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**Clear Horizons**

Personal Experiences In Christian Living



04  
**Marcus  
Bach**

COMPASSIONATE  
RESEARCHER

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ROCKETEERS**

*Austin Pardue*



## Clear Horizons Magazine

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### THE COVER

Dr. Marcus Bach was ordained to the ministry and served churches for some years. His interest in others and in other groups soon had him travelling all over this country and then around the world to understand the faith of others. This resulted in many books of intense interest. His approach is not that of the critic who is attempting to prove his own group right to the exclusion of other groups. Rather it is to try and understand the faith of others from their own experience and point of view. Some of his books are: *Major Religions of the World*, *Adventures in Faith*, *They have Found a Faith*, *Faith of My Friends*, *God and the Soviets*, *Strange Altars* and *Circle of Faith*. His is a friendly, universal spirit that helps bring the world together.

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Faith, hope and love are very important, but the greatest of these is love.

## Religion & Rocketeers

Austin Pardue

Suppose that a party, having traveled by rocket from a distant planet, should land at the Greater Pittsburgh Airport. Suppose that these Rocketeers proved they were friends, not enemies, and that Pittsburgh's Mayor Lawrence agreed to get together a committee to show them around. Suppose further—on the grounds that no people have ever been known to be without some kind of faith—that the Rocketeers were deeply interested in our religion.

Imagine Mayor Lawrence asking Roman Catholic Bishop Dear-den, Methodist Bishop Wicke, and Episcopal Bishop Pardue to serve

as a committee to explain Christianity to the Rocketeers. Imagine all three of us being willing to cooperate in making this presentation. And imagine the three of us agreeing to a statement that we worship a God-man named Jesus Christ who gave His life to teach us that God is love and that we must love one another in thought, word and deed.

Without a doubt, each one of us would try to press the claims of his own Church, but the Rocketeers would be too smart to get involved in problems of theology, history, apostolic order, and Biblical authority. Instead, they would

From *The Diocesan Church News*, March, 1958. Used by permission.



press on to essentials—of which the chief is the meaning of love. Without a doubt, they would proceed with questions which would lead us to I Corinthians 13.

On the basis of the Epistle for Quinquagesima, the three bishops would say to the Rocketeers that love suffers long, and is kind; love envies not; love vaunts not itself, is not easily provoked; thinks no evil, rejoices not in iniquities, but in the truth. The Rocketeers would be told further that faith, hope, and love are very important, but that the greatest of these is love.

Let us assume that everything we have been imagining actually happened; and now let us watch the Rocketeers once they have taken leave of the Committee on Christianity and have looked around for themselves.

Visiting various churches, and getting to know a number of individual Christians, the Rocketeers found their contacts with Christianity an impressive—and at the same time a puzzling, and often depressing—experience. Some parishes were seen as a fellowship of love, and some individuals revealed themselves as possessing a saintly character. But other parishes showed themselves to be hotbeds of animosity in spite of splendid liturgical renditions of their belief in the love-principle. What is more, the Rocketeers

found large numbers of us who were members in good standing of our respective churches, but who harbored attitudes of hatred, resentment, jealousy, hardness of heart, and vindictiveness. They found professed Christians living in unheard of luxury but caring little or nothing for vast masses of people who lived in filth, disease, and starvation.

At a farewell banquet given in their honor in Washington, the Rocketeers were asked their opinion of the religion of the earth people; and though they phrased their remarks courteously, they left the impression that in far too many instances the earthlings had made a sad mess of the sublime revelation they had been given, for there was such a gulf between theory and practice. However, the Rocketeers went on to say that on their return to their own planet they were planning to introduce the religion of love as the answer to all their problems, and on the homeward flight they were going to try to work out many correctives which would bridge the gap between ideals and failure in practice.

As they soared through outer space, their ship powered by an efficient atomic mechanism, the Rocketeers decided that the first step in putting love into practice would be to adopt a plan for generous and systematic giving. Ac-

cordingly, they fashioned their paper drinking-cups into Mite Boxes such as they had noticed in the Diocese of Pittsburgh, and with them began a fund to be used to evangelize their own planet and other planets as well. They looked on their Mite Boxes as symbols of love in action.

As the Rocketeers discussed their Mite Boxes, one of their number took up an Observascope

and peered into it to take note of what was being done with Mite Boxes in the Diocese of Pittsburgh, and what did he see? . . . Mite Boxes empty, or containing only grudging offerings? . . . Mite Boxes full to overflowing with love offerings for the extension of Christ's work abroad and at home? The answer was and is in your hands and mine. NOW!



## Exchange With God

Enola Chamberlin

With every mauve-pale dawn I bow—  
An ardent devotee—  
And ask that through the day God lend  
Part of Himself to me.

And then when nighttime walks the land,  
And distant hills are dim,  
I kneel and thank Him for the day  
And give myself to Him.



No alcoholic is hopeless,  
but must be helped again  
and again, until, through  
another's faith in him,  
self-confidence is restored.

## THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE POWERLESS

*Arthur D. Pratt, Jr.*

I awake crowded between two piles of lumber in a lumber yard located on the Baltimore waterfront. I am sick; I am shaking convulsively. The last incident I can remember is having taken a drink in a hotel bar in Buffalo, N. Y. Since then—complete blackout. What has happened to my wife and kids? Did I commit any crimes or run down anyone with my automobile after I left the hotel bar? I am broke, violently ill, and in a strange city. Where can I go? What can I do? I am not fit to walk the streets, shaking as I am.

A brother alcoholic on the lumber pile with me asks, "Why don't we go to one of the Flynn Houses?"

### "WHAT ARE THE FLYNN HOUSES?"

Flynn Christian Fellowship Houses are made up of eight homes in Baltimore, Maryland; one in Norfolk, Virginia. They are managed, staffed, and largely financed by homeless alcoholics whose lives are dedicated to helping and serving those who still suffer—as they too once suffered. Approximately twenty persons reside in each of these communities.

Membership is automatic to the sick alcoholic coming off the street, or to those released from the City Jail. A sick and lonely man or woman seeking aid need only enter a Flynn House to acquire "a sense of belonging." Rarely is anyone turned down for

there is "always room for one more," be it for only a night or two of repose on a downstairs sofa or easy chair. Upon recovery from the "shakes" (alcoholic tremors) and the feeling of lonely destitution, the new brother is asked to seek employment and pay a fee of \$15.00 weekly for room and board. Thus, from the very beginning, the new man is helped to help himself. New members may live in the homes as long as they so desire and may participate in as few or as many Alcoholics Anonymous and Christian Fellowship activities as they deem necessary to maintaining a happy sobriety. Many seem to find a certain serenity and stability through simply living in the Christian atmosphere of the homes. However, those who fight through to a profound personality change eventually find enough humility to make a genuine confession of their own powerlessness over drugs or alcohol, and their dependence upon a Higher Power to restore them to sanity. Through conviction, rather than through creed, these become members of "the fellowship of the powerless." Motivated by the unswerving commitment to fulfill Jesus' command (Matthew 25): "to feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, welcome the stranger and visit the sick and imprisoned," many come voluntarily to embrace Flynn Houses' funda-

mental article of faith that "Jesus is God," and the declaration is in no way forced upon them. The wholehearted and friendly acceptance of them in the homes woos them to Christ. Once they have fallen in love with Him, these children of the Lord are unable to withhold testifying their faith in His power.

### "WHAT IS THE ORIGIN OF THE FLYNN HOUSES?"

Joe Flynn, a Skid Row alcoholic, met with another alcoholic who had established a home in a cave in the Virginia mountains. Together they planned a Halfway House to which the alcoholic newly discharged from jail might apply for refuge rather than return to the hopeless devastation of Skid Row living. This home was located in downtown Washington, and after Flynn's death was operated by an alcoholic named Bob Clawson. The fellowship principle as practiced in the Washington house was emulated by Bill Dunklin, another alcoholic, when he installed Halfway Houses in Baltimore, Maryland. The name of the original founder, "Flynn," was given to the Baltimore houses. In every Skid Row flophouse from Baltimore to Seattle these houses are known as "The Flynn Homes." Since Dunklin's decision to pioneer a new work in Virginia, an ever-growing team of managers



has been expanding the work in Baltimore, and increasingly developing its faith. They have adhered to the principle of not soliciting funds, and leaving the financial support to God. In 1959 they extended shelter and board, plus a program of rehabilitation, to over 5,000 homeless persons for an average of two weeks per person. Of these, approximately 60 per cent paid their own way. An average of 40 per cent are known to have fully arrested their alcoholism and 30 per cent show partial recovery.

In the way of social service Flynn House staff members have initiated group discussion and counseling programs for alcoholics confined in both of Maryland's Mental institutions. They also have a program of regular visitation to the Baltimore City Jail and the Maryland State Penitentiary. Flynn Houses arrange voluntary commitments to mental hospitals for those found on the streets in a mentally defective condition; render temporary shelter and housing to stranded travelers recommended by the Travelers Aid Society; and give Halfway House accommodations to destitute patients discharged from hospitals and mental institutions. They also cooperate in providing a permanent home for the aged man or woman who must be supported by

the Department of Public Welfare.

Flynn Houses enforce only one rule—"NO DRINKING"—otherwise depending only on "The Golden Rule of Mutual Concern" to govern. In this, Flynn Houses strive to establish *homes* rather than institutions.

Staff members discuss ways and means to accomplish better upkeep of the houses for the welfare of the guests. To them, no alcoholic is hopeless, but must be helped again and again, until, through another's faith in him, self-confidence is restored.

Flynn Houses recognize no set formula for recovery from alcoholism. They employ and support the best in psychiatric treatment, endorse Alcoholics Anonymous and recommend "the church of one's choice." To the staff of Flynn Houses, Jesus Christ is a good God, a loving God who would have us use every medium of science and religion to serve His ends of giving dignity, respect, and creative personality to all of His children. House staffs spend long working hours under adverse conditions, without remuneration save for their room and board. They only ask that their Christian brethren join them in praying that the Lord may use them to extend this service to the alcoholic and destitute throughout our nation.

BY JOYCE LAKEY SHANKS

## Chapel by the Wayside

A unique little chapel along busy U. S. Highway 41, which spans our nation from north to south, is providing a momentary religious sanctuary for thousands of American and foreign travelers each year. Its doors are open night and day to both the curious and the worshipful.

A simple sign outside the gleaming white cement block structure, located on the northern outskirts of Farmersburg, Indiana, invites, "Visitors Welcome."

Taylor Memorial Prayer Chapel, shaped in the form of a cross, was built by Russell M. Taylor, a Methodist minister who now resides in Indianapolis, Indiana. He conceived the idea of the chapel shortly after the 1954 auto accident death of his brother and

sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Taylor.

The dedication of the chapel, on September 30, 1956, reads, "To the Glory of God and in loving memory of our deceased loved ones."

Using the accident insurance money, plus some of his own savings, Rev. Taylor enlisted the aid of his son, Seth, and together they built the chapel themselves.

Inside the chapel, soft green restful walls greet wayfarers. Bright sunlight filters through several cross-shaped glass block windows, revealing a warm-toned tile floor. At the altar, which is banked with growing greenery and candelabra, a huge portrait of Jesus Christ looks down upon an open Bible. On another wall, two



great strong hands, carved out of wood, and in the attitude of prayer, are mounted on marble, a gift from craftsmen at Winona Lake, Indiana, an interdenominational camp and conference site.

There are four newly reupholstered pews which could seat a dozen or a few more persons. A guest register near the entrance has recorded the names of visitors from all over the United States and a number of other countries, representing a variety of religions.

Typical of the comments in the guest book is one jotted down by a visitor from Orlando, Florida; "May Good keep you for keeping His shrine." Many guests have noted, "A beautiful place to visit."

A girl who identified herself as a native of France wrote in 1958, "This chapel has been a blessing to my soul." And indeed, it has probably inspired renewed courage in many troubled visitors who travel life's highway, and U. S. Highway 41.



## A Church Is Many Things

Alice Mason

What is this place to which I go,  
Though sick at heart and feeling low?  
The doors swing wide with peace to share.

This is my church—THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

What is this place? A fortress strong,  
Where saint and sinner both belong.  
The steps grow thin for crowds have trod

to find my church THE HOUSE OF GOD!

I WAS PROUD OF THAT ESKIMO SHOPKEEPER.

## A Case of Discipline

MARJORIE VANDERVELDE

Here was an opportunity for a new and strange experience—to see a huge glacier at close range. To have a glimpse of what the ice age must have been like. But I had more important things to do at the moment—as shopping for that Eskimo carving to add to my small collection of primitive art.

My husband and I were in Alaska recently, having traveled up the Alcan Highway to have a close look at the 49th state. We were approaching the Portage Glacier and a newly made road, of sorts, leading to it. But time was short, and there was the planned stop at a small, rural shop where we had seen an unusual Eskimo carving, picturing life in the north. Fine detail of feature had been intriguing. We had hesitated to buy, for two reasons; it was rather bulky to carry, and pretty expensive. Because the carving had be-

come forbidden fruit, it became even more desirable. Especially when we recalled that in another generation or so such native carving would be a lost art.

