

Clear Horizons



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Spring 1958

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As We Go To Press

It is often difficult to judge the worth of a man when he is still alive. The real stature of him comes into focus when he is viewed from the distance of time. In **Glenn Clark** (p. 1) we have a man whose influence and authority grow with the months since he died. He always said that the power of his influence would be multiplied when he died, that everyone's influence is multiplied when they add to their desires the release of heaven. It is true with everything about him . . . **Aubrey Haines** (p. 7) writes about the spiritual law upon which the Clifton Cafeterias are founded. In Los Angeles these cafeterias are famous, and their fame has spread across the world. If one cannot pay for his meal, he does not have to do so. This venture in faith started in the middle of the depression; and spiritual truth and reality have made the venture a success . . . **Dr. Albert Reissner** (p. 13) is an authority on psycho-analysis, who shows the necessity of religion in a well integrated life. Although patients may say that they do not want to have anything to do with religion, by the time they are through with Dr. Reissner they come to embrace it . . . One of the most vital, powerful, and dynamic personalities and Christians we know is **Agnes Sanford** (p. 16). She is the author of many books, founder of Schools of Pastoral Counseling, busy lecturer, authority on prayer, especially in the healing aspect, and a thoroughly enjoyable personality. She combines in all she does an attitude of scientific objectivity, simple faith, and Christian dedication . . . **Thomas Kepler** (p. 23) teaches us how to live one day at a time . . . All parents, as much as their off-spring, are well acquainted with Dale and Roy Rogers, the movie cowboy stars. With children in the family it is impossible not to be well acquainted with them! **Duane Valentry** (p. 29) gives a fine spiritual portrait of Roy . . . **Will Oursler** (p. 37) writes a fascinating account of a research center in applying the word of God to our lives. This center is Wainwright House in Rye, New York . . . When a businessman sees the Gospel in terms of all of life, his business, his accounting, his hopes, his complete stewardship, then miracles happen and the impossible takes place. **Maurice Moyal** (p. 46) writes a thrilling account of such an Italian businessman . . . **Lillian Dickson** (p. 58) is one of the great missionaries of our day. Her letters come to this office and make us feel how insignificant we are. They are accounts that might well appear in the Acts of the Apostles; what she does for the lame, the ignorant, the hopeless of Formosa is magnificent.

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

1571 Grand Avenue

St. Paul 5, Minn.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 1-year subscription, \$2.00. 3-year subscription, \$5.00. Single copies, \$.50 each.

Clear Horizons

Eighteenth Year

Spring, 1958

Volume 18, No. 4

☞ "Prayer consists of seeing facts in their proper relation to each other."

Prayer is Sublimated Common Sense

Glenn Clark

This article was among the papers of the late Glenn Clark. So far as we know it has never had previous publication. You will find that it was written before the splitting of the atom.

PRAYER IS merely the application of sublimated common sense to the practical affairs of life.

It is first and foremost the deliberate process of merely looking at things until they stand out in their proper and true relations. It is merely a seeing of facts that one already knows, in their true and proper relations.

Such seeing, such looking, presupposes a free and relaxed imagination. Therefore, the first thing to do is to relax the imagination, free it from its bugbears and doubts and inhibitions. All our fears are the mere result of an arrested imagination.

We are coming to an age when the word *relativity* will have a more and wider meaning than before. We shall find that things as we see them are relative, and hence cannot

be properly seen, indeed cannot be said to be seen at all unless they are seen in proper relations with the other things that give them their significance and meaning.

To pray, then, consists in seeing facts that we all know are facts, in their proper relationship to each other.

Let us look at the facts:

First there are a group of basic, fundamental, absolute facts that are always there—like the sun, the air, the earth, etc. Some of these are as follows: the law of gravity in nature, and its parallel, the drawing power of love; the law that as the tides go out they must come back, and its inevitable corollary that as you give you must receive; the law that as you surrender yourself to a frame you become bound, and as you surrender to a spirit, you become infinitely free.

Genius is nothing but common sense applied upon objects more or less out of common sight.

A true saint is not a fanatic, but exactly the reverse. The true saint is characterized by the fact that he has no fads, he is a slave of nothing, not even of his virtues. "But he breaketh the Sabbath!" exclaimed the Pharisees. "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath," replied Jesus. He bows down to no method, not even to a method of prayer or devotion. "And John's disciples and the Pharisees were fasting, and they come and say unto him, Why do John's disciples and the disciples of the Pharisees fast but thy disciples fast not? And Jesus said unto them, Can the sons of the bridechamber fast while the bridegroom is with them? As long as they have the bridegroom with them, they cannot fast. But the days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them and then they will fast in that day."

He knows he can leave his most devout hour of worship in order to cook food for a hungry man, for in leaving God for Good he is leaving God only to find God. Only in this sense, however, does he follow St. Augustine's "Love God and do what you like."

To wait upon Love to guide you makes you live very quietly, but not lazily, for "*Love cannot be idle.*" To make Love the center-spring of

life makes one a poet and an artist, for to look upon life with the ardent look of love is the way of the artist.

How can I learn to love more, you ask. The reply to this is, "A man needs to keep his heart warm by living in it." The best way to learn how to love is to live with people and *look* at them. You cannot *see* a person, really see him, all of him, the real him, and not love him. Best of all, when you see the suffering of people, you not only love, but you learn what compassion means. General Haig said, "The World War has made me fall in love with humanity."

If we look at God and man long enough and tenderly enough we may not need to take the way of suffering. There is the love way as well as the suffering way, and the love way is infinitely better. "Had your eyes been open," writes Maeterlink, "might you not have beheld in a kiss that which today you perceive in a catastrophe?"

Let me reiterate what I said before: to me, prayer is merely the application of sublimated common sense to the practical affairs of life. Some modern psychologists condemn prayer as nothing but "wishful thinking." To me it is the most solid kind of reality, because I never take a step without taking a parallel step in the most solid kind of actual, proven fact.

The tides of the ocean are an

actual fact. One cannot do "wishful thinking" in opposition to the tides. If he does, the ocean will laugh his plea to scorn. Suppose he prays for the tides to go out and never to come in, and allows his footsteps to follow in the outward path of the tides. The waves will sweep back and engulf him. But suppose he prays that as the tides go out, with the same identical power they will return. He will then find that his prayer will be answered—yes, even before he asks, his wish is answered.

This discovery brought me my first answer to prayer in the sick room. A little boy was given up for dead by the doctors. The mother asked me to pray that the hand of death be stayed. She might as well have asked me to hold back the tides. This I told her I could not do. But one thing I could do. She asked what it was. "We can get down on our knees and give your little boy to the Father. Don't ask the Father to give you the boy," I continued. "He has already done that, in the day that he was born. But you give your boy to *Him*. Do it wholly, completely, utterly. Let Him take him into the Kingdom of His Love. Let Him do with him whatever he sees best. How do you know that your boy would be happier on earth than he would be in heaven? How do you know what God has in store for him in His Divine Destiny? Give him to

the Larger Plan the Father has for him. Give your boy to the Father, and let go." The mother prayed until she could accept with radiant acquiescence whatever the Father had in store for her. She gave her boy to the Father and found peace. Then I knew that her boy would be returned to health. But I was not prepared for the marvellously rapid recovery that he did make.

Since that discovery, fifteen times little children have been given up by the doctors, and fifteen times have I induced the parents to give their children to the laws of the tides, and fifteen times have their children came back to them. "Coincidence," say the doubters. "Luck," say the materialists. "Mere wishful thinking," insist the psychologists. But to me, it is merely the application of sublimated common sense to the practical affairs of life.

Gravity is another of the most solid facts the world knows. One cannot do wishful thinking in opposition to gravity. If he does, it will avail him nothing. Gravity will invariably pull him back to earth. When the little children who wish to walk start their first steps they fall, but when they learn to step in conformance with the solid law of gravity, their wish to be able to walk begins to take form, and their prayer is answered.

To me, Gravity is but the twin sister of Love. As Gravity draws everything to it physically, Love

draws all things to it spiritually. When I do my "wishful thinking" contrary to all laws of Love, I expect no answer to my prayer; when I do my "wishful thinking" in harmony with all the laws of Love, I know it will be answered. To me, prayer, in contrast to "wishful thinking" is the mere bringing my will into accord with the Will of the Father and of my neighbor. And my experience reveals that such prayer is *always* answered.

Another solid fact is the atom. Scientists tell us without qualification or fear of denial, that when someone comes along who can subdivide the atom we shall find power enough in a glass of water to carry an ocean liner across the Atlantic. When pressed for further explanation they merely tell us that at present the atom is composed of elements that unite in pairs. When it will be found possible to separate these pairs of elements and let them recombine in quadruplets, there will be power enough in a tear drop to furnish warmth and comfort to a house for the winter, and in a gallon of water to keep the wheels of a giant industry going for a year.

Stepping into the spiritual realm I find the parallel to the material atom is human affection. The basic, most elementary thing in human life is this element of affection, without which we should all sink back to savagery. Taking the element of human affection as the

smallest spiritual unit we can deal with, and dividing it into its smallest sub-divisions and letting them reunite in pairs, we have *attachment*, or affection that endures only so long as the one we feel attracted to serves our purposes. But when the great soul comes who can subdivide human affection and let it reunite, not on the basis of two and two, which is mere attachment, but on the basis of four and four, that is to say, on the basis of that larger, cosmic Love described in Jesus' Great Commandments, then love of our friend becomes suddenly a window through which we can love not our friend only, but God and all mankind. When we have lifted Love from the two-dimensional basis of "attachment" and put it upon the four-dimensional basis of unself-seeking units of spirit, we have changed the music of our lives from a mere selfish duet between instruments which may often be out of tune, to a vast spiritual orchestration wherein we are bringing the very music of the spheres into the room where we and our friend happen to be sitting. Just as there is enough power in a little glass of water when its atoms are reunited on a four-dimensional basis, to send an ocean liner clear across the ocean, so in a room where two friends are sitting who love in the fourth-dimensional way, there is sufficient power to remove illness from the body of a dying man in a near-

by hospital, or to send a message of light across an entire continent, setting thousands of hearts on fire.

Jesus knew how to subdivide the atom of the spirit. He dealt with the most sound and solid facts in the most sound and solid way they have ever been dealt with in the history of man. "He who sayest to this mountain, be thou removed, believing, it will be moved," sounds absurd, but no more absurd than to say he who can subdivide the atom in a piece of uranium can

blow the mountain into eternity. For Jesus went on and explained, in the most scientific way it has ever been explained, the exact process of subdividing the atom of the Spirit when He said, "Whenever two or three come together agreeing in my name, the same will be done."

And so let us turn to the great discoveries of science and the great fundamental powers of nature, and resting upon the basis of solid fact, walk down the pathway of prayer.

Easter Prayer

Elizabeth Hunter

I thank Thee, Father,
For Thee,
For me,
For all of us,
For light, shadow, night,
And earth now greening,
For bird song,
Wind song,
Rain song,
The mystery of nature's meaning.

I thank Thee, Father,
For our imperfections,
That make us a little lower than the angels
And so sweetly human
Thou must but love us more,
And we each other.

I thank Thee, Father,
For the mystery of man's meaning,
For a tree into a cross,
A man into a Christ,
And the promise of Thy love filling all eternity
With answers.

Beatitudes For A Joyous Life

Agnes M. Pharo

Happy are they who rejoice in each new day which the Lord
has made;
for theirs is a kingdom of beauty.

Happy are they who face each hour of the day with courage;
for they are truly children of the God who never
forsakes them.

Happy are they who are grateful for their blessings;
for they know that all good gifts come from their
heavenly Father.

Happy are they whose minds are filled with sunshine;
for a merry heart makes a cheerful countenance and
heals like medicine.

Happy are they who are pleasant in their homes;
for their families delight in them and call them blessed.

Happy are they who are loyal to their friends;
for true friendship is a golden chain binding hearts
together.

Happy are they who do not criticize nor gossip;
for their standard of life is the Golden Rule.

Happy are they who are kind and loving toward everyone;
for they that dwell in love dwell in God who is Love.

Happy are they who do not worry or fear;
for theirs is a living faith, a firm trust in God to
supply every need and lead them in paths of right.

Happy are they who walk humbly with their God through every
day;
for only in His presence can be found protection and
peace and joy.

“Did all this give-away policy pay? — It increased his business voluminously.”

The More He Gives, the More He Receives

Aubrey B. Haines

TO CLIFFORD E. CLINTON of Los Angeles the Golden Rule is not so idealistic that it would work only if everybody practiced it. No one can persuade him that it does not work. He has constantly proved its practicability in his own business. As Southern California's most daring restaurateur he has taken seriously the words of Jesus, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

Back in 1931 Clinton came to Los Angeles with only \$2,000, saved over the years. At 648 South Broadway—in the heart of the metropolis—he opened the Brookdale Cafeteria on the theory that if the patron was not delighted with his food and service, he need not pay.

Other businessmen thought the idea fantastic. To be sure, they argued, the Golden Rule might work under certain conditions. But, after all, times were not normal. This was the greatest depression ever to hit the United States. People had little money to spend even for food. Therefore, countless persons could be expected to take advantage

of his generous offer to "dine free unless delighted."

However, Clinton put his faith in God and in humanity. Today, as a result, his two downtown Los Angeles cafeterias (the other is at 618 South Olive Street) are a \$3,000,000 business. Why? One answer may be that fortune is a matter of chance. Most people work hard but never achieve it. Yet others seem to find that whatever they touch turns, Midas fashion, into wealth. Clifford Clinton, however, is prepared to argue that Jesus' principles of giving bring an abundance in return.

Clinton's plan was not to give the customer a minimum of service and put the savings into more cafeterias. On the contrary, he believed that by offering his patrons a variety of services, they in turn would make Clifton's Cafeterias their place to eat.

So at the very beginning he introduced the policy of providing meals for those who were hungry and without money. Within ninety days he had fed 10,000 persons who had nothing to offer him in return

for their hunger. Could he afford it? That was beside the point. Witness instead the number of paying customers Clinton served. From an initial 800 paid meals a day his patronage suddenly shot upward to 16,000! How many were the people who came here to eat because they wanted to patronize a man who had sympathy for the destitute!

This taught Clinton a lesson he never forgot and that has been driven deeper into his consciousness with the passing years: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over. . . ." These words of Jesus then were not some celestial idealism fit only for angels. They worked in a nation where many people had no money for food and in a city where the evidence of charity was not overly abundant.

Would countless people take advantage of Clinton's good will? Many critics thought so at first, but figures have always proved otherwise. For example, one per cent of the patrons have been found to alter their check downwards, but less than one-tenth of one per cent choose to pay nothing.

Within the first sixteen years Clinton served more than 4,000,000 meals to people without funds to pay, and meal credits were extended to countless others. To nearly 1,000,000 persons he served a penny subsistence meal, consisting of a

bowl of brown rice, hot broth, and vegetables.

