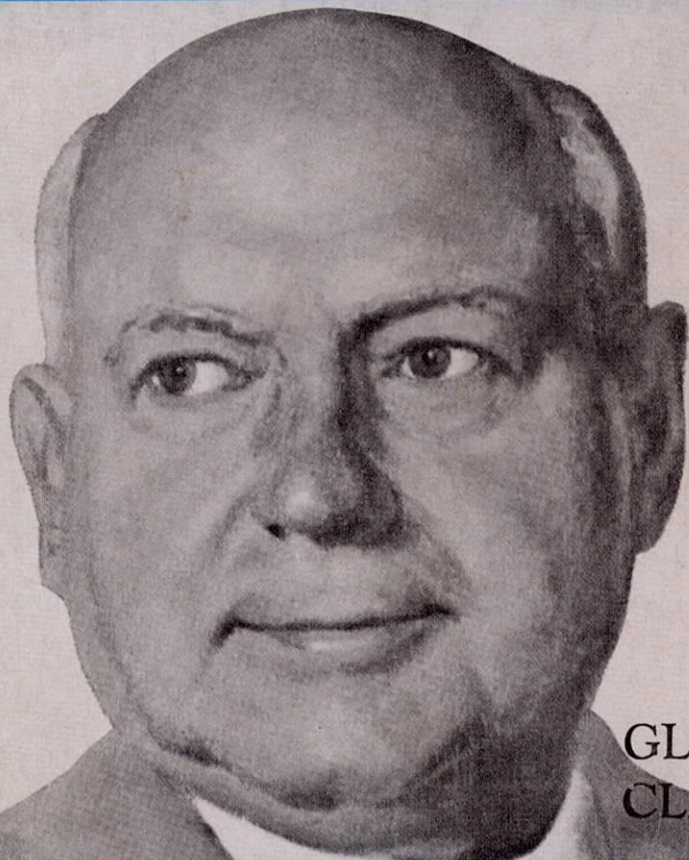


SUMMER 1959

Clear Horizons

Personal Experiences In Christian Living

50¢



GLENN
CLARK

IN THIS ISSUE

- *Joel McCrae*

Lives His Faith

Clear Horizons Magazine

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THE COVER

Glenn Clark's name is known across this country. Get into a conversation about prayer and soon someone mentions his name. Born in Iowa, and a professor in small colleges most of his life, his personality and infectious faith gave untold numbers a new awareness of the closeness of God. The picture on the cover of this issue was made from his own favorite painting of himself. So many people say (and we would agree) that it is more lifelike than any photograph he ever had made. The artist who painted the picture is named Dowell, and the date was 1949. So many people have remarked about the painting over the years that Macalester Park Publishing Company has had a limited number of reproductions, in four-color living color, made of it in the size of 8 x 10 inches. They are on sale for \$1.00 each.

20th YEAR
SUMMER, 1959

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FAITH PRESSED THROUGH TO JESUS

by VANCE HAVNER

The Lord Jesus was on His way to the house of Jairus. A multitude of people thronged Him on every side. In the midst of the crowd was a poor woman who suffered from a three-fold adversity. She had an incurable disease; she had spent all she had on physicians, and was worse instead of better; and she was ceremonially unclean.

In such a miserable condition she had become desperate. Something HAD to be done. She heard that Jesus was passing by. She resolved: "I must get through to him. I cannot go on like this. I have tried the doctors, I have spent my money, I am dying by

degrees. I must elbow my way into His presence. It is my last chance, it is do or die!"

So, human extremity became God's opportunity. The best thing that can happen to any of us is to be reduced to HOLY DESPERATION. It is only then that we press through to Jesus. So long as we have health and friends and money and a position, we do not feel any particular need of the Lord. Most of us, like Jacob, must be "left alone" at some Jab-bok, with all earthly props knocked out, before we reach real power with God and men. At the breaking point of desperation we

By permission Fleming H. Revell Co., *The Secret of Christian Joy*, by Vance Havner. \$1.50

usually do one of two *things*: we commit suicide, or we get right with God.

Many a soul has sat in the zero hour of desperation with despair back of him, despair around him and only one possible hope left—a bold venture of faith straight ahead, apparently into the jaws of death. But out of that blackest hour he has risen, asking, "Why sit I here until I die?" and has marched straight ahead to find that God has gone before, defeated the enemy, and left the spoils of victory to him who fares forth by faith to find them.

It may be a blessing sometimes to reach the bitter extremity where one would as soon be dead as to go on like that.

In some such spirit this poor, wretched woman resolved to press through to Jesus. Desperation is not enough: she had FAITH. She believed that if she could get through to Jesus she would be healed. It may have been a very imperfect faith, but it is not the quality or the quantity of faith that matters most; it is the object of faith. If we believe enough to press through all obstacles and touch the hem of His garment we shall be blessed as though we had all the faith in the world. As a matter of fact, the woman had more faith than she thought. She came "*fearing and trembling*," but

our Lord said, "*Thy faith hath made thee whole.*" She got through to Jesus, and that is what matters! It is not great faith, but faith in a great Christ.

But, mind you, it was faith that **PRESSED THROUGH TO JESUS**. There is where we fail today. We let the crowd get between us and Him. We press through to some book or favorite teacher or doctrine, but we do not press through to Him. According to the Gospels, those who got the greatest blessings were those who went to greatest pains to get through to Jesus; for instance, the paralytic who was let down through the roof. There was another crowd, but this man had friends who were determined somehow to press into the presence of the Lord. There would be more miracles today if more of us dared tear up the roofs of the customary and conventional to reach Jesus.

Mind you, this woman was shy and timid. She was not in the habit of elbowing her way through the crowds. But when we are desperate enough, we will do anything to get through to relief. Our Lord said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." We have never put enough emphasis upon that word, "thirst." Casually wanting a drink of water is not thirsting. When we really

thirst, water **MUST** be had, and we will drive through any obstacle to get it if it is to be had. Christians do not drink of the Living Water of the Spirit because there is no burning, feverish, consuming thirst after God. We read about the fulness of the Spirit, hear about it, pay preachers to tell about it, but the average Christian is only mildly interested—the whole subject is simply one of those polite topics for pleasant after-dinner conversation. There is no driving, desperate sense of need such as drove this poor sick woman to press through to Jesus.

She not only pressed through; she **TOUCHED** Him. He asked, "*Who touched me?*" The disciples thought it a strange thing to ask. "In such a crowd with everybody pressing you, how can you ask, 'Who touched me?'" Ah, but there was only one who really **TOUCHED** Him that day. Many people jostled Him, crowded Him,

thronged Him, but only one touched Him.

Whatever the need is, press through to Jesus! Some have been saved, but need another touch, not for salvation but for power. Some, like the blind man whom Jesus healed, have had one touch and see "men as trees walking"; they live in a fog. They need another touch from the Lord. Whatever the need, pass through and you will find that "*as many as touched him were made whole*" (Mark 6:56).

Mind you, this woman did not ask the Lord to touch her; **SHE TOUCHED HIM**. Some have been waiting for years for God to touch them in some mysterious experience or feeling. But Jesus of Nazareth is passing by, and you have only to press through and humbly touch Him. "Lord, I touch Thee; I take Thee, I trust, Thee; I thank Thee,"—make that your experience! Press through to Jesus!



GOD'S BEAUTY

Clara Johnston Pierce

He draws near to God
Who stops to note
The beauty deep within
A lily's throat.

*"We must commit ourselves in a leap of faith."
"I stumbled on this secret quite by accident."*

"Commit Thy Way Unto the Lord"

DURING RECENT WARS a Biblical term came to be widely used. It was the word "commit." A lieutenant committed himself and his men to battle. The term signified an act of decisive importance. It involved no halfway measure, no turning back. It was a bid to influence destiny. All that had gone before was wrapped up in it; life itself was laid in the balance. This is the quality of the Psalmist's counsel: "Commit thy way unto the Lord." Our whole knowing, hoping, believing, willing, concerned, and feeling self, with all its aspiration and all its despair, is placed in trust. It is an absolute transfer to one who "is able to bear that which we commit unto him," in the words of Paul. Commitment is to God—not to the church, not to the Bible, but to him in whom alone life can find meaning, purpose. Arthur Miller, the author of *Death of a Salesman* and other plays, says the symbolic meaning of a character is determined for him by the

kind of commitment he makes to life or refuses to make. In all Miller's writing he seeks for the "moment of commitment" when a man separates himself from other men, when he chooses his own star out of "a sky full of stars." In a world as full of ideas, challenges, and options as the sky is full of stars, life is too short for us to probe all possibilities, travel everywhere, consider everything. So we must choose; we must commit ourselves in a leap of faith. We stumble down life's enigmatic and dangerous path in uncertainty and loneliness, since we have not come this way before and shall not come this way again. We cannot explore all the byways to make sure of our bearings. But we can commit our way unto the Lord, who committed himself on our behalf in Christ Jesus, who went before us, bearing a cross.

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way." Ps. 37:23

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McCrea himself has never made the gossip columns. He and his wife Frances have been married twenty years, a happy time without benefit of headlines.

Joel McCrea

Lives

His Faith

Duane Valentry

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way." Ps. 37:23

It was a dinner to raise money and the long basement room was filled with men and boys, all volunteer Y. M. C. A. workers. They had prepared the dinner themselves and everything had gone fine. Now they pushed back chairs in an attitude of expectancy, to hear their guest of honor, the tall, tanned man who had risen to speak to them. It wasn't every day they could hear a movie star make a speech—wasn't every day you'd find a movie star eating at a friendly church supper, for that matter!

"From the time I first stepped inside the Y as a kid," said Joel McCrea, "I was impressed by the atmosphere of the place and the type of fellows in the organization. After my college days I belonged to the Hollywood Y. M. C. A.

and played handball and volley ball. It's a great place for anybody, not only for boys who might otherwise get into trouble, but also for those of us with other interests."

Listeners applauded. This was just what they thought about the Y themselves. They listened thoughtfully, then, when McCrea went on to quote from Scripture, as though he knew the words and had absorbed their meaning well.

"All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made . . ."

At the end of his brief but inspiring speech, Joel McCrea started the campaign rolling with a good-sized check of his own. Members called the ensuing drive one of the most successful they had ever had.

If a project is worthy and there is not going to be any fanfare connected with it, this actor will

usually be found taking time out to lend his aid as he did at the church affair, an event that was big in nobody's book but the interested church and Y members.

With two boys of his own soon turning adult, McCrea meant his words about the Y. A church-goer and Bible reader, he has raised his own youngsters in an atmosphere where Christian principles are the foundation stone. And he has tried to set an example in his long and successful career that they could be proud of . . . not always simple legerdemain in the quixotic business of making movies.

There was the time the stalwart star caused much eye-raising in Hollywood by turning down a role offered him opposite Lana Turner. Along with it went a salary of something like \$100,000.

Joel said no. To him neither the role nor the money offered any real temptation, since the part was one he considered unsavory, that of a married man in love with a young girl. This wasn't the kind of thing the people who go to see McCrea pictures expect, and he wasn't going to disappoint them. Neither was it the kind of role he wanted his sons to see him fill.

More to his liking was the role of Parson Brown in "Stars In My Crown," the story of a two-fisted pastor of Civil War days who

brought law and order to a lawless town at the war's end. McCrea used his six-shooters when necessary and led his congregation rousing in the singing of hymns. Joel liked the picture, so did his fans in every age group, and it received commendations from church and P. T. A. groups.

To this man who works so well from a saddle, the feel of open spaces and clean living comes naturally. His grandfather, Major Albert Whipple, traveled west in a covered wagon with the Fortyniners. Major John McCrea, another grandfather, fought off Apaches and drove stagecoaches with General Phineas Banning. But it was homespun humorist Will Rogers who decided Joel's way of life for him.

As a teenager growing up in a Hollywood environs, he often had parts in movies and planned to make acting his career. He learned to ride for his roles at a riding academy and now had a contract. Proudly he showed it to Rogers.

"Listen, son," Rogers told Joel, "you can make money and spend it on houses and fancy dodads or you can put every cent you make into something real, like land."

The boy took the advice. Today he spends most of his off-screen time working his immense ranch in Ventura County, California, bought over the years, and he'd

give any boy the same advice Rogers gave him. In more than twenty years as a favorite on the screen he has seen a lot of stars come and go, some of them with little to show for their days of fame. And he's stayed with the kind of part that made him famous.

"I'm a cowboy at heart," he claims, "and I think it comes over on the screen. Why should I knock myself out playing dudes?"

For his role as Parson Brown, McCrea broke in some iron-stiff dungarees of the period by riding his own acres in them. As an actor, he usually has one eye cocked on the sky watching the weather, and will indulge in farm talk rather than film gossip any time.

McCrea himself has never made the gossip columns. He and his wife Frances have been married twenty years, a long and happy

time without benefit of headlines.

That he relies constantly on God for guidance in his affairs, McCrea does not conceal. Prayer is natural to him and he credits his stable and prosperous career to the faith that has sufficed him.

As a young newsboy, Joel used to hurl his newspapers with a special twist onto the porch of William S. Hart, the cowboy of silent films. Of all the homes he serviced, this was his favorite, because here lived the big kind of man he wanted to be.

