

# Clear Horizons



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**Spring, 1956**

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## As We Go To Press

**Harold Blake Walker** (p.1) brings our eyes back from the so-called big things of life to show that the important duties of life are the little things. It is the little common things of life that are really the extraordinary if they are done and lived as Jesus taught us . . . **Leslie E. Dunkin** (p.4) was riding in a plane when he looked down on a town and saw the lights form the shape of a cross, and from this experience he saw the need for more symbolism in everyday living. You will like what he has to say . . . **Everett L. Mahar** (p.5) tells how he found independence although handicapped, and the role that faith plays in making a whole life. When one writes from experience of this sort it carries authority and makes the reader stronger for having shared with a man of this sort. . . . Rachmaninoff is a name that shines in the firmament of music, but like so many others we tend to think of him as always having been successful. **William J. Murdoch** (p. 9) tells a side of Rachmaninoff's life that few knew—the story of failure and of failure overcome. . . . The Goodwill Industries are known across the country, but **Wendell H. Arnold** (p.11) tells the human side of remade lives and men and women returned to active and effective living. . . . Too many people think that those in show business are without interest in the practices of religion. What **Aubrey B. Haines** (p.21) tells us about Ethei Waters, and her reliance on prayer, is one of the most inspiring accounts of practicing religion one will find anywhere. . . . **Harold Helfer** (p.26) writes about a man who wrote notes of appreciation for twenty-five years, and what it meant to him and others. We are too often tempted to write a note about something we do not like than about something we do like, especially when it comes to items in the newspaper. It's time we changed our habits. . . . **W. J. Granberg** (p. 37) went on a Quaker work project along with his wife, and he tells just what happened. As he says, in his own way, the Quakers just don't care how the cards are stacked against them, and they certainly don't quit. . . . You will be intrigued by the story of a group of Russians who were granted permission by the Czar in 1905 to leave their country. They did and settled in Mexico where they have lived as an agriculture community ever since, sustained by their faith.

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## CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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# Clear Horizons

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☐ "Trivial, this ordinary life of yours? It is the warp and woof of history."

## Some Tremendous Trifles

*Harold Blake Walker*

THE ROMAN Empire was the biggest thing in Jesus's day. It sprawled over the Western world from Athens to London and from Carthage to Constantinople. But for all its size and might, Jesus never mentioned the Roman Empire. He mentioned Caesar only once and then in answer to a question. When everybody was talking about Caesar and Caesar's empire, Jesus was talking about the everyday affairs of ordinary people. He was infinitely more interested in little people than in large empires; more concerned about little children than about powerful institutions. He saw major social problems, but he reduced them to personal elements.

When Jesus talked about the problem of social groups in conflict, he centered the problem in "a certain man" who "went down from Jerusalem to Jericho." When he considered the social problem of the "ill-housed, ill-fed, ill-clothed," he

personalized it in the story of Dives and Lazarus. When he faced the problem of corruption of government, he dealt with it in the person of Zacchaeus. He called the little tax collector from his perch in a tree and invited himself to dinner.

The ministry of Jesus rested on the assumption that big things have their roots in little things. He found a handle for major issues in the minor actors on the stage around him. He never tried to legislate righteousness in a large way. Instead, he changed the lives of ordinary people. He took Peter, a rough, uncouth fisherman, and made him into a man of power whose life could be plowed into the culture of his times. He took Thomas, a skeptic, and made him into a man whose faith could sustain the faith of other men. He escaped the sense of futility in the presence of overarching problems by attacking them at their roots on the personal level.

Reprinted by permission from the *Presbyterian Life*, October 29, 1955.



When we face the staggering problems of our time, however, we feel trivial and futile because we overlook the wisdom of Jesus. We ignore the trifles and halt in frustration before mighty issues. What can we do to change "the shape of things to come?" we ask in baffled irritation. We have big government, big business, big unions. Everything we touch is big. So, in our frustration we reduce ourselves to ciphers and do nothing at all. We come to the ignoble conclusion that since we cannot do big things, we cannot do anything, and therefore we are victims, not the makers of history.

During the lush twenties, Dr. Burris Jenkins of Kansas City used to write a newspaper column called "The Drift of the Day." The title is apt for our times.

The change from drift to dynamic has to start with our faithfulness in little things where we are. We need to begin by seeing clearly that daily living that is infused with integrity, dignified by love, and enriched with meaning can be a vital force in changing things.

Charles Dickens has an enduring place in English literature because he had a genius for suggesting the importance of very ordinary people. He took commonplace men and women, and made their stories thrilling and significant. Filled with interest, humor, gentleness, courage, and faith, little people walked through the pages of his books. Ste-

fan Zwiég is right in saying of Dickens: "He unveiled the poetry that was ambushed in the prosaic. . . . He gave to simple things and unpretentious people a glory all their own. . . . To thousands, nay to millions, he revealed where to find the everlasting spark in their uneventful lives; where to look for the glow of quiet joy hidden beneath the ashes of the familiar."

Trivial, you say, this ordinary life of yours? It is the warp and woof of history. What happened during the first three centuries of the Christian era is a stunning rebuke to our frustrated inertia and our failure to see the power residing in our uneventful lives. At Pentecost a mere handful of men and women who should have been awed by the might of the Roman Empire set out to overwhelm and change it. They were "fools for Christ's sake" on the face of things. They were so unimportant politically and socially that nobody outside of a small area of Palestine had ever heard of them. They had no influence and no wealth behind them. They had nothing for the struggle except bare hands and consecrated minds. Nevertheless they demonstrated the fact that: "He that is faithful in very little is faithful also in much."

Shirley Jackson Case, the Church historian, explains their triumph by saying that the quality of their lives overshadowed the lives of their contemporaries. Their honesty seemed

trivial; but because of their honesty, they came to be respected. Honest Christian shopkeepers converted their customers because they gave honest weight for honest coin while their pagan contemporaries cheated. The love of the Christians for their neighbors seemed trivial, but their generosity and their kindness startled their pagan neighbors and made them disciples. Their ready willingness to forgive seemed almost trivial, but it was so tremendous that even their jailers became Christians.

It was the extra-ordinary behavior of ordinary people and the uncommon lives of common folk that conquered the Roman Empire. And we think what we do is trivial. Never forget that the little evidences one gives of Christian commitment are tremendous trifles in our big world. "He that is faithful in little," in the ordinary relationships of life, is faithful in a decisive detail, for big things always have their roots in little things.

We are worried now about the staggering problem of juvenile delinquency and the disintegration of family life. Both the problem and the solution have their source in some tremendous trifles. We can organize courts of domestic relations and build playgrounds for juveniles, and yet only scratch the surface.

Homes hold together or fall apart mostly because of *The little more, and how much it is, The little less, and what worlds away.*

Maybe the parade to the kitchen to kiss your wife when you come home from work seems trivial. Believe me, it is not. It may well mark the difference between a happy home and a miserable one; between happy children, secure in love, and delinquents. Perchance the time spent sharing the experiences of the day, building comradeship, seems lost. It is not. It is one of the trifles that is decisive for the years. By way of the times of comradeship we discover that "where two or three are gathered together in my name," in love, affection, and understanding, "there will I be also," adding a priceless ingredient of stability. "He that is faithful" in the little details that keep love and romance alive is faithful also to society, adding not to problems but to solutions.

It is not difficult to understand why Jesus ignored the Roman Empire and concerned himself with trifles. He knew that big things have their roots in little things, and he understood full well that the details of life determine the destiny of life and society as well.



☞ "The spirit of the cross will shine radiantly from the lives of people who are busy living their faith day and night."

## The Shining Cross

Leslie E. Dunkin

OUR PLANE was speeding through the night. We had left the vast array of sparkling gems on the dark plush velvet cloth, as New York City seemed to be from the air. We were flying over crossroads communities along the east-and-west highways below us. These were crossroads communities in reality. The business district of each was extended along the east-and-west highway and also along a north-and-south road crossing the main one. Residential lights were scattered in the four sections formed by the two crossroads. However, the very bright lights of the business district invariably made a cross design above the scattered lights of the residential districts. Community after community along the night route had their cross shining.

This had not been planned, for when those communities were started nobody was thinking about airplanes and what they might see. The shining cross had come from their plan of daily business and community living, without their realizing it. Others flying over the community could see the cross in the lights of that place. People motoring through could quickly detect whether the spirit of the cross was shining from the daily lives of the people. The lights and

the lives would form the cross for others to see.

Members of the various Masonic bodies wear the familiar "Square-And-Compass" emblem, or possibly also the "Cross-And-Crown" of the Knights' Templars or the large oriental knife of the Shriners, to let others know they belong to this fraternal organization. Members of the Odd Fellows wear the "Three-Links" for the same purpose. When a person joins some special organization like these and many others, one of the first desires is to buy an emblem of that group in a ring or pin. He is thus telling everybody that he now belongs.

"Why doesn't the church have such an emblem for each member to wear to let everybody know he belongs?" I asked my minister father, and his prompt reply was, "The spirit of the cross will shine continually from the life, which is much better than any emblem or a pin or ring."

The cross was shining radiantly from the busy life of the many small communities over which we were flying that night. The spirit of the cross will shine radiantly from the lives of people who are busy living their faith day and night. Others will notice it as they pass.

☞ Handicapped from birth, he fought his way through disappointment after disappointment to a happy life.

## My Faith and I

Everett L. Mahar

THE DOCTOR stood before me with an expression of deep sympathy on his kindly face and a voice filled with understanding asked, "Haven't you enough to contend with without this?"

I replied quickly with a nervous smile, "Oh, it's not so bad. I still have the other eye."

The surgeon shook his head with a gesture of admiration and patted my shoulder firmly, "At least you didn't lose your spirit."

Quite the contrary. I *had* lost it. What he didn't know was that I had just regained it. And that only during the very few months preceding the automobile accident which had just cost me the loss of an eye. Not such a great loss sometimes, but the doctor thought it worse because I was already severely handicapped with muscular dystrophy. He knew that in the days that lay ahead I would find the physical adjustment that much more difficult. But let me go back to the beginning and tell you why I believe spiritual values are God's gift to man.

I was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, where I lived a physically nor-

mal childhood until eleven years of age. After entering junior high school it gradually became evident that I had contracted a serious disease. It was not an ordinary handicap such as a broken or twisted limb, or even the loss of a limb, which one could accept more readily because it was familiar, but it had to be what was then a little known disease now recognized as muscular dystrophy (loss of muscular strength due to certain nerve degeneration.) This caused a peculiar gait to my motivation. I don't think anything can be more torturous mentally and physically than to have an injury or disease destroy the perfect rhythm of the manner in which we walk. Our bodies are temples in which we live and for which we must have a great deal of pride and concern. When we reach teen-age, as I had then, we become more conscious of our appearance. This awakening comes, I believe, because Nature is beginning to prime us for the job ahead to finding a mate. Because of my handicap, I became conscious of myself to the point of misery as I realized my chances of leading a normal life grew less and less. I was

By permission from *Religion and Health*, September, 1955.



becoming ashamed of my body. As I grew older this attitude caused me to live in almost constant mental anguish when I moved about in public. My school days were becoming less attractive as I found myself being isolated from sports and social programs. Finally I reached the point where my self-pity outweighed my better judgement and I left school in my freshman year. Who wanted to go to senior high school as a misfit? A person who walked funny and who might be the object of ridicule. In this frame of mind I failed to give my classmates any credit in their attitude towards me. As I look back now, they were wonderfully normal-acting kids. My misery was shamefully self-imposed.

On leaving school, I fortunately secured a position as a signal operator for a burglar alarm company and worked nights in that office for six years. I enjoyed this work because it allowed me to do something which was physically equal to that of my fellow workers. However, as the years passed it became increasingly difficult to travel back and forth, and my handicap finally forced me to the point of giving up the work. A short time later my family left the city and took up residence in a suburban town of Boston.

The following year found me sinking into the blackest despair. I was steeped in self-pity, shame and envy. My job was gone, I had no companions my own age and for

whom I naturally longed, and my future looked bleak indeed. All I had left was a family who understood and suffered with me.

My parents broke their hearts and pocketbook in a vain effort to defeat my handicap, but the one thing that remained unbroken against all odds was their spirit. This attitude on their part kept alive a small spark of hope and ambition in my own heart. Still, day in and day out I pitied myself more and more. My body became a prison which my mind refused to tolerate. I had reached a sorry state indeed.

Then one day an incident occurred which was, I frankly admit, the turning point in my life. I received a letter from a girl who had been a shut-in all her life. She offered me her friendship and the tone of her letter gave me a great deal to think about. I learned with amazement that she bore a greater physical handicap than I, and what impressed me most was her attitude toward it. She was significantly cheerful and matter of fact and made me realize what I had failed to see before . . . the terrible state of despondency into which I had allowed myself to sink.

Her correspondence was an inspiration. She put me in touch with other people who also bore greater physical burdens than I, and soon I became absorbed in these new-found friends, some of whom I still contact through correspondence and personal visits. As a consequence, the spark

of hope within me became brighter and brighter. The shackles of self-pity, shame and envy began to loosen.

I did not realize how great a change had taken place until several months later when I met with another physical mishap the loss of an eye in an automobile accident. Here again was another turning point in my life; a great spiritual discovery. I found I was able to minimize this latest handicap! I was accepting it without the least misgiving! Surely, the faith I found within myself at that time made me realize that never again would I despair because of a physical handicap.

This was the spirit which was too newly found for me to adequately explain to the doctor when he stood before me that day in the hospital.

From that time on, I accepted my physical limitations and commenced to nurture my normal mental resources. I would dare look beyond the present and allow my brain to probe the horizons. I was no longer ashamed of my body weakened by a peculiar malady. I was learning fast that envy of others was but a tool of frustration.

The future grew more bright—it was not an "open sesame" by any means, but I knew now I had only to set forth in my mind an ideal towards which to aim. That ideal was an ever-present determination to

earn an income and seek marriage. These two goals were my natural inheritance from life. I had only to strive for them with undenyng faith. This I did.

As the years progressed I became interested in a nation-wide shut-in organization. I was offered the opportunity to build up the membership in New England, and into my home poured hundreds of letters from people of all ages and in all walks of life who were committed for life to beds, wheelchairs, crutches, and braces. My experience in knowing and feeling the depth of their suffering helped wipe away the last vestige of my own self-pity and shame. There were many phases in connection with this work that taught me lessons for which I shall always be grateful.

At the height of my work with this organization I was called to headquarters in Charlotte, N. C., where I was afforded further opportunities to meet and talk with people who suffered every description of physical disability. The benefit I derived from this experience was one of utmost humility.

Several months after this I was faced with still another decision. I found it becoming increasingly difficult to continue to walk, and this meant I would have to use a wheelchair. I realized it would have to be my means of motivation for the rest of my life, but I made the change without any qualms and have



never regretted it. In fact, I have found the wheelchair to have numerous advantages as I can go many places now that were out of the question when I was trying to navigate under my own power.

