

# Clear Horizons



**Summer, 1955**

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## As We Go To Press

Rev. Harold W. Ruopp, who has held outstanding pastorates in the Methodist church throughout the country and has taught at the Boston Seminary of Theology, has written a little book called, "Songs at Midnight." We have selected (p. 1) a small part of it for this issue of *Clear Horizons*. The book is designed to lend courage and inspire faith. It will be appreciated by those who are in the process of working out personal problems . . . **Gordon Bennett** (p. 6) tells how a sightless person in San Francisco learned to give a wonderful service to the people of his community . . . **Simeon Stylites** (p. 9) in his usual pithy manner suggests that we try to live the words of the hymns we sing . . . We are proud to present **Darragh Aldrich** (p. 11) to our readers. Her story is warm and tender and describes the spiritual discernment of little children. Mrs. Aldrich is a Minnesota author, long recognized for her ability to convey her own feeling to her readers. By the way, she is in *Who's Who* . . . Perhaps you missed the article on prayer in Good Housekeeping by **Roland Gammon**. If so, here it is for you. (p. 15) He tells us how we mature spiritually as our prayer life increases . . . Our old friend **Rev. Allan Hunter**, pastor of a Hollywood Congregational church, reminds us (p. 18) that we do have the power of choice and points out how potent even the small choices can be . . . **Lillian Dickson** (p. 21) is a former student of Dr. Glenn Clark and after graduation married and went with her husband to Formosa where they are missionaries. She tells about her work with lepers on that island . . . **Erle Howell** (p. 23) tells his prayer experience and his conclusions concerning effective prayer . . . We like the interview (p. 27) with Norman Rockwell as reported by **Chase Walker**. Mr. Rockwell who is one of our finest contemporary artists reveals his system for selecting his models . . . Look for the surprise ending of the story (p. 30) by **Harold Helfer** of Washington, D. C. . . . An article copied from the *Chicago Tribune* (p. 37) is about the filming of the picture, "A Man Called Peter." The cast felt a difference when making this film . . . **George W. Phinney** (p. 47) tells a true story about a man who lives in Oklahoma City. He is Clifford Ray who has a unique plan to bring new interest to the boys of his city and he really has made church school a compelling activity in their lives . . . The story of Doris Day (p. 49) by **Duane Valentry** is a vital testimony to the power of God in a life discouraged by illness and faced with complete financial loss . . . A woman sees an opportunity to demonstrate World Brotherhood and does something about it. Read (p. 52) about Susan Dallas by **Ona Freeman Lathrop**—it may give you an idea . . . You will be interested to read a personal story (p. 60) of the lives of Billy Sunday and his wife, written by their granddaughter, **Cynthia Sunday**.

## CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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# Clear Horizons

Sixteenth Year

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□ What can you do when midnight closes in?

## Singing at Midnight

Harold W. Ruopp

THE sixteenth chapter of the Act of the Apostles contains a striking and dramatic bit of narrative. Paul and Silas, for no other reason than having healed a slave girl, are stripped of their clothing, beaten, and thrown into prison. It is midnight — both literally and figuratively. What do they do? Why, they sing! Just when the pain is the greatest, and the night the blackest, and the outlook the darkest, they sing. Here are the unforgettable words: "At midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God; and the prisoners heard them."

Every so often it is well to remind ourselves that of all the demands which life makes upon us there is none more important than the demand for courage. Where there is fear and cowardice there is ultimately defeat; where there is faith and courage, there is ultimately achievement and victory. In the one instance, life ends in negation; in

the other, with superb affirmation. In the one instance, the question sooner or later lifts up its head, "What's the use?"; in the other, men declare with confidence, "Life is supremely worth living." In the one instance, midnight masters men; in the other, men master midnight.

There is no reason to suppose that life will ever be lived on easy terms. True, the advance of science may in time rule out some things like cold and hunger and superstition; but life, being what it is, will always involve more or less of pain, suffering, struggle — and midnight! And it should be added that what makes life so gloriously worth living is precisely that it cannot be had at bargain prices. It is never marked down to \$1.98.

There is another important truth of which we need constantly to remind ourselves: *midnight* is no respecter of persons.

A very common reaction to the

From *Religion and Health*, March 1955, by permission.

so-called "dark facts of experience" is that life is peculiarly hard, that "fate" has it in for us. We need to remind ourselves time and again that many persons are bearing far heavier burdens than we are, and bearing them unflinchingly and without whining. Midnight comes to everyone sooner or later; it is no respecter of age, sex, color, creed, or birth. The difference in people is due to the fact that some know how to handle their midnights, and others do not. It all depends upon the interior resources of a man's soul, and whether or not he is willing to face life with courage.

If, then, we are to master midnight when it comes, as come it will, there are three successive and important steps which must be taken.

First of all, *accept it!* Do not try to ignore it, or defy it, or run away from it. That way lies defeat. Accept it. Say to yourself, "This untoward circumstance of life which I am facing, this blackness of the night, is a fact of life. I must accept it. I cannot forget it by feverish activity or by indulging every whim. I cannot run away from it—or myself."

When Katherine Mansfield wrote her *Journal*, she was ill—far removed from her native land and friends and loved ones. A victim of a progressive disease, she knew what the end would be; it was simply a question of time. Katherine Mansfield was no shallow Pollayanna. In

her *Journal* will be found expressions like these: frightful day, horrible morning and afternoon, lonely, horribly depressed, terribly weak. But keep on reading, and at the end you come to her confession about suffering: "One must submit. Do not resist. Accept it fully. Make it a part of life. . . ."

And because she accepted it, she was able through faith and love and courage to transcend it, so that a few short weeks before her death, she could write: "I feel happy—deep down. *All is well.*" It was her song at midnight!

If the first step in the mastery of midnight is to accept it, the second is to *explore it*. What is its nature? What has brought it on? Am I responsible for it? Or is it one of life's inevitables? If I can help it, there is no use worrying about it, for I can set about to change it; if I can't help it, if it is part and parcel of the total life-process, then there is no use worrying about it either, for it lies with a power beyond myself."

"If," said Henry Hitt Crane, with characteristic insight, "we take a passive, self-pitying attitude toward any kind of disaster, or frustration, or bereavement, then it crushes, it embitters, it undermines both our self-respect and our courage. We tend to become introspective, hyper-sensitive, until time and again we use our suffering to call attention to ourselves. We use it as a spiritual club

by which we browbeat our family and friends and force them to let us have our own way, forgetful of the fact that they have suffered as we have and, in addition, are suffering the shame of our weakness."

But he who in an emotionally mature way (perhaps with the help of a wise counselor!) explores the difficult circumstances of life, will save himself from such unhealthy and defeating attitudes.

And if, perchance, we do taste occasional failure and defeat, what of it? So does everyone else! We need to remember that—

"Defeat may serve as well as victory  
To shake the soul and let the glory  
out.

When the great oak is straining in  
the wind,  
The boughs drink in new beauty, and  
the trunk  
Sends down a deeper root on the wind-  
ward side.

Only the soul that knows the mighty  
grief  
Can know the mighty rapture. Sor-  
rows come  
To stretch out spaces in the heart  
for joy."\*

The final and most important step in the mastery of midnight, whatever it may be and however black, is to *dedicate it*. That is exactly what Paul and Silas did. They prayed, and sang praises! They dedicated their darkest hour to God Himself, completely confident that He would eventually lead them into the light.

Whenever I find life getting to be too much for me, as on occasion I do; whenever I find myself moving around in circles, always coming out where I began; whenever I find myself in a room out of which I need to go, yet find all the doors *apparently* locked; whenever the troubles of life seem to pile up as high as the tallest mountain; whenever midnight envelopes me, I find myself turning to biography, for there is nothing so immediately helpful. In the lives of other people I find the resources for creative and courageous living.

Here, for example, is Paul Laurence Dunbar. On more than one occasion, I have ridden in the very elevator in Dayton, Ohio which, as a young man, Dunbar operated. Paul Laurence Dunbar struggled under a three-fold handicap; he was desperately poor, he was sick, and he was black, in a white man's world! For him there was almost continuous midnight. But underneath his black skin and in his bandaged body, there dwelt the Muse of Poetry. He died at thirty-three, but three months before his death, he wrote:

"Because I had loved so deeply,  
Because I had loved so long,  
God in His great compassion  
Gave me the gift of song."

Dunbar's song at midnight lifted him "above the veil."

\*Edwin Markham from *The Shoes of Happiness and Other Poems*, by permission of Virgil Markham.

Or here is John Henry Newman at the age of thirty-two, recovering from a serious illness, his whole mind and spirit in a profound darkness. He was on shipboard, returning to France from a visit to Italy. The ship was proceeding slowly because of the dense fog which enveloped it. That fog was a dramatic symbol of the fog in his own soul. But out of the fog, out of the blackness, John Henry Newman wrote his hymn:

“Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
Lead Thou me on.”

What is he doing? He is dedicating his midnight.

One other illustration, taken from a life lived out in obscurity. Mrs. Helen Bleeker was a member of the First Baptist Church of Brookline, Massachusetts, in which Dr. Samuel M. Lindsay has served for so many years. For months, Mr. Bleeker had been in failing health. Nevertheless, Sunday mornings found her in her accustomed pew. It so chanced (or

was it chance?) that one Sunday Dr. Lindsay preached upon the theme, “At midnight, Paul and Silas . . . sang.” The next morning, she went to the hospital. An X-ray was taken, a diagnosis made, ‘Inoperable.’

The clock had struck twelve! After a few days in the hospital, she returned home to wait in patience for the end. “At midnight *they* sang,” she said; “I, too, will sing.”

Each morning and each evening thereafter, until the very end, she sang a hymn of Christian faith. One of her last requests was this: “Tell Dr. Lindsay that I too, have been singing at midnight.”

“At midnight, Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God . . . .”

Then come five glorious words—  
“*and the prisoners heard them.*”

Our songs at midnight will not only give *us* relief and release from the appalling blackness, but they will put courage and hope into the hearts of *others*. They will give our fellow-prisoners the certainty that when midnight comes, the dawn is not far away.

*If we sing!*



## The Miracle

*Iva Winifred Leak*

“What is it, Lord, that hinders me  
In all I try to do and be?”  
I prayed in deep despair, one day . . .  
And softly then He seemed to say:

“Mankind’s worst enemy is fear  
And you forget that I am near,  
Within you, to protect and guide,  
Forever walking by your side.”

“Cast out my fear, dear Lord,” I cried,  
“I cannot do it, though I’ve tried  
To trust and not to be afraid;  
You know how earnestly I’ve prayed

To find release from hampering care,  
Still, it goes with me everywhere.”  
Deep within, my heart was stirred  
And once again the voice I heard:

“There is one way and *only one*  
By which this miracle is done . . .  
Through perfect love, my love for thee,”  
The voice said, “Take this love from me.

There is no perfect love but mine,  
Take it, my child, and make it thine;  
Knowing I am forever near,  
*My Perfect Love casts out your fear!*”

## How a Blind Man Conquered Darkness

Gordon Bennett

ON MARKET street in San Francisco there is an old blind man who was plunged into the Valley of Darkness thirty years ago. He thinks that most people fail to make use of their God-given endowments, such as sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell, and thus miss much of the satisfaction and pleasure of living.

Each day hundreds of people pass the newsstand of the blind man. Despite the fact that Market Street is one of the important streets of the world, the blind man is sure that many of his customers see very little of it. The shallow-minded look only for the carnival spirit while the wise stop and talk to the men and women whose work runs the commercial life of the street, and they miss other things.

The old blind man directs people to certain streets, he tells them how to reach certain stores; he is blind yet he recognizes voices and footsteps. I have walked up to his newsstand and, before I have had an opportunity to speak, I have heard him call me by name.

Possibly this blind newsman is the best known man in San Francisco. Whenever the Governor of the State is in the city he visits with the blind man; the Mayor of San Francisco

walks out of his way to buy a paper from him. Jack Dempsey not only buys a paper from him, but he creates a traffic jam while holding a long conversation with this man who has never seen him.

The blind man is very sure that when his eyesight was taken away God gave him the gift of making friends. He often quotes from II Corinthians 4:18, "For the things which are seen are transient, but the things which are unseen are eternal."

Blind folk have one advantage over those who can see for they cannot be deceived by fancy clothes or mannerisms, and by sound of speech and step they form a true estimate of character. The blind must have and acquire implicit trust in their fellowmen and they must follow their seeing-eye dogs fearlessly.

My blind friend loves his seeing-eye dog deeply and the dog repays this love with extreme loyalty. He loves this dog although he has never seen him. All day long through rain, fog, or wind the dog lies at his feet. Watching my friend walk toward home one evening I was reminded of the words in the thirty-second Psalm—"I will counsel you with my eye upon you."

The home of my friend is a kind of mecca for the blind and some of

us who are not blind. It is a fragrant smelling house for there are flowers everywhere. My friend is very grateful for the gift of smell which so many of us take for granted. He has told me of his boyhood when the fragrance of his father's new mown hay made him happy. Any good friend, he says, is like a flower whose perfume permeates the home and remains there. Perhaps this is why his newsstand is decorated with pots of flowers—this little stand which is an oasis of friendship in a noisy traffic zone.

When he is asked questions such as—who will be our next president?—what do you think of the U.N?—should women vote? he answers diplomatically, but with high good humor. There is never a dull moment on his corner.

There was the day a little tow-headed boy became lost. He had wandered out of the nearby Greyhound Bus Depot and the perplexed traffic officer on the corner took him to the blind man's stand and left him there. The old man and the boy had a great time. The little fellow's new friend forgot about business while telling fantastic stories about cowboys he had heard of—but never seen. When the distracted mother at last found her son he cried because she took him home.

There was that never-to-be-forgotten day when my old blind friend and I went on a city trip together. Of all places, he wanted to visit the

DeYoung Museum. Strolling through this famous art gallery we found a bench in front of the painting of the "Milk Maid." We sat down and I tried to describe the picture. I told him of the vari-colored flowers and the rich green countryside and the buxom milkmaid. He was sure that the painting was one of a French locale, and then he told me of the last thing he had seen with his eyes. On a morning in France, just a few seconds before the fragment of a shell had plunged him into darkness, he had seen wild red poppies growing in a field.

However, he did not dwell long upon his misfortune. There was another painting he wished to see through my eyes. This was Whistler's "Mother." Soon I found myself telling him about my own mother. He said his mother was like all wonderful mothers and that Whistler, he, and I were blessed to have such mothers.

He was entranced with the "County Fair." Here, my plowboy background put me in familiar places and I rambled on about the fair in Flat Top County, Michigan. His laughter at my description of the fair was so infectious that a small group of people gathered around us.