That was more than a childish hankering, for it was the very sort of man he was to become. A man who would stand for straight-shooting all his days, who would not be afraid to stand up for what he believed in, no matter what the cost.

A man who would read the Bible even more easily than he read a script.



Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.

Emerson

Making Life Sing

CLIFFORD H. RICHMOND

" - - - at present you are temporarily harassed by all kinds of trials and temptations. This is no accident—it happens to prove your faith, which is infinitely more valuable than gold, and gold as you know, even though it is ultimately perishable, must be purified by fire."—I Peter 1:6, 7. (Phillips)

There is a certain Rhythm in Life which, if we recognize it and live in accord with it, will make Life rich, joyous and exhilarating; but, if we resist it, then almost anything can happen. We become sick, discouraged, unhappy and frustrated. The Way of Life was never meant to be always smooth. "I have my ups and downs," we hear people say. That's a part of the Rhythm of Life. Life is a matter of the rising and setting of the sun; the waxing and waning of the moon; the ebbing and flowing of the tides; the crest and trough of the waves; mountains and valleys; seedtime and harvest; sunshine and rain; heat and cold, etc. Someone has put it this way: "Many of us keep struggling for an untroubled and secure life; assuming that the underlying structure

of 'normal' life should be calm and untroubled. But life is not like that. Storm and struggle, wind and wave; these are much more 'normal' than an undisturbed calm. The fishermen who go down to the sea know this. Seldom do they lift their nets from a placid surface. Normal weather for them includes wind and turbulence; the usual environment of the sea. So also are turbulence and struggle the natural course of all life in this restless ever-changing universe. The calmness and security we seek are only obtainable within ourselves, won by gaining the assurance that we can, like the fishermen, do our work in the midst of whatever storms may come. It is the assurance of strength, the calmness of faith, cultivated by our close relationship to the Great Master of wind and wave."

Life would be very monotonous, dull and disappointing without this Rhythm. Take the countryside, for example. It is the hills and valleys which make it beautiful. To me, flat country is very uninteresting. I was born and grew to manhood in Southern New Jer-

sey, which is very flat and sandy terrain. I'll never forget as long as I live the thrill which came to me the first day I arrived at Western Maryland College. After we had registered, I walked out on the hill back of the college and looked off across the landscape upon the most beautiful sight I had ever seen. There were lovely green valleys, tree-studded hills and beyond them "the mountains," so blue and lovely in the silver and gold of the setting sun. I was spell-bound. I stood there for a long time and worshipped! We appreciate and enjoy life through these contrasts. We enjoy food because we get hungry. We appreciate water because we become thirsty. We are thankful for rest because we get tired.

One of our main difficulties is that we give more attention to the "downs" of life than we do to the "ups." If there are "downs" in life, there are also "ups." If there are valleys there are also mountains. If there is rain, there is also sunshine. If there is Dark, there is also Dawn. If there is sorrow, there is also joy. If there are disappointing people, there are also wonderful people. We need to concentrate on the good things and minimize the bad things. As a popular song of some time ago put it: "Accentuate the Positive and eliminate the Negative." If we were perfectly fair

about this I am sure most of us would have to admit that Life has been pretty good to us.

In any event, if we take the right attitude toward Life, we need to realize that EVERYTHING makes its contribution to our best welfare! If you are in a boat on the ocean, whether you are on the crest or in the trough of the wave, you are being carried toward your destination. So, if you love God and trust Him, ever-seeking to be obedient to His Holy Will, whether you are on the crests or in the troughs of waves on the Sea of Life, whether you are in joy or sorrow; sickness or health; success or failure, you are being carried forward on the bosom of God's Eternal Purpose for your Life and ALL IS WELL! As Peter said in the text of the morning: "The trials and temptations of Life are no accident. They are not intruders, but are here to purify your faith and result in the salvation of your soul." Do not resist them. In God's Hands they are your friends and will MAKE LIFE SING!

Thinking of crabs, makes me think of the oyster. Here is an oyster, lying on the bottom of the Chesapeake, perfectly content. It isn't bothering anyone. All at once, a bit of sand finds its way into its shell and begins to irritate the oyster and destroy its peace. Now the oyster, if it were human,

might resist this bit of sand, treat it as an intruder and begin to indulge in self-pity. "Why did this have to happen to me?" it might ask. "Among all the oysters on the bed of the Chesapeake why was I picked for this experience?" Or, the oyster could become stoical about it all and say: "Well, it's my lot. I'll grin and bear it. My head is bloody but unbowed!" Or, the oyster might become bitter and cynical and say: "There is no justice in life." The oyster, however, doesn't indulge in self-pity, or become stoical or bitter. It accepts the bit of sand as a part of the Rhythm of Life and begins to coat it around with a milky substance, until finally we have a beautiful Pearl.

What a lesson for us! Sooner or later some soul-shaking experience comes our way to disturb our Peace and Serenity. Now, we can either indulge in Self-pity and ask: "Why did this have to happen to me? What have I done to deserve this?" Or, we can "grit

our teeth" and make the best of it. Or, we can become bitter and cynical and say: "There is no God. There is no purpose in living." Or, we can recognize it as part of the Rhythm of Life. We can see God's Hand in it, and let Him surround it with His Love, Wisdom, and Grace until finally, He makes out of it a lovely Pearl!

Did it ever strike you as significant that Heaven is spoken of as having "Pearly" Gates? Pearls are made through irritation and pain. Likewise Heaven is mainly experienced through suffering and pain. How appropriate therefore that its Gates should be "Pearl." In the Book of Revelation it speaks of the great multitude in Heaven in these words: "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

SO IF YOU WANT TO SING,
LET GOD WRITE THE MUSIC
ACCORDING TO HIS OWN
CELESTIAL RHYTHM.

The Invisible Shield of Protection

John Hamma

The textile processing plant's grimy windows cast the light of the dying day across the now silent cloth-shrinking machines. The plant foreman, three maintenance men and I had stayed after working hours to attend to the oiling and cleaning of these machines, a job which could not be done during the busy production hours of our plant.

Above us on the west wall the rotor blades of a giant ventilating fan stood silent and still, its power cut; the hot air from the city streets streamed through the outside grid turning the air around us into a hot moist river that made our faces sweat.

From two hundred feet of loft

floor that was between us, the foreman shouted to me to turn on the fan.

I walked over to the switch box and threw the switch in on position. The big motor hummed but it could not drive the blades until I moved a lever from its neutral position into drive.

I had my hand on this lever when suddenly I checked my motion. My eyes without a conscious reason looked up at the fan and fear was a dry circle in my mouth.

Standing on a platform above my head with half of his body between the blades while he cleaned and oiled the motor was one of our maintenance crew.

The sudden impulse that had stayed my hand and caused my eyes to look up had saved me from killing a man.

My 1938 Plymouth rolled into the twisting road that is the entrance to the west shore of Lake Hopatcong. My foot automatically touched the brake to slow speed. There was no resistance to my pressure on the pedal, no check to the forward motion of the car. I was driving without brakes for my emergency was never any good.

I wasn't concerned. It had happened before and I had used first and second gear to brake the forward motions of the wheels. Then, too, it was late at night in the off season; thus, it would not be unusual to drive an empty road for

the three miles between me and home.

I had covered two of those miles without incident when like a flicker of lightning a car backed out of a parking lot of a lakeside restaurant completely blocking the road. A split second of action was between me and disaster.

Involuntarily my hands turned the steering wheel guiding the Plymouth off the road through the parking lot without touching a parked car and back on the road again, a road that was now free before me.

I had come out of an office building in Newark and was approaching the wide crossing at Broad Street and Park Place. My mind was so preoccupied with business problems that I was oblivious to the pattern of the traffic around me.

My foot hit the curbing and I automatically started to step off. It was then that a hand suddenly grasped my shoulder checking my forward motion. Where I was stepping, a car, in a hurry to make the green lights of cross-town traffic, hurtled past.

I don't know who pulled me

back to the safety of the side walk. For the faces in the crowd were unemotional. But I do know that, but for that quick hand, I would have at the least settled for a hospital bed and at the worst the morgue.

These incidents I have related, although happening at different times and places, have one thread weaving them together.

The hand that stayed my hand on the lever of the fan, that turned my hand on the wheel of the Plymouth, pulled me back to the safety of the Newark Streets was the hand of God.

I state this without explanation. I was not going to attempt to equate it with intelligent twentieth century reasoning. For twentieth century reasoning has created a forest of facts based on experiences of sight and sound and sense. Millions of words are needed to explain man-made things and situations.

Just two words are needed to explain God-made things like the invisible shield that protected me from disaster.

I Believe.

"I ALWAYS START
WITH A PRAYER OF
THANKS."

She Makes Herself *Happy*

Phyllis W. Heald

"Hello," I called through the open door of my neighbor's house.

"Hello," she answered cheerfully. "Come on in and have some coffee."

"Why are fat people always so jolly?" I thought irritably as I joined Mary Goddard in her sunny kitchen nook. I was feeling rather low myself—having burnt the toast at breakfast, I had taken my anger out on the family. Little Janey had left for school with tears in her eyes.

"Thanks," I sat down and explained my early visit. "I tried to phone you a little while ago to see if you wanted to shop this morning. I couldn't get any answer yet I knew you were here because I'd heard you say good-bye to your husband when he left."

Mary Goddard smiled and nodded as she filled a cup for me. "I heard it ring. But I was busy

making myself happy and couldn't answer it."

"You were—WHAT?" I exclaimed. Then realizing how rude my amazement must sound, I added, "Making yourself *happy!* What do you mean?"

"I guess it does sound funny." Mary Goddard sat down across the table from me. "But honestly I can't think of any other way to describe it. I was doing just that—making myself happy. I do it every morning. It is part of my getting ready for the day, like—" she hesitated then waved her hand to indicate the attractive, neat room, "—like cleaning my house."

"Well," I said, settling back, "tell me more. I've known of people making themselves clean, beautiful, even intelligent, but this is the first time I ever heard anyone could make herself happy."

"That's the trouble," Mary Goddard answered. "We all treat

happiness like the weather. We talk about it but believe we can't do anything about it. And that's wrong. Happiness is a state of mind and we think ourselves into it even though there seems no special reason to be happy."

"How?" I asked.

"Well, my method is simple. I just take fifteen minutes every morning after Jack and the children leave, sip a cup of coffee and think of all the good and wonderful things in this world. I start right at the top with God in Heaven, and come down the line to the beauty He has given us on this earth. I think of the love he has made us capable of giving and receiving. I think about friends and I think about places I'd like to visit." She looked at me with shining eyes. "There is so much to make us happy when we stop and think about it, isn't there?"

"Why—why—yes," I answered. "There really is when you stop to think about it." Then I added, "I don't have room for any happy thoughts this morning. It's a real blue Monday. Besides being wash-day, it's the first of the month and the mail will be full of bills. Then, Jim and I having nothing interesting lined up for the whole week. As I look ahead it is just housework all day followed by unexciting evenings at home. Now tell me, how could I take fifteen min-

utes and build up a bunch of happiness from that?"

"I can't tell you how. You'll have to figure that for yourself. But I will say, if you think about it I believe you'll find you have an awful lot to be happy over."

I nodded, realizing of course that what she said was true. But I still couldn't understand how anyone could sit down feeling depressed and get up fifteen minutes later feeling happy when nothing had happened to change things. Finally I asked, "What were you thinking about this morning at the time I tried to phone you?"

"It may sound a little silly, but when you called I was swimming around in the loveliest blue lagoon somewhere in the South seas. I don't know the exact spot," she apologized.

I had to laugh, "How'd you ever think of that?"

"Oh it came about quite naturally. You see I always start with a prayer of thanks for things that I have—my husband, my boys, my home and health. After that I happened to glance out of the window and saw the petunias. And I began to wonder how many millions of flowers there must be blooming all over the world at this very minute. I thought what fun it would be to live where you could pick orchids, and hibiscus and gardenias and have them in the house all the time. From

there I just drifted to the tropical islands where they grow. It was all beautiful and romantic until I visualized myself in a sarong. Then I had to laugh out loud." She looked at me and grinned. "But I did enjoy all the fresh fruit and the water was wonderful!" She sighed happily. "It really was a delightful experience."

"But," I said, "wasn't it an awful come-down to stop dreaming and come back to reality? Wouldn't it make you more depressed than ever?"

Mary Goddard looked at me in surprise. "That is reality. I'm not making up fairy tales. Those places exist and people live there just as you and I live here. It's true I'm not there doing what I have been imagining. But the point is such places exist—the world is so full of a number of things."

"But they are thousands of miles away. What happiness is there in dreaming about some place you'll never see?"

"How do you know I'll never see it? Isn't that building up unnecessary handicaps? There is no reason for anyone to say 'I can't do this' or 'I can never do that.' Life is filled with miracles. Why not believe all wonderful things are possible. Why not concentrate on the best side of life. We human beings cannot see everything, hear everything, or know everything

and so long as we have to make a selection why not choose the loveliest? Why look at the gutter when the stars shine above? Why listen to obscene words when the songs of birds can be heard? And why get irritated at little things when there are so many big things to enjoy and admire?"

As Mary Goddard talked I remembered those pieces of burnt toast still in my kitchen sink. And as I saw the absurdity of my anger I thought, "How silly can you get?"

