

Fall 1958

Clear Horizons

Personal Experiences In Christian Living

50¢



**Genevieve
Parkhurst**

**A MIRACLE
SAVED HER
LIFE**

IN THIS ISSUE

- *Christ Appears to Me --
I am Healed!*
Genevieve Parkhurst

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THE COVER

The cover photo was taken recently in Alabama where Genevieve Parkhurst was one of the leaders at a summer camp for prayer and spiritual enrichment.

Her messages are powerful as she talks from experience and from having actually had a vision of Jesus at which time she was completely healed of cancer.

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*With a God like Him . . . David was sure
the sun would shine tomorrow.*

Claim the Good Life for Yourself

Charles L. Allen

In the play *South Pacific*, Mary Martin sang a song that I think is wonderful. In that song she sang: "I'm stuck like a dope, with a thing called hope, I can't get it out of my heart."

David says the same thing in different words: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." He is not wistfully thinking. He says *surely . . . surely . . . surely*.

David was an old man when he wrote the twenty-third Psalm. He had seen tragedies and disappointments, but he also had come to know God — a God who knows the needs of His children and who abundantly provides for those needs, a God who can restore life and take away fear. In spite of dark clouds on the horizon, with a God like Him whom David knew, David was sure the sun would shine tomorrow.

From *God's Psychiatry* by Charles L. Allen by permission of the publisher, Fleming H. Revell & Company. \$2.00.

We hear a lot about the wickedness of men and the destruction of the world. We know of bombs which can destroy cities with one awful blast. We tremble at the sound of dire predictions of the vengeful judgment of God.

But, somehow, as our minds are filled with the picture of the loving Shepherd leading his sheep we feel confident that He will lead us through the dark valleys.

One of the greatest teachers America has ever produced was Professor Endicott Peabody, headmaster of Groton for many years. One day at chapel he told his boys, "Remember, things in life will not always run smoothly . . . The great fact to remember is that the trend of civilization is forever upward."

Those words stuck in the mind of one of his students, and about forty years later that student gave new heart to the nation when he said, "The only thing to fear is fear itself." Franklin D. Roosevelt will always be remembered for the hope he gave to a hopeless nation.

Many people think themselves into disaster. They feel a little bad and they fill their minds with the thought of being sick. They start out the day with dread of something bad happening. They look to

tomorrow with fear and trembling.

There is a very successful teacher I have read about who teaches people to sit quietly and conceive of their minds as being absolutely blank. Think of the mind as being a motion-picture screen.

Then flash on the screen of the mind a picture of something good you want to happen. Then take the picture off. Flash it on again. Take it off. Repeat that process until the picture becomes clear and sharp.

Through that process the picture becomes firmly established in one's conscious and subconscious minds. Then the professor tells the student to go to work to make that picture a reality, to maintain a spirit of prayer and faith.

It is amazing how completely and how quickly that picture in the mind will be developed in life.

Quit predicting disaster for your world and yourself. Say with the Psalmist, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." (Psalm 118:24)

Begin the morning with hope. Plant this firmly in your mind, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me," and they will.

SEEING THE INVISIBLE

Harold Blake Walker

By faith (Moses) left Egypt, not being afraid of the anger of the king; for he endured as seeing him who is invisible. (Hebrews 11:27)

It is instructive to observe that the spiritual and historical significance of Moses lies in the fact that he saw the unseeable. What Moses saw that nobody else perceived made Moses the great soul he was, for, as the writer of Hebrews notes, he "endured as seeing him who is invisible." When Moses was cornered by the desert, the

Red Sea, and the pursuing Egyptians, he refused to "black out" spiritually. When it seemed to everyone else that Moses was completely hemmed in, he kept his corridor to God open.

He was not afraid of the wrath of Pharaoh behind him because he saw the Great Friend beside him. While others were blinded by

From *Presbyterian Life*, April 19, 1958, by permission of the publisher.

their fears, Moses saw God as a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, pointing the way. He managed to struggle through forty years in the wilderness leading complaining and bitter people because he saw God where they saw Him not. Hemmed in by circumstance, he kept open frontage toward God.

The Children of Israel could not account for the courage, hope and persistence of Moses because they did not see what he saw. Hungry, weary, and cold, two months after their departure from Egypt, they complained: "Would that we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt." Because they were troubled and discouraged, the Promised Land seemed to them no more than a mirage. Little by little they were overwhelmed, until once when they came to the edge of the Promised Land they turned back because, as they said: "We seemed to ourselves like grasshoppers."

You and I can understand the children of Israel because we are so much like them. We, too, are overwhelmed by difficulty, disappointment, and discouragement. We feel like grasshoppers when we confront the obstacles on the way to our Promised Land. The trouble with trouble is that it shuts out everything but trouble. Trouble is like a headache. You cannot enjoy the opera because you cannot

ignore your headache. You wish you had stayed home. It is like a speck of dirt in your eye. No matter if you be in the midst of magnificent scenery, with stately pines, rugged crags, and snow-covered peaks around you, you are not interested in the scenery; you are interested in the speck in your eye. Trouble always focuses attention on the trouble and closes all open doors and wide vistas.

Then, too, like the Children of Israel, we blunder into trouble in one area of our experience, and it poisons all our thinking. A small boy comes home after a fight with his best friend. His eyes are red and his face tearstained. "What on earth is the matter?" his mother asks anxiously. "Oh, everything's the matter," he says, as the tears begin to flow again. So it is with all of us. When one thing goes wrong, everything seems wrong. When we are having trouble at home, there is trouble at the office, too, and vice versa. A short circuit in one light socket puts out all the lights on the line. We cannot seem to quarantine what is wrong.

Without spiritual frontage, some little capacity to see something beyond the immediate, we never sense the creative possibilities in our difficulties. Obviously, the most important task we have when we run into trouble of one sort or another is to keep our spiritual lines open. If, in times of frustra-

tion, failure, or floundering, we can see beyond the moment of darkness to God, revealed in the words and ways of Jesus Christ, our inward pain is tinged with promise. If we can endure "as seeing him who is invisible," our troubles become growing points, not dead-end streets. The thrilling thing about the life of Abraham Lincoln is that his failures were the source of his gentle wisdom. Without the tempering of the tragic he never would have been triumphant. But no one can read the life of Lincoln without being aware of the fact that through all his troubles and failures, "he endured as seeing him who is invisible." Lincoln plus God made trouble a growing point.

Somebody pictured life as a game of chess played against an Invisible Opponent who with his superior skill and knowledge makes us play every move as best we can. But always he wants us to win. He wants it so much that he gave "his only begotten Son" to help us to victory. But a thousand times we will have some little victory in plain sight, and then in a moment see it swept off the board.

Do you suppose we can remember then, when the game goes against us, that he wants us to win?

God wants us to win something even from defeat and trouble. Indeed, life's highest values emerge by way of our difficulties. We have to meet hardship to have hardihood, and suffering to find serenity, and problems to find power. Any track man or swimming star knows that the tougher the opposition the faster the time. We cannot run a race with no opposition worth mentioning. There can be no greatness in the world without something to overcome. The odds he overcame made Moses great, and what he endured gave him stature. It was the opposition that stirred the powers of St. Paul. Stone him, pile intolerable burdens on him, imprison him, and still he says: "Rejoice in the Lord always: again I will say, Rejoice." He lived a life of incessant trouble, and against a dark, foreboding background, as in a Rembrandt portrait, his soul shone like a revelation. His troubles were his growing points because his spiritual communications were open.

*How God and Daily Living
can be Inseparable . . .*

The ABUNDANCE In You

JAMES A. TERRELL

Six years ago I uncovered for myself an age-old secret that changed my business career, my home relationships, my personality, in fact my whole life. And at that point, my life stood in need of change.

In my office I was last in sales. As a stockbroker and investment counselor, I solicited business in the best accepted traditions of selling. I tried to pry open the minds of my customers with the tools of high pressure, firm persuasion, awesome facts. This was very hard work; worse yet, the results were poor.

Financially, I was unable to meet the taxes on our home. My wife, a marriage counselor and a lecturer on psychology in the Los Angeles public schools, was contributing more than her share to our upkeep, and despite her expert advice, my ego was suffering great strain.

It was then, when hurting all over, that I began an earnest search for spiritual answers to my problems. For 44 years I had been a church member, and I still am. But somehow God had remained a Sunday acquaintance, unreal, shrouded in formality and very far away. Spurred by my defeats, I discovered I needed Him close at hand.

Could I get God into my daily affairs? If so, how? Through inspirational reading and metaphysical study*, I arrived at that day six years ago when I decided I could, and that the method I would use was simple; it could be wrapped up in six words.

* *Metaphysics is the science of fundamental spiritual causes and its application to the problems of every day life. Guideposts first learned about Mr. Terrell in Good Business (Unity Publication, Lee's Summit, Mo.) a magazine concerned with spiritual values in today's working world.*

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Salute the Christ in every person!

In other words, I affirmed to myself that everyone I met had within him the Christ spirit . . . the essence of good . . . a part of God . . . however you want to phrase it. My recognition of this quality—in others and in myself—immediately put our relationship on a higher level.

Before making a call, for example, I would eliminate from my mind all thoughts of resistance and conflict. I would sit a few moments in my car and “salute” my prospective client. “If my proposition is right for him, he will know it,” I would say to myself; “if it isn’t, I don’t want the business.”

This method not only made me a better salesman, but it also gave me inner guidance, assurance, and gave my clients an invisible service—protection. I remember once when a client recommended me to a gentle, elderly lady who called at the office.

“I’ve never made an investment in my life,” she confessed.

In earlier days my reaction would have been: “This is like taking candy from babies.” Instead, my new pledge to honor the Christ in every person took over within me. “Give me the perfect idea for her,” I prayed. “She is not giving me money but putting it to work, and it will flow back to her as a good investment. If in any way it doesn’t meet her need or is not a good idea, I release it now!”

As a result, the investments she made proved to be very good ones indeed.

Last year when I was made manager of the mutual fund department of my firm, I had the responsibility for training our young salesmen. When they approached a client I advised them to say to themselves in advance: “I am here to render this customer a service. I salute the Christ in him and he in me, and in this spirit we conduct our business.”

There were no instructions on how to beat the competition. Quite the contrary. When one of my leading salesmen raised the problem by saying: “But so-and-so is in on this deal and I’m afraid I won’t get a chance to be of service,” I told him what I had come to believe:

“Whatever is best for both of you no other person or condition can take from you. In a Divine plan there is enough to go around.”

Sometimes when tempted to tear my hair over such daily irritations as lack of time, traffic, and conflicting personalities, I’ve had to realize the presence of Christ in turmoil. That hasn’t been easy.

First, I affirm the fact that there is a certain rhythm to life and

when one is a part of this rhythm, the frustrations and pressures of everyday life diminish. Second, I declare myself receptive to this rhythm. Third, I practice the presence of Christ in every situation—no matter how small it may seem.

In the beginning, my wife, J'Nevelyn, steeped in the intellectual theories of Freud, Adler, and Jung, tended to feel that my system was an over simplification. "You just can't solve all those problems with a six-word capsule," she said skeptically.

Then one morning she announced, "Well, I am going to try it, but only because I can see it works for you."

Although we had been happily married 17 years, some tensions and conflicts had built up in our home, and we had come to accept a kind of grayness as normal. Now, it was like stepping out into the sunshine. "I think this business of seeing God in your partner is the deciding factor in a happy marriage," was the conclusion of my marriage counselor wife.

And, of course, it affected our children. Patricia, our daughter, was just entering high school at this time, and her spirit was bowing under the heart-breaking problem of an inferiority complex. "Everyone is better than I am," she wailed, "I can't excel at anything."

Half way through her freshman year, Patricia began finding and saluting the Christ in everyone she met—teachers and students—in classrooms, halls, on the playing field. "If you talk to others with the radiance of that idea," her mother advised her, "and send that love from your eyes, they can't help responding." Nor could they. Patricia graduated as president of the senior class.

Our son, Jim, was influenced at an all-important time in his teens. When I suggested he try our experiment for himself he raised an objection: "If you knew some of the gangs I know," he said, "you'd have an awful hard time seeing any God in them."

"Then I'd avoid them," I said, "until the day comes when I'll really be able to see Christ behind any appearance. This power isn't like fuel oil, something you burn up. It's like the power of your football team. Potentially at the height of your development and perfection, you could lick Navy. Before that time you have some growing and practicing to do."

So that's what we're doing now, growing and practicing as a family. We haven't licked all our problems, but we have found a way to live zestfully, so that religion is never dull, nor is God ever far away.



YOU FEEL YOU
HAVE A MAN OF
DISCERNMENT ON
YOUR SIDE. IT'S
TRUE.