Having devised a number of reasons to shop for the carving though it meant giving up the glacier side-trip, we stopped at the proposed shop. The door was locked! Like a bolt out of the blue, we remembered that it was Sunday. Having been in isolated sections for several weeks, without calendar or daily paper, we had forgotten.

Well, it was Sunday. But we were tourists and wouldn't be passing this way again. Wasn't that reason enough to hunt up the proprietor and make the purchase? A knock on the back door brought muffled reply. Thank goodness, he was home. A middle-aged man appeared at the door in robe and



house slippers. It was the Eskimo who had shown us the carvings. I apologized for bothering him, and asked if he'd mind opening his shop to sell us the carving we had admired. Surprisingly, the man shook his rather shaggy head. I explained that we would not be back that way again.

"I don't sell on Sunday," came the firm reply in good English.

There was no budging the man, it was plain to see. The carving was now completely out of reach!

A short time later, we stood beside the gigantic, turquoise colored Portage Glacier. Petty irritations that had filled me were suddenly gone as I was completely overwhelmed with the wonder of this spectacle. Here was a resplendent tool of nature, patiently and laboriously grinding out a valley. We were watching a bit of the world being created—seeing

God's hand at work. It was as though we held in our hands for a fleeting moment some great, eternal truth that was too great for our finite minds.

The incident of the Eskimo carving suddenly came to mind. But it seemed trivial and far away. I could see myself as an individual, with others, rushing madly about our daily affairs intent on small details—even willing to lay aside age-old teachings and truths to suit our whims of the moment; remembering the Sabbath Day if it happened to fit in with our plans for that particular Sabbath.

Suddenly I was proud of that Eskimo shop keeper for standing by a principle! It was as though he had said, "Here I take my stand; I can not do otherwise, so help me God."—As undeviating as Portage Glacier!



God knew we needed something more  
 Than budding earth and sunlit sky,  
 And so He sent us friends to love,  
 To lift our hearts and spirits high.  
 God chose to teach love's wondrous art  
 Of comfort, cheer that never ends,  
 By giving to the thankful heart  
 The dear, good gift of faithful friends.

Author Unknown

Blind, paralyzed, yet this man was an oasis of brightness in wards of desert dullness.

## *How a Blind Man Restored My Faith*

FRANCES LUCAS

Mrs. Maxwell limped up the broad, shallow steps of the Military Hospital, her Women's Auxiliary smock over her arm. She exchanged smiles with a veteran coming down the steps in his regulation red dressing gown. "I've always felt sympathy for the people in here," she reflected—"at least, I've *thought* I have. Today I'm getting an inkling of what they really feel; it's fear. Ought to make me a better visitor, I suppose."

Through the big door she hurried, down the wide corridor to the Auxiliary office. She was a little late, and most of the Auxiliary had already trundled off their trolley wagons with their loads of fruit, cigarettes, and candy. Mary Gilchrist, the secretary, was sitting at the long table, pencil in hand, poring over one of her perennial lists.

"Hi, Susan," she said, "do you want a copy of the picture we took at the Bazaar?"

"Yes, thanks, Mary, if it flatters me." Mrs. Maxwell hung up the jacket of her brown tweed suit and put on her smock.

"You're doing W Ward, aren't you? Don't you get a bit tired of the old ones?"

"No, I rather like it; you get to know them." Mrs. Maxwell maneuvered her trolley rather clumsily around the corner of the table to the door.

"What's the matter, Susan? You're still limping."

"I know—it's a nuisance." Now was the moment to tell Mary that this was her last hospital visit; easy enough, surely, to say it—but Mrs. Maxwell pushed the trolley wagon out the door and down the corridor, the words unsaid. She'd telephone Mary to tell her about the doctor's report—something vague about an exploratory operation in the bone—X-rays unsatisfactory. It would be easier on the 'phone. Mrs. Maxwell allowed a small bitter chuckle



to escape her as she limped down the corridor. "I can't even face up to talking about it," she said to herself—"let alone going through with it. But how do you escape, when your doctor says, 'Operate?' How do you get along with one leg? How does TB of the bone start? Or carcinoma?"

There was a new patient in the small private room at the end of W Ward. Even through her own misery, Mrs. Maxwell felt, as always, the sad small ache—another one gone. Two years on the visiting committee had not dulled it. Mrs. Maxwell squared her slight shoulders, pushed open the door and limped in.

The man lying in the bed turned his face toward her. His eyes were bandaged.

"This is good of you. Please sit down," he said, smiling, "in that exceedingly uncomfortable chair."

Mrs. Maxwell sat down out of sheer surprise. It was the first time a patient had ever asked her to do such a thing. She ran a hand through her short brown hair and stared at the new patient.

He was old, of course—all the patients in W Ward were old men, chronics—but even without seeing his eyes, his face held her. Generally one said, "He must have been handsome once." This man was handsome now, with a fine dignity of bone structure, and his voice was deep and attractive.

"Thank you. How did you know—?"

"You are a visitor, aren't you? I know the steps of the staff. And also—I think you need to rest."

"You're right," Mrs. Maxwell laughed. "I'm on the Auxiliary—I come around with fruit and cigarettes alternate Thursdays."

"I know your friends, Mrs. Gilchrist and Mrs. Hopper," he said. Again, this was unlike any patient she had ever talked to.

She remembered now Mary Gilchrist speaking of this man—blind, paralyzed yet an oasis of brightness in wards of desert dullness. To find him in W Ward was no good sign. Most of these older men, the chronics, once in, did not leave again, except the one last time. A private room, too, betokened ill.

"Are you comfortable here?" she asked.

"More so than you are, at the moment," he surprised her again. "It's good of you to come when you are having difficulties yourself."

"Oh—you noticed I was lame?"

"More than that—you're troubled, aren't you? Rest for a few minutes. I've found that sometimes a heavy cloud will dissolve in quiet air."

"You really are an extraordinary man, Mr. ...." she glanced at the card on the foot of the bed, "Mr. Shelley. No one knows yet

—" she stopped. Imagine talking to a patient like this! Re-routing the conversation along accepted lines, she added, "I didn't ask you if you smoke?"

His laugh was delightful. "No, I don't, thanks. But you do, or don't you?"

A vision of Rule Five in the Regulations for Hospital Visiting reproached Mrs. Maxwell's inner eye.

"I'm well-known as a corrupter of visitors' morals," he continued cheerfully. "I simply tell the nurses that I enjoy the smell. They indulge me shamelessly."

"Well, then—" Mrs. Maxwell lit a cigarette. Momentarily she liked living—a sensation to which she had lately been a stranger. Then the recollection of reality struck at her again. The cigarette tasted like damp cinders.

"That's not how it's done," scolded her host (impossible to think of him as anything else). "If the action of nicotine on the nervous system doesn't produce a relaxing effect—you might as well buy lifesavers. . . . Well, you coughed, you know!" He laughed again. "I'm not actually a telepath!"

"I wish I was!" Mrs. Maxwell exclaimed. "I'd like to know what my doctor really thinks."

"Ah," said Shelley quietly. "So it's that sort of thing."

"Yes—my leg—it's been getting

slowly worse, you see. I'm going to have to give up the hospital work—and he wants to operate."

"Devilish difficult—to realize you're going to have to focus all your light through a cracked prism." He spoke quite softly.

Mrs. Maxwell stared out the window. The green of the hospital lawn was pleasantly complemented by the scattering of red-gowned figures, bright in the spring sunlight. A different, disintegrating shock ran through her as she remembered that this was a man who could neither move nor see.

"But you—you—" she stammered, turning back to the motionless figure on the bed.

"Yes, I learned. It took some doing."

"How—*how* did you face it?" He had fairly pulled the question out of her, but she was ashamed. "Oh, I'm sorry—I shouldn't be talking to you this way at all."

"Ah, but you should. What's the use of being human if we can't communicate? With me—" he paused reflectively. "With me it seemed to be a matter of letting go all holds—letting life itself take over. You seem to find then that slowly—in its own time—it flows in. If you keep your focus. Keeping your focus—that's the art of living, to my way of thinking."

Mrs. Maxwell was silent.

"Human physiology—human personalities—they're utterly un-



stable affairs. The only stable element in the arrangement we call the universe is the life that animates them, develops them—”

“And abandons them!” exclaimed Mrs. Maxwell, in sudden passionate rebellion and despair at the whole human set-up—in this hospital and in the universe.

“Well, as to that, I wonder just what is abandoned; how much, that is,” said Shelley meditatively. “If the sense of identity is the focussing point—it’s the light that’s the important element in this transaction. Does it matter to that spark of light that one small prism is cracked? You for instance, as a spark, have plenty of other scope—plenty—as much as the sunlight.” And the blind man smiled as he turned his face toward the bright window. . . .

\* \* \*

On a day of undeviating November rain Mrs. Maxwell walked down the slippery hospital steps carefully with her brand-new leg. She was rather tired. After so long a time, the routine of ward visit-

ing had been wearing; and then there had been the dreadful disappointment in W Ward.

She had hurried straight to the little private room—to find there a small petulant man who said he had had enough of hospitals to last him a lifetime, and didn’t she have any menthols?

The first nurse she had breathlessly sought out didn’t know, but the one in the office said, “Oh, Mr. Shelley. Yes, he died—oh, two or three months ago. We all miss him so. No, nothing to be done—it was gradual, you know, but hopeless.”

Down the steps she went, already feeling a cold squelchiness in her shoe. It occurred to her that she would have only one wet foot to cope with for the rest of her days. “Maxwell on Compensation,” she chuckled to herself, slipped, and righted herself. “I’ll have to watch the point of focus on days like this.” And with a backward, smiling glance at the window at the end of W Ward, she splashed across the lawn to the parking lot.

### Wager

Mrs. Wendall Hall

Friends viewed and pondered at great length,  
Said it could not be done;  
They only saw my human strength.  
I bet on God—and won!

## My Experience at Lourdes

*Mary Light*

After dinner we made our way to the station to go to Lourdes. The guide discovered at the last moment there was some red tape mess to clear up. He left us by a train, thinking it would go at any moment. The suspense was terrific. There was suddenly a silence . . . then I realized that many were praying . . . eyes were closed . . . but no word was heard. THEN THE TRAIN PULLED OUT! . . . There was a moment of shock . . . then our guide returned to say that it was not our train! We had about twenty minutes to spare. What a blessed relief! I think we all praised God as we found the very perfect sleeping compartments which were reserved for each of us.

We arrived at Lourdes and spent the morning visiting the birthplace, hospital, prison, grotto and all other places connected

with Saint Bernadette. We followed a procession along a path beside a wall with faucets all the way along. Many were busy filling cups and bottles with Lourdes Holy Water.

Our guide told us that he would try and arrange for us to see the baths after all had bathed. The hours for this are from 9:00 to 11:00 A. M. and 2:00 to 4:00 P. M. I went in at 4:00 P. M., and the next moment a gentle lady was undressing me. Then I was covered with a gown of a lovely shade of blue . . . the healing color. Just before going into the bath that is replaced by a white gown.

Stepping into icy cold water, I gave a gasp and was left absolutely breathless. I was told to go down three steps . . . kiss a statue of Saint Bernadette . . . sit down and lean backwards. That was all



except I was told not to wipe off any of the water as I was being helped to dress again.

Having fallen down in the morning, I went into the bath with a sore knee which was perfectly healed after the bath. Throughout this period, priests and hundreds of onlookers pray and sing unceasingly. There is a procession and I was amazed at the old people who took part in this. Everywhere candles and souvenirs of every description are for sale.

Crutches no longer required are placed for all to see.

The surrounding Pyrenees are beautiful, and when evening came 15,000 took part in a nightly candlelight procession. Again I marvelled at the old people taking part. Banners carried from various places made it very colorful. The starched, high, white lace head dresses of some of the women were beautiful.

I had the most perfect night's sleep in the rocking train on the return journey to Paris.



### "Thank You"

Betty Burns Glazier

Thank you God for wonders of the mind,  
 Thank you too for worries left behind.  
 Thank you for relief from daily strife,  
 Thank you for a full well-rounded life.  
 Thank you for a great desire to share,  
 Thank you for the cross that I must bear.  
 Thank you for composure and for rest,  
 Thank you for the life that I possess.  
 Thank you for the very air I breathe.  
 Thank you for all natural delights,  
 But thank you most of all for Jesus Christ.

WHEN WE SEEK VALUES BEYOND OUR OWN INTERESTS, THE JOY WE FIND EXCEEDS OUR FONDEST EXPECTATIONS.

## HIS FAITH MADE HIM A DANCE TEACHER

Aubrey B. Haines

When a man wants to dance more than anything else but has to become a dance teacher instead, it calls for adjustments. This is the story of a man whose discovery of faith made the shift so beautifully that it left nothing to be desired.

Phil Jones of Stamford, Connecticut, was such an excellent dancer that he danced his way into the Air Force in World War II. "I often wonder what went on in the mind of that classification officer when he decided that since I was a dancer, I'd make a good air-gunner," Jones says.

At any rate, he submitted to months of basic training, complicated courses, and marching. When he got out of the Army, he promised himself, he would become a big-time professional dancer.