Even today, with the high cost of living, a customer at Clifton's cafeterias may sit in a dining room furnished with man-made waterfalls, aviaries and aquariums, thatched huts, and huge neon-lighted flowers. He can hear an organ play while birds sing, and he can get a substantial meal of meat, vegetables, dessert, and beverage for fifty-nine to sixty-nine cents! If he thinks he is being overcharged for a combination of low-priced food and extravagant surroundings and entertainment, he may pay only what he thinks the meal was worth, or he may dine free.

Clifton's have a variety of other services, too. Free birthday cakes are furnished on customers' birthdays. In sixteen years Clifton's gave more than 131,000 birthday cakes. Free advice is given on diets and nutrition problems, and free lists of jobs and apartments are furnished. A weekly leaflet, *Food For Thought*—containing poetry, inspirational paragraphs, and letters from guests with replies by the management—is provided free at all the tables. Both cafeterias maintain a "Los Angeles Hospitality Service," which provides information, maps, theater tickets, and airplane reservations. Bulletin boards provide a "friendship exchange," and a special hostess gives guests help and advice on personal problems. Until World

War II limited the service, Clinton operated a sight-seeing bus, which provided a two-hour trip, without charge, to any visitor to the city. Also, until the coming of the war, Clifton's meals included free portions of sherbet, limeade, and lollipops for children. Yet, in spite of the fact that he gives all these things away, Clinton makes a large profit besides.

Not only is he generous with his patrons but with his employees as well. Today Clinton has 600 employees, called "Associates," who have bargaining rights, a share in the profits, paid vacations, medical service, music lessons, inspirational literature, and little interest in joining unions. The dinner table at the Clinton home is constantly crowded with business associates, and the swimming pool is open to employees. One of the sixteen rooms in Clinton's home serves as an employee hospital.

Clifford Clinton, now fifty-six, got his strong religious beliefs from his parents, who were Salvation Army captains. At the time of his birth—August 3, 1900—Clinton's father was pioneering in the restaurant field on the West Coast, as his father had done before him, developing the cafeteria principle of food service. He had gone into the business to raise funds for his missionary work. Once the money was raised, the parents took the youngster off to China. There the family

stayed until 1906, when they were forced to return. Hence the elder Clinton alternated between China and work in the food service business.

While his parents were missionaries in China, the boy Clifford developed a horror at the sights he saw. Here were famine-ravished natives eating bark, grass, worms, and bugs—anything that might resemble food. Once he found a Chinese devouring an oatmeal poultice his father had placed on an old man's carbuncle. Young Clifford resolved thereupon that some day he would do something to mitigate human need.

After his own cafeterias failed in San Francisco, in 1931, Clifford Clinton came to Los Angeles with what he called "an Ideal—the desire to be of service." Naming his cafeterias "Clifton's"—derived from his first and last names—he fed 10,000 persons free within a short time.

Did all this give-away policy pay? To be sure, it compensated Clinton manifoldly in inner peace and serenity, which is the main thing. But it also increased his business voluminously. In the first thirteen years he served more than 50,000,000 customers and by 1943 was paying an income tax of \$120,000!

For nearly ten years an upstairs office in Clifton's Brookdale Cafeteria on Broadway served as national headquarters for the Meals for

Millions Foundation. A nonprofit corporation, it raises funds to relieve and prevent starvation throughout the world by purchase of multipurpose food for established relief agencies. This food was developed at the California Institute of Technology in near-by Pasadena at Clinton's own expense, to provide a completely nourishing meal, which could be prepared from formulas, to meet the world's distressing cry of hunger.

Clifford Clinton, father of two sons and a daughter, got into public affairs in 1934, when he investigated waste in the huge Los Angeles County Hospital. Then Judge Ben Lindsey named him to a grand jury. Most of the jurymen opposed Clinton's efforts to investigate vice. Hence he and three other members organized a group to campaign against political corruption. His civic betterment campaigns were largely responsible for the recall of Mayor Frank Shaw in 1938 and the election of Superior Court Judge Fletcher E. Bowron as mayor, the 1940 defeat of District Attorney Buron Fitts, and the replacement of numerous councilmen and other local officials.

During his political crusades Clinton's own home was bombed, people were sent in to poison his food, and his taxes were raised \$16,700 on one property alone! Once a trick motorcycle rider crashed into his Cadillac to fake an accident for damage action. Clinton shrugged off the adversity, however, smiling. In more than 1,600 radio broadcasts he always reminded the common people of their rights to resist politicians.

His most recent effort was in March, 1948, when he started the first Food Service School of its kind to train people for cafeteria, restaurant, and all food service fields. Unusual features are that for the thirteen-week course full tuition can be paid in work on the job. And any tuition paid by a student will be refunded if he is not satisfied.

Centuries ago Jesus affirmed that it is more blessed to give than to receive. But Clifford E. Clinton finds that to give is to receive—not only abundant patronage but the inner satisfaction that he is a part of the answer to the problems of the world's hunger.



“Our aim was to further mutual understanding among the pupils.”

The Day My Religion Meant Most to Me

Marguerite Tennis

I WILL NEVER forget the date—April 20, 1952. At that time I was principal of Bywood School in Upper Darby, Pa., and it fell my lot to lead pupils and teachers of the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades on a “pilgrimage to the churches.” We visited a Lutheran church, a Roman Catholic church, and a synagogue—and it was the most heart-warming experience of my life.

Our community was in the midst of celebrating Upper Darby Week and our school superintendent had asked all of us principals to cooperate. While the observance was primarily a commercial promotion, we in the schools put our full efforts into teaching the community's geography and history. Upper Darby is a community in Delaware County, just west of Philadelphia. Parts of Upper Darby were still being built; many newcomers had moved out from the city, and this celebration was an opportunity to help build up their loyalty to new surroundings.

In school, we felt the need of emphasizing the idea of “learning to live together.” We talked of it

in classrooms, we wrote and gave plays and pageants to promote this theme. We sensed the need to understand the religious practices of our neighbors. Some children were absenting themselves for holy days and high-holiday ceremonies. Then there came to our attention an excellent book, *One God—The Ways We Worship Him* by Florence Fitch (Lothrop, \$3). It's the story, told on a child's level, of the three major religions. We had several copies and some teachers encouraged informal discussions of the book.

Later, as our Jewish enrollment increased, we began to hear comments about our emphasis on the Christmas story, which naturally received marked attention at the holiday season. Through a wonderful Jewish teacher on our staff I learned about the Hebrew holidays, among them Hanukkah, a happy occasion—a family celebration with feasting and gifts which falls shortly before Christmas. As a result, each year we had been holding a Hanukkah assembly for the school. Our Jewish children brought their candlesticks, told the other children why they were celebrating. This

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made it easy for us to have the Jewish children participate a short time later in the Christmas story.

With this background, it was a natural step for the faculty to agree to include a visit to three houses of worship as part of the school's observance of Upper Darby Week.

At 10 a.m. on that memorable April 20, with over 200 boys and girls and their teachers, we started out with a visit to the Lutheran church. The pastor met us at the door and invited us to sit in the front seats of the sanctuary. He went into the pulpit and talked of the altar, the vestments he wore, and why different colors were used on the altar during different seasons. He called attention to the Bible stories depicted in the stained-glass windows. Then one of the mothers led us through church-school rooms, with their worship centers. Since Sunday schools are a vital part of Protestant churches, it seemed well to emphasize this. We also saw many other rooms of the church and had their uses explained to us.

Then we proceeded to the synagogue. We were met at the door by the rabbi, who invited us to the main part of the synagogue. He took the copy of the Torah from the Ark and read from it in Hebrew, then explained some principles of the Jewish faith. As we left the room, the rabbi had us all pass by the Torah for a close-up of its beauty.

We could see its pages, strikingly illuminated, in the original Hebrew.

After lunch, we went to the Roman Catholic church. It was a beautiful spring day and the priest was on the front steps to greet us. He, too, invited us to occupy the front seats in the beautiful, newly completed sanctuary. As he spoke, he called attention to the lovely stained-glass windows and the stories their pictures told. He pointed out the seven stations of the cross and explained the significance of the Mass, the confessional, the burning candles. As he talked, worshipers knelt in prayer.

Our visits ended with a deep glow of reverence and understanding. Truly, this was a wonderful experience. The cooperation of children and parents alike was amazing.

Later, as I thought over the day's events and recalled that only one parent had raised an objection, I knew that all adults concerned had given consent to the right of every man to worship as he pleased. And by their acquiescence they recognized that by an understanding of another man's religion they were silently saying that he, too, has equal rights to his beliefs.

I am convinced that no child who participated in this pilgrimage ever again can listen to slighting comments on any faith without recalling these men and the dignity with which they presented their beliefs.

☐ "Religion can help us to integrate our lives around the reality of the universe."

Religion and Psycho-Analysis

Albert Reissner

THERE IS ONLY one religion in the cultural world which can be expressed in one sentence: Religion is the relationship of man to God and the relationship of man to man—corresponding to the Biblical phrase, "Love your neighbor as yourself." The aim which religion and psychology share in common is to foster the person's will to live in a positive way, which is the basis of psychodynamics.

While there are certain areas of misunderstanding at the present time, the tension between psychology and religion—where it exists—should be viewed largely as labor pains by means of which something more intelligent can be born. . . .

The relation between religion, religious feelings, and scientific facts has a *dynamic*, not a static basis. Man cannot be looked upon as a determined being. He is constantly in the process of changing, growing, and maturing into a personality. Emphasis should therefore be placed on the fact that personality is not what a person *has* or *is*, but rather what he can *attain* by his own mental and social effort. The powers

of assertion and devotion are present in everybody. It has always been my opinion that the basic human qualities which produce the mature personality are: Independence, integrity, and the ability to love. The procedures of psychoanalysis which help to develop these qualities in the individual are perfectly compatible with religion; both types of guidance merely differ in their ways and means. . . .

A recent interesting development in the current movement of professional and religious leaders toward a common ground in their service to humanity has been the opening of the Lutheran Medical Center in Brooklyn, under the direction of Dr. Paul A. Qualben and Dr. John P. Kildahl; and the clinic of Dr. Klaus Thomas in Berlin. Both of these centers share the unique distinction of being founded and staffed by men who are not only *trained psychiatrists* but also *ordained ministers*. The patients are thus offered, by implication, the services of a practitioner who will be able to meet both their psychological and spiritual needs.

It is perhaps not presumptuous

From *Sharing*, November, 1957, by permission of the Publishers. St. Luke's Press, San Diego, Cal.

to say that the present trend is a logical outgrowth of the fundamental tenets of Adler's Individual Psychology. For he was a *religious* man as well as a *scientist*, and he is quoted as saying that while Religion did not lie within his professional field, from the point of common sense alone, the Individual Psychologist must require as the minimum in conduct from himself and others what the true Christian also requires . . . Adler's aim was the "ideal perfection of mankind." His conviction was that religions, through their church institutions, have a great influence in the field of education. . . .

From the standpoint of practical application in my own personal experience, I would like to discuss the religious attitude of mentally ill persons. Among all the patients who have consulted me, there have been only two who at the beginning of treatment had some kind of positive religious feelings. At the start of my professional career, I was inclined to believe that perhaps my patients had become frustrated because of much religious authority and dogma, thus turning their backs on the church. But experience soon showed me the fallacy of this reasoning, since I learned that my patients had turned their backs on religion only because they were mentally sick. When confronted with situations and problems that threaten them, mentally sick persons

will grasp any means which offer them support; some become overactive in social affairs, others become fanatics in their beliefs—and this fanaticism, or highly orthodox attitudes, are found in unstable persons. It is not the fault of religion, it is only that a lot of new, peculiar, and bizarre religious cults attract such unbalanced people. Some new prophets who have similar emotional problems get new followers. These people are often overwhelmed by fantasies, resulting in hallucinations which distort and obliterate reality.

It is interesting to note that many of my patients at the start of their treatment have voiced the sincere request that I do *not* touch on the subject of religious problems at all. However, as soon as I have made a little progress with them, they are more or less inclined to listen to my statement that a religious orientation gives power which is evidenced by personal self-control and self-direction, independent of the therapist—but under the guidance of the Supreme Being. As soon as the patient is capable of absorbing this truth, in about fifty per cent of the cases the reaction is, "Doctor, I believe in God,"—"I go to Church,"—"I pray,"—"I go to confession, communion," etc. There is no doubt that these statements indicate the setting in of the healing process. By insight the patient finds the evaluation of the combined treat-

ment of psychotherapy and religious belief. . . .

Most characteristic is the role of religion as a protector against fears, especially the fear of death and disease. Religion can help us to integrate our lives around the reality of the universe. Faith, hope and confidence have to be recognized as positive forces in contrast to anxiety, fear, and despair—the negation of life which affects us in all situations. The greatest contribution of religion to mental hygiene is the vision of the goal. . . . A wholesome religious service does *not* instill fear and guilt feelings—but on the contrary, it helps to expiate them.

In view of the steps that are being taken in the right direction, every indication points to the start of a new era in mental hygiene in which the combined efforts of psychiatry and religion will provide possibilities for experiencing the meaning of life and enable man to participate with all his faculties in a revival of religious feelings, gaining wholeness as a part of the great scheme of God's Providence. . . .

I do not know *what* the future holds, but I know *Who* holds the future.

Editor's Note: This is but a condensation of a brilliant paper read by Dr. Reissner at the International Conference on Spiritual Therapy.



Resurrection

Phyllis M. Flaig

For I have seen the risen Lord
Spring's gentle touch upon a wood;
In wonder I have watched the green
Of waking trees and understood
The Resurrection.

For I have seen the risen Lord
In every field and budding tree;
Each springtime verifies His word,
And proves eternity
And God's perfection.

¶ "Most of us need every day to enter into God's presence."

How to Choose an Objective for Prayers of Healing

Agnes Sanford

THE ONE WHO knew said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Happy, that is, are those people who know that their spirituality is small, that their creeds are imperfect, that their instruction concerning God and man is incomplete. Happy are those who know that they do not know all of truth. For only those who admit their spiritual poverty are willing to learn.

One way to understand a hitherto unexplored force of nature is to experiment with that force intelligently and with an open mind. This book* suggests, for those willing to learn, a method so simple that it is child-like, as the more profound truths are apt to be. It is an experimental method. One decides upon a definite subject for prayer, prays about it, and then decides whether or not the prayer-project succeeds. If it does not succeed, one seeks a better adjustment with God and tries again. This is the method of the men who have discovered and harnessed the forces of God's world—the scientists.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." The scientific attitude is the attitude of perfect meekness. It consists of an unshakable faith in the laws of nature combined with perfect humility toward those laws and a patient determination to learn them at whatever cost. Through this meekness scientists have learned how to conform to the laws of nature and by so doing have achieved great results. Through the same meekness those who seek God can produce results by learning to conform to His laws of faith and love.

The first step in seeking to produce results by any power is to contact that power. The first step then in seeking help from God is to contact God. "Be still and know that I am God."

Let us then lay aside our worries and cares, quiet our minds, and concentrate upon the reality of God. We may not know who God is or what God is, but we know that there is something that sustains this universe, and that something is not ourselves. So the first step is to relax and to remind ourselves that

there is a source of life outside of ourselves.

The second step is to turn it on, by some such prayer as this: "Heavenly Father, please increase in me at this time Your life-giving power." Or if we do not know this outside life as our Heavenly Father, we can simply say "Whoever you are—whatever you are—come into me now!"