He made immediate friends with these art lovers and we all went to dine at the Fish Wharf, seeing-eye dog as well. The host was most gracious, even allowing the dog in the dining room where he ate his din-

ner at the foot of our table. In fact, he was one of the best-mannered guests present.

We were a happy group of people now with the old blind man the center of attention. A farmer from Iowa explained crop rotation to him. A couple of children were sitting on his lap. The dog nuzzled them gently as if jealous of their presence. And when it was time to go, the old man, the dog, and I rode home in state with a taxicab driver at the wheel.

I was ushered into the parlor of the old man's home where he was greeted affectionately by his wife and three year old son. It was a gala occasion, his wife explained to me, and she was so glad I had come. It was the old man's birthday and on the dining table stood a birthday cake with candles. It was now that I made the discovery that the wife and boy were also blind. The little fellow was their adopted son. He had been born to live in darkness all his life

but I knew that no one with normal eyesight could better appreciate the gaiety surrounding him.

It was such an enjoyable evening that I possibly remained in this home much longer than I should. The blind newsman attempted to put his young son to bed over the boy's loud objections. It seemed that the boy had a valid objection. He cried, "Daddy — please — I'm afraid of the dark! Can't you tell me just one more story?"

That evening as I walked home I knew for a certainty that when my blind friend had lost the rare privilege of seeing, God had given him other gifts—the gifts for believing in love for his fellowmen, and of seeing visions. Again the memory of the blind child's laughter and need came to me and I knew that the Master had compensated my friend in full. It gave me a sense of humbleness and gratitude I had never known before.



## The Inner Joy

*Iva Gibson*

And JOY is perfect love profound  
Potent for our success.  
The agent of the Master Mind  
Unfolding Happiness.

☐ How About a Society for Making the Hymnal Come True?

## If the Hymnal Were Only True

*Simeon Stylites*

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: THE words above add up to nonsense. The hymnal is full of truths, gleaming and eternal, which have been proved up to the hilt during nineteen centuries. Granted. Yet it is also a book in which the strangest affirmations appear, affirmations which, when made in public to musical accompaniment, strike the hearer as so untrue as to be fantastic.

Loose the checkrein of your imagination a bit. Here is the congregation of High Hills Church singing lustily the second hymn of the morning service. They are a company of fine people, well fed, well dressed, well heeled, and well propelled in shining 1955 models. They are singing:

The changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see.

Is that so? There are only two things wrong with that: Most of the congregation do not think any changes will be coming—except perhaps summer changing into autumn; but no change in their "way of life." And they would face with a trembling fear any change in a way of life that has done pretty well by them, thank you. Here is Mr. J. Pierpont Jones, who has just finished

taking up the offering. No fear of changes? If A.T.&T. dropped 19 points he would go into a purple apoplexy. In some places people who sing that hymn look at the changes which are sure to eventuate as the United States moves toward becoming a real democracy that has no second-class citizens, with frozen fear.

Here is another hymn, still sung in parts of the country. It booms out like a sunrise gun:

I am so wondrously saved from sin,  
Glory to His Name!

A friend of mine told me that he heard a congregation making that proud boast and was a bit skeptical. For he had talked with many of them the week before and had picked up from their lips quite an impressive collection of utterly un-Christian ideas on labor, race, and international relations. He said, "If they are wondrously saved from sin, I am St. Francis of Assisi!" That hymn, as I recall Scripture, was the favorite hymn of the Pharisee. The Publican turned to a different selection—"God, be merciful to me a sinner."

Here is one I wish were true. It is a stanza from the beautiful

hymn for evening, "The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended:"

We thank Thee that Thy church  
unsleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is  
keeping,

And rests not now by day or night.

If that were only true! But sometimes the church seems to have an acute case of sleeping sickness. There are places where it has been sound asleep to ethical and spiritual issues round about, places where it has

had nothing peculiarly Christian to say, but has merely repeated the harmless platitudes heard in every Chamber of Commerce in the land. As a novelist put it, in a description of a small town: "It was Sunday noon, and the church on the corner of Courthouse Square was giving up its dead."

How about a Society for Making the Hymnal Come True?

Yours,

Simeon Stylites

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## Unfetter

*Marie Hand*

Have you fluttered about  
Like a broken-winged bird  
Only using the one wing of prayer?  
Spread the other wing out,  
Let your glad praise be heard  
Until you soar far beyond despair.



¶ "The ache of emptiness was filled with joy."

## Daddy Came Back

*Derragh Aldrich*

THE LONG twilight was bringing to a close the queerest day Dickie and Janey had every known. Though it was bright and sunny without, they had been kept within the nursery all day and Nana had appeared only to give them their meals.

She told them to be good children and play by themselves because she was busy downstairs.

They had not seen Mother since early morning when she had held them close and buried her face in their necks. Then she had left them hurriedly—quite as if she was running away from them! They had found that their necks were wet.

There was a beautiful smell in the house of flowers and flowers—many more, they were sure, than when Mother had swishy, tinkling voiced guests come to tea in the afternoon. There were strange noises, too, and muffled voices they had never heard before which sounded as if they, too, had been told to be quiet so Daddy could sleep and get well.

Dick, Jr. who was the older (Daddy had said that five WAS an age!) took on the responsibility of bringing out his most expensive toys without Nana's permission and

showing them to Janey. Then they had become absorbed in all the wonderful things Daddy was going to show Dickie to do with his electric train.

When Nana, who seemed to have a dreadful cold in her head, had brought them their lunch, Dickie asked if Daddy were asleep.

"Aye, he's sleepin'" — but she choked over it— "He's—ah—ye puir barins!"

"But we'll see him when he wakes up," Dickie told her confidently.

Nana looked at them queerly. "And so ye might," she said so low they could hardly hear her. "Children are pure o' heart—who knows?"

Nana was part of the strangeness. Everything had been strange for days—ever since Daddy had come home in the middle of the afternoon and had gone right to bed. To be sure, when Mother had come up to see them for a few minutes each day there had been a smile upon her lips as usual but her eyes were not smiling. Dickie couldn't feel the usual little rush of joyousness when she came in. Instead there was a heaviness in the air about her that troubled him vaguely.

His strange sensitiveness was a

American serial rights only.

great contrast to small Janey's placidity. Her fat legs had less difficulty in following him in heroic feats at forts and bridges contrived of prostrate chairs and toys than had her mind in bewildered attempts to trudge behind him in his flights of imagination.

It was toward the middle of the afternoon when the motors began to arrive in great numbers. Ever so many people in slowly moving groups descended from them and entered the house. Though Dickie turned from the window and listened at the nursery door, he could hear no sounds below. They, too, had been told not to make a noise lest it disturb Daddy.

Then all the people soon began to come out of the house again, climb into their cars and roll away. But first some men had come, walking very slowly and carrying something long and narrow and seemingly made all of flowers. And then Mother came with Uncle Bob, her head held very high indeed. Dickie knew that lift of the head and it turned him a little sick: It recalled the time he had accidentally closed a door upon her fingers . . . and she had bit her lip and said it didn't hurt.

He was glad that Uncle Bob, who looked a lot like Daddy, had his arm through hers and tucked her into the car so gently—just as Daddy always did.

Dickie shivered a little as he turned away from the window and clung to Janey in a sudden spasm of loneliness. Most unexpectedly—for she was not in the least demonstrative—she put both arms about him and imprinted a moist kiss on his ear.

As they sat on the floor, aimlessly sliding their heels about to see who could make the largest circle, a wonderful idea came to Dickie and buoyed up his drooping spirits: soon Daddy would come right in that door and would call out as he always did: "Hey, you two little scamps, what mischief have you been up to today?" When he told Janey about it, they both watched the door—but Daddy didn't come. Perhaps he had gone away with all those people. . . . But he wouldn't have done that—not without telling them good-bye . . . and yet . . . Dickie's head went up proudly just like Mother's when something hurt dreadfully inside . . . Daddy had come to tell them good-by! Of course he had gone away before ever so many times—but always they had had a romp and two kisses apiece. . . .

"I don't believe it," Dickie said aloud with sudden boldness. "Daddy wouldn't go away without telling us good-bye . . . I'm going to find him . . ." But, as he reached the door he shivered slightly and went slowly back to his station at the window.

Twilight was drifting down from a leaden sky. Here and there lights had begun to twinkle in the houses below and motors flashed by like fireflies. . . . Ah—there! one stopped and Uncle Bob was helping Mother out. Daddy would make him stay to dinner and then he would come up to see them with Daddy, and Daddy and Uncle Bob would wrestle—such fun!

They opened the door and crept to the balustrade. Mother came up to the second floor and went into her room. The latch sounded after her. Then—silence. With a little sigh, Dickie led Janey back to the nursery and shut out the stillness. There was a trickling down the side of his nose and something splashed on his hand. A noisy breath came from his very sandals. This would never do!

"Don't you cry, Janey," he said stoutly—though his voice was husky. "Daddy won't go away without telling us good-bye. . . He'll come in just a minute."

Suddenly his heart felt very light. He was never quite sure afterward whether it was he that laughed or Daddy—for there was Daddy standing before them. He had come in quietly just as he often did when he was late—to surprise them!

The ache of emptiness was filled with joy as if it had been a cup brimming over. "I told you he'd come, Janey" he shouted. "Now we'll play bear!"

"I don't see him," she whimpered. Then Dickie realized it was quite dark in the room, with only the reflected lights from the automobiles sliding about the walls. No wonder Janey couldn't see him there with the shadows all around! He started for the wall button, but Daddy stopped him. His voice was so beautiful like the singing he sometimes heard inside of him when he was almost asleep.

"Never mind, little son," Daddy said. "She will see me when her eyes are used to the light." Surely enough—in another wisp of time a soft glow came and Daddy held them close as he explained to them that he really was going away and that they must always be good children and take care of Mother. Uncle Bob would show Dickie how to wrestle and run the electric train—but there was one thing they must always remember—even when they were grown quite tall and old—he had come to tell them good-bye. That was important. They must tell Mother he had really come to tell them good-bye.

There was a sound at the door and Mother's voice. "Dear me!" (To Dickie her voice sounded very far away.) "You are all in the dark, Blessings! Touch the button to the left of the door, Robert . . . There—now we can see . . ."

Dickie blinked through a flood of light. The pressure of Daddy's arm about him lingered but the hand



in his was Janey's. He looked around amazedly.

"Where—where did he go?" he asked bewildered.

Mother started. "Who, dearest?" "Daddy. . . . He was here and now . . ."

"Who, Dick?" Uncle Bob spoke quickly.

"Daddy. . . . He was here, and came to tell us good-bye. He said be sure to tell Mother he came to tell us good-bye."

Mother gave a little cry and looked at Uncle Bob with eyes that questioned him wildly. Uncle Bob quickly drew Dickie within the shelter of his arm as Daddy had done. He was a lot like Daddy after all . . . so Dickie pressed his cheek against his shoulder and answered his questions very simply. Over and over he

repeated every word Daddy had said. And all the while Mother stood holding Janey's hand tightly.

"Oh," she breathed when she had heard him repeat the words over, "it can't be true! . . . He's such an imaginative child . . . If I believed it's true, Bob, I could stand anything—anything! . . . He wanted them so—those last few days but—the doctor—"

And then, at the bewildered and hurt look in her little son's eyes, she flung herself on her knees and gathered them close—just as Daddy had done.

"Why, of course, Precious Ones," she said with a lilt in her voice as of old, "of course Daddy wouldn't go away without telling you good-bye."

## Faith Is Strengthened

*Mary Gustafson*

Faith is strengthened every time  
The heart is turned to prayer,  
As we are circled with a need  
Against the thorn of care.  
Faith grows stronger as we tell  
Of faith that brought a gain,  
An obstacle faith overcame  
Brings sunshine after rain.  
Faith grows across our every day  
With every answered plea  
And builds a bridge on which we walk  
Into eternity.

☛ Do you think of prayer as a sort of "gimme" game? If so, you've made a start!

## How to Pray

*Roland Gammon*

IN THE pale light of last Easter morning, millions of Americans who waited out the night on mountaintops, in cool valleys and chill football stadiums, bowed their heads in prayer. You may have been one of them. You may have been one of a prayerful host who, from Maine's sun-kissed Mount Katahdin to California's hushed Hollywood Bowl, saluted Resurrection morning in a mood of personal rededication. You may be one of millions throughout the war-shaken world who are turning more and more to God for comfort and guidance.

But do you know how to pray? Really pray? Don't be too sure. There are many stages and many levels of prayer. For the purpose of prayer is full union with God. In prayer we come to know ourselves, and in knowing ourselves, we know Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Prayer may be a sigh, a groan, an ecstasy of the soul, but whenever it is sincere it refills the well-springs of our beings as it increases the fruitfulness of our lives. If we so obey the Voice's insistent command, we will regain our spiritual identity from the faceless, faithless man of our times.

Perhaps now you're thinking only

of your own advantage, approaching prayer as a sort of cosmic "gimmie" game. If so, you've made a start. But still in store for you are wonders untold as you venture farther into the great adventure. For just as well-toned muscles are a product of planned exercise, so does the full expression of prayer improve with practice. In fact there are at least three distinct stages of prayer through which you must pass if you are to grow spiritually: petitionary prayer, mystical prayer, and intercessory prayer.

How, you ask, can I turn to God? How can I pray better? First, in humble repentance, hush and bless yourself with silence. No matter that you are beginning with petitionary prayer, i.e., merely asking benefits for yourself. Steady the will, quiet the mind, get yourself perfectly still, and wait, wait patiently, upon God. Very often the best prayers consist in just this kind of silent communion; very often your restless mind and troubled spirit are soothed in a silent sea of grace. "The fewer the words," said Luther. "the better the prayer."

When you do speak, let the soul speak for itself. Pray with the utmost sincerity and intensity of your

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being, for with or without words only the sincerest worship wins peace from within or grace from above. In deepest faith and devotion, then, humble yourself before God; in complete honesty and earnestness, confess your sins, express your sorrows, ask His guidance and grace to fill all your wants.

From silent communion or speaking praise, from asking things for yourself or requesting benefits for others, you progress to mystical prayer — what the medieval Brother Lawrence called “the practice of the presence of God.” Here the mind, the will, and the imagination play an inevitable part. The mind considers the perpetual miracle of the world and perceives God as both the Self of the perceiver and “That by which all this world is pervaded.” The imagination contemplates the beauty of God, whether iridescent in nature or shining in the good deeds of men or “revealed in the face of Jesus Christ.” The will resolutely chooses and directs, excluding all negative and downward thoughts, returning the mind again and again to its radiant center, daring to follow wherever the Light leads. Thus, slowly, deliberately, fitfully, your whole being moves forward on the way. Thus prayer becomes, as England’s Father Andrew has rightly said, a “movement of the whole self Godward.”

