

# Clear Horizons



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**Spring 1957**

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## As We Go To Press

Folklore of all nations and times have a common kernel of truth. Traced to their origin by **Glenn Clark** (p. 1) in his posthumous book **God's Voice in the Folklore**, they reveal the truths that Jesus taught. Although the title suggests a child's book it is definitely for the adult. . . . Happiness can be woven from flimsy material. **Genieva B. Pawling** (p. 6) tells of the outgoing love of a Pied Piper lady. . . . Man's humanity to man can be found in everyday living as told by **Dee Pierson** (p. 11). . . . Do you sometimes feel that your job is unworthy of you? **Ginny Anderson** (p. 13) tells how to harvest rich experience by accepting the given assignment. . . . The pastor of the First Methodist church of Grundy, Va., **Thomas H. Roach** (p. 17) draws an analogy between swimming and prayer. . . . We like to think that our job is a part of God's plan and **Duane Valentry** (p. 19) tells of a unique group whose dedicated work brings us joy. . . . Ecumenical is a word common in the religious press these days. **H. W. Robinson** (p. 26) expresses his satisfaction with things as they are. . . . Seldom can we offer a true picture of European royalty. **Maurice Moyal** (p. 29), a favorite on these pages, has given us a charming personal glimpse of Frederika of Greece. . . . We live life not only for today but for the years to come. We can make a bank account for future health and happiness and how to do it is well told by **Kenneth Hildebrand** (p. 37). . . . We have already presented the views of one who is satisfied with church division as it is. **Ted Van Arsdol** (p. 42) believes the answer to harmony in small, new communities is unity of worship. . . . Favorable press notices do not always bring lasting satisfaction. **Aubrey B. Haines** (p. 47) tells about a famous stage and screen actor who found his deepest joy in ministering to the Indians of the Northwest, using his dramatic ability to interpret his message. . . . Sometimes we need to take a closer look at the hazardous and courageous lives of our Christian missionaries. We are complacent about supporting them financially when we should be more grateful to them for the responsibility they assume. **Mary H. Streeter** (p. 51) makes some of these things come alive. . . . Did you vote in the last election, local or national, and did you vote intelligently? The future of our nation depends on an educated electorate, a people dedicated to an understanding of the structure of our country and a knowledge of those for whom we vote. Such an experiment is being undertaken by an organization in New York, and **Agnes Curtis** (p. 53) tells us of its aims and accomplishments. . . . Dedication and the name of Merrell Vories are practically synonymous. This American who took on Japanese citizenship and name (**Hitotsuyanagi**) (p. 59) to minister fully to his adopted people tells us of his complete faith in prayer.

## CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Editor

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

Associate Editor

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.

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# Clear Horizons

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☞ "Some of the greatest lessons I ever learned came from fairy stories."

## God's Voice in the Folklore

Glenn Clark

### I Make Some Great Discoveries\*

YEARS AGO I stumbled upon a secret. Just as the greatest treasures of the Universe are secreted in the depth of earth—coal, iron, gold, and precious stones—great treasures of truth and wisdom are also secreted in the qualities of the heart and mind. More than that—they are secreted in the deep subconscious of the race. Years ago this was impressed upon me when my little son asked his mother to tell him a story. She offered to read him one, but he would not be put off—he wanted a fresh new story right from her lips. Finding there was no other way out she took him lovingly into her lap and began:

"Once there were six little boys who went out on a dark night to keep Halloween. They had kept it so many years that all the old ways bored them. They had chalked windows, carried off gates, upset garbage

cans, let air out of tires, had, in short, done all the old exciting things that little boys thought Halloween stood for.

"Let's keep Halloween in a different way," said one. 'Here is old Mr. Mount, whose gate needs fixing, and Mr. Stegner, whose front yard is full of leaves, and Mr. Carpenter, whose garage door needs mending.'

"'Hurray!' they all shouted and started off on a run."

My wife was the last person in the world I would ever dream could make up a story. But this story ran on and on. Every little detail was fascinating to the little boy, and for months, possibly years, it was the story he wanted her to tell over and over again. "Tell me, Mother, about the six little boys that kept Halloween." The climax of the story, of course, came when the various neighbors opened their doors the morning

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after Halloween to find that good fairies had worked wonders while they slept.

Years before that incident when his sister, Helen May, begged me to tell her a fairy story, I picked her up and stood holding her before an upstairs mirror.

"Look in there," I said, "and then raise your right hand. See, it is your left hand in the mirror. Now I will do the same. Can you believe it? Everything in the mirror is the exact opposite of everything outside. So even names in there must be backwards to what they are out here. That is little May Helen in there looking at us with her daddy, Mr. Clark Glenn.

"Now let's you and me step through the looking glass in imagination and you can then give May Helen a good hug and I will shake hands with Mr. Clark Glenn. Then we will all four go down the stairs and find the house has been changed around, too. Where there was an old chair there will be a new chair. But don't let's stay in the house. In the front yard our two big oak trees, instead of being filled with hard, brown acorns, fit only for squirrels, are filled with soft chocolate drops, fit for nice little girls, and the elm trees on the parkway will shake down dates and figs."

It grew into quite a story—no limits when your imagination gets out of its rationalizing straight jacket

and into the romantic realm of "let's believe."

But this didn't fascinate my daughter like the six boys who kept Halloween fascinated my son. I finally concluded that it was because the Halloween story stressed the doing and giving, which children like, rather than merely the getting. One thing the stories had in common—both took situations as they were and put them in reverse. Isn't that what Heaven may sometime prove to be?

Years later, when my three children were grown, the television presented a charming little play called "Angels With Amnesia." It told of an angel who came to earth on a mission and in a traffic accident received a blow on the head that made him forget that he was an angel. Not until the end of the play was his true identity discovered. This particularly impressed me because for a long time I had come to the conclusion that all of us are angels suffering from amnesia. All of our troubles stem from the fact that we have forgotten our true identity. We go about the world oblivious of our divine origin. Whatever is the bump that causes this amnesia, it usually requires a staggering blow to wake us up out of our amnesia.

Some of the greatest lessons I ever learned came from fairy stories. And the simpler and more childlike the narrator the better the story. My

wife, unlearned in the short story art, told a more inspiring narrative than I did, who was a teacher of the short story art. I can't tell as good stories now as when I was a little child.

My brother, Page, and I spent our childhood, like Peter Pan, in fairy-story land. I feel constrained to tell of one of our fairy tales because it came welling up within us with such force and recurred so often that I know it was not something that was made, but something that was "born." The great tales of fairyland are symbols of our own subconscious nature—allegories of truths too profound for words. They lie deep in the race, even as coal and gas lie in the understrata of the earth. When a man digs up coal on his land he does not claim that he made it. Neither should a man who discovers a fairy story lying deep in his subconscious mind claim that he created it. It was already there. It merely awaited someone to dig deep enough to bring it forth. For instance, the legend of *The Sleeping Beauty*, a legend which recurs in every land, is the allegory of the awakening of the soul.

This fairy tale of Page's and mine was a living legend—how it ever escaped the collection of Hans Christian Andersen or of the Brothers Grimm I do not know. The story centered around the discovery of the Island of the Soul. Boylike we called

it something else. But what is an island separated from the mainland by a body of water but a symbol of the subconscious mind of man in which is hidden all the mysteries of the race consciousness? Once we find that island, untold wealth of mind, body, and soul is surely ours.

Upon this island we found three races of people—strange people, looking much like other people, save that one-third of them were yellow, one-third red, and one-third brown. We found this color division very convenient later when we started illustrating their battles with our little box of crayons. Each of the three groups had one marvelous, unexplainable gift, and all three of the gifts were different. The yellow men could see a mile as distinctly as they could see an inch, and what is more, when we put a gun in their hands we discovered that they could hit a fly on a tree a mile away. The brown men were tough as iron. No bullet or explosive could penetrate their skin. And finally, the redskins could run like the wind.

None of these three tribes had ever seen a white man, and upon the arrival of my brother and me they accepted us as though we were gods. They at once made me king and my brother general-in-chief of the armies. Immediately we set about to organize three hundred chosen men for some great and wonderful exploits. On the ship which had

brought us, which, by the way, had foundered on a reef just out of sight of the island, were plenty of guns to arm a hundred yellow men whose eyesight and aim were so extraordinarily accurate; and a hundred swords to give to the browns, and plenty of ropes to give to the reds.

After we got our three hundred men well trained, a world war broke out, in which Russia and Germany were marching upon helpless little France, Belgium and England with intent to conquer the world. (By what strange precognition could two little boys in 1894 catch the vibrations of the approaching footsteps of Nazism and Communism?)

We arrived in France on our reconditioned ship with our three hundred undaunted supermen one late afternoon in the month of May.

"What can you do with three hundred men?" we were asked.

"Wait and see," was all we answered. "Give us a dangerous post near the front." This, to our delight, was granted.

Then the greatest "campaign in military annals" took place, almost as dramatic and spectacular as David's defeat of Goliath and Gideon's defeat of the Midianites. As the enemy advanced in solid phalanxes the hundred yellow men standing on a rise of the terrain let go their fire. Not waiting to see the whites of their eyes, not even waiting till they came within ordinary gunshot, these ex-

traordinary precursors of the modern range-finding machine guns began picking off the enemy. When the enemy lines were pretty well decimated, the hundred brown men made a brave charge right up to the belching cannon's mouth unmindful of the shot and shell which left them unscathed. As they reached the enemy lines they hewed into them right and left, shedding the bullets that rained upon them in the manner raindrops are shed by oil-skin coats.

In consternation over this strange phenomenon the enemy very naturally turned and fled, the generals leading the way. But alas for the generals! Little did they know the climax we had in store for them. For it was now time for the redskins to sally forth. Running like Wyoming antelope they simply swept over the ground, bagging general after general, tying each one fast and bringing him back on their shoulders.

Needless to say, the war soon came to an end. Against such conquering heroes, what was the use? Even had the enemy wanted to continue the fight, how could they after one hundred leading generals had been tied up and carried away as hostages?

Beneath this simple story of our childhood imagination lies a tremendous allegory, all the more wonderful because the creators were completely unconscious of any of its deeper implication. The spontaneity

with which it welled up out of our childish subconscious is its best guarantee of authenticity. The island we had discovered was the island of the Soul, that God-point in everyone's consciousness. The men who could see so far and always hit the mark represented the spirit of divine *omniscience*, the all-knowing mind and the all-seeing eye of God. The men who could overcome any opposition and whom no outside force could penetrate were the spirit of God's *omnipresence*. In this imaginary world crisis all the evil forces of the world were helpless the moment the omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent powers of the Soul were released upon them. Indeed, is there anything that can stand before the power of the Soul when its power is utterly released? "Love is strong as death . . . Many waters cannot quench love, neither can flood drown it." . . . "Who can separate us from the love of God? . . . neither death,

nor life nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come."

Little did I know that someday I should see these infinite powers engage in mortal combat with sinister forces very similar to those that the old ledger we had used as a sketchbook had once recorded. Gandhi was the first one to demonstrate in actual history what Page and I have recorded in allegory, that *soul force* can liberate a nation from oppression more effectively and more permanently than all the conspiracies of diplomacy and all the instruments of war combined. Children sense soul force. The popularity of the comic hero, Superman, and other similar comics among the children today is undoubtedly due to the hidden, unconscious awareness within them of an omnipotent Power greater than themselves, that is adequate and instantly available the moment the need calls.



## A Prayer

Clifford Thomas

Grant me O God, an open heart and mind,  
An understanding fraught with love for thee;  
That in thy word of truth its riches find,  
To guide me on to thine eternity.

## Trumpet and Drum

Genieva B. Pawling

HE CAME to the hospital by taxi and alone except for the cab driver.

Carol who was coming through with a tray of bandages at the time caught my eye and said out of the corner of her mouth as we met and passed, "The old lady—you know—the Pied Piper."

Sure enough, it *was* the Pied Piper lady. On our afternoons off we had seen her sitting on a bench in a sunny spot in the park practically buried in children. Another day we met her on the sidewalk—children in front, children trailing behind, children clinging to her shabby coat. She could hardly move without stepping on them.

"What I can't understand," said Carol to me when we got a chance to talk, "is her coming in here alone. I'd expect her to have a gang of relatives holding her arms, carrying her bags, and polishing her bifocals. What became of all those grandchildren?"

"I don't know," I said, "but she's the one all right. I couldn't mistake that coat. It's positively green with age, but the brooch she uses in place of a top button looks valuable."

"Did you notice that, too? It's beautiful."

"Just call me Grandma," she had told us with a big friendly grin. Her

patience and good nature promptly endeared her to nurses, students, and aides on second floor. We get some cantankerous characters up here among the incurables. Sometimes we get to thinking that they stay alive for the sole purpose of harrying us. They want what they want, *instantly*. In sharp contrast, Grandma, who was in her ninetieth year as she proudly informed us, seldom asked for anything and when she did she prefaced the request with, "I'm sorry to bother," "There's no hurry," "Just anytime," or "If you aren't too busy." When anyone asked her how she did, she was always "better."

The afternoon Grandma came in, Carol was raving to me, on the side of course, about some plastic curtains she'd seen on the bargain counter and wanted for the kitchen at home. (Carol helps with the family finances and sometimes can't afford even inexpensive items like bargain curtains.)

Suddenly Grandma spoke up. "Here, dearie, get those curtains." There she was sitting bolt upright in bed, her purse clutched in one thin hand, the other waving a bill.

"Oh, no—," said Carol.

"Oh, yes—please," said Grandma. "I *want* your mother to have them."

She looked so eager that I knew Carol felt like a heel when she

answered, "I couldn't, Grandma. Buy yourself a nice warm bedjacket."

The hand that held the bill trembled as the Pied Piper lady spoke earnestly, "I want more than anything for those curtains to hang at your kitchen windows."

A week went by and no family appeared at Grandma's bedside. In desperation Carol sent her a small bouquet of roses with a card attached, "Love to Mother." Grandma was overjoyed. She would lie and look at them by the hour in pure enjoyment. When the petals began to fall I sent a gloxinia in full bloom with "Grandmother dear," on the card.

Finally Carol mentioned visitors, just casually. "Tomorrow's Sunday, Grandma. We'll fix you all up. You might have company."

She sighed gently. "My family are all so far away," she said evasively. Then we looked on the record sheet at the office to find out if they were far enough away to warrant such gross neglect.

"Next of kin—First National Bank of Wellington." That was all. First National Bank. At last she confessed she had no family.

"I just wondered how it would seem to be called Grandma, and I loved the flowers. I hope you don't mind."

We didn't, of course, and from then on we made a practice of dropping in on her whenever we could

spare the time whether duty compelled it or not.

One hot afternoon a small boy was crying on the sidewalk outside her window. Her sharp old ears caught the sound at once.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"It's just a little boy outside."