The third step is to believe that this power is coming into use and to accept it by faith. No matter how much we ask for something it becomes ours only as we accept it and give thanks for it. "Thank You," we can say, "that Your life is now coming into me and increasing life in my spirit and in my mind and in my body."

And the fourth step is to observe the operations of that light and life. In order to do so, we must decide on some tangible thing that we wish accomplished by that power, so that we can know without question whether our experiment succeeded or failed.

Many Christians are afraid to do this. A colored woman once told me that she asked God to send her two pairs of rubbers for her sons, to protect their feet from rain and slush. That night, she said, the ground froze over solid and for two days the boys walked to school dryshod. Upon the third day a white woman gave her two pairs of rubbers for her sons.

"Oh, but I would never dare do that!" cried a young man to whom I repeated this. "Because—what if the rubbers didn't come?"

If the rubbers weren't forthcoming, he implied—there was no God. But if he had turned on an electric light and it had failed to shine, he would not have said, "There is no electricity!" He would have said, "There is something wrong with this lamp."

Let us understand then that if our experiment fails it is not due to a lack in God, but to a natural and understandable lack in ourselves. What scientist would be discouraged if his first experiment failed? Since we intend with His help to heal our short-comings, to repair our wiring, we need not fear to test His power by prayer.

When we ask for the indwelling of God's Holy Spirit in the body, let us think of that part of the body that most needs His life. Let us imagine His light and life glowing there like a fire, shining there like a light. Then through the rest of the day let us continually give thanks that His life is at work within us accomplishing His perfect will and recreating us after His image and likeness, which is perfection. If we have sought God for a simple thing such as healing of a cold in the head, we may find that healing perfected in a few minutes. If we have sought Him for the rebuilding of bones or nerves or sinuses, the

From* *The Healing Light*, Agnes Sanford. Macalester Park Publishing Co., St. Paul, Minn. \$3.00.

complete healing may take time and patience. In which case, while we seek daily to reconnect our spirit with the Spirit of God in prayer, we need not repeat any request for healing that we have just made.

That does not mean that we should pray only once for the matter. Most of us need every day to enter into God's presence and focus our attention first upon Him and then upon the area that needs healing, so that God may have every opportunity of continuing His cre-

ative work in us. But after the first time, we may say, "Thank You," instead of, "Please." "Thank You that Your Life is entering into me rebuilding everything toward health." We may then use our creative imaginations and make a picture in our minds of that perfection which we hope will be ours. And finally we may look steadily at that picture until it is accomplished. Thus by harnessing the imagination and training the will, we can arouse and build our faith.



His Lovely Things

Ethelyn M. Kincher

Fill up your heart with lovely things:
Pink apple blossoms, droning bees,
The scent of roses, sound of wings,
And April dreaming in the trees;

The greening hills, a small white cloud,
The peek-a-boo of sun and rain,
A laughing stream that sings aloud
Of spring returning once again!

Fill up your heart, set it aglow—
And let your soul go worshipping;
God gave us powers that we may know
The blessing of His lovely things.

☐ "It was the only Bible in the whole hotel. Most hotels had one for every room."

Bread on the Waters

Beth Barry

WHAT IS luck? Where does it come from? Why do some people have everything in life and others have so little? What do you have to do to bring good luck into your own life?

Well, there are ways and means. There are rules and regulations. There's such a thing as chance. But, according to Leonard Purday, you just cast bread on the waters—and it's sure to come back in the form of cake.

You see, that's what happened to him. He told me the story himself and I know it's true because I went out to New Jersey in person—and I saw that Bible myself.

His brother Abe used to laugh at Len. Abe didn't believe in luck. If you wanted money, you worked for it. You didn't wish on an old Bible. You rolled up your sleeves and you scrubbed the floors and made the beds and shined up the place for customers.

It wasn't much of a place the two brothers owned between them. They called it Haven House. The small hotel was just outside of Newark. Their grandmother had left it to them twenty-five years ago—and they ran it on a shoestring as best they could.

How people ever heard of the place was a mystery. But why people stopped here was plain enough. The guests that came either had very little money or none at all. This was another reason why the two brothers always argued with each other.

Len never turned anyone away. The front door was never locked. A clean bed was always waiting. And Len was waiting, too. He never failed to climb the stairs to say: "Need anything? Good night! Sleep well! Oh, by the way, maybe you'd like to read a little." And then he would leave the Bible.

Now there was something unusual about this Bible. In the first place, it was the only one in the whole hotel. Most hotels had one for every room. And all Len had to do to get twelve Bibles was to make one phone call to the Gideon Society—and they would be glad to send the books around.

But Len didn't want it that way. He had his own special reason for using his very own Bible in the very odd way that he did. His brother always laughed at him. He thought that Len was crazy. But Len refused to change his ways. He spent his spare time writing slogans. And when he brought up the Bible,

there was always a piece of paper in it with a special slogan made to order for the particular guest who had registered.

Sometimes the slogan read:

"CHEER UP!
TOMORROW IS ANOTHER
DAY!"

Sometimes it was a poem that said:

"IF YOU HAVE TO GO TO HELL
MAKE IT PAY YOU
VERY WELL!"

Sometimes it was an inspirational text:

"TRIUMPHANT THINKING
LEADS TO TRIUMPHANT
LIVING."

His brother Abe sniffed to high heaven at that one when Len read it out loud. "Okay, Len. You're always handing it out to others, expecting it to work. How about taking a dose of your own medicine? How about making that old Bible work for you right now? Right now is when we need it."

"That's right," said Len, "we do."

Today, his heart was heavy. In a moment too rash to explain, he had induced his brother to buy some new furniture for the old hotel. It needed refurnishing badly. The beds squeaked, the chairs were rickety, the carpet was worn. And the young man who came to sell the stuff was so convincing. They

could buy it all on credit and get three whole years to pay. The deal was a cinch.

Well, the first year wasn't so bad. Somehow they met the payments. The second year was harder. The third year saw a drop in business. The payments piled up. This morning's mail had brought a final notice. They were sending a van around for the stuff. Not only that—but they would collect. They had ways of collecting.

What did that mean?

"Maybe they'll take this place away," Abe was saying. "We'll have no roof over our heads."

"I'm not so worried about myself," answered Len. "But we can't lose Haven House. Where would people go when they're at the end of their rope?"

"Always thinking with your heart! Why don't you use your head?"

"Not so loud!" Len reminded him. "Don't forget there's a lady upstairs."

"Yes, one lady—only one room rented. How's that going to help us now—pay for the furniture—buy your supper and mine? We're losing everything. You might as well face it. Where are you going with that Bible?"

"Upstairs, Abe. And I'm not going to lose hope. Help will come from somewhere—as long as I believe it. Yes, I feel that this Bible will stop the enemy's bullet from hitting home."

"Okay! You give that Bible to the furniture people and see what they say to that!"

Len did not answer. Instead, he trudged up the stairs. He knocked on the door. His heart was heavy. How many times had he carried faith to some failing heart? Today he needed it himself.

The lady in Room 12A greeted him with a smile. "How are you, Mr. Purday?"

"Fine, thank you!" It might be best not to sit down in case the van came for the furniture.

"You don't remember me, do you?"

"No. Yet you seem familiar." He tried to grin hard.

"Well, I can't forget you. That's why I came back to see you. I scarcely knew my old room." She looked around. "It's all so nice and new."

"We bought the stuff three years ago."

"You must have bought it right after I left. The bed fell apart the night I was here. Remember?"

"Oh, now I remember!" They laughed together.

"We can laugh now," she confessed. "But if it weren't for you and this little old hotel, I don't know what would have happened to me. And I owe it all to you, Mr. Purday." And then she told him her story.

Three years ago, when her husband died, she left Cleveland to

try her luck elsewhere. She landed in Jersey. Her funds were low. Her courage was less. She was walking the shabby street when she saw Haven House. She registered, determined to snuff out her life.

"Then you brought up the Bible—this same Bible. There was a piece of paper inside—"

"You mean one of my slogans? My brother thinks I'm crazy to do it—"

"Your brother's wrong, Mr. Purday. You were inspired to write it. You were guided to give it to me. I'll never forget what you wrote. And she repeated it.

"LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT.
PICKLES CAN BE SWEET AS
WELL AS SOUR."

She went on. "I didn't sleep that night. I guess I read it a thousand times, if not more. And then the idea came—an idea about pickles. It was an old recipe that my mother used. I used to sit in the kitchen when I was a little girl and watch her fill the jars. People came from miles around to buy them. Well, here I was, sitting in this little room at the end of my rope—when you came through that door and saved me. You didn't know, Mr. Purday, and neither did I, what was in store for me. But I wrote out the recipe and I made the rounds with it till I found a man who gave me my chance. He let me make twenty-four sample jars of my mother's special sweet pickles.

That was three years ago, Mr. Purday. Today we have a small factory and we're growing. That's why I'm here. I came back to pay you what's coming to you."

"I don't understand—"

"I'll start out by paying you your

commission of 10 per cent—"

"I can't take it."

"You must take it. You see, Mr. Purday. You cast bread on the waters—and now you deserve to eat cake!"

Camps Farthest Out

FOUNDED BY GLENN CLARK IN 1930

1958 Schedule

Twentieth Century Christians are awakened to their anaemic spiritual state and to a realization that Christ meant His followers to have far greater physical and mental health and strength, and a more adequate vigor and joy in living than most of them have appropriated. The Camps Farthest Out are dedicated to the purpose of discovering this joy of living and the wholeness of that abundant life which Christ promised.

By the sea, in the mountains, and on the lakes of this cherished land, men and women of the Camps Farthest Out will come together in 1958 in most of the states to "fall into balance" with life—to sing, play, paint, write, and pray together—but most of all to learn to love, according to Christ's command, one's neighbor as oneself. This is power and this is peace.

Texas Hill Country, Feb. 27-March 6
Mississippi, April 8-15
Arizona (Grand Canyon), April 11-18
Oklahoma (Ardmore), April 17-23
Texas (Athens), May 3-10
Arkansas, June 3-10
Oklahoma (Tonkawa), June 5-12
Kansas, June 6-13
Iowa, June 8-15
North Carolina (Eastern), June 14-21
Alabama, June 21-28
Wisconsin, June 21-28
California (Redlands), June 24-July 1
California (Family), June 28-July 5
New York (Silver Bay), June 28-July 7
Colorado, June 29-July 7
Virginia I, June 30-July 6
Virginia II, July 8-15
Oregon, July 5-12
Nebraska, July 7-14
Missouri, July 12-19
Michigan, July 13-20
Victoria, B. C., July 19-26

Ohio, July 20-27
Minnesota, July 28-August 4
Montana, July 28-August 4
Indiana, August 2-9
New York (Mindon), August 2-9
Ontario, August 8-15
California (Northern), August 15-22
New Hampshire, August 16-25
Mass. (Star-on-Cape-Cod), August 25-September 2
New Mexico, August 28-September 2
North Carolina I, September 4-11
North Carolina II, September 13-20
West Virginia, September 19-26
Oklahoma (Spiritual Therapy) Sept. 25-Oct. 2
California (Spiritual Therapy), Oct. 5-12
Florida (1959), January 10-17
GREAT BRITAIN
Scotland, March 3-7
Wales, March 10-14
England, March 24-28

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

☐ "If we fight with tension the daily difficulties, we shall only increase the misery of living."

Worry, the Interest Paid by Those who Borrow Trouble

Thomas S. Kepler

MOST PEOPLE seem to worry. A group of 104 psychologists through a study of their cases determined a timetable for anxieties: At eighteen we worry about ideals and personal appearance; at twenty, about appearance; at twenty-three about morals; at twenty-six, about making a good impression; at thirty, about salary and the cost of living; at thirty-one, about business success; at thirty-three, about job security; at thirty-eight, about health; at forty-one, about politics; at forty-two, about marital problems, at forty-five, about the loss of ambition; over forty-five, about health. As one looks over this chart of anxieties, one needs to hear the words of an older, mature person, "If I could live my life over again, there is one thing I would not do—I would not worry. I have suffered too much from worry, and now realize that it never got me anywhere. It is just plain foolish!" In similar words Jesus said, "Do not be anxious about your life. . . Which

of you by being anxious can add one cubit to his span of life?"

When Jesus tells us not to be anxious about food and clothing, is he implying that we can live this carelessly in the world? Or are these words an oriental hyperbole in which Jesus by extravagant language is attempting to say, "Shift your spiritual attention to God and not to things! If you put God first and do his will, then the material things of life will find their proper alignment"? Some believe that these words are meant only for those who take monastic orders, where food and clothing are not to be earned. Others say that these words are among Jesus' teachings which make us feel deep despair, since we do worry; so we are driven to Jesus Christ and the Cross for our salvation. Many, however, view these absolute teachings about faith and trust as an ideal, and feel themselves under their judgment when they worry. They impel a Christian to realize that the cure for worry is a shift from distrust in self to a

From the book, *Jesus' Design For Living*—Kepler. By permission of Abingdon Press.

firm trust in God. Worry is folly; it is, according to Dean W. R. Inge, "the interest paid by those who borrow trouble."

Education and religion ought to teach people to be anxious about the right things. It is estimated that nine tenths of our worries are about events that will not occur. We worry over others' criticisms of us, about our health, about decisions we have made, although in our sane moments we know that worry will not better any of these situations; worry will only make us worse individuals. A study of 176 business executives, who average forty-four years of age, shows that one third suffer from one of three ailments due to anxiety and hypertension: heart disease; digestive tract ulcers; high blood pressure. About such high-pressure living Winfred Rhoades writes: "Emotional dissipation is no less an intemperance than alcoholic dissipation. The effect upon a man's life may be equally bad though not in the same way." Regarding man's race for success Fritz Kunkel speaks: "All egocentric tension can easily be traced to our striving for superiority and fear of inferiority. We survey a task, and the more we are afraid of failure, the more we overestimate the energy which is needed." To these same people Jesus' words ring an alarm: "Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothing? . . .

Which of you by being anxious can add one cubit to his span of life? . . . Seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be yours as well. . . Do not be anxious about tomorrow, for tomorrow will be anxious for itself. Let the day's own trouble be sufficient for the day."

We should learn to be anxious about some problems. We ought to be anxious about the schools in our communities, the recreational programs for youth, the environments of our homes. We ought to be anxious about loyalty to the churches in our communities. We should be anxious about the proper balance of work, play, love, and worship that each of us is putting into the daily program. We ought to be anxious to work out for ourselves a Christian view of life. Not long ago I became airsick as a plane tossed up and down in a rough storm. At first I fought the roughness of the trip, and found my body tense and rigid. Then I realized that such tension was merely increasing my physical misery. So I relaxed and let myself "take" the dips of the plane as it went up and down. By this relaxing I was able to finish the plane trip without further illness.

Daily living is like that plane trip. If we fight with tension the daily difficulties, we shall only increase the misery of living. If we relax, and realize that "underneath

are His everlasting arms," we shall find a great aid in not being anxious about our life. We do not want to be among those to whom Jesus spoke, "O men of little faith!"

