


WINTER 1959-1960

Clear Horizons

Personal Experiences In Christian Living

50¢

A black and white portrait of an elderly woman with short, curly white hair. She is wearing a dark, patterned top, a pearl necklace, and earrings. She has a gentle expression and is looking slightly to the right of the camera.

**ALMA
FISHER**

*"The Prayer
Tower
Lady"*

IN THIS ISSUE

- *Light Your New Year
With Hope--*

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

Clear Horizons Magazine

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THE COVER

Mrs. Alma Fisher is identified in the minds of many thousands of people with The United Prayer Tower of Minneapolis. Years ago she came to direct the Prayer Tower when the work was rather small. Under her leadership, prayer power and genuine love for people, the Prayer Tower has expanded and unfolded in a way that pleases the heart of God. Alma left a good paying job in Washington, D. C. to step out on faith in this prayer work. She lives by faith. The work goes on month by month by faith. For Alma it is a twenty-four hour a day job. Her telephone rings at all hours of the night and the calls come from all over the United States and Canada. What her voice on the other end of the wire has meant to those people would fill a book of inspiration. Above all, Alma Fisher is completely abandoned to her Lord Jesus Christ, and prayer is the breath of her life. Read her two pages in each issue of this magazine, pages 61-62. When in need of prayer help, she is as near as your mailbox.

WINTER 1959-
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Clear Horizons

VOLUME 20
NUMBER 3

Next year is the year for your dreams to come true.

Light Your New Year With Hope

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

I once saw hope save a woman's life. Emilie Batisse was seventy-nine years old when she was struck by a hit-and-run driver, and nobody expected her to live. She insisted on staying in her musty old clapboard house, and it was there that the nurse let me in about a week after the accident. Mrs. Batisse lay wrapped in plaster from hips to heels, but her voice was firm.

"Sit right down to a cup of tea, Norman Peale," she said, "you're cold."

The little room was cluttered with the mementoes of a lifetime: a Paisley shawl, a child's drawing of a horse (lavender), shelves of much loved, much thumbed books. Mrs. Batisse, I thought, was living in the past. Then, to my sur-

prise, I noticed a row of about ten brand-new poetry books that looked as if they had never been opened. I asked Mrs. Batisse if she cared for poetry and her answer was one of the greatest testimonies to hope that I have ever heard.

"I love poetry," she said, "but I haven't read those yet." As she looked at them her whole face lit up. "I'm saving them for my old age."

She did, too. She lived to read those books many times. When she finally died at ninety-one she was planning a trip to Europe.

What is hope? Hope is *wishing* for a thing to come true; Faith is *believing* that it will come true. Hope is wanting something so eagerly that—in spite of all the

By Permission of *Guideposts* magazine, January, 1959.

evidence that you're not going to get it—you go right on wanting it. And the remarkable thing about it is that this very act of hoping produces a kind of strength of its own.

Every doctor is familiar with this strength-giving function of hope. So much so that Cornell University's Medical School recently conducted an investigation into the effects of hope on the body. After completing the research, Dr. Harold G. Wolff wrote an article for the *Saturday Review* in which he reported as a medical fact that when a man has hope he is "capable of enduring incredible burdens and taking cruel punishment."

One of Dr. Wolff's studies involved the 25,000 American soldiers imprisoned by the Japanese during World War II. These men were subjected to long months of inhuman treatment, forced labor, insult, poor food, filth. Under these conditions, many died and almost all were sick.

But there were a very few who, with identical treatment, showed but slight damage from these nightmare months in prison.

Now here is the important thing. Interviews with these men revealed no physical superiority, but simply a far above average ability to hope! In prison they drew word pictures of the girls they would marry; they designed their future

homes; in the middle of the jungle they organized seminars in business management.

Dr. Wolff believes it was hope that kept these boys well—in-
deed, in some cases, kept them alive at all.

Hope! What a wonderful and mysterious power it is. And how handicapped we are if we ever lose it. I remember a few years ago counseling a young man, a college graduate with a brilliant school record, who had consistently failed to get the jobs he applied for. His field was television engineering, a brand-new industry then, and he was anxious to make good in an interview at a major network.

For an hour we discussed his skills, which were considerable, his clothes, his way of presenting himself. On his way out he stopped at the door and turned around with the most woebegone expression I've ever seen.

"Well, Dr. Peale," he sighed, "I sure hope I get this one."

"Tom," I said, "I don't like to contradict you, but if you really *hoped* for this job you would have confidence. You would show that you expect to get the job. Your shoulders would be straight, your eyes would be bright, your voice would be eager—and I think you'd get the job."

A few days later I received a

call from Tom. "Guess where I'm calling from, Dr. Peale."

"Where, Tom?"

"I got to thinking about what you said about hope, and . . . well . . . I'm calling from the studio. I got the job."

Tom didn't need to learn so much more about television; he needed to learn to hope.

Learn to hope! It's easy to say, but how do we do it?

In the first place, I think we have to know what it is that we hope for.

If that sounds obvious, ask yourself right now what you want most out of life. For prisoners-of-war the answer was easy: they wanted freedom! But for most of us, as long as we're in reasonably good health and know where next month's rent is coming from, desire has lost its sharp edge and hope doesn't work its magic in our lives.

So the first step is to find out what your one strongest desire is. Be honest with yourself, and don't be afraid to say "a larger house," or "a prettier face and figure." But then challenge yourself. Pretend that you're eighty years old and looking back over a life in which your heart's desire has been granted. Are you satisfied? Perhaps so, but if not, keep challenging yourself until you come up with your answer.

For the hope that you settle

on must be your own, not one that you vaguely feel you should have, but one that in reality you do have. This is an area where people often fail in trying to learn the art of hoping. They think they ought to wish for, say, a better world. This is certainly admirable, but to be effective your hope must be fervent enough to govern everything you do. I frankly suspect that most of us would make a greater contribution to others by genuinely hoping for our emotional-physical health than by nobly pining for a better world.

And second, after you've defined your own hope, I think it's important to give it a symbol—something concrete that you can center your thoughts around.

Do you remember the story of Jeremiah and the field of Anathoth? What a marvelous symbol of hope that was! Jerusalem was under seige; almost everyone agreed that the kingdom was doomed. Everyone, that is, but the long-bearded old prophet Jeremiah.

Just as the armies of Babylon reached the gates, Jeremiah taught his people a great lesson in hope. Calling together a large number of witnesses, and with a great show of attention to all the legalities, Jeremiah purchased a plot of land outside the city. For, said Jeremiah, we will be taken away, *but we will come back!* And during all

the long years of captivity the memory of the field that Jeremiah had purchased in far-away Judah was a symbol of the restoration to come.

In modern times, too, a symbol can give staying-power to hope.

I read once, in the *Chicago Tribune*, the amazing story of Leo Algimas. Among the thousands herded into concentration camps by the Nazis was Leo's family. Like the others they endured incredible hardships, but because they had a symbol for their hope they never slipped into the despair that engulfed so many.

What do you suppose this symbol was that gave them such courage?

It was a tiny piece of paper torn from a box of chocolates made in Chicago. This particular candy company prints a little American flag on the bottom of all its boxes, and that was the scrap of paper that the Algimas family passed from hand to hand in their barbed-wire enclosure. They looked at it, held it, and whispered with shining eyes about the army of liberation that was coming.

A symbol is not the same thing as positive proof. The Algimas family did not *know* that the Allies would win the war . . . in fact the war news given the prisoners was edited strongly in favor of the Germans. Hope seems to have very little to do with proof. Emilie

Batise had no evidence that she would get well; it was difficult to see how the Hebrews would ever see Jerusalem again yet they went on hoping. They were like the White Queen and Alice in Wonderland.

"One *can't* believe impossible things," said Alice to the Queen.

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," replied the Queen. "When I was your age I always did it for half an hour a day. Why sometimes I believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast."

And symbols help us to fix our minds on the "impossible." The greatest symbol that the world had ever known was also the hardest to believe. A tiny baby sleeping in the manger of a stable was supposed to signal the kingdom of God on earth.

For the hope of the world, what a wonderful symbol! Hope, it says, has nothing to do with the odds and logic of the situation. Few would have believed the baby of this humble Jewish couple would change the destiny of mankind. But we know today that is the very thing that happened.

And He can change your personal destiny, too. Define what it is that you hope for, ask for it in His name, and no matter how impossible it may seem, the coming year is the year for your hope to start coming true.

Our united prayer is, that this chapel will make a vital contribution to the Nation's life.

A Chapel for Congressmen

ALFRED K. ALLEN

There is a peaceful, softly-lit room in Washington D.C.'s dome-like Capitol building. The general public cannot enter this room for it has been set aside just for the use of our congressmen. It is a non-sectarian chapel where our government representatives can retire for a few moments, away from their busy, nerve-racking work schedules, to seek Divine strength and guidance. This is the first time in the history of our country that such a special room has been provided for our congressmen. Its establishment reflects the sincere faith and Godly devotion of our political leaders.

Two congressmen first voiced the prayer room idea—Senator Monroney of Oklahoma and Representative Brooks Hays of Arkansas. In 1953, they introduced resolutions in their respective houses of Congress expressing their belief that such a chapel was needed, a room, "with facilities for prayer and meditation, for the use of Members of the Senate and House of Representatives." The room would be, "for individual use rather than assemblies," and would contain, "appropriate symbols of religious unity and freedom of worship."

The resolutions were quickly approved by both Houses and in July, 1953, House Speaker Joseph Martin Jr. chose a room on the House side of the Capitol near the Rotunda as the prayer room site. Early in 1954 a special committee of architects was assembled and given the task of designing and equipping the new chapel.

It was very important that the room contain nothing that would be offensive to any particular religion. Rather, the room should convey the basic unity of such belief in God and His Providence that is such an integral part of our national life. To make sure of this, four religious leaders representing our nation's three major faiths were called in to act as advisors. In March, 1955, the job was done, the chapel was opened for use.

It is a simple and reverent room. Its walls are a pastel blue and its floor is covered by a deep blue carpet. A concealed ceiling light beams down, casting a soft blue-gold hue over a Bible, opened to the

23rd Psalm, which rests on the white oak altar.

The altar is backed by a single stained-glass window. The Bible, the window, and most of the furnishings in the room were donated by private citizens who wanted their names to remain unknown. The window is a gift from a group of craftsmen in California. It was presented through their representative, Edgar W. Hiestand. Congressman Hiestand explains that it is a "Thank you offering to the Country, to those men who have in the past sought God's guidance and to those who presently determine the destiny of this Nation by the inspiration of their decisions."

At the center of the window is a portrait of a kneeling George Washington, symbolizing our first president's faith in God. The figure is surrounded by a medallion, woven into the window's ruby glass, which holds the text of Psalm 16:1, "Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust." Covering the rest of the window, above and below, are the two sides of the Great Seal of the United States. Above is the pyramid and eye with the Latin phrases, *Annuit Coeptis* (God has favored our undertakings) and *Novus Ordo Seclorum* (a new order of the ages is born). Below is the Eagle and the phrase, *E Pluribus Unum* (One from many). Beneath the upper seal is the phrase, "This Nation Under God," an excerpt from Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg Address.

Resting atop the altar are two slim vases, which are always kept filled with fresh flowers. The altar is guarded on the right and left by two candelabra, each holding the traditional seven lights. At the right of the altar is a draped American flag. Standing before each candelabrum is a plain prayer bench, for those who wish to kneel. There are also ten chairs facing the central window for those who just want to sit and speak silently with their Maker.

The four religious leaders on the chapel's advisory committee have expressed complete approval of the design and set-up of the room. "This sacred enclosure now set apart for its holy purpose of quiet withdrawal from the busy rush," the leaders declare, "is an inspiring witness of the faith in the Eternal and in the Divine Guidance which has made and preserved us a nation."

"It is our earnest and united prayer that this Chapel of the Spirit in these volcanic times which try men's souls may make a vital contribution to the Nation's life as it exalts those spiritual verities which alone are the source and guarantee of the freedoms which are the glory of our democracy."

Science teaches that change is the order of the universe.

by C. E. Miller

THE UNDISCOVERED POSSIBILITIES WITHIN US

One day last summer while taking a walk, I passed a church and I saw upon its bulletin board this sermon topic, "When you are through changing, you are through."

I never had the opportunity to hear the minister preach his sermon on this topic, but I have had occasion to think about its implications many times since then.

Science teaches that change is the order of the universe. With every new discovery in science, as of atomic power, and every new finding of religious material, as of the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls, a man's knowledge increases and his beliefs undergo a change. No one wishes to change his mind with every "new thought" presented to him for study. No one wishes to be a "turn-coat"; but an honest change of policy, of opinion in religion, in politics, in ideals, or way of life means growth. Growth for an individual

as well as for a nation; and, when growing one is not through.

In the field of medicine new discoveries about diseases and their cures have caused doctors to change their methods of treatment in many cases, and to develop new techniques as they grow in knowledge and in skill. They are not through!

I, myself, thought I was through when I awoke on Christmas morning to find the doctor sitting beside my bed with a grave look upon his kind face, and he announced to my nieces with whom I made my home that I had had a stroke. When I found my left arm and leg paralyzed, I was in despair. I wanted to die. Why had God allowed this thing to happen to me, at this time when I thought I had found new ways to serve Him, in this city to which I had moved so recently? Why had He not taken all of me at once, instead of leaving me here on earth

in this helpless condition?

When I made these complaints to a friend who came to see me a few days later, he said, "Perhaps God still has work for you to do here."