"You're right," I agreed. "It would do us all good to take time off to stop and wonder at the wonders that surround us." I got up to leave. "Thanks for the coffee and honestly, I have enjoyed this talk. I'm going right home and see if I can—make myself happy." Then I added apologetically, "I really didn't mean you could never go to the South seas. I spoke without thinking. I'm sure you'll get there some day."

Mary Goddard walked with me to the door. "Thanks. And I'm glad you came in. I'll be ready to go shopping whenever you are." Then she added, "If I ever do go to the South seas I promise to send you a snapshot of me taken in a sarong—maybe even dancing."

We both laughed.

And I was still laughing at the mental picture of Mary Goddard

dressed in a bright red costume doing a native dance as I picked up the pieces of burnt toast and

dropped them into the garbage pail.



Fragrance

Inez Brasier

The mint beside the garden path,
When crushed by careless foot,
 Yields perfume sweet.
Do I such loveliness dispense
To all along my way
 When ills I meet?

“So long as any man’s ‘success’ appears to be conditioned by another’s ‘failure’ just so long will human relations remain poisoned.”

G. W. Hartman

ONLY SIX SHORT YEARS OF FAITH TRANSFORMED ME FROM THE COWARDLIEST COWARD OF THEM ALL, TO ONE WITH A FAITH WITHOUT MEASURE.

MY FAITH IS ONLY SIX YEARS OLD

NANCY
R.
CHANDLER

In the distance the sirens sounded. I could hear them coming closer and closer. Finally they stopped in front of our house. This time the sirens were coming because of me. This time I didn’t have to wonder what errand of mercy the squad was going to perform. They were on their way to save me, if this was possible.

As I lay on the couch, looking up at the ceiling, trying hard to breathe, I prayed. I didn’t pray for God NOT to take me. I didn’t pray for this not to be my last minute. What I did pray for was the strength to go out of this world like a human being, not any less. To conduct myself with courage, not to disgrace myself as a human. For a former coward, this was quite a mouthful to pray for.

You see, my faith is only six years old. For many years, I had thought of myself as an atheist. There just wasn’t any God as far

as I was concerned and I would read anything that was printed in this vein to prove to myself that I was truly right.

Due to circumstances which are too long and involved to go into, I was forced to find God. I was thirty-eight then. In my younger days I had always hoped that at sixty or seventy years of age I would find a faith. I didn’t think I would but it would be nice, I thought, before I died, to believe in a hereafter. I thought sincerely, “That is why older people have a belief—through fear!”

Six years ago I began my faith by saying, thank you, God, at the end of each day. The people who were helping me to help myself told me to do this. They told me to have an open mind and even tho I didn’t believe, to say thank you and with these simple everyday words would come faith.

Every night I did as I was told.

I said, "Thank you, God." It didn't seem cricket to me because I didn't believe in any God. But I was willing to do anything these people suggested to me.

Within six weeks, I was able to add a few more words to "Thank you, God." I started to lose my embarrassment — embarrassment, of myself, first, because I was talking to Something I didn't believe; secondly, because any talk or belief expressed openly made me acutely uncomfortable.

Like a seed planted in the dead of winter, my faith gradually came to sprout. Spring arrived and with water, sun, and care my belief grew into a beautiful flowered bush, abundant, healthful, and colorful.

God was good to me. I received my faith not a moment too soon. The problems I have had since receiving my faith have been unthinkable to the person I once had been. The person I had been would never have been able to withstand their onslaught. Here, with my faith and God beside me, I can be quiet.

Breathing oxygen through the mask the rescue squad had brought with them, I was still able to thank God for all his goodness to me. My many blessings—my wonderful husband, only human but still wonderful—my five healthy children—only hu-

man also, but wonderful.

I explained to God that I wasn't ready to go. I also explained to him that I probably never would be ready. It's the human quality in us that wants to wait 'till tomorrow, and tomorrow never comes. It takes an extremely spiritual person to be ready.

To God, I said the Lord's Prayer and the twenty-third Psalm. "Yea, tho I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

If you could have known the coward I had been! Conservatively, I'm sure I've died five hundred times in my life before I found God. My fear of death amounted to a phobia. It was all in my mind. I was afraid of planes, trains, autos—the list is almost never ending.

With faith on that day of rescue, death had my hand but I was not afraid. This for me, being without fear at a time such as that, was a miracle as miraculous as any performed on this earth.

The prayer of the people who started me on the way to faith reads:

God grant me the serenity to
accept the things I cannot
change,
The courage to change the
things I can,
And the wisdom to know the
difference.

"I STUMBLED ON THIS SECRET QUITE BY ACCIDENT."

"Let's Eat Together"

by

HAROLD HELFER

Take it from me, being a widower and trying to raise two growing youngsters by yourself, while earning a living besides, is not a very easy matter. Since I work at home, it is feasible all right, inasmuch as I can attend to their basic needs and wants around the house, but I can't really devote all the time and attention to them that they should have, for it takes a long, full day and often long, full evenings for me to garner the wherewithal needed to meet the mortgage payments, provide the food, etc. So, in a sense, the youngsters have had to be pretty much on their own much of the time.

This bothered me no end, the

children going about without any close supervision, and there being no woman's touch about the home in any real sense in their lives. Fathers just don't seem to have the patience and sweetness of mothers anyway. My answers were often short, my moods far from easy-going. And, when I'd brood about all this, I'd worry about these things, whether I was creating the right family atmosphere for them, whether a proper bond was being established, whether the children were acquiring the sense of a real home life and being part of a family unit, which, I couldn't help but feel, was the proper heritage of all youngsters.

Well, I would tell myself, I'm doing the best I can, that's all anybody can do. But, while my boy and girl continue growing up in a *laissez-faire* way, left pretty much to their own devices, there is one thing I always insisted upon from the very beginning. We always had our evening meal together.

When Jo Ann was only three and Harold Mark five, they knew that, come what may, at six, or thereabouts, we all sat down and had the evening meal together. And that's the way it has been for six years now. You can count on your fingers the number of suppers we have missed being together in that time. No matter in what play or projects the youngsters might be absorbed in around the neighborhood, they have known that, come six, they must be home for the evening meal, no excuses or exceptions. And no matter how absorbed I might be in something, I always broke off whatever I was doing to come down and join them at the table. If I were on one of my rare expeditions into town, no matter how I might be engaged there, I'd always hurry home for this evening meal.

No one told me that families ought to eat their evening meals together. It was just something I felt, an instinct. Somehow it seemed to make up for our dispersion

during the day. And, no matter what difficulties we may have had during the day, no matter how out-of-sorts we might have felt with one another, I invariably left the supper table feeling a little better about things, that we were something of a family unit after all, and that a bond was being forged among us three.

Of course, we did more than just eat there. We talked, sometimes about rather serious things, sometimes about foolishness, and I don't suppose we've ever had a meal when we didn't have at least one good laugh together. And we've always started every meal by each of us saying a little prayer of grace. And we've wound up taking turns doing the dishes.

Now all of this is a prelude to a short paragraph I ran across in a Washington paper the other day. It said that there was a woman who was interested in getting a family-eat-together movement started. In light of my own experience, this fascinated me so that I sought out this lady. She turned out to be a Miss Evelyn Hart, an old-time school teacher who is currently working in the Defense Department and for some time now has been interested in attending war veteran's activities. But for quite awhile now she's been extremely interested in the juvenile delinquency problem.

"Well, here we've just finished

fighting two terrible wars, World War II and the Korean war," is the way she puts it, "and, though our country escaped any bombs or other physical ravages of war, we seem to be unraveling at the seams. And I don't mean by spies or anything like that. I mean right here in our homes. The children seem to have gone completely out of hand. They're almost savages, as alien to our philosophy and ideals as some of our avowed enemies. I think it is perhaps the most dangerous situation facing us."

Just a few weeks ago, not too far from where Miss Hart lives, several boys, coming from some of the finest homes in the community, were arrested for terrorizing families by throwing lethal home-made bombs through windows. In a nearby school, bullies were found to be extorting money from other boys, gangland fashion. And, in Miss Hart's own neighborhood, teen-agers in the roles of Peeping Toms have been prowling around. More and more, it is this former school teacher's observation, the tendency is for youngsters to run around in gangs, in the worst and most evil sense of that term.

Miss Hart is convinced she knows what the trouble is. "Something has happened to the American family," she says. "It's just not as firm and solid as it used to

be, as I knew it as a girl. It's become awfully thin and frowzy. People seem to be living under the same roof as the result of circumstances or mutual convenience rather than a close-knit, warm-blooded family."

What is the cause of this family disintegration?

"I don't think there's much doubt about that," says Miss Hart. "The parents have provided the nest, but they won't stay there to attend to the fledglings. It very seldom happens in the bird world that the parents don't give proper care and guidance to the little birds. It appears as if we human beings are going to have to learn the hard way."

"With the individual members of a family so much on the go these days," Miss Hart says, "the family dinner becomes at once the family council, the summing up, the common ground that provides the common link. Just the mere fact that everyone is eating the same dishes helps. I can remember some cracks about my mother's homemade sausages that were made many decades ago."

"In this modern world there seem to be substitutions, replicas, ersatz material for almost anything and everything," Miss Hart adds, "but there just isn't anything that takes the place of a family bond. Those who don't have that are the truly lost souls

of this world. They have had nothing to mold them, they've no restraining hand upon them, they are like flotsam. A man or a woman can only really feel that they belong to and are part of a community or a society through their families. And it is these individuals who do not have the feeling of being part of a family bond who become irresponsible toward the world about them and get into all sorts of trouble."

Well, what can be done about it?

"The first thing," says Miss Hart, "is the realization that something ought to be done. That it's importance and significance would be hard to overemphasize. Why, a recent survey of thirty-three successful business executives and topgrade citizens showed that in their youth they were all part of a strong harmonious family relationship and all had a firm sense of 'belonging'. In only one instance had the parents been divorced and in that case he grew up among people who made him feel loved and wanted."

So, Miss Hart says she is doing what she can to "talk up" the idea of a one-meal-a-day-together for families. She brings up the subject whenever she can among her friends, in the course of her duties at the Pentagon and in

her work with veterans' groups.

She says she can't help but feel strongly that if the idea ever catches on it will be a big step forward to properly refurbishing American family life and giving juvenile delinquency a resounding kick in the pants.

Well, all I can say is that Miss Hart has at least my endorsement for her idea. Though I'd stumbled upon this secret quite by accident, as you might say, and it was mostly an instinctive something, still, I can tell you that it has meant a great deal to my family. It has really been the saving grace for us.

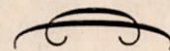
For we're all getting along just fine, thank you. My boy is growing into a very nice and manly youngster, my girl is quite lady-like. They get along just fine with the neighbors, their teachers seem to like them, and they've never been in any trouble. I don't have any doubt in my mind but what they'll grow up to be a couple of very nice citizens.

And there's absolutely no doubt in my mind that our family get-togethers at the dinner table must be given credit for a tremendous assist. And since, frankly, it can't be my cooking, it must be assumed that just the idea of the family dinner is just naturally a very wondrous and salutary one.

Faith

Jane Weiler Corbett

*Very old fashioned of me, no doubt,
But I like to hang a washing out!
Fingers of wind reach out to mine,
And take over from there on a blowing line!
And in God's warm sun and summer-sweet air,
More than the sheets are whitening there;
On a line of faith, in a very neat row,
I hang up my worries
And let them blow!*



RETREAT

A **CAMP FARTHEST OUT RETREAT** will be held July 24 (Supper) thru July 26 (Lunch) at the Diocesan Conference Centre, Diocese of Penna., sponsored by the Wilmington, Del. and Philadelphia, Penn. C. F. O.

LEADERS: Francis Cole and Carola Bell Williams.
Full children's program planned.

REGISTRATION FEES: Adults \$5.00; Teens 12 thru 18, \$2.50; children free.

MEALS: Adults breakfast, \$1.00, luncheon \$1.50 and dinner \$2.00. Children half-price. Infants free.
Overnight Lodging per person \$3.00.

REGISTRATIONS must be mailed to Mr. William P. Cooke, 53 Carlisle Road, Brookside, Newark, Del. no later than July 17, 1959.

After living these many years with this inconvenience, let us say, I have learned that one may be afflicted far more seriously, sometimes, with the hidden handicaps than those who have handicaps more readily observed.

OVERCOME

Your Hidden Handicaps

MAURINE CLEMENTS

One day I watched a man go walking down the street of our city, head up and shoulders thrown back, as though he were going to keep an important appointment. Had it not been for the tap-tapping of his white cane on the pavement I would never have guessed that this man's vision was gone. By his side was a young boy, his legs encased in steel braces, cheerfully struggling to walk on his obviously new crutches. A miracle happened to me when I drew up close enough to hear those two handicapped persons laughing and kidding with each other.

The miracle opened my own eyes and dried up the flow of self-pity in which I had been drowning. Those two persons with such physical difficulties—yet it had affected them only on the outside! Their sense of humor was evidently still intact and they were whole

on the inside and mentally healthy, and—God bless them—they taught me that day that too much self-pity can be devastating and will, inevitably, deform one's personality.

Now, about eighteen thousand shots later, I have been able to knock the chip off my shoulder and consider myself the luckiest handicapped person in the universe. I have learned to live with the usual diabetic's limitations without turning sour on the world, my family, or friends. These past twenty-five years haven't been exactly a bed of roses, but I have come to enjoy the roses all the more, I'm sure, because of the thorns.

