

Spring 1959

Clear Horizons

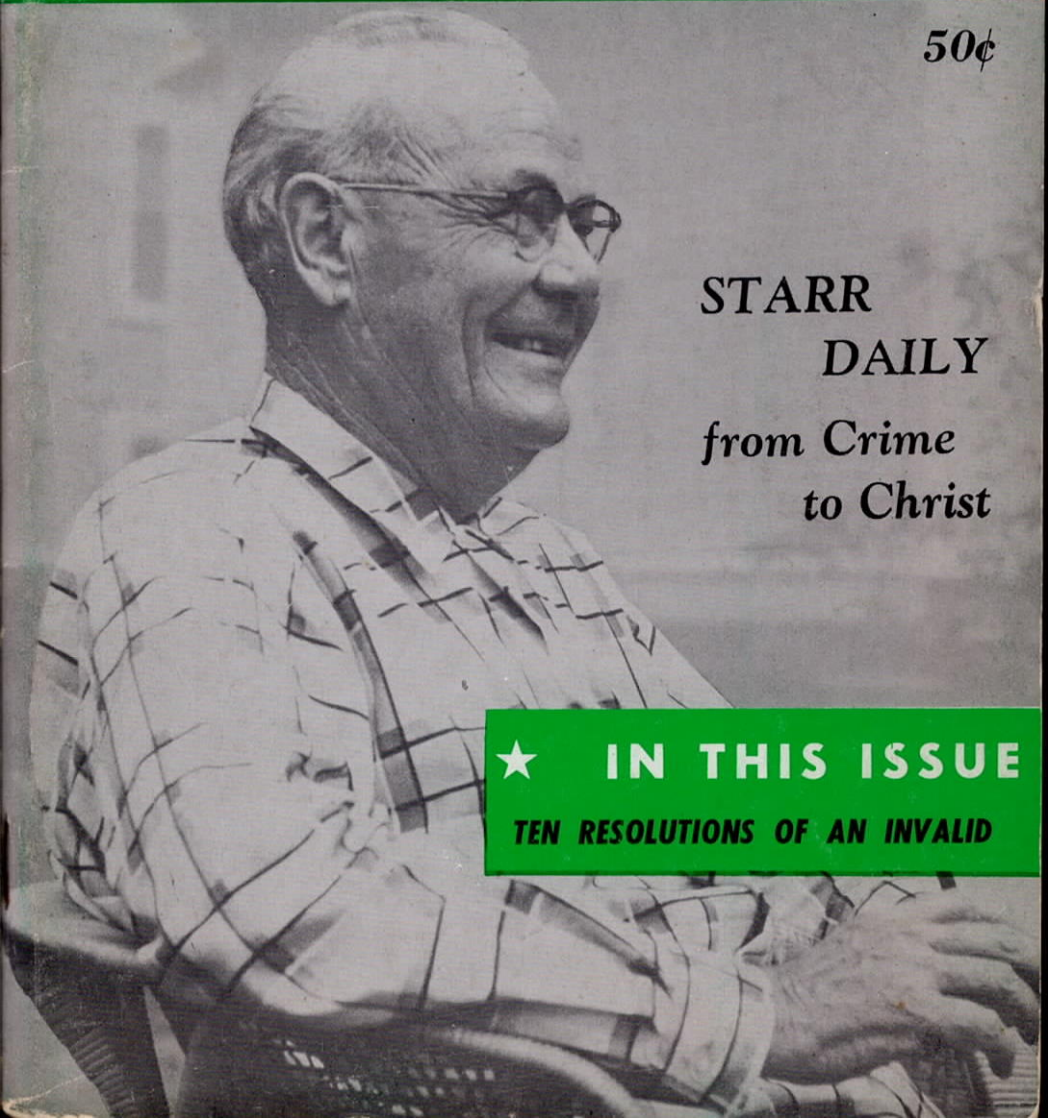
Personal Experiences In Christian Living

50¢

STARR
DAILY
*from Crime
to Christ*

★ **IN THIS ISSUE**

TEN RESOLUTIONS OF AN INVALID



Clear Horizons Magazine

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THE COVER

Starr Daily is a modern day apostle. Like Saul of Tarsus it took a cataclysmic event to turn him to God. As a young lad in grade school he ran away from home and became well-schooled in the art of crime. Eventually he was sentenced to life imprisonment. While near death in solitary confinement, Christ appeared to him. After some years he was released as a completely changed personality. Since then he has written many books, lectured in churches all over this country, Canada and Japan. Love, as personified in Jesus Christ, is the core of his message. His latest book is *Faith, Hope and Love*.

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Starr Daily

GOOD MEDICINE

A homespun philosopher said, "Our failures are just as big as our love is little." It was a simple way to express a massive truth. There isn't anything wrong with the world or with the people in it, except a too meagre amount of love. Great affection implies great hope and great faith. Love is the terminal for all greatness, for love is God, and "God is love."

At a welfare meeting of state officials I sat beside a psychiatrist, who, with his wife, operated a clinic for maladjusted children. "How do you help them?" I asked him.

"We know a lot of things," he said, "and we use them all. They work because we love our children. Our mental techniques are never any better than the love behind them. We could succeed without the techniques, if we had love, but we couldn't succeed very much with the techniques, if we didn't have love."

I suppose that Dr. Karl Menninger is among America's few great doctors of the mind. He is a devoted student of the late Sigmund Freud, about whom has revolved a perpetual storm of protest, and out of whose thinking has evolved a whole new system of understanding.

I once tried to get at the core of Dr. Freud's teaching. In the vast welter of psychological information revealed by Freud, where was the center? How could one screen and winnow out of his muchness the one basic thing he was trying to make humanity understand? It was

From the book, *Faith, Hope, and Love*. Published by Macalester Park Publishing Co., St. Paul, Minn. \$3.00

Karl Menninger who put his finger on Freud's central purpose: "What Freud did was to analyze the ways in which hate becomes fused with love and threatens to overcome it."

This was the labor of Sigmund Freud. It was his passion in life. Hate was insinuating itself into love, and was poisoning the stream. It was out of our misuse of love that chaos was created and maintained by human beings. When he exposed to mankind this fundamental fact, he drew upon himself the hatred of otherwise good people. Jesus had done the same thing when He said, "Love your enemies and do good to them."

Love is not only good medicine, but it is the only medicine with a total cure for mortal ills. Therefore, Dr. Menninger, in his book, *Love Against Hate*, gave his first chapter the title, "This Medicine, Love."

Yes, love is medicine—good medicine.

"This medicine, love," writes Karl Menninger, "which cures all sorrow was prescribed by Jesus long before Donne and by Gautama Buddha long before Jesus."

Note the phrase, "which cures all sorrow." Especially make a note of the little word *all* and the word *sorrow*. On the outside of love is *sorrow* and on the inside of love is cure. The bare,

naked simplicity of it is what makes it elusive, and what causes us to resist and reject it.

Now make note of the little word, *all*, as St. Paul uses it, 1st Cor. 16:14, "Let all that ye do be done with love."

"Let" and "all!" Don't try to force love to work, but *let* it work in *all* situations. When we break it down what does it really mean? This:

If sorrow is caused by some physical difficulty, *let all* that you do be done with love. Go to the doctor, the psychiatrist, the practitioner with God; only love in your heart, instead of doubt and fear, and other unloving attitudes.

If your sorrow is caused by a mental difficulty, seek love first, and whatever you do let it be done with love. If your sorrow is the result of a moral lapse, let love come in, and whatever you do about it, whatever self-discipline you apply, let it be done with love, and not self-condemnation, self-injury, self-unforgiveness, self-hatred. If the sorrow is the outcome of religious or spiritual conflict, first get into the consciousness of love before you try to cure the malady. Let love have its perfect way, which "cures all sorrow."

I know about hate. It was once my religion, my way of life. I believed in it. I proved it. I lived with it for twenty-five of my best

years on earth. I know that hate will do precisely what it is supposed to do. It will work. Hate never fails; it never has failed, even as love never fails nor can fail. It has been allowed to enter the mind and heart and bloodstream of man to destroy him. This is hate's aim, its goal, and its one and only purpose.

Hate is to the emotional body what a narcotic drug is to the mental and physical bodies. Hate and narcotics both act as a sedative to love. There is no essential difference between a narcotic addict and a hate addict, except that the latter presumes to sicken at the weakness of the former. An addiction slave is still a slave, whether the addiction be to hate or opium.

The drug addict cannot even exercise love as a sexual desire. But neither can the hater. There can be no normal sexual gratification with a person you hate.

The heroin addict has lost both face and sex. This may be one of the left-handed values of dope addiction. The dope fiend and sensualist do not occupy the same person at the same time. All love is repulsive to the narcotic slave, just as all love is repugnant to the hate addict.

Hate is comparable to the worst kind of narcotics. And the degrees of hate, such as habitual resentment, jealousy, anger, backbiting,

criticism, and personality gossip, are comparable to the milder narcotic drugs, such as sleeping pills. They put love to sleep and the slave to shame. Persons who indulge in these less odious forms of hate either have not had love in their lives, or else they have crucified the love they once possessed.

Since hate in its various degrees is a malignant disease, as surely as cancer of the brain, it is obvious that the only cure for it is the medicine of love.

Says Nora Holm in her *The Runner's Bible*, "Be sure that there is nothing in your thoughts but love for God, for man, and for your work before you begin any special task. This is to put God into it, which means power for the execution and perfection in the result, that is if love is entirely your master. Love is the motive power behind all divine activity."

Paul puts it in a simpler way when he says, "Walk in love." That is, we are to be constantly active in love in order to administer to ourselves the never-failing prescription of love.

When we boil it all down we have no other responsibility except to love. If we fulfill either of these then we fulfill all other obligations and responsibilities in the only way they can be totally fulfilled.

The courage of a blind amputee.

Ten Resolutions Of An Invalid

Margaret Milloy

1. I will think of, and appreciate, what my incapacities mean to the lives of those around me, not forgetting how their lives are adjusted to help me get the most out of mine.

2. I will cherish even more my friendships, knowing how they broaden my life. Therefore, I will gather within my heart every friend and acquaintance given me.

3. I will enter whole-heartedly into the rejoicings and advancements of my friends, refusing to entertain even the tiniest feeling of: "Why not I, too?"

4. Every day of the year, I will do something for at least one person, even if it is only to bring a smile to that person.

5. I will try to increase my knowledge of nature, knowing that, at any time of the day, any day in the year, she is working her miracles around me, and that, although I cannot see, she is waiting and eager for my acceptance.

6. I will broaden my general knowledge, and use whatever talent I have to the best of my ability.

7. Everything I can do for myself I will do, being as independent as possible. Beyond this, I will accept graciously any help I must have.

8. I will use any discovery of science to relieve my suffering and overcome my handicaps. Having done this, I will endure what I must, quietly and uncomplainingly.

9. I will ask for strength and encouragement from the One who has promised to help us every step of the way.

10. I will remember that I have been given the honor of being a human being, and accept the responsibilities, thus filling my place in God's pattern of life to the best of my ability. And when I fall short, as everyone does, I will pray for strength to begin over and over again.

In these critical times every soul brought to the Lord counts vitally.

HIS FAITH REMOVES MOUNTAINS

Aubrey B. Haines

Centuries ago Jesus affirmed, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." In Longview, Texas, there lives a man, Robert Gilmour Le Tourneau, whose faith literally removes mountains. His heavy-duty machinery, the world's largest, can eat away at a mountain and remove the dirt to a nearby valley. Furthermore, while many Christians tithe, Le Tourneau believes that all the money he possesses belongs to God. Therefore, he gives 90 per cent of his income to religious and philanthropic work. "Not how much of my money do I give God, but how much of God's money do I keep for myself?" is his slogan.

At the riverside near Vicksburg, Mississippi, one morning in July, 1952, Billy Graham step-

ped up to a platform and blessed a 200-foot converted LSM (Landing Ship, Medium) and its crew. A week later the ship cast off into the muddy Mississippi River. Its cargo consisted of \$500,000 worth of heavy earth-moving lumbering, and land-clearing machinery, food supplies for a year, 500 New Testaments, and a dozen "technical missionaries," destined for Liberia.

The Liberian expedition was one of Le Tourneau's projects. Twenty-six years ago Bob Le Tourneau made what he calls "a deal with God" to turn over 90 per cent of his personal earnings and a sizable block of company stock to the Lord's work. The partnership has been successful. In 1951, on sales of \$55,000,000, R. G. Le Tourneau, Incorporated, netted \$3,100,000. Excluding Le Tourneau's personal contributions, God's share—which was turned

over to the interdenominational Le Tourneau Foundation—was \$158,820 in dividends. In 1952 the partnership did even better: sales went up 45 per cent.

But the mountain-moving Christian has never been satisfied just to fill the financial side of his bargain. After a trip to Liberia in 1951 he decided that the best way to teach the Gospel to natives is to teach them American technical skills at the same time. From the Liberian Government Le Tourneau leased 500,000 acres of jungle for eighty years at six cents an acre and laid plans to cultivate land with such crops as rice, grapefruit, bananas, and palms and to cut down and export mahogany. He agreed to pour back the first five years' profits into the development. With such material aid Le Tourneau, who flew ahead to be there when the boat arrived, hoped to accomplish a material and spiritual Point Four program. "Hungry natives," he says, "will listen to us about God if we can show them a field of grain with a combine harvesting more in a day than they can eat in a year."