"How can I serve Him in this helpless condition?" I complained.

"They also serve who only stand and wait, or even lie and wait," he said. "And He will show you the way. Since life is an education, perhaps you still have some important lessons to learn, too. Can you think of any?" he continued.

"Yes! I am lacking in many things; especially in humility and patience, and trust or faith," I said.

"Then begin to practice these virtues now," he advised, "and see what happens."

I decided to take his advice. During the long hours spent in bed I learned to practice patience. I had so much time for meditation and prayer that I came to believe that this was God's plan for me and therefore I should accept it without complaint. Furthermore, I came to feel that it was good just to be alive.

With this change of attitude I began to think of all the blessings that were still mine, and my heart was filled with gratitude.

When, after a month spent in bed, I had a sensation of feeling in my left leg, and the ability

to move it a little bit, I was filled anew with hope and courage.

When my good doctor enlisted the services of an understanding, competent physiotherapist for me, I felt that God was blessing the means being taken for my recovery.

A friend of mine, upon learning of what had befallen me, wrote me a letter of sympathy. Among other things, he said, "Knowing you as I do, I realize that you can, you will, you must look beyond this moment. God is with you. What more can be said?"

When I asked my therapist if he thought I would be able to learn to walk again, he replied, "I can promise you no miracle. It's up to you. If you have the desire, and the will to walk, I know I can help you."

So, I took as my slogan, my friend's words, "I can, I will, I must." I thought of these words every time my therapist worked with me, and within three months I was on my feet again, and able to walk about the house.

I have grown spiritually, I have learned my lessons of patience and humility. My faith has been renewed, and I have come to realize that there are undiscovered possibilities within me, and that God, in His own good time, will unfold to me the way to use them in His service. Therefore, I know that I am not through.

THE "STRANGER" CAME TO TELL THEM HOW THEIR
SELF SACRIFICE HELPED HIM THROUGH THE YEAR.

The Time -- Ernie Ford Needed Help

Joan Miller

It was around midnight in the summer of 1934. While Sam Peake was chatting with the owner of a little mountain grocery store in East Tennessee, two bedraggled teen-agers walked in. They told Sam they were heading home on foot from a visit with relatives in South Carolina, and still had miles to go. When Sam heard they were hungry, broke, and tired, he offered to "feed and bed them down for the night." First he led them on a three-mile hike up the mountain to his mother's cabin, where they were served a hearty meal. Then he took them even further up the mountain to the Peake's house. When Mrs. Peake heard the boys' story she cheerfully gathered up her two children and went down to her mother-in-law's cabin to spend the night, so the boys could sleep in the only bed in the house. The

next morning Sam's wife was back in the kitchen, serving them a huge breakfast of side meat, white gravy, and fried pumpkin before they started out for home, refreshed in body and spirit.

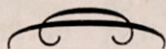
Now, twenty-five years later, the Peakes are living in the town of Erwin, Tennessee, where Sam is employed by the railroad. One day recently a handsome, prosperous-looking stranger knocked on their door. He seemed very happy to see them, and asked if they remembered befriending two teen-age boys in their mountain home one night long ago. At first the Peakes could hardly recall the incident, but when some of the details connected with it were mentioned, they remembered. The stranger said that he was one of the boys, and he'd come to tell them how much the example of their wonderful hospitality and

self-sacrifice had meant to him through the years. And who was this stranger they had befriended in his hour of need? They were astonished to learn he was none other than Tennessee Ernie Ford, of television fame. Ernie said he'd been combing the area for three days in search of them. Not even knowing their names, he enlisted the help of TV and radio stations, and even the Highway Patrol.

But the Peakes were not the only ones to be surprised that day. Tennessee Ernie, in turn, was amazed to learn that they had

been ardent fans of his for many years. They have followed his radio and television career with keen interest, never dreaming that their favorite entertainer was the young stranger they befriended long ago.

After bringing each other up to date on the course of their lives in the last twenty-five years, Ernie Ford and the Peakes shook hands in farewell. As Tennessee Ernie went out the door Mrs. Peakes called to him—"Well, Ernie, if you ever get hungry again, remember you are still welcome."



No vision, and you perish; no ideals and you are lost. Your heart must ever cherish some faith, at any cost—some dream, some hope to cling to, some rainbow in the sky, some melody to sing to, some service that is high.—*Author Unknown*

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.
—*Goethe*

*Make a joyful noise
unto the Lord, all
ye lands.*

HAROLD HELFER

Railroad Bells Now Ring in Churches

In Texas and Louisiana they call it "The Iron Horse That Prays."

They're referring to the Texas & Pacific Railway. Now on the surface this might appear to be like almost any other railroad line; traveling between some exceptionally rich oil and cattle countryside on its run between El Paso and New Orleans it may seem a little better organized and perhaps more prosperous than some. But the real difference is the "folksy" touch that it has, with an unabashed leaning toward piety.

It gave evidence of down-to-earthiness way back in its early days when cowboys had a habit of shooting out the lights of one of its west Texas depots at night. The sheriff didn't seem to be able to do anything about it and the depot agent, at his wit's end, got off a memo to the general offices about this asking what he should do. Back in quick order came this instruction:

"Open the station after day-

light in the morning and close it before dark at night."

T & P has been endeavoring to fit itself in as part and parcel of the community ever since. A more recent example of this would be the case of Marlene Wendt, a little girl of Oxford, Louisiana, who wrote to T & P headquarters in Dallas to complain that a train had run over and killed her cat, Cinder.

Now most railroad lines have more things to worry about than cats who stray on tracks and most railway companies probably would have settled for sending a letter to little Marlene expressing regret at the incident.

T & P did that but went one step further. It set about to find a cat to replace Cinder. It was not the easiest thing in the world. The trouble was that while Cinder was a very black cat he wasn't exactly 100 per cent black. He had a single white whisker. Now totally black cats can be found with reasonable assurance but one with

a single white whisker, it turned out, was something else again. But the Texas & Pacific Railway persisted and finally found one in Fort Worth which it presented to the little Oxford girl.

Then there was this lady who lived in a small eastern Texas community and wanted to send some rosebuds to a friend in a Dallas hospital. She couldn't go, she told the T & P, but would the railway see to it that her friend got the rosebuds? Texas & Pacific saw to it that this was done.

This sort of thing, through the years, has endeared the railroad to the communities through which it runs. Who can forget, for instance, about the lonely little farm girl who used to run out and wave to the crewmen as the train would come sweeping by once a day and how one day the railroad took the girl, as its guest, all the way to the great city of New Orleans and showed her the town in grand style?

But the thing that distinguishes the T & P even more is its religious bent. At its headquarters building you will see provocative and meaningful signs like "In God We Trust . . . do we or don't we?" dotting the place. Travelers are accustomed to finding Bibles in their hotel rooms but when they travel the T & P they find Bibles in the lounge cars, placed there by the railway.

Nor is that all. The railway spends \$200,000 a year for advertisements that do not contain a single word about people using the T & P line. Instead it will present pictures of families in church and urge people to attend a house of worship, to stand firm for the faith on which this country was founded—that sort of thing.

A typical ad of this railroad goes: "GOD OF OUR FATHERS. So sang the builders of our nation generations ago . . . in time of distress, of thanksgiving . . . with faith! So sing the youth of America today . . . in spirit of reverence, of praise . . . with hope! Between the America of yesterday and the America of tomorrow stands our generation. To us has fallen the duty to preserve the honor, the strength, the glory that is America . . ."

But there is still another reason . . . and perhaps it's the "mainest" reason . . . why this railroad is called The Iron Horse That Prays. And that's because all along its 1,834 miles of track it keeps summoning people to prayer.

When it began converting from the old steam locomotive to Diesel operation some years ago it found itself with many old locomotive bells on hand. Weighing around two hundred pounds and of fine metal, each one would have brought a tidy fifty dollars or so as junk.

But while the conversion of the locomotives from the romantic-like steam ones to the more efficient and business-type Diesel ones was inevitable, it somehow just didn't seem right to see all of these bells wind up on the junk heap too.

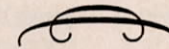
W. G. Vollmer, president of the railroad, had an idea. Perhaps these bells could be used by churches to summon people to prayer. With churches always having a little fund trouble, many had never got around to installing bells.

Well, when the word got out that the T & P was going to give away its bells the railroad was swamped with requests for them from churches. These requests still keep pouring in, a decade later now, and have swelled to three thick files, each containing hundreds of requests.

So, to be fair about it, the railroad had to establish some ground

rules. After all, it was a locomotive bell and so it would be fitting, it was decided, if the bell was installed in a church somewhere along the line. Then it was to go to some well-established church, one which is truly a part of the social fabric of the community, so that it would mean something when the bells pealed out.

Up to now, the railroad has given out 103 of these bells and each case is considered very carefully before a decision to part with one is made. So, should you be traveling somewhere between New Orleans and El Paso and happen to hear what sounds like a locomotive bell even though there isn't a train anywhere in sight and even though you may know this is Diesel country anyway, you needn't ask how and for whom and why these bells toll . . . it is an old iron horse's way of summoning you to church.



Room for Jesus

Alexander Seymour

There was no room, on your birthday,
In Bethlehem's small Inn.
But dear Lord, on this Christmas Day,
My heart has room: Come in!

Cecil B. DeMille's Lesson on Eternal Life

Kenneth Crist

Let me tell you a little story—

Many years ago I was commissioned by David Belasco to write a play, "The Return of Peter Grimm". The play was being written for David Warfield and the story hinged upon the continuation of life after death.

I got the inspiration of the story from a water beetle.

"I was up on a lake in the Maine Woods. The canoe was drifting. I was reading—resting—searching for an idea. I looked down in the water, for my little craft had drifted to where the lake was only about four inches deep. There in a world of mud and wet, were water beetles.

"One crawled up on the gunwale, struck the talons on his legs into the woodwork and died.

"I let it alone and turned to my reading. The sun was hot. In about three hours I looked at my water beetle again. He was parched. His back was cracking open. I watched, and out of the back of that dead water beetle, I saw crawling a new form—a moist head—then wings—a most beautiful dragon fly. It scintillated all the colors of the rainbow.

"As I sat watching, it flew. It flew farther in a second than the water beetle had crawled in days. It hovered above the surface, just a few inches from the water beetles beneath. They did not know it was there.

"I took my finger tip and moved the shrivelled water beetle husk from the canoe's gunwale. It fell back into the lake and sank down to the mud covered bottom.

"The other water beetles crawled awkwardly to see what it was.

"It was a dead body. They backed away from it."

Mr. de Mille halted his incessant pacing. He turned his eyes on mine. He asked me this simple direct question.

"Listen—If God does that for a water beetle, don't you believe he will do it for us?"

HAROLD W. RUOPP

IN SPITE OF LIMITATIONS

One of the universal experiences of human beings is limitation and handicap. While it is true that some people seem to have more than their share of handicaps, it is just as true that no one is completely free from limitations—limitations due to "accident of birth," unfortunate childhood conditioning, ill health or physical defects, lack of education, heavy family responsibilities, and so on through a long list.

Limitations? In one form or another they are the common lot of man. St. Paul with his "thorn in the flesh"; Beethoven, deaf; John Milton and Helen Keller, blind; Charles P. Steinmetz, dwarfed and hunch-backed; President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard with an ugly birthmark covering one whole side of his face; Louis Pasteur, stricken with paralysis at the age of forty-six; Robert Louis Stevenson, "made for a contest," but destined to "the dingy, inglorious fate of a bed and a medicine bottle!" If ever we are tempted to lament the limitations we may have—and at times we all have that temptation—it is well to think of these and ten thousand others who might be named.

Accepting the *fact* of limitations and handicaps, the question is, What can we do about them? For either we will master them or they will master us.

The first obvious step is to explore them and ask questions about them. Which ones are of our own making? Which are subject to correction? Which are inevitable? That is to say, we must distinguish carefully between those limitations which are beyond our control—those about which we can do little or nothing—and those which come within our control. For not all limitations are inevitable. Some of them are a part of the life-process, and others are the product of our own faulty attitudes, and our inertia or unwillingness to become something other than we now are.

Having explored our limitations and having removed those which can be removed, we are ready to take the second step. We must accept the limitations and handicaps which are inevitable—and *accept them without shame or resentment*. It is important that we do this; otherwise, our limitations will become prison walls.

There are several common reac-

tions to limitations. One is to become embittered; another, rebellious. A third is to try to forget them, to use various kinds of escapes, forgetting all the while that life never permits anyone to run away from himself. These reactions, taken separately or in combination, always make for unutterable misery.

In an Eastern city lives a man whom I have known for many years. At the age of twelve he became the victim of muscular dystrophy. His legs became crippled; his arms and hands almost useless. He has had to spend the major portion of his life in a wheel chair.

In the early years of his illness, he had to do daily battle with "the three grim monsters of shame, envy, and self-pity." He was constantly sorry for himself; he was ashamed of his horribly crippled body; he was jealous of the health of his friends. His heart was heavy; his wheel chair a prison.

Then one day he took himself in hand. He saw that his self-pity was not only increasing his own unhappiness but the unhappiness of those who were closest to him. Valiantly therefore he came to grips with the three foes that were most responsible for his misery. One by one he conquered them. It took him the better part of two years, but he won! He once told me that the real turn-

ing point came when he was willing to *accept himself*—crippled body, wheel chair, and all. From that time forward his life has been one of increasing effectiveness, his limitations only adding to the challenge.