As I talked to more and more handicapped people, after my doctor had written the word, "Diabetic," on my hospital chart, I began to realize that the old cliché, "Patience is a virtue," was slowly

and surely killing many people. Too many had patiently accepted their lot as unavoidable, or incurable, and were passively rusting away.

I decided that if, perhaps, I did have but a few remaining years to spend on this sphere I was going to make the most of them before I left to go on to the next phase of Life. Thus, I administered my insulin shots morning and evening, curtailed my diet somewhat, AND FORGOT IT. I never regaled my family and friends with the POOR ME routine or called my misfortunes to their attention at meal times by sighing and passing up forbidden food with the remark, "Oh, I wish I could eat that!" Many hostesses were never aware that I was a diabetic. I simply ate what I should and talked and laughed with the rest.

After living these many years with this inconvenience, let us say, I have learned that one may be afflicted far more seriously, sometimes, with the *hidden handicaps* than those who have handicaps more readily observed.

Having a crippled leg is unfortunate, and having a crippled personality is a tragedy, but a crippled leg *and* a crippled personality are ruinous and spell sure doom. There may be no permanent cure for the physical handicap, but there are definite steps

that can be taken to improve the personality, *if* it isn't allowed to become chronic.

The first and best advice I could give anyone suffering from any of the hidden handicaps would be to face up to one's own faults. Every human being has a multitude of them and I have learned that you can't begin to hide them all under a bushel basket, and try as we will to subdue them, they are continually slipping out to embarrass us. So, knowing that we possess some unlovely traits ourselves, wouldn't it be more charitable of us not to go looking for little mannerisms or undesirable characteristics to criticize in others? They may be trying desperately hard to overcome them, even as you and I, and calling them to their attention only tends to aggravate and enlarge them. The only sure remedy is to ignore them, as one does the outward physical handicaps, and replace them gradually with constructive, lovable qualities. In time the hidden handicaps will either disintegrate or be relegated to a minor position.

Grudges, jealousy, snobbishness, envy, lack of understanding and sympathy for our fellow man, greed, or self-pity all become hidden handicaps and, once they have gotten a strong foothold, become very difficult diseases to treat.

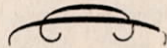
Even if we find we have only

one likeable quality to start with we can pet and pamper it until it, like the Biblical mustard seed, can grow into something so big that it will provide shade and comfort for all who stop by.

An inferiority complex can become a hidden handicap and destroy personality if we refuse to face it and replace it with positive thinking. Stagnation not only kills the fish in a pond, but kills per-

sonality and initiative in the person who is bogged down with hidden handicaps.

Even as the shot of insulin gives a life-giving boost to the diabetic, frequent, heavy shots of love and concern for the welfare of others will boost one's outlook on life and will help to eliminate many of those crippling inner handicaps.



BLESSINGS

ENOLA CHAMBERLIN

A tree that stands serene and tall,
 A puppy running for his ball;
 A vine that clammers wide and wild,
 A gay good morning from a child;
 A rose scent hanging in the air,
 A neighbor dropping in to share
 A new-type pudding she has made;
 The loveliness of summer shade;
 A quiet waking in the dawn
 To hear bird voices on the lawn;
 The knowledge of God's love and care,
 The joy of going to Him in prayer;
 The knowing of His might and right—
 Why I am blessed from morn to night.

GROW OLD GRACEFULLY

by

Grenville Kleiser

It is a rare attainment to grow old gracefully and happily. The master work of wisdom, it is one of the most interesting chapters in the fine art of living.

Why do some men seem never to grow old? Because they have cultivated fresh interests through the years, been alert to new ideas, enjoy the best of what is, and look for the best that will be.

The morning and evening of life should be alike calm and cheerful. Matured years are expected to bring gentleness of disposition and tranquillity of mind. A cheerful, kindly, sunshiny old age is possible to one who has lived wisely.

Young and old should be constantly on guard against the depressing effects of negative thinking. Devitalizing thoughts of anxiety, fear, resentment, jealousy, ill will should be promptly replaced by positive, health-giving ideas.

From *Church School Builder*.

An elderly person should think, not of his limitations but, of his compensations. On the plus side are these: reasonably good health, a cheerful and receptive state of mind, mutual friends, interesting books, agreeable contacts with others, pleasure derived from unselfish service, and trust in God.

Some persons are born optimists. They see the silver lining in the darkest cloud. In advanced age they say: "The time to be happy is now; the place to be happy is here." They think goodwill thoughts and radiate goodwill to others.

As you advance in life you will find it is better to talk of health, progress, happiness, and success than of the contrary things. It is better to think of the beautiful, truthful, inspiring, and ideal than the opposite thoughts. It is better to be cheerful, confident, expectant, and enthusiastic

than to indulge in destructive feelings.

Knowing this, the right course is clearly open to you. Fill your daily life so full of constructive thoughts and ideals that there will be no room for negative and depressing ideas. Confine your conversation to helpful, useful, encouraging subjects. Be generous in thought, word, and act.

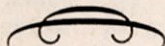
Make the world better for your being in it. Take a strong stand for truth and righteousness, and make every day count toward your eternal progress and happiness.

Do not complain in the face of unjust opposition, violent argu-

ment, or personal abuse; hold yourself in poise, knowing that truth is infallible. A genial temper, broad charity, and quiet equanimity under all circumstances will give you mastery of yourself and the situation.

The silent and unconscious example of high thinking will do more on your part to help others than many words and much counsel.

A flexible disposition will tend to keep your mind sane and receptive, attract friends, placate enemies, and help you to round your life into beauty and wholeness.



The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves.

—*Abraham Lincoln*, 1862

We can't prevent the rain from coming. But through faith in God and His power working in us, we can learn to sing in the rain.

When Tears Are Flowing

by Charles L. Allen

One of the great things about Jesus was that He spent more time reading people than He did books. His sermons came out of real life. He saw a shepherd looking for a lost sheep, a merchant buying pearls, a tenant farmer plowing in the field, a lily growing by the wayside, a sparrow falling to the earth—and He used these scenes from daily life to show the eternal truths of God.

I was in Miami for a series of services. Thousands of people were there on vacation seeking a good time. One night, while walking down one of the brightly lighted streets, I passed a Western Union office. It was deserted except for the clerk and one lady. She had a telegram in her hand and was crying her heart out. In a land of soft moonbeams and

sea breezes, hearts can still be broken.

I stood there for a few moments and then walked on, but I kept thinking about her. Had she been physically ill, she could have gone to a physician and he would have helped her. Suppose she had seen me and said, "You are a minister. My heart is broken. Tell me how to dry my tears." Many have said that to me. Whenever I speak about sorrows and heartaches in the paper, on the radio, or on television, my mail greatly increases and the telephone rings more often. Many times a preacher is driven to his knees, seeking a wisdom greater than his own.

Had that lady in Miami spoken to me, I might have said, "Suffering is caused by sin. You have

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not been living right and now God is punishing you. You should get on your knees and repent." I have said that to some and I have seen the forgiveness of God take away the pain and bring back a song into a heart. But many times that is not the answer.

I might have said to her, "Your suffering is just in your mind. Things aren't as bad as they seem. Get your mind on something else. Get out and walk on the beach, look at the moon, listen to the gentle splashing of the waves." Sometimes that is the answer. We brood over some light hurt until it seems much worse than it really is. But that is not always the answer. Pain can be very real. Someone wrote a little poem:

There was a faith-healer of Deal
Who said, "Although pain isn't real
When I sit on a pin
And it punctures my skin
I dislike what I fancy I feel."

I might have told that lady, "Suffering is part of the business of living, and you will just have to brace yourself and take it." A little girl once fell down on the sidewalk and skinned her knee. She said to her mother, "Wouldn't it be good if the whole world were cushioned?" But the world isn't cushioned and sometimes we can fall down and get hurt.

I might have said to that lady, "Suffering is good for you. Just as the cold north winds drive the

roots of the oak tree deeper into the ground, so can your troubles strengthen your soul and develop your life."

Had she spoken to me I might have told her about the belief of a primitive African tribe. They believe that, although God wishes good for all His children and tries to make them happy, He has a half-witted brother who thwarts God's plans and gets in God's way. I believe there is a Devil and he does cause a lot of heart-ache, but that isn't the answer.

What is the answer?

Had that lady asked me how to dry her tears, to begin with I would have urged her to go ahead and cry. Some people have a foolish attitude that one should never give way to grief. But God made us with the ability to cry and tears are part of the normal operation of nature, a safety valve that God provided. To keep our grief shut up inside is a mistake. I would warn the lady, however, that crying is not the full answer and that crying can be overdone.

Then I would have sought to learn the cause of her tears. Maybe she was lonely. Seeing so many others having a good time but not knowing anyone, she might have found it hard to be by herself. Many hearts are saddened by loneliness. Maybe she was broke. Having saved all year for a vacation, she might have found it cost

more than she anticipated. Financial strains do cause pain in the heart.

Maybe she had just received a telegram telling her that someone she loved very dearly had died. Maybe there was trouble in her marriage. The one she loved she might have lost. Maybe she could see no hope in her future and was overwhelmed by life. Whatever the cause, I would have talked with her about it and together we would have thought about what we could do to remedy the situation. No situation is hopeless. There is a solution to every problem.

But as we talked, somewhere in the conversation I would have opened to her the Word of God. Ernie Pyle, the famous war correspondent, wrote a wonderful story of a walk on the beaches of Normandy after that invasion. The sand was strewn with the personal effects of the boys who lay fallen in battle—snaps, letters, books. By the side of one boy there was a guitar. Near another he saw a Bible half buried in the sand. Ernie Pyle picked it up and walked on. When he had gone half a mile, he turned back and laid it beside the boy where he had found it.

He said, "I don't know why I picked it up, or why I put it back." Maybe he picked it up thinking he would send it to the boy's

parents. It would be a comfort to them. Maybe he put it back feeling that since the boy had died with his Bible, it ought to remain with him forever.

Whatever the reason, that experience indicates man's feeling that the Bible has the answer for the needs of human life. To this lady I might have read, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain . . ." (Revelation 21:4). Or I might have talked to her about this: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me" (John 14:1).

But to her whose heart had been broken, I would especially recommend the seventh verse of Psalm 28: "The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him."

We need to remind ourselves frequently that there is such a Being as God—a creative, infinite, personal Being—One who brought this universe into existence, who sustains it with His power, who knows all that happens to each of His children. "The Lord is my strength"—that enables one to keep going, no matter what happens.

The other day I flew over the Okefenokee Swamp. We were down low and I could see an ugly green film over the water. It looked dirty and unclean—a breeding place for health-destroying creatures. At one time the water in that swamp was sweet and pure, coming from clear springs high in the mountains. But in that low place it had stopped, and having stopped it had stagnated.

So in life. If you stop when you hit low places, your life begins to stagnate. Sometimes tears blind our eyes and we can't see the way ahead, but we must keep going. A physician will explain to you that you use different parts of the brain for different purposes. You use the upper brain cells when you worry and brood. Fear also is in the upper brain cells. The lower brain cells control the muscular activities of your body. Thus, when you engage in activity, it takes the usual strain off the upper brain cells and allows them to function normally.

In New England, when a person has great sorrow and pain in his heart, someone will probably say to him, "Go out and tell it to the bees." That is a fine thing to do. We say, "As busy as a bee." As one watches the unceasing activity of the bees, it stimulates the lower brain cells

to work, thus relieving the tension that a broken heart causes.

When your heart is broken and tears fill your eyes, your first inclination may be to go to bed, to give up in surrender. But as you fill your mind with God and exercise faith in God, His power flows into you, a power which demands expression. And as you keep going, you become able to handle that ache in your heart.

The psalmist said, "My heart trusted in him . . . and with my song will I praise him." Recently there was a popular song, "Just Walking in the Rain." Several years ago, there was another popular song, "Singing in the Rain." The two go together: when the rain comes into your life and everything seems dark and dreary, keep walking—don't stop. And as you walk, you will begin to sing. We can't prevent the rain from coming. But through faith in God and with His power working in us and for us, we can learn to sing in the rain.

". . . my heart greatly rejoiceth . . ." said the psalmist. Heartaches can breed bitterness, resentment, and self-pity, and we become like a stagnant swamp. When you are hurt, the temptation is to complain. But when your heart is trusting in Him, the resulting song in your heart will dry your tears.

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

by Norman K. Elliott

Thoughts Farthest Out

THE SURENESS OF GOD

"Every good endowment and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights with whom there is no variation or shadow due to change. (James 1:17)" . . . In a world that is filled with change in every age and in every endeavor of living, it is good to know something that is stable and sure. Wherever one looks, be it in science, literature, art, politics, *change* is one thing that is common to them all. We are glad and thrilled over new advances in all fields; new discoveries and new arrangements of old truths. All of this is good and no one in his right mind would want it any other way. But there is the need for something in life that is stable and unchanging.

There is the story of a general in the war who did all the planning that he could do and then, to the consternation of his subordinates, lay down and went to sleep until morning when the attack was to be made. When they asked him about it he said, with equanimity of spirit, "I have done all that is in my power to do — now it is in the hands of God." The realization that there is One who is over the plans and machinations of mankind, and in whose hands the future is secure regardless of outer appearances, is ultimately based upon the faith that there is a God who is unchanging.