Then fate changed his mind for

him. "We were flying over Metz, France," Phil recalls—"too near the German border. The pilot had his choice of trying for a forced landing or limping his way back to home base in England. The odds were against us both ways.

"We made the White Cliffs of Dover. Then the captain began losing control and altitude. At 300 feet he ordered the crew to bail out.

"The first man who jumped was thrown against the ship's side by the slip stream and killed. It could have been any of us. I was next. What happened after that I can scarcely remember except that I found myself tearing at my parachute pack like a wild man. Finally, when I had given up hope of its opening, it did so—about six feet from the ground.

"A little English boy came running to me from a field. 'Are you



hurt, Yank?" he asked. I told him that I couldn't walk, and he ran and got his grandfather, who picked me up, put me over his shoulder, and carried me to the road. Along came an Army truck from the base to take me to the hospital.

"I don't remember much after that except the doctor's voices interrupting the pain in my back and legs. Perhaps I'd never walk again, the doctors said. But who cared about walking? I wanted to *dance!* Then I was told that *perhaps* I could walk normally again if I was operated on and two discs were removed.

"One leg was shorter than the other, but that didn't worry me. After the operation I realized that I had no future as a professional dancer. But one idea kept creeping through the fog of pain: I could turn to dance-teaching.

Here Phil's faith came in handy. "The pilot was a close friend of mine," he says. "Learning that he was dead made it all the more necessary for faith to come to my aid. Reading the Bible, I found that many of the people in it had undergone as bad if not greater hardship than I.

"Anyone in our condition in the hospital prays. If he never prayed before, he somehow learns under such circumstances. I was most grateful for still being alive. I had come to the point that I could ac-

cept as God's will anyone's having died in the parachute landing.

"Having plenty of time to talk in the hospital, we discussed our future plans, trying to justify why we should have landed there if God was really good.

"God never became so real to me before, because I had never taken the time to contemplate Him. When one day my watch stopped, I took off the back of it, which I had never done before. To see the 200 or more tiny parts which keep a watch in operation at once implied to me that there must have been a watchmaker. Those intricate wheels and parts could not operate on their own without a mind which had conceived them and put them to working.

"I began to realize that the human body functions the same way. It has many intricately-working parts without which it could not function as it does. The fact that the body has its own healing power, that the heart keeps pumping blood through the veins and arteries, that one continues to breathe and his heart keeps beating while he is asleep implies a God Who watches over us and cares for us.

"Realizing that God, Who has created and sustains life, can become an intimate source of power in my life when I contact Him through prayer, my healing was

already on its way." Then one day, a little wobbly, Phil walked out of the hospital.

In the summer of 1946 the sound of dance steps emanated from the Jones' sun parlor. Back home, Phil was conducting his first experimental dancing class. From the first Jones had a remarkable effect upon his young pupils. Likewise, their regular attendance and enthusiasm for dancing aided him in his struggle for recovery. His physical strength rapidly increased, and his mental outlook grew brighter after each class.

Soon he had 100 children, and the classes had to move where there was more room: to the Stamford Woman's Club auditorium. The Board of Education sent Phil on a round of public schools. At night he taught high-school students. Soon his pupils were putting on benefit programs for the public, and the children thrilled at turning over thousands of dollars to the teen-age fund of the Stamford Exchange Club.

The fall of 1959 found Phil Jones' dance classes with an enrollment of about 2,000 students. What Phil learned in the hospital about faith has carried over to his dance teaching. "I have tremendous faith in my pupils," he says. "I use faith in everything we do. I try to be as fair and honest with the students as I can. If what we do is for the good of the child, I

believe that nothing in the world can destroy us.

"What is built on strong faith has resulted in our success. In everything we do, we seek to employ practical Christian principles.

"Not infrequently a boy will say, 'I've never gone out on a date before, Phil. How shall I treat the girl?'" To this Jones replies that in a few years the boy himself will be grown and perhaps marry. Some day he may be the father of a teen-age daughter. How would he like for some boy to treat his girl? The answer is easily found in simple practice of the Golden Rule.

"God has given you so much," Phil tells his students. "You are young, healthy, and have possibilities. Co-operate with the laws of God, and you can be happy. But refuse to obey them, and you will get into trouble."

Phil not only uses Christian faith in operating his dance studio. His classes are most democratic, too. He tells of a dance teacher in a near-by city who accepts only the "more desirable" dance students. As a result the Board of Education of that city has invited Jones to hold dance classes in the schools so that all the students who wish to learn ballroom dancing may do so.

Today at thirty-five Phil Jones is well on his way to national fame as a dance teacher. He de-



serves the success he has. He has had good offers in New York and in Hollywood but prefers remaining in Stamford and training his students, who have appeared on a number of popular television programs.

"It's absolutely impossible," says Eugene Daly, in charge of Stamford school children's adjustment problems, "to estimate Phil Jones' full worth to this entire community."

Phil sees it the other way around. "It's impossible to esti-

mate the community's full worth to me," he says. "Look what they did for me, helping a home town veteran with rehabilitation."

But Phil gives his greatest praise to God. "Without Him and His constant supply of faith and strength," he says, "I hate to think what would have happened. But, thanks to Him, life is well worth living. When we seek values beyond our own selfish interests, the joy to be found in life exceeds our fondest expectations."



### Who Shall Ask?

Hazel M. Kerr

The ripened wheat stands golden in the sun  
 Rejoicing in its yield,  
 And no one now remembers all the storms  
 That swept across the field;  
 And none recalls the struggle and the toil  
 With harrow and with plow,  
 For not the process but the crowning harvest  
 Is all that matters now.  
 Partaking of its bounty who shall ask  
 What forces shaped the grain?  
 So others may reap blessings from your life  
 Who never knew its pain.

He is always ready to fill your life with His strength and love.

## God Knows— God Cares

S. Barry O'Leary

How do we arrive at this point where faith in God becomes real, utterly reliable, a part of an intimate personal relationship with Him?

The first step is unconditional surrender. As someone once said, "Give as much of yourself as you can to as much of God as you understand." This is a far more difficult step than we would like to imagine. It is a step many Christians never take. And yet it is a step we must take if we are to know God and not just know about Him. I say this is a difficult step because it always involves giving up certain things, certain elements in our personality and lives. Have you ever held an empty bottle upside down under water? No water goes into it until you tilt the bottle and allow the air with which it had been filled to escape. Your life and mine are no different. So long as there is some part of our lives that we will

not give up, God cannot come in and take its place. What kind of things do I mean? Self-satisfaction would be an obvious example. The life that is based on the belief that "I'm a self-made success" won't provide any room for God.

There are other elements which keep God out of our lives. It's not popular to speak much of sin any more, so let's call them by their more familiar names—pride, vanity, anger, hate, jealousy, selfishness, greed, envy, gluttony. There are more specific examples—the man who makes friends only for what he can get out of them, the mother who neglects her children, the person who misuses sex to serve his own pleasure. The list has no end, for there is no end to the number of ways in which we feed our senses only to starve our souls.

All this must be surrendered if there is to be room for God in our lives. All these things may not



be finally conquered, not all at once, but once we are determined to conquer them, God will provide the means.

And, too, we should remember, as many of us have found by experience, it's one thing to say, "I'm sorry, God. I won't do that again," and it is a much more drastic, more humbling thing to turn to another human being, a Christian counselor whom you already trust, and to dig deep where it hurts and get it all out.

God does not magically sweep down out of the sky and change our lives. He frequently works through other people to help us. Perhaps we may even have no serious fault to overcome. Perhaps we only need someone else to show us the way. The result is the same.

A second method is to cultivate relationships with those whose lives have already been touched by God. Not just to talk about God, remember, but to get to know Him through talking and praying with those who radiate His presence. Again, God works through people. Find them and they will help you to find Him as they have found Him.

And, lastly, a most important way to faith is through prayer. Suppose you meet a person whom you immediately like and whom you would like to know better. You would not cultivate his friend-

ship by not speaking to him, nor would your only conversations with him be short, formal addresses which you rattle off mechanically each day. The kind of prayer that brings you into close touch with God is really conversation with God—talking with God—informally, personally, intimately, many many times throughout the day. Ask Him to go with you when you go into a meeting; ask Him to bless you when you scrub the floor; share your joys with Him, and your disappointments; talk with Him as though He were right beside you, as though He were your dearest friend, for He is both of these. Talk with God at every opportunity as though He were an intimate friend, and you will soon discover that He is.

These are the steps of faith—not the only steps, to be sure, but reliable, tested steps, proven by souls whose faith is now a confident reality, a strong, reliable basis for living. These are the steps of faith which you can take. Humble yourself before God and acknowledge your need of Him. Confide in a trusted Christian friend and enlist his aid. Take full advantage of the gift of life that is yours in the sacraments. Seek out and enter into the company of the faithful, those who have found faith in God. And, finally, through frequent, informal prayer, talk with God.

I just 'let go and let God' and somehow it touched off the spark of divinity which was within me all the time.

## *Jim Just — "Let Go and Let God"*

MYRTLE FOWLER

Jim is a person one likes to meet. He has a look about him that makes one want to pause and chat a while. Jim looks at peace with himself and with life. But it was not always this way. At one time Jim had been in an accident and as a result had lost an eye. Because of this handicap he had been given a timekeeper's job with an industrial concern. After a year at this work Jim became restless and decided to go into farming on his small acreage in the country where he and his wife, Myra, and their four children lived. For two years he struggled for a livelihood, but his crops did not come up to expectations and market prices were at a low. Reluctantly he gave up the venture and next tried selling for a commercial concern as

a door-to-door salesman. At the home of his friends he got along all right, but elsewhere he did not seem to know how to get his foot inside the door before the housewife could say she was not interested, and he found himself staring at the closed door. Sales not being what they should Jim was asked to resign. There seemed nothing to do now, but to ask for his former timekeeper's job, which he got.

But Jim was anything but happy. His two recent failures ranked in his mind, making him morose and sullen. He then tried to forget by drinking, which became such a habit that his only sober hours were the ones when he was on the job. His frustrations were so bad that no one could get along



with him. Neither could Jim get along at home and when things became so bad that Myra could take it no longer she sought help from the police, and Jim was put into jail. In a few days she relented towards Jim, withdrew action and he was released.

Jim went home, but he could only think of the mess he had made of his life and how his family must hate him.

For the hundredth time Myra asked, "Have you asked for your job again?" But Jim couldn't face going until Myra said, "Come on, I'll go with you." Jim's past record was now so poor that their request was refused. If Jim felt low before, now he had reached the depths. All he needed was a hole to crawl into and hide himself forever. "Life isn't worth the effort," he mused, "I'm just no good for anything." These morbid thoughts of escape were continually in his mind.

One day as he was sauntering along a street he saw his former boss coming towards him, whom he did not care to meet at that moment. Looking about for some place to get away he saw an open door of a building a few feet away and hurriedly ducked in. Seeing some empty seats he immediately sat down, immersed in despair. Putting his hands to his face and bending over with his elbows on his knees he simply gave up and

let the tears fall where they might—while his husky frame shook with pentup emotion. "I simply can't go on like this," he thought, "Whatever will I do?" One after another such thoughts tumbled through his mind and he just sat and let them come and go as they would, until finally spent and exhausted he simply sat with no thoughts at all. Gradually a calmness came over him and he felt a new strength entering his body, which made him lift his head.

Bewildered, he looked about and then realized he was in a little church. A peace stole over him and it seemed to link up with his boyhood days. In a flash of time he wondered what had happened to the years between. He pictured himself as a whistling, happy boy walking along a lovely country lane. All of a sudden he saw a "shortcut" and disappeared into it. This brought him back to reality. He stood up and took a deep breath of air and again looked about him. He raised his arms to stretch and breathed again deeply. The thought came to him that the "shortcut" he had taken through life had led him away from all the things that really meant most to him—his innermost desires—his love for nature and his quest for security. He was aware of a ray of sunlight streaming through the window and to Jim it appeared as a significant

ray of hope. He felt the urge to do something, but he didn't know exactly what. As he started toward the door he looked around again and had the feeling that this peaceful spot meant something to him.

So much had passed since he had gone through that open door and out again. In the street objects looked good to him. The buildings, the signs, the traffic, seemed to welcome him and he felt a part of it all. Retracing his steps that had taken him to this spot the terrible thought came to him "What if this is just a dream and I should lose this feeling? I could never go through that nightmare again. *Never*. I must keep this peace. What day is this?"

Answering his own question a smile played on his lips and he hurried to his waiting car and drove home. After entering the yard he practically ran into the house. Myra and the children hurried to the door to see what had come over him. But before they had time to put a question to him he said, "In the morning we are going to church—a little church you have never been in. Just don't ask me any questions, but be dressed ready to go."