Your Minister Can Help You

DOUGLAS G. McKENSIE

Perhaps you've been off color for several weeks, and you've blamed it on your wife, your boss, your poor financial position, or your liver. At any rate your nerves are taut and humming like high tension wires. In desperation you cut out smoking, reduce your diet, or take some patent medicine. But you find that all these measures are only a temporary relief; you are still off balance and feeling helpless. Despite an inner sense of annoyance at your weakness, you decide to go to see a doctor, who examines you and says, "There's nothing much wrong with you, just nerves. Try to get your

mind off yourself—and go and talk to your minister.”

You decide to take his advice.

You try to tell your minister what's worrying you, but you are not too coherent. When he shows nothing but sympathy for your story, however, you become more relaxed and tell him more than you intended. You feel that you have a man of deep discernment on your side.

It's true.

Before many minutes are gone the minister knows quite a lot about you. He knows that you are not the kind of person who enjoys bad health as a means of demanding attention and sympathy. You want to recover your happiness and zest for living.

Then the minister asks you some questions.

(1) *What sort of a God do you believe in?*

This is an important question because some people have a belief in God that causes rather than cures nervous trouble. They think that God is a celestial Private Eye, who snoops about their lives and holds their sins against them to the last day. He is, to them, a spoil sport; someone who is against fun and a good joke.

But God's not like that at all.

God is like Jesus Christ. Let us take a look at him as he lived on earth. He was born in a stable and held court for three potentates

before he was many days old. To escape the wrath of King Herod he fled to Egypt with his parents, as a political refugee. After Herod had died he returned to Nazareth where, after graduation, he became a carpenter.

At the age of thirty he took on a new job. His tools were different but his objective was the same, namely to make new souls out of shoddy ones. He patched up broken hearts, he called men to his service, he healed the sick, he debated with the religious leaders of his day, and angered some hard-headed business men by upsetting their booths in the temple. He was called a heavy drinker and a social bum by his enemies and after three years devoted to bringing men face to face with God, he was hauled up before a spineless Roman governor who allowed him to be crucified on a trumped up charge. On the third day he rose from the dead and revisited his friends who were shocked and overwhelmed by his presence. But when they recovered their equilibrium they went out from Jerusalem into the rest of the world with the shortest but most powerful message ever given, "Jesus is alive!"

We believe in the kind of God we see in Jesus Christ. He's the kind of God who wins from us a glad response of love. But this does not mean that we will re-

main undisturbed in our love for Him.

The stress and strain of modern living will rob us of our closeness to Christ. Then we'll feel the aches and pains, the twinges and tinglings of our overtaxed nerves.

It is then that we must call a halt and go back to Christ and say, "Look here, Lord, deep in my heart I love you, but I'm working so hard that my nerves are on edge. Help me." He will, that's certain, for Christ never rejects a man who comes to him with a sincere plea for help.

He will do the same for you.

The minister asks you another question.

(2) *How do you think faith in God works?*

A lot of people have a queer idea of what faith is and how it works. They think it's something to be used when all else fails. It's like a spare tire to be used only if there is an emergency.

Others regard it as a divinely approved way of getting the best things out of life. We might call this attitude to faith, the Persian carpet concept. But this sort of faith is as damaging as it is superficial, for it portrays God as a sort of Super-Celestial Insurance Agent, who gives us protection from the adverse circumstances of life.

Faith does not work in either of these two ways. How does it

work? It works by giving us courage in spite of adverse circumstances.

The attacks that are made upon us come from two sources, outside and inside. Outside attacks come from things like thunderstorms, missiles, automobiles, political decrees, and other people. They are a serious threat to our lives, but we learn to accept them as the normal risk of living. Inside attacks are the really serious ones. The new Testament had quite a lot to say about these inside attacks. It tells us that "the world" is trying to break our faith in God, and it means by that there are people of corrupt will who are trying to undermine us and our allegiance to Christ and his way of life. More often than not the attack mounts slowly and with many tactical feints to right and left. But its purpose is to crush our moral resistance to evil.

One of the most popular ways of doing this is to tell us that when we are in Rome to do as Rome does. Rome, in its days of glory, was the spiritual and commercial capital of the ancient world. Its citizens had a loose way of life. They cheated in their emporiums, they traded on their racial and military superiority, they got their pleasure at the government's expense at the bloody site of the arena. Doing in Rome what the Romans did was a pretty lax kind

of way to live.

But there were a mere handful of people who refused to do in Rome what the Romans did; in fact they did the opposite. They led sober, useful lives, characterized by love for all men, both slave and free man. They held God in honour, they refused to sell goods at exorbitant prices, they gave a day's work for a day's pay, and they hated the gory conflict in the arena.

Why were they so strong in the face of adversity? The reason was that Christ told them that the world hated him too. What did he do when the powers of brutality were used against him? He certainly didn't lose poise, or relapse into a nervous breakdown; he faced the worst they could do to him with courage, because his faith in God was unbroken. He was not overcome by the world, he overcame the world and handed the people who had sought to destroy him an answer to the hate that had driven them to it.

Christ knew what he was talking about when he said that he had overcome the world. We can too, if we trust him to give us victory.

Then the minister asks you another question.

(3) *Up to date, what have you done to make God real in your life?*

Few of us like the hard work

that's associated with making God real in our lives. We want our goodness or spirituality to be automatically registered in heaven, and then live on in contented mediocrity without further fuss. But that's not how we gain spiritual maturity. Most of us have to go through spiritual growing pains before we graduate from Christ's great university. We have to learn the hard lesson that to produce a great Christian life, we must fortify grace with a lot of hard back-breaking practice.

What is required of us?

The first thing is to save some time every day for God. In this jet-propelled civilization there's little time for reflection. We commit our problems to an I.B.M. machine and rush off to do a thousand other things. But machines don't really solve problems, they only compute them. God is the only one who can solve our problems because He is the center of the world. He can see where every small problem fits into the larger plan for the human race.

There are obvious duties to which we are all committed. We've got to go to work, to meetings and social events. We must care for our families and earn money to protect us from insecurity and poverty. But we are not slaves to the system, there are things we choose to do. We have hobbies, we go to ball games, and watch

T.V. Isn't it possible to give God some of this time? Why not exchange recreation for re-creation?

Out of our daily conferences with God, He gives us directions to our reading habits. Have you cultivated good reading habits? If you are at a loss about where to start, then begin with the Psalms or the Gospels. Read systematically so that you'll get a bird's-eye view of God's mighty acts in history. The Bible is not a series of texts, it's a book describing what God has done in the lives of men, and in His son, Jesus Christ.

The minister asks you another question.

(4) *Do you attend public worship regularly?*

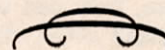
We all need constant reminders that God is the true object of worship. It's so easy to give our love and loyalty to things like new cars and houses. They look so real and satisfying to us. But that's a kind of idolatry which

ultimately shatters us.

Public worship reminds us that God is God. It reminds us that when we call upon Him for help He is present to us as a Saviour upon whom we can lean. It reminds us that where God is in the center of life then it starts to make sense. We see too, with a sudden clarity, that shams may flatter and intoxicate the soul, but God alone can ultimately satisfy us. It gathers up the scattered forces of our souls under the direct command of God. It gives us a deep calm based upon the fact that the God we worship, is unshakeable.

The minister grips your hand as you leave the study. He says, "Jesus is a healer. Get that straight. He'll do his part, if you do yours. He doesn't ask you to believe in a heap of speculations. He has a practical aim. It's to get you well."

Why don't you let him?



A Psalm of Gratitude

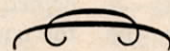
by Glenn Clark

Our Father, we worked for Thee till we thought we should become
weak in Thy service,
But Thou hast renewed our strength; we have mounted up with
wings as eagles.
We gave unto Thee our all,
But Thou hast filled our barns with grain.
We gave ourselves utterly to Thee, without stint and
without measure,
Only to find ourselves returning to meet ourselves, clad
in garments of glory.
We made ourselves completely captive to Thy will,
And behold, Thou hast set us eternally free;
We let Thee have complete dominion over us,
And behold, Thou hast given us dominion over
every living creature.
How can we ever thank Thee, how can we ever repay Thee,
Thou Lord of our Lives?
For even the thanks we send forth to Thee upon the wings
of the morning
Return bearing gifts in the evening.

From *The Soul's Sincere Desire* by Glenn Clark by permission of the
publisher Little, Brown and Co., Copyright 1953.

All we can do is to continue to give—give—give to the
uttermost.
All that we have is Thine; all that we are is Thine.
Take us, use us, we cannot be exhausted;
The more we are used the more beautiful, the more eternal
we become.
Thou hast set a Well within our hearts that springs up
unto eternal Life.
Thou hast set a Light within our hearts that radiates
eternal Love.
And the light of Love shining through the fountain of Life
reveals the rainbow of Joy,
Joy that is eternal, unending, complete,
The perfect promise of Thy perfect fulfillment.
Accept our thanksgiving, our praise, our gratitude
without stint and without measure,
O Father,
For Thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory
forever and ever.

Amen



For Three Things, Lord

Grace Adsit

For three things, Lord, I give Thee thanks,
For three things, Lord, I thank Thee,
Thy love for me so full, so free,
My love for Thee, my love for Thee
And then the one that follows after
I thank Thee, Lord, for the gift of laughter.

by ETHEL WEDEMEIER

A Call to Prayer and Peace

IN THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING in New York City is a Meditation Room for United Nations Delegates and Peoples of the World. As you enter this consecrated room you receive a pamphlet called, *A Call To Prayer*. One reads, "Prayer is the single most powerful force in the world—a miraculous superpower set free by humility and faith—a conditioning power making the skill, ability, and purpose of those prayed for and of the suppliant more adequate in the service of God and man—a catalytic power providing a constructive atmosphere where divergent human minds can find solutions beneficial to all. Through Prayer the soul leads the mind toward the Divine pattern for a mutually responsible human family and inspires the spiritually motivated action for its accomplishment.

"Prayer is a dynamic manifesta-

tion of love, by the concerned, reaching out for God's help for man.

"You can help change the world by your Prayers and your prayerful action."

Down through the ages we have read and we have heard of that call for prayer. A certain few men of action, awakened souls, accepted that call and helped change the course of events in our history for the universal good of all mankind. Nineteen centuries ago in the midst of wars and turmoil One was ushered into our world by Angelic Hosts singing, "Glory to God in the highest. Peace on earth, good will toward men." He was the Prince of Peace, Our Savior, Jesus Christ. Although 2,000 years have passed His teachings are as much alive today as they were when He taught on earth. Prayer played an important and vital part in the life of the Prince

of Peace. Through His teachings we learn that man ought to pray always. He gave us the perfect pattern to follow to achieve "the peace that passeth all understanding, true inner peace which is that of becoming at one with Our Heavenly Father.

Like the Prince of Peace we should consciously commune with the Father in our own inner temple, cultivate a daily prayer time, and ask for illumination and guidance in bringing about a peaceful world.

The future of the world is in the hands of people, the people of our nation and every other nation. Whether this world of ours becomes a peaceful world is up to each one of us individually. When the Prince of Peace said, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you," did He not mean more than a cessation from any war? What is such a peace but a day by day living of peace.

Peace is not something that can be handed to us by military leaders or politicians if it is to be a permanent peace. Peace is a state of mind that all must learn to attain by walking in the footsteps of the Prince of Peace; through taking on the very character of Jesus Christ by putting His teachings into action. Jesus Christ was the most prayerful person who ever lived, so let us be prayerful too.

There are many avenues of ap-

proach to our Heavenly Father, the One God, who is in all. It matters little how you pray but it is important you pray with spiritual understanding; that you are a clear instrument so you may receive divine guidance for not only your own good but for the good of all humanity.

Just ask yourself, "Am I at peace with myself?" "Am I at peace with each member of my family?" "Am I at peace with all my friends?" "Am I at peace with my neighbors?" "Am I contributing to a world of peace?" "Peace on earth, good will toward men," the anthem rang.

If after this self-inventory you find yourself lacking, change your attitude. How? Paul tells us a very good way, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." That consciousness is obtained through prayer. To the degree that we take on the nature of this Mind to that degree do we give birth to the Prince of Peace in our minds and hearts; to that degree can God carry out His plan through us individually and nationally.

You may be one who is saying that you do not have this feeling of the Presence of God within you. If that is so, you can develop it through taking time out for daily meditation and prayer. It is only when we take time out daily to enter into the Secret Place

of the Most High that we come to know the experience of Jesus of "I and the Father are one," and dwell in the Kingdom on earth.

