

Clear Horizons



35c

Summer 1956

(Complete Contents on Back Cover)

**WHAT DO WE MEAN BY
CONVERSION? 1**

Glenn Clark

**CHRISTIAN DOCTORS OF
THE DESERT 25**

Maurice Moyal

BLUE-PRINT FOR PRAYER . . 37

Agnes Sanford

LIVE IN HEAVEN—NOW . . . 47

Frank C. Laubach

Poems - Meditations - Articles - Book Reviews

As We Go To Press

Conversion is a term that has fallen into disrepute among many people because they associate it with rather distasteful emotional displays, but it is nonetheless a necessary step and condition in spiritual growth, and **Glenn Clark (P. 1)** does an excellent job of showing us just what it means, and also the need for reconversion for us all every so often . . . Many people have bought and found strength in carrying mustard seeds to remind them of Jesus' statement regarding faith, but we carry other things in our pockets everyday that ought to do the same thing for us — coins. Did you ever wonder how "In God We Trust" happened to get on our coins? **Alfred K. Allan (P. 5)** tells us of an important event in American history . . . It is now accepted practice that ministers have a part in any hospital program, but just what is the part the minister ought to play? **Gilbert Marquardt, M. D. (P. 10)** does a splendid piece of work in outlining in detail just what the minister can do, and how to go about it. Much of what he says applies to hospital visitors with spiritual depth and understanding . . . Summertime is vacation-time and vacation-time is usually a time to get away from it all, and too often this includes getting away from church and everything that smacks of religion. But vacation-time can also be a time for getting close to God, getting to know Him better, experiencing Him more, and getting behind all the exteriors, even of religion, to the heart of the matter. **Carvel Lee (P. 17)** gives us good hints and how to go about it. . . . Most of the things that spoil our day are not of great size. They are the little trifles that irritate and cripple us for great living. **Winfred Rhoades (P. 22)** has some good advice for you. . . . Modern adventure stories of Christians doing an unusual job, something out of the beaten track, are at times hard to come by, and the story of the Deschamps, written by **Maurice Moyal (P. 25)**, reads like something that ought to have been written about the early Christians . . . **Agnes Sanford (P.37)** is one of the great prayer powers and leaders of our time and what she has to say about the subject is of importance to us all. Every reader will receive benefit and helpful instruction from her "Blue-Print for Prayer." . . . You will like the article by **Frank C. Laubach (P. 47)** on how to turn your earthly days into heavenly days. This is an area where he has few, if any, competitors. And do yourself a favor and buy his latest two books — *The Inspired Letters* (\$1.50 and *The Greatest Life* (\$2.50). They are wonderful.

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

1571 Grand Avenue

St. Paul 5, Minn.

Editor Managing Editor Associate Editor
GLENN CLARK NORMAN K. ELLIOTT RUBY ROSKILLY

MARGUERITE HARMON BRO, RALPH SPAULDING CUSHMAN, STARR DAILY, ALLAN HUNTER, FRANK C. LAUBACH, STELLA TERRILL MANN, KERMIT OLSEN, AUSTIN PARDUE, NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, WINFRED RHOADES, AGNES SANFORD.

Entered as second class matter September 19, 1940, at the Post Office at St. Paul, Minn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Waseca, Minn. Published quarterly at 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minn.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 1-year subscription, \$1.25 each. 3-year subscriptions, \$3.25. Single copies, \$35 each.

Clear Horizons

Seventeenth Year

Summer, 1956

Volume 17, No. 1

☞ He who wins with anger in his heart, loses.

What Do We Mean by Conversion

Glenn Clark

IN a slapstick movie years ago there came a scene where autos were whizzing backward, street-cars clanging backward, pedestrians hurrying across streets backward, and one person, the comic hero, alone was walking forward.

Wandering around in such a maze would almost make the clearest-minded get dizzy at times. From force of the very contagion of bad example one would find himself tempted every moment to reverse his motion and get in step with the crowds walking in the negative way.

Of course, if everyone walked backward and you alone walked forward, all people would call you crazy, foolish, simple! Did not all the backward-walking people in Jesus' day call him such names at some time or other? Will they not call you names, also, if you do the same? "'A servant is not greater than his master.' If they persecuted me, they will also persecute you," said Jesus.

Fortunately, you can fall back upon a statement of Jesus—"You will know them by their fruits." You will commence very soon to produce fruits. Presently, if you continue long enough, if you can hold on and wait upon the Lord long enough, others will follow you. After a while there will be an ever-increasing group around you walking forward and with eyes wide open.

And what is this walking forward as opposed to walking backward? It is co-operating instead of competing. It is shaking hands instead of using fists. It is being humble instead of being proud. It is giving instead of grabbing. It is sharing instead of keeping. It is taking the lowest seats instead of the highest. It is smiling instead of frowning. It is loving instead of hating.

In the individual life true conversion is usually accompanied by a complete reversal in some or all

From *Adult Teacher*, May 1956, by permission.

areas in one's personal life. If one has been a trouble maker, he becomes a peacemaker. If he has been a hater, he becomes a lover. If he has been shy and bashful and self-conscious, he becomes un-self-conscious and fearless in dealing with his fellow men. If he has been self-centered, he discovers the glory of being Christ-centered. The measure of this change is determined by the extent he was going in the wrong direction before the change came.

I

The greatest conversion in religious history was that of Saul of Tarsus. It changed him from being the most violent enemy of Christ to being his most loyal friend. A very similar modern conversion was that which changed Starr Daily from being an ardent follower of crime to becoming an ardent follower of Christ.

For twenty-five years Starr Daily had lived in the underworld, fourteen of those years being in chain gangs and penitentiaries. During the entire twenty-five years he made hate the keystone of his life. If he hated hard enough, it served as an anesthetic that enabled him to endure the pain and privations to which he was subjected. He could stand the third degree and the other tortures of prison life if he used hate as an opiate to ease the pain.

But one night, after hanging in

handcuffs for fifteen days, he was lying exhausted on his back in solitary confinement, and a vision of Jesus came to him. He had never before seen such love in any eyes as he saw then in the eyes of Jesus. That love drew the hate out of him as poison is drawn out of a wound. He entered into such an experience of bliss that he would have been content to lie there forever looking into those eyes. The vision faded away, but the effect remained in him forever.

From that moment he reversed his entire life. Instead of holding hate as his constant force, he made love the guiding star of his life. When detectives would beat him up and put him through the third degree, he would love them, and to his amazement the punishment would stop. When he found there was only one member of the board of pardons who was using his influence to keep him in the penitentiary for life, he began sending love to that man. Ultimately the man relented.

But one doesn't have to be a criminal or a pagan or a so-called agnostic to need conversion. The big majority of us good, church-going, so-called Christians need it also. Too many of us attend church as a club, giving the rest of the week to worldly interests in a worldly way. We pray in church, but we wouldn't think of praying in the office, in the school, in the kitchen, in the hospital.

We are content to walk forward for an hour on Sunday but, like the people in the comic movie, we fall in with the rest and walk backward during the rest of the week. The reason the world is in such a mess is that the leaders of our nations persist in walking backward. We spend billions for beer, whisky, cigarettes, and chewing gum and rebel against spending for schoolhouses and teachers. We spend billions for armaments and pennies for foreign missions.

If you don't believe the whole world is walking backward, just note the way we backed into the First World War, and then into the Second World War. Backing into a problem never brings a solution, but another problem. To fight for a cause but with anger in one's heart is merely to lose both the fight and the cause. He who wins with anger in his heart loses.

II

When I was fourteen and my brother died, I discovered what true conversion was. I gave myself wholly, utterly, and completely to God. Instead of walking backward with self, I walked forward with God. Self-consciousness fell from me; selfishness fell from me. I ceased to worry, but began to think forward to consequences of my actions. A comforting knowledge came to me that if my intention was right I

could do anything, leaving the outcome entirely in God's hands.

I never was happier, never healthier, never had more power for work and more enjoyment in play. I never had more influence for good upon my associates than I had during the one short month I kept this as my attitude of life. I felt like the man who had been always turned around in his directions who awoke one morning to find that north was really north to him; his compass was for once straight with the world and the universe.

But, I was like the man who once gets his world thus straightened out and tries elaborately to fix landmarks so as to make it permanent. Then one day he passes an old familiar landmark, forgets his vigilance, and suddenly reverts to his old mis-directions. So I lost myself in some little self-centered problem that seemed to me essential. When I looked around at the sun and the sky, I found that my compass was gone. I knew it existed; no one from that time forth could make me believe that north was south, but for all practical purposes north WAS south for me.

I became self-centered, self-conscious again. I began to worry about the outcome of every move I made. I was afraid of losing my popularity. I became depressed about my health. From a radiant, magnetic, unselfish, happy person, I became a self-conscious, calculating, timid, eccentric

young fellow, groping my way along, often right, sometimes wrong, but missing much of the joy in the world.

Then I made a great discovery: To be converted is one thing; to stay converted is another. Even Jesus retired every once in a while to the mountain to pray. So wherever I go, I recommend to everyone the keeping of a quiet time every morning and the participating in a prayer group once a week.

III

To stay converted and release all the powers that conversion brings, one should start each day with a little quiet time and start each week with a prayer group. If you are not in a prayer group, I urge you to start one or at least find a prayer partner.

Some of the most wonderful prayer groups I know consist of husband and wife. By all means, every person who claims to be converted should try to find some time during

the day when he can be alone with God. Luther always started the day with prayer, no matter how busy he was. When he had extra work to do that would fill every moment of the day, he increased his prayer hour. When he had sixteen hours' work to do, instead of twelve, he rose four hours earlier than usual so that he could use four hours for prayer instead of his customary one or two.

A dear friend of mine, A. N. Williams, was greatly sought after by big companies because he brought a system and a spirit of harmony that few men had. When I asked him the secret of his power, he said, "I always start the day with a forty-minute period with God with a Bible in one hand and a book on prayer in the other."

Sinners need conversion. The entire world needs conversion. But you and I need reconversion. All mankind needs to *turn* and become as a little child, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

God's Lanterns

M. H. Lincoln

When darkness falls
The night seems grim, forbidding,
And one bemoans the passing of the day.
But then the stars appear
And fill the night with beauty —
God's little lanterns hung to light our way.

☞ A humble but determined Pennsylvanian wrote a letter to his government.

Why Coins Say "In God We Trust"

Alfred K. Allan

EVERY TIME we see an American coin we are reminded of the religious feelings of our country by the legend, "In God We Trust," which has been inscribed on the face of the coin. Little known however is the inspiring and unusual story behind this motto and the reason why it now appears on all our coins.

On a pleasantly warm November morning in the year 1861 a simple-looking letter arrived in Washington, D. C. It was addressed to the attention of Mr. Salmon P. Chase, President Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury. After some delay the letter reached Sec. Chase's office and was opened. It was found to be from a Mr. M. R. Watkinson of Ridleyville, Pa. Mr. Watkinson's sincere words immediately caught Sec. Chase's interest and he eagerly read the letter through to its conclusion.

"You are probably a Christian," Mr. Watkinson wrote. "What if our Republic were shattered beyond reconstruction? Would not the people of succeeding centuries rightly reason from our past that we were a heathen nation? What

I purpose is that instead of the Goddess of Liberty on our coins we should have inside the thirteen stars a ring inscribed with the words 'perpetual union.' Within the ring should be the all-seeing Eye, crowned with a halo and beneath the eye the American flag. In the folds of the flag's bars should be the words 'God, Liberty, Law.' This would place us openly under the divine protection."

Sec. Chase, himself a deeply devoted Christian, took Mr. Watkinson's suggestions under serious consideration.

A week later, November 20, Sec. Chase sent a letter to the Director of the United States Mint in Philadelphia. This letter was fated to become a highly significant part of our nation's history. Sec. Chase wrote, "No nation can be strong except in the strength of God, or safe, except in His defense. The trust of our people in God should be declared on our national coins. You will therefore cause a device to be prepared with a motto expressing, in the fewest but most meaningful words possible, this national recognition."

Immediately Mint officials began the work of developing a proper coin design. They came up with two good suggestions, "Our Country: Our God" and "God, Our Trust."

A short time later the final phrasing was decided upon. The motto would read, "In God We Trust."

Final approval of the new coin design however had to be granted by Congress. This came in 1865 when, under the Congressional Act of March 3, the Congress authorized the United States Mint to, from

then on, use these three words on all of the nation's coins.

Today, our coins stand as a constant and lasting reminder, to ourselves and to the world, of America's sincere religious feelings. Equally inspiring is the fact that it all happened mainly because of a humble but determined Pennsylvania man, who had decided one day to write a letter to his government and by this action help to set into motion an important and worthwhile change in our nation's history.

A Parable On Denominationalism

T. N. Tiemeyer

Two boys went down to the seashore to play. For a long time they amused themselves with sand-buckets and shovels. And it came to pass that one of the boys filled his bucket with sea water and cried to the other, "Behold, I have the ocean in my bucket."

And the other boy also filled his bucket from the sea and answered him, "No, it cannot be, for I have the ocean in mine."

Now the two began to quarrel one with the other. Then they set about examining their buckets to see if they could discern any differences. One found he had a sea-shell in his water and said, "Verily, this proves that mine is the real ocean. There cannot be a true ocean except it have a sea-shell in it as mine does."

And the other boy found a piece of driftwood in his bucket and exclaimed, "This fragment of driftwood verifies that mine is the genuine ocean. Yours cannot be, save that it have some driftwood exactly like mine."

And so it came to pass that for a small sea-shell and a bit of driftwood the two boys struggled and pulled each other's hair while the great Sea of Truth rolled ceaselessly behind them.

☪ Without faith there'd be no point in living, no reason for it.

You Can't Lose Faith and Live

John Winters Fleming

A MAN I know said that he had no faith. That he couldn't have any faith these darkling days earthside. Or any other day, for that matter.

Well it just so happens that each and every one of us does have faith. AND IT CAN BE PROVED. It was proved to the self-described "faithless" man. A friend proved it to him by a simple statement of facts. Here's what he said:

"Faith was the first step you took in life. That very first step as a tiny toddler. It took faith to do it. Faith that you could do it. Faith in yourself, and in those loving arms held out to you.

"Faith was the first day you went to school all by yourself.

"Faith was that first bicycle ride you ever made and that first swim you ever took and that first dive.

"Faith is that picnic you plan for tomorrow. And that good night's sleep you anticipate tonight.

"Faith is your money in the bank and your insurance policy.

"Faith is your marriage vow.

"So you see you do have faith, even though you deny it, even though you may not realize it.

"Faith is every living instant of your life. It takes faith to live.

Faith in something or somebody.

"Without faith in something or someone, you simply would not, *could not* live. There'd be no point in living, no reason for it.

"The very *will to live* is in itself a form of faith; that it's better to live than not to live.

"So, whether you like it or not, whether you want it or not, whether you believe it or not, you've got faith.

"Or you're not living, not *really living*, on this sphere at least. You're just vegetating, just merely existing.

"Since you're stuck with faith, willy-nilly, of course you want the very best of faith, as of everything else in life. Who ever heard of anyone who wanted faith in dirt and ugliness, in evil and hate?

"Who ever heard of anyone who did not want faith in cleanliness and beauty, goodness and love?

