

WINTER 1961-1962

# Clear Horizons

Personal Experiences In Christian Living

50¢



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**THE COVER**

The appealing photograph on the cover stirs many thoughts. The old and the young for one thing. The little girl is fetchingly serious as she looks out on life, on what lies ahead in the great big mysterious world. Undoubtedly there is wonder mixed with doubt. The hand of the aged person lends assurance and strength and stability. The wrinkled hand might be saying, "I know whom I have believed," and you can trust Him!

Then too it can symbolize all new beginnings. No matter how long you have been trying, there is always a new beginning whenever you wish it. The beginning of the New Year is such a traditional beginning, but one does not have to wait till the beginning of the year. Each day, even each moment, is a new beginning. And the hand is the age-old assurance of history that it can be done.

"A CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO JESUS"

*With Love*  
— *from Carol*

By L. K. TWITTY

That Carol should have been born to us at all was one of those minor miracles which sometimes enliven our old world at intervals. I was a struggling family doctor, and my wife had been a nurse in the hospital where I worked. We were a very ordinary couple. When Carol came, and grew lovelier and more enchanting with each passing month, we wondered from whence came the genes that had fashioned her. Carol was—well how describe an utterly delightful human sprite? And her belief in the essential goodness of humanity and her serene confidence that all would be right in her small world were daily marvels to her parents. And so time passes swiftly and happily until she reached the ripe old age of five and a half.

"Daddy," she said one day in early December as she counted the coins in her long-suffering piggy bank, "I am going to give a Christmas present to Jesus."

"That's fine," I said fondly, "just be sweet, obey your mother, and I'm sure that . . ."

"No, Daddy," she said, laughing and putting her hand on my knee. "I mean a *real* present, all wrapped up and everything."

"But what did you have in mind," I faltered, giving my wife a bewildered look, "and how will you get it to Him?"

"I'll think about it," chirped Carol, going back to her pile of coins on the floor. "Now show me how many dollars I have in these piles."

My wife and I exchanged tender



and resigned glances once again above the child's head and I sat on a low stool to give her the lesson in arithmetic.

Carol's project had slipped my mind until a few days before Christmas. I only knew that the piggy bank had grown fat with coins slipped into it by adoring relatives, and that Carol frequently opened the bottom of the pig and counted her wealth on the rug. Finally one night she announced, "I'm ready to buy my gifts now, Daddy. Will you take me tomorrow?"

I arranged to get away early from the office that afternoon and soon a bundled up Carol and I joined the crowds of merry shoppers. She bought little gifts for her mother and me, and for aunts and uncles as far as her small stock of money would allow. "Now I'll buy the present for Him," she announced, and led me into a side street and turned into a small second-hand shop.

"Is it still here?" she asked of the smiling proprietor, who came forward and greeted us.

"Of course, little lady," he said affably, bringing out an obviously worn, but still very serviceable man's overcoat. "I saved it for you as you asked me."

As we looked at the garment I could find but one obvious defect that was of any moment. That was a large ink stain on the inside

lining at the pocket, the result no doubt of a leaky pen.

Carol carefully unfastened her little purse, bulging with dimes and quarters, and counted out five dollars into the man's hand. "Five dollars," she said importantly, "and I counted it all by myself."

Having stowed away the pile of loose change, the shopkeeper carefully wrapped the garment in red and green paper and tied it with a silver cord. Carol looked over the package carefully, accepted it, and I carried it for her to the car.

"Now drive to the church with the real tall steeple," she directed. "You see, Daddy," she explained as I put the car in motion, "in the pictures He doesn't have a coat at all. I thought it would keep Him warm."

As we slowed at the curb opposite the church she clutched the package to her small chest, hopped from the car and crossed the wide lawn. She sturdily mounted the long flight of steps and placed her package carefully against the heavy wooden doors. Pausing a moment she patted the bundle tenderly and then hurried to join me. As I looked down at her I had a feeling that some Power higher than I was directing this matter toward some ultimate conclusion.

During the several days after Christmas I had almost forgotten Carol's package and only wondered briefly concerning the fate of

the gift. The raw, blustery weather had released its usual crop of respiratory infections, and I remained for long hours in the clinic peering down red throats. One afternoon I noticed a man come through the doors just as I was preparing to leave for home and dinner.

"My name is Crenshaw," he said, "if you are closing I'll come back later. I just got off from work."

"No matter," I said, "tell me about your trouble."

After the examination I said, "You are going to require a slight operation to clear this up but it should go off without incident. Can you arrange to have it done?"

"I don't have any money, Doctor Gregg," he said, as he reached for his worn shirt. "Guess it will just have to wait awhile. You see I've been out of work for a time and don't have any money ahead."

As he dressed he told me of the failure of the large drug firm for which he had worked and of his drifting to our city.

"I landed in town on Christmas Eve during that freezing rain," he said, as I helped him on with his overcoat.

But I almost missed that last remark as I stared at the inside lining of the coat. There was a large ink stain on the inside pocket—one that I thought I had seen before.

"Mr. Crenshaw, would you

mind telling me where you got this coat?" I asked, somewhat abruptly I am afraid.

"Why no, Dr. Gregg, not at all. In fact I was telling you the story when you spoke. I came into town on a late bus. My funds were almost gone and I had only a cup of coffee and a bun for supper. Wondering where I could find a night's shelter I happened to pass that church with the high steeple over there. A gust of wind tumbled something down at my feet, and a package burst open, spilling out this overcoat. I searched for a name or address but there was none. The coat fitted, so I have worn it constantly. It has literally saved me from freezing. After donning the coat I wandered to the side door of the church and found a set of stairs leading to the boiler room. I lay down beside the big warm boiler and slept the remainder of the night.

"And what are you doing now?" I asked.

"I found a little job helping load trucks at the textile plant," he said. "But the work isn't steady and may stop altogether."

The man's bearing and voice were so strangely familiar that I had all along tried to trace the resemblance to something in the past. Suddenly I knew. Clasping his hand suddenly I said, "I've got it! You're Steve Crenshaw, the lab technician attached to our outfit.



You pulled me to safety during one of our little encounters in the Pacific Islands."