The third step in managing our limitations is to keep our minds fixed upon what we do have rather than what we do not have. If we keep reminding ourselves of the things we do not have, we become even more limited and miserable. On the other hand, genuine happiness comes to those who keep their attention centered upon what they have and what they can do *in spite of their limitations*.

One woman, possessor of a lovely voice but dreadfully limited by a set of cruel circumstances, said recently: "I can still sing." In a church I once served as minister was a man who was almost totally blind. But he never complained about his vision, or lack of it. Instead, Sunday after Sunday he would say to me following the service: "I thank God for my *hearing*."

The final step in the process of managing our limitations is in many respects the most important of all. However limited we may be, we may dedicate what we have—or what we have left!—to the glory of God and the service of our fellows. Then our limitations,

instead of being *weights*, will become *wings*.

John Bunyan, a prisoner in Bedford jail for twelve long years, did what? He wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*. Louis Pasteur, partially paralyzed though he was, kept right on going on for another twenty-seven years, making discoveries that helped change the course of medicine. Beethoven, gradually going deaf, continued to compose his symphonies and sonatas. Fanny Crosby walked in total darkness for more than eighty years, but out of her blindness she wrote thousands of religious poems—poems of hope and trust.

William Wilberforce never had good health, and for years on end on his physician's orders took opium to help quiet the pain. Someone who once heard him speak said afterwards: "I saw what seemed like a mere shrimp mount upon the table; but, as I listened, he grew and grew, until the shrimp became a whale." Handicapped though he was, William Wilberforce more than any other single person helped to banish the slave trade from Great Britain.

Paganini, perhaps the most versatile violinist of all time, was a tall, ungainly, awkward person, who looked something like a scare-crow. When he came on the stage, people could scarcely believe

their eyes. As often as not, they would snicker and laugh. But never for long! During one of his concerts at Leghorn, Italy, first one string broke, then a second, then a third. But Paganini kept right on playing—*on the last string!* Some of those who listened wept; some shouted "Bravo!"; some prayed!

"Getting music out of one string after all the others have broken"—that is the challenge that life flings at all of us sooner or later.

St. Paul spoke of his "thorn in the flesh." What it was no one knows. Some say it was epilepsy; some, that it was poor eyesight; others say it was something else. But whatever it was, it was a limitation, a handicap that hurt, so much so indeed that Paul tells us that he prayed three times that it might be removed. The thorn however was not taken from him, the limitation was not removed. Instead he received a deep inner assurance; "My grace is sufficient for you; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

Each of these persons—and countless others—had something taken away from him; each one dedicated *what was left* to the glory of God and the service of men. Their very limitations became instruments of power for good.

Prisoners Build a Chapel

Robert Ellefsen

Applause burst through the small, dimly-lit auditorium. On stage the players moved out for a single curtain call. Response crackled again, then reverberated along austere walls, up to the silent figures seated in armed cubicles overlooking the makeshift theater.

Chairs scraped the severe concrete floor. As if answering a command, the audience rose almost as one . . . talk mingling with laughter and muffled stage handling behind the curtain. Ladies shrugged into wraps as the players slowly pushed through the steel exit. They moved in a steady stream along the narrow corridor, filed past alert sentries and stepped into the clear, brisk night.

Backstage the noise subsided. Then entertainers and stagehands shoved and jostled into a tightening band about the director.

"What was the take, Bub?" asked one of the gray-clad actors,

This Chapel is rising as a testament to Man's Faith.

makeup streaked under unruly white hair.

"Yeah," took up another, "did we get anything for the building fund?"

The leader glanced over the curious faces, smiling. "Men," he announced, "I am happy to report a generous contribution to the Felon Follies of 1959 for the chapel fund."

Smiles lit up one by one, like stars breaking into deepening twilight. Then followed victorious shouts and cries of confidence. Quite suddenly the group split into smaller units as members volunteered personal opinions on the successful evening.

"All right, men." They turned toward the voice at the steel doorway. "Let's break it up now and get to bed." Tall, casually uniformed, the speaker moved in among them, patiently, deliberately herding them like sheep . . .

1959

PRISONERS BUILD A CHAPEL

19

out of the auditorium into the narrow hall . . . then to cells.

Amateur night had ended at Utah's Point-of-the-Mountain Prison, a score of miles south of Salt Lake City. The annual production again had attracted an overflow of visitors. Then came the despond which follows final curtain.

But there was new hope this year. The review's finale carried a bright note. There was a difference. Even the guards could sense it as they escorted their charges to the cell blocks. Yes, a difference.

This year all proceeds from the Follies would funnel into a single program. Money from the review was to help in construction of a "Chapel by the Wayside."

Still within the prison gates, but free of barred windows and bolted doors, the chapel is rising as a testament to Man's Faith. Parole, probation, discharge. All have their place. But these men have their eyes on a greater "Future Book."

Slowly, concrete blocks are reaching toward a blue Utah sky. At each day's end, perspiring inmates glance back at the scene of their labors with an inner satisfaction that only they can explain. On the chapel site they no longer are prisoners . . . but plumbers, electricians, hod-carriers, bricklayers, and plasterers. They are

both common laborers and construction engineers.

When the sturdy concrete blocks are sealed in place the walls will be faced with dull red native stone.

Original plans for the multi-million dollar prison called for facilities to carry on a well-rounded program of rehabilitation, but various fund cuts eliminated a chapel. Now inmates will provide their own House of Worship.

At present, all religious activities are conducted in the auditorium, classrooms, and administration offices. One group conducts rites in a visitor's room.

The new edifice will seat approximately 185 men and will provide facilities for group counseling, office space for prison chaplains, classrooms for Bible study and religious training and a choir loft.

Seven religious groups are represented at the prison and members of each sect donate as much labor to the project as can be spared under prison regulations. And all, finally, will worship in the non-denominational structure.

"It's something the state will be proud of, too," one of the committee members explains. "The chapel will have an assessed value of approximately \$130,000 to Utah," he believes.

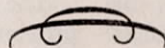
Construction cost, however, will be halved because of inmate labor. In addition to their own unique

projects, convicts move through many channels to attract funds. Individual contributions from outside have accounted for a number of materials purchased. Business firms have been contacted and many have submitted materials without cost. And inmates continue to solicit and labor for aid.

Authorities say they observe a special pride reflected in the men

as they trudge back to cells after work at the Wayside. They agree that it is of utmost importance for the inmates to avail themselves of that most important facet of rehabilitation . . . religion.

Stone walls do not a prison make at Utah's Point-of-the-Mountain. Stone walls build a "Chapel by the Wayside."



That Wonderful Mother's Day

Edna Hull Miller

Judean hills were bathed in light
 And shepherds heard a song,
 While night birds wheeled in homeward flight
 Before an angel throng—
 While Mary held her new born son
 Her lips were sweet with prayer—
 The greatest mother's day of all
 Was in the manger there.

HE WAS LOVED BY THE LOWLY, AND FEARED BY THE EXALTED.

The Mystery of History

BRADFORD LAMBERT

One warm day, in the middle of June, two small boys were lying on a hillside in the sun. Their ages were about the same and it was the same sun but beyond that they shared nothing in common. Both hills were on lands bordering the Mediterranean but on opposite sides of the Sea. One was a member of the governing class and the other among the governed.

The father of one was a famous soldier and the little chap copied him in everything. He loved to lead a Company of troops around the parade ground pretending that he was a great general. On these occasions he would wear his father's war boots, strutting and mimicking his dad as closely as he could.

The small figure, in the enormous boots, was most amusing to everyone, everyone except the soldiers who had to do the marching in the hot sun. In time they gave him a nickname which would stick to him through life. "Caligula" meaning "little soldier's boots". His Mother, Agripina, was a Roman Matron of the upper

class and better sort. In all essential matters her desires, ambitions and standards were precisely the same as most matrons in our country today.

She wanted her son to have the finest, approved education in order to take the fullest advantage of the privileges his father's wealth and power could give. He was carefully taught all the proper observances of the orthodox religion of his time so that he would offend neither the gods or the people.

On the other hand she made sure that he would not let religion interfere with important things of life such as material possessions and career.

I am quite sure that most of us, had we been living at the time, would have voted him "the one most likely to succeed." He was the fair haired boy of fortune. Every possible advantage of wealth, power and opportunity were his.

He grew up completely spoiled. Every lust and passion swayed him at will. In the world's most licentious age he had the unique

distinction of being censured for immorality by the Roman Senate, for his conduct shocked even that evil, dissolute group.

The only other act, that is remembered, was electing his horse to the Roman Consul. These two things represent Caligula's outstanding achievement in life. Today the one who possessed the greatest advantages and opportunities of his age is merely known as a sot and a fool.

In terms of our day, the other little boy called Jesus was born on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. His parents were poor, simple peasants with no power, wealth or position. His home and town lacked all apparent advantages. The town was so far down in the social and economic scale that it was a subject of ridicule throughout the countryside.

Little is known of his childhood but his schooling, at best, must have been exceedingly simple. Undoubtedly he listened to everyone, remembered everything and learned to know mankind as no one else ever has.

Obviously this little chap would have been our candidate as the one least likely to succeed. All the advantages and opportunities, we value so highly, had completely passed him by.

Later he became loved by the lowly and hated and feared by

the exalted. His words and ideas had the simplicity and clarity that spoke to the hearts of simple people wherever he went.

When breezes stirred the grasses on the hillside he told them "God had walked that way." He looked into the faces of children and said "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

While he was a refuge of love, courage and peace to the underprivileged he was also the symbol of dangerous radicalism to those who preyed upon them. Teaching that God was an all loving Father, ever present and open to all, left little but crumbs for the high priest and politician.

If God was everywhere their temple lost its vital importance and their revenues, privileges and positions were endangered by this lowly, loving peasant who was winning the hearts of all.

With the privileged and powerful, death is always the last argument and answer. In order to destroy his ideas, they destroyed him. In destroying him they opened the way for the resurrection and the ultimate end of all earthly privilege power and evil.

While the boy most likely to succeed is merely a few lines in a book, the one seemingly destined for oblivion is steadily growing in the minds and hearts of men.

The greatest love is to share Christian hospitality with others.

Hope Morris Noel

Aunt Rhoda Had Christian Hospitality

Whenever I hear a neighbor bemoaning, "Oh, I'd love to entertain more often, but we just *can't* afford it," I always think of Aunt Rhodie.

Or when a friend at church says, "I *would* have the visiting minister over at our house, but we're so crowded—no extra bathroom, you know," I think of Aunt Rhodie again.

Most of all, whenever I'm tempted to put off something I *should* or would *like* to do until the baby is out of diapers, the new slipcovers get made, the curtains washed, or my husband gets a raise, I always think of Aunt Rhodie Ransom and her "enchanted cottage" up in the mountains of Virginia.

For of all the truly hospitable and generous souls I ever knew, Aunt Rhodie heads the list. And a more unlikely candidate one would almost never find.

More than thirty years ago when I first knew her, Aunt

Rhodie's skin was wrinkled with age, resembling a crumpled, yellowed piece of tissue. Her ever-present smile revealed not a single tooth. Even more significant, she had no living family and was desperately poor. Yet, a snowy, lace-trimmed cap was always perched jauntily above twinkling dark eyes, and the joy of her Christian heart overflowed onto every person with whom she came in contact.

In the small village where my father was minister, she lived next door to the church. At first I was attracted not only by her friendliness, but by her tiny brown cottage. With its steep gables and curlicue trim, it reminded me of my favorite fairy story of the little old woman who made the gingerbread man. The box-size flower garden where she so lovingly tended Canterbury bells and old-fashioned straw flowers always made me think of Mistress Mary's garden (although certainly Aunt Rhodie was never contrary!)

For me, the outside was but a tantalizing cover for the inside of Aunt Rhodie's house. It consisted of only one room, dark and faintly mysterious. Her earthly possessions were worn and few. Yet, the whole room radiated cozy warmth and friendliness. Hanging about the room, their drying fragrance perfuming the air with an undefinable odor, were strings of hot peppers, seeds, rose and lavender petals, and plump ears of popcorn. A black latch on the door to the loft was as close as I ever came to that secret region, although we children were positive it was inhabited by fairies and elves — all as wonderfully good and helpful as Aunt Rhodie herself.

This then was Aunt Rhodie's domain. Hardly luxurious by any standards and barely livable by most. Just the same, she was supremely happy herself and shared this happiness with all the village.

Children were her special favorites. No child could pass without Aunt Rhodie coming to the door and inviting him in for a homemade cookie. Her low black cookstove ornamented with wrought iron hearts and entwined vines seemed capable of producing an inexhaustible supply of spicy, molasses cakes. Along with food, she also dispensed sound wisdom, for she was never too

busy to listen to our childish-talk and problems. Any child in trouble invariably "lit out" for Aunt Rhodie's, and any burden seemed lighter after sharing it with her.

Grown-ups found her oversized heart always had room for them, too. Just the sound of her cheerful voice brought comfort when comfort was needed and made many a drab day seem brighter. When sickness struck, Aunt Rhodie was there first, not asking what she could do to help, but just *doing* it.

Visitors to the community found a genuine welcome at Aunt Rhodie's house, and any minister could be assured of a simple delicious meal *anytime*. Village housewives were invited to bring their embroidery and come visiting for afternoon talk and tea. Seldom was the day when Aunt Rhodie's rocker wasn't inhabited by a lonely neighbor.

Whenever I wanted to visit Aunt Rhodie (which was often), my mother invariably commented, "How wonderful the world would be if *every Christian* were like her!"