In the morning Jim and Myra with the four children went to the little church that Jim had so unceremoniously entered the day before. Even the children listened

attentively to the minister's sermon on "Faith." When he read a quotation from Jeremiah, "For I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord," these words seemed very clear and meaningful to Jim, because he most desperately needed to be healed of his wounds which were so sorely hurting him. Like a drowning man clutching at a straw, Jim clung to the words of the minister. When he continued with, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," Jim realized that is what he needed. *Faith*. Somewhere along the line he had lost all the faith he ever had. Toward the end of the sermon when the quotation was read, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto thee," for the first time in his life such words made sense to Jim. He had heard them many times before, but they were just words. Now they were alive with meaning and he felt an inner response to them. Hope welled within him and like a caterpillar shedding its cocoon he had the feeling of stepping out of the tangled, polluted crust he had built around himself. He felt free and exhilarated and hoped this wonderful feeling would not leave him.

At the door of the church as they were leaving, the minister greeted them warmly and invited



them to come Wednesday evening to "family night" when they got together for inspirational talk followed by a social evening.

The minister became interested in Jim and it wasn't long before he had Jim feeling he was needed and useful in the church and to society. This gave him something to tie to and gradually with sincere encouragement from the minister he substituted such things for drinking.

Jim now really wanted that timekeeper's job again and the minister interceded for him. He told the employer of the change in Jim and that he himself would take full responsibility for Jim's conduct.

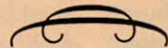
"Come back and bring Jim and his wife with you," said the employer, "and let me talk to them." This the minister did and the employer was much surprised and impressed to see Jim looking so well and told him that he could

come back for a probation period.

That was six years ago. Jim likes his work. As the employees come through the gate they like to stop and chat with Jim. Sometimes they bring him little thoughtful gifts. They know that Jim's hobby now is photography and that he develops and prints his own pictures. Other fans compare results with his.

One of the things that Jim is specially proud of is that he has been sent as a delegate by this church to a national convention for the prevention of drinking, similar to Alcoholics Anonymous.

Jim has found that there is a place for him, and it is a good place. His home life is happy and the family find enjoyment doing things together. When Jim tells his friends his story he says, "All I did was 'let go and let God' and somehow it touched off the spark of divinity which was within me all the time."



Faith is positive, enriching life in the here and now. Doubt is negative, robbing life of glow and meaning. So though I do not understand immortality, I choose to believe.

Webb B. Garrison

*TUNE IN AND TELL HIM WHO YOU ARE.*

## THE DAY I TUNED IN

*Patricia Young*

It wasn't until I lay there in my hospital bed quietly thinking over the doctor's words that the real impact of what had happened hit me. I had a brain tumor! Immediate surgery was required and the doctor was already on his way to see what operating theater was available.

As the hospital barber shaved my head and a nurse handed me the formal release papers to sign, I reviewed my seemingly successful writing career and tried vainly not to dwell upon the horror of the immediate future. I had read about brain tumors and knew what could happen. My sight was already failing. Tomorrow—what? Loss of speech? A brain that no longer functioned? Paralysis? Death? My throat and lips were dry as I looked helplessly about the room seeking escape from my thoughts.

I should pray of course. I believed in God, didn't I? I had prayed when my mother was sick. I had prayed that my sister would pass her exams. Silently I mouthed the words and then suddenly gave up in despair. I was still struggling with my emotions, reason, and conscience when the minister came into my room, a lean, gaunt man with greying hair and calm blue eyes. My lips trembled as I choked out my fears. "I'm sorry. It isn't any use. I can't pray."

"Why not?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I don't know. I can't reach Him. They're just words, and I feel like a hypocrite. Besides I don't know God and He doesn't know me."

The quiet man in black touched my hand and his voice was conversational. "You're in the radio business, aren't you?"

I told him I had my own program and he nodded thoughtfully be-



fore speaking. Then: "Why don't you tune in on God's wave length and tell Him who you are?"

"Tell Him who I am?"

"Why not. He's interested. You might want to tell your side of the story."

Fifteen minutes later I tuned in on God, no longer a nameless soul, but as my honest self. "My name is Patricia Young. I'm a radio writer and I'm afraid I haven't been around much these past few years." It was so easy to talk about my life—my failings as well as my achievements. My troubled mind quietened and the drugs I had been given began to take effect.

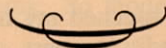
All this happened a year ago. Today, back at work again, there is always time to tune in to God. I always begin: "This is Patricia Young and I'm a radio writer. . . ."



### Thus I Pray

Mary B. Wall

Let my soul be anchored in the faith  
That God is love, and mindful of the least;  
So may I keep with hymns and praise each day  
Within my heart a sweet thanksgiving feast.  
And may I, like the good Samaritan,  
Declare in deeds the brotherhood of man.



Lo, I am with you always, even  
unto the ends of the earth.

## GOD SAID, "TALK TO ME"

MABLE RUSSELL

I had been quite sure, when I entered the doctor's office, that this would be my last trip for awhile. He had as much as said so two weeks ago, when he said to come in for this final check. My mind was on other things—the new grandchild that would soon be born, my job as a church secretary, things I had to do before Christmas.

The nurse seated me in the doctor's small consultation office and he came in, cheerful as always. He went over the mysterious folder she had laid on his desk—the one I always wanted to take a peek at, but never had the nerve. He asked a few questions, made notes. At one of my answers he frowned, and then smiled slightly and said, "Well, let's have Miss Reed get you ready for an examination."

Examinations aren't fun, but they don't last long. The doctor's soft "m . . . m" meant nothing.

When I had gone back to the

little office I was already planning what I would get for supper and was anxious to be off. That was when he said I had to go to the hospital for a biopsy. I knew the word. Instantly I pictured the wan weary face of a woman who had lived up the street from us—only once had I seen her go by, her eyes enormous and sad. Later the children had told me, "Charlie's mother is awfully sick." And later—so much later—she was finally dead after months of torture.

"I would feel better in my mind if you would have this check," the doctor was saying, calmly.

He was a nice young doctor. He looked concerned. We had known him ever since he first came to town as an intern. I didn't want him to feel bad. I said, "Sure—when shall I go?"

We decided on Friday. That way I would have Saturday and Sunday to rest before I went back to work.



I called my husband from the drug store downstairs. While I waited, I watched people come and go with a sharpened sense of reality. They were such interesting people and I loved to wonder what were their problems and sorrows, their joys and triumphs.

When the car drew up to the curb, I ran out quickly, thinking, "Now I've got someone to talk to—a shoulder to cry on!" My husband's face was tired and concerned. So I smiled and said, "Got to spend a day at the hospital. Doctor is quite sure it isn't anything serious. Friday."

I don't know what he said. There was something dark and gloomy rising in me—a swelling like fog in the distant places of my spirit—it was rank fear!

At home I got supper with the radio playing—we talked about everything under the sun but what we were thinking. "I can't cry before him," I kept telling my cowardly heart. "He's worried enough."

Our 'teen-agers came dashing in from school. Our "baby" first, her fourteen-year-old enthusiasm bubbling over with the glad tidings that Peggy had won the cheer-leading try-outs. "I'm related to a celebrity!" she crowed. "Gee, I never thought she would get it!" Peggy was shy and glowing, saying over and over, "I can't believe it's true!"

It was no time for sad news. I told them with extreme casualness, "I have to go to the hospital Friday and stay until Saturday afternoon. So come home early and get supper for Daddy."

They took a swift look at my face and then relaxed. I didn't look scared—everything was o.k.

In the morning I told my boss I would have to be off on Friday. His quick concern was heartening, but then he plunged into laying out the work so that I could have Friday's work finished, too, before I left. When he finished dictating, my book was full of instructions and my head was dizzy.

I called the printer to rush the cards so I could address them early. He groaned and explained that it would mean putting our order ahead of others and working extra late that night. I sympathized with him, and finally talked him into a cheerful, "Okay! Okay!"

The janitor came in to empty the waste basket and I told him I would be gone Friday. "Too bad," he said, "but you've got a family and people to take care of you. I'm all alone in the world." I listened to the litany of loneliness I had learned by heart. I did feel sorry for him. He spent a lifetime working and saving, and now he was beginning to wonder what for.

The phone began its morning

jangling. Mrs. Smith couldn't get some of the mothers whose children's birthdays came during the current month, and was upset at the carelessness of the mothers who didn't call her. I wondered if some of them were trying to call her now. I offered to phone them during the noon hour, when they were most likely to be home, and she gave me the list with a sigh of relief. It meant a shortened noon hour, but I had to get her off the line, in case any one else was trying to call.

The next call was Mrs. Frances. She had always been a coldly cordial person, but this morning she was frantic, needing to speak to the minister immediately. I could only promise to have him call her when I could locate him. So she poured out her story to me. Her son at college had met a girl and was talking of becoming engaged. She was ready to fly to the college town and see if the girl was worthy of her son. I tried to talk her out of it. I had met David and he seemed to be a sensible, alert young man. From experiences with my own children, I knew interference at the wrong moment might do just the damage she was trying to avoid. We talked for half an hour, and then she said, "I guess I'll just wait awhile. I'll write to David—maybe she's a sweet girl."

It was noon, but I wasn't very

hungry. I drank a thermos of coffee and tried to eat my sandwich. But time was rushing me toward Friday—tomorrow! To ward it off, I took the list Mrs. Smith had given me and started phoning mothers for contributions for the Sunday School birthday treat.

The afternoon was too busy for me to think. I concentrated on typing.

I stopped at the store on the way home to buy a new house coat, picking the cheaper one, thinking automatically, "If anything happens, it's going to be rough for Dad alone—even financially," and shook myself, "Quit being so melodramatic—you're not going to die!" But it was a possibility.

When supper was over I resisted the temptation to write to the married children and tell them my troubles. The one about to have a baby shouldn't be disturbed. There was no point in writing news like that, except to ease my own heart. I didn't want to write my mother-in-law. She was too prone to worry.

I listened to Peggy read her shorthand. I tried to help Amy with her algebra, but thirty years is too long. I couldn't solve the problem.

Thirty years—and how sure and brave we are at fifteen. The world



is all springtime and life is forever!

At ten we went to bed. Dad wouldn't be home until midnight. The moon was bright on the snow outside the window, and I could see a million stars above the bare trees. Now, all alone, the black smother of fear closed around me. "I don't want to die!" I whimpered, crying, "I don't want to die!"

I wanted to go on working, seeing my grandchildren, going to graduations and Soap Box Derbies, and I wanted to write a thousand stories and poems, and to watch the World Series on TV and go on trips with my beloved.

"O God," I whispered, "if there were just *someone* I could talk to!"

And the answer was instantaneous, "Talk to Me!"

I stopped whimpering and lay very still. "Talk to Me, For lo, I am with you always—even unto the ends of the earth!"

So I talked to God, and told Him all the reasons I wanted to live. And then I knew, with surety, how much so many boys in uniform wanted to live that were dead; how many little children, with so much unfinished, wanted to live; and instead of crying I could say, "Thank you for all the years I have had and the love and beauty and work I could do, and the people I have met—and music and books! Thank you for everything!"

I didn't go to sleep, but the fear was gone. In the morning I lay for a little while, warm and content. Then I slipped out of bed to get to the hospital by seven.

### To Find Peace

By

Edith Dahlby

The dark clouds gathered  
Bringing fear  
Until my nervous hands  
Reached out to soothe  
A crying child  
And then I quite forgot  
The wind was wild.

I sang a lullaby  
That dried his tear  
And so peace filled my heart.  
I knew God near.

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

by Norman K. Elliott

# Thoughts Farthest Out

## THE INVASION OF GOD

*In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea. And saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. (Matthew 3:1-2) . . .* Everyone has the experience at sometime or other of realizing that all heaven is waiting to burst in upon him. It is a frustrating experience. All our desires and the demands of our nature are stretching on tip-toe to grasp the experience and to be enveloped in it. But something is missing, something isn't quite right and the experience that we wish more than anything else in the world eludes us. Yet, we know the possibility is there. It is near; so maddeningly close. In some way we are actually involved in it, and at the same time we are completely missing it. Someone once said to me, "If I don't find God very soon I am going to kill myself." Sundar Singh once said the same thing and made arrangements for his own death. Two hours before he was to kill himself, God did reveal Himself to the man who became one of the greatest saints of modern times.

Concerning John the Baptist, Jesus once said, "Of those born of woman there is none greater than John the Baptist, yet I say to you that he who is least in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than John the Baptist." In other words, he who has actually experienced the immanence of God and knows himself to be possessed by God and His Rule, is greater than the man who is rationally convinced of the possibility of it. John prepared himself as much as he could by discipline, asceticism and study to be fit for divine invasion. He was convinced that if he and the people would mentally, spiritually and physically prepare themselves by repentance, dedication and a higher ethical standard, the invasion of God would follow, and God and his Reign would possess the earth. When John met Jesus he recognized a sample of what he himself yearned for and quite naturally said, "You have what I am talking about — I have need to be baptized of you."

Jesus once said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven," and again, "Except ye become like a little child, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Spiritual discipline is



not enough, for too often it is involved with spiritual pride. One cannot force God into communion even by the most austere spiritual disciplines. It is in our weaknesses, in our coming to the end of our resources, however spiritually admirable they may be, that God comes as He did to Elijah in the quietness of defeat. And, another thing, He comes to us in the irrational trust of a little child who says, "Father."

