlight and opportunity. God pulls up; He doesn't push down.

Awareness at Easter

Elinor Lennen

I questioned the turning spade,
I shrank from the pruning knife.
I murmured at sun and shade,
At the death which nurtures life.

But now in the Easter dawn
I am suddenly aware
That the Gardener has gone
And the Lord awaits me there!

☞ There is no case so desperate that the Great Physician cannot heal.

Time for a Checkup

Judith Mason

TIME FOR A CHECKUP! These words are familiar to many individuals. Through newspaper, magazine, radio, and medical sources we are constantly advised that we need periodic examinations to insure our physical well-being. But how much serious thought do we give to the Great Physician? And to the checkup that is important to our spiritual as well as our physical health?

God's services are free. Out of the bounty of His eternal love He tells us, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He is the great healer, to whom we can turn in any emergency. Of Him we sing:

"When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!"

He is waiting for our call. We do not have to make an appointment or journey to an office to find Him ready to serve us. There is no such word as incurable in His vocabulary. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you." God furnishes a solution for every prob-

lem; a cure for every ill. "I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears: behold, I will heal thee." nothing is impossible with Him; nothing is impossible for us to achieve when we follow His divine guidance. The prescription is simple—faith and prayer—and it does not cost a penny.

Yet, as we wrestle alone with problems, we forget often to say to ourselves, "It is time for me to consult the Great Physician, whose comforting words reach out to remind me, 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful.'"

Time for a checkup? Let us, then set aside a quiet time—a few minutes in solitude and serious contemplation—as we proceed. How about weight? Not the weight of our mortal bodies, but that of needless worry and fear, which press against our hearts and lower the resistance of our spirits. The Great Physician offers this remedy: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

How about our eyes? Is our vis-

From *Unity*, October, 1954.

ion perfect? Or is it so defective that we cannot see the way ahead? Do we see the beauty that God has placed abundantly about us? Or do we see only strife, strain, struggle, and evil in the world? Do we lift up our heads and our hearts and our thoughts to the radiant light of hope that He holds as a lamp before us? Or have we so neglected the joy of perfect vision that we do not behold the blue sky, missing the path leading toward happiness, abundance, and health? Jehovah says: "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; in paths that they know not will I lead them; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked places straight. These things will I do, and I will not forsake them."

Our ears are important, too. Do we hear what is good? Or do we listen only to murmurs of dissention and doubt and dismay? Do we pause to attune our beings to the celestial "music of the spheres," finding the harmony that the Great Physician offers to us? Or do we permit the reception of such disturbing sounds as idle gossip, negative suggestions, and careless criticism? "And ye shall call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me and I will hearken unto you."

Good health in our vocal chords is also essential so that we may utter only words of praise, prayer, comfort, love, and help.

Perfect physical digestion is dependent on mental and spiritual digestion. This is a vital part of our checkup. Do we so overeat of fearful, heavy thoughts that the processes of our minds have no room and no strength to digest the nutritious promises set before us by our Creator? Do we so indulge ourselves with the confections of self-pity, pessimism, and despair that we stultify the processes of healthful, uplifting thoughts, which will nourish and sustain us and keep us strong, alert, and ready to meet each new day with joy, courage, and confidence?

In addition, we need to give ourselves regular spiritual and mental exercise to keep our minds "in shape" and to shut out the poisonous germs of doubt and confusion.

There is no case so desperate that the Great Physician cannot heal; there is no time like now to have a checkup, to make an appointment with ourselves, to seek our heavenly Father, to wash clean our consciousness, and to let His blessed light shine upon our innermost thoughts and wishes.

Seek Him; ask for His help. Accept His ministrations; have faith in His power. He will bless your hands, so that you may perform the work that lies before you. He will bless your ears, so that they may hear only that which is good and beneficial. He will bless your eyes, so that your vision may be clear; He will bless

your feet, so that they may walk in the path of His righteousness, which leads to happiness and success. He will bless your body, so that it may be strong and healthy. He will bless your mind and your heart, so that they may be at ease and free from all pain. He will bless and lift up your spirit. He will help and sustain you, whoever you are, wherever you are. He will remove obstructions, wash away infections, and bring you the peace that always comes to those who seek His counsel.

Ask yourself as you read these

words—"Is it time for a checkup?" If it is, seek the Great Physician freely, knowing that He cares, knowing that He can furnish the perfect prescription to cure all ills and that He gives it to you in great abundance from the bounty of His infinite love.

"Therefore I say unto you, All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

"I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall not hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."



Backyard Symphonies

Helga Skogsbergh

From every rustling branch comes morning bird song.
A little soft at first, a solo shy—
Then growing into dotted, sharp staccato
And leaping into such exuberance high
That when the music reaches its crescendos
It lifts the garden into Paradise!
And standing in my kitchen door, I marvel
At all the gladness my back yard supplies.

I wonder what it is that sets birds singing;
What is the secret of their ecstasy?
Is it to hear their own voices that they warble
A morning maration—could this it be?
But stealing close I see their heads turned upward
As though they saw Eternities unbarred!
My cumbered soul leaps up, and soon I'm singing
For Heaven is as close as my back yard.

¶ There are matters beyond our immediate experience.

Jesus Does Raise People From the Dead

An Easter Editorial

THE RAISING OF Lazarus from the dead raises a question in the modern man's mind. Did Jesus really raise the dead? It seems pretty clear that the men who wrote the Gospels thought he did. They lived in an entirely different climate from ours. They had been brought up on the story of Elisha and they remembered how he brought the son of the Shunamite woman back to life. Now recently Peter had raised the girl from the dead, and the story of his action circulated freely and without question. We live in a different world. We know that things beyond our comprehension happen, and we do not pretend to possess as great a degree of omniscience as our immediate predecessors did. Nevertheless, we have a high regard for the regularity and orderliness by which God operates the universe and it is not easy for us to imagine that God would arbitrarily set aside all his laws to bring the dead to life, not even to demonstrate his power or to show forth his glory. We would be wise, however, to reserve our judgment on such matters. These are not the realms in which to be dogmatic. These are matters beyond our immediate experience about which we have no factual evidence. We would do well to concentrate our attention on the thing we do know, namely, that Jesus does raise people from the dead now! He finds them lifeless and he brings them back into usefulness. Their lives are drab and dull, empty as shells from which the living thing has long since departed. He fills them with life that is rich and vivid. We know this because we have seen it happen.

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So shall I be no more.
But you, oh my Beloved Christ,
Shall live once more upon the earth
Because you live in me.

Genevieve Parkhurst

¶ J. C. Penney, to whom life taught that the Golden Rule alone is not enough.

Forced Into Greatness -- J. C. Penney

Frank Robertson

WHEN a man of great fame in the United States for his wealth and philanthropy is broken to the point of bankruptcy and discouraged to the point of physical breakdown by a National panic; when he believes he will die before he can return to his home and his loved ones; and when he is returned by newly directed faith to the realm of health and fortune and to Christian fame beyond all expectation although he was already well known for his venturesome vigor; and when, at the age of nearly eighty years, he maintains a pace of merchandising, giving, and speaking messages of Christian faith which would scare many a man of fifty; that man has been forced into greatness, in any man's language. This is a thumbnail sketch of the career of Mr. J. C. Penney.

Mr. Penney had been taught to apply the Golden Rule to every act he attempted, from his boyhood up. He had been taught to hew to the line of living by that standard with all the vigor at his command by his parents who, although heavily mortgaged, had a family of twelve children during the aftermath of the Civil War. He had made the grade

as a good and honest sales clerk in a typical store of the day (and for many years thereafter) in a typical Midwestern town; and in so doing, he had over-extended his physical strength and health. He was forced to change his plans and begin all over again in Colorado as a youngster just achieving maturity, another episode which compelled him to apply the Golden Rule firmly.

The sternness with which Mr. Penney applied the Golden Rule, even in his youth, is illustrated by his quitting his first job in the West because he refused to accept the two-price merchandising system that was common at the time—and for quite a few years thereafter, as some of us middle aged people can recall. Before long, however, he had found another job which, in an expanding group of stores, offered him the opportunity to begin his growth into nationally known success as a merchant. In 1902, he opened up a store of the group in Kemmerer, Wyoming. He named it "The Golden Rule Store."

Between 1902 and 1929, Mr. Penney's stature as a merchant grew on the basic principle of the Golden Rule to tremendous wealth, in a na-

tion which had become immensely rich and powerful. In addition to the success of the J. C. Penney Company, Mr. Penney had personally supported the perfection of one of the most productive breeds of dairy cattle in the United States. He had led in the stimulation of other agricultural growth throughout the Country. He had led in a movement for the development of youth through radio forums. And he had enriched one of the major Christian publishing organizations into independent wealth. By 1929, Mr. Penney had become one of the wealthy men and one of the great philanthropists of the United States, on the basis of the Golden Rule.

Then came the crash. Between 1929 and 1933, Mr. Penney tried to bolster his various ventures, most of them of a philanthropic nature, by borrowing seven million dollars from five different banks. When three of the banks became hard pressed, they called in their loans to Mr. Penney, and he had to pay them with the very dear dollar. In doing so, his personal estate of forty million dollars practically disappeared almost literally over night. The shock nearly broke him physically and spiritually. It made him realize, as he says it, that "What I had allowed to become my main dependence was not there to sustain me."

Yes, Mr. Penney was a beaten man in the early 'thirties. As he describes

it in considerable detail, his only remaining motive force was a force of *negative courage*, a brand of endurance that would not permit him to give up. During this period he had a breakdown while on a business trip to Michigan. He had gone so far as to write a farewell letter to his family, expecting to die.

But before he mailed the letter he heard the chapel choir of his hospital singing the old hymn, "God Will Take Care Of You." That message struck a chord in his spirit, comparable with the unexpected messages that many of us have received when we were eating the sediment of confusion and discouragement. As has happened to many of us, that message of God's care and support made a new man of Mr. Penney—and what a man!

At the then age of about sixty, when many men today are thinking seriously of retiring, Mr. Penney began to build back to vigorous strength and into a stature of Christian leadership that eclipses the success he enjoyed during the limitation of his viewpoint to the Golden Rule as his motive force in living.

As Mr. Penney learned, the Golden Rule—or its definition "Whatever ye would that men do unto you, do ye, even so, unto them"—was actually the outgrowth of "the law and the prophets," as Jesus pointed out to His disciples. He learned that what he had been accepting as

enough for himself was really the aftermath of the basic law, as Jesus defined it by proclaiming that "Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. *And the second is like unto it*, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

When he expanded his viewpoint accordingly, what happened!

His stability began to return. With it, his strength began to rise again. Before long, his financial welfare began to recover. Today he is wealthy again, and the range of service that he renders to mankind is far more widespread than it was in the heyday of the 'twenties.

But that is only an appendage to the greatness with which Mr. Penney is serving God and mankind, at an age when most men who have not already left the earth have retired and are merely living out their time on this planet.

In addition to being Chairman of the Board of Directors of an organization of more than 1600 retail stores in all the forty-eight states of our nation, with the accomplishment of meeting needs for some thirty-five million people to the extent of more than a billion dollars per year, Mr. Penney speaks freely to Christian groups throughout the United States, inviting their allegiance to objectives like: "Responsibility, The American Way," "Christian Principles in Business," and

"The Spiritual Basis For Improving Human Relations," to mention only a few samples of his wide range of discourse. In a week at Kansas City some time ago, he attended the American Royal Stock Show—one of the Middle West's bids to fame—as a member of its Board of Directors, conferred with the heads of all the Penney Stores in the Kansas City territory, and spoke to at least two organizations of Christian churchmen—all of that at an age of nearly eighty years!

And he agreed to supply this person with the information which makes possible the presentation of this story, to criticize its correctness, and to add his own comment. This impresses one as an example of the attributes of greatness—Success and Service.

Could limitation to the Golden Rule as a man's motivating force have made this regrowth possible? Judge for yourself.

No; Mr. Penney found that, although the Golden Rule is infallible so far as it applies, it does not go far enough to enable a man to accomplish his full purpose in life. As startling as this discovery seems at first, one can realize its truths as he thinks about it. No rule, alone, can draw a line; it requires an instrument and a person to draw it. Mr. Penney found that the Golden Rule describes the only enduring Method of Activity; it does not define the

Motive

As he drafted his own remark as a conclusion for this line of thought, although not worded for direct quotation, he expresses it as follows: "Having learned this lesson, Mr. Penney considers himself a more successful person, and a far happier one, than before his financial loss in 1932—though he will never be as wealthy again economically as he

was before the crash. His wealth is now more of the spirit—and hence it is of greater value."

So, Mr. Penney learned via faith and courage through adversity and struggle and dedicated Faith that the Golden Rule, in order to meet its purpose, must be implemented with the all-energizing Love of God. With this combination, Life is supremely successful.

