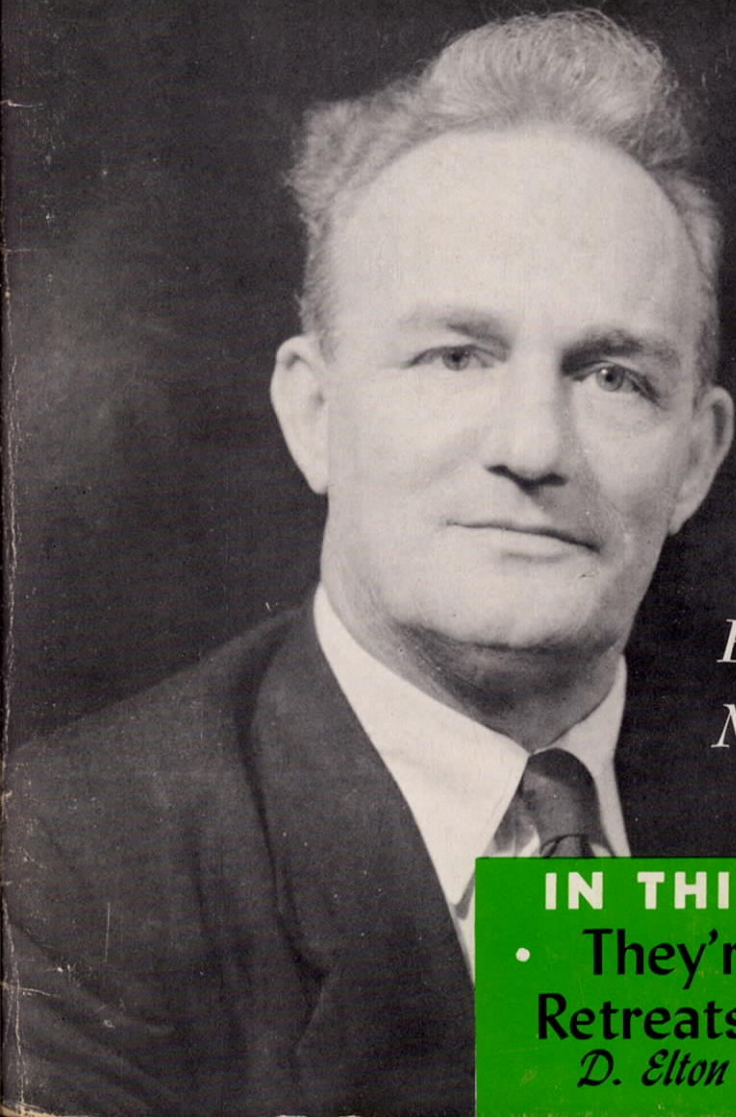


SPRING 1960

Clear Horizons

Personal Experiences In Christian Living



*Brother
Mandus*

IN THIS ISSUE

- They're Called
Retreats —

D. Elton Trueblood

Clear Horizons Magazine

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THE COVER

Brother Mandus is president and founder of The World Healing Crusade, 476 Lytham Road, Blackpool, England. Many people in this country had the delight this past year of hearing him talk and hold healing missions. He is a layman who says that it was his experience with God that made him into the man he is. He is humble and completely unaffected in manner and by his simple childlikeness attracts everyone. *The Crusader* is the magazine that comes from his group, and he is the author of two hardbound books, *The Grain of Mustard Seed* and *The Wondrous Way of Life*, as well as numerous pamphlets.

A short quote from one of his books gives a picture of this man's soul, "We are at last beginning to realize that the man or nation which departs from the *inviolable standard of LOVE* is lost. And that man without *God made real through faith* is like a child isolated from its home environment."

SPRING, 1960

Clear Horizons

VOLUME 20
NUMBER 4

*In those despairing hours
of the longest night I
ever lived, I reached
out and found God. He's
been with me ever since.*

The Night God Held My Hand

THOMAS C. McKEEN

"I think we all agree, gentlemen," the colonel was saying, "that lad probably won't see another sunrise." They were standing in the hospital corridor outside of my room. They had just completed examining me and the door did not quite close behind them.

That moment is still very vivid in my mind. They were talking about me. I was going to die. Die. What an impossible, unbelievable word. I remember repeating it out loud.

It was an extremely cold February in 1948. After enlisting in the army I reported to Fort Dix, New Jersey, for my basic training. Marching in ten or twelve inches

of snow and sleeping in cold, drafty barracks are ideal conditions for catching a cold. And very adverse for shaking one.

When the pains in my chest started I went on sick call. And along with scores of other sick, lame, and lazy was returned to duty, bottle of cough syrup in hand.

During the next few days my condition grew steadily worse. The pains were becoming excruciating. I frequented the dispensary but, try as I would, I could not convince them that there was something drastically wrong inside my chest. Their examinations showed nothing more than a chest cold. I had acquired quite

a supply of cough syrup. The doctors could hardly be blamed, understaffed as they were, and the ever-growing list of "gold bricks" in the sick book.

Finally, one morning I couldn't and wouldn't get out of bed. I was taken back to the dispensary, examined and X-rayed. The picture showed an advanced case of double pneumonia. Next stop the Tilton General Hospital.

I lay there in my bed, still unable to believe what I had just heard. My first wild impulse was to get up and out of there, as if I could run away from the death that had been decreed for me. I tried to sit up but found I couldn't. I fell back on my pillow, tears streaming down my temples. My thoughts became jumbled; nothing made sense. I was dreaming, I had to be dreaming. I think I laughed.

Gradually my mind cleared. *They're wrong*, I thought, *They can make mistakes. They've made one this time. They have to be wrong.* It was my only hope and I clung to it. I remember thinking that if I didn't close my eyes, if I could just keep them open until the sun came up I would prove that they were wrong and everything would be alright.

A few minutes later the nurse came in. I don't remember her name but I'll never forget her face nor the quiet, soothing way

she spoke. She was a middle-aged Greek woman. Angels of mercy they call them. I watched as she prepared the hypodermic needle.

"Is it true?" I asked her.

"Is what true, son?"

"I overheard them talking out there. Am I going to die?"

She said nothing as she administered the shot. Then, "That's entirely up to the Lord," she said. "Pray, son. Pray very hard." As she turned to leave I saw the tears forming in her eyes.

Pray she had said. Was there really a God? I had always taken it for granted there was but never really thought much about it. I thought of the Sunday afternoons when I was a little boy and my father would gather us all together and read from the Bible. I tried to remember some of the things he had read and talked about. One phrase popped into my mind and stuck there: "The Lord is my shepherd." I prayed long and hard. I prayed for my life. And as I prayed my mind became more and more at ease. I suddenly became aware that I was no longer praying for my life but rather for a better understanding of Him. There was no longer any doubt in my mind as to whether there was a God. I could feel his presence. It was as if He were there by my bed, holding my hand and telling me not to worry. He was taking care of

me. From that moment on I knew, without question, that I would recover.

The sun came up finally and streamed into my window. I fell into a deep and restful sleep.

My parents had been notified and were there in my room when I awoke. They tried unsuccessfully to be cheerful. My mother left the room on a pretext and I knew she must be standing outside crying. As it turned out I had to do the cheering up. I tried to convince them, as I was convinced, that I would recover. But I don't think they believed it.

For the next three days, although I was sure I was improving, my condition continued to get worse. The doctors were unsuccessful in staying my steadily rising fever.

My room had become a beehive of activity. Doctors and nurses in and out every five minutes. My arms felt like pin-cushions, black and blue from shoulders to elbows from penicillin shots. Intravenous feedings, oxygen tents, blood tests. I remember wishing they'd leave me alone for a few hours so I could just sleep. It appeared that I

was the only one who had any hope for me.

The third night, as I found out later, was to be the crucial point, the crisis. There was absolutely no hope now. This was to be my last night. I felt no different whatsoever from the previous days.

At approximately three o'clock that morning my nurse placed a phone call to my parents and found the line busy. My mother had awakened with a terrible dread feeling. She felt that I was dying. She immediately telephoned a friend in Philadelphia who had talked to her many times before of the power of prayer and faith. Together they prayed for my life.

The nurse never completed the call. My fever had suddenly broken and I was no longer in danger. From that point on I rapidly improved to a complete recovery, so complete in fact that I was not given the customary recuperation furlough but returned instead to duty.

In those despairing hours of the longest night I ever lived, eleven years ago, I reached out and found God. He's been with me ever since.

by Marcus Bach

THE LORD'S SIDE OF THE LEDGER

Following a talk at a Rotary Club meeting, one of the members called me aside.

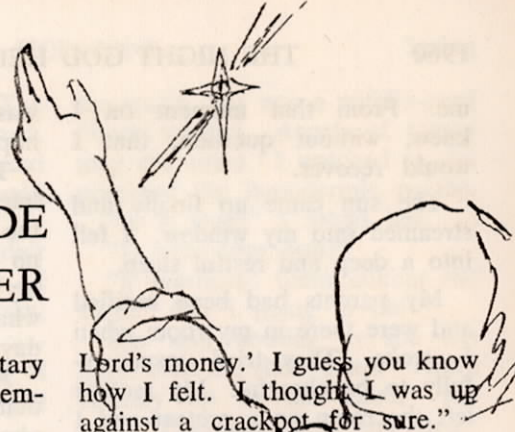
"I happen to be the town banker," he said, "and since you are interested in religion, I have a question. Did you have a chance to get acquainted with the man who introduced you this noon?"

"Just casually," I replied. "He wanted to know something about me and my work."

"But did you find out anything about *him*?"

"No, I didn't. Why?"

"Well, sir," said the banker, "that fellow came to town six years ago. He dropped in at the bank and asked to borrow seven thousand dollars. Said he planned to start a trucking business. He scraped up enough security to satisfy me that he wasn't too bad a risk, and I let him have the money. When I made out the deposit slip for the seven thousand, he said: 'Just a minute. I'd like to put seven hundred of that into a special account. That's the



Lord's money.' I guess you know how I felt. I thought I was up against a crackpot for sure."

He chuckled as he said this, but there was no doubt that the incident and his misgivings were still fresh in his mind. Glancing around almost ruefully to make sure he was not being overheard, he continued:

"That fellow put that seven hundred dollars into an account and used it for charity, giving the money little by little to religious causes and the like. And little by little he kept depositing in that account, too. Now, I know there are people who tithe and all that, but here's my question: Do you find many people who take this practice so seriously?"

"Let me ask you," I suggested, "how has our friend been doing businesswise in the past six years?"

"Amazingly well," the banker acknowledged in a puzzled voice. "He has built up a fleet of eight trucks. Guess it's eight, maybe

nine. And all the time he keeps giving away more and more money. I've heard about big men and big concerns doing things like that. I do my own bit in this matter of giving. Every good citizen does, but this 'ten per centing' on a loan strikes me as rather reckless! Is this something general, would you say?"

It was a good question—so good, in fact, that with the banker's permission I dropped around to the trucker's office. The "reckless tither" was a different man from the one I had met at Rotary. At the meeting he had been casual and reflective. In the center of his small but efficient headquarters, he was alert and decisive.

He explained his "ten per centing" by saying: "It's simply part of my program. It started when I realized I didn't have a single Christian principle to which I subscribed unquestioningly. Everything I believed was held conditionally, subject to the situation and open to change. Going to church, belief in certain doctrines, even the good old Golden Rule was always flexible enough to adjust itself to circumstances. One day when things were at a low ebb, I decided to get down to cases. I guess I'm the kind of person who has to do something with religion that he can keep on a record. I couldn't put love

or sentiment in a book, but tithing was something I could keep track of, something I could see and handle and test myself with. That's about all there is to it. It's just part of my program."

He had no other explanation. No revival, no special sermon, no outside persuasion had brought him to this new, controlling factor in his life. He had never heard of Teresa of Avila who said: "Teresa and this money are nothing. But Teresa and this money and God are everything." No one had told him about the fabulous Borda who, when asked about his unusual generosity, explained, "God gives to Borda and Borda gives to God." It was an inner compunction that challenged this Midwestern trucking executive to put into practice the Christian concept of stewardship in a way that he could "see and handle." That was why he had tithed on the loan from the bank. It was his first big step into a new adventure.

I began to wonder if it might be this desire for a concrete, workable demonstration of God's law that persuaded other businessmen to keep a "Lord's side" of the ledger.

In southern Iowa I met a car dealer who is regarded as the town's "number 1" citizen. Generous and civic-minded, he has built his life around the belief

By permission of The T. S. Denison Co., publishers of *Adventures In Faith*, by Marcus Bach.

that giving is the only justification for getting.

This man's stewardship, which had been kept hidden for years, but which in a town of three thousand was bound to be found out, served as an inspiration to others. I met a storekeeper who testified that his life was changed because of the example set by the car dealer.

"He had lots of money," he said. "I had nothing. But if God's law works with dollars it will work with pennies too. I used to drink a lot. I quit because it dawned on me that I was a fool to spend my money that way. I wish I could get across to everyone the wonderful thing that happens to a man when he changes from his own will to God's will. God's will for me was that I should be a better man. The greatest forward step in my life was when I took the money I would ordinarily have spent for drink and put it into a special fund for the Lord. You can say it's just one of those things. You can call it a game. I know it works."

From the appearance of his store, from his enthusiasm, from the respect in which his fellow men held him, it was apparent that if it was a game it was a good one, and it did work.

My research has convinced me that every successful man has a

plan for his life. By "successful" I mean one who has come to a sense of self-unfoldment, who has reached or is aspiring to his highest ideal, and who lives in a consciousness of the presence of God. The plan invariably includes an honest partnership with the Lord.

"Yes, Mr. Banker, this is something pretty general, as many in your profession already know."