Looking back to her "enchanted cottage" now, I realize it was brown from age and lack of paint, and in dire need of repair. But Aunt Rhodie never complained or mentioned her poverty. She took pride in what she had, making up for her lack of material

things by giving freely of herself, the best gift of all. She never put off until tomorrow what she might do *for others* today. Probably her real secret was that "Love thy neighbor as thyself" was indelibly written on her warm, loving heart.

In today's hurried world, I fall far short of Aunt Rhodie's special brand of Christian neighborliness. In spite of my busy schedule, when I think back over what I *might* have done in recent weeks but *didn't*, I feel appalled.

I could have offered hot coffee to the coal deliveryman who was nice enough to bring me fuel during the bitter snowy weather.

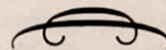
I should have visited the new

neighbor sooner. And why didn't I take time to make sandwiches and tea for her on moving day?

When my son had guests the other night, I could have made a plate of fudge. It would have been worth more than the small effort involved, even if I were extra tired that night.

What about the family down the street that has had so much sickness this year? It's true I don't know them very well, but surely I might have prepared their supper *one* night and had it ready when the weary mother came home from the hospital.

So you see I still have a long way to go to match Aunt Rhodie. But I'm still trying. Are you?



POSITIVITY

Harold A. Schulz

So willingly white frost gives way
To soft moist earth and morning dew;
So gently shines the sun today
On crocuses of pink and blue.
So willingly a ready heart
Receives the message of Christ love;
So gently does this grace impart
The spirit power to rise above.

*When we pray with Faith, we
fulfill the essential condition.*

ANSWERED PRAYER

Is Belief Plus Reason

Harold S. Kahm

JESUS said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask for, in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." How few of us seem to realize the importance of that one qualifying word: "Believing!" Yet without understanding and applying it, wholly and completely, our prayers cannot be granted.

To pray successfully, you must absolutely know that your prayer will be answered; that nothing else could possibly happen!

But, how many of us pray in such total confidence? It seems to me that most prayers are in effect mere wishes that such-and-such a thing might happen, and that those who express these wishes seldom really believe that they'll come true.

"I prayed so hard," someone says, "but God did not hear me."

It is not necessary to "pray hard" for anything; God is not hard of hearing. But His divine laws must be obeyed, for He will not violate the least of them. One of these laws concerns whether

we believe, or do not truly believe, our prayer will be answered.

So often, alas, we find ourselves unable to believe what we would like to believe! For example, I would like to pray for a million dollars and to have my prayer answered, preferably by return mail. To be sure, I can pray for that million. But will I really believe that my prayer will be answered? I feel, myself, that I could not truly and genuinely believe it would be. Why? I don't know. I just couldn't believe it, that's all.

There are so many things we would love to have that we can pray for, but how often can we really believe—believe to the point of absolutely knowing—that our prayer will be answered? Does this not explain why so many prayers—millions of them—seem to get no response?

On the other hand, when we pray for something, no matter what it may be, and we know,

with positive, joyful conviction, that that prayer will be answered, it is answered! For in the fact that we did believe we fulfilled the essential condition.

But—how can we believe?

The answer is simple enough: pray for what you know you can have!

For example, let's take the matter of earning a living. Most of us, in the course of our lives, have experienced seemingly bad times when the future appeared to be quite hopeless. But did we starve to death? If we had, we wouldn't be here now, either of us!

So, today, if the shadow of want looms over us, can we not pray for the means of livelihood and know, if only on the basis of past experience, that it will be granted?

Human needs include more than the bare necessities for staying alive. Man cannot live by bread alone. We need not only such material things as food, clothing and shelter, but emotional and spiritual sustenance as well—love, to mention but one. Certainly we can be sure that God does nothing by halves. If He keeps our hearts beating, granting us the miracle of continued life, will He not most certainly supply whatever may be needed to keep us going? If He grants us air to breathe, will He not with certainty grant us the other forms of es-

sential nourishment? Of course He will!

Not long ago I suffered the loss of nearly all that I had in the world, and my situation was further complicated by the fact that I could no longer practice my lifelong profession, due to the aftermath of a profound emotional trauma. What would become of me? I no longer had a means of livelihood, and what little was left of my savings was dwindling rapidly. I had many unpaid bills.

I prayed to my Father asking Him to guide me, to tell me what to do, to help me. I prayed in confidence; I knew, in my heart, that so long as God meant me to live, He would see to it that my needs were provided for in a harmonious manner.

My prayer was answered, as I knew it would be, I am still, I am pleased to report, very much alive. I am pleasantly housed, nicely attired, and there's a jingle of coins in my trousers pocket. How did it happen? Among other things, God gave me an idea for a simple little invention which I sold to a manufacturer on a royalty basis. It didn't amount to a very great deal, but it was enough to see me through for a while. I discovered a pleasant little business that I could get into with a very tiny capital, and I did so successfully. I'm sure He has a different answer for each indi-

vidual.

What is of the utmost importance is that I prayed for what I knew I could have, and I knew that my prayer would be answered.

I did not make the mistake of telling God how to do His job. I did not make my prayer specific. I did not ask for a particular job, or any particular thing at all. I simply asked that I might be shown how to earn my bread. Had I asked for a specific thing, I would have very likely been unable to believe my prayer would be answered. For I knew, from past experience, that God does things in His own way, and that His answers to prayers are seldom, if ever, just what we expected.

I did not try to impose my will upon Him. I asked Him, rather, to impose His divine will upon me, which was a thing I could far easier believe would occur.

In the course of my life I have lost loved ones, as have most of us. But my prayer for someone

to love has never gone unanswered; for I need a measure of love as definitely as I need food. I have never ceased to marvel at the unexpected ways my heavenly Father has responded to this need of mine. One thing did not surprise me: I knew my prayer would be answered, for I did not name a specific individual; a lifetime of experience had taught me better than that. God alone must decide whom I am to love and who is to love me; he must fulfill my need in His way, not mine. And His way, I have found, is far better than mine!

When you would pray, first search your heart and ask yourself if you can honestly be positive, supremely confident, that your prayer can and will be answered because it is something to which, as a child of God, you are genuinely entitled.

When your answer is affirmative, His answer will also be affirmative.

This is the simple secret of successful prayer.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate and love;
For thoughts are things and their eerie wings,
Are swifter than carrier dove.
They follow the law of the universe,
Each kind creates its kind,
And they speed o'er the track and bring you back
Whatever went out of your mind.

—Author Unknown

AUBREY B. HAINES

The Amazing BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

April 5, 1956, celebrated the centennial of the birth of Booker T. Washington. This man first raised the American Negro from his knees and taught him that by ambition he could throw off his economic chains and gain the respect and co-operation of his white neighbors. No man knew better than Washington how difficult this was to accomplish!

Booker was born at Hale's Ford in Franklin County, Virginia. His home was a typical one-room hut with no windows and a dirt floor. It served as the plantation kitchen, for his mother was the plantation cook. The boy had no recollection of ever having slept in a bed until after his family was declared free. He had always slept with his older brother John and his sister Amanda on a bundle of rags on the dirt floor.

One morning he was awakened before daybreak by his mother's kneeling over her children. She prayed that Lincoln and his armies might be successful and that she and her children might be free some day. This was the boy's first realization that he was a slave.

Shortly after Emancipation the family moved to West Virginia to join Booker's stepfather. The great yearning to know how to read and write was constantly obsessing the boy. Though he must work most of the time, he first attended school here.

When the teacher called the roll, Booker noticed that all the children had two names. Some even had three. When his name was called, although he had always been simply called "Booker," he answer-

ed that his last name was Washington. Later he found that his mother had called him Taliaferro. Hence he called himself Booker Taliaferro Washington.

As yet no free schools had been established for Negroes in the Kanawha Valley. When a teacher was obtained, each family consented to pay a certain amount monthly, and the teacher was to board with each family in turn. Booker had to work in the salt mines. Therefore, he could not attend day school. Out of such a circumstance the idea of night school began. Old and young persons attended. The idea was continued later at both Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes.

At age seventeen Booker, hearing of a school for Negroes at Hampton, Virginia, 500 miles away, went there. He did janitor work and waited on tables to pay for his room and board. When not busy with his studies, he took up bricklaying. On graduation he was given a faculty position.

In the meantime an idea for a training school for Negroes had been discussed by two men from Tuskegee, Alabama. One was a white man; the other a Negro. They wrote to Hampton, asking someone there to suggest a possible principal of their projected school. Naturally Booker was recommended. Arriving at Tuskegee, the ambitious young princi-

pal inquired, "Where's the school?"

"There isn't any yet," he was told. Undismayed, he began to build one. In the meantime he got permission to use a small Negro church for classes. Then he went out and made friends, inviting young Negroes to come to Tuskegee.

The school opened July 4, 1881. Thirty students came in, mostly from near-by cotton fields. Washington was confronted with many deep-seated prejudices, but his sincerity won friends. Negroes began bringing gifts or volunteering their labor for the struggling school, and white citizens of Tuskegee made donations. During the first five years courses were begun in various trades, such as carpentry, bricklaying, blacksmithing, and farming for boys and cooking, sewing, and house-keeping for girls. To Booker's delight no youth was ever turned away for lack of money!

In time Washington borrowed money and purchased an old plantation. Many people believed that educated Negroes would not work. Hence he required each student to work with his hands equal to the time spent with books. The school prospered, and new courses were added each year.

As years passed, Booker won acclaim from prominent citizens in both North and South. With cour-

age, tact, and patience he used Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute—as the school came to be known—to draw into closer understanding and co-operation the people of both races. In many Southern communities where he addressed meetings, the Negro and white people were brought together for the first time.

In 1896 he persuaded the Alabama Legislature to create the Tuskegee Agricultural Experiment Station, maintained for training Negro students in scientific agriculture. He heard of the soil experiments of George Washington Carver, a former slave. "You are just the man to head our station," Washington told him. "Find out what can be raised from this southern clay."

Booker's traveling and speaking—to bring donations so that the school could expand—added to his duties on campus, wore out his great heart. In his last years he suffered greatly, a fact which few persons realized. He was subject to attacks that would almost bear him down. The attacks would sometimes last for hours, during which time his suffering was severe.

His wife and associates begged him to take long rests, but he would not consent. "There's too much to do," he would reply. "Time is so short." In November, 1915, he fell ill in New York

and arrived at his beloved school only a few hours before he died.

Today Tuskegee Institute is his memorial. Washington sought to show by his private life and public remarks that the interests of the white people and Negroes of the South were mutual. Unfortunately, however, he was grossly misunderstood in this motive. He was accused by Negroes of trying to lead them back into slavery by delivering them into the hands of white Southerners.

He was also charged by white people and newspapers with teaching the standard of social equality. Thus his predicament was most uncomfortable. Nevertheless, he maintained his own way. Undaunted by opposition and undefeated by misrepresentation, he marched on, maintaining an optimistic spirit and a kind and gentle nature. At every opportunity he would call the South's attention to its unfair treatment of the Negro, who was its greatest economic asset. He would suggest to them that the South could not rise as long as it kept the Negro down. He would say that for a man to hold another man in the ditch, he must first get into the ditch with him.

At the same time he taught his own people that their greatest opportunity was in the South itself and that their best friends were Southern white people. As a

result we see today in the South Negroes and whites working together for the moral and civic development of the South, helping to make the land the home of righteousness and peace.

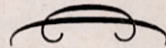
Of Washington's personal attributes his most outstanding were infinite patience, Christlike simplicity, dignified humility, thoughtfulness, cheerfulness, and optimism. Greater than all these, however, was his charity—a characteristic that he possessed in marked degree. Over it all was a sublime faith in God, himself, and his own possibilities, in America and its marvelous opportunities, and in his race and its ultimate victory.

Authoritative polls through the years reveal that his autobiog-

raphy, *Up From Slavery*, is one of the most widely read books ever published. It has been translated into major languages throughout the world.

By 1947 Tuskegee had a staff of 310 persons and a student enrollment of about 2,000. Today there are 133 buildings and 3,550 acres of campus and farms. Most encouraging of all is the fact that seventeen similar industrial schools for Negroes have been found by alumni of Tuskegee.

Years ago Washington said: "No matter how poor you are, or how obscure your present position, you should remember that there is a chance for you. The more difficulties you have to overcome, the greater your success."



O do not pray for easy lives; pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers; pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle; but you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God.

—Phillips Brooks

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

by Norman K. Elliott

Thoughts Farthest Out

THE WORD BECAME FLESH . . .

"So the word of God became a human being and lived among us." (John 1:14, Phillips) . . . In the beginning of the first chapter of John, Phillips translates "the word" as the "personal expression" of God. The personal expression of God became a human being! This is the greatest claim of all history. It is staggering in its implications. To reason it out seems all but impossible. The mind fails to encompass the enormity of it. It can only be experienced in the life of the believer.

The word, or the personal expression of God in history, is important to humanity. It would do little good if we could know God only as some objective expression in the universe. Good as it is to gain some knowledge of the creator from the stars and the seasons, from the trees and biological cycles, and from atoms and the laws of gravity, we need more if we are not to feel like orphans of creation. God is manifested in all elements of His creation, but in order to feel kith and kin with creation there must be a personal expression of God that is responsive to me, and that is like me as a human being. Only then can I feel at home in the universe.

This is the importance of the Christmas story. God became manifested in human form so perfectly that men looked at Jesus and said that in him they saw God. Humanity had not lacked for dreams, yearnings, ideas and theories. There is little in the sayings of Jesus that is different from what others have said. The difference is that Jesus was what he talked about. He was not playing around with ideas. He himself was the idea in human manifestation and people recognized it from an intimate disciple like Peter to a Roman soldier who said with awe, "Truly this was the son of God."