"What's he crying about?"

A childish treble from below answered her question. "I want—a horn, Momie—to go—with Danny's drum. We wanna—play music together."

Grandma reached for her purse. "When you go off duty, one of you girls buy that boy a horn," she directed. "Grandma wants him to have one."

Somebody got the horn and presented it, an action which was immediately regretted, for he and Danny tootled and beat in the hospital courtyard to the rapture of Grandma and the discomfiture of everyone else, especially the day shift. One or another of us was always being sent down to "see if you can't stop that infernal noise, and why can't people keep their children away from this hospital."

The first time Grandma heard the combination of horn and drum in full volume she smiled and said, "Wouldn't it be nice to go into heaven to the sound of music? I don't suppose I'll get even so much as a note. There are so many things that I haven't done. In fact, I haven't

done anything. I don't deserve a sound."

"Oh, yes you do," Carol told her. "You practically saved my life by not ringing yesterday afternoon when it was so hot. You ought to get a nice fanfare for that."

"But that was such an easy thing—not like going to war or managing a hospital or being a nurse." That remark was so like her. She was always coming out with the darndest things. She got all mixed up as she grew weaker.

"The angels," she would cry out happily. "Hear them singing!"

"It's the nurses, Grandma. They're practicing for the hospital benefit."

"Oh, of course, but angels couldn't do it any more sweetly."

A patient jangled his bell impatiently and she thought it was church bells. Once I heard Carol say to

her, "It's Carol, your day nurse, Grandma. Don't you remember?" and she answered, "Oh yes. Your hands are so gentle, I thought for a minute they were my mother's."

On the very last day of all, Danny and the boy with the horn were hitting it up, not in the hospital yard but on their own back steps a few feet farther away. The discordant sounds poured blatantly across the courtyard.

Grandma smiled most contentedly and murmured, "Gabriel—he's come for me."

"It's the little boy, Grandma, playing on the horn you gave him."

The words fell on deaf ears. The inevitable gates had swung enough to admit a little old lady called Grandma. Beyond the shadow of a doubt she marched in proudly, heralded by trumpet and drum.

## Easter Gardens

*Jean Hogan Dudley*

All gardens could have been accursed  
Because of dark Gethsemane,  
And Judas' kiss that was the first  
Bleak step to Calvary.

And yet all gardens now are blessed  
Since Mary found the empty tomb,  
And met Him, as a gardener dressed,  
Among the Easter bloom.

☪ "Easter is not merely something that happened one morning long, long ago."

## Easter's Door of Hope

*Estelle Finnegan*

THE HOPE of the world is the Risen Christ, and Easter with its message of the Resurrection brings a new hope to a waiting world, a message that not only promises eternal life to the individual, but which also gives a hope that will not despair with the problems of today.

If you are troubled in spirit, if you long for assurance that life has meaning, look to the Risen Christ, who loved you so much that He died for you, who rose again from the dead for your redemption, who is now at the right hand of the Father to make intercession for you.

He who hung the stars in the sky and allocated to the planets their places in the order of the heavens cared so much for us as individuals and was so concerned about our happiness and our well-being that He provided in His everlasting mercy for our salvation. God who provided the sacrifice, and Jesus who fulfilled the prophecies of the ages, have set before us an open door. It is a door of hope, hope for lasting satisfactions and peace of heart and mind on earth; and for eternal happiness and radiant glory hereafter.

The Risen Christ, God's word to the world, is the earnest evidence which God has given to us, that even

as He raised Jesus from the dead, even so will He "quicken" us and we shall become new creatures in Christ Jesus.

So once again this Easter season the Word of God is a word of hope, of life, of truth, of light, of salvation coming to a distraught world. For Jesus, the Risen Christ, is the answer—God's only answer—to the hopes, the longings and the needs of a sin-stricken, turbulent humanity. New life, renewed strength, revitalized power, come only through His name. If Christ had not risen from the dead there would have been no Resurrection message, no Pentecost, no Church. And let us not forget that the teaching ministry of Jesus was merely the prelude to His atoning death, and all that we hold dear grows out of the after-Easter message of Jesus to His disciples and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit in their lives.

Briefly, the Easter message is this: Jesus is alive. He loves us. And we, too, shall rise from the dead.

If Jesus had died on the Cross and that was all, then we would be of all men most miserable, for we would have believed His teaching regarding life, but failed to accept His explanation of death, and we would have no power to help us live the

life He said is possible. But the Risen Christ is our hope. He lives today. He is in the world, and we know that He is ready to help us.

We believe that He lives and that He loves us. We who have become His disciples are not left forlorn beside an empty tomb. He did not vanish, never to reappear, but He manifested Himself to His friends and He comes to us with power and glory today. We do have a great hope today, a hope based upon the Resurrection of Jesus, the Christ who died for us, the Christ who rose again for our redemption. We believe that God, who brought back His Son from the dead, can give us eternal life.

Easter is not something that happened one morning long, long ago. It happens today. Eternal life is not merely something that begins when life is ended. It begins today. The lilies and the anthems say to us at Easter-tide, "Don't push Easter back or shove it ahead until death. Date it 1957 and move into it today. Here and now we may live in the power of an endless life."

Thus the story of the Resurrection is a story of hope, a picture of our

Heavenly Father's loving anxiety for our eternal salvation, and of His readiness to go all the way to save us from death—to pour us out a blessing that there will not be room to receive.

Let us love on this Easter dawn. And let us hope, triumphant in our expectation of the day that is sure to follow, and cognizant of the Light that shines "out of darkness."

Easter, with its message of hope, is for all. How grateful we should be for this annual celebration of Easter which brings afresh to the attention of the world this great spiritual miracle! "Because I live, ye shall live also," is the promise of Jesus to all of us, no matter how sinful we have been. We are confronted again with the words, "He is not here; for He is risen." Remove these words and the whole superstructure of our Christian faith tumbles down to ruin.

A new day is dawning. Let us rejoice this glad Easter season because our Christ is risen and there is eternal hope for all because Easter has opened wide the door of hope.

## April

*Edna Hull Miller*

Spring is astir with quickening power,  
The whole world touches hands with God,  
Atheists must be puzzled to see  
The miracles strain and stir the sod.

☪ "The story of man's goodness to his fellow-man is one that we can all help to write."

## Modern Samaritans

*Dee Pierson*

EVERY DAY the headlines shriek of wars and murders and senseless brutality until the sorry story of man's inhumanity to man makes our world seem black indeed. Violence makes the headlines; but did you ever stop to think how many thick solid books could be filled with the story of man's goodness and loving kindness?

Look around you with eyes that really see. Look in any town. Look any day. You will see countless examples of ordinary, hurried people going out of their way to give aid and help to others. Like the everyday folks I observed this past week: the woman in the dime store, her arms full of packages, stopping to comfort the little lost boy until his mother found him; the bus driver waiting for the old man hurrying to catch the bus; the traffic policeman leaving his busy station for a minute to personally put the bewildered "country cousin" on the right trolley. Fill your memory storeroom with happenings like these and watch your sagging spirit lift!

Then there are all the lovely acts of personal kindness that we have to remember. So many people have done so many kind and loving things for me that my storeroom is really overflowing with cherished memories.

I remember still with a warm feel-

ing of gratitude the friendly man who delivered mail to us in our first home. Our mail box was at the foot of a steep winding hill. I was a little lonely for my old home and family and often he found me waiting for him at the bottom of the hill. We always chatted a few minutes when we met there, and once when he had watched me negotiate the ice-covered hill with difficulty (I was an extremely bulky and unwieldy expectant mother) he ordered me to take no more such trips for mail. "I'll deliver it right to your door," he told me. And deliver it to my door he did all the rest of the winter.

I remember too with great happiness my daughter's first birthday cake. We, my husband and Biddy and I, were on a cross country trip and had stopped for the week end in a pleasant motel just outside Omaha. It was Saturday, July third, and Biddy's first birthday. I remarked rather wistfully to the friendly woman who managed the motel that Biddy would have to forego a birthday cake. That evening as we settled ourselves at a corner table in the motel's coffee shop, the manager proudly placed a pink cake crowned with white roses and one white birthday candle in front of Biddy. She had baked it herself

because, "The first birthday is so important and I knew you hated not baking a cake for the baby."

I remember too with the deepest gratitude my neighbor and the tulip bulbs she and I planted one fall afternoon when my morale and courage were at their lowest ebb. That morning I had received a long-distance call telling me that my beloved Aunt Mary, a frail old lady of eighty, had died quietly in her sleep. The memory of all the happy summers I had spent with Aunt Mary in my childhood came flooding back. I did my housework that morning with tears streaming down my face. I cried for Aunt Mary, for the other dear lost faces of my childhood, and for the little girl named Dee who had somehow been lost along the way.

Suddenly I felt that I could stay inside four walls no longer, and snatching a sweater from the hall closet I ran out the door. At the corner I bumped into my new neighbor hurrying home from shopping. We had spoken a few times over the back yard fence as we hung up our washes on Monday, but that was all. This day though she put her hand on my arm and stopped me. My distress must have been written plainly on my face and she overcame her shyness to help me.

"Mrs. Pierson," she said brightly, "you are just the person I wanted to see. Yours is such a beautiful garden and I'm such an amateur at garden-

ing, could you give me a little advice? You see I have a whole basket of tulip bulbs I'm anxious to get into the ground." Still with a warm hand on my arm, she led me into her garden, and almost without thinking I found myself hard at work.

All afternoon we worked together in the warm October sun. We didn't talk much, just dug in the rich, black Illinois dirt in a companionable silence. When we had finished the planting and were sitting with cups of steaming black coffee, I found myself telling her of Aunt Mary's garden, of the tall hollyhocks, the sweet wild violets, the yellow rose bush, the lovely poppies and all the other flowers that grew there. I could think of Aunt Mary and her goodness now without tears, because a neighbor had stopped in her busy day to bring me the healing comfort of work and companionship.

We all have many of these memories of loving kindness tucked away in our storeroom of memories; but too often that's where we keep them, tucked away and forgotten. Bring them out, use them, enjoy them, for they will enrich your life. You will find the bright glow from your own memories warming to your heart, and their light will guide you to someone who needs your loving kindness. Yes, the story of man's goodness to his fellow man is one that we can all help to write, and its pages are pleasant reading indeed.

☪ "Let's leave the judging to God."

## The Challenge of a Lowly Job

Ginny Anderson

**G**OD MOVES in mysterious ways—and so He did with us. My uncle died and left his business, a restaurant-tavern combination, to my sister and me. Grace was with her husband, a soldier serving in France. My husband and I traveled five hundred miles to operate a business we'd never seen, nor liked, until Grace returned and we could legally dispose of it.

So it was destined that Bill and I were to learn not to judge others.

It was a neighborhood business with an air of superficial friendliness. It was a struggle from the start, because we faced each day with a sense of degrading ourselves. Our work took the joy out of living but we were legally bound.

Three days before Christmas, George, a customer whose years lay heavy on his stooped shoulders, handed me a package. It was wrapped so carefully—and painfully, I thought as I looked at his gnarled hands, crippled with arthritis.

"Thanks, George," I said, slipping it into a drawer. He was disappointed. "I'll put it under our tree at home," I said.

He smiled gratefully. I felt guilty. He was giving me credit for something I didn't feel. He thought

I wanted to enjoy his gift more personally. Actually, I was disinterested.

I took the gift home and poured coffee for Bill and myself. The package was on the table between us. On impulse, I opened it. It was a vase, fashioned laboriously from a tin can. Copper, hammered and brightly polished, covered the sides and bottom.

It represented hours of work but the card inside was a shock. Written painstakingly with his crippled hands were the words, "If Joseph had come to your 'inn,' Jesus would not have been born in a stable. Thank you. George."

I felt many things, most of all, guilt—again. We were so unworthy of his great compliment. I handed the card to Bill.

"Makes me feel guilty," he said.

"George's reference to our 'inn,' I said. "It's exciting to think the tavern might have been visited by Joseph, had we lived in those times. George thinks we'd have opened the door, but would we? We aren't interested in *people*, only customers. We feel we're lowering ourselves, so we judge them. We could really *be* as interested as they *think* we are. Let's change so we won't



feel guilty the next time we read this card. Let's leave the judging to God."

The next day at work, I noticed the imitation tree—so coldly commercial. I bought a real tree and ornaments. The customers decorated it. I wrapped a pair of gloves in red glitter paper. The attached card said a heartfelt "Thank *you!*" It waited, warm and friendly, under the tree for George.

Then, instead of facing each day feeling we were in the wrong business, we accepted the challenge it offered. Superficial friendliness was replaced by the real thing. We listened to problems and shared joys, truly interested because we recognized customers as people—stimulating individuals.

Bill began talking to those bordering on alcoholism. He persuaded two of them to enter the local sanitarium for the "cure." When released he offered non-alcoholic beverages. They knew we really cared about their well-being. They wanted to justify our faith. So it was that a circle of faith began to surround our "inn."

Others followed the first two. Unknown to me, Bill financed their families.

"We'll never show a profit," I said when he told me, "and it isn't all ours."

"Look!" He pulled a bank statement from his pocket. "We're giving

more, yet making more. It's for Grace, too."

"Just think of the profit that isn't on the statement," I said.

"Personal profit," Bill nodded with satisfaction.

This didn't happen over night. It took time, thought and faith. It wasn't easy, to take the emphasis from drinking and redirect it, but so gratifying when a former alcoholic sat at the bar, ordered a glass of milk, and commanded everyone's respect.

Even in work you've been forced into, "Personal Profit" can be found. I proved this to myself by talking with people in businesses that seem degrading. The first one took in laundry. A bright little woman who spurned living with her married daughter.

"Do you feel you're lowering yourself?" I asked.

"At first," she smiled. "Now, like the Lord see's His children perfect, I see soiled clothes clean—perfect—ready for another day. There's a heap of satisfaction in chasing dirt away."

I saw no challenge in the next person's business. The local junkman had built a lucrative living, with his own measure for "Personal Profit."

"If something can be saved for further use," he said, "it isn't junk. So I'm not a junkman. I think of myself as a "waste-hater." Every day

I salvage what would, but for me, be wasted."

A leading citizen is the treasurer of the community club—and also, the local garbage man. A degrading occupation? To him it's a challenge.

"Someone has to collect garbage; since it's me, I do my best. Every can receives my personal attention," he said with humor. "It was hard to figure how to do more than just empty the can." He shrugged his shoulders, "Anybody can do that. Then I noticed how much easier it was when people lined them. I put newspapers in the truck and lined cans that weren't. Now, I couldn't line them without washing them out first. One thing just naturally led to another."

"I took pride in my work and people took pride in their garbage. Sounds funny doesn't it?"

I had to admit it did.