Several years ago, after *Peace of Mind* by Joshua Liebman and *Peace of Soul* by Fulton J. Sheen were written (one by a Jewish rabbi and the other by a Roman Catholic leader), Ralph W. Sockman was asked

as a Protestant minister to write on a similar theme. After thinking over his title, however, Dr. Sockman concluded on *How to Believe* as the best title. And he was right, for as we have proper religious beliefs about God, we shall begin to overcome anxieties. Right belief precedes right mental health, which brings "peace of mind" or "peace of soul."



Omnipresence

Bertha Hueni Annis

If we seek Him, we shall find Him
 Anywhere that we may be —
 In a quiet sanctuary
 Or upon the farthest sea,
 In a little country garden
 Where the honeysuckle grows,
 Or upon the super-highway
 Where the traffic comes and goes.
 Even earth turns into heaven,
 Every cross becomes a star
 When we seek our Heavenly Father
 And then find Him where we are.

❏ "What would Jesus have done in a like situation?"

"Faith of our Fathers"

Pat Murphy Garst

MOST OF us know this old hymn that begins, "Faith of our Fathers, holy faith—" and ends with, "We will be true to thee 'til death." These words have rung out over our land many, many times; but how many of us are still true to the faith that our ancestors had in God, in each other, and in our fellow man? Can we reach out a hand to our neighbor and know that someone will help us in our need? Somewhere, here in America, there is a teen-age girl who had that faith; who called at a stranger's door and asked for help. Because she had faith that we would heed her plea, she gave us faith. She gave us God.

It was a dank, cold, dreary night in the fall when our door bell chimed. Our own teen-ager answered the door and came running for me. "Mother, there is a girl at the door who wants to talk to you. And mother, something awful must be the matter—because she's crying!"

She was indeed crying, her smooth cheeks streaked with tears and her short hair disheveled, although she was doing her best to

control her agitation. Upon her request I stepped outside, shivering in the chill wind. She gave me her name and slowly the tale unfolded. "I only need three dollars, just enough to get me home. I'll pay you Tuesday night—I'll get my check that day. I promise I will because I need it so badly. My mother—my mother is seriously ill and in the hospital so I've got to get home. I don't know very many people here, I'm a stranger. I came here to work; you know how young girls are, they want to get away from home and try to take care of themselves. I've already asked the few people I know if they could lend me the money—I'll pay it back, I'm honest—but no one had any they could lend me." Her voice filled with emotion. "I've got to get to my mother. You know how you'd feel if your mother was sick—in another town—you'd want to go to her too."

Indeed I would. There, I suppose you'd say is the crux of the story. How many men or women could let a plea like that go unheeded? I asked her into our home.

1958

"FAITH OF OUR FATHERS"

27

In privacy I repeated her story to my husband, before he joined us. He asked the same question I had asked, "How did you come to us?"

She wrung her hands and the tears began to fall. She fought desperately for control and when she succeeded, she explained. "I started to hitch-hike. I couldn't think of any other way. I got out on the highway and I got scared. There are so many things that happen to young girls accepting rides from strangers. I—I just couldn't do it. So I began walking, and as I walked, I looked into people's homes—you know how some people leave their shades up. And I thought, surely with all the people in the world there is someone who will help me. And I kept walking until I came to this house. The lights were on all over, inside. I thought to myself—it's a big house and someone there will help me. So I came to the door." Here her voice broke again. "Please, you don't have to give me the money—just lend it to me. I'll pay you back Tuesday night. All I'm asking for is just enough for bus fare and I promise I'll bring it to you as soon as I get my check."

We gave her the money. I know the same thought crossed my husband's mind as it did my own. What would Jesus have done in a like situation? As Christians we could do nothing less. We didn't think, at the time, that we were doing any more than anyone else would

have done.

Yet, in the days that followed, when we repeated the story to a chosen few, we ran the gamut from laughter to open sneers at our naiveness. "You may as well kiss that three dollars goodbye," was a repeated comment. They asked us why we didn't send her to one of the Social Service Organizations. "They are the ones who are supposed to help people in need." Yes, we admitted, they are the ones; but they were created for the main purpose of helping people to help each other. Why then, should we call on them, if in our own small way we could personally help a fellow man? "You'll never see her again," was the general summarization.

Tuesday was five days away when we bid her goodbye and good luck. Each night I prayed. I prayed for this girl's sick mother. I prayed that she would uphold our faith in her. I prayed, not for our measly three dollars, but for our faith in mankind. We knew that three dollars would never make or break us financially. We were happy we had given it to her because we felt in our hearts that she truly needed it. We admired her courage for coming to the door of a stranger and openly asking for help; few of us have that particular kind of courage. Some would even have used less honorable means. It was a renewal of our faith in God, our faith in each other and in this

great country, where a plea small as this could still be heard; where a young girl could go out and ring a doorbell and know her need would be fulfilled. We felt that we had been greatly privileged to have even a minor, but direct part, in the Lord's business. She touched much more than our pocketbook.

If we never saw the money again it wouldn't hurt us. It would not have injured our faith, for we had done only what we felt to be our duty. We realized, however, that if she did not return, it would hurt her indelibly. If hers had been merely a sob story, worked on us with success, then she might go to others, again and again. We prayed for her life, that she would not choose to lead it this way. We prayed for our faith in her, that it would not be ignored any more than hers had been. We discussed

the question as to whether she really would return with the money. Others asked us, and to all of them and to ourselves, we had the same reply, "We're sure she will."

Tuesday morning the sun streamed through the windows, filling the house, and each ray seemed to be brimming with promise. Just before noon the doorbell chimed and my husband went to receive our caller. Here at the peak of midday stood our faith, bright and shining and light, for everyone to see.

We accepted the money, though the money was not important; her pride, softly glowing on her radiant young face, was. Silently I murmured, "Thank you, Lord." And the last lines—"Faith of our Fathers, living still—" In this day when we hear so much of juvenile delinquency, we had our faith renewed and rewarded.

You Have To Believe

Myrtle Cook Jackson

Within your heart you have to know,
When winter leaves us, buds will grow.
Just like a robin does in Spring —
Eat your hard crumb and try to sing.

You must have faith and acquiesce,
Mere outward things will fail to bless —
For true joy blooms within the heart.
You must believe, then do your part.

¶ "As an active Christian, he feels he has work to do for God in his roll as cowboy hero."

Cowboy for God

Duane Valentry

STANDING in the spotlight of the big arena, the cowboy in his fancy clothes twangs away on his guitar. In the shadows, thousands of children listen in hushed silence, then break into wild applause.

Roy Rogers starts to talk into the mike, and they are still.

"And don't forget, fellows and girls, Sunday School is mighty important . . . and remember, Sunday School isn't for sissies. I'm sure glad I went every Sunday, and you'll be glad, too."

How many of the millions of youngsters who have heard Roy Rogers talk about Sunday School have gone, as a result, can't be known exactly. But their letters tell him by the thousand that they do, and he feels well-rewarded for including the message in his rodeo appearances, where some have said it does not belong.

Roy Rogers and his wife, Dale Evans, like to talk about their faith and their Christian activities. What they believe, what gives them joy, serenity, and one of the happiest of homes, they want to share with others. Dale, who can write a song with the best of them, even put her feelings into music recently, and "The Bible Tells Me So," was a

hit. It should be, for both Dale and Roy look to the Bible constantly.

"I believe in the Bible," Dale told in her book *My Spiritual Diary*, "for with it my soul is fed, and I wonder how my soul could be fed without it. The Bible, to me, has 'top priority' in my life. I think it is a Book which you either believe, or you don't believe. I believe it, and in it, and my life has been made unbelievably rich because of that belief, and that one Book."

Roy, like his wife, is a devout Christian. But it wasn't always that way. As a farm-raised youngster in Duck Run, Illinois, he had Christian training and each Sunday rode his pet horse, Dolly, to Sunday School. He especially loved to join in the hymn-singing, a favorite being the rousing "Let The Lower Lights Be Burning."

As a man Roy tried many jobs, from shoe-salesman to fruit-picking and truck-driving. He stopped going to church. Learning to play a guitar, he joined with a singing group and gained a hearing on a few radio spots, then was given a contract to do western roles in movies. When the children of the nation took this new cowboy to their hearts, Roy became the "King of the Cowboys" and began to en-

joy a success of which he had never dreamed.

Dale, brought up in Uvalde, Texas, loved the Bible stories and Sunday School, and when she was three, with a front tooth missing, sang a hymn in church.

The Rogers' joy in simple, wholesome living has increased many times since they "found the true meaning of religion." They have a marriage and home that are founded on a rock that can withstand the pressures of today's living and the particular pressures of their business and environment. The Bible helps them to keep thought steady at all times, in sorrow as well as joy.

When the Rogers were first married, it was Dale who rose early on Sunday to pack the children off to Sunday School and to go to church. Usually Roy didn't go. But one day he announced that if church was the cause of Dale's serenity and joy of living, he thought he'd better look into it.

On a sunny Easter morning, while his family proudly watched, Roy Rogers was baptized at the Hollywood Baptist Church. Nor was he a member in name only, but soon became active in church committees.

"Now we are able to reap from religion as a family," his wife says. "It permeates our home."

Relaxation time for this family is found near the woods and streams where Roy takes the family on his

fishing trips. Staying up late is no part of their wholesome pattern of life, and neither drinks or smokes. Both have strong feelings on the subject.

"If just a small part of the time, energy, and money wasted on alcohol actually was spent in helping others, there would be few alcoholics—everyone would be so busy helping to make life better there would be little time left for drinking. I think most people who drink do so for lack of anything else with which to occupy their time and mind," says Roy.

"Liquor is an insidious menace, particularly to the young people of our country," asserts Dale. "A social drink seems innocent enough—but before very long, instead of one social drink, the habit becomes two, then three. Liquor dims the memory of moral values—it clouds the shrine of the soul, while it pays homage to the flesh. Liquor has no conscience, and therefore, is ruthless in its dealings with human beings."

Roy believes it is a privilege to measure up to what the millions of young people in the country think a cowboy should be—and that standard doesn't allow for any lowering, in his mind. He and Dale have many Christian friends in Hollywood who feel as they do; some are stars like themselves; many are studio technicians and their wives, hairdressers, store-keepers.

Roy and Dale are both humble, down-to-earth people and their success has not changed them, unless to make them more so.

Children are an important part of the Rogers household, and their home life is like that of any close-knit American family. The six children (several are adopted) range in age from babyhood to teens, and Roy and Dale spend as much time with them as possible and are usually home for dinner each night.

"Dale and I wanted the children to learn to pray spontaneously and sincerely, so we let them express it in their own way."

Once Linda Lou said, "Thank you, God, for ice skating!" Cheryl, not to be outdone, said happily, "Thanks, especially for fun!" Dusty, Roy's namesake, joined his big sisters in adding his mite, "Thank you, God, for food."

Both parents believe in the Bible verse from Proverbs: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Both decided when they married that they would attempt to raise their children in a God-loving home, and in a home where the Bible was no stranger.

Roy Rogers' time on television is an hour few children want to miss. More than two million also watch Roy's movies regularly in theatres, for that is the registered membership of two thousand Roy Rogers' Riders Clubs in film houses all over

the country.

Many of these children "own" a piece of the world's most famous horse, Trigger, through small membership certificates issued by the King of the Cowboys to children who write for them. Trigger gets his share of fan mail and requests for "autographed" photographs. Roy himself receives about twenty thousand letters each week, mostly from children. Many end their letters the same way:

"I say my prayers for you every night."

Believing in the power of prayer, Roy Rogers feels it is to these children and their prayers that he owes his success and happiness. He wants very much, as a result, to bear witness effectively in his character and conduct for the church and its cause.

"Church members have just as much responsibility to make the Kingdom of God a reality here and now as those who serve as ministers in the pulpit," he declares. As an active Christian, he feels he has work to do for God in his role as cowboy hero to millions of children.

"There's some reason why the Lord has given me success and permitted me to climb to the top of my field," he has said. "There are other fellows who can out-sing me, out-act me, and who are much better than I'll ever be. Without religion and Jesus Christ, there just wouldn't be any meaning in life for me!"

PRAY BEFORE IMPORTANT DECISIONS

"In these days he went out into the hills to pray; and all night he continued in prayer to God. And when it was day, he called his disciples, and chose from them twelve . . ."—Luke 6:12-13

In his early ministry Jesus had many disciples. This naturally presented problems such as housing and feeding and in some manner the number had to be reduced. But how to decide which would continue with him, and which would be told to go home? Feelings would be hurt; some would be discouraged; hopes would be dashed; and perhaps charges of favoritism would be made. We can be sure that it was not something that suddenly came to Jesus' mind and was quickly dealt with. After undoubtedly thinking about it for sometime, Jesus went up into the hills to pray about it. Only in prayer, only with God's help, could he do the right thing. In the morning he chose the twelve.

A successful salesman once told a group that whenever he knew something important was scheduled for the following day, he would arise at three o'clock in the morning and meditate for a few hours. What did he meditate on? On selling the customer? No! He simply got close to God, remembering His glory, His beauty, His wisdom, and His love. He spent time with his Heavenly Father knowing that in Him he would find wisdom, peace, sureness and everything he needed. It enabled him to approach the day's demands with poise, trust, clearness of mind and peace of soul.

In spending time in this kind of prayer it is important to dwell on the omnipotence, the omniscience and the glory of God. Fill your mind with all of heaven; become lost in the wonderfulness of God. What soever things are . . . pure . . . true . . . honorable . . . lovely . . . gracious . . . these are the things upon which to dwell.

With all your mind tuned to God and the things of God go forth to the day's work, to the decision that is to be made, to the potentialities of the day, knowing that He will be in everything you do.

READ: **Prayer Can Change Your Life**, William R. Parker and Elaine St. Johns. \$3.50

THE KNACK OF RIGHT REMEMBERING

"And forget not all his benefits . . ."—Psalm 103:2

In times of discouragement it is a good thing to meditate upon the benefits that God has given to us. These benefits do not have to be something great or other-worldly (such as visions, etc.). They can be limited to health, place of birth, schooling, work, home, clothing, food, to mention some. We might think of others who met with tragedy, were arrested, had accidents, and "just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time." We can think of acquaintances who have not had the same opportunities for friends, jobs, education, as have we.

We can remember stories about the providence of God. A group in the mid-west once sent around \$200 to a mission in South Africa. They had never done such a thing before. Someone in the group happened to have heard about the mission and the good work it was doing, and told everyone else about it. At their meeting an offering was taken, and some money was added to it from their treasury. Well, that money reached the mission in about three months, at a most critical time in the life of the mission, and what is more, the amount of the check was the exact amount they had determined they needed. Here was a check, from a source they had never even heard of, for the right amount, and it was mailed at a time when they had no idea they would be in the critical condition they now found themselves.

Perhaps we can remember sometime in our own lives, where we are sure God has guided us, protected us, favored us. Think about it, and then ask yourself if you believe He has forsaken you now.

Then go one step more and imagine all the times you have been helped by God without knowing it. The times you *could have been* hurt, the times you *could have made* a terrible mistake, the times you *could have done* something tragic—but you did not! God has protected you in times when "nothing happened," but when it could have happened!