The man's face lighted. "Of course! You're Ken Gregg, and you gave me a hypo the time I was hit in the leg, see we're even." He laughed.

"Sit down Steve," I commanded "You're not going to walk out right away now that I've found you. I owe you my life man. After we were separated during our last skirmish I spent weeks trying to trace you. Now about that little operation, I'm going to do it for you and you're going to be my guest in the hospital for a couple of days afterward. That's an order. Then you can put on your white coat and get on the job in that back room there. You're a fine technician, and the doctor with whom I work will be pleased as punch. We've been stumbling along trying to do our own lab work long enough."

Tears stood in Steve's eyes as he walked to the window and stared out at the church with the tall steeple, which stood right across the street from my office.

"It may sound a bit odd," he said, "but from the moment I found the coat I have felt that something or someone was working out a plan for me. The feeling

was so strong that it even compelled me to come back to the vicinity of that church to select a doctor's office. Do you thing I am being preposterous?"

"No," I said firmly. "You have a perfect right for your feeling, and a little later I'll tell you why."

Steve left me, promising to enter the hospital early the next day. He wanted to use the bills I had slipped him in parting to purchase a few personal necessities that night.

As I watched Carol playing with her family of dolls on the rug, I thought of the wise ways of a loving providence. Carol, as if sensing my thoughts, came and climbed to my knee. "Daddy," she whispered, "do you think He liked my present?"

I tightened my arm around the slight form. "My dear," I said gently, "I am very, very sure your present was used by Him to very good advantage."

She nodded and her eyes closed. I carried her to bed and then stood looking out of the window at the far distant stars glittering in the frosty sky. Words forced themselves to my mind and I murmured. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me."

*"Thy Will Is My Perfect Destiny."*

## *Listening to God*

BROTHER MANDUS

When we go to the Father for anything, most of us fuss, struggle and strain as though it were a tremendous task to make contact with Him.

The obstacles are of our own creation. Be done with them! God is wherever we are, eternally expressing Himself through us. He knows every thought, every need, every desire. He knows our needs before we know them ourselves.

It is easy to go to God once we understand and accept this simple Truth. He is there, the very Life within us. In the limited human consciousness, we can scarcely believe we are actually ONE with this Almighty Father. We become so subject to sickness, troubles and frustrations, that we close our minds to the ever-present Father, Who can never experience illness, frustration or evil, or wish us to remain in such limitations.

Facts speak for themselves and,

however long we are about it, the Truth will prevail, and we shall all eventually find ourselves in constant communion with this wonderful Father in Whose Spirit we live. Those who have gone to Him quite simply, like children, all testify to the Peace, Health and Perfection which follow.

But why wait? We all need happiness, health, guidance and spiritual understanding of His Laws NOW. I do not pretend to know all about God and His wonderful ways, but I do know He is there, and that He responds to our needs with infinite love and wisdom when we enter His Presence. It seems to me to be such a good idea, and what will prove to be the most practical of all ideas, to go to Him forthwith and get our lives sorted out into law and order.

Instead of going to Him clamouring for this and that, let us go into His Presence and listen to

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His counsel. I am quite sure most of us have hurried to the doctor, the solicitor, psychiatrist or friend when trouble has come along. How much easier it is to sit down first and listen to the Father, Who is all the knowledge and wisdom of the universe!

If you are in trouble, your real need is Divine guidance and help. The trouble itself is usually a clear indication that you have gone up a wrong turning somehow and become lost in the jungle. God knows the way out. He knows that your rightful place is on the broad highway leading straight to your eternal happiness. And He wants to tell you how to get to that road.

*Listen then!* Become still and just know, quite simply, that God is within you now. You will feel peaceful, and gain an assurance that all is well. You may not hear a voice, it may not be a dynamic or dramatic experience, but you will certainly feel differently about your problem. You may become aware of the need to trust Him, and to eliminate fear, worry, bitterness and resentment from your thoughts. You may feel His forgiveness for your past transgressions, and a sincere longing to forgive those who have offended you. You will surely feel a new power, a new strength, and know that in His love and protection all things are possible.

He will tell you, teach you, how to pray. You will begin to realize that you have found Him, and that He always responds to every thought you pass to Him. Be sure that your thoughts lift up to the highest conception of seeking only that HIS wisdom and guidance shall prevail.

To become a good listener you need to listen often—every day at least and, increasingly, all day long. Take every problem to Him, and very soon your affairs will be straightened out and a new realization and assurance will be given to you.

*Divine guidance is a real experience.* His leading is much more than making His Will known to you, for He goes before you and cleaves a way out of the jungle. New opportunities arise, new inspiration about your true potential and goal becomes known, and new friends come along to help you on your way.

Be still, then, and enter the Council Chamber of God. It is the Sanctuary of your soul, and your rightful place, for you are ONE with His Eternal Spirit. You are His son, or His daughter, and all that He is belongs to you. The gifts of God become your own as quickly as you can realize them in Spirit, and accept them inwardly and outwardly as your own.

# FREUNDSCHAFTSHEIM

## *Germany's School for Peace*

L. W. Robinson

Sitting atop notorious Gallows Hill near Buckeburg, West Germany, is one of the world's most unusual and significant organizations. It is quartered in three buildings built by hard work, determination, and faith; the kind of faith that says, "If God tells me to jump through the wall, it's my job to do the jumping and God's job to put me through the wall."

Freundschaftsheim (Friendship House) is Europe's international school for peace. A world peace training center for young people from all over the globe, students come here because of their impelling interest in disarmament and better understanding between peoples. Upwards of 100 volunteers converge on Freundschaftsheim every summer. They come from West Germany, France, Britain, the Scandinavian countries, Asia, Africa, the U. S. A.

It is a sort of cooperative community. The students do all the work themselves: raise and cook their own food, wash their own

clothes, maintain, expand and beautify the grounds and buildings. And there is time for play. But mainly they study the complex problems of the nuclear age and world peace, the United Nations and its agencies, comparative religion, international politics current affairs.