The object and goal of true meditation is to enable one to become in outer manifestation that which he is in inner reality, a true Son of God. We must have faith in the Divinity which dwells in us, believe in Its power to accomplish the Divine Plan which the Father is only waiting to express through us individually and nationally.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a lovely expression of this Divinity within each of us:

"He, whose heart is full of tenderness and truth;
Who loves mankind more than he loves himself
And cannot find room in his heart for hate
May be another Christ. We all may be
The Saviors of the world; if we believe
In Divinity which dwells in us
And worship it, and nail our grosser selves
Upon the cross. Who giveth Love to all,
Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns,
And lends new courage to each fainting heart;

And strengthens Hope and scatters Joy abroad,
He, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God."

Let us now accept this *call to prayer*; accept the individual responsibility which is ours to help bring about a permanent and lasting peace. We have found that peace is not the result of the ending of any particular war down through history. Must we wait until wars are ended to experience peace? The only way to bring about the "peace that passeth all understanding," is to give birth to the Prince of Peace in our hearts and minds through at-onement with the Father.

First of all pray for spiritual unfoldment and understanding, then pray for the immediate members of your family, pray for your neighbor, your community, your nation, your President. Let us thank God for a praying man in the White House who believes in guidance through prayer. But let us not stop here, let us pray for all leadership everywhere that they too be awakened to the Divinity within.

By our prayers we can help change our world individually and universally.

By our prayers we can contribute to a permanent and lasting peace.

MAN: *Our earth isn't the center of the universe.*

CROWD: *Burn him at the stake! . . .*

BUCKING THE CROWD

GRAHAM R. HODGES

IT'S AN OLD, OLD STORY. A MAN WITH A VISION OF TRUTH speaks out—and the crowd shouts him down. Yet sometime, perhaps centuries later, the crowd takes the vision as its own.

In this atomic age, with the fate of mankind hanging in the balance, it is more important than ever that we recognize the ideal, not be blinded by the glitter of the expedient.

Perhaps if we listen to voices from history . . .

MAN: If you leave meat all day on the hot-rock near the volcano, it tastes better. Let's try it that way at our next feast.

CROWD: The volcano's evil spirits might enter it and ruin our bodies. Raw meat is better anyway.

MAN: I don't believe there is a god in that brass idol. Only one God lives and he is invisible.

CROWD: Listen to the atheist! He must be sacrificed to pacify our great idol! Have the priests make the fire 10 times as hot!

From *Together*, October 1957, by permission of the publisher.

- MOTHER: I don't care if my child *was* born with a deformed foot. I love her. I want to keep her.
- CROWD: Who's ever heard of keeping an imperfect girl child? The tribe can't afford to be handicapped. Expose her to the beasts tonight!
- MAN: Does God really want us to kill all captive men, women, and children? Is he that cruel?
- CROWD: One of God's prophets gave the command!
- MAN: Our earth isn't the center of the universe.
- CROWD: Burn him at the stake! Of course we're the center of God's universe. Who are you to contradict our wise men?
- MAN: It's wrong to own slaves. I'm freeing mine.
- CROWD: Radical! Didn't God himself condemn some men to be slaves to others?
- MAN: Many diseases are caused by small, invisible plants and animals called "germs." Kill them and you stop the disease.
- CROWD: He's no physician! Whoever heard of such a crazy notion? Sickness is caused by bad air.
- MAN: Children under 10 shouldn't work 12 hours a day in factories! It's inhuman!
- CROWD: Industry couldn't operate without them. Anyway, we must keep them busy. An idle brain is the devil's workshop.
- MAN: These slums are unfit for human habitation! Let's tear them down and build decent homes.
- CROWD: Those people wouldn't know what to do with nice houses. Besides, poverty breeds thrift and self-reliance.
- MAN: God wants us to love our enemies and do good to those who abuse us.
- CROWD: Nice idea, but what's in it for us?
- MAN: The time has come for a world organization expressing the common hopes of all men and having sovereignty over all nations.
- CROWD: Sounds nice in theory, but the time isn't ripe. Maybe 100 years from now.
- MAN: We must control atomic weapons. If we don't, mankind may be wiped off the earth.
- CROWD: Don't be stupid—it would never work. Besides, we have more H-bombs than anyone else. They'd be crazy to start anything.

You must make the effort to discover it for yourself.

The Way of Common Gratitude

by Starr Daily

WHEN ONE SURVEYS the multitude of complex systems and counsels calculated to awaken the immortal mind, the ordinary conscious mind becomes dizzy and bewildered with the *muchness* offered and with the complexity of the drills demanded. Amidst this confusing array the aspirant to spiritual illumination is apt to overlook the great and simple way of common gratitude. This is a costly

mistake. For the habit of thanksgiving and praise-giving in the heart of man is a delight to the heart of God.

One genuine expression of gratitude for the blessings and graces of God is worth more than a thousand mechanical drills aimed at forcing the doors of heaven.

Thanksgiving, to the moderns in the spiritual life, has become old-fashioned. The price has been great; the loss incalculable.

But fortunately the lost habit of

From *Well-Springs of Immortality* by Starr Daily by permission of the publisher The Macalester Park Publishing Co. \$1.25.

gratitude can be recaptured. By setting aside Tuesday for the practice of gratitude, and by carrying the effects of this practice over into other days, the heart will gradually open to the divine grace, thankfulness will become automatic and spontaneous, and the presence of God will be a reality and a joy.

The whole world is either dead or dying to gratitude. Nor does this exclude the Christian world. The world that Jesus found was hardened against it. The spiritual conscience to this day remains blunted to it. Oh, yes, the price has been great.

"And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, with a loud voice glorifying God; and he fell down upon his face at his feet, *giving him thanks*, and he was a Samaritan. And Jesus answering said, Were not the ten cleansed? but where are the nine? Were there none found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger?"

This indictment found in Luke 17:15-18 (E.R.V.) has never been more apt than it is today. I have seen scores of people who seized every opportunity to brag about their spiritual healing, but mighty few who are willing to humble themselves enough to thank God for His mercy and grace.

The gateway into the heart of God is wide open to the humble and thankful of the earth, and we

may be mighty sure that only the humble and the thankful will be found worthy to enter therein. Before the inner portal guarding the sanctuary of immortal knowledge stands a closed door across which is written, HUMILITY. It is the first step in the attainment of *illumination*, of a genuine spiritual intuition, and it will be the last. "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. Give thanks to him, bless his name!"—Ps. 100:4

In the practice of gratitude the eyes should open in the morning with a rendering of thanks. Gratitude should be expressed for the night's rest, for the blessings of the day before, and for the mercies and blessings of the day just born. Give thanks that you have faith in God, that you can depend upon Him for the day's guidance and strength and supply. And when, apparently, we have nothing else to give, that is just the time to give thanks, for a thankful heart is born of God and a thankful heart is therefore with God. In it He plants the seeds that spring up into immortal life. Verily the ungrateful heart has its reward: fear, torment, frustration, misery, satiation, boredom. Verily the thankful heart has its reward: fearlessness, joy, appreciation, peace, growth, and enthusiasm—the qualities of eternal life.

The practice of gratitude, its cul-

tivation and culture is exceedingly important for the individual in this chaotic and thankless world of today.

The statement of the authorities should be taken up and demonstrated, proved, actually experienced. If gratitude will open the gate to God and to God's abundant good, then ordinary intelligence dictates that the quality of gratitude should be practiced.

The story is told of one of America's popular poets, that he was living in poverty and illness in the South Sea Islands; an object of his friends' charity. A native of the island gave him a formula which in time set him to counting the blessings of his life—blessings to which his condition had long blinded him. He fell into a deep, restful sleep, the first good sleep he had experienced in many months, repeating the formula, "Lord I do give Thee thanks for the abundance that is mine." He awoke in the morning completely healed of his poverty consciousness, and a thankful heart from that day to this has kept him keyed to the abundant life. Authority could have told him of this new life that waited upon the grateful heart; but telling him about it would not have given him the new life. The native man's explanation of a divine formula led him to experiment and experiment led him through the gate into experience.

Suppose our practice of gratitude does not bring to us the experience of Reality, immortal life? What then? Have we gained or lost in the experience? Suppose some one gives us a map which traces out the position of a buried treasure, an iron chest filled with gold ingots. By making the necessary effort and by meeting all the requirements of the map, we arrive at the place, locate the chest, and discover that instead of gold ingots it contains gold coins. Have we gained or lost by our effort and experiment? If a scientist, experimenting in bacteriology, fails in his experiments, but discovers in the process a new and better method for giving blood transfusions, has there been a gain or a loss? If an ordinary person, like you or me, experiments with gratitude in an effort to tap the Source of Eternal Life, and, failing in this, discovers that in the process he has put iron in his spine, awareness in his mind, enthusiasm in his work, peace in his body, and power in his social contacts, is he the worse for his experiment or the better?

Suppose I say to you, "In such and such a place you will see a most wonderful demonstration of magic, if you will take the time and make the effort to go there, and pay the price of admission."

You believe what I tell you. But you don't *know* it. So long as you

do nothing, and rest upon your belief, you will never know the truth in my words, and you will never enjoy the demonstrations of magic. Suppose you act upon my suggestion. And when you arrive the magician has gone. His pretty daughter remains to receive you. You fail in your search for trick magic, but discover the magic of love and your future wife, with whom you live happily ever after. Has not your loss in one direction been a gain in another?

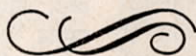
To seek diligently after a goal is to uncover unsuspected values along the way. The higher the goal you set, the greater will be the indirect values obtained during the search. To set for your goal the kingdom of heaven is to have all lesser values added as you meet the requirements of your search. To seek for the immortal life is to crowd the mortal life with riches along the way.

In this connection, then, the training is the thing. It rewards as you travel.

Men have sat down to compose a ditty and discovered a symphony. They have worked on a short story and have produced a novel. What was played with as a toy became a great telephone system. The action is its own reward.

I say to you: "The continuation of personal existence is not destroyed at the grave; the continuity of the individual life is not banished with the body; the consciousness we now have goes on, fully aware of itself, its will and memory, its capacity to know itself and to know that it is known by something greater than itself. In a word, there is the immortality of personal life and the immortality of personal consciousness."

You may believe what I say; but unless you have experienced this truth, you cannot know it. You must make the effort to discover it for yourself. In the search and in the training many values will come to enrich your life and to reward your diligence.



A Story by
LELAND G. GRIFFIN

The Little Navaho and His Bible

JOHN JOEY, NAVAHO—
John Joey, Christian.

The boy who faced himself in the mirror was both. One boy, all Navaho, and all Christian at the same time. It wasn't an easy combination.

John Joey took his battered suitcase out of the little closet in his dormitory room. He opened it up on the bed, and brought out his few articles of clothing from the closet. Carefully, taking far more time than he really needed, the boy placed the articles in the suitcase. There was still quite a bit of space when the last item had gone in. John Joey closed the suitcase and set it down on the floor. Then he lay down across the bed, facing up to the ceiling, his hands clasped behind his head.

For a few moments his mind

went back to the time nine months before when he had first come to the school. Everything that seemed so familiar now had been strange indeed then, even the bed that he was lying on. It had been much too soft at first, and he had not slept well for several nights.

But John Joey's mind rested on those things only for a moment, then it came back to the present. The school term was over now and it was time to go back to the reservation. In one way Joey was anxious to go back. He wanted to see his parents and his friends back in Canyon de Chelly. He wanted to see the beautiful canyon again with its sheer walls of red sandstone, and the level floor with the Navaho hogans and the little gardens scattered along through it. He was anxious to be near the sheep again, to drive them to pasture, and to get on horseback

and ride the canyon rim. All this, he felt, would be very good.

But there was a problem that seemed as big to John Joey as all the outdoors he was longing to see. John Joey's people had not changed very much from the Navaho of the old days. They still believed in the Navaho gods, in having a big "sing" instead of calling a doctor when someone was sick. The old dances and ceremonies were part of their very life, in fact much of their life. Now, John Joey had to go back to them and say, "I have changed. I am a Christian now. I do not believe in the old ways."

There were two items still left in the closet. One was his Bible, the other his black hat. John Joey took the hat and set it on his head, just as level as he could, for the Navaho always wears his hat level, never at an angle. Then, leaving the suitcase in the room, the boy strode out the door, down the long hall, down the stairs, and out onto the green lawn. A garden hose with a sprinkler lay across the lawn. Water trickling in slow streams from where it fell spread out to keep the grass green. Joey walked past the school building where a group of others were waiting for the buses that would take them back to their homes. He headed for the administration building to see Mr. Ransom, dean of boys. For John Joey had an

idea.

When he reached Mr. Ransom's office and knocked on the door he was invited inside. He remembered to take off the black hat, and in a moment he was standing before the big desk and Mr. Ransom.

"Hello, John Joey," Mr. Ransom said. "What can I do for you this morning?"

"I was wondering," the boy said slowly, "wondering if I could stay here and work this summer instead of going home for a vacation."