**My Mother's Hats**

Lorraine Thomas Edwards

My Mother buys the prettiest hats—
They suit her to a T.
Whenever I admire one, though,
She says that it's for me.

It looks so sweet on you, my dear,
And you're my only girl"—
As she tucks a bit of veiling
To hide a straying curl.

One day she'll have a heavenly hat
For all the good she's done,
And it will be the prettiest yet—
Bright, shining as the sun.

When I exclaim, "It's lovely, Mom!"
(In our celestial home)
I wonder if she'll say to me,
"Here, honey, try it on!"

☐ Basically all of us want to be important to someone.

Pursuit of Happiness

Mary H. Robinson

WRITING is my "pursuit of happiness" and I say "pursuit" because I have discovered that happiness will not come to me. I must seek it. My interest in writing does not make me younger in actual years, for I am an old woman—nor does it solve all problems or cure my ailments—it simply gives me a certain harmonious relationship with people and a satisfactory understanding of humanity and knowledge of myself.

Have you ever been out of balance with the world? At times even feeling that the world is out of step with you? That was my attitude before I took up writing. As I grew older my aloofness and reserve became more pronounced and I found myself alone, not in the peaceful solitude of a savant who finds tranquillity of spirit and repose, but in a disquieting state of loneliness and fear. The usual social functions of a small town did not satisfy me and I searched for a hobby which would occupy my mind and time. I possessed no talent in music or art and my physical activities were limited to advancing years. One day I thought about writing. But how to begin? Where to learn? These were

the questions I needed to answer first.

In the dim past I heard a famous author say, "The writing bug bit me." But since I am not exactly the type that bugs bite I realized it would be difficult for me.

The logical place to go for material was the local library where I found on file an antiquated book on writing technique. Only one sentence impressed me: "Literary ambition can be achieved only through practice and perseverance interwoven with faith." These were good old-fashioned precepts and I felt I was on the right road. Later I wrote to the State University and finally chose from its correspondence bulletin a unit of instruction which happily combined short story writing with basic principles of English grammar.

This course proved to be an eye-opener from the very first paragraph which read, "Observe consciously the conversation of friends, strangers, people in drug stores, at stations, and behind counters, whether they use fragments or complete sentences, slang or oaths, bad grammar or good. Note mannerisms and facial expressions."

Frankly I was stunned. In my vague notions about writing it had never occurred to me the plan would involve others and that success in this field depended to a great extent upon my reaction to individuals and my powers of observation. But since I was determined to succeed I proceeded with the lessons and began to develop the "seeing-eye" philosophy which they advocated.

Previous to this time I had gone into the stores and with my eyes glued to the list of purchases, crisply demanded where such an item could be found. I paid for it and with an abrupt "thank you" left the store. Now my approach was different. When their time permitted I engaged the clerks in conversation and listened to any comments offered. I began to see them in an entirely new light—not only as persons who might possibly furnish plot and character for stories but as human beings capable of feeling and thinking. I learned to smile graciously. For the first time they responded and for the first time they liked me! As the weeks and months went by I found myself sincerely interested in those around me—the delivery boy, the mailman, the gardener, my next-door neighbor. A curtain had been lifted and I now had power to see beyond into other more interesting rooms where emotions dwelt—humor, sadness, gaiety,

and anxiety. There was so much to feel and hear that at times I even wished for a companion to whom I could say, "You look and see what you can see and I'll look and see what I can see and we'll compare."

It was not without its humor at times. The comments overheard didn't always fit into my writing but they increased my vocabulary and gave me a different slant on life. I jotted down such expressions as, "His false teeth fell into the punch bowl," or the remark of the ranch woman to her companion, "I'm glad I raised my kids before these here allergies became so popular." Later I may use them in an article or a story, but in the meantime they made me smile and that was something gained.

The gradual changing of perspective gave me understanding to know that basically all of us want to be important to someone; that we cannot be happy unless we are needed. It was as if I met people anew. The church socials, the lodge picnics, and the garden clubs which once had bored me opened up new vistas as I realized that these men and women experiencing their sorrows or their joys or their jealousies throughout the years are samples of all humanity in all countries. They *are* life and so they make stories. Human beings pass before me tripping, stumbling, jostling through life and right into my home they enter and

turn into the pages of my typewriter for others to read about and learn and enjoy.

Nerves which have no outlet are given relief in peculiar mannerisms. Thumb twirling, fidgeting, biting of nails—these are visible signs of frustrated men and women who are unable to express their true feelings. It took me many months to understand that loud laughter may conceal a sense of failure, that grumbling sometimes bespeaks anxiety, that rudeness attempts to cover an inferiority complex. In some cases it was impossible for me to know what made individuals act the way they did but I went home and on paper I answered my own questions and satisfied my own curiosity. All the problems I saw were settled in my pages—lost husbands returned, erring wives repented, delinquent children grew into solid, worthwhile members of society and, strange to say, as the years went by I not only unraveled perplexing situations in my imagination but through suggestions or by actually meddling in a kindly way I settled some of them.

For instance, there was Rose Tremain. Young, single, and attractive, but Rose with her frizzled permanent, painted lips and high-heeled shoes did not know the meaning of serenity. She twitched, she itched; her eyebrows were raised in permanent question marks. Her hands continually moved from one cigarette

to another—then to straighten her stocking seams and to pull down her girdle. She did not appear to be an admirable character but in my writing she changed into a lovable creature. She fell in love with a young doctor who saw in her the kindness and sensitiveness that lay hidden behind the twitching and the itching. Love performed a miracle. Her twittering became pure joyous relaxed laughter. She attained the inward serenity which comes from knowing that one is loved. In my story Rose was her true self and so I asked myself, "Why can't she really change?" I took an interest in her. I showed her how to dress to accentuate her most becoming features. Understanding and affection worked their charm. She did marry and was happy as I had wished her to be.

As my perception became keener the background of the people and their surroundings also came into focus—Nature reached out and pulled me toward Her. Then I felt that I was in step with day and night—with the seasons of the year, spring bursting with life, summer surging forward continuing the growth of plants and animals, autumn in resplendent color and finally winter with its peaceful stillness. It was through my writing that I was able to adapt myself to this rhythm of living which has brought me so much happiness.

After Bereavement -- What?

Bertha H. Dougherty

It's fun to live in a parsonage," was the way I summarized my experiences when, after 10 years of marriage to a Methodist minister, I wrote for the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*. Now I am writing again, trying to tell how I have bridged the gap between those joyous years with the man I loved and the long dry years of existence after his death.

I was about 50 then, and my life had been happily crowded with a husband, growing children, and the church. Without the strong support of his companionship as I came up from the depths of a deep sorrow, I realized that my very sanity demanded a break with the past and the painful swing into another way of living. I had to approach the years ahead from new angles and with a changed purpose. I had to put from me the self-pitying thought that the really important days of my life were over, and that only futility was ahead.

I became an artist. And how I remember the comments when I was busy at my easel set up on the street:

"My house is that little red one. Do come in when you finish and

have a cup of coffee with me."

"What are you painting, lady? Do you sell 'em? Hey, fellers, she can't see through you and how can she paint if you keep asking her questions?"

"Did my little girl go by? You don't know? But she must have gone within three feet of you."

"Has the bus passed, ma'am? But you must have seen it. It might have run over you. Say, you must be deaf, dumb, and blind."

"Mrs. Dougherty, I have seen your paintings. Could you come to South Lee street and make a portrait of my house? It's the one with curving steps."

I slipped into the job of making pictures almost before I knew it. A new door to human relations opened when the wife of a justice of the Supreme Court asked me if I would give her lessons in water color.

"But you have already been for three years years at an art school. What more have I to give you?" I asked. "I want to learn to draw," she said.

It didn't seem appropriate, so I refused. But months later, she returned with two friends—one the

wife of a senator, the other a well-known commentator's wife and a child's psychologist of considerable renown.

We began classes. A general's wife joined up. He was in Korea and she needed new motivation to carry her through her loneliness. Her music was too emotional, so she plunged into painting and loved it. Even the necessity of climbing two long flights of stairs to reach my studio home did not deter them.

More have joined since. Only four or five come at once, because I do not have space for more. A captain with brush poised in air and dripping with paint, during his first lesson muttered: "Commander, where is your courage? You took a submarine and crew safely through a world war; pull yourself together, man, and paint."

"Admit it, Bertha," a friend tells me, "you are running a therapeutic clinic here in a quiet way."

That's the glory of it.

Before long I was submitting paintings and etchings to jury shows, sometimes making the grade, more often failing. It is a slow and laborious process, this job of becoming an artist. But it's fun, too, and exciting. I imagine that I get as much of a thrill when I see my own painting on an exhibit wall as a child does when he gazes raptly at his own handiwork at a school exhibition. To see the work of one of my

students and know that it is good brings real satisfaction.

How was I able to make this drastic change in my life? I asked for guidance and received it. It did not come in a flash but quietly and confidently. I could draw.

Drawing had come so easily to me from childhood that I hadn't valued the faculty. Slowly now the realization came that I held a God-given but neglected gift! I wish I could say that a voice from heaven said, "What is that in thine hand?"

It was nothing as dramatic as that. The suggestion which was really a command sifted gently into my consciousness: I was to use my artistic ability with serious intent. But first I must cut loose from the past. So I sold my house and most of my possessions and started out. It took almost five years to reach the final decision. During that time I rented the property and drifted about, sending out tentative feelers toward a career in art.

I had dabbled a little before, taking a few lessons in basic art at my husband's suggestion for three or four years before he left us. "The boys are in college now," he had said. "You have excellent help in the kitchen (imagine that!), and the women's work in the church is booming. Why not have a fling of your own in some form of art?" So I followed his advice.

The wisdom of this counsel meant

even more when he was gone. Accordingly, the last Hitchcock chair and the corner cupboard teetered out my door in the muscular arms of the auctioneer and his confederates; the furniture was set upon a platform on the front lawn and sold under the hammer.

With that gone, I wondered where I should start this adventure. I visited my sister in Alexandria, where the especially lovely doorways excited me. There the new life began and there it continues to absorb me.

The motive power behind this new experience was faith. I was, and am, conscious of continual guidance.

When I was a child, morning and night, my sister and brothers, three youthful cousins, mother and father knelt in prayer. I imagine that Mother watched while Father prayed.

He asked about the little things of our day. There was no illusion and mysticism here; God was helping in a real and practical way. If we were quiet and waited, we were confident

that we would know what to do.

This method of going to God worked for me time after time later on. So, in my overpowering need, I asked, waited, listened, and received the answer and moved on into the future with my puny hand in his almighty and understanding one.

"But you had a talent to draw upon," someone says. "I can't draw a straight line."

The problem is not to do just as someone else does, but rather to acquire a set of attitudes toward life. It is first prayer, next facing facts with honesty, then getting up and trying. It is moving on from the past into the present. It is the spirit within you that does it. It is seizing onto the future and finding in the now something that you can do.

"But I love my home and my possessions," someone else adds.

Then keep them, but within the household or the vicinity find a new outlet that looks to the future and start doing something about it.

You Have to Believe

Myrtle Cook Jackson

Within your heart you have to know,
When winter leaves us, buds will grow.
Just like a robin does in Spring—
Eat your hard crumb and try to sing.

You must have faith and acquiesce,
Mere outward things will fail to bless—
For true joy blooms within the heart.
You must believe, then do your part.

Old Crabby

Carroll Van Court

ONE OF the greatest thrills in the world, is to do good, by stealth, and be found out, by accident! (*Paraphrased from Charles Lamb.*)

Little Joe Carter entered Uncle Ben's workshop, took his usual seat on a box, near by, but never said a word.

Uncle Ben waited patiently. He knew that little Joe had something on his mind, and that it would come out, sooner or later.

"Tommy and I walked through the Cloverdale Cemetery, today, Uncle Ben," he said.

"Yes?" said Uncle Ben.

"On one of the tombstones, it said,

OLD CRABBY KENDALL
THE BELOVED
SECRET PHILANTHROPIST

"What's a philanthropist, Uncle Ben?"

"A philanthropist is a person who likes to promote the welfare of mankind. For example, Mr. Oliver Barnes is a good one. Remember, he gave our town of Cloverdale that fine playground, where you kids play baseball?"

"Oh, yes, and he bought uniforms for the Cloverdale Junior Team, too!"

"Old Crabby Kendall was a fine

philanthropist, too."

"But, Uncle Ben, why did they call him 'Old Crabby'?"

"That was before you were born, Joe, but I'll explain.

"Mr. Kendall was a very successful business man, and he had his own ideas about doing good, and because he was rich they were always asking him for donations, for charity.

"They bothered him, every month, but finally, they overdid it. He didn't like they way they handled their charity affairs, and he never hesitated to say so.