"They wrapped it so nothing would leak through my liner. They even replaced battered old cans or built platforms. That made me seek further. Now I spray the cans with insecticide every week. It's good for all of us."

He looked at me candidly. "Guess garbage cans seem unimportant to most people but what would we do without them?"

Three lowly jobs, yet they were not lowly people. How can anyone help but respect them, when they

looked for, and met, the challenge of their jobs?

Each one had said things I could apply in our business. I could visualize our customers perfect, like the laundress. I could be a "waste-hater" like the junkman, just as Bill hated to see a man waste himself by drinking. I could look at our customers and realize that they might be "unimportant to most people," like the garbage man said, "but what would we do without them?"

Our challenge? What could we do *with* them?

In answer I'd like to tell you about Mike. He came in, a surly, unhappy fellow, never giving us a chance to be friendly. We knew, from cashing his paychecks, that he was a truck driver for a wholesale firm. Bill tried to show our interest. Mike rejected every attempt. One week his check was larger. Bill congratulated him on his raise.

"It's overtime," Mike snapped in disgust. "What a rotten job."

He told Bill bitterly that he had been a top salesman several years before. He strove ruthlessly to become regional manager, hating and neglecting what he felt was a lowly position.

"And look at me now, driving a truck for the same outfit."

Bill told him about us. How profitable and gratifying our business had become since George's challenge. Mike finally realized our interest in him was sincere. He began to change,

slowly at first, then one day he came in smiling. We cashed his check, a large one.

"This time it *is* a raise! You know, Bill," he said confidentially, "I started going to work a little early each day to wash the truck. When I drove out of the warehouse, mine was the cleanest truck in the line. The boss noticed. He said if I was that interested I'd make a good dispatcher. I'm on my way up again, and *this* time—I'll stay!"

We count Mike in our "Personal Profit" column.

Grace came home to sell her half. Bill and I had a decision to make. Should we sell—or buy from Grace? Should we turn our backs on God's challenge?

It's been fourteen years since George handed me his carefully wrapped package and painfully writ-

ten card. Every Christmas our customers decorate a real tree. There are always gifts, some humorous, some thoughtful. For many it's the only feeling of belonging they have.

There's always a brightly wrapped package containing a pair of warm gloves and a card that says, "Thank *you*." George has been dead for several years and each Christmas I think his package will be left under the tree, unopened.

But there's always another George, believing we'd have flung the door wide for Joseph, and welcomed Mary into warmth and light. We seek further to be worthy of the challenge God has given us through our work.

As "inn-keepers" we've found that God also *challenges* in mysterious ways. So if *your* job doesn't challenge *you—you* challenge *it!*

## Thrush Song In The Morning

Mary Gustafson

I'd find a golden daffodil  
For one whose heart needs cheer,  
And pull a thorn of hurting  
Or dry a slipping tear.

I'd bring a golden thrush song  
For peace of mind that lifts  
The tired heart to morning . . .  
These would be my gifts.

## The First Step in Prayer

Thomas H. Roach

**M**ANY OF US who have practiced the art of prayer have asked ourselves what it is, how it works, and how to achieve the best results. We have learned, among other things, that we must pray in co-operation with the Holy Spirit. "The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities." (Romans 8:26.)

It seems to be the universal opinion of those who pray that we must begin with quiet and relaxation. We pray with our feelings as well as with our minds and our lips. The Quakers have an expression about "settling down in God." I should like to use a figure that might shed additional light on the meaning of this inner experience that has to do with the feelings. Prayer, to me, is like swimming. First, I must give myself to the water. I "settle down" in the water, then use my arms and legs as propellers. A novice learning to swim has difficulty at this point because he is afraid to give himself to the water. He cannot let go.

Man's conquest of the elements has been largely a matter of co-operating with the forces of the natural world. Whether we think of air, or water, or electricity, or the atom, scientific progress has gone forward by utilizing the forces of nature to the advantage of mankind. Surely

the same law is at work in the spiritual realm. Jesus used the figure of the wind in reference to the work of God's Spirit, and this reference to water is probably just as true to experience.

"Getting" things from God is just like utilizing a stream of water. Whether you are playing with a whirligig, or constructing a grist mill or a power dam, you must work with nature and not against it. You must utilize the stream; and for me the first step in prayer is settling down—giving myself to the water—finding the direction of the current, so that I can drift with it. And this is a matter of feeling. The Spirit gives direction and energy. He furnishes the current that carries us along to the achievement of God's purposes. It has been said that we do not bend God's will to our wills; we only lay hold of his highest willingness.

From here we can go on to other steps in prayer. One of the most obvious is again suggested by the swimmer: he must rid himself of bungle-some clothing, a figure that calls to mind the Scripture reference to "weights" and besetting sins. I must rid myself of any conscious sin. I must come to God with clean hands and a pure heart; then I must let myself go. Prayer is sometimes a striv-

ing; it has even been called a battlefield. But swimming is also like that if the race demands it. In any case, the best results are achieved if we swim with the current and not against it.

I am primarily concerned with this first step, the process of "settling down." To me that is the most meaningful step in prayer, because it is a means of getting into tune with the Infinite.

### Camps Farthest Out

FOUNDED BY GLENN CLARK IN 1930

#### 1957 Schedule

At the Camps Farthest Out people seek to integrate their lives on the highest plane with God at the center of this integration. Here they seek to bring every fiber of being into physical, mental, and spiritual expression in every avenue of life, business, politics, and recreation. In short the Camps Farthest Out are dedicated to the purpose of discovering the wholeness of that abundant life which Christ promised—that life which is our rightful heritage when we dedicate our body, mind, and soul completely to God through play, work, and worship.

Florida, January 12-19  
 Texas Valley, February 15-22  
 Oklahoma (Ardmore), March 14-20  
 Texas, April 2-9  
 Northern California, April 14-20  
 Arizona (Grand Canyon), April 26-May 3  
 Mississippi, May 7-14  
 Arkansas I, May 23-30  
 Arkansas II, May 31-June 6  
 Oklahoma (Tonkawa), June 6-13  
 North Carolina, June 6-13  
 Kansas, June 7-14  
 Missouri, June 16-22  
 Wisconsin, June 21-28  
 California (Redlands), June 25-July 2  
 New York (Silver Bay), June 29-July 8  
 Iowa, June 30-July 7  
 Colorado, June 30-July 7  
 California (Family), July 1-8  
 Virginia I, July 1-8

Virginia II, July 9-16  
 Oregon, July 8-14  
 Nebraska, July 8-15  
 Michigan, July 14-21  
 Victoria (B. C.), July 20-27  
 Ohio, July 21-28  
 Minnesota, July 29-August 5  
 Montana, July 29-August 5  
 New Mexico, August 2-9  
 Indiana, August 3-10  
 Minden, N. Y., August 3-10  
 Ontario, August 9-16  
 Vancouver, August 10-17  
 Winnepesaukee (N. H.), August 20-29  
 California Youth, August 24-31  
 Alabama, August 25-September 1  
 North Carolina I, September 3-10  
 North Carolina II, September 12-19  
 West Virginia, September 19-25  
 Oklahoma, September 26-October 3  
 California (Healing), October 4-11  
 Star Island must find a new location —  
 Date and place announced later.

Dates of the Camps in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales will appear in a later number of the Fellowship Messenger, the official paper of the Camps Farthest Out.

For specific information write to Glen Stowe, Coordinator of Camps  
 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota.

"An air of dedication exists among these men who believe themselves consecrated to a work 'for the glory of God.'"

## Stained Glass -- A Work of Love

Duane Valentry

WHERE TODAY can you find master craftsmen doing a work that with each job brings them a better understanding of Scriptural truths, as well as the opportunity of transferring this understanding to their work for the inspiration of generations yet unborn? The answer might be, at Judson's.

An ivy-covered studio quietly apart in the midst of the big city hurly-burly of Los Angeles, Judson's is the oldest organization dedicated to the craft of making stained-glass windows in the United States. Continuously in service for fifty years, they have turned out window masterpieces that are pointed to with pride in every section of the country.

Typical of the work of this unique organization was the chore completed not long ago for the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles. Begun twenty-two years ago, when the minister of the church was Dr. Carl S. Patton, Walter Judson, the founder of the company was at the helm at Judson's.

During the long years when the project was being carried out, the world saw many changes. In the church and in the studio men came and went as the work went steadily forward. When finally, a few months

ago, the last glowing transept window depicting the Hand of God in the lives of famous men was carefully set in its place. Walter Judson had long been succeeded by his son, Horace T. Judson, and Dr. James W. Fifield, Jr. now occupied the pulpit of the church.

Well worth the decades of loving effort, the church windows are a thing of beauty that will endure for a long, long time. How long, even Judson's cannot say, for their stained glass memorial windows do not have a recorded life expectancy. The jeweled colors do not fade with time but grow more mellow and glowing. Many such windows which tourists gaze on today with delight in Europe are more than seven hundred years old and show no signs of becoming less beautiful.

Making stained glass windows is not a job for the assembly line. Each man is a superlative craftsman and dedicated to his work. At Judson's most of the eighteen skilled workers are over sixty-five, and many have been with the concern fifteen years or more. Beside them, learning the exacting trade, are young apprentices just as there were centuries ago.

"I doubt that any other medium of expression can give man such com-

plete satisfaction as a well designed, stained-glass window," remarked an executive at the plant. "Every commission is a living memorial to each man's participation. The selection of the theme, design, color tone, and installation, all have been figments of the imagination and experience of each craftsman and he is justly proud of the results attained."

Today's unprecedented boom in church building has made the stained-glass craftsman work overtime. Eighty-five per cent of the work commissioned is for churches of every denomination, although many windows are also made for industry, schools, hospitals, prisons, and army camps.

Long ago, when colorful windows of the middle ages were a sole source of inspiration to those to whom the Bible was not available, they were called "Biblia pauperum," or books of the poor. As such, they were probably the first example of visual education.

Making such windows is not a lost art, as has sometimes been claimed. Although methods have changed little over the centuries, tools today are finer. As a result the finished product need bow in no respect to age-old jobs. If anything the modern glass has a slight edge in superiority.

It is felt at Judson's that employee relationships must be maintained at the highest level at all times if the

organization is to realistically portray events of spiritual significance. Since continuous study and research is necessary for an understanding of the needs of the many varied denominations interested in the use of stained glass, the company maintains for its workers and artists a private library which is much used. Since liturgical art is most exacting, here are found numerous translations of the Bible, biographies of saints, books on ecclesiastical heraldry and symbolism.

"It would be impossible for our men to study and absorb the many translations of the Bible and other books dedicated to a particular theology and not have this knowledge bear an effect in their way of daily living," said an officer of the company.

Perhaps this effect is most immediately felt in the air of serenity which pervades the studio. Noticeable is the friendly feeling everywhere, the lack of hustle and bustle, of commercialism. There's an atmosphere of dedication among these men who honestly believe themselves consecrated to a work "for the glory of God."

Tops in an ancient craft, these workers hail from all corners of the United States and Canada and are lay representatives of the Episcopal, Brethren, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Congregational, Christian, and Lutheran church denominations. Each

is an active church member and considers his daily work an extension of his religion.

What is a stained-glass window? Some have called it a painting in light, others the poetry of architecture. The process begins with sketches and development by the artists of full-size cartoons. These patterns, on heavy paper, are adhered to the surface of a large section of plate glass located on an easel stationed before a daylight opening.

Glass colors are selected by Mr. Judson, a recognized expert in his field and a well-known lecturer throughout the country. To the glass cutter then go the pieces to be cut to pattern and returned to the easel. Each piece may be handled as many as fifteen times and throughout the process daylight is kept filtering through the glass to maintain true colors. The number of times a section of glass is handled becomes important when the total pieces of glass handled is 156,000, each hand-blown, as was the case with the twenty-two year job.

Painting on the glass brings out character, personality, and depth as the paint supplements the light and shadows in the glass. The "paint" is actually powdered glass — not the enamel often used as a cheap imitation of stained glass — and is fired at 1,250 degrees F.

And now the jigsaw that will delight and inspire men and women

for ages to come is reassembled by the glazier and receives the important lead extrusions which will hold the many pieces in place. Joints are soldered and the entire window cemented on both sides to insure waterproofing. The windows are then reinforced with steel for added stability and are ready for installation.

But at the ivy-covered studio in Los Angeles there is still a further step. Each person who has taken part in the window's construction is called to approve his work and the work of his fellow craftsmen. This judging takes place in the Gallery, and many a time a window is turned back for further perfecting. Each man's opinions are readily given and received, and only when the okay is unanimously given is the work ready for its niche in time.

Labor problems as such are non-existent at Judson's, with one exception. Where are the apprentices who will become tomorrow's artisans? There is a definite lack of available ambitious and intelligent young men interested in the craft, evidently because, Judson men believe, the youth of today feel apprenticeship programs to be old fashioned. But the fourth generation of the Judson family is employed part-time serving his apprenticeship in the craft.

Interesting is the part that psychology plays in the use of glass color. Too often a church membership committee will buy glass because it is

readily obtainable or well-priced, only to find that the finished product creates an unanticipated emotional problem. A poorly chosen color can, for example, render the faces of the congregation an unhappy shade of green.

With the current interest in 3-D, some stained glass windows are being made with many panels of glass, each several inches apart. Judson stained-glass artists, who have always sought the three dimensional effect, strive to achieve it rather by skilled use of color and design. Effects are remarkably life-like.

Judson's always recommends that initial steps to procure stained-glass windows be taken with much thoughtful consideration and prayer. They have found it a good idea for the committee to call in an architect (the original church architect if possible) to read books on the subject, and to study and compare other windows. Then problems of size, shape, light, and cost can be more intelligently worked out with a studio designer.

There is a tremendous range of possible cost for any stained glass window, usually arrived at depending on the simplicity or complexity of the

design and subject material. Like any other work of art, a beautiful window can hardly be valued in terms of size. If sufficient funds are not immediately available, substitute or temporary windows of simple leaded pattern are frequently installed until the money is raised. Such windows have been found to serve as an incentive in many cases.

A typical committee working with the men at Judson's will include a carpenter, a banker, a housewife, a pensioner, and a clergyman, a true cross section of the American way of life. Such a diversified group can usually work out any problem that may arise, however knotty. In most cases they are the elected or appointed representatives of bodies which may have a membership of four to six thousand persons, each of whom will have much more than a passing interest in the appearance of his house of worship. He will want the best for his children as well as himself.

To the men at Judson's, this work for generations yet to come is a constant high challenge to the creative ability of the craftsman, and their prayer is for continual inspiration to meet this challenge.

If you give yourself to beauty, to new challenge and purpose, to unfolding mystery in the world about you, you will not get an old-age complex as you grow older.

¶ "Grace has brought me safe thus far and will lead me home."