Finally you progress to the point where you practice God’s presence

wherever you are, whatever you are doing, whenever the spirit moves you — on waking and on going to bed, at work and at play, in private meditations and in the stream of the world. At this point you find inevitably that you have gone beyond the mere asking of things for yourself; you have reached the stage of intercessory prayer. You pray for the welfare of friends and loved ones in success and in sorrow. In a sense you are reaching out for the great unselfish goodness of God. So, as you learn that spiritual life is nothing but God’s spirit working within, you cultivate that spirit with all your might. So, as you heed the Biblical injunction to “Pray without ceasing,” you make your whole life an endless prayer.

I remember when I was a boy my every prayer went out to a kind of celestial Santa Claus for a new sled or bat or electric train. At the age of ten, I prayed to outrun and outwrestle the other members of my gang; at fifteen, I prayed for power to become first an eagle scout, then a finer athlete and orator, finally a nobler lady’s man; at eighteen, I prayed to be my college’s Big-Man-on-Campus.

The first break in such egotistical prayer, with its emphasis on getting instead of giving, evolved from a schoolboy’s love of nature. I experienced a sense of eternity in life when I “saw” for the first time the rift of dawn over a woodland lake.

moon-silvered waves on a deserted beach, the slow burst of beauty in a sweetheart’s smile. In communion with nature and nature’s God, my ego for the first time suffered eclipse. Gradually, although then I didn’t know it, such contemplation expanded my consciousness; led to the discovery of beauty in literature, art, music, religion, work, and *in other people*; prepared the way for the practice of mystical prayer or a sense of the holy.

As mystical communion enabled me to find my identity in a Self beyond the self, I developed the habit of making prayer a paean of praise, an act of thanksgiving. More and more the inspiration of nature, the uplift of churchgoing, and just the bliss of being alive stirred me to thank God for His manifold blessings. Now, as maturity comes, I have tried more and more to pray in behalf of others, to practice intercessory prayer and the constant communion it offers. It is a superb experience.

Jesus prayed so consistently that, as he says forty-seven times in the Gospel of John, He never did anything, never said anything, never

went anywhere, until His Father gave the command. He listened every moment of the day to His invisible companion, saying “Yes” in perfect obedience, and in that perfect obedience knowing “that the Father is in me, and I in him.” To *all* Christians Jesus is the perfect standard. We can approach that standard. Indeed, as He told us, we *must* become perfect, even as our Father who is in heaven is perfect.

Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered. God does not grant us all the *things* we ask, simply because we often do not know what is best for us. But He never fails to give Himself. Without cavil and without coaxing, He is omnipresent as well as omniscient; personal as well as impersonal; all-loving as well as all-powerful.

If we so love God that His will, not ours, may be done, our waywardness and evil-doing will cease and we will become the radiant rightdoers He intends. For, when we pray as we should, we endeavor to live as we pray. Then and only then, true prayer attains its full purpose and becomes a way of life.



## The Two Wills

Allan A. Hunter

IN EACH of us are the two wills: the will to hurt and the will to help, the will to say No and the will to say Yes.

The exciting thing about having fourteen billion or more cells within that box of bone called the skull is that at any moment there is the possibility of rallying some of those cells around one or other of these wills. We can point ourselves either toward the Light or the Darkness.

An animal cannot be aware of these two opposing wills. You and I can. This awareness is our freedom. It is this freedom to choose that ranks us little lower than the angels. It is this option to hurt and say No with self-conscious intelligence on a scale no chimpanzee could dream of that sometimes pulls us down to degradation no ape could reach.

Christ, however, did not come to show us how close to the animals we are. He came to make it overwhelmingly clear how close God is to us. "He is nearer to us than we are to ourselves." Our Lord did not in so many words say this. It is the total impact of his love that says it. That is the implication of the saying, "The Kingdom of God is

within you." At the core of your personality is the power to decide, to make a response, either in the direction of growth or disintegration.

The exciting thing, to repeat, is the Eternal Now, the chance *this* moment to act positively not negatively. We all know intellectually that this moment is all the time we have. But to experience it, deep down where the choices come from,—that's fun!

A small group of high school fellows and girls meets in our church kitchen for early Monday breakfasts to be reminded of the truth that it is human nature, with God's help, to change itself and a good way to begin is to go without something so that somebody else won't starve. CROP is at present the focussing point of this group's enthusiasm. On halloween they rang door bells and instead of the "trick or treat" approach, asked the host coming to the door to send some money to the movement releasing food that otherwise would be hoarded at a cost of about \$30,000 an hour. "If I go without a chocolate bar," they explained, "and send the dime I save that way to Christian Rural Overseas Program it may mean that a

Korean orphan for a hundred days will receive two cups each day of powdered milk."

The plan since Halloween has been not so much to collect money from others as from oneself—without telling anybody at home. But at breakfast these high school students are willing to let the group in on some of the more interesting incidents. For example, Cedric who works Saturdays in a hardware store caught himself just about to order an orange juice. It was three in the afternoon and hot. He had slipped into the drug store next door. Then he recalled the group commitment. That sent him back to the job thirsty but not at all sorry for himself.

The minister two days later had to pray with a woman he had never seen whose husband's body had been buried that noon. And now in the hospital he was headed for a very much needed cup of hot coffee at the fountain. On the point of sitting down there flashed into his mind the image of his young friend disciplining himself in a small detail.

"Shucks," he exclaimed almost out loud, as he turned toward the elevator, "If Cedric can, I can." Incidentally he discovered that doing without the hot coffee that difficult November afternoon was not such a catastrophe.

What has that got to do with the ultimate Will? More than might appear. No detail of our lives is ir-

relevant in that great perspective. Every detail counts, just as every moment does. In each successive one we are given the chance to go either toward God or away from Him.

Of course many of our reflexes don't yet point in the direction to which we have given or tried to give the consent of our deep will. Let's face it. After saying and meaning, too, "Thy will be done!" we may ten minutes later surprise ourselves redhanded on the highway or in the kitchen willing only what ego wants (ego being that arrogance still in us which naively demands special privileges for itself and when it imagines they are being threatened, tailspins into a panic that soon becomes a passion to punish somebody). Even so! The fact that there are unsubdued sovereignties in our unconscious minds that persist in shouting, "My will and nobody else's!" is no cause for despair. For what matters is our deepest desire. Yes, in at least some degree that deepest desire *has* been handed over to God.

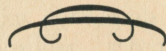
So,—

As we drive a car instead of becoming too discouraged over what our tropisms or reactions are up to—or down to—we can offer up this confidence: "I belong to You and not myself."

As we eat we can pay a few seconds' attention first to the billion fellow inhabitants of this planet who

never yet have had a look at, let alone a mouthful of, the porridge or beefsteak we take for granted. That's bad. Thanks to God's will, which increasingly through us will be permitted to will daily bread for them, there is going to be less such injustice in this world.

As we accept in the prayer room the fact that our discouragement is just wounded pride (Fenelon's diagnosis), we can dig down to the Christ within us and from that center cry, "In my inmost being, O God, it is You I really love."



### Before You Gossip

*Edith Dablby*

If you have heard a bit of gossip,  
I will tell you what to do;  
That before you tell another  
Just suppose it had been you.

Just suppose the latest scandal  
Had been one you love, or you,  
And that only half the details,  
Really had been partly true.

And that all the reasons for it,  
Circumstances strange—and new—  
All conspiring to a mix-up—  
Just suppose my friend, 'twas you.

Would you wish folks to repeat it?  
Or forgive,—forget it too  
So before you tell another  
Just suppose it had been you.



☐ "The lepers pray for you. Do you pray for them?"

## She Works With Lepers

*Lillian R. Dickson\**

WE HAD a tea for the leper women patients and gave them new clothes again. This time they knew how to do it, for we had shown them last time how to fix a pretty table with bright colored crepe paper, how to welcome all guests at the door and make them feel at ease. Our Christian women's group among the patients is now called King's Daughters, and they serve as hostesses. I left it all in their hands this time, for now that they knew how to do it, they got great pleasure in doing it. We brought little cakes from the city for the tea, and we had their dresses and parcels of cloth all wrapped. The older women wanted yardage of dark material so that they could make up the traditional trousers - and - smock costume they are accustomed to. The younger women and girls were not afraid to wear American-style dresses, so we had carefully pressed and folded beautifully some of the clothes that had been sent to us, and now they look very smart in their American clothes. The first time we had such a tea, it was the first social event the women had ever had and they were shy and mistrustful. But this

time they came happily and joyously and laughed and talked with ease and gaiety. They seemed to have such a happy time. I couldn't sleep that night because I was so full of happiness remembering their happiness. To be dragged out of the depths of despair and discouragement and death—for some had attempted suicide—to heights of such happiness and naturalness, by such little things—a pretty dress, a tea, cakes, music, and bright crepe paper! Although many of the women were Buddhist, for our tea is for all the women in the Leprosarium, still we had prayer and a song at the beginning thanking the Father as the giver of all good gifts—"In all thy ways acknowledge Him."—They are so easily and lovingly welded into sisters when they have occasions like this. I saw one with no hands using her clumsy stumps of arms to help lift a cup of tea to the lips of one who was blind.

In the Church of the Lepers the people are pleading with the Father for the safety of the world. They do not know they are also praying for themselves. The Communists have boasted that they will make Formosa a sea of blood. It is true that mil-

\*Missionary to the lepers in Formosa.

lions might be slain and yet, knowing this, each one clings to a hope within his heart, "I might survive." But for one group there would be no hope at all, for the leper patients are always liquidated. Their hope is in the Father and the Savior whom he sent. If you out in the world do not perish, perhaps it will be because the prayer of a leper saved you, for they meet every morning early to pray earnestly for the world. We believe the Father loves these humble folk who suffer and live through long years for release, and that He will hear their prayers. They pray for you. Do you pray for them?

Some years ago there was an adventurer-writer, Richard Haliburton, who tried to sail in a Chinese junk from Hong Kong to San Francisco. He meant to stop at Formosa, but the night he approached it the Japanese who ruled here then were having an air raid drill in preparation for war.

He did not know why he saw no lights. He cabled to the American consul here. "Island shrouded in heavy fog. Am going on." He was then lost at sea. A ship picked up a message from him, his last message, "Waves mountain high. Wish you were here." Often the thought of the tragedy of our darkened island on that night when the light was needed has haunted me, and I wonder, "What if, in our feverish preparations for war or defense all over the world, our Christian lights should be dimmed or shrouded and people be lost because they saw no light shining for the Lord?" Even now war is knocking at our door. its shadow athwart our threshold, and people are thinking of seeking safe shelter from danger rather than spreading the message of God's love, His promise of forgiveness and eternal life.

### Re-creation

*Camilla Mays Frank*

"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills"  
And beyond—to the limitless sky  
Where the rim of earth and the rim of heaven  
Are one to the corporal eye.

One is void where the other begins,  
Only God knows the infinite plan:  
But the laws of earth and the laws of God  
Reflect in the spirit of man.

"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills"—  
A spiritual life to begin,  
For the soul of man is the soul of God  
When the master dwells within.

☞ "One asks amiss when one prays the Father to set aside human will."

## Why Are Some Prayers Unanswered?

*Erle Howell*

A PLAINT often heard by ministers has to do with unanswered prayer. A father says, "We prayed for our child to live, but he died!" A mother declares, "I prayed earnestly for my boy to come home from the war, but he didn't." Another weeps, "I prayed for reconciliation with my husband, but our home is broken." A youth complains, "I prayed for a chance to go to college, which didn't come. Why?"

Such statements verify the presence in many hearts of false notions about the why of unanswered prayer. A common error is the belief that prayer is unanswered because the objectives of petition are contrary to the will of God. Yet, many people who pray do not receive certain things which clearly are within the will of the Father. For instance, take the words of Jesus, "How much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?"

For evidence of the beneficence of God let one read for himself. In Joshua are the words, "The Lord hearkeneth unto the voice of a man." The Psalmist says, "The Lord heareth the prayer of the righteous." Jeremiah gives assurance, "Ye shall seek me and find when ye search for me

with your whole heart." Jesus says, "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Further assurance is found in the fact that most persons one knows actually enjoy the good things for which men most often pray: daily bread, creative employment, love, security, and comfort of home and family; health of body, mind, and spirit, fellowship, freedom. It is God's will and pleasure to give men every good thing. Why, then, do some fail to receive much for which they pray?

Some erroneously teach that God withholds that which is not good for his people. It is true that many human parents often exercise such control over their children. Such an instance remains vividly in my memory of childhood experiences.

For instance, when I was five my father took me for the first time to the general store, three miles distant. The first thing that caught my eye was a glass-enclosed counter filled with candy. Heretofore my experience with store sweets had been limited to one or two sticks of peppermint at Christmas time. But here was more candy than hitherto I had thought was in the whole world.

After gazing in wonder for a

minute I asked Father for some of the sweets. The stick he gave me quickly disappeared and I asked for more. This time Father said "No."

Among the reasons I did not get more candy was that too much sweets is not good for little boys. This is the usual procedure among wise human parents. But it would not be correct to generalize that the Heavenly Father denies His children those things which are not good for them. One can verify this by observing that everywhere are men with many things that are harmful to body, mind, or spirit. If it were true that God does not permit his children to have that which is evil there would be no liquor traffic, and and many other abundant things would not exist. Unanswered prayer is not so easily explained.

Why then, do some not receive the good things for which they pray? James answers this question when he says, "We ask and receive not because we ask amiss." How does one ask erroneously?

One asks amiss when he prays the Father to set aside human will and to deliver unrepentant men from the consequences of their acts. An example is seen in the demand that God stop war. In times of armed conflict leaders of opposing forces pray for military victory. Such a petition is to ask the Creator to permit one army to kill more men than the other. But the Father of mankind is not interested in such a

"victory." He is concerned that ap- posing leaders should repent, confess their sins, come to terms and thereafter live as brothers.

Yet, God has given men free choice between peace and war. When, in anger, men seek to destroy each other, they exercise their God-given liberty. The Father will not arbitrarily stop them. To pray that men repent is legitimate, but to beseech Heaven to deliver men from their folly is to ask amiss.

Man pleads wrongly when he prays without will or knowledge enabling him to meet the conditions necessary to achieve his objectives. A case in point is that of farmers who, sixty years ago, settled in the Columbia River Basin in Central Washington. They tilled the soil, and, in periods of drought, prayed for rain which did not come. Years passed and some of the farmers perished while others moved away having lost all. Yet, all the while, in the near-by river, was abundant water.