"The choice is that easy, that simple, that inevitable. Pin your thoughts—which really is the mental expression of your faith, or your faith in mental action—on the decency and the dignity, the goodness and loveliness of life and living.

"Then keep your thoughts pinned on those things that are clean and beautiful, Godly and lovely.

"Make a conscious mental effort to do this. Shut your eyes and visualize a beautiful painting or hum an inspiring bit of music. Or with your eyes wide open, read the *Sermon on the Mount* or the *23rd Psalm*, or better yet, both. Or say the *Lord's Prayer*. Or sit silent in the outdoors and tune in on nature's eternal symphony.

"Or prepare your own prescription, just as long as it's compounded of things and thoughts that are

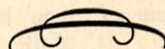
clean and beautiful, good and lovely.

"Then see how much better you feel about life and living.

"You can lose face and live. But always remember that you can't lose faith and live.

"So brainwash your mind and heart and soul with the healing, healthful, inspiring Christianity that is your rich heritage.

"You can't lose anything. You can, and will, win a lovelier way of life and living. And you'll love it!"



My Thoughts

Harriet Stanton Place

My thoughts are things with soaring wings
That I send forth into the air;
I'll freight them with a hope that sings
Of faith triumphant linked with prayer

I'll keep them white so in flight,
As stainless pure as falling snow,
They'll bless men's sight as sea-gulls might,
And carry good each place they go.

Lest I forget—through stress and fret—
My thoughts can carry good or ill,
I'll never let Self-dragons get
Between me and my Father's will.

Then I Am Glad

Helen Mary Sees

If I can speak one word of cheer
Or comfort to an aching heart,
And just a little joy impart—
Then I am glad.

If I can bring one ray of hope
Into the life that's filled with doubt,
And drive despair and sadness out—
Then I am glad.

If I can send one beam of light
Into the life that's dark with sin,
And reach the spark Divine within—
Then I am glad.

If I can ease the awful pain
That twists the body, tries the soul,
And give the tortured mind control—
Then I am glad.

If just a little bit of love
Or tenderness that I may show,
Enriches one who needs it so—
Then I am glad.

And if these gifts of Life are mine,
I praise the Giver of all Power,
And pray that He, through every hour—
May keep me glad.

How the Minister Can Help in the Sickroom

Gilbert Marquardt, M.D.

TO participate in a meeting of this type and see a rejuvenation of a movement towards the closer correlation of the work of the minister and practicing physician is indeed a great opportunity for those who are interested in the healing art. This idea is not new. Back in the time of antiquity, about 400 years B.C., Hypocrites had much the same idea, and, I understand, the old Temples of Healing were surrounded by the Temples of Religion on the Isle of Caas.

Much of my interest in this subject has emanated from work with Russell Dicks, with the hospital training group, and the group of chaplains that he has trained in this particular type of work. However, the idea is greatly in need of support, for we owe as much to the ministry in the development of our institutions of healing as to any other group. With the exception of the county hospitals, and the state and federal institutions, practically every hospital of any note that I know of was established by the church. It was usually done by a group of ministers who recognized

that the healing art was a great part of their responsibility. In the last few years this seems to have drifted off to become a lesser part of their work. Their responsibilities at this point have not kept up with the increasing needs and I hope that meetings such as this, and the ideas that emanate from them, will do more to bring back the control of hospitals into the influence of the groups who originally started them; namely, the Christian ministers.

We have lagged in medicine to a large extent, too. Those of us who have been out of school more than a few years have missed whole courses in new subjects that have been taught. We now have so much trouble in fitting into the medical curriculum a complete course in all of the new specialties that some of them are only given a lick on the way through. The student must later absorb these subjects. Those who have been out of school more than ten or fifteen years didn't even get courses in atomic medicine, tracer substances, or in any of the newer applications of the drugs which have been discovered within the past few years.

Presented at the Doctors'-Pastors' Conference, Lubbock, Texas, October, 1954. Reprinted from *Religion and Health*, May, 1955, by permission.

Similarly, many ministers, I think, who have been out long, have lost some of their sense of responsibility toward their part in this over-all business—the care of the sick.

When specialties began to become common about 1932 we divided up the patient. One of the first divisions was the eye, the nose, the throat, then the ear, then the stomach, then the lungs and heart. Then the surgeons began to divide the surgical part of the patient. So we lost sight, for quite some time, of the patient as a whole. That is one thing that we should remember in our conjoined effort—that the patient is a whole human being. The consideration of the individual must always be *in toto*. The consideration and treatment of a disease as a purely mechanical or factual piece of repair, rarely does a complete job; and we must bear this in mind when we treat anybody for any illness.

The minister's part in treating the patient as a whole is a very great one. He has lagged along the line in caring for his part in the educational program, for his provisions for the ill, for keeping up with the various new ideas of psychosomatic medicine, and for the application of the newer therapies. The minister might say, "I'm not qualified to do these things. I have no training or background in them," and yet, to a large extent, the patient is as much your responsibility as he is ours. We must remember that out

of all the patients who consult the physician, perhaps 65 or 70 percent suffer from no organic disease. Out of 100 who suffer from organic disease, 90 suffer from anxieties of some type, including the guilt complexes. Do these belong in psychiatry and psychosomatic medicine? or do these subjects belong partially to you as ministers and teachers?

We can divide the causes of all types of diseases very well into two large groups: the germ-caused diseases, including the viruses which account for diseases which we know quite a lot about. We know the cause, the reaction, the morbidity—we know the mortality rate and we know the eventual outcome. The tumors, ulcers of the stomach, cancers and others belong in another group, largely of unknown origin. Another group of diseases, partially known, partially unknown, are the functional illnesses. And here again for a working division from a practical standpoint, what every physician must prove as he treats his patient, what every minister must know as he counsels his parishioner is, "Does this patient have organic disease, or does he have a functional disease?" And the line of distinction between the two is a very grave one, often difficult to determine. This one must be seriously studied before counsel can be given. One rarely dies of functional disease, except through suicide or self-destruction of some type. The organic dis-

eases carry a much more serious implication and the psyche is much more disturbed by the knowledge of these diseases than it is of the functional ones, although anxiety is in the functional cases 100 per cent dominant.

There is one other besides the germ theory and the other unknown one which we must consider at this stage, and that is called the "theory of stress." Man lives as a constant being in a changing environment, a world composed of variables. He must acquire what he needs through food surroundings and he must eliminate the excess of what he does not need. His reaction to changes in environment of any type, mental, physical, traumatic, psychic, actual, bludgeoning, casualties of the war, ravages of disease, all create a distress. Every individual has his breaking point, we don't care who he is, we don't care what his strength is. Just as a piece of tungsten steel or reinforced concrete has its breaking point, so has man. Anything that ceases to be tolerated becomes a stress reaction. Many stresses are tolerated with minor reactions that may only increase the pulse beat or cause a rise in blood pressure, but we must all realize that stresses are a very big factor in the understanding of disease.

This theory of stress is not an entirely new one. A French physiologist by the name of Claude Bernard in 1878 recognized it. A physiolo-

gist by the name of Walter Cannon in 1932 described all the reactions to stress whether they be accidental or whether they be induced by war, or purely by psychic phenomena. He thought they were due to the endocrine gland system which produced the elevations in blood pressure, the fast beating pulse, tremors on the one hand to the actual breakdown of the brains on the other. Just recently this idea was rejuvenated and enlarged upon by a man now living in Canada, Hans Celle, who broke this reaction down into the stimulation for stress reaction, and reactional exhaustion which follows it. It is pretty normal physiologically for an individual under stress of any kind to react first with a fast pulse, perhaps lighting up the lividity of his color, his hearts starts to pound, his blood sugar goes up, his muscles contract so rapidly that tremors come on, and he eventually will have an exhaustion reaction if this is produced long enough. Stress and strain of the various minor types are with us in our daily work. They are worse at times than at others; however, all of them are capable of producing what we might call this functional type of disease.

Regardless of the disease, when a patient comes to a doctor for counsel and advice, he has one question in his mind which is very rarely asked. I think most doctors are aware of this, although too few take time to answer it. This question foremost in

most patient's minds I think is, "What will this disease, what will this pain, or what will this condition do to my future?" and "Is it going to affect my position as breadwinner?" "Will I be upon charity for the rest of my life?" "Will I be able to support my children and see them through college, and will I be able to enjoy life as I have enjoyed it in the past?" It is of great importance to relieve the patient of anxiety concerning his future.

Now where do the ministers come into this? The ministers must in my humble opinion become cognizant enough of the problems of modern medicine and of the problems of their parishioners to have at least a speaking knowledge of a disease and its future implications. Thereby they, too, can add to the patient's acceptance of reassurance and can relieve more of these anxieties and hostile feelings which patients have towards illnesses. The best way I think to understand this large group of anxieties is to take them up specifically with diseases. Many diseases seem to carry certain anxieties which one patient after another expresses and which an experienced physician can almost anticipate.

Infectious diseases as a rule are pretty well understood by most individuals. If a patient has a boil or obvious infection of some kind that is apparent; pneumonia, acute

cold, an infected eye, the thing is usually pretty obvious to him. The anxieties are not likely to be so deep seated. We know the cause of the infection, we know the course it will run, and the laity have learned not to fear these very much. Tuberculosis as the biggest problem some years ago, has diminished down, thanks to public health work which has gone on and thanks to the education of the public regarding cleanliness and isolation and to the new drugs which now cure them, with amazing rapidity.

Now in certain groups of obscure infections, blood-poisonings of all kinds from undulant fever, tular-emia, hog cholera, and some of the hemorrhagic diseases of animals to which man is susceptible, diagnosis is very difficult and the patients are apt to become depressed, both by the physical reactions of the disease and by the anxieties concerning the length of the disease. These are the people who are likely to be kicked around from pillar to post, whose blood reactions may not be positive early, for the diagnosis is difficult to make. A certain percentage of them are never diagnosed and their anxiety is then greatly concerned with the unknown factor of the disease. This is particularly true in some of the rare cases of hog cholera, such as you see in a city with large stockyards like Chicago, where they send some infected hogs. Until they are diagnosed these patient's anxie-

ties are great.

There is another interesting disease which has suffered a recurrence of popularity during every national and international war of the past almost 100 years, which we call the neuro-circulatory asthenia in the medical terminology. This disease was first described in the Civil War by a surgeon who saw soldiers shaking with fast-beating hearts, pop-eyed, excessive sweating, loss of sleep, loss of weight; this condition was then called a soldier's heart. Nothing was thought about it from 1865 until 1915 when an Englishman re-discovered the disease and called it effort syndrone. Still nothing was done about it much during the next decade or two until we began to redescribe it as a war neurosis in the past war, 1941 to 1954. This disease is purely an anxiety type of disease, a psychosomatic one which is manifested as I said by all of these symptoms of exceeding mental irritability and nervousness. It simulates toxic goiters, it simulates serious infections of all types. So far

as we know, it belongs in the psychosomatic group of causes as a pure anxiety type of disease. This disease is not peculiar to the military, although it has been rediscovered during each war. It has also been seen in every physician's daily work. The over-worked minister, the over-worked doctor who comes in tremulous and shaking, the stenographer whose responsibility is beyond her capacity, the overwork and anxiety of any individual in private life differs in no wise from those that are encountered during the stress of war. This is one of the types of diseases in which prophylaxis must be practiced by the conjoined efforts of education, of relieving people of stress and strain, until we have a specific cause for it, which I think we will have some day when we can measure blood adrenalins and learn why this one gland is secreting too much. Then we will put it in the endocrine system of diseases and locate its cause there. That is just a suggestion for a possibility.



Life is much like Christmas — you are more apt to get what you expect than what you want.

☞ It takes a great amount of humbling to begin a prayer life as an adult.

Take Time to Develop Your Prayer Life

Nettie Chase

WE KNOW very definitely of the necessity to work in life. We are aware of health rules and that the body must be cared for, and part of that care is the seeing that we have a certain amount of recreation. Work and recreation and rest we accept as factors to be accounted for in our design for living. We seek of our own accord an amount of mental stimulation. Sometimes this is only newspaper scanning or light discussion with family and neighbors, but we keep thinking anyway. The one area of our life we may neglect or make so casual that it is worthless is the area of a growing prayer life.

It sounds strange to mention it in our sophisticated, hurrying world. Yet psychiatrists, scientists, and doctors as well as ministers, priests, and men of the religious life will agree that this area of life is as important as those listed above.

It takes time, and we manage to have so little of that available somehow. The time does have to be subtracted from somewhere. Recreation can give up its share because prayer is recreation for the heart and soul.

It takes thought. It takes a perceived need that you accept. Going to church isn't enough. Ritual repeating of a prayer nightly is not enough. It must be a vital, living experience.

Unless we have learned from childhood that we are not sufficient unto ourselves and that God has a place in our lives, just to begin talking with God presents a difficulty. Many of us don't have any idea how to begin. Some of us have so neglected this side of life that we have no speaking acquaintance with God.

We have impoverished ourselves if that is the case. God has a part in our lives. If we would open our hearts and share our living with him, we would learn this. Instinctively when great physical pain is upon us most men cry out without thinking the word "God." It has come as a surprise to them that this happened automatically. I know one woman who told me this. Caught under a car in an accident, through her pain she prayed using only that one word. She had never really prayed deeply in her life before. She had never felt a need for God in her life before that moment. She

was humbly grateful there was an answer. She had not cried out to unhearing ears.

The tragic part of the story is that upon feeling all right again she has no longer prayed. "It is," she explains, "well, silly, isn't it? Why should I take time to fuss about myself. I mean for the big things it's all right to ask for help." She hasn't learned the joy of giving her life into God's keeping. She hasn't learned it's not fussing to share with God as she would a friend. It is a concept beyond her understanding. She is too sophisticated to understand the utter simplicity of the idea. She thinks she lives alone. She does not know she lives in God.

It isn't easy, not if you did not learn all this humbly as a child. It is why Jesus said that you can not enter the kingdom of heaven except you become as little children. It takes a great amount of humbling to begin this prayer life as an adult.

I know a business executive who was once a most pompous person. He occupied a position of importance. He was well aware of all this. He tended his church duties diligently, but those of his soul not at all until life swept a series of crises upon him. His intellect, his position, his money, none of it could bring him comfort or solve his need.

He felt a sense of shame and humiliation that he had to, as a last resort, get down on his knees and pray. He felt he deserved no an-

swer. He had given no prayers of thanks when things went well. He had cultivated no friendship with God. He had rather snubbed him and left him pushed aside for "more important things." But he had no other choice. The life of his wife was at stake. He began praying only because it was a last resort.

It brought him no comfort at first. He was still too pompous. He was praying lip service, and he was angry that such an indignity had been forced upon him.

And then suddenly it was no longer a humiliating experience. It was instead a comfort. It was a privilege. He found what he had been denying himself. And from that moment on things began to come right in his life.

He has become acquainted with God. He has taken him in as a sort of partner in his business. He has room for Him now. Part of the profits of his business are definitely set aside for "doing the Lord's work." He learned only through the hard experiences and through great anguish. He was lucky. Too many of us live through our whole lives and find no such awakening.

How can we awaken those around us? Sometimes words help. Often as not they don't. Sometimes our own way of living sets an example. By the strength and comfort we have garnered we can share with others. But always our prayers can accomplish what we alone never can!

☪ "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills."