For the practice of tithing is growing. It knows no denominational lines. It has no selfish motives. It does not vaunt itself. Asking no material reward, it receives such a reward just the same as a bonus for stewardship. Seeking no honor, it gathers respect to itself. Beginning with money, it expands itself into other fields; the use of time, the daily task, the improvement of character.

Being something that can be "seen and handled," it develops into an over-belief with which a man is ready to set out on other spiritual ventures. Requiring great faith, it strengthens the belief that setbacks and bad breaks are provisional and never final. Tested and proved, it is the absolute guarantee of a divine order moving in and through the seeming disorder and dissolution of the world. It is a practice that ties one's religious convictions together.

The only way to test it is to try it.

The consolation of my grief—

perhaps the greatest grief
known to a woman —
the death of her child

BY PRINCESS ILEANA OF ROMANIA

On January 11, 1959, an airplane crashed in the bay of Rio de Janeiro. On board were Count and Countess Kottulinsky, son-in-law and daughter of the author of this article.

The Countess (the Archduchess Maria-Ileana of Austria) was known to her family and friends as "Minola," a name given her by her grandmother, Queen Marie of Romania, mother of Princess Ileana.

The Count and Countess were married in December, 1957, and a daughter was born to them in the autumn of last year.

Princess Ileana is a member of the Romanian Orthodox Church and has long been a friend of the Episcopal Church.

Why, many have asked me, should she who was so beautiful, so young, so happy, be killed? Why have you, her mother, to suffer this great loss after all the upheavals you have already endured?

Many have been the kind words full of loving sympathy, of consolation and understanding, that have come to me from every side; and greatly have they warm-

ed my sorrowful heart. The prayers of the faithful have upheld me like a strong wall upon which I could lean.

Out of the well of my pain, I feel that I must tell from what source I drew the strength to bear my grief. For grief it is, the greatest perhaps known to woman: the death of her child.

First let me say that the question, "Why?" never crossed my

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mind, nor did the thought that death is the end. My grief was, and is, unclouded by any such thought. Nonetheless, in that terrible hour, when the news came that both Minola and her husband, Rus, had been killed in an airplane crash, I felt a searing, unutterable pain. It was as if the blood had drained from my heart and my body had been torn asunder.

Minola, my beautiful child, so loved by all, so graciously gentle and thoughtful, brimming over with happiness and the joy of life; Minola and her beloved Rus—gone! My eldest daughter, my pride and joy, my friend—for as she grew into womanhood and we knew each other better, this, too, she had become. Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone—dead! For as long as on this earth I remain, the old dear relationship is over.

There is no painless consolation for this bereavement, nor does it help to dress my loss in lovely meaningless words. The best and only way is for me to face the stark reality and to look at it with Christian courage—seeking to see the light not *around* my grief, but *through* it.

My child has stepped over the threshold into life eternal; this I know beyond the shadow of a doubt. She had a firm, luminous faith—her life was fulfilled. She had had her sorrows and joys.

She had known perfect love and motherhood. She was called away before any grave disappointment or grief could hurt her. If there is an answer to be found as to why she died so young it is just in this: she and her husband were accounted worthy to go without further trial. They went together. Of how few can it be said: in death they were not parted! They are blessed indeed.

If I cry in agony, it is because my heart and soul are rent by the death of the child I bore, this ending of a lovely earthly relationship. But there is no despair or darkness in my anguish; there is a deep and singular beauty about it. It is because I loved her so dearly, because she filled my heart with complete delight, that I weep; for joy and sorrow are closer together than night and day. I welcome my grief because my happiness was so great.

I feel my darling very close to me. Nay, I all but see her, hear her, even smell her. I seem to catch the smile upon that beloved face. Nothing now will ever change her, she remains the same: young, beautiful, and true. Life is inevitably carrying me toward her; one day, when my turn comes, if I am worthy, I too shall go where she, Rus, Mama, and all those who have gone before are.

Meanwhile, I have to learn to live here on earth. It is the pick-

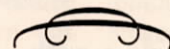
ing up of the daily threads that is so hard. To make plans in which Minola and Rus are not included; to make jokes we no longer share; not to tell Minola our news good or bad; to no more see the familiar writing in the mails; to ruthlessly touch and use her personal belongings; to face the pain in the eyes of all those out of whose earthly lives she has gone—this is the difficult part. This is the part that calls for Christian fortitude!

The real consolation, for me, lies in the Communion of Saints; in the Living Body of Christ, in which my child and I and all the faithful live, move, and have our being. The gradual realization of

this brings a slow and painful growth into a new and evermore perfect relationship.

The real consolation lies also in the knowledge that I have been found worthy to suffer and so to carry my share of Jesus' cross. Through my pain I have come closer to the Mother of God, whose suffering at the foot of the cross can never be effaced—even by the Resurrection, which transformed it into holy joy.

Should not woman learn to give thanks that she has the capacity to suffer such grief as cannot be tried by man? Is not this why the resurrected Christ showed Himself to a woman, first?



Springtime

Evelyn S. Belk

I knew that Spring would come again
If only I would wait,
And trust in His unfailing love
New beauty to create.

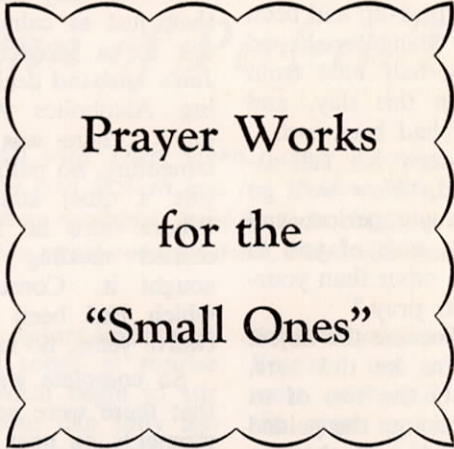
The earth has been so cold and brown,
The trees with limbs so bare,
But once again the Spring has come
To prove His love and care.

"What To Give Up In Lent"

- Give up grumbling . . . instead
in everything give thanks.
- Give up 10 to 15 minutes in bed . . . instead
use that time in prayer.
- Give up looking at people's worst points . . . instead
concentrate on their best ones.
- Give up speaking unkindly . . . instead
let your speech be generous and understanding.
- Give up your worries . . . instead
trust God with them.
- Give up hatred or dislike of anyone . . . instead
learn to love.
- Give up concentrating on Sunday newspapers . . . instead
study your Bible.
- Give up TV one evening a week . . . instead
visit some lonely or sick person.
- Give up buying anything but essentials for yourself
. . . instead
give the money to God's work.
- Give up the fear which prevents Christian witness
. . . instead
seek courage to speak to others.
- Give up judging by appearances and the standards of
the world . . . instead, learn to
Give up *yourself* to God.

World Christian Digest, London

GENEVA SEIVERTSON



Prayer Works for the "Small Ones"

A mere two minutes spent in prayer after an hour-long lecture by a deeply spiritual leader was enough to teach Jan and me that the power of prayer can work for the small ones of the religious world as well as the spiritual greats!

We are the small ones.

In the group gathered for the meeting there was a fair share of belief, some skepticism, a sprinkling of general interest, a portion of intense need, and a little plain curiosity. My being there was motivated by general interest, Jan's by a dire need.

Her husband was an alcoholic! As Jan listened to the speaker,

an undercurrent of thought kept reminding her that she could no longer put up with seeing the maroon pick-up truck parked at her husband's favorite hangout. It was a symbol of his inability to leave alcohol alone. From mid-morning till after nightfall, the parked truck defiantly shouted "No work today! Drink is uppermost this time!"

She realized that each morning as her husband left the house he believed that he would make it to his business. She was aware that if good intentions were enough, she wouldn't have felt it necessary to consult an attorney as to the next step to take, for she

loved her husband and appreciated his many good qualities. However, she was equally aware that the engine of the pick-up had been stopped at the triangular-shaped corner about one-half mile from their home again this day, and that another day had been lost.

The lecturer drew her full attention as he said, "Now we'll go into a healing prayer period, and as we do I want each of you to think of someone other than yourself for whom to pray."

Her husband became the object of my prayers, as he did hers, and spontaneously the two of us became as one through the guided prayer of the leader. Jan's husband became real to us and we saw him whole, spiritually, mentally, and physically, and we gave deep thanks for the change in him.

It was not a planned thing, this meeting of minds, but the need was such that it brought forth the same prayer from the both of us. Jesus has assured us in Matthew 18:19, "Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father

which is in heaven," and it was indeed accomplished.

It was only the next morning that, just as calmly as he would ask for a second cup of coffee, Jan's husband declared, "I'm joining Alcoholics Anonymous today." There was no drama, no lamenting, no pathos, no bravado; just a quiet statement of fact. Where once he had vehemently denied needing help, he now sought it. Consequently, drink, which had been his master for twelve years, no longer held sway.

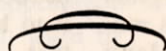
So complete was the transition that there were never any uneasy moments or near slips.

Today he is helping others find the assistance they need. Active in AA, he counsels individuals, attends conferences, speaks at meetings. His home life has improved to where Jan says, "My, we have so many wonderful things about which to talk—AA lectures, religious books, people who need help! You'd never recognize us for the same couple!"

Prayer works for the small ones.

Jan and I know.

We are the small ones.



When you are discouraged because you are in a valley, remember that every valley reaches up to the hills.

Lee's Bulldog

by Vincent Edwards

Hymn of Perfect Trust

*"Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee . . ."*

Only a true nature-lover who has heard bird songs at sunrise and seen the world begin to stir again at that hour can fully appreciate the beauty of these lines. But that person probably could never guess who wrote this hymn.

The author also gave the nation the most stirring novel in its history. It was claimed that her "best-seller," *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, set so many readers aflame against slavery that the North was ready to take up arms to put down this evil. First serialized in a magazine, the story swept everything before it, and when it appeared in book form, the sales mounted to 400,000 copies inside of a few months.

Yes, the writer was Harriet Beecher Stowe. As a hymnist, her reputation is quite overshadowed by her Abolitionist fiction. Yet, Mrs. Stowe had her quiet moments as well. She was the

daughter of the Reverend Lyman Beecher, one of New England's most celebrated theologians, and she grew up in the green hill country of Litchfield, in western Connecticut. Few communities have a lovelier setting and a more impressive grouping of old white Colonial homes.

There, as a girl, she made the most of her happy surroundings, and early acquired a love for the out-of-doors. Who could resist the attractions of that beautiful countryside? The memory of those bird-thronged hills and valleys lingered with her all her days.

At a later time Mrs. Stowe was living in Andover, Massachusetts, where her husband was head of the theological seminary. Her name had become a household word by then, since her famous novel had been published only three years before. In her mail there now came a letter from her

brother, Dr. Henry Ward Beecher, the well known Brooklyn pastor. He told of how he was getting up his *Plymouth Collection* of hymns, and he invited Harriet to make a contribution to the volume.

Only a few days after this a close friend of Mrs. Stowe came to her home on a visit. One evening, just before retiring, the writer informed her guest that she was in the habit of rising at half-past four in the morning in order to go out and enjoy the singing of the birds in the early dawn. Mrs. Stowe invited her friend to join her the next morning.

So, in the first light of day-break, the two women went out, and there the visitor had a surprise. In that rare, sweet atmosphere, as they beheld nature waking all around them, Mrs. Stowe read aloud her verses, "Still, Still with Thee." It was the hymn she was sending to her brother in response to his request, and she had composed it in the early dawn just a day or so before. Her friend was the first to hear it.

In her last years Mrs. Stowe lived in Hartford, Connecticut, only a few doors from "Mark Twain's" big home on Farmington Avenue. She had grown to be a very old lady by then, and, like Emerson, suffered from forgetfulness. It was not uncommon

for her to wander through the Clemens house and grounds at odd hours. When finally she died in 1896, the whole nation joined in tribute; Americans would long remember her part in wiping out the blackest stain on the national record.

Her hymn "Still, Still with Thee" will always be a popular favorite of churchgoers. It was originally entitled "Resting with God"; few hymns express so perfectly the Christian's absolute trust. At the time of Mrs. Stowe's death, it was pointed out that "the all-permeating influence of her life was Christian love—love to Christ and perfect trust in divine goodness." Her stanzas are thus a mirror of her own faith:

"Alone with Thee, amid the
mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature
newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless
adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness
of the morn.

"Still, still with Thee! As to
each new-born morning,
A fresh and solemn splendor
still is given,
So does this blessed consciousness
awaking,
Breathe each day nearness un-
to Thee and heaven.

"When sinks the soul, subdued
by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee
in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy
wings o'er-shading,
But sweeter still, to wake and
find Thee there.

"So shall it be at last, in that
bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and
life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than day-
light dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought
—I am with Thee."

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

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

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

Norman K. Elliott
(Signature of Editor)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1959.

(SEAL)

Harold T. Ross
Notary Public, Ramsey County, Minn.
(My commission expires June 2, 1961)

In any case, Jesus Christ the Great Physician completely captivated Dr. Luke.

LUKE THE PHYSICIAN WHO WAS CURED

By

Douglas G. McKenzie

A Jewish girl visited a Christian Church Young People's Meeting. Afterward, she talked with the minister about how much she had enjoyed the meeting. Then she grew wistful and her face dropped. She said quietly, "I could become a Christian—if I only could know the New Testament was reliable."

This girl poignantly expressed the nagging doubt many people feel. How do we know the New Testament is reliable? How can we be sure the records are accurate? How do we know the accounts were not exaggerated or shaded by pious souls who as reporters sometimes were careless with fact?

The best answer? Well, meet one of the writers. In this case,

it is a cultured, highly educated man named Luke. (Scholars point out that Luke's Gospel is excellent literary Greek—the best of the Gospels. Only a well educated man of refinement could have authored this Gospel.)