At that time the people in the basin could not have provided an irrigation system. But the fact that they lacked means and skill to bring the water to their land did not induce God to perform a miracle in their behalf.

Forty years later, the Federal Government built dams and canals which now supply abundantly the precious moisture for lack of which early settlers perished. The answer

to the prayer for water came only when men performed that portion of the task which had been placed in their hands to do. To pray the Father to do what man can accomplish through effort is to ask amiss.

How the human hand must cooperate with the Father to produce food and beauty may be illustrated by the procedure in our home garden, in which flowers and vegetables annually grow in abundance. My wife and I often remark that the good earth is generous when one treats it right and that God is lavish in answer to prayer offered in keeping with his law.

From my bedroom window our garden is in full view. Let us suppose that some night in March I kneel before the window and ask God to give me carrots, peas, beets, and roses. Then, with full assurance that my Heavenly Father will answer, I tumble into bed. Upon waking the next morning I look out the window and see no change. Disappointed and doubting divine goodness I grow angry and say, "I'll never trust God again. He has let me down!"

That would be silly! Yet, my conduct would differ little from that of others who turn away from God because they have not received from Him that which demands practical cooperation which they failed to give.

Instead of the foregoing procedure, I go into the garden with joy

and gratitude that, during the centuries, God has prepared my plot of ground for such a need as mine. Recognizing that, for a harvest, I am depending upon the Creator, I also remember that He expects me to work for Him. I spade the soil, rake the earth, plant the seeds, provide fertilizer and moisture, and go about my business knowing that for the present I have done all I can. The rest is in God's hands.

No human power can make life to stir in the seeds, the roots to plunge downward, and leaves to reach upward to the sun. The performance of that miracle the Creator has reserved to himself. Through the years, when I have done my work well, God never has failed to do his part.

This principle applies in all areas of life. The man who prays for peace and tranquility in his family must meet God's conditions for such domestic concord. He who would master his desires must work with God, and prayer for success in business must be accompanied by wise judgment and discerning action.

Some prayers remain unanswered because God is asked to contradict himself. Many who petition for healing of disease fall into this error. All diseases are the effect of causes. Like gravity, which will hold man to the earth or destroy him, the laws governing health exist for human good. Undoubtedly illness results from violation of such rules.

Science has not learned the true causes of certain diseases, such as cancer. Neither does medicine know how to cure the malady in its advanced stages. Yet, the law which permits cancer to kill undoubtedly is good, and if obeyed will promote health. To pray to God to cure cancer while the sufferer ignorantly disobeys its governing rule is to petition the Creator to set aside a law upon which the many are dependent for life. This is to ask the Father to deny himself which he cannot do.

Undoubtedly God has an antidote for every hurt of the body. Yet, until man discovers it he will continue to suffer and die. Take the parachute as an illustration. When properly operated it enables men to descend from lofty heights without injury. Before this law was discovered such a fall usually resulted in death. Yet, the principle governing this safety device is as old as the world. It is only when men work in harmony with this law that it operates for good. No doubt the principle holds true in disease.

The secret of answered prayer is given by the New Testament writer, James, who says, "Whatsoever we ask we receive of Him because we keep his commandments and do

those things which are pleasing in his sight." Jesus suggests that the commandments are kept when we love God and our neighbors. The prerequisite for effective prayer involving human relations, therefore, is all-inclusive love.

The second condition for answered prayer is less simple. The doing of those things which are pleasing in the sight of God requires keeping the laws governing the problems about which one prays. Just as the farmer prepares the soil, and plants the seed in preparation for harvest, so the man seeking relief from bodily disease must remove the obstructions to health.

Prayers are unanswered because God and his laws are alike dependable. Every law which results in harm to body, mind, or spirit, will, if obeyed, work to human good. When man in love for God and his fellows learns to keep all laws, he can depend upon the Father to give him every good thing.

It is in the light of this truth that one comes to understand the words of Jesus, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."



¶ "Out of the prayers came a majesty."

## Your Story is in Your Face

Chase Walker

HOW DOES Norman Rockwell breathe such vibrant life into his paintings of everyday people? One key to it lies in this statement:

"What you are inside shows in your face," said the famous artist. "Your eyes, sooner or later, become the mirror of your soul."

Part of Rockwell's success must undeniably be credited to the people who have posed for him. He has depicted their stories in more than 300 Saturday Evening Post covers. They were his friends, his neighbors, whose lives he shared for many years while he resided in Arlington, Vermont; now they are the people who fill his days at his new home at Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

They are people who have lived full lives. They have known hardships and heartaches, failures and poverty, shattered hopes and faded dreams; also triumphs, loves, birth, death, great hopes and plans. But they never cast aside their faith in God's designs.

"It would be difficult to paint individuals who have lost their faith," Rockwell said recently. "I could sketch the outline of their faces, but

the inner glow that gives them character would be missing."

He picked up a magazine and turned to the picture of a teen-ager who had become involved in a brutal murder. "Look at that face," Rockwell said. "Do you remember the story of the pious young man who had posed for the figure of Christ in da Vinci's *The Last Supper*, and then, after falling into a corrupt life, was later able to pose for Judas? His decay was evident in his face." Rockwell stared at the magazine picture again. "Who knows but what the same thing happened to this youngster? There is little godliness in his face."

But there certainly was godliness in the faces of the men and women who had posed for Rockwell's "Freedom of Worship." Among the models, one woman had struggled for years to raise, practically without help from anyone, her nine children. Another woman had recently been widowed. One of the men had suffered a serious business failure. Another had lost a son in the war.

As they waited in his studio for Rockwell to tell them how to pose, he instructed simply. "Just go ahead

From *Guideposts*, Dec. 1954, by permission.

and pray." They did, each in his or her own way—the freedom which the painting implies. Out of the prayers came a majesty which inspired art critic to say: "The faces are Biblical."

"They are people," Rockwell says, "with a positive approach to life. Because of their inner strength, they derived dignity from suffering that might have destroyed weaker souls."

Rockwell himself once faced a similar test. During a July night in 1943 fire destroyed his studio. Priceless original paintings were lost, costumes and antiques—used in "period" pictures — were ruined; files, notes, records were burned to ashes.

Neighbors, attracted by the fire, studied Rockwell out of the corners of their eyes. A life's work was going up in flames.

Rockwell stood watching, a tall, thin figure silhouetted against the orange brightness; his sensitive features were composed.

Suddenly he went into the house, checked first to see that his three sons, watching the fire excitedly from a window, were all right, then picked up a pencil and pad and returned outdoors. During the next hour he busied himself sketching the firemen at work.

Early the next morning, the artist drove to New York to buy new equipment. Home again, he went to work. He never looked back.

Rockwell has never looked back. At 21, he had sold his first Post

cover. Each passing year brought keener preception to his work, until now he is the leader of American illustrators. At 60, he has the same energy and enthusiasm as in his teens when he opened his first studio in Greenwich Village.

Though born and raised in New York City, Rockwell has spent most of his life in small towns. "City dwellers," he says, "are too anxious to impress each other, and so most of them assume veneers, which sooner or later make them look alike. Small town people, knowing each other so well, have no need to pretend, and so their individual characters appear in their faces easily and honestly."

Rockwell's character shows in his face. Friendliness quickly lights his alert eyes; sincerity brings quiet frowns as he talks intently of his many interests. Family love evidences itself in the keen enjoyment he has sitting at home with his wife, Mary, a former school teacher, and his three sons, now college students, as they discuss books, art, and people.

He vividly remembers the elderly woman he once observed saying Grace before eating lunch in a diner. Other diners looked at her respectfully. Rockwell painted her.

"She had lost her husband just a short time before," said Rockwell. "Everybody in town knew it, and we all saw the unquestioning faith with which she accepted her sorrow."

It was 3:00 a.m. back in 1943

when Norman Rockwell sat upright in bed, a clearly shaped plan in mind for painting what was to be his masterpiece, the Four Freedoms. The idea sprang from his belief that victory in war would not be worthwhile unless people understood the

basic rights and responsibilities of free men.

"Eternal truths are always vivid," says Rockwell, "but there are times when we must all be reminded of them."



## The Better Part

*Eunice Cassidy Hendryx*

Mary chose the better part—  
At the Master's feet,  
Her thoughts were of the spirit  
And not of bread and meat.

Martha, over-zealous for  
The comfort of their guest,  
Fretted over food and drink  
And a place to rest.

When petty chores take all my time,  
For they are never ended,  
May I pause remembering  
'Twas Mary he commended.





## The Price

(A Story)

Harold Helfer

THE OLD colored man's shoulders were round and his head was somewhat bent. But there was nevertheless something of an erectness about him as he stood by the hospital desk.

"I done heard that this little white boy, Joey Clark, got hit by a truck and is in bad shape and needs some blood," the colored man said, turning the battered old hat in his hand around and around by what was left of the brim. "I been knowing this Joey since he was only knee high to a duck, my house is in the alley that runs by his house. I is the one who taught him how to bait a fishing hook and how to pitch horseshoes and one or two other things. Anyway I'd like to give my blood to him iffen he needs it."

The lady behind the desk, a thin, pale woman, said, "We *are* having trouble finding the blood. He has a rare type. Do you know what type yours is?"

"No, ma'am. I know it's red. Real red. That's all I know. I think it's pretty good blood though."

A minute or so later a finger tip of the colored man was pricked by a nurse. His face became very stoic as he beheld the needle and he winced only a little. The nurse

hurried away with the small test tube of his blood.

The wan lady behind the desk informed him, "It will be a little while now before we'll know what type of blood you have."

The colored man, relaxing in his chair, said, "That's all right, ma'am; I ain't in any rush about anything. You know, that Joey Clark is sure a right nice little white boy. Too bad about him getting hit by that truck. Him and me we used to go fishing down by the creek all the time. I reckon I must have told him a hundred stories if I'd told him one. Some of 'em true too. Pretty true anyway."

The old colored man was telling about how he always brought Joey over to his place on New Year's Day and served him a bowl of black-eyed peas and bacon rinds " 'cause that brings you good luck for the whole year round" when the phone on the desk rang. The pale woman's eyes became somewhat wider as she listened. When she hung up, she said to the gray kinky-headed man before her, "Well, your blood is the type we've been looking for. And I don't think it's coming any too soon."

The colored man said, "You mean

you want to use my blood?"

"Yes, that's right."

The colored man said, "Well, that's all right with me." Then seemingly to hesitate just a bit, he said, "There's just one thing . . ."

"Yes?"

"Well, I was just wondering if I could get a little something out of it . . ."

"Get a little something out of it?"

"Yes, ma'am. You know, a little money. Say, around \$50."

The eyes of the woman behind the desk were very sharp now, almost blazingly so, as they took in the colored man. "You mean you want to sell your blood?" she demanded.

"Well, I'd sure like to get a little out of it," he replied.

"This is only a small hospital," the woman behind the desk snapped. "We don't have a fund set up for buying blood. Our blood is donated."

The colored man said stubbornly, "Fifty dollars don't seem like a powerful lot o' money for white folks . . ."

The woman, flashing him a dark look, pushed a buzzer on her desk. In a few seconds a doctor in white appeared. She explained the situa-

tion. "He wants to get paid." she said. "Fifty dollars."

The doctor scarcely glanced at the colored man. "Pay it," he said promptly. "The family will no doubt refund us the money. Anyway, we've got to have the blood. We are in no position to haggle about it. We need it desperately now."

The woman behind the desk apparently tried to refrain from revealing any emotion but there nevertheless seemed to be a touch of scorn in her voice as she said to the colored man, "All right, you'll get your fifty dollars. Follow the doctor . . ."

When about an hour later the old colored man reappeared at the desk, the thin, pale woman just looked at him coldly. She didn't say anything. She just handed him a check.

He, in turn, was smiling quite chipperly. But he gave her the check back. "Oh, I won't be needing it now," he told her.

The woman looked at him quite startled. "You won't be needing it?" she replied, plainly puzzled.

"What I need a casket for now?" he replied in obvious high good humor. "But I sure thought if they took your blood that would be the end of you."



WORDS OF LIFE

“. . . the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.”—John 6:63

WORDS ARE MORE than sound waves that strike the ear. They are little cargo ships for the spirit. We often say, “It sounds good but he doesn’t mean it.” There is something that tells us when a person is speaking words with the authority of his spirit, or if he is merely mouthing words. Just as deep calls to deep, so spirit calls to spirit. We can be utterly unmoved by the most fluent and beautiful oratory, and we can be lifted to the heights of inspiration by awkward and hesitant words. The spirit-content makes the difference.

The power of the words of Jesus to give life was never more clear to me than one night in North Carolina. This incident happened about three years before Rufus Moseley died. He was ill and in pain and this particular night he seemed to be very uncomfortable. After supper he left the grounds to speak at an evangelistic meeting in a nearby town. I wondered how he could do it. After four hours he returned and I have never seen a more transformed person in my life. He was vibrant with energy and joy. His voice had its old strength and vigor. He told us that as he spoke at the meeting he was filled with Spirit. The pain left his legs and he was soon moving about the platform with his former agility. It is little wonder that he stayed up late that night talking with a group of people, continually praising his Lord Jesus with such energy that everyone knew this strength was not of his own making.

I have seen people in the depths of depression find release simply by reading the words of Jesus from the Bible. There is a magic quality about the words of Jesus, and I think the magic is that His Spirit is embedded in His words. As we give voice to them His Spirit is quickened in us and Life invades every cell of us. Paul said, “But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.” (Rom. 8:11) It is true! Speak His words of comfort, strength, inspiration, peace, insight and instruction and His Spirit will quicken your mortal body with renewed life.

READ: **Appointment With God**, J. B. Phillips.

AFTER THIS, WHAT?

“I go to prepare a place for you.”—John 14:2

SOMETHING DREADFULLY wrong must have happened to many Christians when you see the way they react to the topic of death. They avoid it like a plague. They fear death in a way that is both unwarranted and unhealthy.

Basic to an overcoming life is a proper, Jesus-centered, view of death. Jesus arose from the dead and this fact is fundamental to all other Christian beliefs. Without it, we have nothing. The Scripture says, “If in this life ONLY we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.” (I Cor. 15:19) But Jesus arose, and because He lives our faith bursts the confines of this earthly life.