Conferences and seminars are held regularly along with individual study. Political, racial and religious problems are discussed openly and in good spirit. There are no prejudices at Friendship House. Catholics, Jews, Quakers, Protestants, agnostics; they all live and work together as brothers. Blacks, browns, whites and yellows; they're all "color blind." They see the Spirit in man, and not only his outward clothing.

How Friendship House came into being is as unusual as its purpose. In the fall of 1946, one year after the end of World War II, the French pastor and pacifist, Andre Trocme, who had been in one of Hitler's concentration camps, spoke



at a nearby village church. He stressed the need for a reconciliation and peace center in war-torn Europe. "And it ought to be here," he told the Quaker pastor, Wilhelm Mensching, "because here the people of the district would support the work."

The seed fell on fertile ground. Young people offered their services to pastor Mensching. They had seen enough of war and its consequences. Germany now should show the world the way to peace. But, as so often is the case, they had no money and no land. Twelve million refugees were pouring into West Germany, creating an appalling housing and land problem in an already serious situation. It looked like a hopeless dream. Pastor Mensching, a bright-eyed little man with lots of energy, was discouraged with the prospects.

A year passed and no progress had been made. Then from an unexpected source came the "miracle". A quiet, retiring man of the neighborhood placed a gift of several hundred marks in the hands of pastor Mensching. It was the first of many gifts he gave. "Think what we had to sacrifice for the war," he told the pastor. "And what became of our sacrifices? Shouldn't we be ready to sacrifice much more for peace—and of our own free will?"

A few weeks later forty men

and women of the parish—farmers, laborers, housewives—met in Rev. Mensching's parsonage. Many of them had lost a son, a husband, a father in the war. The cause of world peace had a real meaning to them. Tentative plans were made for the organization of an international peace center. It sounded like an ambitious project. But a month later another meeting was held, made up also of university men, business men, clergymen, Jews—men and women of different backgrounds and faiths.

A plea for help went out. "Sacrifice for Peace Instead of War" became their battle cry. Slowly, funds began to come in. On March 17th, 1948, Friendship House Society, a non-profit, non-denominational organization, was legally registered at the Town Hall of Buckeburg.

But in 1948 the competition for farm land was at its height. Only the abandoned, rocky, over-grown Gallows Hill area was available—mainly because the land was so poor no one else wanted it. During the war it had been excavated for an artillery entrenchment. Later an infantry battle had been fought there. Before the war it was an army maneuver area. In olden times it was the site of a gun foundry. And once men had been hanged there, from which it obtained its name.

Now, by a queer twist of fate, it was to become West Germany's world peace center and house of friendship! Financial help from the U. S. and other countries began to come in. Neighboring farmers contributed generously in many ways. The owner of a tile and brick factory donated bricks for walling two quonset huts given by the British Military Government Youth Department. And the sons and daughters of nearby residents supplied the will and manpower.

That year Friendship House opened with 30 volunteers from West Germany, England, America and the Scandinavian countries. Four acres of land were cleared and crops planted. A library was started. Informal courses on economic systems, constitutional government, race problems, Gandhi's theory of non-violence were conducted. Guest lecturers came from Berlin, London, and Leeds, England.

In the winter of 1948, Friendship House had to shut down for lack of funds. The huts were not equipped for cold weather living. The students went home. When spring came everything, to the consternation of pastor Mensching and his little band, had been stolen that could be stolen. Even the newly planted fruit trees had been uprooted and carted away! It was almost like beginning all over again. But that spring and

summer a total of 62 volunteers showed up, from as far away as India and New Zealand! Loans and gifts from many sources again came to the rescue, and rebuilding was underway.

The next year a well was dug and the first permanent building started. Leslie Hayman, a New Zealand Methodist minister and his wife, Wanda, a Pole, became House-Parents. In the winters this genial and dedicated couple traveled and lectured abroad while a few students stayed on at Friendship House.

In 1951, 81 volunteers came to work and study at Friendship House. After that the figure rose to over a hundred from 16 different countries, some of them behind the "Iron Curtain". Guest lecturers came from many parts of the world also.

In 1952, a second house, now the main building, was constructed, and Andre Trocme, the Frenchman who started it all, came back to dedicate it to the war victims of the world, to war resisters everywhere, and to God the Father of all men.

By 1954 there was a need for a third house, but again there was no money. Pastor Mensching, now well beyond the retirement age, set out on a lecture tour of Canada and the U. S., following the footsteps of Leslie and Wanda Hayman. The necessary funds were



raised, and the third house became a reality. New Friendship House could stay open the year around. There were adequate bedrooms, baths and showers, the kitchen was well equipped, flower gardens and a recreation area were started. Friendship House, while not yet self-sustaining, would survive.

Today, young men and women from prosperous homes and countries study and work along side those from areas of poverty and misery. For five hours a day they work in the fields, the gardens, the kitchen, at the rock quarry, at road building. The rest of the time is spent in class, in study, and at recreation. Conferences on a wide range of subjects are held regularly. They include such topics as Civilization, Politics and Education, Economics and Peace, The Importance of the Individual, East-West Tensions, The Peace Movement in Theory and Practice.

The viewpoints of the many countries represented are brought out and discussed openly. Current events in the various nations are described—things that never get into print. All may not agree with the different points of view expressed, but they are brought to the light of day, and analyzed in

open and free discussion. It's not *Who's* right but *What's* right that matters.

There is no room for rancor or bitterness at Friendship House. A former Nazi youth had a roommate who was a Jew. A capitalist girl shared quarters with a Communist. A Christian studied and played games with an agnostic. Friendship House never makes such inquiries into one's background. Indeed, its objective is to bring together peoples of varied beliefs and customs, to demonstrate that people basically are, after all, just people.

The only requirements are a minimum age of 17, a nominal tuition fee plus two marks (48c) a day for living expenses, an interest in world peace, and most of all, a friendly and cooperative attitude.

When students return home after a few weeks or months at Freundschaftsheim, they are better equipped to work for the cause of peace and justice in their own communities. And they take with them its central theme, the Chinese proverb: "It is better to light a little candle than to grumble at the darkness."