He was a physician. Thus, he was an exceptionally well-trained and highly learned man. There were excellent medical schools throughout the Greek-speaking world at the time of the New Testament. Ephesus, Miletus, Alexandria, Pergamum, Syracuse, and Tarsus were outstanding, and Luke probably received his degree from one of these.

We moderns are inclined to smile at mention of medicine 2,000 years ago. Do not lightly dismiss their medical knowledge

and skills. Any doctor or any encyclopedia will tell you how amazingly advanced medicine was in the Greek-speaking world.

For example, their understanding of anatomy was as good as ours. They were excellent hygienists and prescribed diet and exercise that are even up-to-date in many cases today. They practiced some surgery and even experimented with anesthetics. You can see their surgical equipment in museums today in Greece, and will note that their forceps, probes, spreaders, and scalpels are almost identical to modern instruments. Their operating rooms were amazingly sanitary.

They even took the pulse-rate and used a water-clock to measure its frequency. They were excellent in obstetrics. They even had some knowledge of basal metabolism. All in all, Dr. Luke and his colleagues in the medical profession 1,900 years ago were exceptionally able men. In fact, no serious or substantial improvement was made in medical theory or practice until 1,900 years after Luke, or during the last century!

We can see, therefore, that Luke was no unlettered peasant; rather, he was a competent and highly trained, well-educated professional man.

Doctors and dentists are people who have to give extremely close attention to details. They are

carefully trained to give meticulous care to facts. Because of the nature of their work, you can tell they train themselves to be observant. As professional men, physicians have a sense of duty to adhere to fact.

As a doctor, Luke would have been a man trained to be carefully observant and attentive to details. We have in him a man who would take unusual pains to transmit a reliable record. Perhaps more than any other, Luke the doctor can be looked to as a careful reporter of the facts of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus.

Furthermore, Dr. Luke was writing to a specific man, Theophilus. We have no idea who Theophilus was. Theophilus, however, apparently was not a believer. He was one who wanted to hear the facts. If he doubted any of the facts, he could easily have checked. Luke for this reason would have written with close attention to accuracy. Luke is a reliable reporter.

Dr. Luke is so fascinatingly modern. He embodies so many of our traits and so much of our outlook. How did this sophisticated competent medical man come to care about a Palestine Prophet of peasant parents? What ever attracted Luke to Jesus?

In spite of his excellent train-

ing, were there some people Dr. Luke could not seem to help? Did his treatments—good as they were—seem to be healing only part of a man? Was Dr. Luke helping a body to get well but still leaving a sick soul or a sick mind? In other words, was Dr. Luke aware that medicine alone sometimes has limitations? Was this man, so sensitive to the pain of others, frustrated because he was sometimes so powerless to help?

Or was it something in his own personal life that left him looking for something more than prescriptions and surgery to make him better? Was Luke a physician who was ill? An illness of the soul that even the finest education and best minds did not have a cure for?

We do not know for sure. In any case, Luke the Physician heard of and came under the influence of the Great Physician. When this happened Dr. Luke became the Physician who was healed, and really could heal.

Where and how did Luke first hear about Jesus? Could it have been on his travels? Was it in a medical conference that he first heard whispers of this Healer from Galilee who did more than heal bodies, but who also healed diseased souls and crippled minds?

Did someone tell Dr. Luke about Jesus Christ?

Could it have been one of his patients, perhaps a Christian? Was it Paul himself? Or was it on a street corner where a Christian was preaching?

Or did Dr. Luke's keen eye note that those who called themselves Christian seemed to be more alive, more happy, less given to worry, depression, and fear?

In any case, Jesus Christ the Great Physician completely captivated Dr. Luke.

Christ so captivated Luke the doctor that he also became Luke the writer. For Dr. Luke, the physician who was healed, was the author of both the Gospel of Luke and the Book of Acts.

It is easy to see how Christ caught Luke's interest. Luke the physician emphasizes Jesus Christ the great Healer. More than any other Gospel writer, Luke recounts occasions in which Jesus released healing powers within people that made them well.

Luke for example tells how the woman who had been hemorrhaging for years and had spent everything she had on doctors crept up to Jesus in a crowd one day. She was certain that He could do what no one else could do. And He did! She was given new strength so that her cursed disorder immediately stopped.

This is a physician writing and not some illiterate, willing-to-believe-anything peasant. Dr. Luke

testifies that he, a highly educated and trained medical man, has personally investigated and found to be true the fact that Jesus Christ had the extraordinary gift of releasing within people's minds and bodies those divine healing powers that had been thwarted.

Luke was a man who had been around. He had traveled over a good part of the Roman world. We of course do not know for certain, but many think Luke was a ship's doctor. He shows in the book of Acts a remarkably detailed knowledge of nautical life. It implies strongly that Dr. Luke had been to sea.

Have you ever known any ship's doctors? They are an unusual breed of men. They have been everywhere, seen everything. They are not easily impressed. Ship's doctors are highly educated, widely traveled men and get a chance to sample all the philosophies and see all the religions in the world.

Luke, the ship's doctor, was thus a world traveler who had seen all the religions in his day. He was wise in the ways of the world. He was not easily swept off his feet by the various cults and religions (and there were plenty in his day). Luke had seen them all.

As a ship's doctor, he would have noticed how all these religions were local parochial sects. He would have observed how

most of the teachers and prophets of these religions were limited in outlook. Dr. Luke would have seen how self-centered and narrow-minded these teachers and religions were.

All except Jesus Christ. Dr. Luke, the man who had seen everything, noted how Jesus had a universal appeal. Jesus was no hick prophet or small-town reformer. Luke, the man not easily impressed, emphasizes that Jesus is the Savior of all men. Dr. Luke goes out of his way to point out how Jesus answers the needs of all men.

Luke writes how Jesus Christ is interested in "outsiders." Luke himself must have felt that way once.

Luke is the only Gospel writer to give us the lovely parable of the Good Samaritan, that story where Jesus made the hero a Samaritan, of all people!

Luke was obviously attracted to the mercy of Jesus. Luke must have felt this mercy for himself. He must have been aware of how great and how completely Christ is God forgiving us.

Luke is the only one who passes on to us the beloved story by Jesus of the Shepherd with one hundred sheep who missed one, then hunted for the lost sheep until he found it and returned it safely to the shelter of the fold (Luke 15:3-7). Luke is the only

one who remembers the appealing parable of the Prodigal Son: the selfish son who demands complete freedom, grabs all his father will give him, and wastes it until he is broke and living on swill from the hog pen. Then he returns home to ask humbly if he can be taken back as a mere servant. But the father welcomes him home as a son again. (Luke 15:11-24)

These are but small illustrations of the vastness of God's mercy and forgiveness. Luke is the one who brings all these out more vividly than any other.

But Luke did not retire to the country to be a writer. He knew he had work to do for Jesus. He knew he had training and gifts. He put these at the disposal of Christ. He continued to practice medicine. In addition to being a writer for Christ, Dr. Luke was a physician for Christ.

He teamed up with Paul and traveled with him whenever possible. They worked together in their ministry of healing. For example, on Malta, they were a team in bringing Christ to the people of Malta. Both worked together, Luke the doctor and Paul the pastor.

This is the way it should be: The doctor and the minister working together, each part of a team. Neither can function alone. Each needs the other.

It is not a case of choosing medicine OR prayer, or of choosing to visit either the doctor or the clergyman. Each is indispensable. Each contributes to the welfare of a man needing healing.

Few of us realize that the word "salvation" in the New Testament should literally be translated "healthy," or "whole." We think salvation refers to souls only. But Jesus had in mind the entire person; body, mind, and soul.

Doctors and psychiatrists today are beginning to turn to the New Testament and recognize that Jesus is right. When you are forgiven by God and committed to Him, you *are* healthy!

He is still the Great Physician. He still heals.

When illness strikes, most of us will stick with the doctors. And wisely so. They are doing God's work. Physicians, nurses, dentists, and psychiatrists are in the ministry of healing.

But pills, shots, diets, and drugs are not enough. We will still be only half-alive until we know Jesus Christ's compassion and help. He is not a frill or an "extra" in life. He stands at the center of life. To know Him is to have life.

Luke the Physician only found real healing when He found Christ. You—Joe the engineer, or Sally the housewife—will find it exactly the same.

GOD —

Puts a View There

Allen W. Clark

God does more than to cut a window in your blank wall of hopelessness. He puts a VIEW out there, beautiful and exciting. You see wonders going on, out your window—whether it be the transforming of the landscape from winter's sleep to spring's overflowing life, or the transforming of people from sleep-walkers to miracle-workers. How does He put this eternal spring-scene outside your window?

His greatest way is through His Word, the Bible. There you read of the mighty acts of God. You read it every day—as regularly as you work and eat and sleep. You read it with zest—as you eat your favorite dishes. Perhaps you

are young enough in spirit to buy a wonderful new translation of the New Testament (like J. B. Phillips') and the old story becomes alive and real. You look out through the window of its pages, and see something that changes your whole life to new hope and new power.

For instance, you are reading the Gospel according to John. And you come to the moment where Jesus hangs on the Cross, nailed there by the soldiers, up against such a wall of hopelessness that He can cry out, "My God, my God, why did you forsake me?" But now He looks out through HIS window over the sink, remembers His father's faith-

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fulness, and His power to work saving wonders through the power of love. He sees two of the loneliest people you can imagine, Mary and John. His mother, who has never quite understood her strange and wonderful Son, who even thought Him out of His mind, but kept on loving Him—now sees Him dying in apparent disgrace and failure. He sees John, that lovable, thoughtful young man who was Jesus' most intimate human friend; John, with all his hopes of the Kingdom in ruins, his best friend dying a criminal's death. What could He do for those two heart-broken, lonely people?

Jesus saw his mother and the disciple he loved standing by her side, and said to her, "Look, there is your son!" And then he said to the disciple, "And there is your mother!" And from that time the disciple took Mary into his

own home. Do you see the wonder of what Jesus did? He gave each of the lonely people *someone to love*. He did not solve the problem in the world's way, by providing for each someone to take care of them. He met the deeper need of every child of God—*someone for me to take care of, and love, and comfort*.

If you are lonely—and discouraged about it—believe that God can do for you what He did for Mary and John. Look out your faith-window over the sink, and see that scene, with God meeting Mary and John's need. Then let God tell you, in your prayers, who needs you, needs some practical act of love on your part. As He looks down from His Cross, He will speak to you, as He did to the lonely ones of old, "Look, there is your friend, who needs you!"



Tomorrow

Wince not, nor bow yourself
To this day's strain or stress—
The very blow may bring
Upon swift-flying wing,
Tomorrow's happiness.

Jean Aston Fulkes

NAVY'S ONLY CHAPLAIN WHO WEARS DOLPHINS

by RICHARD GRADDICK, *Journalist, U. S. Navy*

"The idea of returning to submarines again is like returning home," were the remarks made by Lieutenant John Francis Laboon, Jr., the Navy's only chaplain who wears dolphins and the Cross.

Lieutenant Laboon, a Catholic chaplain, serving on the staff of Commander Submarine Force, U. S. Atlantic Fleet, has been assigned to assist the Force Commander in the religious, morale, and personnel welfare problems associated with the Navy's new Fleet Ballistic Missile Submarine Program.

"I'll be working with the crews and families of men in Fleet Ballistic Missile submarines," he replied during an interview today at Submarine Force Headquarters.

But serving aboard submarines is nothing new for Father Laboon.

He completed the officers' course at the Navy's Submarine School at New London, Conn., after graduating from the Naval Academy in 1943.

He is the first Academy grad-

uate to return to the Navy as a Catholic chaplain and say Mass at the Naval Academy chapel.

But what would inspire a line officer and a submariner to become a Catholic priest?

It was during the change of events in the Pacific during World War II when submarine PETO was assigned the mission of rescuing pilots shot down in enemy waters.

During raids on Japan, a pilot from the carrier LEXINGTON went into the waters off Hamamatsu. PETO had the perilous assignment of going into the off-shore minefields, within range of shore batteries, to pick up a downed flyer.

Submarine PETO submerged and went as far as possible, then surfaced. Lt. Laboon, torpedo and gunnery officer on board, tied a rope to his waist and swam the rest of the way to rescue the pilot.

Suddenly, enemy shore batteries started firing on them. But PETO and Lt. Laboon success-

fully completed the rescue mission.

At war's end when PETO returned to the United States, Lieutenant Laboon was awarded the Silver Star for distinguishing himself "by gallantry and intrepidity in action."

Last year his dramatic story was filmed for the television series "Silent Service" as an example of the heroic work done by submariners during the war.

For many years Lt. Laboon had thought seriously about becoming a Catholic priest.

"It had been in the back of my mind even at Annapolis, but my plans for the future had to wait for a war," he said with a smile.

On board PETO his shipmates may not have known of his inclination, but the men would often come to him with their problems and they eventually called him their "acting" Chaplain.

But it was during war patrol duty on board PETO that he decided if all turned out well—if he survived the war—he would resign from the Navy and study to become a priest.

In June of 1946, PETO went out of commission and Lieutenant Laboon resigned. Four months later, he entered the Society of Jesus at Wernersville, Penn., to start preparing for Holy Orders. From Wernersville, he

went to Woodstock College, a Jesuit Seminary for the study of philosophy and theology. Between the completion of philosophy and beginning of theology studies, he taught at St. Joseph's Preparatory School in Philadelphia. While teaching there, he perhaps was responsible for inspiring some of his students to enter the Naval Academy. One of his students during the present year is the Brigade Commander at the Naval Academy.

On June 17, 1956, Father Laboon was ordained by Archbishop Keough of Baltimore, Maryland. Shortly thereafter he returned to his home parish, St. Bernard's in Mt. Lebanon, Penn., to celebrate his first Mass.