"He said too many of their schemes were run by incompetent windbags, who wanted only cheap publicity out of it.

"He was a shrewd and smart business man, and he would say the average man or woman was unfit to handle big sums of money.

"He became so irritable about it, they started calling him 'Old Crabby Kendall, the tightwad,' and the name stuck, until his death—then the secret came out."

Little Joe wiggled, in delight. "Tell me about the secret, Uncle Ben," he demanded.

"There was a business firm here, for some time, that made a cold-blooded practice of buying up mortgages on homes from poor people

and foreclosing quickly, as fast as the law allowed, with the result that many poor women, whose husbands had died, suddenly lost their homes."

"That was mean, wasn't it, Uncle Ben?"

"Yes, because they were making profits mostly out of what is called 'Distress Money,' business deals that poor widows were forced to make because this firm never would give them an extension of time on their payments.

"Suddenly these widows began to have mysterious funds with which they paid up their homes in full, thus compelling the greedy firm to give them deeds to their homes, and their homes were then saved for them.

"Seven fine women had their homes saved and paid up, in this

manner, and the firm had to break up and leave town."

"Then what, Uncle Ben?"

"One night, Old Crabby Kendall died in his sleep and the widow Martin, whose home had been saved, told the whole story to the newspaper.

"The truth was, Mr. Kendall, who knew everybody's financial affairs, in town, had secretly bought up every person's mortgage as fast as it came due; then he had made the person an outright gift of the deed to her home, with no strings attached, under promise of secrecy until his death.

"That's why they put on his tombstone

THE BELOVED

SECRET PHILANTHROPIST

"Hooray for Old Crabby!" said Little Joe.

Loved Ones Never Go Away

Katherine L. Ramsdell

Our loved ones never really go away.

Within our hearts we keep a constant shrine
Which holds in close remembrance every day
Clear pictures etched with never-fading lines.
We cherish deeper through each passing year
The tender words and looks of long ago
Which bring our absent loved ones very near
And light the lonely hours with warming glow.
We may not know what future God has planned.
Beyond the mystic veil we cannot see,
But through His risen Son we understand
The meaning of true immortality.
The burning truth that Easter morn imparts
Is that our loved ones live within our hearts.

☞ "Except ye be converted and become as a little children . . ."

Holy Arithmetic

Glenn Clark

WE HAVE long been told that sound democracy depends upon a sound foundation of the three R's — Readin' Ritin' and 'Rithmetic. To these should be added a fourth—Religion.

Within the last generation the reading of the Bible in schools has been banned in many states. This is a great misfortune. However Religion should not be considered a thing apart from the other three R's. It is something that should permeate all of them.

One hundred years ago Religion did just that. In the McGuffey's Readers every story had a moral lesson that laid foundations for lives of courtesy, integrity, and morality. Religion also permeated the writing lessons since the top of every page in every book had a proverb in strong Spencerian script from the Bible or Poor Richard's Almanac which the pupil was to copy ten or twelve times. The value of this was pointed out by a Scottish friend of mine who used to say, "If an apple a day keeps the doctors away, an affirmation a day keeps the devil away."

One of the best ways of preventing juvenile delinquency would be

to let religion permeate all the courses of study. Nor need we stop with Readin' and 'Ritin'; we should carry religion on into Arithmetic as well. And this is how it can be done: by the addition of one proverb after another, or one affirmation after another foundations can be laid for goodness; and by the subtraction from one's life of the little prejudices and prides and selfishnesses room can be given for that goodness to have full sway.

The two opposite poles in modern day religion are represented, on the one hand, by those who believe that everyone is perfect, accepting as authority the statement in the first chapter of Genesis that man was made after the image and likeness of God, as contrasted to those, on the other hand, who believe that everyone is a sinner, accepting as their authority the statement in the second chapter of Genesis that man was made out of the dust of the earth.

The former group derives all their strength from affirmations; they specialize in Addition; the latter group derive all their strength from the doctrine of repentance and atone-

ment; they specialize in Subtraction. Arithmetic he can make tremendous use of Subtraction.

ADDITION

Coué, a Frenchman who represented the first group, asserted far and wide that one could be cured of any trouble if he would repeat twenty times a day, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better."

A half-witted boy who did clean-up work was in an automobile accident in which he was thrown clear across the street and arose without a scratch or a broken bone. When asked to account for his escape he replied: "Oh, I just used some affirmations." "Which ones did you use?" he was asked. "The only one I could remember was, 'Heaven will protect the working girl,' so I kept saying it over and over as I flew through the air."

We can joke all we want to about this technique of "Addition," but where it is used prayerfully it can be one of the the greatest helps in times of trouble, and the highest, most inspired use of it is revealed in the twenty-third, the ninety-first, and the one hundred and third psalms. Jesus, himself, counselled his disciples not to rely too much on the lesser forms of Addition when he said, "And in praying use not vain repetitions, as the Gentiles do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking."

SUBTRACTION

When one applies religion to

Arithmetic he can make tremendous use of Subtraction.

By this method one dumps out the debris of the mind through confession or psychoanalysis or downright repentance; he gives over the old repressions, sins, mistakes, and fears; he empties himself of anger and fear and — greatest miracle of all — of self. Into the vacuum thus caused the new ideas pour unrestrained and with them comes Jesus Christ, himself. There was no room for Jesus to be born in the inn; it was too full. He was born in the empty manger, because there the art of Subtraction had been applied.

DIVISION

Fifty years ago scientists were proclaiming that when it was discovered how to subdivide the atoms in a spoonful of water there would be enough power released to carry a steamship from New York to Liverpool and back. In the meantime they discovered that the atoms of uranium were easier to subdivide than the atoms in water, and through that discovery enough power has been released to destroy the world. When properly used, however, this atomic energy will create a world of peace, power, and plenty.

This material discovery has so caught the public imagination that it holds the center of the stage today. It draws attention away from a far greater discovery — that whenever a man lets his big Ego be

broken down into the nine component parts, called by Paul the fruits of the Spirit — love, joy, peace, patience, gentleness, goodness, faith, humility, and temperance — power enough can be released to save a world. When Jesus let himself vanish out of this world in physical form through his sacrifice on the cross, there was released the most powerful force in history. "Greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father." In allowing His physical body to be smashed into oblivion in the little land of Galilee, His spiritual body in the form of the Holy Ghost was released to be available to every man, woman, and child in every nook and cranny of the world.

MULTIPLICATION

This is the most powerful form of Holy Arithmetic. To add one thousand to one thousand equals two thousand. But when one thousand is multiplied by one thousand the result is one million. The parables in the gospels constitute the multiplication tables of Jesus. Each parable presents a situation in human life which when transferred into spiritual situations is multiplied in power by infinity. The Centurion knew the power of authority in the military realm — everyone he commanded

outwardly obeyed him; when transferred into the spiritual realm he knew with absolute conviction that when Jesus commanded with spiritual authority every cell in the body of the dying bondsman would obey and he would instantly be made well. The woman with a flow of blood touched the well-stitched hem of Jesus' garment and the faith in her heart was so multiplied in power that her own inner wound was instantly hemmed up.

I know a woman who, realizing how a little leaven can leaven three measures of meal, when she transferred the same faith to the field of the spirit, allowed her unselfish love to leaven a discordant church into harmony.

Jesus said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." As little children we all once attended arithmetic classes where we learned Addition, Subtraction, Division, and Multiplication. Now that we are grown and matured it is very fitting that we obey Jesus command and turn and as little children enter a Holy Arithmetic class. Verily, verily whoever masters these four forms of Holy Arithmetic will be well on the road toward real Holiness himself.

The Conflict in the Life of St. Francis

Helen Clark Wentworth

FRANCIS OF ASSISSI had to contend with warring elements in spite of the love in which he was generally held. He was so radiant, so full of love and joy, that no matter how antagonistic people were towards his ideas, yet toward him personally there was a warm, friendly interest.

Of Ugolini, who was, before and after he became a cardinal, his best friend and ally and at the same time his most dangerous antagonist, Sabatier writes:

"We see him continually lavishing upon Francis and Clara expressions of affection and admiration which appear to be absolutely sincere; and yet the Franciscan ideal—regarded as the life of love at which one arrives after freeing himself from all servitude to material things—has hardly had a worse adversary than he . . . There were at least two men in Ugolini, the Christian who felt himself subdued before Clara and Francis; and the prelate, that is the man whom the glory of the church sometimes caused to forget the glory of God."

That very loveableness which the simplicity and true humility and the naïveté of Francis accentuated, was one of the elements which un-

doubtedly caused his failure to "put over" his ideas in a more lasting way. Those who opposed him loved him, and through their love he was disarmed.

This does not apply to his contest with the Pope, for with him there seems to have been no personal friendship. Yet we know that he was tremendously impressed by the sermon which Francis preached before him. However the Pope was the strict ecclesiastic, to whom ritual, observance of the law, and obedience to the church meant everything. Unless the followers of Francis worked through the church their efforts profited them nothing. Since their teachings brought the priests into disrepute because they were not living the life of poverty such as the Franciscans were, the pope felt justified in opposing them.

For this reason the head of the church encouraged the Dominicans in their efforts to combine with the Franciscans, which caused another element of conflict to enter the already troubled life of St. Francis. This was a different type of combat, yet none the less wearing and difficult. Their desire was to unite the two orders, and from their ranks recruit the leaders of the church, thus

purifying the existing church. Francis opposed the union, but we find the Dominicans gradually adopting the rules of poverty, and the Franciscans overcoming their resistance to the idea of education in their order. This tendency toward compromise, readjustment to the changing standards of his followers, destroyed to a certain extent the simplicity and severity of the original rules of the order.

These changes in the order itself must have been a great trial to Francis. He had not started out to win a large following to him. But his very enthusiasm and spontaneous bubbling over with the joy of living in God's beautiful world with his little brothers and sisters of nature and humanity attracted people to him who insisted upon following him. And because he himself was so happy in the way he was living, Francis did not seek to dissuade them from following after him.

During his absence in the Orient, Francis had to leave two of the brothers in charge of the affairs of his growing order. The men whom he appointed within a very short time had set out to make changes which although simple in themselves really struck at the root of Francis' ideal for them. There was a gradual breaking down of the old idea of the worship in spirit, and a multiplicity of ritual observances and fast days. When this was being done,

another brother was accepting for the Order the special privileges from the Pope which Francis had always resolutely refused to accept. So that when the Little Brother hurried home in response to a hurried messenger's plea that he return, he found that his followers were leading him into paths which he did not want to walk.

This opposition was hard to bear. It is difficult to endure the sight of the child of one's thought, as well as the child of one's body, growing up and away from the standards which one has set for him. And the fact that these measures had been taken during his absence made it more difficult to treat the matter in a kindly way. The deceit, the lack of frankness, would be hard for so direct and simple a spirit as Francis' to forgive.

But the greatest contest, that which was hardest to combat and the one which finally overcame him, was that within himself. His humility conquered him. Whether he was weak in yielding to it or not, we can not but admire the gentle, beautiful spirit which forced him to yield his will to that of another, in order that he might completely exemplify and live the life of humility which he had been preaching. Ugolini, in all sincerity, I believe, urged Francis to show his humility not only in costume and manner of living, but also in relation to God's church. He told

him that he was showing a lack of true humility in setting himself up against the representative of the church, the successor to Peter. And the sensitive heart of Francis was touched to the quick, for "with the modesty of noble minds he was ready enough to think that he might have made many mistakes."

So we find that it was the strength of St. Francis which overcame him. It was the greatness of his humility and of his trust and love which made him yield to the Cardinal. It was his confidence in his followers which made him leave the responsibility to them while he went to the Orient, which placed the order in the precarious position in which he found it upon his return. And it

was his absolute selflessness which made him able to surrender his wishes in regard to this beloved child of his soul.

But the conflict itself was inevitable. As the world of his day cast out and crucified Christ; as the world watched with idle curiosity and a sneering smile the peculiar behavior of Gandhi; so the thirteenth century world looked askance at St. Francis and finally decided he was too impractical to be followed.

So we find this beautiful, loving heart pierced with the spear of distrust and lack of confidence; and the marks of the crucifixion are on the body as well as the soul of this man who more nearly than any other has relived the life that Jesus lived.

Everest

D. Hine Butler

Thou proudest peak amid perpetual snow,
How oft hast thou disdained man's feeble might
By holding high thy glistening head to show
That none could scale thine awe-inspiring height:
But what could never be is fact at last,
Man's feet have ploughed deep furrows on thy brow,
And though thy beauty is not marred nor past,
Thy cherished dreams are gone, and thou must bow.

And so, when He Who framed the giant peaks
Decrees that they, moreover, shall be moved
Into the sea, when Faith His fiat speaks,
Declares that we ought never stand reproved
Before such heights, for they must only be
The testing ground for Faith's intensity.