Bob Le Tourneau, who flies some 200,000 miles annually in his private airplanes—spreading the Lord's word—combines his evangelism with hard-headed business sense. Born in Richford, Vermont, he was still a boy when his

family moved to the West Coast. He quit school after the seventh grade and made his first money selling pictures of the San Francisco earthquake in 1906. Learning mechanics as an assistant in a garage, he later set up his own earth-moving and contracting business at Stockton, California, on a loan of \$4,500. In 1931 he lost \$32,000. The next year he switched to making scrapers, bulldozers, cranes, etc., and made a deal with God. His 1932 net profits were \$52,000.

Le Tourneau, who comes from a deeply religious Plymouth Brethren family and whose two sisters were missionaries to China, turned over his stock interest to endow the Le Tourneau Foundation, now worth \$16,000,000 and one of the largest religious foundations in the United States. Bob was the first man to put earth-moving equipment on rubber tires, thus enabling it to go almost anywhere. Moving his headquarters to Peoria, he cleared the land for new plant sites with his own equipment. By 1940 sales were up to \$10,000,000. During World War II they quadrupled, as he built an estimated 70 per cent of the basic earth-moving equipment used by the United States armed forces all over the world.

Dreaming up new ideas in the bathtub and sketching them out on the backs of envelopes during his

frequent preaching trips, Le Tourneau was set for the peacetime construction boom following World War II. But he was in too much of a hurry. He installed new transmissions, differentials, and drives in his equipment and put the new machines on the market before all the defects had been eliminated. As a result the company went \$6,000,000 in the red. But at length he perfected his new devices and dug his way into the black again in 1949. Bankers who had complained of Le Tourneau's "downright stubbornness" began referring again to his "dauntless spirit."

He busily invented new methods and machines. Among them are the "Tournalayer," a giant machine that can turn out small concrete houses at the rate of almost one a day, and a machine with electric motors in each wheel for greater maneuverability. Le Tourneau has shipped some of his most impressive mechanical equipment to Africa, including a twenty-two-ton machine that can shear off big trees like a scythe cutting grass, and a self-contained sawmill that is hauled by the largest bulldozer in the world. Le Tourneau insists that he is not primarily interested in profit in his Liberian adventure, nor does he want to create mere "rice Christians." "I'm trying to do a missionary job in a businesslike

way," he says.

When returned missionaries told him sad tales about time-wasting tedious travel through deserts and jungles, Bob decided to speed up foreign missions with a Missionary Flying School. Prospective flying missionaries can earn their way through a complete course at the Le Tourneau-financed school by working in Bob's earth-mover plant at Toccoa, Georgia. In September, 1945, the first four—chosen from fifty applicants—were graduated as full-fledged "sky pilots" and planned to spread their several wings over Africa, China, and Mexico. Beaming with pride, Bob Le Tourneau viewed them as forerunners of a "mighty armada of flying missionaries."

On week ends Le Tourneau, in his own airplane, flies far and wide around the United States to attend religious meetings and to preach, delivering some 300 sermons a year. Speaking only on invitation, he is booked ahead for two years. Sometimes he talks to a small rural gathering of a few-score persons—other times to a large city crowd of several thousand. He has been doing this for years.

R. G. Le Tourneau is utterly sincere in his religion. In these critical times he feels that every soul brought to the Lord counts vitally. Therefore, he rejoices in

contributing his millions, in traveling hundreds of thousands of weary miles, and in following a speaking schedule which would exhaust the average man.

In his sermons Le Tourneau assigns the credit for his inventions and for all his successes to inspiration from God. He offers himself as a living example of the rewards of faith but emphatically warns that it does no good to worship God with ulterior financial motives, for then one receives no rewards. "I have proved that it pays to obey God," he says. "But don't obey God *because* it pays, because then it won't pay. Obey Him because you *love* Him, and then it will pay." Even then the rewards can be delayed, he cautions, because the Lord may have various tests and trials in store for one. He illustrates this by examples from tribulations in his own life. At various times, he says, he has been "morally, spiritually, financially, and physically bankrupt" but each time has recovered with the help of God.

A dramatic physical ordeal came in 1937. Traveling by automobile to a religious meeting in Tennessee, he was involved in a collision in which five persons were killed. He was dragged out of the wreckage in such condition that the doctors said he could never walk again, but they suggested that a long stay in a hospi-

tal might give him partial recovery.

"If I'm put in a hospital, I'll never get well," Le Tourneau said. "Take me to the factory in Peoria." He traveled 500 miles by ambulance and installed himself in a small steel hut in the factory yard. His skilled workers, at his direction, built him an ingenious, welded, rubber-tired mobile stretcher, having the exact height of his bed. Soon he was able to slide from his bed to the stretcher and be wheeled about the plant.

For several months he supervised and directed the work of the factory from his mobile stretcher and was also able to attend religious services held once a week in the plant cafeteria. Then he was able to get about on crutches and later with a cane. Today, despite his limp, he can outwalk most men, and when that is not fast enough, he skims about his factories on a gasoline-driven scooter.

As an inventor he is in the tradition of Robert Fulton, Eli Whitney, Morse, Edison, Ford, Kaiser, and others. But, accepting no glory for himself, he directs it to God. In a genuine way this inventor of gigantic earth-moving machinery has taken Jesus literally, using his Christian faith actually to build machines that can remove mountains.

Prayer and the Will of God

Olive Wyon

"All that those who begin to give themselves to prayer ought to aspire to, should be to labour to resolve and to dispose themselves by every imaginable effort of mind and heart to conform their will to God's, because the highest perfection to be attained in the spiritual life consists in this single point." These words of a great spiritual teacher of the seventeenth century in France go straight to the heart of the matter. If the object of prayer is that we may give ourselves to the will of God, then there is the very closest connection between prayer and the will of God; indeed, they are inseparable.

Once this truth has been clearly seen, accepted, and made the guiding principle of our lives, everything falls into place. No longer do we strive after pleasant "feelings" in our prayer; no longer do we worry about our "progress" in prayer; no longer are we discouraged by periods of "darkness" and difficulty in the life of prayer. All we want, and all we aim at, is union with God.

Tersteegen, in one of his letters, speaks of "three kinds of union with God: *union with God in will*": the sincere and honest desire and purpose that the will of God may be fulfilled in us, whatever we may be doing or enduring.

From *The School of Prayer*, by Olive Wyon. Permission, Student Christian Movement Press, London. Distributor, Allenson, Naperville, Ill.

ing; secondly, "union with God in silent prayer": when we wait upon God in silence and reverence and peace; third, there is "union with God in 'conscious' religious experience": this kind of "union" depends wholly upon God; we cannot achieve it by our own efforts nor do we know when it will be given to us, nor why. Tersteegen adds: "On Good Friday Jesus had neither the second nor the third kind of union, but He had the first kind", that is, the union with God in *will*.

A good test of the reality of our prayer is the spirit in which we come from it and turn to our ordinary duties. If we feel little or no connection between the two sides of our life there must be some mistake somewhere. A good prayer is not tested by our feelings or fervour at the time but by our behavior afterwards.

When we look at our Lord in His active ministry we see Him surrounded by importunate noisy crowds, with all it meant of heat and smells and many other annoyances. Yet He moved calmly and lovingly among them; upon those who were ill He laid His hands, upon "everyone of them": individually, not as a group. All was very quiet and personal. Every tired and suffering man or woman felt that something quite peculiarly personal had been done for them. Yet there were times when

He realized that solitude and quietness were imperative; and He would say to His friends: "Let us go over to the other side" of the lake, away to a "desert place" that we may "rest a while." His goings and His comings, His forthgoing in healing and His retirement for prayer were all alike dictated by His sense of what His Father willed for Him, moment by moment.

To those who are able to receive it this "Way" is a way of peace, for it gives us the assurance that God's action is interwoven with all our trials and sufferings and with all our daily difficulties. Again and again we shall say with Jacob, "Surely the Lord is in this place! and I knew it not!" "You seek the Lord," says De Caussade, "and He is in every place; everything proclaims Him to you; everything gives Him to you. . . . You are seeking the idea of God, and you have His substance; you seek perfection, and it is in all that meets you. Your sufferings, your actions, your attractions, are the species within which God gives you Himself."

Thus "there is nothing surer or more infallible than the darkness of faith." As we walk in this way "God imparts Himself to the soul as *Life*", although we may no longer see Him as the *Way* and the *Truth*. "He is no longer Object and Idea, He is Principle and

Source. In the divine action there are secret resources and inspirations, marvellous and unknown, for all the necessities, difficulties, troubles, falls, upheavals, persecutions, uncertainties and doubts of souls who no longer trust in themselves and their own efforts." Even our fears become verses in our hymn of praise, and we do not want to leave out one syllable, for we know that all will end with the *Gloria Patria*.

In many striking passages throughout his book *De Caussade* sums up his teaching; here is one of them: "The great and solid foundation of the spiritual life is to give oneself to God, in order to be at His disposal, for everything, both interior and exterior; and to forget oneself so completely that one regards oneself as something which has been sold and sent away, something to which one no longer has any right: to such an extent that the good pleasure of God is all our joy, and that His Joy, His Glory and His Being are our sole Good."

Nothing will help us more to offer ourselves to God than this confidence in His guidance in the midst of difficult and perplexing and sorrowful experiences: "Since we know that the Divine Action includes everything, guides everything, does everything—save sin—

it is the duty of faith to adore Him in everything, to love Him, and to receive Him with open arms. . . . This is the way to bring honour to God." Thus "to live in faith is to live in joy and assurance, in certainty and confidence, in everything we have to do or suffer, at every moment, in accordance with the will of God . . . The divine life gives Itself at every moment in an unknown but very sure manner, under the appearance of death in the body . . . of upheaval in our affairs . . . All is a veil which disguises the presence of God. . . ."

But although such a way of life makes great demands upon us, it also brings with it a great sense of expansion and relief. We learn that God's way is very gentle and very sure; that we never need "fuss" about anything; that the more faithfully we try to do His will in the ordinary things of life, the more surely shall we be able to discern His will in crises. This attitude naturally draws us into a simpler and more constant habit of prayer; it is not tiring; on the contrary, it is the way of peace. For this "way" is the way of love: "If all this is true," says De Caussade, "then each moment of our life is a kind of communion with the love of God." And where love is, there is joy: "O what a perpetual festival!"

Maybe

I'm a

Dreamer

EDNA B. HAWKINS

Today's analyst would call me a romantic escapist. A teacher of logic would find me a prize subject for a lecture. Today's youngsters may call me a crackpot . . . Maybe I'm a dreamer.

But when I get really sorry for myself because the neighbor's house is twice the size of mine and twice as fine (and paid for, too,) or when inconsequential things begin to matter too much, nagging

at my peace of mind, I pack a few belongings and head for the mountains to regain my true sense of values and repair my soul. I find no remedy so satisfying in a world of sputniks in revolution, as mountain air and a heaped up patch of land in its native state, to quiet the restless spirit.

As I write I can see the blue ranges, now hazy and lonely, extending their fringed edges up to touch the vault of heaven, making me wonder how the sun is going to force its way between the mountain and the sky. But I have confidence that it will slip in somehow, over the rim of the world, and be sending its warm smile through the pines in no time.

Across the deep green water, cupped in the hollow of the rugged terrain, I can barely make out a speck of blue which I take to be my husband's trousers. For just above it is the bare flesh, reddened by the blistering rays of the midday sun. He is searching out the cove where the big bass spawn, hoping to find a careless one to bring to the cabin and broil to a golden turn over hot coals to-night.

Far to the right of him I can see a brown and white something bobbing its head beneath the icy lake. When I adjust the lenses of

my field glasses, I see it is a wild duck cutting capers. How shocked he'd be to know he is the star of an early morning drama. I wonder if he has lost a mate, for he plays alone, taking no thought of time or circumstance. He cares not if the nation's economy is at a low ebb. He takes no thought for the morrow. If I could gain his confidence to get near enough I'd want to ask him questions like, "How did you develop such faith in your heavenly father?" "Teach me thy way," I would plead.

As I sit near the falls cascading down the mountainside, dangling my long legs in the foamy backwash, I feel I am being watched by a hundred pairs of eyes. A not-so-friendly frog is stretching himself, getting ready to spring into the treacherous depths of the lake. He is reluctant to go, the sun feels so warm on his slimy hind quarters, but instinct tells him he must be cautious about women in men's clothing. So, kersplash, in he goes to his underwater sanctuary of security.

High above in the scrawny pines a whole choir of feathered creatures is in concert. Occasionally they cease their chatter and I wonder if they are engaged in an orison, a prayer of thanksgiving to their Maker.

The color of the butterfly's wings equals the plumage of the

gayest birds. Nature has been lavish with her paintbrush this year, especially in this isolated spot, high in the Blue Ridge. I think at times when the panorama is almost beyond bearing, God must look this way every evening at dusk, to rest Himself. Perhaps He fashioned this special place to turn His eyes upon, after He has looked long at the evil in the world and needs encouragement from His creations.

Not three feet away from my typewriter is a four-legged creature, flattened on his belly, looking sleepily at me. He has grown accustomed to the tap-tap of the keys, but he still dares me, defiantly, to make this my permanent home. Each day he reminds me that this fallen log and all of the surrounding greenery is his dwelling place. And what self-respecting lizard would want a female giant for company?

"How do you pounce on that oak tree so relentlessly, with your beak, without having a continuous migraine?" I asked the red-capped bird, beating in staccato movements over my head. But he pays no attention to my quizzing, so determined is he to get that last stubborn insect that keeps burrowing deep in the tree just out of reach. Perhaps he thinks I'm a kindred soul as he listens to the monotonous peck-peck on the keys and wonders what insect I

am after. Or maybe he knows the secret of perseverance better than I and has a lesson for me with each beat of his bill. I can't help wondering whose echo will be heard longer, after we have each finished our labor. The noise of his toiling rings far down the valley until it is lost in the chirpings and mutterings of the other creatures. And so will mine.

