

Clear Horizons



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Summer 1957

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As We Go To Press

Did you ever get a feeling of awe when you saw a movie with someone in it who had passed on into the enlarged life? Well, you might get somewhat the same feeling when you read the first article in this issue by **Glenn Clark** (p. 1.) My, but he does give one's spirit wings and opens up new horizons of possibilities that are lying right beneath our eyes. His article, "Heaven Now," is almost like someone talking from the other side, and I am sure if we could hear him now he would say exactly what is in this message. . . . Often we are able more rightly to judge a situation after it has taken place than during the time we are actually involved in it, and this was particularly true with the experience that **Ruth Crowell** (p. 6) had. Did she walk with God? Why not? Is it after all so strange? Some of the disciples had the same experience with Jesus, and it was only when their eyes "were opened" that they recognized him. How often do we walk with God without knowing it? . . . Often times we look a little askance at signs and mottos, such as the ones we see on billboards along the highway, but did you ever stop to think what it would mean if you surrounded yourself with signs that are optimistic, confidence-inspiring and constantly reminded you of the availability of help and God? Well **Beth Brown** (p. 13) found herself in just such a situation when she most needed it, and against her will, almost, she found new life seeping into her very attitudes. . . . Have you ever become so discouraged that you even failed to rouse yourself to the point of letting down one little net of prayer? **Fern Crehan** (p. 19) had just about reached that point, and it was a point where there was no more food in the house for her and her children, but she did manage to let down that one more little net. And, what happened is a miracle. . . . **Norman Vincent Peale** (p. 37) has a way of putting truths that simply lift one's spirit and confidence, and his article of the fact that Christ is still healing today cannot help but give us all more zest for living. . . . One of the greatest and most powerful forces in America today is television, and many have wondered why religion does not use it effectively. **Duane Valentry** (p. 43) gives us a good insight into the whole problem and also into the importance of doing something about it, religiously speaking, before we abdicate its use to lesser purposes. . . . One does not have to be a member of the Church of the Latter Day Saints to appreciate what that church has done in the way of helping its members who are in need. Their story in this regard is something entirely inspirational on a most practical basis, and other denominations and churches would do well to take a good look at it, and **Zella Mack** (p. 47) deserves credit for an excellent article to help us in this regard.

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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☐ "The problem before us today is not how to make events better but how to see events whole."

Heaven Here

Glenn Clark

THAT GOD IS ETERNAL, infinite, changeless (and hence static), and complete, we accept without quibble or quarrel. That His universe is also eternal, infinite, changeless, and perfect we are not so quick to accept. But can a Creator create anything unlike Himself? Does not everything that is in a Creator also reside—at least potentially—in His creation? Can anyone, or any person create anything that does not inherently reside within the folds of his own being?

Jesus spoke of God the Father, and of His creation, the Kingdom, almost interchangeably. In some Gospel records His statement is quoted, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God" and in another Gospel it is recorded as, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven." He tells parables like The Good Samaritan, of what the Father is like—and in the next breath he tells parables like The Pearl of Great Price, of what the Kingdom of Heaven is like. In short, he assumes,

as all great religious geniuses, seers, and saints have assumed from the beginning of time, that the Creator and the creation are one. Jesus said, "The Father and I are one"; and again he said, "Ye and I are one." If the Creator and His creatures are one, then the Creator and the creation are one.

The moving picture industry has, almost without our knowing it, revealed to us much of this inner way the world is created, the way events pass through our consciousness in Time. The events are already done—completed—strung together in perfect order and sequence, and it all depends upon the way the operator turns the reel that unfolds the picture before our gaze, whether we see the universe as the Creator wanted us to see it. That is to say, if the operator turns the pictures too hastily and impatiently, we miss some of the finest pleasures of the scenery. If he turns it too slowly, or stops for too long a period upon certain unhappy,

An unpublished article found in the late Glenn Clark's files.

abnormal films, we get the whole thing entirely out of proper proportion. Or, finally, if he turns the pictures *backwards*, as operators in real life far too often do, there will be revealed some very, very odd and unhappy incidents which, according to the original script of the one who planned the sequence and order, should have been very happy indeed, if turned correctly. But the essential fact the moving picture invention has revealed to us, the fundamental fact in the plan of life, is that the pictures didn't just "happen"; in other words, that events are not made upon the spot by you or by me, but that they were eternally made—or rather they have existed forever, from the beginning of time, and will exist through all eternity; and that the essential badness in them is merely a relative term, caused by us unskilled operators trying to turn the wheels of life instead of letting the Creator of events turn them according to His own perfect plan.

The problem before us today, before our schools, churches, and research bureaus, is not how to *make* events better, but how to *see* events whole, perfect, and complete, as they really *are*. How can we operate the beautiful order and sequence of perfect events which God has already planned for us? In short, how can we tune in to the vast riches all about us?

A *seer* is one who *sees* God's plans

behind the outer appearances; a *prophet* is one who can *describe* God's plan; a *saint* is one who *lives* it.

The reason why we see the perfect universe so imperfectly is because we are limited in our capacity for perception of the universe. Every being feels as Space that which he is able to represent to himself as form outside of himself, and that which he is not able to thus represent he feels as Time. *The sense of Space is the power to represent by means of external form.* For instance, a man has an idea or a dream. This may be far more real, for instance, than the idea of steam in the mind of Watt, than a firefly he can see with his space sense of sight. But until this idea materializes as form he does not know that steam actually exists.

After a person rises to the height where he sees that ideas and dreams that are still without form and void have all the power of creating form, then he can say as Jesus said, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." "Beware lest when you are angry with a man in your heart you have already committed murder." (Translation)

The moving picture operator finds the films in his box in the form of flat, two-dimensional pictures strung together as a connected sequence. The two-dimensional flatness is because the pictures are printed on two-dimensional films, created for putting

on two-dimensional backgrounds through two-dimensional rooms.

But the moving picture films that we find in real life are not flat, two-dimensional films, not squares and circles; they are cubes and spheres; for these pictures are to be unfolded before three-dimensional persons, equipped with three-dimensional senses, capable of perceiving things in a three-dimensional world.

Were our senses capable of seeing things representing form in a four-dimensional or eternal and heavenly world, we should have these films in an eternal, heavenly form presented to us. But because of the limitations of our three-dimensional capacity of vision and hearing, they appear before us, therefore, in a finite form. As we are three-dimensional beings i.e., not flat, but round and square beings—we have round eyes, shaped exactly like a sphere, and therefore the pictures are hung up before us in round or spherical form. That is to say, we look out upon the world each day to find it a round, spherical world—not because it really is that, but because our eyes are incapable of seeing it in any other way. The child in the movie house thinks the pictures revolving before him are not connected pictures, already safely in a box, made in advance and strung together in sequence, but thinks the characters on the stage are actually changing and altering the events from time to

time by their ambition, their love, their hate, their efforts, which he is watching and following so closely. In a similar way we look upon world events as fickle, unpredictably and hopelessly unrelated. We think this morning is different from yesterday because it is our birthday and yesterday was not. We go to a play tonight and we didn't yesterday. Tomorrow is Sunday because someone ages ago made it Sunday. We don't know that God from the very beginning decreed that tomorrow was to be a rest day, and that today was a gala day, and so on, and that all we need to do is to see the pictures operate in the order and sequence as originally planned for them by the Father, resting in perfect peace and trust and unselfish love for others, and all will be well.

In other words, as the flat pictures in the movie operator's box are strung together as a continuous sequence, so the world we see as round is not actually round at all, but is probably shaped like an auto tire encircling the sun, much like Saturn's rings. The sun does not move, and neither does the earth move. Our three-dimensional consciousness simply moves from point to point in this encircling tube, moving about it rhythmically according to the best plan devised by an eternal God. Even if it were constructed in this form, our globular, three-dimensional eyes would not comprehend it, but like

cookie cutters, would proceed to cut it up into a series of globes which our three-dimensional logic as well as our three-dimensional eyes would interpret as "motion."

We may thus see it from all its angles. That is the reason we can have spring followed by summer and summer by autumn; and night followed by day. But, you say, if this were true, man could stop his consciousness and not run around the earth in this circle, and could stand on this stationary earth and have it day all the time. True, he can do that now. How? By going to the North Arctic regions in summer and the Antarctic in winter, he would have eternal sunshine. If he wants eternal night he can reverse that process. If he wants eternal winter he can stay at either pole, or if he wants eternal summer he can stay at the equator. Thus we move as our consciousness moves us, and the question comes up, are not our bodies, moved so easily by our consciousness, nothing more than an externalized form of perception? Indeed, are not our bodies merely a prolongation of our consciousness?

One finds the world is static, one finds he can have anything he wants by fastening his consciousness (i. e., his body) to the space he wants to keep. One who rises into the four-dimensional realm finds that which is yet unformed in Space is actually formed in Time, or perhaps I should

say, in Eternity. The man who lives and moves in the four-dimensional plane wins the name of prophet because the past and the future are as real to him as the present, exactly as to the three-dimensional mind the reality of the equator and of the polar regions exist to him in sense while he lives in the temporal climate of the middle sphere. That the highest civilization has risen on the temperate zone goes to prove that the rhythmic interchange of temperature is the most suitable for our perfect grasp of the totality of God's Love and Reality—i. e., that it is best to surrender ourselves to the sequence and order that God has arranged for us in this seemingly whirling globe, the globe which seems to move but moves not.

I am aware that this higher dimensional logic smashes at one stroke much of our three-dimensional logic. Back in the two-dimensional days when it was thought the world was flat and that it stood perfectly still and the sun revolved around it, people wondered what held the sun in its course. Then came a day when they thought the sun stood still and the world moved around it, and it was wondered what kept the world in its course. Now when it is discovered that neither the sun nor the earth moves, and that it is only our consciousness that moves, there is no longer anything to wonder about except what holds them in space in

their relative positions.

As fast as one wonder is dislodged it merely gives place to another and so it will be through all eternity as we rise from one dimension of consciousness into a higher until we can see that all things are one, and yet

out of this perfect oneness all things are individualized for the enjoyment and happiness that will come to us when we attain the realization of that oneness that holds us in the eternal, infinite, unchangeable, indestructible Love of God.

Universal Talk

Elberta Leisure

A baby talks to any one;
He smiles and takes them in;
He chatters with a friendliness,
As to his nearest kin.

So whether they are brown or white,
Alaskans or Chinese,
The baby greets them all the same
And snuggles by their knees.

While they all seem to understand
His conversation well,
He also knows the things they say
And laughs at what they tell.

Perhaps it is because the babe
Is closer to his God,
That he can cross all barriers
With just a wave and nod.

"An ideal is an idea which has gathered sufficient emotional and volitional momentum to control conduct." *Author unknown*

The Day I Walked with God

Ruth Collier Crowell

IT HAPPENED during the winter of 1945. I am not positive of the exact month, but that is the only factor that eludes me. The other events of that winter morning are so indelibly stamped on my memory they might have happened just yesterday.

When I had retired the previous night the weather was cold but clear. Certainly there had been nothing to forewarn me as, bundled warmly against the biting winds, cane in hand, I opened the door the following morning. For a moment I stood frozen—my blood as icy as the scene before me. Because of an injured leg I limped and I had come to fear winter as my personal enemy.

It had rained during the night, then turned bitterly cold and the sidewalks were now covered with a glaze of ice. Snow had begun to fall and, in spots where the wind had blown it into drifts, it covered the treacherous mirror of ice. As I stared before me I became utterly panic stricken. Two men on their way to work were coming down the hill and, even as I looked, first one and then the other lost his footing and fell to the slippery pavement. Their lunch boxes doing a crazy, gypsy sort of dance slid down the hill ahead of them.

I shuddered and quickly closed the door. I stood in trembling terror, trying to decide what to do. The Western Union Office, where I was employed, was a good four blocks away and all of it up hill. My mind seemed to act as both prosecutor and defendant as I mentally argued with myself . . .

"I can't walk up that hill. I just can't!"

"But you have to. It's your morning to open the office."

"I know, but it's impossible. I can't walk on ice on level ground. How could I ever make it up a hill?"

"But you have to get those generators started by seven o'clock so the 'Iron Horse' messages can come through, don't you?"

"Yes, but . . ."

Another peek out the door, and a hasty retreat . . .

"Oh, what can I do? It's too late to call anyone else to open for me."

But those messages . . . They had to be gummed down and ready for resending by eight o'clock, when the various industries with direct tie-line printers would be ready to receive them. I had to be there. I just *had* to. This was my responsibility. But O God! How could I ever make it?

I'll never be able to explain what happened to me then, but suddenly I

was praying. I don't mean uttering a formal prayer . . . I was talking to God as though He were standing—visible—before me. Every other sight, sound, and thought was shut out of my mind completely. I was alone with God and I was telling Him of my plight, explaining why I had to get up that hill and why I could not do it. I remember saying finally, "So you see, God, unless You help me, I'll never make it. But if You'll just hold my hand all the way, I know I can do it."

Somehow, I found myself outside the door. More people were about, struggling to reach their trains on time. They were walking close to the buildings, inching their way along. Slipping, sliding, falling, only to get up and try again. I remembered afterwards that many had called a warning to me but I didn't even hear them.

Every step I took on that long upward trek was accomplished by an unceasing conversation with God. Nothing else seemed real to me but the pressure of His hand on mine. Had someone passing me said "Hello" to Him, too, I don't think I would have been surprised. Never in all my life have I had such an amazing experience of nearness and oneness with Christ.

A police officer started across the street to offer me a helping hand. Suddenly his feet flew out from under him and he crashed to the pavement. His hat, knocked off by

the impact and picked up by the wind, was taking a tipsy flight in the opposite direction. A Red Cross worker fell and did not immediately arise . . . But I was only vaguely aware of these happenings as I kept on walking and talking to my Unseen Companion.

"We're almost there now, God, see. Just one more street to cross. Oh, thank you, God, for helping me. Don't let go of my hand, please. There—Look! There's the office now. Oh, please, God, hold me tight while we cross this wide street. There's nothing else to hold to . . . Oh, thank you, thank you. Dear God, we made it! We made it!"

Suddenly it was as though I had come out of a trance. I was standing in front of the office door. My hands fumbled with the key. Only after I was safely inside, did the full realization strike me . . .

All those healthy, strong men and women, with no physical handicap to impede them, were making their way slowly and with many a fall, and here I was, safely up the hill and in my office and I had not even once slipped or lost my footing!