*Her faith is secure, and she knows she will be taken care of, and that is how, she says, she has come to know God.*

## *Peace Pilgrim*

LADY

### OF THE ROADS

DUANE VALENTY

The sun shines down on the woman as she walks along the road. A few motorists stare, most go by unnoticed. She hopes they will notice; that is the reason she is walking and refusing all offers to ride.

She is the Peace Pilgrim.

The story of the woman who walks for Peace is a strange one—a story of intense and selfless dedication to an ideal. In 1953 she began her epic journey and it will go on, she plans, as long as she lives. Her motive? To be an example of prayer for peace on earth.

It was her longing to inspire others to work and pray for peace that enabled her to give up her own "worldly" identity, and become a

woman without a name or background, known simply as the Peace Pilgrim to tens of thousands who have talked to her, listened to her lecture, and been photographed with her. These include governors and mayors and other well-knowns as well as people on the roads who remember her when she comes to their town.

The first year of this woman's unusual pilgrimage saw her cover at least 100 miles in every state in the Union as well as Mexico and Canada.

"I shall remain a wanderer until mankind has learned the way of peace," she vowed then, "walking until I am given shelter, and fasting until I am given food."



So far the gray-haired lady with the sparkling blue eyes whose age no one knows has not had to go without sustenance. Nor does she worry about it; her faith is secure and she knows she will be taken care of.

"I have never skipped more than four meals in a row," she says. "I don't think about food until it is offered."

Money is also of little importance and the Peace Pilgrim classes it with other "material" things she can do without. Although this would be exceedingly difficult for most people, she finds it simplest to live simply.

It was twenty years ago when she decided to live on \$10 a week and worked at various jobs to earn that. In 1953, when the idea of her current mission came to her, she decided that even that amount was not necessary, but other things were. This was, she says, "when I learned to know God."

People stop and talk to her as she travels along. They want to know why she is doing such a thing and what she hopes to gain. They are curious and not always in sympathy. Although all claim to want peace, they do not see what good such a mission as hers can hope to accomplish.

Peace Pilgrim patiently talks and patiently explains, and in doing so reminds them to pray themselves for peace. This is her work.

She believes in what she is doing and that belief is enough for her even if others cannot share it. Sometimes they do, as when she talks to a large audience and hears them applaud her life mission. This is fulfilling, but she does not depend on it.

An inscription lettered in white on the back of her blue tunic is easily visible to approaching motorists. It says;

"Walking 25,000 miles for world peace."

Of that remarkable total she accomplishes 2,000 miles most years, a good deal slower than she would like. She divides this into 1,000 mile trips and is now in the first of one of these. The rest of the year she plans speaking engagements and answers the voluminous mail that comes to her mailing address in New Jersey. And, during this time if she were anyone else, she would be resting, but her energy is apparently indefatigable.

Does a woman walking alone on the roads of America feel fear? Peace Pilgrim does not feel that she walks alone.

"I have no fear . . . just faith. I've never had a bad experience. I couldn't imagine worrying. It's a lack of faith."

This faith she calls her one and only and most precious possession, and she acquired it about eight years ago. Prior to that she was,

to use her words, a humanist, but not a deeply religious person. Today she is, and it is this faith which keeps her going.

Having given a great deal of thought to the subject to which she's dedicated her life, this woman whose name no one knows, has many thoughts on peace. She has made hundreds of friends of every age and description and their ideas have helped affirm her own belief that world peace cannot be much more than "six years away."

The time has come, she feels sure, when the choice must be peace. The only modern alternative seems to be nuclear self-destruction. "But," argue the pessimists she frequently encounters, "that will take far longer than six years."

She says simply; "If it takes

longer, I'll just keep walking."

In towns along the way where she collects the mail forwarded from New Jersey, she spreads her gospel of peace, makes new friends, then with good wishes and blessings goes on her way.

How can such a pilgrimage help in achieving peace? Hers is wasted effort, a life work that cannot possibly achieve its high aims, say many who see her. Can she walk in Russia? Would it mean anything, even if she could?

It doesn't matter to her. She goes on her way unworried, sure that as she is a reminder of peace even the prayer for peace of the smallest child who sees her will help bring this about.

"I leave results purely in the hands of God," she says.



A gem cannot be polished without friction,  
nor a man perfected without adversity.

—Chinese Proverb



BY CHARLES LUDWIG

## The Abiding Christ

*"I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."*  
Revelation 3:20.

One time when he was in terrible pain because of the cancer that finally took his life, a woman called Babe Ruth to go and see her husband. This was a large request, and he was advised not to go. But thinking he would be of service, the famous ball player insisted that he be driven over.

When Babe knocked at the door the wife invited him in, pointed him to a chair and said, "Wait a minute. I'll get my husband. He's been totally blind for seven years. I know he'll get a great thrill when he knows you are here."

Babe sat and waited, his head in his hands for his pain was almost unbearable. Then the blind man was led in and his wife said nonchalantly, "Honey, Babe Ruth has come to see you!"

Tears came into the man's eyes. Then, when he had gotten control of himself, he said in a halting voice, "Babe, you've made me very proud. I saw you play a lot in the old days—saw you knock that

old apple over many a park."

The two of them visited for half an hour. Finally, when Babe's pain was more than he could stand, he said, "I'll have to leave you now." Then he backed out the front door.

As he was stepping out the blind man whispered, "God bless you, Babe. You're like a candle in a blind man's house."

The man was silent for a long time after Ruth had gone. Then suddenly he broke into uncontrolled tears. If only Babe could have stayed!

But how different it is with Christ! When he comes into our hearts he comes to stay. Yes, he comes to sup with us; and we can talk to him and visit with him. He gives us courage in the stillness of the night when the stars are out and the fires are burning low. He gives us courage in the thick of the battle. He stands within us in times of joy and sorrow. He is not merely like a candle in a blind man's house. **HE IS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD!**

*Having one behavior pattern for your religion and another one for your work, cannot lead to happiness.*

DO

## A Little Bit

EXTRA

BY CARL H. ZWINCK

During military service and in private industry I have discovered many values for myself and others which result from doing a little something extra. Although there are many who have called me an "eager beaver", I have found doing more than the job requires very rewarding.