Paul also once said that he *knew* whom he has believed and that he was persuaded (convinced) that He was able to keep that which he had given to him (Paul's own life). In spite of the variations in human affairs, Paul's own "ups and downs," success that seemed to be followed by failure, acceptance that seemed to be followed by rejection, love followed by resentment and even hate, *in some way or other* God would see that it came out justly and correctly. This is the anchor in the midst of incessant change.

An old Negro once was surrounded by panic-stricken slaves who believed that the world was coming to an end because they had seen a star fall. With perfect serenity the old man comforted them and said, "Look up there. See, the big stars haven't moved a bit!" So, in spite of

changes that go on from age to age, there are the big things of life that haven't changed a bit — man's inner realization of a God that is over all, the intuition that love triumphs over hate, the demand of our natures that immortality is fact, the something within a bird that makes it herald the dawn long before there is a chink of light in the sky with a spontaneous song, the childlikeness of our natures that knows that in God is the fulfillment of our dreams. These are the things that give life a sureness and makes the changes palatable.

Read: **I'm Gonna Fly!** (Biography of Bernie Warfield), by Lois Johnson, \$3.50

LOOK TO PERFECTION

"But he who looks into the perfect law, the law of liberty, and perseveres, being no hearer that forgets but a doer that acts, he shall be blessed in his doing" (James 1:25) . . . Devote all your energies to contemplating the things that are perfect. Love the things that are worthy of adoration, worship and praise for this is the practice of the heavenly beings who hover about the throne of God and sing, "Holy, Holy, Holy." It is the practice of the angels who sang on the night of the Nativity, "Glory to God in the Highest . . ." When one becomes as filled with the love of God "as the waters cover the sea," then heaven will come on earth, and earth will become heaven in a new creation.

It is not enough to merely say "yes" with the mind. Understanding is not enough, and it never was enough. If this were true, then the great minds and the famous philosophers of all ages, and there were many of them before the time of Christ, would have brought perfection and happiness into being long ago. It takes more than understanding, "hearers of the word," to bring about something that satisfies and makes life good. In the words of scripture, "the Word must become flesh." It must become bone of our bones, blood of our blood, desire of our desires, practice of our practice, will of our will, life of our life — in short we must become the incarnation of the Word of God. The word of God might be called the Law, the Principle, the Spirit, the Life, the Reality, the Mind, or some such words for there is no word that can encompass the mind and nature of God. This world of ours, and that includes you and me, is not wanting in understanding, but it is sadly lacking in "samples" of what we are talking about.

Now, St. James tells us how to achieve this incarnation of the Word of God in ourselves. He says to look at the perfect law. This means to think about it, to dream about it, to desire it and to worship and adore it. Jesus put it in another way, but it means the same thing. "*Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. . .*" The Kingdom of God is the Kingdom of Perfection, the perfect law made manifest in our affairs, His rule and reign actually operating in our affairs and lives, and His desire

and will actually purposing our ends as well as our means.

And, as James says, it takes perseverance. Seek after the things that are true, pure, lovely, stable, wise, gentle, and all of the other heavenly qualities, and do it daily, and practice these realities of heaven, and we shall all be blessed in all that we do.

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

HOW TO GET WISDOM

"If any of you lacks wisdom, let him ask God who gives to all men generously and without reproaching, and it will be given him. But let him ask in faith, with no doubting, for he who doubts is like a wave of the sea that is driven and tossed by the wind. For that person must not suppose that a double-minded man, unstable in all his ways, will receive anything from the Lord." (James 1:5-8) . . . This is one of the most loved passages in the entire New Testament and it attracts us because wisdom is one of the great needs of our lives.

Most situations of life do not demand something entirely new in the way of facts or intelligence. Our trouble comes in knowing which facts and decisions fit the specific situation. A master artist knows which mixtures will give him the desired color, and he knows the technique to use in achieving his purpose. A master of living knows the right words, gestures, actions and decisions to fit the situation in order to achieve the right goal satisfactorily and happily. This is what wisdom consists of.

Sometimes our words are right but the spirit is wrong and our goal eludes us; sometimes the desire is right and the action wrong and we are frustrated in our attempt; sometimes the right facts are spoken at the wrong time, or vice versa; and so it goes. Only God knows the human heart, the conscious and unconscious makeup of our personalities, and therefore it is only God who is able to fit the moment to the situation. Experience shows us that it is those men who are filled with the spirit of goodwill and love, who abide in trusting God with childlike simplicity, whose lives achieve the purpose and end we all desire.

So then, what does wisdom consist of? First of all in knowing that the answer to life's riddles lies with God. Then it comes in going to the Source of Life, God, and in simple faith asking Him for help. Next it comes in doing what seems right to do at the moment with the best intentions and intelligence we possess. This will involve faith on our part for it is seldom that we know at the moment that we are being guided at all. Then it means that daily we shall give to God the actions and decisions of the day for Him to bless and prosper. It will likely not be till later that we shall know we were guided and made wise in our actions. The wonder and the thanksgiving will come later, when we see our imperfect actions bearing results.

Read: **The Holy Spirit**, by Glenn Clark. \$3.50

THE COUPLE ON CREAMERY ROAD

A
Love Story
From Real Life

DIXIE WILLSON

On the day of her wedding to Charlie Cromer, eighteen year old Letty Wells scarcely expected to wait twenty-five years for a tender kiss, a wedding cake, and the bridal flowers Charlie had promised her. But Charlie was a free wheeler with a taste for spirits and an hour after the ceremony he couldn't even remember whether he had married Letty or not.

Letty had first seen Charlie in the Altoona, Pennsylvania, silk mill where he was a bobbin boy and she a weaver. Whenever he came past her loom her heart clanged like a railroad-crossing signal and she knew she was in love. When he invited her to Starlight Park band concert she was the happiest girl alive.

She wore her best pink poplin, her patent leather slippers, and her brown braids in a coronet. Under the shadowy trees she walked as close to him as she dared, in love even though she knew he drank a lot and that he was leaving Altoona to join the Coast Guard at Sandy Hook because of bad debts.

Letty wrote to Charlie every week while he was away. He didn't answer very often but she kept on writing anyway. And when she lost her job at the mill and told him about it he sent a post card saying, "I'll be down there on Decoration Day if you want me."

1959

LOVE STORY FROM REAL LIFE

37

If she wanted him! She had never wanted anything so much!

So Charlie parted company with the Coast Guard and on Decoration Day, 1931, he and Letty were married.

"Where will we live at?" she asked happily.

He said he had taken a carpenter job in a whistle stop named Colt's Neck a few hundred miles away in New Jersey. She wanted to know if they could maybe find a house where a brook would run right by the door. All her life she had dreamed of living in a house with a brook singing by and ferns and bluebells on the bank.

Charlie told her he had already rented a flat over the general store.

Then came the ceremony after which he got roaring drunk at The Swan Bar and the bride spent their wedding night alone crying herself to sleep. Twenty-four hours later they were on their way to the Colt's Neck flat where Letty began her long stretch of empty years. By 1935 she had given her man three sons. Each time when the doctor came downstairs from over the store with the news he found Charlie at a nearby tavern called Isabelle's.

He made fair money when he worked but, what with his devotion to Isabelle's, neither the work nor the money could be depended upon. Letty picked tomatoes and graded apples to pay as many

bills as she could for the sake of her growing boys. She could have taken them and gone back to the mills where things were now humming, but there was always one barrier between greener meadows and this threadbare existence. Charlie Cromer was still the man she loved.

Through all those troubled years there was one thing Letty made sure of. She saw to it that her boys were aware of the existence and the presence of God. Every week in freshly laundered feed-sack shirts they were in their places at Sunday School where their teacher was Mrs. Vernel. Mrs. Vernel had a special work in this world. She prayed for people. And with a special kind of faith, it seemed since, for those who had the blessing of Mrs. Vernel's prayers, things got better. And one day when Letty's burden seemed more than she could bear, she sent a note by the boys to ask if Mrs. Vernel would pray for Charlie. Mrs. Vernel's reply was that she had been praying for Charlie for quite a long time.

It was a couple of weeks later when Letty mentioned the prayers to Charlie. She spoke of it because he frankly told her he was up to his neck in despair. Nobody would give him work. He couldn't even charge a drink at Isabelle's any more. He didn't add that he figured the only way to get out

from under was to be dead, but he hunted up his 38-caliber pistol and started out to pick a spot. However, on his way to a likely place he stopped at Mrs. Vernel's to ask if she'd look out for Letty and the boys after he was gone.

Mrs. Vernel didn't try to dissuade him. She merely listened—said she appreciated his letting her know that Letty would need help—then she went outside to stand on the doorstep while he drove away. But when he looked back to lift his shapeless hat her eyes were closed and instead of answering his "good-bye" she was saying, "Heavenly Father, may this man go from this house in the shadow of Thy Wings."

Mrs. Vernel went over to tell her what had happened and explain that she hadn't tried to stop Charlie but had commended him to God instead, since no man can be guarded from this impulse for the rest of his life. Sooner or later it has to be solely between himself and his maker.

Letty tried to have faith but when it got to be five in the morning she left Mrs. Vernel sleeping. In the hush of the April dawn Letty ran to Isabelle's. She knew the place would be closed at this hour but she couldn't think where else to go.

"Lookin' for Charlie?" the watchman inquired packing down his pipe with a practiced thumb.

"I just seen his truck down Creamery Road."

Letty hurried the quarter mile to the Creamery Road sign post and looked down into the glen where the two-room dairy house had been closed for a year. With a flood of relief she saw not only the truck but Charlie standing on the log bridge over the stream which had turned the churns.

He said, "Hello Let, I guess I musta slept here all night . . . but I wasn't drunk," he added. "I haven't had a drop since yesterday. Last night I quit for good. I promised the Lord."

She asked, as quietly as she could, what had made him think about quitting. *Why* had he promised the Lord?

"I don't know, Let," he said, "unless when I've got somebody prayin' for the Lord to change me . . . maybe He did."

"But why did you come down here, Charlie?" she wanted to know. "Was you ever here before?"

He took off his hat, put it on again, then he said, "No I wasn't Let . . . and that's kind of odd too. After I left Mrs. Vernel's place something come into my mind that I'd clean forgot. One time you said you wanted a house with a brook goin' by. When I was drivin' away from Mrs. Vernel's it come to my mind that I'd heard somebody say this here creamery

and the brook was for sale. It'd make me feel real good to leave you and the boys fixed up with a house like you always wanted. And me bein' a carpenter, I come down here to see what the place was like. Then, with nobody else around here but jest me and the Lord figurin' the thing out together, I says, 'Now Lord if I could get a steady job, would a bank trust me to buy this here place?'

"The Lord says right back to me: 'Yes they would, Charlie. But you can't keep a job steady until you quit drinkin' and cussin' and kickin' Let and the boys around.'"

"So I told the Lord, 'Okay. If you'll help me find that job I'll quit all them things right now.' And He said He would and that's all there is to it."

The hundred year old creamery, its divided doors flecked with sunlight through the budding maples, looked like a painting on an artist's easel. The air was pungent with the smell of early locust, the busy brook tumbling past over fallen logs and rocks and tree roots.

Letty said: "Charlie, this could be just like I always wanted, and us talking together like this makes me so happy I don't hardly need no more. But I don't see how so much could happen between just yesterday and today."

Meanwhile at the Cromer house

Mrs. Vernel was sure that Letty, whatever this day would bring forth, was in need of a minister. So she had called the one whom she thought could best take care of this particular emergency. She had called the Salvation Army Captain in the town nearest by. When Letty and Charlie got home he was waiting, tall, young, friendly, and ready to meet trouble whatever its kind.

Mrs. Vernel couldn't quite mask her relief at seeing the truck coming back with Charlie at the wheel, Letty's arm tucked cosily through his.

Afterward nobody could remember what happened about praying, whose prayer came first, or what was said. But none of them will ever forget Charlie Cromer on his knees saying:

"Our Father which art in Heaven, I feel like you and me really understand each other now. If you'll trust me to do what I promise, I'll trust you to show me the way. Amen."

The Salvation Army building, of which the Captain was in charge, had for some time had a reliable custodian who took care of its offices, chapel, church grounds, and kitchen for a full schedule of daily and Sunday activities. Now quite unexpectedly a replacement became necessary. The new man selected for this

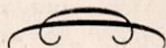
responsible position was Charlie Cromer.

It is almost two years since he began unlocking the doors every morning at seven and proudly taking care of every detail for the soldiers who come with banners and bonnets.

The first two weeks of no liquor were rough, he says. But when it seemed like he had to have a drink he downed a big glass of water, usually shaking so that it took

both hands to hold it.

These days, if anyone presumes to ask if he can possibly be the same Charlie Cromer whose truck was seldom elsewhere than at Isabelle's he will tell them, "I'm Charlie Cromer all right. But a man's life starts from the day he knows he never has to have trouble again. And if you want to find out about it personal there ain't no better place to pray than right where you are at."



When the day is hard,
 And the night is long,
 When I've lost the vision,
 And forgot the song;
 Step in, O Lord,
 And with Thy light,
 Enlarge my soul
 And set me right.