## A Lesson from the Blackpolls

Vance Havner

IT WAS A cloudy threatening morning, so I did not venture far from home. Down by the near-by lake I strolled along, not finding much until I spied a movement in the pines well ahead of me. My field glasses brought into view what looked like a chickadee until I saw spots on his breast. Then I knew I saw a blackpoll warbler. That meant that the spring migration was well over, for this late arrival brings up the rear. A smart little gentleman he was, and his plain little mate was close by.

What a lot of people do not know is that this tiny mite winters in South America and journeys north to Canada. How he manages that five-thousand-mile pilgrimage is food for thought. How he gets enough strength into the little frame to do such a herculean feat is beyond me. But I noticed that he did not seem to be worrying about it. I do not think he and his companion were fretting and fuming over whether they would make it in time. They could give American tourists a good lesson. These poor, jaded mortals, straining every nerve to get from Podunk to Goonville before dark, sweating over road maps and counting nickels of vacation money, would

do well to consider the blackpolls. I didn't hear Mrs. Blackpoll wishing she had stayed in Brazil. Nor did Mr. Blackpoll raise the question of whether there would be food enough, and, "What if we strike a bad season in the North?" They were living a day at a time, and although countless dangers beset them and *anything* could happen between Venezuela and Manitoba, they were losing no sleep over it.

It is not vacation tourists alone who could take a tip from the blackpolls. All we travelers in these lowlands of earth could well remember our Saviour's commandment and consider the birds, especially these wee pilgrims on such a mighty jaunt. Bryant had a much larger and very different bird in mind when he wrote:

*He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky  
thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread  
alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.*

But the principle is the same, whether with warblers or waterfowls. If somewhere within the tiny framework of this midget there is an instinct that guides him from Brazil

From *Rest for the Weary* by permission of Fleming H. Revell & Co.

to British Columbia, why should I doubt that tender mercy which through life has been my guide? Fanny Crosby made a long trek of it for over ninety years, and in the dark at that, but she came through singing, "All The Way My Saviour Leads Me."

It does no good to urge that the blackpolls have only unreasoning instinct, while we are thinking crea-

tures. Indeed, that increases our guilt when we doubt our Shepherd and our Guide. If a minute bird can make such a journey with such frail equipment, what a coward I am who may have the Spirit of God to guide me! I cannot fathom the mysteries of this puny warbler's amazing trip, but I can rest assured on my greater pilgrimage that grace has brought me safe thus far and will lead me home.

## God of Law

*Ruth Camp*

Both gravitation and the rainbow tell  
A God who works by law.  
The lilac has a scientific smell  
Our very souls to draw!

When many wondrous things on earth befell,  
The wise men thrilled with awe.  
When metallurgy dreamed a bell,  
Musicians visions saw.

In all our vast green land you will not find  
A crop that knew no seed,  
And no one great in act and soul and mind  
Has lived without a creed.

The God of Law like Justice may seem blind  
And work at lowest speed  
But in His myriad mills He'll ever grind  
A brighter, better breed.

☞ "The only significance I have on earth is what I bring to another soul."

## What is My Life?

*Mildred Long*

**T**HOUGH I sit under skies of blue and roses shower their fragrant petals on my head, though running water laughs and meadow larks sing, and all God's creation choruses in heavenly rhapsodies, yet if no human heart responds to me, I am as one lost in the burning desert.

And if I walk on velvet covered floors and look upon rich tapestries and frescoed walls and hear sweet music through the corridors, yet listen in vain for a baby's cry, a child's laughter, or the answering voice of a lover, I might as well be shipwrecked on a vast and lonely sea.

Even if I live with other souls and share their board and hearth and look upon their faces day by day, if nothing in their hearts finds an echo in mine, if no word or smile from my lips awakens response in their souls, I am as one condemned to solitary confinement.

For how can life profit a man if he drinks at the fountain and eats his morsel alone? If alone he plows his field and makes his machinery? If after he has earned his money no bride rushes to his embrace, no child dances with glee at his approach, no mother cherishes her silent pride?

Who will talk to himself or sing his songs to empty halls? Who, but the mad man?

The only significance I have on earth is what I bring to another soul and what I call forth in response from that soul. I cannot live to myself alone any more than the tree can live without leaves or the rose without roots.

Why then do I so often kill another's joy and wonder that my own has melted away? Oh God, forgive me that I stop up the fountain of my song by telling my brother he sings poorly. Or rob my own soul's peace by defaming his, or strangle my soul's utterance by refusing to love him enough to allow him free expression of his abilities.

For life forms one endless circle. It flows from one Source. It returns to one Fountain-head. If I refuse my brother freedom, I die a slave. If I withdraw from him my life, I shackle my own heart. If I deny him love, I perish, dishonored and unloved. For what kills him kills me. What wounds his heart makes mine bleed. What floods his soul with light plants stars in my eyes.

Life drifts like an empty bark on a shoreless sea except as I draw from its Stream and pour it out upon my brother and we two return in each other's arms to the God of love who made us in His own image.

## Unity Begins with You

H. W. Robinson

WHEN I WAS very young I believed it would be a wonderful thing if all the religious denominations united into one church. We all believe in the same God. Why not worship Him together? This question of unity kept recurring in my thoughts for years before I found an answer that satisfied me.

There seems to be a Divine reason for the many religions. All nature contains myriads of forms. There are, for instance, 50,000 varieties of diptera or two-winged flies. And how many kinds of fish in the sea or birds in the air? The number of varieties of the human species must exceed all others, for in man there is intellect. No two minds think exactly alike and, "As a man thinketh, so is he."

Man's thoughts lead him into certain activities and these activities cause him to meet certain people. Ideas are exchanged and similar patterns of thought are adopted by groups of people who are associated in a business or social way.

Race, region, culture, and many other factors influence each group to develop its own moral and religious code. From these codes come the different forms of worship. Christianity, only one of several

major religions, is divided into numerous sects and many of these sects subdivided into various branches, each having its own church. Each religious division feels that its belief is the right one; and for that particular group, it probably is.

Each individual has his own outlook on life. That which is attractive to one is sometimes repellent to another. There are those who take a very materialistic view of things and those who look at life in a spiritual light. One individual at either extreme would be utterly unhappy if forced to live by the ethics of the other.

To one it seems important that worship be formal, following a certain unchangeable pattern. To another, simplicity seems right, with only the barest semblance of form. To still another, a church building seems unnecessary for he believes that God, being omnipresent, can be worshipped everywhere at all times.

Despite these different approaches to worship, we may still have unity if we follow the Biblical instructions concerning faith, hope, and charity—"But the greatest of these is charity." A part of charity is tolerance, and tolerance in religion is allowing each man to worship as he chooses. We are all God's children, whether we

be black or white, Catholic or Protestant, Christian or Buddhist.

Failure to grasp the viewpoint of a man who belongs to a different social or religious group from mine should not cause frustration. I should extend a feeling of tolerance and good fellowship to the other man, believing that what is right for him and what is right for me, although not fully understood by either of us at this point, will at some future point in space and time meet in a solution right for us both.

We need the varied thoughts and

codes to deal with the multitudinous kinds of natural and mechanical devices at work in the world. And too, we need the many creeds that appeal in different ways, to attract all men to the Divine Mind, to seek His guidance.

To me, each sect represents a thread in life's carpet. When woven together the many threads reveal a pattern of beauty and truth. With a wrap of charity and tolerance, and a woof spun from the many creeds and tenets, we can weave a strong and eternal substance of fellowship and unity among men.

### Prayer

*Phyllis M. Flaig*

When I was young  
I learned to pray  
At every meal  
And close of day.

In later years  
I tended to  
Tell God what He  
Already knew.

But now I find  
Tranquility  
By listening while  
God talks to me.

## My Garden Friend

*Verna Sparks*

Each day I take a little walk  
 And in the garden there—  
 I find a friend and talk to Him  
 In quietude and prayer.

We walk together up and down  
 The little rows of sod,  
 And I am happy just to know  
 I'm walking there with God.

I thank Him for my many plants,  
 The sunshine and the showers  
 And for the mellow earth to grow  
 My vegetables and flowers.

I feel His presence all around  
 While working with my hoe  
 To clear the path where I may trod  
 And praise Him as I go.

I close the garden gate each day,  
 My thoughts are pure and blest  
 And God who watches over all  
 I'm sure will do the rest.

¶ "Her apostolate has greatly contributed to saving the very soul of Greece."

## Frederika, The Godly Queen of Greece

*Maurice Moyal*

ALONG A BUSY thoroughfare tucked right into the heart of Athens, stretches the royal palace. In front of it, the "evzones" do sentry duties. They do not look like real guardsmen, with their red fez, blue embroidered waistcoats, white "fustanelle" or plaited kilt, hip-length white stockings, and red shoes with huge black pompons on the toes!

They have rather the appearance of precious dolls. But such would-be musical-comedy servicemen sent cold shivers down the spines of those Germans and Italians who had to face them in World War II. These "dolls" fittingly mount the guard over an animated Dresden figurine of a Queen.

Born thirty-nine years ago, Frederika of Greece does not look a day older than her two teen-age daughters. She has rebellious chestnut locks, a humorous twinkle in her hazel eye, a pert little nose, ever so lightly uptilted at the end, dimples on her round cheeks, an easy and contagious smile on her full lips. But her beauty lies within the heart as well.

Because that sunny woman is five feet, one inch of brains, heart, and courage, she recently was awarded what must be the highest recognition

ever won by royalty. The International Conference of Social Action, which drew to Munich, Germany, 2,400 social workers from fifty-five lands, bestowed on her the René Sand Award, presented every second year in appreciation of the most outstanding contribution in the field of social service in the world. The fact that Frederika is a queen had no bearing whatsoever on the matter.

Behind this recognition lies a shining story of Christian dedication and devotion to the people. For years, Frederika displayed an indomitable heroism in the face of prolonged dangers, a spiritual strength that carried her far beyond her limited physical capacities of a petite, frail woman. Her apostolate has greatly contributed to saving the very soul of Greece, entrenching her firmly in the hearts of eight million Greeks.

The throne which bespectacled, scholarly-looking King Paul and his Queen ascended in 1947 was anything but firm. Within less than a century, the volatile Greeks had dethroned three of their Kings, murdered one. The future of the country at large looked even more uncertain than that of her Slesvig-Holstein-Luneburg reigning dynasty.

It was a great testing time. Greece



was then the battlefield of our Western world against the dark forces of materialistic Communism. The Red Andartes had set up a puppet government in Northern Greece, bordering on satellite Albania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria. With the help of Soviet Russia, they were bidding fair to extend their rule over the whole country. Coming hard on the heels of the Axis aggression, that civil war was bleeding her white.

The desperate plight of her country was a made-to-order challenge to Frederika's courage and resources. For years she seemed to be everywhere at the same time. Coaxing crusty old Senators in the United States into allocating to Greece large sums in economic and military aid. Mobilizing Greek womanhood in Athens, Salonika, and Patras into helping in the war effort. Changing by her sweet influence the bitter hatred of prisoner Red guerrillas, re-educated on the Makronissi Island in the Aegean. Renewing everywhere her people's faith and confidence in the future.

By dint of ceaselessly touring the pathetically war-wrecked countryside, that great-grand-daughter of Queen Victoria developed an extraordinary talent at driving trucks along narrow, winding mountain roads. She shares the passion of her first cousin, the Duke of Edinburgh, for high-powered cars, and impatience of average speeds.

Whenever another high-roosted community, reeking of desolation and death, was freed from the Communists, the villagers were likely to see arriving soon husky, six-foot, three-inch King Paul and pocket-sized Frederika at the head of a relief column, laden with food and supplies.

The immense popularity of the royal couple, the patriotism of the vast majority of the Greeks, a generous supply of American weapons, British military training—all contributed to bring the bloody four years' civil war to a victorious close. Frederika rose then to new heights of moral courage and Christian charity.

In their flight to the satellites the Andartes had abandoned thousands of abducted girls. These pitiful victims were roaming the rugged Balkan Mountains, scrounging for food, prey to disease and despair. Crushed by an undeserved sense of guilt, they were afraid of returning to their world. According to the stringent code of ethics of their countrymen they were viewed as dishonored, and even the Orthodox clergy were inclined to judge them harshly.

Setting an admirable example of true Christianity to the powerful clergy, the Queen organized comandos of big-hearted women to round up the lost sheep. For weeks, they honeycombed the mountainside, suffering blistering heat by day,

freezing cold at night, sleeping on trusses of hay, sharing the poor food of the peasants.

The rehabilitation and reconstruction tasks were so tremendous that, despite all Marshall Plan benefits, plus highly important donations from public-spirited Greeks settled abroad, the Queen's Fund, set up to finance the philanthropies, ran often short of money.

"Lack of money shouldn't deter us. Let's start new projects anyway. Things have a way of taking care of themselves later," time and time again Frederika encouraged her devoted helpers.

Somehow, making one dollar do the job of two, the teamwork of Greek women had fed all the hungry, sheltered all the roofless, clothed all the naked. The Queen's spirit of idealism and patriotism has inspired her sex to rise magnificently to the challenge.

"You are needed," the first lady of Greece had told them simply. And thousands upon thousands of women had come forward, out of their kitchens, shops, farms, narrow circles they had seldom left. Poor women and rich women, ladies and servants, good old grannies and their teen-age great-grand-daughters, all fired with her burning zeal to serve, all yearning to give of themselves, their energies, time, money.

The woman who has wielded such an incalculable influence on her coun-

try of adoption is German by birth; Austrian, British, and American by education. Queen Frederika of Greece, born Princess of Hanover, Great Britain, and Ireland, was Duchess of Brunswick and Luneburg at the Blankenburg Castle in Germany's romantic Harz Mountains.

The one girl in the family, she preferred to dolls the tin soldiers and rougher games of her four brothers at the Cumberland Castle in Austria, where she spent her childhood. At seventeen her stepmother bundled off the tomboy to school, first in England then in Florence. There, she was expected to make her bed like her American schoolmates, and be referred to as "Fried Egg."

In 1938 her marriage to Crown Prince Paul drew to Athens fifty-five members of Europe's royalty. But, while very title-wealthy, the young couple was pretty money-poor. It was by the exercise of the most careful budgeting that the young bride of twenty was able to furnish to her own tastes their small suburban cottage on the outskirts of Athens.

Thousands of Greek folks, twice Frederika's age, affectionately address her as "Mother." Performing effortlessly her tasks of a queen and mother, she is really the Mother of her people, in a spirit lifted right out of the Gospel, for "whosoever shall be great among you . . . will be the servant of all."

LIVING UNTO GOD

"Pray to your Father in secret; and your Father who sees in secret will reward you."—Matt. 6:6.