"This was another great day in my life," Father Laboon explained. "I was as proud of my parents and my eight brothers and sisters as they were of me." Father Laboon's father, a prominent Pittsburgh Catholic, was honored by the late Pope Pius XII when His Holiness made him a Knight of St. Gregory.

Three of his sisters are Sisters of Mercy, teaching in Pittsburgh, and his younger brother, who at the time was studying for the priesthood, was to say his first Mass at the same altar, just one year later.

Father Laboon returned to Woodstock after ordination for

his fourth year of theology and then went to the Shrine of the North American Martyrs in Auriesville, New York, for his tertianship (third probation or novice-ship required of Jesuits).

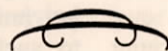
The decision that he had made while a Lieutenant on board PETO to become a Navy Chaplain someday where he could do more good in the Navy was now one for his religious superiors to support or deny.

In February of 1957, he was allowed to accept a Reserve commission and he returned to active duty.

Last September, he entered the

Navy's Indoctrination School in Newport, Rhode Island. On November 7, 1958, Lieutenant (jg) John Francis Laboon, Chaplain Corps, graduated from the school with orders to report for duty at the Marine Corps Air Station at Cherry Point, North Carolina.

Now, thirteen years later, he has returned home to submarines, as the Forces' only chaplain who has the unusual distinction to proudly wear gold dolphins, and rows of ribbons on his chest, proclaiming service to his country, and a cross on his sleeve denoting service to God.



True Wealth

The hours I spend in consecrated prayer
Bring truer wealth than store of finest gold;
They fill my life with radiant joy and peace,
As health and confidence in Love unfold.

—Phebe West.

IF YOU CANNOT SEE
A WAY, THEN LET GO;
LET GOD.

GOD'S TRANQUILIZERS

Halette McPhail-McClellan

The Country Doctor faced his young friend the City Dweller across a battered walnut table.

"I'm all run down—," she began.

"You're all wound up," he interrupted, "and so are a lot of people living in today's world of tension."

Here was a well-groomed young woman who appeared to have everything; her eyes told another story, the story of our country's greatest problem—emotional upset, and the need of God's healing in the hearts of His children.

"I came here to talk with you about tranquilizers," she continued. "You see, Doctor, I've been on the verge of a nervous breakdown, what with my marriage going on the rocks and things like that. I started taking tranquilizers to relax my nerves for sleep at night. Now I find that I have to

reach for these pills to get through the day. Can't you prescribe a substitute?"

The Doctor moved over to a picture window, to watch the falling snow making safe the long sleep of some Persian violets.

"How often in recent years," he reminisced, "have I listened to such case-histories. How different it was when your grandfather and folks of this community lived close to the soil and used Faith as their bank-account. Yes, my dear, I do know a substitute. Something I discovered after fifty years of working with human beings. Something I choose to call God's Tranquilizers. You'll find them between pages of the Bible, verses that point the way out of every difficulty, verses that cover your case, if you will take time to search for them. Any one can use them."

"But, Doctor, you don't understand. I am a sick woman," she responded.

How well the old Doctor knew that a sick self eventually becomes a sick body. As he listened to a further recital of phobias, fears, and ills, he drew a long line down the middle of a sheet of paper—incidentally wondering about the husband, how many times he must have heard this broken record played over and over again.

"Now here is a sample of the sort of chart I set up for my patients suffering from problems of various kinds. On one side of the line we shall write the problem; on the other side we shall set down a Bible statement that supplies the answer . . . let's start with your broken marriage, as that appears to be the underlying cause of a near-breakdown.

"1 — Subject—INHARMONY between two of God's children. Just across the line we shall place St. Paul's well known description of love, found in I Corinthians, 13th chapter. 'Love suffereth long and is kind. Love is not easily provoked. Love thinketh no evil.' That could mean, take people as you find them, or it could say to husband and wife—cooperate, forgive, come to terms with life.

"2—ATTITUDES set the pattern of our days, to some extent, and where do attitudes originate?

A prophet of old answers, 'Out of the heart spring the issues of life.' So it does matter what a person thinks, how he reacts to certain situations. To begin the day with a Credo like this one, 'Christ in you the hope of glory,' is to recognize a power within that can free every need for tranquilizers. Act on this Credo. First, visualize a whole new design of life, then rise high enough (in consciousness) to take your marriage off the rocks.

"3—WORDS form a cycle and bring back conditions after their kind. The Scripture puts it this way, 'Death and life are in the power of the tongue.' So far, words of negation, complaint, blaming things on the other fellow have brought you nothing but confusion. To lift the standard of your days, lift the standard of your words. Speak for a better tomorrow.

"4—NERVES serve as an intrinsic part of the body structure; nervousness has been defined as unbridled thoughts that ran away. 'Be still and know that I am God.' —truly this verse should be called 'Prayer of the Nervous.' It bids you just get quiet enough to realize this too shall pass (whatever the condition at hand), or calm enough to know this will be taken care of (whatever the worry). Finally, it asks you to replace fear with faith. To take

days as they come and weave them into a beautiful tapestry.

"5—SLEEP is intended as a period of rebuilding, restoring, strengthening, in the twenty-four-hour plan. Why choose a pillow filled with problems of the day, when for the simple asking you might know blessed release? Christ said, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' This promise made over nineteen hundred years ago holds just as true for our complex world of today. Counting sheep for relaxation is so much lost motion. Reaching for a pill is the very symbol of belief in negation.

"Even now the Great Physician is trying to speak to you through the layer of centuries;

"Come to me, in prayer, with

that broken home, your tense days and sleepless nights, your bodily ills and nagging habit. I will heal them all, just as at Galilee I healed the woman of eighteen years of infirmity.'"

After winter had passed into spring, the old Doctor was surprised one day to receive a happy letter from his young friend, the City Dweller. It read in part—

"The help I value most is that bit of your own self you gave me just as I was walking out the office door. You said—

"Whatever the condition you hold in your hand, look at it from all sides. If you can change it into something better, by all means act. If you cannot see a way, then LET GO; LET GOD.'"

Perhaps this is the Divine Tranquilizer!



Cecil B. de Mille, motion picture producer and philanthropist (1881-1959): "We cannot break the Ten Commandments; we can only break ourselves against them."

so you're

a Widow

now

Erna Oleson Xan



It was my first trip without him. I was standing at the rail of a white ship far out in the Arctic Ocean, while the midnight sun's burnished disk shone in unearthly splendor. All our lives John and I had talked of seeing this wonder, yet here I stood, alone. As I watched the red-gold light sketching the wave's crest with fire, the sun began to rise; night had become morning. At that moment something happened—joy re-entered my heart. And you, too, if you are grieving, can be happy again.

Recovering a vibrant interest in life is not easy. It will take some doing on your part. There will be seven steps to climb. Back there at the fork of the road you parted from your husband. The roads will come together someday, but for awhile you will walk alone. You cannot spend this time in self-pity and mourning, for there are things to be done along the way. But first there are seven steps to a new happiness.

Step One—*Accept the Situation*. It is natural to give up in sorrow, or to rebel against fate,

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to weep until you are bowed down. But your beloved cannot come back. It is up to you to accept the situation.

Be patient with your tears as you go, for they are part of the healing process. It may take six months before the stunned feeling leaves you. But things will become better; they have for other widows.

Step Two—*Shift Your Dependence*. Of course, you depended upon your husband—your comforter, protector, provider, and guide. You leaned on him: now he is gone.

This is a terrifying thought, but there is a real answer. Pray that God will step into your life. Do you want the unbearable sting of sorrow taken out of your heart? He will send a healing balm that will soften the grief. I cannot explain it. I only know he has done it for others, and for me.

Are you afraid? In God you have a real defender. Once on a dark night my car stalled near the top of a steep, deserted hill. Nothing I tried would start it; I hung suspended, held only by the hand brake. I upbraided myself for being in such a fix, but that did not start the car. I uttered a prayer. Almost before I had finished, lights rounded the bend and a car drew alongside. It held two of my oldest friends whom I had not seen for half a

year. Coincidence? Not to one who has taken God as her defender.

Are you afraid your money will run out? God knows that you need food, clothing, and shelter. I asked a poor widow once how she had managed to raise two children and put them through college. She replied, "Every time I came to a stone wall, there was a little hole to crawl through."

Yes, God can really take a husband's place. He has helped me to earn money and to conserve my resources. With him as your guide, you, too, can launch out on your new life with complete confidence.

Step Three—*Take a Trip*. If you stay where you are, the wound will be torn open every hour. It is only fair to your whole being to get away. Go see the farthest-off relative. But do your crying in private. Force yourself to enjoy things.

I was fortunate that my farthest-off relatives lived in Norway. The new sights and sounds were a healing diversion. Aside from this, there is an amusing facet to traveling a long distance. People take you for a much more important person than you are, for glamour hangs about a "far-away visitor." I was a heroine in Norway.

This trip dropped between me and my sorrow a beautiful curtain of memory. It made me see

for the first time that I could have a portion of joy without the one I loved.

Step Four—*Settle Down*. The traveler's checks will get alarmingly low and you must turn toward home. What home? Where shall you settle down? Some widows have houses to go back to. I did not. I was thoroughly convinced that I must go back to the city where John and I had lived. There were our friends, church, and the college where he had taught.

Some widows go to live with their children. If one is helpless, perhaps that is the only thing to do. For anyone with good health and even a small income, it is best to be independent.

A woman should never be separated from her kitchen. There are few joys in life greater than to clean house, bake, cook, and then see the children come running up the steps. Remember, they, too, have been bereaved.

Step Five—*Get Something to Do*. You cannot sit and twiddle your thumbs between their visits. Before you know it, you are standing in front of your husband's picture, crying again. Whether you need it financially, or not, go to work.

When my husband was alive, I was his confidential secretary. He called me a "humdinger." Who else I thought, would want a

"humdinger" in bifocals? Here I was utterly mistaken. No less than nine positions were opened to me, everything from teaching in Africa to secretarial work for young doctors. It was bewildering, so I asked God what to do. The answer was not long in coming. I heard that the college alumni office was in desperate need of clerical help. It was just what I needed.

We widows have to watch something here. It is easy to slip into a rut of work and sleep. We must go to concerts and shows once in awhile, and have friends in for dinner. There must be a little time for reading and an occasional weekend vacation.

Everyone needs a hobby, too; widows most of all. Otherwise the evenings are lonesome. Some widows take up painting, others clay modeling or sewing. There must be something one cannot wait to get home to do.

Include "something for others" in this step. No one can live for herself alone and be content. When my husband died, I felt that my big work on earth was done. Now I would do what little things I could to make people happy. I asked God to show me where I would fit best.

The "little thing" that turned up was a group of teen-age girls in a missionary auxiliary. This, too, was what I needed. Had I

not just raised a lively girl myself? It was soon apparent that it was my job to implement their plans for helping people. If we studied the Indians, they wanted to make skirts for the girls to wear to church. At Easter, we must find clothes for 10 welfare children and give them an Easter egg hunt. They found the need; I helped put it across. It was like having my own daughter back again, multiplied by nine.

For them I had to take Step Six—*Improve the Personal Appearance*. You have to keep on your toes when you are out with teen-age girls, for a fat, slovenly widow has no influence. True, there is no one at home to give the wolf whistle when you dress up. But remember, you still bear your husband's name and can yet do it honor. Let nobody say, "All there was to her was him."

Step Seven—*Make the Final Adjustment*. I did not know it was there until I stumbled upon it. One day I was dusting my apartment and came upon John's portrait. As I looked at him, and he at me, a wonderful thing happened. All sense of affliction faded from me and something seem-

ed to say, "This is a perfectly normal situation. One of us had to go ahead."

A normal situation—was that the final adjustment? Of course it was! Our marriage vow had foreseen it—"till death do us part." We are accustomed to thinking that only pleasant things are normal. But rainstorms are normal and have their place. So widowhood is a part of normal life and not a punishment. I thanked God that day that I, who could make a home alone, was the one that was left.

When you have climbed these seven long steps, you will find yourself on a new plateau with wide and splendid vistas. There are exciting things in this new world. The children and grandchildren are there, for all living things are on the upward climb. Your women friends are there, and women can have good times together.

Best of all, you are a new person, for you have found that you stand on your own two feet. Life has done its worst to you, and with God's help you have come through. Your midnight sun is close to dawning.

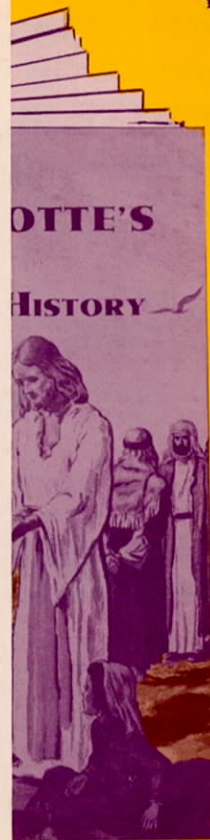
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THOUGHTS ON THE APPLICATION OF SPIRITUAL TRUTH
AND PRINCIPLES TO GREATER LIVING

by Norman K. Elliott

Thoughts Farthest Out

THE CHANCE TO BELIEVE IS THERE

"Then he said to Thomas, 'Put your finger here—look, here are my hands. Take your hand and put it in my side. You must not doubt, but believe.'" (John 20:27) . . . In the matter of believing how much we are all like Thomas! And, in this situation, we are not to be completely condemned. Credulity and belief are not the same thing. Many times we hear people say that they are sick and tired of hearing wonderful stories about answers to prayer, and that now they demand to have an experience of it themselves. This is the journey from second-hand relationships with God to direct ones.

The other disciples believed because they had seen with their eyes. In this regard they were no better than Thomas.