☞ I wish there was a simple device available for knowing the score of our individual lives.

The Timeless Score Card

Red Barber

TO BROADCAST a ball game I have with me (beside the microphone), a score book, half a dozen pencils, the commercial copy, several record books, and a hardware store egg timer. The egg timer is a simple hour-glass wherein sand runs from one section to the other in about three minutes. Visitors are openly curious about the timer.

Years ago people complained that they would tune in after the game had started and not hear the score of the game for considerable periods. Since I had no built-in stopwatch in my head, someone suggested I use the egg timer as a reminder.

I wish somehow that there was a simple device like this available to us for knowing the score of our individual lives. For the Big Score, however, we must use different tools and aids.

Instead of a microphone we can broadcast constantly through the channel of our everyday lives. Instead of a score book we have the Bible, and in my case, also the Book of Common Prayer. As for record books—there are numerous volumes

that cite the spiritual struggles and triumphs of human beings.

The commercial copy compares to the pages of need of our so many charities and churches, and our fellow men. The well-sharpened pencils? They can be used, or not used, to write the thoughtful letter, or the check.

And the little egg timer that runs empty in three minutes? To me I would say the comparison is prayer, personal prayer.

When the timer is empty, it is turned and there is sand again. When I am empty, I pray, and I am filled again. Not always filled as I pray to be; far from it. But I am given something that brings a peace, an understanding, a strength to go on to another day.

And I've begun to learn that all I can bear is one day at a time. As the psalmist prayed, "Spare me a little while, that I may regain my strength—."

For some ten years I did not go to church. On a conscious level I didn't seem to miss it. It is very easy when you work, as I do, on Sundays, to get out of the habit and out of the

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thinking of church.

And I had lost the habit of prayer, for prayer is very much a habit. Prayer is based on faith and upon personal need, but it is also rooted in habit. We must repeat and rehearse and practice constantly, or we lose the touch.

My wife and my daughter brought me back to church and back to prayer. Or was it God? When Sarah was struggling to be born—it was a long delivery—I suddenly began to pray. Why? I knew nothing else to do.

It wasn't a prayer of set sentences; it was hardly formed of words. Something inside me was desperately reaching for all the help in the world, help that wasn't to be touched by my hands in the hospital.

Several years later Lylah asked if I wanted Sarah to go to Sunday School. I said of course I did. But another question entered my head. "If my child comes home and says to me, 'Daddy, why do I have to go to Sunday School, when you don't go to church?' . . . what could I tell her that would make any sense at all?"

Of one thing I was certain—she should go to Sunday School. All I knew to do, after thinking it over, was to tell Iylah I'd start going with her—and see how it went.

I fell in love with *The Book of Common Prayer*, and shortly thereafter was confirmed in *The Protest-*

ant Episcopal Church.

As World War II was closing out, so was my father. He was ill in North Carolina for months before his death. I went down as often as the baseball schedule would permit, and my constant companion was this Prayer Book. When he was gone, I read the Burial Service over and over until a better understanding came to me about his death. I was not disconsolate. We are all born, our life is a gift from God, we all die in God's time—and we all have the hope of glory.

And I found out for my own satisfaction, in 1948, something about this transitory life, and how it belongs to Our Creator and not to us. I had a hemorrhage, without warning, one afternoon at Pittsburgh, and lost about half the blood I had. It was an ulcer, a silent one that had given no warning.

That night in the hospital there wasn't anything much the doctors could do for me. They didn't know then what had caused the hemorrhage, or where it started from. They could not give me a transfusion for fear it would start the bleeding again. They just had to wait through the night.

The concensus was I wouldn't make it. I didn't think so either, not for a while. Lylah flew in from New York, and one glance at her face told me she didn't think so either.

I came to the brink. I could either

slip over or not.

That I had done many World Series broadcasts suddenly didn't mean a thing. That I had a closet full of expensive clothes didn't mean a thing. That I had a car, an apartment, money, didn't mean a thing, not a thing.

My life was in God's hands, and He was very gentle with it, but He was going to make the call.

I knew very soon He was leaving me a while longer on this earth, and I went to sleep.

I pray thanks for my well-being, for work, for family, for friends.

Yes, I pray, and I know that prayer counts, because I know that there is God, that He is personal, and that He is willing to make the decisions for us. What is important is to let Him—through prayer.

The words of the psalmist sum it all up for me! "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." Psalm 4:8.



To A Pine Tree

Maude J. Raemsch

O pine tree with your crooked limbs,
Your battered trunk, your needles thin,
Your power-inspired patient years
Have strengthened me through joy and tears.
In calm or storm you ask not why
But lift your arms toward the sky.
I've lingered long in summer's heat
To breathe your perfume cool and sweet;
Then seen you torn by hurricane,
And watched your branches lift again—
Or softly fold like angels wings
To make a bed for little things.
Of kindred spirit we must be
Though I am mortal, you are tree.
I, too, have felt swift sorrow's blast,
Known sweeter trust when it had past.
Though bruised and torn my heart I raise
Like you to God in prayer and praise.

THE DIVINITY OF MAN

"And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good."—Genesis 1:31

THIS VERSE HAS great meaning for me. It cuts through all the doubts I might have about life—its seeming futility and harshness, its indifference and its cold inflexibility. Whenever I get to the point where I want to give up, the thought comes through my mind, "Well, if I could see life as God sees it I know it not only would be good, but *very* good. I am looking at it from the wrong perspective. I am not looking at life 'in the image and likeness of God' for I am sure if I were it would be very good."

If I drink a bottle of iodine, I am going to be most uncomfortable, if not actually poisoned. A little iodine is supposed to be good for the physical well-being of the body, but too much is harmful. When I take a bottle of it, I am simply not "seeing" iodine as God sees it, and life becomes uncomfortably disrupted. God sees each element of creation in its right place at the right time and in the right amount. When we see it in that way too, that is "in the image and likeness of God," then we too can say ". . . it is very good."

I like another thought too. When God made man and woman they were part of all that he saw "very good." So, when I see myself or someone else acting as I ought not to act, I know that all the potentiality for goodness is there. It may be overlaid with wrong thinking and with wrong acting and with wrong being, but the image and likeness is there however hidden it may be. Therefore, I have faith in humanity—but not because of our humanity but because of our heavenly origin.

It may be argued that man forfeited that perfectness when he sinned, but if all the original goodness (and the urge to perfection) were destroyed he would be content in his badness, and he is most certainly not content in that state. He needs help and aid to bring forth all the potentiality that God planted there, and that is precisely where Jesus Christ comes into the picture—to help and enable us to do just that. The important point, however, is that the framework for goodness, the seed of that which is very good, is there! Without it there would be no hope.

So the next time you want to give up, reclaim your birthright, the origin of the image and likeness of God, and see yourself and all things that have been created as God sees them—as "VERY good!"

READ: **This I Believe About Jesus Christ**, John Clover Monsma. \$2.50.

PROTECTED

"Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."—Psalm 91:10

IF SOMEONE TOLD you that they could hurtle through the air at 370 miles an hour without being injured, you might think it was impossible. Yet it is true if you are riding in a DC-7. As I have sat in a great airplane, miles above the surface of the earth, I have been filled with wonder. A few years ago such a journey would have been called daydreaming. Today I can do the impossible of a few years ago. This is the stuff out of which fairy tales are made.

Some people say that it is impossible to experience a death in the family and not feel crushing sorrow and pain. It is not only possible but it is being done by some people every day. Some say that it is impossible to be exposed to the uncertainties of life and not become fear-haunted. It is possible, and it is being done by some people every day. Some people say that it is impossible to live in this jet age without giving in to the tensions and frustrations that go with hurry and speed. It is possible, and it is being done by some people every day.

Just as we are able to shoot through the air at 370 miles an hour because the outer shell of the giant aircraft protects us from the destructive force of the wind, so we can shoot through the destructive forces of life if we are protected by the Spirit of God that infills and surrounds us. If we have our minds stayed upon God, if we accept spiritual standards, if we really believe that our lives are controlled and directed by God, then we are protected by spiritual forces which filter out the destructive, the morose, the mournful, the fearful.

Death had recently claimed one of the children of someone I know. One of his neighbors, a Jewish lady, came over to the house to offer her condolences. As she was about to leave she said, "You Christians really have something when it comes to death. I would like to have it. This would have killed me." These people were protected by the Living Christ.

Only when we permit our minds to dwell on the lower levels of life can the lower levels of life dwell in us. But we can also walk through the destructive forces of life without having them "come nigh our dwelling (the inner secret place of the Most High)" because we are protected—if we want to be.

READ: **Love Speaks from the Cross**, Leslie Badham. \$1.00.

"BLESS YOU!"

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life . . ."—Rev. 22:14

HAVE YOU EVER stopped to think about the words and phrases we use so commonly without really ever having given them precise thought? I like to play a game with myself. It goes something like this: I think of some word or phrase that is commonly used and try to get specific about it. For example I have heard, for as long as I remember, the wish or salutation, "Bless you!" I've heard it from ministers, from good people of all sexes and color and economic standing, but what precisely comes to mind when it is heard? What does it mean? Well, what DOES it mean?

Of course it means GOD bless you. God is always implied whether or not it is spoken. But what does THAT mean? How does God bless someone? What does He do and what are the results of God's blessings?

Evidently it means something good; we can all agree on that. However, "good" isn't too specific and can mean almost anything.

If someone is burdened with sadness and we say, "Bless you," we mean we want them to be HAPPY. So to be blessed ought to include happiness. That may not be all of it, but it must be an integral part of it.

If someone comes to us with a plan or a hope in mind and we say, "Bless you," we may very well wish that their plans and hopes be GRATIFIED and SATISFIED. So it must include the wish that one's hopes and plans will come to pass.

To ask that one will be blessed if they are sick means that their good health will return. So when we say, "Bless you," we are asking for their health.

"Bless you" is really a prayer for all the good things and all the high favors of God to come to reality in the person's life. We are asking for the best joys of heaven to come to pass in that person's life—and this means FULFILLMENT.

Now there is a deeper meaning to all this than just asking that one's plans and hopes come to pass. There are some ambitions we cannot ask God's favor upon, but the prayer can mean that there will come an interior change in that person's life so that his plans and hopes and happinesses will coincide with the plans and hopes and happiness of God. This is true fulfillment for God Himself is LIFE.

So, BLESS YOU!

READ: **My Spiritual Diary**, Dale Evans Rogers. \$2.00.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

WE GREW UP IN AMERICA, compiled by Alice I. Hazeltine. Abingdon, \$2.95. 237 pages. This is the story of the early years of twenty-four famous Americans. It is said that these representative stories "could only happen in America" and as a whole I think that is true. The book is not what would be called a "spiritual book" but I think as we read between the lines and catch the spirit of the stories that they are spiritual in the sense that they give inspiration, a mental lift, and the courage to keep on "keeping on." It has a lot to say to both young and old; to those starting out in life and those fairly well along the path. Some of the authors who tell their stories are: Babe Ruth, Grandma Moses, Katherine Cornell, Fiorello La Guardia, Charles Lindbergh, Agnes DeMille and William O. Douglas. The lasting impression I got out of the book is that these famous people are just like ordinary people, at times successful and at times not, at times encouraged and at times discouraged, at times able to walk alone and at times in need of help from others, and above all they kept trying.

BRIMMING TIDE, Archibald Rutledge. Revell. \$2.50. 158 pages. This is a book of first rate poetry of which the first poem is titled, "Brimming Tide." These are definitely not "rhymes" nor doggerels, but rather deep, meditative, rich thoughts expressed with skill and delight. It can be used as a companion in the devotional life, and many of them will bear being shared with audiences.

LOVE SPEAKS FROM THE CROSS, Leslie Badham. Abingdon. \$1.00. 64 pages. These are little essays on the

seven last words of Jesus on the Cross. One of the things that I like about the book is that the chapters are short enough so that the purpose of the chapter is not fogged and lost sight of. You end a chapter knowing exactly what the author had in mind. The central theme, that it is Love that speaks from the Cross, is not only true but it is a welcome emphasis. Each chapter is based on some phase of Love: in action, unconditional, responsibilities, extremity, priorities, consummation and surrender. It ought to be one of the books you read during the Lenten and Pentecost season.