And now, with all this in mind, look to the job to be done right now, to the crisis in which you now find yourself, the thing ahead that looks insurmountable, and affirm by faith, "I KNOW whom I have believed . . ."

READ: **A New Way To Pray**, W. Mauleverer. \$1.25

KNOWING AND DOING

"If you know these things, blessed are you if you do them."—
John 13:17

There are not many things more satisfying than a job well done; and there are not many things more frustrating than putting off what must be done. Jesus had just given the disciples an example of service—washing their feet, and telling them the lesson meant that if their master would do such a thing then they too should expect to serve just as their master had served. Then he said too, that they would be blessed if knowing this, *they did it*.

Sometime later the apostle Paul voiced the common human dilemma in saying that the things he would do he did not, and the things he would not do he did. There is not much joy and happiness in this. It is the state of guilt and condemnation that can drive a person to insanity if not solved. The way to release, to happiness, to finding your niche in life, is to do the things you know you ought to do. Simply knowing what to do is not enough. Knowing must walk hand in hand with doing. And, it is in the doing, or at least in the attempting to do, that we receive the reward of the blessed—joy, meaning, service, achievement, and all that makes a heaven of earth.

A friend had heard that someone was sick at home. However he had planned to take the day off and delve into some books he had been wanting to read for sometime. The longer the afternoon wore on the more uncomfortable he became until he could no longer stand it. Finally, he made a notation in the margin of the book and put it aside. He went to the friend's home and found that they really needed help. He went about the work at hand, and many hours later, when he finally went home, he felt wonderful. The note he had written on the margin of the book read, "It is better to *do* what a good book says than to read it."

Are there some things of the spirit you have been putting off and putting off doing? The way to get back into the state of the blessed is to begin doing what you know ought to be done.

READ: **Behold Your God**, Agnes Sanford. \$3.00

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

CRUDEN'S CONCORDANCE, Alexander Cruden, Revell, \$1.95. 416 pages. *Popular Edition*. This pocket-sized edition will be popular with the traveller and with a person who likes something easy to handle. If your Bible does not have an adequate concordance in the back of it, then this will fit the bill admirably. Naturally it does not have all the words of the Bible in it, but a 416 page concordance contains more words than one is likely to want. The printing and binding are very attractive.

A MONTH WITH THE MASTER. Archie Matson, Harper, \$3.75. Here are 31 days of spiritual exercises based on the *Spiritual Exercises* of Ignatius Loyola. Most books of "devotions" in the Protestant tradition consist of a verse of scripture, a meditation (usually an exposition of the verse), and a closing prayer. This is entirely different. The gospel of Luke is used for the exercises. An incident is read from the gospel. Then, in imagination, we go back 2,000 years and see ourselves as one of the on-lookers. In the story of Jairus, we *are* Jairus, and it is our daughter who is deathly ill. In detail we are greatly in love with "our" daughter, we are distraught at the delay caused by the healing of the woman with an issue of blood, we feel the push of the crowd, hear the people talking, and so forth. The second part of the exercise involves bringing the lesson up to date. We should feel today the protection of Christ, we "see" Him in our mind, we thank Him for His care of us, we discuss with Him the application of this Biblical incident to our own lives, etc. These exercises are not something to be skimmed over and taken lightly. One day is all that is recommended. Many hours per exercise could be spent. Protestantism has needed this sort of a spiritual exercise book for a long time; and this one is greatly welcomed.

ANYONE FOR CALVARY, Charles Ray Goff, Revell, \$1.00. 43 pages. The

pastor of the famous Chicago Temple has written a piece on Calvary that everyone ought to read. His idea, and a true one it is, is that Calvary was a place of great love, the sacrificial kind of love that gives of itself in order to transform someone else. Using this thought as the central point of the book he then goes on to tell wonderful stories of people of our day who transformed others by their sacrificial love. In this way "Calvary" is a continuing outpouring in every generation, a continual flow of sacrificial love. Sometimes it does involve sacrificial dying, but it also involves sacrificial living—the father who trudges up many a hill to provide for a little family, the mother who does without that those she loves might have.

TWELVE WERE CHOSEN, William P. Barker, Revell, \$2.00. 127 pages. Each chapter is devoted to one of the twelve disciples. The author does a warm job of making them live. He also does a good job of debunking ideas that these men were specially gifted or specially spiritually inclined. They were in the main ordinary people like you and me, and that is what the author emphasizes, but it is also ordinary people, like you and like me, who become extraordinary when they give themselves to Jesus. This is a good book to have around the house for the family to read, especially those in their teens. The tendency is to place the disciples in stained glass windows, out of reach and this book puts them right where we are.

THE PATHWAY TO PEACE, Reuben K. Youngdahl, Denison, \$3.00. 221 pages. A minister does not build a congregation from 300 to about 9,000 without having something special to say to people. That many people do not come simply out of loyalty. Well, that is what Dr. Youngdahl did in Minneapolis, and this book gives one a good idea as to why people flock to hear him Sunday after Sunday. His writing, like his talks, gives

one the sense of the imminence of God, the fact that He really cares for you, that He is not far off, that there is help and comfort for you right now and right here, and then Dr. Youngdahl goes on to tell countless stories of men and women who faced the same situation you are now in and by the Master's help found daylight and a new tomorrow.

CHRIST BE WITH ME, Walter Russell Bowie. Abingdon, \$1.75. The theme for these 31 meditations is the prayer of St. Patrick that begins with, "Christ be with me . . ." The meditations themselves are not based on St. Patrick's prayer, but rather on the goal of that prayer's petition. These meditations are good.

NURSLINGS OF IMMORTALITY, Raynor C. Johnson. Harper, \$5.00. 279 pp. This book is too important not to mention, and that is all I can do for it would take too long to go into the book itself. Raynor Johnson wrote an earlier book called *Imprisoned Splendor* that became somewhat of a classic. That book drew together the findings of the physical sciences, psychology and religion to show the potential in man. This present book does the same thing for the "idea" or the "reality" of immortality. It is not a book for the general reader, but for the intellectual and the one who wants to "dig."

THE LAYMAN LEARNS TO PRAY, Lloyd V. Channels. Bethany Press, \$1.50. 96 pp. An excellent introduction to prayer, and those advanced in prayer will find some parts of the book helpful and stimulating. He says, rightly so, that church people are supposed to know about prayer but actually by practice know precious little about it. This is for such people: how to pray, where to pray; what ideas are important about prayer; who is God; and so on. It is the kind of a book you can give to a beginning prayer group; to a circle in your church;

to your young people's class; to the one who comes to you and honestly wants to know how to begin praying. I found the chapters "Some Questions About Prayer" and "The Fruits of Prayer" clarifying and helpful.

IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD, Stephen F. Bayne. Harper, \$2.00. 150 pp. This book has been selected as the Harper book of Lent for 1958, but it would be tragic to limit it to Lent. This is a first rate meditational book. The author takes certain incidents from the life of Jesus—such as His being shown the Kingdom and the glory of the world by Satan—and probes into the mind of Jesus, what *HE* saw, what the issues were that were at stake, what the temptations were, the areas where there is no clear cut "right" or "wrong," etc. The author tells us in the preface that we are not to feel we must follow his reasoning, that we need not necessarily agree with him, and that we are to leave him in personal meditation when we find thought to pursue on our own. Bishop Bayne is a deeply devotional personality, his mind is sharply perceptive, his logic is easy to follow, and he is obviously a man who has spent time with his Lord.

OUR FAMILY WORSHIPS AT HOME, Anna Laura & Edward W. Gebhard. Abingdon, \$2.50. 128 pp. Seven weeks of conversations around the family dining table in which God, the Bible, and the entire spiritual life is applied to the home. The father and mother, and their children, talk and pray about what life is for, how they can make God more welcome in their home, how they can know God is in their life directing it, etc. It is easy to feel and to see that much of these conversations came out of actual experience. Every family with children ought to have it, not to follow it slavishly, but to give it a lot of good ideas, and to use as a starting point for discussions of its own.

☐ "This is a program of first aid for the soul."

Laboratory of Faith

Will Oursler

WAINWRIGHT HOUSE, located at the water's edge in Rye, New York, is a slate-roofed, stone chateau of many chimneys. In its setting of lawns and shrubbery and gravel driveways and high, ivy-covered gateposts at the entrance, it looks much like some ancestral mansion in Normandy. Instead it is a laboratory—a strange and exciting laboratory of faith.

Here men and women from all parts of America and the world, from all spheres of life and its activities, come to examine and explore and learn. This is a research center of the ways and means of applying the Word of God in our lives, in our problems, in health, in business, in human relations. Courses are held here in new and still unfolding methods of bringing help to people in need. Five seminars on spiritual healing have been held here and more are to follow. Clergymen and doctors, psychiatrists and hospital chaplains and surgeons, physicists and radio technicians and chemists, educators and psychologists and parapsychologists have

participated in these and other seminars.

In charge of this unique laboratory of faith is a group known as the Laymen's Movement for A Christian World, under the direction of its secretary, Weyman C. Huckabee. The movement comprises some fifteen hundred laymen of various faiths—Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish, from all parts of the United States, as well as from Canada, Europe, Japan, and Latin America.

Behind this Laymen's Movement is the purpose of making Christian principles apply in the daily lives of its members, and through them in the lives of the people with whom they come in contact. Wainwright House, presented to them by Mrs. Philip K. Condict, in memory of her parents, Colonel and Mrs. J. Mayhew Wainwright, is the group's research and training center.

The spiritual healing seminars, and the invaluable transcribed reports of these investigations, are only part of the activities the Laymen's Movement is attempting to

From *The Healing Power Of Faith* by Will Oursler (1957) Hawthorn Books, Inc. Published by Hawthorn Books, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.



carry out here in this laboratory of religious exploration.

A second project is the training of laymen members in a new technique known as "non-directive counseling." This is a new opportunity, especially for talented laymen who have a gift for listening to other people's troubles.

Non-directive counseling is a kind of spiritual-psychotherapy, a blend of Carl Jung and faith, originally developed by Professor Carl Rogers of the University of Chicago and other psychologists. Fundamental in this method is the belief that every individual has within him the well-springs of strength and insight to find his own answers.

Training sessions in this project are held regularly at Wainwright House, through week-end seminars. As the House is also a retreat and a center of prayer, this training is held in an atmosphere of religious belief. But an uninformed outsider wandering into Wainwright might have difficulty comprehending what was happening during one of these training sessions. Here in the handsome rooms, he would find pairs of individuals off by themselves in corners, seated alone in rooms, quietly engrossed in themselves and their problems, one talking and the other listening.

For the purpose of training, some of the problems are made up, while others are real. The "invented" cases always have a sting in them;

they strike close enough to stir emotions and reactions. The "problem" may be something about religion or ideas of family duty, or about corruption in government. The man talking is upset about corruption. He worries about what is happening to his country.

The "counselor" already has had sessions devoted to his own attitudes to help him understand himself and to develop humility. Then he develops the techniques of listening and understanding; the techniques of non-directing, of letting a man talk and giving him help without saying where he should go next. "Now, let me see if I understand you," the counselor says. "You say you get upset because of such-and-such a thing. Am I right?"

The man goes on. Step by step, without directing, without suggesting, without advising, without sign of approval or disapproval, the non-directive counselor allows the man to tell his story, to "bounce it off" the counselor and back to himself. Often counselors are tempted, as any person is when listening to another's troubles, to break in, to give advice. The rule at Wainwright for this temptation is: "Clamp one hand firmly over your mouth and point with the other."

Donald R. Boyce, associate secretary in the Laymen's Movement in charge of this project, states: "We are trying to draw upon the resources of the individual within

himself. The counselor becomes a kind of mirror, reflecting the man and his psyche."

These laymen counselors are not psychiatrists, or doctors, or even social workers. They are trying to help humans in trouble who are not mentally or emotionally sick enough for real psychiatrists, but who search for guidance.

This is a program of first aid for the soul. A husband and wife have separated and the man is bitter and hurting. He is not sick and yet he needs help and emotional support. If he keeps on in his bitterness he will need far more—he will be a case for the psychiatrist.

"Our program is designed to keep him out of trouble," Mr. Boyce said.

The theory behind this method is that 20 per cent of counseling is skill and 80 per cent is attitude. What Wainwright House has added is the idea of invoking, in addition, God's help.

"A man begins to tell you about his antagonism," one of the counselors told me. "You listen. He pours out his hate and his vitriolic feelings without realizing that that is what they are. You listen. You make a seemingly idle comment.

"He grows restive, trying to reach you. Some of his words indicate that he begins to be aware of this bitterness himself. He has lost a child and he cannot see why it should have happened. He had been

trying to find someone to blame and to hate. Perhaps even to hate God.

"Then, as he talks, answers begin to come to him. This is the last part of the technique. Out of the spewed-up mass of emotions in this non-directional method, he draws out of himself his answers:

"Do I understand you then—are you saying that you don't hate the universe as you thought you did? You've changed that part?"

"That's right. I suppose I'm really beginning to admit that I hate myself for not having moved quicker in the sickness. Yet should I hate myself? Or isn't my real trouble that I do blame myself and that's just a way? I think. . ."

The conference goes on until the man has poured out all that had to rush to the surface. Then a change begins to occur in the interview. This is the stage, one expert in the non-directive method told me, when bitterness dies like a flame without fuel, when the individual's insight shows him not only his real problem but its answer within his own terms of reference.

It is also, the counselors say, the most intense part of the program. Listening is a difficult art, even for the trained. It requires tremendous concentration; there is no pause for questions, there is no moment when the listener's mind may wander to any outside matter. It is a difficult thing even for a short time to listen with undivided attention, an

absorbing thing.

"It is as if," one of the counselors put it, "you were to climb a high hill, the two of you. And at the very top, the meaning becomes clear, in the spread of sky and clouds and the world below. It is a religious experience at this stage and it involves both the individual talking and the person listening."

Counselors must be persons of emotional stability themselves, people who like to take on other people's problems. They must be of unquestioned character. They must like people—all people, and have a ready response to others. They must be prepared to make counseling an important mission in their lives. And they must treat it as a sacred and inviolable trust.

This religiously oriented psychological technique is in its early stages. As the program develops, the Laymen's Movement hopes to open other "laboratories" for training counselors in these techniques,

in various sections of the country.

One Wainwright House seminar brought together forty scientists, theologians, and philosophers to discuss what philosophy might replace mechanistic materialism in our modern age.

A scientist at this meeting stated that atoms must now be described as "a series of singularities haunting space."

Another declared that matter had become "nothing, moving very swiftly and without velocity."

A biochemist told the seminar that it was not enough for scientists simply to begin using words like "spirit" and "God."

"They also need help," this biochemist said, "in discovering real operational meanings in these ancient terms and concepts."

The Laymen's Movement and its unique laboratory of faith are pilot programs to bring the operational meanings of God's healing power to a world in action.

☪ "I have made a tomato bed the chart by which to live my life."

God Plants a Garden

Beth Brown

I HAVE BEEN going to church. I have been reading my Bible. I have been saying my prayers. And yet, like so many others, I could not find the answer to what was wrong with my life.