During the Korean War, I was directing technical training programs related to the location of enemy radio transmitters; the end of that conflict left many others and me with time left to serve and not much to do. I continued work in education and training, although these programs were immediately cut down. Having been a teacher in civilian life, I offered aptitude and interest testing to those who would be returning to school, col-

lege, or employment, and weren't sure just what to do. I encouraged taking correspondence courses and tests which could give high school or college credits. I kept the Information and Education Center open seven days and seven evenings a week in order to serve as many individuals as possible. I was trying to follow Christ's teaching by helping others; personal gain was not my objective.

I spent almost all of my time in the Information and Education Center, selling stamps, making change and personal loans, supplying road maps and college catalogs, all without financial profit. Free services encouraged wider use of the building, and both enlisted men and officers began to make greater use of the education-



al opportunities available to them. These activities at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, caused interested officers to come from Washington, D. C., and elsewhere to see how we had attained amazingly high participation rates in USAFI correspondence courses and other programs. The army does not normally have the time or the personnel to provide testing and counseling services on as comprehensive a scale as we were doing, but there was great interest nonetheless. I found myself doing work I enjoyed instead of routine drilling and inspections which bore many peacetime service personnel waiting for their discharges. I still receive letters from men who were aided by the activities of that busy Fort Bragg building.

Perhaps the greatest values of this work to me personally were realized years later. I found that experience gained at Fort Bragg was very helpful in high school, college, and industrial positions held later. Even though I put forth efforts jeopardizing my own health, arriving so early and working so late that the majority of my associates distrusted and resented me, I was able to help some individuals I grew to know well. My extra efforts to understand people and situations have encouraged others to prepare themselves for positions for which they did not hope to qualify. There are college gradu-

ates who did not expect to go beyond high school who appreciate the push I gave them. The pushing is seldom appreciated at the time, and sometimes months or years pass while those who later benefit from this aid resent it. Doing your best to follow God's Will is not the easy way, but it offers satisfactions which cannot possibly be attained in any other manner.

When our big spurts in guided missile research and development began, I was working in personnel development for the General Electric Company. Development of promotion systems and other personnel procedures got me acquainted with employees ranging from elevator operators and shop workers to PhD scientists and engineers. In my spare time I did some testing and counseling not offered by the company, and soon I was asked to direct education and training activities. By arriving early and leaving late, I was able to help some of the second and third shift workers who are often ignored in industry. Any suggestions I gave to individuals were for their best interests, whether or not the company would prefer what I advised; in the long run, concern with the interests of the employees and the customers is in the best interests of the employer. Without satisfied employees and customers no business or company can improve its organization or increase

profits. The Golden Rule is good business.

I have found that looking for things which need doing and developing a plan of action without being told to do so leads to promotion and success. Those who do only what is required will not often be given better jobs, and unfortunately we now have many workers who try to see how they can get away with, either stealing from their employer or failing to do all that is expected of them. Following the examples and teaching of Christ is just as important on the job as in church. Having one behavior pattern during church services and another at work cannot lead to happiness. Buying on credit to impress the neighbors does not give the rewards which were sought. If we do as He wishes and not what we think will give us the most material wealth, we find we have riches far more wonderful than any amount of money can buy.

When I returned to teaching, I tried to convince as many students as possible of the Truth found in the Bible. Too often someone, sometimes a parent, will brag in the presence of children that apple polishing or even methods which may be both illegal and immoral are desirable and perhaps even necessary for success. One such statement soon is heard by most of the children in an entire school

building or community, and it can offset many hours of Sunday School lessons and sermons. Careless remarks can do much harm. Most people do not realize how profoundly they may influence an individual or how many young people will be affected by deliberate or careless statements which imply that letting the boss beat you at golf or romancing his daughter will bring about your promotion. Avoiding work when the boss or teacher isn't looking or isn't likely to find out is sometimes advocated as the "way to operate". Those who favor such policies forget that God is always watching. No manager will entrust a position of responsibility to someone who may bungle badly enough to endanger the reputation of his superior; all managers want to promote those with the most ability and ambition, those who can be depended upon to do the right thing whether the boss is present or not.

A remark made in jest or without thinking which could be taken to mean that shirking is better than being an "eager beaver" often harms the careless talker and the organization he represents. Confidence in a company or an individual is built slowly, but can be destroyed rapidly. Before personal convenience to the shopper in such matters as automobile parking, variety of merchandise handled,



and perhaps trading stamps, became so important, the grocer who put thirteen in a dozen or gave better quality merchandise got more business than those who only met the minimum requirements. A doctor who would make personal sacrifices for the welfare of his patients was provided for in good times or bad.

City dwellers who bought tractors during World War II in order to get more ration stamps for gasoline and present-day businessmen who take trips for the sole purpose of padding the expense account are unfortunately not rare exceptions; our rapidly growing and changing economy has made it easier to cheat with some degree of anonymity. The number of those who continue to cheat their employers or customers undetected is much smaller than most people seem to realize, however. The businessman who gets more customers or receives a promotion when success is not deserved usually does not

continue long before he is set back. The neighbor who visits often because of free food or liquor is not as popular as he thinks he is; his "friends" will not be of help to him when he encounters sickness or trouble.

There is probably no better rule for success in business or anywhere else than, "do a little more than is expected". Make a personal sacrifice; inconvenience for the benefit of someone else. Don't think in terms of what you'll get out of it. When we do something in the best interests of someone else, even if we seem to create problems or inconvenience for ourselves, society will benefit, we will benefit ourselves in the long run. In today's busy rushing world with false and misleading advertising, pressures to do what we know is wrong, and a feeling that no one will know or care, we have greater need than ever before for following the teachings of Christ all the time—not just on Sunday.



## A LIFE PURPOSE

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose. Labor is life.

—Carlyle

*Peace flooded my heart. Peace where there had been fear. I had touched the hem of His garment.*

## I Was Healed

*Bernice Ayers Hall*

"If only you weren't so upset about this! Here are some tablets to help you sleep at night," the doctor had said. His diagnosis and statement that surgery was necessary had shaken me till I was dangerously close to tears. Secretly I wondered why, in a moment of anxiety that morning, I had confided to my husband the symptoms and fears that had tormented me for so long. I should have known he would insist I see a doctor. Now, that golden autumn Friday, September 9, 1955, in fact the entire week end ahead, was ruined. The excursion we had planned, instead of a happy family experience, would be something that must be endured.