Browning said that man's reach exceeded his grasp, but in Jesus the reach (the ideal) and the grasp (the achievement) were one and the same. Whenever this happens the world makes pilgrimages to it. This is why (to a lesser extent) people make their way to Africa to

see Schweitzer, to Japan to see Kagawa, to India to see Bhavi and to Bavaria to see Neumann. In Jesus people have seen the achievement in human flesh of all their unattainable longings—the impossible demands of their nature for goodness and the ache of the human spirit for cosmic companionship and acceptance.

This is Christmas—the word made flesh—the human expression of God became a human being!

Read: **Candle, Star and Christmas Tree**, Charles L. Allen & Charles L. Wallis. \$1.00

LOOK UP

In the year that King Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple." (Isaiah 6:1) . . . If one is not careful the difficulties and crises of the world will drag him down to despair, fear and despondency. Shutting off our oil supply in the Middle East can cause shortages and effect the industries of this country. War on the other side of the earth can reach out and take members of our families. However we are not at the mercy of international or national conditions.

King Uzziah was one of the greatest kings the nation ever had, and he had ruled for over 50 years. His death was a national tragedy. Isaiah recognized the crises. He did not follow the ostrich-with-its-head-in-the-sand philosophy. He was aware of the possible political and military implications, but he saw something else besides this. ". . . I *ALSO* saw . . ." Isaiah *also* saw the majestic wonder and glory and power of God. If he had looked only at the death of a great king he could easily have given in to despair and fear. In raising his head and his soul in contemplative worship he saw that regardless of the immediate change and uncertainty there was an eternal stableness and sureness that could be depended upon.

Balance your newspaper reading, which is largely made up of problems of crises, with the eternal promises of God as they are found in the Bible. Learn the value of praise. "*Bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, Who healeth all thy diseases . . .*" Remember the eternal companionship of God, ". . . *I will not leave thee nor forsake thee, I will uphold thee with my right arm.*" Fill your mind with the things that lead to strength and courage and goodness, ". . . *if there be any virtue, if there be anything to praise, think on these things.*"

When your world seems to fall in about you, then, "*Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in,*" — just like He did for Isaiah.

Read: **Putting Your Faith To Work**, John A. Redhead. \$2.00

LIVING IT IS WHAT COUNTS

"Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee." (Luke 8:39) . . . The man to whom Jesus told this was called Legion, for he had many devils, but Jesus had cast them all out. The man wanted to follow Jesus, but the command of Jesus was to go back to his own house and town and show what the Lord had done for him. This was perhaps the most difficult and most necessary command that our Lord gives to anyone. It is easier to leave home, to get before the public and make a speech. While this is a necessary part of spreading the good news, it is more necessary to do it in your own home and in your own town. Strangers may accept a speech at face value, but the people in your own home and in your own town are not as interested in what you say as in what you are.

Someone wanted to know if he should leave his home and job because of the kind of people it threw him into contact with, and the sort of entertaining it involved. I told him that the final decision would have to be his but that it was precisely those people who needed an incarnated sample of the good news. Apparently Jesus moved in those circles, and was welcome in them. This could hardly have happened if he had assumed a pious pose of superiority and made others feel uncomfortable in his very presence. They liked to have him around. The Scribes and Pharisees did not think too highly of him for associating with these people.

If all the homes and businesses were fired with a new vision, heaven would be earth and earth would be heaven. A small restaurant owner is supporting a physician in the mission field with his tithe. He has found that he can give more than 10%, and eventually intends to give more than half. When machine shops, printing shops, steel mills, advertising agencies, grocery stores, brick plants, and other businesses become transformed, the job will be done. But the job has to be done right in our own homes and in our own home towns. When it is done there it will be done all over the world.

Jesus went about doing good. Glenn Clark used to say that it is not our job to make others good, but rather it is our job to make ourselves good and others happy. Show, demonstrate, what God has done for you, and if it's good enough it will spread by contagion.

Read: **Conversion** by E. Stanley Jones. Paper \$1.95, Cloth \$3.25.

Kindness Is Never Wasted

One of the first Bible verses little children learn in Sunday School is "Be ye kind." This is a part of their early religious training, and the little ones are shown how to apply this in a practical manner in their daily contacts with one another in the home or at play. The same teaching can be carried all through life and made a practical, positive force in every day living. "Be ye kind" is a version of the Golden Rule we sometimes forget. This thought has been emphasized by the County Council in an English community where recently they issued to all motorists in the area a card stating that "Courtesy is just another word meaning kindness." How true this is that Courtesy is just another word for kindness, and how many automobile accidents would be avoided if motorists only remembered to be kind to their fellow travellers.

Years ago one of the favorite sentiments inscribed in autograph albums was "Politeness is to do and say, the kindest thing in the kindest way." Not a bad motto for any one to follow, is it?

After listening to the teacher explain the meaning of peace, little five-year-old Kathy exclaimed, "Why, peace just means being kind, doesn't it!" This is a thought that some of our statesmen might ponder.

Peace, courtesy, politeness all mean the same thing: just "being kind one to another." In the home, in business, on the highway, in world affairs, what a revolution might be brought about if everyone practiced that simple little rule, "Be ye kind."

Kindness is one thing that is never wasted. The kindness we do for others brings a return blessing. Not that we perform a kindness to someone in the expectation that it will be returned in kind, but there is a psychological reaction to every kind deed we do that contributes to our own happiness and well being. Often the effort we make for ourselves is thrown away, but our loving, kind effort for others brings its sure reward.

Each one has the capacity to be a vibrating string in the concert of God's Joy.

"NO" to WORRY and "YES" to PRAISE

Allan A. Hunter

Gratitude, living in faith, being open to what rushes in from beyond to help and renew us—gratitude is what we're here for. Probably everyone has had his experiences, when it was clear that what he did was not in his own strength alone. In those moments it was as if bells were furiously ringing in heaven urging everybody within hearing to be glad. If some one had quoted the Psalmist, "Let all that is within me bless his holy name," we would have said "Amen! Amen!"

In the Gospel of Luke, Chapter 17, we read of a man who shocks us awake to the glory of being able to receive what God so generously gives. This man was one of ten lepers. Meeting Jesus the group begged him to have pity on them. His answer was "Go and show yourselves to the priest." On their way, says the record, they were cured. The one who humbles us by his spontaneous appreciation was a Samaritan. He

fell on his face, "turned around and then thanked God at the top of his voice" for what was happening to him. The other nine? They saw no point in bothering to say so much as "Thanks." What followed we can only guess. It may be that the leprosy never bothered them any more. But we can be sure that another terrible disease did: ingratitude. And those nine ex-lepers were less fortunate than they thought. For ingratitude is ruthless. It eats away our capacity to respond to the wonder of being alive.

There are many degrees of ingratitude. In its least desirable form we see a man in the temple thinking only of his merits, looking down his nose at the publican who in contrast simply exposes his weakness helplessly before God and cries out for forgiveness. It may be that we who are here thank God that we are not as hard or as blind as that Pharisee. But isn't there a little of the in-

grate in us all? More than we guess we may be assuming that the world owes us a living and everybody is to blame for our plight. That's pretty low on the negative scale but it isn't as bad as when we say "I thank You, Father, that I'm not like that Pharisee." So much for the scale of ingratitude that leads from bad to worse.

Now let's look at a more interesting scale, the scale that indicates gratitude. At the bottom, here at the left, is a small measure of gratitude. At the top, here at the right, is the overflowing maximum we see in the attitude of Jesus as he stands up and delivers not an oration to a few of us, but the character of democracy for all of us. This is when he says "God, Maker of Heaven and earth, I thank You that You have revealed this that is all important to the children, not to the over-cultured and not to the very clever people but to the ordinary people, those that are called children. You've revealed it to them."

Also worth asking for is to be grateful as a leader of Israel once was. The story is in the sixth chapter of second Samuel. The high point is this: "and David danced before the Lord with all his might." That's better than absent-mindedly singing the Doxology. It is the kind of exuberance

that is always surprising us in the Bible which, by the way, is like Yellowstone Park in one respect: all over the place are geysers shooting up. Similarly, you never know as you dip into Scripture when some strange eruption of gratitude or praise will go off right under your nose. Some of these outbursts are near or at the top, others low on the scale. Some are for the right things, others from our point of view are questionable.

But how about us? Are we so experienced in giving thanks at the right end of the scale? Some of us try to be grateful so that we won't have rheumatism. But that's not gratitude. It's just a device for escaping pain. Granted that being grateful is better medicine than cortisone or the latest drug. Granted that thanksgiving is a form of faith, an attitude that helps us keep open to the currents of healing. It is something more than a convenient therapy.

Leaving our motives behind, the question remains: What should we be grateful for? What should we be glad about? For what should we shout or sing or whisper "Thanks, Father—thanks!"

We can always be giving praise for any contact we are lucky enough to have with nature, at least in some of its aspects. Perhaps it is unfair down here in the smoggy city speaking of Tuo-

lume Meadows so far away and high, but here goes.

This September Elizabeth and I decided we would get the most we could out of the last day there. So I stretched out on a huge boulder in the midst of the little river to soak in the sun the way a lizard does. Behind was the soft, incessant thunder of the waterfalls. In front was the rushing water and over to the right the milewide meadow. Most of the flowers were dead. But the gravel at the bottom of the stream shone with the same reds, yellows, purples, and blues as the paintbrushes and owl clover had been flaunting all August. The sky was an incredible azure. A bluebird alighting picked up that color overhead and then disappeared in the rippling grass. Can you imagine it all? The sunlight, the air so exhilarating, the wavelets and flecks of foam coming, coming, coming? Out of the woods stepped two does. Knee deep in the current they paused. Their ears pointed in my direction. Suddenly in two bounds they are on the other shore. For an instant there shines through their fur on their backs the same radiant golden color that made the tall grass so beautiful.

What is this river, this channel of energy that flows and keeps on flowing on its way to the sea, unconsciously praising God? What

is it saying to us? About the same thing the mocking bird continually says these sunbright days and what so many creatures shout each early spring morning as they greet the day with joy. O I know they're not aware, as you and I have the privilege of being. But there's a certain uplifting of the voice, of the whole being, that is very wonderful.

Let us ourselves with thanks to Jesus Christ who loved all growing things join in this chorus that is nature. Let *us* be glad for the oncoming water, the flashing of feathers, the waving grass, the touch of red in that leaf announcing autumn, the sky we breathe, the wind in our faces that speaks of mystery.

"What do you give thanks for?" I asked a friend yesterday. "What do you feel gratitude for?" Maybe one shouldn't eavesdrop that way on a human soul. But my friend didn't mind. And he's not here today so we can repeat what he said.

"I'm grateful," he answered, "for the sheer amount of food I'm able to get every day and the kind it is. I like it."

"What else?"

"The community I'm in. A whole lot of Russians live right by me. They're sixty or seventy years old. They don't talk English. But I play my tape recordings to them and then they bring me

eggs. We communicate . . . Also I like the music I can listen to. I have about—oh, 175 tapes." "Anything else?" I asked. "Yes, I like to go out at night and see the quiet of the stars."

A good list, that. It doesn't quite take us to the top of the scale but it gives us the feel of thanksgiving right where we live. I suspect it would be more to the point, more to His glory, if we thanked Him for the chance He is now giving us to share on an ever-widening scale the benefits of civilization. Did not Jesus say "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom"? But the Kingdom is not a table spread for only a few. It is for all.

What is this realm of God that keeps coming, coming, coming from a source higher than any cloud and deeper than any sea? It is faith. It is gratitude. It is life itself. Through people like Elizabeth Fry it makes its way into and cuts a course through the jungles of our world.

Married before she was twenty-one, Elizabeth Fry had several children. Hardly had she a spare moment. But hearing of the conditions under which other mothers were compelled to live in Newgate prison with their children, she took it upon herself to do something practical in their behalf. Before long she was think-

ing of these "strangers" almost as members of her own family. Other Quaker ladies she persuaded to go with her, to see what they, too, could do. To the prisoners in their degrading situation she spoke directly of Christ. He came to save sinners, she said simply and from her heart. He was waiting to receive *them*. Amazed and melted these women would ask "But who is Christ?" and "Can people like us really come to him?" Her answers and her spirit spoke to their condition. Touched by their lack of opportunity, she started a school for those women prisoners and their children. Eventually, the changed lives in Newgate Prison became a legend throughout England. And today, thanks in part to consciences she quickened, the aim of many a jail is to rehabilitate and not crush the offender.

The secret of her power for good she confided to one of her children not many months before her death. "My dear," she said, "since my heart was touched at the age of seventeen, I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve my Lord." Lifting up one's mind that way every time one wakes up, is certainly to glorify God.

A teacher I know does this.

When the youngsters in his class become too, shall we say, distracting, he lifts his attention to a big placard he keeps taped to the back wall. On it are these words: "Now is a great experience." That, too, is a way of praising God.

There is a woman in this city who is blind. She has three children; her husband is dead. Right now she is studying for a M. A. degree at UCLA. A friend who reads to her so that she can complete her thesis and pass her exams, reports that this woman gives constantly the impression of being glad, infectiously glad. Her children make the same expansive response to life. She seems to understand what it means to be *in* the current that never fails to flow toward us—if we but lift up our eyes and open our wills. On the eve of a recent Golden wedding anniversary, a husband recalling the help from beyond

that had carried him and his wife through many an ordeal, said this from his heart: "Thank You, Father, for sending Your son, Our Master, into this home."