To believe is one thing; but to believe in something that is true is quite another thing. If you believe in something that is not true your experiences will soon prove the futility of it. If you believe something that is true, even though you have never experienced it, your stepping out on faith in this belief will prove the truth of it. There is a song that says it is better to have loved than never to have loved at all. It is more true to say that it is better to have believed than never to have believed at all. One who refuses to believe and exercise this capacity that God has placed in every man, will never rise above the animal existence of immediate expediency. He will never rise on the wings of dreams that can become fact.

A college student was arguing with an old man about matters of faith. He kept saying over and over again, "Yes, but what if it isn't true?" The old man calmly looked at him and said, "But, my friend, what if it *is* true?" The one who lives on this basis will make new and thrilling discoveries in life. He need not be afraid of what is not true for those things will soon prove themselves ineffective.

Did Jesus rise from the dead? What if it *is* true! Begin to believe it and see if some new power does not flow into your life. See if you

do not walk with less fear and apprehension. See if life does not take on a glow that invades every activity. See if your life isn't better. See if it will not prove itself in your experience.

Read: **The Dark Road To Triumph**, Clayton E. Williams. \$2.75

IN THE ONE SPIRIT

"There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." (Ephesians 4:4-6) . . . Many things separate us such as color of skin, nationality, education, political loyalties, dress, sex, ambitions, and even church affiliations. They are the cause of much tension and unhappiness. The antidote to all of this, however, is the interior spirit rightly in relationship with the Universal Spirit which is God.

Last fall a group of us went on a traveling prayer fellowship camp to old Mexico under the auspices of Mary Whitney of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Mrs. Whitney has been very active in the Camps Farthest Out for many years and she is currently the secretary of The Camp Farthest Out and the Healing Camp Farthest Out at Ardmore, Oklahoma. She was a good friend of Glenn Clark. The adventure was a venture in faith, and it was bathed in prayer from its very inception. The journey by bus from Laredo in Texas to Acapulco in old Mexico was a journey of discovery.

The thrilling discovery was that the Spirit of Christ in people overcomes all barriers. I know of nothing that more stirs the deeps of one's spirit than to sing well-loved gospel hymns in a congregation that does not speak your own language. The music is the same; the language is different; but above all the spirit is ONE. Shyly the Mexicans looked at us as we sang, and we shyly looked at them, and then in the Spirit the shyness was gone. By the light in all our eyes we knew that we loved each other. We had one Lord and one Father of us all. We were brothers and sisters and all the differences were exterior and of no consequence. And how those Mexicans sing! My, it seemed as if the very walls could not contain the outrush of their spirits in praise to their God. It reminded one of the words of Jesus when he said, "I ascend to my Father *and your Father*, to my God *and your God*." In this way Jesus brought us all together in a fellowship that supersedes human separations.

We discovered a bond of unity on this Mexican trip; and so did the Mexicans who met with us. We discovered a fellowship, a harmony, a oneness that was direct proof of the realness of the Spirit.

You really know the power of the Spirit when you are in a situation in which your human resources (such as language) are of

no use to you. Then the oneness of the Spirit shines and you walk surer of the nearness of your God.

Read: **From Pagan To Christian**, Lin Yutang. \$3.50

THE CLARITY OF CHRIST

"And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying . . ." (Matthew 5:2) . . . I think it can generally be said that when Jesus spoke to someone, or to a group, that they understood what he was talking about. This is not to say that there are not obscurities in the Gospels, but one wonders if these are not the result of translations and the almost impossible job of the sincere translator who has to put himself in another time in history and in another culture, and also in another particular situation about which he has only sketchy information. This and the fact that the gospels were written so long after the actual events took place and depend so much on human memory that has been tinted by later experiences. Taking all this into consideration, I am sure that those who actually listened to him, understood him with no difficulty.

And what a tremendous task it must have been for one with the understanding of heaven within him to translate Heavenly Wisdom into Earthly Terms! While in Mexico last year I had the opportunity of talking to Mexican congregations through an interpreter. It does something to you inwardly. In the first place the interpreter is not always competent when it comes to English. This means that the speaker has to do a bit of evaluating within himself. His thoughts have to be simple and clear. Each sentence has to stand out as an independent and complete unit. The speaker must be clear in his own mind, for all too often we cloak our own inconsistencies and doubts in a welter of words to hide our very confusions.

But what satisfaction it is to have your thoughts clear and true! And, then, what a thrill it is to see the faces of an audience light up with comprehension! I am sure that Jesus must have had somewhat the same experience when someone "understood" the wisdom of heaven that he was translating into human terms.

A good job of translating can be done only when the one speaking understands what he is talking about, and only when the vehicle of expression (the translator) is adequate. Jesus understood and at the same time was the perfect vehicle of expression. No wonder people understood him. Have no fear that you will not understand him; or that he will not understand you; or that you will not be able to have perfect harmony with him. You can.

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

AS SURELY THEN AS NOW, ONE WILL NOT WALK ALONE.

CRISES Are For Believing

Edna Albrecht

When I was a little girl and almost died of pneumonia, I heard the nurses whisper about my "crisis." This was a new word for me, so when I grew a little stronger, I asked one of them what it was.

"Oh, there isn't any crisis any more," she said. "It has come and gone."

I whimpered a little. "It was supposed to be my crisis, and I didn't even see it."

The nurse laughed out loud. "It isn't anything you can see or hear," she said. "You just pass through it."

Busy, she left me to my confused thoughts. A crisis was to pass through. Was it like the fifth grade? Or an open door? Or a long black tunnel?

I wearied myself with the questions, then felt weak and afraid. When my nurse returned, I asked: "Do you have to pass through the crisis *alone*?"

She came up to the bed and touched my arm. "Oh, my dear, no," she said. "God takes you by the hand."

She seemed so sure about it that I was satisfied. Something about the answer made me feel stronger. Quickly I fell asleep.

Soon after that I grew robustly well, and for a number of years forgot my childhood crisis. Indeed, it was called back to mind only when I was expecting a child of my own.

I was standing at the fence, telling the happy news to our tall, matter-of-fact neighbor. She looked at me sharply; then she said: "Pregnancy is a crisis in a woman's life. But if you want a child, it has to be endured."

Somehow, the word "crisis" brought back the smiling nurse in the distant long ago. What had she said? A crisis was not to pass through alone. Oh, my dear, no—God takes you by the hand!

Again the words seemed strong and real and sensible. I used them every day like a guide-book to a world of new responsibility.

It was New Year's Eve when our new-born son yelled lustily, as though echoing his own "Good will toward men." As the nurses carried their beautiful carols from room to room, the doctor came to congratulate me.

"I wish all other mothers knew the secret of your calm," he said. "From the beginning, you seemed to be having a real good time."

Years passed made memorable by a second son and a happy family life. The events were not different from those touching other blessed people. Troubles and confusion at times, but deep joys and fulfillments which became the fabric of memory. But then it happened—the sons were suddenly grown! The greatest gift now was in the giving up.

It might have been easier if their father had been coming home every day at the stroke of twelve for dinner and with the same regularity in the evening. But at the time, business was taking him away. Only week-ends could be together.

In loneliness I went to the fence again, but my tall, matter-of-fact neighbor gave little comfort. "Middle age is a crisis every woman has to face. Just grin and bear it. Don't get in any-

body's way."

One day the telephone rang; telephones do that frequently. But that morning the wire was like a tentacle reaching for my heart. The young mother at the other end was in tears. What was the conglomeration of her woes? Piece-meal, I brought it all out: a forgotten anniversary, a child who forgot his rubbers, a school which sent bad reports, and five pounds of gained weight!

It all came out slowly in the talking. What the answerer said was really not important. It was just the reaching out, the wanting to help, the yes-I-am-still-here-goon.

After that, the telephone rang regularly. How many people need just a little kindness! The mother with the son involved in college applications. With one screaming and the other refusing to speak, there wasn't a chance of their getting together. Well, age gives a certain perspective, even if one is not particularly smart.

But it wasn't just the telephone. Timid knocks touched the front door. There was the high school junior who didn't make varsity. And the girl whose family couldn't understand "going steady." And the mother so afraid of the lake, and the young husband so unprepared to please a woman . . .

"Well, I do declare," said my neighbor at the fence. "If you

weren't so old, you could start counseling. But why did you keep it all a secret? I didn't know you knew psychology, and you never did act *that* religious!"

I tried to explain that I hadn't *known* myself, that only in the crisis had I felt the direction of God's loving grace. Gone now was the middle-age pain of loneliness. No, there were no own-babies crying for comfort, not even a husband always at home, but there were other people, just as poignantly needing.

One day my tall, matter-of-fact neighbor didn't stop at the fence, but came blustering into the kitchen. "What about the Middle East and Quemoy? Don't you worry about a crisis?"

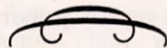
Yes, one had to care. With sons in the war age, I sorrowed with mothers all over the world. And yet the vision of my childhood nurse was still strong enough to use. "Dear God, lead the President on his difficult road. Don't leave world leaders to human resources. Take them by the hand!"

One day there came an urge to go to the typewriter. Not any more just to write letters. No, it was a nudge to life renewal. Strange that new joys should come out of aged minds. Was it—yes, it was—God had taken one by the hand!"

Who can be lonely in writing about people and for people? There are grandmothers with arthritis, grandfathers with longings for the delights of the past. Young wives wanting to entertain, but needing a little budgetary direction. Teenagers needing to be inspired.

How thrilling it is in the world of widened horizons! Fifty-five years old, but what is age? Certainly no absolute in divine planning. The hand of God is untouched by co-incidentals.

Some day there will come the crisis to end all crises. But through the tunnel of the unknown, one can walk with calm. As surely then as now, one will not walk alone. Oh, my dear, no—God will gently take the hand.



Faced with crisis, the man of character falls back on himself. He imposes his own stamp on action, takes responsibility for it, makes it his own . . . Difficulty attracts the man of character because it is in embracing it that he realizes himself.

Charles de Gaulle

*It is wonderful to relax
and learn things of God*

HELEN REAGAN

TRUE PRAYER STORIES

A little more than a block behind the First Methodist Church in Denton, Texas, is a house with a sign swinging above its front porch, saying: FRIENDSHIP HOUSE. Through the years it has swung there, a testimonial to answered prayer. Before its beginning Ma Halcombe made her living by renting a home near the college and keeping college girls. Then, one spring, the man who rented her the boarding house, telephoned.

"I am going to need the house next September," he said, his voice sad with regret. "I hope this is giving you plenty of notice." Stunned, Ma hung up the receiver, not moving. A visiting friend glanced at her, and, suddenly comprehending, her eyes filled with alarm. "It's your home, your *living*," she exclaimed. "What are you going to do?" At once Ma straightened and stood tall.

"I'm going to trust God," she announced with conviction. Her friend snorted with scorn.

"You believe that stuff?" she

shrugged. "I don't; you'd better get out and hustle."

"Oh, I'll hustle," Ma agreed coming back to her chair smiling. She looked intently at her friend: "God will open doors," she promised. Scarcely had her visitor gone when the telephone rang and Ma answered, recognizing the voice of another friend—one who could not know she was losing her home—and asked.

"Do you suppose I could interest you in taking the West School Cafeteria? We are having an awful time. Yesterday the third woman we've tried resigned, and we don't know where to get anybody."

"Let me call you back," Ma gasped quickly, delighted at the open door—this could be the living! But she needed time to pray. Within an hour, she had given her "yes."

The school was in the poorer section of the town where Ma rented a house. But it was the little girls that passed through the food line that nearly broke Ma's

heart. They were the dirtiest, most neglected, undernourished children she had ever seen. The more she watched, the more her heart ached. They looked as though they had never known a good meal or even a good time. If she could give them one afternoon of fun, if they could just be made to laugh, once! All at once she knew they could have a club! She invited eight to come to her house.

Sixteen arrived, all dirty, unhappy little girls. She served them hot cocoa and cookies and led them in games until they left reluctantly for their own homes. The next day the boys—brothers and friends of the girls who had been there the afternoon before—crowded around her.

"We want a club; we want a club," they began a demanding chant. Ma's motherly heart turned over and she nodded in agreement, but her mind was battling against its prison bars: Where was the money coming from?

She hunted up a Sunday School class and laid her problem before its members, asking help for refreshment money. A psychology professor discovered what she was doing and offered to send

students to help work with the children, and added that he would give his students credit for the services they performed. Overnight, FRIENDSHIP HOUSE was born.

You cannot tell Ma that God does not answer prayer; she knows. She's getting older now, and last college term she spent alone. When the new term approached she hoped for someone to stay at FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, but the one hope she had said, "No."

"I just released it that night to God," she told me as we visited in her living room. "I told Him I'd never planned to have FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, He started it and if He wanted me to have any help, He would just have to send it. After all, it was His business." She leaned toward me, and behind her glasses, her eyes twinkled.

"The very next morning a young preacher called that he and his friend were moving in to help. They came, too, and are here now!" She leaned back in her rocker and sighed with contentment. "It is wonderful to relax and leave things with God."

And it's catching on with laymen from coast to coast!
This movement is small—but powerful.

They're Called

RETREATS

by D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD

Professor of Philosophy, Earlham College

The word "retreat" may not be the best word, but this is the one we have used, and we are not really likely to change it.

The retreat movement is one of the most genuine features of the current religious revival. It still isn't big, because it doesn't seek to involve the masses. But it is powerful. And even in terms of numbers it can't be discounted, for retreats quietly are capturing the interest of laymen from coast to coast.

Joe Miller's experience comes to my mind. Joe was a successful salesman, one of 16 men gathered in the main room of a comfortable old house before a blazing fire. All were laymen except their pastor. I was there as leader.

These men had come 150 miles to a retreat house, to spend 44 hours of concentrated attention on the claims of the Christian life. It was a new experience for Joe; actually, he had come to the house only to please his pastor.