I Take God on My Vacation

Carvel Lee

VACATION time is the ideal time to draw our lives close to God's will. For many families this one period is the only chance during the whole year to be together from dawn to dusk as a family unit. Consider the golden opportunity to draw the family circle together in a shared spiritual awakening—memories to be forever cherished, of laughter and joyous experiences, of fireside fellowship and quiet moments of meditation and prayer.

Recently I overheard several mothers discussing the items that they considered of primary importance on an outing. Opinions varied; was it first aid supplies, plenty of canned goods, a map with the route of travel plainly marked? All important, yes, but whenever we leave on a trip, whether brief or extended, the first choice in our suitcase is the well-worn family Bible. Within its blessed pages may be found first aid for spiritual emergencies, food for mental hunger, and the best map ever printed to guide the travels of man wherever he may roam on this earth.

No matter what direction is chosen, once you are removed from familiar surroundings you will discover a fresh awareness of God's

great generosity significantly displayed in nature's realm. You may be inspired by some magnificent thing that the hand of man has created. Let the great out-of-doors stimulate appreciation of God's abundant Love. Meditate on the Bible quotation, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills."

Take advantage of a golden, shimmering morning by a heaven-blue lake to read Bible passages of Jesus walking by Galilee. A bubbling spring bears testimony that God's Love flows eternally. The sunrise on a mist-hazed hill speaks of the glory of that first Easter morn. What potent sparks of Christian warmth glow from the campfire embers, kindling a flame of steadfastness and faith. The majestic, green forest-cathedrals lift the soul with the unspoken sense of a Divine Presence, while winding woodland paths seem to lead straight to the foot of the throne of God.

We do not comprehend the ministry of nature if such manifestations of creation as a rainbow arching the sky fail to repeat God's own promise to eternally unfold the glorious scroll of the seasons, or if we cannot hear God speak through the vivid-hued pages of nature's ageless book.

Alas, how quickly vacation days

are ended—where have the lazy contented hours flown? Likewise the children who may share these outings swiftly reach maturity and leave us to establish their own homes. Take time to teach them *now*, open their hearts and eyes to the sheer beauty of life. Remind them that the pleasure of returning to familiar surroundings (and it always seems so good to be home) may be likened to our homecoming to heaven—also familiar and dear surroundings to us if we have sought the highways which Christ trod before us.

Here are a few suggestions to introduce spiritual moments in your vacation:

1. Take advantage of family unity to speak freely of religion.

2. Choose Bible readings to fit the site and the occasion.

3. Point out God's wonder and power with nature's assistance.

4. Pray often—especially when deeply inspired by beauty.

5. Visit when possible, warm little country churches.

6. Relax with God—return home rested in body and mind and heart.

Isaiah 55:12 "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

Yes, *WE, TAKE A VACATION*—and God goes with us to point the way to earthly wonders that prepare us for the beauty of heaven.



Keep Putting It Off

Dawn Flanery Parker

I'll postpone worry until tomorrow
For worry often causes sorrow;
Tomorrow is here, worry doesn't pay,
So I'll put it off another day.

¶ We must do things we personally do not want to do, for the larger good.

Helping Youth to Make Right Decisions

Arthur W. Peach

AS A college teacher for over thirty-eight years in a small but representative American college, I saw a wide range of American boys come and go. Out of that experience, intimate in character, I learned to sympathize not only with them but with their parents, and as a result saw many problems in a personal light rather than at a distance or in a mass—as such problems are often viewed by those without a close acquaintance with them.

Take, for instance, the lad whose primary intention is to go his own "sweet way," and who has, to him, a perfectly logical reason for doing it. He is, frankly, a headache to his teachers, his parents, his friends, and in the end, to himself. As long as he thinks his way is sound, it is useless as a rule to argue with him in a general way, to threaten, or to punish. He must be shown logically the falseness of his position.

Suppose I take a typical and true case, not using the actual name of the lad in question but a symbolic name for his name is legion in America.

John had been "cutting" his freshman English classes off and on, and no punishments seemed to be a cure.

His records showed that he was bright and generally congenial with others; that is, he was not a "lone wolf," but "cut" his classes he would. So I asked his freshman instructor to send him to me.

John came into my office, pleasantly enough, definitely not a student with a "chip" on his shoulder. After greeting him I told him that what he had to say would be regarded as confidential and not used against him in any way. This attitude of mine was the accepted one by the student body: they could talk freely with me about any subject, knowing that I knew how to keep my "mouth shut," not always a characteristic of parents or those with boys in their care. We older people forget how stern the code of youth is that looks down with utter scorn on the "squealer," no matter how justified he may be from an adult point of view in his "squealing." The conversation between us is practically verbatim.

"John, the report that comes to me shows that you have been cutting classes rather freely. Suppose we take last Thursday. Now tell me frankly why you vanished."

He smiled and said without hesi-

tation. "Well, sir, it was a grand day, and Crag mountain looked so fine in the sun, I thought I would hike up and see the sunset."

I nodded. "But why select a time that your class was meeting?"

"If I had attended the class, I would have missed the best part of the afternoon," he said readily, "and the weather changes."

I nodded again: one must seize the hour before it vanishes. "So it was a pleasant afternoon and you took advantage of it, but you might have gained needed knowledge from your class."

He smiled again his pleasant smile. "You see, sir, I figured I would get more out of the hike up the mountain on such a grand day than I would in that stuffy classroom."

"In other words, you would benefit personally more," I added.

It was his turn to nod, and mine to say, "Well, I think you did myself."

He looked a bit startled as if he had heard something beyond belief, and I could see that with his quick mind he was alert to discover what possible reason a teacher could have for a shift of point of view.

I looked out of my office window at the mountain as I had many times, often wishing I could close my office door and go there myself, for I am a hiker myself. Then I turned to him.

"Your reason for choosing the

trip up the mountain on a beautiful day was a sound one—without question you did benefit, but let's look at the whole question this way.

"On the trip down the mountain you fall and break a leg. Some woodsmen leave their lumbering and bring you down to the village, but Doctor Scott is off playing golf, for it is a lovely day; he likes golf, works hard, and an afternoon on the links would do him far more good than being in his warm office listening to patients, each one of whom brings him some sort of personal problem that, in many cases, worries him as it does them.

"But, finally, a message reaches the Doctor and he comes to you, giving up an afternoon by which he was benefitting. They take you to your fraternity house, and by that time you need food, and you are longing for a cheerful lunch after the long hours. But the cook, Mrs. Bryan, had made up her mind that she would benefit more by taking the pleasant afternoon and evening and going to the city to see a movie she might miss—more than being in a hot house getting dinner ready."

He was smiling but his eyes were sober. "I guess I get the idea," he said slowly.

"Of course, you do," I said grinning back. "This world wouldn't function twenty-four hours, neither would any business or profession, if men and women felt free to do things for their personal pleasure

when they felt like it—even though they have a sound reason for some personal preference. Every day has its challenge to us, and if we are real men we face it—we must do things we personally do not want to do for the larger, not the personal good, that comes out of it. No man can live and work alone—he must live with and work with others—and all who are wise, whether young or old, must learn that simple lesson of the successful life."

It is pleasant to record the fact that John was no longer reported to me as cutting his classes. It is

not always so easy to shift a boy's point of view from himself to the larger one—that he is a part of the team not only in his school, but in his town or city, his state, his country, and in the end the supernational world beyond the horizons of today, waiting in the mists of the future—a world that will come into being only if men all over the world join hands in good will and understanding. And the beginning will have to be small—in a home, or office, in a school, or anywhere where two talk together patiently and freely in friendship.



I Do Believe

Rose Bennington

Do you pray, and then believing,
Grab your boots and parasol;
Scrub the barrel and get ready
For the rain you asked to fall?

Or do you ask, not quite believing
In that miracle today?
Do you doubt your Father's power?
Do you falter when you pray?

Oh, the wondrous joy in asking
When we know that we'll receive!
Problems flee, or turn to blessings
When we say, "I do believe!"

Do Trifles Ruin Your Day?

Winfred Rhoades

THAT MAN actually tried to make me believe it wasn't 'till the fifteenth that Canbury gave him the order, when I know beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was the fourteenth when it was sent off, and told him so over and over again! But he was determined to have it his own way and kept on talking and talking as if his tongue was tied to an engine. And I guess it was, and the engine was his old habit of always insisting that he's the one who is right!"

"Isn't it possible that you yourself may have been mixed up about the day?" said the other man.

"No, I'm absolutely sure it was the fourteenth, and I ought to have received the goods a day sooner than I did. But he wouldn't listen to anything I told him, and finally I gave up and didn't say any more."

"That's where you showed your wisdom!" commented his friend. "But what difference did it make anyway about the precise moment? You got what you needed, and got it in plenty of time, didn't you? If you'd kept on trying to prove your point it would have led to an argument, with hurt feelings, and what would you have gained in the end?"

"Well, I don't like to be talked down and put in the wrong when I know I'm right!"

Few of us do like to be talked down when we know we're right. We feel injured, and we tend to bristle and to think up every possible statement that would make us seem to be right—while quite likely we have some latent doubt about the matter in our minds after all.

But what do we gain in the end? If ill feelings result, if harmony in our relations with other people is broken, are we in any better case than we were before?

Is argument about trifles *ever* worth while? Is it worth while to let tempers become frayed and hot feelings be stirred up? Don't you feel happier—and have more reason to feel happy—when you have made yourself big, instead of little, in your reactions to the people you are dealing with, and in all your relations with them? Don't you then feel that you have done something—if only a little—to help the world into the better and happier condition it is so much in want of?

All of us have days when every one we meet seems to be cranky, argumentative, stubborn. *We* are the only ones who are not so. *We* are

calm. *We* are reasonable. Oh, yes! Indeed we are!—Then slowly it begins to dawn upon us that perhaps after all we ourselves haven't been quite reasonable. We begin to realize that we are overtired and inclined to be touchy, and that it is our own words and ways that have touched off the spark in others.

Think again of the need of bigness. A good prayer for daily use is this: "Spirit of God, save me this day from all littleness and all pettiness and all meanness, and make me to be big and grow in bigness every day continually."

But if you pray thus you must be willing to be thought wrong when you are right, to be looked upon as something less than you really are, to go voluntarily to the back row and not try to squeeze your way into the front row. Not always, of course. In essential matters it is necessary to stand for what is right, and to do so with firmness. But in the small affairs of daily life it is often true wisdom to yield and not to insist.

We do not make ourselves big by assuming to be always and inevitably right. Neither do we make ourselves big by assuming to be something more than we really are. On the other hand we can grow toward essential bigness by being willing to be thought something less—and perhaps a good deal less—than we really are. In the common world the high hat is regarded as the symbol

of dignity and power, and many there be who wear it! Many there be who like to talk of their famous friends even though the "friendship" has extended no farther than a handshake at some public function! Many there be who talk about some small thing they have done in words that make themselves appear to be tenfold more important than they are in point of fact! They only show their littleness by so doing. The pint-size man who tries to make himself appear to be a gallon-size man by indulging in big talk and boasting is likely to get himself laughed at or disliked and very likely both.

The back seat, voluntarily taken, may prove in the end to be of truer eminence than the front seat. Thomas Jefferson helped himself toward the successful life he lived when he gave himself the rule of always taking hold of things by the smooth handle. Love, in the great signification of that much-used word, doesn't mean affection merely. It means consideration not only for the rights, but also the feelings and interests, of other people. Abraham Lincoln showed himself to be a truly great man when, instead of sending an official summons to a recalcitrant member of his cabinet to come for a consultation with the President of the Union, he humbled himself and walked to the other man's office to have the needed interview. What difference did it make that he should surrender his own importance, pro-

vided he could keep for the country the help of this powerful figure?

"What difference does it make?"
—Keep that question in the forefront of your mind, and you will make it easier to come at the right solution of many a matter that is charged with the potentiality of

trouble. Consider what the results are likely to be if you say or do the thing you are tempted to say or do, and then ask yourself if it is worth while to produce those results for the sake of giving your self-esteem a moment of gratification.



Time, Please?

William D. Schul

I am not old,
Though tired;
Am still unstained,
Though touched.
Not too embittered to quit,
But not naive enough
To act without caution
Or foolishly believe
I can conquer doubt
Of self or others
And become a Saint.
No longer big enough
To envelope Truth,
But patient enough to listen,
To learn, and yet to dream
Of becoming more tomorrow
Than I am today.
Too wise, now, to accept
Without questioning.
Mortal enough to ask
For immortality,
And suffered enough to know
That I am nothing without God.

☐ If the desert is the "Thirst Country," then the oasis is the "Hunger Country."

Christian Doctors of the Desert

Maurice Moyal

DRS. Jacques and Renée Deschamps, a young husband-wife French medical team, are very particular about the choice of their patients. These real Christian healers like them to be non-Christians, and ranking among the most cruel and revengeful folks on earth.

But among their wards they just love the poorest, the underfed, the downtrodden, subdued for eons by all the whims and exactions of their haughty overlords, the crushing weight of a fiery white sun, all the evil forces of nature.

To have the privilege of curing voluntarily their ills, as such people have no means of coming to the Deschamps, they go to them—across thousands of miles in the most forbidding stretch of country in the world, often enough through sandstorms, where to lose one's way is to die.

The Deschamps' medical province is the "Blad el 'Atash," the dread "Thirst Country," stretching all the way from the borders of Lybia to the Atlantic seaboard, from the oasis of Biskra to Timbuktu the Mysterious, in the heart of the African continent. This Saharan Desert, far larger in area than the U. S., is inhabited by 150,000 folks, settled in

the few and far-between oases, and perhaps 100,000 nomadic Tuaregs nicknamed the "Blue Warriors."

The six-foot-tall, herculean Tuaregs rank among the most courageous—and savage—warriors of all times. They have devised diabolic tortures to inflict upon their enemies, keeping them alive for weeks on end only to have them suffer more and more, invoking death as a relief. Small wonder that, for fifty years, the standing orders in the French Foreign Legion to whose unenviable lot it fell to tackle them had been: "If surrounded by the 'Blue Warriors', spare your last bullet for your own brains, to evade torture!"

But when you begin speaking with spare, well-built thirty-four year old Dr. Jacques Deschamp, you realize at once how even such human beasts of prey could have succumbed to the resistless power of his Christ-like gentleness. His utter selflessness, which seems almost visible after a time, endows him with a deep inner serenity, charging in turn the air about him with soothing peace and quiet. His blue eyes are far-looking, as those of people daily used to scan the broad sweeps of wide open horizons.

From that terraced roof covered

with a lattice-work atop his surgically clean private hospital at Biskra, we had a grand bird's-eye view of that gleaming white and verdant oasis. Beyond, the ordered sand-dunes of the Sahara ran like the waves of a tremendous solidified sea towards the receding skyline.

Feeling that I had come home to friends, I asked the Deschamps how they did not fear to take upon their shoulders a task so big that all other physicians had refused to envisage it as their own concern.

"II Timothy 1:7 will provide the best answer to your query: 'God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.' You can no longer live on banking accounts, T.V sets, movies, comics, and frigidaire. You can no longer live without love, human warmth, color, and poetry. The only thing that gives meaning to your life is devoting yourself wholeheartedly to an ideal far bigger than your own personality, for as the Master has stressed it, to lose oneself is to find oneself."