It would be good to ask ourselves the question, and to ask it daily, "Whom am I serving this day? From whom shall my 'reward' come?" It is all too easy to slip into the habit of looking to men and women for our "rewards." In fact, it is almost inevitable unless we spend some time every day reminding ourselves who we are. After all, we ask people for a job, we go to people in shops to buy whatever it is we need, we receive our pay check from a person, or from a company, we get our pensions from the government or an insurance company, and we get our praise from our neighbors or some civic group. Our desires and goals are tied closely to people, and it is easy to assume that the fulfillment of our lives depends upon people.

Jesus told us to do the very opposite. He said that we should live life as unto God. We should look to God the Father for the fulfillment of our desires, for the daily bread we eat, for the job we hold, for the means of meeting the obligations we incur. God the Father will meet our hungers and desires *through* people, but never forget that *it is God* who is working through people. He will work through an employment agency to see that we make the right impression on the right employer. In this way He will be selecting the employer He wants us to have, and He will also be selecting the employee He wants for that employer. We might go to employer after employer and find that we do not impress them, but we can be sure that the one we do impress, if we are inwardly trusting and depending upon God, will be the right one.

Jesus told the story of giving a banquet. He said not to invite those who could repay you, but rather to invite those who *could not* repay you. He said that your Heavenly Father would repay you. If one can ever get to this level of living, life becomes so immensely simplified. One is not always looking around to find out who the important people are. He is more concerned with living life according to certain principles—giving, love, faith, goodness. He is looking toward pleasing God rather than man, and that will mean that all men, regardless of financial status, color, learning, and position will find better and fairer treatment at his hands than if he feels he has to discriminate among others.

We simply must remind ourselves daily that we have an interior, secret life with secret dependencies. Then we live life with creative abandonment and heavenly joy.

READ: **Faith Must Be Lived**, Perry Milton Taylor, \$2.50

THE SAME GOD AND PROMISE

"Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy."—Joshua 5:15.

Most people wish that they could live in some past age when, they believe, God really worked and lived with people. They have convinced themselves that God is not as available today, or as able to help those who want Him, as He was in the past. This attitude is usually voiced in some such words as, "I wish I lived back in the days of Jesus." They seem to think that had they lived in Jesus' day they would have approved of Him and followed Him. Well, the fact is, if we have any confidence in statistics at all, that we would have turned our backs to Him. Almost all the people of His day did just that.

Young Joshua was appointed to take over the leadership of the Hebrew people when Moses died. He too looked back with longing on an age of glory, the age of Moses, and wondered if God was still capable of leading and talking with men. God proved that if Joshua would step out on the eternal promises He would manifest the results. So, as Joshua's life unfolds, we find the Jordan River being rolled back for Joshua just as the Red Sea rolled back for Moses, and we find an experience of his being told to remove his shoes from his feet by the captain of the Hosts of the Lord just as Moses had a similar experience with the burning bush. God proved to Joshua, and to his generation, that He was still available and capable and willing.

In all ages we find God proving Himself whenever He finds men and women willing to step out on the Promises and the Reality. George Mueller said that he did not have any more faith than anyone else on this earth. He just exercised what little faith he had in the beginning, and by constant exercise it grew. Mueller said that in the beginning he had the faith to ask for just a little money, but at the end of his life he had the faith to ask for millions if he was sure it was the will of God. But the world has heard about Mueller and his many enterprises only because he was willing to gamble his life on the eternal promises of God. The same promises, and the same power, were also available to millions of others who did not make use of it—but it was there.

The strength, the faith, the love, the peace, the creativity, the achievements of heaven are available to us today. We can have them today. The power and the availability are there. The only thing that hinders us is our unwillingness to step out on the eternal promises.

READ: **Victorious Praying**, Alan Redpath, \$2.00

## SANCTIFIED COMMON SENSE

*"To give light to them that sit in darkness . . . to guide our feet into the way of peace."—Luke 1:79*

The term "guidance" probably causes more confusion in people's minds than almost any other spiritual term used so commonly. "Guidance" can mean anything from doing what you want to do, to receiving a supernatural vision or visitation, but one of the most suggestive insights into guidance is called "sanctified common sense."

Sanctified common sense means that most of the situations of life do not require anything unusual to help us decide what is right or wrong. Ninety-nine per cent of living does not require an angel of wisdom to guide us to the right decision and course of action. Most decisions of life take but a little common sense, and common sense means the use of our intelligence. Now common sense in itself is not enough, but when our minds are dedicated to Him who is our God and our Father, then that intelligence becomes dedicated intelligence, or "sanctified" intelligence. Sanctified common sense is also "guided" common sense. By this I mean that we trust Him to bring to our intelligent attention those items that are significant in any situation.

This does not mean that we shall have a Supernatural Visitant every time we must use our intelligence to cross the street, but it does mean that in those instances where our common sense and intelligence are not adequate He will give us added help by desire, thought, or circumstance. However, in most situations the common intelligence that God has given us will be sufficient for right decision and action.

Sanctified common sense also means sense in the common things of life, and we truly cannot have sense in the common things of life until we see all life as holy and sanctified. It makes a difference in how I use my money, talents, and how I treat others if I believe that all of life is sacred, that God has a purpose for my life and everyone else's life. It will make a difference in my treatment of the man who helps to take care of my yard if I believe that he is my spiritual brother, that God thinks as highly of him as He does of me, that eventually I shall have to answer for my actions. Such beliefs will make it impossible for me to treat him like an animal.

If we can realize that 99 per cent of the "guidance" we need is contained in our sanctified common sense we shall save ourselves a lot of fruitless and meaningless searching.

READ: **God's Psychiatry**, Charles Allen, \$2.00.

## Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

**THE PRAYERS OF JESUS**, Ralph Spaulding Cushman. Abingdon, \$1.75. 125 pages. Those who have learned to love the writing of Bishop Cushman over the years, to appreciate the deeply devotional spirit that he expresses will find in this new book the warmth, interpretation, and spiritual insight that they want. Each meditation is built around a recorded prayer of Jesus, one that is specifically listed in the Gospels, and Bishop Cushman then proceeds to elaborate and interpret it for our own comfort and strength. There are twenty-one such meditations, and each meditation has an original poem by the author. Anyone who is familiar with the author at all will know that they are good. They are. Some of the titles of the meditations are: "The Hour Has Come," "The Eternal Word," Looking Into Heaven," "All Power," "This Is Eternal Life," and "Continuing Companionship With Christ."

**HOW PRAYER HELPS ME**, edited by Samuel Duff McCoy. Dial Press, \$2.75. 160 pages. This is a good book. My immediate impression after reading it is that of renewed faith in America, and so in mankind as a whole. Each contributor is asked to answer the question, "How does prayer help me?" Some of the answers are of course more satisfying than others, but the important thing about the book is that by the time you finish reading

what they all say—artists, soldiers, businessmen, educators, actors, politicians—you have a mosaic of faith that is quite strong and most thrilling. This is a good book for the religiously inclined. Every teacher and speaker will find enough quotes here to last him a lifetime. But, more than this and more important than this, is the impact the book would have on the skeptic and the indifferent. By the time such a one gets through reading what Herbert Hoover, Jimmy Durante, Dorothy Thompson, Omar Bradley, Harvey S. Firestone, Jr., and about seventy others have to say about what prayer means to them, he is going to have to wonder if he is not on the wrong side of the fence. The book is worth having around the house to read, and to lend to others.

**CHURCH WOMEN IN THE SCHEME OF THINGS**, Mossie Allman Wyker. Bethany, \$2.00. 27 pages. There are six chapters in this book altogether, and they are six chapters I would recommend for every Christian woman. Some men might sit up and take heed too. This Christian woman, former head of the United Church Women of America, lists the achievements of Christian women, lists the arguments used against women in various positions, and does some good creative thinking about the future place of women in the church and in the world. I was surprised to find that, from studies

made, it is women executives who resist higher pay for other women (in church work), and that in many areas women are their own worst enemies. There are many more facts and insights in this book that would make it a "must" for me if I were a woman. The chapters are: "The Church Woman's Opportunity," "The Church Woman's Service at Policy-Making Levels," "The Church Woman and Ordination," "The Church Woman and Her Nation," "The Church Woman and Her World," and "The Church Woman and the Future."

COME SEE A MAN, Grace Noll Crowell. Abingdon, \$1.50. 127 pages. A new book of devotions by this author, America's favorite devotional writer, is always good news. Each meditation (there are twenty-one in all) begins with a scripture verse that reveals something of the character of Jesus, then comes the meditation itself, and it closes with a prayer. Some of the meditations are: "The Infant Christ," "The Christ of the Common Road," "The Gracious Guest," and "The Praying Christ." They are all good, as one would expect.



### Pushed Out Of The Nest

*Grace Adsit*

Pushed out of the nest that I may fly,  
Lord, Lord, is that the reason why  
That I new heights must rise and reach,  
New truths to me you now will teach?

Pushed out of the nest that I may see  
Thy broader scope of work for me,  
That I may heed Thy greater plan  
Of peace on earth, good will to man.

☐ A guide to help you find the unknown treasures within you.

## How to Build a Happy Life

*Kenneth Hildebrand*

Minister of Central Church of Chicago

THE TIME to start preparing for old age is not at sixty-seven, but at seven—or younger! Foundations for maturity are laid in tender years. What we add each day to our house of character eventually determines the maturity or immaturity for our later years.

Although it is easier to start in the formative years to acquire the basic elements of maturity, it is never too late to take ourselves in hand for re-education. Living is at least ninety per cent attitude, as John Homer Miller has pointed out. "The thoughts we live with, the faiths we live by, the images we cherish, the habitual things we say to ourselves, the spiritual relationship we cling to, determine the way we live. Our inner thinking determines our outer actions." John Ruskin, the noted critic, concurred heartily. "Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts," he wrote. "None of us has yet been taught in early youth what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts—proof against all adversity: bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built

without hands, for our souls to live in." There always is opportunity to start preparing that kind of satisfying life for ourselves.

In order to continue to grow toward maturity, we must be alert to the temptations that beset old age. One such temptation is to *imagine ourselves older than we really are*. We begin to tell ourselves, "I am over the crest and the best is past. I am growing old, so the future holds no hope." We convince ourselves that the best of life is over. This affects how we look, how we dress, the expression of our faces, the way we walk, and even our gestures. A young person can make himself appear elderly by the manner in which he walks, talks, and acts. A mature person can appear youthful, not by sophomoric dress or kittenish mannerisms, but by refusing to fall into the habits of mannerisms customarily associated with aged people.

No one grows old merely by living a prolonged number of years. We become aged by letting our spirits grow gray along with our hair, by allowing our minds to lose elasticity together with our muscles and by deserting our interests and ideals. Such attitudes pile more weight on

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

the spirit than many years! Time wrinkles the skin (incidentally, wrinkles become attractive when they reveal where a smile has been), but when we give up our zest for life, it wrinkles the soul! "Whether sixty or sixteen there should be in every human's heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement of the stars and starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of what is coming next and a joy of just the game of living," Watterson Lowe maintains.

A second temptation is to *fail to control our imaginations*. Unless they guard against it, older people are prone to allow their imaginations to run rampant with fear and suspicion, these being worse than the actual fact. They become hypersensitive because they fear that they are not wanted. They fear that the present illness may be the last; they fear to do what they have been capable of doing; they fear disability and its resulting dependence. They fear poverty, loneliness, the future, death. They agree with Job, "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." They allow themselves to fall into the habit of expecting the worst instead of the best, until the world is beset by terrors.

Men are as apt as women to let their imaginations run rampant. A man retired who hardly knew what to do with himself fell prey to morbid fear. Explaining how he

spent his time, he said, "I get up early, read the obituary column, and, if my name isn't there, I go back to bed!"

It shows wisdom to strive to live on the sunny side of the street. To see the bright, the good, the cheery, and the humorous in life about us helps to keep us young. When we awaken each morning, we can begin the day with an affirmation which adds tone to the entire day. It may be such a phrase as: "This is the day which the Lord hath made. I shall rejoice and be glad in it;" or, "Praise God from whom all blessing flow;" or, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen." Such phrases and the thoughts they engender, help to fill our minds with a dynamic and grateful attitude, and to fire our imaginations with confident thoughts rather than fearful forebodings.

Next, we can build *constructively* on the foundation we have laid. We can pick out the most pleasant parts of the day ahead, refusing to linger on the hard or distasteful things we may have to face. If, at the beginning of the day, we fall into the habit of concentrating on the difficult and unpleasant situations awaiting us, we help to defeat ourselves. Before the day is well started we are in a depressed mood. It is far more advisable to pick out the bright spots, the sunny areas, and to live in those little patches of mental sunshine.

Have you ever watched a dog in the wintertime with the sun slanting through the window on the living room floor?

He stretches himself and lies down in that spot of sunshine. As the sun moves toward the west and the spot of sunshine shifts across the floor, the dog moves lazily with it to remain in the sunshine. We can take a tip from the canine and live our days in the sunshine. We must face the shadows realistically, to be sure, but we need not dwell in the gloom. There is a constructive approach to every situation, something for which to be grateful, if we seek it diligently.

A third temptation is a *tendency toward criticism*. The older one grows, the easier it is to become critical of persons and situations; age often assumes this to be a rightful prerogative. In reality, we become impatient, sharp-tongued, irritable, and dictatorial with added years, unless we guard against such possibilities. It is easy to get out of sorts with people around us, even the elderly, because they can be unbelievably stupid—from our point of view. It is true that young people do things differently than we did when we were youngsters. Yet, when we were young, did we not rebel against the patterns established by our elders?

These are some of the temptations that beset old age. How can they

be defeated? There is an axiom in athletics that a strong offense is the best defense. It applies equally well to the business of living. We combat the destructive tendencies by "growing up" in the creative virtues which can overcome the downward drag of our natures. We "*grow up*" in our interest and enthusiasms, first of all, by never letting them waver or flag. A little boy said earnestly to a beloved minister upon his retirement, "I have prayed God that he will keep you alive now that you have retired." The boy spoke with a greater wisdom than he knew, for it is not easy to stay alive intellectually and emotionally as one adds seniority. To keep alive and growing, it is imperative to maintain our interests and enthusiasms and to ignore our birthdays.

The late Dr. Martin Gumpert, a physician who wished to discover for himself what kept some persons vibrant and alive while others crumbled under the weight of years, visited a number of aged persons during a trip across Europe. They included Vittorio Emanuele Orlando, who was the last survivor among the prime ministers who signed the Treaty of Versailles; Dr. Bastianelli, a surgeon of international reputation who, at the age of eighty-seven, operated three times weekly, continued his research, and drove his own car; and George Santayana, the philosopher, then a sprightly eighty-seven.

Dr. Gumpert also saw Viscount Samuel, who at eighty had just published a book dealing with the interrelation of science, religion and philosophy. Viscount Samuel told him, "This book wrote itself. It was a new subject to me. But the older I grow, the easier I find the flow of ideas."