For the first few days each time I come here, I must adjust to new sights and smells. The drone of the man-made jets is not with me here, nor the myriad noises of the crowded traffic lanes. But there are other sounds. I must get used to dragonflies and moss-green June bugs perching unafraid on my shoulder, while I sit waiting breathlessly for a cork to twitch nervously above my fishing line. I must not flinch with fright if a whip-poor-will takes me by surprise, feverishly calling his mate. I must be ready for the jer-rome-jer-rome of a bass voice on the rim of the lake at twilight. I must not be too concerned if summer lightning plays games across the dome of heaven, or if the wind suddenly whips up the ravine, ruffling the lake into white caps. A mountain tempest passes quickly and the moon's rays, dressed in diamonds, will dance even brighter on the shimmering bosom of the lake. How I

wish I could remember that the storms of life pass as quickly, measured by the yardstick of eternity, and brace myself, knowing "Joy cometh in the morning."

I must be warned that any minute a fabulous work of art will flash before me in the form of tree-lined mountains. And wonder how Mother Nature came upon such shades that run harmoniously into each other. How long did it take the Divine Mind to fashion patterns of shadow and light that cannot be individually distinguished? How many centuries of needle-fall lay silent in their sacred groves? Surely my summer will take its character from the trees, where my feet have walked over the deep humus carpet of the ages and the memory of it will suffice to see me through the dark gray days of winter.

Then, next year when I hear my friends planning trips to far away places, discussing modes of transportation, purchasing high-priced tickets to glamour spots, choosing fashions for their particular resorts, I shall begin loading my rod and reel, my trusted rifle, my rough mountain regalia, and all of the unrelated paraphernalia of a vagabond and head for Mulkey's Lake, deep in the Blue Ridge. Maybe I am an idealist, or a romantic escapist, or maybe I'm just a dreamer.

There are a number of things we should know before we pray.

BEFORE YOU PRAY

STELLA TERRILL MANN

If the power of prayer works some of the time why doesn't it work all the time?

The answer is that it does work, every time, when correctly used. For more than twenty-seven years I have been working as a religious counsellor with people with problems, watching dreams come true and keeping records of answered and unanswered prayers. I have come to the conclusion that very few people including life-long Christian church members actually know much about the nature of the power of prayer. For it is a power and like all power is subject to law. When people try to use this power without understanding the laws under which it operates, they are nearly always doomed to disappointment before they start.

There are a number of things we should know and others we should do before we pray if we are to use this spiritual power effectively. Here we have space to consider only three points of each.

1. We should know that the answer to prayer does not hinge on morals, on being a good Christian, intelligence, or even on asking

for the "right" things. Jesus did not say we had to be good in order for our prayers to be answered. Even the thief on the cross was to know that his prayer would be answered. Jesus makes it plain that the answer to prayer hinges on *faith*.

2. The second thing we should know before we pray is that there are twelve parts to the power of prayer, or twelve spiritual laws under which this power operates as a whole. Asking is but one of them. All points are found in the Bible. But it takes considerable digging to locate and fit them together. However, if we are to heal our body, mind, spirit, and affairs through the power of prayer we must know all the points thoroughly. For as St. James says, to break one of them is the same as being guilty of breaking all. I tell my students to think of it as pulling the electric cord on an electric clock from the wall connection. The hands may be at 10:15 on the clock, but all the hours are stopped when the power connection has been broken. It is just as true of the power of prayer.

In His directive, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them," Jesus states two of the twelve laws, desire and asking. But a third one, decision, is implied here and is

found in the Bible as part of the power of prayer. We are presumed to have come to a definite decision before we ask in prayer, but many do not.

3. The third thing we should know before we pray is, that our prayer continues and is in force until it is answered or until we ourselves cancel our order, or turn off the power. By knowing this before we pray we know how we must conduct ourselves during our prayer program until the answer comes so as not to disturb the working of the power. Not to know this is often to break up our faith before we ever get started in prayer.

Since the answer to prayer depends upon our faith, our objective should be to do everything we can to get our faith high and keep it so. There are many ways in which we break up our faith. Failure to keep the law of love is one. In this, most of us ruin our faith before we ever start to pray. So we should do three things:

We should get our heart right with God, our fellowmen, and with ourselves. And we must do it before we pray. That sounds simple. It is about the most difficult of human objectives for it takes in the entire law of love. And we remember that Jesus tells us that the law of love is the highest of the spiritual laws. Upon

it depends the answer to our prayer for, try as we will, we cannot get our faith right nor hold it firm unless we are right with the law of love. To break the law of love to any degree is to feel unworthy, guilty, and fearful to that degree.

A woman who had been praying for restored health complained to me that her prayer had not been answered. Her life story revealed the trouble. A widow, her only son long had supported her. Recently he had married and gone to a home of his own. The widow confessed she "hated" the daughter-in-law. This was actually anger with God. She was angry because this situation had come into her life. The daughter-in-law tried hard to get along with her, and one day sent the older woman a fine pie. After her son had delivered the pie, the older woman threw the glass pie plate and pie onto the floor, smashing both. Frightened and ashamed, she was ready to admit that there was something wrong with her prayer program and to ask help.

She was soon able to see that she was breaking the law of love on three levels, and so, had ruined her faith completely.

"You do not really expect God to answer your prayer and restore your health," I told her. "You secretly feel unworthy. You

feel guilty because of your anger toward the girl. But most of all, you are angry with yourself because you have not handled the situation. Anger is a form of defence. It shows fear at work. What fears are you harboring?"

She once had been useful, earned her own way. Since her son no longer needed her to keep house for him she felt stranded, unwanted and so, in danger. As soon as she found a way back to activity, to making a contribution to life, earning for herself, her sense of guilt on all three levels melted. Her faith increased. She got completely well. Six years later she still is well.

Today that woman lives by prayer. But she spends far more time in being sure about all her points before she prays, than she devotes to the asking. She does much less actual asking, gives more time to listening and in expressing gratitude.

Summing up, I would unhesitatingly say that a great deal of time invested in learning about prayer, what it is and how it works, before we pray insures the answer to our prayer when made. The Bible makes it clear that all prayer is to be answered. This is a condition set up for man before the earth was created. When there is failure in prayer it is on the part of man, not God.

A Psalm of Harmony

by Glenn Clark

We lift up our eyes unto the hills
From whence cometh our help.

Though the reflection in the water may quiver and ruffle
And conceal Thy great beauty at the beck of the winds
and tides,
We know that Thy Truth shall never quiver or shake.
Though discord and misunderstanding may appear in the world below,
We know that if we lift our eyes unto the hills
We shall see the Reality is clear and beautiful and eternally harmonious.
We know that the more the reflection vibrates in wind and tide,
The more stable and calm stand the everlasting hills.
The more the opposite sides of the mountain appear in the reflection
to be pulling all things asunder,
The more permanently above they are seen holding the mountain
in place;
And the further the tip of the reflection sinks down into the depths,
The higher the glorious dome pushes its peak into the heights above.
Give us grace, O God, to see the world of Reality right side up and
not upside down.
May we see the mountain—not the reflection in the pool.
May we see behind every argument the Truth that draws it into
eternal Harmony.

From *The Soul's Sincere Desire* by permission of Little, Brown & Co. \$2.75

We pray, O God, that we may look up, lift our eyes, and see Thee
as Thou art,
And see Man as Thy child, made in Thy perfect and eternal image
and likeness, as he really is,
Eternally reflecting Thy Harmony,
Filled with Thy Holy Spirit,
And abiding eternally in Thy Love.



“All Things Work Together For Good”

Jean Hogan Dudley

In the northland, past Calgary, there lie
Great glacier fields reflecting bluest sky,
That crush the heavy rocks until they break
And drift in dust across a blue-cold lake.
Yet underneath the pressing icy flow
There comes pure water making rivers grow,
That run north, south, and west to Puget Sound,
To nourish lovely gardens of the ground.

In lives, sometimes, there is such heavy care,
Like Glaciers, or such ice-fields of Despair,
That we must learn to look beyond today
For streams to feed tomorrow's gardens gay,
Streams that would never come should we not know
The passage of the soul's thick glacial-flow;
And as God melts our sorrows there will run
Rivers of joy that sparkle in the sun!

by Paul K. McAfee

So Your Son's Been Called Up!

"Will my son have to waste two years in the armed forces?" Many times, as a U.S. Army chaplain, I have had to give parents an answer to that question. Always I say this:

"While your young men are being called upon to give two years of their lives to the future security of the world, not one hour need be wasted!" In fact, I think of these two years as a time of *dedication*. And it's up to the parents to help make them just that.

Contrary to an enlisted man, a draftee does not have a choice of assignments within the services. But chances for schooling are vast; his training can be truly rewarding.

If your son wants to, he can complete his high-school studies in the service, even start college studies.

The services offer something for every young man. He can train for a trade or a profession. With the current emphasis on science, a whole new future opens for the highly trained modern serviceman.

One young man, for example,

came to me some years back disillusioned, unhappy. He was almost ready to go AWOL—absent without leave—because he felt two years of his life were being tossed away. I discovered that he was tremendously interested in electronics. We arranged a transfer to the Signal Corps. When this man finished service, he entered a TV-repair school where he was graduated with honors. Today he's carving out a fine career.

I'm thinking especially of one GI I know who wants to become a Methodist minister. During his enlistments—he served several—he took college correspondence courses, studied under USAFI (United States Armed Forces Institute), and took the army's advanced science courses. The result: When he was discharged he was admitted to an outstanding university, where he has only 18 months' work left to get his bachelor's degree. USAFI credits today are accepted in any college.

No doubt about it, your son's two years with Uncle Sam can be a preparation for life. But it's not all up to the military. A lot depends on how you ready your son

in the first place. You can prepare him psychologically, morally, and spiritually for these crucial years. How?

Parents can help their sons immensely by *personalizing* the fact our country has decided that, for the foreseeable future, it needs a large military force to hold a precarious peace. Parents who understand this can help their sons to enter service with a perspective that will be fruitful in later life.

It's up to the family, not the school and church alone, to discuss with the boy the trend of the times since World War II. Consider the story of Korea, Indo-China, Hungary, and the Middle East. Help him to approach intelligently the problem of the free world threatened by forces that allow no freedom of thought. Discuss the present world trends in the light of history.

With the "why" of service understood, you should also help your son face up to the moral aspects of his problem. Temperance, tolerance, and the psychology of sex should be viewed from a moral background.

The best foundation you can give a boy to carry him through his two years of service is to teach him early in life the value of a healthy mind in a healthy body. Remember, his armed service years may be his first away from the influence of home. Then he

will have to rely on himself to distinguish right from wrong. Too often, a boy's only background in sex comes from sources other than his home, church, or school—and he is tragically lacking in understanding. Too often I hear, "No one ever told me," "It was always something to be ashamed of."

The facts of sex, alcohol, and narcotics, learned in a family situation, can provide security and understanding for a boy in service. With such a foundation, a boy should be able to face situations with firm moral convictions.

There is another great area where a boy needs preparation. That's spirituality.

The young man who enters the service with a well-developed knowledge of the Christian principles of life, with the firm experience and warmth of a church life behind him, is the one who gets along best.

Recently, I worked with two young men. They came from the same part of the country. They had been in the same camp for their basic training. But they were poles apart in their attitude.

One of these young men came to see me as soon as possible, made himself acquainted with the chaplain and the religious programs, and offered himself for service in any way possible. He was determined that his two years

in the army would not change his religious convictions.

This boy came from a home that stressed family participation in church worship and held regular family devotions—a pattern which had been established early and had been carried through to the present time. I investigated and found he was rated a good soldier.

The other boy came to see me, too,—but only when he was facing a court-martial. He was in trouble. He was antagonistic—hated the army and all it stood for. He felt the world had played him a dirty trick, and he was going to fight back to the last ditch. He had gone AWOL, got into trouble, and now a court-martial was hanging over his head. His visit to me had one object—to see if I, as the chaplain, could get him out of the court-martial. Counseling with him, I found there was no religious concern at all in his home.

Both boys were intelligent. Both came from good families with above-average social standing. But one had had spiritual training, the other had not. The gulf between them had been fixed by parental attitudes far back in their early years.

A parent trains his child to eat the right things so his body will develop properly. The child must also have direction in spirit-

ual training as well as in other areas of development if he is to take his place in society as a good citizen—in the armed forces or in civilian life.

Please don't misunderstand me. As a chaplain I am not interested in recruiting your boy for the armed forces. I sincerely hope and pray that we shall soon see the time when all draft calls cease and our armed services are able to carry on under a volunteer basis.

But as a chaplain I am concerned because your sons are being drafted. Too many are coming to the chaplain with their lives shaken and scars on their souls—often without a moment's training on the parents' part to prepare them.

Some men come out of the services frustrated, disillusioned, not knowing which way to turn—and not caring. This is not the majority, of course. But if you examined the backgrounds of these men, you would find that there was a lack of foundation in each one's life, stemming back to his boyhood and reflecting a lack of parental guidance, understanding, and love.

Your concern now, in helping your son come to grips with what two years' service can do for him, will pretty well determine how much he is able to take out of that period.

For years I made the mistake, made by so many people, of thinking more about the future than the present. What was going to happen next month, or next year, always seemed so much more important than what was taking place today. Are you, too, guilty of this kind of thinking? I suspect most Americans are. "Looking ahead" is presumed to be a smart thing to do.