Among my many shut-in correspondents was a girl in Ontario, Canada, who at that time was also facing a serious decision. Having spent eleven years in bed taking the cure for tuberculosis, she had at last succeeded in arresting the disease. At that time doctors were experimenting with a new type of chest surgery called *thoracoplasty* — a process of removing certain ribs to collapse the lung—and her doctor wanted her to undergo this operation. If successful, it would mean her leading a near normal, active life again. If not, all the suffering of the operation would leave her still a semi-invalid. She gambled — and won. Friendship

with this girl blossomed into romance, and when she came to Massachusetts to visit mutual friends, she remained here as my wife. That was twenty years ago.

Today I own a small business which was started on fifty dollars loaned by a man whose faith in me was of the kind that moved mountains. I have a wonderful wife and companion and an adopted son who is our pride and joy. I have been active in Cub Scout work, am leader of a church group of thirty-five teenage boys, and no one with two good legs could lead a more near-normal life than has been mine.

For all these things I thank God, without whose help I am nothing. I have found that through faith, my physical handicap has been but a stepping-stone to greater understanding and achievement.



### In God's Own Time

*Enola Chamberlin*

As heat will melt the frost's white rime  
 As suns wax ever stronger;  
 As snow upon the hard cold earth  
 Will help the springtime seeds to birth  
 As daylight hours grow longer,  
 My grief will mount to the sublime  
 In God's own wondrous time.

¶ "A failure here and there need not mean disaster at all."

## Remember Rachmaninoff

*William J. Murdoch*

EVERY SO often most of us have one of those days when failure and frustration seem almost overpowering. We can't even get started—or if we do, we don't get anywhere. Everything is just too much trouble.

Let's hope such a day never comes your way. But if it does, remember Rachmaninoff and his *Second Piano Concerto*.

Although this is one of the best-known, best-loved works of the late Russian composer, he very nearly didn't write it at all.

This brooding genius of the keyboard, who later was to be acclaimed among the foremost composers of his time, had "one of those days" that stretched out for nearly two years. He couldn't get started with any music. Everything was just too much trouble.

Rachmaninoff's experience just goes to show how dreadfully a human being can be hurt when he lets his failures get the better of him. The best thing to do is pick up and start over again, the sooner the better.

And that's just what Rachmaninoff didn't do.

It all happened when he was still a young man, enjoying the spectacular triumph of his *Prelude in C*

*Sharp Minor*. This gloomy piano piece won him immediate attention in the world of music and soon he was invited to conduct concerts in London. There his popularity continued to mount. The British urged him to return the next year. He not only agreed, but also promised to bring a new piano concerto back with him.

Fresh from London success, Rachmaninoff headed for Moscow—and failure. At the first public performance of his *First Symphony* the critics scarcely waited until the final notes had died away before they commenced tearing it to shreds. Their savage ferocity stunned and crushed him.

There was nothing particularly shameful in this failure, especially since critics of a later generation have treated this youthful work much more kindly. And even if this were not so, there is still no humiliation in a temporary set-back. Discouragement, perhaps; disgrace, certainly not.

Rachmaninoff, sensitive artist that he was, let the failure of this work get the better of him. It compounded itself into disaster. His self-confidence was shattered. He could do nothing with the concerto he had promised so shortly before. Indeed,



he began to doubt that he would ever compose anything again.

For nearly two years Rachmaninoff led a listless, spiritless existence. He avoided music completely, except for the few piano lessons he gave at intervals. He spent a large share of the time on his couch at home, uninterested in life and indifferent to its attractions.

Finally his family persuaded him to seek the help of a certain Dr. N. Dahl whose success with auto-suggestion was the talk of Moscow. They acquainted the doctor with what had befallen Rachmaninoff and explained he was obligated to compose a concerto. Then they waited hopefully for results.

They were not long in coming. In his biography Rachmaninoff relates that he spent several hours daily in the doctor's office, listening to the same thing over and over.

He would soon begin work on his concerto, Dahl told him. The work would go well. It would be a fine composition. He would soon begin work. It would go well. It would be a fine composition. And so on and on, over and over in much

the same manner that was later used by the Frenchman Coué with such widely publicized results.

Within a few months Rachmaninoff did start to work on his concerto. It did go well. After he had completed two movements he played them at a charity concert. The work was so enthusiastically received that he completed the concerto soon after. In his gratitude he dedicated it to Dr. Dahl.

You may see this dedication yourself on the piano score of the concerto. Better still, in this experience you can see that your own natural abilities can take you forward to accomplishments you may think impossible, if only you relieve them of your burdens of doubt and despair.

*Everything does not go wrong.* A failure here or there need *not* mean disaster at all. You *can* go ahead if you tell yourself you can, and back up your words with a little prompt action. You may never achieve results as renowned as Rachmaninoff's *Second Piano Concerto*, but they may well be masterpieces of accomplishment just the same.

\* \* \*

Lord, let me too begin anew  
Just as the trees and flowers do.  
As they, with Spring's reviving breath  
Come back to life from seeming death,  
Do thou my faith and trust renew,  
And let me, too, begin anew.

—*Author Unknown*

☐ "Here one sees dignity, self-respect, honor, and faith restored to these people who ask not for charity but a chance."

## They Learn To Live Again

Wendell H. Arnold

JOE NEVER felt better! In fact, he was whistling, "Happy Days Are Here Again," as he propelled himself in his trusty wheel chair in and around the furniture repair department at Goodwill Industries.

No wonder Joe was happy. He'd just been promoted to foreman. The future that he had always been dreaming about since his crippling accident was getting closer . . . in fact most of it was already here. A job, security, social acceptance, and a chance to develop self-confidence and learn new skills that someday would enable him to set up a shop of his own.

That future hadn't always looked this rosy to Joe. Just two years ago Joe had wakened in a hospital with shattered hopes and dreams. It was a horrible automobile accident.

Then the long, painful road back to recovery. The rehabilitation process they called it. Physical therapy, occupational therapy, all kinds of tests, learning to use a wheel chair, the attempt to make a mental adjustment. The long fearsome months of boredom, mental depression. The feeling of uselessness . . . of utter hopelessness.

All this was before Joe heard about Goodwill Industries and their

program of jobs and job-training for handicapped people. Today Joe is a happy boy. He holds his head as high as the next fellow. He is not a charity case. He does not want pity. He is a self-respecting, self-supporting citizen who has learned to live with hope again.

Joe's case is not at all exceptional for Goodwill Industries. This organization, 110 units strong, stretching from Maine to California and from Canada to Florida, has been providing new hope for handicapped people for fifty-three years. And the organization has been so successful at this task that it has become the largest private rehabilitation agency in our country serving handicapped people.

Pity and sympathy have no place in this unique outfit. Rather, Goodwill says, "It's ability that counts, not disability."

Recently a one-armed man applied to Goodwill Industries and, expecting much to be made over the fact that he had lost an arm, was startled when the Personnel Director asked him what he planned to do with the arm that was left.

This type of positive, optimistic approach, plus a faith in God, has made Goodwill Industries a remarkable success. In 1954, for example,



it served over twenty-three thousand handicapped people and paid over fourteen thousand dollars in wages.

But even though it has grown large it never forgets that it exists for the individual. It places, as did Jesus, an extremely high premium on the inherent dignity and worth of each person. And it operates on the principle that the acid test of rehabilitation is a pay check in the hand of the worker.

Goodwill is good business as well as good rehabilitation. The national organization, Goodwill Industries of America, Inc., points with an understandable pride to the fact that its workers paid nearly \$1,400,000 in income taxes in 1954. They sold over \$18,000,000 worth of merchandise.

And what makes it all seem so startling is the fact that it's done pretty largely with second hand materials. Goodwill asks for usable household articles such as clothing, furniture, shoes, toys, and even provides large paper Goodwill bags as containers. These articles and bags are then picked up by Goodwill trucks and brought into the Goodwill workshops where a minor miracle takes place.

Here one may see broken dolls carefully and artistically restored. Worn and soiled clothing comes to life under skilled fingers which deftly mend and press after laundry and dry cleaning. Radios which come in silent will soon be playing a happy

tune. Old beat-up furniture takes on a new look as skilled repairmen take over and it looks like new as it comes out of a modern paint spray room. All this work is done by handicapped people. Some are in wheel chairs. Some have tired hearts. Some are on crutches. Some have cerebral palsy. Almost every type of handicap is represented. These folk take pains with their work and have a justifiable sense of pride of workmanship.

After the material has gone through its reconditioning process it is then shipped to a Goodwill store. These Goodwill stores provide a second service in that people of moderate incomes may find clean serviceable clothing, furniture, household items, and at rock bottom bargain prices.

A visit to a Goodwill Industries is an exciting trip. Here one sees dignity, self-respect, honor, and faith restored to these people who ask not for charity but a chance. And if you think the atmosphere is morbid you'll just have to make that visit. Goodwill Industries are beehives of activity. Cheerful activity. Sure there are production quotas to meet. Everyone knows what is expected of him but there is a noticeable lack of tension.

As one young man in a wheel chair remarked to his supervisor a short time ago, "Being here at Goodwill is just like being let out of jail, after sitting around home doing

nothing for so long."

Goodwill has a religious heritage and is proud of it. In fact it likes to be thought of as a Christian social service enterprise serving without regard to race, color, or creed.

It came into being as a dream of a young Methodist minister by the name of Edgar J. Helms in 1902 when he saw a chance to help handicapped people help themselves. He saw them as a segment of people who were social outcasts and neglected. To him, Jesus' admonition to go into the highways and byways, applied to seeking out these neglected folk and providing a self-help opportunity for them. He did just that and never lost a chance to impress upon his young, inspiring Goodwill executives that Goodwill business was God's business too.

For most of the Goodwill Industries, the work day begins with a chapel service that is simple, quiet, and uplifting. In fact in many Goodwill chapels ministers from various denominations take turns in conducting the devotional period. Here everyone pauses for a few moments of meditation and inspiration.

Other Goodwill activities include recreation, vocational testing, counseling, physical and occupational therapy, and cafeterias where hot

lunches are provided at cost.

About half of the 110 Goodwill Industries are in local Community Chests. The remainder raise funds for the non-productive departments and for capital equipment from other sources. This subsidy normally runs about 5 to 10 per cent of the operating budget.

Goodwill welcomes volunteer help. In 1954 over three thousand men and women served on local boards of directors and sixty-nine women's auxiliaries volunteered over one hundred thousand hours and collected and gave to Goodwill over fifteen thousand dollars. Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts have helped in clothing drives and many youth groups in churches have had fun bringing in filled Goodwill bags.

Goodwill today is big business . . . big business with a heart. But it never forgets for a moment that it is a Christian social service institution existing for the handicapped individual. It believes passionately that it has a mission to accomplish . . . that it is laboring in God's vineyard.

It believes as Matt, a boy with a badly deformed body, said in talking about a problem with his supervisor, ". . . and God is with us."

\* \* \*

Before me, even as behind,  
God is, and all is well

—John Greenleaf Whittier



¶ "Without the young folk who come from the group we call the lower class, we can't keep reaching the underprivileged."

## Small-town Samaritan

Harry Edward Neal

A little girl with her brown hair in a pony tail walked into Maddux & Proffit store in Cookeville, Tennessee.

Nothing unusual about that.

A nice man smiled at her and asked what she wanted.

"I want some new shoes," she said.

Nothing unusual about that.

The nice man had her sit in a chair while he took off her old shoes. Their soles were worn clear through, the heels were run down at the back, and there was a crack or two in the uppers. Then the man fitted her with a pair of new shoes so black and so shiny that the glow seemed to be reflected in the little girl's wide, happy eyes.

Nothing unusual about that, either.

When she was ready to walk out, the man told her how much the new shoes cost. She looked up at him in some surprise, and then a smile made a dimple in one rosy cheek.

"I don't have any money," she said, "but Uncle Mac told me to come here and get some new shoes and I wouldn't have to pay for them."

Now *that's* unusual.

At least it would be unusual in most places. But it's really rather common in Cookeville, Tennessee, because it has been done there for years, thanks to a big-hearted fifty-nine-year-old attorney named Alvin Beuford McKay.

Maddux and Proffitt, the clothing merchants, put it this way: "Mr. McKay has maintained an account with us for some ten years, most of which is wholly devoted to charity for infants, children, and grownups. So far as we are able to estimate, his whole income is devoted to this work. He brings and sends underprivileged children into our store most every week, and his fees when collected are brought in for credit on the account."

By his own estimate, which is undoubtedly conservative, Lawyer McKay has given more than a thousand pairs of shoes to Cookeville youngsters during the past twenty years. He keeps a "shoe fund" in three stores just for that purpose! But that's not all. He used to give new baby booties to newborn babes of people he knew in the town—and he knew just about everybody.

In 1948 he began to substitute

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silver dollars for the baby booties, and since that time he has given away more than three thousand of the shiny "cart wheels." One night when he visited the hospital in December, 1953, he was pleasantly surprised to discover that seven babies had arrived that very day; but he always carries silver dollars in his pockets and it was with considerable delight that he left a coin for each tiny newcomer.

To most of Cookeville, Mr. McKay is "Uncle Mac," a lovable and unselfish gentleman whose generosity goes far beyond buying shoes for needy youngsters and giving dollars to newborn babes. Folks in Cookeville will tell you that Uncle Mac gives more money to local charities than any other man in Putman County. They will also gladly let you know that he has helped dozens of young men and women to face the future with good schooling which they would never have had but for Uncle Mac.

In the past seventeen years, eighty-nine men and women graduated from Baxter Seminary, a Methodist boarding school a few miles west of Cookeville, thanks to contributions from Lawyer McKay. It is with a great deal of pride that he looks upon this group of forty ministers, twenty-five schoolteachers, twelve practical nurses, six graduate nurses, two doctors, two pre-med students, and two dentists. He has already put about fifteen students through his

own alma mater, the University of Alabama.

One girl, now Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Brown of Cookeville, he calls "one of my best children." Mrs. Brown, he explains, "was left fatherless when she was a little girl. She wanted to be a nurse, so I helped her."

Mrs. Brown, now happily married to Raymond H. Brown, head basketball coach at Tennessee Polytechnic Institute, tells how Uncle Mac made it possible for her to become a registered nurse.

"I entered St. Thomas Hospital School of Nursing in Nashville in September of 1938," she says. "I had to borrow the money for registration and entrance fees to the school. From then on it wasn't necessary that I increase my note, because at frequent intervals during the three years that followed, I received a check from A. B. McKay."

When graduation time was approaching, Lawyer McKay met Mary's mother on the street in Cookeville and asked her when Mary would be home.

"My mother told him I'd be home that week end," Mrs. Brown says, "because in order to graduate I would have to have some money to cover the cost of my graduation uniform, cap, shoes, and diploma. Two days later I received a check from Mr. McKay for thirty-five dollars!"