—Ervin C. Tipton

God Answers By Littles

Bishop Herbert Welch

AT 95, I FIND THIS a strangely mixed world; a compound of the beautiful with the weird and grotesque and even the ugly. It contains the easy and the hard; the safe and the perilous. It is quite evidently a home for humanity but is not meant as a nursery for the coddling of perpetual infants; not fitted just for ease and comfort and security, but for watchfulness, work, struggle, and hardship, and for suffering as a normal part of a full life. These are all a part of God's plan, it seems clear to me, and all things do "work together for good."

Looking back over so many years, I'm impressed by the fact that changes and progress come slowly. We like advance to happen fast. We would hurry God. "How long, O Lord, how long?" we cry. "Send us a miracle. Wipe out the forces of evil now. Give us peace in our time." *But God answers by littles.*

A few revolutions, a few sud-

den breaks for freedom; but for the most part the fundamental and permanent reforms, the marches toward justice and brotherhood, are by inches rather than by miles. When I see a good cause moving with exasperating slowness, I now can be almost contented, provided it is moving in the right direction.

From nature, I've learned a lesson of diversity. In evolution, the higher the form, the greater the divergence in shape or size or color. Nature tends toward ever-increasing variety, and whatever unity nature is to possess must be found not in sameness but in diversity. And if, in God's plan for the integration of humanity, nature is at all to be our guide, then the thing we shall seek is not uniformity but unity in diversity.

More and more clearly as the years pass, I see that all the truth is not with any of us. We're still like children playing with shells on the seashore while the boundless ocean of truth stretches out

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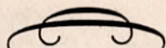
beyond. It needs many and diverse fragments to bring out the pattern of the whole.

Men ask, "How do you account for so much wickedness in the world? What is the origin of evil?" We might to more purpose ask, "How do you account for so much goodness in the world—so much kindness, courage, integrity, unselfishness? What is the source of good?"

I like to think that no matter how humble we may be, God does bother with us enough to direct our steps. I used to feel out in the Orient sometimes a curious sense of direction. I did go sometimes into a particular city where I had no particular errand, just on the round of official visitations, to find that there was a situation

existing that did call for my presence at that particular time. And I used to get a feeling as if I were a pawn being moved around by some hand, some power not my own. And I was delighted to think that I could be used in playing the game even when I didn't have enough knowledge or wisdom, as it might be, to choose my own course. My comfort is to know that God not only was, but is. "not far from every one of us."

And so at 95 I give you my working creed: "God's wisdom, power, and love are supreme. All life and all good work are sacred. All men are brothers. God is behind the history of mankind; loving service is the secret of lasting joy."



CAPILLARY ATTRACTION

Helen Virden

*Time absorbs unhappiness,
Blots out misery,
Until there comes a day when pain
Is just a memory.*

"HER WORDS OF
COMFORT BRING
SOLACE TO HOMES
AND HEARTS."

Frances Langford

The Girl from Home

JOHN COPELAND

"Why do the busiest people in the world seem always to be the very ones who devote the most time to helping others?" The Air Force colonel and Bob Hope stood in the makeshift hospital ward on a tiny island, date-lined simply as, "Somewhere in the South Pacific," during World War II.

"Perhaps," Hope said, in an unaccustomed serious vein, "because they remember more of their Bible than most of us do!"

The men were listening—along with a hundred or so GI battle casualties—to the warm contralto of Frances Langford, as she sang Brahm's "Lullaby." In the manner she sang, Miss Langford managed to convey all the deeper meanings of the old song—home and family and the girl waiting back in the States . . . And something more, a note of faith. For while she never called public attention

to the fact in any gauche fashion, Frances Langford from her earliest upbringing in the Presbyterian faith has been a deeply religious person. Faith has been her greatest strength in life.

After the song was over, and the rest of the Bob Hope troupe had retired to the officers' mess for a long-delayed supper, Frances Langford remained in the hospital room.

"Ma'am," a youngster in traction said diffidently, "I don't suppose you could deliver a little message for me . . .?"

"Why don't you try me, soldier?" the singer grinned. She "just happened" to have a pad and pencil handy.

The message was short, no more than "I'm okay, folks. Love and kisses. Billy."

Nearly six months later Miss Langford again put off her dinner an hour or two as she drove out

to a modest home in the foothill suburbs of Los Angeles. She was tired, having only that morning arrived back from this particular globe-circling tour with Hope's volunteer entertainers—to remote troop outposts in the far Pacific, Iceland, the British Isles, and North Africa.

But this was a heart-warming mission. Bill was one of the fortunate ones, who indeed was "okay," although still hospitalized overseas. His hastily scrawled note, accompanied by Miss Langford's cheerful, reassuring report, did more to cheer the young Marine's wife and mother than official telegrams—or even his own letters, written and mailed by Red Cross workers.

All too often, such visits were more sad occasions, as Miss Langford reported in her wartime newspaper column, "Purple Heart Diary." But even when she conveyed the last messages of unshakeable hope and faith from fatally wounded GIs, her words of comfort brought a boundless measure of solace to bereaved homes and hearts. Such trips were not accomplished easily, but with a great inner sense of gratification.

To more fully appreciate these self-inspired missions undertaken by Miss Langford at unacknowledged yet real sacrifice to her personal show business career,

some biographical detail may be in order.

Born in Lakeland, Florida, and educated at Southern College in that state, Frances began her career as a radio singer while a very young girl. Rudy Vallee provided the first big-time network opportunity, and she later became star vocalist on the Bob Hope radio show—and entered the comedy-drama field as the wife in "The Bickersons" broadcast series.

From radio the youthful actress-singer graduated into the Broadway musical, "There Goes the Bride," while simultaneously appearing in network radio shows.

Meantime, Miss Langford's records sold more than 15,000,000 copies—including disc hits such as "I'm in the Mood for Love." That was just before Pearl Harbor.

When war broke out, Frances Langford engaged in some intensive introspection.

"Strangely enough," she recalls, "it was a small, apparently irrelevant, incident that led to my decision then. I was a lyric soprano while majoring in music at Southern College. Then, rather late in life for such a thing, I had to have a tonsillectomy. That operation transformed me into a contralto. At first I was very downcast. It seemed the end of my career!"

Frances Langford's "new voice," however, resulted in her

being signed by a Tampa, Florida, radio station. Rudy Vallee happened to tune in to that station as she was singing one day, and promptly invited her to appear in a guest spot. The tonsillectomy surgeon had unwittingly created the low, vibrant voice which became the girl's passkey to stardom!

Memories of the fateful incident passed before her mind when she first received word of the declaration of war. She made her decision after long hours of prayer, to do what "the Lord directed." She virtually put her career "on ice," as the fighting men themselves were forced to do, and gave of her talents in entertaining troops. When Bob Hope invited her to join his touring company, Frances Langford's mind was already made up!

In the immediate postwar years the singer still was devoting most of her time and energies to materially profitless yet spiritually satisfying tours of camps and hospitals, with time-out to appear in "Star Time" and as Don Ameche's co-star in the rapidly mushrooming television medium. In 1955, Miss Langford married Ralph Evinrude, outboard motor manufacturer, and for a time was content to settle down on their Stuart, Florida, estate in virtual retirement.

But over the years letters continued to arrive from the families of servicemen whom she had befriended with no thought of future benefit to herself. Only last year she received a Christmas greeting from Bill, the lad who had lain helpless on an island cot in the midst of a bitter war. Bill told Miss Langford that his first daughter had been christened Frances—and that he was looking forward to seeing his "favorite singer" on TV.

Inspired by numerous similar communications, Frances Langford decided to accept an offer when a well-known Hollywood producer proposed to feature her in a TV appearance to be known as "The Frances Langford Show."

When Miss Langford's show hits the air, she'll have a staunch, ready-made audience very predisposed in her favor. It's an inspiring example of chickens coming home to roost.

There was a sailor, bedridden aboard a hospital ship anchored off Plymouth, England, during an all-too-remembered war, who voiced the sentiment of countless numbers of his comrades when he said of a girl who sang to him and his shipmates, from her compassionate heart:

"I'll never forget that voice—or you! It was like being in church . . ."

We Must Choose Faith or Fear

BY ROLF ALEXANDER

The Sacred writings of every religion exhort its followers to "have faith," and of all the religious instruction that has come down to us from the beginning of time these two little words have proved to be the most fruitful. Every miraculous healing, and every other happening of a miraculous nature, have been brought about through faith; in fact if we could attain that degree of faith which would enable us to act in every instance *as though failure were impossible*, we would indeed be able to "move mountains" and our accomplishments would be limited only by our desires for greater accomplishments.

Unfortunately, though, faith is

not something that we can either turn on or off at will; it is born deep in the recesses of our Subconscious Minds, and is the result of action patterns which make certain projects and propositions either acceptable or unacceptable to us. The assurance of acceptability from our Subconscious Minds is what we call faith, and the opposite of this acceptance is what we call fear.

When we were infants it was the *love* of our mothers which banished our insecurity and our fears. This was the purest kind of love, for, looking at it in a cold-blooded, "scientific" way, we were merely nuisances, which caused our mothers to lose sleep in order to feed us, to do endless washings and ironings which kept her prisoner to the premises when she could have been having much more fun elsewhere, and all the while we were not offering her a thing in return . . . no compensation whatever . . . And yet she delighted in all of these tasks, and attained the richest reward in the world—fulfillment of her love.

Of course this sort of love begets love in return, for such is the law, even as it is the law that hate breeds hate, and intolerance breeds intolerance. And, so, just as our mother's love transcended

both science and reason, our love for our mother usually does likewise . . . Therefore, the average family is a group united, and finding security in *love*, and even in years after the children are grown up and married these bonds of love usually hold and they are always ready and eager to spring to each other's assistance when necessary.

But the bonds which unite us with most other groups are usually not love but fear. We fear that unless we put in an appearance here we shall drop from the "limelight" and may lose business; or unless we act in another capacity people might think we are not "public spirited" or unless we go on a bit of a binge with the "boys" once in a while, they will cease liking us; and so we often neglect our own self-improvement in maintaining all of these "valuable contacts" with the result that we really have not skill worth selling, and finally become recipients of that species of half-contemptuous charity, in which our friends grudgingly throw a little business our way because we are "good guys" and not because we can do our jobs superlatively well.

Fear and faith cannot exist together, and if our whole lives are bound up in activities based upon the fear motive it is idle to talk about acting as though failure were impossible. Before we can

anticipate real success we are going to have to substitute the *love* motive of our earlier identifications for these later acquired fear motives, and we are going to have to expunge from the schedules of our activities everything that is based upon fear.

Let us hark back to mother-love again. Of course sometimes we see it perverted in later life into selfish possessiveness by an occasional neurotic who cannot rise to the supreme act of relinquishing the object of her love when the time comes to do so; but on the whole it is the same type of unselfish, unselfseeking love, marked by simple ungrudging service, as Jesus displayed, and as Gautama Buddha preached . . . It is a wonderful thing to remember that each of us has been the object of this type of love, whether we merited it or not. It would be still more wonderful if we could say that the memory of it had kindled an even broader love within our Souls to be expressed toward all of humanity.

This type of love is always creative; in a mother it is associated with the highest act of creation of which a human is capable, the bringing forth of a human Soul from the invisible, and the preparation of it for its next day of physical life. But human mothers are not the only ones who experience it; this type of unselfish

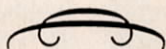
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love is shared by the mothers of all species, from insects to elephants, because *love is creation in action*.

All creative activities spring from love. Perhaps the industrial genius planning a great enterprise would not call it that, or an artist painting a great picture might have another name for it, as might the farmer ploughing his fields or the merchant serving his customers, *but the will to accomplish is born of love*, and if we read between the lines of biographies and autobiographies, we can clearly see that love was the motivating power behind all great men.

There can be no creation without love any more than there can be flowers without sunshine.

Now here is a magic formula: we can escape from our ancient fear of *aloneness* and regain the security of our childhood, multiplied a million-fold, by identifying ourselves with the source of all love—*with Creation*. When we succeed in doing this, all of our secret fears fall from us and we go forward as creators and conquerors, feeling the whole weight and power of the universe behind us. We realize fully that "one man and God" is always a "majority" in every situation.



It takes a million rains or so
To make a mountain smooth.
A little wearing every day
Will soften every groove.

But I have seventy summers short
To smoothen all my fears.
Oh, Master, Thy forgiveness *now*
To heal my fissured years.

—Helen Rosina

NOW THAT DIVINE HEALING is being so widely countenanced by doctors, psychiatrists, ministers of all faiths, and the populace in general, perhaps the account of my God-given release from Death's grip will be acceptable.

It was nearly fifty years ago during one of the longest and coldest nights of the year that I progressed toward and finally stood on the threshold of the dark domain.

In a lop-sided loghouse on an isolated farm, I was lying-in, as Dickens says, with my first baby. Late that January afternoon I began having persistent abdominal pain. As my infant was only eight days old, I at first took the hurting to be a natural aftermath of childbirth. By the time it had become unduly severe and accompanied by swelling and burning, the short winter day had merged into a stormy night.

My only human help came from an old colored mid-wife who was staying with me until "my month was up," as we said in those days. My husband, after a ten-day leave for the birthing event and Christmas had gone back to his much needed job in an upstate cotton mill.