Dr. Jacques Deschamp found himself some ten years ago. To get over an incipient T.B., contracted in his days in the Maquis, fighting the German invaders, he came to Biskra for a winter. To the tourist, "romantic" Biskra is all ease and sweetness of life, with its deluxe hotels, equable climate all the year round, bold palm trees and babbling rivulets.

Of course, the tourist isn't aware

that palm trees and irrigation water are owned by absentee landlords and the daily wages of an average laborer add up to a few cents and a handful of dates. If the Desert is the "Thirst Country," the oases could be aptly called the "Hunger Country," for they are mainly inhabited by the vanquished of life and former slaves of the haughty Tuaregs.

Dr. Deschamp felt that the health of such folks, too destitute to afford medical care, was his own concern for life; he decided to become the friend of the friendless, giving a new chance for health and happiness to those who had none.

"Now that I had found something worthwhile to live for, I got out of myself—and my T.B. I was far too busy to indulge in sheer self-indulgence, so the disease had no other choice than healing by its own accord. So, mind you, helping my fellow men has boiled down to helping myself. Thus, I don't deserve any credit at all!"

"The fact is that human personality has never been meant to be self-centered," put in his wife. "It is only in the performance of service to others that lasting health and happiness can be found."

The local "hartanis" or oasis-dwellers had been for so long pushed around and taken advantage of that they at first looked for unworthy, self-seeking motives attached to that helping hand extended in sympathy.

They were utterly unable to see what

the young practitioner could make out of treating them voluntarily, supplying the remedies gratis on top of it all.

But Dr. Deschamp was ever so generous, so thoughtful of others, that he soon acquired for himself literally the adoration of such simple folks. They took to calling him the "Toobeeb (physician) with a fire within his heart." They had instinctively sensed that this fire was the pure flame of Christian charity.

The desert grapevine started buzzing with talks about the selfless "Toobeeb" and his wondrous medical skills. In a scrap with the Foreign Legion, Ceigher ben Sheikh, the Tuareg chieftain of a band of ruthless cut-throats, swooping down on the camel-caravans, to take afterwards refuge in his inaccessible lair in the Ahaggar Mountains in the heart of the Sahara, found his own fifteen-year-old son Tachcha wounded, and sent for Dr. Deschamp.

The young physician was strongly advised against thrusting himself into the lion's den. In all probability, old Saharan hands warned him, the wily and faithless old bandit meant to trick him into a trap with a view to exacting a heavy ransom. And, if the money were not forthcoming within his own allotted days, he might even take a fancy to inflict unspeakable horrors upon the too trusting physician.

In his belief that no human being ever falls so low as to fail to

respond to trust and helpfulness, Dr. Deschamp decided to ignore such dire warnings. He thought nothing of entrusting his very life to a gang of desperadoes, rejected even by their own kith and kin, and who only believed in the power of brute strength. He went among them without military escort, without arms. And yet, his was a weapon stronger than the brutest of all strengths, for it was the resistless, overwhelming power of Christian gentleness.

Dr. Deschamp found Tachcha, the chieftain's son, delirious with fever. The only dressing his gaping wound had got was boiling molasses, poured now and then into it by his own father. This excruciatingly painful treatment was, nevertheless, a kind of crude but effective antiseptis. A few shots of penicillin, an operation to extract the bullet, and Tachcha was soon up and about.

But, from all over the Ahaggar Mountains, on foot and on camel-back, a steady stream of patients began beating a path to the doctor's black, camelhair tent. He delivered babies, performed emergency operations, treated a multitude of disorders connected directly with irregular diet and lack of water. And, so great grew his prestige that he could even prevail upon his grateful patients to wash twice daily, a thing most distasteful to them. In the desert water is a rare and precious commodity, and no tribesman would ever dare waste it if he were

in good health.

Dr. Deschamp's mission of mercy was to have far-reaching effects that nobody had foreseen. Hitherto, in the eyes of Ceigher and his confederates, the white man had always been associated with guns, armored cars, and bombers that exacted a heavy retribution in return for their own outrages. Now, for the first time, they were given a chance to see in action an altogether different sort of white man—the man in white, bent on alleviating suffering and thwarting death.

The new element of kindness introduced by Dr. Deschamp in such gun-point relationships was instrumental in breaking up the infernal chain of reprisals and counterreprisals. Where brute strength against brute strength had failed miserably, good will and helpfulness were to succeed. When the physician returned to his own world he carried a message from Ceigher to The French authorities: on what terms would they accept his laying down his arms?

The upshot was that Ceigher and his two lieutenants were court-martialled to long-term sentences (to be subsequently graced by the President of France) while the other tribesmen were recruited as military messengers, to afford them a decent livelihood. Thus, a wide stretch of the Sahara has been pacified.

But his sojourn among the Tuaregs convinced Dr. Deschamp that

they, too, stood in dire need of medical care—the mortality-rate among their infants being, for instance, appalling. But as the job had by now grown too big for him to tackle single-handed, he wrote the following letter to four former classmates at the Lyons Faculty of Medicine:

"Two hundred and fifty thousand fellow-men need your medical skills. By and large, such are destitute folks; and sleeping sickness, paludism, amebic dysentery, and leprosy claim a heavy toll of lives among them. You will live here, largely on the spirit, a rough, primitive, and dangerous life, at times, thousands of miles from the nearest human agglomeration. But never will you see in the eyes of any other patients such a pathetic devotion to you, and you will in no time fall under the magic spell of the boundless expanses of the Sahara, all throbbing with an Invisible Presence."

Dr. Deschamp thought himself lucky if his appeal could entice only one of his one-time fellow students to come and join him, so as to take care of the Tuaregs' health. He got the surprise of his life, when ALL FOUR OF THEM cabled him that they were at once emplaning for Biskra!

Pooling their specialties, the five dedicated young scientists have formed a harmonious, well-balanced medical team, capable of tackling

the toughest proposition in the health field. Their dean is thirty-six-year-old Dr. André Dranchet, the youngest, being twenty-nine-year-old Dr. Renée Boeuf—today, Mrs. Jacques Deschamp.

"But how on earth could you provide medical care for these Tuareg folks, always on the move?" wondered I.

The Deschamps took me to the hospital's vast store-room, lined with walls of shelves, stuffed with surgical instruments, remedies, bottles, packages of wool-cotton, of gauze, and what have you. A whole side of it was occupied by a king-sized map of the Sahara.

That map shows all the oases and wells, for everything in the desert revolves around an adequate supply of water for man and beast. The team well knows where to find the Tuareg encampments, for they consistently follow regular courses from season to season.

When their animals have grazed all the grass around a well and nearly exhausted its water-resources, each "amezzar" or encampment, consisting of some fifty families, will pull down their camelhair tents, hardly bigger than an umbrella, and round up their pack-camels. The few belongings of each tenthold balanced

on a camel, the encampment, under the guidance of an old "amrar" or headman wise in the ways of the desert, will leave for pastures new.

To take them to their far-flung wards, our friends rely upon two mobile medical units, equipped for emergency operations, and three jeeps.

"And these ambulances, jeeps, and hospital, all are gifts from well-wishers!" stresses Mrs. Jacques Deschamp. "Yes, without our having ever had to make an appeal for funds, contributions keep pouring in in a steady stream from ten denominations. As to the remedies, the Lyons Association of Christian Pharmacists collect them directly for us from laboratories all over Europe."

"The doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount, the principle of the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments are as true as they were when they were first revealed. We strive to live up to that fundamental basis of Christianity in our relationships with our patients, never losing sight of the fact that we all have been created by the same God of love. And it is only through love that the individual can work tremendous changes for the better," sums up Dr. Jacques Deschamp.

Don't Overcrowd Life

Your Creator never expects of you, or any other human being, to do more than to use each day effectively as it comes. — Sneed

The Triple Challenge

Abraham L. Feinberg

WHEN I was a college student, I often would cull short, profound quotations from my reading and pin them up on cards over my desk so that I might be reminded of their wisdom day and night. If I were to renew that habit today, one motto, by an author unknown to me, would occupy a permanent and central place before my eyes. That motto, in three parts, is this:

First—resign yourself to what can't be changed; second—rebel against what can be changed; third—be wise enough to know the difference. . . . Resignation to the changeless; rebellion against the changeable; reason, to distinguish between them.

There are three common examples of things that cannot be changed. One is weather; the other, taxes; finally, *death*. Need I labor the point?

But about the *past*? Can one pour back the sands of time?

We broke a dear one's heart by a bitter and needless word or estranged a friend by thoughtless gossip; we risked and lost a foolish investment in order to make easy money or violated conscious by cutting a corner; we entered on the wrong career, a stupid and impul-

sive marriage, or one immoral act which led to other until a web of sin entangled our life.

What can we do? Repent? Of course, to clear the spirit and help us avoid the evil in the future. Study how the mistake was made? Of course, to learn a lesson. Try to compensate for the harm we caused? Of course, we owe that to others and ourselves. But to rail against the past, to rebel and gnaw away our spiritual substance with regret—that is futile and profitless. What has been—has been! . . . Resignation to the changless!

There are things we *can* change, however. Look at the world around us! For the past century man has devoted himself to re-shaping the world. From the horse-and-buggy to the jet plane, from signal bon-fires to radio, from tallow candles to the hydro plant, from belching coal-stoves to atomic energy! All the *machinery* of progress!

But the other half did not keep up the pace. I mean *morality*, the inner mind and spirit of man himself. Violence, greed, venality, hate, nations and individuals lifting hand and tongue and sword against each other! Instead of the paradise visualized by science, we seem to be stumbling in a wilderness.

The result? We human beings are cynical about ourselves! Our age is disillusioned about man—so deeply, that some great scholars now write him off as hopeless. Ideas about the ineradicable sinfulness of mankind have been drawn out of the Middle Ages and polished up for today. Pessimists assure us that human nature is so wicked, so corrupt and enslaved by animal instincts, it can accomplish nothing on its own. Man cannot change!

To Judaism, such a verdict on man is intolerable. Our entire ritual and literature are saturated with the epic struggle of man to overcome what he is, and become what he *can be*. Every word breathes to us of hope, of challenge. "Return unto the Lord your God! Renew and replenish the sources of decency and character! Restrain the beast and savage within you! Release your best and noblest self that you might live and move on a new and higher level! Change!"

There dwells the ripe and ancient wisdom of the Jewish people. Man is not yet complete, not a noun, a passive substance, finished and frozen in iniquity. Man is a verb, a process, wrestling with imperfection, on the march toward his goal. And even though sin drags us down and we now live in a reactionary, retrogressive period of history, we can lift ourselves again to the crest of the wave and stride on to a brighter epoch.

Even death can be conquered. Think what has been achieved by the human spirit! It has reached out into the distant, cold domain of space and warmed it with the vision of a Divine Purpose guiding the stars; it has probed the mechanism of impersonal nature—tooth and fang and claw—and illumined the struggle for survival with the Will of God somehow rectifying all brutality; it has peered into the gaping silence of the grave and caused the darkness to glow with faith in immortality as part of the plan of the God of love.

Do you see now, why we must know the difference between what cannot be changed and what can be changed?

The past with its blunders and misfortunes—these are the product of fate and we can do nothing to cancel or alter a line of its decree. But the way they affect and mould our lives can be determined by *us*—by our character, courage, compassion, over which *we* exercise control! Thus the hopeless becomes a challenge, the seemingly fixed and immutable is drawn into a fluid, moving, creative process of the human spirit and the blind alley of fate opens up into a sunlit vista where we can build, the temple of peace and blessing.

Resign yourself to what can't be changed; rebel against what can be changed; be wise enough to know the difference.

WHAT POSSESSES YOU?

"And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved; for he had great possessions, — Mark 10:22

Someone has said that what you possess, possesses you, and it is often more true than it is false. The words at the top of this page could well end with, "for great possessions had him!" It is important to pay attention to the things you gather about yourself. If they are going to possess you, you had better be sure they are the sort of things you would want to be possessed by. Jesus touched on that same theme when he told us not to lay up for ourselves treasures on earth but rather treasures in heaven that do not perish.

There is the temptation to blame our woes and weaknesses on something else. That is delusion. Everything used in its right way and right time is good. If we are possessed by something it is only because we are capable of being tempted. We are weak in that area. The real trouble is our own interior condition, the kind of people we are. Someone not interested in photography would not be possessed by cameras, but a shutter-bug has to guard himself against the temptation. The trouble is not the camera, it is the person.

Paul describes himself as "having nothing, and yet possessing all things." Now if we see the truth here we shall take inventory of ourselves and see whether we possess the things we have, or if they possess us. It is possible to have everything in the world and not permit them to possess us.

Is there anything we are not willing to dispense with? The first things that come to mind are the material things, such as money, clothes, automobiles, etc. There are other things that are stronger and often hold greater sway over us. What about our good name, our reputation, our friends, our intellectuality, our stable emotions, our citizenship, our color, our professional standing, and our respectability? Would we be willing to risk our professional standing like a physician did when he said he would testify against a hospital although the board told him that if he did his services would be terminated and his standing jeopardized? There is a lot more than money involved here! It is only when we are willing to give up all possessions that we are capable of possessing anything because only then do possessions lose their captive hold on us, and only then can we truly enjoy the possessions we have.

Take the long view and guard the integrity of your soul.

READ: The Secret of Greatness, Reuben K. Youngdahl. \$2.50

IT CAN HAPPEN NOW

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. . . ." — Revelation 21:1

John had the privilege of having one of the clearest and most unusual visions ever granted to man and the description of the new heaven and the new earth in this twenty-first chapter of Revelation has great attraction. We so often think that it would be marvelous to have a new earth. We certainly are not too satisfied with the one we have. We see the need for change, and so it is natural to accept the vision of a new earth. But when it comes to the idea of a new heaven, it is a different matter. Why does heaven have to change? After all, heaven is all the wonderful and good things and conditions we can possibly dream about, and then it is more, something so inexpressibly delightful that we are dumb with wonder. It is difficult to see the need for any change in heaven, for heaven is not capable of being improved any more that it is possible to improve on perfection. What then shall we say of this vision?

The answer comes in the next two verses where John sees the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven, and even God himself dwelling among men. The voice from heaven says, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God." Here is the answer to any confusions about the "new creation." It is not that heaven is different or improved upon, but that heaven in manifest form will become one with the earth. In other words earth will be heaven, and heaven will be earth, bound together inseparably.

Jesus prayed for this very thing to happen, and he told us to pray for this vision to become a reality. He did it in the first half of what we call The Lord's Prayer. What would happen to this earth, or what change would have to come on this earth, if God's name were hallowed on earth as in heaven, if His kingdom was come on earth as it is come now in heaven, and if His will were done on earth as it is already being done in heaven? Why, earth would literally be heaven! In the words of the book of Revelation, the tabernacle of God would literally be with men and God would be their God and they would be His people.

The new Creature in Christ Jesus is someone in whom the Tabernacle of God has come to dwell, right here and now, as well as in the hereafter.

READ: You Are Greater Than You Know, Lou Austin \$3.75.

WIPE IT OFF!