I believe that this, in part, is what Jesus had in mind when He told us to "take no anxious thought for the morrow." I realize, now that I am so much older, that this is the soundest kind of advice, for the most practical of reasons. Chief among the latter is the simple fact that no one—no one on earth!—can possibly know what will happen tomorrow. We can know, from experience, that the future is quite certain to be very different from what we thought, or hoped, it was going to be. To plan for the future, save in the broadest terms, is a serious waste of time and energy.

Why bother to plan a future that is going to be unpredictable no matter how carefully our scheme is laid? How often, indeed, does one's concept of the future become realized? We can imagine what tomorrow may be like; we can guess; we can conjecture. But we live in a constantly changing world, and in this world condi-

What Will Happen Tomorrow?

HAROLD KAHM

tions, circumstances, and people have a way of changing overnight. There is no way to know ahead of time just what these changes are going to be. So, of what use are our careful, detailed plans and schemes?

A year ago I did not dream that my present circumstances would be as they are. How many unexpected things have happened! I could say the same of each year of my life, from as far back as I can remember. I think that you may reach a similar conclusion concerning your own years of living. Tomorrow is impenetrable. To speculate about tomorrow, to plan for tomorrow, is wasted effort. For the tomorrow that we picture in our minds never comes. The tomorrow that does come is always and invariably different from the one we anticipated.

The man who lives in the future, always dreaming of what is going to happen tomorrow, or worrying about it, is doing more than wasting his time: he is wast-

ing his life. For, in terms of time, we live only right now, this very minute. I cannot live yesterday, or even an hour ago. I cannot live tomorrow, or next year, because that time has not arrived. I can live only in the present, which is the only real measure of time that can have any realistic meaning. I can remember living in time past, I can imagine living in time future, but my real living can only be done this present, living moment.

If people are often restless and discontented, I suspect it is because they are trying to live in the past, or in the future, to the neglect of the real present. It is the substitution of the false for the genuine: and the false gives no peace.

What of the present? Is it not enough? Of course it is! It contains the fullest measure of God's abundant blessings. I cannot enjoy tomorrow's sunshine today; but today's sunshine is a very real thing! When we live in the past, or the future (or try to) what we do, in effect, is to nullify today's blessings, to disregard them, to hold them as of no account, and thus to deprive ourselves of them. It is the abandonment of life itself.

Jesus made no foolish statements, offered no unwise counsel. But it seems to take a good deal of experience and wisdom to be

able to understand Him. I know now how foolish I have been during the years I spent trying to control an uncontrollable future, and often worrying myself sick about it. Tomorrow's problems belong to tomorrow, I find, and they cannot be solved before they arrive. I do not even know what those future problems—or seeming problems, to put it more exactly—will be like. I do know that Jesus said, “. . . for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.”

When you feel the impulse to worry, ask yourself, “Is this today's worry, or tomorrow's?” You may be surprised to discover that all of your worries are concerned with the future, without a single exception. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to worry about anything else! The pain of worry is simply explained: it is the lack of faith in God, the refusal to let Him assume the responsibility.

God alone has the power to change circumstances. You can do nothing. Why try? Why worry about it? Jesus pointed out, “Of myself I can do nothing; the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works.”

Here is the simple, direct, positive and effective answer to tomorrow: the immense, limitless, ever-present power of God. You need have no contact with tomor-

row beyond this recognition. Yes, this joyful recognition!

Establish this recognition, this acceptance today, and you will truly know what will happen tomorrow! It will spill over with the abundance of His wonderful bless-

ings! And one of them will be that sweetest of all human prizes: peace of mind, today! For this particular blessing, anticipated for tomorrow, becomes effective at once.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code Section 233)

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2. The owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)

Macalester Park Publishing Co., 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.
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Helen May Olson, Beloit, Wis.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

Marion C. Elliott
(Signature of Business Manager)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1958.

(SEAL)

C. R. Youngren
Notary Public, Ramsey County, Minn.
(My commission expires June 6, 1962)

Are You Lonely?

Dr. Joseph Fort Newton once wrote an article in which he pointed out that there are four great enemies of life. Private enemy No. 1 is fear; No. 2 is worry; No. 3 is loneliness; and No. 4 is unkindness. All of these enemies produce an untold amount of heartache and heartbreak—none more than loneliness. Everywhere, every day one meets loneliness; occasional with all of us, it is chronic with many.

Much of this loneliness comes from insulation, out of which arises a sense of isolation. Lonely people are like prisoners behind stone walls and iron bars. They are locked up *within themselves*. They are inhibited by fear, shyness, a feeling of inferiority—unable to get out of themselves into the lives of anyone else. They want understanding and an affectionate response, but they are unwilling—or do not know how—to give them.

Each person always has before him two choices upon which will turn his happiness. Either, through fear of being hurt, he may insulate himself from his fellows and shut himself up behind high walls, or he may open himself up to other people and run the risk of being hurt occasionally. Either choice

by

HAROLD W. RUOPP

involves pain and suffering. But it is better by far to suffer because one has entered with reckless abandon into the world and the lives of other people than to suffer because he has insulated himself against the world. In the one instance, suffering is meaningful; in the other, meaningless.

A number of years ago, I officiated at the funeral of an elderly person whose daughter had cared for him for nearly twenty-five years. She had narrowed her circle to him and his needs. Her father gone, she was confronted by two choices. She could have said: "There's not much left for me to do. The best part of my life is gone. I'll be lonely."

What she said to me was: "I must now enlarge my circle. I must enter into life more courageously and more creatively than I have ever done in the past."

Although she is past sixty, she is not lonely! Too many people look to her for courage and comfort. She has discovered that love is a two-way street. In giving love she has received it. In losing her life she has found it.

For several months the modest-sized congregation of the Grace Methodist Church in Greenville, Mississippi, held its Sunday services in cramped, inadequate quarters in the city's agriculture building. There had been a pressing need for a new church but a serious lack of funds had stymied every attempt to find a better home, until late in September, 1956, when the congregation joined together in an inspiring effort to build their own new church.

David Wood, the chairman of the church's commission on finance, had first advanced the idea to Reverend L. C. Scott, Grace Church's Pastor. "Why don't all of us pick cotton?" Mr. Wood had suggested. "In that way we could raise at least some of the money we need to erect a new church building."

Pastor Scott immediately agreed that it was an excellent idea. He presented the suggestion to his congregation at the next services.

"To build a church, much more is necessary than mere dollars. Dollars will erect a building but they will not build a church. Our cotton picking will be mostly to build a church, and not to raise money to erect a building," Pastor Scott emphasized.

"It is far too easy for us in this day and time in America to worship together, but not even know those who worship with us.

We are richer in money, but we are immeasurably richer in spirit and fellowship.

The Congregation

Picks Cotton

Alfred K. Allan

We are prone to follow the schedule, but to leave in a rush as soon as the last bell rings or, in our case, as soon as the benediction is pronounced," Pastor Scott continued earnestly. "This is often the situation even in our small group. It needs to be corrected and the cotton picking is a step in that direction."

"We'll do it!" the congregation members said in complete unison.

Bright and early Saturday morning September 22, 1956, fifty-seven men, women, and children, representing 90 per cent of the Grace Church congrega-

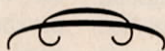
tion, descended in gay spirits on the sprawling fields of the Formigoni farm, some two miles outside of Greenville. Some of the church members, including Pastor Scott, had picked cotton before; others hadn't but were very anxious to learn. The children, even the two-year-olds, pitched in to work beside their parents. The youngsters picked until their little hands were full, then they deposited their accumulated cotton in Mommy or Daddy's sack. The children walked happily together up and down the fields picking the cotton. When they grew tired they ran together to a shade tree to rest.

The hot sun baked the backs of the busy workers. By sundown, there were many sore muscles and back kinks among the group but as Pastor Scott declares, "The work was tiring but none of us

had any regrets. We had a wonderful day working together."

Armed with these extra dollars they had earned, the church officers have begun construction of their new church. More funds are to be raised, as needed, by new congregation projects until the new church building for Grace Methodist is completed and ready to serve its devoted membership.

As Pastor Scott concludes, "We are richer in money, but we are immeasurably richer in spirit and fellowship, after spending a day of hard work together. It was work, but it was also fun. As we worked together we learned more about each other and, above all, everyone fully realized that we were giving freely of the sweat of our brow for a common cause, that cause of erecting a church to be dedicated unto God."



A CALL TO PRAYER

A most important meeting will be held in Minneapolis, Minnesota from May 4th through the 7th. It is the national meeting of The Camps Farthest Out, interdenominational camps founded by Dr. Glenn Clark for the development of Christian Wholeness in one's life. Speakers, representatives and observers all join in asking you for your prayers that this meeting will be invaded by the Spirit of God.

As is true in all national meetings of any group, far reaching decisions must be made, and only as each one is quickened by the wisdom of God will those decisions be good. Pray for this and pray that the wonderful will of God will be expressed.

"I Will Not Forget Thy Word."

Rowena Cheney

Spring has come! The earth rejoices!
 Sounds that winter never heard
 Echo now in countless voices:
 Singing brook, returning bird,
 Fragrant breezes join the chorus:
 "I will not forget Thy Word."

Every heart which listens truly
 Finds within its depths once more
 Reassurance, love still deeper,
 Faith yet stronger than before—
 Seeing in each bough new budded,
 Richer beauty still in store.

Barren branches long have promised
 Spring's return. Each flake of snow
 Prophesied a summer's glory
 And an autumn's mellow glow;
 Earth but slept, while winter whispered,
 "Hush—be still . . . be still and know."

Now, as earth again awakens,
 Winter's doubting seems absurd.
 Days have lengthened—skies are sunny—
 Cold is vanquished; hearts are stirred,
 Hearing earth itself repeating,
 "I will not forget Thy Word!"

LET YOUR SENIOR PARTNER SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS

Eve Tyson

Let us stop trying, all by ourselves, to untangle the maze.

If you had a business problem that perplexed you and you decided to turn it over to the senior partner of the firm, would you be consumed with fear that he would be unable to handle it—that he would jumble it, or forget about it entirely? Or would you relax in the complete assurance that the senior partner's years of experience and seasoned judgment would enable him to handle it efficiently? The answer is obvious.

How often has your little son—if you are a father—brought his broken toy to you, secure in the knowledge that you will

make it whole again? Once he has placed it in his father's hands, he forgets about it and scampers off, losing himself in the joy of the moment because he knows that his father can do ANYTHING!

When you step into a public conveyance on your way to work, don't you have complete faith in the motorman or driver to get you to your destination? Imagine the pandemonium if every passenger boarding the morning train, subway, bus, or other means of transportation, were to worry and fume and stew about the compe-

tence of the man at the helm.

When you make a purchase in a reputable store, you know that you will receive value for your money, because you are confident that the owners of the business would not jeopardize their reputation by misrepresentation.

At every turning in everyday living, we evidence faith in mortal man.

Why is it then that we worry ourselves into all kinds of physical disorders from headache to high blood-pressure over personal problems when there is a "Senior Partner" with us constantly who can and will work things out perfectly for us every time—not half of the time, or 99 per cent of the time, but 100 per cent of the time, if we just let go and let Him take over. It almost seems as if we invest mortal man with greater power and skill and steadfastness than the Master Architect whose every thought materializes and makes manifest all that we see and touch and are aware of.

Those who have reached the pinnacle of greatness—the shelves of our libraries teem with their biographies—would still be among the hordes of stumbling humanity, drifting, unheralded, were it not that somewhere along the way each one of them let go and let God.

Let us ponder this truth, and the next time we are gripped by

bewilderment, let us stop tying ourselves up in knots, trying, ALL BY OURSELVES, to untangle the maze, and instead, hand it over to the Great Mathematician, and pretty soon the solution will be clear to us.

When we feel dwarfed and inadequate in dealing with a situation, let us run our little personal river into the Great Sea of Universal Consciousness, and there will be no circumstance too involved with which to cope.

Let us take all our personality faults that spring from insecurity and lay them bare to the Radiance of Creative Intelligence. One by one, they will be shone away, leaving us gentle and beautiful and very good to know. Our "Senior Partner" is everywhere at every moment of every lifetime just waiting for an assignment from us. He always has time, for His time is infinite. He can do whatever we ask of Him, for His intelligence is Universal, and, best of all, He enfolds us with an unflinching LOVE for we are of Him and He of us.

If we repeat this great truth morning and night and throughout the day, neither fear nor doubt can assail us and we will, indeed, lie down in green pastures and dwell beside the still waters, safe and secure in the sheltering arms of our "Senior Partner."

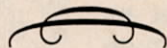
Growing a Soul

by Emma Canby

DOES THE OPEN FIELD, LYING SO PLEASANTLY IN THE SUN, grumble when cold winds blow across it and freeze it? Does it weep when snow hides its sweet view of trees and sky? Does it groan when it is plowed and plowed, and harrowed and harrowed? Because of all its painful vicissitudes, does it refuse to nourish the seeds the planter drops upon its face? Or does it welcome the seeds, feed them and finally bring forth tall stalks of corn whose shining leaves rustle in the breeze?

Does the grapevine when it is pruned and bleeding give itself up to pain, wither and die? Or does it, bravely ignoring its wounds, put forth pink-tinted buds, broad leaves, and finally bear luscious fruit?

Oh, my soul why are you cast down? Look up! The sun, moon, and stars are still there. God's love is still in earth and air, everywhere. Open your doors, my soul, which you have shut so tight to hide your hurt. Let God's love blow through, carrying out all you should not harbor, making you at leisure from yourself. Then, gladly responsive, welcome your divine Husbandman that you too may bring forth fruits — fruits of love, joy, and peace.