I began to tremble, and the chill that went over me was not caused by the wintry wind.

How had I gotten there? I know I couldn't possibly have done it alone, yet there was no one else here . . .

Had I really walked with God?
What do you think?

Abstracted

L. Berta Williams

When I wanted sunshine most, there seemed always to be rain;
When I looked for peace and quiet, there was someone raising Cain;
A deluge on my birthday made my garden party flop,
But when I sowed the garden, I barely got a drop;
Yet it all improved my temper, stretched my patience out a lot,
And I meant to thank you, Jesus, but I guess I just forgot.

All the family's been ailing, the whole contrary crew;
Soon as one got rid of measles, another took the flu.
Trouble's onset came so swiftly that I barely climbed the hill;
With bulging eyes and shaking knees I viewed the doctor's bill;
But I've paid it, every nickel, though it emptied up the pot;
For that I should have thanked you, but, Dear Lord, I forgot.

I'd great plans for my future, which have all been turned about—
Thought sure I'd retire at forty; now I know it won't work out,
For right now I'm nearing forty, with rest nowhere in sight;
Each successive day reveals me in a worse financial plight;
My philosophy's improved, though, in acceptance of my lot,
And I meant to thank you for it, but, Jesus, I forgot.

I entreat Thee, Lord, to teach me, when I fail to understand,
That what seems dire misfortune, is but your noble plan
To lead me to perfection, to a bright and timeless day—
That my feet will never stumble if Thou but lead'st the way;
Let me welcome each tomorrow, undiluted, as my lot,
Lest I face Thy throne one morning, saying, "Lord, I forgot."

☞ "What a wonderful feeling it is to be the answer to someone's prayer and to know it."

When You Pray -- Listen!

Virginia Morris

HAVE YOU EVER been an answer to a prayer? Most of us pray to God for things, and in thanks for things; we've all repeated the Lord's Prayer in the privacy of our room and in the company of both friends and strangers, but how many times do we stop to listen?

We pray; we have faith that our prayers will be answered.

Who answers prayers? Why, God of course. But how? Have you ever thought *how* He does it?

The Lord answers prayers through you and me, His people.

To be God's instrument is a glorious experience and one that comes to all of us if we will but spend some of our prayer time listening.

A few weeks ago, as I finished my nightly prayers, I suddenly started thinking about an old friend of my husband's family, Bitty. I couldn't seem to put her out of my mind.

The next day as I washed the dishes and made the beds and tried to plan a tasty meal for supper, Bitty kept popping into my mind.

Again, at bed time, I found myself thinking of her. Was something wrong?

Bitty, at one time, was someone

pretty special in my husband's family. When he was a child his mother became quite ill, and Bitty was hired to take care of him and his six brothers and sisters.

She was a tiny woman, not quite five feet, with shiny black hair and the bluest eyes ever. This little bundle of energy was promptly named Bitty by the children because she was so teeny-bitty, smaller than some of the children themselves!

Now that all the children have grown and scattered Bitty is seldom thought of, except as she was then, and certainly not as she is now, alone and old, living in a distant state. I was almost sure she had no family.

Rather than fret any longer about her, I sat down and wrote her a short note asking how she had been. For no reason at all I sent it airmail.

A few days later came my reply.

Writing in her usual uphill slant she thanked me for taking time from my busy day to write to her.

I smiled; it was a typical *Bitty* letter, read one and you've read them all. I could almost see her frowning over her pink stationery and stubby pencil.

She told me at length about her garden and last week's rain. She

closed her letter with the comment that she was having a little trouble with her budget.

"Well, that's that," I thought as I folded her letter and put it away. "Nothing wrong."

That night after family prayers I lay awake listening to my husband's deep breathing and wondering why sleep didn't come. In the past I had suffered from insomnia and learned that losing myself in prayer is a wonderful cure.

I began to pray, but in spite of myself Bitty still crept into my thoughts.

"Be thankful she isn't ill," I told myself.

Mentally, I reread the letter. Her finances!

She had a pension, I knew that, but never before had I ever heard her complain about money or lack of it.

I moved restlessly. I was tired and had a busy day ahead of me. I began repeating a Psalm, then let my mind go free. There was Bitty. Finally, I knew what I would do. Then, I slept.

The next morning as I poured a second cup of coffee for my husband, I said, "Do you mind if I send Bitty a few dollars?" When he didn't answer, I went on, "I know we can't afford it, but well, we can just do without something. I want to send something to Bitty."

"You're really concerned about her?" he asked.

"Yes." How could I explain? "I

have the funniest feeling."

When I wrote Bitty again that day and enclosed a small check, I told her that I would send a like amount every month.

A few days later I heard from her again. This time her letter told a different story.

For some reason, which was never made clear to me, the authorities were making some kind of a change in the pension plan. For several months there would be a reduction in the pension coverage that would amount to about five dollars a month. Just what I'd sent her!

Bitty had figured and refigured her budget and still couldn't come up with a solution. She had asked her best friend, who also received this same pension, what she intended to do about the cut.

"Why, I'll just write my brother and explain what's happened," her friend replied. "Why don't you write some of your relatives?"

"I haven't anyone," Bitty said. How she must have hated to admit that she had no one! None of us like to remember that we are alone.

"I guess there's nothing left to do but pray," her friend had decided.

So Bitty had prayed. She had turned her problems over to the Lord.

"God answered my prayer through you," she wrote. "And I do thank both of you and Him. It will just be a short time and then things will be straightened out."

An answer to a prayer! Suddenly, a warm happiness spread over my entire being. What a wonderful feeling it was to *be* the answer to someone's prayer and to know it!

I wonder how many times I have missed the joy of acting as God's instrument because I closed my mind and heart to His gentle prompting?

Being the answer to a prayer doesn't always mean spending money; sometimes, it means spending time or energy.

Occasionally, in the past, it would occur to me that I should stop in to see an old friend of my mother's, Mrs. Melton, who is crippled with arthritis.

Mostly, I found a good and logical reason not to. I was too busy, or too tired, or it was her nap time.

Now, when something tells me to call on her, I do it! I don't know if she's praying for company, but I do

know that her face lights up like a Fourth of July sparkler when I come. And you know, she's really an interesting person!

Sometimes, being the answer to a prayer means taking care of Mrs. Down-the-street's toddler so she can have a morning to herself, or an afternoon nap.

Not big or spectacular? No, but neither are all prayers for something big and spectacular.

Listen when you pray. So many of us, as we grow older, begin to feel that we are no longer needed. God needs us!

Prayer is a two way street. After our petitions are made, our thanks offered, it is good to be still for a time, to wait for God's commands.

In the Book you can read, "Be still and know that I am God."

Be still, and you can hear Him talking to you.



As Sure As The Dawn

Cosa Elizabeth Reynolds

As sure as the dawn in the eastern sky breaketh,
 Dispelling the gloom and the darkness of night,
 So certain the love of our Saviour who taketh
 Sin's blackness away and to men giveth light.

As sure as the guaranty of the sun's rising,
 That earth may be blessed with another new day,
 So fixed is the Word of God, settled, devising
 A light to guide men to the Truth and the Way.

As sure as the earth turneth round on its axis,
 So firm are the promises made to Christ's own.
 Believing, man's spirit from tension relaxes
 In knowledge that never need he walk alone.

As sure as the stars remain fixed in their courses,
 So certain the future of those in His care;
 We'll meet Him returning, join His heavenly forces;
 His rest and His glory forever we'll share.

☐ "Your subconscious mind takes hold of any and all suggestions."

Always Park Your Troubles Outside

Beth Brown

IT WAS A LITTLE HOUSE, three rooms in all, and it stood on a hill above the October woods. The newspaper ad was so enticing that I leased it sight unseen.

I needed a new lease on life. I was headed for a nervous breakdown. But I was not prepared for the surprise that met me.

I turned the key of my new retreat — and stopped short on the threshold. A sign, printed by hand in bold black crayon on cardboard, arrested my weary eye. It read:

*Please Park
 Your Troubles Outside.*

I thought of a certain problem. I had brought it with me from the city. I had packed it carefully into my suitcase along with my books and my clothes, planning to live with it, sleep with it, and cry over it on a lonely pillow. After all, I had come here to mend a broken heart.

But now in deference to my invisible host, I opened my bag, lifted out my problem, and left it on the doorstep. My heart felt incredibly lighter as I parked that particular trouble outside. I had run

off to get away from a man. Why bring him in with me?

What was it that hung from the chandelier? Here was another sign. It dangled from the ceiling, demanding my attention. This one read:

Keep On Keeping On.

That was a challenge. I had seriously thought of throwing up my career. Life was too much of a battle with only a pen for a weapon.

But my unseen host had other ideas. Perhaps he, too, had a career that seemed to have met with failure. Perhaps he, too, might have been tempted to give up and not go on. Apparently, here was his way to take stock of himself and his life. He found a dozen things wrong with himself and brought them into the light.

He believed in signs. He had them all over the place. They followed me all through the house. It was not easy learning the simple lessons I had long forgotten in a life I had filled with clutter and confusion.

I had grown accustomed to gobbling down my meals, haunting soda fountains and assuaging my hunger

with candy. Now, at the luncheon table, I was cautioned by an order:

Take Your Time Eating.

I never went to bed at night without putting night-caps on my problems and inviting them to share my pillow. But here, in this house, pinned to the wall beside my couch, hung the reminder: *Do Not Go to Sleep With Society in Your Arms.* And so I learned, upon retiring, to put people and problems out of my mind. I found that I was sleeping peacefully for the first time in years.

Of course, some of the mottos were platitudes. I had heard them all as a child. I had forgotten most of them. But now I learned them all over again.

Look Up and Not Down swayed from a bough in the garden. And so I began to walk with my head up. A big placard reading, *Breathe Deeply*, smiled in bold letters on the window pane. And so I pumped good, rich oxygen into my thirsty lungs. A tag attached to the faucet commanded, *Drink Plenty of Water.* And so I refreshed a million dried up body cells that were long neglected. *Smile* spoke volumes to me from the looking glass. A habitual frown was drawing old-age lines across my brow.

It was fun learning this novel way. It was something to take back to the city — besides the smell of autumn and the peace of sunsets and

a bag of new dreams for my career, given new strength by these old philosophies.

I came away renewed in spirit as well as in body, with a list of my own to hang in the rooms in my city apartment. Of course, when friends came calling, the signs came down. I hung them away temporarily in the rooms of my mind. But on Sunday, or whenever I was alone for an hour, I wrote out a dozen things that were wrong with me, and tried to right them.

You can do the same. Appraise yourself. Are you cheerful? Do you lose your temper? Have you walked that mile today? Make a list of things you fear — such as old age, poverty, loneliness. Make a list of things you want. Feed on these thoughts and the feast will reward you. Your subconscious mind takes hold of any and all suggestions — good or bad — so discipline yourself to get rid of the negative and the positive will soon assert itself.

After all, your mind is your house. The outside may seem neat and shining. But the inside is a mass of litter and confusion. The first step is to house-clean, rid yourself of everything that clutters up your life and impedes your success.

The investment is small; the returns are large. Take twelve slips of paper, a big black pencil, and time off to give yourself — a new lease on life.

☞ "Wonderful things can happen when a man stops hiding his light under a bushel."

What's Your Talent?

Harold S. Kabm

RECENTLY a friend of mine, who is one of the nation's leading industrialists, pointed out the fact that the surest way to succeed in life is to make use of some talent. "I knew a young man who had a talent for cooking beans," he related. "It was the only thing he could do better than most people. He opened up a little lunchroom, served almost nothing except baked beans and brown bread, and made a fortune.

"A talent," my friend went on, "means that there is some special thing you can do better than the other fellow. Even if it's nothing more than the ability to cook beans in a superior manner, that single, small talent can be enough to get you to the top."

How true this is! The world is full of examples of people who achieved success simply by cashing in on some special skill. As a matter of fact, this is not only the surest road to success, but the only one. For it can be plainly shown that every successful individual has indeed made use of some special talent.

The prosperous merchant has a talent for business; the highly paid employee has a talent for serving the interests of his employer; the

famous lawyer has a talent for the law, the concert artist a talent for music. And so on, through every department of human activity.

But, as my industrialist friend points out, even the smallest talent — even the ability to cook beans — can be the means of achieving fame and fortune, or at least a satisfactory prosperity.

Jesus Christ also had something to say on this matter. He pointed out that a man — a sensible man — does not hide his light under a bushel. For of what use, He said in effect, is an unused talent that benefits no one? The wise man doesn't conceal his light, but instead displays it so that all around him may have the benefit of that light.

Any talent, no matter how humble, may be used to benefit others in some way, and the possessor of that talent is rewarded accordingly.

Perhaps you do not have a special talent for cooking beans, but it is extremely likely that you do have a valuable talent of some kind. There is no talent that cannot be put to practical use.

On a recent trip to Florida I met a boat dealer, a very successful young man, who owes his success to making use of nothing more than a

talent for boat-building. Actually, this is quite a common ability in America; there are many thousands of home boat-builders, and home-made boats.

Bud Bjornson, however, had a special knack for this sort of work, and he made the most of it. He studied marine engineering in his spare time, not at a college, but at the public library. The first boat he built was so admired that two people wanted to know if he would construct similar boats for them. Bud said sure.

He built and sold enough boats to finance a small boat shop, specializing in storage and repairs, and the sale of boats and marine supplies. His use of his talent has led him to prosperity and a busy, happy life.

A young man in St. Paul did much the same thing. An enthusiastic amateur sailor, with a talent for making good sailboats, he simply went into the sailboat business — and sailed straight to success.

A lady of my acquaintance, with a talent for sewing — surely not an unusual accomplishment — has built up a fine business right in her own home: she makes drapes and slip-covers, and has more work than she can handle. Another woman, just a few blocks away, turned her sewing talent into cash by making and renting theatrical costumes. Still another woman, handy with a needle, earns a good living doing the minor repair

and alteration work for a neighborhood dry cleaning firm.

A bakery supply salesman told me about a woman who made a generous use of her talent for cake-baking by donating cakes to church suppers. Many of the women attending these suppers asked her if she would be so kind as to bake cakes for them, when they wanted to entertain guests or give their families a special treat. The lady with the cake-making talent decided to start a small bakery, and soon she had to hire some assistants.