In the sessions of Friday evening and Saturday he refused to become seriously involved; he needed time to grow. Then, in the final session on Sunday, we dealt with great classics of Christian devotion, particularly the prayers of Samuel Johnson. Not one of the laymen had ever read these before.

I shall never forget their mood as we read, first silently and then aloud, Dr. Johnson's petition upon starting the overwhelming task of compiling his dictionary:

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"O God . . . enable me to proceed in this labour . . . that when I shall render up, at the last day, an account of the talent committed to me I may receive pardon, for the sake of Jesus Christ." For Joe, this experience was almost overwhelming.

Joe stopped the discussion. He told us that Dr. Johnson's prayer had brought home for him for the first time in his life the fact that one day he would die! And now he realized that he did not wish to look back, at the end, on a wasted life. He now knew that unless he was prepared to admit later he had used his talent poorly, he would have to change his entire way of life.

This experience was as real for Joe as if it had happened in an old-fashioned Methodist camp-meeting revival. And this same sort of thing is happening to laymen all over America right now!

Here is a big reason why the retreat movement continues to grow: it meets the deeply felt needs of contemporary Christians. Many persons are dissatisfied with their lives. They are too close to their problems to see them clearly. There is little thoroughness. They long for more quiet, more honesty of discussion, more firsthand experience of prayer. In the retreat movement they find satisfactions for life's needs they do not find anywhere else.

Modern laymen need to get away from the pressures of everyday life. That is why retreat centers have grown up in remote places. The local church is too familiar; home and business are too close; the telephone is too handy.

People also need to experience deep participation; the retreat atmosphere is conducive to this. There are no speeches. Each person is made to feel like making his own contribution.

Groups are kept small. Although there have been some gatherings with as many as 25, the ideal number seems to be 12 to 15. Then no one is a mere spectator. He takes part.

Another need modern laymen feel is the opportunity to engage in the spiritual disciplines: prayer, meditation, silence, and study. Retreats offer these opportunities. In community with others of like mind, a person can still be apart, at times, for contemplation.

One marked difference between the retreat and the conventional conference is the rule of silence. A common practice is silence on one or both nights, from the end of the evening session to grace at breakfast. How peaceful it is to go to bed or prepare for the new day without having to make small talk!

Sometimes silence is observed at meals, where one man reads

from a devotional classic while others eat in silence. This is not done at all meals, however, because of the value of friendly table conversation.

We've found it important to have plenty of reading matter around, much of it from the devotional classic writers. It is a common practice for a man to go home loaded with books to give or lend to others. I knew one attendee who was so impressed that he gave away 20 copies of a devotional book to his friends. And he'd never heard of the book before that retreat.

Another need the small retreat meets is the opportunity for relaxed fellowship. Contrasted with the tight program of the average church conference or business convention, the retreat schedule is loose. Participants go home refreshed instead of needing a rest.

Retreats bring people together in situations of mutual heart searching. There is no need to try to impress anybody; the mood of frankness is refreshing. But it can be shocking, too.

One pastor at a retreat with a group of his laymen was startled to learn that one of them who had heard his sermons for a long time without disapproval—and made the conventional religious responses—was not really a believer. At the retreat he confessed that

he had long doubted God's existence!

Working with him for two days, we were able to marshal evidence in a convincing manner. His gratitude was almost pathetic. He found that he could have had the answers all the time—if he had only had the courage to reveal his misgivings.

Here's what goes on at a typical retreat: Attenders arrive around 6 p.m. Friday, having left work early to drive in groups of threes or fours to the retreat center.

After friendly dinner conversation, the first session begins around 7:30 with prayer and Bible study. A favorite topic is the ministry of the layman. This refers to opportunities to act as a Christian in everyday life.

The topic breaks up easily into significant parts. If the layman is to perform his ministry, he must learn to *pray*, to study great *books*, know his *Bible*, learn to *think* about his faith, and act as a Christian in his daily *work*.

This gives meat for five creative sessions. After Sunday's noon meal, members return home to be with their families in the evening, rested and ready to start a new week's work on Monday.

Two types of questions arise in nearly every gathering. One has to do with the problem of evil. I have heard a man ask, "If God exists and is truly a loving God,

why does he allow germs that kill innocent persons in this world?" Every retreat shows that laymen are not satisfied with inspiration and uplift; they want intellectual help on life's toughest problems, too.

The other group of questions which always come up in men's retreats have to do with Christianity in daily life. How is the life of a Christian doctor different from that of a pagan doctor? How does the Gospel affect a lawyer or an insurance man?

One attender was surprised to learn that he could be an active Christian in his business life. He began to see the strength of the Church as a community of believers where a man can come for renewal of Christian vitality that will sustain him in the stresses of the busy everyday world.

Actually, withdrawal from the world for prayer and study has been the practice of mystics for many years. The present retreat movement is the Protestant counterpart, but it is as different from 15th-century monasticism as Christianity is different from Buddhism. During the last 30 years several different types of retreats have been growing up more or less independently of each other.

One of the earliest was the Camps Farthest Out movement. The first Camp Farthest Out, realizing a dream of the late Glenn

Clark, for 30 years a professor of literature at Macalester College in St. Paul, "for a time away from the mechanics of civilization," met at Lake Koronis near Paynesville, Minn., in the summer of 1930.

Methodist missionary E. Stanley Jones introduced the ashram in the U.S. from India in 1940, under sponsorship of the evangelism department of the old Federal Council of Churches. (See Dr. Jones' *Are 'Foreign' Missions Through?* January, 1959, page 32.) These center on Christ and the power to solve all problems of Christian laymen in fellowship with others seeking redemption.

More recently, the Disciplined Order of Christ has come into being among Methodists under leadership of the Rev. Albert E. Day. He started the movement in 1945 as a fellowship of those whose purpose is to realize the experience of the Apostle Paul, "I have been crucified with Christ; it is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me."

In 70 Methodist Annual Conferences laymen now hold retreats annually for inspiration and information within the framework of the church's lay-activities program. It is estimated that this involves more than 50,000 laymen annually.

The retreat movement of our times owes much to the Iona

community of Scotland, started in 1938 under the leadership of the Rev. George MacLeod on the beautiful Isle of Iona in the Inner Hebrides. There, men combine practical service with hours of spiritual refreshment.

American churchmen have visited Iona and caught something of its dream. A result has been the founding of a number of non-denominational retreat centers for prayer, study, discipline, Bible study, and silence—all for the purpose of spiritual renewal. One is Kirkridge in the mountains near Stroudsburg, Pa., started by the Rev. John Oliver Nelson, a Presbyterian. Methodist groups hold retreats there frequently.

Well known, too, is Pennsylvania's Pendle Hill, founded by Quakers. Near Brighton, Mich., the Episcopalians have a training center called Parishfield. Other retreat centers are Wainwright House at Rye, N. Y., Dayspring near Rockville, Md., and Yokefellow House in Richmond, Ind., where I mostly have been involved.

Methodist youths as well as adults hold retreats at Rolling Ridge, North Andover, Mass. Since World War II, Presbyterians have operated two retreat houses near Los Angeles.

My visit to Iona came in the summer of 1948. Much that I have thought and said and done

during the last decade has been affected by that experience. One of its fruits has been Yokefellow House in 1956, in Richmond, Ind. Idea of the Yokefellow movement is to allow Christ to become Lord in church life, business and social life, and in family life and citizenship.

Within the last year, several Methodist groups have come to Richmond for retreats, including Methodist Men from the Columbus, Ind., district and a Fort Wayne young-adult group.

Pastors are finding these satisfactions, too. A retreat for 27 of them was held recently at Asilomar, on the Pacific Coast. A lady in one of their churches reported to her neighbor that she had a "new pastor."

"Oh, has John left you?" her surprised neighbor asked.

"No," replied the lady, "John himself is a new pastor." I've known wives of laymen to take similar delight at having a "new husband" who's been to a retreat.

The retreat is a great way of promoting vital Christianity. We do not know what the future holds, but we do know that the movement is growing at a remarkable rate. It is bound to affect the entire character of our church in the coming days—and the change, I believe, will be in terms of greater depth.

"Obedience" with a capital "O"

by J. W. Mellick

"Kim," a thoroughbred of the German Shepherd variety, displayed a quality of discipline and self control which we thought quite remarkable for his nine months.

David, his fifteen-year-old master, had given orders for him not to move. The rest of the family from various angles and ways "tempted" Kim to disobey and leave his prescribed location. Once or twice at first it seemed as though he were interested and would yield but a firm "No" from the one giving orders snapped him back into position. From then on he seemed deaf or even dead to our subtle summons.

I remembered that a few nights before Kim had had a good time catching some choice bits of food of which he was quite fond. I felt a little like Satan as I went into the kitchen to get some of this food to continue and intensify the "temptation." This was almost too much as he got sight of the extended morsel but a low-spoken word brought a Stoic-like look of self-control and he now wouldn't even look in my direction.

My next move was to toss the

food-bit to the floor within easy reach but there was no response and I knew the dog was hungry. Instead he kept his eyes partially closed or looking at his master.

Not giving up, I held the food to his nose. His mouth opened slightly but a reminder toward obedience closed it again, and regardless of my nice words and the food even touching his nose with its fragrance, he would not yield but turned his head away.

A night or so later I was trying to get him to move from the place he was commanded to stay. What did he do but shift his position a little away from me and placed his intelligent head behind a big chair away from my enticements. Another lesson learned.

Liking the dog, I was pleased, to say the least, but there came to me a firm rebuke! Would to God I had given Him that same obedience and control of self throughout my Christian life. Would that I had listened to His voice so explicitly. I know I would have been much more fruitful and happy in a life that would have been a glory to God and much more in value to those about me.

"... I am writing this myself . . . the doctor says I'll do better with practice, now that I can see. Yes, darling, I can see!"

Blind Awakening

by

DOUGLAS D. WALKER

My name is Thomas D. Faber, U. S. War Correspondent. As a correspondent for a large news service, my assignment in Seoul during the Korean conflict was twofold—gather news of the police action for home consumption, and secondly, find what the boys doing the fighting might have in the way of a feature story.

I had done this type of work during World War II. I expected much the same sort of situations would give me my special story, boys, men, fighting, dying, strange tales of men dodging bullets, fighting hand to hand, walking into the teeth of sure death and coming out untouched.

True, many of these things were

repeated, but the most unusual story was one related to me by a young private in a field hospital, waiting to be shipped to the General Hospital in Tokyo.

Strange as it might seem, the story he told was not of himself, but of his sweetheart back in Kansas. I sat back and took notes as he talked.

"My girl, Paula, was born blind. No real cause, just something that happens now and again. When I met her, it was like music. Not the kind you hear with your ears, but you feel it inside. That's how it was with us. Anyway, we went together for about a year, then I asked her to marry me. She was worried about being a

burden, but I soon put her straight about that; so we set the wedding date.

"Then this police action flared up and my Home Guard was alerted. She and I decided to postpone the wedding until this mess was over. Maybe it sounds stupid to you, Mr. Faber, but I felt like crying. Here I was about to leave, and my girl couldn't see me off. I told her a dumb thing like I'd give anything if she could. I meant it too. After I get over here (that's been three months) I received a letter from Paula, and it isn't written by her mother. What it says, I still can't believe."

Slipping his hand underneath the blanket that covered him, he extracted a few sheets of paper. "Read it to me, Mr. Faber."

I took the letter. Unfolding it, I read aloud,
"My Darling, Bud,

As you can see, I am writing this myself. I am still not very good as yet, but the doctor says I'll do better with practice, now that I can see. Yes, darling, I can see!

How it came about is like a dream, but a wonderful dream. It happened a few days after you left for Korea. Mother invited some of the neighbors over to watch a television program, and I decided to sit with them as if I could see.

While mother was tuning the

set, I felt a little sleepy, so I closed my eyes for just a moment; then the voice came to me.

Bud, don't laugh when I tell you that I believe I saw God and spoke with Him in that moment. I saw Him as clearly as I see this paper that I am writing on. He was standing on black grass, dressed in a black robe. Everything around him was darkness. His long beard moved in the night, and when I looked at his eyes, there were none, only deep, black endless pits of helpless darkness. He spoke, and his voice came from out of nothing, soundless, like a child saying its first words, but I heard.

The words were, 'He that is pure of heart and believeth in God, and God's teachings, shall see the Kingdom of Heaven.'

Bud, I believed with all my heart.

God held out his hand and said, 'Come.'

I spoke, 'God, how can I come to you when I cannot see to walk?'

God spoke, 'Have faith and see.'

I had faith, Bud, more and more. I walked, though I couldn't see. Then, all the blackness began to waver, and light was coming into my sight. God was growing in magnitude. His robe, once black, was now pearl white. His beard and hair shown like silver.

His eyes glowed like stars. The grass on which he stood was green, and I could see. Yes, I could see everything.

God spoke again, and I knelt before Him to receive His words. 'Cherish this gift of sight as you cherish my love. You have been as an infant in its mother's womb. Now you are born out of darkness, and light of day is yours.'

I opened my eyes, Bud, and saw a glowing light filling the darkened room. There was an announcer saying, 'Our story tonight is based on the miracles performed by Christ, making the leper clean, the dead to live, the blind to see.'

It was then I realized I could see. I screamed, and fainted.

Bud, there is so much I want to say, but must close for now. The doctor just arrived. Don't worry, it's just a check up to see how I'm doing. Will write again tomorrow.

Love,
Paula"

As I finished the letter, two corps men lifted Bud off the hospital cot into a stretcher. I gave him back his letter. To me, it was a miracle of words, and faith. They loaded him in the ambulance to be taken to a plane headed for Japan.

"Do you know Bud, Mr. Faber?"

I turned toward the speaker. "Hi, Doc. No, but he and I had quite a talk. Do you think his eyes—?"

"You mean, will he ever see again? I can't say, Mr. Faber. Only God knows, and He isn't talking."