"There is work to be done, all right," Mr. Ransom said. "The lawns must be watered and mowed regularly. The flowers have to be cared for. There are walls to paint and floors to wax. There are plenty of jobs you could do. But there is also one thing I am wondering about. Just why would you rather work on here this summer than to go home and visit your people? You know you can come back in the fall."

John Joey walked over to the window and looked out at the buildings and grounds of the mission school. He loved this place all right. But right now he had a great desire to be back among his own people for awhile in the carefree life he had known up until nine months before. He had to make a great effort to be honest when he turned to face Mr. Ransom again.

"I don't really want to stay on

through the summer," he said. "But when I go back home and open my suitcase my people will see the Bible and want to know what kind of a book it is. When I tell them they will be very angry with me. It can be a pretty hard summer for me."

"Your people knew this was a mission school, John Joey," Mr. Ransom said. "I don't think they will be very much surprised."

"My grandfather talked to me before I came away," the boy answered. "He said to me, 'John Joey, don't forget the old way, the beautiful way of the Navaho. Work hard, and learn all you can. But don't forget the old way.' You see, Mr. Ransom, my grandfather is a Navaho singer, and he will not be happy with me."

Mr. Ransom nodded. He chose his next words very carefully.

"Then maybe you are right, John Joey. Maybe you had better take the easy way so that things will be nice and smooth and you won't have any trouble. If you want to stay there will be work for you."

"Thank you," the boy said, and he turned to leave. Just as he was opening the door Mr. Ransom spoke once more.

"By the way, John Joey. There is one other thing you could do."

"Yes?" the boy asked.

"You could just leave your Bible here at the mission and not tell anybody you were a Christian.

You know, just keep it a secret?"

John Joey turned away, setting his hat squarely on his head as he did so. He did not see the odd smile on Mr. Ransom's lips as the door closed.

As he moved down the walk the boy felt almost angry. Go home and leave his Bible? Why, he thought, he would just about as soon leave his right arm! Then he remembered guiltily that his Bible was still on the shelf in the closet, not in the suitcase with his clothes, as though he had already had the same idea.

He walked a little faster. Keep it a secret that he had become a Christian? It would be as easy to keep the desert sunrise secret! Then he stopped and caught his breath as he realized that there was no difference at all in keeping it secret by staying at the mission or keeping it by just not telling.

John Joey turned around and walked rapidly back to the administration building. His knock on Mr. Ransom's door was firm and sharp. The door opened at once.

"Oh, it's you again, John Joey," Mr. Ransom said. "Have you decided what to do?"

"Yes," the boy answered. "I will be going home for the summer. They really need me there through the summer months, and I get homesick to see them all."

"Perhaps that is best," Mr. Ran-

som said.

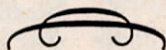
"And one more thing," John Joey said. "I won't be leaving my Bible here. I will take it with me. And tonight in the hogan I will open it and read a chapter before I go to bed."

"What of the others, John Joey?" Mr. Ransom asked. "Aren't you afraid of their opinions any more?"

The Navaho boy smiled. "I have thought a little more, Mr. Ransom. My grandfather will not like this at all at first. But he is a good man, a very good man. He is as kind

and gentle as anyone I have ever known. I think it will not be too hard after awhile to tell a man like him about Jesus."

George Ransom, dean of boys, stood at the window for long moments after John Joey had gone. He looked out on the green lawns that the boy had looked out upon a little while before. New Mexico sunlight poured through the window in increasing warmth. But at that moment George Ransom would have felt quite warm if he were looking out on drifted snow.



A Prayer

Clifford Thomas

Grant me O God, an open heart and mind,

An understanding fraught with love for thee;

That in Thy word of truth its riches find,

To guide me on to Thine eternity.

"FEW GREAT INVENTIONS . . . HAVE COME OUT OF CROWDED, NOISY DRAWING ROOMS."

We Need APARTNESS Too

BY MAURINE COLLINS

On a recent Saturday I invited the children to join me in preparing a picnic lunch. I had planned to spend the day ambling through the woods with them, picking wild flowers, observing the birds and learning to enjoy the great outdoors which God had created for us.

When the picnic basket was pulled down from the shelf and the dishes and food were being packed the telephone rang.

"Oh, I forgot!" I heard one of the children say. "We'll be there in ten minutes!"

In ten minutes the house was quiet, the lunch baskets were deserted and I was ready for tears. "All good plans of mice and—mothers," I repeated to myself, as I sank down in a chair to ponder how to keep the children at home

long enough to become acquainted with them.

The church choir had deprived me this morning of this privilege. This afternoon it would be the Girl Scouts, selling candy. Not that these activities are not important. They are. But when the meetings and the drives and the bake sales are all attended, there is little time for home training, with Mom and Dad as the teachers.

I'm grateful indeed for the unselfish service of the leaders of fine organizations, but I am afraid children today are being smothered in Group-ism. They have so little time to meditate, to think for themselves. They are being kept in such a whirl, attending meetings, taking various and sundry lessons, competing in sports, that there is scarcely time for them to eat, let alone time for family ties to be woven that will hold through the

From *Christian Herald*, April, 1958. Used by permission of publishers.

years.

Some of our civic-minded and conscientious leaders are working themselves into a frenzy trying to keep our young folk busy. The theory is that to keep them busy is to keep them out of mischief. But as one mother expressed it, "They sometimes are merely kept idly busy." Character molding, it would seem, is being done in groups and not so much by the parents, whose primary function it is. Parents have been relegated to the clean-up squad or to the transportation committee.

We hear a great deal about our need to play together, work together, live together. That is good. Our world can use a vast amount of togetherness. But I maintain that in order to work together effectively, we each need apartness, too—time to formulate our own ideas and philosophies; time to study and to develop a strong character; time to delve into and explore the mysteries of God's great universe; time when we in fact seem to be doing nothing at all. It is mostly in the quiet moments, I find, that God can best speak to me. I have fond memories of the long summer afternoons I used to spend lying on my back in the sweet-smelling clover, just gazing up at the cloud formations, weaving golden dreams of my future, or thinking about God and how He created this wide,

wide world and what He had planned for my life.

Sometimes, I would walk alone, along a country lane, singing happy little tunes I made up, or memorizing Bible verses. Other times I walked silently, listening to bird calls and then imitating them as best I could.

Many of our young people have had so much planned, paid-up, all-expense entertainment, that they are beginning to rebel and are striking out to make their own excitement in the form of destructive, juvenile pranks.

A wise father confessed to me that he lets things *accumulate* on purpose. "A cluttered attic or a messy garage may not look so good, but it does stimulate imagination," he said. "A large packing box with a hole cut in the front, often becomes a television set through which young hopefuls become comedians or prima donnas. Old clothes transform personalities; long paper bags from the cleaners, when tacked onto a board, become easels where, who knows, a famous artist may have his humble beginning."

It was James Russell Lowell who said, "Few great inventions or artistic masterpieces have come out of crowded, noisy drawing rooms."

The crowd and noise are a part of life. But they are not *all* of life.

“EVERY MAN IS A FOCAL point through which the infinite resources of God Himself may flow,” wrote the late Glenn Clark in his autobiography, *A Man's Reach*.

Challenged by this statement, my Sunday school class of young adults and I began to ponder questions which we could not answer.

In the physical world, we knew, scientists had proved that atoms could be smashed by a force outside themselves, which detached their electrons, released physical energy, and transformed the atom into a positively charged body.

Likewise, in the world of the spirit, men of God testified that man, too, could be “born anew” by the impact of a Divine Power which shattered his petty self, freed him from negativisms, and released a spiritual energy which transformed him into a son of God.

But how, we asked ourselves, could man contact the “infinite resources” of God? Were there definite techniques which man could use in the realm of the spirit? Did men who walked with God use the *same* basic techniques in their personal devotions, or were the techniques used as varied as the personalities of the seekers?

The answers to these questions, we felt, could be found in the writings of men whose lives furn-

7-Point Program for Spiritual Power

EDNA RUSSELL MORGAN

ish radiant proof of the fact that they have experienced and been transformed by the Power of God.

And so began our quest!

Through our reading we visited Albert Schweitzer in his hospital in Lambarene as he begins his day with the avowal, “Here, Lord, is my life. I place it on the altar today. Use it as you will.” We visualize him at the end of the day, bending above a poor moaning creature with strangulated hernia, operating, and then sitting by the sufferer’s bedside until, when the African sun shines through the coffee bushes, the man’s eyes open and a black hand gropes for and finds his own.

In imagination we walked with Stanley Jones on a mountainside in India, where he loses his glasses. Instinctively he turns for help to the God whose Presence is always near and hears His voice say, “It’s all right. Don’t worry; you will find them.” And he does!

Writing of this episode in *Vic-*

torious Living, Dr. Jones says, "My Father, seeing that I needed my glasses, helped me find them. Both the sparrow and the star are in His care and so am I—and you."

Continuing our quest, we discovered Glenn Clark's magnificent prayer: "Erase the little self completely, O Father. Let only Thy will henceforth take complete charge of every area of my life. And let Thy plan come into manifestation in Thine own time and in Thine own way." (*A Man's Reach*, p. 176)

The pages of Frank Laubach's diary, *Learning the Vocabulary of God*, yielded many illuminating passages such as this: "God, after a sleepless night, I open my eyes, laughing, for we are together. Disturbances like that man coughing below me last night are good for the character if I do not let them keep me from You. If every annoyance can be made to remind me to turn and grip Your hand and ask You, 'What are You saying to me through this vexation?' then I can turn life's rough spots into Your vocabulary."

And so went on our quest to discover if there exists a uniformity of techniques by which men of God contact their Maker.

Ernest Thomas' booklet, *Six 20th Century Mystics*, provided many luminous insights into the

devotional practices of such men as Rufus Jones, Peter Marshall, and Dietrich Bonhoeffer, who, even in a prison cell, awaiting execution by the Nazis, daily "diffused an atmosphere of happiness, of deep gratitude for the mere fact that he was alive." (*Modern Mystics*, p. 56)

A tabulation of the devotional techniques used by our pioneers of the spirit revealed one arresting fact: Seven basic techniques were used by all.

This seven-point formula for the release of pulsating spiritual power might be expressed graphically as follows:

SURRENDER + LOVE +
SERVICE + PRACTICE
OF THE PRESENCE OF
GOD + PRAYER (WITH
MAN'S EYE FOCUSED ON
GOD; RATHER THAN ON
THE PROBLEM AT
HAND) + READING OF
GOD'S WORD AND LIS-
TENING FOR HIS VOICE
IN PERIODS OF RELAX-
ED QUIET + JOYOUS
GRATITUDE=POWER!

Now my class and I are faced with a further question: Are we, as individuals, willing to let this seven-point formula operate in our own lives?

If so, we, too, each in his own small way, can become a dynamo of God.

THOUGHTS ON THE APPLICATION OF SPIRITUAL TRUTH AND PRINCIPLES TO GREATER LIVING

by Norman K. Elliott

Thoughts Farthest Out

BE NOT OVERCOME OF EVIL . . .

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." (Romans 12:21) Some people throw up their hands in horror when they are told not to resist evil because they believe that not to resist it is to make league with it. Of course it means nothing of the sort. We must understand that devoting our talents exclusively to searching out and suppressing evil does not imply working for goodness. Goodness is not merely the absence of evil. One might well suppress all evil without lifting a finger in a positive action of goodness. It is possible not to break the law, and yet to live in a condition of such moral and political and social indifference as to be of no help whatsoever in the direction of betterment and uplift.

An illustration of this is a professional proofreader. This person was quite upset because she had read galley after galley of a manuscript without finding one mistake in printing. It seemed to her that she had accomplished nothing at all. It was not her job to pass comment on the content of what she read nor upon the style of writing, which in this case was quite good. Her entire energies were trained to finding errors. A person in such a job can find herself carrying over this "hunt for error" to other areas of life. The only way to balance it is to offset it with a program of appreciation and goodness.

We have found out in social service that merely having policemen patrol the streets is not enough, necessary as it might be. The job of police control has to be coupled with a program of boys' clubs, playgrounds and economic opportunity in order to do away with conditions that make suppression necessary.

This same truth applies to our spiritual progress. Some people have so majored in the characteristics of evil that they walk in fear and suspicion all their lives. They have neglected the far more necessary art

of sitting at the feet of Jesus and becoming inspired with a new vision of life. In fact, determine to refuse to major in the things of evil, but rather to be so filled with goodness that the evil will be overcome just as darkness is overcome with the light. Major in goodness rather than evil. Devote all your energies to goodness.

Read: **Man's First Love**, Ralph W. Sockman. \$2.95

PRELUDE TO SATISFACTION . . .