One of the most successful nursery owners in my city owes his success to nothing more than a talent for growing things. He had "a green thumb." He started his business by growing flowers and plants in a small back-yard garden, and before very long he had earned enough money to build a modest greenhouse. His business continued to grow.

One could go on for a very long time indeed listing the great number of successful enterprises that are based squarely on the owner's possession of some kind of talent, and his wise use of that talent.

We are all too apt to think of a "talented" person as someone unusual, while actually it is difficult to find anyone who does not have some kind of talent. The important thing to remember is that any kind of talent, no matter how unimportant it may seem, can be used as a stepping-stone to success. After all,

our talents were given to us for a purpose.

What is your talent? What is the one thing you can do best? Maybe it's something that a lot of other people can do well, too, but that doesn't matter at all. The important thing is, how can you make use of that talent to benefit other people?

Can you swim? Surely, this is not a very novel accomplishment, but even such a common talent as this has been turned to good account. One young woman, a competent swimmer, has done extremely well with a swimming class for young children. I recall seeing her in a newsreel some time ago, demonstrating the accomplishment of some of her very young pupils.

Can you type? Not a very remarkable talent, to be sure, but even that can lead to success. One young lady, who helped earn her way through college by typing themes for students, started an "employer's overload" business — typing letters for businessmen whose regular stenographers had just a little more work than they could handle. She had to hire a dozen stenographers herself to handle the business.

Once you give thought to how you may use your talent to help or benefit others, and do something about it, anything can happen. One thing leads to another. Wonderful things can happen when a man stops hiding his light under a bushel, and instead

uses it to "give light" (to benefit) to others.

A talent, of course, need not be used just to make money in order to be of great value to its possessor. What can be of greater value than just a talent for making friends? Or a talent for being a good mother?

One often hears about lonely bachelors, but I can tell you about one bachelor who is not lonely; he has a talent for being a good host, and he uses it freely and effectively. People are always happy to be invited to his home, for they know they will have a good time. And, of course, they invite him in return. This very un-lonely bachelor has such a lively social life, and meets so many people, that he prizes an occasional evening of solitude.

One hears even more about the lonely widow. Well, one lonely middle-aged widow, with a talent for home-making, decided she would make use of her talent by providing a home for other lonely people. She simply turned her home into a rooming house for young people away from home. Only it isn't a rooming house in the usual sense; it's a home, and her guests are unofficial members of a family — her family. She's a busy, happy woman.

There is simply no limit to the number and variety of ways in which even the simplest talent can be put to use. And the way to find out how to use a talent, it cannot be too often

repeated, is to give thought to how that talent can be used to benefit others in some way. If we are commanded not to hide our light under a bushel, you can be sure that the

way to display that light openly will be made manifest to us if we but ask for direction.

What is your talent?

What are you going to do about it?

We've Missed

Hope Good

How oft we've missed in days gone by
The sacred meaning from the sky;
That like a gentle bird on wing,
Could bring us joy in everything.

How oft we've looked but have not seen
The star that shone that night supreme;
The mystery that touched the earth,
That we might have a second birth.

How often did the silence ring,
But have we heard the angels sing?
And have we thrilled with joy untold,
At simple thoughts our hearts unfold!

How often have we paused to look,
At lowly pebbles in a brook;
Or gently plucked the thorn of pain,
Turning our tears to healing rain.

God, how oft we've missed the test,
Of kindly deed or word suppressed;
Of all the simple common things,
That might have turned us into kings!

☐ "The situation had to get to the stage of desperation before I would remember to ask."

Let Down Your Nets

Fern M. Crehan

SIMON HAD FISHED all night and caught nothing, when Jesus turned to him and told him to try again (John 21:6). Simon must have firmly believed it was useless, and I'm sure it was with an "all right, I'll prove it to you" attitude that he grudgingly lowered only one net.

No doubt it served him right that the net broke with the multitude of fishes entangled in it. Served him right? Well, perhaps, but Jesus did not punish him for his skepticism, for we are told that both boats were filled to sinking capacity. Now Simon believed.

I'm sure none of us would ever lack the things we really need if we had sufficient faith to let down even *one* net. Time after time my own emergencies have been met, when materially I was unable to see any way out of my predicament. My main trouble was that the situation had to get to the stage of desperation before I would remember to ask; then having asked, to really have faith that help would be forthcoming. However, as in the case of Simon, God must have known that in answering my prayer he was also increasing my faith.

During the depression I was the sole support of my three young

daughters. Things were going very well for us when suddenly, in 1931, I lost my good position.

Anyone who remembers those days knows how nearly impossible it was to find work. Any kind of work.

At that time the only steady income I had amounted to a little more than sixteen dollars a month. Not enough to even pay our modest rent. I managed to earn a little by doing housework, sewing, or berry picking — anything at all that would help provide a semblance of living for my family.

For a time I must have considered the depression a thing that even God could not alleviate, for I don't remember asking Him for help. If only I had remembered to let down my nets I need not have contrived and worried as I did. Although we never approached actual starvation, we certainly did get tired of a diet of beans, macaroni, and onion-potato soup. We missed having butter on our bread and a little icing on an occasional cake.

Finally came the miserable day that I realized I had only oatmeal and milk to offer the children for their supper. I remembered how I sat down on the basement steps and shed bitter tears. We had eaten so MUCH

oatmeal lately, and mine were such good, uncomplaining youngsters. It was then I remembered to offer up a sort of half-hearted prayer for help.

Suddenly I remembered that among the odds and ends in my desk, which I had brought home when my job fell apart, there was one of those cylindrical dime banks. I knew there wasn't much in it, but it was all I had. I hurried to find it.

I couldn't open it with my fingers, and in my excitement I laid it on a stone and rapped it with a hammer. Dimes rolled in all directions. I gathered up fourteen and felt positively rich.

With the money jingling merrily in my pocket I hurried to the grocery store, making a mental list on the way. It must go as far as possible; bread, canned milk, carrots — perhaps a little soup meat.

It was with considerable surprise that I heard myself say to the grocer, "How much is that slice of round steak?" I bought it, also a small head of lettuce, bread, milk, and even a stick of real butter. Prices were low and a dollar and forty cents accomplished miracles. I even had a few cents left, and with them I bought two candy bars to be divided.

On my way home, instead of regret for my lack of thrift all I felt was a lightness of spirit as I said, "Thank you, God, for reminding me about the dimes. Tonight I can give them a good meal. I've tried every

way I know. From now on I will try to have faith that You'll point out the way."

And we did have a wonderful supper — much to the children's surprise. I told them how it happened and how I felt about it. I think they decided I had finally been driven a little off balance by my long siege of worry. They knew that amount of money should have fed us for three days.

The sequel? Well, that very evening I received a call from an old school friend whom I had not heard from for years. She was opening a business school in our town and needed someone to help with the evening classes. She could not offer me a great deal in the way of money, but it was ample to buy good food for my family.

Within a week I found another part time position which would not interfere with my evening work. This would provide the money for utilities, the rest of the rent, and even leave a bit over toward other necessities.

So I learned to let down my net. I won't pretend that I always remember it, even now. However, when I find myself beginning to worry or wonder how I'm going to meet some pressing need, it isn't long before I tell God about it, and go about my business. I *know* that when I pull up my net there will be plenty of fish in it to take care of my obligations.

☞ "Spring is the glad surprise at the end of winter."

The Glad Surprise

Howard Thurman

THERE is ever something compelling and exhilarating about the glad surprise. The emphasis is upon *glad*. There are surprises that are shocking, startling, frightening, and bewildering. But the glad surprise is something different from all of these. It carries with it the element of elation, of life, of something over and beyond the surprise itself. The experience itself comes at many levels; the simple joy that comes when one discovers that the balance in the bank is larger than the personal record indicated — and there is no error in accounting; the realization that one does not have his doorkey — the hour is late and everyone is asleep — but someone very thoughtfully left the latch off, "just in case"; the dreaded meeting in a conference to work out some problems of misunderstanding and things are adjusted without the emotional lacerations anticipated; the report from the doctor's examination that all is well, when one was sure that the physical picture was very serious indeed. All of these surprises are glad!

There is a deeper meaning in the concept of the glad surprise. This meaning has to do with the very ground and foundation of hope about the nature of life itself. The manifestation of this quality in the world about us can best be witnessed in the coming of spring. It is ever a new thing, a glad surprise, the stirring of life at the end of winter. One day there seems to be no sign of life and then almost overnight, swelling buds, delicate blooms, blades of grass, bugs, insects — an entire world of newness everywhere. It is the glad surprise at the end of winter. Often the same experience comes at the end of a long tunnel of tragedy and tribulation. It is as if a man stumbling in the darkness, having lost his way, finds that the spot at which he falls is the foot of a stairway that leads from darkness into light. Such is the glad surprise. This is what Easter means in the experience of the race. This is the resurrection! It is the announcement that life cannot ultimately be conquered by death, that there is no road that is at last swallowed up in an ultimate darkness, that there

From the book *Meditations of the Heart* by Howard Thurman, by permission of the publishers, Harper and Brothers, New York.

is strength added when the labors increase, that multiplied peace matches multiplied trials, that life is bottomed by the glad surprise. Take courage therefore:

When we have exhausted our store of endurance,

When our strength has failed ere the day is half done,

When we reach the end of our hoarded resources,

Our Father's full giving is only begun.

The Message

Rowena Cheney

Sometimes we wander, and struggle for years
On a path overgrown with our own doubts and fears.
Seeking the truth, which we think is afar
Although it is with us wherever we are.
Futilely striving, we fail to discern
The myriad signs—till we finally learn
To pause and be silent; to see and to hear
And truly believe. Then the message is clear.

It echoes in bird song, it dwells in the cool
Of a woodland—reflects in a lily decked pool;
It whispers in breezes which bring the perfume
Of a garden at dusk to a softly lit room.
It lives in all music, it shines in the eyes
Of those who know peace—who are quiet and wise.
It speaks from the sky, from the sea . . . and the sod . . .
From under our feet—on the path we have trod!
Love one another, for love is of God.

☞ "Move to a higher plane of consciousness."

Live on the Top Floor of Life

James E. Sweaney

THE OTHER DAY while I was reading about a disastrous earthquake in a country nearly half way around the world one of my sons stubbed his toe. I threw my paper aside and went to help him.

A few minutes later when things quieted down I picked up the newspaper again. However, the story about the earthquake now seemed too unimportant for my attention, and I went on to another page without finishing the story.

Suddenly I laid my paper in my lap as a thought struck me. Wasn't it curious how much more important to me that stubbed toe was than that terrible earthquake! Why was it more important? Because the stubbed toe occurred where I was, while the earthquake had occurred a long way from me.

For a few minutes I thought about this. What happens where I am is by its very proximity much more important to me than what happens where I am not. Certainly, this truth is not an original discovery with me. In fact, I had known it even before this as no doubt you have, too, but the full meaning and implication had not occurred to me

before. Actually, where one is determines to a large extent what makes up his world, what seems important to him, what seems to "happen" to him.

Thus, where I am has much to do with my life; where you are has much to do with your life. We notice and are interested in the things that happen where we are.

That is one reason why the metropolitan newspaper, important as it is, can never completely replace the local newspaper, because the local newspaper gives news of events close to the reader, events that because of their proximity and familiarity are important.

We readily can see that this is true in physical things, such as the example of the stubbed toe and the local newspaper. But I believe it is true, too, in our mental life, our consciousness or awareness of self and the world.

Where you are in consciousness is even more important than where you are in the world.

The Bible tells us in the third chapter of Genesis that Adam and Eve ate of the forbidden fruit, then hid themselves from God as He walked in the cool of the day.

"And Jehovah God called unto the man, and said unto him, Where art thou?"

Adam and Eve had changed their consciousness, their mental outlook, by the eating of the forbidden fruit. They had "fallen" to a lower level in consciousness. Where before they loved God and thought of Him as their loving Father, now they were afraid and ashamed. They covered their nakedness and hid from the Lord. Then came His thundering question, "Where art thou?"

Where art thou, indeed?

Here, I believe, is one of the most important questions the Lord ever asked of man.

Where are you in consciousness? Where am I in consciousness? Where we are determines our outlook on the world and thus determines to a large extent the sort of things that happen to us.

Haven't you known people who live in terrible worlds? They are the kind that live in a world peopled with sinister clerks, neighbors, co-workers. Everyone is trying to beat them out of something. They suspect every compliment, they mistrust every acquaintance. Everyone treats them unjustly.

On the other hand, haven't you known people who live in a happy, wonderful world? They like everyone; everyone likes them. They find much every day to be happy about. Occasional setbacks or affronts by

others seem to pass pretty much unheeded. They are conscious of the happier, finer things in life.

"Live in the top flat," said Henry Drummond in *An Address to the Man Who Is Down*. "You will find yourself living in the animal part of your being. Escape and get into the upper story, where the roof is open to God, and where you can move amongst holy memories and amongst high ideals."

Live in the top flat! That is good advice indeed!

If you find your happiness is being crowded out by a lot of little things that happen to you, move up to a higher plane of consciousness. It is a fact that you will be conscious of the little things that happen to you in the level of consciousness where you live.

Haven't you been astonished at times at the little things that irritate some people? The tone of voice of a taxi driver, a TV commercial, a piece of paper blowing across the lawn — almost anything and everything can set some people off into a negative mood.

And, conversely, haven't you been astonished at the littleness of things in which some lucky people find happiness and pleasure? Such things as a baby's smile, a wild flower, a bird song, a picture postcard from a friend.

The reason is because when a person is in consciousness the little

things akin to that consciousness affect him more than big things not akin to it. To the lover, who lives in a consciousness of love, a word of endearment from his beloved, assumes greater proportions than a neighborhood quarrel or the angry objections of a parent.

If you live in an inner world of anger, intrigue, fighting, and unhappiness you will find your outer world filled with these same things.

If you live in an inner world of love, faith, hope, beauty, and happiness, you will find your outer world filled with like things.

Thus it seems that when you are troubled the thing to do is to rise up to a higher consciousness, a consciousness of finer, more worthwhile things where the things that will happen to you will be higher, better, and finer.

Jesus said that if a man compels you to go a mile with him, to go with him two miles. This is a very practical way to rise up to a higher consciousness.