MY SPIRITUAL DIARY, Dale Evans Rogers. Revell, \$2.00. 144 pages. I predict that this book will prove to be one of the most popular and also one of the most deeply spiritual books of the year. The writing, the incidents recorded, the wonderings and the hopes, the faith and the belief—all these are woven together into a tapestry of daily, healthy, beautiful living such as has seldom been done. Here are a few, random excerpts from the book. "You see, when she (her daughter) was gone, I turned in the direction whence she had gone." "I refuse to worry about schedules. The Lord will handle it as He sees best . . ." "Sometimes the pressure is so terrible that I feel I must break under it. I start to flounder, and complain, and then I begin to realize that it's my own fault, and certainly not Yours!" "The letters we get from people like Jimmy's mother break our hearts over and over—just as the wounds in Christ's hands must be broken open afresh as He comes in contact with human suffering." "There are perfectly good church folks, Lord, who just give us up as a bad job." "Good

night, Father. Thank You again for the blessings you have showered on us." Well, this book is a feast that you will

not only enjoy, but it will do you a lot of good.

1955 Schedule for Camps Farthest Out

Now in the twenty-sixth year, the Camps Farthest Out number thirty-six in the United States and Hawaii, two in Canada, one in Mexico, as well as four Camps (new this year) in the British Isles. In the United States, camps are held in twenty-three separate states, many states having two or three camps.

Further information concerning the Camps Farthest Out — definite location, organization, lecturers, cost — is available from the official Camp magazine, "Fellowship Messenger." Address the editor, Mrs. Glen Stowe, 1571 Grand Ave., Saint Paul 5, Minn.

California (Lucerne) April 3-9
Hawaii, April 29-May 18
Mississippi, April 14-21
Oklahoma (Ardmore) April 22-28
Inter-Council Ring Camp, May 10-13.
Texas (Palestine) May 20-27
Arkansas I. May 24-31
Arkansas II. June 1-8
New Mexico, June 10-17
Kansas, June 11-17
Oklahoma (Claremore) June 11-18
Missouri, June 19-25
California (Redlands) June 21-28
California (Lucerne) June 29-July 6
Colorado, June 30-July 7
New York (Silver Bay) July 2-11

Virginia I. July 5-12
Virginia II. July 14-21
Oregon, July 11-17
Nebraska, July 11-18
Michigan, July 17-24
British Columbia (Victoria) July 23-31
Ohio, July 24-31
New York (Minden) July 30-August 6
Minnesota, August 1-8
Montana, August 1-8
New York (Lima) August 7-14
Ontario, August 12-20
Youth Camp, August 12-19
Indiana, August 13-21
Alabama, August 20-27
Star Island, August 22-30
Winnepesaukee, August 23-September 1
North Carolina I. August 31-September 7
North Carolina II. September 9-16
Oklahoma (Healing Camp) September 29-October 6
California (Healing Camp) October 14-21
Florida, January 16-23, 1956
Mexico, March 1-22, 1956
Texas Valley, February 17-24, 1956
Swanwick, England (Date announced later)

FOUR CAMPS IN THE BRITISH ISLES IN AUGUST: SCOTLAND — WALES — IRELAND — ENGLAND

The dates and places will be announced in a later number of the FELLOWSHIP MESSENGER

Leaders of the four camps: Norman Renshaw and Mary Light

☞ A certified chaplain tells of his work in a modern hospital.

God's Interne

Russell L. Dicks

IN EXAMINING such a subject as "The Certified Chaplain in the Modern Hospital" we need to remind ourselves that the hospital for the care of the acutely ill, as we know it today, is a relatively new institution upon the scene. While the hospital has its roots in several hundred years of history, actually going back to the time when the sick and suffering were taken into churches and cathedrals for healing, the modern hospital as such is a product of the last century. And until the last century only the poor went to hospitals.

Further, we need to remind ourselves, and only a brief reminder is necessary, of the long and significant history of the church and clergy in establishing hospitals, not only in America but upon the Continent of Europe and in other parts of the world, especially in the Orient. The five oldest hospitals in Chicago are church institutions, and this would be true of many communities. The founding of a hospital by an industrialist, such as Mr. Henry Ford, or by the community, city or state or Federal Government is very recent, aside from mental hospitals and tuberculosis sanatoriums.

Therefore, in a sense, such a subject as "The Certified Chaplain in a Modern Hospital" would appear to be somewhat strange. The layman or physician, looking at this subject might be inclined to ask, "Has not the chaplain, as a representative of religion, been in the hospital from its beginning." The fact is that he has not; not as I will presently present him, even in church-related hospitals. True, in those hospitals that were founded and maintained by the sacramental churches, the Lutherans, the Episcopalians, and the Roman Catholics, there have always been clergy, usually elderly men, whose primary task was to carry the Sacrament to the seriously ill and dying. But as a person with unique contributions to make in the care of the sick, as a member of the healing team, available at the request of the physician as he requests other consultants and specialists, the chaplain is very recent.

By certification we mean not so much that one passes an examination and receives a certificate, although this actually is done now by The Chaplains' Section of the American Protestant Hospital Association, as that a chaplain has received certain

From *Religion and Health*, September, 1954.

training and may be expected to work in a certain way. It is with this latter that I want to deal, for this is the heart of our subject.

I met Dr. Richard Cabot, early in 1933, to discuss the possibility of going to the Massachusetts General Hospital as a minister, and he inquired, "Why are you interested in sick people?" I was able to give what to him was a satisfactory answer when I said, "I have been sick myself." His blunt response, which reveals the Cabot direct manner, or lack of manners, almost ruined our relationship before it got started when he said, "I'm glad you have." Whereupon I found it hard to pick up the conversation, for, without **my knowing it then, my attitude was still marked by a deep feeling of hostility and resentment toward God for the severe suffering through which I had passed.**

I mention all this to make clear my own attitude toward the subject under consideration and to show that my approach to the task of ministry to the sick is and always has been clinical rather than academic; it is rooted in personal suffering rather than in traditional theology. I became a chaplain, not because of religious conviction, but because in the hospital I felt I could find answers I had not found in the theological seminary and in the books.

During the years that have fol-

lowed there has been a steady increase in the number of chaplains both in the mental hospitals and in the hospitals that care for the acutely ill. Until now they number several hundred in church-related hospitals, the Veterans Administration Hospitals, many TB sanatoriums and infirmaries, non-sectarian private, state, and federal institutions. Along with this development in the past ten to twelve years has come the employment of clinically trained instructors by the theological seminaries to teach what we call pastoral care and counseling. In these courses we not only deal with the subjects of ministry to the sick, dying, and bereaved but study such problems as the emotional care of the child; premarital and marital counseling, work with alcoholics, problems of older people, anxiety problems in general, and that whole host of subjects that are meaningful as studied under the title of interpersonal relationships. You can well understand, however, that a person like myself continues to have as primary interest his concern for the sick.

There are five situations that the doctor faces in the hospital that I think the chaplain can be uniquely helpful in, and when I say "uniquely" I mean in dealing with the emotional-philosophical problems in these situations.

(1) With the patient facing serious major surgery. A surgical

operation is a religious experience for the patient, whatever it may be for the surgeon. I have heard surgeons say that they dislike to operate upon a patient with a guilty conscience. A woman facing surgery the next morning told me of having told a lie ten years before. This was her effort to prepare for the operation the next day.

(2) The patient who has suffered excessive pain needs to be seen by the chaplain. It is not that he can do much to relieve the pain, that is the job of the doctor and nurse, but he can help the patient understand and accept the pain when it is past. This the problem I referred to above under the head of existence; it faces the question of how God functions in relation to the individual.

(3) Long convalescence such as the tuberculosis or the heart patient is facing calls for spiritual-emotional help. Closely linked with this situation is the problem faced by the handicapped person. These problems may be referred to as the problem of destiny. What can I do with my life? What does my illness mean? Why did this happen to me? I remember a twenty-four-year-old Jewish boy with almost every joint in his body stiffened by arthritis saying to me, "What does life hold for me? I can't even feed myself!"

(4) There are many problems involved in the care and management of the dying that need careful study.

There is the fact of dying and fact of death that need to be distinguished. Many patients worry about the fact of dying and seem to give little thought to the fact of death. "I was afraid I would not be able to die like a man," one patient said, "I didn't worry about the other."

Not all patients want to talk about death or dying but some do. Not all want the ministrations of the church but when offered in a non-threatening and non-punishing way most of them welcome the chaplain and come to depend upon his daily visits, drawing comfort, poise, and courage from his faith and hope.

(5) We have enough experience to indicate that whenever a patient upon admission to the hospital gives a history of grief, of death, or separation, within a year, from someone dear, a consultation by the chaplain is indicated. Grief, loneliness, separation, a sense of isolation, the breaking of a significant inter-personal relationship is serious in the lives of most persons. If the hostility is toward God, because the individual feels that God took, or killed, his loved one, then the chaplain may be quite helpful, for the chaplain symbolizes God. Expressing hostility to him is like expressing it directly to God, and the relief is greater consequently.

In conclusion, let me say, the certified chaplain, as trained and developed by the Clinical Pastoral

Training Movement of the Boisen-Cabot tradition centers his attention upon the suffering person and his needs, not upon the doctrines and formulas of traditional religion. He seeks to be understanding and avoids judgmental and punishing attitudes. He is motivated by three scenes from the New Testament, (1) The story of the Good Samaritan, in which the traveler does not ask if the sick and injured person is worthy or a "Christian," but only that he has needs;

(2) The story of the Prodigal Son, wherein one who seeks only to avoid starving is given a royal banquet; (3) The story of the Thief on the Cross, who asks for nothing, not even for forgiveness but is accepted into Paradise because of his attitudes.

These three stories, the chaplain believes, reveal the deep nature of the universe which at its heart is healing. "I dressed the wound, God healed it," said Ambrose Paré.



Gethsemane Is Here

Jean Hogan Dudley

Gethsemane is just as far
As to my town or yours,
Wherever broken friendship's scar
The lonely heart endures.

Gethsemane is just as near
As to your own town or mine,
Whenever men in pride or fear
Reject a truth divine.

In every place each moment where
Love chooses selflessly,
Through pain and sorrow, tears and prayer,
—There is Gethsemane.

¶ He selects boys who need the most help and gives them the most responsible jobs.

"Come, Follow Me.....!"

Gerald L. Beeman

“COME, follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.”

This same directive, issued by Jesus Christ to two fishermen when he first began to preach, is being used by a Birmingham, Alabama man in a one-man campaign to fight juvenile delinquency.

"Come, follow me," the man tells delinquents and possible future delinquents, "and I will make you fishers of boys!"

And the boys, most of them ranging in age from nine to fifteen, gather around him and help him to keep other boys out of trouble. Many of them are from broken homes and wander the streets at all hours of the night.

Milton K. Parrish, warehouse foreman for a trucking company in Birmingham started his "Fisherman's Club" only recently and already has recruited over fifty new members. The boys are eager to join. Sometimes they even stop him on the street and ask if they can become members.

This strange attraction he has for boys first began when he acquired a Sunday School class at the Nazarene church he attends. He had wanted

the class for a long time but for one reason or another was always overlooked when a new teacher was selected.

Then one day after he had been teaching the class he came across the passage in the Bible, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men," and he associated this message with his class of boys.

"Why not," he thought, "make the members of my class fishers of boys." And it was then the Fisherman's Club was born and the tiny group set out make a "catch."

It didn't take long to add new members to the Club. Among the first recruits were three boys who were jumping up and down on a tent and threatened to damage it.

Parrish approached them and in his gentle, understanding way asked why they were doing what they were and if they knew what it would mean to the owner if the tent was ruined.

The boys were lost for an answer except to say they had nothing else to do. "Come, follow me!" Parrish said, and the boys, anxious to be doing something constructive, joined the Fishermen and proceeded to help catch others.

Almost every night of the week the group can be found searching the west side of Birmingham for young boys who, unless given a little guidance, could easily become liabilities both to themselves and to their community.

One night a week, Friday, the boys spend in church where they conduct their own services. If a boy feels like delivering a sermon, he is encouraged to do so. "And often," Parrish says, "they are excellent sermons, far above what you would expect from boys so young."

Parrish lets the boys run things pretty much as they like. He merely advises them whenever they need his help.

Another bit of psychology he uses in his campaign to help the youngsters of Birmingham is to select the boys who need the most help and give them the most responsible jobs in the club. One boy who will soon be released from a reformatory will become one of his special assistants.

The approach which the Fishermen use to gain new members has a positive appeal and coupled with Parrish's own personal magnetism gets results.

Not long ago, he says, a small boy stopped him on the street and asked if he was the fellow in charge of the Fisherman's Club. He then told Parrish some of the family problems which befuddled his young mind.

And Parrish listened politely and understandingly. The boy explained that he felt unwanted at home and that he had been doing things he knew weren't right. He then asked if he could join the club. When Parrish told him he certainly could, the boy pulled a package of cigarettes from his pocket and threw them into a trash can.

The boys are drawn to Parrish and in some cases prefer to be with him more than at home. Quite often, Parrish says, he has as many as fifteen or twenty boys at his house for Sunday dinner each week. His wife is as enthusiastic about the project as he is.