Easter Morning

Jean Hogan Dudley

I'm glad that Easter morning is in spring,
When softest green lies over everything,
When laughter of the birds is on the air
And golden sunlight glistens everywhere,
When shaking orchard trees are all alight
With petal-pink and drifts of dazzling white,
And all of joy in spring and life and bloom
Awakes the morning Jesus left the tomb.

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

by Norman K. Elliott

Thoughts Farthest Out

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS

"See my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me, and see; for a spirit has not flesh and bones as you see that I have." (Luke 24:40) . . . The realness of the resurrection of Jesus has caused many people to doubt, and at the same time to be joyful. This much has to be said about it, "It was the realness of the resurrection in the minds of the disciples that made Christianity the religion that it is." The resurrection is the fact that made them flaming evangelists. There was no doubt in their minds. It was not a case of spiritualism! Luke quotes the Lord as saying that a spirit does not have flesh and bones! The substance of His resurrected body made Thomas say, "My Lord and my God." Paul said of it that death had been swallowed up in victory.

I remember a young minister, schooled in the modern sciences and philosophies, who said to me, "Oh, the disciples merely projected their desires. They had some sort of hallucinations because of the intensity of their wishes. They merely *felt* his presence." Well, that is not what the writers of the gospel say. The entire fabric of the gospels say that this event was real, that it actually happened, that the appearances were that of flesh and blood and bones. And, if not this, the most important part of all the records of the gospels is but a dream, a projection of one's desires. Then who is there to say that the entire record is not but a dream; a fabric of the imagination?

Ever since the first dawn of history mankind has instinctively demanded the realness of immortality; else where came this dream that is untaught? Something within man's nature says that immortality is true, and even though millions of years went by without any positive proof to tell man that it was a reality, man continued to dream about it within his heart. Man's nature demands eternal life: his experience says that it is not so. This is the situation many find themselves in

concerning the resurrection of Jesus. The heart bounds with joy: the head says that it cannot be true. Ultimately this is the question that most of us have to decide one way or the other; to believe the head or the heart. And, no matter what the head says, the heart will continue to affirm the truth of the resurrection of Jesus, for it is written in our natures.

Read: **Faith, Hope and Love**, Starr Daily. \$3.00.

UNION WITH GOD

“. . . that they may all be one: even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us . . .” (John 17:21) . . . Man has always instinctively known that if he could come into harmony with the Nature of God that he would also come into harmony with the things God has created. A good religion is one that makes this possible. In one sense the history of mankind has been a laboratory of religious experimentation in which men of all races and conditions have been carrying out experiments toward this end.

One's conception of God will decide in one's mind the result that is to be expected from a right relationship with God. If, for example, God is conceived as a Being of Love, then coming into right relationship with Him ought to result in our becoming beings at love. If God is faith, then coming into right relationship with him must result in our being more fully the expression of faith in daily living. If we conceive God as being someone afar off, separated from His creation, then it will result in our feeling and thinking of ourselves as being separated from this creation in which we are involved. Heaven must then be some condition that will accrue after death. If God is imminent in His creation, intimately involved in it and sustaining it, then coming into right relationship with Him will result in our feeling at home wherever we are.

Jesus claimed that the reason for what he did was his union and identity with the God of all creation. In other words, Jesus did what God Himself did or would do. The expression of the infinite God in Jesus Christ was encouragement, faith, wisdom, sanity, goodness, healing, forgiveness, strength, patience, endurance, and all of the things that make life attractive. These attributes, then, imply what the nature of God was according to the mind of Jesus Christ.

Look at your life; the expression of your God in your life; and see if the results suit you. If they do not, it is not the fault of God but rather it is the fault of your conceptions.

Read: **Come Follow Me**, Glenn Clark. \$3.00.

EXPRESS YOURSELF IN ACTIONS

“Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have defrauded any one of anything, I restore it fourfold.” (Luke 19:8)

. . . The evidence of a changed life is a changed set of actions. Intellectual enlightenment is not enough unless it is followed by enlightened actions. The epistle of first John puts it this way, “But if any one has the world's goods and sees his brother in need, yet closes his heart against him, how does God's love abide in him?” The outer man and the inner man must match up, and they eventually always do. Zacchaeus demonstrated the changed heart with his changed actions. Just as Jesus once said to Philip, “. . . or else believe me for the very works sake,” so Zacchaeus is saying, “Take a look at what I am doing and see whether or not a change has come about in my mind and will.”

Outer action is a good barometer of the interior climate of anyone. It is said of Jesus that he went about doing good. His going about doing good was an indication of his love of God.

C. S. Lewis says that love to be fulfilled must be expressed. The only way that one can express his love for God, and therefore complete his love, is in good works. This means in treating others with kindness—the way that God would treat the individual if He were here in the flesh. Now the wonderful thing about this expression is that the one who is doing the expressing finds pleasure in it. One never loves God and expresses that love without receiving benefit from it himself.

A great change has come over the face of missionary enterprises during the past few years. The spoken word is not nearly as welcome in many parts of the world as it once was. What other nations and people are now wanting is not so much the words as it is the deeds that the words are meant to convey. The world today wants to be shown, and the showing speaks louder than words.

If your life is not manifesting the fruit that you would wish, and if you are sure that what you believe is right, then maybe the place where you are thwarting the happiness of God in your life is in not expressing it in good deeds.

Read: **The Transforming Power of God**, Anne S. White. \$1.25

THE PSALMS GIVE US INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY THAT GLEAM OUT OF THE MURK OF PREVAILING HEBREW BELIEF.

OLD TESTAMENT LEAPS OF FAITH

BY ALICE JACKSON WHEATON

FEW SACRED WORDS HAVE SUNG THEMSELVES MORE DEEPLY into our hopes and doctrine than the words ascribed to Job, "I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth and in my flesh shall I see God." They comprise the lovely aria in Handel's *The Messiah*. This utterance, though variously translated, has been called Job's "leap of faith," and is, as far as can be ascertained, the earliest mention in Jewish literature of the idea of a blessed life after death.

It is difficult for us of the Christian era to realize that we seldom find in the Old Testament expressions regarding the immortality of the soul. Ezekiel in his vision of the Valley of Dry Bones implied that there would be survival of the nation but no reference is made to individual survival.

Sheol, the name given in the Bible to the abode of the dead and translated in the Psalms as the

"Pit," was thought of as a shadowy underground cave where there was neither punishment nor joy and not even oblivion. It is described in the Book of Ecclesiastes as a place where there is "no work, nor thought, nor knowledge, nor wisdom." One of the Psalmists cries out, "I am like one forsaken among the dead...like those whom thou dost remember no more, for they are cut off from thy hand." Job, in his suffering and despair,

describes it as a place "where the very light is darkness."

There are three passages that sound a more joyous anticipation of existence after death, two in Isaiah and one in Daniel. "Thy dead men shall live . . . awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust." "He will swallow up death in victory . . . and wipe away tears from off all faces." And in Daniel the prophecy, "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and contempt."

These "leaps of faith," although found in the prophetic books of Isaiah and Daniel, are from passages written later than the historical material in the books would indicate, and they are classed as apocalyptic literature. This literature, of which the Book of Revelation is the outstanding New Testament example, was current "between the Testaments" and was written to sustain the Jewish people in the period of terrible persecution described in the Apocryphal Book of I Maccabees.

We can imagine the secret passing around and the eager reading of some of these scrolls. Some are referred to today as pseudepigrapha, since the writers used the names of Old Testament personalities. The Jewish people were facing death and the annihilation of their religion during the guer-

rilla fighting against the Syrians under Judas Maccabeus. They would be encouraged and sustained by the prophecies just mentioned in Isaiah and Daniel, or the following from the Wisdom of Solomon: "Righteousness is immortal; for God made not death, neither hath he pleasure in the destruction of the living."

There were speculations also about this life after death. The book of Enoch, which has verbal echoes in both the Gospels and the Epistles, so it must have circulated in Jesus' day, describes three divisions of Sheol for those in the after world: the first for righteous spirits, the second for spirits of sinners who died without suffering for their wickedness in this world, and the third stage for those who had been punished in this life.

It is in the Psalms that we find a number of these "leaps of faith," intimations of immortality that gleam out of the murk of the prevailing Hebrew belief. Some of the Psalmists, those who in a particular way seemed to live "close to God," were convinced that their own experience of fellowship with Him did not bear out the gloomy picture so widely held of life after death. "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." "God will redeem my soul from the power of

the grave; for he shall receive me." In the matchless hymn of the Omnipresence of God (Psalm 139) the writer contradicts the Psalmist who wrote Psalm 88:5 when he declares, "If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."

The concern of God for man in both life and death could not be more forcefully stated than in the following: "Nevertheless I am continually with thee; thou hast holden me by my right hand; thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." "His mercy endureth forever," is an ever-recurring refrain in the Psalms chanting itself into both Old and New Testament rituals of praise and imparting

faith and power into lives.

These real and vital experiences of personal relationship and fellowship with God were roots out of which beliefs in a blessed future life could grow. Tribute should be paid to these pre-resurrection writers who, because of this experience of fellowship with God, could take these "leaps of faith" and could express their convictions as to a blessed future life. Without the words and example of Jesus, without the strong conviction of the fulfillment of a life after death because of his ministry and resurrection, they still had unshaken and unshakable trust and faith in God's eternal guidance and in His plenteous mercy and loving kindness.

Lost and Found

Eunice Bailey

We climb the ladder of success,
Only to discover,

That no more do we possess,
Nor can we recover,

Little things we never knew,
Spelled the joy of living,

May we capture joy anew,
By giving — and FORgiving.

THE CRITERION IS: CAN THE INSTITUTE THROUGH MODERN METHODS DO ANYTHING FOR THE PROSPECTIVE PATIENT?

Creative Aid For The Handicapped

BY AGNES CURTIS

At the last graduation of The Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York City, one hundred and seventy-five persons—old and very young—won recognition by triumphing over physical disabilities so that they could go out into the world again and lead entirely new lives.

The oldest, a man of seventy-eight and a retired school teacher, had suffered a severe stroke which for a less courageous man would have spelled the end. But he was made of stern stuff. He sought rehabilitation at the Institute and after two years of concentrated effort, he walks again.

The youngest, only six, a pretty little dark-haired girl, came into the world without legs. After training she had learned to walk on artificial legs.

The top award for outstanding courage went to a thirty-five year

old man who had been crushed by a heavy crate. The Institute gave him medical care and vocational training in jewelry making. He also attended the Joseph Bulova School for Watchmaking. Now he owns and manages his own store even though paralyzed from the waist down.

The Institute for the Crippled and Disabled is a complete rehabilitation center, perhaps the only one of its kind in the world. The eleven-story building houses medical, vocational, and social facilities as well as a brace-and-limb shop, a cafeteria, and a recreational department for the handicapped.

The one criterion for admittance is: "Can the Institute through modern methods do anything for the prospective patient?"

All patients who, in the opinion of the professional staff, will benefit from rehabilitation serv-

ices are acceptable. Those who are able to pay nominal fees are expected to do so but payment is NOT required for admission or treatment.

During the many years of its existence, the Institute has served more than seventy thousand seriously handicapped men, women, and children. A non-profit organization supported by public contributions, it accepts referrals from all sources and from all parts of the country.

The Institute's philosophy considers rehabilitation to be a composite matter which includes the physical, the mental, the cultural, and the vocational capacities of the disabled man. The goal is to return the disabled man to life.

A patient comes to the Institute and enters upon a week of preliminary testing. He is then examined by the medical department. His social history is taken. He undergoes psychological tests and a thorough psychiatric screening. After that, he enrolls for three weeks in an intensive vocational evaluation course. At the end of the three weeks, his case is discussed and the vocational department makes its recommendations.

The man now starts to train for some definite work. Physical therapy, occupational therapy, speech therapy, and case work may accompany this training. The length of time required to finish

depends entirely on the background and skills of the individual. After that, he goes to the placement department where he is assisted in finding a job.

Training the disabled for jobs they are capable of holding poses many a problem. The Institute must stand between the cushioning comforts of a home and hospital and the disciplined routine of a paying position.

Objections by employers are often heard such as: "Our accident rate will go up if we hire handicapped people. Handicapped persons are slow. They need special care." Such attitudes are utterly false and, fortunately, they are being rapidly conquered.

Vocational training is offered for the rehabilitation of both the less severely disabled and the seriously disabled in the following fields: leathers, bookbinding, jewelry, commercial art and elementary drafting, optical mechanics, welding, electric arc, oxy-acetylene, elevator operation, switchboard operation, office practice, typing, stenography, and academic remedial instruction.

Martin Dean lost both legs in an accident so that he could no longer be a farmer. He entered the Institute where he graduated as a skilled worker in fine leather goods, a trade in which employment is steady and wages are good. A heavy rock shattered John

Brucci's spine. The Institute taught him a sitting job—electric welding. Now he is earning a good living for himself. Albert Smith was a machinist whose heart lost its strength. He attended the Institute and left as a commercial artist. Mary Lowe's right arm became practically useless. She learned power machine operation and is now financially independent. Lucy McFee had lost finger dexterity in one hand. She is now being trained to do one-hand typing, filing, stenography, the keeping of records, and other similar tasks.

However, in spite of all this, there are some people who simply can't move about and hold a job. For them, the sheltered workshop is the answer. Here light work is obtained from industry on a contract basis. Until they can be placed outside, many remain in the workshop doing regular piece work. When their production rate reaches the minimum wage, they are eligible to enter industry.