One of the wonderful observations I like about the resurrection stories of Jesus is that He was the same Jesus after the resurrection that He was before His death. He was friendly to the same people after the resurrection that He was friendly to before His death. His friendships bridged the crossing over. That is very satisfying to me. Those we take to our hearts on earth, we still will find desirable when we drop off this earthly body. There is continuity between the here and the there. Another thing I like is that Jesus was interested in the same things after death that He was before death. He continues to prepare His disciples for life when they shall not see Him. He tells them how to live so that their lives may be full—see how He took special pains to explain to Peter that what someone else might do is none of his concern, that Peter is to follow Him. Then there is a mystery that is not altogether understandable to us. Jesus had a body after the resurrection. So often we have gotten bogged down by all sorts of ideas about the raising of the dead, the having a body, and we have thought of the body as this physical thing that rots and decays. Well of course it is not that kind of a body at all, for as Paul remarked, and we see it in the resurrection stories of Jesus, the corruptible shall put on the incorruptible. Yes we have a body after death, but it is not the limited mechanism that we now have.

When one really sees the Christian belief about death, he can say with Jesus, “If ye knew you would rejoice . . .” Let us put off pagan sentimentalities and practices, and rejoice!

READ: **And After This?**, Harry N. Hancock.

## STRAY THOUGHTS OR GUIDANCE?

"And he must needs go through Samaria . . ."—John 4:4

ONE DAY FOR no apparent reason, someone's face came into my mind. I had not thought of this friend for some time, nor had I heard of him, but I had the desire to pray for him. Two days later I was told that he was ill and that the sickness started on the day that I had thought of him.

The common explanation about such things is that it is "coincidence." You simply "happened" to think of him. The sad part of this mode of thinking is that too many Christians have fallen into it. They have fallen prey to a mechanistic view of life that is based on chance. They may have some eternal views about the overallness of life but it does not include the individual experiences that go to make up life. They assume that the individual experiences of life happen by chance, by coincidence. There is an unhappy mixture here of the pagan and the Christian. Either life as a whole, and life as a series of individual experiences, is one fabric, or it is not, and for the Christian it must be one complete whole.

I have learned that the way to look at such experiences is to see in them the Holy Spirit Who dwells within us, the One who has taken up His abode in us, drawing to our attention the thoughts, the feelings, the desires that He wants us to be aware of. We may not know what they mean, we may not know for two days what they mean, and we may never know on this earth what they mean, but let us *assume by faith* that He has a hand in it. We can always pray and offer to Him these thoughts and desires for His fulfillment. This is what I call being led of the Spirit.

The Scripture at the beginning of this page tells us how Jesus "must needs" go through Samaria. There was a shorter way but He followed the impulse within because He trusted God to trigger His impulses. Paul also was "bound in the Spirit" and had to do certain things and go certain places when common sense told him otherwise. I have proven to my own satisfaction that when I know by faith my feelings and thoughts are more than "just me" because I trust Him, then I tap in on a wisdom that is beyond my own.

READ: **The Master and the Disciple**, John Gayner Banks.

## Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

**FAITH MADE THEM CHAMPIONS**, edited by Norman Vincent Peale. Prentice-Hall, \$3.95. 270 pages. I would like to have everyone with a dream read this book. It is about real people who live in the real world that all of us have to live in, and these people tell in simple, straight-forward, honest fashion what faith has meant to them in their jobs, in their homes, wherever they are. Every young person ought to have it, and if they have it they will read it. It is that kind of a book. Older people who may have become a bit tired of the struggle will find in it a new enthusiasm to try again. There are 700 stories in it from the pages of *Guideposts Magazine* and it would be impossible to summarize them all. Here are a small scattering of the articles: "What Makes the Difference?" by Branch Rickey, "What's Behind Luck?" by Joel McCrea, "Spiritual Muscle" by Babe Zaharias, "Jet Flyer — One Second from Eternity" by Edwin Berry, "High Voltage on the Campus" by Hartzell Spence, and "Your Faith Can Knock Out Fear" by Gene Tunney.

**THE BURDEN IS LIGHT!**, Eugenia Price. Revell, \$2.50. 221 pages. The subtitle is "The Autobiography of a Transformed Pagan," and I am sure that most Christians could say the same thing for what she means by it is that before she gave her heart and her all to Jesus Christ, she was a pagan. It is a good biography. Part I tells of her life in school, the home and the whirl of activities as a writer for radio and television. There was success of a sort there, but life was at best frustrating, and often it was a savage encounter wherein one trampled on others or was trampled in turn. Part II tells of her new life in Christ after she met and lived with Ellen Riley, a girlhood friend who had left home for

New York (Eugenia had gone to Chicago), and who was so effective in changing Eugenia into a Christian. It is a vital story of a life that was once so tensely ineffective and became so radiantly satisfying. I picked up the book intending to skim it, but I found myself reading it page by page and enjoying all of it. It is a good book to read for personal profit, and it is a better book to give to those who are cynical of anything that smacks of religion.

**AND AFTER THIS?**, Harry N. Hancock. Longmans, \$2.25. 122 pages. The author is rector of St. Thomas Episcopal Church in Bethel, Connecticut. I state this merely because a few of the things he has to say about the subject of death and eternal life may sound a little new to some evangelical Protestant ears. I say this not by way of any criticism for this is a first rate book, but it may help to approach the book with an open mind. I like the way he faces up to the whole issue; I like how he comes to the frontiers of human knowledge and recognizes it; and I like the way he states the Christian belief in life after death with clarity and reverence. Too many Christians shy away from this subject, but I can guarantee anyone who investigates the subject from the Christian standpoint that it is one of the most exhilarating experiences one can have. This is a good survey, and I recommend it.

**APPOINTMENT WITH GOD**, J. B. Phillips. Macmillan, \$1.75. 61 pages. This is a book on the meaning of communion by the man who is so well known for his *Letters to Young Churches*. It is always satisfying to sit down and share the thoughts of a clear thinker, and if that thinker is deeply reverent it becomes a thrilling tryst. This is that kind of a

book. Each chapter is rather short, but the ideas he holds out for thought, the illustrations he uses from common experiences, and the manner in which he ties them to implications outside time and space make these chapters little gems of spiritual food. Then too, I think that it is an excellent writer and thinker who

leaves something for the reader's imagination to work on. Too many books attempt to think for the readers so completely that they lose the more important art of "the more." *Appointment With God* does not make this mistake. Communion will mean more to you for having read it.

### My Thoughts

*Harriet Stanton Place*

My thoughts are things with soaring wings  
That I send forth into the air;  
I'll freight them with a hope that sings  
Of faith triumphant linked with prayer  
I'll keep them white so in their flight,  
As stainless pure as falling snow,  
They'll bless men's sight as sea-gulls might,  
And carry good each place they go.  
Lest I forget—through stress and fret—  
My thoughts can carry good or ill,  
I'll never let Self-dragons get  
Between me and my Father's will.

### Renaissance

*Maude Raemoch*

I know not why it must be,  
Heartbreak, pain and loss—  
Or why before we wear a crown,  
Each must bear a cross.  
God sends to each what He deems  
Will help the spirit grow,  
And we must trust His wisdom.  
If we His love would know.  
I know not why 'tis so,  
Yet this I know is true—  
The soul must have its winter,  
If the heart has April, too.

□ "There is a blessing over this film."

## Filming of Preacher's Life Story Thrills Hollywood

*Seymour Korman*

A VETERAN actress walked without her crutches for the first time in nine years. The sun broke thru on a day when it was most needed. Hard-bitten movie stage hands and extras gathered to hear a young actor preach sermons, and applauded his performance.

These are some of the reasons why those now completing the film *A Man Called Peter* have gained the non-Hollywood impression that theirs is an enterprise "with a blessing on it."

The picturization — in Cinema-Scope color — of the best selling biography of the famed Presbyterian minister, Peter Marshall, written by his widow, Catherine, was released in the spring.

During the location shots in Atlanta and Washington, D. C., and in the interiors filming at Twentieth Century-Fox studios in Hollywood, there has been sensed what best can be described as an "aura" about the making of the movie.

Richard Todd, the Eire-born star, who portrays Marshall, has felt an inspiration from the five sermons he delivers in the production. Beautiful Jean Peters, playing the part of Mrs. Marshall, has been moved by this

role more than by any other in her screen experience.

And the director, Henry Koster, who has turned out such other important films as *The Robe*, *Come to the Stable*, and *Desiree*, declares that *A Man Called Peter* is his best and most rewarding achievement.

Peter Marshall, born in Scotland, rose to eminence as the minister of the Westminster Presbyterian church in Atlanta. He later became pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church in Washington and chaplain to the United States Senate. He died of a heart attack in 1949 at the age of 46, leaving his widow and a son, Peter John, now 13.

Mrs. Marshall's chronicle of her husband's life was on the best seller lists for months, and she gave full approval to the script for the film. Recently she has published another book, *The Prayers of Peter Marshall*, gathering together some of his most memorable utterances in church and in the senate.

"There is a blessing over this film." Director Koster says, "and no stunts of press-agentry are required to tell it. Marjorie Rambeau plays the vital part of Mrs. Fowler in the picture. For nine years Marjorie had

From *Chicago Tribune Magazine*, Jan. 16, 1955, by permission.

been on crutches. Yet, one time after finishing a scene, she walked across the stage without the crutches. She cried with joy, and not many others around were dry-eyed.

"One day we needed the sun for an outdoor shot in Atlanta," Koster relates. "The day was gray, but we set up the cameras anyway, and hoped. And, sure enough, at the moment scheduled for the cameras to turn, the sun flamed out.

"I'm not superstitious nor assuming to call these incidents divine intervention for our benefit, but they do give a feeling about this picture.

"Richard Todd has five of Peter Marshall's sermons to deliver in the film and he does them superbly. Extras and stage hands, cynical folk usually, have thronged the studio to listen to Todd and have cheered spontaneously when he finished." Todd is slim and of medium height; in physical appearance, therefore, he does not resemble the big-boned, reddish haired Marshall.

"But what I have tried to catch is this remarkable man's character and method of delivery," Todd explains. "He was a tremendous person with a lasting impact on people. His sermons were not only of great spiritual content but they were pieces of literature.

"Before I decided to accept the role, I listened to a recording of his sermon 'Were You There?' the version of Calvary.

"I played it over and over again,

and was stirred more each time. He was a great orator, an inspired word painter. His text and his timing should be made required instruction for drama students all over the country."

Miss Peters sees her part as basically that of a wife who is deeply in love with her husband and joins with him completely in their service of God. "There is an approach to religion in this movie that anyone can accept," says she. "It makes religion something to get excited about. And it also has a great love and family story. I believe the audience will be as impressed by Mrs. Marshall as by her husband."

Jean, who was Miss Ohio State in her university days, has played a number of sexy roles on the screen—in pictures such as *The Lure of the Wilderness*, and *Pick Up On South Street*. She is pleased at her change of character in *A Man Called Peter*.

Others in the cast include young Billy Chapin in the part of the Marshalls' son and Les Tremayne as Senator Harvey, legislator affected by Marshall's message and personality. The film narrative carries Marshall from his youth in Scotland up to his fatal heart attack.

One of the most impressive and quietly dramatic sequences concerns Marshall's sermon to the Naval Academy at Annapolis on a fateful Sunday. Marshall explains to the navy chaplain that he has been haunted all week by a feeling that

the sermon he is about to give is not the right one. At the last moment he changes it, and talks on the Christian attitude toward death.

As he is driving home later, he

turns on the car radio and hears the news that the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor. It is on that day, too, that Marshall's son is born.



## Comparison


*Anobel Armour*

Lovely song in feathers,  
Precious hymn on wings,  
It is now no wonder  
That my awed heart sings.

For here in the woodland,  
Music in a tree  
Gives my weary spirit  
New philosophy.

If He heeds a sparrow,  
Gives a linnnet song,  
Need I fear tomorrow  
All my whole life long?

Here is lovely promise,  
Promise of the Word,  
That I am His creature—  
Like this singing bird!



## Build up Your Reserve Stock

Helen L. Meriwether

FROM AN Epistle of "Friends" written in 1905, I read "These are no days for anything that is not vital. If there is one word that expresses the demand of men in regard to religion, it is REALITY. Creeds that cannot be translated into life and conduct do not touch us." This is as true today as it was in 1905 and it is as true for all denominations as it was then for Quakers.

Whether you feel CREEDS to be important or whether you even feel religion to be important, one thing is certain for each of us. *Living is important. One's own life is important.* The lives of others as they cross our own life are important to us. That our life should be fuller, happier, and have more purpose, we each ask. We seek something to give life *meaning, purpose, and satisfaction.*

Does daily reading of the Bible have anything actually real and concrete to give to help a person who is trying to give more meaning to life than just to eat and work and sleep? Is the Bible a source of inspiration, is it a source of guidance, and a source of satisfaction to the reader? Does it enter into the minutes and problems of daily living.

Yes, we do feel the Bible is a source of better living. But it must

be read and studied each day if it is to be a help available in time of need. This is a kind of preparedness—a drill of sorts similar to the practice fire drills which teach students preparedness in care of fire in the school building.

Daily reading of the Bible and meditation for even a few minutes of each day provide a background to draw on in case of need. There is a reserve power in such spiritual contact with God. These bits of the Bible are stored away and we can learn to draw on them in time of need. "Humility and a sense of limitless power is available to us not because we are good but because God is good and all-merciful." Do you remember the story about the fire in a mental hospital and the panic which broke out until a brave nurse remembered God and began to sing aloud and strengthen her own weakness and fright with hymns and verses she recalled from her childhood—"the Lord is a high tower—in a safe place—He leadeth me"—and others—and led every one to safety—with a calmness not of her own, but of God?

To have spiritual power in time of need it is necessary to LEARN to RELY on the teachings of the Prophets and of Jesus. To be safe in time

of need, it is necessary to have a safe place to go. If we have learned through Bible reading to turn our minds to God in times of stress and strain we feel safe and our outward safety manifests itself.

Do you recall that old hymn "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms"? It is something like that. You have a place to go—and some one to lean on. *The harder we lean, the safer and more secure we become.* I guess it is sort of like skating—or riding a bike—or like swimming, come to think of it.

Remember Jesus said "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Mark 11:24 Another time he said "According to your faith, so be it."

Yes, that is what is meant by "leaning" on spiritual teachings. You know, somehow, I think the BIBLE MEANS THIS. I think it means it completely, literally, and factually. Of course, to have faith, we must believe and practice faith. The basis for this belief and practice is in reading the story of the BIBLE. A CLOSED BIBLE in the house can't accomplish the faith and practice of an open, read, shared Bible.

Students of the Bible have found it to be about very human people—sometimes people with appalling shortcomings and shocking failures. *But all through the Bible there is the Golden Thread of this teaching that "strength is made perfect in weakness." (Corinthians). The Bible is for the weak.* A person feels in Paul, in Peter, in Jesus himself, as in David and the others, the *Humility of Self*, the admission of weakness. *But the strength and confidence in God* and his spiritual force. "I can do all things through Him who strengtheneth me."