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." (Matthew 5:4) . . . The prelude to satisfaction is a need or a hunger of the soul. The moral universe is built in such a manner that just as water runs downhill, so a need moves in the direction of its satisfaction. A vacuum by its very nature demands air (and will receive air unless mechanically prevented from doing so), so a hunger of the soul demands from all the universe the means of fulfilling its need. Therefore, those who have great desires, those who have great visions, and those with deep needs are in a condition that will inevitably draw to themselves great fulfillments and deep satisfactions. When the poet said that "mine own shall come to me" he was recognizing the universal truth behind the beatitudes.

Dr. Frank Laubach said not too long ago that the most dangerous man in the world is the man with nothing. Multiply that man by hungry billions more, and they are the most potential force in the world. Add to that hunger the power of visioning and dreaming and once more you multiply their power. The modern use of picture magazines, movies, television, and the millions of people who travel about the world each year, has made it easy for hungry and needy billions to visualize. They have learned to *see* their dreams come true, and this *seeing* impelled by their innate need has toppled governments and sparked political revolutions.

A head of a large corporation was asked what single element more than any other was necessary for a good salesman. His answer was a single word, "Hunger." The man had to be hungry, not necessarily in the physical sense, but he had to be hungry for sales, and for success.

In the spiritual quest, hungers and wants and needs are harbingers of great fulfillments. We too must visualize the satisfaction of our wants; and then one thing more is necessary. We will find our fulfillments much faster and more efficiently if we realize from whence they come, God. Daily take your wants to God in the faith that whatever your need, in God's good plan it is flowing to you right now. This is the prelude to happiness.

Read: **God's Psychiatry**, Charles Allen.

DIVINE IMITATION . . .

"And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." (Matthew 4:19) . . . Mrs. Sune Richards who has attracted international attention with her portraits of the disciples of Jesus, and more lately her portraits of John the Baptist and Jesus, has some interesting stories about those who sat for the portraits. One is about a young man. In listening to the story of the disciple and putting himself into the frame of mind that was wanted, he became in his own mind like that disciple. The portrait has won many prizes. However, that is not the end of the story. Mrs. Richards heard later from his friends that his character had changed. The experience of sitting and "becoming" this disciple had been the avenue for a spiritual experience that influenced his thoughts and behavior. A man who had posed for another picture went back to church with his family, after an absence of four years, and has found a more happy and contented life.

Many years ago Charles M. Sheldon wrote a book that captured the imaginations of millions. It was called *In His Steps* and told of people who decided to face every problem with the attitude and question, "What would Jesus do?", and then to act accordingly. More recently Glenn Clark wrote a sequel to that famous book using the grandchildren of the original characters. He called his book *What Would Jesus Do?* These grandchildren did the same thing their grandparents had done and the result was the same, the overcoming of problems in a miraculous way.

The story has been told of a college boy who had pin-up girls hung up in his room. One night another boy got into his room and hung a picture of Jesus on the wall. In not too long a time the pin-up girls came down and the picture of Jesus stayed there.

Try divine imitation as a means toward becoming a better man or woman than you are. Surround yourself with the thoughts of the one you want to be like. Surround yourself with pictures that symbolize the one you want to be like. You will find yourself changing, for it is a universal law that you will become like what you associate with.

Read: **What Would Jesus Do?**, Glenn Clark. \$3.00

Christ Appears To Me

I Am Healed!

GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

I discovered a rather large lump in my right breast. I was well, took my health for granted, and gave it no serious thought. This was during the Second World War and the people of our town were hustling about with great concern. While in a city attending a conference with my husband I sought a physician for an examination. When the doctor gave his verdict it was *cancer!*

I was stunned.

He began talking of immediate surgery. I sat numbly silent. At last he asked, "What do you want to do?"

"I must get my inner poise," I said.

"There is no time to lose. You must have this out immediately."

"First of all, I *must* get hold of myself. I'm going out and walk awhile, then I shall see you," I said, and left his office.

I felt utterly alone as I passed from that building. I walked on the brink of eternity, for I knew the course of cancer.

Alone, I walked past the business section and into a residential area of the city, where great trees touched leafy fingers above the street. I paused and leaned against a large maple close to the walk, looking up into its green leaves and drawing strength from its firmly rooted trunk. What had I done to bring on such a condition?

I walked on, praying as I went. Then I became aware that I was not alone. A presence was at my side. The Presence was real. I began to talk to Him. As I talked, a calmness crept into me, soothed me and filled me with peace. Live or die, I was God's. I would follow His leading. This was what I was to do, *follow Him*. I did

From *Healing and Wholeness Are Yours!*, Genevieve Parkhurst, Macalester Park Publishing Co., St. Paul. Copyright 1957. \$3.00. By permission.

not know where, but I was sure of His guidance.

My inner poise was necessary. I should not be rushed into surgery trembling with fear. I would return to the doctor and cooperate with any treatment that medical science could offer, but for this day, I would lift my consciousness and seek guidance. The School of Missions of our church, to which I was a delegate, was beginning. It seemed that I was to go. Perhaps here the way would be made clear to me if I walked with the Presence.

Around the top of this mountain assembly ground, I walked and talked with the Presence. The leaves glistened with a fresh greenness, the sky was cerulean blue, all the earth glowed with a beauty such as I never had been conscious of before. How precious are the common scenes when we think we may be seeing them for the last time!

One afternoon I stretched out on a bed, leaned against a pile of pillows, and opened a new book. It was *You Are My Friends* by Frank C. Laubach. I do not remember what I read; it was something about the friendship of Jesus, but the pictures in the back of the book fascinated me. Here were the great artists' conceptions of Jesus. There was "Christ at Twelve," by Hoffman; "Christ Blessing the Children," by Plock-

horst; "The Hope of the World," by Copping; "Follow Me," the picture of the smiling Christ, by Curry; "Christ at Thirty," by Hoffman; "The Son of Man," by Sallman . . . With each, I grasped a fuller revelation of Jesus. He became so real that I was lost in His holiness and His love. I loved Him as I never had loved Him before, for I knew Him as I had not known Him before.

When I came to the picture of "Christ in the Garden," by Hoffman, the very heart went out of me. Jesus knew what I was facing. Oh, how He knew! He had faced death and said, "Not my will, but thine be done." He said, "No man taketh my life from me. I lay it down of myself." He had walked steadily to His cross. But He had died to redeem a world, while I was just going to die. Oh! That there might be some good come from my dying!

"Oh, Christ, glorify Thyself through me," I prayed, pouring out my heart to Him.

Suddenly my breath stopped. I stared, spellbound, for there before me was the physical presence of Jesus. He was standing in profile, His face lifted, as the face in Hoffman's painting. I held my breath as that radiant face turned, slowly, and His eyes looked straight into mine.

Oh! The eyes of Jesus! Nothing in this world can ever be as won-

derful as His eyes. They held the wisdom of infinity, they were so understanding, so compassionate, so full of love. Those eyes held mine. They drank me, as the sun drinks the dew. I felt absorbed by His love. The room was full of light, and that light was His Presence.

Illusion? Some might call it that. But what followed was no illusion. As I felt the oneness of being absorbed by Christ, there was a sharp stab of pain in my right breast. The fingers of pain ran down my side to my waist and out my arm to the elbow. My hand flew to my breast. My attention had turned to myself, and when I again looked up, the Presence was gone.

But the lump was gone too! Completely gone! I laid three fingers in the hole where the lump had been, pushing the loose skin into the emptiness.

Gone! There was no soreness, only an empty place. I took off my blouse. In amazement I looked at the loose flesh that was left. I sat down trembling.

Why had such a thing happened to me? I was not worthy of such a blessing. I had not even prayed that He would heal me. It had not occurred to me. I believed the Christian life was to give one

strength to live, and fortitude to die. This was an outpouring of pure grace; the evidence of divine favor, unasked and unmerited.

I walked out, and once more sought the mountain top. But I walked on into life of his giving, from Gethsemane into Pentecost. So wonderful was the miracle that I could not speak of it. Jesus must have had a reason for telling those whom He healed, to tell no man.

As the days passed, the tissues filled in according to the normal process of body building. It took eight months for the process to be complete. Then it was perfect, and has been during the years which have passed.

After the healing, I was so filled with awe that I recognized each moment as a gift from God. Each morning as I awoke, I would whisper, "Dear Jesus, what shall I do with this, Your day?"

I knew now that God's power was available for His children's every need, even the healing of their bodies. I knew then, and I know now that Christ Jesus is alive. He is a living, understanding, powerful person, in the world today. He meant what He said when He told His disciples, "Lo, I am with you always." That meant always, the present time, even now.

"WE JUST WANTED TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION TO GOD. . ."

They Donated All Profits for One Year

Mary Jo Ericson

CALLING ALL GOOD PEOPLE

Please help spread the news through your church bulletin, by word of mouth, etc. . . . we are donating our entire net profits this year to the following:

Lend-A-Hand
Catholic Charities Bureau
Council of Churches
Jewish Family Service

Every dollar spent with us swells the amount of our quarterly remittance to these worthy causes.

KAAMUSIC

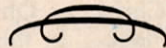
1522 6233
S. W. 8th St. S. W. 8th St.

If you were to read this ad in your daily newspaper, what would be your reaction? Would you, like a great many people in this materialistic world of ours today, be inclined to say, in modern slang, "What's the gimmick? There's a 'catch' in it some place."

Or, would you, perhaps wonder what story lay behind this unusual action? Because there is no question but that it *is* unusual. Many firms have been known to give a day's receipts or a percentage of their profits to some worthwhile cause, but to devote the *entire net profits for one whole year* is, I believe, something unique.

Having an intense curiosity as to what makes people tick, I tracked down the story, and it is one of those things that happens in America—more often than not, unpublicized—which reaffirms your belief in this old world of ours as a pretty good place after all.

It happened in Miami, Florida, but it could happen in any city or town in the United States—or in any country in the world where Christianity and Christian action still is allowed to express itself.



First of all I visited one of their studios, and talked to Mr. Earl B. McKinney, the president, and Miss Thelma Kaai, in charge of their staff of eight music teachers. Kaai Music Studios, Inc., is a music center, where instruction is given and all kinds of musical instruments and supplies are sold. The Kaai family and the McKinnneys hold the stock.

This year they are celebrating "Fifty-five Years of Music." Fifty-five years ago, when in his early twenties, Ernest K. Kaai, the founder of the company, started his travels through Ceylon, Java, and the Middle East with a concert group. That was the real beginning of the Kaai organization in the field of music. Thelma came to the United States in 1914 to attend school, and later joined her father's touring group. Few spots in the Middle East missed hearing and appreciating their music.

About twenty-five years ago Mr. Kaai came to Miami and opened the first "Kaai Music Studio." His daughter operated a similar studio in Ceylon (her "second home") until she joined him here in August, 1948.

It is to celebrate *this* "Fifty-five Years of Music" that this ad was run, and a simple sign was placed in the window of each of their studios which read:

WE ARE THANKFUL

In observance of our 55th anniversary we are donating our entire net profits for 1956 to the following organizations:

Lend-A-Hand
Catholic Charities Bureau
Council of Churches
Jewish Family Service
Kaai Music

There has been no spectacular bid for publicity—no fanfare. Even the small ad did not appear until the participating agencies had been consulted.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked. "Why?"

The answer of each one of them was simple—so simple that many may question it—but it was an answer that had a genuine ring of truth to it.

Mr. Earl B. McKinney said, "We have been successful. We are happy in our work. We just wanted to show our appreciation to God for what we have received."

Mr. Ernest K. Kaai added, "We are very grateful to the many people who have been good to us."

Thelma, when interviewed, remarked that they never found their work difficult because they had a great deal of faith and felt the Lord was helping them in their work. She was just putting into words the underlying thought that seemed to be in the minds of all the members of their organization.

They *did* have faith—and they were grateful for it, and for the Lord's help with which they felt they had been blessed. They felt, therefore, that the best way they could express their thanks was by helping others who might not be so fortunate.

After meeting and talking to them, I didn't find it hard to accept their answers. I was impressed by the modest, unassuming air which seemed to characterize all of them.

They will distribute their profits on a quarterly basis as quickly as the figures can be computed. Since they are not set up as a non-profit organization, they will receive no special treatment when it comes to paying Uncle Sam.

After they approved their plan, a letter was sent to each of the participating agencies. No partiality was shown. All religions in the Miami area were covered, together with Miami's "special" charity, "Lend-A-Hand."

What was the reaction of these agencies to this unexpected windfall?

"Lend-A-Hand" Jack Bell's surprise at the admittedly "unusual" gesture was overshadowed by his elation at the additional aid Lend-A-Hand could extend.

Similar reactions were expressed by the Catholic Charities Bureau and the Jewish Family Service. All felt that it was a most unusual

and notable demonstration of brotherly love in action—and grateful for the additional service made possible to people in need.