Disability rarely affects the body alone. Underneath is an emotional loss often greater than the visible disability. This loss is sometimes so well concealed that it can black out any return unless it is detected and removed. Equally grievous is the economic loss which can downgrade a child's education and wipe out an adult's means of earning a livelihood.

The Institute teaches patients to help themselves. They must realize they are on their own and they have to shoulder their own responsibilities. Thus in the Institute's standard kitchen the handicapped are able to learn by doing. A one-handed egg beater will work most effectively; a potato pinioned to a board can be peeled with one hand. Many of the devices used are simple and inexpensive. There's the thick-handled spoon just right for crippled fingers and the non-spilling cups fitted for shaky arms.

Above everything else, the handicapped person must never feel sorry for himself. He must be determined to overcome his disabilities and lead a happy productive life. Each patient has a special progress sheet called "My Own Score" on which he lists his accomplishments in walking, sitting, getting up, and carrying things.

Social life at the Institute is not neglected. The disabled like fun just the same as anyone else. Believe it or not, many a handicapped person takes part in a lively bowling bout from his wheelchair. Musical chairs and wheelchair races are very popular. Group singing enlivens the hours. "The Club Can Do" broadcasts over a network program every week. As many evenings as possible are filled with all kinds of

activities such as swimming, musicals, etc. Then there's photography, dramatics, arts and crafts, etc., that the disabled take part in. And every year they take a boatride up the Hudson River.

Naturally, the disabled enjoy meeting famous people. Among their celebrated visitors have been Arthur Godfrey, Lowell Thomas, Thomas E. Dewey, Jane Froman, and President Eisenhower.

The greatest benefit of rehabilitation to the patient is the regaining of self-respect and the feeling of independence as a contributing member of society. They have learned by heart the lesson that they are only free when they are able to care for themselves. Their guiding stars are the lines written by W. E. Henley:

"I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul."

Camps Farthest Out

FOUNDED BY GLENN CLARK IN 1930

1959 Schedule

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

By the sea, in the mountains, and on the lakes of this cherished land, men and women of the Camps Farthest Out will come together in 1959 in most of the states to "fall into balance" with life—to sing, play, paint, write, and pray together—but most of all to learn to love, according to Christ's command, one's neighbor as oneself. This is power and this is peace.

TEXAS HILL COUNTRY, February 27-March 4
MISSISSIPPI, April 7-14
OKLAHOMA, ARDMORE, April 9-15
ENGLAND, SWANWICK, April 19-25
ARIZONA, GRAND CANYON, April 20-27
N. CAROLINA, EASTERN, May 8-15
ARKANSAS, I and II, May 28-June 4, June 5-12
TEXAS, PALESTINE, May 29-June 5
KANSAS, June 5-12
OKLAHOMA, TONKAWA, June 6-13
WISCONSIN, June 20-27
ALABAMA, June 20-27
CALIFORNIA, SOUTHERN, June 23-30
NEW YORK, SILVER BAY, June 26-July 4
CALIFORNIA, FAMILY CAMP, June 27-July 4
COLORADO, June 28-July 5
OREGON, July 4-11
INDIANA, July 4-11

NEBRASKA, July 6-13
VIRGINIA, July 6-14
MISSOURI, July 11-18
MICHIGAN, July 12-19
VICTORIA, B. C., July 18-25
OHIO, July 19-26
IOWA, July 19-26
MONTANA, July 26-August 2
FLORIDA, SOUTH, July 27-August 3
MINNESOTA, July 27-August 3
NEW YORK, MINDEN, August 1-8
ONTARIO, CANADA, August 7-14
WEST VIRGINIA, August 14-21
CALIF., NORTHERN, August 15-22
N. H., WINNIPESAUKEE, August 22-31
N. C., I and II, September 4-11
September 13-20
OKLAHOMA, HEALING, September 24-30
CALIFORNIA, HEALING, October 4-11
FLORIDA, 1960, January 9-16

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

BY BARBARA TRUE

She Started Mother's Day

THE IDEA FOR MOTHER'S DAY was born in a Methodist Sunday school in Grafton, W. Va., at a time when the nation was still mourning the dead from the bloodiest carnage in its history—the Civil War.

It was a sunny day in 1876 and Mrs. Anna Reeves Jarvis, mother of 11 children, was teaching a Memorial Day lesson at Andrews Methodist Episcopal Church. Grafton had been bitterly divided by the war and Mrs. Jarvis spoke tenderly of the heroes who had given their lives in the struggle. Finally, she told her class sadly, "You notice that I did not discuss a Memorial Day for the mothers who gave their sons. There is no such day." And she concluded with a prayer "that somewhere, sometime, someone will found a Mother's Day memorial recogniz-

ing the mothers of America and the world."

The prayer made a lasting impression on Anna, Mrs. Jarvis' twelve-year-old daughter. She never forgot it—and when her mother died in 1905, she vowed that she would be the "someone" to found Mother's Day.

Mrs. Jarvis was the only inspiration her daughter needed in her crusade. A born leader, the cultured Virginian mother had been a strong force in holding her war-split community together. With families divided in the near-border town, Mrs. Jarvis had led other mothers in an effort to keep community and church from splitting apart. Asked by a Southern minister to help organize a second church, she had replied that the Andrews Church would not be split over Civil War issues if she

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could prevent it. And that church, one of the largest in that section, remained united.

Mrs. Jarvis served the church for more than 25 years as the Sunday school's junior superintendent. Later the Jarvis Memorial Sunday-school class was organized in her honor. When she died at the age of 72, the bell of the Andrews Methodist Episcopal Church was tolled 72 times. It was on that day that her daughter determined, with God's help, to establish the Mother's Day Mrs. Jarvis had prayed for many years before.

By this time a schoolteacher, Anna started work immediately on her project. She wrote letters and talked to influential people, suggesting that Grafton hold a Memorial Mother's Day meeting in May, 1907, honoring her own mother and the mothers who had worked with her. At her request, the minister of Andrews Methodist Church prepared a service for mothers—and the first Mother's Day was held on May 12, 1907, the second Sunday in the month. It was accepted with enthusiasm by the congregation and attracted favorable newspaper comment.

The following year Miss Jarvis again suggested a Mother's Day service. This second observance was held in both the Andrews Church in Grafton (later known

widely as the Mother's Day Church) and in Philadelphia—the first two cities to accept the Mother's Day plan. The plaque which now hangs in the Andrews Methodist Church, honoring mothers and Mother's Day, was placed there by Norman F. Kendall, Sunday-school superintendent.

To explain and promote Mother's Day, Miss Jarvis chose the motto, "To honor the best mother who ever lived—your mother." Next she selected a flower—the carnation—as the emblem. For this second celebration she ordered 1,000 carnations from Philadelphia for the mothers of Grafton. Some 10,000 of these blooms were ultimately to become her gift to the mothers of the community through the years. And the carnation, which until that time had enjoyed little popularity, came to be revered as the symbol of mothers.

By 1909 Mother's Day was being celebrated in 45 states and in Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Canada, and Mexico. Miss Jarvis, astonished at its rapid spread, joyfully told a friend: "Where it will end must be left for the future to tell. That it will girdle the globe now seems certain." She was further delighted to learn in a message from Mexico to *The Detroit Star*, "If Miss Jarvis could come to Mexico and see how, in the finest homes

and the lowliest abodes of the rural regions . . . the institution she founded is now observed, she would . . . feel her work has not been in vain."

The Philadelphia Inquirer, commenting in 1909 on the event's phenomenal success, predicted that Mother's Day would become universal. A later newspaper observed that "everywhere the missionary has gone the sentiment of Mother's Day has been carried." At that time the day was being observed in Japan, Palestine, Scotland, Egypt, Australia, the West Indies, and several South American countries.

Mother's Day won its spurs as a special church day in 1912 at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Minneapolis. The swift-paced movement for mothers was climaxed on May 8, 1914, when President Wilson designated the second Sunday in May as the annual Mother's Day "for displaying the American flag and for the public expression of love and reverence for the mothers of the country."

Congress also took official notice of the event. A joint resolution introduced by Sen. Morris Sheppard (D.-Tex.) and Rep. James Heflin (D.-Ala.) read, "The service rendered the United States by American mothers is the greatest source of the country's strength and inspiration."

Even distant Japan honored her, describing Mother's Day as "a great American gift to Japan." And Mark Twain, in a letter to her in 1908, wrote for all Americans: "During my remaining years I shall wear the Mother's Day emblem of purity and love—the white carnation."

Today, 51 years after Miss Jarvis founded it, Mother's Day follows closely the pattern which she set. Mother receives flowers and gifts, is visited, telephoned, and generally remembered by her children.

But, as Anna Jarvis would be the first to admit, those are not the important facts. What matters most is that, thanks to a daughter's devotion, the mothers of the free world now have a day set aside to honor them.

The Craftsman

Arthur W. Peach

The fragments of a shattered life can be
Remade in beauty in a lasting whole,
But love alone as with a craftsman's skill
Can shape within the clay the inner soul!

*He turns everything to good
that is turned over to Him.*

PERFECT EVERYTHING

J. RUFUS MOSELEY

The highest self-disclosure that Jesus makes of Himself is that He is Perfect Everything, giving Perfect Everything, inspiring Perfect Everything, enabling Perfect Everything, and commanding Perfect Everything.

He is the most precious being of all because He is God, the Eternal Christ and the perfect man on the plane of our suffering and need; He is the perfect Word made perfect flesh, the perfect Ideal perfectly realized and manifested. He is the perfect man, perfectly self-offered, resurrected, glorified, and on the throne of God and the universe. He is the perfect beginning of the new heaven and earth.

He is the perfect Body as well as the perfect Soul. In Him the perfect spirit has attained the perfect form and concretion. He is perfect God on the throne of man, and perfect man on the throne of God.

Best of all for us, He is the perfect Lover as well as perfect Love, loving us into loving even our enemies in order to make them His friends and ours, loving the most unlovable, making them lovable and loving.

In Him everything is opportunity; He turns everything to good that is turned over to Him, the seeming worst as well as the certain best. In Him, there is so much Heaven on the way to Heaven that one wonders how Heaven itself can be much better than the going to Heaven.

While He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief because He took upon Himself our sorrows and grief, that we may have His joy and Heavenly bliss, nevertheless as John Mott has said, "When the ecclesiastical bloodhounds of Jerusalem were at His heels, He told

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His disciples to cheer up and willed them His own joy and peace." Since His resurrection, ascension, and gift of the Holy Spirit, and His taking His place in God's throne, His joy and bliss are beyond human conception. You cannot be in union with Him without sharing of all His joy and bliss. He will yet be known as the Man of Joy.

When we first receive Him, we are given the new birth and power and predestination to become sons of God. When we are baptized by Him and receive Him and His glorified body in our spirits and bodies which are His, we are made ready in a new way to witness for Him with certainty and power and to co-work with Him efficiently. We are thus prepared to grow up, and are given the ability to become full over-comers and full attainers.

He comes into us as the glorified one when He is wanted and invited and comes to remain forever if we choose above all else for Him to remain. There is nothing else I know that is so rewarding and healing as to invite and want Jesus, who is longing and knocking to come in, to come in to the all of us, spirit, mind, soul, body, and our daily affairs, and to be all and in all and to come in a double portion into all of us who are sick and weak and in special need. I have seen the insane become sane when Jesus was invited to come into their minds and their nerves. I have seen a paralytic rise up and walk when Jesus was invited to come into the whole of her, and in a double portion, in all of the paralyzed parts. But our entering into Him, never to go out at any time, is through leaving on the outside everything that keeps us on the outside, and entering into Him at his feet, the place of humility, and letting Him place us where we belong. It is through putting and keeping Him first and centralizing upon His way of life as love that we abide in Him and grow up in Him and become both extensions and contagions of Him and of His Kingdom.

We grow as He is permitted and welcomed to love through us, and we choose to love and overcome through Him. He achieves through us and we achieve through Him. We are partners. The Son becomes so much like the Father that the Father is seen in the Son and the Father is received whenever the Son is received.

The Business Born of Adversity

LEE HANSON

Bill Carey had spent long months in a Japanese prison camp. When he was finally released to come back to the States, he was broken and sickly in mind and in body.

His young wife, Anne, was a devoted Christian. She spent long hours in prayer, asking God's help and guidance. They had no reserve capital, and Bill was unable to take a job. Anne was not trained for any specific line of work, so she decided to turn their big old house, which had been left to her by her father, into a tourist home.

She managed to borrow the money for linens and furnishings, and then, just one week before the scheduled opening of the new tourist home, fire razed the building. It was not insured.

Standing among the ruins, her heart like a lump of lead, Anne lifted her head and looked aloft toward Heaven. "Oh God," she said sadly, "have my faith and trust in you been in vain? Have you completely forsaken me?"

Just then a delivery truck pulled up beside her and the driver said, "I have a parcel for you, Ma'am. Should have been delivered yesterday, but I didn't get around to

it. Do you want me to take it back?"

Anne shook her head and held out her hand for the parcel. It contained ten dozen white bath towels.

As she stood there with them in her hand she looked across the drive, to where a neighbor's baby sat sunning himself in his buggy. At that moment he reached out his hand and threw one of his toys on the ground. It was a white terry-toweling bunny with pink ears.

Anne walked across the drive and returned the bunny to the baby, then she went down to the corner telephone booth and made a call. That telephone call started Anne and Bill Carey on the road to success. Quickly Anne dyed half the towels in shades of pink, yellow, and lavender. Then she made up her first samples—cuddly bunnies with colored bodies and white tummies and ear linings. The local department store ordered all she could make.