After graduation Mrs. Brown re-

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turned to Cookeville to work for Dr. W. A. Howard, who had been her family physician for twenty-five years, and after fourteen years she still works for Dr. Howard.

"Also," she explains, "during that time I've attempted to pay back some portion of what I received from Mr. McKay, but the only way he will accept any payment is for me to send him a check which he can send to another student nurse needing assistance in paying her way through school. This I've tried to do."

Mrs. Brown then exposed another facet of Mr. McKay's "silver-dollar side."

"My two little girls call him 'Uncle Mac,'" she says. "Their birthdays and Christmases are never forgotten by him, and my oldest now has some seventy silver dollars, at least fifty-five of them given her by Mr. MacKay."

Refusal to accept repayment of money he has given others is a definite behavior pattern of Lawyer McKay's.

"What I want to do," he explains, "is simply to help humanity. Getting people on the right track, relieving suffering, and providing for those who can't help themselves—that's the thing. Lots of the children or young folk I've helped have tried to repay me, but I don't accept and have never accepted any refund or pay. I tell them to help some other unfortunate person."

He smiles and his eyes twinkle a

little as he adds, "Sometimes I have a project where I have more children or students in school than I can pay expenses for, and then I let some other folks make a contribution—not to me, but to those who need help."

Do people ever try to take advantage of his big heart?

"Oh, yes," he admits. "A few folks who find you are generous and like to help others will try to get aid they don't justly need. I seek to be fair and to work out matters without leaving hard feelings, but without contributing. Drunks and dopers often plead with me and put up sad hard-luck stories, but on investigation I get them going."

Lawyer McKay's philanthropic spirit probably stems from his father, he says. His father, C. C. McKay, was the only son of a Confederate soldier who was killed in the Civil War.

"My father had a hard life," Lawyer McKay explains. "But he grew up and bought a small farm and added to it until he had about six hundred acres, where he reared his family. He bought shoes and coats for all the poor and needy children and widows, and every Christmas he'd assemble sixty or seventy of them for a Christmas dinner."

When A. B. McKay was fourteen years old he ran away from home seeking adventure. During the first year he worked on a farm.

"Then I went to a lumber camp,"

he recalls, "and sawed logs with an old man named Dutch Bill. He was seventy-two years old. He took an interest in me and taught me how to saw logs in a way that gave me self-confidence."

He worked at various jobs until 1917, when he joined the Army. In 1919 he was discharged for disability (rheumatic fever). He doesn't say what inspired him to go to college, but he enrolled in the University of Alabama, majored in commerce, and graduated in 1926 with a B.S. degree. He then studied at Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tennessee, and earned an LL.B. degree in March, 1927. Four months later he set up shop in Cookeville as a practicing attorney. His specialty today is automobile damage suit cases, but all sorts of other legal business flows across his antiquated rolltop desk.

A member of the First Baptist Church, Lawyer McKay has been either secretary, assistant secretary, or treasurer of the Men's Bible Class since 1932. He married a Cookeville girl, Miss Lucy Whitson, in 1943. "My wife is a good Methodist," he says with a grin, "so I attend preaching services part time at her church!"

In his close association with so many young people, Lawyer McKay has formed some opinions about their capabilities as potential leaders in civic life a few years hence. Asked whether or not he is satisfied that

the nation will be in capable hands when it comes time for these youngsters to take over, he answers emphatically, "Yes sir! Positively! But without the young folk who come from the unfortunate group we call the lower class, we can't keep reaching our underprivileged. The so-called 'blue blood' can't or won't really mix or rub shoulders with the farmer, laborer, and that type. It takes someone from those same groups to get in touch with others, to get through to them, to understand and to do effective work with them."

As for juvenile delinquency, Lawyer McKay believes that churches should take a more active role in the prevention and reduction of delinquency, both parental and juvenile.

"We should have the proper kind of social life and recreation in our churches," he says. "We need to spread a brotherly spirit and to send religious workers to visit in substandard homes. We have to make those who are unfortunate feel that someone really cares what happens to them. Churches ought to have more socials and suppers, and have members bring in needy youngsters as guests."

Lawyer McKay has been Commander of the local American Legion Post and is active in the Big Brother movement. With some pride he tells about two disabled veterans whom he helped in legal matters



and how one named his son "A. B." Anderson, and the other named his boy (who graduated from Baxter Seminary in June 1954) "Mack McKay" Clemmons.

The episode which perhaps impresses Lawyer McKay most deeply, however, happened during the Second World War. A fifteen-year-old Cookeville girl had lost her mother, then her father went blind. When the girl finished high school, Lawyer McKay arranged for her to study nursing, and when World War II broke out, the girl went with the Army Nurse Corps. While in France, a wounded American soldier came under her care, and in talking with him she discovered that he was from Tennessee. She told the soldier that if it hadn't been for a "certain kind-hearted man in Cookeville," she wouldn't have become a nurse.

"I know whom you're talking about," the wounded man said. "You're talking about A. B. McKay. Uncle Mac is my friend, too!"

One of Lawyer McKay's "nieces," now living in Cookeville, sums up his kindness in these words: "Uncle Mac is a true friend of the young people he has helped through school, and of the little ones just starting to school. Any praise he receives is deserved, indeed."

Mr. McKay's income permits him to live comfortably and to help others to do so, but he is not what one would call wealthy in terms of money. His great wealth is in love and happiness. McKay puts it this way: "They (the ones who have received his help) are my children, and they know and remember me, which is about the proudest estate a man can have."

\* \* \* \* \*

### Song for Patience

*Berniece Ayers Hall*

How wise the cheerful robin, just returned  
From winter in the southland! He has learned  
So much of patience I would seek for now.  
Outside my window, on a barren bough,  
Thru' freezing rain and wind, prologues to spring,  
He lifts his voice in praise, remembering  
White blossoms on each branch, now destitute,  
And summer's yield of luscious, glowing fruit.  
He has the faith, this tiny sonneteer,  
That Earth will green again as every year  
With sudden burst of glory, soon or late,  
And so he is content to sing and wait.  
So would I wait God's good time, patiently,  
As this brave robin in my cherry tree.

☐ "A few moments to stretch rests the body. Prayer refreshes and relaxes the mind."

## A Place to Pray Pays Off

*George W. Phinney*

BECAUSE Irwin W. Tucker, a filling station operator in Wynnewood, a little town on U. S. Highway 77 in south central Oklahoma, believes strongly in the efficacy of prayer, his business has more than tripled within the last two years. And all because he made it possible for motorists to find comfort and relaxation in a tiny prayer sanctuary while he serviced their cars.

It was Christmas day two years ago Tucker got the idea for a chapel where truck drivers, salesmen, travelers could grab a few moments for prayer and meditation without interrupting their travel schedules.

He was watching television when the idea for a prayer sanctuary struck him. The show stressed the fact that families who pray together stay together. He got to thinking about the hundreds and thousands of people who spend a great deal of their time on the highways, about whole families on long trips who won't stop and go to church because of lack of time or other inconveniences.

Why not, he reasoned, provide a place for these travelers to pray while he serviced their cars. Just a

few minutes to relax tired muscles and a weary mind might mean the difference between reaching their destinations safe and sound and being picked up from a wreck along the highway.

As a former truck driver spending long hours on the road, Tucker knows from experience what a few minutes earnest prayer can do for a person tired and weary from watching mile after mile of drab concrete slip under auto wheels.

Aside from a possible business standpoint, Tucker figured his prayer sanctuary as a safety measure alone would be worthwhile. Hundreds of lives are lost in highway accidents each year because drivers become fatigued. They are dangerous behind the wheel. A few moments to stretch rests the body. Prayer refreshes and relaxes the mind.

It is just a tiny room, this sanctuary, but it is complete with altar, Star of David, Crucifix, and statue of Jesus. Above the door there is a sign: You Are Welcome Regardless of Race, Creed, or Color. Enter in Good Faith.

Anyone entering Tucker's filling station can't fail to see the sign.



Some wonder about it, some ask questions, some ignore it, but many enter to pray.

Drivers become more alert, they drive more safely, they are more considerate of other drivers after a few minutes spent in this little filling station chapel.

Tucker has no way of knowing how many lives have been saved, how many accidents prevented, all because he has given his customers more than mere road maps and highway information to guide them on their way.

An average of sixty to seventy travelers (besides his regular customers) enter Tucker's prayer sanctuary each day. One day more than three hundred passed its portals. Many ask to leave donations but this kindly religious man refuses. Instead he furnishes an envelope for the tourists to send the money to his

own church wherever it might be.

All the ministers in Wynnewood regardless of their religious denomination give their wholehearted support to the project. Everyone of them has paid it a visit and are fervent in their prayers that it may be the nucleus of a great plan to decrease the murderous accidents on the highways of our country.

Irwin Tucker is not only thankful for the good he knows his idea has done and is doing, but he is grateful to God for the material way in which he has been rewarded. He is out of debt, he is making a comfortable living, he has made hundreds of friends of people who have heard of the prayer sanctuary and stopped to visit, and he knows it is because he took God in as partner when he made available a place for his customers to pray.



### Friends of Faith

*Harold A. Schulz*

Release faith's enemies, these three:  
Self-pity, fear, anxiety;  
And with your heart thank God above  
For faith's dear friends: Truth, Hope, and Love.



“Before each performance, whether in singing the blues or in performing a dramatic role on the stage, she asks God's guidance.”

## What Prayer Did for Ethel Waters

*Aubrey B. Haines*

THERE has been only one compelling influence in my life,” says Miss Ethel Waters, the distinguished Negro singer and actress of radio, television, stage, and screen, “and that is prayer.” Writing in her deeply moving autobiography, *His Eye is on The Sparrow*, published by Doubleday, she says, “As a dramatic actress all I've ever done is to remember. . . . And I never neglect to pray to God before I step out there. I ask Him to be my prompter and stage manager and to make the people out front like me. But I've also found out that He likes to help those who help themselves.”

Miss Waters' search for God and her finding Him began in a Protestant church at a children's revival. It was there, she says, that she came to know and reverence Christ, the Redeemer. On the last three added nights of the meeting she got down on her knees on the mourner's bench and asked God what she was seeking there. “Help me!” she prayed. “If nothing happens I can't come back here any more!” And then it happened. She got what she had been seeking for — peace of heart and of mind.

“I know that never again, as long as I live, can I experience that

wonderful reaction I had that night in the little church. Love flooded my heart and I knew I had found God and that now and for always I would have an ally, a friend close by to strengthen me and cheer me on.” So she writes of her conversion.

But living in squalor and dilapidation and having a sister who constantly drank and with whom she quarreled did not always allow her to live in greatest inspiration. “So then I'd have to set God down in the corner,” she writes. “The place would start jumping with blows, curses, threats. I know now that it would have helped a lot if I could have prayed when those blows were falling. But I didn't know then that one could pray away from the church.”

Deep faith and her belief in God have provided her with the strength and will power to make the long, hard struggle from tenements and cheap roadhouses to Broadway lights and Hollywood cameras. Born in the slums, Miss Waters has been a waitress, honky-tonk singer, and then by turn, a fabulously successful blues singer and actress. But prayer has helped her to overcome discouragement as it has helped her in many other ways.

Noteworthy is the fact that before



each performance, whether in singing the blues or in performing a dramatic role on the stage, she asks God's guidance. For example, she notes that after praying for help, she went on and sang *Supper Time*.

It took her years of playing in Negro theaters before she gained courage to attempt singing before white audiences. But, once that field had been conquered, she needed courage to go back to the Negro theaters—the wild noises that would greet her in the Negro theaters she had grown away from, having played to white audiences for so long. So she would pray, "O Lord! Please shut out those noises from my ears so I can do my work." And God did it, she notes. Though the stomping, screaming, and insults continued, she could not hear them.

Sometimes before a performance she would contact God in her dressing room. Then she would go out and sing all her old-time favorites such as *Dinah*, *Am I Blue?* and *Heat Wave*.

Once when playing in Atlanta, according to her autobiography, she had requested that the theater manager have a piano retuned so that it could be used for accompanying her. But the manager refused. When the two engaged in a bitter dispute, it resulted in the manager's having the police called out to see that she did not leave town, and the railroads were notified not to sell her tickets. Sitting all night in her hotel room

with two of her friends, she could not make her getaway 'till five-thirty the next morning when the police evidently went away for breakfast. She did some of her best and hardest praying that night. She got down on her knees and kept repeating the same plea to God she had been saying for days. "O Lord! I know you're not gonna let anything bad happen to me down here in Atlanta. You'll let me die — or escape. . . ." Never in her life has she used fancy language, she says. She always figured that God likes simple words straight from the heart. She was in the most terrible predicament of her life, and she realized it was asking a great deal of Him to get her out of the mess.

On another occasion she rode with a young Negro chauffeur in his white employer's shiny new Buick. To avoid hitting a team of horses, the driver swerved, and the car went over the shoulder of the road, turning over on its side with an earsplitting crash. Pinned beneath the car, she could not be removed by one person alone. So she prayed, "O Lord, please forgive me! Please help me! Don't let me die here, please, God, please." After persuading two men who came along that though she was a Negro she was human and needed help, she was finally released from the wreckage. Then it seemed her leg might need to be amputated. So she besought the Divine again. "O Lord! Am I

going to be crippled in this left leg now, after all I've been through?" After considerable endurance of pain and operations, however, her leg was saved.

Though prayer has been an indispensable force in Miss Waters' life, she has sometimes questioned God's wisdom. Feeling that the death of a little child in her care had been the will of God, she wrote that after she lost the youngster she was bitter for a long time against God. She told Him He was unkind to take her because she would have brought her up well if He had not interfered. But in the end, of course, she made her peace with Him.

Sometimes her petitions have been for employment so that she might help people in distress. Once a letter came from a convent asking for a contribution to a fund of \$5,500 the nuns had to raise to build a new sewerage system on their property. The cesspools had overflowed, and some of the sisters had come down with malaria and typhoid fever. So she prayed, asking God to send in enough vaudeville dates to allow her to have the work done. To her gratification He did. "And nothing I've ever done has given me more joy than the thought that I may have been able to save one or more of those sweet nuns from an attack of malaria or typhoid fever," she writes.

Her two great opportunities at playing dramatic roles on the stage

came in *Mamba's Daughters* and in *The Member of the Wedding*. Having given a great performance as Hagar in *Mamba's Daughters* and having received for herself seventeen curtain calls on opening night, she had every opportunity to be proud of her success. But, characteristic of her, pride was farthest from her mind. "And I burst into sobbing as I humbly thanked my God," she notes. "Because even if no one else knew it, I had been no actress that night. I had only been remembering and all I had done was carry out His orders. And I had shown them all what it is to be a colored woman, dumb, ignorant, all boxed up and feeling everything with such intensity that she is half crazy."

Miss Waters attributes to her prayers her successful return to the Broadway stage after months of playing short engagements in cheaper night clubs. "Nobody knows it," she once told Earl Wilson, "but I only worked seven weeks last year. When a woman's practically an institution — and then can get no work — that's awful. I was down to working in all kinds of dumps and dives, the dregs of the profession." Her comeback on the stage was made as Berenice in *The Member of the Wedding*.