"To recognize one's own personal weakness and one's complete dependence on God in all spiritual matters is the first step toward true strength. The second lies in a person's constant seeking of strength from God—through prayer and God's word."

I think perhaps one of the finest reasons for reading and re-reading the Bible is to join the long procession of those who through many ages have found joy and creative ability for finer living through spiritual contact with God through our greatest heritage—the BIBLE—the heritage on which we base our heritage of the freedom of man.



## The Faith of a Grain of Mustard

Jean McMurray

The tiny mustard seed just lies there in the dark and ACCEPTS.

It knows that deep inside it is a spark of life that is God and He will do everything.

It does not scramble all around trying to find God because it knows God is inside it, is its very life, and that it cannot possibly be separated from its Creator.

So it is all relaxed and cozy, just waiting there in the dark.

Then it does what it feels most impelled to do.

First it lets go the little hard shell, just lets it crack. It does not resist or try to avoid the cracking of its hardness, because it knows God is leading.

Then it begins to reach out. Fine little roots begin exploring downward and a straight spear begins shooting upward.

It does not look around to see what the Joneses think about it.

It does not complain about the bugs, nor worms, nor moles.

It does not consult anybody to find out if it is normal.

It does not lean on another little mustard seed for help or strength.

It just goes on obeying these strange new urges which come from the very center of its being, knowing God is at the center of its being and He is directing.

So as the little mustard seed waits in the dark accepting either rain or sun as equally essential to its growth, it rests in the Lord. And even as it rests, it is expanding and strengthening.

It does not know what is happening, nor what is coming but it does know the Father is within and that the Father doeth the works.

And that is all Jesus asks us to do, just wait upon the Lord in deep abiding stillness and complete faith.

☐ "Spiritual growth does not depend upon environment or circumstances."

## The Soul, too, Needs a Balanced Diet

Ora A. Clement

AS I ATTEMPT to arrange my thoughts for an article on spiritual growth the smooth voice of an announcer comes out with something like this, ". . . a time when farmers thought corn alone was good enough for growing pigs but now we know they must have etc., etc. . . ." If I did not turn off the radio I'd soon be hearing the same voice urging any who listen to buy a certain brand of fertilizer to stimulate plant growth. And later someone else will be discussing child care and telling the world of mothers that one special kind of breakfast cereal will give Junior so much vigor and pep that he'll be sure to make the team.

In our physical world we place great emphasis upon growth. We consume tons of vitamins in order to grow bigger and stronger and older. We buy trainloads of feed and fertilizer to promote the growth of animals and crops.

Concerned as we are about material growth, we may overlook the importance of growth on the spiritual plane.

Who has not had a mountaintop experience, perhaps at a Camp Farthest Out, and then after a while found his world all sixes and sevens, with the joy of living smudged out

like a match? In his discouragement such a person may go so far as to conclude the whole experience was but a case of "mob hysteria" and return to the husks and spiritual starvation. He doesn't know what is the matter with him, but the truth is he is suffering from malnutrition of the soul. He isn't growing. He is forgetting that even a weak flicker of life places us under obligation to grow. "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour," the author of II Peter wrote to friends he knew were weakening. And he had a suggestion for the strengthening food they needed. "Desire the pure milk of the word," he said. Could any present-day commercial put it better?

"Grace," a "knowledge of our Lord," and "the pure milk of the word." Aren't these, in fact, the elements from which spiritual growth is made?

There was a girl whose name could have been Alice. Alice was a very ordinary girl with an extraordinary desire to be looked up to, admired. Yes, and loved. She was a good girl and she prayed for what she wanted, in a rebellious sort of way. Nothing happened. She felt so frustrated and unhappy that she did not do her work well. Then she be-

gan to worry about her job and that brought on violent headaches.

Finally she went to a Personal Counselor. Of course when she got there she did not have nerve enough to tell just what was worrying her but the older woman was wise. She gave Alice some suggestions about eating and sleeping and reading, and told her to come back.

Alice was back in a few days to report that she was getting no better fast.

The Counselor was sympathetic. Then she said: "Alice, I know a little bit about the office where you work. (She had made it her business to know.) There is a little girl off in a corner who does tabulations. Her name is Edna and she wears braces and walks with crutches. Do you know her?"

"Only to know her name. She stays off by herself."

"I am interested in her," the Counselor continued. "I wonder if you cannot make her acquaintance and tell me something about her background next time you come."

Next time Alice did not mention headaches but she had a great deal to say about Edna. "It's really a pathetic case," she said, "and I've been trying to help her all I can . . ."

There is no need to go into details. We all know how girl meets girl, especially if both are lonesome. Alice helped Edna to the street and stood with her until a car picked her up. Rather a shabby car, but driven

by a personable young man, Edna's brother, whose appreciation for kindness shown his sister was pleasantly apparent. Then there was a coffee break when Alice met Edna's sister. Sister blew in from a beauty salon where she was an operator and she gave some frank but kindly suggestions about make-up and hair-do. "You ought to laugh a lot," she said, "so folks can see your pretty teeth."

Alice visited Edna's home and met her parents and her friends. When she finally got around to report to the Counselor again she said she was feeling much better and would not take more of her time. Alice was growing. Interest, sympathy, and then love for another girl had stimulated growth and she was becoming the person she wanted to be.

A young man we may call Frank wanted a better job—one with some promise of security. He wanted it so badly that he prayed about it, sheepishly, when he was alone. Nothing opened up for him. "I knew it would be that way," he grumbled to himself. "Prayer works for some people but there's nothing in it for me."

One night when his courage was down to zero a friend remarked casually, "Frank, you are sure a lucky guy. I don't believe you ever got bumped, did you?"

As a matter of fact, he hadn't. Frank's eyes were opened to some things he hadn't seen before. He'd had quite a lot of lucky breaks. Being a methodical chap he jotted down in

a notebook some of the things he had that others didn't. It made quite a list. He decided to add to it, and began to ask questions of some of the men and girls at the plant.

Some of the information he got amazed him.

He found out that the Gloomy Gus who never had a smile for anyone had an invalid brother for whom he cared at night, so relieving their mother who was the day nurse. The poor fellow hadn't had a good night's sleep since he could remember. Frank felt so sorry for him that he began dropping in one or two nights a week to give G. G. a chance to sleep.

Then there was the little redhead who filed orders and snapped at everyone who spoke to her. Her grey-green eyes filled with tears when Frank's sympathetic questions gave her a chance to tell all about the Boy Friend who was in Korea with an Engineer Construction Battalion, and about the wedding that had to be put off, and the brother that would soon be called, and it looked as if there would be another war now, and . . .

So it went. The more he talked with other people the longer Frank's list of blessings became.

Without realizing it he quit thinking about another job. He was think-

ing about Gloomy Gus and his brother; about poor little Kathy and her absent Boy Friend; about the Chief, himself, whose only son was involved in a front page scandal.

By the almost childish device of counting his blessings Frank had promoted his own spiritual growth. When an opportunity came to go into another job he turned it down. He had made such a growth that he was filling a large place where he was.

If life teaches us anything at all it teaches that spiritual growth does not depend upon environment or circumstances. All the elements needed for the nourishment of the inner man are all about us, no matter how we may be situated. If we feel ourselves weakening and withering we are like the patient of whom a doctor may say: "He gets enough food but he is not assimilating it. He is undernourished."

Every day, no matter where we may be, there are experiences which we may use to further our spiritual growth. We have but to receive and assimilate them, the bitter with the sweet, and we shall know that healthy growth which makes our souls "rejoice as a strong man to run a race."

Life itself puts the obligation of growth upon us.





## God and the Pumpkin

Jennie C. Eulette

Many years ago — yes, many — there was a most excellent and glamorous French teacher in one of Chicago's High Schools. Her students were required to learn, in French, the quaint narrative of a villager named Garo; a tale of his thoughts and one of his experiences.

The story, freely translated, ran like this:

God does well everything that He does. Without seeking the proof of this statement by running all over creation, we find proof in the pumpkin. A certain villager, noticing how huge was that fruit, while its stem was so tiny, exclaimed: "What in the world is the Author of all this thinking about? He has badly misplaced that pumpkin over there. Goodness knows, I would have hung it from that oak tree. That would have been much more fitting—like fruit, like tree, to make things even."

Soon afterwards, the villager lay down to take a nap under the oak tree. An acorn fell! The nose of the sleeper suffered the consequences! He woke up. Putting his hand up to

his face, he found the acorn still there, entangled in his beard. "Oh! Oh!", he cried, "I am bleeding! What would it have been if a heavier thing had fallen from that tree! If that acorn had been a thick-skinned, hard, heavy pumpkin! God did not wish that, and without a doubt He was right." Praising God for everything, Garo returned to his home.

You smile at the story, and at Garo's simplicity. But wait a minute. How simple was he? What are those words from the Nineteenth Psalm? "The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple." He who lives his daily life with a mind attuned to God's thinking, be he ever so simple in his analogy, in his acceptance of God's provisions, becomes thereby wise. The greater, the more powerful, the more comforting a faith is, the more simple it is. The faith which takes literally the Psalmist's words: "All Thy works shall praise Thee, O God," is a simple faith. How simple, yet wise, was Garo's reasoning?



☐ He promised never to break a pledge to a boy.

## The Boy Ketcher of Oklahoma City

George W. Phinney

IT WAS Sunday morning in the fall of 1938. The Sunday school superintendent of First Church of the Nazarene in Oklahoma City approached Clifford Ray, a commercial sign painter by trade, and asked him to take charge of a group of fifteen boisterous teen age boys.

Always willing to do his part, Ray consented to give it a trial. Out of that trial has grown a Sunday school program that in the past sixteen years has brought nearly five thousand boys into the church.

Memories of his own confused and puzzled boyhood played a big part in Ray's plans to bring boys to Sunday school. He knew it would take more than sacred hymns, lofty words, visions of angels, and a picture of the devil holding a pitchfork in his hands to bring boys off the streets and away from the baseball diamond every Sunday morning.

Clifford Ray was young enough himself to remember having trampled on sunbeams, dived in the ole swimmin' hole, and felt the rustle of leaves under bare feet. And he knew it would take something different to create interest in a class consisting of teen age boys. After much thought and prayer he came up with an idea that clicked and continues to work to this day.

Ray decided the best and only sure way to get boys to come to Sunday

school was to go after them. This he did in his pickup truck. He also wanted to prove to the boys he was more interested in their spiritual welfare than he was in sleeping until church time every Sunday morning.

That first Sunday morning Ray's pickup truck would have accommodated another half dozen boys. But he was happy. And he was determined to make his class so lively other boys would learn about it and want to come. He was particularly interested in reaching those boys who lived in the slum areas, those whose parents are so indifferent to their children's spiritual growth they seldom take the time and trouble to send them to church.

Ray made a promise to himself when he got out of bed that first Sunday morning to never break a pledge to a boy no matter how it inconvenienced him to keep it. Getting out of bed and making his rounds to pick up the boys was one of those pledges. And to this day, sixteen years later, he pulls himself out of bed early every Sunday morning and rounds up his boys.

Today instead of a pickup truck Clifford Ray drives a fifty passenger bus to gather up his Sunday school class of teenagers. And instead of fifty, there are usually one hundred or more crowded into the bus.

Straight Shooters, that is the name

the group chose to call themselves. And it is all the name implies. Every Sunday along with the designated lesson they have a different program. One Sunday a famous baseball player will talk to them. Another time a well know explorer will tell tales of far places. Soldiers just back from overseas visit the class and tell of their adventures. Among those who have visited the class are Joe Di-Maggio, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, Frank Buck, and Pepper Martin.

"A Sunday school program like this," says Ray, "keeps the boys interested and as they grow up their interest in church work is continued."

In addition to the varied weekly Sunday school programs members of the Straight Shooters class in the past sixteen years have gone on picnics, coon hunts, fishing trips, camping expeditions, hikes to the mountains, and cave exploration trips.

But the crowning reward of all is a bus trip to some faraway place. Since he began teaching the Straight Shooters, Ray has taken hundreds of boys on week long trips to the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone National Park, Carlsbad Caverns, Robbers Cave, Beavers Bend Park, and dozens of other places. And it never costs any boys more than one dollar and fifty cents per day.

On every trip, at every meeting, camping, outing, hiking, the spiritual side of life is emphasized. Before each bus trip and while the boys are seated one of them is asked to

lead in prayer. No boy has failed to respond. Instead of jeering or making fun everyone of them love it and eagerly join in.

Since that first morning Ray picked up less than a dozen boys in front of their homes and hauled them to his Straight Shooters class hundreds have grown up and moved away; many have gone on into adult classes; others have gone into missionary work. All have been made better men by having been members of the Straight Shooters.

But the old order changeth. A new crop of boys is always coming on. Ray is continually meeting each new situation as it arises. His methods and programs vary with the times. His class work has even been televised. But going after the boys every Sunday morning is still the same thrill that it was that morning in the fall of 1938.

"Boys," says this genial boy ketcher, "are going to travel some kind of road, right or wrong. Which of these roads they take will largely be determined by what you and I do to interest them in church and win them to the right road."

Proof that Clifford Ray, Boy Ketcher, teaches boys to go in the right direction is the fact that out of the nearly 5,000 boys who have been members of his Straight Shooters class, only one has taken the wrong road and landed in a penal institution.

❑ Never again walk? The thought was almost more than she could bear.

## Doris Day's Faith Did It!

Duane Valentry

THE BLONDE girl, with tears in her eyes, stared back at the doctor. Beside the hospital bed stood her mother, her hand holding tightly to the girl's. As the doctor went on talking, the patient blinked back tears and tried for a smile that wouldn't come.

"The leg isn't healing properly, Doris," the doctor was saying. "Of course there's still hope that everything will be all right—but there's always the possibility that you'll never be able to walk again."

That moment was the lowest ebb for the 15-year-old in the hospital bed. Not walk again! Why, all her life she had planned to be a famous dancer! And until those few months before, she'd been on her way and happy as a bluebird.

A sunny afternoon had changed all that. With the gang from her Cincinnati high school, Doris had stopped for a soda after school. Leaving the main street the boys had piloted the car across the railroad tracks . . . at a point where buildings blocked the view . . . and no one had seen the train coming. Miraculously, no one had been seriously injured, aside from Doris' broken leg. And the pain of that hadn't been too hard to bear . . . until now.

But to be a cripple . . . when she'd planned to be a performer. It was too much to take in all at once, and that night Doris' pillow was soaked with tears.

Then she began to pray. And through the year that followed—the hard year when she couldn't walk and had to learn to live with the thought that perhaps she never would—she went on praying. And with prayer at last came a wonderful sense of peace.