Since our plans were irrevocable, I went through the motion of packing and preparing for our visit. My hands kept busy, but oh, how my mind wandered! And oh, how burdened was my heart! Yet the overwhelming blackness of my mood must not overshadow my family's enthusiasm!

That night after we had reached our destination and everyone was in bed—the deluge of tears! All the comfort my husband tried to give was pathetically ineffective. Soon he grew silent and drifted off to sleep. How welcome, at last, those nocturnal hours of aloneness! How grateful I was for the comforting darkness and the sweet silence! Then, I began to think and to pray. I who had written religious poetry exhorting others to faith in God, I who had penned verses about the mustard seed of faith, suddenly asked myself, "What of my faith?" If I had even that one tiny mustard seed, why not use it now? Why not nurture it and let it grow into a giant tree, a tree which, I had maintained in verse, would grant shelter and security in the storms of life? I had never tossed off poetry with a flippant pen. Verses had always been the result of prayer and deep feeling. But writing of faith for others and using that faith myself in a crisis—well, here indeed was



the testing! I would soon know the stuff of which it was made!

What a consecrated group of fellow pilgrims filed by my bed that night: people who because of their indomitable faith have become great towers of spiritual strength; not people from the pages of history, but my own contemporaries, people who have spent their lives exploring the realm of the spirit, developing their own souls, till they could stand triumphant, serene, unshakable against any vicissitudes of this earthly life. Through books my mind had been feasting on, these modern disciples had become my friends: Glenn Clark, the author of so many inspiring books on prayer; Roland Brown a minister who has actually applied the teachings of Jesus and who has been a channel through whom God's healing power has poured out to countless sufferers; Agnes Sanford, whose book "The Healing Light" has been a challenge and a revelation; and others, Frank Laubach, Starr Daily, and Rebecca Beard.

Towering over and above all these, Christ Himself, the Great Physician of body and soul! His words came welling up in my heart as though they were spoken for the first time, and directly to me. Perhaps that was the first time I had really listened to them! "Ask and ye shall receive." "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will

do it." "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me!" "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth." Surely His power to heal was as great now as when He had walked the roads of little Galilee. As a Living Presence He was as real that night as He had ever been. He was as available to me as to blind Bartimaeus and all the countless others who had felt His touch.

For long, quiet hours, with only the sound of the lake outside my door, I meditated and prayed. At length came this high resolve: I would give myself in complete surrender to His perfect will. Whether He would choose to heal me by the surgeon's knife or through faith and prayer, it did not matter. In His own way He would work the miracle of wholeness. I would give God a chance and leave results to Him.

One miracle had already been wrought. Peace had flooded my heart, peace where there had been fear. I had read that when peace comes, you may know your prayer is answered. I was enveloped with and in a peace that was truly out of this world, peace that was so much more than peace. It was joy! It was ecstasy! I was launching out on a momentous, wonderful adventure! I threw away the sleeping pills the kindly doctor had given me that afternoon. Why

did I need them? Underneath were the Everlasting arms! And I slept!

How glorious the world looked when I awakened next morning! That same buoyancy of spirit possessed me all day Saturday. I was with people all day and enjoyed my fellowship with them. I was truly in love with all humanity and felt a kindredship with all life. Everywhere was beauty; everywhere was evidence of the work of a Divine Creator, His infinite love and His matchless skill seen in the vast panorama of the heavens and in the tiniest insect along the shore. I was like someone entrusted with a precious magnificent secret.

Sunday morning was my first opportunity to be alone, so I stepped out into a little rowboat and rowed slowly out from shore. I'm sure the Master Himself was my Companion in that boat, just as He had been with the disciples so long ago on Galilee. For nearly two perfect hours I rowed and drifted up and down that sun-drenched shore. Here in my blessed solitude was the close communion my soul needed with God. It was a time of cleansing, of emptying from myself all ill will, resentment, fear, jealousy. I threw overboard all injustice, hurts, grudges, and forgave anyone who had ever wronged me. I asked God to remove any unworthy emotion that

might block the flow of His power to me. In every way I knew, I cleared the channel to receive Him. What perfect serenity! The inside of the cup of my life was as shining and immaculate as I knew how to make it. I had asked for and received forgiveness. I was right with my fellow man. I was "in tune with the Infinite." Then I asked God to invade those empty, clean-swept rooms of my life, to invade and flood them with His love. In asking for so much, I knew I must withhold nothing, so I asked Him to use me in any way that He chose that somehow I might be a blessing to others. I promised to belong first to Him before I belonged to anyone on this earth. Had Christ not said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God"? How slow I had been in learning!

Matt. 6:33

Now I was impatient to carry out my plan! That night after we had returned home and everyone was in bed (everyone but me—I had much work to do!) I wrote letters to Glenn Clark, the United Prayer Tower he had founded, Roland Brown, and Agnes Sanford. Also, I contacted two of my personal friends, both women of deep religious faith. I needed so much more than my own prayers. I needed a great fountain of intercessory prayer. What heart-warming responses, what wonderful un-



dergirding I received in a few short days from them!

"The kingdom of God is within you," said Christ. That week I dwelt in the kingdom right here on earth. All time not given to family household cares I spent in spiritual pursuits. How easily I became a slipshod housekeeper, doing only the most essential things! (It's amazing how little a housewife can get by on!) I prayed, I read, I studied, especially the Bible and its accounts of Christ's healing ministry. Many helpful books I had already read, but I reread them. How alive and vibrant they became to me! My mustard seed of faith was, indeed, growing. I did have faith in a God who loves to pour out good gifts, faith in Christ the Great Physician, who longs to heal and restore. Throughout the week not a doubt entered my mind that He would heal me. As the Prayer Tower had suggested, I was literally immersed in the great healing light of Christ

and I let it permeate every cell of my being.