Though Miss Water's life has been filled with hardships, rebuffs, and gross slights due to her race, she has known the meaning of wealth and prestige, too. The first



member of her race to see her name in lights above a Broadway playhouse, she has fallen heir to fame and fortune. But the greatest joy she has had is knowledge that her earnings have not been spent solely for her own selfish ends. "My earning power has given me the chance to help twenty little girls grow up and to assist God-loving people like my Allentown nuns to do His work. That is the only true satisfaction I've taken in collecting checks with the big numbers on them," she writes.

Such is the story of her life. But she never wished her obstacles had been removed nor that she had been born white instead of a Negro. "I have the soundest of reasons for being proud of my people," she writes in her autobiography. "We Negroes

have always had such a tough time that our very survival in this white world with the dice always loaded against us is the greatest possible testimonial to our strength, our courage, and our immunity to adversity.

"We are close to this earth and to God. Shut up in ghettos, sneered at, beaten, enslaved, we always have answered our oppressors with brave singing, dancing, and laughing. Our greatest eloquence, with pith of the joy and sorrow in our unbreakable hearts, comes when we lift up our faces and talk to God, person to person. Ours is the truest dignity of man, the dignity of the undefeated."

It goes without saying that Miss Ethel Waters' life has been true to the characteristics of her great race.



## The Forgiving Father

*Edith Dunn Bolar*

My Father saw me and forgave my waywardness  
 While yet I was a long way down the road;  
 He pitied me who sought him out in wretchedness;  
 Because he loved me who had strayed, he took the load  
 Of shame from my repentent heart and welcomed me.  
 With his rich robe of grace he wrapped me round;  
 He fed my starving soul from his infinity  
 Of spirit; with the balm of love he bound  
 My wounded, life-scarred heart; he healed me, made me whole.  
 There was rejoicing in my Father's house that one  
 Who had been lost was found; in my forgiven soul  
 Was praise and joy for what his love had done.

□ "With a little discipline in making the effort comes a change from amicable clumsiness to graceful friendliness."

## Gracious Friendliness

*Rebecca Shannon Cresson*

WHEN the lights went up the auditorium was full of self-acknowledged clods. There was the impulse and desire to move gracefully out of our seats and float rhythmically up the aisle in imitation of the ballerina but we sat stolidly where we were knowing that the grace we had been watching was not in our bodies. Hours and years of practice had developed the beautiful posturing of the ballerina. It was something that we could never accomplish.

Hours and years of practice bring us the liquid trill of the trumpet, rapid fingers over the keys of a piano, or the heart-answering throb of a violin string. Just as much study and ability goes into the making of a graceful mind and soaring spirit. There are some of us who think our only accomplishment must be to appreciate the limber loveliness and inspiration of those who spend

hours developing whatever talent is given them.

But there is one ability that is given to all of us and out of which we can make something lovely and inspiring by only a little practice each day. We can all develop a graceful friendliness.

A moment's practice every day; a sunny smile when the mailman leaves a letter, an artful wave of the hand to the garbage man as he empties the can, or a lithe twist to the conversation as the clerk at the grocery store counts out change can put people in good trim for a permanent and pleasant cordiality.

With a little discipline in making the effort, a little persistence in grasping a daily opportunity, and a small amount of good humor, there is bound to be a change from amicable clumsiness to graceful friendliness. It is so easy that everyone should try it.



Do your Givin'  
 While you're livin'  
 Then you're knowin'  
 Where its' goin'.



“A thoughtful gesture had made his name one of the most familiar among the folks of the county.”

## Notes from a Stranger

Harold Helfer

NO ONE had ever heard of Robert Wharton before he ran for commissioner of Jefferson County, Ala.

Or hardly anyone did anyway. The great city of Birmingham is located in this county and so it is a well-populated one. It was quite clear that he wasn't well-known as far as the general public went.

Certainly none of us on the newspaper had ever heard of him and we're supposed to keep our fingers on the pulse of that area.

It seemed that Mr. Wharton was the president of a small suburban bank. Well, that was all right but how many people in a teeming county are going to know an official of one rather out-of-the-way bank? For that matter, how many patrons of a bank ever know personally the president of this institution?

It appeared that there was one rather odd thing about Mr. Wharton. During the depression his bank, along with a number of others in the land, had failed. But Mr. Wharton had insisted on paying back his bank's depositors out of his own pocket. It had taken him a little while to do but he'd finally quietly returned, mainly out of his

own earnings, every cent the bank had owed.

But that was all sometime ago. Moreover, even if everyone who was a depositor at the bank — or, for that matter, everyone who lived in that particular community — voted solidly for Mr. Wharton it would hardly have created a dent in the election of a tremendous county like Jefferson.

Now, you understand, it wasn't such a terrible shock that Mr. Wharton should be running. Anybody can run for office and there was always somebody running whom nobody had ever heard of before, either just for the publicity or out of vainglory induced by a small circle of friends or maybe just for a gag.

The incredible and fantastic thing about Robert Wharton was that he won!

We people on the city desk of the newspaper — as well as the leading politicians of the country — were stunned.

There'd been several candidates who were well-known in the area, who held important political jobs in the past, who were supposed to have dynamic qualities and be attractive personally, and along

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comes this elderly gentleman who'd never been in the limelight before, from a small unimportant suburb and takes the sweepstakes!

Well, Robert Wharton made a pretty good county commissioner. Not one of these dramatic, two-fisted ones, you know — he wasn't a particularly good orator and the little tricks of the political trade were unknown to him — but in his own quiet, conscientious, day-by-day way he did a full and earnest job.

The fact that he won reelection overwhelmingly — despite another standout selection of candidates — only served to deepen the mystery of this modest and rather retiring Christian gentleman as far as we reporters and county commissioners were concerned.

In my covering of the courthouse building, I had noticed that Mr. Wharton seemed to know a good many people — just rank-and-file people — in a personal sort of way. But how could this be? It was very plain that he wasn't the glad-hander, back-slapping type. And he wasn't a “joiner” either. At least, not the promiscuous type. He belongs to one small church in his community and one small fraternal lodge and that was all.

I stumbled upon the secret of Mr. Wharton's amazing popularity quite by accident one day.

I was admitted to his office while

he was going through the morning paper. He looked up with a welcoming smile and said cordially, “Be right with you.” Then he continued his intent perusing of the paper. He had a pair of scissors in his hand and occasionally he would clip something or other.

Well, it wasn't too surprising. Politics can get pretty hot in Jefferson County, Ala. One had to stay on top of things.

One of the clippings fluttered off his desk and I picked it up. It was a one paragraph thing, about some boy winning some scholarship somewhere or other.

“You know this family?” I asked idly.

“No,” Mr. Wharton replied, “no, I don't.”

“Then why did you clip it?” I asked, more to make conversation than anything else.

“Oh, because I thought it was a nice thing,” the gray-haired old gentleman said. “I'm always clipping things like that.”

“Clipping things like that?” I repeated curiously.

“Yes,” Mr. Wharton said. “For instance, here's a clipping about a housewife who won some kind of recipe contest. And here's one about a trolley motorman who was given a little award for being so polite. And here's a clipping about a man who stopped his car to rescue a dog caught in a guttering. And so it goes.”



"But what do you do with these clippings?" I asked.

"Oh, I send them little notes of congratulations. Or tell them that I thought what they did was nice. Something like that."

"But why do you do this?"

"Oh, I don't know. It just seems to me that if someone does something nice in our county or wins some honor or something like that, he deserves a pat on the back."

I found myself staring at the gray-haired commissioner almost as if I were seeing him for the first time.

"How long have you been doing this, Mr. Wharton?"

"Oh, years and years," he said. "When I first started in business, I suppose. It was quite a struggle, you know, getting started, and I could see that it wasn't always being nice in this world where there

was so much rushing and competition, and so it always made me feel good to read of somebody who was getting ahead by dint of perseverance and hard work or who stopped somewhere along the way to do something nice. And I got in the habit of sending these people notes of felicitations. I felt that, coming from a stranger, it might have even more than the usual impact and encouragement."

And so at last the "mystery of Robert Wharton," the "unknown" who had become one of the most popular commissioners in history, was solved.

He had written so many "notes from a stranger" through the years that, quietly and unobtrusively, this thoughtful gesture had made his name one of the most familiar and heart-warming among the folks of the county.



## Cocoon

*Grace Barker Wilson*

A loathesome caterpillar  
Builds a white cocoon,  
And after death—like waiting  
During many a moon,  
One day the tomb is opened,  
And beautiful to see  
A butterfly emerges.  
Why not with you and me?

☐ "Nothing goes out of our lives except to make room for something new and essential to come in."

## I Was a Weakling

*Irene M. Clemons*

UNTIL I had my first experience with sorrow, I thought I was as brave and courageous as the average person. I never realized the weakling I really was until the Angel of Death showed me up.

For the most part my life had gone along smoothly and serenely. No heart-rending emotion had ever touched me, so I was totally unprepared to meet and combat the tragic happening which changed my world in a few short hours. Unexpectedly the blow fell, without warning of any kind. One moment my loved one was alive and happy; the next a cerebral hemorrhage and he was gone.

How did I react? Just as any person does, I suppose, who is suddenly plunged into overwhelming sorrow. I was simply grief stricken. That was natural and perfectly understandable. But days passed and the calm, assured person I had always thought myself became unbelievably weak and spineless. There seemed no reason for living now that the bottom had dropped out of my world. I lost all interest in everyone and everything. I deliberately shut away from me those who sought

to help and comfort. Clinging constantly to the memories of the past, I allowed self-pity to dominate my thought world. My mind became saturated and dripping with it. Rebelling against an order of things which had so completely destroyed my happiness, I questioned over and over, "Why has this happened to me? What have I done to deserve it?"

Months passed and under the constant strain of negative thinking and acting, my health began to break, or so I thought. Finally, the family doctor was called in. A quick examination, a long searching look at me, and then he spoke the words which changed and completely redirected the whole course of my life.

Quite bluntly he said, "There's nothing wrong with you physically. All you need is to snap out of it." Then he flung this parting shot, "Make yourself ALIVE with something NEW!"

"Make yourself alive with something new." Somehow, those words commanded my attention. They acted as a definite challenge. They sank deep. I found myself repeating them over and over until a vague stirring within me began to assert itself. For the first time, since my loss, I



began to think of something outside myself. My heart and mind lifted imperceptibly. Suddenly, I was eager to be "alive," to seek something "new." I realized that only by making myself alive to the new could I be freed from the unhappiness and misery of the old. I must let go of the past, stop clinging to its griefs. I must forbid morbid thoughts from holding sway. How? By replacing them with *new* thoughts, *new* interests, *new* ideas, *new* avenues of service and love.

From that time on my entire viewpoint changed. That word NEW became to me a shining incentive. It helped me to die mentally to the unpleasant and in the process I discovered I was becoming very much ALIVE to the exceedingly pleasant. I knew I had something to give others which was more precious than gold. Out of my suffering had evolved a new understanding which only those who have known deep sorrow can impart.

I looked around me eagerly now with clear eyes that actually saw the needs and desires of other people. I had never realized before there was so much loneliness in the world. I set my mind and heart into channels of service and found that each new day brought a fresh reason for living.

A close friend suddenly lost her mother whom she had dearly loved. Her pathetic little cry, "I'm all alone," came to me one morning

over the phone. I lost no time in calling a taxi and going to her immediately. I shall always remember her words as I left her late that afternoon. Putting her arms around my neck, and smiling through her tears, she said, "I just can't tell you what your coming has meant and how much you have helped me. But I'll never forget it."

As I rode home a wonderful sense of happiness and peace stole over me. I was glad, inexpressibly glad for this new-found opportunity which had enabled me to bring comfort to the heart of another. Somehow I had the distinct feeling that my loved one, too, knew and approved of what I had done.

About that time I read that we have no conception of the far reaching good we can bring about in the lives of others by sending out regularly silent thoughts of healing, strength, love, and blessing. Thereafter, I spent some time daily in putting this inspiring idea into practice.

One of my greatest joys had always been writing letters but only to a few congenial friends. Now, I began to seek out the elderly, the lonely, the sad, and discouraged. I made it a point to write cheery, friendly messages of uplift and encouragement. As appreciation and gratitude returned to me, my heart was filled to overflowing. I understood now that in unselfish service I had found the way I could best remember the love I bore my dear one.

I honored him by being myself, by doing those things I was confident he would be happy to know I was doing. I knew for all time that only by giving OUT the love I had for him could I make up for his loss. There is no other way!

Today, I can truthfully say I am happier than ever before. I am actually glad sorrow came to me. It has taught me some of life's greatest lessons. Among them is the truth that nothing, absolutely nothing, goes out of our lives except to make room for something new and essential to come in. Difficult to be-

lieve? Yes, but true!

If you are tempted to be the weakling I was, following the loss of a loved one, begin to change your thought world. Start to think constructively and you will act in the same manner. Remember the challenge the doctor wisely flung at me, "Snap out of it! Make yourself ALIVE with something NEW." You, too, can emerge from the deepest sorrow into a finer, more understanding, infinitely happier person. I have proved it in my life. So can YOU!



## Like A Watered Garden

*Cosa Elizabeth Reynolds*

Lord, Thou hast planted in my heart the seeds  
Of faith and hope and love, of peace and joy.  
Do Thou remove all the unsightly weeds,  
Whate'er the instrument Thou must employ.  
Lord, cultivate this little garden plot  
And send upon it Thy refreshing shower,  
Thy warming, healing sun on every spot,  
So that the seeds may sprout and grow and flower.  
Let faith burst forth in royal purple hue  
And hope in golden, love in crimson tone,  
Give joy a motley bloom and peace a blue—  
Each blooming for the Gardener alone.  
Let passers-by be startled to behold  
A garden-life completely God-controlled.



### THE SEAT OF JUDGMENT

"For with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged . . ."

—Matthew 7:2

**A**LTHOUGH everyone is forced to sit in the seat of judgment at some time, it is well to realize that it is a most unenviable place to be. Some people say that it is wrong to judge at all, but they forget that we judge everytime we cross the street. We look one way and the other, and judge whether or not we can cross safely. In dealing with personalities we are constantly making judgments as to their reliability and honesty and these judgments determine our actions. Some judgments are necessary. In the seventh chapter of Matthew where Jesus talks about not judging, he also tells us "by their fruits ye shall know them." We judge whether the fruits are good or bad. Nevertheless it is well to realize the dangers involved.