I discussed it at some length with the Rev. Wilfred P. Harman, Executive Director of the Council of Churches. He was impressed, as I had been, with the genuine sincerity of the Kaai organization. Rev. Harman presents a local television program weekly entitled "Living Your Faith." After talking to the Kaais he felt they were truly "living their faith" and invited them to appear as guests on his program.

The Kaais are Hawaiians by birth—Americans by adoption—cosmopolitans at heart—and truly "catholic" in their charity toward their fellow-men.

Theirs is an unusual action—but typical of the true Hawaiian nature—happy people who express in song and music their love of their fellow-men—people who have found that in the simple beauty of music they can best portray that love.

They are active representations of "living" faith, and as such an inspiration to many of us in this materialistic world today. It isn't what we *say* but what we *do* that makes our faith a real, living thing. "Lip service" is so easily given—so easily forgotten—and in the long run makes no impression.

HOLY UNCTION

H. G. L. BAUGH

Here on earth you have a foretaste of Heaven . . . then you pass through the valley of the shadow of death . . . then you hear your name called . . . to enter into the joy of your Lord . . . you will continue to cooperate in the service of God. . . .

The words, HOLY, HEALTH, WHOLE, SAVIOUR, SALVATION, all come from the same source. A desire for health, that is, wholeness, should be a desire for holiness. The CHURCH of Jesus (Who is described as a Physical Healer in the Gospels, especially that of St. Mark) must provide the ATMOSPHERE of expectancy, religious expectation, of physical help through religion.

Man is a being on three levels:

1. Biological . . . which may be treated separately by medicine and surgery.

2. Psychological . . . which may be treated by psychotherapy, which must use the body, as well.

3. Spiritual . . . which can be treated by the Holy Sacraments, which must use the body and the mind, as well. But man is all three, body, mind, and soul. Therefore if you treat the soul, you are

also treating the mind and the body. Accordingly a man's whole personality can be helped through his religion. This can be thought of as help through the faith of the whole Church, though the patient and the priest-healer must help by fasting and prayer.

God is love. He made us in His own image to be His Family. Therefore, we should live as the children of God, not only morally and spiritually but also physically. We should be filled with health. *"No Health in Us"*

In the Confession we say, "there is no health in us." That word "health" is used in its New Testament meaning, of "Wholeness." We HAVE left undone many things that we should have done and we HAVE done so much that we should have left undone. Our lives are like a sieve, full of holes . . . there is no wholeness in

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us, for our lives are punched full of holes. OR, our lives are like a piece of cloth marked with black polka dots with little patches of white showing through. No man is altogether bad or altogether good. There are no large patches of WHITE. Everywhere our WHITENESS is marred by the polka dots of sins. God would have us all white, all "WHOLE." If there were no "health" in us, (used in its modern sense), we should be dead, and many ARE spiritually dead. They have cut themselves off entirely from God, the Source of Life for so long a time, that they are dead. But Jesus says even to such as they: "Come unto Me and I will give you LIFE."

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." (I St. John 1:8). Sin is a spiritual disease. We have let the germs of disobedience to God's laws get in and so we commit sins. And so we become spiritually sick. When we are spiritually sick we are also mentally sick . . . we have diseased minds . . . minds with evil thoughts in them. And the sick or sinful thoughts produce sickness in our bodies. Worry, fear, resentment, frustration, anger, hatred, jealousy, pride, all manifest themselves in the body and we become physically sick. We have pushed God out of our lives to this extent; there-

fore our souls are sick. God manifested in Jesus would say to us, "Be thou made whole."

Then again, we are sick because of what other people do to us. No man liveth to himself. Practically all sick people are sick because of what they have done to themselves or because of what other people have done to them. People say, "Why did GOD let this happen to me?" They blame it on GOD. Let such people ask themselves: "What did I do or leave undone, so that this happened?" Then look at the multitude of accidents . . . all caused by some one. They are our own fault or some one else's fault. This leaves a very small percentage of sickness and pain for which we can at present see no cause. Instead of whining and making ourselves worse, why don't we do what the Great Physician, our Lord Jesus, has told us to do? Jesus can not only forgive sins. He can cure the disease of sin which produces the sins. We can go forth healed, made whole, in body, mind, and soul.

The Divine Medicine

Our doctors and surgeons can do very wonderful things to-day. By their skill and scientific research they have completely done away with many diseases. But if the doctors could cure every disease and do away with every pain, what is the good of trying to have

a healthy body when you keep your sickened mind, full of weak, bad, disease-producing thoughts. The doctor can cure you of one thing, then you go right ahead and produce another disease or sickness by keeping your bad thoughts. Worry, fear, resentment, frustration, pride, anxiety, anger, jealousy, will produce almost any physical ailment. You will have to keep on going back to your doctor again and again to cure you of different ailments so long as your mind is diseased. The evil germ-thoughts will go on manifesting themselves in different parts of your body.

The precious Blood of Jesus is the only Medicine which can cure sin. Jesus Himself is the Great Physician Who has this Medicine, for His Medicine is Himself. His Blood means His Life. His Life coming into us can cure every sin:- (1) caused by our own sins, for we shall confess them and He will forgive us. (2) by some one else's sin against us, for we shall forgive them and shall go free from the effects of their sins upon us.

It is a very practical (and really a very selfish) thing to forgive those who hurt us, for if we don't forgive we shall go on hating and being angry and feeling frustrated and resentful which will make ourselves sick. And also, if we don't forgive others (whether

they will accept our forgiveness or not) God can't forgive us.

So body, mind, and soul act and re-act upon each other for good, if we acknowledge God as our Lord and Saviour. God will rule our lives and we shall have clean souls; God-inspired souls will produce pure thoughts in our minds; and pure thoughts will gradually produce health throughout our bodies, as far as our physical make-up will allow. We shall be made whole, enjoying the true liberty of the children of God.

In the Sacrament of Holy Unction you don't say: "If it be Thy will." To say any "if" shows that you doubt God. And no matter what you say in prayer or what you do in administering a Sacrament, nothing will happen if you doubt. If you are sick, just do what you are told to do in St. James' Epistle, chapter 5, verses 14 and 15: "Is there any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." Now why not do just that? SEND FOR your minister, or go to him. The act of sending for or going to your minister is an act of faith. Then ASK HIM to pray for you

and to anoint you with oil, and RECEIVE these outward signs as a sacrament, for a sacrament is an outward sign of an inward grace, and it is the means through which we receive the Grace.

Healing Forgiveness

The above text (St. James 5:14, 15) says, "If he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him." People don't like confession. BUT "if we confess our sins, HE is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (I St. John 1:9). Sit down and examine your life by using the Two Duties in the Church catechism, (The Duty to God and The Duty to your Neighbor). Then kneel down. Think of yourself as in the presence of God. Then tell Him just what is in your mind and on your heart. Open your whole life to His absolution and be free of the burden of your sins. Many people can't, or won't, believe that God has forgiven them and so they go on wearily dragging the burden of their sins along with them and are never happy, always anxious, nervous, irritable, because mankind NEEDS THE PEACE OF GOD. And there is no peace where there is sin, or the sense of sin. Hence for many people, it would be a very good thing if they would go and confess their sins to God in the presence of a priest of the Church, who, if he sees

or senses their true repentance, will, by reason of his authority received from God at his ordination, pronounce absolution in God's Name. Many thousands of people would be delivered from all kinds of mental and physical ills if they would go to confession.

But the really hard part of confession is to go to a person whom you have sinned against and say you are sorry. It isn't easy to "own up." But it must be done if you are to have peace. Then again, it isn't easy to do penance after confessional. Penance means making reparation, making amends. You can return money or goods stolen, but it is extremely hard, practically impossible, to try to undo a life, or to stop harmful gossip you started, or sent on its way after hearing it. But you must do your best. However much "humble pie" you have to eat, you must do it if you are to prove your repentance. First, you can try to make up your penance to *God* by being a better Christian, a more devout Churchman, a more regular and more reverent worshiper and communicant, a more useful worker for the Church and by giving a higher percentage of your income to the upkeep of your local Church and for the extension of Christ's Kingdom outside your own parish. And second, you can try to make up your penance to your fellowman against whom you

have sinned, by doing all in your power to undo the wrong done to him, and by being a better neighbor and a more consistent friend, yourself.

REPENTANCE consists of seven parts:

1. Acknowledging to yourself that you have sinned.
2. Being sorry that you have sinned.
3. Confessing your sins to God.
4. Asking God to forgive you and believing that He has forgiven you and letting the burden fall away and not forgetting to do your penance.
5. Confessing your sins to any persons whom you have injured in any way, being willing to receive their forgiveness and to make reparations as far as possible.
6. Asking God to give you His Grace not to commit these sins again.
7. Freely forgiving any person who has hurt you.

Now, after you have done this, you are a person forgiven and at peace with God and man, your soul is clean. Your mind will now be filled with thoughts of God and good thoughts of your fellowmen. These good thoughts will push out any evil thoughts. And if you do not dwell on evil thoughts, but quietly and with the Grace of God continue to MAKE yourself

think good thoughts, you will soon overcome any evil. Then, you see if you have any physical ailment which has been produced by sins, you will very quickly begin to lose it, and soon you will be well.

This then is the way to life: to keep in union with God by daily repentance of any sin against God or man; by daily prayer and Bible reading; by faith in the love, mercy and goodness of God; by accepting salvation brought by the Lord Jesus; by regular, devout, reverent worship, week by week, in God's Church; by the faithful use of the Sacraments; by receiving the Holy Spirit of Jesus into your heart to be your constant Guide, Companion, and Friend, and then by using the Grace of God so received to help you to be a Christian. In this way you can't help but win through all the changing scenes of life. You cannot lose. Here on earth you will have a foretaste of Heaven above (for where Jesus reigns there is Heaven); then you will pass through the valley of the shadow of death in the care of your Heavenly Father, and then you will hear your name called at the Judgment Day as of one who is to enter into the joy of your Lord, and in the company of your loved ones you will continue to co-operate in the service of God in the eternity of Heaven.

*At Pentecost the door closed on fear
... opened on Power*

Closed Doors Mean Open Doors

by Leroy M. Whitney

One of the invaluable spiritual discoveries a person can make, is that whenever a door closes to him, God opens another. Doors may close on things that are very precious and desirable; but they do close, and we mourn for joys unrealized. But whenever this happens we ought not to stop with mourning, we ought to go on to discovery—the discovery of other values behind other doors which God will open.

The opportunity for Paul to spend some time in Corinth had not opened, but another door was open to him, Ephesus, where he says (1 Cor. 16:9) "a great door and effectual is opened unto me." God once closed the door on Asia

to his preaching, but opened the door to Macedonia and all Europe! He closed the door to release from the "thorn in the flesh," but opened it to sufficient grace. (2 Cor. 12:7)

The crucifixion closed the door of Jesus' earthly life and on the rich and wonderful fellowship the disciples had known. It wrote finis to the hopes they had cherished in Him. However, the resurrection opened a greater door into the eternal fellowship. It opened doors into the reality of the spiritual. Previously, the disciples had depended upon the physical presence of Jesus, and it was his physical absence they mourned when he went away. The spiritual Jesus re-

turned infinitely more available than before.

This is a much needed emphasis in our time when the world is always with us and the pressure of the material is always upon us. We need to be reminded that the great realities are spiritual; the great forces are spiritual; the great riches are spiritual. Our relationship to the physical and material is limited by time, and we lose them, or we go away from them; but our relation to the spiritual values is eternal, it abides forever.

When the ascension had closed the door upon the physical presence of Jesus forever, the coming of the Spirit at Pentecost opened the door upon the abiding, spiritual Presence, who would be with them even unto the end. The story of Pentecost reveals the opening of doors upon a new kind of community based on love. (They had all things in common.) They opened upon a new, common language, the language of Christian love. (They all heard . . . each in his own tongue.) The various tongues had been replaced by a common understanding!

At Pentecost the door closed on

fear, weakness, hesitation. It opened on courage, boldness, power. They were never again to hide behind locked doors for fear, but to openly proclaim their faith in the risen Jesus. The doors had opened on power, strength beyond their own. Weak men were made strong, fearful men, bold. While doors had closed on lesser things, they had opened on eternal things! Thus does God work.

The door may close on health, but it can open on the witness of a more patient faith. It can close on success, but open on inward peace. Whatever doors may close, believe surely that God will open wider ones for you.

O God, what opening doors swing wide

*Touched by thy matchless love;
When death shall close life's doors
below,*

*Life opens one above!
The doors may close on earthly
wealth*

*And all our worldly dreams;
But heaven's doors will open wide
On higher, holier themes.*

*The doors will close on fear at last,
On weakness, sin, and shame;
But other doors will open to*

Forgiveness in Thy Name.