Read: **Watcher on the Hills, A Study of Some Mystical Experiences of Ordinary People**, by Raynor Johnson. \$3.50

### FISHERS OF MEN

*And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.* (Matthew 4:18-19) . . . Jesus had attraction for people who were involved in the everyday pursuits of common life. His was not a religion of separation from life. He did not repudiate the world and the people of the world. His mission was to transform the world by transforming its people.

God's mission, according to Jesus, was to win back the world to the heavenly status it had at the beginning of creation. God has never given up because love never gives up, and God is love. As God is eternal, love must be eternal. The transformation in which heaven and earth become one and identical was the mission of Jesus. This is totally different from some Oriental views which consider the world as evil (or an illusion) and teaches people to retreat within themselves.

Another most interesting thought about the selection of the disciples is this—God needs us! Now, perhaps in some manner God could have done the job of transforming all by Himself, but He did not do it that way. I think we might also say that if God could have done it alone more efficiently (and saved much suffering and trouble), He would have because of His love for us. *God needs us as partners* to do the job efficiently. This, then, is the reason for the disciples, and this is the reason why the disciples were men involved in the common affairs of living. It is as if God is saying through the person of Jesus Christ, "Come and be transformed. I need you. I cannot do the job alone. Come and be my partner in this greatest of all work. Be fishers of men."

Most people would feel complimented beyond measure to be asked to become a partner in a great business enterprise. They would feel that their efforts had been amply rewarded. In a more cosmic sense, God, through the person of Jesus Christ, is extending His hand of friendship and love and asking us to become partners in extending the borders of the Kingdom of Heaven to include the whole earth. A

greater compliment was never conceived. A greater work was never thought of. Partners of God! Fishers of men.

Read: **What Would Jesus Do?**, by Glenn Clark. \$3.50

### WHAT GOD DESIRES

*Go and learn what this means, "I desire mercy, and not sacrifice."* (Matthew 9:13) . . . When the Pharisees criticised Jesus for eating with tax collectors and sinners in the home of Levi, he told them that it was the sick who needed a physician, and then he told them to learn the meaning of, "I desire mercy, and not sacrifice." The actual quotation from Hosea is, "For I desire steadfast love and not sacrifice, the knowledge of God, rather than burnt offerings." Notice how, in translation, "mercy" and "steadfast love" mean the same. Steadfast love, or eternal and unchanging love, is what makes mercy possible and imperative.

It is always easier to keep the outer forms of religion than to have the outer forms emanate from an attitude of love, understanding, wisdom and purity. The outer forms are supposed to be symbolic of the actions which spring from a heart and mind in union with God's. One of the big problems of established religion in all eras of history has been the keeping of forms without the content of a changed heart. It is simpler to keep rituals, holy days and rules than to love God with all your heart and mind and soul and strength. The mere keeping of rules can result in a harsh attitude that reflects pride and facilely condemns others. The keeping of observances is a wonderful discipline as long as it is the outward and visible sign of a spirit of mercy and steadfast love.

A church refused a man permission to become a member because he ran a liquor store. What would Jesus have done? After all, the church is the visible body of Christ on earth, the mystical body of Christ, those people who belong to Him and through whom He does His work on earth. Therefore it is quite valid, with a humble heart, to ask before any decision or action, "What would Jesus do?" If we did this many of our decisions would be reversed. The man in question sends his child to Sunday School. Apparently he is reaching and searching. Another man in similar circumstances joined the Roman Catholic Church.

The next time quick judgment leaps to our minds, if not our lips, let us ask ourselves, "What would Jesus do?" God desires mercy and steadfast love, not only for Himself but also for His children, and not burnt offerings.

Read: **God Is Contemporary**, J. B. Phillips. \$1.25



# THE TRULY SATISFYING LIFE

MARK O. HATFIELD  
Governor of Oregon

Coming from a home of strong religious and political convictions, I was well aware of the need for integrity in government even as a child. My family's interest in the affairs of both the church and the state aroused in me a similar interest. I came to share not only their abhorrence of corruption in government but also their respect and admiration for those leaders who upheld the most noble precepts of our nation. My childhood heroes included nearly as many political figures as cowboys and athletes.

I'll never forget the time one of these heroes visited Salem. Our school band welcomed him at the capitol where he was to give a speech. After the program he shook hands with each member of the band and thanked us for playing. This greatly impressed us, but

we were really thrilled when we later received personal letters of thanks from Washington, D. C. I framed my letter and placed it among my most prized boyhood possessions.

Through the influence of such men and the encouragement of my parents, I seriously began to consider a political career. Through reading I acquainted myself with great leaders of the past and present and tried to discover the secrets of their success. I discovered that the most effective leaders were those who dedicated themselves to the highest ideals and who worked unceasingly for the realization of them. From the enthusiasm of Jefferson to the dedication of Lincoln, there was a contagious spirit about these men and I soon found myself dreaming

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of how I might best serve my country.

This boyhood dream later developed into an earnest desire to become a politician and all my education was directed to that end. I became more practical as the years passed and began adopting certain rules for political success. For instance, from the 1948 national election I learned that overconfidence could be deadly and decided then and there never to take an election for granted; to present my case to the people rather than to the politicians; and to speak to any audience, no matter how small.

An opportunity to apply these rules came in 1949 when I accepted a teaching position in the political science department at Willamette University. My campus activities involved me in many issues concerning state government and I soon found myself nominated for the state legislature. After winning the election and serving two terms in the lower house, I went on to the State Senate. In the meantime, I was appointed Dean of Students at the University. All of these honors were highly encouraging to me as an aspiring young politician. But with these outward advancements came a disturbing inner awareness of my inadequacy in the area of the spiritual life.

One of my major duties as Dean

of Students was to counsel college men who sought advice regarding academic or personal problems. The tremendous responsibility of this task was overwhelming. I often felt that the spiritual problems they presented to me were not completely answered in my own life and that I had no right to counsel others on matters which I had not worked out personally. This fact affected not only my position as Dean of Students, but my entire career. If I could offer little real spiritual help to individuals, what did I have to offer the state of the nation or the world?

Not only did I wonder about my personal inadequacies, but I also began to think about my purpose in life, and my motive for living. This resulted primarily from my contact with a group of students who had asked me to serve as adviser to a Bible study group. These students, many of whom became my very close friends by their lives and by the goals for which they were striving, brought to mind some of the things I had heard in church about what Jesus Christ wanted of us. When I compared my self-made ideals with Christ's ideals, I found certain conflicts.

It seemed as though my purpose was self-centered while the purpose of the students might best be expressed in the words of the apostle Paul: "For we preach not



ourselves but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."<sup>1</sup> Their purpose was to live completely for Jesus Christ. Their motivation was a love for the Son of God. Their enthusiasm for the Bible was not just an academic or scholarly enthusiasm, but a sincere desire to know the hero of the Bible in a more intimate way. This was a real challenge to me.

As I have said, this idea was not completely new to me, as I had always been a member of the church, attending regularly and giving financial aid. This relationship did not satisfy me, but I gave it little thought because of the press of business. But now, as I saw the impact Christ had made on the lives of these students, I had to re-evaluate my conception of Christianity. Through them and many outstanding Christian leaders whom they invited to speak on the campus, I discovered that real Christianity is not a relationship to an organization—the church—but a relationship to Jesus Christ.

After this I began to read the Bible in the evenings to see if I could find some of the answers for which I was looking. More and more as the great Gospel message began to make sense, I discovered what all can discover if they will only look. All we need to do is put our faith in Christ to make

this possible. *"But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."*<sup>2</sup>

I saw that for 31 years I had lived for self and decided I wanted to live the rest of my life only for Jesus Christ. I asked God to forgive my self-centered life and to make my life His own. I was again assured by the words of Paul that *"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."*<sup>3</sup>

Following Jesus Christ has been an experience of increasing challenge, adventure and happiness. How true are His words: *"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."*<sup>4</sup> It is not to a life of ease and mediocrity that Christ calls us, but to the disciple-like Christ-empowered life. No matter what field we are in, we are called to give our complete allegiance to Him. No cause, noble as it may seem, can be satisfying or purposeful without the direction of Christ. I can say with all sincerity that living a committed Christian life is truly satisfying because it has given me true purpose and direction by serving not myself, but Jesus Christ.

References from the Holy Bible: (1) 2 Corinthians 4:5. (2) John 1:12. (3) 2 Corinthians 5:17. (4) John 10:10.

If our motives become Christ-like, we shall make life for others a little heaven here.

## Learn To Appreciate

Inez Brasier

One early March day we waded the melting drifts across the garden to the berry vines. Yes, the rabbits, most likely the small ones whose paths crossed and recrossed everywhere, had feasted on the bark of the thrifty vines. There would be no red berries on them this season; they would stand dead and dry, reminders of "little foxes" that can mar our growth as Christian young men and women.

As we waded back to the house I thought of a certain small thing whose results are so large. It is easy to criticize everything and anything. It becomes a deeply ingrained habit to look with critical eyes at others.

"Why did he sing? If I couldn't do better . . . Aw, he's all ego . . . What a thorn bush! Can't get near her. . . ."

So we hear the sour note in our friend's first song in public. We see only the egotism that covers shyness. We hear the bit of sarcasm. We are conscious of the irritating ways which mask a heart always doing little things for others of which we never hear. We see the thorns, never the roses.

If we just pause to think we will find that most of the trouble is with us—you and me—who look through jaundiced eyes, or perhaps green ones, at our associates. We practice seeing only the faults of associates and friends until the riches of friendship slip from our grasp. Fine qualities are so easily gone when not appreciated. We jump to conclusions that almost always are wrong and that is no way to get exercise!

There were, no doubt, many victims of this malady among the



courtiers of Solomon's court. We have his observations of its subversive influence, "the little foxes that spoil the vines." "There is that that speaketh like the piercings of a sword . . . A breach in the spirit . . . He that uttereth a slander, is a fool. . . ." And to his observations he added his conviction that among the things the Lord abhors is the one that "soweth discord among brethren."

How we need to scrutinize our motives before we speak the bitter words and "hand out" the scathing retort! For, let me assure you, the camel in our cup crowds out the sweet draughts of friendship; the beams in our eyes blind them to the good in others. And the one biting "horsefly" we allow to buzz about their ears can send them elsewhere for companionship. Worse, it can drive them far from the church. The consequences are realized, not alone in this life but for eternity.

We lose, through critical ways, the heritage of life itself, the common blessings and every day mercies. For they are subversive, dulling our comprehension, our keen sense of what they do to our moral perceptions. They are, indeed, the "spirit of devils going about to devour."

A young farmer, living in a valley, never saw the sunrises over the hills, never heard the songs

of birds in the great trees about his home, nor the music of the brook through his acres. From dawn to long after the moonlight silvered his fields he saw only the stones, the weeds, the heavy work. At last, to his disgruntled mind, there was only one thing to do—find a better place. After listing it for sale he sat on his doorstep reading its description.

"This can't be my farm. There must be some mistake!"

But it was his. Often, as he read, he paused to verify with his heart and eyes the description of a lovely farm home in a beautiful valley. "To think I almost lost it because I did nothing but magnify its worst features! Worst? There are none!"

We need heaven's ointment, and if we do not apply it to our own hearts and minds we shall lose our inheritance here, our chance to succeed. We lose our spiritual heritage, for these thoughts which bear fruit in unkind, biting words, these critical ways blind our eyes to the worth of even heaven itself. For such thoughts, such ways and attitudes are the Judas kiss of betrayal. They blind us to the true values of life until we lose that which makes us Christian. But if our thoughts and motives become Christlike we shall make life for others a little heaven here.

I feel sure that our thoughts flow around the world—Christian people can lift the world.

## WHY NOT LIFT THE WORLD

Donald T. Kauffman

The dark-skinned Moros listened with bowed heads while the white man talked to God. They loved *Bapa*. But they never dreamed what he was seeing with his eyes closed.

For through the walls of the thatched hut he was seeing all the natives in all the huts of Lanao, and the Filipinos across the river and around the lake and on the other islands, and the peoples of China, and India, and Europe, and America—the whole world in a moment of time. And as he prayed he lifted the world.

"The whole of my soul seemed to be lit up," he says, "as it held the world up to God!"

Twenty-two years ago Missionary Frank Laubach put his weight under the world again and again in prayer. "To desire to put one's shoulder under all the world's hunger and need," he wrote to his father from the Philippines, "and to carry it all to God, is not this

the highest longing one can ever feel?"

"I feel sure now," he wrote again, "that our thoughts flow around the world . . . Christian people . . . could . . . lift the world!"

Can the world really be lifted? The answer is on the world's records. Since 1930 Frank Laubach has helped save souls and bodies in 73 countries, simplified 239 languages, taught 15 million illiterates to read and write. God is using Frank Laubach to answer his own prayers to lift the world.

Our lives will be drab if our vision is fogbound and our prayers too small. But there is never a dull moment for one who thinks high thoughts and prays with world vision—because God usually chooses a great soul to make his own prayers come true.

It's easy to grumble, "The world's just getting worse." James puts the finger on us when he says



we have wars and fightings and no peace because *we ask not*. Why not lend a hand and help lift?

Let's lift the world—with *wider vision*. Find out about the world work of your church. Write to the missionaries on your denomination's world fields. Keep posted on the United Nations, the Point Four program, the World Council of churches.