None of us knows exactly how far advanced he is on the scale of gratitude. Our progress and our perfection are not a matter of pressing this or that button. How mature we are is for God alone to decide. But with little and frequent acts of the will we can train ourselves to say "No" to worry and "Yes" to praise; "No" to resentment and "Yes" to appreciation; "No" to tenseness and "Yes" to that lifting of the heart which gives the Most High the final glory. We are not machines or animals but spirit facing Spirit. In some degree, therefore, every one of us has the capacity to be a vibrating string in the concert of God's joy. We have it in us with this very breath to sing His praise.

Petition

Louise Moss Montgomery

For lowly spirit, Lord, I pray,
For deeper kindness every day;
For insight into others' souls
To help them win their Worthier goals.

For some relief of earth's distress,
For furtherance of happiness;
For understanding and accord
I humbly ask, O, dearest Lord!

TO EVERY ONE CAME THE IMPULSE TO KNEEL AND PRAY.

OUR SYRIAN GUIDE WITNESSED IN DAMASCUS

MARY S. LARABEE

The members of the Cook's Tour party as they arrived in Damascus were a little disappointed in the guide assigned to them. He was a great contrast to the suave, well-dressed Lebanese who had accompanied them from Beirut. This little Syrian was insignificant-looking and seedy, his English heavily accented. It did not seem that he would be a very interesting guide. However, they concluded he probably knew the main sights and could escort them through the bazaar. After all, the tourists had been told, Damascus was chiefly interesting as a place to shop.

Therefore, they followed docilely along. Even for sophisticated travelers such as they were the ancient streets of the city began to weave a spell. All types of Asian life were here—veiled Moslem women, men in desert head-dresses, and stately Arabs just alighting from new Cadillacs. The young oil engineer and his wife on vacation from Saudi Arabia

and a globe-trotter who was on her way around the world, all with the Cook's Tour, began to look around with deepening interest. Even for them the sights and smells of the centuries-old bazaar were truly exciting. But the little guide urged them on and they wandered along.

Suddenly, they were told that they were in the Street Called Straight. Even for the most careless among the group a bell rang in their minds. That name carried them back to the days of childhood and Sunday School and dimly remembered Bible lessons. They stopped to look and, of course, to take such pictures as are permitted in Syria. The city of Damascus began to mean more to them than a mere place on a sight-seeing tour.

On they went on the customary round of sights. As they issued from the Grand Mosque a musical call came down from a tall minaret. They craned their necks to see the twelve muezzins, or criers,

simultaneously chanting the call to prayer. Nowhere else in the world is this call jointly chanted the required five times a day from one minaret. Usually only one muezzin gives the call and in these modern days he often does not climb the minaret. He sits comfortably at a microphone at street level and through a loud speaker on the tower reminds devout Moslems that it is once more time to pray. There may be many indifferent followers of Mohammed who pay no attention to these calls but there are many thousand Moslem men who, in their unself-conscious, public response to the call to prayer startle Christians into an examination of their own prayer life.

It was a contrast to this Moslem world to be ushered into a tiny, dark Christian chapel. Underneath it, so tradition says, is the spring at which Ananias baptized St. Paul. In the 14th century Franciscan monks built this tiny shrine to protect the site and to commemorate the great event in Christian history. The Cook's party did not expect to linger long, the place was so small, not much to see beyond what a quick glance could take in. They were surprised to be asked to sit down and to see the guide draw a small book from his pocket.

"I never go about Damascus without my New Testament," he

said. "Every step here is on ground made sacred by Christian history. I am going to read you the story about St. Paul from the ninth chapter of Acts."

Biblical history was not the major interest of the tourists and they prepared to be bored. They thought it curious that a Moslem guide should be reading from the New Testament and that he should seem so at home in a Christian church. Only one or two of the party had been interested enough to learn as they had walked along that the little man was not a Moslem but a Syrian Christian educated in an American Mission school. He represented one of a tiny minority in this sea of fanatical Islam. He had said to them that for him all Damascus was holy ground and it was one of his great privileges to share its sacred significance with even casual travelers.

So, stepping up to the little Roman Catholic altar, with no sense of being out of place, he began to read. Gradually the power of the story took hold of all present, Eyes ceased to rove about, feet stopped shuffling. To every one came the impulse to kneel and pray. The quaintly pronounced English came to an end and the group rose silently to leave. The oil man took the guide's hand.

"This is the most wonderful experience of our whole trip," he

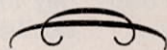
said earnestly, "something that I shall never forget. You've made St. Paul come alive for me; he is not just a story any more."

And the globe-trotter murmured,

"How much we forget that is important! and how good it is to be made to remember!"

Some others in the party, as they stepped back into the Moslem world of Damascus thought humbly of the Christian witness of this apparently insignificant Syr-

ian who had been able to make the Bible come alive to careless American tourists. It is true he had led them to the bazaar and to Moslem shrines but in his simple way he had given them a glimpse of the real meaning of a Christian of Damascus. Some of the tourist group silently compared his witness in unfriendly surroundings to their own witness in infinitely easier circumstances in their Christian homeland. How did theirs compare with his?



A NEW YEAR

By Loraine Thomas Edwards

To start the New Year on one's knees is such a blessed thing;
Accept forgiveness freely given by Him, our God and King—
Forgiveness for our mis-spent days; our foolishness, our fears;
Good deeds not done and songs unsung, unnecessary tears.

To leave the old year; start the new at the Altar of our God
Is to rise to a new dimension; to walk where saints have trod.
For with His touch all things are new — Hope is again reborn,
The old is past and cast away—we glimpse the Eternal Morn.

His way, I have found is
much better than mine.

The Art of Trusting God

EVE TYSON

How often we meet active church members who are anxious and worrisome about everything! And wouldn't they be shocked and indignant were they to be reminded that they are not active Christians!

But how can faith in God on the one hand, and fear and worry on the other, abide in the same personality? How can anxieties be reconciled with trust in a loving Father who has the interests of His dear ones at heart? And what a big and tender heart He has! It embraces all His creatures, regardless of color or creed—He loves all beings, without exception, whether they are good or bad, wise or unwise, great or small. They are His, each and every one, and He has a well-laid plan for them, if they will but accept His love.

Someone will ask, "But how can you help worrying about sickness, lack of money, marital disharmony, difficult children, and a myriad of other problems?"

Well, let us look for a moment

at God's love and care in a very practical way. If the same person raising these questions had just taken out an insurance policy which fully protected him, would he continue to worry about the risk involved? The answer is obvious, or the insurance coverage would offer no advantage. But here we are thinking only in terms of material security bought and paid for.

God's love is a gift, a sort of "insurance policy" that each one of us receives at his birth. It insures us against not one type of loss, but against everything that is negative, and assures us of a full and creative life. The cost? It would seem that the premium on such a "policy" would be beyond the means of even the richest man in the world, but it is absolutely free, on one condition only—that we open our hearts to God's love and let it operate in our lives every minute of the day, for then it will also work while we are sleeping, saturating our beings with creativeness so that

in our waking hours we shall build to His glory. In other words, we shall be living active Christian lives.

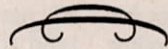
"But," some will argue, "even those who have complete faith in God and allow Him to work in their lives do not have smooth sailing. Why is this?"

That's where God's business comes in. In His well-laid plan for us, what seems to us at times like insurmountable obstacles are the very stepping stones God places at our feet so that, through conquering the physical by means of the spiritual, we may reach

perpetually higher plateaus of living.

Let us start today by opening our hearts completely to One who never disappoints us. Let us accept the Love which constantly overflows from the Eternal source. And let us cooperate with God at all times in His unfailing intelligence, and count our "troubles" as blessings, for each time we step up we step into a higher spiritual expression.

God is constantly building men closer and closer to His image. Let us not interfere with God's Business.



I PRAY for many things this year.

For myself, I ask; continued health of mind and body—work useful, honorable and as remunerative as it shall please God to send.

For my dear family, work of the same description with comfortable wages; faith in God and love to each other.

For my country, that she may keep her high promise to mankind.

For Christendom, that it may become more Christlike.

For the struggling nationalities, that they may attain justice and peace.

—Julia Ward Howe, from her diary, 1906, when she was 87 years old.

MY HEART YEARNED FOR THE PEACE WHICH FILLED
THIS SIGHTLESS WOMAN.

The Wonderful Spirit of Japanese Women

Marie Frances Nash

When I first came to Japan almost two years ago, as a service wife, the way of life practised here was so different from the American way of life, that at first my thoughts and ideas on observing Japanese customs were very confused.

If I were to have written this article then, it would not have mirrored my true feelings about Japan, and more specifically, Japanese women. I might have spouted off hasty opinions about one aspect or another, such as a tourist might after taking a quick walk around the block near his hotel. One can not get to know and love Japan and its people in that manner.

I am the mother of two young sons. So, I notice the Japanese mother. On shopping or sight-seeing trips, I observe them with more than casual interest. I have

never seen a Japanese child punished in public. When my sons anger me with poor behavior in public, I might spank them soundly right there in front of all eyes. It upsets me and it upsets them. Would that I could correct them with the same unruffled composure and good results that the Japanese mother does. Perhaps they are punished in the privacy of the home. But in two years of constant elbow rubbing amongst Japanese families, all I have ever seen was a sharp look, or heard a few strong whispers. This I envy.

I have also been to many places such as amusement parks, zoos, the afternoon theater. The Japanese love outings of any kind. I see them come in their clean, affectionate family groups. If there is a very young baby, he is strapped securely to his mother's back. Perhaps the afternoon becomes tir-

ing or boring. Baby begins to fuss. At that very point I think I would be disgusted that I had been hampered in my fun by a crying baby, and must give up my part in the amusement of the day.

However, the Japanese mother moves away quietly, bouncing her baby gently and cooing to him, while the rest of the family goes on. If she regrets this, it never shows. It seems she sees no reason why everyone should have their fun ruined. This I admire.

I have been to a small home for Japanese blind women. Their food was meager, their possessions amounting to almost nothing. Life was even more bare and humdrum because of their affliction. Yet, when I, the healthy, well-fed visitor entered their barren home, I was pleasantly surprised by the ever so neat appearance. The floors were shiny, the *tatami* well swept, and the little kitchen spotless. This was all accomplished by women who could not see.

The news of a visitor wreathed their faces with smiles. They greeted me with gracious bows. Before I could return the greeting, tea from their scant supply was steaming hot and ready for me.

As I looked about the home, I came upon a room where the *shoji*, or paper sliding doors, were pulled back. In the center of the

room, completely alone, knelt a blind woman. The sun streamed through the wide windows behind her. On her knees lay a Japanese Bible in Braille. Her fingers skimmed over the raised nodes like those of a concert pianist, running the scales. On her face was a look of pure yielding trust, of utter contentment. She had so little, and I seemingly had so much. Yet, when I turned from her presence, my heart yearned for the peace that filled hers. This I desired.

On another occasion, I was privileged to visit a home for the rehabilitation of young girls who had been sold into prostitution at a very young age. A new anti-prostitution law was passed in Spring of 1958. These girls, who almost innocently had known no other life, were left destitute. They seemed beyond hope. Beyond saving. Who would bother with such girls? Some were slow witted and even the simplest task was difficult for them. I looked about me. With the selfless devotion of a group of Christian lay nuns, who had begun the home for them, they were struggling hard to become useful citizens. They were learning to knit and to sew. They made little articles from used clothing, such as dolls, pin-cushions, shopping bags. Some worked in the gardens, knowing the feel of good earth for

the first time. Others worked in the kitchen, learning how to make attractive meals from nothing.

Had I led that type of life, would I have had the inner fortitude to lift my eyes up to a brighter day and try to make life worth living? I wonder. Yet, these women who had lived the toughest and cruelest of lives, were regathering the minute fragments of respectability about them, and were making a valiant try. This I respected.

We have a sweet ama-san, or house-girl. She has three fine children of her own. She works for us three days a week. I was proud to hear my four year old son tell a playmate one day, "Toshiko is not our maid. She's our friend!" A true and unsolicited testimonial for the Japanese woman who makes our home a brighter place to live. Every task I assign her is done thoroughly and well. When I am away, she controls my sons with firm, calm discipline. On the hottest days we share lemonade together; on the coolest, a hot cup of fresh coffee, chatting intimately like good neighbors. She has her meals with us, as a member of the family. She bows respectfully when we say table grace. She has different religious beliefs, but she respects ours.

Last spring, we had a sweet and precious baby daughter. To-

shiko had just been with us a month. Two sons, and then a daughter. Our cup was overflowing with happiness. Toshiko took over our home completely and efficiently while I was in the hospital, managing her home on days between. After two days of life, God picked our precious little flower for his own. I had never held her in my arms, or felt the tiny infant sweetness of her, against my breast. My mother's sorrow was almost more than I could bear.

When I returned home with empty arms, I went with my sons to their room, just to hold them close. Toshiko followed quietly behind. She said in a hoarse whisper, "Babay-san die?" I nodded. We looked into each other's eyes. We could not speak. Tears flowed down our cheeks in grief. She was not Japanese. I was not American. We were just two mothers who knew what it was to bear a beautiful, healthy baby, and then lose it. In that unforgettable moment, we were not employer and employee. We were women sharing a sorrowful experience. Toshiko took the place of the mother and sisters I could not have by my side because they were seven thousand miles away.