And sometimes, too, he rents a truck and takes the boys on an outing with most of the expense of the trip coming from his own modest income. If the cost of the trips exceeds his financial capacity, he doesn't worry. His fellow workers at the Dixie, Ohio Express Co. warehouse where he works voluntarily contribute funds if they know he is planning a trip for the boys and will need additional money.

And in the back of his mind there is a dream that someday he can expand the club and make it large enough to "catch" hundreds of boys rather than dozens.

In the meantime, he will continue to teach boys how to fish . . . fish for boys, that is!

☐ Bible study and prayer are the bread and meat of the spirit life.

Learning to Walk With God

Frank C. Laubach

WE ARE trying an experiment: we are, in this book, calling on God and listening for an answer and letting experience tell us whether it works. It is as justifiable an experiment as any experiment in science. And it is like all psychological experiments; it must be worked out in the laboratory of our own minds and souls.

Nearly everything in the Christian religion is experimental. We rightly call it an "experimental religion." It starts with authorities whose wonderful lives and deep integrity makes us admire and trust them; we see in them more radiant and wonderful lives than other people have, and we want to be like them. We ask them why they are this way, and they tell us they got it from Jesus Christ and the Father. We want to live that way, so we try getting in touch with God to see whether it works with us.

Before a scientist tries an experiment, he must have faith in the work of those who already have reported success.

That is all the faith we need in order to begin our experiment with "divine imagination." We know that imagination precedes everything that

any man ever creates. As Plato told us a long time ago, "Ideas are architectonic;" they are pregnant and they begin to become reality. So, for a better world, we need more people holding better thoughts.

Again, we know that when we listen our highest imagination seems to be something better than we are. It seems like something from God. You do not know this when you begin, but you come to understand it as your experiment progresses. I did; I know you will. A greater number of people every day are finding that this kind of experimental religion takes them far beyond where scientists who are out of contact with God have ever gone.

He who pursues this experiment with the spirit finds that his years are like an ever-enlarging funnel. This is the testimony of the saints who have gone before us. If you have done any experimenting with God, I think you have found, as I did, that *so far as you have gone*, the saints have told the truth. And no matter how far you go, you will still find that it is better all the way along. This is why the faces of some dear old saints fairly shine with glory.

From *Channels of Spiritual Power*, Fleming H. Revell Co., Westwood, N. J.

The hymn "Take Time to be Holy," expresses the hardest thing we have to do in the dedicated life. We must take time from the crowding voices and interests of life. We shall not "find" time; we shall have to "take" it! We shall have to take it away from other demands which crowd and press on us. Many of us have to take it off our sleeping time. If we do, I think we need not feel too much worry about lost sleep. Those who take time from their sleep to pray say that they get as much refreshment from their fellowship with God as though they were asleep. Business men may find it necessary to take from three o'clock to five o'clock in the morning, or from four o'clock to six o'clock in the morning, before other people are up and around. A housewife may find it necessary to take the time after her husband has gone to work and the children have gone to school. Or it may be necessary to take time from your leisure.

This devotional hour is beset by temptations. The devil tries to ruin it. We have to take time by violence. Jesus said: "The kingdom of heaven cometh by violence, and men take it violently." Whatever that means, it applies to our devotions. We have to know that our walk with God is *priority Number One*. Feeding on God is as necessary for the spiritual life as eating our meals is for our physical life. Bible study

and prayer are the bread and meat of the spirit life. Many of us find that we have to *fight for our lives* if we want to keep alive spiritually.

Even the good things that call for your time are bad if they crowd out this sacred time with Christ. The good is often the enemy of the best. Even when we try to do good we shall not do it unless we are full of His Spirit. We rob the effectiveness of our work and we rob the joy of our life if we rob ourselves of that time to look undisturbed into the face of God.

You should keep on trying various ways of spending that hour until you find the way that best meets your particular need. It seems that there are almost as many ways as there are people.

Some people use that hour best when they are praying with others.

Some sit with a pencil and paper and write out what God seems to give them.

Some try to make their minds a total blank and commune in silence, like the Quakers, for an hour.

Some like to get off alone and talk *aloud* to God about their problems, and about how they love Him and about everything else.

Some allow their tongues to talk back to them, saying what their imagination tells them God would say.

Some keep a prayer list.

Some discipline themselves to write

an ever-longer list of names of persons for whom they are lifting up intercessory prayer.

Some pray and then write letters to people as they feel led of God to write them.

Some read devotional books like *The Upper Room*, or any of the hundreds of others. Some read books about the life of Jesus, such as *The Greatest Story Ever Told*.

Some people find the best devotion in playing a piano, or singing prayer hymns.

Some wait, perhaps, with pen in hand for God to tell them what to do next. The Moslems pray with their faces to the floor. Many Christians pray on their knees. Many pray before pictures of Jesus, many before a cross.

Any method, absolutely any method is *your* method if you find it opens the doors toward heaven and helps you gain close contact with God. And it is not *your* method, no matter who does it, if it does not succeed in doing that.

A devotional hour is no substitute for "constantly abiding," but it is an indispensable help; it starts the day right.

But the day must be kept right. We should cultivate the habit of turning to God whenever we stop any piece of work and look around

to ask what to do next. Those little interim moments are priceless.

It is not necessary to pray long prayers; a fraction of a second is enough. It is a wonderful thing to shoot silent flash prayers at people whom we meet. If we are sitting in a church or a railroad train, it is good to pray for the people who are around us. It is good to cultivate the habit of taking walks with God. It is good to talk to Him when dressing, when in the bathroom. We can be whispering to our Father as we fall asleep in bed. When we awaken in the morning or lean back to rest on our chair for a moment we can talk with Him. Everyone of these moments can be a time for recharging our spiritual batteries.

The great prayer masters devoted all, or nearly all, of their waking hours to prayer. That does not mean that they did nothing else; it means that they prayed and worked simultaneously. They prayed while they read, while they walked, while they listened to music, while they were writing, while they were working with their hands. They shared all they did and all they thought and all they said with God, and thus they could engage in a busy life and yet "pray without ceasing."

He Shared the Land With the Peasants

Maurice Moyal

IN THE "Mezzogiorno," this depressed and war-ravaged region in south Italy, scores of thousands of people wake up in the morning not knowing where their mid-day meal is to come from. Such landless agricultural workers earn the equivalent of 50 to 75 cents a day—their womenfolk half as much—and this, for only 150 days in the year.

A farmer may have six pieces of land, all in different places, no larger than a wagon each way, for, when a farmer dies his land is split up among his sons. But an absentee landlord may own as many as thirty villages. Many square miles and often the region's best ploughland may lay fallow because wealthy owners, living in distant Rome, San-Remo, or Paris, prefer it to be used as pastures, or hunting-grounds even.

Under such circumstances, it is little wonder that the frustrated landless peasants more and more turn their backs on God to embrace a materialistic doctrine which promises to share the land among them.

But nowadays, a new wind of hope is blowing over the forlorn "Mezzogiorno" as the Italian government has started a far-reaching, land-sharing, and reclamation-project financ-

ed, in part, by American grants-in-aid. The hitherto apathetic powers-that-be have been jolted out of their do-nothing complacency by young count Ettore di Zurlicho, whose example shows how individual humanitarian initiatives can contribute to change the world.

By birth, count Ettore belongs to one of the noblest families of Italy, dating back to the Crusades. But, unlike the absentee landlords of his caste, whose blind selfishness accounts, for the most part, for the plight of the peasantry, he deems that rank and wealth carry their own moral obligations. He has launched a crusade of his own—against want, against disease, against illiteracy.

In eight years' time he has turned a poor, war-devastated district in the "Mezzogiorno" into a good place to live in, shared the land with the peasants, eradicated disease, equipped its children to take their rightful places in the world, lifting the down-trodden, giving hope to the hopeless. And all this he has done not only by checkbook, but with his own hands as well.

Back in 1946 count Ettore, a painter of no mean talent, had his attention caught by eleven-year-old Pietro Giovanelli, begging on a street-

corner at the deluxe resort of San-Remo, on the Italian Riviera. With his bright, black eyes set in a sensitive face, matted hair hung over the ears, and picturesque rags the child was a painter's dream. The young aristocrat—then barely twenty-four—gave him a generous alm and asked him to pose alone.

"Please, ask the permission of my 'ingagiatore' (engager); if I leave my post without his consent, he'd beat the daylight out of me."

"Are you an orphan?"

"Why, no; my father's hired me out for the summer to Signor Peppe, who pays him four thousand lire a month for me to beg here. We've to bring back every evening one thousand lire to Signor Peppe. If we don't, he'll beat us and give us no food."

The child told his new friend that there were nineteen other boys and girls, from six to thirteen, in his band, all hailing from the district of Sant' Elia Fiume Rapido, six hundred miles south of San-Remo. Watched by the "ingagiatore" himself and his three grownup hirelings, they were posted on street-corners in the neighboring resorts. To attract more pity (and alms), they were forbidden either to wash or to cut their hair. They all slept in four small tents out in the fields.

Count Ettore had the police put an end to this loathsome racket. They arrested Giuseppe Olmetto, the

children's boss (he was subsequently sentenced to three years at hard labor) and rounded up the other pitiful victims of the system.

Pietro had such a lively intelligence and engaging manners that Ettore decided to finance his education. To make arrangements with the child's father, he accompanied the policemen escorting the children back home.

Home to Pietro and some of the waifs was the forlorn hamlet of Cese, a huddle of stone-houses, patched with tin-cans, clinging precariously to a ledge of the Apennine Mountains, in the "Mezzogiorno." It towers some three thousand feet over the war-ravaged town of Cassino, where the Germans made a prolonged stand against the Fifth Army and the Free French Forces.

Strategic bombing had not spared the miserable hamlet, either, damaging or destroying all of its forty-six primitive dwellings. Ettore was appalled by the squalor and abject poverty prevailing at Cese. Insulated by his great wealth, he had no inkling at all that such conditions existed in his country.

At Pietro's house a powerful stench caught him by the throat. A scrawny goat and a score of chickens shared the only room left standing with the child's father, mother, two kid brothers, and sister, ranging in age from three to eight. There were no welcomes, no kisses for the

child; only a sullen silence greeted him.

When Pietro's father was told about the nobleman's plans in regard to his future, he spat disgustedly:

"Pietro's our eldest son and he must do his bit to help us raise his kid brothers and sisters. We can't possibly exist on this land," said he, pointing out to the sun-seared, rocky scrub surrounding the house.

"Signor Peppe was a man of honor. He used to send us four thousand lire per month for the boy. This, together with the few ears of corn and olives from our land, permitted us to eke out a scant living . . ."

Far from being angered, Ettore saw in their bitter resentment the result of their dawn to dusk toil to wrest a sub-human subsistence from their thin, sour soil. He saw in these miserable backhill folks human beings, capable of responding to a spirit of Christian brotherhood. He felt ashamed and guilty of sharing the responsibility for such Asian near-starvation conditions with all his near-sighted caste.

Ettore soon came back with important-looking men, carrying attache cases. They toured the mountainside, studied the cultivation methods of the farmers, speaking authoritatively about the alkalinity, acidity and pH value of the soil. They took back to town samples of it, and analyzed

them.

They shook their heads, warning Ettore that the land had been exhausted through centuries of misuse. It could be brought into fruitfulness only by a large-scale reclamation and water-conservation project, chemicals, contour-ploughing, and all the modern farming methods designed to combat soil-erosion. And, perhaps, the final results might not warrant the heavy financial outlays involved.

By that time, Ettore had become something of a local legend among the six thousand inhabitants of the Sant' Elia Fiume Rapido district. At first, people were chary of him. What could one expect from a parasite nobleman, fattening on the sweat of tenant-farmers, warned some Red agitators.

But soon, Ettore worked his way into these simple folks' hearts through his deep love for their children. He was always doing something for one kid or another. Take Luigi—a hand-grenade, leftover of the war, had blown off his right leg above the knee, and he was miserably hopping around on two forked boughs. The next thing you knew, Luigi was walking proudly, like the next boy. Ettore had taken him to Rome to get him fitted with the best artificial leg money could buy.

Seven years ago Ettore convened all the family-heads in the district,

breaking to them the big news that he had bought the estates of absentee landlords at the bottom of the valley, and meant to share the land with them.

Each farmer would get a five-acre plot, and, as the land would be too far from the high-roosted hamlets for them to till it conveniently, he would also get financial assistance to build each his own house. He would be subsidized until his first crops were marketed. But, as they could not expect to get something for nothing, they would have to repay, in easy instalments over thirty years, part of the cost of the land and the financial assistance they got.

"Don't be taken in! It's the same old exploitation tricks, with a new twist, this time. You should get the land free, instead of having to pay through the nose for it!" screamed the Red agitators. They had been hit where it hurt. Three hundred farmers had already handed in their party cards.