Then this spring, at my week-end retreat in the country, I planted some tomato seeds.

The neighbors gathered as I worked. Each one had a word of advice to offer to this girl from the city who had never planted a garden before.

One said: "Why plant tomato seeds? You can buy the grown plants for thirty-five cents a dozen. That's what everyone does. That's the thing to do."

Another said: "It's much too late to plant tomatoes. Why don't you plant radishes?"

And still another pointed to the very poor quality of the soil. "You can see for yourself. Nothing but weeds grow here."

There were other comments, warnings, and suggestions. For a moment I was inclined to listen. Then I decided that opinions like these, given in the same friendly, well-meaning spirit, had more than once changed the course of my life. For once in my life, I was stubborn. And so I proceeded, in the

face of their expert advice, to plant the seeds of a novice.

The weeks passed. The white tin pans into which I had dropped my hopes continued to be barren. The time had come to get discouraged. This was what I did in my everyday life. The time had come to dig up the seeds and plant my doubts in their place.

Again, the neighbors gathered to offer their advice. Again, they reminded me, more firmly than before, that I could never grow tomato plants from seed. Besides, I had used tin pans instead of wooden troughs. I had failed to cover them with glass. I really needed a nursery.

To all of this, I did not answer. Instead, I took the pans and placed them out of the way under a wooden work bench, where my mentors would forget all about them. But God did not forget.

Two weeks later, a dozen tiny sprouts rewarded my childlike faith. I set the pans out in the sun. I watered them. I talked to them. God must have heard me, for the young sprouts grew in no uncertain fashion.

I decided, one day, it was time for transplanting. Again, I had an audience as I worked. All the time



I planted, my neighbors stood around, bombarding me with free advice. They pointed out that I had chosen an unlikely site on the island. This was true. I had picked a triangle patch between two forks in the road, because here was the only earth fairly free from clam shells. But it was here that cars roared by, at breakneck speed. It was here the trucks detoured. It was here the wind blew hardest, and the sun shone hardest, too. It was here that my tomato plants faced every sort of challenge.

Each time I would come to the country, the former shadows of fear and doubt would try to walk beside me. Yet my garden, with its twelve disciples, was always there to greet me, a little taller, a little stronger for having weathered another storm.

First it was weeds. Then came the Japanese beetles. A midsummer hurricane threatened the lives of my friends. For several weeks, there was no rain. For several weeks, it rained incessantly. Each Friday, when I left the city, I never knew what I would find. And each Friday, when I reached the country, I found that God was there taking care of my tomatoes. I found they did not need me to help them grow, or make them bloom, or change the blossoms into fruit.

Somehow, I sensed that there was an analogy between the tiny seeds I had planted and the seeds in my

own life. I had an audience, too, forever telling me what to do. I had weeds, too, in my thinking. I was subject to the wind and storm of opinion and hearsay.

But in spite of opinion, I had planted these tomatoes. If I could make them bear, then I could bring to harvest the many dreams inside of me which longed to see the light of day. And so I weeded and drove my slender stakes to help make ready for harvest.

One Sunday I plucked my first tomato. This time my audience was divided.

Some said: "It's a miracle."

Others said: "The frost will get the rest of your fruit. You'd better pick it now."

I suppose I should have listened. In the past, I used to follow such advice. I used to set aside my dreams, or dig them up to see if they were growing.

But now that I have learned my lesson, I won't repeat the old mistakes. I have made a tomato bed the chart by which to live my life from now on.

Things have already started to happen. I have just left a publisher's office. He must have thought my actions strange. When he produced the contract, I would not sign on the dotted line till I had taken a ripe red tomato from my pocket and silently thanked my loving Father for His eloquent answer to prayer.

☐ "There's nothing wrong in wanting to make money but it's wrong to make it the sum total of living."

Serve With Gladness

Ruth Barrick Golden

THE STUDENT nurses at St. Joseph's needed a lot of shoe-fixing—lifts on heels, and so on. And the cheery shop with its sign "Sam the Shoe Fixer" drew them like a magnet; for that sign and its sub-title "The Shine Shop," applied to more than shoes, since Sam was a mender of morale and a fixer of moods as well.

Sam's face—perhaps reflecting the poise and inner calm of some Greek philosopher ancestor—was always ready with a smile for all who entered, whether it might be the town's leading banker or Billy the newsboy bringing the evening paper.

The shop itself was a place of cheer, with the jovial helpers, the good smell of leather and tangy shoe polish, the hum of smooth-running machinery, and an occasional burst of bird song. For, back of the counter where Sam sat in his wheel chair (Sam's legs ended just above the knees), there was a double cage of yellow canaries, some of them usually singing and occasionally a brood of babies coming on—an unfailing source of interest to patrons.

"No wonder you have so much business, Sam," the youngest student

nurse from St. Joseph's said to him one rainy afternoon at closing time, as she waited for a helper to put heels on her uniform slippers. "On a day like this, when I am wondering if I'll ever be any good as a nurse, this place gives me a lift. It's a pleasure and an inspiration to do business with you."

"That's because it's an inspiration for me to do business with you—and all my good friends. A real joy," he repeated softly. "But it wasn't always so," he added. "There was a time when I was the world's gloomiest fellow—filled with pessimism and self-pity."

"Not you, Sam!" The blue eyes lifted in protest.

"Yes. Me—Sam! After I lost my legs, it seemed that I was doomed to helplessness—and life wasn't worth living. Depending on my good wife for everything made me bitter—not that she wasn't ready and willing to give her life to waiting on me. No indeed! But then I woke up one morning and decided to stand on my own feet—" He grinned at this joke. "So, regardless of being in a wheel chair, I started my little shoe-mending business in a tiny hole-in-the-wall shop on a side street. I reckon

people felt sorry for me, and sent their friends my way . . . Anyway, I got quite a lot of business."

He paused a moment, and then went on. "But there was something wrong. I had just one aim in life—to make money. Now, there's nothing wrong in wanting to make money, but it's wrong to make it the sum total of living! And that's what I was doing. I'd catch myself at the end of the day counting up my profits and gloating over every dime and dollar, just like a miser. Those dollars got so big I couldn't see anything else. I think my face began to look like a dollar sign—and I didn't do much smiling either. I was still gloomy and bitter, and my customers must have stuck with me only out of pity. . . ."

"One day that fact hit me hard. I realized then that I had not been standing on my own feet at all—I was crawling on my lack of legs! Deep down inside, I realized I was making capital of my handicap, and I felt pretty small right then!

"I'd been brought up by a devout mother and, after a fashion, I had been praying for the success of my little venture. But when I came to myself I realized it was a poor sort of prayer. For I sure wasn't *expecting* any real success!"

"I know how that is, Sam," murmured the little nurse.

"I remembered a verse in the Bible about how if we ask anything according to our Lord's will, He

hears us. So I looked it up, and it says 'If we know that he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.' Notice that 'we *have* the petitions that we desired. . . .' It struck me like a bolt of lightning. Of course He hears! And my prayers were already answered! I seemed to be in a trance, surrounded by light. I saw a stream of customers coming into my little shop—and then a larger shop, with a stream of smiling customers.

"And that brought me up to another hurdle. 'Smiling' customers, indeed! If I expected that sort of customers, I'd have to do something to make them smile, I thought. I always did good work, but I was not doing it with a smile, by a long shot. For I'd been coming to work with a grim face and a gloomy outlook."

"I can't imagine it!" The little nurse shook her head.

"Right then I thought of another verse—the Bible has *all* the answers, you know! 'The God of hope fill you with all joy.' That did it! With prayer and hope and joy, nothing could stop me. So I started smiling and whistling and singing. . . . And you'd never believe how my customers changed overnight. Their faces looked brighter, their voices sounded happier, and they would lean on the counter to talk when they came for their shoes. And in a month my business had doubled!

I needed more room and help. . . .

"And then one of my customers—the woman that owns this building—suggested that I take this unit I'm in now—at a rental that shocked me for a minute. Until I remembered my prayer—*expecting* the increase, you know, and that long line of happy customers I'd visualized. . . ."

"In this place, here on this busy street, the business increased faster than I had hoped, even. And I was able to buy more equipment and take on full time help. It looked as if every thing was going my way. But then I began to realize that I was still putting too much importance on the money I was making—just like I had at the start, when I was gloating over my dimes! I was using prayer and hope and joy, all right. But it was just to *get* something from the Lord.

"And then I found the verse—in the Psalms—that was just right for me: 'Serve the Lord with gladness,' it said. And I've never forgotten it, for I saw that I had to put *service* and the *joy of serving* ahead of the money profit in it.

"So, I started thinking of every

customer as being filled with the Spirit of the Lord—and I vowed that I'd serve each one just as if I'd be mending His sandals or shining His shoes.

"And I've never had to worry about putting the balance sheet ahead of the joy of serving, from that day to this!

"You know," he added softly, with the sleepy chirping of the canaries in the background, "this business is like a mission to me. I believe I'm a worker with my Lord—as I serve Him in joy here in my humble shop."

"I know you are, Sam!" said the little nurse. "And you've given me new understanding—and joy. I'll never give another bath or serve a tray, or do any so-called menial thing for a patient, without thinking of the lesson you've taught me. Like you—I want to serve my Lord—with gladness."

"I'm sure you do—and will!" said Sam.

The rain had stopped, and the canaries suddenly burst into a twilight serenade of song. And it seemed to the little nurse as if *she* were suddenly surrounded by Light.

Praise

Jean Hogan Dudley

Praise is like birds releasing melodies
In warbling notes of joy from summer trees,
Unconscious of themselves and overflowing
With thanks for sun, wind, rain, and grasses growing.

☪ "Christianity is the acid touchstone to money and the spirit of acquisitiveness."

He Took God for a Partner

Maurice Moyal

ITALY IS the tinderbox of Western Europe. Here, five million are totally or partially unemployed by reason of over-population and poor natural resources. Even in comparatively industrialized and better-off North Italy, the paycheck of only one breadwinner cannot possibly support a family. As a result, mere boys have to put in a full man's work-day in factories.

The pressure of a mounting population against dwindling resources is far greater in South Italy, which has no industry to speak of. Poor agricultural conditions give it the lowest standard of living in the whole Western world. Millions live here literally from hand to mouth, ever-hovering on the very brink of starvation.

A generally selfish and acquisitive upper class growing daily richer and richer, a bitter proletariat growing poorer and poorer; bloody agrarian revolts of landless agricultural workers against the *celere* and army evicting them out of the fallow estates of absentee landlords they had put under the plough; landowners shot like rabbits and factory-managers thrown alive into furnaces—against such a background, it is easy to understand why Italy should be plagued by the

largest Communist party in the world this side of the Iron Curtain.

Two million cardholders, and considerably more millions of Red sympathizers, representing 35 per cent of the Italian electorate, see in violent revolution the only means of righting such iniquitous social conditions and bettering their lot.

And yet, Adriano Olivetti has decisively wrested from Communists the control over four thousand factory hands on his payroll at Ivrea, in North Italy. At the recent ballot for shop-stewards, his own "Community" list came up with five stewards, the Christian-Democrats with two, against the Reds' six. And only seven ballots saved the Communists from a far more crushing setback. In Olivetti's plant at Puzzuoli, in South Italy, a thousand factory hands have decided by a unanimous vote to replace the portrait of Lenin with that of Christ on the Cross. Both at Ivrea and Puzzuoli, executives and hourly paid workers eat together in the same cafeterias.

Why should the plants of that leading maker of business machines in Europe be such islands of social peace and harmonious labor-management relationships in the midst of such a stormy Red sea?

Only because Adriano Olivetti has taken God for a partner and his motto is: "The laborer is worthy of his reward."

Adriano Olivetti has faith in people, faith in the ultimate sanity of his country. Thus, whereas many among his fellow-businessmen have been investing the big money made in Italy in other lands, as a hedge against eventual Communist revolution, he has launched an ambitious program of industrial deconcentration, which has brought shining hope into the lives of millions of jobless in South Italy.

When it came to expanding operations, instead of merely enlarging correspondingly the capacity of his plant already existing at Ivrea, he daringly decided to build a new plant at Puzzuoli, in the Reddest district in the whole peninsula.

The general consensus was that, after losing a few *milliard lire* in his hare-brained project, Olivetti would be only too glad to return licking his wounds to North Italy. It was a well-known fact of life, argued his fellow-industrialists, that all Southerners were lazy, shiftless no-gooders, only fit to be carriers of water and hewers of wood. Olivetti would have no local pool of trained labor to tap for turning out his high-precision business machines. His establishment outlays would be far greater, and so his production-cost and freight-bill.

"Fancy, letting his heart and religious beliefs influence such vital business decisions! Religion belongs in the church, not in the workshop," scoffed such practical, hard-headed people. "Olivetti is only a soft-headed sentimentalist!"

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days," answered Olivetti, quoting from the Ecclesiastes.

This was two years ago. Now, far from being forced to the wall, Olivetti has already DOUBLED the capacity of his new plant at Puzzuoli. What happened? The prophets of doom had concerned themselves only with cost accounting, leaving entirely out of the picture the far more vital factor of HUMAN accounting.

Within six months, the 450 willing carriers of water and hewers of wood he had hired on the spot were already turning out a bigger output per manshift than their highly-trained and efficient fellow-workers at the Ivrea mother-plant.

The unprecedented installation of a new industry in a depressed and war-torn region has pulled the local folks out of the abyss of total unemployment and utter despair. It has given them a new reliance in their own capacities and a new faith in human brotherhood, showing them that they were not alone in their long-standing struggle against abject poverty.

Fully realizing all the importance

of their employer's trailblazing experiment of industrial deconcentration, they have been putting all their heart and pride into the job. To make it a success, they are ever suggesting shortcuts, minor inventions and labor-saving devices. And effectively, their good will and efficiency have encouraged Fiat and Pirelli, the leading Italian makers of cars and tires, to branch out in turn in the South, creating scores of thousands of new jobs.

No sooner do you arrive at Naples than you realize that Olivetti has acquired for himself the fanatical devotion of not only the thousand people in his hire here, but also of a million Napolitans. Mention his name and a warm gleam of gratitude will leap into your interlocutor's eye.

You realize fully why when you visit the spacious residential section that *Il Padrone*—The Boss—has built around the plant for his work-people. It is like moving into another world. Abruptly, the shoddy tenement-houses, tumbledown shacks and car graveyards on the outskirts of Puzzuoli knock themselves short against a forest of saplings.

In great contrast to the dirty and ragged suburb, beyond stretch away neat rows of gleaming white houses and bungalows with red-tiled roofs and green shutters, in the shade of purple-flowered bougainvilleas. Class lines are so blurred here that you can't guess the social status of the

occupiers.

This bungalow may accommodate a department-head or an hourly paid assembly-line worker. And both have the same tiled bathroom, the same T.V. set, tend the same roses in the neat garden in front, eat the same food on the job, send their children to the same school.

You walk past two churches, a superb shopping-center, a Hollywood Mogul's swimming-pool, public library, and private hospital, all coiling around what looks like a huddle of country-clubs, set amidst a beautiful landscape of silvery running waters, green lawns, flowerbeds—and the inevitable saplings.