A Prayer for America

Francis Cole Lee

God, give us faith to glimpse beyond
This phase of toil and tears,
And give us hope to vision Peace
Through out the future years,
And give us strength to carry on
To vanquish every foe
Until the world is free at last
From wars and want and woe;
God, give us courage deep of heart
And foresight true and sure,
And gird us with that fortitude
That wills us to endure;
God, grant to us an open mind
A fair unbiased aim,
And let us not in wrath and hate
Be swift to reckon blame;
God grant us charity and love
With mercy to forgive —
For by these virtues we may teach
All nations how to live;
And bless us with Thy boon of Peace —
That trust Thy Son did leave,
And guard Thy footstool lest it slip
To depths beyond retrieve;
Through darkness may we vision light,
Through sadness, death, and strife
May we at last through humble faith
Re-build Thy world with Life
And lift it up to heights unknown
Through paths of Love untrod,
Until in truth and brotherhood
The world proclaims Thee, God!

EIGHT TONS and One Bluebird!

Kenneth Joseph Foreman

Readers of the *New Yorker* will recall a little series of pictures showing an interesting event at a small bridge. Approaching the bridge, plainly marked LOAD LIMIT EIGHT TONS, was a truck, also marked on its side, 8 tons. When the truck was about in the middle of the bridge, a bluebird alighted on it. At that point the bridge gave way and crashed with the truck into the river, to the great surprise of the bluebird. The bridge was built, as advertised, for eight tons; the truck weighed exactly that. The bridge could hold up under its load limit; but not under eight tons and one bluebird.

Of course the incident is historically doubtful. Most bridges could stand up under their limit and probably a few bluebirds extra. But any bridge in the world has its breaking point somewhere. There comes a point at which the bluebird would actually be just that much too much. It isn't really

the bluebird that breaks it down, it is the fact that the eight tons are already there.

Human beings are like that bridge. A man comes home from the office and makes some remark no more vicious or cruel than he usually makes, and is astonished to see his wife burst into tears. Why should she blow up over a trifle? The point is, that trifle was the extra bluebird.

If the man could have been with his wife all day and seen how she kept her temper in spite of one thing after another that went wrong, if he could have known how one thing after another weighed on her spirit, and perceived the inner stress and strain, he would have realized she had about reached her load limit and he would have saved his trifling jest till another time.

Sometimes it is more serious than mere blowing off steam. Some man or woman who has been a tower of strength to other people

From *Candles On The Glacier* by Kenneth Joseph Foreman, \$3.00, by permission of the publisher ASSOCIATION PRESS and PRESBYTERIAN OUTLOOK who hold the copyright.

for years, suddenly and "without warning," as the family will tell you, will just break all to pieces. The particular day, the particular problem under which the break occurs, may not be a bit more troublesome than a thousand that came before; it may be even much less so; but it was another case of the extra bluebird. There is always a load limit.

There is only one exception to this universal rule, but it is the infinite exception, if we may use such terms: *God has no load limit.*

This is important for us to remember at all times; but especially when we pray. A great many Christians tend to think of God as like that bridge. His load limit is high, but there is a limit, we suppose. How do I know that my small prayer may not be the extra bluebird? God is burdened with the responsibility of the universe — this and how many more, only he knows. Even in my most self-centered moments I am aware of my smallness in the scheme of things.

The Bible urges me to cast my burdens on the Lord . . . but how do I know how many others have been before me? How do I know he does not already have as much as he can bear? My burden is trivial, but it is a burden. It may be adding no more than a gnat's weight to the Himalayas, but suppose it is the one extra thing

that even God cannot bear? What if my request is the one he lacks time for, my problem the one that finally strains his resources too far, my prayer the one he cannot answer because it is the one prayer more than he can give ear to? I think of these things and I decide not to bother God.

But if I so decide, it is a mistake. When we say, "God is infinite," we are not just saying a big word. We are not saying something that is true, but true only over our heads, something true but not to be understood. When we say that God is infinite, we are saying something that is important to the least of his creatures. We mean that God has no load limit. He has no need to delegate the answering of smaller matters to angels and saints while he goes about his greater affairs. God, and God alone, can attend to every prayer, read every mind, know every need, sympathize with every heartache. My affairs, even my greatest agonies and triumphs, may be infinitesimal in the vast scheme of things; but God is infinite and only the infinite can attend to the infinitesimal.

There is no need to fear that any need of mine, or any prayer of mine, will strain the resources of the Infinite or come so late that there is no room left for me in the mind of God.

Casting our burdens on the Lord

does not mean shirking our personal responsibilities. The task and the toil must be ours; but the burden may be his. How foolish it is for us whose load limits are low, to try to carry everything ourselves, when beside us stands One whose strength is everlasting! For with him every burden is easy and every yoke is light.



Impulses Godward

Edna Hull Miller

When I see a wild bird winging
 Or I hear an old voice singing
 Songs of faith and love and praise—
 Words that saints of other days
 Lived by, died by, made their prayer
 Then I know an urge was there;
 For it is the tug of homing
 Keeps the wild bird free of roaming,
 And a pull keeps man God-seeking
 For the urges are God speaking.

Everett R. Clinchy

The High Cost of Hate

EVERY "OTHER" I BEGAN TO REALIZE IS MY BROTHER.

In 1920 I was a minister in a small, friendly country parish in New Jersey. One of the trustees was a farmer of steel-like integrity, whom I deeply admired and respected.

One night a cross was burned by the Ku Klux Klan in a valley below our hill. The spirit of the entire community stiffened with hate, distrust, vicious rumors of lawless night raiders, all adding up to the same intent: "the Roman Catholics moving into the valley are going to be frightened out."

I was 23 then, and confident that America could be made safe for differences. I remember asking our church congregation if we meant the things we fought for in the great war just ended; more important, if we meant the compassion, understanding, and love our faith taught us.

Shortly thereafter, it was a pro-

found shock when the trustee, whom I admired and respected so much, said:

"The men met last night in the valley. The Protestant Churches had better remain quiet. The Klan is gaining strength."

I was painfully puzzled that a man with such moral depth could have this blind spot of intolerance.

Our friendship continued and endured, but I could sense the struggle in him. Hate is not a natural and continuous state in men, particularly men who believe. My friend came to know the others, the Catholics. He discovered that hate was the ugly child of his own suspicions, the ignorance that comes from lack of knowledge. The "others," though different in faith, were as he. The truth burned a way to his heart and changed his mind.

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Before I left New Jersey, the Klan had spent its brief fury. The adolescent marching in sheets and hoods became as ridiculous as Halloween's garments. The crosses which burned at night, with the excitement of fireworks, took on a gaunt, hideous pall in the light of day. Some courageous souls spoke out. Churches other than ours also turned against the carriers of malice. Farmers and merchants quickly found out that hate is bad for business. Politicians discovered that it is a poisonous boomerang. As the goodness in more people asserted itself, the evil of the Klan died.

But the experience left its mark on me. It was then, as I look back now, that the great problem of building brotherhood chose me. It got hold of me. I felt compelled to wrestle with these destructive human impulses, the nightmare of hate consuming a person, a group, a culture, a race; the horrible weakening of human souls by the fear and ignorance of one another. It became a task I often wished to avoid, but could not. I could not, to use a favorite expression of mine, "let it go except it blesses."

Directly after the New Jersey episode, the Federal Council of Protestant Churches met in Atlanta, Georgia (ironically, then headquarters of the Klan), and formed a Committee of Good Will

between Christians and Jews to study "How Does a Klansman Get That Way?" Five prominent consultants of the Committee: Charles Evans Hughes, Newton D. Baker, S. Parkes Cadman, Carlton J. H. Hayes, and Roger W. Straus, formed the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and startled me by asking me to run it.

Its purpose then was not only to dissolve the Klan hate, but man's hate against man, no matter where it was found. It was the first systematic and persistent attempt to allay the hostility and prejudice which have diseased social, political, and economic relations in America and the world.

At our very first seminar I remember plastering the walls from floor to ceiling with hate posters I had collected, and the men who came were shocked into a first-time realization that such venom really existed in America, the cradle of tolerance.

At the suggestion of a Catholic priest, we began Brotherhood Week. It is now celebrated in 3,000 cities and towns and is a national institution, independent of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

There is still much work to be done. More often than not, hate precedes reason among men. The cost of hate is high all over the world.

In 1953, Elmo Roper completed a 12-year study of employee relationships in the U.S. Among other things he discovered that prejudice among workers, and between workers, and between workers and supervisors, can and often does lead to higher operating costs, increased turnover, work stoppages, wildcat strikes. He estimated the price of prejudice to American industry at \$30,000,000,000 a year in wasted manpower, production, and morale! That means that \$10 out of every \$75 paycheck are wasted on the phony luxury of indulging our prejudices. The figure cannot include the incalculable and far more terrible cost in human suffering and indignity.

Many years after I started wrestling with this terrible nightmare of hate, a German helped me to understand why I could not let it go. His name was Rabbi Leo Baeck.

"In his best moments every person feels the hand of God choosing him to work for the vision of brotherhood earthwide," Rabbi Baeck said. "Each of us may be different, but each of us, by the Grace of God, is of God's substance."

The other person's title, then, is substantially the same as my title,

whether he is a Protestant in Switzerland, a Catholic in Texas, a Jew in California, a Moslem in Iran, a Negro of an African mystery religion, a Buddhist in Burma, or a Hindu in India. My right is legitimized by his right.

Every "other" I began to realize, is my brother. This lighted a new meaning in the term, "my fellow man." It gave fresh significance to the words of Jesus, which are usually translated, *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.** The exact meaning is, *Thou shalt love thy other; he is as thou.* He is different, and yet in his substance, the same. When The Master taught that what is done to the poor, the needy, the sinful, is done to Him, Jesus was expressing the concept of the "other" being "my own other," "my brother." The Bible has it; the poor, the needy, the sinner, the saint is "thy poor," "thy needy," "thy sinner," "thy saint."

It is a truism, that freedom from hate always brings the individual happiness. We may not know that yet. But science has hurdled all the boundaries, even of outer space, and made this planet, at least, a single home. Long before the physical fact, however, the Master told us that there is only one family for the world—the family of man.

*Matthew 22:39

The Glow of Grandeur In the Daily Routine

Katherine Bevis

IN HER BOOK, *Lifts*, VIRGINIA STILLMAN GIVES AWAY MANY delightfully novel rules for improving the consciousness, so that the world within may flower into an enchanted world without. She tells us about priceless possessions above gold and marble, above velvets and rubies, all a part of our everyday living.

We all need to learn how to enjoy the enjoyables of life.

Most of the acts of our everyday living are done readily, even unconsciously, through habit formed of long years of unending repetition. We read, we write, we sew, we walk without giving special thought to the matter. But once we had to learn to do these things. The same rule applies to forming the habit of enjoying all the "enjoyables" found about us in our everyday living. We have true wealth at our fingertips, if only we would look about us with "seeing" eyes.

To thrill at the sign of a morning sunbeam lacing itself through the stillness in your room, to own and often read a few good books, to watch a shy little plant in the window steadily grow and bloom, to have a few understanding friends, and to know how to keep that friendship always in the best of repairs, to be content with the homey things that are nearest you—daily bread, daily loves, daily duties—then at eventide a simple prayer with the benediction of sound sleep while God's silent stars keep vigil overhead, and the childlike trust that God is behind it all—this is true wealth—this is enjoying the "enjoyables," this is enough to make life just what it should be—an adventure in happiness where one finds those precious things that neither time nor trouble can snatch away.

Our daily routine of activity, when leavened with the "enjoyables" around us, seems to take on new meaning, and even the monotonous comes to life with a glow of grandeur. We need to learn how to do this if we are to experience the full enjoyment and richness of each new day.

There is but one way we can accomplish this, by schooling ourselves in the art of "enjoying the enjoyables," by actually practicing seeing beauties all around us. Only as we do this can we live life to its fullest.

A thousand years in thy sight . . .

HOW TO BEAT DISCOURAGEMENT

by John A. Redhead

When the First World War broke out in 1914, a man named C. E. Montague was on the editorial staff of the *Manchester Guardian* in England. Montague was eager to save democracy, and he tried to enlist in the army. But his hair was growing gray, and he was refused. So he dyed his hair, and at a hearing before another recruiting officer he was accepted. Before he left for the front, his colleagues on the paper gave him a dinner; and this is the toast with which they saluted him: "There are many men of whom it is said that their hair turned white in a night through cowardice. We drink to the only man on record whose hair changed color in a night through courage." Idealistic Montague went through the war and saw what it meant.

Then he watched the kind of peace that came out of war. One by one he saw the things he had loved and sacrificed for collapse in the postwar era. So he wrote a book about it. He called it *Disenchantment*.

This is something of the mood in which we find the prophet Elijah. He too had been through a war—a battle with the priests of Baal—and he was just about as blue as a man can get. He crawled up under a juniper tree, lay down flat on his back, and got ready to throw in the sponge. "It is enough," he said; "Now, O Lord, take away my life."