*Pray for all men*, God commands (I Timothy 2:1). Try lifting up each person you meet in a silent moment of prayer. As you read the newspaper or listen to the radio, pray for each one named. Make a prayer list with specific requests for particular people and keep praying until each prayer is definitely answered.

*Keep on the lookout for things to be thankful for*. The Bible reiterates, "Pray with thanksgiving."

Gloomy prayers rise no better than lead balloons—God hears the kind that are filled with praise.

*Be ready to let God use you to answer your own prayer*. When Nehemiah was a war captive in Babylon he could have lost a great opportunity by bemoaning his lot. Instead, he took each of the steps suggested here. He inquired about the city of God, distant Jerusalem. He learned the wall was broken down and the survivors disheartened. He confessed his sins and his people's, praising God for his promises and his power. His prayer was specific: "Prosper thy servant this day." And that very day he was sent by Emperor Artaxerxes to repair the wall of Jerusalem, "according," as Nehemiah wrote in his diary, "to the good hand of my God upon me."



### Thanks

For guiding my unsteady feet,  
For courage that outlived defeat,  
For hope and love that lifted me,—  
My Father, I give thanks to Thee!

For Thy safe guidance through the years,  
For freeing me of petty fears,  
And filling me with bravery,—  
My Father, I give thanks to Thee!

JUST TAKE ONE MILE—OR STEP—OR DAY AT A TIME.

## One Mile at a Time

Betty Douglass Jansen

I was fifteen years old and had just learned to drive. Our family was moving from our home in Iowa to Washington, D.C. where my father was to take up work in a Congressional office. It fell upon me to drive the rest of the family and our household goods in the family car from the Middle West to Washington. My Mother had not then learned to drive, my sister was a child of ten, and my father was assigned to travel with the Congressman on a special train.

The woman who had taught me to drive a few months before on the plains of Texas shivered in her Texas boots at the thought of my taking the wheel and responsibility for escorting the family for a trip of a thousand miles through

city traffic and across mountain roads, neither of which had I then ever driven. My mother, closer at hand to the situation, also felt, and expressed, some apprehension.

"She's awfully young to get us through such a long trip," she remarked to my father. Whereupon we sat down and had a family conference, and some unforgettable words were issued.

"You wouldn't be afraid to ride with her to the school house, would you?" he asked my mother.

"No, of course not," she answered. "She's a good driver and I wouldn't think anything about that. But Washington is so far."

"The school house is one mile. Washington is one thousand miles. But she can only drive one mile



at a time. Just take one thousand miles, one at a time, and you'll all be all right."

Thus assured, we set out on an uneventful, pleasant, and successful trip across the plains, through cities, up and down hills, across the mountains, and into the Nation's Capital, one mile at a time.

My father might be surprised to know how many times, in the intervening near quarter-century of living, those words have come to me. And how many times they have helped me through a seemingly impossible situation, or given me courage to undertake more than I might otherwise have done.

Whether it be a case of having so many things to do one doesn't know which way to turn or where

to begin, or how one can possibly accomplish it all; then the reminder that there need be—and can be—only one thing at a time begins to ease and unravel the situation. Or whether it be in taking on numerous responsibilities and wondering how one can possibly carry the load. Or whether it be doubt about committing oneself to a new undertaking and seeing it through.

Through the years, in many circumstances, the words of wisdom which have helped me most and which I everlastingly associate with my father are:

"Just take one mile (or step) (or day) at a time."

With that view, almost anything is possible.



### One Step At A Time

Child of my love, fear not the unknown morrow  
Dread not the new demand life makes of thee  
Thy ignorance doth hold no cause for sorrow  
Since what thou knowest not, is known to Me.

Thou canst not see the hidden meaning of my command  
But thou the light will gain  
Walk on in faith, upon my promise leaning,  
And as thou goest, all will be made plain.

Unknown

## A Mother Comes When Called -- Even From The Other Side

DOUGLAS D. WALKER

There are some things which can't be explained, except that God has taken a hand. When he does, no boundary is large enough, no hope insignificant enough to stop a prayer, or let a plea for help be turned away.

Dr. Elmo Allen is my name, Doctor of Medicine. In late November, 1950, I was called to the home of Mrs. Alice Clay by her daughter, Mrs. Ella Mann. The Texas weather was blustery and a light mist was falling when I left my office in North Fort Worth.

Upon my arrival at the sick woman's home, I set about making an examination. She was close to ninety-six. After my examination, I knew her time of life was very short, hours perhaps.

Her pulse was weak, respiration poor, color pale. There were moments when she seemed about to awaken, only to fall back into a

state of semi-consciousness. During these periods of semi-consciousness she rambled about many things, but most of all, her mother.

After making the dying woman as comfortable as possible, I stepped into the next room where her daughter was waiting.

"Is she going to die, doctor?"

"Yes, Mrs. Mann. Shall I give you something to quiet your nerves?"

"No, I don't want anything. Would you care for a cup of coffee? It's made."

"Yes, thank you, coffee would be fine." As Mrs. Mann poured the coffee, I looked around the room. It was neat and clean.

On a table beside an old rocking chair lay a well worn Bible and a large magnifying glass with a green celluloid handle.

Mrs. Mann saw me looking at the table. "Mother has read that



Bible more years than either of us has lived."

There was a sound from the sick woman's room. Getting up, I went in. She had just fallen out of bed. Tucking the covers in so she couldn't, I listened to her mumble. All I could make out was, "Help me, Mother."

Mrs. Mann stood at the door, "Is she . . .?"

"Not yet, just moving about. "Is her mother alive?"

"Heavens no, doctor. Grandmother passed away when Mom was fourteen years old. Why do you ask?"

"It's just that she keeps asking her mother to help."

Mrs. Mann looked at me for a moment then said, "She's asking for help for a very good reason, at least to her."

"How's that?"

"As I said, Grandmother died when Mom was fourteen or so. Mom, being the oldest of the children, had to take on the responsibility and work load of a person twice her age. A couple of years later, the town she lived in was hit by an epidemic of grippe; you call it flu. Mom's dad and two younger sisters came down sick. People were dying and didn't know what to do. Out of fear, no one would come around to help. Anyway, Mom was doing everything a girl of sixteen could do.

"Up until her mother's death, Mom had never had to work, and since her mother's passing, none of the family had been sick. They were a strong lot, for all three were still alive a couple of weeks after being stricken. The only sleep Mom had had in all that time was little cat naps. By the end of the second week the family was no better and Mom was dying on her feet trying to help them and not knowing how. That's when she took this Bible down and, sitting at the family table, started to read.

"Prayer was the only thing left that she hadn't tried. She read and silently prayed so she might stay awake. The words in the Bible began to waver and fade before her tired eyes. So Mom called to her mother, 'Mother, please help me, please.'

"Doctor, her mother appeared before her. Not like a vision, but solid and real to the sight and touch. Her mother spoke, 'Alice, my child, you look so tired.' Mom said, 'Oh Mother, Father and the babies are going to die. I've tried everything I know; it doesn't help.' 'Don't worry my child, I am here. Now you go look in the Almanac on page fifteen, while I see about the others.'

"Her mother walked over to the children, touching them lightly on the forehead; then to Mom's father and placed her hand upon his forehead. Smiling, she looked at Mom

reading from the Almanac. 'Have you found what to do, child?'

'Yes, it says to make poultices.' 'That's right,' said her mother. Standing beside Mom, her mother patted her on the cheek and said, 'Just do what the writing says and everything will be fine. If you need me again, I'll hear you calling.'

"When Mom looked up, doctor, she was alone except for the sick ones. It was then she remembered that her mother was dead. Many times she has said, 'When a child calls to its mother, she comes, sometimes even from the grave.' Anyway, they all got well. Mom's father once told her that while he was sick with the fever, he thought her mother had stood beside his bed and placed her soft hand on his brow. You see, doctor, that's why she calls to her mother."

"A very interesting story, Mrs. Mann, but surely you can't believe it!"

"I've never known her to lie, Dr. Allen. Mom's always been

honest, God fearing, and full of faith."

Just then came the sound of my patient gasping. The sound, to my trained ears, told there were only moments left to her. "You stay here, Mrs. Mann, it's best." Beside her bed, I watched the spark called life that separates us from life and death fading like an ember.

At the end, my patient raised her head, looked past my shoulder and, smiling, said, "Mother."

I looked around but there was nothing. Then my eye caught the faint outline of dampness on the rug, like someone barefooted had come in out of the rain. Seeing that the front door was open, I crossed to close it. Suddenly I felt something brush past me. I looked out. Out there where the sidewalk ended in the soft damp earth, were two sets of foot prints leading from the front porch, down the steps, out to where a shaft of sunlight lanced down out of an otherwise gray Texas sky.

"For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, "I have finished my day's work." But I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, but opens on the dawn."

—Victor Hugo



# MAKE THE PROPER INNER ADJUSTMENTS

MABEL DUNCAN KEMP

A boy once wrote in his little sister's autograph album, "I hope you will always be just as you were in the mind of God when He first thought of you." What a beautiful wish! Yet it is just like saying to an acorn, "I hope you'll grow into an oak," or to a handfull of seed, "I hope you'll grow to look like the picture on the package."

Plato said, "Within each individual is a hidden pattern of the radiant, glorious being he knows himself to be; and all his trials, struggles, sufferings, and disappointments are his efforts to return to this inner pattern of perfection and to express it." We know there is a hidden pattern in everything God has created, together with the potentialities to manifest that pattern. But even before the pattern, there was the idea in the mind of the Father Creator. To bring that idea into being is the highest destiny of all God's creatures.

Now the acorn becomes an oak and the seed like the picture on the package because they say *yes*

to God and His plan for them. They adjust themselves to the laws of their being; they relax, so to speak, and co-operate with the scheme of things. They "neither toil nor spin" yet all they need to manifest their hidden pattern is supplied.

As I write, I look out of the window and see a forsythia bush, so drab and bare yesterday, today aflame with gold. A feathery green is coming back into every bush. The jonquils are lifting hopeful faces from the damp earth. Yes, the miracle of spring is upon us! Thank God, all nature is still in harmony with His Kingdom. But I pick up the morning paper with its accounts of war casualties, of starving children—of death where there should be life; tragedy where there should be beauty; hate where there should be love; and I can only cry, "O God, why?"

There is but one answer. Human nature is not in harmony with the laws of its own being or with God's kingdom. Too few of His children have said *yes* to God's plan.

Now the jonquil had no trouble in manifesting its hidden pattern, nor the acorn in becoming an oak; but Plato speaks of trials and struggles, and disappointments and sufferings on the part of individuals in their effort to express what is in them. We have but to look about us or to look within ourselves to know how true this is. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "So many die with all their music in them." Everywhere are thwarted, frustrated, and disintegrated personalities—discontented with themselves and overcome with a sense of failure but not knowing what to do about it. Perhaps when they were younger they glimpsed that "radiant, glorious being each knows himself to be," but the picture has long since faded and they are not aware that they will experience neither peace nor happiness until that picture of their potentialities becomes clearer, and definite steps are taken for its realization.

Why is it that nature is in harmony with a plan and a purpose and man so out of step? How are we different from all other of God's creatures? We are told in the book of Genesis that God created man in *His own image*. There is the difference! He bequeathed to man alone the marvelous gift of His own nature. He gave him the capacity to think, to feel, *to will*. In other words, we

can have ideas; we can imagine; we can choose. *And what we become is the result of what we choose and of what we think.*

In the process of the working out of the laws of heredity a pattern is built in every person. That is his individuality. It is also God's idea of him. One is free from inner tensions and at peace with himself only when *his idea of himself and God's idea of him are in harmony*. So much misery is caused by one's trying to be something he was never intended to be.

Jesus came into a world of suffering and discontent. His people had but one wish: to be free from the Roman yoke. Their every prayer was for a Messiah who would save them from an environment which they found unbearable. He came. But instead of setting up the expected kingdom and driving out their Roman masters, He proclaimed, "Behold, the kingdom of God is within *you!* . . . Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you!" And they crucified Him.

Now the modern psychologists are agreeing with Him. They say, in effect, that if you want happiness and health, make the proper inner adjustments. Hate and revenge are psychological poisons that create havoc in the personality. Mental health can be had only as the forces of one's nature



are integrated about a central purpose with the result that all potentialities are given proper expression.

We are talking about the *you* you want to be because *desire* is so important. It is the motivating force of the universe. I sincerely believe we can become anything we want to become if our desire is strong enough and we are willing to pay the price.

The first thing necessary is a discontent with ourselves as we are. Not a morbid, negative feeling, but an inner knowing that our goal is to become a radiant glorious being; that we are in the process of becoming; that we have not yet arrived. Unless we recognize our need, there is no hope for change or growth. This book is not written for the smug and self-complacent. If your favorite stanza is—

“Come weal, come woe  
my status is quo,”

you had better read no further. Jesus had nothing for the self-satisfied. “They that are whole have no need of a physician,” was the way He expressed it.