You see, when the man compels you to go with him a mile, this may seem to be an injustice. But instead of accepting it as injustice, Jesus suggests that you lovingly give him the mile and even give him an extra mile. Thus what may have started out to be an injustice becomes an opportunity to give in love to another. One who does this has risen up out of the consciousness of

injustice into one of love and good will. The things that happen to him then both inwardly and outwardly will be the things of the new and higher consciousness where he is.

Emmet Fox advised in his booklet *The Golden Key* that one stop thinking about his problems and start thinking about God. This is a very effective way to rise up to a higher consciousness, to get you out of the plane of problems to the plane of God where good will happen to you. As the thousands who have tried Doctor Fox's suggestion will testify, this method works in solving problems.

"Finally, brethren," wrote the apostle Paul, "whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

A perfect formula for rising up to a higher consciousness! If you follow Paul's formula you will live in a world where the things that happen to you will be things that are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report.

So when you find that your life is filled with unpleasant things — problems, injustice, evil — ask yourself, "Where am I?"

Remember that the things that happen where you are are much

more important to you than the things that happen where you are not. Move to a higher plane of consciousness and see if your life does not adjust accordingly.

dwelt in a state of mind that is close to the kind of outer world you want to live in as you can. If you can truly do this, you will soon find that that is where you are.

"Live in the top flat." Try to

Keep Going

E. J. Ritter, Jr.

There isn't a thing

In the scope of the sky
If the mind does not dream
And the soul does not fly.

There isn't a value

In oceans of space
If the heart lies at harbor
Asleep in its place.

There would be no gems

In the chasms of time
If men did not search
For the rare and sublime . . .

And, lacking ambition,

Our lives would be small—
There would scarcely be sense
To living at all.

☛ "Play up! Play up! and play the game!"—*Newbolt*

Faith Calls the Signals

Marcus Bach

THE United States is a land of sports and spectators. On almost any day or night of the year some athletic contest is in progress here and enthusiastic fans are watching. The rest of the world may not understand us. It may not understand how, during a baseball pennant race, international affairs, politics, crops, the weather, and even Hollywood gossip go into eclipse. Nor can it understand the close relationship between American sport and American faith, spiritual faith, at its highest and best.

Of course, everyone knows that our sporting events stress basic principles such as rules of the game, self-discipline, self-control, and moral and physical well-being. Nor is it a secret that the baseball diamond, the football gridiron, and the basketball court pioneered in racial and cultural integration long before these goals caught the imagination of society as a whole. It has been an axiom for a long while that in life's games all athletes are created equal. There is something so fundamental in being a "good sport" that the idea has come to resemble the fair-play concept in the Christian faith.

But there is something deeper

than all this. Many of our athletes are consecrated Christians, and today there is a nondenominational organization called the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

The idea was born nearly ten years ago in the mind and heart of Don McClanen. When Don was still a sophomore at Eastern Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, he was asked to give a talk on sports. He stressed the spiritual significance in athletics. Later, after becoming a basketball coach, he followed through with his enthusiasm by contacting famous athletes who had already demonstrated their own religious convictions. He aroused their interest in the movement. Two of them, former athlete Dr. Louis H. Evans, minister, and Branch Rickey, chairman of the board of the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball club, helped in securing funds for financing the program.

The FCA has a single, sincere, and driving purpose: its members want to share their deepest spiritual convictions so that the youth of our land may recognize the need and the glory of following Christ. It is as straightforward and vital as that.

The organizers made it clear that

From *Good Business*, January, 1957, by permission.

they did not consider themselves perfect by any means, but they were determined to walk hand in hand with American youth in building a better character and a better world. They put their aims into baseball talk and said: "The Fellowship of Christian Athletes wants to help youth dust off home plate and show him the supreme aim of his strivings. God, through His Son Jesus Christ, gave all of us the goal or home plate of life when He said, 'Seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.' "

Soon college and high school students were hearing some of their heroes speak. Bob Heydenfeldt, UCLA's All-Coast end, went on record to say: "I feel that my life has been motivated by something more powerful and satisfying than football. This motivation is Christianity . . . Christianity is to me what a football is to a football game: indispensable."

All-American fullback Bob Daventport, a member of the same squad, said: "Playing on a great team is truly a privilege and a thrill. But there is a greater team than our Bruin club or any club. That is the great Christian team. The Bible promises anyone who follows the plays that Christ calls, the greater life that this world can offer, plus eternal life with Him."

Doak Walker, football star of the Detroit Lions, testified: "God has a

top spot with our family. We say the blessings before every meal and pray together over problems of the day for our family and friends. I have never been ashamed of my complete faith in God."

Some members of the FCA revealed personal spiritual techniques. Baseball star Alvin Dark told about his method of tithing. He explained how he started giving the Lord a tenth of his income when he was still a boy selling papers in his home town. A dime out of every dollar went into God's account. He continued this practice throughout other jobs and on into his service with the Marines. He has kept at it during his baseball career and, when he was with a winning World Series team and his winner's share was \$11,147, the Lord's tenth was immediately donated to his church.

It is becoming clear that there is a world within the world of sport, a world of Christian consciousness. To make God a partner is more than just a phrase, and to make Christ a teammate has a tremendously deep and practical meaning. A new spotlight is being put on sports and the Fellowship of Christian Athletes sparked the great adventure.

The keynote of the organization is self-discipline. A man ought to be willing to train for the game of life as rigorously as he trains for his chosen sport. The parallel is so obvious and so strong that many a young

American instinctively begins training his spirit while he trains his body and mind.

Carl Erskine, major-league pitching star, told American boys: "I have found that growing spiritually is much the same as growing physically or mentally. When we start spring training each year in Florida, I must discipline myself to do certain physical tasks—so much running, throwing, sleeping, eating, etc. Similarly, I have found I must discipline myself if I expect to grow and mature in the realm of the spirit."

The "kick-off" conference of the FCA was held at Estes Park, Colorado, in August, 1956. This first national meeting was arranged through its "home plate" office in Norman, Oklahoma, where Don McClanen is the executive secretary. A famous sports editor, Ernest Mehl, took on the job of public relations chairman, and announced that the Estes Park Conference would be dedicated to the great Alonzo Stagg, whose name and character are synonymous with the highest moral and spiritual principles in football. Stagg told the FCA, "The best decision of my ninety-three years was when I decided to become a Christian and when, on May 23, 1877, I joined the church."

The Estes Park conference attracted three hundred high school and college students, who left their summer jobs to see for themselves what religion can do and to find out for

themselves how religion works in the lives of men. The young delegates rubbed shoulders with athletes whom they had long admired, including Temple Tucker, seven-foot basketball star from Rice Institute; Otto Graham, quarterback with the Cleveland Browns; Biggie Munn, athletic director at Michigan State; James Jeffrey, tackle on the All-Southwest conference team; and many others of similar stature.

In his keynote address, Branch Rickey said, "I have never faced a program so fraught with promises for so many young men in terms of service to God." Donn Moomaw, twice an All-American, touched something in the hearts of delegates when he said: "You are either on the team of God or you're off. There is no in-between, no second team. If you're on God's team, Jesus Christ is your coach and your quarterback and you follow Him."

Something happened at Estes Park. Some called it "an awareness." Others spoke of it as "the coming of a Presence."

Speakers such as the Rev. Roe Johnston, Dr. Louis H. Evans, and the Rev. Rex Knowles had all been athletes. A list of those present included Harry Stuhldreher, one of the famous "Four Horsemen" of Notre Dame; Dean Cromwell, former track coach of the University of Southern California; Port Robertson, wrestling coach at the University of

Oklahoma; Forrest Allen, basketball coach at the University of Kansas. Clinics and classes covered basketball, baseball, football, wrestling, tennis, track, sports announcing, sports writing, and coaching, and all were geared to the challenge of following Christ's teachings. The young delegates represented some thirty denominations meeting in a common cause.

The FCA emphasized that it had no intention of starting a new religious movement. Its goal is to advance the cause of Christ in the individual life and through that life to build and influence the building of a greater Christian nation.

Eight tests were proposed by which a person's moral and spiritual growth could be measured: 1. Do I accept responsibility? 2. Have I improved my personal habits? 3. Has my moral conscience become stronger? 4. Am I going to church more? 5. Am I more mature? 6. Do I avoid temptation? 7. Do I have a more realistic picture of myself? 8. Do I give time and money for worth-while causes?

It was decided to bridge the gap between annual conferences by making teams of athletes available for youth rallies, college groups, public school assemblies—in short, wherever they are invited. In addition it was suggested that the members of the FCA be on call for witnessing for Christ through publications, films, radio, and television.

A visitor who met some of the boys following the Estes Park meeting said that he felt a freshness restored to his own religious faith when he saw the enthusiasm of the delegates. It was a "revival" in the most wholesome sense of the word: a revival of faith in God, faith in one's own capacity for life, and faith in the men who make up America's athletic world.

The reaction of the high school and college students who attended was typical of youth's enthusiasm. A young Michigan track star testified: "I've just realized I've been trying to lead a Christian life without Christ. It can't be done." A high school football player said, "I'm rarin' to get home and get started on the things I've learned here."

Warm-hearted, energetic, booming Branch Rickey said: "The conference has spiritual potential beyond conception. With such consecration it may be possible to remold America in one generation through the influence that athletes have on the young people of our land."

The delegates went home carrying in their hearts the inspiration of a practical, workable religion, and carrying in their hands a conference folder which bore the picture of Sallman's famous "Head of Christ" with the caption, "The most dynamic leader of all time."

The game of life—the good life—

is what the Fellowship of Christian Athletes is interested in. According to its aims and goals, faith calls the signals.

The Art Of Getting Along

You need always to get along well with yourself, for the art of getting along with everybody imposes some very personal obligations upon you.

J. Richard Sneed

Who Learn To Wait

Elaine V. Emans

Who learn to wait

At length assume

The calm of trees

That know their bloom

Must bide its time—

And stanchly bear

The tempest's shock,

The frigid air.

YOU CAN TRUST GOD

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. — Deuteronomy 33:27.

Phillips Brooks once told a story about his father. His father was a minister and his salary was small. One day his wife was complaining about the sort of food they were able to afford, and perhaps her tone implied that he ought to try something else. His father listened for awhile and then he said something like this, "I have trusted the Lord for forty years and He has never failed me yet. I do not expect that He is planning on doing that now."

Those who have spent time with God, trusting Him, all have the same testimony to give. He is the kind of a God who will take care of you. King David once remarked that he was once young and now was old and that he had yet to see the children of the righteous begging bread.

Once George Mueller was scheduled to speak in a certain city. His ship was fog-bound and the captain told him that there was no chance of getting to port. Mr. Mueller told the captain to come with him to the chart room and they would pray. He thanked God for his safe keeping and for the lifting of the fog. The captain started to pray but Mueller stopped him and said, "Don't pray. In the first place you don't believe that He will answer you. In the second place I have prayed and there is no need for you to pray." They went on deck to find the fog lifted.

A refuge is a territory where animals are safe, protected, and fed. This territorial refuge is the outer manifestation of the refuge that some people had in their minds — their concern and intention. Those who have trusted God find that He is an eternal refuge. If one trusts Him, spends time with Him, loves Him, then He keeps one safe, protects him, provides for him. Jesus told His disciples, "Consider the lilies of the field . . ." Also, "Behold the fowls of the air . . ." If God takes care of them because they are so constituted that they *must* trust Him, HOW MUCH MORE will He take care of us!

God is a refuge. He will keep you safe, provide food and clothing for you, and satisfy your heart with contentment and peace.

READ: **The Single Eye**, Austin Pardue. **\$2.50**

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

"I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." — Psalm 16:8.

What a man holds before his eyes will largely determine how he lives. Some men hold before themselves the uncertain political condition of the world and so they go through the day unsure of all activity. They are not sure if they should invest in the future for, after all, there may be no future. It reminds one of the time, not too long ago, when young people thought themselves very wise to forego having children because they did not approve of the world. With maturity they changed, but it all came from holding before their eyes war, uncertainty, and brutality.

A true story is told about a town in Maine that was scheduled to die. A new dam was being built and eventually the town would be covered with water. Months before the evacuation actually took place, the town looked depressingly shabby and dirty. No one saw any need for repairing, painting, or planting. There was no hope in the future, and therefore no incentive to do anything about the present.

Christians, above all people, ought to have incentive to work in the present, for they have a sureness about the future. We ought to be able to say with Paul, "I *know* whom I have believed . . ." To know Him means to know that there is no action that is meaningless, and that everything is important. It means that a cup of cold water given in His name has eternal worth. It means that being reconciled with someone with whom there is misunderstanding is the same thing as worshipping God. It means that it is important to return good for evil. It means that being faithful in the small things of life is training for being entrusted with the big things of life.

Holding the Lord before us reminds us that there is nothing in life that can defeat us because there is nothing in life that can defeat Him, and our lives are in His keeping. Therefore it means that the Christian life at its highest is life without fear or doubt. It means living life with enthusiasm, with wonder, with purpose, with faith, with love, and with security. *Hold the Lord always before your eyes.*

READ: **Healing and Wholeness Are Yours!**, Genevieve Parkhurst. **\$3.00**

THE POWER OF DREAMING

"Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions . . ." — Joel 2:28.

I believe all great things have been done by men who were possessed by a dream. It was true of Abraham leaving his home and going out without knowing exactly where he was going. He was possessed by a dream. It is true in politics, ancient and modern, and it is true in business and science. The man with the dream is the man to watch. It is true that where there is no vision the people perish. When we cease to dream and vision we shall know that we have ceased to live!

The next time you visit a large industry and are awed by the vastness of the enterprise, ask about the start of it. Get the story of its beginnings, and when you do you will without doubt find that it is the story of a man with a dream.

A short time ago I was in Hollywood and had the privilege of visiting Cathedral Films. Cathedral Films make the movies and film strips that are shown in many churches across this country and, in my opinion, are doing the finest job of religious education that is being done anywhere in the world. The visitor is apt to be awed by the "organization," until he gets behind that organization to the man who gave it birth. He is a delightful, humble man who is fired by a dream, and his name is The Reverend James K. Friedrich, L.H.D.

Jim Friedrich was a young Episcopal rector in Minnesota when he inherited some money, and this was exactly what he needed to give form to a dream that had fired his imagination since seminary days. So Jim Friedrich resigned and went to Hollywood to make a motion picture. He believed that the teachings of the church and of the Bible could be more effectively presented through movies and film strips than through books. Children and adults lose themselves in movies, they vicariously experience events with the characters, and they remember what has taken place more completely than if they had simply read it listlessly in a book. God was with Jim Friedrich and he sold his first picture and that was the beginning of twenty years of his time, energy, devotion, and love to make Christianity real to youthful and adult minds across this country.