When it came time to bury our little daughter, friends urged us to send the body to the states. After all, it was her country and

homeland. We gave this deep thought. We then decided our littlest angel would be safe sleeping under the Japanese sun and sky. Our parents and friends could not understand this. But Toshiko did. This I needed.

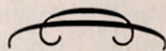
I have seen and known many other Japanese women. I have seen the farmer's wife toiling in their little fields, bent over for long hours in cold and heat. I have seen the winsome school girls with the blush of cherry blossoms on their plump cheeks. I have seen the old grandmother tending the young. I have seen the young wife accept the added burden of the aged father in hard times. I have seen the charming Geisha nodding and dipping in her *kimono* of finest silk, beautiful and enchanting as she carries on

the true tradition and culture of her people.

I have seen the pert, vivacious television songstress, wearing Western-style clothing and modern hair styles as though she were born to them.

Of all the Japanese women I have talked with, not one has ever been rude or unpleasant.

Someday soon, we will say *Sayornaya* to Japan. At home many American women will certainly ask me what I think of Japanese women. Are they beautiful? Are they intelligent? Are they good mothers? I shall smile with amused tolerance and no doubt reply, "The Japanese women are the finest I have ever known." I know as I say this, my heart will ache with incurable loneliness for them and for what they gave of themselves to me.



A bit of fragrance
Always clings to the hand
That gives a rose.

Chinese Proverb

Nothing makes the soul so pure, so religious, as the endeavor to create something perfect; for God is perfection, and whoever strives for it, strives for something that is Godlike. True painting is only an image of God's perfection, — a shadow of the pencil with which He paints a melody, a striving after harmony.

Michael Angelo

The Wonderful Journey Called Death

Dorothy Morrison

I lay in my high, hard hospital bed, my eyes closed, my ears following the nurse's movements by the soft rustle of her skirt as she moved about. A familiar scrape by my bedside told me she was putting a screen between my bed and the other one in the two-bed ward. It had been a sad night. Dr. Smith had come to visit Helen Davis, the girl in the other bed. The visit had been a very difficult one, for it had been his task to tell Helen that she had cancer. She would never go home. After he told her, there had been a breathless silence. Then Helen's voice said quietly—"How will I ever tell my mother?" She rolled over, her face to the wall. The doctor awkwardly patted her shoulder, turned and left the room.

I faced one of the most heart-breaking moments in my life. I did not know what to say. What *does* one say in the inevitable presence of Death? The words were tear-choked, but sincere, as I said, "I'm sorry, Helen. So very sorry." She rolled over on her back and lay looking at the ceil-

ing. I heard the words but I'm sure they were not for me as she said, "I'm only forty-seven years old. It is hard to believe I'm going to die. Yet I feel sorer for my mother than I do for myself. She will be alone. My father died just five months ago—and my only sister died three years ago—when she was forty-seven. Odd— isn't it?"

I don't think she really expected an answer.

Occasionally the dark night was broken by muffled sobbing. And now the sleepless hours were ended and the nurse was taking care of our needs before the visiting hours started.

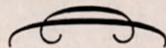
The gong sounded and the familiar shuffle of feet in the hall announced the presence of the visitors. I opened my eyes and turned toward Helen, longing desperately to give her some word of encouragement. She lay very quietly, her eyes closed. A slight sound and I looked up to see Helen's mother standing in our door. Her long gray hair was tucked into a neat bun, her eyes were a bright blue that radiated

warmth and vitality. Only the nervous clutching and unclutching of her well-worn purse betrayed her sorrow. She walked firmly to Helen's bedside. Helen reached out with one hand but she still did not open her eyes. Tears slid down her cheeks from beneath her lashes. Mrs. Davis took Helen's hand in her own and she said in a voice firm and gentle, "I know, my dear. I know." I felt like a terrible intruder and I wanted to run, but my eyes were riveted on this gallant woman as she said, "Helen, if the doctors told you that you had to go to another country to recuperate, to a country where there was sunshine and flowers, where there was no pain, nor tears—what would we do?" She hesitated only a moment, then continued, "We would all help you get ready to

make that wonderful trip." Her voice faltered but determinedly she went on. "That is what we must do. Help you get ready for the most important trip you will ever make."

My heart saluted this courageous woman. How many tears and how much agony had she endured to prepare this wonderful farewell to her daughter? To ease the pain, to shed light on the fear, to pave the way with love. I knew I would never forget her—or her message. With silent tears running down my cheeks I prayed that I too, when the time came, might be ready to make that most important trip.

This is a simple incident that happened yet I can never forget the stranger who crossed my path and let me glimpse what real courage is.



Doubt sees the obstacles,
Faith sees the way.
Doubt sees the blackest night,
Faith sees the day.
Doubt dreads to take a step,
Faith soars on high.
Doubt questions, "Who believes?"
Faith answers, "I!"

—Author Unknown

We are not going to be, but already *are* immortal spirits.

—Maud Royden

I knew Lucile had taken God as a business partner, so her advice would be sound.

God's Guidance in a Real Estate Deal

Peggy Penny

Sometimes it is just as important to know our weaknesses as to know our capabilities. For instance, I freely admit the fact that I am not an astute business woman. Therefore, I must depend upon God and my more sagacious friends to see me through any business "deal." If I did not, this story would have an unhappy ending.

Shortly after my aunt and I sold our property in Arizona, we happened upon a piece of property in San Diego that looked like a once-in-a-lifetime-buy. It was a duplex plus a lot, and the lot could be sold at a handsome profit. Eagerly I sought out my friend, Lucile, who is a real estate broker.

"What do you think, Lucile?"

"It sounds wonderful! Let's have a look at it."

Although it was nine o'clock at night, Lucile and I explored the

property in the dark. I knew Lucile had taken God in as a business partner years ago and therefore her advice would be sound.

"You've got something here," she exclaimed.

We returned home and explored all the angles. Then Lucile gave me a two-hour "quickie" course in how-to-buy-real-estate. After making an appointment for the next morning with the agent handling the property, Lucile left. I prayed for guidance. Not only did this purchase involve my own money, but my aunt's share of our Arizona property also.

The next morning we set forth confidently for our appointment. My head was reeling a bit with all the information Lucile had crammed into it the night before. I tried to remember everything she had said as we checked each doubtful point that could mean

the difference between a good buy and a costly error. Everything checked.

We walked to the agent's car where, with the usual optimism of his profession, he had the necessary papers ready for my signature. There was, as far as I could determine, no reason for not signing, but once the deed was done there would be no backing out. I reached for the pen. As I did so, there came a tap on the car window.

Startled, we turned to see a shabbily dressed little man motioning for us to lower the window. Although we had been outside just minutes ago, no one had seen him before.

As soon as the window was lowered, I had a sudden impulse to ask, "Who sent you?" I resisted. It was a pretty silly question, and, anyway, I strongly suspected that I already knew!

The shabby little man began to scratch in the dirt. He was drawing a diagram to show what could

be done with the property. It was a sales pitch. God certainly was guiding us!

But wait!

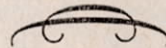
The import of his words began to reach me. Somebody could indeed fix the property in just the way he described. Somebody, but not us—not with our limited capital.

The little man finished his spiel and disappeared as quickly as he had come. I handed the unsigned agreement back to a disappointed real estate agent.

Minutes later, in Lucile's living room, I learned that both she and my aunt had also prayed the previous night. We rehashed the whole "deal" and discovered our error—the lot couldn't have been sold; there wasn't sufficient clearance.

It was Lucile who said, "I think the most significant thing is that, as Christians, we all three prayed."

And, in answer, God had sent a little man.



We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

Whittier

"Prayer is the most powerful form of energy one can generate." — Carrel.

MAKING A PRAYER CELL WORK

LULU R. KUHNS

Many have found marked growth in prayer life through inspiration of a once-a-year retreat. Their leaders are practicing the use of spiritual energy as prayer, and demonstrating it then and there.

Afterwards, the convinced laity, as they meet at the home base, want to make prayer on-going in smaller groups called cells. Such was the case with my friends.

There are difficulties. In setting a time for five or six people, agreed by them as the most opportune, we soon were not able to meet regularly, although we had put the cell first in importance.

Transportation, family needs (often not to be anticipated), emergencies, out-of-town trips of necessity, the limitation of part-time employment, and necessary appointments, are a few valid hindrances to regular meetings as a cell. So our beginning number of five and six diminished.

To each it was like missing a meal not easily made up afterwards. Nor did the telephone service each enjoyed help much in the solution. The back and forth

calling, if we varied the time, soon entailed tiresome maneuvering.

Then two of us decided to be a prayer cell. This simplified difficulties to a minimum. The third promised, unseen member, as told in Matthew 18: 19 and 20 was to us the ever present addition.

So many times two people can meet when a larger number can not. We have been able to meet weekly for many months. We make the time flexible, not the purpose. The saving of energy and frequent disappointment in bringing a larger group together has been wise for us. To others, committed to the need of prayer, a twosome is suggested.

My friend and I live across town from each other, but there are next door neighbors occasionally who could be a cell, or two within walking distance could get together.

What happens in our cell? Each brings a notebook. We have found it helpful to group our prayers. The groups at present are as follows:

For individual needs, using names of people
For our church and other churches

For better health and healing of ills

For our President and his co-workers

For peace and brotherhood among nations

For temperance promotion groups
For Christian home-life

The list is expanded and, as Laubach suggests, we use the newspaper to point up needs.

We use the Bible and hymnbook briefly at each meeting. Next we share some outstanding thought from a magazine article or book showing our growth during the week. Our way is to alternate requests from the notebook each keeps, starting with thanksgiving, expectancy, and new or continued request. Here, a silent request and a spoken request unite.

It was our hope to be a cell that could be counted on in this community to respond to phone calls for help. It is proving effective in this way. Occasionally, too, there are written requests, which are entered in our notebooks. In case the need is stated by telephone, my prayer pal relays the message, and we immediately "hang up" and pray together though out of sight.

In our ongoing reading we gather that which will strengthen our purpose and help our technique, gathering capsules of thought and affirmations.

It is our belief that through

prayer

1. We help God reach people.

2. We increase their capacity to receive His help.

I try to picture myself as holding God's hand with my right hand and reaching to my neighbor in his need with my left. (Suggestion of Dr. Laubach.) The word *through* takes on significance. I am that part, in this picture.

Setting down "treasures of thought" has resulted in a set of lovely inspirations. A few before me are:

"And I knew that thou hearest me always"—Bible.

"Prayer is the cosmic rocket"—Starr Daily

"Noble prayer imposes a rigor on our deeds"—Whiston

"Does God rest my neighbors good upon my prayers?"

Yes. The responsibility is stern and splendid."—Whiston.

"Prayer is latent in the life of every one of us"—Fosdick

"Prayer is a powerful thing, for God has bound and tied Himself thereunto"—Luther.

"If he prayed who was without sin, how much more it becometh a sinner to pray."—St. Cyprian

"Prayer is the most powerful form of energy one can generate . . ." Carrel.

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."—Tennyson.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands Ps. 100:1

The Inspiration of Fred Waring's Mother

Duane Valentry

Each Sunday night the old parlor rang with the music of young voices singing the old songs and the old hymns, and a mother listened with enjoyment and joined in.

Each weekday after school, four boys gathered in the same front parlor to rehearse their self-styled "band." Loud they were, but little else. But the gang knew they could count on Mom for encouragement in anything musical, even though her hopes might be wrapped around their singing.

The boys called their band the "Banjazzatara," but later changed this to the "Pennsylvanians," a name that for thirty-five years was to identify the unit that was to become almost an institution rather than a band.

Fred Waring looks back today to his mother's encouragement as the animus behind his long and successful career as leader of a famous orchestra and glee club. He remembers well the night his mother, after listening patiently to their jazz renditions hour after hour, made a quiet suggestion.

"Why not try one of the older, quieter songs," she said. "Perhaps in harmony?"

The boys did an old number together and liked the way it sounded. But what did old songs have for a syncopated group? Surely they weren't wanted in a world completely jazz-conscious, the world this youthful aggregation fully expected to take by storm?

But the band continued to include in their practice the songs they knew so well from their Sunday night song sessions. The songs each had sung in choir and in Sunday School, the songs they'd heard their mother's rich contralto sing for thirty-five years in the church choir.

The band didn't do badly. There were many jobs and finally encouragement from the great Paul Whiteman himself. More important engagements followed, including a successful appearance at the University of Michigan. And wherever they played, they did the old songs.

Were they acceptable? From

the kids at the proms to the sophisticated audience in the theaters, they all loved them and wanted more. Then came a chance at the really big time, and the big money, on a commercial radio show. There was a condition, however, demanded by the sponsor.

"Choir singing is all right for Sunday morning," he said. "It would be a flop on a weekday evening radio show."

"But without the Glee Club we're just another band," replied Waring. "It's all or nothing."

They lost that chance, and thirty-two more because of their insistence on the Glee Club. But finally they found a sponsor who had no objections and soon they were a hit on CBS.

From that date in 1933, the Pennsylvanians were loud and sweet on the American scene, and their Glee Club was the feature that made them outstanding. Whether they played for radio or theater audiences, they felt they did their best when they were rendering sacred music. Easter and Christmas programs done by the Pennsylvanians were always anticipated with excitement.

"It was later—in the fat and comfortable days—that we, in my sincere judgment, forgot how to sing our Christmas songs," recalls Fred Waring. "Nor were we alone in forgetting. Our audiences,

too, forgot—became preoccupied with making money, building houses, buying cars. We had strayed far, personally and professionally, from Mother Waring's parlor."