"Until this time I'd had only the most childish philosophy," Doris remembers, "but now, groping for an answer to my problem, I came to have the feeling that there must be a deep purpose behind everything that happens. I prayed for the ability to adjust myself to whatever came. I realized that I must accept what had happened and find a way to make this experience mean something in my life."

One day, while she was lying in her bed, Doris' mother sat talking with her. Suddenly a thoughtful frown creased her forehead.

"Doree, you're always humming and singing around the house. Why don't you study to be a singer! You could if you worked at it!"

The idea caught fire in the girl's

From *Christian Advocate*, Oct. 21, 1954, by permission.

imagination. Anyway, it would give her something useful to do with the long hours. So Doris Day began to study with the best teacher in town . . . one who had taught Jane Froman and other well-known singers.

With music as her companion the hours sped by. Fifteen months elapsed and then—the glorious day came when Doris could take her first step.

"That was the day when my prayer to walk again was answered," Doris says gratefully. "Meanwhile, those fifteen months had seen a change in me from complete bewilderment to a calm acceptance of whatever God had in store for me."

But it was not until sometime later that the young songstress realized just how well things had turned out for her. Applying for a job at the radio station, she was given a chance to sing. Although there was no salary, there was a good chance that she would be able to go on to other things.

Which is just the way it happened. One day Barney Rapp, the band-leader, heard her and liked her voice and cheerful style. Doris was wide-eyed when he signed her for her first professional singing job, but she wasn't prepared for the rapid name-change that followed.

"That Kappelhoff! That's hardly a tag for a popular songstress," said the bandleader.

Envisioning herself as a singing star, Doris hadn't gone so far as to

plan any other name than her own Doris Kappelhoff. Now she and her new boss mulled over a few possibilities. The song she had been singing when she had been hired was a number called "Day After Day." Suddenly they both decided that that was her name.

As a singer, Doris Day began to achieve fame. Opportunities came to sing with Bob Crosby's and Fred Waring's bands, then with Les Brown, with whom she worked three years. A record made at this time called "Sentimental Journey" proved a hit, especially with lonely servicemen overseas, and with a successful radio stint with the Bob Hope show, Doris was on her way to becoming a national favorite.

When Hollywood beckoned, she could hardly believe it. And she was frank about the reason when make-up men gathered to "glamorize" her.

"Don't try to make me look beautiful!" said Doris Day. "It can't be done and I don't like it. I've got freckles, faded blue eyes, and a plain nose and mouth. Nobody's going to glamorize me, and besides, it's impossible anyway!"

The frank cheerfulness of this new star won her many friends in Hollywood, and through the years she has kept them all. Movie audiences took her to their hearts from the start. To them she wasn't "plain" at all, but as refreshing as a summer breeze. And her lack of conceit and down-

to-earthness were welcome.

Although she was sure she couldn't act, Doris did the best she could, playing herself at first and bit by bit learning the technicalities. But so successful was she just being Doris Day that when she asked the famous director, Michael Curtiz, if she should study drama, he was emphatic in his answer.

"Don't you dare!" he declared. "You stay the way you are—the acting's fine!"

Looking back over the years since, years of happy achievement and unbelievable success, Doris Day thinks of the accident that changed her life as a "blessing in disguise."

"It may sound Pollyannish to say everything happens for the best, but I believe that from each experience, however difficult or cruel it may seem, we gain something," she says. "In answering my prayer, God gave me not only the power to walk again, but the strength to face whatever might happen to me. I have also been given a philosophy which has comforted me along the way."

That philosophy of comfort and faith has kept Doris Day wholesome, sweet, and unchanged. With her feet

on the ground she has not been "made over" by Hollywood standards in any way. She doesn't visit night clubs, doesn't drink or smoke, and has always managed to keep out of the gossip columns. And she sees to it that her ten-year-old son Terry attends Sunday school.

Don't ever give up, even when you hit that point of lowest ebb. Because, according to Doris, it may be a new beginning if you only have faith and prayer.

Doris has never stopped praying since she became a success. By her bedside is the Bible and a devotional book that she studies daily. Furthermore, she tries to live her religion in happy fashion, every day of the week.

"Prayer has many facets," Doris declares. "Without it, we are likely to think that we ourselves have to bear the entire burden of tragic events. Prayer is not only a reaching out toward a greater force than ourselves; it reminds us that what happens to us in life is planned by a greater Power, a Power that is able to help us bear whatever burdens we must carry."

## Straight Ahead

*Louise Darcy*

Oh, never brood on wasted hours,  
Or wrong decisions you have made,  
But trusting God, a lesson learned,  
Go straight ahead: you'll make the grade!

## 3-D Glasses Versus Rose-Colored Ones

*Ona Freeman Lathrop*

SOME PEOPLE get into a rut and never realize they are in it, but Susan Dallas had an uneasy feeling lately that life was passing by over her head. Her comfortable little groove had suddenly become deep and turned into a rut. She frowned as this thought came to her while she sat at her desk puzzling over a list for one of her "little dinners."

"Henry, before the children come home you must help me decide whom to invite for dinner Friday. We owe the Adams and the Taylors but they are so dull. For once I'd like to ask someone stimulating."

"Hm? What's that, my dear? Guess I was dozing." Henry stirred comfortably in his deep chair and picked up his book again. "This is an excellent book. I agree with every word of it."

Susan's grey eyes looked at him speculatively. "Maybe that's what is the matter with us," she sighed. "We only read the books and do the things that make us feel comfortable. We're too complacent. Perhaps you should be reading a book on Communism or Atheism."

Henry was wide awake now. He sat up and rubbed his hand through his thinning hair. He stared at Susan with horror-stricken brown eyes.

"Why, how you talk, Susan! Why should I want to read those?"

"Because they would make you think. They would be a challenge. You might get fighting mad and want to do something about it. As it is, we wrap ourselves in our snug cocoons of selfrighteousness and go about our daily routine smugly. We need a jolt."

Henry sat up as if he'd had a jolt. "Well, Susie, maybe you are right. But what brought all this on, anyway?"

"I'm not sure. Perhaps something the minister said in his sermon last Sunday. Maybe just a feeling I've had for a long time that we are not doing anything constructive with our lives." She made funny squiggles all over the sheet that held her tentative list.

"We are raising a couple of nice children, aren't we? Isn't that something constructive?" he teased.

"That's just our duty—our job. Maybe we are even giving them wrong ideas and ideals about life being all so simple if you choose the path of least resistance. Maybe things are too easy for them. Speaking of angels—"

There was a scuffling on the porch and Tom and Nancy Dallas came in from the youth meeting.

"Mother, I'm glad we went to-

night. What do you think? They had a 3-D picture—at church, no less!" Nancy dangled the paper dark-lensed spectacles before her mother's nose, and Tom tossed his in his father's lap. Henry raised them to his eyes.

Tom flung his jacket on its hook and grabbed an apple from the bowl. "You can't see a thing just looking through them that way, Dad, but somehow when the picture comes on it seems as if the lion is sitting right in your lap."

"And is that so wonderful—to have a lion sitting in your lap?" Henry laughed.

"Well, it makes things realistic. You feel as if you are right in the thick of things instead of sitting on the sidelines."

Susan felt that far-away look in her eyes again. Maybe that was what they needed — a new dimension to give depth to their perspective. A pair of special glasses, even if only of paper, with a mystic quality in their dark lens instead of the rose-colored ones they had been wearing, might put them into the thick of things and keep them from sitting on the side-lines..

When the children had gone to bed, she began on her list again. "I think I'll ask all the foreign students from the college for this next dinner—there are only five—and maybe old Mrs. Whitney, the woman who used to be a missionary in Africa."

"You think so?" Henry's eye-

brows raised a little. "Would the Adams and the Taylors like that?"

"Who cares? I might even decide not to ask the Adams and Taylors!"

As Susan went about her work the next day, she thought more and more of their narrow, hum-drum routine. Now that the children were older and required less physical care, she was finding more and more time on her hands. Perhaps that was why she felt idle and useless at times. She must take up her painting and music again and prepare herself for the time when the children would be gone. But it went deeper than that. She should be giving the children a greater interest in altruistic activities and community projects.

That afternoon she called several of her friends and organized a discussion group instead of the usual neighbor get-together. Each woman was to come armed with some new idea from her recent reading. And she learned a lot from that group. There were new and unlimited fields of endeavor discussed which were open to women who were dedicated to service instead of selfish interests. And from these many fields discussed, Susan selected the one which she thought would bring the greatest help to her family. Oh yes, she could serve on boards of charitable institutions and help with the church and community work, but this was to be a family project. That evening

she announced it to get the reaction. "How would you like to take into your home one of the visiting foreign high-school students being sent to this country on an exchange program?" she asked.

The family looked a trifle disconcerted, until she explained. "The American Field Service sends over two hundred students here from European countries every year to learn about democracy and to get a true picture of American life. We could offer to have one stay in our home. It might mean giving up some things, such as sharing one of your rooms or helping them with the new studies and language, but it would be a great privilege to help them to see that our American way of life is good."

Nancy stared straight ahead for a time. Then she answered, "We-ell, I suppose if you put it that way—Miss Ellis told us in Sunday School that we should find ways of sharing whatever we have, but I thought she meant your old toys or cast-off clothing. My room—oh dear! But I would do it, Mother, if we take a girl."

"Sure, why not?" Tom volunteered. "It might be fun learning new things from them too, such as another language. I'd be willing if we take a boy."

Henry smiled across at Susan. "Not so bad, are they?" his look seemed to say. "I think we could

swing it," he assured them. "I've been reading about this exchange movement for the younger teen age students, and I think we might offer to take one if it can be arranged."

"Oh, it will be, I'm sure," Susan agreed. "They are begging for homes to place them in and our Parent-teacher Associations and the Service Clubs are offering to help with the expenses of bringing them here. I thought it would be a wonderful way to get acquainted with another land — almost as good as travelling in one. I'll see them about it tomorrow."

It was going to make a great change in her life. But that was what she had wanted. It would be the challenge she had been hoping to find. That night she made out her dinner list with a firm hand.

"Henry, I've decided to have old Mrs. Whitney, and the five foreign students, AND the Taylors and Adams to our dinner."

"You have? Well, might as well be a real revolutionary while you are at it, my dear. They'll probably raise their eyebrows if the evening is spent in lively discussion of foreign customs instead of the usual dull bridge. But it should give them all something to think about—a new dimension, perhaps."

Susan smiled appreciatively. "Just what I decided." The leaven was working. She glanced at the new book from the library that Henry

was opening. Then she laughed gaily. "What did Miss Thatcher say when you drew this out?"

"She peered at me over her glasses as if she thought they might be investigating me soon from Washington," Henry laughed. "But I explained that my wife thought I should be reading more stimulating, controversial books and she let me

take it."

Susan picked up the discarded paper glasses and twirled them absent-mindedly. Then she placed them carefully in her box of treasures in the desk drawer. After all, they had given her the idea for this new campaign of hers. They really should be carefully preserved.



## The Best

Harriett C. Anderson

It was one of those gloomy days when everyone coming into the office of the Chamber of Commerce seemed to need a bit of cheering up. However, there was one man who didn't need it, he had it. A happy smile lighted his aged black face. Though his faded, patched clothes were wet, his shoes thin and worn, he possessed an air of perfect inner peace.

One young man remarked to the old negro that it was "hard luck" for him to have to be out in the cold rain that day, adding that it wasn't good for a man of his age.

The old man smiled broadly and answered, "Son God don't send me nothin' that ain't good for me."

Those words of the old negro were to me the most profound, most comforting little sermon I had ever heard. They have stayed with me through the years since leaving my desk at the Chamber of Commerce of our city.

Many a time, when I have silently repeated those words to myself, they have helped me to remember that whatever situation I have been placed in, it must be *good*, since as that old man had said, "God don't send me nothin' that ain't good for me."

I'd like to share this helpful thought with other readers of *Clear Horizons*.

## Yum Foo Proves Prayer

H. N. Ferguson

I PUT the leash on my dog last night and went for a stroll through the streets. Passing by a church I noticed a sign which attracted my attention. It read: "COME IN AND HAVE YOUR FAITH LIFTED." It brought to mind one of the most moving stories of faith I had ever heard.

Kermit Gibbons had been a foot slogging G.I. during the Korean campaign. One day he was sent out on patrol with a squad of men. They were ambushed and Gibbons, wounded, was the only one to get out alive. He made his way to the tiny cottage of a South Korean family. They took him in, tended his wounds as best they could, and kept him over night. The next morning he started to make his way back to his own lines.

He had traveled no further than a hundred yards when he heard a terrific explosion behind him. He whirled in time to see the house he had just left, disintegrating into nothing. It had taken a direct hit from an artillery shell.

It was such a close call and the effect on Gibbons was so profound that he then and there dedicated his life to the service of God and the Korean people.

Mustered out of the army because

of his wounds, he came home and immediately contacted his church, volunteering to go back to Korea to work among the people as soon as the war was over.

From that time on until the end of the war young Gibbons went to school and prepared himself for his task. Finally the time came when he was permitted to go back. A young medical missionary and his wife rounded out the team and the three sailed for Korea. Their mission was to rehabilitate, care for, and educate as many Korean children as their finances and facilities would permit.

An old abandoned warehouse served as the nucleus around which they began to establish their Mission settlement. They did not lack for students. Little children, sad-eyed but stoic-faced, found their way to the Mission — children who were orphans, without friends, without hope, always hungry, and sometimes with an arm or leg missing. It was impossible to take them all and heart breaking to turn them away. It tears a man's heart inside out to have to turn a deaf ear to a child's desperate plea for help — to watch that cold veil of defeat cloud the hope from trusting eyes. To see the little tyke turn helplessly and trudge

back down the road to oblivion.

Kermit took a walk one afternoon to settle his jangled nerves. He came upon a low stone wall. Sitting on it, with his knees drawn up under his chin, was one of the most intriguing appearing youngsters he had seen in Korea. He stopped and sat down beside him.

"What is your name, son?" he asked.

"Yum Foo," replied the boy.

"What is yours?"

"I'm Kermit Gibbons."

At this the youngster's eyes opened wide. "You're from the school up on the hill," he stated.

"Yes," acknowledged Kermit. "How did you know?"

"I tried to go there but they were full," said Yum Foo sadly.

"Where do you live?" asked Kermit.

Yum Foo waved a hand vaguely toward the south.

"Maybe some day we can take you in," encouraged Kermit.

"What do the children do up there?" questioned the lad.

"They work and play and go to school. And we teach them about Jesus."

"I have heard of Jesus," said Yum Foo. "Will you tell me more about Him?"

So Kermit sat in the sunshine of that Korean afternoon and told Yum Foo the story of Jesus. He told the boy how Jesus had died for the sins of mankind, how He was preparing

a place in Heaven for all good people to live where they would be with Him throughout eternity. He explained that if one had faith and would pray, that anything is possible in this world. When he was finished, Yum Foo was silent for a long moment.