Our judgments tell as much about ourselves as they do about others. Our judgments reveal our standards. When we judge someone your judgment may be true or false, but our judgment truly tells something about ourselves. Someone was always accusing others of seeking the spotlight. She could always pick out those actions that might be the result of self-seeking. In some cases her judgment was correct, and in some cases it was wrong. However, the fact that she was so expert in spotting such instances demonstrated that she was well versed in the arts and practices of self-seeking. She was a well developed self-seeker herself. She is one of the people whom Jesus was talking about when he admonished us to first of all take the beam out of our own eye before we attempt to take the splinter out of another's eye. Only when we have removed the beam of "self" are we at all competent to rightfully judge.

Life will place us in the judge's seat too often for comfort without our seeking it. When it becomes necessary for us to judge we should examine ourselves first.

Are we vindictive? Is our goal to condemn? Do we enjoy our seat of judgment? Are we angry? Are we putting someone in his place? If the answer to any of these is "Yes" we are not fit to judge.

Is our desire to help? Are we interested in righting a situation? Are we loving? Are we dependent upon Jesus for words and actions? Are we humble? Is our intention to build rather than tear down? Are we sure there is no personal pique? If our answer to these questions is "Yes" we are better fitted to judge.

READ: **The Heart of Peter Marshall's Faith**, Peter Marshall.

### RELIGION SHOWS IN OUR LIVES

" . . . there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known."—Matthew 10:26

Four businessmen were talking about the thing that made life have meaning. They were a little beyond middle life and so felt they could talk with the authority of experience. One man said, "You know, there are some women you see on the street who make you want to walk up to them and say, 'Thank you, lady.' Life apparently hasn't been easy for them, but there is something about them that tells you they have been true to all the things we hold dear and high."

Another said, "Even from a selfish point of view those with religious convictions grow into the people we would like to be like. I know a college professor who used to be active in church. For some reason he gave up the church twenty years ago. He has turned bitter, suspicious, and cynical. It isn't worth it! If you put two people side by side, one with religion and the other without it, I don't think there is much doubt which one you would want to be like."

There are exceptions to all generalities, but exceptions do not make a rule, and what these two men said is true.

The inner must show in the outer. The hidden is made manifest and in a sense "shouted from the rooftops." The trouble and the strain with most people is that they are trying to manifest something that they are not. They "act" friendly when they are not friendly. They "act" merciful when they are not merciful. They "act" temperate when they are not temperate. The very fact they are acting shows they do not approve of themselves. They feel frustrated. They inwardly condemn themselves. When they see someone whose manner manifests the genuine, the spiritual, and the true, they recognize him and want to reach out and touch him and to thank him.

Look about yourself. Who are the people with contentment? Who are the people with tenderness? Who are the people with balanced lives? Who are the people with joy? Are not these the people you would like to be like? Of course they are, and the only way you can be like them is to worship the things they worship, to serve the God they serve, to dedicate yourself as they have, to be loyal to the goals they feed upon, and to lose yourself in Christ as they have lost themselves in Christ.

READ: **Benefits of His Passion**, C. H. Dodd



## DON'T BECOME SPIRITUALLY DISCOURAGED

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."  
I Corinthians 16:13

How easy it is to become discouraged in the spiritual life! We see so many people hurting themselves and others, and we know that if they would accept a new life they would find real happiness and be of great help and benefit not only to themselves but to many others. Perhaps we talk with some of them and see a spark of interest, but it soon fades and dies. Some are not in the least interested. We might just as well be talking to others in a foreign tongue, they seem so destitute of understanding. Others turn against the very life and friends who have helped them. Others are transformed and become new personalities. But there are so many who do not make the grade that we wonder what is the matter with ourselves (or maybe what is the matter with God).

Jesus faced the same situation and told about it in the parable of the sower. Here are all the people you will meet in life and their reactions to the good news of the Kingdom. Some won't understand it. It doesn't make sense to them. Then there is the emotional type who will embrace it with enthusiasm, but they haven't roots. As soon as it comes into conflict with their ease and happiness they are offended and drop it. There will be others who welcome the Kingdom, but pretty soon they put the god of money and success in its place. Some will unconditionally embrace the Kingdom and produce varying amounts of fruit. Jesus knew all this.

Our job is to sow the seed. God's responsibility is to give the increase. As long as our contentments depend upon some outward sign of success (even in the business of saving souls!) we shall become discouraged, constantly fluctuating between elation and despondency.

Only when we have unconditionally committed ourselves to the job of sowing will we find the joy that goes with a way of life. This must become a way of life, not a technique exterior to our very own personality. Find your contentments and joys in the sowing. Leave the results of the sowing to God.

READ: **Over His Own Signature**, Leslie D. Weatherhead.

## Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

**OVER HIS OWN SIGNATURE**, Leslie D. Weatherhead. Abingdon, \$2.50. 155 pages. The sub-title is "A Devotional Study of Christ's Pictures of Himself and of Their Relevance to our Lives Today" Almost any book by Dr. Weatherhead is an event to be reckoned with, and this is no exception. It is well written, abounding with apt illustrations, and emanating the Spirit of Jesus. This is a type of "life of Christ" for it is a book based on the "I am" passages of Jesus. This, the author says, is Jesus' life of Himself — His autobiography. The reader will feel closer to Jesus for having read it, many confusions and generalizations will be clarified, and some of the mysteries that may have plagued him will be explained. It's a good book, a rewarding one to read, and one that is written in simple, clear language.

**THE HEART OF PETER MARSHALLS' FAITH**, Peter Marshall. Revell, \$1.00. 48 pages. I must admit that when this book came I looked at it with a little doubt. After all, didn't we have *Mr. Jones Meet the Master*? Why start chopping it up into smaller books? After reading it I have changed my mind. I am glad they made a smaller book just to hold these two wonderful sermons. One sermon is "The Grave in the Garden" and it is a most forceful message about eternal life and the Christian's faith in it. The other is called "Keepers of the Springs" and in it Peter Marshall affirms the necessity of practicing Christ's principles while we are on this earth. The publisher has done the public a service in seeing the need for it, and getting it out.

**WALKS OF JESUS**, B. Lewis Knox, \$1.50. 78 pages. This is one of the all too few books that weaves an atmosphere of love and devotion with each paragraph, and in that atmosphere Jesus is real and warm and vital. I thought when I first saw the book that it might be descriptions of local geography, but

it is not that at all. For example, in the chapter on "His Walks in Homes," the author tells of the homes Jesus visited as recorded in the Gospels, what he did there, the kind of people who were there, and the result of Jesus' visit. She then goes on to apply all these lessons to our own homes, how to make Him welcome and what to expect from His constant presence in our homes. Some of the other chapters tell of His walks in the sanctuary, His walks alone, His walks for prayer, His walks with friends, etc. This is a companion volume, one you will want to keep company with.

**THE CHALLENGE OF CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP**, Milo Kauffman. Herald, \$2.50. 180 pages. This is the best study and survey of the entire field of stewardship I have read. There are other very inspirational books that treat the subject from one particular angle or interest of the author, but this one surveys the entire field, the author having read and studied the other literature in the field, and presents the whole subject in an entirety and sanity and spirituality that is very welcome. He does not limit the subject to money, though he does not by any means slight this aspect, but he relates it to one's complete relationship to God, discusses its place in the Bible, specifically shows its importance in the Gospels, and builds his case so logically and intelligently that one cannot finish this book without taking a very serious audit of himself. As the author is a minister of the Mennonite church he has one chapter on stewardship as it relates to that church, but this in no way spoils the message for other churches and groups. It might spur one on to relate this vital subject to his own communion. I believe every Christian needs this book.

**BENEFITS OF HIS PASSION**, C. H. Dodd. Abingdon, \$1.00. 62 pages. Meditations on the Cross of Christ and its meaning in our lives today. The author



takes six sayings from Paul about the death of Christ, goes to the Gospels to explain them in word and in action, and then relates them to our lives. The book is small, the chapters are short enough

so that the point is not obscured, and the conclusions pertinent. It's a little book that will fit easily in the pocket for easy reference and contemplation.



## THERE ARE NO WORDS

*Rowena Cheney*

There are no words which can express  
The heart's response each year  
To spring's delights: to crystal shower  
Or skies, cerulean-clear;

The miracle of waking sod  
Enjoying bright rebirth  
As budding tree and bush and flower  
Adorn a blossoming earth. . . .

And oh, the wondrous, welcome sounds!  
Bird song and seeking wings!  
No, words can never quite convey  
The joy this season brings.

Yet every listening ear can hear  
Spring's message, and rejoice  
In beauty, which on every hand  
Echoes the quiet voice

Which speaks within . . . "There is no death:  
Earth, jubilant and vernal  
Betokens God's great laws fulfilled—  
His Love, and Life eternal!"

□ "They don't care who wins; all they want to do is play the game and have fun."

## The Quakers Are At It Again

*W. J. Granberg*

IT'S A LONG fight with a short stick, but the Quakers don't know that, and they are at it again. Like since 1939 when Ray Newton of the American Friends Service Committee had his brainstorm about making friends by sweating it out with them on a job a man didn't really have to do. A bunch of gangling collegians, male and female, were in Mexico this summer influencing people against thinking each other an odd-ball.

You'd think they'd know better by now, the Quakers, but they don't. They don't know when they're licked, looks like, talking on and on about friendship and peace, like they do. So they drummed up a sort of Foreign Legion affair that sends gullible and wide-eyed men and women to thirteen countries to prove all Americans aren't carrying atom bombs, junior grade, in their valises. But all I want to tell you about is Mexico.

My wife and I decided to take a sabbatical from scrambling and groveling for a living and spend a year with the deluded A. F. S. C. south of the Rio Grande. It was to be a sort of a reward for managing to rear a son to the age of eighteen without him being more than ordin-

arily delinquent. As it turned out, we swapped one child for twenty and found our problems were just beginning as leaders of a year-around work camp consisting of college men and women, including a goodly number of lads who had faced their draft board and said they wouldn't fight, or even pretend to, plus a sprinkling of young people who appeared on the scene for lesser reasons. The COs, doing two years of alternative service, were not at all vague. They know why they are in Mexico and work hard at it.

Work hard at making friends, I mean. Poor guys. Don't they know that moneyless people who refuse to fight for anything, even their daily bread, and just go around making friends, even unto the ends of the earth, will never be successful, or become Men of Distinction, save in their Father's House? Deluded for fair, that's what they are.

But I want to tell you about Jed, who is a real enough character to stand for the rest of his ilk. I know Jed best because I slept in his hut on the top of a mountain and was chewed by fleas. Jed hasn't a buck, never had, never will; not if he keeps running to form, as my favorite tout at Hialeah Park would say.



His conscience hurts him, poor kid. When the draft board fingered him, Joe said "nuts." Not really, because Jed is too mild-mannered to use expressions like that. I'm just putting a word in his mouth, because that's what he would have said if he wasn't a pacifist. Anyway, Jed told the man (or maybe three men, because Jed doesn't care if he's outnumbered) that he didn't want any part of the army, that he'd rather sweat it out in a work camp somewhere, or work in an insane asylum, or even take the rap in a penitentiary, if things went from push to shove.

The draft board saw it was facing a very determined young man and gave him the nod to rack up his time, two years, in Mexico. So that's why Jed went south. He spent his time working in the Otomí Indian country one hundred miles north of Mexico City. Jed was closer than that to the Pan-American Highway where fancy cars probe their quick way to the Hotel Del Prado and the Regis Bar where they will be safe and hear nary a word about the Otomis. Every Tuesday morning Jed and three or four other guys and gals who didn't know any better hiked from the end of the truck road into the mountains.

Most of them stopped at Gundho, but Jed always went on to the top of a mountain called Cuesta Colorado, carrying food enough to last him until Saturday when he hiked

back down to spend the week-end in the *casa* of Los Amigos in Ixmiquilpan. The hike, over a steep and rocky trail something like Calvary must have been, took Jed three and one-half hours alone; six if there were any young women in the party going as far as Gundho. Jed always carried more than his share of the gear. The Otomi let their wives do the heavy work, which shows what a lot Jed has to learn.

Now what does a CO do on the top of a mountain 7,500 feet up, in a country inhabited by the most underprivileged of people, people who, with their kids, drink mostly pulque for lack of something better and eat corn and tortillas when the corn crop is big enough to last the year around? (More often than not, the corn crop is bad; people go hungry, starve; you know, drop dead from no food). Well, what Jed did was make friends on top of the mountain. He talked to the Indians who knew a little Spanish and smiled at those who didn't. Then he learned enough native dialect himself so he could pass the time of day with his neighbors who live in widely scattered huts and are too shy to shake hands properly. Instead of gripping one's hand like a real lodge member, they touch one's palm lightly, with a caress as soft as a mountain breeze. Jed got so he could ask about the weather and how wouldn't it be better if a man's kids were in school. It would be better, of a

certainty, so next day another three or four boys, clad in rags, would be in school. Scared to death, the kids, but in school, thanks to Jed.

Jed also figured the Indians might improve their diet and ease off on the numbing pulque by raising a few vegetables, so he started an experimental garden on top of the mountain. It looks like a rock farm and he had to spend a lot of time whittling poles so he could make a fence and keep out the stray hogs and goats that perfumed his immediate living area, which was a grass-thatched hut with dirt floor and rocks in the corner for a stove.

Now then, although the climate atop any mountain is not conducive to truck gardening, Jed gave it a good fling. He is a country boy himself and dies hard. All the seeds showed, with radishes and carrots taking win and place, respectively, as my friends at old Hialeah say. But a man cannot live on radishes and carrots, so the garden cannot be called a huge success in any language, including the Otomi, which is as hard to come by as Chinese. What really did win for Jed was friendship, and the fact the Otomis were made members of the human race by Jed hiking up there to see them every week and taking time to palaver and give them a feeling they amount to something. They will never amount to anything, of course, except in their Father's House, for they have been neglected so long death is more

of a habit than living. But that's between us and Jed. Jed did his best, which was plenty, and the mountain-dwelling Otomis are not likely to forget him, or any of the other Quaker-sponsored young men and women who populate the A.F.S.C. work camps in Mexico.

They ought to have some kind of honor and glory for being so foolish as to pay \$160 for the privilege of working in rural villages and living in homes they have never seen the like of before. The houses lack all modern conveniences, such as heat, plumbing, and electricity, but are blessed by being without radio, TV, and daily newspapers. All of which gives the young people time to ruminate on their sins properly. The college and high school students, or immediate graduates, also pay their own traveling expenses to Mexico, so it cannot be said they are free-loaders while working at their friendship business.

As a sideline, they help build and repair schools, fix roads that always can stand fixing, maybe vaccinate pigs against cholera, plant trees, teach kids English and how to play games. Funny, but Mexican youngsters don't care about keeping score when they play baseball. They don't care who wins, all they want to do is play the game and have fun. Crazy, those kids. Don't they know they gotta win, win, win, by fair means or foul? It was turnabout. The young people from the States



suddenly got the hint that winning may not be so important after all. Which was a good thing for the embryo preachers and school teachers in the work camps to learn.