But maturity brought a sounder sense of values, and a new security for the band. Today many of the Pennsylvanians have been with the outfit more than thirty years. A family sense pervades the group as well as a feeling of close teamwork.

At Christmas and at Easter Waring's orchestra and singers render once again the music people want to hear, in the way that is especially their own. These seasons are periods of hard work and of prayer, climaxed by television programs of holy music and Bible readings that inspire enthusiastic response from viewers.

But it is on Mother's Day that a tribute goes out to a mother, no longer in her parlor, who perhaps still listens somewhere. For her, Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians play "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Holy, Holy, Holy," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "The Rosary," and the others that she loved so well.

Because of her, these and the other loved hymns and old songs will be heard outside of churches and parlors as long as the big band is around to play them.

It is the unexpected kindnesses that have highlighted our farming years.

Unexpected Kindnesses That Make Life Good

EVELYN WITTER

WHEN I LOOK BACK over our twenty years of farming, it is the unexpected kindnesses we received that I recall first . . . ahead of bumper crops, top markets, even exciting new equipment.

I don't mean the expected kindnesses of politeness, nor the mutual benefit kind of "I'll help bale your hay if you cultivate my corn" type. But rather kindness like that first day on the farm when I was starting my garden. I was feeling so very lonesome in this new home with only the sweet notes of a chickadee in a nearby elm to cheer me.

A car sped up the drive that day, and the lone woman at the wheel called out to me: "I'm on my way to town with the eggs, but I wanted you to know how glad we are to have you in the community and to invite you over for supper tonight."

My blues left. My new neighbor could have called, but she took time out of her busy schedule to drive up . . . to give that added,

unnecessary kindness. She gave me the wonderful feeling that I was in a friendly place. The whole world changed. Even the chickadee sounded prettier.

Or the unnecessary kindness of a neighbor when my husband's favorite riding horse was sick. It was about twilight when our nearest neighbor walked through his pasture and into our barn yard. "Saw the vet go by," he said. "Anything I can do?"

"Dolly's got colic," Bill told him. "Doc gave her some stuff and told me to keep walking her 'till she's okay."

The neighbor stayed with Bill all night, taking turns walking Dolly. At dawn Dolly had passed all danger.

"I don't know how to thank you," Bill said.

"Glad to help!" the neighbor said honestly.

We've never forgotten his unnecessary kindness, and we never will.

And I remember just two years

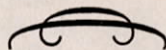
ago this fall when my mother passed away and our road was almost impassable. A neighbor who lived clear at the other end of the road brought our whole meal on a tractor.

"You shouldn't have gone to all this trouble with the road the way it is," I admonished her.

"No trouble," she said lightly. "I'm just glad we had some kind

of vehicle that could get through!"

Yes, it is these and similar unexpected kindnesses that have highlighted our farming years, and have given me the great inner peace of knowing that indeed God's in his heaven and all's right with the world when His children reflect His love by showing each other great kindnesses beyond the call of what's expected of them.



God sends you love through the trees—to calm you
 God sends you love through the hills—to uplift you
 God sends you love through the winds—to refresh you
 God sends you love through the sunlight to heal you.

L. de S.



Peace is submission of the soul
 To goodness, kindness, love—
 It is a way of life that feels
 A tug that pulls above.

Mrs. Edna Hull Miller



Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

We are living in a great and glorious age, an age in which we, as Americans, have amassed many different kinds of gadgets to help us with our work. We hear people talking about security, comfort, pleasure, the saving of time. Is this all we need to make our lives all they should be? I hardly think so. We can exist without a divine plan or pattern for our lives but we simply cannot live without it. In order to really live we must surrender our lives to God, place Him in the center, and let Jesus, His Son, our Lord, take preeminence in our lives.

You can hardly meet a person today who is not taking vitamin pills of some kind. We feel these are needed in our physical bodies to compensate for the lack in the food products we are using. But do we realize that our spiritual bodies need food also and that this food can be found in a Book that is so often pushed aside—the Bible?

"Call upon me and I will answer thee and show thee great and wondrous things . . ." "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me." "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." "He restoreth my soul." "God is our refuge and strength . . ." "Fear thou not for I am with thee." Just the Psalms alone are filled to overflowing with words of glorious assurance.

Someone has said a Christian is one who:

C	hooses	}	JESUS
H	onors		
R	everences		
I	mitates		
S	erves		
T	rusts		

Yes, everything depends upon the CENTER and our relationship to HIM, Jesus Christ. We never know what each day will bring. We may be faced with big decisions, not only for ourselves, but for others. The world situations which confront us cause us anxiety. We feel so weak, so frustrated, so helpless. Where can we turn? To Him, who can turn our weaknesses, our frustrations, our helplessness into power. "The CHRIST you have to deal with is not a weak person outside you, but a TREMENDOUS POWER INSIDE YOU." 2. Cor. 13:3 (Phillips) "My grace is enough for you; for where there is weakness, My power is shown the more completely." 2 Cor. 12:9

Jesus said, "I am the vine, YE are the branches. He that ABIDETH in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me you can do nothing." John 15:5. The real secret is in the ABIDING. That is all He requires, this blessed closeness. A branch of a tree does nothing except grow out of the tree. It merely receives nourishment from the root and lives and grows. In due season it will bear leaves or perhaps fruit.

If God has so provided for the trees to grow and bear fruit don't you think He has provided for you and me to grow even more so? He has, and it is through the Holy Spirit which is our divine birthright. Shall we claim this divine inheritance today? All we need to do is to BE the container, to let it flow in and through us. All the responsibility rests with HIM if we are willing to be used.

So often we, as Christians, are too busy doing things for the Lord and we haven't time to go apart for close communion with Him. We think we are bearing fruit but we really aren't unless we are conscious of HIM doing it through us.

A branch on a tree is absolutely dependent, for it has no life unless it comes directly from the roots. The same is true of us, as Christians, absolute dependence. Think of the freedom that gives, the wonderful freedom of resting in Him! Now what has the vine to do, or the tree? It has to send its roots deep into the soil to drink up the richness of the earth, the water, to draw deep of the nourishment and send it up into the branches. Not long ago I read about a mid-western farm on the top of a hill and there was one tree which always stayed green while the others around it drooped. One day a new highway was being built, which had to pass over the exact spot where the tree stood.

Workmen levelling the hill cut the tree down and the secret of its enormous height was discovered. The roots of this tree had reached down to a spring which no drought could affect. While other trees died, this particular tree continued to grow. It had a never failing reservoir from which to draw.

This tree reminds us of persons we all know, who in the face of sickness, adversity, sorrow can face whatever the day brings because they, too, have tapped the secret reservoir which is a never-failing source of strength—"Christ IN YOU, the hope of glory."

When Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was well advanced in years, a friend inquired, "How do you manage to write so beautifully and to keep in such vigorous health at your age?" Pointing to a nearby apple tree that was in bloom, Mr. Longfellow replied, "Do you see that tree? It is very old, yet it has never been prettier than it is now. It bears the loveliest blooms that it has ever borne. The secret is that each year it grows a little new wood, and it is out of the new wood that the blooms come. Like the apple tree I try to grow a little new wood each year."

As a Christian, are YOU trying to "grow a little new wood each year"? Are the fruits of the spirit flowing out of your life to help others along the way? Are you a radiant witness for the Source of your life?

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.

The Prayer Tower ministry is supported entirely by free will love offerings. We wish to thank those whose contributions make this work possible. PLEASE NOTE THE CHANGE OF POLICY REGARDING THE *Manual of Prayer*. It is now on a subscription basis of \$1.25 per year. Ask for free booklet about the work of the United Prayer Tower.

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.

CHRISTIANS ALIVE by Bryan Green (Scribners, 125 pages, \$2.95) is a concisely written and clarifying account of what it means to be a Christian. The preface states, "This book is intended for the ordinary man who wants to know something of what it means to be a Christian and to lead the Christian life." I found the book both balanced and illuminating. The author has the knack of illustrating his points with telling effect. The book is well founded on Christian tradition and doctrine (here and there a little Anglican slant perhaps). All is presented with reason and logic. It is a good refresher course for the Christian; and it is an excellent introduction for the mature mind who is seeking to know what the Christian life is all about. The scope of the book is as follows: where real Christianity begins, the basis of certainty, a life of tension, a life of daily communion, Christlikeness as expressed in efficiency—understanding—willingness to suffer—and gentleness, sharing and creative power, a life that is related to fellowship, discovery, freedom, moral struggle and humility. What he has to say is related openly to the world we live in today and not relegated to some other-worldly existence. Highly recommended.

THE DEAD SEA COMMUNITY by Kurt Schubert (Harpers, 190 pages, \$3.75) is the most complete and satisfying account of this subject that I have read. In short, clear chapters he tells the history of the discovery of the scrolls, the number of caves that have been opened and where they are, the contents of each cave and their significance, the excavations in the monastery ruins of Khirbet Qumran, the predecessors of the Essene community, the origin of the Essene community at Khirbet Qumran, the ritual and teachings of the community and its theology, the Teacher of Righteousness and the two Messiahs, the rise of Christianity and the Qumran texts, and the Qumran community and Rabbinism. No other book that I know of has covered the entire sweep of the subject as this book has done. There is also an excellent

books of interest

comments, summaries
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on religious books

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

bibliography and index of references. I would say that this is the book to buy for anyone interested in the subject.

KITCHEN COMMUNION by Cornelia M. Renfroe (John Knox, 48 pages, \$1.50) gives an account of the average housewife's reaching out to touch God in the midst of breakfast, dishes, beds, laundry, kids, dirt, and all of the other things that are constantly demanding her attention. With so much to do, who has time to sit down and find God? And, if she had the time, how would she go about it? Each situation puts the housewife in the place where she usually is, the thoughts that run around in her mind, the time schedule that drives her to distraction, and then there are Bible verses, poems, prayers, short anecdotes and quotations, that gradually lead to a centering in God, the coming of peace and the awareness of spiritual values.

PUTTING YOUR FAITH TO WORK by John A. Redhead (Abingdon, 128 pages, \$2.00) is an excellent "how to" book on the spiritual life. We all know we ought to have faith, and in an abstract manner we have it, but we fail in the business of putting it to work. The fault, says the

author, is not our Lord's, but it is ours, and then he goes on with precise instructions on how to put our faith to work. John A. Redhead has the knack of putting spiritual truths into terms and associations that make them livable for us all. He does not offer surface and easy answers to anything, but he does take truths out of Scripture and shows you how to make them work in your home and in your office. Some of the chapters are: How Can I Make My Faith Work?, Where Can I Get What I Want Most?, Is It Right For Me to Love Myself?, How Can I Learn to Take It?, How Can I Deal with Grief?, What About Faith and Health?, What Does It Mean to be Born Again?, and How Can I Really Be Free? He does not avoid the difficult. He gives spiritually common sense answers. His approach cannot fail to lift your faith and put it to work.

HANDBOOK OF DEDICATIONS. (Church World Press, 159 pages, \$1.00) certainly ought to be in the library of every minister and church leader. It includes complete orders of worship (with the exception of the sermon or talk) for the dedication of almost anything one is likely to have dedicated. The order of worship includes the prayers, responsive readings, Scripture reading, sentences of dedication, etc. Whatever has to be dedicated—from the cornerstone of a church to lighting fixtures, from hymn books to infants in churches that do not believe in infant baptism—here it is, and with a few changes that would be obvious these services can be expanded to include what is not included in the book. A few of the dedication services listed are: breaking of ground, a room, communion table, bulletin board, memorial bell, religious painting, pulpit Bible, flags, robes and vestments, officers, delegates, mortgage burning, pledges, an organ, recreation room, etc. An excellent source book.

IN HIS LIKENESS by G. McLeod Bryan (John Knox, 192 pages, \$3.00) is written around the idea of "the imitation of Christ." There are forty selections of forty great souls of the

church over the period of 2000 years. The character is introduced with his place in history, the contribution he made to the church, and then selections from his writings are given to show what "the imitation of Christ" meant to him. Methods and means change from time in history to time in history, but the command to be like Him remains and must of necessity be reinterpreted and reapplied in each age. Some of the characters in this book are Clement of Alexandria, Basil the Great, Augustine, Francis of Assisi, Meister Eckhart, Thomas a Kempis, Martin Luther, Ignatius Loyola, William Penn, Soren Kierkegaard, Charles Sheldon & Glenn Clark, Evelyn Underhill and Philippe Vernier.

CONVERSION by E. Stanley Jones (Abingdon, 243 pages, Paper \$1.95, Cloth \$3.25) is the best book on conversion that I have ever read, and I am convinced that everyone who calls himself a Christian ought to have it and read it. It would be a wonderful gift to someone who is not a Christian if you can get him to read it. Dr. Jones' contention is that not more than one-third of church members are converted, and that it is this minority in the church that shows what vitality there is in conversion. To do all that the church does do beneath the dead weight of so many is proof of great life indeed. The book abounds with apt illustrations and penetrating quotations. This is the whole story of conversion: its necessity, its nature, the how of it, how to help others in it, and its place as the gateway to the entire spiritual life. He writes about the conversion of the Self, of our Love, the fruits of Conversion, Conversion and Health, the conversion of our Words, the Holy Spirit in conversion, and conversion and the Kingdom of God. I think the book is desperately needed, and as much for the people in the church as outside it. The approach is sane, balanced, clear, to the point, eminently instructive, an introduction to new vistas and a prescription to turn apathy into enthusiasm.

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