But most of us have a healthy discontent—a *divine* discontent, some one has aptly called it—with our status quo. We read a poem or listen to inspired music or a sermon. Catching something of the spirit that impelled it, we climb a step upward. But it is only a

step and soon we settle back to our former level, not much better for the experience. What we need is not an outer stimulus but an *inner reservoir*.

Brother Lawrence, a young monk in the sixteenth century, received such a reservoir of power as he looked at a tree that had been gaunt and bare a few days before and now was aglow with a new beauty and fragrance. What had the tree done to change its personality so suddenly? It had done nothing of itself but had allowed itself to be used as a channel for creative life and beauty!

Such a channel we can become. But we must first learn to think positively of ourselves, of others, and of life. Let us concede that God has a plan and a place for each of us. Then the logical thing is to say *yes* to that plan. We may find it necessary to reconstruct some of our thinking; we may need to recognize some of the tensions in our personalities that keep us from being relaxed channels.

It might be a wholesome experience, as we study together the mental attitudes that either make or mar an attractive, Christian personality, to write down the list of our personality assets and liabilities. Admit the liabilities and *let go of them*. Be honest. Recognize the assets; be grateful for them and dedicate them.

*There is something of God in all beautiful things. The greatest masterpieces reflect devout piety, without which the hand of the artist falters.*

## GOD DIRECTS THE ARTIST'S HAND

Jeanne deKolty

“I like to feel that God directs my hand whenever I design a set.”

It was a seminar for cinema students at the home of Serge Krizman, eminent motion picture scenic artist and former President of the Society of Motion Picture Art Directors. The host in reply to a question, was explaining to his young audience the spiritual quality he imports to his original film settings.

“When I was a little boy in Yugoslavia,” he explained, “the children used to argue about what God looked like. Many agreed that He was a big man with a long white beard. A few pictured Him as a counterpart of their fathers, or a favorite uncle. To me God was colors. Our Sunday School teacher told us He was Omnipotent, and I saw Him as a rainbow on a spring morning, or a golden glint in a dust moat. In winter-

time, He became the white of snowflakes, or the green and brown of trees peeking out from under a mantle of snow.”

A student asked how Krizman first began painting and he replied: “I tried to paint God. He always turned out the same—shapeless, without design—a hodgepodge of colors blending together in free form. My family thought I was a genius. They exhibited the efforts proudly to their friends and even had one of the childish scrawls framed—I was about six years old at the time. They thought I was producing modernistic masterpieces; I hadn't the courage to tell them these were portraits of God.”

The artist's childish efforts led to extraordinary results. When he was eleven, the first exhibit of his paintings and drawings was held at the Royal Pavilion of Arts at



Zagreb, a result of his having won first prize as a young artist.

Grandson of the Serbian Prime Minister, S. Nikolajevich, and son of a Professor of the Yugoslavian Royal Academy of Arts, the boy might be said to have inherited the artistry that, when he was twenty-four, led to his being commissioned by the Royal Government to design part of the interior for the Yugoslav Pavilion at the New York World's Fair in 1938. Krizman has a less matter-of-fact explanation for his talent. Even if it be inherited, he says, only God could have directed that he, of all the babies born in the world, should have been the son of an artist. "And only God," he amplifies, "could have decided that I should follow in my father's footsteps. Many great artists bear sons without creative ability; that I happened to inherit my father's gift is a matter beyond human arrangement."

The reverence Krizman brings to his work invests an imaginative quality that critics agree pleases the spirit as well as the eye. Twice he has been nominated by the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences for "best art direction of a filmed television show." He is frequently asked to lecture before art societies and professional

groups, and his home is regularly the scene of student seminars. Speaking of these classes, the artist says:

"To young artists, I invariably point out that before one can paint with spiritual quality, one must first have faith in God.

"There is something of God in all beautiful things. From Michelangelo and his charming Madonnas down through the ages, the greatest masterpieces have been those that reflect devout piety. Without this feeling, the hand of the artist falters; his work lacks the fidelity, strength and sincerity that must be part of every masterpiece, regardless of subject matter."

The wisdom of Krizman's philosophy is substantiated by his reputation. When Producer Samuel Goldwyn began planning his triumphant success, "Porgy and Bess," he searched for an art director who could impart depth and spiritual quality to his "Catfish Row" sets as well as a blending of color and squalor to typify the lives of his characters. Serge Krizman was the artist selected for the chore; and from the moment "Porgy and Bess" was released, it was hailed by critics and art lovers for the integrity and spiritual quality of its art direction.

## GEORGE LAMSA

### HIS DREAM CAME TRUE

Duane Valentry

Long years ago a shepherd boy in the ancient Biblical land of Kurdistan had a dream. When he grew to be a man—the dream went—he would spend his life serving God.

As the first-born of his family the boy was dedicated to God by his devout mother and his early studies were with the priests and deacons of the Church of the East. The language he spoke—Aramaic—was one the rest of the world thought dead. Around him the people lived, moved, talked, much as they had when Jesus of Nazareth walked the earth.

Looking across the fields where his sheep grazed peacefully the boy did not know that here was a land where time stood still. He knew only one thing—the work he wanted to do in the world for God.

Today that dream has come true for Dr. George M. Lamsa, for he is recognized as an authority on the Bible and is a famous

author and lecturer. Recently he put aside his own work to act as technical adviser on the film, "The Big Fisherman," giving the picture the full benefit of his massive knowledge of Scripture and the Holy Land, and glad to do so because he believed the film on Simon Peter was a needed one today.

"I am seeing come to life that which I have been writing and talking about for thirty years," said Dr. Lamsa during production.

Dr. Lamsa's story reads very much like fiction itself. Few would believe that a simple shepherd boy in a land which time forgot would become one of the most knowledgeable men in the world, lauded by its top scholars, his advice sought before the "go-ahead" could be given in almost every phase of a four million dollar enterprise.

But this was no ordinary shepherd boy, as the records show. Attending the Archbishop of Can-



terbury's Colleges in Iran and Turkey. George graduated with the highest honors ever bestowed by these schools. He was to need every bit of this education in the years that followed.

With the dark clouds of World War I overhead and the Turkish invasion of neighboring areas, Lamsa escaped to South America. He knew only three words of Spanish—water, work, bread.

For a time these three were sufficient to keep him going. The first job as a sailor gave him opportunity to expand his knowledge far beyond the world he had known. Work on the railroad also gave him a chance to see, hear, and wonder. During this period the youth even worked deep in the mines, but wherever he found himself he learned and kept on learning, always with the same deep dedication in his heart—to work for God.

It was during the 1920's that George Lamsa reached the United States, a part of his dream. Here he managed to get work as a printer by night, while going to school in the country he hoped to adopt as his own. Later he attended the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Virginia, and then Dropsie College, Philadelphia.

The shepherd boy was gone now, and in his place an earnest, polished, well-educated man emerged, ready to take his place in

the field of work he had planned.

Always a student of the Bible, Lamsa believed there were obscurities largely due to language, which could be cleared up; and he set himself to the gargantuan task. In thirty years of patient and painstaking work, study, and research, Dr. Lamsa translated the Scriptures Aramaic (Syriac) into English, which differs slightly from the King James version in that it clarifies meanings which have become obscure through many translations.

One of the most satisfying of his life endeavors was the work on the motion picture about Simon the big fisherman who, somewhat reluctantly at first, follows the Master to become chief disciple.

Due to his upbringing in the Biblical lands Dr. Lamsa could advise on many matters that came up in the filming, whether of story or interpretation or on physical properties. Since there were more than 5,500 props used in the picture, this chore in itself was an area calling for knowledge if it was to be authentic.

Animals? There were many in the film and who better than a Kurdistan shepherd boy would know about them? Goats were brought in from the Navajo Reservation in New Mexico because they closely resemble the wiry, desert-hardened goats of the Holy

Land so familiar to any shepherd boy, yesterday or today.

Broadtail sheep, identical to the ones in the Biblical story, were also found in New Mexico, on the only ranch in the country that raises them, and approved by Dr. Lamsa. Only twelve camels could be rounded up for the picture, and seven of these were of the two-humped variety and had to be changed to one-humpers by the use of special pack saddles.

Approved too were the 200 pure Arabian horses, worth \$25,000 each and rare in the U.S., rented for the duration of filming and important to the story's authenticity.

Dr. Lamsa's advice was also sought by set designer John De Cuir, who constructed more than seventy major sets for the film, and whose model for Simon Peter's fishing boat was obtained from ancient temple carvings.

Who better than an authority on Judea, Rome, and Arabia 2,000

years ago could advise whether the hundreds of yards of rare silks and brocades imported from Damascus for clothing were in keeping with what was worn then? Or who could know better the type of reed pen used in the palace of an ancient Herod; the Roman coins, saddles, fishing baskets, money bags, skin water troughs, statues of Roman gods, swords, daggers, spears, and other weapons of war—or the mirror of burnished copper Simon looks into to see if he has "that look," after listening to Jesus.

On all these matters the advice of Dr. Lamsa, erstwhile shepherd, was indispensable and helps contribute to the realism and quality of the movie, reviewers are calling a screen masterpiece.

Dr. Lamsa has never married but, true to his mother's dedication those many years ago, has devoted his life to his work—the work he dreamed of doing as a boy—for God.



The Bible is written about you and me. Every scene is a pointed finger. It isn't just a lad named Jacob who cheats his brother and runs away. We do that in a thousand ways, and so much of our life is a flight. And yet, for us too, if we're ever alerted to it, above our uneasy beds there always opens the ladder, that mysterious channel of give and take between us and a watching God.

Frederick B. Speakman in LOVE IS SOMETHING YOU DO (Fleming H. Revell Company)



# EDNA COOPER

## SELF-APPOINTED MISSIONARY

BETTY V. YARNALL

"God sent you to us!" This Chaplain's words of gratitude might well express the feeling of many who have been blessed by the special gift one woman has brought to countless thousands.

"This week I will take my show to the Leper Colony, the prison, and two hospitals, as well as a large church. Then to Anchon where I play a college, a series of churches, and an army prison." This excerpt from a letter indicates the typical schedule of this dedicated woman on one of her tours.

Edna May Cooper, one-time Hollywood actress, has for over eleven years periodically left home and country to carry her message, alone and largely at her own expense, to servicemen in hospitals and out-of-the-way posts and to others in isolated and restricted areas around the world.

She has given more than two

thousand performances of her dramatic presentation "The Life of Christ," which includes religious readings and pictures of paintings illustrating her theme. All in all, there are some four thousand of these pictures, which must make up a good part of the sixteen suitcases she finds it necessary to take with her.

This lone ambassador of good will has faced dangers and endured hardships and deprivation on these arduous missions. Traveling by train, ambulance, jeep, freighter—by any means available—she has gone to some of the least accessible parts of the Orient, some of the farthest corners of the earth, to buoy hopes and comfort hearts with her inspirational message.

Edna May Cooper was only twelve when she got her first job, a small walk-on part in a stage

play. Her mother had brought her to California for her health, which was delicate, and she was to finish her schooling there. Then her mother fell ill. Where was the rent to come from? How were they to live? Little Edna May felt it was up to her. So she put on her most grown-up manner, and her mother's high-heeled shoes, and went out and got that job. Not long after that first job, she went on to movie work, and her education was continued by private instruction.

Later, when she was chosen to play the role of the woman who followed the Cross in Cecil B. DeMille's memorable film "The King of Kings," little did Edna May Cooper realize the tremendous effect this was to have on her future.

Busy with her screen, stage, and radio work, for years Edna May Cooper led a very active life. She also learned to fly at Parks Air College in St. Louis, where she was the only woman among six hundred students at that time. Graduating with high honors, she went on to become co-holder of the Woman's World's Refueling Endurance Record for small aircraft, in January, 1931, with 123 hours of sustained flight. This record still stands.

Then, in 1940, the day after Christmas, this active woman was in a serious automobile accident. Critically injured, she faced the

dark prospect of paralysis. The doctors held out little hope. After being bedridden for two years, she was told she would never walk normally again, and probably would be paralyzed. To Edna May Cooper, this was like signing a death warrant. "I was taken home and prayed to die," she recalls.

But she didn't die, for it was then she felt a surge of new life, new hope, rise in her. What had caused this? Suddenly she remembered something, remembered it vividly. It was the scene in "The King of Kings" of Lazarus rising from the tomb.

"I reasoned if God could raise Lazarus from the dead he could straighten and lengthen my leg and heal my splintered spine. The medical profession had done all they could for me and it was up to me to do my part."

She asked her mother to pray for her, and with her, and to have faith that God would heal her. They prayed daily. "My mother's prayers and her faith gave me courage," she says, "and aided my morale. I began gradually to get well. I promised God that if I could ever walk again I would do something to help others."

And, though it took three years, the healing did come. During this time, Edna May Cooper had been studying the life of Christ and wrote her play on the subject,



illustrating it with copies of famous paintings from all over the world. What began as a mere pastime gradually became an all-absorbing hobby, then assumed the proportions of a life work.

After her recovery, Edna May Cooper dedicated her work to the sick and needy. Its first performance made possible a recreation building which solved a town's juvenile problem. In the beginning, she took her presentation mostly to those in hospitals whose cases were as hopeless as her own had once seemed. Then, as it was enthusiastically received, she broadened the scope of her travels and visited orphanages and old people's homes, prisons and veterans' hospitals. Then she took it abroad, where it has been presented in Hong Kong, the Philippines, Formosa, Japan, Hawaii.