Actually, the A.F.S.C. does not expect the collegians to get much material, physical work, accomplished during five weeks. They do make a lot of friends, however, and before the summer is up, most of them learn enough pidgin Spanish to get along with their new neighbors. "Intangible accomplishment," that's what the Quakers call the making of new friends. Intangible nothing! Friendship is a lot more tangible than a road, a school, or a radish on top of a mountain. Friendship is practically the most tangible, indestructible thing there is; more so than love, which sometimes develops into friendship, if you work at it.

But like I said, the Quakers are a funny lot. They send about 185 people to Mexico every summer, maybe two dozen more to stay the year around, and expect to save the world, or something. Or maybe they don't, maybe all they want to save is a little corner of it, beginning almost anywhere. So far, since 1939, about 3,300 young people have given their all for the shirt-sleeve missionary projects of the A.F.S.C. in more than 200 villages. The collegians make mistakes, of course, and sometimes they blunder around and get in the hair of their neighbors. All of them haven't gone

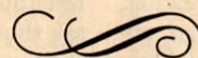
to Mexico with star dust in their eyes. Some went for the mere adventure of it, or because Ma and Pa didn't know what to do with them all summer anyway. But enough of them, like Jed, go south for good enough reasons, COs or not, to make the operation a success.

A success, that is, so far as the Quakers are concerned. And they aren't particular who goes to Mexico. They sign up Methodists, Jews, Catholics, Negroes, and Baptists and Unitarians, even, for this business of making friends with folks of another country who also pull on their pants one leg at a time. Which means we are brothers under the skin, or something, according to the Quakers.

Judging from results since 1939, things like World War II and the atom bomb, this foreign legion work business of the Quakers isn't going to save the world. It won't even save Mexico, or the United States, or the soul of one person who joins up. But then maybe the Quakers know that, know it's a lost cause. They should. They've been embroiled in enough of them, like working for peace and things, including fair employment practices.

Maybe it's just that the Quakers don't know what the odds are, don't know about the atom bombs stacked against them. Perhaps Jed had better see if radishes and carrots will grow in Times Square, or at 20 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia 7, which

is the address of the people who don't know when to stop making friends, come what probably will. Cards, those Quakers. Stubborn as anything.



## The Key

*Frederick D. Brewer*

Our duty to the human race  
Lies not in selfish gain,  
But how we help our fellow man  
Along Life's rough terrain.

If we can bring one ray of hope  
To some faint, weary soul,  
And give him strength to struggle on,  
And help him reach his goal,

If we can scatter little acts  
Of kindness, down the miles,  
Or, from one heart, can chase the tears  
And wreath it round with smiles,

If we can be a helpful friend,  
As on Life's way we plod,  
I feel quite sure that, in the end,  
We'll be a friend of God.

Our destiny we do not know,  
The end we can't fore-see;  
But what we do along Life's way  
For others — that's the key.



☞ "Resentment is a sin and I couldn't go on the platform with resentment in my heart."

## *A Preacher Overcomes Resentment*

*George Burnham*

**A**N AMERICAN preacher, who may as well go unnamed, made a special trip to Great Britain before the start of Billy Graham's Scotland Crusade. He was not there to herald the coming of the American evangelist. He was there to speak against Billy Graham.

The preacher, who also edits a magazine, went up and down the country, urging the people not to listen to the young upstart. He told them that Billy had no real standing in his own country and that he preached a false gospel. After his return to the United States, the preacher-editor continued to write torrid articles against Billy.

In a conversation one night, Billy said:

"You know, deep down in my heart, I was beginning to resent the man. He was trying to destroy my ministry. As far as I know he has never attended one of my meetings—I wouldn't know him if I met him on the street.

"Resentment is a sin, and I couldn't go on the platform with

resentment in my heart. I couldn't ask those people to repent and love their neighbors if I had sin in my own heart.

"One afternoon, all alone in my room at the hotel, I fell on my knees before God and prayed. I told God that I was going to stay on my knees until He instilled a genuine love in my heart for the man. And I stayed there, asking God to do what I could not do as a human. After a considerable time God answered my prayer and when I stood to my feet I had a genuine love for him.

"I sat down and wrote the man a letter, telling him of my resentment and of the victory that God had given. I told him that if he ever attended one of my meetings he would be greeted in Christian love."

The letter was mailed, but the resulting answer was in the same vein as other disparaging articles.

Billy's love remained. He had conquered his problem. The problem of the other man remains.

From *Billy Graham: A Mission Accomplished*—Fleming H. Revell Co.

☞ "With courage and high hopes in their hearts they set out on the long journey to the New World."

## *Their Faith Found a New Home*

*Jerome Kearful*

**O**NE OF THE strangest communities existing within the limits of our neighbor republic south of the border is to be found in the state of Baja California, Mexico. There, living in harmony with their Mexican associates in and around the town of Guadalupe, a colony of Caucasian Russians has carried on the peaceful arts of agriculture for the past half century.

In 1905, Czar Nicholas of Russia saw fit to grant the petition of a group of his subjects that they be allowed to depart from their homeland and settle elsewhere. The petitioners were a small and little-known band of fair-haired, hardy people called Molokans, a word which, in Russian, means "milk-eaters." For generations, the lands of the Molokans, who asked nothing more than the opportunity to live in peace, had been ravaged by cruel wars. When word came that the Czar had granted their request, there was great rejoicing. Their prayers for deliverance from suffering and starvation had been answered!

The Molokans appointed three of their number to represent them and to travel in America, the Land

of Promise, in order to seek a haven and shelter for their fellows. The few hundreds of these people who remained behind were pledged to uproot their lives in Russia and start over again in the location that their emissaries might find best suited to their needs.

The three Molokan representatives came to the United States. But they did not have much bargaining power, for the Molokans were a poor people. However, circumstances favored them. In Los Angeles, a banker who listened to them and took an interest in the Molokans' search for peace and security, made a suggestion.

"My bank," he said, "owns a considerable tract of land down in Lower California, near the village of Guadalupe. I think we could sell it to you on very easy terms."

So it was agreed. The transaction was completed, and the liberty-loving Russians from the Caucasus who had faith in a new way of life — men, women, and children — became the owners of this land they could turn into farms and homes. With courage and high hopes in their hearts they set out on the long journey to the New World.



Arrived in Guadalupe, the industry and moral stamina of the Molokans was well rewarded. As the years passed thriving little farms and neat cottages betokened a happy and contented people. And, although many of the younger generation have migrated to the United States or other parts of Mexico, the Molokan colony still prospers to this day.

These unique emigrants to Lower California are far from being rude or illiterate. The Russian children go to the Mexican schools, where they learn Spanish. At home, they learn Russian. Besides, it is not unusual to hear older members of the colony speak several other tongues — English, Armenian, even Turkish.

These Russians of Lower California have preserved their own native culture. On special occasions and for festivals, they don the elaborate costumes of their old home land. The rites of the ancient Molokan Church, distinct for centuries from the Russian Orthodox Church, are observed.

Relations between the Guadalupe Russians and their Mexican neighbors are mutually tolerant and amiable. The children of the two peoples play together, and their elders carry on the affairs of daily life which brings them together with good will.

The Molokans of Russia have become good and happy citizens in a new land. Through their faith they have found a new home!



## Healing Hands

*Edith Dabiby*

O wondrous holy healing hands  
That touched the blind, the lame  
That never were too occupied  
To bless the ones who came.

Hold Thou my hands  
Until Thy power  
Shall freely flow through mine  
That even as thy word has said  
Shall follow healing sign.

“The peace that has permeated our house through this moment of spiritual victory has been immeasurable.”

## Into the Valley of the Shadow

*A. H. Langlois*

“YOU have cancer.”  
The kindly old doctor patted my hand. “We have done what we can for you. We hope we removed the whole of it, but it was impossible to go any deeper because of its closeness to the brain. Your fate is in God’s hands now.”

He stood up. “Reconcile yourself, my dear, to whatever the future may hold for you. I sincerely hope it is only good.”

Reconcile myself? Oh, what simple little words to say. Reconcile myself to death? Why, I was young. I had babies who needed me and a husband who loved me. Twenty-four is so young to die.

Reconcile myself? How does one do that? Is it as simple as saying, “I’m sorry God for all my sins—forgive me—I am ready to come to You.” Oh no, no, it is not that simple. To die is lonely. There are the farewells and the tears. My husband, my babies, I couldn’t leave them; I love them too much. But God, I love you too—then why am I sobbing?

Out of the chaos of my tumbling world, rationalization finally came. The fountain of tears long since spent, there was room only in the

still of the hospital night for thoughts. Oh precious, precious time, let me not sleep any of you away!

My future lay ahead of me. There were two roads, life or death. God alone would decide which I was to travel. Then why was I crying, why was I worrying, why was I trying vainly to decide what I would do? The decision was not for me to make; it was God’s. I was as putty in His hands.

And suddenly as that the whole philosophy of my future life had evolved—simple, all-embracing, immensely comforting. I would put myself solely in God’s trust; I would accept His will without question believing in the ultimate wisdom of His plans.

That was my moment of moral victory.

To live with God, by God, for God, that was my resolution, and the years previous now stretched out like a huge vacuum of existence. Oh, I hadn’t been an unbeliever then, far from it, but God and I were only acquaintances. Now we were companions.

It’s been four years now since that moment, four immensely happy, satisfying ones. The peace that has permeated our house through this



moment of spiritual victory has been immeasurable. No longer do trivial matters annoy me. Each day I live to the fullest in serene companionship with my family and friends. Each night I thank God for another day spent with them.

The whole world has taken on new meaning—a rainbow-colored sunset, apple blossoms in the spring-time, the red-and-gold of autumn—once hardly noticed, now all have become major events to me, events which evidence God's presence and love.

And neither does death hold any fear now. My children are entrusted to His care; God will look after them, I know, should such a possibility take place. Death is not an eternal parting from one's loved ones; it is only a separation. Often I had wondered before how some people faced death so peacefully. Now I find that I can myself. Any Christian can, who truly believes, for death itself is not an end but a

beginning.

No longer fearing death, I find that all my other fears have vanished also, suddenly far too inconsequential to worry me any more. Yes, perhaps life will be shorter now, but it will also be richer.

It isn't necessary to meet tragedy before you accept His cloak of peace. How much better prepared you can be to meet it, if you have identified your life with Him all along. Then it is not tragedy that confronts you, but merely a test of Christian faith.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." (23rd Psalm). When you walk with God, there is no fear; there is only contentment. Life is complete, wonderful, serene, full. Take it from one who has learned only by experience.

By approaching death, I have begun to really live!



## Home

*Louise Baker Waldrip*

A bright and shining kitchen,  
A flower in a pot,  
And misbehaving cherubs,  
Acting like they're not.

☞ "A man who believes in and uses prayer has always been important to me."

## My Stewardship

*James C. Hagerty*

as told to *Ensworth Reisner*

A certain Episcopal rector had a deep influence on my early life. He was a great admirer of Woodrow Wilson and believed strongly in a kind of international organization like the League of Nations. To him it was the Brotherhood of Man and the Kingdom of God. I still remember, and that was nearly thirty years ago. Yes! I suppose that influenced me more than anything else.

I was a reporter for the New York Times when Governor Dewey asked me to become his executive secretary. I could never work for a boss in whom I didn't believe. The governor had already become a leader of the Internationalist movement in the Republican party.

When the President asked me to become his press secretary, it was natural that I should want to work for a man who could lead the nation toward world peace and

prosperity at home. A man who believes in and uses prayer has always been important to me. That is the way to peace first in the heart; then among the nations.

The struggle to make America realize its international stewardship is still a big one. A crisis seems to loom every day. Anger or the wrong words in print could make a bad situation.

But the President has a very simple faith which affects all of us on his staff. We have to get off by ourselves — yes, and pray. It is best expressed in what the President said to me one day, "Jim, you don't have the responsibility for the nation and for millions of lives and not pray!"

So I pray that the words which pass before me may help bring peace to the world. This is my stewardship.

*Bud Collier*

as told to *Ensworth Reisner*

IT makes you feel funny to have your father laugh at you because of your interest in religion.

Although my father was not accustomed to attending church, I was in church every Sunday. I was active in young people's work at

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church and while still in school was made secretary of the Sunday school. Then the stock market crash came. My father's fortune was completely wiped out. He was head over heels in debt, had a nervous breakdown and was in the hospital.

I had to drop out of school. I was getting an occasional \$5 or \$10 modeling, but you can't live on \$5 a week.

I'll never forget a certain Sunday morning. I left Mother at home crying. I went to church — the Broadway Presbyterian church on 114th street in Manhattan. Communion came that morning, always a very sacred time for me. I was up in the balcony almost alone.

Right in the midst of the service I heard a voice as real as if the speaker were sitting next to me saying, "Stop worrying. You'll have a job Thursday morning."

I looked around, but there was no one near. I bowed my head again, and the voice came back with the same encouraging word about a job on Thursday morning.

As I walked out of church it seemed to me that God had spoken and I kept asking, "Why shouldn't you accept what God tells you, just as much as you would what anyone else tells you?"

When I got home I called out to my mother, "I have a job starting Thursday!"

"What is it, Son?" she said, and she came in all smiles.

I explained to her. "Oh," she said, "I thought it was something tangible." "It is, Mother," I insisted.

Throughout the next few days I kept looking for work and found nothing. Wednesday found me tramping the streets. When I reached home that night there was a call from a studio that was making a sound track for a commercial film. "Could I be there the next morning?" they wanted to know. The job would pay \$80.

God gave me that job, and he's been giving me jobs ever since.

Six weeks later Father returned home from the hospital. He was in bed and I walked past his door. He called to me and said, "Son, will you pray with me?" Imagine, your own father asking you that!

We got down on our knees next to the bed, prayed, and read the Bible. From that time on, my father and his fortunes began to mend.

My present job on television gives me time to do my important work in the church. I'm superintendent of a Presbyterian Sunday school in Greenwich, Conn.

It's the greatest privilege in the world to be able to work for God. It means giving your time and your money. Yes, I tithe. This is my stewardship.

☐ "One of the strangest prayer-phenomena in modern times took place."

## God, Send Someone!

Dick Sullivan

AT 4.00 P. M. last June 14, my brother Jack Sullivan was just crawling down into a ten-foot-deep trench which ran down the center of Washington Street, a main thoroughfare in West Roxbury, Massachusetts.

It was near quitting time. Jack is a welder, and he wanted to finish one particular part of his job before he left. Jack said goodby to the other men as they quit, took his welding lead in his right hand, lowered himself and his electric power cable into the trench. His head was well below the street surface.

Traffic up above was heavy. Jack could not see the cars and trucks, but he could feel their vibration as the earth shook slightly. Occasionally a pebble would break loose from the side of the trench and fall. Jack paid no attention to it.

It was Jack's job to weld the joints of a new water main both inside and out. First Jack crawled into the 36-inch diameter pipe, lowered his mask to protect his eyes against the bright welding arc, then went to work. After completing the inside of the joint he crawled out of the pipe. It was 4:30 P. M. He began to weld the outside. Half way through he stood up to get the kinks out of his

legs. Jack stretched, turned towards the pipe, pulled down the shield again. And then it happened.