On Sunday morning September 18, in one luminous moment of divine revelation, came unmistakably, the answer to prayer. At exactly four o' clock I was awakened suddenly by a Voice. There was no blinding light such as Saul of Tarsus had seen on the Damascus Road, but in my darkened room Someone was calling in a voice as clear as any voice I have ever heard. And the words, I shall never forget them! I have lived on them every day since. I shall live on them every day all through the years ahead! "My words—they are healing and they are light!"

\* \* \*

Later, upon returning to another doctor, for meanwhile, we had to move to a new community, the condition was not present.

Strange? Or was it so strange, after all? I, too, had touched His garment's hem!



# CHRISTIANITY

## ANSWERS

### FOUR GREAT NEEDS

S. BARRY O'LEARY

Christianity is itself, among other things, the answer to the four great needs of the heart of man.

First, the need for an explanation of the universe. But some say science has already explained the universe. It is made up of atoms and molecules and protons and neutrons and various combinations categorized as animal, vegetable, or mineral. Science can discover, analyze, describe, and explain, but it does not attempt to answer the "why" of the universe. Its best explanation for the existence of the universe and life itself is that it just happened. Science can tell us how much of it happens, but it cannot tell us why, except that it just happens that way, a matter of chance.

If I took the twenty-six letters of the alphabet and put them all in a large paper bag, and, by taking out three letters at a time, tried to spell out the word CAT, there is one "chance" in 15,000 that I would succeed. Yet look at the universe—full of three letter words and live cats. Why? Science calls it chance. We say, "In the beginning, God—"

Secondly, there is the need felt for the sorrowing heart, for which Christianity offers the only answer. Tell the grieving mother that science has perfected an atomic submarine. What comfort is there in that? Science (I am sure in this every scientist would concur) cannot produce love and comfort and hope from a test tube, though by



artificial means the appearance of these may be simulated. Christianity has a monopoly on the only answer to man's sorrow and grief.

Thirdly, Christianity is the only answer to the need of the will for an authority to live by. The Nazis tried to answer this need, and millions followed their fanatical authority like cattle, for awhile. The Communists have tried it, and they too are failing here and there.

Eventually man always rebels against corrupt, man-made authority. Yet we crave authority. We want to know what to do and how and why. We can't seem to find the answers. We have disinfected ourselves from the old superstition known as religion and now we find we can't live on disinfectant. The only ultimate authority that man can live by is that which tells us, "I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt have no other Gods but me. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy mind, and all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself."

And, finally, Christianity contains the only ultimately satisfactory answer to the whole personality's need for example. It was the example of the handful of early Christians which converted the Roman Empire. Every great instance of spiritual growth throughout human history has been the example of some God-fearing and

God-inspired man, one man's faith setting a spark in another man's life until the flames of truth and love spread like wildfire.

There is an incident in the famous *Tom Brown's Schooldays* that illustrates this very well. As the story goes, when Tom went away to school his mother asked him to promise that he would say his prayers every night. At first he did, kneeling down beside his bed every night, after the lights were out and the other boys were asleep. Then he decided he could say them just as well in bed, and finally he stopped saying them altogether, as had all the other boys.

Then a new boy came to the school, and every night he knelt and prayed, before the lights were turned off. He was ridiculed by other boys. They laughed at him and made all sorts of jokes about him. But then another boy began to pray with him, and then another and another. Soon all the boys were doing it, and it became a custom in the school for all the boys to kneel and pray together every night.

This chapter in the book was titled, "How the Tide Turned," and it is just one more example of how the tide can turn our own age if each of us who call ourselves Christians will make ourselves living examples of our faith.

Sallie Green

## HANDICAPPED OZARK GIRL SUCCEEDS THROUGH FAITH IN GOD

Cora Pinkley (Pinckney) Call of Eureka Springs, Arkansas taught a bible class for 54 of her 69 years. Now that she is no longer able to teach and do the home mission work in her native Ozark hills, due to a serious heart ailment, she writes bible and nature stories and articles for children's and youth's magazines. She spends from two to six hours a day with her bible, finishing a book on bible prophecy which she began thirty years ago. She is the author of eight small books and has five more "in the hopper" as she expresses it.

Due to her affliction, Mrs. Call had to quit school when she was twelve years old, when it was discovered that she had that rare disease, scleroderma, the "stone disease," and was turning to stone. The doctors told her parents to take her from the schoolroom and encourage her to walk and take all the exercise possible, but that from four to six years would be her limit.

Mrs. Call's great ambition was to obtain an education and be a writer. At first, when told that she would have to quit school, she was heart-broken. Then, through her

faith in God and her determination to live and write, she carried her pencil and paper to the woods, studying and writing about everything she saw, birds, flowers, rocks, trees and streams, thus laying the foundation for her future as a naturalist.

She loved the study of the bible and promised God if he would spare her life and let her do what she wanted to do most—write—that she would never fail to give Him the credit due Him. And that she has done, even in the foreword of her cookbook, "From My Ozark Cupboard," in which she says:

"You will perhaps find more 'individualists' living life the way they want to in the Ozarks than elsewhere. The old line Ozarkers are proud of their heritage handed down from the first families of America, and I pray that it remain so. The modern *isms* that plague the world today are not found among the real Ozark folk, and they will have no part of the red anti-Christ propaganda sweeping the world today. They will believe in The Book and the Almighty, and that He will take care of His own. With this philosophy and the



lush bountifulness of mother nature's larder, the Ozark folk live well and happily within the 400 mile boundary of the enchanting hills, regardless of what the fourth rate journalists and mediocre novelists have to say about them."

Mrs. Call's forebears, part Cherokee, blazed the trails into the Arkansas Ozarks and helped to lay the foundation of that area. She has written much in both articles and stories of the early history of the Ozarks and the settlers' way of life. Her work has been recognized not only in her home state, in "Who's Who in Arkansas," but in "Who's Who of American Women" and "Who's Who of the Southwest."

The Pinckneys played an important part among the founding fathers of America. They were writers and statesman. On her mother's maternal side there were also writers, Charles and Henry Vaughan of Wales. The latter, also a doctor, is known as the "silurist" of Wales. His books, written in the 17th century, are now being republished in England and Wales. No doubt Mrs. Call inherited some of their talent, but her success has come through her unshakable faith in God, and that He still can and will do what He promised to do: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3:6. Is her watch-word.