Yes, Cathedral Films grew and expanded, but it is a little frightening to think that it might never have come into being if it had not been for a man with a dream — Jim Friedrich. So become once more like a child, and dream!

READ: **God's Voice in the Folklore**, Glenn Clark. **\$3.00**

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

TRIUMPH OVER TRAGEDY, Iona Henry with Frank S. Mead. Revell, \$2.00 125 pages. This is not an essay on suffering and the different philosophies about it. The book reports actual experiences. This valiant and lovely-spirited woman lost her daughter, only fourteen years of age, from cancer. Then, when she and her husband and young son were taking a trip to help them forget, they were involved in an automobile accident. The husband and son were killed, and she was horribly smashed. The story acts like a magnet on the reader. Once you begin it, it would take a firm determination of the will to lay it aside. I had no desire to lay it aside. I wanted to see how she worked her way out of an "impossible" situation. She did work her way out of it, and it was not easy. There was physical torture, mental defeat, and even spiritual surrender before she was able to say, "Nothing can hurt me, any more . . . For I have walked far in the valleys of the unknown land, and I have come safely through." This is a book that will leave you strong and humble. Certainly everyone faced with tragedy will find it a God-send.

THROUGH TROUBLED WATERS, William H. Armstrong. Harper, \$2.00. 86 pages. This is another book on successfully facing tragedy, by a husband whose wife, apparently in the best of health, is suddenly taken, and he is left with three small children from five to nine years of age. Here there is no warning, just a little sore throat in the middle of the night, the telephone call to their good friend, the physician, a laughing trip to the hospital, and within an hour the announcement that she had slipped away. With sudden death comes the heart-tearing task of telling the children, and the awful silence of unbelief, the innocence of the youngest child asking when Mommy is coming back from heaven, and the going about work and school and the running of a house with-

out Mommy. But this is the story of a family that is still intact, and it is a story of triumphant Christian faith that somehow takes them through troubled waters. Iona Henry's book, *Triumph Over Tragedy*, paints a picture of utter desolation because everyone and everything is swept away. William Armstrong's book is not that utterly empty of *everything*. There is death, sudden and uncomprehending, here but it is a more nearly normal and natural tragedy. This is not to say that the pain is any less stunning and real, for it is just as stunning and it is just as real and almost unbearable. This book is the story of a father and three children who find that their nurture in Christian faith and love enables them to go on, and in the going on to find a new life that is blessed with the memories of a wonderful woman.

THE SINGLE EYE, Austin Pardue. Morehouse-Gorham, \$2.50. 134 pages. There are few Christian writers who can impart to the reader the sense of heavenly wisdom and human tenderness as does Austin Pardue. It would be difficult for me to imagine anyone reading almost anything that Bishop Pardue has written without being helped. I have always come away from his books with the feeling that God is real and very close. He brings spiritual truth down to the place where we all have to spend our days and hours. He talks about a Biblical character with the same reality that he talks about a jet pilot, and vice versa. This book is divided into two sections. Section one is concerned with our fears and faiths and the author shows us how to go about losing the fears and developing the faiths. Section two is concerned with prayer, and I am sure that everyone who reads it will find his prayer life strengthened and more real. This is a spiritually refreshing book.

MULTIPLY YOUR RESOURCES. J. Walter Fiscus. Macalester Park, \$.50. 40 pages. I do not know of anyone who is not interested in learning how to multiply his resources. And, I might also add, that I have never seen a more explicit and helpful book on explaining how to go about it than this one by Walter Fiscus. In fact, I would say that this ought to be basic reading for any further investigation into the spiritual and mental basis of increasing our goods in any form whatsoever. The book is inspirational, it is practical, it is specific, it is mind-stretching, and it is spirit-challenging. Some of the chapter titles are, "The Spiritual Law of Giving and Receiving," "Give it Away!" "Prosperity—Spiritual and Material," and "Giving is Christian Outreach." I am convinced that every businessman ought to read it, and quick. Every housewife ought to read it. And, my goodness, what it would do to the lives of young people if they could learn the truths in this book early! I think Walter Fiscus has done magnificently, in a relatively few pages, what others have spent hundreds of pages trying to get across with less success.

HEALING AND WHOLENESS ARE YOURS! Genevieve Parkhurst. Macalester Park, \$3.00. 207 pages. It has been a long time since I have been as enthused about a book as I have been about this one. To the many people who have found *The Healing Light* by Agnes Sanford so vital, I can say that this book is another *Healing Light*. There is no question in my mind but that it is going to be very popular and very helpful to every Christian. Mrs. Parkhurst is a minister's wife who wondered with increasing impatience why the church was unable to heal as Jesus did, and as He told us to. Then came the day when a physician told here that she had cancer of the breast. Sometime later she was attending a conference when she went

to her room to rest. As she lifted her eyes Christ stood before her, and she was instantly and miraculously healed. She says with refreshing candor, almost reading the reader's mind, "If one says that it was a hallucination, there can be no doubt about the results." The result was that the lump was gone and in its place there was a cavity covered by loose skin. It took many months to fill up with normal tissue. This led her to a study and a disciplined life of dedication to understand more fully and to explore the realm of spiritual healing. As one reads the book he is impressed with the realization that hers is a brilliant mind, inquisitive and analytical, mystical and down to earth, tender and ruthless, faithful and yet demanding to feel the wounds. Above all, here is one who has explored and found, and one who is able to communicate what she has found in a way that is intellectually respectable and spiritually satisfying. Some of the chapter titles are: "Christ Appears in Visible Form—I am Healed." "Discipline in my School of Prayer," "God Heals Through Human Hands." "Children are Receptive to Healing Prayer." "There is Healing in Prayer Groups." "Working with Doctors," "Bless your Body and Expect Healing," and "Those who have Gone On."

Mrs. Parkhurst does not claim infallibility, nor does she imply omniscience about all that concerns the field of healing. However she does give every honest reader many ideas that may possibly point to an answer, even if we do not know (in fact, cannot know) the specific answer at this time. This is not, above all else, a Pollyanna book. It is a book that can change your life. It is a book that opens up gates of splendid possibilities for those to whom the subject of healing is new. It is a book that is Christian. It is a book that can set you dreaming with Bethlehem's star in your eyes. There is only one more thing I can say about it, and that is, "Get it."

☐ "For the impossible to happen man must first do the possible."

Christ's Healings Today

Norman Vincent Peale

WHAT has happened to the mighty healing power that Jesus displayed twenty centuries ago in Galilee? The Bible tells us emphatically that He commissioned His disciples to continue ministering to the sick and handed down to them the ability to cure illness in His name. Is that power still with us? Can our churches still be called, as they were in early Christian times, "temples of healing"?

In this Guideposts series over the past six months we have attempted to show where Spiritual Healing stands today. We have demonstrated that there is a great revival of interest in the whole subject. We have expressed our conviction that the greatest progress is being made, not through widely publicized tent-healings, but through the efforts of medical men who combine scientific and spiritual principles in their healing work, and through ministers who hold healing services in their churches and use other spiritual techniques to help afflicted individuals.

For me, many of the examples reported in the previous articles point

to a vivid and inescapable fact, the fact that Christ is just as much with us now as He was when He walked the earth almost two thousand years ago. And the examples confirm my conviction that Christ heals today in two general ways: (1) directly and (2) through His servants who study the laws of science and of the spirit.

How a physician willingly becomes Christ's healing servant was vividly illustrated in the childhood experiences of Louise Eggleston. This author and homemaker told a retreat group recently how as a girl she suffered a ruptured appendix while visiting friends in the country. When she was eventually gotten to a hospital, several surgeons concluded that even with an operation she would have no chance to recover.

At that point Dr. Langford, their family physician, took over. Since medical science could go no further, he urged Louise's parents to place her completely in God's hands. Then kneeling by the girl's bedside, Dr. Langford said this prayer:

"Father, this is your little girl and you love her more than we possibly can. We believe that if we bring her

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into the presence of the living Christ, He will make her whole in order that she may fulfill her mission here on earth. We believe that Christ lives today in all His resurrection power and is willing to serve us just as when He went about Galilee, healing the sick and comforting the sorrowful."

Such a prayer should be framed and placed in hospitals and homes throughout the country as a daily reminder that Jesus was and still is the Great Physician.

For this prayer was certainly the spiritual medicine that cured Louise, when regular medicine could no longer help.

We have seen that spiritual healings follow no set pattern. Christ Himself cured people in a number of ways. Sometimes it was a matter of laying His hands upon the sick person; another time it was rubbing spittle on the afflicted part. When the woman suffering from a hemorrhage came up behind Him, she was under the impression that if she but touched His garment she would be healed. And in that instance, Jesus simply turned around to her and said: *Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole.*

It is quite apparent from the Scriptures that above all Christ wanted those who came to Him to have faith, to believe in Him. *All things are possible to him that believeth.* He said again and again in one form or another. He did not require that

they be of a certain race or economic status, or even that they be sinless. The only qualification was that they come to Him believing.

And yet He was patient and understanding of doubt, as in the case of the father who came to Jesus asking help for his epileptic son. Jesus told the father that he should believe. *Straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.* Christ did, by curing the boy.

While Christ's healings were and are miraculous, this does not mean that He doesn't need our help. For the impossible to happen, man must first do the possible.

If you want Christ to help you with a health problem, try first to make a complete surrender of your own will. Resistance is a basic instinct, but let it go. Put yourself entirely in Christ's hands, repeating over and over, "My faith will make me whole."

Frank Laubach reported the case of a woman in England, Dorothy Kerin, who was cured almost instantly of diabetes and tuberculosis, both of which she had endured for a long time. "She was lying in bed slowly dying of these two diseases," wrote Dr. Laubach, "when she received the Holy Communion from her parish priest. Shortly after, she had a vision of Christ, who lifted her by the hand and assured her that she would be healed and would

become His witness that He is still healing sickness in our day. Quickly she became wholly well."

This woman surrendered herself unconditionally to God. She put herself completely in His hands. "He who asks for God's help must give Him every last corner of the soul," said Dr. Laubach.

A second aid to spiritual healing is the application of *intensity*. More and more I've come to the conclusion that this is a greatly overlooked factor in recovery by faith. By *intensity*, I mean forcefulness of thought and prayer. Another word for it might be concentration . . . or simply effort.

Last summer while in England I met the foreman of an industrial plant who had gotten much publicity following his miraculous healing from what had been diagnosed as cancer. He was a big, white-haired, stoical man. I asked him how he had been healed.

"I went to a man who talked to me about Jesus," he said.

"Did he touch you where it hurt?"

"Yes . . . very lightly."

"What happened?"

"I just knew suddenly that the Lord was touching me too."

"And the pain went away."

"Yes."

That was all I could draw out of the man. Others I talked to could add little to the foreman's story except to say that he hadn't been much

of a believer until this experience.

The beauty of the story was in its simplicity. In one brilliant moment of illumination the foreman reached an intensity of belief he never had before. The healing occurred at that instant.

An even more extraordinary cure was reported from the shrine of Lourdes, in southern France, just as I was leaving Europe on my way home. In this case, a dyed-in-the-wool, atheistic Communist named Louis Olivari, paralyzed by a fall from a ladder, was persuaded by his wife to join a pilgrimage although he was, as he put it, "revolted by the whole thing." Scoffing and jeering, he made the journey only because two and a half months in a hospital had done him no good whatever.

At the shrine he met a blind boy, ten years old, who was making his fifth pilgrimage. People seeking cures at Lourdes are usually bathed in water from the spring where Bernadette had her famous visions, and it happened that the Communist and the blind boy were immersed at the same time.

"Pray," the blind boy urged and set a fervent example.

Seeing the blind boy's lips moving in prayer, the Communist impulsively cried out:

"God, if You exist cure this child who deserves it more than I!"

As he said the words, he felt faint, and was taken from the water. And

suddenly he found that his paralysis was gone. In one miraculous moment of intense selflessness, the atheist was cured and his faith in God's goodness was restored. He was not only healed physically; mentally he was also made whole.

The story said nothing about the blind boy, and presumably he remained blind. So the inevitable question arises, "What about those who aren't healed?"

The answer to that is that God can make a person *whole* without curing him physically.

During all the seven years she was a Guideposts editor, Grace Oursler struggled to rise above the handicap of a heart condition. She surrendered herself to God's will regularly, asking for personal healing among other requests. Results came for these "other requests," but her own health problem remained.

"I've often wondered why my prayers for others get such prompt

attention, while personal requests seem to go unanswered," she once told me. "I've concluded that God has some special use for my illness."

Grace developed a completeness of faith that was an example to all of us. Even her death a year ago was on a triumphant note. God made Grace Oursler a radiant "whole" person even though He didn't heal her body.

I feel we are on the threshold of a great new era in the field of spiritual healing, partly fulfilling Christ's challenge and promise: *He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do.*

But we should never forget the fact that while Jesus was the Great Physician in the sense that he healed physical ailments, He was primarily interested in ministering to soul sickness. For above all else, Christ's main objective was to lead men and women into the Kingdom of God.



☞ "It must grieve our Lord to have us fail to accept his proffered gift."

The Gift of Peace

Grace Noll Crowell

THERE is an inner strength and beauty in the brief word "peace." Too often we associate it only with freedom from war with all its horrors. We have traveled a long hard road, crimson with the blood of our youth; we have suffered agonies from loss and sorrow, and in the physical sense, peace, even with the complete cessation of hostilities, still seems to lie a long way off.

The Lord left us a different peace: his peace. His tranquillity of spirit which no ill wind could disturb, no evil force destroy. The secret of his peace lay in his unchanging attitude toward the will of his Father. He moved in that will. He had his being in it and he found peace and rest therein.

He wants us to lay hold and savor the full, deep meaning of the will of God. He desires for us to know the inner spring of his peace, and so that far-off day, before he went to his Father, he impressed upon his hearers the fact that the Comforter which his Father was to send would teach them all things and would call to their remembrance the words that he had spoken.

Echoing across the centuries we hear Christ's clear, penetrating voice: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." If we have our being in a high stratum of life, if we abide in the will of God, why should we be troubled? why should we be afraid? The force for good will ever be at work within us and we can go forward fearlessly.