The bank caved in. Tons of dirt came crushing down on him from above and behind.

Jack was rammed against the pipe with the force of a sledge hammer. He went down, buried in a kneeling position; his shield slammed against the pipe; his nose flattened out against the inside of the shield.

The pain started. He felt his shoulder burning against the red hot section of pipe he had been welding. He tried to move the shoulder back from the pipe. He couldn't. His nose began to pain him. It was bleeding. He couldn't move his head.

Jack tried calling. Three times he shouted. The sound of his voice died in his shield. He tried to breath slowly to preserve the supply of oxygen.

It crossed Jack's mind that he might die.

Slowly he began to pray. Going to Mass at St. Patrick's once a week suddenly seemed quite inadequate. My brother continued to pray. He had his eyes open. It was black.

Something cool crossed his right hand. He wiggled his fingers. They moved freely. His right hand had



not been buried. He moved the hand again. He tried to scratch around with his hand to open up an air passage down his arm. But the weight of the earth was too great. It didn't do any good.

Then it occurred to him that he'd been holding the welding lead in that hand. So he fished around with his fingers. He found the rod, still in the holder. He grasped it tightly and moved it, hoping it would strike the pipe. Suddenly his wrist jerked and he knew he had struck an arc—the electric current would be making its bright orange flash. So he kept on tapping the pipe, making an arc, hoping it would draw attention.

"That must look like something," Jack thought to himself. "A hand reaching out of the ground striking an arc against the pipe. That must really look like something."

He began to figure how long he'd been buried. Of course there was no way of telling time. He wondered how much gasoline was left in the engine-driven welder up on top of the trench—whether it would last until dark when the orange arc might draw attention. Then he remembered that it was almost the longest day in the year; darkness wouldn't fall until nearly nine o' clock. Still, if he had enough oxygen in his little tomb and if the gasoline held out, maybe . . .

He thought of all the hundreds of people passing within feet of him up above . . .

He thought of his family and wondered if he'd ever see his little grandson again . . .

He thought of Tommy Whittaker, his assistant, out on another job on Route 128 . . .

He figured there wasn't anything to do but lie there and wait and keep tapping flashes, and hope enough air filtered into the mask to keep him alive . . . there wasn't anything to do but lie there and pray . . . God, send someone . . . someone . . .

In another part of Boston, out on Route 128, Jack's assistant, Tommy Whittaker, quit his work for the day. Whittaker is forty-seven years old. Jack is forty-one. They had known each other for over fifteen years and were close friends. So close that within the next few moments one of the strangest prayer phenomena in modern times took place.

Tommy Whittaker did not know that Jack was on the Washington Street job. Whittaker got into his truck and started off down Route 128 with the full intention of driving directly home. Route 128 is a main artery, a super highway that could take him home within minutes.

But as Whittaker drove, he began to have the feeling that something wasn't right.

He tried to shake the feeling off. He kept driving. The strange and inexplicable sensation grew. He thought that he ought to drive up

to the Washington Street job and check it. He dismissed the idea. It meant driving six miles out of his way at the peak of the rush hour. Whittaker approached the intersection of Washington and Route 128.

Suddenly he turned.

He did not try to explain it to himself. He just turned.

Meanwhile, Jack continued to pray. It was the same simple prayer: "God, send someone." The bleeding in his nose hadn't stopped, and the blood ran down his throat and began to clot. "God, send someone." He spat the blood out, but it was getting more difficult. All the while he listened to the muffled sound of his welding motor outside. He wondered if it was dark yet. It seemed an eternity. Things were getting hazy. . . .

Tommy Whittaker drove along Washington Street. The job was divided into two sections. He stopped his truck at a spot several blocks away from the cave-in, got out. He chatted with an engineer for the Metropolitan District Commission for fifteen minutes. Whittaker did not mention the gnawing sensation that still would not leave him alone. The time was 5:45 P. M. It was still broad daylight. . . .

Back in the trench, Jack struck some more arcs. He thought it might be dark by now. He listened to the welder popping. He hoped someone would come soon. The clot of blood in his throat was getting

harder to bring up. He was a little surprised that he wasn't in panic. My brother just continued to pray, "God, send. . . ."

Up above, a little way down Washington Street, Tommy Whittaker got into his truck, said good-bye to his friend, and started up again. The gnawing sensation, if anything, grew stronger. He reached a stop light. It was his turn-off to get back to 128 by a short cut. If he stayed on Washington Street, he'd have to go still farther out of his way. Tommy Whittaker braked his truck for a brief instant, then continued on up Washington.

Underground, Jack finally gave up striking the arc. It was making him breathe too hard. He didn't think he could last much longer. He couldn't get the blood clot out of his throat. He was gagging. . . .

At that moment up above on Washington Street, Tommy Whittaker arrived at the spot where his friend was dying. Nothing seemed unusual. He noticed the stake-body truck. But it was a truck that Sullivan never used. Whittaker thought another man from the shop was down in the trench. Whittaker pulled up. He got out of his truck, noticed the welder was running. He thought someone was inside the pipe, welding the inner circle. Nothing, still, struck him as unusual.

Then Tommy Whittaker saw the hand . . . the hand moved.

"Oh, God!" he whispered.



Whittaker jumped down into the trench and dug like a chipmunk with his hands. The earth was too packed. He scrambled out of the trench, looked back at the hand, shuddered. He shut off the welder and raced through traffic across the street to a garage.

Underground, Jack heard the pop-pop of the welder stop. It was then that he began to prepare to die. He knew it was all over. He was gagging and trying to throw off the mist that came over him.

Tommy Whittaker, feet away, shouted to the men in the garage. "There's a man buried alive over there! Get a shovel."

Back across the street Whittaker raced, carrying a snow shovel. He ran to the place where the hand stuck up, still not knowing it was his friend: he jumped down. . . .

My brother, below, felt an extra pressure on top of his head. He knew someone was above him. He fought to keep from fainting.

The garage men hurried over.

"Send for the police. There's a fire box down the street. Pull the box,"

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Death A Vine-Covered Gate

As Easter comes, we need to remind ourselves again that death is not what we fear it to be - "not a stone wall, but a vine-covered gate." No longer is it a mystery to stare at and frighten us; it is rather a familiar voice which calls to us.

"Companion, Encourager, Light-bringer, Comforter" — that's what Christ is — not dead, but alive forevermore! — *J. Richard Sneed*

Whittaker called.

Tommy Whittaker began to dig. He uncovered a wrist watch. He thought he recognized the watch band. He kept digging, until he uncovered the man's side. He saw the man was still breathing: the respiration was weak.

Then Tommy Whittaker recognized my brother, Jack had fainted. Whittaker dug more frantically.

The rescue squad arrived. They supplied an oxygen mask to Jack, while they were still digging him out. From busy Washington Street, a crowd gathered now.

Jack revived slightly when they put him on a stretcher. It was 8:30 P. M. He spied Tommy Whittaker. "Who found me?" he asked.

"I did," said Whittaker.

With his lips, Jack formed one word.

"Thanks."

There was no more powerful word than that.

The gnawing sensation that had been bothering Thomas Whittaker went away.

☪ "We who talk to God are never alone."

## Return of the Prodigal

*Gordon Bennett*

I WAS standing at the gate waiting to welcome a man whom I had never met. It was a curious kind of gate — unlike the gates on our ranch which swung freely. Not at all like the old gate I had swung on as a small boy back on a mid-western farm. This was a gate that had bolts, bars, and a huge lock.

I stood for a moment surveying the scene for this was a large western prison. Ever so close to the big gate there grew wild desert flowers. The morning sun was warm and birds were singing. Then as if to disturb my thoughts a bell sounded from within the prison. From somewhere I heard the measured tread of the prisoners' lock-step on their way to work. For a fleeting moment I caught the look on their faces and somehow I was reminded of St. Paul in a Roman prison.

In the warm air of the summer morning, I paced back and forth in front of the great gate. Off in the distance was old Mt. Baldy and somehow the words came to me: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." My trend of thought had strayed far away from the prison when suddenly I heard the rattle of a bolt in

its lock, the clang of a heavy gate opening, and then a slim, gray-haired man with a prison pallor stood before me. "I am," he said by way of introduction, "Peter Judah." He was the one who was paroled into my custody. A man who had embezzled money from a small ranch county bank. He looked the part of a bank teller. He sat in the front seat of the car with me. His small hands rested on his lap, protruding out before him like strangers. He rode silently along beside me as if reviewing the past six years of his life. Then almost abruptly he spoke. "So you are to be my new keeper." "No," I answered, "you in a sense will be your own keeper." Peter remained silent and then as if it was an after thought I remarked, "Out here on the sheep ranches a man's past is forgotten by all but the Almighty." I continued, "In my home on the ranch there are no bolts and bars and you will be a free man."

My passenger lapsed into silence once more as if to study our short conversation. The silence continued until after our arrival at the ranch where, due to the absence of my wife and family who were in the east on an extended vacation, I



became both host and cook. Possibly under the influence of a leisurely meal my guest became a little more loquacious. It was the old story of the ages, a young man having his fling — wine, forged checks, and gambling on the depositors' money of a bank some forty miles south of my ranch. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could turn a misspent life into something worthwhile," he remarked.

I had received many letters from this man while he was in prison and somehow I seemed to regard him as a member of our family. In a sense I gathered he had been a dreamer and, like another Joseph of long ago, had been thrown into the pit. So it was with perhaps a little irritation that I led the way up into the mountains to the sheep wagon which would be his new home. He had begun life, he said, on his father's sheep ranch. Arriving at the sheep camp he busied himself in unloading his gear. This chore finished he surveyed his dogs and the band of sheep. He was talking gently to one of the old sheep dogs and I was certain that I heard, "He leadeth me beside the still waters. Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life."

So it was that I left my friend, the ex-prisoner, and rode back home confident that he would be a good shepherd of the small band

of sheep I had entrusted to his care. As he stood watching my departure he appeared to be a tragic man — a sort of a modern prodigal. The difference in his case was that his father had died literally of a broken heart during the son's imprisonment. There was no fatted calf slaughtered upon Peter's return from prison and so it was that in a mood of compassion I journeyed over to the little cross-roads Ranch Store that afternoon and purchased a few gifts for him — a warm jacket, a small battery-set radio and a shaving kit and his joy at receiving the gifts knew no bounds.

That evening, around a campfire, we talked possibly the same as the shepherds of long ago. Far away I heard the cry of a coyote. Peter softly spoke to his sheep and they came closer. A baby lamb crept up and snuggled in his lap. My new shepherd was telling me something of his life. His father before him had been a sheep rancher. Somewhere in the United States lived his wife and young son. Months had stretched into years with no word from them — "not that I blame them," he added. The man rambled on in his conversation. "I must, redeem myself before both God and man," he said, "if I ever again hope to even wish for the return of my wife and the child I love."

He seemed to sense my trend of thought for he interrupted with

"Do you believe in God?" I answered that I did. "Do you pray often?" "Not as often as I should," I answered. "It is hard to find God in prison," he said. He poked at the dying embers of the campfire. It was then that I told him that I believed God was most likely to be found in quiet places like sheep ranches, the silent mountains, and that in my case I had found God many years ago in a lifeboat out on the North Atlantic Ocean.

Our conversation was disturbed by the sound of scurrying feet and the plunge of my pony. Peter spoke softly to his sheep and leaped out into the gathering darkness. There was the sharp crack of his Winchester rifle and the anguished yelp of a coyote. He was now the protector of his flock. As a free man he had killed his first coyote.

Darkness had come to the sheep country and feeling that I had kept the man up too long I started to leave. "Don't leave," he said. There was an earnest manner in his voice. "I will heat some coffee for it has been a long time since I have really talked to my fellowmen. Stay a little longer."

"Can you sleep well," I asked, "knowing that wild animals including rattlesnakes are around your camp?" "Sometimes," he said, "the sins of man including myself, are more deadly than the sting of a rattler."

The coffee had boiled and he

passed me a cup. There was a long period of silence broken by the voice of my friend. He began, "Could I ask you a favor?" I naturally thought of something he might use around the camp. "Yes," I answered, "if it is possible for me to do so." Then he added, "I know that society believes that I have paid my debt but my Maker expects me to make up the four hundred dollars I swindled out of the people who trusted me."

The campfire had died down and there was a cold wind blowing through the hills. The little baby lamb moved restlessly on his lap as he began to talk once more. "Will you give my full pay check each month to my former employer until such time as the debt is fully paid?" I agreed that I would do what he had asked me to do.

"Don't get lonesome," I said as I was about to depart. "Maybe," he answered, "out here in this quiet place I can again talk to God." Then he continued, "I believe that we who talk with God are never alone."

In the following weeks I gathered a group of my ranch friends about me who began to take the same interest I was taking in this man who had made his mistake and was trying to get a fresh start. Somewhat impulsively I paid the four hundred dollars back to the bank that had lost it. We ranchers all became his friends. One night



in a conversation with him he said, "I see a small ray of hope for I have written to my wife and son asking them if they can forgive me and return."

My friends and I talked over the matter and each one of us, including our wives, wrote a letter to his long absent family. We told of our faith in the man and of the good future we saw ahead of him. We even bought a large new trailer-house amply roomy enough for his family, and we sent the picture of the trailer-house to his wife.

Then came the day that we had hoped for. We moved the trailer-house out to the sheep camp. Peter was both amazed and overjoyed to think that he should have such wonderful quarters to live in — but greater happiness was still in store for him. There was the day just as the sun was going down over the western hills that Peter saw, as he sat on his pony, a woman and boy riding towards him. The words of this writer cannot do justice to the scene of this happy reunion of a ten-year-old boy and a young school-teacher-mother of some thirty-five years of age.

I had rather important business at the sheep camp that night. It seemed that the Governor of the State had given Peter a full pardon.

There was also an imposing list of names signed to a petition asking him to return to his old position and become one of them again.

There in the new trailer house I handed the shepherd of my flock the imposing array of papers. I had fully expected Peter to return at once to his old job. In fact we ranchers had planned a big going-away party for him but neither he nor his wife would have any of it. It was his wife who seemed to decide the issue.

"The stake Peter has here is too important for him to leave," she said. "For you see, this sheep country that people like to call the wasteland is where my husband again found his family and his God."

That evening as darkness was enveloping the sheep country I stood outside the trailer house bathing and bandaging the injured foot of my pony and maybe I was unconsciously eavesdropping for I heard the voice of my friend raised in somewhat of a prayer and I heard the words, "Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life," and then his voice seemed to falter as he added, "and as for me and my family, we will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."



☞ "Anoint your faces with a look of interest if possible."

## The Human Face Divine

Editor The Christian Century:

SIR: In the years preceding the formation of the United Church of Canada a questionnaire was sent to ministers in western Canada asking about conditions there. One question was, "What are the chief obstacles to religion in your community?" A certain pastor replied, feelingly, "The chief obstacles to true religion in our community are whiskey and the Methodists." When I recounted that bit of history to a Methodist bishop (he had just finished holding an annual conference) he replied, sadly, "I can see his point."