To what conclusion did Dr. Gumpert come, relative to the effect of age on the human personality? Commenting on these fascinating personalities, Dr. Gumpert said, "All of these people have unceasingly used their intelligence, have continued to learn and to grow. They have never narrowed their interests; they are 'modern' in the best sense of the word." This is what kept some people young in spirit through long years, while others grew old before their time. "I wonder whether life as a whole will not be richer and happier for all of us once we start discovering the unknown treasures of old age, now hidden under old age's miseries," Dr. Gumpert concluded. It becomes evident that, when we maintain our enthusiasms and ignore our burdens, when we live on tip-toe in eagerness for what is coming next, when we refuse to let regrets take the place of our dreams not only do we grow older graciously, but also we "grow up" in wisdom and maturity.

"Growing up" includes maturity in *understanding and love*. Love

is the lodestone of life, as St. Paul pointed out; those who love deeply never grow old. They may add many years, they may die carrying the weight of decades, but they die *young*. As with any worthwhile experience, we must "grow up" to love.

Young people may think that they know something about this emotion when, having reached the teen age, they have fallen violently in love. This is as nature intended. Later, from more mature experience, they recognize the emotion they knew then, as "puppy love," a thrilling gossamer of touch and sight, of moonlight and stolen kisses. As exhilarating as this may be, such experience touches only the hem of love; true love is far deeper and more satisfying than gossamer and moonlight.

Finally, to gain maturity means to "grow up" in *faith*. By the time we have passed the half-century mark, we have begun to sense the pattern of God's loving dealings with mankind, to sense it in ways that are hidden to younger minds. We have put to the test convictions which have sustained us in the midst of uncertainties. We have walked through the rushing waters to find our feet on solid rock. From the depth of experience we can affirm with Tennyson:

"O yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,

Defects of doubt, and taints of  
blood;  
That nothing walks with aimless  
feet,  
That not one life will be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the world,  
When God hath made the pile  
complete."

Life, we now are convinced, is more than physical. We are certain these bodies of ours are but the changing instruments of a continu-

ing spirit; it is the *spirit* which is of supreme importance. One may wreck the machine, but that does not destroy the inventor; one may tear down the organ, but that does not kill the organist; one may raze the laboratory, but that does not annihilate the scientist. For "is not life more than food, and the body more than clothing?"



## Salesman's Prayer

Rowena Cheney

I thank You, Father—that big deal went through;  
And I was conscious all the time of You  
Beside me. Even as we signed, I knew  
Your name as well as mine was written there,  
Because the deal was right for all concerned  
I thank you for the Truth which I have learned:  
That You are with me always, everywhere.

Your Golden Rule henceforth shall guide my hand;  
And, as I yet more fully understand  
Your laws, I shall be blest—possess the land—  
As shall my fellowmen who place in me  
Their confidence. All things shall work for good  
For all, linked in the bonds of brotherhood—  
Sharing success and true prosperity.

I thank You, Father, every hour anew,  
Knowing myself in partnership with You.

## United Protestants

Ted Van Arsdol

ASK SOME of the 3,600 members of the United Protestant movement in Richland, Wash. what they think of their unusual church program and you'll probably get comments such as the following:

"I don't want anything else."

"I think it's tops. I found something I wanted—something I had hoped the other churches would have—the ability to take all the things that are different and submerge them and stress the things that we have in common in our Christian faith."

"This idea of persons of many faiths meeting in one church is sure fine with me. I don't believe that Protestantism should be broken into little compartments."

These are the actual comments of United Protestants in Washington's Atomic City, Richland.

Considering that parts of the bombs which smashed Hiroshima and Nagasaki were produced in the Hanford Atomic Works, which is the main support of Richland, it may not be surprising to find that the ecumenical trend is so popular here and that the motto of the Richland United Protestant movement is:

"Where the atom is split, let the church unite."

Yet it took a quirk of fate to produce United Protestantism in the Atomic City.

When the U. S. government moved into the sagebrush country of central Washington in 1943 to launch its super-secret Hanford project that was to help start the Atom Age, time was the important ingredient.

The Army knew it needed churches for the workers who had been recruited from all parts of the nation, but wasn't in the mood to worry about building a variety of denominational buildings. Army officials ordered one building for the Catholics and one for the Protestants. That was it.

Baptists, Presbyterians, and others still tell of their misgivings about attending this weird "mixed-up" church. But they went, and when World War II ended and they could have their own denominational churches, many didn't want them.

They were enthusiastic about the new United Protestant movement and generally have remained so, despite worries among some ministers and higher church officials.

"The higher-ups in the denominations would say, 'Well there's another off-brand group that's gone off on a tangent,'" Hugh Osborn, a former

president of the United Protestant Assembly, said. "Now, though, they're realizing that we're going to stick."

Eleven denominations are cooperating in the United Protestant movement. They are the Advent-Christian, American Baptist, Disciples of Christ (Christian), Evangelical and Reformed, Presbyterian U.S.A., Congregational-Christian, Church of the Brethren, Friends, Methodist, Evangelical-United Brethren, and United Presbyterian. Ministers are supplied by the denominations which sponsor each of the churches.

A number of other denominations have moved into the community since World War II and are operating their own churches along strictly denominational lines.

The significant thing about the Richland United Protestant movement is that those who join one of the six churches retain their denominational membership.

According to a pamphlet issued by the Methodist-sponsored Central United Protestant church, biggest of the six, "each member is urged to keep contact with his or her denominational choice via periodicals, attendance at denominational conferences and other programs. The United Protestant church reports regularly to each cooperating denomination with regard to membership gains or losses, baptisms, deaths, etc."

Benevolences are sent to the various denominations on the basis of number of members in the church.

Rev. Robert Uphoff, of the Central church, which has about 2,200 members, said that being a United Protestant minister takes much more work because a man has to know not one religion but many.

"We keep the denominations and their programs constantly before our people and then demonstrate that these can be blended into a united effort," he said.

He added:

"It's amazing how many things the denominations do in the same way at the same time."

Church leaders must "try to walk between the two extremes," the minister said. "They must see that the movement does not become a new denomination, and they also must make sure that the church does not revert back to a single old-line denomination."

They must "watch it constantly," the Rev. Uphoff said.

From the minister's point of view, there is "a tremendous challenge to be creative," he said.

"No single denominational program is handed to you. You have to know all of the denominations and out of all of them synthesize a new creative effort."

Rev. Holly Jarvis of the Northwest United Protestant church said the movement is "really more of a

layman's movement" and that it has been "a real boon to the spirit of Christian brotherhood in Richland." He doesn't think it would work in old established districts but would be "a fine solution" for the church problem in new population areas.

Rev. James Huges, former minister at the South Side United Protestant Church, believes the movement "is here to stay" in Richland but also thinks "members lose some enthusiasm for the world-wide Christian mission of the church as expressed through the denominations — it is not possible to tie in with all the denominations all the way down the line because of the limitations of time and energy."

Four United Protestants, Osborn, E.R. (Ev) Irish, a former president of the United Protestant Assembly, Graham Potter, and Warren Aldridge, enlarged on the laymen's views on the Richland movement at an informal roundtable at the Central church.

Among the points they discussed were some ministers' complaints that denominational principles would be "watered down" in the United Protestant movement, "evangelical reform" would take over, and the min-

isters would lose on their doctrine if they stayed too long in a United Protestant church.

Irish said the doctrine lost "is of minor value—the important thing is kept."

Osborn added that the denomination has been the instrument for Christ's teachings.

"We've let the tail wag the dog," he said.

"A minister doesn't have to compromise his views," Potter said. "It takes a big man to handle a job like that. He has to try to keep all views in mind."

Aldridge said that chaplains fit in well with the United Protestant movement because they have to deal with all demoninations in the armed services.

The United Protestant movement would be best in smaller new communities, the discussion group decided. Denominations, by getting together, could put on a better program in the smaller towns.

But whether or not the movement makes progress in other communities, one thing seems sure — United Protestantism still is a growing and popular trend in Richland, the Atomic City.



☐ "Bright and happy events planned for the future can bring peace of mind."

## Something to Look Forward To

George V. McCausland

IF YOU GO to a certain famous clinic in the fall or winter, so I have understood, they will examine you and treat you and say something like this, "By the time the trees are budding in the spring you will be well."

If you go to this clinic in the spring or summer they may say, "By the time the leaves are turning to beautiful colors in the fall, you will be well."

We need to be looking forward to the bright spots in our lives to prevent our experiences from becoming too routine and monotonous.

We were planning a series of programs for an area where life was not at all bright and I went to a fine psychologist and asked what would be the benefits, psychologically, of such concerts and programs. Here are some of the reasons:

1. They would be something to do voluntarily. We have to pay the gas and light bills. These programs we would not be forced to attend.

2. They would provide bright spots along life's pathway.

While away from home and work, listening to good music or inspiring talks or programs, we can all say that we often catch a vision of how our lives may be improved.

A scout leader was asked the secret of his good programs for boys and he said that his plans came to him as he sat in the concert hall.

An invitation to dinner at the home of a good friend, a trip to another city, hunting and fishing trips . . . all these and similar good times lighten the journey through life.

One day as I was calling on a child who had been ill I was guided to leave a post card addressed to myself. The child was to mail this card to me in a certain number of days and tell me how much better she felt. Another person was told to send a letter after some time had elapsed listing some of the blessings which had come to her. This was done to increase her capacity for expecting the best.

Agnes Sanford reports about a Jewish man who was concerned about the fact that he could accept almost everything in the Christian way except baptism. He was told that if God considered baptism important, God would have a baptismal font at the gate of heaven so he could be baptised on the way in. This inspired insight made heaven an experience to which he could look forward with joy instead of concern.

Because of some break in the cir-



cuit of our car, our battery may need to sit quietly on the shelf in the repair station to be charged. Because of the rush of life's duties, we may become run down also. Quietly sitting in our church is a method of recharging our spiritual batteries. When this is understood and desired, Sunday becomes a bright spot in every week—something to which we can look forward as a joy rather than as a duty. After a church service we can feel that we are able to do an entire week's work in a few minutes.

Bright, happy events planned for future dates can bring peace of mind. They relieve pressure. They are like stepping stones across the rapids. Peace of mind cannot come to us until we have done everything we can do to relieve the pressures of

life. We have not done all we can do to help ourselves until we plan some happy experiences to which we can look forward.

Mary Welch tells of a log lying across a stream, and a child wanting to cross over. She was afraid to make the trip until her sister on the other side suggested that she look at her instead of the water and come to her. She did this and made the trip safely.

Good times can be the bridge across our otherwise dreary existence. After we have practiced this method it will not be hard for us to turn our attention more and more from life's hardships and look at Christ's victories.

"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." Heb. 12:2.



### "Be Still . . ."

Donald M. Coulam

When your footsteps err and falter,  
And the way seems really grim,  
Turn your thoughts to Christ within you,  
Stop and have a word with Him.

From the inner source of wisdom  
Comes the answer always true,  
Christ will lift you from your troubles  
When He has HIS way with you

☪ "Brother David's life is consecrated to the spiritual welfare of an unfortunate people."

## He Found His Life by Losing It

Aubrey B. Haines

WHEN AN ACTOR earning \$2,000 a week suddenly turns his back on his profession and enters a novitiate, it is news. But in the case of Brother David he was seeking not headlines but joy that had eluded him for years. This is the story of a man who was a distinguished Shakespearean actor and who played many memorable roles in silent films. But today he finds his greatest happiness not in reminiscing about his dramatic triumphs but in the joy of having served the destitute Paiute Indians of Nevada.

Fifteen years ago this tall, handsome actor made his final appearance on Broadway. For the past nine years Brother David has lived on the Paiute Indian Reservation, where hundreds of our first Americans eke out their existence in the most depressed and dire poverty amidst scenes of incredible natural beauty along Pyramid Lake. Now sixty-two years of age Brother David's life is consecrated to the spiritual welfare of these unfortunate people to whom he went as a missionary.

His Indian friends idolize him with a warmth much greater than his audiences used to offer, and he returns their love with great gen-

erosity and acts of Christian charity. Old squaws and braves, many of whom understand little or no English, periodically crowd his little chapel and listen reverently to his simple sermons, delivered in a voice which is still strong and resonant as when he made his mark as a Shakespearean actor in England and on Broadway.

Brother David's real name is Gareth Hughes, who came to New York in 1914 with the Welsh Players and remained to become an American citizen. Here he appeared in such plays as Strindberg's *Easter* and J. M. Barrie's *The New World*, *Salome*, and *The Dunce Man*. Among his many motion pictures on the silent screen were *Sentimental Tommy*, *Enemies of Women*, and *The Christian*.

Gareth Hughes was the son of a pious Welsh steelworker and amateur elocutionist. At fifteen the youth traveled alone to London to join a provincial band of Shakespearean players. Within the next thirty years he played an impressive variety of roles in London and New York. "Yet with a star billing and \$2,000 a week I was not satisfied," he now recalls, "and I didn't guess why."

During the depression of the

1930's he lost his home and his savings. Continuing to appear in plays, however, he noted that there was always within himself a desperate craving for some happy secret that others seemed to possess but that eluded him. He prayed for help, but no help came. Suddenly remembering the faith of his father, he asked himself, "Why should I go on seeking God's help? My father knew a better way." Thereupon he fell on his knees, crying, "Dear God, is there anything that I can do to help You?" In his mind he seemed to hear a voice saying, "Why not give yourself to Me?"

Acting upon this voice, he sold all the goods he had left and gave the money to the poor. Then on the altar of humility and burned bridges he cast an actor's greatest sacrifice: he burned his press notices. Becoming a novice in a mission, he spent a year living an ascetic life. The discipline may have been good for a headstrong soul, but it did not satisfy Gareth Hughes' inner longing for spiritual joy.

Withdrawing from the novitiate, he heard one day that a missionary was badly needed on a Nevada Indian reservation at the chapel at Fort McDermitt. Though the region offered oven-baking summers and subzero winters in addition to poverty and loneliness, it was to this ex-actor like a call from God. So with 350 Paiute Indians to work with, Brother David

took on his first post, experiencing in this apprentice year a growing joy of discovery: he was beginning to feel akin to all people—at home with anyone. Looking back on this time, he now recalls, "There was no basic difference between these tribal folk and the people of London, New York, and Hollywood I had known, except that the Indians complained less, no matter how bitter their woes."

Soon he took on two other missions—one at Nixon, Nevada, with 650 Indians: the other at Wadsworth with forty. Each Sunday morning Brother David would turn on a record player, and in the crisp, cool air hymns would sound forth from a loudspeaker. Gradually Indians would begin to congregate in groups near the oblong cement block chapel with its tall white cross. By ten o'clock, in black cassock, his unruly crop of silver hair dressed neatly for the occasion, the missionary would arrive, and small boys would rush to the steeple ropes to ring the bell.