"Even the very dust of your city, which cleaveth on us, we do wipe off against you. . . ." — Luke 10:11

You do not have to accept what others say about you and do to you. And it is only if you accept it that it can hurt you. Scientists say that we are surrounded, inside and outside, with all sorts of germs and with all conditions of disease, but even this cannot harm us until our bodies accept the disease or the germ. Then we are sick and there is no doubt about it. The same condition applies to mental and spiritual conditions. Someone may gossip about you, but it cannot hurt you unless you accept it. The sign that you have accepted it is fear, worry, anxiety, anger, resentment, and embarrassment. The sign that you have not accepted it is unconcern, peace, compassion, thanksgiving, and not giving it a second thought.

It has been said that what you do not know will not hurt you. Of course this is not entirely so, for no matter what anyone says, ignorance is not bliss. However there is an element of truth in it. Have you ever heard that someone said such and such a thing about you long after the event happened and said to yourself, "My goodness, if I had known it at the time I would not have been able to go on"? All of us have had similar experiences, and if it proves nothing else it does prove that in refusing to accept something of this sort, even if it is by sheer ignorance, we are protected against it. Only in accepting are we hurt.

When Jesus told his disciples to wipe off the dust from their feet, he was not telling them to react in anger and resentment. What he was telling them was something like this, "If they fail to accept you and turn you out, wipe it from your mind just as you would wipe dirt that does not belong to you from your shoes. Go about your business with unconcern. The Kingdom of Heaven has come near them, for you were bringing them the Kingdom. They did not know it, or they refused it. But as long as you are giving forth the Kingdom, if it is refused it will come back to you. If you give peace and it is refused, your peace will return to you. If they meet you with anger, hate, and refusal, refuse to accept it and it will return to them. Do not accept it. Wipe it off. Meet evil with good. Meet hate with love. Do good to them who spitefully use you and persecute you."

Be so filled with the treasures of the Kingdom that you do not have time to react in the ways of the world and of the devil. Wipe off from your mind and spirit the dirt that is thrown at you just as you would the dirt that is thrown at your shoes. You do not have to accept it. Wipe it off!

READ: Over His Own Signature, Leslie D. Weatherhead. \$2.50

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

COME AS YOU ARE, O. H. Austin. Abingdon, 110 pages. \$1.50. The blurb on the jacket says, "42 non-pious meditations for ordinary people." If non-pious means non-ecclesiastical in tone, then that is true for the meditations are certainly well-written for the ordinary person, and that includes us all. I think the author has done a remarkable job of analyzing the situations in life that make us just half-alive, and he has done it very interestingly. You will meet yourself in these pages someplace. I only wish that he had gone a little more into detail about what to do about each situation. He tells us in general terms what to do, and for the person with some background of church the little he says about the answer is likely enough, but I am sure that the person who knows the general principle and is looking for a way to apply it will be a little frustrated.

TOGETHER WE PRAISE HIM, Florence C. Brillhart. Revell, 144 pages. \$2.00. This is a book of group worship stories with suggested hymns and prayers for women. If talks at women's worship services were like the talks in this book, I would be on the front row most of the time. These talks are to the point, applicable to daily living, deeply reverent, and Scripture-founded. I would recommend buying the book just for reading, just for the inspiration and challenge and instruction there is in the stories.

A MAN SENT FROM GOD, W. Reginald Wheeler. Revell, \$3.95. 333 pages. This is the biography of Robert E. Speer, one of the great Christians of our time in history. The book is fascinating. The author has done a wonderful job of keeping the man in right perspective, down to earth and yet spiritually thrilling. One cannot read this account of a single-hearted, completely dedicated Chris-

tian without turning to face life with more will and courage to follow Christ unreservedly. Dr. Speer was for forty-six years Secretary of the Board of Foreign Mission of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., but Robert E. Speer was too big to be confined within the fences of any denomination and in his life he achieved fame, justly so, as one of the great missionary statesmen of all time. This is one of the most interesting and helpful books I have read in a long time. If one wonders what God can do with a young man who abandons himself to Christ, here is one of the most descriptive answers there is. The influence of a Christian home is vividly described, and there is little doubt that it was his early environment that set the course of his life. I should think that a reading aloud of this book in the family would greatly influence for the good those growing into life.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS, Halford E. Luccock. Harper, \$3.00. 190 pages. The jacket says, "Short Diversions on more than 100 religious themes." Jacket copy says that this is a book of sermons in embryo for the minister to expand and adapt. Most laymen would immediately say that this would rule out the book as far as general usefulness and helpfulness is concerned. Well, it is not true. Each message is between one or two pages in length, and they are the most helpful and mentally and spiritually stimulating essays I have come across in some time. I received more insight and stimulation from this book than from most of the meditational or devotional books I have ever read. The author has a keen mind for seeing the spiritual implications in news articles, books, common experiences, and almost a genius for the flashing phrase that crystallizes a truth. Besides all this, here is reading that is sheer enjoyment.

THE GREATEST LIFE, Frank C. Laubach. Revell, \$2.50. 192 pages. This is a harmony and harmonization of the Gospels written in the first person, just as if Jesus Himself were telling the story of his life, and I must say that it is simply thrilling. The translation is from Goodspeed, except where the words "Jesus," "The Lord," and "He" have been changed to "I." It certainly makes the Gospels come alive as never before, and the book reads like a modern book of adventure. Here are two samples:

"When my parents saw me they were amazed, and my mother said to me,

"My child, why did you treat us like this? Here your father and I have been looking for you, and have been very anxious."

"I said to them,

"How did you come to look for me? Did you not know that I must be at my Father's house?"

"But they did not understand what I told them."

"I came back to Cana of Galilee, where I had made water into wine. There was at Capernaum one of the King's officials whose son was sick. When he heard that I had come back from Judea to Galilee, he came to me and begged me to come down and cure his son, for he was at the point of death."

As the years go by this book will become increasingly popular, and could become second only to the regular Gospels in popularity and helpfulness. It would be a wonderful gift for someone just beginning the spiritual life; and for those on the road it will make the Gospels more meaningful than ever before. It is also likely to be the first popular book

that will acquaint most people with the continuity and sequence of the Gospels and the life of Christ. No one could make a mistake in buying this book.

THE INSPIRING LETTERS, Frank C. Laubach. Nelson, \$1.50. 221 pages. This is a modern translation of the letters of the New Testament. As he says, the Gospels are simple to understand in comparison with the letters, and yet these letters are the first records we have of Jesus and they glow with enthusiasm. I saw the good doctor when he was working on it on Star Island one summer, and I can still remember him getting up at three or four o'clock in the morning with a shawl over his shoulders, comparing numerous translations, verse by verse, to find the precise meaning and then putting it into words that everyone can understand. Along with his *The Greatest Life*, I honestly believe it is a significant event in our time. People will read these, thrill to them, and their interest in the Bible will skyrocket. A lot of us will turn to these books when we are puzzled by some verse or section of the other versions. He has purposely avoided words that would only confuse the modern mind. For example he has replaced "redemption" with "bought on the cross," "justification" with "made right with God," "covenant" with "agreement," and so on. I cannot find adequate words to praise this book. Buy it and you will know what I mean. So many people say to me that they cannot understand the Bible. Well, they can now — at least the New Testament, and I can think of some friends who are going to get a gift of them from me.

☐ If it is God's will, we must be able to speak the word of command in which there is no "if."

Blueprint for Prayer

Agnes Sanford

MAN MUST BUILD or die. As an infant's mind builds houses of blocks upon the floor, his soul awakens and his mind develops. When a human being no longer plans or dreams of the future, his power begins to decay.

But this building of houses and businesses and children and gardens and governments is only the beginning of man's creativity. He is made to go beyond the power of body and mind, and to create also by the breath of the spirit—the Word. True, he cannot speak this Word in his own strength and trusting in himself alone. But in God's strength he too can say "Let this be so."

This speaking of the Word of power is called prayer.

"But this is not prayer as we have known it," we may think. True enough. We are more familiar with other forms of prayer. There is a seeking of God's Spirit by our spirits that we may adore His name, and we call this the prayer of worship. Again there is a yearning after God that we may see His way. This is the prayer for guidance. Our Lord prayed this prayer in the garden of Gethsemane and when we are faced as He was with a heart-breaking choice, then we, too, must pray this

prayer. There is also a seeking of God without any words at all, a leaping of life toward Life, that we may enter in and feel what the eyes cannot see nor the mind conceive. This is called contemplation.

All these prayers are good. But they are not sufficient for our needs, though we have been taught that they are sufficient. We have been taught that God will do as He pleases without either petition or faith from man; that God has taken away from man that spiritual creativity that He once gave to His creatures; that "the age of miracles is past."

But much to the discomfiture of those who teach this enervating doctrine, it is becoming evident that the age of miracles is not past. We see them every day.

We have made noble and often successful attempts to heal the sick and the demented and the lame in many ways, and so far as they go, those ways are good. God approves, I am sure, of medicines that destroy germs, of mental therapy that heals the mind, of surgery that corrects twisted limbs. But these are not enough. Suffering remains. If it is controlled in one form, it seeks another form. New viruses develop, defying medicine. Nerves degenerate

From *Faith Today*, Nov. 1955, by permission.

confounding surgery. Minds collapse in spite of all therapy and our mental institutions are filled with the broken remains of what once were the Sons of God.

Why? Because we are made to use the power of our spirits, and unless we do, we eventually go to pieces. For we have spirits as well as minds and bodies. We are made to create with our spirits as well as with our intelligence and with our hands. Perhaps that is why Jesus Christ was not content with teaching us the prayer of worship. He told us to love and to forgive, but He also told us to do His works.† He trained His disciples to do His works, sending them forth to preach the gospel and to heal the sick.* And there is nothing in the Bible to indicate that He intended this creation by the word of power to cease when He returned to the glory of the Father! Rather, He said that these signs of power shall follow those who believe** and that He came that they might have more of this creative life, not less!***

How shall we do this great thing? First of all, since the power is God's and not primarily man's, we must *make contact* with God.

There is no use in talking even to a human being unless we *make contact* with him! For instance, my telephone rang one day and a voice

† John 14:12. * Mark 16:17. ** Luke 9:1 and 2. *** John 10:10.

said "This is George, speaking from Los Angeles."

Our conversation was broken by a buzzing in the air and later the phone rang again. "We lost contact with the channel," said George. "You know, we're not talking across the wires. We're talking directly across the air."

Inconceivable! That one can lift one's voice in Los Angeles and be heard in Massachusetts! But now consider: can anyone merely stand on Sunset Boulevard and shout to Massachusetts? By no means. One must contact the channel, or one's work has no continuing power. This is obvious. And yet many people when they get in a tight corner of life merely stand still where they are and shout to God—and then wonder that they do not receive an answer. They have not entered into His presence with thanksgiving or into His courts with praise! Their spirits have not touched the channel of His power!

How shall we make contact?

First of all, we must know that it is real. Or if we do not have the faith to know this, we must at least assume that it is real and act upon it, as a scientist acts upon the theory that he adopts.

Secondly, assuming that God's power is a real energy, we can set aside all other trains of thought and concentrate our full attention upon God and His power. It will help us to do this if we put the body in a comfortable sitting position, the head

at rest, the whole body relaxed, so that we can forget it. It will also be helpful to choose a certain time each day for this exercise. Then having concentrated our attention upon God, we can let imaginations play upon the working of His power. For the imagination is our greatest creative tool. If we are going to plan a new home, we dream of it. If we are going to write a book or invent a machine, our imaginations run ahead of us and form in our minds the picture of the thing that later on shall be.

As we meditate upon the power of God and vision that power working miracles in our own lives and in the world around us, our own spirits are released and we are apt to feel His Spirit moving within us. This sense of His presence may be very slight, just an inner quietness perhaps, together with a sense of peace. Or it may be a tingling as of electricity, felt in the body as well as in the spirit. Or perhaps it will express itself in a sense of an inner expanding, as though we took a great breath of spiritual life. On the other hand, our senses may not report to us the presence of God in any way at all. If we feel nothing at all, we simply assume that He is there according to His promises.* And assuming it, we act upon that basis.

The next step is to form the plan

* Job 13:22, Psalms 91:15, Jer. 33:3, Isa 65:24, Ezek. 14:4.

or concept of the thing that we hope to build by God's power. At this point we come to a stumbling-block—an apparently impassable obstacle. It is this question (and it is an important one): "What if our plan is not God's will?"

The answer to that is, let us ascertain whether or not it is God's will, and if we decide that it is not, then let us give it up and decide upon another project for prayer. If we know the nature of God, then His will is not so completely wrapped in mystery. "Fear not, little flock," said Jesus Christ. "It is your Father's good will to give you the kingdom."* "If even ye, being evil," said that same Teacher, "know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give good gifts to them that ask it?*" **

God is good, and He wants us to be good so that He can give us good things. Therefore, if we frame our plan or concept after the pattern of goodness and unselfishness, we are apt to be in line with the will of God. True, there may be times when we do not know what is good for us. There may, for instance, be situations in which a man who has lived his three-score and ten upon this earth can render better service and live a happier life in the next one. There may be times when the new home or business that we desire

* Luke 12:32. ** Mat. 7:11

for a loved one might lead to an unhappiness that we cannot see. In those cases, if we learn to alert ourselves to the voice of God, He can tell us wherein to correct our plan, to change or expand our vision. We can become more and more aware of the flow of God's creative power. If it is not flowing in a certain direction, we will feel a coldness and a dullness of spirit and we will cease planning and cast about for the right direction. Therefore, as we make our concept let us keep the mind open for guidance.

A concept or a plan is a blueprint of the thing that we would build by faith—it is the pattern of the garment of faith that we would create—it is the recipe of the loaf of the Bread of Life that we would bake; it is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"*—and without it, there is no creativity. No matter what we want to make, whether with our hand (assisted by God's mind) or with our physical strength (assisted by God's strength) or with our spiritual energy (assisted by God's spiritual energy), it is essential that we know and see clearly just what we *do* want to make. Hammering boards together with no idea of what they shall become is not a constructive method of carpentering. Cutting a bolt of cotton with no thought to what we shall make is not an efficient

* Heb. 11:1.

manner of dressmaking. And an attempt at creative prayer that does not follow a picture of what we would create is almost equally foolish. The prayer for a definite object or purpose upon this earth, which Jesus Christ taught us to make, must also clear its objective. Too often we do not do this. Or we say vaguely, "Oh God, do whatever is best in this situation. Either heal Mary or keep her sick or take her to heaven. Thy will be done."

Christ did not say, "Maiden, either arise or else stay there in a coma, or else die. God's will be done." If He had been as uncertain as that concerning God's will, He would not have gone to pray for Jairus' daughter at all. He did not send forth the Word of power for everyone who was sick.*

Then with a vague feeling that something is wrong somewhere, we end by saying, "If it be Thy will," which effectively cancels out the prayer of faith. For if it is not His will we should not have prayed for it in the first place, and if it is His will, then we must be able to close with the word of command, and in the word of command there is no "if."

Perhaps you are thinking, "But this makes it so difficult." Good. One of our mistakes has been in assuming that prayer is easy. It is the most exacting and arduous work

* Matt. 13:48

I know. If we realize that, then we are one step ahead.

Realizing this, then, let us choose an objective with careful thought, searching for the will of God. Let us consider whether our objective might hurt someone else, for if it does, then it is out of line with the nature of God, who is love, and we had best abandon it and choose another one. Let us consider whether the thing for which we would pray is in line with the creative action of God, in so far as we can conceive that action.