Without waiting to enumerate all the causes for such a feeling, even a blind man can see that people like Elijah are legion among us. Multitudes have lost faith in

From *Learning To Have Faith* by John R. Redhead. \$2.00. Copyright 1955 by Pierce & Washabaugh. By permission of Abingdon Press.

our world and are suffering from a heavy dose of the blues. Discouragement does something to religion. Most unbelievers become so, not so much by arguing themselves out of their faith, as by being discouraged out of it. If we are to maintain our hold upon the verities of religion, we must find a faith which can match our present mood with courage. How, then, can we learn to have faith in our world?

The first element in such a faith must surely be a historical perspective. This is something which the psalmist had: "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." The very sound of those words is stabilizing. They are descriptive of the long look. And this is what we need today. A long look provides a wide horizon; and when we see things in their true perspective, mountains often dwindle into molehills.

They tell us that when the Teapot Dome affairs were boiling over and unpleasant things were being said about some public officials, a visitor in the White House said to Mr. Coolidge that a president certainly did have his troubles. "See that shore over there," said Mr. Coolidge, pointing through the window to Virginia. "A president once sat in this chair and saw the flag of rebellion raised over there. I haven't got any troubles."

It was so with another president in the White House. Whenever Woodrow Wilson lost heart over the apparent failure of his hopes for the world, he would go to his second-floor study and look out through the window across the Potomac River to Arlington and remember the words of General Lee: "It is history that teaches us to hope."

Another element essential for a faith in our world is personal commitment to active service in the cause which you want to win.

"Nothing earthly," said David Livingstone, "will ever make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God and go forward."

Inaction is always productive of despondency. Look at Elijah. "He . . . came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life." And the Lord said, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" The truth of the matter is he wasn't doing anything. He was sitting down, ready to throw in the sponge because things looked so discouraging. As long as he had a prophet's work to do—as severe as that work was—all went healthily. But he was on the sidelines now, sitting still with both hands folded, doing nothing. To rouse him out of his despondency, God gave him some-

thing definite to do.

Once during the thick of the Reformation fight, when Luther was forced to go into retirement and become idle for a season, he became very blue. He wrote to his friend Melancthon, "Would that we might live no longer! Our God has deserted us." It is always so with men who watch the battle from their armchairs instead of from the middle of no man's land. Men like Schopenhauer and Nietzsche and Bernard Shaw, sitting comfortably apart, always become pessimists of the thirty-third degree. But men and women like General Booth and Dwight Moody and Jane Addams, fighting the good fight with all that they have, never doubt that God will win. The player sitting on the bench on the sidelines may give up hope and think the game is lost. But let him get into the play. Send him into the game, and he will not give up hope against the greatest odds until the final whistle blows.

Elijah, what are you doing here? Anoint Elisha to be a prophet. Instead of spending your time talking about how weak the church is and how impotent to make Christ dominant in this complex modern world, get up and get busy! Take an active part in the religious life of your community by training young men for leadership and anointing them with the spirit of

the unconquerable Christ.

Go to Damascus. Anoint Hazael to be king of Syria and Jehu to be king of Israel. Stop sitting still and whining about the state of affairs in the land. Take an active part in the political life of your country by supporting those men and measures you intelligently conclude will make most for the coming of the kingdom of God. Make your vote and your voice heard in the efforts toward securing a warless world and less liquor and cleaner movies and a cure for cancer and the right of everyone to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Elijah, what *doest* thou? Away with your cowardly cynicism! Arise! Stand up, so you can see better! Look back, and see how far your world has come! Look up, and take stock of your resources! Lift up your eyes, Elijah! God is not dead! He is at work! He is at work in his world today! Cease being a part of the answer to that problem. Elijah, get busy for God!

The motto of the Friends Service Committee puts the matter in a nutshell: "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness." And the very act of lighting the candle will drive the darkness away from before your eyes and give you the courage for faith in the future of your world.

Prayer

Max Ehrman

Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit.

Though the world knew me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.



Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

When you call upon The United Prayer Tower it is as if you had entered a sanctuary filled with worshippers of all denominations, for all over the country thousands of people, who have been helped through this ministry, are helping us to serve others by devoting time each day to pray with us. Those who write for prayers gain not only the prayers of the consecrated workers here, but the blessing of these invisible prayers.

All who request prayers have a vital and necessary work to do on their own behalf. The great secret of the astonishing success of this ministry is cooperation. This has brought about veritable miracles when much else has failed. This ministry prays WITH those who seek help, rather than FOR them, and in thousands of instances this difference has meant the difference between success and failure.

The FIRST STEP in cooperation consists in reading the lessons given in the MANUAL OF PRAYER, and in following daily the general prayers which accompany the lessons. There IS power in UNITED PRAYERS.

The SECOND STEP in cooperation is to turn to the special prayer given in the MANUAL for "Those whose names are in the prayer box of the United Prayer Tower."

Pray this carefully, earnestly, prayer-

fully realizing as you do so that your name is in that Prayer Box which in times past has held the names of thousands to whom God's saving Grace has come in response to prayer. Realize too that men and women, moved by the spirit of love and with a deep desire to obtain God's help for you in your time of need, are that very minute standing before God singly or in Prayer Groups, with that Prayer on their lips and in their hearts.

The THIRD STEP in cooperation is to release mentally, in so far as we can do so, our own illness, trouble, danger, or sorrow and keep our mind and heart centered on Jesus Christ, the Source of all power. Send out your love to enfold all the names that are in the Prayer Box. In this you will use the special prayer given in the MANUAL OF PRAYER — the same prayer that others are praying for YOU.

If you are not a member of the United Prayer Tower please write to us and ask to be a part of this great world-wide praying family. We will send you the MANUAL OF PRAYER so you can readily cooperate with us. "Whosoever will may come."

This ministry is a labor of love. We depend entirely on God for our supply and He never fails. Our ministry goes to the uttermost parts of the world and it is only through love that this is made possible.

Please remember to keep the TWELFTH day of each month (in addition to the one assigned you for your state) to pray for PEACE. Never before has the world needed united prayer as it does now — prayers so filled with love and forgiveness that God will accept them and use them for His glory.

The words of appreciation which follow have been taken from letters coming to the United Prayer Tower.

"I am impressed often to pray for some group or person. I had an inspiration last year to send some of my tithe to a certain man, a young missionary in Haiti, whom I had never seen or even heard of. I was asking the Lord where to send the amount when I glanced down at the desk for some stationery when my eyes saw a face on a paper someone had sent me. I felt so impressed and heard a voice inwardly say to send it to this young man. I knew it was of the Lord, so I sent it. This missionary wrote me later that he had been stricken ill with a tropical disease and had spent his last dime for medicine. He did not have a way to buy more medicine or food when the letter

with the money came. He said it was a miracle. No, just that I obeyed God." — *Ohio*

"Our Prayer Group have all been observing your 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. hours for prayer and it has been most rewarding. I wrote you last May and requested prayers for my sister. We are still marvelling at the miracle that happened in her case. Her doctor said she had a very large tumor and he was much concerned that it might be malignant. She had some other surgical work that had to be done and gall stones. He advised removing the gall bladder but not until the large tumor was out. Three doctors examined her and all agreed. They let her postpone the operation until the Easter vacation was over. The miracle was that they found no tumor, just a mass was all that was left of it. They decided to examine the gall bladder and found it in perfect condition, so it was not necessary to do anything to it. The doctor was baffled. Even when we know that anything is possible with God if our faith is strong enough, it is always a surprise when our prayers are answered so fully." — *California*

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, 5829 27th Avenue South, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota. Telephone PArkway 2-2766; 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.

There has recently come into my hands a series of booklets and one hard bound book from the Fellowship of Meditation in England. The author is Marion V. Dunlop, and this is the only literature (I know of) from a group that has devoted itself exclusively to the practice of meditation and especially to the silence. One does not have to travel far before he is asked for some specific literature on the art of meditation and the practice of the silence. I would recommend this literature for those interested in the subject. The literature consists of the following: INTO THE LIGHT OF HEALTH, \$.35; MEDITATION IN EVERYDAY LIFE, \$.30; A MEDITATION ON DIVINE LOVE, \$.25; THE WAY OF CONTEMPLATIVE MEDITATION \$.30; COMMUNAL SILENCE, \$.30; STILLNESS AND STRENGTH AND CONTEMPLATIVE MEDITATION, \$.75; and a small pamphlet, INNER PEACE, \$.05. The author emphasizes that merely reading a book of meditation will leave you pretty much as you were before you started it. The booklets are slanted toward the practice of what is written. This magazine has imported a supply of all titles and they may be ordered from this office.

AMAZING LOVE. Corrie Ten Boom (Christian Literature Crusade, 111 pages, \$1.00). A PRISONER AND YET . . ., Corrie Ten Boom (Christian Literature Crusade, 160 pages, \$1.50). Both these books should be read together. The latter is about her prison experience in various concentration camps during the last world war. The other is the continued story of faith-at-work in this country and Europe. Here is a dedicated woman with complete faith in the power and love of Jesus Christ. Members of her family died in concentration camps. There was no bitterness, but rather the discovery that the love and power of Jesus Christ is stronger than the cruelty and darkness of man at his worst. One will feel much closer to God and Christ from visiting with this amazing woman and her wonderful Christ.

books of interest

comments, summaries
reviews & opinions
on religious books

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

THE STORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, Winthrop S. Hudson (Harpers, 107 pages, \$2.25). Most protestants have little knowledge of the history of the Christian church, and I believe this book is a good one to fill the gap. It is written with clarity and it is small enough so that one is not apt to get lost in the woods of trivia and lose sight of the over-all sweep of the church. I enjoyed it, learned a lot, and have come from it with a greater appreciation of my heritage in the church.

CHANNELS OF THY PEACE, Erma W. Kelley (Abingdon, 111 pages, \$2.00). The unifying theme of this book of devotions is the famous prayer of St. Francis of Assisi that begins with, "Lord, make me a channel of thy peace . . ." After each petition of this lovely prayer, the author has a series of short daily devotions on the particular petition of the prayer. The devotions are warm, friendly, spiritually perceptive and bound to enrich the spiritual life.

POWER THROUGH PRAYER GROUPS, Helen Smith Shoemaker (Revell, 124 pages, \$2.00). The sub-

title says, "Their Why and How," and that is the sort of a book it is. It gets down to specific answers of why they are necessary, what they do, and how to go about it. The book is well written, filled with good stories that illustrate and inspire, and packed with pointed and practical information.

AMERICAN FREEDOM AND CATHOLIC POWER 1958, Paul Blanshard (Beacon, 420 pages, \$3.95). This is the famous book brought up to date after ten years. The book has been completely revised, rewritten, with voluminous new material. This is what the Roman church teaches about various aspects of life, always documented with present day examples. Some of the subjects are how the church works; church, state and democracy; education and the Catholic mind; sex, birth control and eugenics; censorship and boycott; and so on. It ought to be in every church library, in the hands of every alert Sunday School teacher, and read by all intelligent Protestant laymen.

BODY, SOUL AND SPIRIT, J. Carter Swaim (Nelson, 243 pages, \$3.50). This

is one of the finest and most interesting books I have read in a long time. It is filled with facts, observations and interpretations that lift one's faith in the ancient wisdom of the Bible and relates it to modern science. The book is divided into three parts as the title suggests. "Body" treats of those portions of the Scripture which deal with physical well-being . . . The Scripture shows how God has brought healing down to earth . . . Water and medicine and laughter have their part to play . . . There is stern Scriptural warning against those who abuse the God-given faculties of healing." "Soul" treats of those impulses which are within us all, and calls attention to Scripture passages which help self-discipline and the management of anger and anxiety . . . "Spirit" treats of those higher reaches of experience which come to us through God's extra gifts of hope and love, of peace and gratitude, of imaginative sympathy." The book is so full of interesting observations from the Bible, all related to present day medical knowledge, and so many suggestive interpretations are made, that I can hardly imagine anyone not having a fully rewarding and completely enjoyable time reading the book.



"This book from her pen and out of her rich experience will help you pray effectively, and your faith will be steadily enriched and increased as you read."

—Daniel A. Poling

● Behold Your God!

by Agnes Sanford \$3.00

"In the ever-growing evidence of spiritual healing this book by Genevieve Parkhurst will at once take a very important place. She herself had a healing as astonishing as any ever recorded at Lourdes."

—Frank C. Laubach

● Healing & Wholeness Are Yours

by Genevieve Parkhurst \$3.00

NOTE: The new mail-order catalogue of inspirational books by Macalester Park Publishing Company Bookstore has now come off the press. If you have not received your free copy, write today for it. It lists and describes the books of all publishers in this field.

All books mentioned in this magazine may be ordered below.

Macalester Park Publishing Co.

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