Girls and mothers would sit on the left; men and boys on the right. From the sacristy Brother David emerged in surplice and black tippet. Lighting the candles at the altar, he then sat before a cottage organ. Sometimes the hymn chosen for the morning was "Holy, Holy, Holy," and the missionary's mellow voice led the congregation in singing.

Soon it was time for the sermon. A congenital actor, Brother David employed all his capacity to make Biblical truths clear to his Indian friends. Once he told them the Christian parable of the woman who lost a coin in her house. To prepare, he disappeared into the sacristy, returning with a gingham apron on. In one hand was a broom; in the other, a candle. "Where is my money?" he would lament in a senile voice. Down the aisle he crept, poking under benches, peering over window sills, and even peeking into the baptismal font. When at last the coin was found, the missionary's joy would electrify the congregation.

Or he would enact the story of the Good Samaritan. Having made the action vivid, he would drive home its meaning with a paraphrase: "John is young and strong. He lives next door to Freddie, a blind, old man, nearly ninety. No one to fetch his water or saw his wood. And he is too feeble to get it for himself. But John comes to see Freddie's wood and fetch Freddie's water. John is a Good Samaritan. And if Freddie has no shoes or underwear, John tells Brother David. Good people give clothes and shoes to Brother David for people like Freddie. We can all be Good Samaritans."

The missionary has never forced religion onto his people but tried to lead them to an understanding and practical application of it. Today his

Indian friends are in a drastic economic and social plight. "With the Government's withdrawing support, they are being left helpless to support themselves," he observes. "They have never had skilled training, and now they just seem to want to run wild." So he has been holding regular sewing classes for the women to teach them how to do needlework, make gloves, moccasins, and other articles of clothing for sale by mail order at the Nixon trading post. But he still does not know how to cope with the rising crime rate now that the reservation has been left without police protection.

For two years Brother David was in charge of three lonely Indian missions at the same time. St. Anne's Mission at Mc Dermitt, Nevada, was almost 250 miles distant from his headquarters at St. Mary's Mission at Nixon. Yet he carried on his work despite great hardships and appalling distances involved in traveling between missions, especially during the fearsome Northern Nevada winters. All alone in the desolate places he had to bury, baptize, preach, conduct services, play the little organ, run a weekly movie program, direct the sewing guild, distribute clothing, shoes, and food, conduct religious education and confirmation classes, drive forty miles daily for thousands of cartons of clothing, mail, and drinking water, besides attending to his pastoral work, visiting hospitals.

prisons, and mental institutions, cooking, cleaning, and many other duties too numerous to mention.

As a consequence for the past eight years he has been hospitalized two and three times annually, and now, at sixty-two, the work and care have become almost too much for him. Hence, due to failing health and acting upon the advice of his doctors, Brother David has been forced to retire from the active Indian work among the Paiutes at Nixon, Wadsworth, and Mc Dermitt. "I am now conducting non-denominational services at the old Union Church in Wadsworth," he says, "which is situated at the north end of the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation. Many of my Indian friends from Nixon drive the thirty-two

miles to attend the services, which are followed by the distribution of shoes and clothing and a social hour with refreshments on the lawn of my tiny house."

It has been years since Gareth Hughes' name has appeared in the papers for winning dramatic triumphs, but he does not care. "I am grateful to Almighty God for the privilege of serving my beloved Indian friends," he says. "I just wanted to try to repay Him for all the love and care He has given me. I have never known such happiness, and I would not return to my former life for all the wealth in the world." Who cannot see that in losing his life Brother David has completely found it?

### Prayer For An Open Mind

*Doris Hanks Enabnit*

Dear God, may I always keep an open mind,  
Opened to all the avenues of truth,  
To clearer concepts of thy truth.  
Unseal my eyes that I may have a greater  
Vision of thy will for man.  
That I may ever know myself a part of thy  
Great universe—that the divine spark  
Or bit of Thyself inherent in every person  
May grow and manifest itself in me.  
That I may become a living part of thy  
Great purpose, and that through the path of love  
All men may know this oneness with Thee. Amen.

☪ "When we place our faith and confidence in Him, God says He will deliver us."

## Not a Sparrow Falleth

*Mary H. Streeter*

THE HEAT waves rising from the parched ground seemed laden with germs! It was cholera season and village after village had been stricken, but we were continuing our visitation of the villages under our care in Lower Burma.

We had gone ashore after early Chota Hozei (little breakfast) and were walking toward a distant village over the bare sun-baked rice fields. We could see coconut palms in the distance, and, oh, how we longed to reach them and rest in the shade!

We were flushed with the heat and wet with perspiration when we finally fell to the ground under the trees, removed our sun-helmets, and panted. How welcome was the relief from the direct rays of the tropical sun!

As we sat there resting we wondered if it were wise for us to continue or should we turn back. As we prayed together the first verse of the 91st Psalm came to us—

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Knowing that God's overshadowing presence would surround us, we continued our journey after a brief rest. When we finally reached the village, sorrow and despair were on

every hand. Many were ill and had lost dear ones. From home to home we went comforting the sad from God's word and praying for the sick.

The wells were *green!* We could eat and drink nothing in the homes. When very thirsty we sent a man up a coconut tree for a bunch of green coconuts. Chopping off one end we drank God's gift of refreshing coconut milk. Leaving gospel portions and tracts in every home we returned to our boat as darkness fell, praying that the Holy Spirit would speak through the written Word to the stricken villagers.

"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust."—Verse 4

The "feathery canopy" settled on us in very truth during a street meeting in a large village down the Tavoy River in Burma. We had finished house to house calling and had held several street meetings during our three-day visit. All the village was interested. We looked forward to our last evening, planning a great meeting in the market place. About thirty of us marched through the narrow streets holding aloft a gasolene Storm King lantern. At the market place we sat on the raised portion where bazaar sellers spread their

wares during the day. All around us, seated on the ground, were eager listeners—about 250 of them.

Choruses were sung. Songs and Scriptures were explained and then John Thet Gyi (John Long Life), a fine, handsome Christian Youth, went forward to give his testimony. When John was about half through, a shower of sticks, stones, and bricks flew over the heads of the listening crowd.

As John realized what was happening, he turned toward us and with bowed head began to sing, "Nearer My God, to Thee." We joined him, remaining motionless with bowed heads as the bricks and stones fell. When it was quiet again we looked up. The crowd had dispersed. We were alone. No one was hurt. God had, indeed, covered us with His feathers.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night." Verse 5

When darkness falls early in Burma where there is no sunset, no one travels without shoes, a flash light, and a cane or stick because of snakes. And we have some beauties, too! There is the powerful python, twenty-five to thirty feet long, which prepares its prey by crushing the bones like the boa constrictor. There is the gold and black banded krait, a beautiful, slow-moving, deadly poisonous snake, the viper, a poisonous snake sometimes four or five

feet long, and the cobra, a hooded snake which kills thousands of people every year. There are many others of all types and sizes waiting for the darkness to fall! Yet in all our travels we have never been harmed.

"Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Verse 10.

This verse really became ours in Upper Burma. We had camped for ten days in a bungalow in the center of Taungdwinggi. From this center we taught, preached, gave out common remedies for disease and sickness, and in every way possible helped those in the village to know Jesus Christ as their Saviour. Suddenly a call came from a distant village. It seemed God's call so we packed and took the first train going south. On our return two weeks later we learned that plague had swept through the town and had been the worst in the section where we had lived! How thankful we were that God had spared us that danger so we could continue our travel north.

The closing verses of the psalm are God's answer to the trusting heart of His child. When we place our faith and confidence in Him, God always says He will deliver us, set us on high, answer our prayers, comfort us in sorrow, deliver us in trouble, extend our lives, and show us in a new and wonderful way His plan for our salvation. What a wealth of promises in this one psalm! Let's make it our own.

☪ "It is universally agreed that a new citizenship is required for the new age which is now being born."

## Encampment for Citizenship

Agnes Curtis

**I**N NEW YORK CITY there is a school which teaches and practices American Democracy. This organization is known as "The Encampment for Citizenship."

Young people between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three who have been drawn from all classes, all religions, all races and all sections of the country come here to study about American Democracy and to live it. This mixed group gives each member a rich experience, breaks down barriers, and creates unity and comradeship.

The school is held during the summer months.

The general objective is to prepare young America for responsible, informed leadership and effective citizenship. The students are taught to evaluate and to make known the results of this project so that everywhere educational agencies will take a more vital role in training for the democratic life.

The meaning of democracy is first made clear and attention is fixed on the democratic struggle immediately ahead. The workshop goes beyond theory and gives practical experience in the strategy of citizenship and the actual techniques of organization.

The method used to accomplish this purpose is group living of young

Americans in a camp community. Because they solve problems together, they gain friendships, enjoyment, and growth. They have a community self-government which includes everyone. Each student has a part in planning and carrying out the program. Work sessions make use of lectures, small group discussions, case studies, films, trips, reading, and research. Examinations, tests, or papers are NOT required.

The meetings are held at the Encampment with citizen leaders and the staffs of organizations which have been most active in promoting democracy. Meetings are also conducted at the office of civic groups, government departments, and at the headquarters of unions, political parties etc. Every effort is made to use New York City as a laboratory of citizenship in action.

The educational program of this school is extremely interesting. The first few days are spent in helping the students understand their own job in relation to the national and the world community. Members report on their work and also on problems they meet in their own regions and their local organizations.

Then the question of what really constitutes democracy is considered. The history of the democratic move-

ment is traced while the obstacles and the threats to the democratic life are pointed out. It is understood that democracy has its weaknesses as well as its strength.

All kinds of questions arise. How can we use our national resources to good advantage? How are they often misused? How are they exploited? How wasted? How is atomic energy related to the democratic way of life? We must remember we have human resources in which our minorities play an important part. Ignorance, prejudice, and misconception about human beings prevent people from realizing the enormous potentialities of our human resources.

Also what are the rights and the duties of the minorities? What should be regarded as their relationship to politics? race? nationalism? religion? economics? There must be an understanding of the origin and the meaning of the racial theory. The question is how to bring about democratic attitudes; how to remove discrimination; how to improve relationships; how to establish unity.

Then follows a discussion of economic and political democracy. What have employment, working conditions, production, etc., to do with political freedom? How does limiting the hours of workers, regulating night work, obtaining minimum wages affect our way of life? What is the meaning of free enterprise? social control? collectivism?

How do all these things relate to the individual?

The international aspect of all this is very far reaching. How is the American foreign policy made? What are the powers, the functions, and the personnel of the State Department? What is the relation of the citizen to foreign policy?

A discussion of war and what produces war then follows. Many factors produce conflict, such as imperialism, nationalism, racism, and economics. What are the problems of the African people? the Asians? the Europeans? What is the relation of all these people to us?

The entire educational program offers a challenge to young Americans. It is universally agreed that a new citizenship is required for the new age which is now being born.

The educational director of this organization is a teacher, a lecturer, and a radio commentator. Many distinguished people have been on the faculty including Mr. Lawrence Riddick Ph. D., historian, anthropologist, curator of the Schomburg collections at the New York Public Library, and Don Leveridge of the University of Chicago Chapel Union and a teacher in the United States army prisoner-of-war re-education program. Other lecturers have been Professor James Loeb, instructor of anthropology at Columbia University; Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt; Doctor Julius Yourman, Chief of Counsel-

ing Services, New York State Division of Veteran Affairs of Education in New York City.

Young people attending this school will be well-equipped for the difficult years ahead. They will have learned to think clearly on all questions involving the democratic way of life. They will be informed on current issues and will have been educated in political, economic and international affairs as well as in ethical values. These young people are the ones who will shape the peace.

Anyone desiring a scholarship may write to 2 East 64th Street, New York City for an application blank. The tuition can be paid in one of the following ways:

1. Personally

2. By an organization which sponsors students

3. From a limited scholarship fund

Any young person between seventeen and twenty-three can enroll.

The encampment is fitted with a swimming pool, sports field, tennis courts, books, records, and pictures. Each day there are plenty of activities: study, work, reading, sports, and rest. The evenings and week-ends are taken up with social gatherings, dramatics, music, talks, etc. Concerts, theatres, museums, boat trips, bus trips, car trips, and trips to citizenship groups in action are all included.

Thus the encampment for citizenship is building up a tolerance which in time will help to make for world peace.

## Heart's Broom

*Merle Marquis Frank*

Let my heart's broom sweep me clean,  
Sweep out thoughts unkind and mean.  
Let it reach in each dark corner,  
Let it harbor there no longer  
All the refuse of self will,  
All the pride that is there still,  
All complaining, envy, greed,  
Criticism—ugly weed.  
Heart's broom, sweep with vigor strong  
Ridding me of fear and wrong.  
Sweep so much of *me* outside  
There'll be room for Christ inside.

¶ "It is more important to have unity of spirit than to have organizational unity."

## Are the Churches Hopelessly Divided

Russell A. Huffman

IN A CONVERSATION not long ago, a middle aged man was voicing his criticisms of the churches in an effort to explain his failure to attend church regularly. After criticizing the church in several ways, he summed it all up by saying: "After all, there are so many different denominations and different ideas—the churches are hopelessly divided!"

Indeed, there are some facts which seem to support this assumption. There are about two hundred and fifty separate organizations or denominations, counting all of the groups, large and small. Even among the better known and larger denominations, one has to recognize that there are over fifty major denominations. These various groups have had, and still have to some extent, their disagreements with differing emphasis and sometimes contradictory teachings. They have competed and contended with each other and sometimes condemned each other.

In all too many towns and cities, there is overlapping and an over-churched situation. In communities with population large enough to support four churches, there are to be found eight, ten, or a dozen struggling churches. All but one or two

are too small to have sufficient funds, leadership, or equipment.

This generation has inherited the organized differences of a previous generation. It thus finds itself divided into various denominational classifications. The religious training of the adults of today came to them, for the most part, through certain denominational channels. Some aspects of this denominational emphasis have to be outgrown or transcended by the religiously mature adult today.

In communities with consolidated and efficiently operated schools, there are to be seen several separate church buildings and organizations. In a community with one public service, city government, social service, library, or even one city-wide recreational program, there is to be found a variety of religious programs.

Yes, at times and from some points of view, it does seem that "the churches are hopelessly divided." The picture is not, however, all black. There is a growing sense of fellowship between the churches. The ministers and people are coming to know each other. Almost every community has some form of interdenominational meetings throughout the year, such as union Lenten, Thanksgiving, or

youth meetings. For many years there have been occasional cooperative Sunday School meetings, for teacher training, or week-day or vacation schools, and Sunday School rallies. There are county and state councils of churches doing some cooperative planning and programming. The Federal Council of Churches, and other national organizations, bring many of the major denominations into a fellowship on a national level and in turn encourage the state and county activity.