Ettore began to receive unsigned letters, warning him to give up his land-sharing scheme or else. He ignored them. One night, as he was driving to Cassino, his car bumped into a tree, just felled across the road. Another time, as he was giving local boys a drawing lesson, a shot rang. Both times, he escaped injury.

Unbeknown to him, a delegation of the family-heads approached the Red bosses of the "Mezzogiorno,"

telling them that they would answer on their heads for Ettore's life. The bigwigs very well knew that the dour mountaineers meant business. Letters and attempts upon Ettore's life abruptly stopped.

It was a red-letter day for the whole district when, six years ago, the family-heads were given title-deeds to their new plots. Ettore did not deem that his job stopped there. He, and many Italian volunteer students, helped the local folks along in building from scratch five new communities, with their churches, community-centers, and luminous and airy houses.

At New-Cese, Ettore's house is now open day and night for people to bring him their troubles. With boys ever dropping in on us, he received me at his house, which differs from the neighboring structures only by the wealth of paintings gracing it.

His handsome face shining with an inner light, he summed up for my benefit his philosophy of life:

"Christianity is not something to be kept in cotton wool, to be theatrically exhibited for a couple of hours on Sunday when one drops a penny in the plate as a rental for future mansions in the skies, but a practical, every day way of living. We have all been made by a God of love, and through love every one of us could work tremendous changes for the better."

¶ The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith.

The Divinity of Song

John Winters Fleming

JUST 366 years ago a noted English composer, William Byrd, recognized the divinity of son, as well as its soul-cleansing and physical therapeutic values. He prescribed singing for stammerers and stutterers, just as physicians do today.

In his *Psalms, Sonets & Songs of Sadnes & Pietie, Made into Musicke of Five Parts*, published in 1588, he wrote:

"Reasons briefly set downe by th' auctor to perswade euery one to learne to sing.

"First, it is a knowledge easly taught and quickly learned, where there is a good Master and an apt Scoler.

"2. The exercise of singing is delightfule to Nature & good to pre-serue the health of Man.

"3. It doth strengthen all parts of the brest & doth open the pipes.

"4. It is a singuler good remedie

for a stutting & stamaring in the speech.

"5. It is the best meanes to procure a perfect pronounciation & to make a good Orator.

"6. It is the onely way to know where Nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good voyce: which giuft is so rare as there is not one among a thousand that hath it: and in many that excellent giuft is lost because they want Art to expresse Nature.

"7. There is not any Musicke of Instruments whatsoeuer comparable to that which is made of the voyces of Men, where the voyces are good, and the same well sorted and ordered.

"8. The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour and serue God therewith: and the voyce of Man is chiefly to be employed to that ende.

*"Since singing is so good a thing,
"I wish all Men would learne to sing."*

Prayer is no artful monologue
Of voice uplifted from the sod;
It is love's tender dialogue
Between the soul and God.

John Richard Moreland

¶ What you need is the communion of a disciple.

The Master and the Disciple

John Gayner Banks

THE MASTER AND THE DISCIPLE by John Gayner Banks is one of the finest books of daily devotions ever to come to our attention. We Believe that our readers will want to buy the book and live with it, once they have sampled these few devotions from it. The approach is in the first person — The Master (Jesus) talking with the Disciple.

The Father's Will (John 8:29) **April 3**

MASTER: In My earthly ministry it was My joy always to do the will of Him that sent Me and to finish His work. You must learn for yourself that nothing in life is worthwhile except the persistent, day by day and moment by moment, performance of the Father's will. And it will help you in maintaining this practice to use My own words. In My recorded prayer for you (see John 17) you learned that I willed this identity of purpose and practice between Myself and My loved disciples. It is the identity of purpose and practice between Myself and My loved disciples. It is the same today. It is the same for you and for every disciple fully committed to My Plan.

Discipline of Joy **April 4**

"The discipline of life is to teach us to stand steady under joy!" — Jean Parke.

DISCIPLE: Teach me the right

way in which to manifest joy.

MASTER: Joy is a fruit of the Spirit — not an isolated emotion. Through the Spirit I send you love and the sense of giving and receiving love (human and divine). And when love makes its impact upon your soul, putting a fresh quality into your blood, you feel joy as well. This second fruit of the Spirit is just as much My gift as the first.

Stand Steady **April 5**

MASTER: You have not learned to "stand steady under joy." Every disciple must learn to achieve emotional balance. You are thrilled when your comradeship with other disciples (perhaps at some camp, or conference, or retreat) brings strong surges of love into your soul. This feeling of love may evaporate in mere emotional exuberance. On the other hand you may discover in the Spirit how to let Love become Joy and find its ultimate balance in Peace.

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Count It All Joy (James 1:2) **April 6**

MASTER: Consciousness of your own imperfections and painful sensitiveness to the discords and futilities of the world around you should only serve to make you seek more earnestly that Joy which comes from above. I mean that in Heaven (the Realm of Spiritual Oneness) this bliss or joy results from the atmosphere of love and peace which always exists when the Father's Will is gladly executed, and where it is accomplished in a symphony of action in which many participate, each according to his highest nature and proficiency. The time you spend with Me, the time you spend in True Prayer or High Meditation lifts you, by imperceptible stages, into this Heavenly Realm. And once there, in consciousness, you share the Joy of that state.

Holy Joy**April 7**

"THE SOUL" that has stood in the presence of Christ experiences a great sweetness which, deepening, passes into that Holy Joy that is the yielding of the soul to the Divine Love — (A Mystic Garden—John Ruysbroeck.)

MASTER: You of this present time were included as well as My earthly disciples when I prayed that My Joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full (John 15:11). It is for lack of this Joy that you are listless and impotent.

This Joy comes from the fuller entrance of My Love into your soul. It comes when you open all the doors and yield yourself utterly to My Love. Joy is the result of love. Just as you experience joy in the immediate presence of one whom you love on earth, so will you learn My Joy as you discover Me to be the great Lover of your soul. As I come into your heart there will follow a dilation and expansion of consciousness.

A New Creature**April 12**

MASTER: That is why I came—to be an Instrument of the Divine Love. My mission is to restore man to the Father of his being and to restore men to each other in true Brotherhood. As you find this New Life in Me, you will feel yourself impelled by the same Divine Urge to declare it to others and even to transmit it through your own personality. This ministry of reconciliation is the active side of the Atonement. It is the implementing of My Love for me. It is Divine Catalysis. (Note here that the word for "reconcile" in II Cor. 5:18-20 is in Greek the same verb as that used for the chemical process of catalysis, whereby elements are mysteriously "changed.")

The Power of Joy**April 13**

MASTER: I beg you right this instant, while the Joy of God still throbs in your soul, let it be ex-

pressed in action. This Joy is creative energy. This Joy is a wellspring of power. In yourself this Joy becomes a tiny radiation of the Joy of Creation. Take it into your workshop, into your study, into your office, and find how creative it is. The more you express it in action, the more it grows. Share this Joy with others, but don't talk much about it. Talking can easily waste or prostitute the energy of joy. But work expands it, if only you can make your work joyous activity. This Joy no man taketh from you; it is My Gift.

Your heart is filled with joy because you have opened the door and let Me in.

Bliss and Action**April 14**

MASTER: You must learn to bring some of the joy of your communion into your travel periods; you must discover that what you call rare moments of bliss are quite possible amid the rigors of daily life and work. They are not limited to the cloister. And if you have indeed savored the Bread of Life and know its satisfying quality, why would you ever need to go hungry or undernourished? Read again Brother Lawrence and see how he kept the sense of communion uninterrupted even amid his menial tasks, and your final question will answer itself. "Disciplined communion" suggests effort or tension. What you need is the

communion of a disciple. Then you will find joy and relaxation because you never leave My Presence!

Laughter of the Soul**April 15**

MASTER: You are not redeemed from self and sin until you can laugh at yourself and so make fun of those grotesque elements of your being which formerly you took so seriously. Many otherwise good souls become morbid and mentally sick because they have not found this celestial mirth. Mirth gives oxygen to the blood (spiritually speaking) and permits you to keep a fine balance in outlook and judgment. When the angels registered joy over "one sinner that repented more than over ninety and nine just persons that needed no repentance," there was laughter in that joy at the solemn spectacle of anybody imagining the mere existence of ninety and nine just persons that needed no repentance!

Your Joy May Be Full**April 16**

(John 15:11)

MASTER: You will not ask for vanities and distractions and possessions which would only bring more regret and futility. But you will ask for the Real Treasure from Heaven which brings joy in its wake. So in My Name (i.e. in your Christ-consciousness) you will ask and you will receive and your joy will be full! From the very nature of this

joy, you cannot lose it. Your investment is in the Realm of Indestructibles.

Thy Kingdom Come

April 17

MASTER: True Prayer or High meditation lifts you, by imperceptible stages, into this Heavenly Realm. And once there, in consciousness, you share the Joy of that state. You say *Thy Will Be Done!* and your prayer is instantly granted, because your will is "one-d" with the Father's will. You say *Thy Kingdom come.* and it comes with a Divine influx of your whole being; and the joy of that influx flows out in your thoughts, deeds and social contacts.

A Fountain of Joy

April 19

MASTER: How can you glorify anybody or any thing unless it shines through you? How can you glorify the Sun unless the Sun shines through your personality, shedding light in every direction? How can you glorify the Sun unless it has so permeated your being that you can warm the hearts and lives of those you touch? And how can you persuade men to seek and find God unless you have enjoyed Him?

Exult in this fountain of joy that exists in your own nature and gives you kinship with God. Be more generous in the enjoyment and expression of these moments of felicity. Never feel that joyousness or any true enjoyment is a waste of time.

Find Joy!

April 20

MASTER: Find joy in simple and human things — in birds and trees and flowers and sunsets and smiling faces and friendly handclaps. Find your joy in very new things and in very old things — in your books, your stamps, your pictures, your animal friends, your correspondence, and always in your work! Let your work be a constant occasion of joy, or it will not prove creative. And thus, finding your smaller joys and stimuli in these everyday things, you will find sometimes and unexpectedly that I will come to you and bring you some higher and more Divine Joy. When you are ready for it, that will come too!

Laughter, Uranium of the Soul

April 21

"I hate scarce smiles; I love laughing."—William Blake

DISCIPLE: Is this exuberance commendable, or even desirable among your disciples? Is not the present world condition too serious to justify such levity?

MASTER: The world's present condition needs the atomic bomb of laughter to break up its tensions. National politics and international relationships are all group egotisms. They are fixations upon the ego, instead of contemplation of divine relationships. Hence you have introversion, morbidity, suspicion, acquisitiveness, resentments and hypersensitiveness.

☪ "Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin."

Managing Our Temptations

Harold M. Ruopp

WE SHOULD not expect to find the words "tempted" and "temptation" in the Bible. For the Bible is primarily the record of men under the influence of God; the story of men in their search for God. To be sure, there are exceptions; one thinks of the "false prophets," of some of Israel's kings, of Judas, of Pilate, of the scribes and the Pharisees.

And yet when we read the Bible we find these two words again and again. They appear quite as frequently in the New Testament as in the Old. In the Book of James are these words: "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience." (1:2, 3) And again in the same book: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." (1:12)

St. Paul knew the word "temptation" because he knew the experience for which it stood. Writing to the Galatian church he said: "My temptation which was in my flesh ye despised not." (Gal. 4:14) And to his friends in Corinth, he wrote: "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man:

but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able." (I Cor. 10:13)

In short, to be a Christian does not mean that one is thereby freed from temptations. Indeed, the more sensitive one becomes to the demands of the Spirit upon his life the greater are apt to be the temptations which beset him. They may be, and usually are, subtle, "refined" temptations, but they are temptations none the less.

Temptations? They are the common lot of man. You have them, I have them, in one form or another. Well, so does everyone else. So did St. Paul and every other saint in history. And so did Jesus. That is one of the reasons why he makes his appeal to us. *An untempted Jesus would not be Jesus; he would be God!*

One of the first steps then in the process of managing our temptations is to remind ourselves of this important fact; that temptation is not something peculiar to any one of us; like trouble, it comes to everyone.

But there is something else, even more important, of which we need to remind ourselves. A temptation is not a sin. That needs to be said because more than one person, believing that some temptation was a sin.

has become the victim of a sense of guilt which has robbed him of his strength and serenity. If that guilt persists long enough it will, in due season, wreck his mental and physical health. Of all the feelings, the "guilt-feeling" is one of the most destructive.

A temptation is not sin if it is faced, recognized for what it is, and rejected. *Sin is the giving in to temptation.* As an old hymn has it:

"Yield not to temptation,

For yielding is sin."