"Do you mean," he asked finally, "that if I pray and have faith, I can come and live at the Mission?"

Kermit was somewhat taken aback. But he could give only one answer.

"Yes, Yum Foo, that's what I mean."

They separated and Kermit returned to the Mission. Early the next morning he was at his desk tackling a stack of mail that had just come in. The first letter he opened contained a substantial check from a church back home—enough to care for another child. His first thought was of Yum Foo.

Grabbing his hat he started out in search of the Korean boy. He hadn't gone far when he was astonished to see a small figure trudging up the road toward him. It was Yum Foo with a small pack on his back containing all his worldly possessions.

"Yum Foo!" he exclaimed, surprised. "Where are you going?"

It was Yum Foo's turn to be surprised. There was a questioning look in his eyes as he replied. "You said that if I would pray and have faith, I could live in your Mission. Last night I prayed to Jesus. I am on my way to the Mission now."

## Life’s Little Things!

Katherine Bevis

SIR Michael Costa was leading a great orchestra and choir in rehearsal for an important performance.

In the midst of the mighty blasts of horns, roll of the drums, and peal of the organ, with chorus at double forte, a young piccolo player said to himself, “In all this din the sound of my piccolo can not be heard. It doesn’t matter if I stop playing.”

The piccolo is one of the smallest of all orchestral instruments, and he thought it would not be missed.

But, no sooner had the young man ceased to play than the great conductor stopped, flung up his hands for silence, and then cried out, “Where is the piccolo?”

His sensitive ear had missed the piccolo, and the performance was spoiled.

We all have a part to play in life. God’s plan fails and the performance is spoiled when we fail to play the instrument assigned us to play in Life’s great orchestra, regardless of how small that instrument may be.

In the words of a poet, written anonymously:

To play through life a perfect part.  
Unnoticed and unknown,  
To seek no rest in any heart,  
Save only God’s alone;

IN LITTLE THINGS to own no will—

To have no share in great,  
To find the labor ready still,  
And for the crown to wait.

It is the LITTLE things in life that either make the corners of our mouths turn up or down.

It was Seneca who said, “Precepts or maxims are of great weight; and a few useful ones at hand do more toward a happy life than whole volumes that we know not where to find.”

“The best portion of a good man’s life—his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love,” said Wordsworth, and no truer words were ever spoken, for a smile, a kind word, a pat on the shoulder can many times be an epoch in one’s life.

In a tiny church in the far south of Ireland every window but one is of painted glass.

Through that single window, as small as it is, may be seen a breathtaking view; a lake of deepest blue, studded with green islets, and backed by range after range of purple hills.

Under the tiny window is this inscription: THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD, AND THE FIRMAMENT SHOW-

ETH HIS HANDIWORK.

Some one has said:

We dream of sacrifice so grand,  
We honor it with praise;  
And often fail to realize  
It’s near in LITTLE ways!

Simple words? Yes, those are simple words, so simple a child could have composed them, but do they not bring us very close to reality?

Some people never learn cheerful subjugation of self to all the LITTLE needs and interests of others.

Let’s live every day with ALL our

might! Let’s grasp every opportunity to make use of the little things!

The most precious things are near at hand, without money and without price.

It was C. H. Spurgeon who said, “Though I could not preach, and never thought I should be able to testify to the multitude, I used to write texts on tiny scraps of paper and drop them anywhere that some poor creature might pick them up and receive them as messengers of mercy to his soul. I could scarcely content myself for five minutes without trying to do something for Christ.”



### Pathway

Maysel Lamb

I need not quail in anguish  
Of what my life may be,  
But wait like a bud unfolding  
The plan God has for me.

A voice like soothing music  
So gently speaks to me,  
And leads me when I listen  
On paths serene and free.



## Mrs. Billy Sunday Carries On

Cynthia Sunday

AMONG the thousands who roared applause back in 1887 as young Billy Sunday made one of his famous runs for Chicago's "White Stockings" (the forerunner of today's Chicago Cubs) was a nineteen-year-old girl who gave her heart to Billy that day. What her Scotch parents from the Highlands might say did not bother Helen Amelia Thompson.

"He looked like blurred lightning," she told the beloved manager of the team, "Pop" Anson, some time later, when she was hitting every ball and making every run right along with Billy, her ball-player husband, who even then was growing restless — having felt a "call to the ministry."

A few weeks after first seeing Billy play ball, Helen Amelia (known the world over today as "Ma" Sunday) met him at a prayer meeting — after he had been converted at the old Pacific Garden Mission on South State Street in Chicago. Thus began the fabulous history of the man who created the greatest religious revival the world, so far, has known, and of the woman who was the power behind the throne.

Ma's conservative Scotch family

were bewildered by the wedding reception which was held at the ball park in a box draped with bunting by A. H. Spaulding himself. A band played while everyone stood at attention and both teams paraded before the happy couple. Their honeymoon was spent on trains and in ball parks!

On the five thousand dollars a year Billy was making, finances proved no problem at all. George Marquis was born, then along came Billy, Jr., to bring greater happiness. All this time Ma understood Billy's fervent desire to become a minister, yet realized their financial insecurity should he leave baseball. She also shared his loyalty to his work, for Chicago was their city, and the White Stockings their team, and Ma knew that as long as she lived she would love baseball. Today, at eighty-seven, she never misses a baseball broadcast.

Persuading Billy to resign and accept a job at the Y.M.C.A. was a victory for Ma. After that, her own job as financial manager began. She says, "I had seventy-five dollars a month on which to feed, clothe, and house the family, and that took some 'doing' even in those days." She eliminated all food waste, stud-

ied nourishing diets, often walked blocks to save a few pennies on bread, milk, cheese, and other foods.

Ma sewed, knit, made the children's clothes, taught music, painted and sold pictures, and never for a moment lost faith in Billy or God. Then, in 1896, in Garner, Iowa, the "Sawdust Trail" began. Fifty years later Ma was back in Garner for a Billy Sunday Jubilee, then flew with a friend in his private plane back east to give one of her famous lectures the next day. During a sudden storm the small plane bounced about like a little boat on a restless sea. Upon landing safely Ma said, "I was so thrilled up there in the dark sky with the lightning flashing all around. It seemed that the devil was throwing his thunderbolts and flashing his lightning trying to set us afire; but the Lord sent his fire department of rain to put it out. I loved it but I'm a little sore from the bouncing."

Since Billy Sunday's death nineteen years ago, Ma has given herself tirelessly to "the work of the Lord." She has raised more funds for Rescue Missions, churches, colleges, religious institutions of all kinds than any other woman in the world. She travels all over the country and into Canada and South America and is in constant demand for personal appearances and lectures on platform, radio, and television.

When Billy died November 6, 1935, of a heart attack, Ma felt that

she had gone with him. Hadn't his life been hers for forty-seven years? She looked on her beloved for the last time and put a little Bible in his hands, because "They looked so empty," then went home and prayed.

"Lord, show me what to do now. Show me how to be of use to You even though I am alone." She waited; then a voice seemed to say, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." She says, "There seemed to be a great light around me and I could hear Billy's favorite hymn, 'Brighten the Corner Where You Are.' I knew then that God still had use for me."

Ma loves to talk about Billy, and the lean and struggling years which only added to the happiness the good years brought to them all. She believes that Billy brought more men and women into the Christian way of life than any man who ever lived. She especially likes to talk about the New York campaign in 1917, because, she says, "Billy never wanted to go there for fear people wouldn't listen to him, but never were we received so royally. It seemed that most of the city turned out to meet us. Billy was carried on the shoulders of the people who sang his favorite songs. We had an escort of twenty-one motor cycle policemen. New York loved us! We were there ten weeks and 98,264 people 'hit the



sawdust trail.' It was wonderful!"

Ma was always her husband's business manager, his counselor, and guide. He never made an important decision without her. She says, "He used all of his power and strength on the platform. In everything else he depended on me. It is a blessing that I have always been strong."

For more than forty years Ma listened to an average of seventy-five sermons a month. "I believe I'm the most preached-to woman in the world, and worked just as hard right with Billy all through each meeting, and it takes strength to do that."

Today, as always, she shares everything with Billy. He is with her wherever she goes, she believes. She gives away 85 per cent of her income to various religious organizations and is just as frugal with herself as she

was during the "lean years." She feels great responsibility always for the "Sunday Saga" and when friends urge her to accept the many offers from Hollywood producers who want to film "The Billy Sunday Story" she shakes her head and says, "No. I'm afraid they wouldn't do him justice."

Ma smiles and her eyes have a far away look at times. "You know when I was up in that little plane being bounced around I thought 'Billy would have loved this.' He always said that it took a lot of bouncing around, a lot of hard knocks, to make one appreciate a safe landing — and so I'm working hard to be able to bounce right into my own safe landing on Billy's team in Heaven."



## Our Father

Florence E. De Cerkez

Life's burdens lighten when we think of Thee;  
There is no sorrow which Thou wilt not share;  
There is no bondsman Thou canst not set free,  
No heart that Thou canst not release from care.

Thy grace is all sufficient for our need;  
If we but ask in faith, and have no fear,  
If we but follow where Thy voice doth lead,  
If we believe Thy love is ever near.

☐ Excerpts from letters to the Prayer Tower.

## Prayer Works!

*The following letter came to the Prayer Tower from one of our beloved Fanner Bees — our Prayer Builders — and we asked her permission to share it with you.*

*We feel it will bring encouragement to others who may be set apart and unable to do the ordinary things of life. It will also present a challenge. God bless each one of you as you read and find courage and strength from it.*

My dear friends;

I hope this will not seem an imposition to write you this personal letter in answer to the Easter message just received. It was an answer to an unspoken prayer for your right address.

Due to confusion around me, mental as well as in a physical sense, at my former home, I missed my March Manual. I know it must have arrived safely, but was misplaced so that I missed its comforting wise counsel very much. Will you please see that I get my April number at this address.

I am nearing eighty (June 10), my body that is; "I" am never realizing age though bodily infirmities have prevented me from most outside activities.

In this private home to which I have been so wonderfully guided I have found kind and understanding friends. With a trust and faith in God's healing light which has brought me here to my last, I hope, of a number of "steps," each one a little higher, toward the inner joy of being able at last to take up the service which was gradually shown to me some years ago when I found it difficult to walk freely and confidently as in former days.

My mission seems to be writing letters to those who have been sent by the Spirit of comforting and cheer to old friends and new, many of whom I have never met, personally, but are valued pen friends.

When my home and material support was taken from me and I found myself joining the ever increasing number of the aged and infirm who depend upon the "old age assistance Bureau" for a living pension though reluctantly, I began to see God's Plan being revealed to me and I thanked Him for all His blessings and now though I can give but a widow's mite it is oh, so gladly given.

For fourteen summers I had been

### THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

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

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota. Telephone: MIDway 8-5036; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at COLfax 7396, Minneapolis, Minn., or Mrs. Ecoff, DEsota 7365, St. Paul, Minn.

spending with a friend with whom I was living on Peak's Island, Maine. The last one, I had the strong impression it would be my last and it proved to be my happiest. That September of 1950 was a beautiful one. One perfect Sunday morning quite early, I sat by my window loving the trees across the road, the morning sun and the prospect of going to the rocky eastern shore, as was my custom to spend several hours alone, writing or meditating. Suddenly with a thrill I had an impulse to write and the following which I called "My Prayer" was given me.

#### MY PRAYER

Thy will, dear Lord, be done in me,  
Make clear the Way that I may see,  
Content to know, though storm-clouds  
Press against my heart the happiness  
Of living close to thee.

I did not realize, then, the importance or significance of the "Prayer," but now I KNOW and its truth and significance are fully realized and are constant reminders of my Father's love and guiding care in my wanderings since that summer.

If you can arrange to forward my precious Prayer Manual for April and I can look forward to seeing it come here to my new address I shall feel truly "I am at home" after long last. My grateful thanks.

I enjoyed your report from St. Petersburg and wish so much I could be with a dear girlhood friend who is there and who may have attended your meetings. May God bless you abundantly "more than you can ask or even think."

Lovingly and Gratefully  
A Fanner Bee

"I want to take this opportunity to thank you all for your prayers for \_\_\_\_\_ alcoholic. Things have straightened out for her in a remarkable way since I gave her name to the Prayer Tower. Haven't

time to tell the whole story but it proves what UNITED prayer can do. Many thanks and appreciation."—*Minnesota*

"This is a rather late thank you and reply to your good letter in answer to my request for your prayers for my son. He has found employment which is on a higher and more Christian level than that which he had contemplated. The Prayer Manual means so much to me."—*Florida*

"I wrote you some time ago for prayer for my nephew who was in the Naval hospital in San Diego with severe back injury with the possibility that he might never walk again. We received a letter from one of your prayer group members who had gone to call on him and she says his spirit is wonderful and that there are no negatives in his attitude toward his injury. The Doctor says his improvement is miraculous. They think now he may walk, but he says I WILL WALK AGAIN. Prayer changes things, and people. Please thank your group for their prayers. God bless you in your good work in providing these many channels for God's wonderful healing, physical and spiritual."—*Missouri*

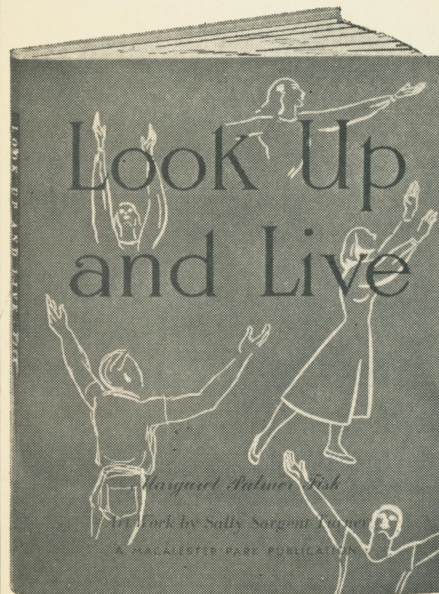
"My husband and I have received the Manual of Prayer since Oct. 1948 and it has become so much a part of our lives we wouldn't want to be without it. Every issue fills a need. We are so glad to be a part of your great Prayer Service. God bless you."—*Ohio*

"Thank you for your kind prayers and letters of inspiration. Yesterday the Doctor said such an amazing thing had happened that even the pathologist was surprised. My son's blood has reversed itself and is practically normal in every way . . . for a child who was testing 2 weeks ago as suspicious leukemia, it is a MIRACLE. Thank you, thank you, thank you, Lord."—*Minnesota*

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