When Jesus Christ said, "Maiden, arise," He spoke with absolute assurance that she would recover and arise. His faith clothed itself in the Word of power and the maiden arose. Without this faith and this Word, in no way watered down by ifs and buts, the little girl would not have made a recovery.

To say "Thy will be done" when asking for guidance is perfect. But until we learn to differentiate between forms of prayer we will achieve little or no power. For to evade responsibility by never saying the word of power, which is the word of certainty, is to fail to do the works that Jesus Christ told us to do. It is as though we said to a cook, "Let your will be done. Prepare anything you like for dinner"—and failed to give her any food from which to prepare dinner. So again I say—we must clear our objective.

Having cleared that objective, we

must try in so far as humanly possible to hold it in our minds, so that faith can continue to act upon it. We are all too apt to say, "Oh God, please make this one well," while visualizing that one sick. We must learn to hold in our minds the thing for which we pray.

"But this is not easy," you may say. Nothing with world-shaking power can be easy. No, thank God, it is not easy.

Then let us conclude our creative prayer by actually sending forth the word of power: let us say in faith "Let this be so," or "Thank God, this is going to be so." This is the word of power because it is the word of faith, and faith is the active principle of the Godhead. "Let it be so." Is that too much to say? If so, let us close our mouths when we say "Amen" in church. For according to the dictionary "Amen" means "So is it; so shall it be; so be it." And not by chance are we taught to say "Amen" at the close of our prayers! There is nothing new in sending forth the word of power which is the word of faith! It is the oldest and the most orthodox of prayers!

I am merely restating it in modern words so that the phrase which has been merely an empty utterance may become once more as it was meant to be, a word of creativity—the *Word!* Use that word itself and alone if you like: "Amen!"

But when you say it, mean it!

A Medical Research Foundation is Tapping God's Power

Chloe Holt Glessner

THE WONDERFUL privilege of meeting with a group of consecrated Christians was mine this summer. I felt I was in a place which was Holy Ground. It seemed a place where great power was being tapped. Yes, the greatest power on earth was being tapped by a group of praying women. There was an atmosphere of quietness, of stillness and of a spirit-filled room such as I had never before experienced.

I was asked to come to this prayer group which meets at the Oklahoma Medical Research Foundation every Thursday at 1:30 p.m. It is composed of women from various denominations. I know of Methodists, Disciples of Christ, Presbyterians, and Baptists and I am sure there are others. Usually the number is about twenty and we met around a long table in the air-conditioned Board room just off the waiting room. As I sat there, I almost felt I could reach out and touch God.

"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—Matthew 18:20.

For a number of months this has been going on under the leadership of Mrs. Lenora Stearley, First Chris-

tian Church of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and a prayer chapel is soon to be constructed in the Oklahoma Medical Research Building. This prayer-soaked, God-fearing woman can testify that wonderful things are happening at this Foundation. Is it any wonder that she with many others feels the time is very near when the cause and cure for cancer will be discovered? The doctors, nurses, scientists, technicians and the Director of the Foundation are the first objects of prayer at each meeting.

Of course the prayers didn't stop there! What powerful prayers were prayed for our President, our government, the young people, those who are ill (and these were specific cases), for missionaries everywhere; and finally, for peace to come in our world.

Hugh Payne, Business Manager of the Oklahoma Medical Research Foundation, is a deeply spiritual person. The keystone of Hugh Payne's philosophy is his great faith in God. He affirms this faith in his statement, "I believe the Oklahoma Medical Research Foundation came into existence as a part of God's divine plan for the good of humanity." Hugh Payne is an humble man

and he makes no secret of the fact that he relies on spiritual strength for the courage to carry on. He, himself, raises much of the money that is necessary to keep this great institution in operation. He calls his conference room his "chapel." "The greatest satisfaction in life is to be able to create a bit of happiness for someone else," Hugh Payne declares.

Hugh Payne had a vision of a research center where doctors and scientists could give their best in time, skill, and study to conquer those diseases for which there is no known cure today. With the completion of this wonderful building funds began to run low because of the expense of necessary equipment. Also a very large gift to the Foundation, which had been pledged and upon which the budget of the Foundation had been based, had to be cancelled by the donor. The doors that were meant to open outward to a suffering world were slowly closing. Then, as hopelessness closed in, with heartbreak such as only men of great vision and love can know . . . prayer touched Hugh's life. It was at this time that the dedicated Mrs. Stearley quietly guided a few people of faith from many denominations to the conference room "chapel" to ask God's guidance and the touch of His hand for Hugh. It was her own prized mustard seed that found its way to him during one especially dark day and slowly

his faith grew strong again. Small groups met and prayed in the conference room of the Oklahoma Medical Research Building and doors began to open. Hearts of men were touched and today the Foundation is functioning with one clear-cut purpose. "That More May Live Longer, Happier, and More Useful Lives," which is the title of their weekly radio and television program. Hugh Payne states that the title or motto is inclusive of physical, mental, and spiritual well-being.

A \$25,000 prayer chapel is being built and donated to the Foundation by the American Federation of Labor and AFL Crafts of Oklahoma. AFL Union members are donating funds for the project. The chapel will seat twenty-four and have space for wheel chairs, or beds for non-ambulatory patients.

The Reverend John Maillard, Okehampton, England, has spent some time with Hugh Payne at the Oklahoma Medical Research Foundation each time he has been in Oklahoma City. He was the founder of Milton Abbey Sanctuary of prayer at Dorsetshire, England, where spiritual therapy and medical research are combined. He said that the Oklahoma Medical Research Foundation is a beacon light for the world today and it is our prayer that doctors and scientists will all be in readiness to receive the great discoveries which will be forthcoming, fulfilling the words of Jesus,

"He that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."

Already doctors and scientists from both neighboring and distant countries are working here side by side with our doctors. Many others across the world are asking if they may come to observe and participate in this great search for healing.

Dr. Alexander Fleming, of penicillin fame, has made the long trek to the Foundation more than once . . . and weary pilgrims, lost in a desert of suffering and hopelessness, are slowly turning their faces toward the soft glow of this new star on the horizon of their dark world . . . a star of hope! For here, like an oasis in the desert of our strife-torn world, there is no east or west . . . no creed or color . . . only a great love for suffering humanity that knows no man-made barriers.

Each week under the guidance of Mrs. Stearley a group meets in the conference room of the Foundation for a quiet prayer time. Here many requests are received and prayers are offered for scientists, doctors, staff members, and many others. We who share in this prayer time know that prayers are being answered and that "Many more will live longer" because of the great work being done here. As we pray, we are aware that here in our presence, longing to meet the need of the lame, the sick, and the blind, is "The Great Physician," ready to give of wisdom and love to aid those who labor to save others in this great mission of mercy.

When the time came for departure, one felt as though there had been a spiritual bath and that hope had been rekindled to burn much brighter. There was a feeling of faith taking hold to guide the destiny of people everywhere.



Whoso draws nigh to God through doubtings dim..

God will advance a mile in blazing light to him!—*Unknown*

☪ Much of success is merely waiting gracefully. We have learned to face facts.

How We Placed Our Handicapped Son

Eileen M. Hasse

FOR US OUR world had ended with the expensive search for the miracle that would make our little boy to speak, to sit and play like other boys his age. The blunt truth was ours. Jimmy would always be handicapped!

In desperation we contacted our pastor in the hope of bringing to light a special school, fostered by our denomination. But there was none. As nurse-school age approached, our son, born spastic, began to outgrow his cunning babyhood and the awfulness of his handicap became more evident. We made another frantic search.

Being an ex-schoolteacher, I procured intelligence tests, which I administered, trying hard to be fair. As nearly as I could determine, our Jim was blessed with normal or near-normal intelligence. Nevertheless, speech was difficult to understand and I could see that my friends often questioned his intelligence.

There was a glimmer of hope in the results from those tests. It was this glimmer that lighted the way for me and my husband as we visited nursery schools and other facilities. Then our faith took another plunge.

Either we were not eligible to enter the charitable institutions even though we agreed to pay within our means, or our son did not seem handicapped severely enough to merit a special institution. The private schools were far out of the reach of our pocketbook, being tenant farmers.

At the suggestion and under the direction of our county superintendent of schools I proceeded to give Jimmy his first grade at home. We kept close contact with the State University Hospital and the Bureau for Handicapped Children. These facilities proved priceless. Through them Jim had the help of a speech therapist who directed our exercises and the physical therapists who made endless suggestions. Our County Nurse was encouraging.

In spite of all of this I could see that Jim was growing ill at ease among people. He was not getting the classroom situation. He was missing the social side of school.

Then a wonderful thing happened. Through our Easter Seal Clinic we arranged to have Jim spend a two-week period at Camp Wawbeek, our Easter Seal Camp. He became socially adapted and through our doctor at the State

University Hospital we enrolled Jim in an orthopedic school under the direction of the hospital.

Now we look back on our anxiety and smile. What a blessing Jimmy has been to us. We have grown unselfish and broad in viewpoint. We have learned, along with him, to appreciate the little things in life. Wonderful people we have met! People who continue to work for less pay than they can get elsewhere just because they feel they can help these handicapped children!

Our Jim will enter seventh grade next fall. He reads without stumbling—even the newspaper. He can type almost as well as I. Although he couldn't walk without crutches at the beginning of the first grade, he now walks unaided. Of course, he looks a little awkward and has an odd gait—but so do many folks. He has a firm faith in the goodness of God and accepts his handicap with a healthy "Thy will be done" attitude.

At twelve, it is difficult to say just where Jim will fit. I believe he was sent for a purpose as is every creature. He will find that purpose. With determination he will fulfill that purpose well.

The years have not been easy. Being away at school at an early age

has been difficult but it has made our hours together more precious. We have learned to wait. Much of success is merely waiting gracefully. We have learned to face facts. It CAN happen to us. It DID.

I now have no fear of institutions and the people who supervise them. I find wonderful, Christian people doing a magnificent job, a job that will continue after we are dust. The help of these schools and homes continues beyond the span of one lifetime.

Our pastor gave us spiritual equilibrium, our doctor scientific wisdom, and the therapists gave us unerring guidance. Our County Nurse and the teachers gave unending suggestions. The Easter Seal people gave a ray of recreational sunshine as well as the clinic.

I am often approached by fearful young mothers facing a similar problem and I tell them: Never doubt the wisdom of God, praise your child for any bit of improvement, obey the doctors untriflingly and when you can't overlook the handicap—look over it. There is no such thing as a NORMAL child. Hasn't God, Himself, ordained that each should differ? Who are we to decide the degree of such differences, even in our own son?

☐ This great missionary-mystic describes the new way of life he has found.

Live in Heaven -- Now

Frank C. Laubach

WE LIVE in an age of faith in experiment. No man can spin out a theory and expect to have it believed without subjecting it first to rigid tests. Herein lies my defense of the attitude I have taken toward religion. Some letters have come to me fearing that my "extreme" religiosity may either cause my mind to totter or other people to lose faith in my conservatism.

The discovery that I could put my mind in a passive state and let my tongue talk aloud to me from God seems to me now to be the most helpful experience of my whole life.

I believe there is a faculty in men, whether in all I do not know, which enables them to listen to something deeper than their surface selves. Many poets have written after having heard their poems from beginning to end. Robert Louis Stevenson got his stories the same way. Charles Francis Potter in his *Story of Religion* says that all the great religions were founded by persons who had heard a voice from heaven, and that usually it was associated with some sort of blinding light.

But I believe that these founders of religion were not the only people to whom God tries to speak. My theory is that He comes to us all. At least He speaks to me, and I hope to goodness nobody suspects me of trying to found any more religions! I think God wants to talk to everybody.

God loves beauty, and surely God must love pleasure. Tonight I felt as though He was playing with his sunbeams along the mountain tops. If this be true then those words of Jesus, "Unless ye turn and become as little children ye cannot enter" have a double meaning. God himself must be like a child. All our oldness and stiffness must be unlike God, who loves play and beauty and laughter like a lovely babe.

I have found a way of life. Just to pray inwardly for everybody one meets, and to keep on all day without stopping, even when doing other work of every kind.

This simple practice requires only a gentle pressure of the will, not more than any person can exert easily. It grows easier as the habit becomes fixed.

Yet it transforms life into

From *Unpublished Letters* of Dr Frank Laubach. Reprinted from *Clear Horizons*, October, 1942.

heaven. Everbody takes on a new richness, and all the world seems tinted with glory. I do not of course know what others think of me, but the joy which I have within cannot be described. If there were no other reward than that it would more than justify the practice with me.

But there is another reward. I *feel* God; I feel Him at work. I know the most important thing for me is to know about Him. He is working for people in just the same way I am.

So now each day must be a careful analysis and recording of the results which I observe. For one thing, today I have noticed that when I forget other people I become fatigued rather quickly. When I am reminded of my purpose and start again holding people seen and unseen before God, a new exhilaration comes to me, and all the fatigue vanishes. A deep, strong joy crowds my breast.

It would be interesting for psychologists to try to explain this sudden inrush of joyous power. I had not anticipated it, so it can hardly be classified as autosuggestion.

It would be tremendously fruitful if others, who are trying the same experiment of making every look and every thought a prayer, would exchange notes and tell one another whether that same joyous

power accompanies their experiment. There is a certain danger of too much introspection however, for I notice that when I begin to take note of the process or of the joy too much, the faces of those for whom I was praying fade away, and with them the power. So let us be satisfied with saying that it is a wonderful thing to do from the point of view of the doer, and watch especially for evidences of what it does for those for whom we pray.

I choose to look at people through God, using God as my glasses, colored with His love for them.

Last year I decided to *try* to keep God in mind all the time. That was rather easy for a lonesome man in a strange land. It has always been easier for the shepherds and the monks and anchorites than for people surrounded by crowds.

But today it is altogether a different thing. I am no longer lonesome. The hours of the day from dawn to bedtime are spent in the presence of others. Either this new situation will crowd God out or I must take Him into it all. I must learn a continuous silent conversation of heart to heart with God while looking into other eyes and listening to other voices. If I decide to do this it is far more difficult than the thing I was doing

before.

Yet if this experiment is to have any value for busy people it must be worked under exactly these conditions of high pressure and throngs of people.

There is only one way to do it. God must share my thoughts of Moro grammar, and Moro epics, and teaching people to read and talking over the latest excitement with my family as we read the newspapers.

There are infinite reaches ahead of us as all of us know. Probably everybody catches glimpses of these higher possibilities at least for fleeting moments. We need pioneering of the most indefatigable kind in various aspects of the fuller life. If we can chart some new area of spiritual energy, if we can prove the power of making over the world by the sheer force of good thoughts, that ought to be a signal for a new concerted effort of the Christians of the world to keep their thoughts good.

Our thoughts flow around the world even when we do not express them. Others catch them though they do not know the source from whence they come. The result is probably much better because they suppose them to be their own. So when I sit at home thinking the noblest thoughts I can find in the universe, I am helping the people of all the world who happen

in some unknown way to be attuned to my thought-wave-length.

You can see that this is indeed abandoning the abstract quest of God and seeking Him where alone He can be found. I find Him by cooperating with Him and *feeling* the results as well as seeing them.

Friendship with God is the friendship of child with parent. As an ideal son grows daily into closer relationship with his father, so we may grow into closer love with God by widening into His interests, and thinking His thoughts and sharing His enterprises.