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is." That is one of the most profound insights into life that has ever been uttered. Cast into modern language it says: "You are what your mental images are." So-called "bad thoughts" — thoughts of envy, hatred, dishonesty, or immorality— come to everyone at one time or another. These "bad-thoughts" take the form of mental images; we literally "see" the person of whom we are envious, we "see" ourselves performing the deed which our better selves condemn as dishonest or unworthy or immoral.

When that kind of mental image comes, we must face it and reject it. Sin comes in toying with it, entertaining it, secretly finding pleasure in it.

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale has the heart of the matter when he says that "no sin is committed if a thought enters the mind, provided

it is not made welcome. The thought first passes into an anteroom, where it stands before the mind acting as a judge. No matter how sordid or evil, it has not touched the personality with its infamy or in any way laid guilt upon the soul unless and until the mind acting as judge admits it with a welcome. If the mind decides against it and dismisses it, the personality is not only unsullied but is, on the contrary, by this act of rejection, stimulated and strengthened in moral power. You cannot prevent the birds from flying over your head but you can keep them from building nests in your hair."

We, then, who would learn to manage our temptations must learn how to manage the pictures in our minds. When they come, as come they will, face them frankly, and if they are contrary to our best selves, if in yielding to them we not only let ourselves down but God down, reject them. He who does that is not guilty of sin.

Once more, if we would handle our temptations, we shall have to share them. This is important because the temptations which we are all forced to face are not fought out in the open under public scrutiny, but behind the closed doors of our own souls. Few of us go to the rooftop and call out to passers-by: "I am having a great temptation; I am having a great temptation." No,

temptations are met in the secret places of our own hearts. And one of the reasons why we lose now and again in the struggle with our temptations is precisely because we keep them too exclusively in the secret places of our own hearts. There is nothing which will help us so much in bringing the battle with a temptation to a successful issue than to share that temptation with some friend or loved one in whom we can repose our confidence. An honest, forthright confession of temptation will often save us from the pitfalls to which the temptation in the end may lead.

A young business man, desperately up against it for private funds, was tempted for days on end to juggle the figures of his company's books so as to secure those funds without anyone, as he supposed, being the wiser. But something inside him kept holding him back. Then one evening after a long, bitter struggle, he talked it over with his wife. He said to her: "If I don't do it, everything we have will be lost." Whereupon she replied: "Everything lost? No, everything that's worth-while will be saved. You will have your integrity; you will still have me and my love for you; and together we shall still have God." In that instant of a shared temptation the battle was won! *But it had to be shared!*

I, for one, believe wholehearted-

ly in the idea of a confessional, providing always it is occasional rather than habitual, and providing that it is spontaneous and voluntary rather than enforced.

But what if we feel that we have no human friend with whom we can share our temptations? What then? Share them with God in prayer, remembering always that he cares. Lift whatever temptation we may have up to him. It is precisely because his stamp is upon us that we have our temptations. If we were only dust — merely human — we would have no temptations. The temptation results from the tension of the divinity that is in us, and the dust. Prayer, in one fell swoop, may not free us from the temptations we have, any more than it will remove all our troubles and burdens, but it does give us "the power to overcome."

Let me close with an illustration drawn out of my own experience. I use it because it illustrates so graphically the whole process of managing our temptations.

Some years ago a young man in his late twenties came to me for whatever help I might be able to give him. He was having a constant struggle with liquor. Every time he drank, he became intoxicated. He had lost one position after another and his friends were gradually deserting him. Even as I talked with him I could read defeat in his eyes.

What made the situation particularly tragic was the fact that he had a wife whom he deeply loved and a three-year-old daughter whom he adored.

So we talked together! He told me among other things how, when the desire to drink came, he would have a "mental image" of a certain tavern on a certain street corner; he would see himself with his foot on the rail drinking with some of his companions. Entertaining that "picture in his mind," he inevitably matched it with reality, and soon would be at his favorite bar with his favorite friends drinking his favorite liquor. And the result was always the same!

"What can I do?" he cried out of the depth of his depression, "for I can't go on this way?" In answer to his question I suggested the following prescription. In the first place, whenever the mental image of his drinking rendezvous came to him, immediately he was to substitute for it another powerful mental image—in his case, the face of his little daughter whom he so deeply loved. In the second place, he was to break with his old associates and form new ones, those who would have the character and the habits which deep down he desired. As a part of his

new life he was to be in church every Sunday morning, thus putting himself in a situation and an atmosphere which was the very opposite of that to which he had become increasingly accustomed.

In the third place, whenever he had the temptation to break over, he was to come to me and tell me, no matter what the hour of day or night. If necessary we would walk the streets all night, I helping to carry the struggle in which he was engaged. It was, you see, to be a shared experience. Finally, he was to pray. No matter how halting the words, no matter if God wasn't real to him, nevertheless he was to pray, saying in effect, "Oh God, I can't do it alone; I am giving it into your hands."

With this prescription he started out. In the weeks which followed, the struggle through which he had to pass was an intense one. But he persisted, and in the end he won. I shall never forget the last meeting I had with him when he came to my study with his wife. The three of us kneeled together with our arms around each other's shoulders, and thanked God (who in the meantime had become increasingly real!) for the victory that was his — for "*the power to overcome.*"



☐ Self-pity is distorting. The improvement has got to happen within you.

Six Steps to Cure Self Pity

Margaret Lee Runbeck

ONE BRIGHT autumn morning a car pulled up at the railway station in a Kansas town and a tow-headed youngster scrambled out. He limped over to an old lady alighting from a train.

"There aren't any red caps," the boy called. "But I've come down to help you, Ma'am."

He took her suitcase and lugged it to the bus backed up against the platform. His weak leg dragged a bit, but he grinned over his shoulder at the stranger. She fumbled in her handbag for a tip. The child shook his head.

"Can't take any pay, Ma'am. I'm just helping for fun."

She looked at him in bewilderment, so the little boy explained.

"I'm helping because I'm so glad to be walking around again. My mother brings me down every Saturday to meet this train."

The child's mother was a wise woman. She was determined that her son, stricken with polio, was not going to suffer the additional handicap of self-pity.

People who suffer from self-pity consider it a result of their other troubles. Actually it is often one of the principal causes. For self-pity is

guaranteed to cut you off from nearly every good thing.

On the other hand, there is no more endearing quality than the courage to make light of one's handicaps and catastrophes. Something in the heart of all of us wants to help a man who is helping himself against visible odds.

There are six steps in the cure for self-pity, and they require only honesty and determination.

1. Admitting the diagnosis is the first step. Face the fact that this is no hidden malady. Most of your associates have diagnosed it readily, and now you must squarely acknowledge it yourself. Determine just how serious a case you are. To arrive at your rating as a fortunate or unfortunate individual, imagine what would seem to you like utter woe and call that zero. Call what you would consider the peak of well-being one hundred. Somewhere between these, fix your status. It may surprise you to discover just how high you rate.

A man I know who embarked on this six-step cure said quite seriously that he didn't know anybody worse off than he. He didn't enjoy his work; he had a slight physical

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handicap; he disliked his own nationality. Then his employer asked him to visit an old man in a hospital charity ward. Before that visit my friend had rated himself ten above zero; he came home and marked himself up to a score of seventy-two.

2. The second step in the cure is to face the fact that nobody can remake you except yourself. Self-pity is so distorting that even if conditions around you change, they still look as if they discriminated against you.

The improvement has got to happen within *you*. Nobody but you can act as interior decorator of your disposition

3. But sometimes you can also change the external conditions which make you sorry for yourself. The third step is a realistic attempt to do so.

Take a sheet of paper and list your "peeves," then separate them into those which may be improved.

Most of the things we fret about not having are ridiculously attainable. A bachelor I know freed himself by giving up a large apartment in favor of two modest ones; he and his mother now lead their own lives. One evening a week they dine together and enjoy each other. He looks ten years younger since he has friends and interests of his own. The strain of his constant adjustment to his mother has lifted, yet his obli-

gation has not been shirked

4. You may resent the fourth step. Work harder. Busy people seldom have time to work at being unhappy.

5. The fifth step turns you away from that precious and fascinating subject, yourself. Vow to do something to help someone else. The unique feature here is that *you help someone better off than you are*. Pick out persons whom you might conceivably envy; observe them sympathetically enough to realize that they, too, have some particular need which you may be able to do something about.

To help someone more fortunate than we think we are gives us a new altitude of generosity.

6. The sixth step is the reward. When you've quite decided to embark on the full treatment, put a circle around the starting date on your calendar. Follow the treatment for one year, as faithfully as possible. On your first anniversary, give yourself a genuine celebration.

They won't believe you, because somewhere along the way, friends who used to shun you have now come back, and they will have forgotten that you ever were that sad sack always full of troubles.

And as for you, try not to be smug about what you've accomplished. Just thank God very quietly that, for some reason or other, things are looking up for you.

Prayer Works!

"I want to thank you for starting me on the right way of thinking. My health is improving daily and I know it is through the prayers of God's people. I rejoice to know that I belong to your world wide 'family'."—*New York*

"How aptly named—Victorious Life Lessons. That is just what they have meant to me, and I'm grateful for your prayers. May your work be furthered so that other lives may be reached."—*Arizona*.

"My condition has improved *considerably* since I wrote to you. Furthermore I am becoming more God-conscious, for I derive a wonderful experience during my prayer moments."—*Texas*.

"Your letters and enclosures always come at a time when a special need arises to help someone else and so their mission is increased a hundred fold. Am grateful for your prayers and inspiration and hope you will keep my needs in mind as I have far to go."—*New York*.

"This comes to thank you with all my heart for your wonderful letter, affirmations, cards, and prayers. I am thankful for God's great love manifested

through you, my dear friends. I pray to be worthy of such a trust and love and may God's richest blessings return to you many fold."—*Wisconsin*.

"I pray God's richest blessings upon each and every one of you. I cannot thank you enough for what you have done for me and what you have helped me to do for myself. I shall be eternally grateful."—*Illinois*.

"About two months ago I wrote to you asking for prayer for a very bad throat condition in my youngest son. I am so happy and so grateful and thankful to God for the improvement in his condition. It is so much better that we are not worrying about it, and I know that it will be completely cured by God's power, in answer to our combined prayers. I knew that you would be happy to know of this wonderful improvement and I feel sure that we can soon report a complete cure. We know that this is not coincidence. It is definitely a work of God in answer to prayers with faith. God bless each of you and we pray He keeps us faithful to doing our duty in praying with you for others."—*Florida*.

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"Several months ago I wrote and mentioned I was ill and asked you to pray for me. Am so very thankful to say my health has improved and I know God has heard your prayers and mine and has helped me on the road to recovery. I owe a great deal to your *Manual of Prayer* which has helped me in learning to know God and understand people better."—*Indiana*.

"I cannot begin to tell you how much comfort the *Manual of Prayer* gives both my husband and myself. We truly live by it through the month and we are improving day by day. When I first wrote you requesting that you pray for me I surely was in a bad way both mentally and physically. Now I am able to work part time and have improved. Your prayer groups are doing a great work. Please keep me on your list as it is so encouraging to know that some one is praying."—*Pennsylvania*.

"I want to tell you how very wonderful our daughter came through the operation and hospital experience of the past two months. We want to thank you of the Prayer Tower for your prayers and thoughts for our welfare. She is well, happy, and experiencing a spiritual growth that is beautiful. We are continually saying within the depths of our hearts, 'Thank you, Jesus. Thank you, God.' The wonder of God as manifested in our lives this summer has been an amazing thing. Our cup is full and running over."—*Ohio*.

"Words can never tell how much help your prayers and monthly lessons have given me. I have literally come back to life after two years of living death. I know I will never again have any problems to face alone. God has lifted me up into the sunshine of His love and made the world like a garden again. He has given me work to do, work which I enjoy to the fullest and I now am able

to pass on some of that wonderful love. Thank you from the bottom of a very full heart."—*Washington*.

"This is a word of appreciation for the *Manual of Prayer*. They mean so much more to me than anything I have ever had before. Each one seems more valuable than the one before. I read them over and over, marking special lines or paragraphs and trying to get the thought embedded in my mind and heart so that it will become a part of my thinking and living. And many of the prayers express what I would like to say so much better than I can myself and enrich my thinking as well. May great blessings come to all those who share so much that is helpful with those of us who are less advanced in our understandings. They help us to keep trying and encourage us that we may in time grow to a higher level of thought and living." *New Hampshire*.

"Thank all of you for your wonderful help in prayer and material helps in literature. I FEEL your help as soon as I ask for it in prayer. God is helping me to work out my uninterrupted restlessness. Never without your aid could I have made the progress that has been made in the last five years. I am SO grateful."—*Indiana*.

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"So many blessings that have come to us this fall, I'm sure have been due to your prayers of faith . . . My father for whom you prayed passed on about a month ago, but there was such a feeling of peace and spiritual joy enveloping all the family that we were sure God was in full command."—*Kansas*

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