We had both worked in the factory until a year before when we decided to try our hand at farming on my small inherited acreage even though there was

I Was Miraculously Healed

Elisabeth Holladay

only the little leaning loghouse to live in. Drought had blasted our hopes of building or even a livelihood. Henry would weave the winter out and with Spring we would try the farm again.

My part toward withstanding our ill luck was to stay on the little farm where living expenses were light, keep the chickens and pigs going, and bring forth our child according to the old-time, inexpensive methods.

Registering births was not required then, so we put off naming our son until Henry's next weekend at home. Meantime Mammy and I nicknamed the little treasure Lambkin. (In the final analysis he became Sgt. John Charlton Holladay, Company B, First Raider Battalion of Guadalcanal fame). When he was a week old

Mammy and I assured his father that we could carry on through and urged him off to the job. The very next night I became unaccountably sick unto death.

Realizing that a jet black night, a severe sickness, and a severe storm were upon us my first plan of campaign was to avoid getting alarmed at my condition, then to use every thinkable method to allay, or at least bear, calmly my unaccountable and unabating misery until daylight and the subsiding of the storm. Then we would seek medical aid.

The north wind with increased fury lashed rain and sleet against the twisted log house until it rocked. At the same moment my suffering became so violent that I cowardly thought, "If Mammy and Lambkin were out of here I would be glad if the old trap crashed in on me to end my misery." Instantly I repented of my wickedness and took fresh determination to keep on keeping on.

Old Mammy, though unable to read and write, was a born nurse. She sensed that I was steadily growing worse though I tried hard to smother my groans and outcries.

"Honey Chile," she finally asserted, "us got to have a doctor. This what ails you I ain't never seed before in all my waitin' on the sick. I gonna wrop up and go to the nearest house and get 'em

to go over to Oakdale for Dr. Gains. I gotta do it."

"No, Mammy, No!" I cried. "You couldn't possibly go the mile to Canty's place against this wind and sleet. I cannot, will not allow you to try. Besides, Mr. Canty wouldn't attempt to go by mule and wagon six miles and back in this storm: nor could old Dr. Gains come out in it. We'll just have to make out the best we can until daylight and the breaking of the weather."

"I'll have to do what you tell me to do, Honey Chile, but—"

"No but," I snapped. "Now please refill the hot water bottle."

The long hours of that winter night dragged by. Old Mammy never halted. She rubbed, she poulticed and drenched me on hot and cold mixtures as long as I would swallow.

Watching the clock worsened matters, so I stopped looking its way. When through the uproar of the storm I faintly heard our old rooster crow I said in my heart, "Half the night is gone; God help us to make the other half!"

During my pregnancy Dr. Gains never weighed me or advised a diet. His only pre-natal advise was to report to him if my ankles began to swell. Meanwhile the old folks told me I must eat for two. When after eighteen hours of labor without even a hypodermic,

my eleven pound son was born I thought I had known suffering at its utmost. But my agony that long, bitter winter night was even greater.

Several hours after midnight I knew I had reached the end of human endurance, and that death itself was upon me. Mammy knew it too. She stood close by me softly praying as she rubbed first one cold hand and then the other.

All through that long life-and-death battle I had been reaching toward God with one hand, so to speak, and fighting my suffering with the other. Now I loosened my hold on all else and turned directly, completely to God. And I, through the eyes of faith, saw Him; not a person as I had always visualized Him, but a Light; not high up as I had heretofore placed Him, but right there in the room real near me. A Light shining through the thick mist of death. A gloriously clear, soft, warm, re-assuring Light. I knew I was in the immediate presence of God. But not one word of request did I make, not in thought did I say, "Spare me," or even, "Save me." With all my being I turned to Him in the attitude of "I come to Thee, Thy will be done."

The Light drew nearer until it penetrated me like a powerful healing ray. In the twinkling of an eye all burning, pain, and

swelling left me. Completely relieved of all suffering I looked about the familiar room, at Mammy's beaming face, down at Lambkin who had not stirred or whimpered during the long, torturous hours.

"Praise God!" Mammy burst out. "You done got better."

"Praise God!" I responded, "all suffering is gone. I am perfectly at ease."

"But Mammy," I added, "you had better examine my right breast. While it doesn't hurt it feels queer and out of order."

"Caked as hard as a board!" Mammy exclaimed. "And all in a second. Oh, I knows. I understands. The Good Lord run that sick devil from outer your innards to up here where I can handle him. I know all about woman's caked breasts. Many as I is unhardened!"

Quickly Mammy concocted a warm rubbing substance with which she massaged my offending member gently for a long time. Then she stirred up corn mush and dried herbs from her satchel into a poultice which soothed me into drowsiness.

"Oh, Mammy!" I murmured happily, "I feel good all over now. The storm is quieting. Do let's both of us get some rest." Before she had finished refilling the chimney place with oak logs I was fast asleep.

At daybreak Lambkin called for breakfast. Hardly half awake I fed him from the unplastered breast. Both of us fell sound asleep again.

About midmorning Mammy and I woke up in a calm, crystal or should I say diamond-world. Every limb, twig, leaf, and pine needle hung in icicles that sparkled in the bright sunlight. It was the biggest and most beautiful freeze I have ever seen here in South Carolina in all my long life. The wondrous grandeur seemed the resounding note of my having so recently come face-to-face with God.

No symptoms of my terrific and unaccountable pains ever returned. The breast that so peculiarly hardened, with their banishment came back, with Mammy's treatment, to normalcy in every way except in the yielding of milk.

Right after the thaw, which came about quickly as our real cold spells are short, Dr. Gains came jogging along in his road cart to take a look-see, as he put it. Though I felt real well I was still in bed according to the custom of a woman's resting a month after child birth.

"Boy's doing fine," the old doctor chuckled. "Now let's see about you. Abdomen O. K. The breasts all right? Ho! What's this? Nurs-

ing from only one? What happened?"

Then fully, simply I told him of my violent attack and miraculous relief.

The grizzly old doctor sat solemnly silent for awhile. Then looking earnestly at me he asked in a voice I had never heard from him before. "Daughter, you read your Bible?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you know how Jesus raised the widow's only son by touching his bier; drove the horrible mental disease out of Legion and into the swine; called Lazarus up after a three days' stay in the grave?"

"Yes, sir."

"As I see it He likewise took you out of the hands of death."

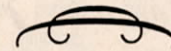
"Yes, sir, I knew it at the time."

So! Thousands of miles from the sacred curing fount at Lourdes; out of reach of all healing shrines or assemblages, without the intercession of an ordinary minister, or any laying on of hands (unless the prayerful rubbing of devout old Mammy could be counted as such) my wordless prayer reached the throne of Grace. In answer God came and took me from the clutch of death. Furthermore, He has granted me fifty extra years in which to witness for Him.

I Lift My Heart

EVA SPARKS TAYLOR

Beyond the range
Of all that would dismay,
I lift my heart today
To One Who can restore
My inner calm, my faith, my strength,
Making them all-sufficient
For my need.
I need not plead,
Only to lift my heart, and He
Reveals the glory
That He meant for me.



Response

ELIZABETH RICKETTS TAYLOR

The birch tree flutters merrily,
With limbs that interlace;
The poplar tree with dignity
Bows to the winds' embrace.
It is the same with man, they say:
Each bows to nature in his way.
The weaklings cringe in agony,
But brave men stand courageously.

A Positive Way to Pray

H. Parr Armstrong

Have you a problem? There's a solution for it. Intelligent prayer and proper intercession will help you out of that problem and every other difficulty.

Science has conquered most of the contagious diseases. Education is rapidly subduing ignorance. Electricity is lessening the burdens of labour, and farm machinery can produce plenty of food for all.

If we desire it and believe it, Christian brotherhood will end wars.

It may be that you have a great ambition, some wonderful dream you would like to see realized. Why not let Spiritual Powers guide you in the furtherance of that ambition?

God has created a world of freedom, opportunity and triumph—not blind alleys. God can help us better our own conditions. Jesus Christ can make every home happy. True partnership with God will bring about economic security. Put the Kingdom of God first, said Jesus. Then all your

needs will be met, and life will be a pleasure.

It may be that you are unhappy because you are living smaller than God made you. Yet for every trouble you may have in your heart, mind, body, and soul there is an answer. Many have found it. Many who are lame, deaf, blind, and in constant pain are today living radiantly and joyfully because of their Christian faith.

Millions down through the ages have won victories through the power of prayer. Whatever be your difficulty or noble ambition you can find life worthwhile through a vital faith in Jesus Christ and His many promises. Through prayer we come to the very heart of our Christian faith, as prayer is conversation with God, and an experience which helps us *up* and helps us *out*.

"Pray without ceasing," said Paul. We may not readily understand what it means to "pray without ceasing." Many only know what it means to "worry without ceasing."

If we go far enough with God, as we know Him through Jesus Christ, our fears will be supplanted with our faiths. Instead of ceaseless worry, we will find that we will have joyful answers to our prayers. "When we look at ourselves too much we are depressed; when we look at others we are impressed; when we look at Christ we are blessed." This prayer experience is an adventure in forgetting self, and turning attention to God and His Eternal Kingdom. For as we study the Bible prayers, and come to know the many teachings of Jesus, we can truly live abundantly. All can be much happier than they are. Therefore make meditation and prayer the very centre of your personality and life.

Now that you have spoken to God, let Him speak to you.

In this step let Him reveal Himself in meditation and quiet.

Idle your whole personality as it rests in the presence of the Almighty. Be passive; acquiesce. Be neutral; accede. Don't bother about thinking. Neither work your imagination. Just be conscious of the presence of our loving Father. Praise Him, thank Him, hallow Him and glorify Him, for He is before all, after all, in all and over all. He is ALL.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." In trying to be still remember that nearly

all the symbols Jesus used were quiet symbols. Light, leaven, lilies, bread, salt and seed are all silent forces.

Amid stillness new thoughts come. Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together. "They who wait for the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

Silence is eloquent and silence is golden. After the Psalmist wrote: "He leadeth me beside the still waters," he could not help but give the good results: "He restoreth my soul."

Stillness quiets the man and restores the personality. When we bask in perfect calm the mind is serene, the body is restful, the soul is tranquil and the heart is light. To be sure, the whole personality is ready to enter into the larger realm of being and knowing. In this high moment of realization God speaks to us, directs us, motivates us, lifts us, and His presence becomes not only a reality, but a mighty power.

The Psalmist wrote, "Be still and know that I am God." In other words, be quiet, and know the Lord. Let Him speak to you from within. God spoke to shepherds and peasants on Judean hills long ago. He will speak to us to-day if we but listen. He is

ready to speak to each and all who listen for His Inner Voice.

A high school girl wanted to do something but she was too timid. Her mother encouraged her but she was afraid. Then her mother discouraged her and she cried. For an hour she was indecisive. Her wise mother said, "Go to your room and be still in the presence of God." Ten minutes later, the girl came out of her room radiant. "I can do it," she said; and she did. She found the source of her decision in silence with God.

"Be still before the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."

Everyone thinks about himself much of the time. This is natural. The result is that some get the idea, "I can do it," or "I can't do it." Some may think about themselves so much that they get

to thinking that God cannot do it. But "with God all things are possible." When you put Him at the focal point of your attention during those moments of quiet—He Speaks and Guides.

Once a little girl shortened the twenty-third Psalm saying, "The Lord is my Shepherd; what more do I need?" The older we get the more we are convinced that praise and thanksgiving and rejoicing are right at the pinnacle of genuine praying. A missionary friend says that if she were asked to pray through a problem with a person, she would ask that she and that person spend the first fifty-five minutes of the hour in praise and thanksgiving; and the last five minutes in talking to God about the particular problem. Such an attitude is sure to bring the persons "near to the heart of God."



My Need

Mary Roxanne White

There is so much that I would ask—
When at His feet I kneel,
I would ask for confidence and grace
With no waning of my zeal.
I would, greet life unruffled,
That I meet every test—
For a sense of humor, I would beg
To keep me, at my best.
Without it, life so dull could be—
For then I could not laugh at me.

Her faith in God has helped her to smile and look to the future with happiness.

Connie Fuller

Is Over coming Polio

With God

Rudy Abramson

God and the church have always been a large part of Connie Fuller's life.

And largely because of that, the nineteen-year-old Oxford, Mississippi, girl will be graduated from high school this summer even though both of her legs and her right arm were paralyzed by polio in August, 1953. For the past two years she has continued her education with the aid of a home-to-school telephone system which enables her to take an active part in her classes while sitting in her wheel chair in her bedroom at home.

She maintains a better than "B" average although she goes into the classrooms at University High School only on infrequent visits. And besides that, she has already started making plans to start to college this fall.

Connie had just completed the

eighth grade when polio struck. She was an athletic, outdoor-type girl who says she took the role of a boy in a family of five daughters. When she was growing up she preferred to spend her time in the fields with her father rather than at home learning to keep house.

When she was stricken she was working at an Oxford movie house saving money for school when she began her freshman year that fall. However, it was to be a full year before she attended another class. For two weeks after she became ill, she was in an iron lung at John Gaston Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee. She was then put on a rocking bed for two weeks, and on October 3 she was moved to the Memphis Crippled Children's Hospital. Altogether it was seven months before she came home to Oxford.