But the other day I ran into a new theory accounting for the decline of religion. I met the pastor of St. John's-by-the-Gas-Station, looking more faded and withered than the last rose of summer. He couldn't have looked more dejected if he had been hit by a ten-ton-truck.

"Have you," he asked gloomily, after I had administered first aid in the form of a beaker of Coca Cola, "ever reflected seriously on the human face?"

"I have a depressed feeling when shaving and looking in the mirror," I admitted.

"Naturally," he agreed, his spirits picking up with a shot of malice. "But I was thinking of something more general. I was out preaching last night at Petunia Corners. It was a stolid audience with faces starkly glum. The faces in Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works are far more animated and vivacious. I felt as helpless as an early Christian martyr being thrown to the lions. But, alas, they did not eat me and thus put me out of my misery; they just stared. It was a bovine stare. And not from contented cows, either! They looked bored to death.

"I have a new theory for the decline and fall of religion. It is not due to science or communism, but to the faces of the congregation. All too often they congeal the preacher and freeze the genial currents of his soul. We read of Another Preacher that in one place 'he could do no mighty work there because of their unbelief.' But in these latter years the apostles can do no mighty work because of the petrified faces they have to look into. When people in the pews have a look of stolid fortitude, like

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that of a man in the dentist's chair, that makes void the word of God. It is like the old mythology, where the faces of the Furies froze the beholder. Milton wrote of the 'human face divine,' but then Milton was blind.

"A lot of those folks at Petunia — and there are lots of Petunias — break the Second Commandment every Sunday as they look up at the preacher. They make graven images out of their faces. There is never the faintest suggestion of a smile which might rescue the perishing speaker. Of course in church we do not want a guffaw such as would reward Bob Hope at an Elks convention. But we might have a movement of good will and intelli-

gence, like the faint ripple of a breeze over a wheat field.

"It says in the Good Book that, when engaged in religious exercises, thou shalt 'anoint thy head and wash thy face.' In the Revised Simeon Version this is translated, 'Anoint your face with a look of interest if possible, and wash the look of dumb resignation from your countenance.'

"People can at least make possible the preaching of the Word by putting heart in the speaker, showing by their faces that he is not addressing stone images in Statuary Hall."

Yours,  
SIMEON STYLITES



## We May Know

Lora M. Conant

The daisy and the buttercup  
Are very humble flowers,  
Yet God lets them lift faces up,  
And drink their fill of showers.

So we who claim but humbleness,  
And have no orchid graces,  
May know God uses us to bless  
His fields in barren places.

☪ "Joyous faith begotten by the fireside undergirds church and nation."

## Miss Frances and Religion

William F. McDermott

BACK in 1952 a special NBC-TV audition was under way in the Chicago studios. A smart-appearing woman was on the air with a sample program she proposed to broadcast for pre-school children. Suddenly the director gasped.

"That's not the woman supposed to be on this show!" he blurted to staff members about him. "Somebody's pulled a boner."

He was about to cut her off, but something about her alertness, enthusiasm and personality made him hesitate. He let her finish.

"I don't know who the lady is," he grinned, "but she gets the job." Her name was somewhat similar to that of the intended candidate, and she had been called by mistake.

Her program went on television unannounced — it was not even listed in published TV schedules. Yet 561 fan letters arrived in four days, 2,590 within three weeks, and 100,000 in the first year. In three months the "accidental star" had an eager following of 2,400,000 kindergartners and smaller tots.

Such is the believe-it-or-not founding of "Ding Dong School" and its distinguished creator, Dr. Frances R. Horwich, who today is

the screen idol of 4,000,000 four-, five- and six-year-olds.

Dr. Horwich (she has a Ph.D.) has been a primary grade-school teacher, student counselor, college professor and dean of education. Her husband, Harvey L. Horwich, is a lawyer.

She is a woman of radiant personality, overflowing energy, exuberant spirit and superb optimism — especially about little folks. With no children of her own, she's a fascinating "TV mother" to little boys and girls, whose real mothers admire her almost as much as the kids do. She knows childhood psychology intimately, and charms the tykes with her stories, projects and audience participation ideas.

I have watched my own grandchildren held spellbound by her personality and program. I felt strongly that a rich vein of religion must be a vital part of her life, because of the idealism and the virtues she stressed in her broadcasts. When word reached me that she and Mr. Horwich had met while they were Sunday-school teachers, I got on her trail to discover her views on religion in the home.

"How important is it?" I asked "Miss Frances," as she is known to

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the children.

"Faith in God, when taught and lived in the home, gives a nation character that is built on the solid rock of good citizenship," she answered. "It provides strength that nothing else can. The principles of a lifetime are incarnated in the early years of childhood, and they become a part of the fixed nature of an individual which continues through maturity and old age.

The television star of juvenile America spoke not only as an authority but also out of personal experience.

"I grew up in a religious home," Dr. Horwich continued, "and Father and Mother consistently and happily lived their devotion to and trust in God before their six children, of which I was the youngest. I shall never forget the old home in the little town of Ottawa, Ohio, where our family life was so intertwined with our religion that they were inseparable. The Lord was made very real to us in those formative days, and the convictions developed there have never dimmed."

The family was one of three Jewish families in Ottawa, and drove regularly to Lima, Ohio, 20 miles away, for worship. It was a long distance, yet nothing short of sickness interfered.

"The very effort we put forth to get there indelibly imprinted on my childish mind the importance of

communion with God," Miss Frances told me with a smile. "Dad and Mom made a happy event out of getting us kids into our best bib and tucker and then trundling us off in our primitive automobile. We started early so as to have a margin of time for worship. Thus our preparation for formal worship was a part of our home religion."

Dr. Horwich's facial expression is always luminous, but there was an extra glow when she spoke of this tie-up.

"The two just seemed to fuse into one," she went on. "We had our Bibles at home, and read them daily. But somehow the Old Testament stories and teachings seemed to come alive in our Sunday-school discussions. I can remember how eagerly I listened and learned at seven years of age. I preferred the story of Moses, and the Twenty-Third Psalm. I always liked the Passover story."

As Dr. Horwich looks back over her 25 years in the service of education, and her four college years before that, she sees the religious atmosphere of the home as the most effective agency in her spiritual development. The presence of God and the actuality of faith came by absorption.

"Father and Mother had a fine sensitivity about the everyday living of the religion they professed," she explained. "We had a happy home,

yet it was based on seriousness, not frivolity. We were corrected when we did wrong, but there was no harshness, and little preachment or scolding. It is a known fact, of course, that children imitate their parents, and our parents' living of the honesty, courtesy, kindness, forbearance, patience, understanding, forgiveness and love, which faith in God inspires, made it easy for us to follow in their footsteps."

While the nature of her program and her diversified juvenile audience precludes the direct teaching of religion on her TV broadcasts, Dr. Horwich stresses wherever elsewhere she gets the opportunity that joyous faith begotten by the fireside undergirds church and nation.

"Mr. Horwich and I both came from families where God was honored as Head of the house," she went on, "and Sunday school naturally was vitally important in our lives—it was a sort of extension of the home. After we became adults we became Sunday-school teachers in our respective communities. As a matter of fact, while I was taking my bachelor's degree at the University of Chicago, and Harvey was studying law there, we met at a neighboring Sunday school, where we had each taken up teaching.

"Well, our common interest threw us together—and that meant romance, then marriage. I was teaching the little folk, and my

husband-to-be had a class of high school youths. Our first real contact was at a Sunday-school teachers' meeting—no better place anywhere to find a good husband or wife. I was lucky in getting an extra good man by these standards—for he went on from being a teacher to the position of Sunday-school superintendent! And he made a good one. I was just awfully proud of him."

There are dangers of disillusionment and frustration to children who grow up in homes where religion is professed but not practiced, childhood's TV mentor emphasizes.

"Even preschoolers have ability far beyond their years to see through sham and inconsistency," she told me. "Because of their artlessness and inclination to believe that all they hear and see is true, they can penetrate insincerity and hypocrisy as X-rays go through steel. Religion donned on Sunday and discarded on Monday teaches them falsehood and deception.

I asked her, "What would you say to parents who are inclined to yield to this weakness?"

"The best defense is a courageous, uncompromising stand," Dr. Horwich replied. "Be proud of your faith in God and your determination to do His will. You can take pride in it without bragging. Happily proclaim your allegiance, don't grudgingly admit it. Courage



in asserting one's faith is universally admired. The one who cringes or evades when asked if he believes in God, and strives to serve Him, invites contempt or ridicule. The one who gladly and proudly asserts it wins respect and occasionally imitation.

"Children take pride and happiness in what their parents do in this regard. Parents who would have their children give fealty to the Lord in worship and living must be proud of their religion and their allegiance to it, but modest about their achievements in it.

"My feeling is that it is both inspiring and delightful to have a sense of lofty human dignity as children of God; that it is wonderful that we have been showered with divine blessings by which we can constantly enrich our lives and build a better world for today's children; and that we are fulfilling a destiny which brings peace and victory.

"If parents actually feel and believe this, then this attitude will be inbred in their children's nature so that it will be as natural to them as breathing, sleeping, or playing. Home religion has an incomparable opportunity to bring up the best generation the world has yet seen."

What specific suggestions does this noted authority on childhood make to parents?

1. Keep the Bible open in your

house. Read it and pray daily, in simple and sincere manner, with your offspring.

2. Answer childish questions, whether on religion, sex, life's meaning, or other subjects, frankly and directly. To ignore childish curiosity or to tell a youngster to "Go along and play, I'll answer you some other day," is unjust and harmful.

3. Children should be encouraged to share in the family religious experience. It may be to repeat a Bible verse, or to tell of a good deed done to someone else. The boys and girls should express themselves on the rightness or wrongness of projected family plans, or ways and means the family can help other families in need or distress. Childish ideas often are golden.

4. It is a mistake not to approve your children's talking over their religious experiences with others. This is a form of expression that strengthens the religious convictions and purposes of a growing generation.

5. Grace at every meal is an inspiration, and asking divine blessing should be rotated among the family members, not reserved for the father alone. An added virtue is to teach each child a number of prayers for mealtime, and encourage him to choose which one he will give. This avoids what might become vain repetition.

## Prayer Works!

"I have just received the current *Manual of Prayer* and want to tell you how much I have appreciated it these last months. I will be a senior next year in high school and would like to tell you what your prayers have done for my school. You have sent me several good prayers and I have used them to my best advantage. I have put them on my school bulletin board. The students liked them very much. I wish to thank you for sending me these books." — *Indiana*

"How very much I appreciated your kind and sympathetic letter, the booklets enclosed with it, and the copies of the *Manual of Prayer*. How much we need that pure, distilled spirit of Christ, who spoke always in simple words the people could understand. I have wonderful news to impart. My cough totally disappeared about two weeks after I wrote to you. Oh, the power of God, and how long it takes us to trust His goodness and might! I want you to know how the power of God, as transmitted by his servants of the Prayer Tower, found its way over the miles to help a lost child in Florida. Will you please accept this small contribution to help defray your printing costs." — *Florida*

"To each and every one of you in the Prayer Tower who prayed for me, I wish

to express my deepest gratitude. The Christ was so near at all times that I did not have any sense of fear or anxiety. Perfectly content to trust all to Him. The day of the operation and the next day I was not too good. The third day the nurses began looking for various symptoms which were not too good but none of them appeared. The doctor came in to see me with a big grin on his face — he was so pleased with my condition . . . I came home on Thanksgiving morning and had dinner with my family. The report from the laboratory showed that there was one large stone in the bladder; it was the type that could have punctured the bladder. Thank God for his loving care over me." — *Virginia*

"During my illness our whole family has been sustained by the knowledge that prayer was being held for us. None of us had any fear, and we have found so many things which have brought us joy. My doctors have been almost astounded at the rapid healing which has taken place and have released me to return to work. Although due to return to the hospital this week for an examination (after attending the Teaching, Healing Mission in St. Louis) it revealed nothing left to treat. This was no surprise to us but of course we were very, very happy. My

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personal prayer is that I may be worthy and that I may be useful and helpful and in a small way pass on the wonderful love which has been given to us. Thank you again and again for love and healing prayer." — *Minnesota*

"I had some of the children in our Sunday School memorize parts of Lesson 46 in the November *Prayer Manual* and present them as our traditional Thanksgiving program before the adult Sunday School. We used the first four and last paragraphs, singing a verse of an appropriate song after each; we closed with the prayer on page 23. There was a wonderful worshipful spirit prevailing. Many, many thanks for the Manuals." — *Ohio*

"Very much do I enjoy the material in the Manual of Prayer. I use it every morning in my devotions. It is very interesting each month to discover who the guest editor is to be for that month. Having been to camp I know so many of these writers, and that puts flesh and blood to what they write. Thank you for this very helpful material; it gives a substantial basis for my prayer period and makes it more meaningful and valuable. May God richly bless you in this wonderful work." — *Massachusetts*

"Your letters are a great help to me and give me a sense of oneness with a group of people bound together with right desires, faith, and love. Two books arrived from your Library — thank you for them. It is with deep appreciation of the thoughtfulness and consideration of 'doing unto others' . . . of which I am reminded, when I find the label and gummed paper supplies for remailing. God bless you and the wonderful work you are doing." — *Wyoming*

"Thank you and your staff very much for your prayers and for holding — in your love and God's love. It was a long, nerve-racking, and very painful ordeal

for her and her devoted family. She is now at her own home recovering from the many and serious injuries caused by the collision with the bus. Her parents say, 'It truly is a miracle.' " — *New York*

"It is with joy and appreciation that I am writing to you today to tell you that the one I requested prayer for is well on the road to recovery . . . He is coming home from the hospital today and I feel he's recovered remarkably from the operation on his chest." — *Virginia*

"Your letters of great encouragement and assurance of your prayers received. Also the wonderful words of affirmation for my husband. He has read them, and I re-read them to him daily. His condition is much better. There seems to be nothing now to hinder his full and complete restoration. Yes, we desire your continued prayers. Truly it is most wonderful to have this blessed outlook for the future; we desire above all else now to ever be in the center of God's Will, using our bodies, health, time, and our all for His glory and service. We thank Him and praise Him for His wondrous mercies and answers to prayer in our behalf; for the blessed ministry and fellowship of the United Prayer Tower; and happily look forward to the continuance of the fellowship." — *New York*

"Thank you for your prayers. The pain left my arm (which had been fractured) the night that you received our telegram. God bless you for your loving kindness." — *Washington, D. C.*

"I have been so comforted and strengthened in knowing that someone is helping share the burden of my concern for my loved one. I know it is bearing fruit, even though hidden for the present from human eyes. I do pray for God's richest blessings and love for you all, and those whose names are in the Prayer Box." — *Ohio*

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