I suppose the arguments to persuade people to try friendship with God are valuable, but get us nowhere. Real progress begins when we begin to do things we know a God of love would do. And until we do that our efforts to know God will be fruitless. We will not believe that God is love until we are like God.

That was why the religious leaders and nearly all the other Jews so misunderstood Jesus. He was the embodiment of pure love and they had little love except for themselves. We cannot believe that other men love unless we love too.

It is not so much that men do not know God, as that men do not know what love is at its highest. Until they feel love they cannot know what they mean when they say "God is love." Until they put

love into practice they cannot recognize how love behaves when they see it.

God is a working God; love that did not work would be so much wet snow. God without action would be no more than the universe without action. He would be a god to bury.

But God's activities are indescribably, unimaginably immense, intense, and intricate. We cannot comprehend them. When we try to be loving, believing that love is at the heart of this terrific universe, we realize that the universe too is warm hearted. The more we love and serve the clearer the conviction grows. After awhile we begin to see why imperfection and need are useful. The world is a fine gymnasium for training love. Everything is here to call out our love and to require its practice. Love like the love of God would be impossible in a perfect world. In this world it pulls at us from every direction.

The lovely helplessness and faith of little children pull at the parent's heartstrings, reinforcing the instinct in every parent's heart.

But what calls our love most of all is suffering. Pity and kind deeds produce a tone quality in

love that we should lose without it. When the heart is full of love it goes out in quest of needs, perhaps to the end of the world, if it cannot find them at home. Some of the most beautiful characters in the world find they can call forth the deepest love only where they are really needed.

All that I have said is mere words, until one sets out helping God right wrongs, helping God help the helpless, loving and talking it over with God. Then there comes a great sense of the closeup warm intimate heart of reality. God simply creeps in and you KNOW He is here in your heart. He has become your friend by working along with you.

So if anybody were to ask me how to find God I should say at once, "Hunt out the deepest need you can find and forget all about it, and—He will be there. You will know it."

"No one could tell me what my soul might be.

I searched for God and God eluded me.

I sought my brother out and found all three—

My soul, my God, and all humanity."

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.—*Emerson*

☐ Talents and leadership ability wait only for someone to chart a challenge through which they can flow.

Live Embers

Alice Jackson Wheaton

IN A LARGE room of a mid-western church a group of older men and women of the community are busily and happily engaged every Friday afternoon. Some are reading to others, some engaged in various handicrafts, some playing quiet games, some watching television. They have appropriately named their group, "Live Embers."

"My sister and I are pensioners," a woman of the group said. "We used to sit in our room and look at each other. Now we have something to look forward to." "I was always tired before coming here," a man chimed in. "Now I feel like a colt."

There is no way of knowing how many such groups exist, under various names and various sponsorships, whether YW or YMCA, a social agency, or as is the case with many, a neighborhood church. All of them came about because there was "concern" about the "unloved, unuseful, unwanted" older people in the community and something was done about it.

Oskar Schulze should be mentioned especially as having this "concern." A refugee from the

Nazi regime, he was struck while working in a Chicago settlement house by the absence of older people in the activities, despite their great number in the aging community around about. He paid a call on many of them and found numbers eking out a poor existence with the even greater problem of getting through long, lonely days. He it is who must be credited with setting in motion the "Golden Age" clubs, such as the one mentioned, where older people meet regularly for fellowship, recreation, arts and crafts, discussion, or just plain "visiting."

There should certainly be "concern" over the situation because of the increase in our American population of the number of persons over sixty-five due to improvements in sanitation and hygiene causing a higher standard of living. The situation is complicated by the compulsory retirement age of sixty-five in many industries. The word "geriatrics" (pertaining to the diseases of the aged) is not a new word, but the word "gerontology" does not occur except in newer dictionaries.

From 1940 to 1950 the number of Americans over sixty-five in-

creased by 37 per cent; of those over eighty by a dizzying 58 per cent. No longer is this group unnoticed at conventions of social agencies, fraternal organizations, and denominational councils. It is at least Item Eight on the agenda.

It seemed highly important to the editors of the *Christian Century*, the well-known undenominational weekly, to find out whether the churches are cooperating in the solution of the problem of the older people and are measuring up to their responsibilities and opportunities.

Margaret Frakes, associate editor, has incorporated her research in a series of eight articles.

Pioneer work in fellowship programs, she relates, is being done by many denominations. To mention a few: The Methodist churches, through their conferences and their Division of Christian Education; the Lutherans, Missouri Synod, with their Senior Citizen Projects, their "visitation" committees, and consultation services; the Church of the Brethren which stresses the spiritual needs of its older people; the Disciples who sponsor "clinics"; the Presbyterians who in their 1954 National Women's Assembly enrolled two thousand women for a week's training program, offering a course on "Growing Old Gracefully"; and in the Episcopal Church Council which pub-

lished in 1952 a manual by Paul B. Maves (who is recognized as perhaps the leading expert in the field of church and older persons) entitled "*They Shall Bring Forth Fruit in Age.*"

Many churches have considered their responsibilities toward older members discharged once they established Homes, usually on a regional basis. The Protestant enterprise in this field is impressive as a few denominational statistics taken at random show: the Baptists thirty-eight Homes serving some three thousand; Evangelical and Reformed, thirteen Homes; Church of the Brethren, twelve; United Lutheran thirty-one (in 1953); Evangelical Lutheran, twenty-four, serving 1,454 persons; the Presbyterians, U.S.A., fifty-one, serving some eighteen hundred; and the Disciples, six.

Physically, church-related Homes are as varied as is opinion on what constitutes the ideal. Entrance fees may vary from a token amount to many thousands or a turning over of all assets possessed by the applicant. Some administrators see virtue in scattered residences housing a few people. Generally speaking there are two main types of Homes; in the "colony" type the residents buy or rent cottages clustered around a central unit. In the "congregate" type, residents live in single rooms or suites in one large

building. This offers reduced per-resident costs, better trained personnel infirm care, recreational, occupational, and educational programs, and often chaplaincy services. It is agreed that a homelike atmosphere does not depend on size alone.

In many beautifully equipped Homes emphasis has been placed on administration (balancing the budget) or material facilities rather than what can be done for the folks living there. A director should have a sense of humor and an imagination where the intangible requirements of various types of older people are concerned. There are doubtless many lonely hours spent in the most up-to-date Homes "where men and women rock in their neat little rooms or sit stiffly in a formal lounge watching television, waiting for meal time, for bed time, for death."

In others they "come to life" associating together with love and forbearance, greeting each day with enthusiasm. "Something to do" can work the transformation, for many of the "embers" are still live and can be fanned into productive flame. In any such group there are talents and leadership abilities that wait only for someone to chart a challenge through which they can flow. At First Congregational Church in Oak Park, Illinois, a number of retired men and women have taken over a variety of administrative tasks for the church. The point to remember is that older people are not a category

called "aged" but are individuals.

The Lutheran Church (Missouri Synod) reports a definite trend away from providing facilities for normal, healthy, older people to care for the chronically ill or aged. All denominations are apparently realizing that there should be available more infirm care and hospital care that is not prohibitive in cost. With this should go psychiatric and physiotherapy services.

Pilgrim Place in Claremont, California, is a lively haunt of over two hundred retired missionaries and other church workers (mainly Congregational-Christian, but other denominations also). Here there are fifty cottages and duplexes built by elderly people on a life-lease plan with maintenance charges of about \$75 a month. On termination a cottage will be rented or sold by Pilgrim Place. Residents take a vigorous part in the church, college, and service projects of the town, thus giving tangible proof that mental stimulation is a basic need for happy constructive sunset living.

The last article of the series (December 7, 1955) is entitled by Miss Frakes, "If Ye Have Love." Paul emphatically says, "If we have not love, we are as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Whatever else we have it profiteth nothing."

Not surroundings but "spirit" should be the motto for all who are interested in the problem of older people.

I Guess I'll Sue My Church

Nancy Lane Ledgerwood

I WAS really awfully happy once. For several years. Carefree, alive, interested. I read novels, went to the symphony, belonged to the Art Institute, enjoyed the theatre, kept house, and cared for my child. This was in Chicago.

Then we moved to a small town, but I was still happy. I re-decorated my home, took up golf, did some writing, gave and went to a good many informal teas and luncheons.

Then one Sunday I went to church and heard a particularly impressive sermon. Oh, yes, I'd been going to church quite regularly for years. But it had just never taken. That sermon really hit me. I've never been the same since. You might say it ruined my life - it started me thinking.

I ran across a little poem once called *Lost Melody* by Betty M. Hall, which expressed it perfectly:

When I wore a Fool's cap
Upon an empty head,
There lived within my heart a rose,
A butterfly of red,
And a little song that sang itself
Wherever fancy led.
Then I laughed with April Breeze
And danced with Daffodil
Where Peace and sweet Content
were mine

To have and hold at will;
And the little song that lived
within
Would sing itself with skill.

Now a sombre Thinking-cap
Sits heavy on my head:
The rose is ashen in my heart,
The butterfly has fled,
And in Another Book my song
Lies silently - and dead.

I caught religion that morning like a chronic, incurable variety of the measles.

There are, so they tell me, some religions that must be very nice to catch. I've heard of them, not too accurately. They tell you happy, comforting things: that you only have to *believe* certain theological concepts and that's all. You don't have to live any certain way, or do or not do anything. If you merely *believe*, all your sins, whether of commission or omission, will be forgiven over and over again, and God loves you and will take care of you. Also He will take care of all the rest of the world without requiring any co-operation from us humans.

Now why couldn't I have caught a religion like that? But no, I had to catch the variety that says: "God can only work through human beings

in human affairs. Therefore He needs me (all of us) to be not only virtuous but diligent and energetic to serve as instruments to carry out His will, to bring about His Kingdom on earth."

You can see how depressing a religion like that would be to a human being like me who is naturally sinful and lazy.

However, I'm beginning to doubt that there is any religion which really carries the escapist message. At least I searched for some time and was unable to find one. I went from church to church where such a message was reported to be given out. But always behind the assurances of God's love and forgiveness were the commandments that placed the responsibility on humans, too. Jesus' words, "Follow me." And "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

But, as I say (and it's a very

strange thing) I'll never understand it. I caught my own religion suddenly that morning, like a severe and incurable disease. I've never since that day been able to get away from it for any length of time. It's an unmitigated nuisance.

It's gotten me into all kinds of trouble. It says, like Shaw's Saint Joan, "We are here to tend to God's business; not our own."

It makes me speak up when I'd rather be silent. It makes me go out at night when I'd rather stay home. It makes me spend money I'd rather keep.

It's put me to work for world peace, for freedom, for good government, for brotherhood.

But still, I don't know. I was beginning to get awfully bored with all those teas and luncheons. They were work, too - and for what?



When God is going to do something *Wonderful*
He begins with a Difficulty.
If it is going to be something *Very Wonderful*
He begins with an *Impossibility!*

My Fears, My Faith, and I

Robert G. Tuttle

In a recent address Russell L. Dicks of Duke university mentioned "the three destructive emotions: anxiety, hate, guilt." The Christian religion, I believe, speaks a definite word to each of these and to all destructive emotions which endanger human health and happiness.

Just how do these emotions affect the human body? Dr. Leslie Weatherhead compares the relationship to that of a driver and a car. Occasionally the machine itself breaks down, but rarely. Usually it is a breakdown of the driver of the car.

So it is with human experience. The body is a pretty rough mechanism, though occasionally it does give way. More often it is the driver of the body, "the soul-mind," that causes the trouble.

It is at this point that the emotions attack health. Medical authorities now assure us that prolonged emotional disturbances of the "soul-mind" bring actual tissue changes to heart, brain, liver, kidneys, and other organs of the body. For example, "There is nothing wrong with a nervous person's nerves": the nervous system is only being used improperly.

To study these destructive emo-

tions one by one, we begin with fear or anxiety, probably the commonest of them all. The following old Scotch litany suggests the universal experience of fear:

From Ghoulies and Ghosties
And Long Leggety Beasties
And Other things that go Bump
In the Night
God Lord Deliver us.

Harry Emerson Fosdick reminds us that we start life with only two basic fears. Babies are afraid only of falling and of loud noises. All the rest of the horrible array of haunting uncertainties we have acquired as we have grown older.

As a boy, I recall a deep dread that obsessed me upon seeing a beautiful thunderhead rise into the blue, knowing that probably that afternoon the lighting would strike close at hand.

Childish fears are poignantly real; in the adult they are transferred to fears of war, of atom bombs, of business reverses, the fear of failure, the dread of death.

As one exhausted executive put it: "I am just a two-ulcer man, on a five-ulcer job." The strain of this generation is telling on us. When the

soul-mind is sick, the body soon follows.

A part of the chemistry of fear is this: the adrenal glands are placed in our bodies to secrete a powerful stimulant into the blood to ready us for action at the first warning of danger.

For a few seconds our bodies can accomplish the impossible, like picking up a piano if our child's life is in danger. The effect, however, soon disappears and no great harm is done.

But with chronic fear, with haunting anxiety, with continued dread, the adrenal glands continue to pour into the blood stream this secretion which now becomes a chronic poisoning, and our health is impaired. Unnatural fear and anxiety will eventually break us down.

Subconscious fears, those that we feel and yet do not understand, have been with us for centuries. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?" moaned the psalmist.

These haunting, unexplained moods make us feel that we are different from all other people. We brood upon them; we let them obsess us and withdraw us from normal contacts in life.

Dr. Henry C. Link tells of a young mother who was obsessed with a fear of insanity. She was not able to throw it off: it blighted

her life.

Later she married and had six children. Under these circumstances, having no time to brood for a period of years, she was freed of the obsession and could look back and laugh at it.

Similarly it has been discovered that activity and responsibility will decrease the likelihood of "operational fatigue" in combat flying. Interesting, wholesome work is good for moods and phobias.

The following case explains with simplicity just how some of these subconscious fears arise:

A young mother in my congregation recently told me that her small son had developed a fear of white sheets, because the doctor had found it necessary, when he was only one year old, to hold him down with a sheet in order to remove some stitches.

The obsession took root and, without knowing why, the child grew more and more afraid to go to bed; now he screams when the barber puts the cloth around him in the chair. As this child grows in understanding, however, his wise parents will help him to see what is back of this abnormal fear, and the phobia will be dissipated.

According to Dr. William S. Sadler, "the only known cure for fear is faith." Paul was not a psychiatrist but he showed an understanding of these issues of life in

advising Timothy, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

The surest way to calm and strengthen the soul-mind is through a confident recognition of the adequacies of God.

Of course, it is possible to use faith unwisely, as a friend of mine recently pointed out in connection with his own child. At the beach, he had warned her not to go too deeply into the surf. She answered, "God will take care of me. I won't drown."

Yes, God would take care of her, but he might have to take her to heaven in order to do it. This God does not want us until our lives are complete. Risks should not be taken save when a worthy cause is at stake.

Faith is based upon the laws of the universe; it is founded upon the character of God. Jesus said, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." The universe is solid; it is dependable, it is designed to take care of human life. There is an intelligence back of the universe; there is purpose being fulfilled in history.

In our better moments we realize that we are surrounded by a depth of love and care. It becomes apparent that the first interest of the Creator is not rocks, mountains, oceans, trees, but people.