Such "country-clubs" are the workshops, which are the last word in industrial design and esthetics. Great French windows allow a free play of air and sunlight. The slender columns supporting the ceiling seem a natural prolongation of the saplings outside. It won't take many years for the factory hands to work here in the midst of an enchanting forest.

Each workshop has been especially designed to insure the best working conditions, cutting down on unnecessary fatigue. The harmoniously blending colors are of a resting blue-gray for the background and, to reduce the accident rate, of a striking yellow for every piece of machinery in motion, chairs, and even bicycles.

Mounted on those ludicrous

machines, messengers on urgent errands dash from department to department, adroitly dodging each other or the machinery. It is fun to see them speeding in the dips, or rushing headon against closed doors—which a photo-electric cell opens for them in the nick of time.

"Symbolical of the Christian spirit behind all our efforts is the cross-shaped layout of our workshops," says Adriano Olivetti, an iron-gray-haired, bull-chested man in his late fifties, "and this layout has its practical aspects, too, abating noises and making for better interconnection between our various departments."

In his eyes the saving Gospel of the Lord Jesus opens also all avenues of communication with our fellowmen. Making Christ the center of one's life offers the keys to inspired living, inspired work, and effective leadership. A real Christian employer, Olivetti views himself as the trustee of his big industrial venture in the interest of all those engaged in it, rather than its owner.

"Christianity is the acid touchstone," he says, "to money and the spirit of acquisitiveness. If pursued only for narrow, self-seeking motives, this spirit should be deplored in a Christian, even if he tithes his income to the Lord—as a premium in payment for future salvation. For "what shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul?"

Your interlocutor radiates such candor, human warmth, and outgoing friendliness that you soon forget his being a leading captain of industry, with well over ten thousand people in twenty countries on his payroll. In no time, you feel that you are discussing vital issues, very near and dear to your heart,

Likewise, on the job, everything is designed with a view to giving the humblest worker the sense of belonging on a team. Seeing the over-all goals of the team and his own place on it spurs his skills and creativeness.

The result? Hundreds of ideas about how to save precious raw material, without lowering the quality of the finished product; how to speed up operations through the movement of people; how to perfect the tools of the job. Every suggestion is promptly and carefully put to test. If practical, the originator will be rewarded with a promotion and a cash-bonus, adding up to half of the savings the venture will get out of it in the course of the first year of application. If not, time will be taken out to explain to him why his idea won't work.

At the end of each financial exercise, a report abundantly illustrated with humorous sketches, and striking diagrams and charts, sums up the progress of the venture. It shows the factory hand how the benefits of his increased productivity have been passed round to him

in the form of a boost in salary and in profit-sharing, and to the consumer, in the shape of a better and cheaper product.

As if he were a Member on the Board, all figures are put before him, broken down in terms of the return for the yearly output of an average worker, so that he may understand them better. At a glance, he sizes up how much and what percentage has gone into the purchase of raw material; of equipment; how much into expansion of operations; into taxes. He realizes that the dividends for the big capital invested in the venture boils down to a reasonable 2½ per cent, as against the 25 per cent he gets in salary.

He is carefully made to see that if his take-home paycheck is cut down to 20 per cent, it is only because the difference goes into the expenses of running the canteen, private hospital, holiday-camp for

his children; into social welfare taxes; the balance representing his own contribution to the venture's retirement-fund, and payment for his own house.

As a form of profit-sharing, management matches dollar for dollar his own contributions. Mixed management-labor Boards, both having equal voice, run the retirement-and housing-funds, as well as the technical courses for trainees.

"Before winning a man over to Christ," professes Olivetti, "you must fill his belly, assure him of a roof over his head, reasonable security in his old age—in a word, you must give him a stake to defend in our society. The tide of materialistic Communism will be turned back only when real Christian employers put before profit the interests of the work-people in their hire, of the public at large, and of the future of their country, for 'we are members one of another.'"

Faith

Enola Chamberlin

Faith is seeing the rose in the bud,
Seeing the spring in the autumn's browns,
Seeing the grain in a field of mud,
Seeing a smile on a face of frowns.

Faith is knowing a lily will spring
From the dead-looking bulb you hold in your hands.

Faith is hearing a robin sing
While he still is flying from southern lands.

Faith is the knowing that joy will come
When only anguish beats with the heart.

Faith, the keystone of Christendom,
Is the always seeing the whole in the part.

☐ "It may be safely stated that every single one of man's greatest achievements was once branded 'impossible.'"

The Strange World of "Impossible"

Harold S. Kahn

THREE YEARS ago, I happened to be downtown during a warm evening in June. To my surprise, I saw two young men walking along the street wearing Bermuda shorts. People were staring at them, teen-agers were whistling and yelling ribald remarks, and many motorists hooted their horns. I doubt if a five-alarm fire could have attracted more attention. It was the first time anyone had seen such a strange sight, it appeared.

I do not know who those young men were, but they were deserving of medals for bravery. No one enjoys being publicly derided. I heard people remark, "Are they crazy?" and, "I wouldn't be caught dead wearing those things!"

Had anyone told me then that the time would soon come when thousands of men in my city would be wearing Bermuda shorts on the streets, in theatres and restaurants, and even at dances, I would have said, "Impossible!" I would also have said that those two bold youths who had worn them downtown would surely never do so again! Nor was I alone in my opinion. There wasn't a merchant in the city who would have invested a dollar in a stock of Bermuda shorts.

But today, three years later, there isn't a clothing store in town that doesn't have a big selection of Bermudas and they constitute one of the best-selling items imaginable. Not all the hoots, whistles, jeers, catcalls, and laughter available could stop the acceptance of this new style of dress—not even the normal reluctance of males to adopt a radically new style.

How could such a thing happen that could not possibly happen if one considered the evidence against it? I don't know. The merchants don't know. It just happened, that's all, as is often the case with the "impossible."

But this, of course, is only a trivial instance. The "impossible" is always happening. Back in 1929, when the stock market crashed, it seemed impossible that it could ever recover. But it did recover, to the amazement of more than one economist. Stocks that had fallen to a few cents a share rose to hundreds of dollars a share, right in the teeth of a thousand good reasons why they couldn't possibly do it.

We live, as a matter of fact, in a world full of astonishing surprises that seem to come about in genial

defiance of all the gloomy pessimists who mutter, "It can't happen. Impossible!" These latter gentlemen, not so very long ago, offered scientific evidence to prove that man could never fly. They said that smallpox could never be cured. They said that that new-fangled contraption, the automobile, would never replace the horse.

But Jesus said, "Judge not by the appearance," and centuries of human experience have more than justified the absolute wisdom of His injunction. For throughout the whole history of mankind, it has always been the "impossible" that has happened, notwithstanding the judgement of people that it could not occur. Democracy itself was derided by the world-at-large as an impossible form of government. And the logical arguments against it were most logical and convincing: The masses of the people were ignorant; at the time America was founded as a nation, most people couldn't even read or write. How could such ignorant oafs undertake to govern themselves? Why, the very idea was laughable! In no time at all those people would have a king, out of dire necessity!

But democracy has done very well indeed—so well, that there are very few kings left in the world, and most of these are today mere figureheads.

It may be safely stated that every single one of man's greatest achieve-

ments was once branded "impossible," generally by people who judged by the appearance. And appearances are deceiving.

How deceiving! Thomas Edison, when he was a boy, did not look like one of the greatest inventors in the world's history; he looked like an ordinary boy, and his school teacher declared that he was "addled."

Great men seldom look like great men.

Yet how easy it is to be tempted into judging a person, or a circumstance, by outward appearance! The simple fact is that virtually all outward appearances are deceptive, in that they fail to reveal the truth. The sun appears to rise in the east and set in the west, but it does not: it is the earth that revolves around the sun. What appears to be solid matter is the invisible electron and molecule, with the illusion of solidity that successfully deceives man's limited sense of sight and touch. We live in a world of illusion, insofar as our physical senses are concerned.

We live, also, in an emotional world of illusion, often called by wise men, "short-sightedness." In time of seeming trouble we cannot "see" that this trouble is in reality nothing more than an unreal shadow; that it is not related to the immediate here-and-now but to the nebulous future, a future which as yet does not exist. Tomorrow has

no existence until it arrives; nor can a seeming problem associated with that tomorrow exist. We do not live in the future; you cannot live five minutes from now. You can live only right now, in this immediate moment. Any seeming difficulty that does not involve this very instant exists—where? In your emotional world of illusion.

So it can be said that it is not only the physical appearance of things that are illusory, but the emotional aspects of life as well. To judge by the appearance, is to judge invariably on the basis of illusion. It is perhaps for this reason that everyone agrees that "it is always the unexpected that happens." It is unexpected, because what happens is real, while what we expect was unreal, based on judgement by the appearance.

It is when we judge by the appearance that we can so easily say, "Impossible!" It is a human weakness. God does not judge by the appearance, hence, "With God all things are possible." All things are possible, also, to the wise man who, refusing to judge by the appearance, places his trust squarely in his Father, who alone has the power to see clearly, and to act effectively.

Time and again, in my life, I have been plunged into what seemed to be insoluble problems. I smile now when I think back upon the many times I was faced with total disaster, for if these disasters had

been real instead of illusory shadows, I would certainly not be alive now to talk about it. At the least, I should be dead of starvation. In every case, there was no possible way out for me—no way that I could see. But when the crucial time came, there was a way. There is always a way! Often at the very last minute, the "impossible" becomes extremely possible, sometimes in a most unexpected manner.

Often, we are not merely saved from our seeming disasters, but the disaster itself proves to be a source of great good. I once lost a thousand hard-earned dollars which I invested in a company because of the glowing literature I received. Disaster? Thanks to that experience I never invested a penny in any venture that I did not first carefully investigate. This early lesson in finance, which seemed like a tragedy, was nothing more than a sound lesson which has proved to be of great benefit. I'm sure that many a young man has spent more than that for a college degree and learned less.

Many a thick volume would be needed to describe all of the instances where a "disaster" that actually occurred turned out to be a blessing in disguise. But there wouldn't be enough paper in the universe on which to record the impending disasters that "could not possibly be avoided," but which never materialized.

Jesus' admonition, to "take no anxious thought for the morrow," is founded squarely on one of the great, solid truths of life, the truth which declares that no man may live in any moment but the present one. When we say that a thing is impossible, it is always in reference to tomorrow—a tomorrow which does not exist, and which will always fail to conform to our previous concepts of it, notwithstanding the logic of those concepts. For, "Man proposes, God disposes."

Nearly all of the things that were "impossible" yesterday are either realities today, or in the process of becoming such. I understand there is now a new and effective drug for

the cure of leprosy. There is probably no more foolish word in the language than "impossible," for it is a denial of the divine power of the Father within us, and a refutation of the Christ.

No matter what seeming problem confronts you, its solution is readily possible. How? I don't know. For, "I have ways ye know not of."

There is only one practical way for you, as an individual, to deal with any seeming problem, one that you are sure it is impossible to solve. And that is to turn to the words of the Master, and to remember always, "Of myself I can do nothing."

It's all we really need to know!

From Nazareth

"Can anything good come out of Nazareth?"
— John I, 46

Albert W. Dowling

From darkest moments come
Our tears' release,
From dire Gethsemanes
A deeper peace.

In loneliest of hours
God's pledge is heard,
From doubts and errant thoughts
A helpful word.

A cross on Calvary
Fulfilled God's plan;
From Nazareth there came
The Hope of Man.

☐ "All children love to have their parents do things with them."

Now Our Family Prays Together

Maxine S. Stoelting

IF ONLY we could *stay* this way—so close to God, always," I sighed, as my husband and I drove homeward after a week of "in the Kingdom" living at a religious camp.

"M—mh, I know what you mean," Carl agreed. "But what *really* worries me. . ." he hesitated.

"Worries you?"

"Yeah—I guess that's it—anyway, how're we going to get some of what *we* received across to our kids? The speaker last night—he said we should pray more—pray in groups and at home like we did at camp. The kids'll think we're crazy."

"No they won't, Carl; *they* pray every night. That's what we can do—pray together! What a wonderful idea!"

"Oh? We-l-l, maybe, but look, Max, the kids don't pray like we did at camp. They race through their prayers jet-propelled. I don't honestly believe they know what they're saying. Aren't those just memorized prayers they learned at Sunday school?"

"Yes, that's true—but, darling, *that's* what *we* can change. We'll tell them we've learned a better way at camp and we'll pray *with*

them. I know they'll love that."

"What makes you so sure?" Carl sounded skeptical.

"Well, first of all, all children love to have their parents *do* things with them. Then, too, I don't think they'll mind changing—you see, I—I," I could feel my cheeks redden with my own guilt, "I'm really to blame for their hurrying through their prayers."

"You are! How come?"

I kept my eyes on the flaming sunset ahead and hoped Carl was watching the road as I stumbled through my shameful confession.

"I—well, I—" I gulped and started again. "Both the girls and Bob know I've just come upstairs to hear their prayers, and usually I'm kind of impatient to get back to whatever I was doing when they called me. I expect it shows in my face, too—even though I do bow my head. I think they feel the quicker done the better. Honestly, I'm so ashamed."

"It's not all your fault," Carl was sober. "When you're not home, I haven't done any better." Then he smiled and patted my knee. "But we're going to change all that now. We'll *all* learn the meaning of prayer. Maybe our kids can even

teach us."

"A little child shall lead them . . ." I murmured.

"Hey, I've just thought of another thing," Carl exclaimed. "Why don't we cut out all that squabbling about who's to say the blessing and all of us sing together like we did at camp?"

"Perfect!" I agreed and began to sing, "Praise ye from whom all blessings flow. . . ." Oh, yes indeed *praise Him!* I thought of our three children—nine-year-old Bobby and his fourteen and seventeen-year-old sisters, Carol and Alma. Bobby would probably accept whatever we said, but were we too late with the girls? "*Dear Father, help us to be Thy witness and not our will but thine be done,*" I prayed silently.

"Mom, I never saw you and Dad look so happy," our seventeen-year-old observed as we sat about the dinner table. "It must have been like a second honeymoon."

I flicked a look at Carl. His eyes were twinkling and his face glowed as I'd never seen it before. How wonderfully he had explained about singing the blessing and how perfectly the children had responded. Now he was telling them about our "prayer laboratories," as they were called at camp.

"The leader told us Jesus promised that where two or three were gathered together in His name He would be in the midst of them, and Jesus said that if any two of us

should agree on earth as touching anything that we should ask, it would be done. . . . by the Father who is in heaven. He said that meant it was a good thing to pray with someone regularly. Though, of course, it's always good to pray by oneself too."

"I'm not going to say my old bedtime prayer any more," Bobby chimed in.

We all looked startled. He grinned.

"I'm going to think up my own prayers, then God'll know I really mean it."

"I'm really getting too old for bedtime prayers, but I always sleep better if I say *something*, even if I do rattle it off," Alma said.

"I don't even know what half the words mean," our fourteen-year-old put in.

"Well, why don't we have family prayers together," I asked, moving in on the opportunity.