"I wouldn't say that, Doc. He spoke to us over 3,000 years ago, and His words are still echoing through the years and the minds of men. I'll see you, Doc."

I walked out of the hospital tent. Left behind me was a man with a puzzled look on his face.



Faith is the bird that feels the light and sings when the dawn is still dark.

Rabindranath Tagore

I DO BEG YOU TO SHARE YOUR THOUGHTS WITH THEM.

COMMUNICATE

With Your Children

Frances Carson

There is no more important factor in human relations than the art of communication. The lack of it can break a marriage. The power of it can cement a relationship, be it in the home or between nations. In preparing the child for the problems that lie ahead of him, as well as the joys that will give him emotional fulfillment, help him learn to communicate.

This should begin when your child is very young and it will be determined by your ability to talk to him. I have watched my own children reach their maturity, with families of their own, and my most prized reward is the mutual sharing of ideas and ideals that we enjoy today.

Have respect for your children's ideas, but don't be afraid to challenge them. Just as they say "why" to you, and you answer them as honestly as you can,

learn to ask them the "why" of their ideas. I do not mean to discuss an idea for the sake of argument. There is quite a difference. But it is important that the child understand that there can be many sides to some ideas. This will develop as a child matures. When very young he has to accept the idea that there are certain rules laid down by the family for his protection and security. These must be law, but the reasons can be explained.

For example, on a moral issue: Explain to your child how you think and feel. Then tell him how others think and do, pointing out to him the dangers, if you see them, and the reasons why happiness cannot result. Let children learn that moral laws and commandments are given to us not to obey because someone says so, but because the history of the

world has proved that these rules are true. Certainly the great truths that Jesus taught are not true just because He taught them. They were not new with Him. But He taught them because they were God's laws and were rules that, if lived by, brought the greatest amount of happiness. This will often prepare the child ahead of time for what he will hear from the "gang," and what the "gang" wants him to think and believe. They are not so apt to be carried away if they know ahead of time that you are aware of all of the arguments, and that none of them are new.

Talk over the new ideas that you hear, with your children, whether they be on religion, science, or politics. Discuss the various possibilities on all sides of the question. If they grow up feeling that you are open minded and have a searching mind, they will want to share their ideas in order to get your reaction. The world is bursting with new ideas today. Why not explore them together. It will give you continuing interests in common and make your visits together times of real joy.

Your children will be hearing daily new things in their educational progress. Make it your business to keep learning new things, too. Women can go to P. T. A., Club Lectures, and even get some very fine educational programs on

T. V. The fathers have business news, which should be shared with the family, and service clubs, etc. The church is one of the most important sources of ideas. Talk over the sermon with your children, or the Sunday School lesson, if he is not yet at church age. Discuss the ideas that the minister has tried to develop. Let the children see where and how the lesson might be applied at home.

Don't be afraid to disagree if you don't see eye to eye with your child's Sunday School teacher. Make it your business to know what your child is being taught. If you disagree, it isn't necessary to snatch your child from his class and leave the church, unless it is too impossible. Rather, help your child to see that there are very honest differences of opinion and interpretation on minor issues. He will find this all of his life. The important thing to remember is that we must love God, and that commandment, along with the next one, of loving our neighbor takes care of all others.

The most important communication for a child to understand is his communication with God. We call it prayer. It should not be a means of begging for the things God already wants us to have. It should be a seeking for guidance to do WHAT is right. Help a child to learn when very

young, that we need not ask God for THINGS. But we must truly believe that if we follow God's guidance, we will find happiness. When a child asks what to do—help him ask himself, "What would God want me to do?" Help him to understand that God will somehow give him an answer if he keeps his heart open and free from resentment, hate, and fear. God wants to give us everything that is right for us. If it isn't right, then it would only bring us unhappiness. Once your child learns that he can talk to God and also listen to Him, he has learned the most important communication of all.

If your children learn early that it's fun to discuss new ideas with the family, they are well on their way towards a fulfilled life. It means a great deal to have parents learning along with their children, challenging their thinking. You will reap a rich reward and, when your children are grown, you will have continuing interests in common. Start now to share your thinking.

Another very practical help in experiencing the art of communication is the family council. Let the family make decisions together. Perhaps Dad has a financial problem. Don't let him keep it bottled up inside. It will only mean probable ulcers. Let the children and the mother know

just how things stand. It is amazing how children will rally to this challenge. They love to feel they are included in their parents' confidence. I have seen children mature and grow up over night, just because their dad let them in on the planning. Fathers have a lot of false pride on this subject. They want to be the "best" in their children's eyes. They have no idea how much deeper the affection of the children can grow until they share their problems with them. Children don't resent not having everything they want when they understand why. They like to feel that they are helping. When you hear parents of adult children say that their children do not appreciate them and make demands on them, you can be sure that it isn't because the parents haven't done enough. It is usually because the parents have done too much and unwisely. And most of all it means that there has never been satisfying communication between them.

The value of a family council is to provide each member the opportunity of presenting his or her problem before the loved ones who want most to help. There develops a strong feeling of unity and real caring when any member of the family group feels that the rest of the family is behind him. I remember so well the num-

erous occasions when one child or another found himself in some minor difficulty. At the time it didn't seem minor to him. But once the family expressed their love and confidence and faith, the way was opened to see the right answer to the problem.

Maybe a small boy breaks a window in the neighborhood. No one really knows that he was the guilty one. He brings his problem before the family group. They ask, "What is the RIGHT thing to do?" It only takes the boy seconds to decide that he must go to the neighbor, admit his guilt, and offer to make amends and pay for the window. It is wonderful how relieved from guilt the boy can be after such a decision, and how much stronger the family unit becomes when they have all stood together for something that was RIGHT.

When a teenager comes home with the emotional problems that beset him, wondering if he should go along with the crowd, even against his own convictions, then it is a priceless privilege for him to be able to go to his family and say, "What should I do?"

Then if the family has learned to communicate with one another, they can sit down and calmly discuss all of the alternatives. If he goes with the gang he might have fun for awhile, but what about his reputation? What about the years ahead when people will always associate his name with a group that was pretty "wild?" People do not forget. Then after an honest discussion, and after each member of the family, praying for divine guidance, comes to his conclusion, they share their views and can offer the child in trouble their love and support. And the child, who has been confused and troubled soon sees what he must do, and is able to make his own decision, and the right one.

So, let's talk to our children more. I do not mean shouting at them. I do not mean issuing orders. I am not referring to just the process of keeping your tongue wagging. I do mean to beg you to share your thoughts with them. Help them to keep the channels open in order that God may speak to them, too. This is their way to an abundant life.



The great Admiral Nelson said that on board a battleship the intangibles are three times as important as the tangibles. This is true wherever men are engaged.

NO SOUL HAS EVER BECOME TRULY GREAT
WHICH FED ONLY ON ONE ANGLE OF
THOUGHT.

diet is destiny

ROBERT
A.
McCULLOH

It is said that the chameleon, a little lizzard notable for changing its color, takes on a complexion to match that on which it rests and feeds.

This is one of many reminders of truth. Diet is destiny. If we expose ourselves to narrow views only, live and move and have our being only in provincial thoughts and activities, we become provincial in spirit. We may be very effective, for good or ill, in one little spot and miss out on life's broader views and sympathies. Our own little rut may become so deep and dark and narrow that we lose the vision of the larger realms of beauty and fulness on the expansive plains of a better life.

No soul has ever become truly great which fed only on one angle of thought, nor remained narrow and provincial which was open to truth in its bigness and grandeur.

"The finest and noblest ground on which people can live," said Emerson, "is truth; the real with the real; a ground on which nothing is assumed." Life's pasture is too big for God's sheep to feed on only one blade of grass and risk the consequence.

Like the tree planted by the streams of water, we should extend the branches of our souls out and up to greet and implore the universe—and the great God who made it all.

Professor Genung has called the Book, "The Epic of the Inner Life."

THOUGHTS ON The Book Of JOB

Alice Jackson Wheaton

A New York drama critic, after attendance at the Broadway hit, "J. B." (the business man's Job), wrote that many of the audience "looked thoughtful" as they left the theatre. When they arrived home, we will assume that they dusted off their Bibles.

They would find the Biblical "Job" a challenge. Its length is forbidding, and, superficially, it often seems as though Job's "comforters" are playing the same side of a broken record. Although as panelists they are long-winded and presumptuous, they are not repetitious, only stubbornly orthodox.

Tennyson declared "Job" the greatest poem of both ancient and modern times. It is set in a frame-

work of a prose folk tale. In what may be called a Prologue the man Job is portrayed as a very wealthy Oriental sheik, with wife, family, great possessions, and even with piety in addition to his prosperity. Still in prose, there is given a strange account of a sort of "conference" in heaven which is unlike anything else in the Bible. There is a conversation between God and Satan, (translated by Moulton as the Adversary), which develops into what is practically a wager. Satan, who seems to be chairman of the committee for things of earth, bets against God that Job's integrity and piety, which God highly commends, will not stand up if everything is taken

from him. Permission is granted and thereupon everything is destroyed or taken away and Job is further afflicted with a loathsome disease. The Poem opens with Job sitting on an ash heap, scraping his sores with a broken piece of pottery.

His wife cannot endure to see him suffer and says, "Curse God and die!" "In all this Job sinned not nor charged God foolishly."

Word had traveled to the north, of Job's afflictions and three friends arrive from Edom with camels and retinue to mourn with him. They all presumably belonged to the group of philosophers known as "Wise Men." Like their contemporaries in Greece in the fifth century B. C., they would gather at city gates, engage in conversation and pool their wisdom. The Hebrew "Writings," known as the Wisdom Literature of both the Old Testament and the Apocrypha are the product of this group. In the 28th chapter of Job is interpolated a poem on Wisdom, considered by scholars to be the most perfect example of Hebrew poetry. The Book of Job is always classed as Wisdom literature and is deemed by many scholars to be a composite work.

The three friends are shocked when they see Job and refrain from speaking to him for seven days and seven nights. Job speaks

first and in his deep agony utters a curse on the day he was born.

Three cycles of speeches follow, Job answering each. Each friend begins his dramatic utterance blandly enough, as he states the orthodox Hebrew belief that the calamities which have befallen Job are due to the fact that he or his children have sinned. "Despise not," says Eliphaz, "the chastening of the Lord."

Job does not accept this reasoning. The speeches back and forth become really violent. The three are extremely irritated by Job's non-acceptance of this long-accepted solution of the problem of suffering. They are shocked because they feel he is blasphemous. There is much impolite and blunt name-calling which a translation in modern speech brings out realistically. Job is called a "babbling," a "wind-bag" and he in turn calls them "miserable comforters."

In a long and pathetic soliloquy, Job tells of what an important man he has been in his past life and how conscientiously he had lived. He declares that if he could only talk to God as man to man, he could understand. There is a formal and solemn "oath of clearing" as he describes his code of conduct. In its emphasis on human needs it is reminiscent of the high ethics of the Sermon on the Mount.

A fourth "Comforter," a

younger man, Elihu, who had not come on the scene with the others but who had heard the give and take, can keep silence no longer. He fairly blazes with anger at the three friends who had no answer for Job, and also at Job who had justified himself rather than God. God speaks to man in various ways, Elihu says. He often uses affliction to increase man's faith, for in adversity man will listen. Elihu's descriptions of God range from emphasis on His tenderness as "giver of songs in the night" to stern warnings as to "His terrible majesty."

"Look into the heavens," he cries, as he calls attention to an approaching storm. Now comes the terrific and daring climax of the Book. A supernatural brightness (37:21) mingles strangely with the darkness. The thunder of the heavens gives way to the roar of the whirlwind, out of which a Voice comes with such a sweep of sustained energy that it brings Job to his knees.

But the Almighty says, "Stand up! Gird up your loins like a man!" The questions as they come forth out of the whirlwind are like claps of thunder. What does Job know about the mighty works of creation and the marvelous wonders of nature? How does he dare criticize as he has done God's government of the universe when he knows so little

about it?

There are several chapters of magnificent poetry, with the characteristic Hebrew rhythm of thought and breath-taking range of Oriental imagery. The God who made the morning stars sing together also gave the ostrich wisdom to lay her eggs in the warm sand so they would hatch! If a fault-finder like Job thinks he can rule the world better than its creator, let him try it!

Job shrinks to pigmy size. "I will say no more," he says. But that is not the response God wants. Again the Voice says, "Gird up your loins like a man! Put on the garments of dignity!"

Job's final answer would seem to be the key to the mystic philosophy of the Book. "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear. Now mine eye has seen (experienced) Thee. I repent of my pride, my ignorance, and my rebellion."

In the prose Epilogue Job's friends are strongly censured. "Ye hath not spoken of me the thing that is right" (42:7). Job is not condemned for his doubt of God and in all material ways he is restored and rewarded. A patriarchal hero by the name of Job is mentioned in Ezekiel 14:14 and the tradition of his restored fortunes may have constituted the basis for the prose ending of the folk tale.

Our "thoughtful" reader may realize that the poet-wiseman has created a character who partakes of all three of current religious philosophies. He is in turn, humanist, existentialist, and mystic. Any one of the three alone is almost too restrictive to account for the timelessness of the poem, its challenge, its continuing appeal to the great minds of the centuries.

God did not answer Job's question as to why he was made to suffer. The problem of pain and suffering is as dark as before. It is not wrapped up in a neat theological belief.

Professor Genung has called the Book, "The Epic of the Inner Life." A person rather than a belief emerges—a man, who has a deep hunger for a God who seems to elude him and from whom he is separated.