Christain faith is realistic. In the parable of the house built upon the sand, Jesus recognized that all lives are buffeted. The rains fall, the floods come, the winds blow and beat upon every house; some fall and some stand.

The difference lies not in the outer attack, but in the foundations underneath life. Christ made it clear that there is a rock, something solid, on which every life can be built. Then it will stand up under all the storms and floods and winds that can be flung against it. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

How well do I stand as I face up to the haunting tensions of life? How do I hold up under these constant pressures? Am I afraid of something at this moment? Is there some secret dread gnawing at my soul? Do I jump when the phone rings? Do I need the peace that passeth understanding?

Faith is the cure for fear! The Bible is the food for faith! Have I read my New Testament through in the last year? If I read it thoughtfully, it speaks to me. My faith grows stronger, my fear grows less.

How much have I put into the practice of prayer? Do I spend some moments of quiet each morning facing up to God and his purposes?

If I pray five minutes each day,

there are still "1,435 minutes" in which my mind is on something else. Do the thoughts of those other minutes cancel out the thoughts of the five minutes of prayer? As Constance Foster suggests, God hears my in-between thoughts as well as my prayer thoughts.

Faith focuses life. As "courage is moral capital," so faith is spiritual capital.

Fear, one of the worst of the destructive emotions, can be handled. Anxiety can be swallowed up in faith. For subconscious fear, subconscious faith is the answer.

Christ continually exhorted his disciples: "Fear not." "Be not afraid." When our trust reaches down as deep as our anxiety, the light breaks.

Every life is tested, but there is a rock on which life can be founded and not fall. When you "want what God wants," you have discovered that ultimate foundation of peace; no longer is life devoured by haunting fears. Thus, below the line of consciousness, the mind is steadied by eternal realities.

The power of external or internal negative suggestions working in the subconscious mind is terrific and destructive. Conversely, the power of a vital and tested faith in Christ is calming and energizing, for now the suggestions work-

ing in the subconscious are healing and positive.

Christ constantly speaks to the heart of the person who has discovered this fellowship; with quiet persistence he whispers within us: "You are able, you can overcome this. It is possible for you to be good, to be useful, to be noble. You should be happy; these things in your life can be conquered. This crisis can be met. God loves you; God upholds you; he will not let you down. Even if worse comes to worst, you will live eternally."

If we are willing to listen, the living Christ continues to hold conversation with our fearful hearts, and paralyzing negative suggestions working in the inner man are canceled out by a new and radiant confidence.

When normal cycles of doubt and gloom overtake you, remember that God can bring you out of "the tunnel" at a higher level than that at which you entered. When anxiety and accumulated fears seem about to destroy you, remember that this is not God's will.

Christ would have a personal word with you: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Would you be at peace? Accept, then, the gift of God!

The Faith of an Artist

Charles E. Burchfield

IT IS not given to all of us to have a dramatic answer to prayer, such as was accorded to Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, whose miraculous rescue is so well-known. I never had such, but then, I have never been in such a desperate situation either. In less obvious and spectacular ways I have had prayers answered and have found the use of prayer a source of deep spiritual satisfaction.

In I Thessalonians 5:17, we are admonished by St. Paul to "pray without ceasing." This, I take it, is not so much an invitation to indulge in prayer marathons, as it is to be always, no matter where we are, or what we are doing, in a prayerful mood: that is, in readiness of spirit to acknowledge to our God our obligations, our shortcomings, and appreciation of and thankfulness for Divine blessings. Perhaps on a walk or a sketching trip, the beauty of the natural world, or some aspect of weather suddenly seems almost too great to be borne—a prayer of thankfulness leaps almost unbidden from the heart, and seems to ease the pain of beauty. Again it may be the escape from a potentially dangerous situation. Recently I was driving on

a narrow country road; coming up to a blind grade, without thinking, I not only, as was proper, pulled over to the right side of the road but (contrary to my custom) onto the shoulder as fast as I could. At the top of the rise I met a truck which was far over on the wrong side of the road. Had I been where I had a right to be we would have collided; as it was, since I was so far off the road, the driver of the truck was able to pull away in time. Not to have thanked God for my escape then, or to have attributed it to "luck" would have been ungrateful indeed.

There are so many occasions throughout the day which call for prayer of one kind or another. At meal time a petition at the beginning for the blessing of and presence of our Lord, and at the end, thankfulness for sustenance not only is right and proper, but also adds grace and dignity to what otherwise might be a purely physical experience.

Our Saviour himself has given us explicit directions on how to pray. In John 15:16 He says ". . . that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give

By permission of *The Dial Press, Inc.* in "*How Prayer Helps Me.*" edited by McCoy.

it you." "In my name" — there is nothing ambiguous about that phrase. And always with the qualification which He Himself added: "not my will, but Thine be done."

If we in our ignorance ask for something that is not good for us it will naturally be withheld by our all-wise Father, whose only concern is for our welfare, temporal and eternal. Many years ago, the summer after I had graduated from high school, I was taken ill with typhoid fever. Inasmuch as I had planned to go to art school in September and room with my high school chum, the disappointment seemed unreasonable and too great to bear. And indeed many years were to pass before I realized that it was that last year at home, when my roots went so much deeper into my family life and my environment, that gave the real flavor to my whole subsequent career. God did not need to appear in a vision and say, "Wait a year," but used the illness as a restraint.

Jesus has also given us that most perfect and comprehensive of all prayers, the one universally known as the Lord's Prayer. Drab and materialistic indeed would each day seem to be to us if we did not at least once repeat it, not perfunctorily or hastily, but slowly with careful consideration of each petition.

Perhaps someone has done me a wrong. No matter what his sub-

sequent action may be, restitution or otherwise, the incident cannot possibly be closed satisfactorily unless I have first asked God for the grace to forgive him; a prayer that comes easier if I reflect that no one can possibly do one-tenth to me of what I myself have done to both man and God.

The most frequently needed prayer of all is of course the one for forgiveness of my own sins. The knowledge that, if asked for in true repentance, and relying only on the atonement of Christ, full forgiveness will be granted is the deepest satisfaction to be had, and indeed all that makes life or living with one's self endurable.

In my own field the one bogey of every creative artist is the fear that sometime his creative power will run out; that he will be "through"; and each time an ever-recurring sterile period comes upon him, he thinks this is "it." Sad to say, in this situation I may struggle for days trying to take up my painting again, and it is only then in desperation that I pray God for help. Almost invariably the next day the spell is broken; I awake full of eagerness to work, and ideas begin to flow. There is nothing odd about this—where did the talent come from in the first place?

So all-embracing is this power of petition that God sometimes has the answer to a prayer all ready before

the need is apparent to us. In Isaiah 65:24, He says "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer." Recently, our son who was in the service in the Far East contracted a disease which eventually forced his return to this country. Some time later, the war in Korea broke out; at that time our prayer certainly would have been that if it was in accordance with His will our son would be spared that ordeal. But the prayer was already answered before we had "called" and the only prayer needed was one of gratitude.

If all this tends to give the appearance of unbearable smugness perhaps I can lessen such an impression by confessing that the foregoing represents the ideal rather than the actual observance. Like so many of us I do not make the full use of prayer that I should. I do not praise on every occasion I should, or express gratitude or ask forgiveness. But there is no harm in having a high ideal to aim at, always to keep trying, as Saint Paul advises, to "pray without ceasing."



A Questioning Mind

Roy Hanson

What is faith?
Some say it means a sure belief,
A mind which has no questions any more;
A certainty of truth and great relief,
When one has overcome the sea
And stands with solid footing on the shore.

Is this true?
If so, then faith cannot be mine.
For still I search and still I need a guide.
A questing soul is still my only shrine.
While crossing on this sea I've
Found but one thing sure—the sea is wide.

Void of faith?
It is a false and cruel mark.
I do have faith; and I can raise a prayer;
For though my eyes which pierce the storm and dark
Have never seen the shore,
I know that somewhere up ahead a shore is there.

☐ Excerpts from letters to the Prayer Tower.

Prayer Works!

"We cannot express the comfort and strength we receive in knowing that you were working with us in prayer when --- was so desperately ill in California and then through the surgery here at home. How I needed the united prayers. All feel it was only through God's power that he is doing so well and is this morning able to be out and driving his own car. We remember you daily in our prayers and those for whom prayers have been asked. We have everything to thank God for. The deeper our spirit of gratitude, the richer our joys, and the greater our victories. 'Heaven and earth may pass away but my word shall not pass away.' How eternal the WORD of God is. May this large circle of consecrated souls find all they are seeking for in soul, mind, and body." —Texas

"I look forward for each edition of the *Manual of Prayer*. It helps me in my daily Christian living and I use it so much for the devotions that I am called upon to give in our church. Many in our church take it and enjoy using it very much." —Texas

"Your ministry of prayer is very precious to me, and I am constantly growing stronger because of your faithfulness. God

is SO good. I thank HIM and praise Him again and again. He led me to you, and now has opened the way for me to tell others of this wonderful ministry of united prayer. Every day I am joining with you in prayer, using the *Manual of Prayer* as a guide. The day goes much better for me after the quiet hour in the early morning." —South Dakota

"I have been so comforted and strengthened in knowing that some one 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 blessing and love you all, and those whose names are in the Prayer Box." —Ohio

"I sent in the name of a young man for prayers about a week before Christmas and we did so appreciate the heart-warming note you sent us. I passed it on to the family and I know it gave them a lift. Our little prayer group felt so 'reinforced' when we knew you were praying with us. A few days ago he was dismissed from the cancer clinic as well. How thankful we are . . . The doctors have been very puzzled over his condition. 'This isn't following the usual pattern,' they would say . . . He has to report to

THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

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

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

his family doctor for a check-up in six months. I am sure that this wonderful experience has been a spiritual lift to all his family. Our deep thanks to you for helping. —*Texas*

"Thanks for your wonderful prayers and the encouragement you gave me for my mother and my son. I called for prayers for my mother regarding the suspicious place on her lungs and her healing was no less than a miracle. The doctors were puzzled. Then I called for my son whom the doctor said would require twenty-four hours before deciding whether he should be moved to the hospital. He had pneumonia. I didn't feel that I could pay a big hospital bill, and he was so sick. You gave me such wonderful encouragement and my son began to take a turn for the better and in no time he was well. I KNOW that God was in charge of both of these cases — his wonders to perform. Again thanks so very much. I want to join with you in all your prayer requests. —*Louisiana*

"As I read Alma Fisher's wonderful Christmas letter just now, I felt a warm glow of happiness at being included as a member of the Prayer Tower Family. I suppose I hadn't thought of myself as a member, but rather as an outsider seeking your help, even though I had followed the *Manual* prayers almost daily. How thrilling it is to realize and recognize this relationship. I think perhaps this is something like realizing our relationship with God! I had always been a member of the Prayer Tower Family since my first contact with you; but it was not until I came to RECOGNIZE the fact, that I could experience the JOY of belonging. It is the same in our coming to the realization of our sonship and God's fatherhood. Thank God that the Prayer Tower has outgrown its quarters, and thank God also that it will outgrow the future quarters now planned, and that eventually no quarters but the world itself will be large

enough for the Prayer Tower Family. How gratefully and prayerfully and humbly I join in this work. I want you to know how my heart leaps for joy at the sight of mail in the mailbox with the Prayer Tower return in the corner." —*Missouri*

"God bless you one and all for the spiritual renaissance the *Manual of Prayer* gives to all its readers. I carry my copy in my purse and all month long I read it while waiting for busses or riding in them. With all the spiritual enrichment which surrounds me when I meditate or read and pray, I find people coming to me and asking if they could please speak to me. It is amazing how many problems you can help solve if you let them know that you have disappeared and Our Saviour is holding forth. To paraphrase our beloved Frank Laubach, 'Each one REACH one.' Mr. Randall, in founding the *Manual of Prayer*, threw a spiritual pebble, blessed by Christ, into a pool and its ever widening circles have covered the entire world and caused blessings and rejoicing, praise the Lord." —*Ohio*

"I want to tell you what a wonderful change has come into my life since I have been reading these little *Manuals*. I have always attended Sunday school and church and am happy to say that all four of my children have grown up in the church. We cannot read enough of the good things God would have us read, so this is why after several months of reading the *Manual of Prayer* I can honestly say I have been helped beyond anything I ever dreamed of." —*Oklahoma*

"I wrote you recently asking prayers for my sister-in-law who was well on her way to becoming an alcoholic. Since that time a remarkable change has come over her and she is truly a 'new woman.' Accept my grateful thanks for your wonderful work of devotion and love for others." —*California*

Don't Miss Reading TWO GREAT BOOKS

BY

FRANK C. LAUBACH

THE INSPIRED LETTERS

A modern translation of the letters of the New Testament. Dr. Laubach compared many translations to make his own translation and then sought the advice of sixty Bible Scholars to insure that he was being true to the original meaning. This translation recaptures the enthusiasm and immediacy of the original letters, puts them in our own language and makes clear terms and sections obscured by theological technicalities. **\$1.50**

THE GREATEST LIFE

Jesus tells His own story! Dr. Laubach has taken every event in the Gospels and has woven them into one continuous story and the result is the autobiography of Jesus because he has replaced the words "Jesus," "the Lord," and "He" with the personal pronoun "I." The translation is the modern one of Goodspeed. This book reads like a modern adventure story of magnificent proportions. It is personal, warm, and fetching. Jesus becomes a living personality of great attraction and power. **\$2.50**

Order from (we pay postage)

Macalester Park Publishing Company

1571 Grand Avenue

St. Paul 5, Minnesota

Mrs. K.J. Gemminger
59-11 68th Avenue
Brooklyn 27, N.Y.

CONTENTS

What Do We Mean by Conversion?	<i>Glenn Clark</i>	1
Why Coins Say "In God We Trust."	<i>Alfred K. Allan</i>	5
You Can't Lose Faith and Live.....	<i>John Winters Fleming</i>	7
How the Minister Can Help In The Sickroom	<i>Gilbert Marquardt, M. D.</i>	10
Take Time to Develop Your Prayer Life	<i>Nettie Chase</i>	15
I Take God on My Vacation	<i>Carvel Lee</i>	17
Helping Youth to Make Right Decisions	<i>Arthur W. Peach</i>	19
Do Trifles Ruin Your Day?	<i>Winfred Rhoades</i>	22
Christian Doctors of the Desert ...	<i>Maurice Moyal</i>	25
The Triple Challenge	<i>Abraham L. Feinberg</i>	30
Thoughts Farthest Out	<i>Norman K. Elliott</i>	32
Books of Interest	<i>Norman K. Elliott</i>	35
Blue-Print for Prayer	<i>Agnes Sanford</i>	37
A Medical Research Foundation is Tapping God's Power	<i>Chloe Holt Glessner</i>	42
How We Placed Our Handicapped Son	<i>Eileen M. Hasse</i>	45
Live in Heaven — Now	<i>Frank C. Laubach</i>	47
Live Embers	<i>Alice Jackson Wheaton</i>	51
I Guess I'll Sue My Church	<i>Nancy Lane Ledgerwood</i>	54
My Fears, My Faith, and I	<i>Robert G. Tuttle</i>	56
The Faith of an Artist	<i>Charles E. Burchfield</i>	60
Prayer Works!	<i>The United Prayer Tower</i>	63