In a year's time Bill and Anne Carey had a thriving business and prosperity and happiness have attended the "Business born of adversity."

Knowing that Jesus loves us,
we can be at ease with Him.
We can even share the
responsibilities of our shortcomings
with Him.

A GOOD COMPANION

GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

If you want to have a banquet, find a delightful person to share your food, then look for something to eat. The fellowship makes the feast. Hamburgers eaten in the kitchen with joyous friends are better than a five course dinner in a tense atmosphere.

Another pleasure is a walk with a genial friend. A shady lane under the summer sun or colorful woods in autumn induces relaxation and stimulates good conversation.

We choose companionable persons to share our food and our leisure hours. These friends are important, for we become like those with whom we associate.

Take a walk with Jesus every day if you want to become like him. He is a living personality, in the world today, as he said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and can be found by those who open their hearts and seek him.

Jesus meets all requirements for a companionable associate. We

From the booklet *Take A Walk With Jesus*, by Genevieve Parkhurst, published by Macalester Park Publishing Co. 35 cents.

do not wish to be with a person who is pessimistic and grumbles about everything brought up in conversation, or whose scrutinizing gaze points out our shortcomings. Neither do we wish to be in company with one who flaunts his superiority. We want to be at ease when we walk with a friend.

When we walk with Jesus we can be ourselves, perfectly natural, with no pretenses. Nothing is more tiring than keeping up a mask of appearance. Christ Jesus was with God when the world was created, so he knows everything upon it, including us and even the thoughts of our hearts. He knows us so perfectly that we can relax in his presence.

The Gospels say that Christ Jesus knew what was in man. He should. He was with the Father when man was a dream in the mind of God.

Jesus loves us as a creator loves that which his mind and effort has brought into being. Does not a workman feel pride in his accomplishment? Does not an artist look with pride on his masterpiece? We are God's creation. "We are his workmanship," Paul told the Ephesians.

Knowing that Jesus loves us, we can be at ease with him. We can even share the responsibilities of our shortcomings with him. St. Francis of Assisi once cried,

"Lord, you made me with these limitations. I never can do better unless you help me." So we too can share our failures with him who gave us our potential abilities. If we are one-talent persons, he does not expect ten-talent results from us. But as we take him into our confidence we find that our abilities are strangely increased.

As we share the responsibility of our activities with him who made us, our tensions are released. As we relax at our work we work better for we work with more ease.

After giving each member of a college class in Sunday School a copy of Dr. Frank Laubach's booklet, *The Game with Minutes*, and sharing its delightful message with them, I asked them to take the booklet with them to college and put its plan to work in their lives during the week.

In this booklet Dr. Laubach tells how one can be in the presence of Jesus every minute of the day. He goes further to make a game of this fellowship, to see how many minutes we remember Jesus, and how much of the time we forget. He says we can walk down the street with Jesus at our side. When we meet a friend and chat, we know that Jesus is there with us. When we read a book, we allow him to look over our shoulder, and when we eat a meal we allow him to sit at the table

and listen to the conversation. In this way we invite Jesus to share in all we do.

These young people took the books, thrilled by the message. When they came into class the next Sunday, they could not wait until the discussion period, to tell what had happened to them.

One girl who was taking a commercial course said she was nervous when she typed. As a result she made many errors and was so tired when the period was over that she had severe pain between her shoulder blades. When she began to type after reading the booklet, she thought, "Here is a chance to give this idea of *The Game with Minutes* a try." She closed her eyes and asked Jesus to be beside her as she practiced. She felt relaxed as soon as she had prayed, and as she typed she made fewer errors and better time than she had before. All the week this continued. She was delighted with her progress. But best of all she was not tired when the practice was over, and there was no pain in her shoulders.

One young fellow, a stalwart young man who lived on a wheat farm, said he had never liked English and always dreaded to have to write a theme. When a theme was assigned for this week, he thought, "This is a perfect place to try out this idea of Jesus being with me. Here goes. Jesus,

if you can make me write a good theme, then please do so."

As he sat letting his mind wander, he thought of how he had mended broken parts of machinery during harvest by acetylene welding. He began to write, and he knew his subject well. It was easy to put it on paper. The words flowed into paragraphs and pages. It was finished! He smiled as if he had been doing something he very much enjoyed. And to his amazement, when that theme was returned to him, there was an "A" marked on it!

So we walk with Jesus.

We believe he lived long ago, and we know in our hearts that he lives today.

He was a great teacher. He gave us the greatest code of ethics ever known when he delivered the Sermon on the Mount. But his influence in the world is greater than a code of ethics. It is the power of a living personality.

If we accept the teachings and reject the teacher, we have the shell without the kernel.

As we walk with Jesus, we become greater than our little selves. His love enlarges us. Without him we fall short of our possibilities.

Have you ever dreamed of being a great person?

This is your opportunity, for those who give themselves to Christ have the touch of Infinity upon their lives.

SERENE AND WHOLE.

Balancing Dreams and Deeds

AYLESA FORSEE

Nature provides many examples of balance—day, night; sunshine, shadow; inhalation, exhalation. An extension of this principle so frequently observable in the world around us can be a guide in human affairs. If a life is to be serene and whole there must be balance between outgo and intake; between physical activity and mental; between the dream and the deed.

Overuse of one faculty, trait, or talent, even of a desirable one, means that others are left undeveloped and the result is lopsidedness. A prominent clubwoman commanded attention and won high offices because of her efficiency. But her highly prized competency led to a false sense of responsibility. Unless things were done according to the way she outlined them she became impa-

tient and critical. She forgot that assurance can eventuate in domination and that unless efficiency is seasoned with humility and gentleness it can become arrogance.

Idealism is admirable, but sometimes lofty thoughts are not coupled with the common sense necessary to achievement of a goal. Admittedly practicality can be barren or even destructive with no star to guide it, but rampant idealism accomplishes little. The person who realizes that practicality and idealism must complement one another is truly balanced.

Similarly, those who dream can have the assurance that no building was ever constructed, no song ever composed, no picture ever painted without a dream as its basis. But the deed must balance the dream.

Although they are commendable traits, prudence and foresight can be overdone. Practically going hungry to pay heavy insurance premiums, spending much of today's energy worrying about a possible rainy day can mean missing today's pleasures. Worry is a habit which can become a way of life and which may persist long after one has prudently provided a nest egg to cover possible emergencies.

Unbalance may appear as impulsiveness, hurry, drive, excitement. Enthusiasm and energy are

plus qualities, but if overemphasized can lead to explosive situations in the home, clubroom, or office. To avert confusion, hasty judgment, wrong decisions, poise and serenity are fundamental.

The balanced person is neither conservative nor radical. He does not oppose every indication of progress, but neither does he choose his clothes, books, music, ideas solely on the basis of novelty. "New things must have old things in which to grow," said an American Indian. But when the old operates without the counter-balancing effect of the new the individual ceases to grow.

Fruitful living demands balance in activities as well as in personal traits. The truly successful man does not become so interested in wealth or prestige that he forgets his responsibilities as a husband or father. Nor does he become so engrossed in his family that he neglects his duties as a businessman and member of the community. Speeding up one function to the extent that other essential activities suffer leaves one's living unbalanced. The individual who persists too long in confining his life to one narrow channel invites mental illness.

Singleness of purpose is commendable. Few succeed without it. But some time should be given to other things not weighted with a load of responsibility. Excessive,

vacuous, ill-directed leisure can be positively harmful, but intelligent recreation can free tension, give opportunity to enjoy family and friends, and impart a new zest for living. The best kind of play is that which brings a change of pace. Those whose work is primarily intellectual sometimes need to remind themselves that a robust physique can be useful and enjoyable. Everything from fishing to how-to-do-it projects will help them attain balance. At Christian ashrams or retreats in India this necessity for balance is recognized by the inclusion of manual pursuits in the daily schedule. Doctors, clergymen, teachers engage in tasks as menial as picking up litter with a sharp stick.

Those who earn a living working with their hands will benefit from activities which will give them exposure to important ideas—lectures, reading, classes in philosophy, science, literature, or music appreciation.

The most important balance to be kept is that between the spiritual and material. There is the constant temptation to spend too much energy on trivial pursuits or Martha-like activities. But to allow material values to govern concepts of worth smothers that which is divine.

How can a true sense of balance be found? Job wrote "Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds,

the wondrous works of him which is perfect in knowledge?" The source of balance, whether in nature or man is in God. Those who exchange self-will for God's will find a poise and balance which bring a sense of completeness and joyous living.

Fortitude

Patricia H. Truelsen

As a surgical nurse, I've seen many and varied reactions in patients facing operations, but two women who shared a hospital room recently were truly a study in contrasts. They were scheduled for surgery on consecutive days. The first was frightened to the point of hysterics; she clutched at every staff member who passed, and begged to be anesthetized before leaving her bed. "I just can't stand that ride down the hall," she wailed, "and I'll die of fright if I see the operating table. Please, please — don't let me be conscious when I leave this room."

The second woman bore all this ranting with silent fortitude, although she had far greater cause for fear than the first. Her long history of illness and currently poor health made her situation precarious in the extreme. In addition she was virtually hog-tied to the bed by the paraphernalia of uncomfortable pre-operative procedures: a stomach drainage tube proceeded from a nostril; she was being fed intravenously from another tube, receiving plasma from a third. She was never without pain, yet always without complaint. When we wheeled her stretcher to the operating room, she actually giggled at the sight of her bevy of attendants, each bearing one of the bottles from which all those tubes depended. She took the anesthetic with quiet faith.

I asked her afterward what made this difference between her and her panic-stricken roommate. "And what were you thinking of just before the operation? It seemed almost as if you were holding someone's hand."

Pale and drawn and weary, she smiled at me. "I was," she said slowly. "I was thinking of the last verse of the fourth Psalm."

I looked it up that night. It read, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only, makest me dwell in safety."

LOVE, UNSELFISH
AND HOLY,
WHEN ADDED
TO ANYTHING,
TRANSFORMS IT.

This is one of the many interesting chapters from *Reckoning at Dusk* published by The Macalester Park Publishing Company of St. Paul, Minn. \$1.25.

My Two Worlds

MARY WELCH

My days are very simple. My home is on a small farm where my sphere of activity is very small. The little village down the way is much smaller than Bethany was. My life is like the Bishop's garden: The Bishop was showing a friend over his small flower garden. "But, Bishop," observed the friend, "your garden is very short and very narrow." "Yes, it is," agreed the host, "but you must see that it is also very high." Once I thought that I must travel far from my log cabin if I should ever meet the great souls who might satisfy my yearnings beyond the dish-pan. But on the wings of my very weak prayers the glorious guests are arriving as in answer to the summons of my deepest soul. But I first had to

"entertain my angels unawares" by loving as angels those closest to me—the tiresome, earth-encrusted souls from whom I was seeking to escape.

Because it is difficult to love God in the abstract, He made Himself available to us in the concrete by being a little bit in every human being. Thus Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Once when I was thanking Him for sending a new and dear friend into my life, it was as though He answered me thus:

"Just how has your love for this friend made you a better neighbor to that woman who does not love you or inspire your love? Go pour out upon her the same love which you feel for your friend and then come back bringing me your thanks."

A lovely neighbor once taught me a part of this lesson. From dawn to dusk her house was filled with all the children of the neighborhood. I used to marvel at her composure in the midst of din and litter of paper dolls and tin soldiers. At whatever time of day I might enter her door, she would greet me with, "The Lord sent you!" She always had ready something "the Lord just told me." I wondered how in her household the Lord ever managed to get a word in edgewise. Though

she was of a nature that would have loved true quietness, she had learned to find her quiet center in the middle of confusion as in the very center of the most terrific tempest there is a point of stillness. Of the children she would say, "The Lord sends them," and I am sure He did. She said they were His messengers serving as opportunities for outlet of His love, patience, and serenity which she was achieving out of a natural disposition toward self-pride, impatience and irritability. I think that in years to come mothers and fathers in other homes will remember a quiet place in their childhood where they touched something that was to them as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" because this neighbor learned love by loving their noise and their inconsiderate appropriation of her house for their daily habitation.

Love, unselfish and holy, when added to anything, transforms it. I had to learn that the hard way. I have always been "long" on faith but "short" on love. Oh, I was a dynamo of love, but it was self-focused love. I maintained against all odds that "with God all things are possible," but I failed to complete my declaration with the proper definition of God: "God is love. With love all things are possible." The love that we use to "prime the pump" for

an outflow of love back to us is non-creative and non-redemptive. This is the cause of many miserable family relationships. Too many family members love each other chiefly for what they mutually give and receive, being constrained more by ties of blood and proximity than by real love.

God started teaching me this a few years ago when He sent into my life a friend whose character inspired the first wholly unselfish love of my lifetime. She was a person so much bigger than I was that I could not be so presumptuous as to hope or to expect that she might reciprocate my esteem. Because she was serving the women of our country in making farm life and living, a richer process, she was in a position to challenge the utmost from me. For the first time in my life I had found someone to whom I might dedicate my everyday routine without desire for recognition or self-glory. Hitherto I had loved and served only where I might possess or be rewarded. It had been neither love nor service.