"O that I knew where I might find Him!" In agonizing words he describes his search (23:3-10), a veritable road map of the spirit-

ual journey of each one of us. It is a journey accompanied by hope; to use Job's words: "He knoweth the way that I take and when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

The God he sought whose transcendence and omnipotence was past human finding out rewarded his seeking by coming at last to him. Job became convinced of His Omnipresence. He could lose his sufferings in worshiping Him in humility, love, and faith.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him. (13:15)

He wounds but He makes whole. (5:18)

Thou shalt pray to Him and He shall hear thee. (22:27)

I know that my Redeemer liveth." (19:25)

In addition to its perfection of form and imagination the Book is studded with precious and familiar passages like the above, that the ages since have woven into the inner lives and experiences of both Jews and Christians.



Julia Ward Howe was talking to a distinguished senator. She asked him to interest himself in the case of a person who needed help. The senator answered, "Julia, I've become so busy I can no longer concern myself with individuals."

She replied, "That's remarkable. Even God hasn't reached that stage yet."

LET US BE CAREFUL TO SEEK THE NAMES THAT MAKE US BETTER.

What's In a Name?

Mrs. Walter Nielson

And Saul became Paul.

Changing one's name today is not usually earthshaking. It is done for a number of "practical" reasons: to make it easier to pronounce, to make it shorter for business purposes—to make it more glamorous for the neon lights of Broadway. We pay very little attention to the average name-change today. Perhaps we should pay more.

The changing of Saul's name to Paul signified a complete change in his life. I learned long ago that he became a much finer man after the change. But what I have just discovered is the actual meanings of this man's two names. I have just learned that whereas "Saul" meant "Big," "Paul" meant "Small." How incongruous that seems! For surely Paul was a much "bigger" man in every sense

of the word than was Saul . . . But it is not in the least incongruous when we analyze it in the light of Christianity.

For as we grow as Christians, we leave the sense of our own importance behind. We take a new interest in the importance of others. We release our self-centeredness and strive for God-centeredness. Only those who have tried it know how difficult this is to do. Humility is not easy to achieve. And striving for it is a never ending process. Yet any Christian will tell you it is a most rewarding effort.

And so it was with Paul. When he stopped concentrating on his own personal aims, and started working on the aims of life as set forth by Jesus, he became a world-renowned figure . . . a man of the ages. Whereas we never

would have heard of Saul, there are few people in the civilized world who have not heard of Paul. As soon as he *divided* his time and efforts among many people, he *multiplied* his results!

Now not knowing the original meanings of such given names as George or Constance or Harry today, we might feel that a change of name would lose the significance Paul's change had so many years ago. On the contrary, however, we all have an opportunity to change for the better because of a name change right now. Just think of all the names that are rightfully yours. Each one of us has a name or names quite apart from the one with which we sign our letters.

For instance, a girl changes her name in marriage. She not only changes her last name but she has a new name—the name of “wife.” And with that new title comes an opportunity for her to grow—to change her life—by dividing her self-interest in half—by becoming a part of another whole instead of an entity in herself. How empty the divorce courts would be if we all realized the significance of this. And what joy is in store for those who learn to think in terms of “two” instead of “one”!

And as we go through life, the opportunities for new names for ourselves increase. What more wonderful chance is there for get-

ting away from “self” than to be able to take the name of “mother” . . . or “father”? Aunt, uncle, grandmother, grandfather—each name is a new opportunity to divide yourself still further and to find more richness in the meaning of life. In losing “self” you are apt to gain the world! “He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.”

Truly, there are many opportunities for name-changing today. But let us be careful to seek the names that make us *better*—even though, like “Paul,” they may appear to make us *smaller*. The names of Miss Cheesecake, Captain-of-the-Team and General Manager are here today and gone tomorrow because, too often, they are apt to emphasize “self.” But names like wife, father, mother go on and on. And they become more valuable and more meaningful with each passing year.

Christians believe that it is possible to have “Heaven on earth.” But we can't have it no matter how much we want it—until we have accepted the full responsibility of one more name. That Blessed Time can come **ONLY** when, in spite of race, color, or creed, we can reach out a hand to any other human on this earth, and call him **BROTHER**.



Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

May we all—new friends and old—remember that the United Prayer Tower is, in truth, a spiritual fellowship. It is not just a name—it is a world-wide fellowship of men and women who, through their inward faith, their uplifted vision, their radiation of love and their prayers, are UNITED to serve one another in the spirit of Christ.

When Dr. Randall founded the Christian Fellowship of Prayer, many years ago, he had a Prayer Box where one could slip names of loved ones, and the inscription read, “Pray for one another that ye may be healed.” And when he bequeathed his ministry to the United Prayer Tower, his daughter, Mrs. Grace Wright, wished to retain ownership of this precious box which had meant so much to her father.

One of the trustees of the Prayer Tower, Miss Ruth Easterday, made a beautiful box which you will see when you visit our little prayer room. It is just an ordinary box 10 x 13 x 3; it is covered with a midnight blue shiny paper; in the center is a picture of “The Saviour” by Ralph Coleman. Jesus is seated at a table with clasped hands, robed in white, with a halo of gold around His Head and the background is dark brown and yellow. On the prayer table is the open Book, the Holy Bible. We wanted you to have this description, in color, so you can visualize it as you pray with us daily.

Perhaps you may want to make a prayer box of your own. Many prayer groups, as well as individuals and families are doing this and they are finding it most helpful in their daily meditation times. Each time you hold this box in your hands you are sending your love to each one in it; you are releasing them into the loving care of the Father. Think of yourself as one of the four men who let their friend down through the roof into the Presence of Jesus. This is what we do when we lift these needs to the Father. In holding this prayer box you are learning to pray in a new way. You can look at HIM and not at the problems, for the Master is saying, “Fear thou not for I am with thee.” You can look at this box without anxiety but with thanksgiving, because Paul says, “In nothing be anxious but in everything by PRAYER and supplication with THANKSGIVING let your requests be made known unto God.” Jesus teaches us that He yearns to give us the best for we read, “Fear not, little flock, it is your heavenly Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” What better way can we start to learn how to stand on these promises than by writing to Him whenever a problem confronts us, by dropping it from our hand into the Hand of the Father and then leaving it with Him to fulfill according to His perfect plan for our lives!

We ask you to join our prayer tower family, to hold this Prayer Box lovingly in your hearts each day and give thanks for answered prayer. These requests are kept in this Box for three months and are held in our circle of prayer each day at three o'clock.

He who serves himself by praying that God will serve and bless him, often finds himself laboring under difficulties. But he who renders spiritual service WITH others, for them as well as for himself, and who is blest by the faith, love, and prayers of his fellows, finds that a new measure of spiritual power is released in his life, and that he is growing, both in knowledge and experience of God's presence and power, and also in his own material wellbeing.

In your time of prayer each day, reach out to all of our friends, not only in America, but to those in the British Isles, in many parts of Africa and India, in Alaska, Central and South America, Australia, Ceylon, Ghana, Germany, and in many other places. For members of the United Prayer Tower are everywhere, and they are seeking to call forth God's Grace in your life as well as in their own.

And the price you pay for this, the price that must be paid if their labors are to bear fruit in your life, is this—that you shall pray, not as a matter of duty, but as a matter of fellowship

and love, for them! It is as simple as that. And all the love which you send out across the airways on this great beam of prayer will surely come back to you. After many years of service this has been proven over and over again.

This following is a special prayer for healing which Dr. Randall wrote many years ago. You may want to use it during your prayer time also.

"Unto thee, O God of Life, we of this Ministry of Prayer, come in strong and steadfast faith on behalf of those who seek Thy help in time of need. With uplifted vision we behold Thee as a Mighty Healing Presence, within and round about all those whose names are in the Prayer Box of the United Prayer Tower, and we affirm, that by the Power and all sufficiency of this Presence, their minds and lives, their homes and affairs, are filled to overflowing with the abundance of Thy righteousness, life, truth, peace and plenty.

Truly, even as 'The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord,' so, too, the lives of those who put their trust in Thee, and who follow the Way of life set before them by Jesus Christ, are filled with goodness, and with the everlasting joy of the Lord. In the Name and by the Power of Jesus Christ, we pray. Amen."

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.

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THE MANNER OF THE RESURRECTION, Leslie D. Weatherhead. 92 pages. Abingdon, \$1.00. The sub-title adds, "In the light of modern science and psychical research." To say that this is a stimulating and challenging book is to put it mildly. The very word "psychic" will undoubtedly lead many people to throw up their hands in horror as something belonging to quacks and charlatans, and the author recognizes it, but he also goes on to show that if this attitude had prevailed in other lines of research we would still be living in the Stone Age. I personally enjoyed the book. This does not mean that I agree with all that he says, but his logic and mode of inquiry is to be applauded and it cannot fail but make the reader do some searching inquiry about his own convictions. He touches on scientific means by which, at least in theory, it is possible for a body to become invisible and to move from place to place (such as a substance becoming gaseous), and tells some fascinating stories that have been reported. If you want a controversial and stimulating subject to discuss, here it is. I like his definition of a miracle, "A miracle is a law-abiding event by which God accomplishes His purposes through the release of energies which are normal on a plane of being higher than any with which we are familiar."

FROM PAGAN TO CHRISTIAN, Lin Yutang. 251 pages. World, \$3.50. It is seldom that a mental and spiritual treat like this is published. I thoroughly enjoyed "visiting" in mind with one of the great thinkers of our day about a subject that is of prime interest to me—Christianity and my personal relationship to it. Lin Yutang was reared in a Christian home in China. He attended Christian schools, and eventually received his doctorate from Leipzig in Germany. When he returned to China to teach in a Chinese university he discovered for the first time that he was a stranger in his own country. He was a stranger in that he had been completely "Westernized" without knowing it from the time he

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was a child. Suddenly he found himself in company with Chinese thought, philosophy, traditions and culture and it was as if he were a "foreigner," as indeed he really was as far as mind and learning and habits were concerned. Lin Yutang felt robbed of his rightful heritage, revolted against Christianity, plunged into Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism and sated himself with Orientalism. He describes his journey in a kindly and brilliant way, showing the good in each and also its limitations. Then he came back to Christianity. He has much to say about the narrow, Westernized Christianity that is rather appalling to the rest of the world, about our provincial conception of a God who instills fear and visits vengeance on His creatures, and about the need to break out of our theological straight-jackets and have a more cosmic (and kindly) attitude to the Father of Jesus Christ. It is not often that a reader has the chance to be taken along on the spiritual growth of a soul like Lin Yutang's, to be invited into the intimate thoughts of a truly cosmopolitan mind and tenderly groping spirit. His understanding and flashes of insight are delightful as well as instructive, and I

doubt that anyone will fail to have many chuckles of sheer humor along the way. This is a book that I shall keep, and I already have decided that as my children grow older and are a little more able to understand, that this is something they must read. No one who has read it will ever be as small again.

ASSURANCES OF LIFE ETERNAL, an anthology by Margaret E. Burton. 162 pages. Crowell, \$3.50. Harry Emerson Fosdick says in his foreword, ". . . she presents not arguments but testimonies. Here are men and women of many sorts, from saints to scientists, who, believing in life eternal, bear witness to their faith and describe in prose and poetry, in affirmation and prayer what that faith means to them." Later on he says, "On practically every page, therefore, the reader will discover passages which he has never seen before, but which with selective attention Miss Burton has chosen for their relevance, vitality, and helpfulness." I have read the book, and all that Dr. Fosdick says in the foreword is true. It is the sort of book that you will enjoy sitting down to browse through; and it is a wonderful gift for someone who has recently had a death in the family.

SECRETS OF ANSWERED PRAYER, Cyril H. Powell. 192 pages. Crowell, \$3.00. This is not a book about prayer, rather it is a book of true prayer experiences by twenty outstanding individuals, and these experiences illustrate prayer principles. Some of the contributors are: Frank Laubach, E. Stanley Jones, Hugh Redwood, Glenn Clark, Muriel Lester, Amy Carmichael, Billy Graham, Thomas Kelly, Alexis Carrel and Leslie Weatherhead. A galaxy of big names in this field in anyone's book. The writing is inspirational. In fact, I would say that if anyone's faith has run low, then take up this book and it will not be long before your spirit is soaring once more. The main divisions of the book are: Explorers in Prayer, Ways That Open, Horizons Before Us, and The Final Secret. The book is excellent in every way.

WITH CHRIST IN THE UPPER ROOM, Lynn J. Radcliffe. 80 pages. Abingdon, \$1.50. Dr Radcliffe says, "I would that through this little book we could thus stand together, reverently recalling the Christ of the Upper Room and recapturing in our hearts the wonder of the deathless words and abiding insights which He shared with mankind on His last night on earth." In this little book the author has enabled us to go a long way toward doing just that. In beautiful narrative he traces the events as if we were a participant in the scene of that night. He uses the events that take place to teach us something of the eternal purpose and truth of God that are part and parcel of the outer events. In this way the book is a rare combination of narrative scholarship and deep devotion. For the Lenten season, this is a good and worthwhile book.

365 WINDOWS, Halford E. Luccock. 239 pages. Abingdon, \$2.00. These are two minute meditations for daily use. Anyone who knows of, or is acquainted with the writings of, this famous minister will know that his name is recommendation enough. His wide reading, his selection of material, his interpretations of scripture, make the book a daily thought stimulator of high spiritual significance.

THE MASTER'S MEN, William Barclay. 127 pages. Abingdon, \$2.00. Dr. Barclay is one of the outstanding New Testament scholars in the world. He also has another gift and talent. He can write so that the average individual can understand and appreciate what he has to say. Besides having a profound store of detail about history, he exhibits a humble spirit of love and devotion. This is a rare combination, and when such a man turns his talents and knowledge to giving us sketches of the disciples of Jesus it is a treat. He not only throws light on them from the Scriptures; but he also adds the legends and the traditions about them. Your knowledge of the disciples will expand; and your appreciation of the church and Christian history will be rewarded.

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