Many families have moved from one denomination to another according to the various community situations in which they have lived. Almost every local church has in its membership many persons who have at one time belonged to a church of another denomination. This free movement of laymen from one denomination to another is a quiet testimony of their sense of unity between the churches and assumption that the ways in which the churches are alike are greater and more important than their differences. Many laymen seem to be looking for leadership, fellowship, and inspiration, as they select a church in a new community, and are not completely dependent upon the distinctive characteristics of any denomination.

More significant than any of the above facts is the growing awareness of our unity in Jesus Christ. There is an increasing appreciation of the fact

that we who are followers of Him are united and thus bound together by that very fact. If we are His, we belong together and to each other.

The churches are not, therefore, hopelessly divided at their center and essential nature. The churches make up the Church and as such are therefore not really divided. Where loyalty to Christ is found; where the service of mankind in His Name is practiced; where the sense of the fellowship of the Spirit is a reality; and where the reverence for the Holy is thus felt, there is the true Church. These experiences are found to some degrees in all our denominations. We are not divided at the center but only on the fringes of our church, even though we have at times allowed these fringe differences to play too large a part in our relationship to each other.

Even among those churches farthest apart in history, theology, or practice there is to be found this essential unity at the center. It now remains for us to recognize increasingly this basic unity in Christ. We can now recognize each other as fellow Christians not only across denominational differences but across the lines of differing opinions and practices if Christ is our basis of faith and supreme loyalty. Our great objectives are not too different and there are no doubt some things we can do better together than as separate denominations.

These so-called differences between us are not, however, all bad. Each major group has its traditions, convictions, and insights. It takes the tapestry woven from the threads of all our insights to produce our full knowledge of Christ and His way. The democracy of faith out of which all of these divisions came was needed in order to allow each to adventure and experiment in its own insights and environments. It is more important to have unity of spirit than to have organizational unity. Our unity must always be beyond uniformity. We must leave room for differences of opinion and method.

Now we have entered into the area of consolidation. Every year

brings news not only of overtures of union but unions accomplished. Almost every great denominational gathering considers somewhere in its business sessions the matter of proposed unions. Many denominations have standing committees to work on the matter. Many unofficial gatherings of leading churchmen are being held to consider union or at least further cooperation. Local churches are experimenting in federations, unions, and cooperation.

The gospel of goodwill and unity is being preached to the world but it also is having its influence upon the churches that preach it. Loyalty to Christ is transforming lives but it also is transforming the churches.

### This New Day's Success

Harold A. Schulz

Lord, I have never known this day before;  
This blessed day of opportunity  
Whose precious moments lead me to the door  
Of worthy tasks I dedicate to Thee.

I know that every contract, every plan  
Will be successful as I use Thy Power  
To guide my every step; I know there can  
Be only harmony in each glad hour.

I thank Thee for this day, to work and live,  
And for each golden moment that you bless;  
Before it all has been revealed I give  
My grateful thanks for this new day's success.

¶ "To me it seems that nothing happens by chance."

## Time and Place Chosen by God

Merrell Vories Hitotsuyanagi

*Eminent Christian architect, teacher, and "adventurer"—founder of the Omi Brotherhood at Omi-Hachiman, Japan.*

IN 1948 I met with a series of seemingly disastrous obstacles in connection with plans to visit the United States for operations to remove cataracts from both eyes. It was necessary to obtain a special permit from Washington, through the Occupation Headquarters in Tokyo. I was told that this would require not more than ten days; but, for some unaccountable reason, delays caused my wife and me to postpone our steamer reservation three times, and *that* meant scheduling the *first* operation in Chicago in July—with an uninviting vision of broiling heat and possible complications for the surgeon.

On board our ship, however, we soon discovered *why* we had to wait for that particular vessel. It was a freighter, so had only a dozen passengers, and among these, three who needed us.

One was a lone young woman from Harbin, in Manchuria, whom we had met there during a tour nine years before. She was on her way to a tuberculosis sanatorium in an American city of which she knew nothing—as a patient—and was des-

perately depressed. When she saw us enter the lounge, she almost shouted her salutation; and we soon discovered that her destination was Denver, my home-city longer than any other spot in America. I had once inspected the very sanatorium, where she was going, when it was first built. We had the young lady reassured and half-cured in short order.

Then the ship's steward came to us with another problem. He explained that a Japanese young couple seemed to be in great trouble—which he could not understand, because of the language barrier. Would *we* take over, and see if we could help them? Of course—we would try.

My wife went to their cabin and sat with the bride, while I paced the deck with the distressed groom; so we learned about their dilemma. The bride had never traveled and the "calisthenics" of the ship had put her into such a state of discomfort that she felt she was about to die. She had another reason, too, for apprehension—she had married against her parents' orders, and her plight now seemed a judgement of

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ancestral gods upon her. She had decided, and was in the process of persuading her young husband, that their only possible expiation was to plunge into the sea in a double suicide! The groom, an American-born "Nisei" could not see the situation as she did.

Fortunately, my wife was enabled to calm the bride, both of them were spared, "at the eleventh hour," and six months later we had the pleasure of visiting them in their folks' home in an eastern state, welcomed as if we were relatives.

In Chicago the operation on my right eye was successfully performed late in the month, incidentally, the coolest July (so the newspapers announced) in seventy-three years; and there still another reason made the precise time of this visit seem truly providential.

A whole story could be written about this alone, but let me telescope it in a few paragraphs.

For reasons of economy, I had chosen a room with two beds, instead of a single. The day after my bandaged eyes were opened for inspection and the right one found satisfactory—so that the left eye could be unbandaged and have a peep-hole in the mask that guarded both, thus permitting me to see a little—the neighboring bed suddenly, and somewhat violently, got an occupant.

The new arrival was not a cata-

strophic case. He was entirely too young for that. One of his eyes had been injured in a fight, and he was brought to the hospital, against his will, by his father and his doctor; and they had a tussle to get him into the bed.

After they had departed, the young man turned his attention to me. Rather proudly, he began to describe his exploits as head of a local gang. He and his pals were not seeking money by their exploits, he explained, but *adventure*. "You know, there is little chance in a big city like this to have any adventures," he went on. "But I don't see any fun in living without adventure. We are born into this world, without any choice, go through a circle from birth to death, and that's the end of it. Some of these religious guys talk about morals and such stuff, but it's all poppy-cock. So, if you don't have any *adventures*, you might as well never be born. Now, in our gang we're 'shop-lifters.' We just go around, afternoons, singly, through department stores, searching around, as if we are looking for something. Then we stuff some small item into a pocket and walk on out. In the evening, we meet in a park and show what we got. The one that got the most is the winner that day. Sure, we're running a race with the cops. It is a sure-enough chance we're taking. Why, my best pal is

in the pen right now; and it might be *me* next."

This was all very interesting. Suddenly he paused, and then remarked, "You look old enough to have had some adventures in *your* life . . . If you *have* had any, I wish you'd tell me some."

So I then got my turn, and I tried not to waste it. I told him how I had gone to Japan when only a little older than he appeared to be, without money, or acquaintances, or knowledge of the language—to take a position as English teacher in a Japanese academy for boys—in a remote rural town where no "foreigner" lived and where no missionary had ever been stationed; and had already been there more than forty years on an adventure. I added a few especially exciting incidents, and was in the midst of the most dangerous one of all, when I heard a faint *snoring!*

Time for "lights-out," too. The nurse stepped in and stood amazed before exclaiming, "What in the world has happened? That fellow is supposed to get a double dose of sleeping-pills . . . and here he is already asleep!"

I told her that he had been relaxing as he listened to an adventure story.

The next morning my neighbor patient remarked, "Say, I went to sleep before you finished your story. Would you mind beginning at the

beginning and telling it all over again, please?"

So I had the rare privilege of retelling my experience. I said that he and I seemed to *agree* completely on being fond of adventures, but that there was one point where we seemed quite different; whereas he felt everything happens by *chance*, and that we humans are mere transient animals, to me it seemed that *nothing* happens by *chance*—rather that we are all created for a purpose, by the Creator and Controller of the Universe; and that we may have His guidance and help, if we are willing to submit our wills to His, and so be *used* for constructive adventures.

Then, since my listener showed an absorbed interest, I went on to say that my latest experience of God's guidance was *happening right then*, namely the chain of events that had controlled my movements for the past few weeks, so that I *had* to reach Chicago and that particular hospital just in time to contact *him*. It took cataracts and the mistake of an American official to bring me at the right moment, and to lock us both in together so that our experiences might become mutually revealing.

Whether this was partly my imagination, or not, the result of this encounter was the ending of the gang and the beginning of a new life for my fellow patient, a com-



pletely different one from any he had known before.

In addition to all this, there was a by-product for my personal benefit, before the end of our days together. One evening our room-nurse explained with genuine sympathy, that she had been ordered by my physician to cease the regular hypodermic treatments which had prevented my feeling any after-pain from the operation. The reason was that too long use might form a habit. She forewarned me that I should probably have such severe pain that it would mean a sleepless night. "And there will be no use ringing the call-bell since no nurse may respond."

My wife was in the room at the time, and she and I agreed that this might afford me an opportunity to spend the entire night in praying for the conversion of my young roommate.

Not long after the lights were turned off, the agony set in with greater severity than I could have imagined. It was almost impossible to restrain groaning. I set myself to praying—with every ounce of

energy I could muster—for the youth in the next bed. Only with the utmost concentration could I keep my mind fixed upon that one petition but my heart was completely cooperating.

So the night-long vigil began. Then, in what *seemed* about thirty minutes, I was awakened by the sunshine pouring in through the east window. I had slept longer than usual.

My first reaction was dismay over having failed to pray all night; the next was wonder at the complete absence of pain. Then there came into my consciousness the realization that God did not need my all-night petitioning; He knew all about the case of the poor youth and how to save him. He also knew that I needed this experience in all-out prayer.

Perhaps my telling this fellow-patient about it was the final, indisputable evidence of the existence and nearness of the Creator and Father of the Universe in whom ever since he has believed.

## Forgiveness

Jean Hogan Dudley

Forgiveness is the loving Father's gift  
That lets me face each morning fresh and bold,  
Unburdened by my past mistakes, I lift  
My thoughts in joy to all the day must hold,  
Caring no longer what is done to me,  
Forgiven and forgiving—wholly free!

# Prayer Works!

"I have been rejoicing over the wonderful progress Mother is making. Her fears were completely taken away and from that day she began to recover. One day while I was sitting in her room at the hospital she suddenly clapped her hands and said, "Oh, I'm so happy—I just love everybody." The two doctors on Mother's case have been amazed at her progress, for neither held much hope for her recovery. We brought her home Sunday. Her heart is stronger, her mind has cleared, and she can walk about her room with help. Your prayers have helped me so much. I have been completely at peace. My heart is so full of thankfulness."—Kentucky.

"My most sincere thanks for your wonderful prayers. God heard, and answered them in such a beautiful way. It will interest you to learn that as I put my pen down after finishing my letter to you asking for prayer, the inner voice spoke softly and said, 'Before they call I will answer.' I was filled with awe when I read the same affirmation in your letter"—Indiana.

"When our little son was taken to the hospital with polio I called my mother and asked her to please get in touch with a prayer group and ask for prayers

for him. She belongs to a small local prayer group but she immediately got in touch with you and your prayers joined ours and many, many others. We are so thankful to let you know that our son is back home and improving very nicely. He has no sign of paralysis. It was like a miracle. He was so sick and drawn and stiff when we entered him. By noon the next day he was a completely changed little boy, relaxed, smiling, and beginning to improve. Our prayers and yours and those of all the others did it I am sure. God has been so good to us."—Illinois.

"So much of my reading is done on busses and subways, on which I spend two hours each day, that I have acquired the ability to meditate and think as I ride along, just as if I were alone on a mountain. Many times I have become conscious of people reading my Manual so intently they were not even aware that I noticed them. It is so rare to see literature of this type in the hands of the throngs. But I see so many pocket editions with lurid titles, I always thank God when I see some one peering over my shoulder as I read."—New Jersey

"My husband has come through his surgery (a most involved and serious

## THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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one) and yesterday, seven days later, he was up on his feet and eating a little—after removal of 80 per cent of his stomach. I am so grateful for your love and prayers. We here felt the sustaining and upholding and uplifting."—California.

"Thank you for your letter and literature and most of all your loving prayers. My son had the operation over two weeks ago and got along so perfectly with no ill effects and no scar to speak of. We are truly grateful for everything given us by our Father, who answered our prayers. May He bless the doctors and all of our loving friends."—Alabama.

"For some time you have had my sister's name on your prayer list. I asked for prayers for her, for X-rays showed that she had cancer of the spine. The doctors told her she had a pinched nerve and she had a series of X-ray treatments. Last month she had X-rays again and the bone, which was badly eaten is 80 per cent healed. She looks fine, has good color, and has regained a lot of her strength. I don't know if this could be called a spiritual healing or not—that is, if the cancer has disappeared for good. There was none in her upper body when X-rays were taken. But the very thought of a badly eaten bone being 80 per cent healed is proof to me that there has been a spiritual healing there and I praise God for it, and I know there is power in prayer and I am very happy."—Ohio.

"I can not thank you enough for the Manual of Prayer. Many times I re-read back issues for inspiration. Religion is not lacking in our home and we have always had faith, but I would like to tell you of an incident that happened to us this summer. We were in much need of a new car, the fourteen-year-old one was just going to pieces. I spent days working on our budget, failing, however, to find the payment per month

as well as a down payment. Having worked on Friday until two in the morning, off-and-on throughout Saturday, I sent my husband and daughter to church on Sunday and sat down to work again, taking my Bible and the Manual of Prayer with me. I decided to open the Bible and read whatever was on the page. Where it opened was at Matthew 6. As I read, my eyes seemed to really open. Here we had been struggling to do this on our own and all the time the help we needed was there. We just had not asked for it. After that we didn't worry too much about the car. It kept getting worse but we just hoped it would hold together until we could get another and in the late summer the way opened for us to get one. I know this is a material thing and a luxury. I also know that we could have done without the car. But we thought we had to have it and it was made possible, perhaps not because God thought we needed it but because we needed so much more the lesson of what He can and will do if we just give Him the chance. Pray with me that I may become a better Christian and pray and worship daily and not just now and then."—Ohio.

"A couple of months ago I wrote the Prayer Tower concerning a friend who had attempted suicide and was sentenced to several months in an asylum. Let me tell you what has been done for him. He was released from his sentence after serving only a month. He had a medical examination and passed it with flying colors and a job was found for him with increased wages. He and his family have found themselves and are happy. Best of all he is a regular church attendant and seems to have personally met his Saviour."—Canada.

"The kindest thing that my friends did for me was to send me the Manual of Prayer. In my busy schedule I find reading it helps me so much when I can't find the time for my longer devotion periods."—Oklahoma

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