Why should we be disturbed so greatly by the fretting, nagging things which so often beset our days? They are small and inconsequential when taken separately, but many times we allow them to accumulate until they overburden us and bow us down.

We fail to "consider the lilies of the field." We are told that "they toil not, neither do they spin," yet we permit the day's tasks to become mountains in our way. We forget Jesus' admonition to "take . . . no thought for the morrow," and we go floundering on, anxious and troubled over things that may never happen, forgetting that if they should happen, our Lord will go with us, clearing the tangled way before us.

We dwell all too often in the low-

From the book *Come See a Man* by Grace Noll Crowell, by permission of the publishers, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

lands when we should be living victoriously upon the heights, drinking in the beauty and the wonders that God has placed before our eyes. We should be stretching upward spiritually and physically, growing in wisdom and stature through close association with one who thus grew in his sojourn upon the earth.

"My peace I give unto you." It must grieve our Lord to have us fail to accept that proffered gift. It would hurt an earthly parent deeply if he gave his little child a gift, new and shining and beautiful—a lovely thing for which that child had longed and for which he had expressed a desire—if, when that gift is handed to him, he should turn from it to continue his playing with some old and battered toy.

No less do we hurt the Lord when we earnestly long for peace of mind, for tranquillity of spirit, and we pray

for it. When he answers by assuring us that he is giving it to us, we go on living with the old anxieties, the same old fears which have been worn threadbare by much handling.

Peace is a quiet joy. Peace is an upward winging. Peace is rest after a long, high climb. Peace is God's will for his children. Jesus bade us open our hearts to receive it. Strange that we should go seeking for something that is already ours!

True, in life there is much work to be done, but our Lord strengthens us for that work. There are burdens that we have that should be laid upon Christ's shoulders that are stronger than ours. We may know failure and disappointments, we will have losses, but we are pupils in the school of life and there are lessons we must learn. May we be diligent scholars, pleasing to the great Teacher of all time.

Beautiful Things

Enola Chamberlin

I will think only of beautiful things—
Mountains that reach to the sky,
Valleys where orchard trees bloom in the spring;
Meadows where fat cattle lie.

I will think only of beautiful things—
Asters and bright goldenrod,
A bird that goes by on scarlet wings;
The love and the wonder of God.

☐ "Something else was needed—something called peace of mind."

How Does TV Rate as a Missionary?

Duane Valentry

IT'S THE OPINION of one expert that television may one day be the competition to churches that it is to theaters. That is, if "gospel" programs are handled correctly.

Qualified to speak for both religion and television is the Rev. Malcolm Boyd, recently ordained minister who left a lucrative post as network producer three years ago to enter divinity school at University of California.

"Religion never realized the potentialities of radio. It would be tragic if the same thing happened on television," says Boyd.

As partner with Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers before he left to study for the ministry, the fellow who was once called television's "boy wonder," knows well the problems of putting on a show. Today he relates those problems to his new church career and wonders out loud about the religious shows currently being viewed. He doesn't hesitate to say that in his opinion something's lacking, and he feels the blame lies with the churches.

"Network religious programs must be competitive with other programs as television productions. The motives and the results of religious programming are spiritual—

but they must be as imaginative in their production as the most popular shows on the air. Religious TV must be inventive in its efforts to attract audiences. They are competing with the most entertaining efforts that great TV showmen can devise."

If the churches hope to make the most of the medium they must include men within their organization who know television problems and are able to rely on the best production techniques in the business, declares Boyd.

"But leave the actual production to secular craftsmen who are skilled in the field of TV drama," he adds. "There is no substitute for trained personnel in the writing and editing of dramatic scripts. The costs involved in obtaining their services call for interdenominational cooperation."

Before leaving for England and a year's study at Oxford University, Malcolm Boyd handled his own television show as guest clergyman on CBS' "Light of Faith" program. As a first appearance as "Reverend" he admitted to some nervousness.

"I've never been nervous before. But this is different. I know a lot of my friends will be watching, and I want to make good."

The new Episcopal deacon did make good, his video know-how standing him in fine stead as he gave a talk, asked for prayers, and read from the Bible.

Previously a radio producer for Foote, Cone and Belding, advertising agency, Boyd also served at various times as public relations consultant for Mary Pickford, Samuel Goldwyn, United Artists, Allied Artists, and Republic Studios. He was also a former president of the National Society of Television Producers before going into partnership with Miss Pickford and Buddy Rogers in radio-television activity.

The decision to leave a zooming career, good money, and plenty of friends in the industry wasn't an easy one to make. But Boyd felt something else was needed—something called peace of mind. He set out to find it.

The answer came on a long trip through the desert. For the first time, the young man sat down and read the Bible. He spent long hours in meditation, talked things over with himself, and came up with the surprising decision (even to himself) to chuck it all and enter the ministry.

"I saw that there are not two separate worlds of Christianity and industry, that there is in reality only one world, but it must begin at the bedrock level of theology

and move outward in all directions from there."

Hollywood considered Malcolm Boyd's decision big enough news to make headlines all over the nation. Known as a super-salesman of his product, whether television or cinema, the change from youthful dynamo to thoughtful, slow-speaking searcher for realities set the film town back on its heels. At a testimonial luncheon tendered him at Giro's, Boyd tried to explain his decision to the well-knowns of the industry who had gathered to say good-bye.

"In running my own life I couldn't reach my ideals," he said, "so I have sought help, and higher guidance."

At a recent meeting of the Society of Motion Picture Comptrollers Malcolm Boyd stated that religious movies, on whatever screens shown, must compete with others on a basis of good craftsmanship, because the best intentions to convey great religious truth will collapse if the picture isn't good in its own art field.

"If television religious programs don't capture the imagination of the audience, the viewer will merely twist that dial."

Commenting on present religious programming on television, the brand-new minister averred the best job was being done by the half-hour dramatic series, "This is

the Life," sponsored and paid for to the tune of \$500,000 by the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod. In this program, he says, the world of the spirit is skillfully translated into the language of everyday problems.

Another successful format is that of Bishop Fulton Sheen, although Boyd ascribes the credit on this to the personality of Sheen, rather than to the production itself. Few other shows, in his opinion, make the grade.

"Let's not sell religion down the river by identifying it with cheap, badly produced programs which are either too sugar-coated or jazzed up and which are unfairly and opportunistically labeled as 'religion.'"

He believes the answer is for churches to band together to buy good viewing hours like any other sponsor, turn all scripts, casting,

and sets over to the TV industry itself, serve up shows that are well-produced and that show the problems of people like the average man who are groping for a more Godly life.

"Religious groups might well sponsor a series of great plays," adds Boyd, "those which show man's struggle with himself."

When reminded that a meeting of the minds might not be possible between denominations, no matter how important to successful missionarying such cooperative sponsorship might be, the young man to whom television is an open book, and who is now bringing the impact of his know-how and forceful personality to work for religion, minces no words.

"It isn't a matter of whether they can or will do it. They must. TV is too big a force for religion to ignore!"

George Washington Carver

Glenn Clark

He arose from the black loam of slavery,
Was a brother to weeds, ferns, and flowers,
From them he caught wisps of God's whisper
As he reshaped this sad world of ours.

He gathered the clays from the hillsides,
From the meadows took ragweed and grass,
From the peanut and simple potato
Brought myriad marvels to pass.

He was gentle of speech, sly of humor,
He was humble, simple and wise;
Born a slave, he faced life as a master,
While his Master's light shone through his eyes.

¶ "Why not look for the canes all men carry."

Look for Their Canes

Cort W. Sayres

THE MAN'S FEET protruded into the aisle of the bus, so that on my way past him I stumbled.

"Clumsy lout!" I called him, under my breath, and then all of a sudden his White cane became visible. I now hated, not him, but myself. I should have looked first and then only should I have passed judgment.

The more one thinks about it the more certain he is that almost EVERYBODY carries a Cane of some color.

I meet a person whose face is almost hostile with gloom. My first reaction is to resent, or even hate, that sad-faced stranger. What right has he to squirt sourness into the atmosphere, like a human octopus?

But stop and think—and look! It is possible that I am as oblivious to that man's Black Cane. Black for real sorrow. It may be that he has just left a hospital where his wife, or son, or best friend has lost the fight for life. For all I know a funeral wreath hangs on his door. If the sight of a White Cane instantly changes my attitude towards a man, why cannot this Black Cane, invisible at first but real, transform my selfish indignation to sympathetic understanding?

Then there is the nerve-rasping youth whose every act, it would

seem, is done with the express purpose of irritating an adult. Loud, vulgar, crude, rattlebrained—what a fellow and infinite pest!

That's a Green Cane he carries, mister. You and I had one just like it years ago: the symbol of animal spirits and ignorant inexperience. The callow lad will exchange it soon enough for one of a more drab hue.

Yellow Canes are everywhere these days, the signs of worry and fear. Wars and rumors of wars; uncertain jobs: cancer and heart disease and mental collapses—all these stain other those walking sticks we must learn to look for.

Are we impatient with dreamers and reformers and temperamental ones? Their Canes would seem to be many-colored: reds of enthusiasms, orange of zeal, purples of hopes.

Jesus hurled no thunderbolts of condemnation against the woman whom the unseeing populace would stone. He saw the scarlet cane of weakness and temptation that she bore. Lincoln would not be prodded into hate against his so-called enemies. His kindly shrewd eyes were not closed to the Gray Canes they grasped.

Why not look for the Canes all men carry?

¶ "Working with and for each other builds a sense of brotherhood."

The Mormons Look Out for Their Own

Zella Mack

"IT'S NEARLY MIDNIGHT," Mary Anderson told her husband, Bob, as they sped along the highway.

"Don't worry, Mary," Bob said. "The children are in good hands, and we'll be home in a little . . ."

Suddenly the car heading a line of traffic in the opposite direction cut across the center lane sharply ahead of them. Bob started braking immediately but could not avoid crashing. Bob was injured, but not critically. Mary was not expected to live.

Specialists were called in. Thanks to the doctors and good medical care, Mary did survive. But recovery took time—an expensive stay in the hospital and a longer recuperative period. Bob's earnings as a mechanic could not begin to pay for the hospital and medical care and other incidental expenses.

Yet, when the day came that Mary was again in good health, they owed no debts. For Mary and Bob were Mormons and as such shared in an economic Utopia. Did they accept charity? Decidedly not. The payment of their expenses was but one aspect of the extensive welfare program of the Mormons which has evolved throughout the years.

The keynote of this Utopian program is the cooperation born in the early days when Mary and Bob's ancestors as Mormons first came into conflict with society. The conflict without only intensified the cooperation within their membership.

And as a result of the conflict the Mormons were driven from their homes in New York and, ultimately in 1847, found themselves stranded, so to speak, in what was then a barren area, Salt Lake. To survive, these Mormon pioneers had to develop their self-reliance and closely-woven interdependence "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," was their guiding maxim.

The years following intensified their cooperative spirit, for they were years of privation and hardship. Furniture and household equipment were practically all handmade. Tools were makeshift, their methods primitive. They planted crops, but grasshoppers and drought plagued them. Severe winters killed off their cattle.

Despite hardships, means were found to supply those who could not furnish their own needs. Every father rationed his bread, from one quarter to one pound per person, for about a three-year period. Occasionally they ate vegetables and

meat. A last pound of flour was often shared. The first Thursday of each month was proclaimed a fast day in all the congregations and the food saved given to the needy.

Joseph F. Smith, a Church Apostle, said: "It has always been a cardinal teaching with the Latter Day Saints that a religion that has not the power to save people temporarily and make them prosperous and happy here cannot be depended upon to save them spiritually and to exalt them in the life to come."

Thus, when in 1933 many of the 840,000* Mormons found themselves out of work, a survey of their needs was started. Obviously, a more comprehensive program was now required. In 1936 the Mormon Church called upon its members to unite and to prepare for their own economic security.

Accordingly, when in 1936 they inaugurated a welfare program, they aimed at providing employment for members out of work, either in private industry, or in Church-directed projects.

The seeds of cooperation were now to take root in the development of what is probably the most extensive and successful welfare plan of any large group of people.

Each ward estimates its requirements of welfare supplies for one

year. The aggregate of all these estimates is the basis for an overall production budget, which is prorated to the wards.

Under this welfare program each ward of the Church has acquired and developed its own project. The Church believes in the highest possible degree of local responsibility. Accordingly, each project is financed by the local Church unit.

Cash assessments are levied. Or the money may be raised through money-producing projects. For instance, a city park may be the setting for a barbecue dinner. The money will then be prorated against the cash assessment.

The practice of a fast offering is continued. Members are asked to fast for two meals on the first Sunday of each month and to contribute the equivalent thereof.

If they can't raise all the money locally, then they may ask the General Church Welfare Committee in Salt Lake City for a short-term loan.

The California valley community in which Mary and Bob live consists of two stakes (of about eight wards each). Each stake had a welfare budget for 1955 of \$6,000. Part of this amount was met with milk, beef, butter, and eggs from the dairy farm they own.

The two stakes have almost finished

paying for a farm, acquired at a cost of about \$95,000. With the improvements they have added, its value now approximates \$110,000. Bob spends considerable time helping to grow string beans, apricots, corn, and tomatoes on this farm. Mary and other women workers are busy in the fall canning this produce, sometimes working late into the night. The canned goods they preserved were credited against the \$6,000.

The Mormons now have about 349 such permanent projects, comprising ranches, dairies, farms, and orchards, citrus groves, soap factory, bakery, woodwork shop, butter plant, mattress project, and a hog farm.

Any surplus food will either be interchanged or shipped back to Salt Lake City. Citrus fruits from Arizona and California might be traded for beef from Wyoming, or vegetables and fruit from Utah.

The food is stocked in 115 bishops' storehouses scattered throughout the country, constructed at a cost of over a million dollars.

If a major fire breaks out, or a river overflows its levee, anywhere in the country, the Mormons will soon be ready with a van load to a train load of supplies to aid and comfort the survivors.

Last December was a month of unprecedented rainstorms in northern California. In Yuba City a close watch was kept on the swollen waters of the Feather River. On

Christmas Eve (Saturday night) the river surged over its banks, forcing thousands from their homes. By Wednesday two large semi-trailer trucks of welfare supplies arrived from Salt Lake City. The trucks carried "in excess of one hundred mattresses, several tons of flour, blankets, sheets, and other miscellaneous household items." Except for the potatoes the supplies came from the Bishop's Central Storehouse in Salt Lake City. Quite probably these were the first supplies of any relief agency to reach the flood area.