That was March, 1954. In September she started back to school after missing a whole year. She attended regularly in the ninth grade, although her classes were all on the second floor and she had to depend upon boys in her class to carry her up the stairs.

After a year of attending classes, the Oxford Rotary Club decided to give her a helping hand and finance her private classroom. She completed the tenth and eleventh grades at home.

As soon as Connie came home from the hospital she started back to church at the North Oxford Baptist Church. And even after she stopped going to school she continued to attend regular Sunday worship services as well as mid-week prayer meetings.

She is a substitute Sunday School teacher and a regular teacher in Vacation Bible School each summer. Connie Fuller's relation with the church and her faith in God have helped her to smile and look forward to the future although she is unable to do many of the things she once loved so much.

"My mother thinks I accept this too much," she said from her wheel chair recently. "But I don't think so. I still hope I'll be able to walk some day, but I know I must face the fact that I can't right now. It must be the way God wants it or I'd be up walking

around like all the other kids."

Being able to look hopefully beyond her misfortune kept Connie from feeling resentful toward others when she found out she would never walk again.

It was almost two years after she was paralyzed before she could talk about her future. "It wasn't that I was bitter," she said. "It just hurt too much."

"I wouldn't have been able to look at it the way I did if I hadn't believed in God," she added. "I know I would have been jealous of the other kids I saw walking around while I was getting used to living in a wheel chair."

She has even learned now to enjoy her classes on her home-to-school telephone which operates like an inter-communication system in an office.

"I get my share of the questions just like everybody else," she said, "and when I don't know the answer I have to say so. I can't drop a pencil or look out the window like I didn't hear." She admits that she has felt tempted to "go off the air" on occasions.

But Connie's teachers will tell you that she usually has the right answers. Taking such subjects as shorthand, typing, French, and accounting, she has stayed near the top of her class. She types forty words per minute although she is able to use only one hand.

The portable box which serves

as both receiver and transmitter at school is carried from one classroom to another by her classmates, and Connie recognizes the voices of all the class members although she never sees most of them.

With graduation fast approaching, Connie is already making plans to start to college and study accounting. "I haven't decided for sure where I want to go," she said. "But the first thing I have to do is to convince my father

that I can take care of myself."

Her friends have little doubt that she can. For besides making an outstanding record in her school work, Connie has learned to carry on most household duties from her wheel chair while her mother, Mrs. Joe Fuller, works. She cooks, cleans house, and takes care of her three smaller sisters.

"I still haven't mastered sweeping," she said, "but I'm improving."



COMMON THINGS

Elberta Leisure

Papaya is a common fruit
From off a common tree;
But when I cut a section through
A star appeared to me.

Surprising how we find our stars
Among the common things,
When we are young enough to look
And have a faith that sings.

"IN QUIETNESS AND IN CONFIDENCE
SHALL BE YOUR STRENGTH."

Silence

James D. Furlong

The most immense and unexplored world which touches us is the world of silence. We do so many things by speech and action that we become insensible of the power and influence of anything like silence; we connect uselessness with silence and think noise and action mean fruitfulness and service. The urgent need in our day of insecurity and suffering is to realize that there is something vital in stillness that restores, rebuilds, and renews.

Consider the vast strange world inside you—the world of thought, reason, memory; of faith and fear, hope and despair; of the heart's marvelous action and the chemistry of the body—all hushed and still.

The greatest fact about man is

his silence and the greatest fact about God is His silence. To desire greater nearness to God means to become more silent. Such silence, however, must be eager and vital never idle or stagnant. Such silence enables God to take possession of your life to give you His life, His peace, and His strength to reinspire your weary spirit, enliven your exhausted life and quiet your confused mind. A poet long ago said it like this:

*"Once in a silent night a child
was born
Who brought again what once
was lost and torn,
Could but thy soul, O Man,
become a silent night
Christ would be born in Thee
and set all things right."*



Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

A Roman Catholic was brought to Dr. W. T. Grenfell (Anglican) of Labrador fame, for immediate medical treatment. After examination, the doctor found it absolutely necessary to amputate his leg. The patient recovered, and Dr. Grenfell wrote an appeal for a wooden leg to enable the man to move about and earn his living. This was before the days when we had other kinds of artificial limbs. The appeal was published in an American Congregational paper and was read by a Baptist woman, whose husband, a Methodist, had worn a wooden leg and recently died. She sent the wooden leg to Dr. Grenfell. And, so, said the famous Labrador medical missionary, "The Methodist leg, given by a Baptist woman, in answer to a Congregational appeal on behalf of a Roman Catholic, is now being used as a perfectly satisfactory interdenominational understanding."

This is a true but simple story which shows us how closely we all should be related for truly we are ONE in Christ Jesus, our blessed Lord and Saviour.

In the Great Commission, Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," the good news. Dr. John R. Mott once declared: "A man may accept or reject Jesus Christ and take the consequences; but once having accepted Him, no man has the alternative as to whether or not he shall obey Him."

In the face of fear, uncertainty, bombs, and nuclear weapons we must advance

the cause of Christ along all fronts. It is absolutely imperative that we go forward now more than ever before.

The United Prayer Tower members have a great privilege which God has given them. Our lines go to the uttermost parts of the earth. Many members have sent in the names of missionaries to be placed on our prayer list and to whom we send the *Manual Of Prayer*. As members of this great prayer movement we deem it a glorious privilege to lift these missionaries and their many endeavors to God each day in our love and prayers. We ask that each one reading this message will join with us. You do not know their names or their fields of service but you can pay for ALL whose names are in the Prayer Box.

Our own spiritual needs require that we give ourselves and our possessions in unselfish outreach to others. We simply cannot long retain the blessings of our faith unless we are constantly sharing them with others. It is one of the great spiritual laws of the universe. We must lose ourselves in service that is motivated by love if we would find the true and abundant life. This abundant life comes from establishing a deep and inner life of prayer.

Roger Babson, the great statistician who is accustomed to dealing with the values of the various commodities and resources of our commercial system, has said that "prayer is America's great

undeveloped resource." In a conversation between Mr. Babson and the great Mr. Steinmetz, Mr. Babson asked in what field the greatest discoveries of this age would be made, and Mr. Steinmetz replied, "The greatest discovery of this age will be made in the realm of spiritual forces. Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful. The scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and spiritual forces. When this day comes the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has in the past four."

When we read such statements as this, coming from men of this caliber, it is time we gave the matter of prayer and the development of spiritual forces in human experience some definite consideration.

Prayer involves both devotion and practice as it does in any other field of

service. To illustrate this we would point to the story of the great artist, Holman Hunt, who painted "The Light of the World." One day he was taking a group of young artists through his studio, and as they were looking at his paintings he casually picked up a brush and quickly made a perfect circle on a canvas. One of the young artists said "O, Mr. Hunt, I would love to know how you did that. Please tell me your secret." And Mr. Hunt quietly replied, "It is very simple. All you have to do is practice eight hours a day for forty years." How true! It takes practice, devotion, and then perfection.

"Have you heard, my fellow Christians,
Every hour, every place,
Men are looking for the image
Of the Master, in your face?
And the image you're reflecting,
Is distorted or it's fair,
Just according to the measure
Of the time you've spent in prayer."

Will you promise God this day to
give Him more of your time?

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.

MY GOD AND MY ALL, The Life of Saint Francis of Assisi, by Elizabeth Goudge (Coward-McCann, 317 pages, \$4.95) is one of the most fascinating books I have ever read. Francis comes out of the pages of history and in engaging detail we walk step by step with him as he walked with his Lord. The insights into his character are illuminating; the tenacity of his single-minded adoration and practice are awesome; and the beauty of his life is enthralling. This is not to say that the author does not show the aspects of his personality that are not always so attractive, for there is no doubt that one so engulfed by the flames of God was not always easy to live with. Nevertheless, the life taken as a whole is one that has earned him the rightful designation as a "saint." The book is easy to read; and always difficult to put down once you have begun reading. One will be better for having read it.

FUNERAL SERVICES by James L. Christensen (Revell, 160 pages, \$2.50) is a book of funeral services for special occasions. While the book is obviously of most value for a clergyman, yet those who have to visit a family where death has occurred, and especially where that death has occurred under unusual circumstance, there are many ideas here to lend comfort and give courage. Some of the special occasions are for an infant, a teen-age youth, a young mother, an accident victim, a cancer victim, a victim of murder, mental illness, a person of poor reputation, multiple funerals and so on. Each service, which is complete in the book, consists of Scripture Readings, a prayer, a meditation, usually some poetry, and the benediction. The meditation, or talk, is slanted to the particular need.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE WHOLE BIBLE by G. Campbell Morgan (Revell, 542 pages, \$6.95) is a chapter by chapter survey of the entire Bible from the first chapter of Genesis to the 22nd chapter of Revelation. Dr. Morgan was one of the greatest Bible expositors of all time. He had the knack of making quite plain the obscurities of Scripture, applying Bible truths to everyday life, making

books of interest

comments, summaries
reviews & opinions
on religious books

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

the past come alive and become contemporary in helpful application, and yet always maintaining the sense of the action and purpose of God in Jesus Christ. This exposition of the entire Bible will be useful and very much appreciated by those who find the Bible too big to study in detail, by those who want to skim over an entire book of the Bible and find out the important message and events as preparation for Bible study, and by those who want to know what the Bible is all about. It is worth owning and worth the price.

HOW TO LIVE IN THE CIRCLE OF PRAYER by Stella Terrill Mann (Dodd, Mead, 180 pages, \$3.00) says that the way to make our dreams come true is to work consciously with God, and this means prayer. The author claims that the reason why many prayers are not answered is that our life is incomplete, and also that it is possible to live "in the circle" of prayer continually. She lists 12 aspects of prayer that are necessary to make this circle complete: desire, decision, ask, love, faith, work, thought, spoken word, listen, accept, make disposition, and rest. The book is devoted to this totality of the prayer life. It is inspirational, practical and stimulating;

and it is the result of her life-time of counselling with people on personal and religious affairs. Everyone will find himself rewarded with new ideas and new possibilities. It is not necessary to agree with everything in a book (in fact it is almost impossible if one thinks for himself) but if he can find a few ideas that give his will and imagination wings, his life can be changed. The enthusiasm and thoughts of Mrs. Mann will tend in this direction.

THE BIBLE SPEAKS OF DAILY NEEDS by Georgia Harkness (Abingdon, 94 pages, \$1.50) contains 86 one page meditations that are based on biblical texts. The text is applied to our daily lives, there are questions for self-examination, and there is a closing prayer. Many of the Bible texts are familiar and much loved by everyone, however, she does a wonderful job of bringing to light many passages of the Bible that are not so familiar. The questions for self-examination are a new slant to devotional books of this sort. They are good in that they give the reader something to do for himself.

DEVOTIONAL PROGRAMS FOR THE CHANGING SEASONS by Ruth C. Ikerman (Abingdon, 158 pages, \$2.00) has 40 complete plans for women's groups. I do not know why it is limited to women's groups because I have read them and find them excellent for anyone or for any group. They make wonderful devotions for personal use. The author takes the four seasons of the year and uses the attributes of each season and what we commonly do, during that season to make a spiritual application. She has a skill for putting the common things of life into contexts that make them quite unforgettable. One example is the gift of a calendar at the beginning of the year and the scripture text that God is eternal and unchanging. Each devotion consists of the Scripture for the Day, the Leader's Introduction, the talk or application that runs usually 2 or 3 pages, and a closing prayer.

THEY STAND INVINCIBLE by Robert Merrill Bartlett (Crowell, 262 pages, \$3.50) is one of the most wonderful books I have read, and I firmly

believe that it ought to be in most homes, especially where there are young people. This is a book of biographies of contemporary men who are working to erase ignorance, prejudice and war and be champions of truth and peace. They come from the United States, Europe, the Middle East, Africa and Asia. They belong to different races and religious groups, but they are united in their efforts to help humanity. Here is what the author says of them, "We might call them a sixth race because they find their unity in likeness of mind and spirit more than in country, color, and creed. Their lives of courage and bold action counteract fear and despair. These heroes are changing the course of history. They point the way to a better civilization and a peaceful world." The men in the book are Toyohiko Kagawa, Vinoba Bhave, Albert Schweitzer, Yang Chu James Yen, Raphael Lemkin, Abbe Pierre, Arthur Compton, Alan Paton, Taha Hussein, Odd Nansen, Reinhold Von Thadden-Trie-glaff and Martin Luther King, Jr. Somebody is undoubtedly going to have his life changed by reading this book.

GIVE YOURSELF ONE DAY by Calvin Robinson (Crowell, 146 pages, \$2.50) is a joy to read. It is that rare combination of living truth and application in this present day and hour. The author is a lawyer, head of a school that prepares lawyers for the bar examination, and an expert in practical psychology. The book tells how to make your life full and happy. We have one day only in which to live, and that is right now. We have certain elements at our disposal whether or not we like it — people, buses, shaving, working, telephoning, and so on. There are all the possibilities for fulfillment and happiness if we will take them. The book has seven parts (or perhaps main chapters) and a number of smaller chapters under each of these. The seven main headings are: Start the Day Right, You Spend the Day with Other People, How to Work Better, Alone With Your Thoughts, When You Come Home, God and You, At the End of the Day. It's a book that I am going to give to a number of people (including myself for periodic reading).

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