"You mean you and Daddy too?" Three pairs of eyes looked at us incredulously.

"Why not?" Dad asked.

"Uh—I didn't know grown-ups ever said bedtime prayers," our youngest looked skeptical.

"We could learn," I ventured, "If you'd be patient with us."

"Jeepers!"

The girls were looking self-conscious and I realized we were moving too fast.

"Well, to start with—couldn't we

have a family prayer meeting every Sunday evening?" Dad suggested.

"And nights we could hear you say your prayers—only more attentively," I added hastily.

"You could make them up like Bob suggested," Dad said. "Then Mom and I could say *our* prayers when we go to bed."

"That'd be o.k. with me," Bobby agreed.

"Me too," the girls chorused.

"But what would we pray about on Sunday," Carol wanted to know, still looking dubious.

"Maybe we could do it a bit like we did at our prayer groups at camp," Dad said.

"Yes," I put in, "we could each find a short piece to read—something from the Bible or a real good thought from your Sunday school lesson, or from our daily reading, and we could discuss it and each share our ideas about it."

"You mean sort of look for something special all during the week?" Alma asked.

"Yes, that's it." I began to get excited as I saw the idea taking hold of our children. "Then we'd pray—each one who feels like it—no one would *have* to pray if he

didn't want to, and we'd end with the Lord's Prayer."

Well, we put the plan into effect and it worked—it really worked. Slowly at first, for the children were self-conscious and so were we—but every night we'd listen to each one's prayer. They were simple, heart-warming prayers. Nor were they self-centered prayers. Bobby prayed for the boy with a brain tumor who lived across the street. He prayed every night for six months for that boy. Even the brain surgeon wept with joy (the boy's mother told me) when suddenly her son took a turn for the better just in time to avoid a third operation.

The girls prayed for their teachers, their classmates, for guidance in choosing their work. Our children were a revelation to us and an inspiration.

And we? Well, we prayed too. We never went to sleep at night without thanking God for the wonder of prayer which had changed our family life from clamor and irritation to joy and peace. No problem will ever be so big that we can't lick it, now that our family prays together.



¶ All who name His name should feel compassion."

Notes from a Missionary's Journal

Lillian R. Dickson

Again we are bringing to you a letter from Lillian Dickson of Formosa, a missionary of rare talents. She was a pupil of Glenn Clark at Macalester College in St. Paul, Minnesota many years ago.

THREE TIMES a week regularly we go to the big government Leprosarium where there are 900 patients, and we go more often if there are special needs. If we stay there too long, we get drenched in their troubles. They have so few to tell them to, so they spill them out to me. They call me "Mother" and that is the ancient vocation of mothers—to hear about problems and to try to solve them.

Their problems are sometimes simple and sometimes very complex, "There are nine ex-soldiers afflicted with leprosy now in prison for five years for defying authority in the days we did not have good administration—can we take food to them?" "More children with leprosy have been brought in. We can make beds for them in the Gospel Light Cottage, but there is no food for them. Will you pay for their food?" "A man got a new leg—will you pay for the leg?" (This is for a wooden leg made in the Occupational Therapy Room given by Christian Herald, and it

is for a patient whose leg had been amputated.)

Actually, because they have suffered much, the patients are warm-hearted, generous, wistful, and kind and one cannot help loving them dearly. The Leprosarium has become "home" to me, for the patients have been one with us in making all the improvements, and one with us in thanking the Father from Whom all the help has come. There are 320 baptized Christians there now and many more deciding and we know that it is the Holy Spirit opening their hearts.

Often adventures begin inconspicuously. Two men came to see me, and asked me to take in a little boy. "But he is not an orphan," I said after we had questioned them. Then gradually they told me the full story. The father was an officer in the Chinese army, but his salary was small. His wife, wearied of poverty, left him. He was about to commit suicide by jumping from a train, and a Christian pastor restrained him, took him home and told him of the Savior Who would

help him.

He believed, and now in his new life he wanted his boy in a Christian institution. So we took the boy (about eight years old) to the Children's Home. He did not cry, but when the car drove away with his father in it, he stood out in the front of the other children, as near to his father as possible, not looking at him lest he should break down and cry, but looking away. Who can gauge the depth of a wound in a child's heart or how long it will leave its mark? I keep remembering that gallant little figure, broken-hearted, not saying anything, just looking away. How did such a little boy discover the comfort of putting his hands in his pockets? I thought that was a man's ruse as a help for poise in difficult moments—how did such a little boy know?

We asked if the father of the boy was attending church now. "His duties keep him from going at the regular church time, but he comes to a prayer group." There are little prayer groups started here in many places, just as there are at home. I remember at home in the spring the ice on the lake would get honey-combed in many places, and then when the spring wind blew, it would suddenly break up. Could it be that these prayer groups are the honey-combed places and that it is the Holy Spirit preparing the way?

The boys I visited weekly in

prison were suddenly moved away to a larger prison in another town where they have 800 juvenile prisoners. "Was it the cloud moving?" we pondered, for it might well be that the superintendent was a Christian and that he would like to have a full-time chaplain appointed to the prison. One little boy just moved there from our prison, an orphan, would be given a place in our Boy's Home, given by World Vision. We thank God every day for providing it for these little lonesome lads.

Out of the twenty-six girls in prison, eight were orphans. One looked so very young and her lips were trembling and her eyes full of tears as she told us she had no parents. "Why are you here?" I asked her. "I picked up wood," she said sadly. "How long is your sentence?" "Three years!" What are the thoughts of children in prison I wonder. Do they grow bitter and hard and hostile in order to hide their hurt? The superintendent said, "If you will provide a place for them, I will give some of these children to you, pardoned from their sentence, given a chance to try again." It seems impossible to take on more work, but it would mean transformed lives for those we were able to rescue. Why did God send me there? If it is His plan, then I would not dare to turn away.

At our Po-li Christian Clinic for aborigines (there are seven tribes of aborigines in Formosa) the patients

continue to come, about eight thousand out-patients a month and about 150 in-patients. We thought we could not take in more, but aborigines know no limitations, and they come in scores it seems to me. Two large wards for T. B. near a mountain lake outside the town are full, and the ten cottages on the plateau which originally we planned as dormitories have already most of the cottages filled with patients. If the mother is sick she brings her children with her, so swirling around the house were about thirty lively little big-eyed children. The mothers with T.B. still held nursing babies in their arms. They had no place to leave them.

The doctor and I are planning desperately a Baby Home for the babies of sick aboriginal mothers, and a Children's Home for the runabout tiny aboriginal children, so that we can separate them from the very ill patients and the patients with T.B. Housekeeping for multitudes on this side of the world is not easy. You wish you could put people into cubby-holes all nicely marked and ticketed and forget them, but this—separating mothers and babies, mothers and children,

and keeping them all happy—is going to need a lot of angels to help with this task.

We need five more clinics for aborigines, clinics where all ills can be treated, but mainly to sort out the T.B. cases so that we can treat them, and send them back cured. Because they have never had drugs, they respond very quickly to the treatment.

We have heard that the enemy have boasted that they will enter Formosa through the aborigines. I pondered those words. How shall we hold the door? With secret police and threatenings? There is a better way, and that is to win the hearts of these people with love and help and kindness. We can do it now, perhaps not later. Only Christians care about sick, bewildered aborigines still suffering from the shock of meeting the modern world suddenly. We are so near the enemy, just a few minutes away. It could be that winning the love and trust of the aborigines through helping is a "finger in the dyke" which if not held would let through a flood which would eventually menace the world.



☐ "There is an affliction of relentless self-consciousness, which never even takes a coffee break."

The Invisible Man

Simeon Stylites

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: The recent showing on a television program of H. G. Wells's *The Invisible Man* has sent some people back to the novel itself. And it has sent your weak-minded correspondent to toying with the idea of being "invisible." Just to go anywhere unnoticed would be a lot of fun—attending a meeting of the Politburo, for instance, and finding out what the Boys in the Back Room at the Kremlin are up to; or doing marvelous feats of detection for the FBI. In a small way, many people have wished for more invisibility of a sort. They have sighed, "O, that this too too solid flesh would melt," that they might become a little less visible, especially around the waist. Well, there is a way to get the joy of being invisible. This is so great a boon that I hurry to tell it to you. Try it. It works!

Much of the fun of being invisible comes from the gift of being unself-conscious. If you can break free from the habit, and the soul-wrecking worry, of thinking about yourself, you become invisible in your own thought and, for all that you are aware of it, to other people.

You can be as serene as a ghost, for you do not think about yourself, and consequently do not think of other people seeing you. You are invisible!

What breaks up this blessing of invisibility is the feeling, "Everyone is looking at me." Then follows the devil's question, "How am I doing?" And peace is gone. Emerson wrote, "The solar system has no anxiety about its reputation." We might add, "Go and do thou likewise." For what keeps alive this painful sense of being highly visible is the loss of the ability to look at a thing objectively or to be absorbed in doing something. Such a person has to keep himself in the center of the picture. And that is a curse.

Part of the trouble is simple to diagnose, though hard to cure: the necessity that some people have laid upon themselves of being a Big Shot or the Main Works. Having to be the Main Works or a Big Shot, or "The Most," as the kids say, is a cruel bondage. Arthur Hopkins, the theatrical producer, has described this affliction of relentless self-consciousness, which never even takes a

coffee break, so that the spirit is never healed with invisibility. He calls it a "pathetic posturing for the approval of people," the self-imposed slavery of "adjusting yourself to the gaze of others." No self-forgetful rest. The eternal Inquisition, "How'm I doing?"

The cure is violent, but it is worth it. Some dark night take a sharp knife and run the Big Shot in yourself through the ribs, and live happily ever after.

I know this sounds fantastic. But man and woman are fantastic crea-

tures. And we have a mysterious gospel. It doesn't make sense. (That's what makes it a gospel.) The formula is simple. Just seek something earnestly enough—the Kingdom of God, for instance—and forget about the grandstand (burn it down, and you won't have to bother about playing to it), and in your own thinking, which is what counts, you will be invisible.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the fun of being invisible.

Yours, Simeon Stylites



Give Me Love

D. Hine-Butler

What though I have the "gifts" and can expound
Celestial mysteries in ecstatic tongues,
My speech, devoid of love, its clashing sound
Intoning like the clang of temple gongs.

It profits naught how well I may have learnt,
Endowed with knowledge from the Spirit's school,
(And give, withal, my body to be burnt)
Bereft of love I am a bankrupt fool.

What though Faith's fiat can great mountains move,
If lacking love I preach my God in vain?
I'd rather use this Faith and Self remove
Than block the path and blur the vision plain.

So fill me, Spirit, with thy love divine
That men may reach the heart of God through mine.

☐ Excerpts from letters to the Prayer Tower.

Prayer Works!

"How can I tell you of the joy that is filling my heart this morning as I realize that I am walking in newness of life. I am taking the pamphlet by V. P. Randall for my daily devotions especially the prayer. I now give myself over in the hands of the Lord of Life and Love. Already it has shown me a new way for finding the relief I have been seeking from the tensions which have been trying my soul. Please send me regularly the *Manual Of Prayer*. A friend loaned me a copy of the August number. I met some radiantly spiritual people at Silver Bay last July at C. F. O. and through them I have found you and been led into a personal kindling experience of the power of Christ."—*Massachusetts*.

"A friend contacted you for prayers for my little girl yesterday and I am writing to tell you that a miracle happened and she is still alive. Her case is considered a freak one and I know that your prayers and ours kept her breathing. Five doctors worked on her and debated for a day and a night whether or not to operate. Then last night at seven the heart specialist said

to operate. Not knowing whether or not she would pull through I asked for prayers so I could release her. Since her rapid recovery I feel more and more humble and grateful and it is a marvelous feeling. Thank you all. Jesus has been merciful, as always."—*Kansas*

"Since receiving your booklets and knowing that your prayers are with me I have noticed a marked improvement. I no longer have such pains as I used to have and I can walk much easier. In time I expect to work again."—*Wisconsin*

"I wanted to thank you for the prayers for the healing of my grandchild, born with a malformed ankle. She is now nine months old and in a most miraculous way both the cast and the special shoe are no longer needed. She is perfect."—*Arizona*

"I want you to know how thrilled we are that our son is so much improved. I had written last winter about him. We thank you kind friends of the Prayer Tower who have united with us in lifting him into God's healing light.

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.

I don't see how I could get along without the *Manual of Prayer* and believe these people whose names I am sending will find it helpful too. Thank you so much for your prayers and service."—*Maryland*

"A year ago I wrote asking for an undergirding of prayer as we made a change of job and were faced with selling our home of many years and finding a new home suitable for our family. All these changes took time but I am so grateful to you that during the months of selling and buying we had no anxiety, knowing that the Lord was in full charge. We all felt so strongly that God wanted us to make this change and therefore He would guide us all along the way. This is surely the case. Our home was sold to a lovely Christian family. Many months passed and finally we found just the right home for us, located where we wanted it. Then, within five days we found a farm that would serve as summer headquarters for us. We have four sons, whom we would like to teach the value of work, family cooperation, and responsibility in the summer, rather than a life of swimming and boating that many of their contemporaries follow. The nice part about these two purchases was that they both came to less than the amount we had decided we would have to pay to get a suitable home for our family in town. We are filled with love and gratitude for your prayers. God is surely good to us. Our prayers are daily going out to those whose desires are represented in your Prayer Box."—*Vermont*

"We can never be able to express our thanks to you and those members of your Prayer Tower who have so faithfully prayed for—. The doctors had despaired for his life. Just talking with you on the phone made me realize that Christ is the Supreme Specialist. They ran all types of tests on him and could discover nothing. They feared it was something wrong with his brain, but no proof. That was Thursday night. By Sunday he was back to normal, just

a little weak. Sunday he was dismissed from the hospital, and they still did not know the cause. We remember you and all the names in the Prayer Box every day without fail."—*Texas*

"Your wonderful letter and the enclosures sent in response to my request for prayer for my husband, who had been stricken with multiple-sclerosis, have been of such wonderful help, not to speak of the prayers we know you have offered for us. Words fail to express adequately our gratitude to human instruments or our loving Father. That will be part of a lifetime of efforts from now on. Your letter reached us one morning just as I was prepared to go out to keep an appointment. My husband had reached the lowest ebb of his strength and spirits just a week before. I opened your letter and left it for him to read while I was out. When I returned he told me that he thought it had helped him already and he showed me that he could get to his feet unassisted and stand alone for a second. From that time he has progressed steadily. He was able to go to church last Sunday and that was a service of thanksgiving for us! My husband has been given a new sense of reality about his spiritual conception and faith that he has never known before. I have been able to continue throughout with a heavier routine than I had thought possible for several years. I get about with more ease of movement and comfort than I remember since polio in 1909. May our prayers added to yours bless all for whom you pray."—*Maryland*

"Since I last asked you to have prayers for my head, I have had practically no headaches. Will you give thanks. Thank you so very much for all your patience with my many letters. Your last leaflet, *Would We Be Healed* was very helpful. I have sent it on to a friend. The greatest help has been to my spirit. More and more I have become aware of the Spirit within. Please give special thanks to God for that."—*California*

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