The Mormons have their own "blood bank" too. Both Mary and Bob, as well as the other adult members of their Church, will contribute blood to their local blood bank. Then, should any member of their Church need any type or amount of blood, he can obtain it from the local blood bank without delay, without cost.

One Church group by careful planning together acquired a coal mine. The property is still operated by those in need from the Church. The coal is used exclusively to heat churches and the homes of the poor.

Working with and for each other builds a sense of brotherhood. Men of all professions and trades swing their hoes or plant seedlings together, shoulder to shoulder. Social barriers are leveled. Thoughtfulness and unselfishness are planted

* The Mormon population in the United States at the end of 1954 is estimated at 1,302,240.

in their hearts.

No one is paid for this work, though of course the unemployed who are receiving help from the welfare program will be among those working. Bob Anderson devoted many hours of labor before the accident occurred and will continue to do so. The labor is all voluntary.

In 1954, to operate the program and to develop properties required 127,711 unit days. Again in 1954, 6,706 received occupational counseling and 6,946 were placed in remunerative employment.

The Deseret industries provide jobs for many who are physically handicapped or too old to find a job in private industry. These older men teach the unskilled, the young men without a trade. At farm clinics the young farmer is exposed to the wisdom of the group and learns how to make his land produce efficiently. The skilled artisan himself doing voluntary work may learn an additional trade or craft.

Mormons have preserved the old-fashioned helpfulness of all our ancestors. This is a subsidiary, unofficial part of their welfare program. One farmer was unable to make the payments on his mortgage. The mortgagee might foreclose. One neighbor contributed a cow to his herd. Other neighbors did likewise. The mortgage was

paid, his farm was saved.

Bill Williams was a farmer, too. Harvest time was just starting when he fell and broke his hip.

"We'll lose our crop unless I can think of something," he told his wife.

Labor was cheap then, but Mr. Williams wouldn't have any money until his crops were sold.

On Monday morning his wife was fixing breakfast when a car drove in. Then another came. The farmers piled out.

There were tears in Bill Williams' eyes as his Mormon friends stopped in the house on their way to his fields to tell him not to worry, they'd take care of everything. And they did.

In the dead of one wintry night a father awoke to find his house on fire. He saved his family but all they had on was their nightclothes. This father had been out of work for weeks and this was the crushing blow. In this instance only the mother was a Mormon. Nevertheless, the Mormons saw their need. A place was found for them to live and groceries and clothes were provided. In a short time a new house was raised on the old home site. The family moved in. They owed nothing for their new home, except thanks to their friends.

Many "compassionate services," as they are called, are performed by the members of the Women's

Relief Society. Each member periodically visits the families in a certain district. Mary Anderson can and does participate in this work. Similarly, another member will call on her. If she, or another visiting member, should find illness, she reports it to the bishop, and he will send a volunteer. That is, he will if Mary is not in a position just then to help the family, as she often does, by doing nursing, housework, or whatever needs to be done.

Should Mary find a family in need, she likewise reports to the bishop. He then issues a "storehouse order," based on the specific needs of the particular family. A storehouse is a store without charge accounts, credit ratings, or a cash register. Not only would food and clothing be provided for the family but also rent, light and fuel bills might be paid.

In 1954, altogether 8,098,687 pounds of food, 10,189 tons of fuel, and 351,771 items of household supplies, clothing, and miscellaneous commodities were distributed. Cash, too, may be furnished if it is a matter of, for example, tiding someone over a period of unemployment or illness and saving his home.

Hospitalization and burial bills are paid where appropriate. In short, the Church will step in and assist a family in any financial

emergency, just as they did in Mary and Bob Anderson's situation. There are no rules. The Bishop is chosen for his wisdom, he knows his people, and he exercises sole discretion. And obviously it is not charity, but earned self-insurance. And as insurance it is so regarded. For no one knows when personal disaster may hit.

Their storehouses are stocked with the necessities of life. Should hard times or a famine come upon this land, they are ready. A note of pessimism is here detected, that is, as to the possibility of such a major domestic crisis. But this ingrained characteristic is traceable to, and understandable in the light of, their early days. A minority group does not readily forget.

All the peoples of the world today—of every race, creed, and color—constitute one big "minority group"—that is, in the face of the potential destructive force which can be unloosed upon them. On a comparatively miniature scale, the Mormons point the way by which this fatal disaster can be averted. For, ultimately, the only *greater* force we can muster to save one, save all, is this selfsame sense of brotherhood and cooperation so conspicuous among the Mormons—extended and magnified a million-fold.

You Can be Healed by God's Light

Irene M. Clemons

TODAY I REJOICE, for as Harry Emerson Fosdick has said, "I have come upon the exciting confirmation of my faith, saying, My soul, it does work." Yes, I have experimented with and proved the invisible light of God as an effective healing force.

True, I had read of two instances of people being restored to health by God's healing light but I gave little thought to the possibility of applying it in my own life. I reasoned that the fortunate ones who had experienced this miracle had more faith than I or were in some way better able to tune in to the Infinite. I failed to take Jesus at His word, "If ye ask anything in my name, I will do it."

During the month of February I suffered from a severe case of virus. According to medical advice I should have remained in bed, but since I live with my eighty-year-old mother, who is physically unable to carry on alone, the pressure of duties seemed greater than ever before. I did spend as much time lying down as possible yet the daily business of living made it imperative that for the most part I be up and doing. Consequently, my condition became steadily worse. I knew I had a high fever, I ached in-

tolerably from head to foot, my lungs felt like egg shells ready to crack at the slightest jar. I became alarmed at the very real threat of pneumonia.

Late one afternoon I lay on my bed completely exhausted. Suddenly those words, "I am the light of the world," flashed across my consciousness. They set me thinking of the wondrous light of Christ in connection with my condition.

I thought of the therapeutic value in light and heat being used with beneficial results by the medical profession. Only recently the doctor had treated Mother's arthritis with the aid of a powerful heat lamp. If those rays, and others like them, were helpful in bringing relief from pain how much more so must be the vibrations of Jesus. They would surely be more powerful, more penetrating, much higher than all other light forces. They must be capable of healing effectively and permanently. I decided to put the theory into actual practice for myself. There was nothing to lose in the experiment and the idea of regaining my health was a real incentive.

Stretching out upon my bed, I lay flat on my back relaxing completely. When my whole body felt as limp as

a rag doll, I placed my arms across my chest where the congestion seemed most distressing. I began to visualize myself as being in the center of a large circle with rays of invisible light entering my body at all points. I declared that these divine healing rays were under me, over me, around and within me. In fact, I mentally sprayed every cell and atom of my being with Christ light. Taking the attitude of quiet, confident expectancy, I held to the positive belief that the infected parts were being completely dissolved.

For over an hour I remained in the same position, all the time KNOWING that I was being healed by God's invisible rays. A warm, peaceful glow began to permeate my body. As I felt the comforting warmth and radiation of healing light, I had a strong desire to send it out to every living soul in God's universe needing healing.

Becoming absorbed in prayerfully radiating wave after wave of light and love outward to others, I was no longer mindful of discomfort. A great weight seemed to have been lifted from my chest. I felt an unbelievable lightness throughout my whole being. I could have sung for joy for all at once I knew I had been perfectly healed. I thanked God with all my heart, got up and went about the many necessary duties in preparation for the night. From that time on I was free from every vestige of

my former distress. God's invisible healing light had completely dissolved the old condition and I was literally "made new."

To me this was a miracle of God's love. It not only restored me physically but it enriched me spiritually above anything that had ever happened in my life. It taught me that we Christians too often read and hear and say we believe but we put into actual practice far too little. Our Christian faith is meant not only to be believed in but to be experimented with. It should be something to try out, to venture on, to put to use, to get well by, to depend upon. Only then can we realize the kind of experiences which will stand out as marvelous throughout the whole of our days.

Through my own healing I learned the absurdity of assuming that only a few chosen ones can avail themselves of God's promises. What happened to me can happen to you. God's promises are for all. They are positive, practical and uncompromising. They are powerful, unlimited, ever-present, workable Truths. No thrill in the world is equal to that experienced when we actually take God at His word discovering for ourselves the wonder of His fulfillment in our lives.

As Brother Lawrence has said, "We need only establish communion of our hearts with Him, summoning

the sense of His abiding presence. There is need of neither art nor science. We go as we are to Him, unpretending, single hearted."

Remember, God our Father as spiritual reality is an ever-present, available power for our daily use. When we translate this amazing power into experimental ventures, then we are taking God in earnest and we shall surely see the miracle wrought!



IT IS NOT EASY:

- To apologize
- To begin over
- To be unselfish
- To take advice
- To admit error
- To face a sneer
- To be charitable
- To keep on trying
- To be considerate
- To avoid mistakes
- To endure success
- To profit by mistakes
- To forgive and forget
- To think and then act
- To keep out of the rut
- To make the best of little
- To subdue an unruly temper
- To maintain a high standard
- To shoulder a deserved blame
- To recognize the silver lining

BUT IT IS CHRISTIAN . . .

Author Unknown

¶ "The faith that can move mountains is paying great dividends in a wild, remote region."

Faith and the School of the Ozarks

H. N. Ferguson

ON A MORNING in early summer a small freckle-faced lad stood hesitantly before the campus entrance to the School of the Ozarks at Point Lookout, Missouri. Self-consciously he scuffed a bare foot along the gravel driveway as he gazed in bewilderment at the broad expanse of buildings before him. He was bare-headed and scantily clad in a pair of multi-patched overalls. All his worldly possessions were contained in the cardboard suitcase that swung at his side. Like a frightened young animal he glanced over his shoulder in the direction of home—back across the great wooded hills that were clothed in a soft mist like a blue chiffon veil.

The place to which the lad had come is located in the Shepherd of the Hills country and is one of the most unusual educational institutions in the country. Its uniqueness lies in the fact that its existence and its development have been wholly dependent upon faith. A child in shabby clothing, undernourished, and with not a dime in his pockets, is received here with open arms. But all the money in the world cannot gain admission for the son of a rich man.

This is not an idle assertion; it

has been tried. A wealthy businessman once offered to buy scholarships for four children if the school would accept his own son as a student. "There are hundreds of youngsters in these hills who can't afford to go to school anywhere but here," Dr. Robert M. Good told him. "We just can't let rich children take up their space."

That nebulous thing called faith made its initial manifestation soon after the school was organized in 1906. It had no more than opened before the officials found themselves faced with foreclosure proceedings. Eight hundred dollars had to be raised immediately. Dr. W. R. Dobyms, chairman of the board of trustees, got on his knees in the solitude of his shabby office and prayed earnestly for a miracle that would save the school. Then he went directly to the post office. There he found a single letter. It contained a check for \$800 and this message: "In checking my tithe account, I find I owe the Lord \$800. Here it is."

That was the beginning.

"Providence has been guiding our destiny ever since," asserts President M. Graham Clark. "In 1915 the single building which housed the school burned to the ground. A com-

mittee, sent out to scout for a new location, found a substantial log lodge, a good barn, orchard and 203 acres of land situated on the high bluffs overlooking beautiful White River. It belonged to a group of sportsmen who had tired of it because of its inaccessibility. Coincidentally, the asking price was exactly the amount of the insurance money the school had received for the building destroyed by fire."

In 1921 Dr. Robert M. Good came to the school as its president. With an almost fanatical belief in the value of work and an unwavering conviction of the power of faith, he quickly got things rolling in high gear. Under his guiding genius the school began to make friends—rich, influential friends. White stone buildings blossomed on the campus—all gifts of generous men and women. Every structure on the grounds has been erected by the students themselves as part of their training program.

Dr. Good made an early survey of the school's possibilities and realized that the greatest benefit would come in providing the knowledge that would lift the standards of living of the hill folks. To promote such a program, he needed more land. Next to the school property was a 140-acre tract which was just what he needed. It was for sale—for \$6,000. Dr. Good had \$1,000 so he bought it. He promised the balance of the

money withing a few days.

Then he began to speculate that perhaps such rash action might be overstepping the bounds of faith. As he pondered, the telephone rang. It was a voice from a distant city. "I wonder," asked the voice, "if the School of the Ozarks might have any immediate use for \$5,000?" Is it any wonder that faith is the keystone around which the institution has been built?

I was introduced to the youngster, mentioned above, who, only a few days before, had approached the school full of fear and uncertainty. Already he had settled into his niche, all anxiety was gone and he was at home. He told me his story but asked that his name not be used.

"My folks didn't want me," he murmured softly. "Back there where we live,"—he waved vaguely toward the distant cedar crested ridges that were masked in a late afternoon haze—"a fellow didn't have a chance. I wanted an education so I could amount to something. We were too far from the school bus route for me to go to high school in town. Besides I didn't have any clothes or money. That's why I wrote to the School of the Ozarks. They took me in and now I have a chance. When I graduate here I'm going to college. I don't know just how, but I'm going." And he will. That intangible quality of faith seems to leave its mark on everyone here.

The most difficult task the school has is weeding out the applications of boys and girls who are rejected. Only 300 can be accommodated with the present facilities. There is only one common denominator for admission—those selected are those with the greatest need.

From the most inaccessible regions of the Ozarks they come—from a tiny log cabin nestling in the deep shadows of a forgotten valley or a rough board shack set atop a majestic mountain peak. Their personalities are as different as night is from day. Here is one shy and timid as a woods creature, another proud as a hawk wheeling high above the timeless hills, and another with the mountaineer's innate suspicion of rules and regulations. They have only one thing in common—they are the keenest and the best in the country back beyond and they are so poor that their only hope of an education is the School of the Ozarks. Their reaction upon arrival is often amazing and sometimes pathetic; many of them are experiencing for the first time such everyday things as electric lights, running water, bathrooms and radios. But they catch on quick.

They don't mind work for that is all they have ever known. While their more favored cousins throughout the land are enjoying carefree vacations and accepting, as a matter of course, their free education, students at Point Lookout are sweat-

ing through the summer putting in 540 working hours that will earn them a scholarship for the year just ahead. And after school starts, each student will put in sixteen hours a week at some form of manual labor that will pay for his room and board.

It's no place for a pampered youngster. A star-lit canopy still hangs overhead when the alarm bell pulls the heavy-eyed teen-agers from their warm beds at half-past five in the morning. The frosty grass crunches under their feet as they scurry across the campus for six-thirty breakfast. Classes begin an hour later and are not finished until 4:00 P. M.