By adding this new kind of love to my housework, my everyday tasks grew sacred. My achievement in home improvement became widely recognized as a demonstration of what any farm woman can do with a task plus a vision. When I worked not for recognition nor even for the com-

forts wrought but for the sake of someone else, the uncourted recognition followed. Unwittingly in this process, I was drawing nigh to God by using Him in this channel of love. I touched the hem of His garment unknowingly each time I performed a common task in an uncommon manner for love's sake. Finally, becoming aware of the power I had brushed, I sought its true Source and lost myself in His mantle. I am now amazed at my own stupidity in not having recognized sooner the key to the Kingdom of Heaven which lay in my hand. I had to discover haloes around my dish pan before I could see God through kitchen windows. Through the halo with which love crowned my routine work, I did find Him at my window and invited Him into the house as a royal guest for whose presence I must needs keep my pots and pans ashine. So precious was that presence that I learned to keep my house for His sake, hoping that He might visit me more often. At last, one glorious day, He stood beside me, touched my hand and smiled:

"The housekeeper is no more hostess but servant, and of the house where she has been mistress, the guest has become Master."

Now I keep His house. He keeps *me*.

"Thanking you, dear Lord, in advance."

Releasing the Situation Into God's Hands

by Anne S. White

IN FEBRUARY, 1948 OUR son was healed instantaneously of chronic asthma just after the specialists in three cities had told me that they could do no more for him! That night before going to bed I had steeped myself in *Sharing Magazine* to the point where Christ's power to heal today had become a reality to me. I knelt—asked God's forgiveness for my own resentment which it suddenly became clear to me had been projected upon my son. I thanked God that Jesus had shown us this was not His will, and asked with faith born of desperation that He would heal my son. The child took one deep, peaceful breath and has never had asthma again. That was eight years ago

and we have since lived in Yokohama, Japan—the worst possible climate for asthmatics. Since this healing, I have tried to live in thanksgiving for what our Saviour had done for us, sharing my faith with others, seeking to make His Presence the greatest reality in my life.

Last April God answered our prayers for a new rector and sent a dedicated young priest to our parish—just two weeks before the Tumor Board (twenty-five doctors) of one of our best naval hospitals diagnosed our thirteen-year-old son as a victim of a malignant tumor of the thyroid. The X-rays, the previous history of radiation treatment for enlarged thymus gland, the Geiger-counter

tests following administration of an "atomic cocktail"—all pointed definitely to malignancy. That very morning, while on the way to the World Literacy Prayer Group (of which I have been acting leader in recent weeks) the Presence of Jesus became almost overpowering—preparing me for what was to come in a most glorious way. I have never felt such ecstasy of peace and joy—even while the doctors were impressing me with the seriousness of the situation, telling me the worst. They were amazed when I replied that I had faith in God and nothing could shake that faith! They did not know that after the regular meeting of that Prayer Group that morning, several of us had joined quietly in special prayers, releasing the whole situation into God's hands!

Though I had known what the doctors would tell us, to my husband it came as a great shock. He loves this only son very deeply, and was in despair. The next morning I lost my sense of peace and knew that God was telling me there was something I must do. Just a few days before, our new rector had mentioned that he had healing services in his previous parish, so I called and asked him to have a private healing service following the early service of Holy Communion at which my son would serve as acolyte. As my

husband, my son, and I knelt at the altar for the boy to receive the laying-on-of-hands, I felt sure that Jesus was healing him. From that time on the sense of peace began to return. Over and over through my mind flowed the words of Dr. Alexis Carrell, "Prayer, like radium, is a source of luminous, self-generating energy."

When I looked at my son's cherished sail-boat, idle in the back yard, I visualized him joyously sailing it with his Daddy—so that human fear could not block God's plan for healing, using my imagination constructively to back up my faith. We told only those people who could pray with faith (for cancer) that "everything that concerned our son would be done for him, *according to God's perfect plan.*" We asked them to pray with a sense of thanksgiving that God could overcome evil with good. We wrote those clergy and lay friends with whom I had worked last year in Houston in the blessed ministry of intercession. As Bishop Quin's wife wrote me, the words that continually came to her mind as she prayed for our Richard were "Thanking you, dear Lord, in advance." These prayers and those of the prayer groups here undergirded Wednesday's operation so wonderfully that God literally turned it into a joyous experience for our son

From the book, *The Transforming Power of God*, by the permission of the publishers, The Macalester Park Publishing Co., St. Paul, Minn.

—image a thirteen year old boy enjoying an operation! He suffered no fear, no real pain, and was showered with attention by hospital staff, patients, and friends. The next day he was literally helping with chores, and on Sunday morning he went with us to give thanks at Holy Communion—much to the amazement of all.

Again we thanked God when the hospital's pathologist returned the verdict, "Negative." Subsequently, the specimens were sent to the nation's four leading centers for cancer pathology because this was a very unusual case and was of special interest to the head surgeon who had been so positive of malignancy that he had removed the left side of the thyroid and half of the right side along with an egg-sized tumor. All four pathologists sent back negative reports! Still the doctors could not believe that God had really healed the malignancy they were so sure had existed. A few weeks later they removed a small node in the left side of his neck for examination—again the report was negative! Praise the Lord!

Our son has never been healthier nor happier. He and his Daddy are sailing joyously together. And when the newspaper published a picture of two of the members of the junior sailing class at the

Yacht Club—our Richard was in it!

Four prayers were answered in God's abundant blessing: (1) for our son's healing; (2) for my husband's faith in prayer to be strengthened; (3) for our Church to have healing service—since then we have had Holy Communion followed by the Laying-on-of-Hands service each Tuesday morning, the only healing service in Norfolk and an answer to my first prayer for this city upon arrival a year ago; (4) for our doctors to become aware of Christ's power to heal today through their ministrations but also through the sacraments of the Church and the prayers of the faithful believers. Since this healing took place, I have talked to the head surgeon of the hospital and to several others about prayer. They had doubted when they read of our son's history of his instantaneous healing of asthma at the age of five, and they were puzzled when they saw my faith in God as they told me sadly the medical diagnosis. Now their eyes have been opened by the reality of the healing Christ—and we continue to keep them in our prayers as we thank God for this greatest gift of His Son and for this wondrous miracle of His healing power today!



Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

"And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain to pray; and when the evening was come he was there alone." Matt. 14:23

If our Lord and Master felt the need of drawing apart into a mountain to pray, how much more should we, His disciples, feel that same need. Jesus withdrew from the thoughts, opinions, and views of the world so He could hear more clearly the Voice of His Father. Not only did He hear the Voice of God but He felt the Presence surrounding and infilling Him. When He came down from the mountain top experience He walked on the water and the disciples saw Him.

Peter was more bold than the others and started walking toward Jesus. But when he saw the waves, the boisterous winds, he was afraid and began to sink and he cried, "Lord, save me," and Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him and said "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Matt. 14:31. For a few short moments Peter lived his faith. He actually walked on the water. He cried out only when he realized that he was doing something unusual.

We do not have to implore God to give us faith for it is already there in our lives. We use it every day in every act of our lives, when we eat, drink, ride the trains, airplanes, buses, cars, etc. All we have to do is to exercise

it. And it is better to act and fail, as Peter did, than not to use our faith at all. Peter did not fail wholly, nor will we, for HE is always there to reach out and save us, if only we believe.

Many people write to the Prayer Tower and ask us to decide certain questions for them. This we cannot do. We are never going to take from anyone the glorious privilege to exercise their faith by making their own decisions. This wonderful free will has been given us by our Lord and it is up to each one of us to use it according to His plan for our lives. However, in the light of God's Word we will try to clarify these questions as we lift them to God in our prayers. As you join with us each day God will help you to know the right answers. "For your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him." Matt. 6:8

He knows the entire pattern of our lives and wants wholeness and happiness for us. We decide that certain things must be for us and then wonder why God doesn't answer our prayers. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." Isa. 55:8. Let us put aside our finite ways and give our lives completely to Him and let Him do the directing. Let us reach out, in faith believing, and claim our divine inheritance through Jesus Christ.

Frederic W. Keeler tells us that prayer

actually changes the deep cells of the body. Prayer, communion with God, draws us into this glorious awareness of our oneness with Him. Dr. Alexis Carrel once said, "Prayer, like radium, is a source of luminous energy, and when we pray, we link ourselves with this inexhaustible motive power which spins the universe."

As members of one family, in Christ, let us link ourselves daily with this glorious, life-giving energy, the power of the Holy Spirit, in prayer, which our Lord has so lovingly bequeathed to us.

Glenn Clark spoke so often of "relinquishment"—completely relinquishing our desires to the Father. Only then can He work.

Turn your eyes upon Jesus
Look full in His wonderful face
And the things of earth
Will grow strangely dim
In the light of His glory and grace."

If we do this, our thoughts will be on Him and not on the problem, disease, anxiety, and they really will "grow strangely dim" because He has taken preeminence.

Let the joy of the Lord be your strength as you set forth to spread His joy to all you meet. Let Him do the little daily tasks through you. Put your faith into action. Sing as you go about your duties. If you think you can't sing, then surely you can "Make a JOYFUL noise unto the Lord." The vibrations of music will change any situation no matter how sad and depressed you may be. "Sing unto the Lord a new song" and you really will be doing this for your entire being will soon vibrate with His love which is infilling and permeating every cell of your body.

His wonderful love will flow out from you and from each one in this great beam of prayer and we shall be a veritable lighthouse of power for our God.

*** A free booklet which explains the founding, the operation, and the work of the United Prayer Tower is yours for the asking. A postal card will bring it to you. Ask also for a sample copy of the daily devotional booklet "The Manual of Prayer." Many have found this a splendid aid in their prayer 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.

GREAT SERMONS OF THE WORLD, Clarence E. Macartney, Editor. 454 pages. Baker, \$4.95. This tour through some of the great sermons of the world is memorable. For one thing it will demonstrate that piety and intellectual understanding was as much in the lives of those of the past as it is today. Somehow the reading of these sermons makes such names as Clement, St. Augustine, The Venerable Bede, Luther, Calvin, John Wesley, and others come to life. They are no longer historical figures, unreal actors out of the past, but rather living, thinking and active men of God. The sermons and the ideas would do justice to the best of our own day. I think anyone would find them helpful, and even exciting.

ALL THE MEN OF THE BIBLE, Herbert Lockyer. 381 pages. Zondervan, \$4.95. Lists over 3000 names of men in the Bible, tells who they were and what they did, and also pin-points a host of unnamed Bible men. There is also a thorough section on Jesus Christ. There is a section on the Romantic history of Bible names that is fascinating. I think the book is a "must" reference book for any student of the Bible, for teachers, ministers and church libraries, and for anyone with Bible interest. An enormous amount of work and study must have gone into the preparation of the book, and it will certainly be a recognized reference book for a long time.

THE TWELVE CHRIST CHOSE, Asbury Smith. 178 pages. \$3.00. This is as well written a book about the disciples as I have ever read. It takes them out of stained glass windows and makes them flesh and blood. The personality sketches are based on three sources: (a) the Scriptures, (b) tradition, and (c) a study of the secular history of the times of the disciples. The book is interesting, has an air of authority, has psychological insight and religious reverence. It strikes a nice balance between scholarship and devotion.

TWELVE WHO WERE CHOSEN, William P. Barker. 127 pages. Revell,

books of interest

comments, summaries
reviews & opinions
on religious books

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

\$2.00. This story of the disciples of Jesus makes easy reading and is more sermonic than the preceding book. It is a book that uses some of the facts concerning the disciples for modern day interpretations of conduct. I would say that the book reads very interestingly, is devotional in nature and would likely be of more interest to younger readers. It has less depth, but it is good.

THE KNOW YOUR FAITH SERIES. Abingdon, each volume \$1.25. Six of the series are now published and two more are scheduled for May of this year. All of them can be recommended without reservation. The authors are well-known men in the Christian world, and the books are not written for scholars but for the average person who sits in the pew on Sunday. Each volume runs between 80 and 100 pages and this means that the subject is condensed enough so that one does not get lost in the woods of scholarship and theological hair-splitting. Another good thing about the size of the volumes is that the meat of the subject stands out in bold relief. The authors have done a superb job in making each subject interesting and even arresting. This is a little library that ought to be in every Christian home.

The titles of the volumes are: *I Believe* by Gerald Kennedy; *I Believe In God* by Costen Harrell; *I Believe in Immortality* by John Sutherland Bonnell; *I Believe in Jesus Christ* by Walter Russell Bowie; *I Believe in the Bible* by Joseph R. Sizoo; and *I Believe in the Holy Spirit* by Ernest F. Scott. The two volumes to come in May are: *I Believe in The Church* by Elmer G. Homrighausen, and *I Believe in Man* by Frederick K. Stamm. Every family ought to own a set.

GIFT OF LIFE, Wesley P. Ford. 96 pages. Bethany, \$1.75. 29 Bible centered devotions with a Scripture reading, a text and a recommended hymn. The devotional messages are excellent bringing into play stories from modern literature as well as illustrations out of the past. He expertly takes secular stories and finds meaning in them that add special meaning to his themes. They are good for private devotions and also for group leadership. The central theme of the book is that God has given us this gift of life, what we can do with this gift, and how to make the most of it.

WHEN YOU LOSE A LOVED ONE, Charles L. Allen. 61 pages. Revell, \$1.50. Charles L. Allen has a magic when it comes to putting spiritual truth into everyday language, and he has done a fine service to everyone with this book. There is a warmth and a glow on every page. There are two parts to the book: "You Need Not Fear Death," and "Christ in the Presence of Death." This is the Easter message written for you. People ought to read it before there is what has come to be known as a "crisis." Death is not crisis, nor is it tragedy, but fulfillment.

ADVENTURERS FOR GOD, Clarence W. Hall. 265 pages. Harper, \$3.75. Here are 13 inspiring stories of modern missionary heroism in remote corners of the world, and for pure reading thrill they have "westerns" beat by a mile. I am thrilled with the book and wish everyone could read it. Some of the true stories are "The Valley That Time Forgot," "He Gave Sight to 100,000," "The

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