"Our service men were grateful for Christian entertainment," she

says. "Many of them will become missionaries after seeing the needs of the Orient." Because she did not approve of many of the parts offered her, she did not return to picture or stage work after her recovery. That is, not until she had an opportunity to play in another of Cecil B. DeMille's great epic films of several years ago, "The Ten Commandments." And it was her salary from playing in this picture that helped finance her trip to Korea and Formosa.

The hardships, the denials, the dangers have been many. But the reward? "The reward is 'the peace that passeth all understanding,'" avers this zealous missionary.

"I am the happiest person on earth, to do the work I want to do," says Edna May Cooper.

And "Christ said 'Love thy neighbor,' and the greatest love we can show them is to share Christianity with them."



I stood the other day at George Washington Carver's grave. I thought of him as a slave boy and also as the great man he became. I wondered, if I had seen him as that slave boy, if I could have visualized him as the man. Well, love looks at every unlikely situation and sees its possibilities. "Love never faileth . . ."

Charles L. Allen in  
ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE  
THROUGH PRAYER  
(Fleming H. Revell Company)

## AN OPEN LETTER FROM

FRANK C. LAUBACH

My Dear President Eisenhower,

This is my second letter proposing that when you retire from the Presidency, you get behind the effort to mobilize or at least coordinate all the agencies, religious and secular, which seek to help lift the hunger and want problem off the back of half the human race. This rising hunger was the chief cause of the menace of communism, and is today its chief fuel.

You started a People-to-People movement, but it has no effective head, and has thus far functioned so weakly that one rarely hears of it. Yet this great nation is as ripe as an overripe plum for a movement which will promise to be effective. There are probably five hundred agencies in the United States which try to reduce hunger around the world. But they are a rabble, and not an army. They not only do not work together, but frequently conflict with one another. The amount of frustrated and bewildered goodwill in the United States now going to waste when it might be saving the world, breaks one's heart. We could be lighting the world to a level where the communist panacea would have no attraction, if this immense reservoir of good will could be organized and brought into harmonious action.


For years I have prayed that God would send us a man with the tremendous organizing ability of a John R. Mott, to meet this hour. And now God has made it clear to me that *you* are the *man*. You pledged yourself in India to do all in your power to abolish hunger from the earth. You and America MUST FULFILL THAT PROMISE. The whole hungry world will be swept into communism, and America will be hated beyond all other nations, if we fail the world again as we did after the wonderful promises of Woodrow Wilson.

The response which I get in every church and school and men's



and women's clubs, and every industry, to the "Army of Compassion" plan, leads me to propose that pattern with enthusiasm. Every church where I made the proposal starts immediately to build a "Company of 100," each person to give a dollar a week to support their own ambassador of compassion, through their own mission board or through any other channel they like. You and perhaps you alone could integrate and mobilize this immense eagerness to help save the world, into an effective Army of Compassion.

I pray for you hourly,  
Frank C. Laubach




### Nil Desperandum

(NEVER DESPAIR)

Upon the wreckage of thy yesterday  
Design the structure of tomorrow.  
Lay strong stones of purpose and prepare  
Great blocks of wisdom, cut from past despair.  
Shape mighty pillars of resolve to set  
Deep in the tear-wet mortar of regret.  
Work on with patience, tho' thy toil be slow;  
Yet day by day thy edifice shall grow.  
Believe in God, in thine own self believe.  
All thou hast desired thou shalt achieve.

—Author Unknown




# Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

When Clear Horizons reaches its readers the United Prayer Tower will be celebrating its third year in its new home. God has blessed us abundantly and we want you, our beloved friends, to rejoice with us. Pray that God will open greater avenues of service to us during the coming years, and that we will be able to share with you His many blessings.

"How great is the multitude of thy goodness, which thou hast wrought!"

This is a letter from one of our members in Germany. "I thank you with a heart overflowing for your marvellous report. Yes, I did receive the 'Fellowship Messenger' by the kind mediation of a dear friend in Germany, moreover I have received those two wonderful books, 'More than Sparrows,' and 'God Calling' sent by Dr. Koch in Lugano. I thank you with all my heart for your great generosity to send your monthly devotional booklet, 'The Manual of Prayer.' I am eager to pray with you as I know, praying with and for you will strengthen our hearts and will be a real Tower of Faith for us all. May the glory of the Lord so shine upon you all that your souls are filled with joy and happiness. Christ IS the answer to every need. . . ."

Dear friends,—several months ago you wrote, telling of the expenses incurred each summer at the Prayer Tower, but

we were in the midst of preparations for moving, so the letter had to be laid aside for a while. However, God has brought us safely through this trying time and settled us in a lovely little suburb, so we are trying to answer all of our correspondence. The "Manual of Prayer" has been such a wonderful help in keeping our faith when things seemed so uncertain. The May-June number by Lou Austin has been underlined in so many sections and read and reread. Now we are reading the July issue by Dr. Miller and it will be just what is needed, for I believe each of us finds what he or she is looking for in some part of each Manual of Prayer.

I have so enjoyed "The Adventure of Prayer" by Margaret Cropper. It is in my Prayer List Book at all times and I seem to get more out of it each time I read this beautifully worded little booklet.

Words cannot express the gratitude I feel for the wonderful, wonderful Manual of Prayer! But most of all, I cannot thank you enough you dear, patient, untiring friends of the United Prayer Tower! You have lit many little candles in the hearts of many people, little people like myself, here and there, all over the world. I am sending a gift to help toward summer expenses. God bless you all!—Ont. Canada

"I have written you so often asking for names to be put in the Prayer Box



and you have written me such encouraging, helpful letters, all of which I have truly appreciated.

"This time I want to write that I feel as if I am boosted up by a multitude of prayers. I have felt a decided spiritual uplift lately and among my many prayers, one special one, has been answered in such a marvellous, surprising way. Oh, how grateful I am to those who prayed for me and my wishes along with the others in the prayer box. This is just a note of sincere thanks and appreciation for your wave lengths of fellowship."—*Ohio*

Dear friends, Your letter answering my request for prayer for new work was received with Thanksgiving. Only a few days after receiving the letter, I applied for work. As I was leaving the application with the secretary, she asked if I would like an interview with the proper person. Although this was not one of the days open for interviews, one was granted to me. During the interview, I was offered a position. No recommendations had been sent! The salary was an

increase over my last salary. The work seems a direct answer to Prayer.

Thank you so much for helping me to find God's will. What a feeling of security to know that I can call on God's help through you! Several of Glenn Clark's books are on my bedside table. These books have been a great help to me in my search for guidance.—*South Carolina*

Dear friends, We want to thank you for all the loving prayers which have enfolded us while we have been in Ireland. It is lovely here now and we feel that this is the place God wants us to be. So we are returning to the States in the Fall, to sell our home there and return to be in this part of Ireland. Continue to keep us in your love and prayers as we dispose of our home and things which have been so dear to us. We want only the right people to have them and we know God wants this too. As soon as we are settled in our new home we will send you our new address because we do not want to be without one single issue of the Manual of Prayer. God bless you ALL!—*Ireland*



#### 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 PA 9-4944, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE HEALING POWER OF POETRY, Dr. Smiley Blanton. 202 pages. Crowell, \$3.95. Norman Vincent Peale says in the Foreword, "Actually, this book is but another means by which this kindly doctor loves people into improved health and strength." Kindliness does seem to come from the pages as you read the book. I found the book inspirational and helpful. Dr. Blanton is a psychiatrist of clear insight and this together with his warm spirit makes the book something worthwhile. Some of the values of poetry that he lists, in the treatment of mental and nervous disorders, are that the patient soon finds his problems are as old as mankind itself. Therefore, he is not alone and unique. Also, he says that often the dreamlike quality of poetry more easily penetrates the subconscious than does prose. That poetry quite easily evokes emotion is therapeutic in itself. He suggests that the poems be read aloud, and where they appeal to the reader, or some part of them, they ought to be memorized. As each subject comes up in the book it is interspersed with poetry. The poems are applicable, penetrating, and in my opinion, very helpful. I would recommend the book very highly for all who are normal or nearly so. Some of the chapters are: When you are Depressed, When you are Anxious, When you need Courage, When you are Bereaved, When you Must Leave Someone You Love, When you are Angry and Frustrated, When you are Growing Old.

ASSIGNMENT: OVERSEAS, John Rosengrant and others. 152 pages. Crowell, \$1.95 (paper). The subtitle is "How to be a welcome resident and a worthy Christian abroad." This is one of the most needed books to come along in some time. With America the recognized leader in the world, and with more Americans travelling around the world than any other nationals, it is high time we took some time off to examine ourselves in the matter of our faith and direction. Americans abroad are missionaries whether or not they like to think of themselves in that way. So far we have done a poor job of it. During the Korean War, according to the book, a

## books of interest

comments, summaries  
reviews & opinions  
on religious books

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

third of the prisoners of war collaborated with the Communists. Charles Leber quotes from the book *In Every War But One* that Americans were experts in using weapons but "very inefficient, weak, and frail in dealing with Communists as people and meeting them in the conflict of thought, and in the encounter of ideologies and religions." The table of contents will give the entire scope of the book: Introduction (Charles Leber), I. Resources for Expanding Populations (George B. Cressey), II. A Look at Foreign Affairs (Gerard Mangone), III. A Look at the Government Exchange Program (Edwin M. Wright), IV. Cultural Empathy (Gerard Mangone), V. Many Cultures and Our Own Witness (Eugene A. Nida), VI. The Religious Encounter—Introducing Islam (E. Everett Grice), Introducing Hinduism (Gordon M. Ruff), Introducing Buddhism (Kenneth Wells), The Attitudes of a Protestant Layman in a Roman Catholic Country (W. Stanley Rycroft), VII. The Uniqueness of Our Christian Faith (Elmer G. Homrighausen), VIII. Motives for Mission (Theodore F. Romig), IX. The Mission Countries Come of Age (John C. Smith), X. Our Mission in Industry (Henry D. Jones), XI. Christian Com-



munities Overseas—Union Churches (J. Quinter Miller), A Large Fellowship (William N. Wysham), XII. Practical Participation in Another Culture (John Rosengrant). This book is the first really expert appraisal of the world and ourselves, and our part in it as Christians. Every Christian home ought to have it. We need it desperately. To fail to read it is to remain in ignorance, and to care little for either ourselves or Christianity.

**GOD IS CONTEMPORARY**, J. B. Phillips. 137 pages. Macmillan, paper \$1.25, cloth \$2.50. J. B. Phillips is always stimulating and appropriate to the present scene. The purpose of this book is to state the Christian position in contemporary terms for the contemporary man. He is sure that the future of mankind is dependent on men of God's will and not merely men of goodwill. While understanding that the Church has not lived up to its mission, he is convinced that it is a revitalization of the Church and its message that is sorely needed not only for the Christian but also for the non-believer. Some chapters: Faith and Unfaith, Limitations of Science, Necessity for True Religion, Religion and Modern Knowledge, A New Look at Christianity, Returning to the Source, Some Criticisms of Christianity, Problems of Suffering and Evil, The Missing Dimension, Re-Presenting Christianity, Christ and the Church. The book clarifies the issues of modern man and presents the Christian message and need in forceful, clear terms. God IS contemporary.

**STEWARDSHIP FOR TODAY'S WOMAN**, Helen Kingsbury Wallace. 94 pages. Revell, \$1.75. This is a wonderful little gem of a book. The six chapters are stewardship as applying to—The Career Girl, The Wife, The Mother, The

Widow, The Retired Woman, The Church Woman. The central theme is that stewardship is not limited to money but to one's entire life. There are enough good suggestions and illustrations in this book to fit the need of anyone. And, I am sure that anyone who reads it will come away from it with a new sense of mission, a new enthusiasm for living and a better Christian.

**WATCHER ON THE HILLS**, Raynor C. Johnson. 188 pages. Harper, \$3.50. The subtitle is "A Study of Some Mystical Experiences of Ordinary People." The title comes from A. E.'s *Letters to Min-anlabain*, "I believe the only news of interest does not come from the great cities or from the councils of state, but from some lonely watcher on the hills who has a momentary glimpse of infinitude and feels the universe rushing at him." I must say this is one of the most intriguing books I have read. The author is a distinguished physicist and has been Master of Queen's College in Melbourne. It is a closely reasoned book, clear and easy to read, and filled with examples to prove the point he makes. Dr. Johnson presents 36 case histories of people who have had a direct experience of another Self. He examines the mystical sense in man at its different levels, and shows how unscientific it is to rely entirely on the five senses. The fact-filled, satisfying and fascinating chapters are: Introduction, Man and His Higher Affiliations, Basic Mystical Experience, Disclosure of the Not-Self—(I) Nature, (II) Other Selves, Higher Mystical Experience, Experience of the Christ Spirit, The Unconscious Mind, Methods of Expanding Awareness, and Mysticism and Life. I predict that this is one book that will not go out of print for many years.

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