The school goes far beyond the routine task of teaching students reading, writing, and arithmetic. Here they are guided, inspired, and rewarded as they work their way through four years of high school. "For six days a week it is a school of training," explains Dr. Good. "On Sunday everyone is required to attend church. The religious phase of the school is its greatest asset. Very seldom do we have a graduate who has not become a Christian. Very few of them are when they first come here.

"But religion is only one part of the picture. Girls and boys are also taught the practical arts of life—they live together as a community, they have their young courtships under proper supervision, they learn to as-

sume responsibility.

"Then there is the vocational side. Most of our students when they arrive haven't the faintest idea of how to work properly. But a boy soon learns how to take care of our cattle, do welding, handle heavy machinery or turn out a bang-up carpentry job. Likewise, a girl is taught how to serve a balanced, attractive meal, she learns how to dress neatly and economically, she becomes an efficient office worker, and she can entertain dinner guests with sparkling conversation."

And what do the students themselves think of all this? I fell in step with a blonde slip of a girl with dancing blue eyes who was on her way to sewing class. She chatted a mile a minute. "You wouldn't believe it," she laughed, "but when I first came here I was so shy I couldn't even talk to anyone. Sometimes I think they outdid themselves making me over. This is the grandest place in the world."

That evening I watched this same girl preside at a small dinner given for a few guests. She had all the poise, dignity, and animation of a veteran drawing room hostess. I learned later that she had been considered a backward child when she first enrolled. Her dullness now matches a newly minted dollar.

Skeptics frequently raise the question as to the need for the school in these modern days of school bus

service and free education. Such critics forget that it would be impossible to extend bus service into many of the impenetrable regions of the Ozarks. For children living in such areas it would mean getting up long before dawn to walk miles, as the crow flies, in order to catch the bus. But the crow wouldn't have to wade swift running creeks or meander along lonely trails in the darkness.

A hill country lad could stand the walk all right—but nothing nettles him more than the jibes from smooth town kids about his patched, ill-fitting clothes and the haircut he received when his mother placed a crock over his head and trimmed around the edges. And so, rather than face ridicule, he refuses to go to high school. But going to the School of the Ozarks is a different matter. Here prestige is not measured in terms of money, and no one makes fun of him.

Money, however, is an ingredient that is just as necessary here as it is at any other institution. Only the method of obtaining it differs. That's mostly Dr. Good's department and he does the job well. A tall, spare man with rumpled clothes and strong craggy features cast in the Lincolnian mold, he is now President Emeritus of the school and, as such, devotes practically all of his time to securing funds for his beloved boys and girls.

"It's always a little bit like Christmas around here," he smiles. "Our

requirements are such that \$500 are needed every day to maintain the school. So each morning we just open the mail and there it is. If, for thirty-five years, you had opened the mail with me day after day and never been disappointed, you could grasp something of my belief that the Good Lord is truly looking after us. We have had some rich experiences.

"One day two notices came in the same mail. One stated that a fire insurance premium was due, the other that the school's bank account was overdrawn. Yet, within twenty-four hours, a check came from an unknown friend for the exact amount of the insurance premium.

"Another time, when we balanced our books at night, we lacked a thousand dollars of having enough to close the month. It was Saturday night. The next morning one of the boys came in to tell me that a crippled man was sitting out front in his car and wanted to see me. We visited a few moments and I took him to church. When we returned, he wrote us a check for \$1,000. He didn't even know we needed it."

Distance is no barrier to the far-reaching tentacles of faith that radiate out from this mountain school. One day a soldier in Korea sat in his fox hole reading an article about the School of the Ozarks. He decided to make his insurance over to the school

just in case anything should happen to him. A week later a blast from an enemy burp gun cut him down while on patrol. His money is now paying for the erection of a beautiful guest cottage on the campus.

Years ago L. W. Hyer, a director of the J. C. Penney Company, visited the school. He immediately saw the need for a plentiful supply of fresh milk for the youngsters. Accordingly, he donated a number of purebred Jersey cows and has continued to add to the herd until it now numbers 130 and is recognized as one of the finest in the nation.

"It's easy to find money for our big projects such as buildings," says Dr. Good, "but it is much harder to get funds for the bread and butter which our youngsters must have. Of importance to us are those one and five dollar gifts which enable the school to stay on an even keel."

The Faith that can move mountains is paying great dividends in this wild, remote region. Hundreds of youngsters, doomed by environment to lives of deadly, useless monotony, are being transformed by the catalist of the School of the Ozarks into capable men and women anxious to accept today's responsibilities. They, in turn, are using their newly acquired knowledge and skill to bring hope and the promise of a new life to the rugged homeland from whence they came.

Counsel of Perfection

Starr Daily

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Matt. 5:48.

THIS scripture has both challenged and puzzled Christian students throughout the intervening centuries. To countless millions it has been a stumbling block. Painfully aware of being utterly imperfect, they have lacked the courage to strive toward a perfection which they considered impossible of attainment in the earth life. Hence before this commandment of Jesus the religious plumes of strong men have wilted, and weak men have quailed and quit.

I sat with a devout woman one day and discussed this lofty issue in the teachings of the Master. All her life she had aspired toward the ends of spiritual understanding. A deep student of religion and a close observer of life, she had become dissatisfied with her church, with its emphasis on form and tradition, and had taken up the study of divine science.

"We are taught to affirm perfection," she said. "There is a basis for this in Jesus' counsel of perfection. We declare that we are perfect in spirit. But what we have is a mental

concept, an abstraction, on the one hand, while on the other, we have a concrete example of imperfection. What our minds declare, our bodies and emotions belie. Sometimes our declarations of perfection only fix upon us more strongly than ever the sense of our imperfection. Yet I can't help believing but that Jesus was sound in this commandment. It was not his habit to hold up promises which were not possible of attainment in our earth life, to tell us to do a thing beyond our reach."

Somewhat familiar with modern religious philosophy I could sympathize with her bewilderment. I had seen many students in her condition who lacked her honesty. Unable to resolve their imperfect lives, they had rationalized the division of matter and spirit. By this mental action they had developed a concept which made no division. Spirit and matter were one and the same. It could be proved in the laboratory by the process of breaking down matter, and if the process could be carried out to its final stage the result would be pure spirit. The main trouble with this concept was found not in deductive or inductive rea-

soning but in the facts of life themselves. And these facts quite definitely pointed out that a division did exist between spirit and matter, that one did have a spiritual body and a material body. The material body certainly didn't act as though it were spiritual. At any rate, to most men, if the material body with all its ills and pangs and insatiable cravings was spirit, there was not much to be gained by seeking spiritual things.

This rationalizing method in support of a concept often proves disastrous to genuine spiritual aspiration. "In spirit I am perfect," is true. But if it is made the object of a lofty compromise, a means of escape from relative facts and pains, it then becomes dangerous to the life of the soul. For having thus settled the issue the incentive to further spiritual effort is removed, and life itself is traded for a lifeless concept, the actual thing for an idea.

The end, of course, for this sort of mental juggling is either frustration or permanent self-deception. If the latter, then the one thing is avoided which life is willing to teach, the gradual development of character by means of trials and oppositions. Once life has been arrested after this fashion, after actual life has been crystallized into a mental concept, the unfoldment of character ceases, and with it goes the redemptive power to influence

others. However, life will not tolerate a dead level, no matter how grandiose the level may assume to be. It will not be so arbitrarily thwarted by any such escape mechanisms, and all who follow this path are doomed to failure in every department above egotism and selfishness.

Yet, there stands Jesus' counsel of perfection, "Be ye perfect." And the natural reaction to this is, "I'm willing. But how?" And the answer is that man has been endowed with one capacity which makes it possible. To this capacity Jesus pointed when he uttered His first and great commandments. And He kept pointing to it throughout the short course of His ministry. He was the embodiment of love, and in love He was made one with His Father. His life and ministry was a Supreme Love Story all the way. We could love as He loved. We were endowed with that capacity. Consequently, by expressing His kind of love, we could reach the Father and thus be made perfect. "No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us." Let us requote Jesus, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

By contemporary observation and reading history I have seen that the most Christ-like men were those who loved as Christ loved, unself-

seekingly and sacrificially, while those who were distinguished by great intellectual development alone could in nowise be thought of as Christ-like men. By scriptural study I have discovered that the test of perfection is not faith, or creed or dogma, or concept, or interpretation, nor any of these minor things which the church has sought to elevate. It is not an idea in the abstract. It is an expression of conduct in the concrete. We can have our moments of perfection here and now when we meet the Jesus standard and love our brother unselfseekingly. By the art of meditation I have discovered that when the pounding senses are stilled there is a new and finer dimension of consciousness born, and in this state of being there is nothing but a radiant, all-prevading, indescribable aware-

ness of love.

This has led me to the conviction that the image of God in man is love; that when we love as Jesus loved we are one with God; and that therefore we do not need to be satisfied with the counterfeit perfection of a mental concept, which life itself betrays as false. There is no need of our declaring when there is no perfection consciously present. We are made perfect in our moment of unselfseeking love. This achieved, it will need no vocal or mental declaration to support it. It will speak to the world by itself. "By this (love) shall all men know." "Be ye therefore perfect (in love), even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect (in love)." For "God is love."

The test is not concept but conduct, not logic but love.

Prayer At Sunset

Willene H. Nusbaum

God, grant me the humility
To always joy and beauty see
In simple things.
Let just the flash of someone's smile
Make the darkest day seem worthwhile
And courage bring.
Let music sound its most glorious lay
In the laughter of children at their play
As sweet voices ring.
Faith and hope, sustainment of the wise,
Let me find in the caress of loving eyes
And to them cling.
Lord, let me always humble be,
And teachable that I may see
You—in the simplest thing.

Prayer Works!

"My husband passed away a month ago. Although he was not healed in body he was healed in spirit before he passed away. God in his infinite goodness kept him here until he was spiritually ready to go on. And I know this wonderful change was brought about by prayer."—*California*

"The enclosed is a small token to the United Prayer Tower in comparison to the joy the Manual and members' prayers have given me—by increasing desire first and my knowledge and love of God and His way. My real expression of appreciation will show love and understanding of and to others, I pray. With His help and the prayers of others and mine I have been able to see some of my sins as they come into view. I believe now that I can give them to God and accept His forgiveness and go on from state to state in His abiding love. The relief, or release, I have known recently has made me feel the expression "reborn" and it's heavenly."—*North Carolina*

"The Lord has richly blessed us by giving sight in one eye to our only daughter, a college junior. She was injured at birth and had never had any vision in her right eye, and some time

ago she began losing the sight of her left eye. She was declared legally blind, having only pinpoint vision. So she used a white cane, tape recorder, and readers for all her classes. Last Thursday night as she sat in a prayer meeting her vision was restored in the left eye! She simply raised her head following the prayer and she could see. She has lived very close to God and had surrendered her life completely to Him. She never prayed for healing, only that she could glorify God. We are so humbly grateful."—*Iowa*

"Just about a year ago, shortly after my return home from the hospital, a very good friend sent my name in to the Prayer Box with the request for prayers for my complete recovery from a mental illness. And now I have been pronounced completely recovered by the doctors. I am truly grateful for the help and inspiration that has been mine this past year in the use of the Manual of Prayer in my devotions and knowledge that many were praying for me as I prayed for others. God has been very good to me."—*Illinois*

"My heart is so full of gratitude to God and to you, His faithful servants, for what has happened in my home

THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

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

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota. Telephone Midway 8-5036; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at TAYlor 2-7396, Minneapolis, Minn., or Mrs. Ecoff, Midway 8-7365, St. Paul, Minn.

that I must tell you. Last year I wrote asking for prayers for my son who had let alcohol almost master him. While he was on duty out of the country last winter he seemed to realize his condition and quit entirely, although his fellow service men all imbibed more or less—even the commanding officer of the squadron who insisted on his boys drinking with him and my son was one of his favorites. But my son is holding to his resolution and how grateful I am. My little grandson, who had polio two years ago, has been very fortunate in making the progress he has but still wears a brace and the doctors feel that he will always wear it, but I know that God can make those weak muscles strong and he can walk normally again if our faith is strong enough as we pray. Will you put this petition in your prayer box, please?"—*Texas*

"My heart is full of the joy that has been mine since I found you. A daily walk with Jesus has been my desire for many years, and it is through you and the Prayer Tower, through Glenn Clark's books, and through such people as Frank Laubach and Agnes Sanford that the way has become clear. Without the Prayer Manual my quiet time would be much less inspiring. I cherish the letters from you written to me personally and to our whole Prayer Tower Family. A casual acquaintance became one of my dearest friends when we chanced to find a mutual interest in Glenn Clark's books. Together we shared the joys of the Prayer Tower. Another friend joined us and a prayer group has been started. How wonderful that Glenn Clark could step out of this life and into the larger, fuller life! And how enriched our lives have been and will continue to be because he lived here on earth."—*Washington*

"I could never put a price tag on what you have done for us. I am made happier

just knowing you are in existence."—*Oklahoma*

"Through the years we have received so many precious blessings through the ministry of the United Prayer Tower, real miracles of healing and now another will soon be added. . . . Thank you so much for standing by and fortifying us. Your letter was a real bracer."—*Wisconsin*

"I believe devoutly in prayer and know that God does answer prayer. I have had proof many times and on Christmas Day I had the gift of healing from a two-year heart condition. The heart attacks stopped two days before Christmas and I have not had any since. Christmas day I felt so well and strong that I went to our family Christmas dinner with fifteen of us present and have continued to grow stronger with no heart attacks. It is three months now with no return. Two weeks ago I had my doctor check my condition. His verdict was that my blood pressure is normal, my heart fine. I asked why I had no more attacks and he said there are new blood vessels formed, the blood stream has bypassed the old worn out ones and now the blood can reach the heart and head through new ones. I knew God had healed me in answer to prayer and again I thank all you friends for your prayers and help. I pray God to bless you and your work abundantly."—*California*

"The doctors said that my husband had only three months to live and that his only chance was heart surgery. Even with the operation they could not promise that he would make it. But due to the prayers of all our good friends and you folk and his wonderful faith he is well after three months. He has been working full time for four weeks now. It is wonderful what God can do when we turn everything over to him."—*Wisconsin*

Genevieve Parkhurst declares

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