Mrs. Call has memorized much of the New Testament, and in her darkest hours, quotes the promises of God to the righteous. Many people seek her knowledge of the scriptures, as well as her knowledge of writing.

She is the founder and for twenty-five years was president of the Ozark Writer-Artist Guild which she founded to help would-be authors and artists find their way into production. She resigned in 1960 due to her health. She still helps beginning writers who come to her home to seek aid. At one time she conducted a beginning writers' workshop and also gave courses by mail. She has perhaps inspired and helped more beginning writers and artists than any other author living. She has brought writers from 46 of the 50 states to her home town, Eureka Springs, Arkansas, which she named "Stair Step Town" in her book on the early history of this unusual town, which has many stairsteps connecting streets on the steep hillsides.

Her articles on birds have appeared in Audubon Magazine, the Flower Grower, and many more nature and flower magazines. Her brave fight to rise above her handicaps and succeed in her chosen profession has inspired many other handicapped folk.

Mrs. Call's early faith in God and belief that ALL THINGS are

possible with Him, shines through all of her writing and has helped many men and women in all walks of life to seek her faith.

Several years ago Mrs. Call went before an international clinic of doctors in Los Angeles, California, who were studying the little-understood disease, scleroderma, with which she was afflicted when a child. After examining her with every modern device, she was asked to give her case history, which she did. After she had finished, the elderly woman doctor, Gudrun Frisholme, said: "Mrs. Call, would you mind telling us what you consider the greatest factor in your fight against this disease?"

"My faith in the power of God," Mrs. Call said. "My determination to live and write, and the water of Eureka Springs."

The doctor then asked, "Have you ever written your own story?" Mrs. Call told her she had not. The doctor then said, "By all means, write it. Just as you have told it to us. It will be your masterpiece."

Mrs. Call is now writing that story, just as she lived it.

While the stone-like appearance of the skin, which gives rise to the name "sclera," meaning stone, and "derma," meaning skin, has disappeared, it has now struck into the internal organs, heart and liver. Mrs. Call has what is now known

as "scleroderma heart," one of the three cases known to medical science, which has slowed her physical activities, but not her mind nor her writing. While she can no longer use a typewriter, she can use a pencil.

She is a very happy person, and enjoys the birds and her flowers and rare herbs such as ginseng, golden seal, and many others which she carried from her field trips when she began to realize that her hikes in the woods were coming to an end. She has also attracted hundreds of birds to her front porch and back yard where she feeds them 365 days of the year.

Her husband, also a nature lover and now handicapped, bought seven acres of cedar and pine covered hillside opposite their home in Mill Hollow, a suburb of Eureka Springs, where they have lived 49 years. This acreage is now a bird and wild life sanctuary. It is not unusual to see rabbits, groundhogs, ground squirrels, squirrels, helping themselves to the food always kept there for them. These all furnish material for Mrs. Call's pen. Her nature columns are now being collected for a book, "Flora and Fauna of the Ozarks," and the herbs and wild flowers will appear in a book, "Folk Remedies of the Ozarks." Much of this lore was handed down to her by her Irish-Cherokee grandfather, who doctor-ed all the folks in this area before



there were medical doctors or towns.

Mrs. Call's grandfather on the paternal side was Benjamin Franklin Pinckney, doctor and surgeon, a descendant of Charles Pinckney who wrote 32 of the provisions of the Constitution of the United States.

Mrs. Call never had any help in her writing career, which dates back to her first year in a little one-room country church and schoolhouse in the Ozark hills. She surprised her schoolmates by telling them that when she grew up she was going to write stories for children to read, stories told her by her pioneer and Indian ancestors, who drove the first overland wagon across the Boston mountains from eastern Tennessee into northwest Arkansas (then Missouri territory) where they settled prior to 1825 and where their kin still live today. Her saga, *Trail Blazers of the Ozarks*, has just run its course as newspaper serial and will soon be in book form.

Mrs. Call has five children and ten grandchildren. Two of the grandchildren are training for foreign missionary work.

This little handicapped girl of the hills has, through her faith and determination, inspired many, both youth and adults, many of whom

she has never seen but who have read her books, to emulate her. She has a firm conviction that anyone can do what he wants to do most, provided he is willing to work hard enough, take God as his partner, and never give up. Her closet is her prayer room, where she goes as Jesus directed his apostles to do.

In her darkest hours and most trying circumstances, she has done this, and says, "Never once has God let me down. My prayers were not always answered as I had asked, but they were answered with either 'yea or nay,'—'wait awhile' or 'I will give you something better.' I know my heavenly Father knows what is best and will give it to me, therefore I do not worry, but trust Him for guidance."

"When I sit down to write, I ask God to direct my mind, my heart and my hand."

That is the faith that lives and breathes in the hill girl's books. She believes that her life was divinely spared to give this testimony to the world. And who can dispute it? Certainly not medical science, which can give no other reason for her having lived with one of the rarest diseases known to medical science.

# *A Psalm of Joy*

By

*Glenn Clark*

We know, O Father, that perfect Love expresses itself in perfect Joy.

This Joy radiates throughout the vistas of consciousness

As sunlight plays up and down the vistas of mountains.

No power can possibly prevent the perfect circulation of this Joy,

For it is propelled by Love,

And Love is omnipotent;

For Love is God.

This Joy is pure, perfect, complete, and life-giving,

And it is continuously revealing itself in infinite Power and infinite Glory,

Expressing the eternal Majesty.

This Joy is absolutely pure, untouched by anything unlike Thee,

Therefore this Joy is perfect, whole, and complete,

Bringing wholeness, healing, and perfection.

Nothing is sick but this Joy can make whole,

Nothing is impure but this Joy can make pure,

Nothing is hid but this Joy can bring to light,

Nothing is imperfect but this Joy can make perfect.

For this Joy is omnipotent Power,

Made manifest in man,

Irresistible, infinite, eternal,

Circulating with unflinching regularity and ease

Throughout the vistas of consciousness.

Nothing can possibly prevent the perfect circulation of this Joy,

For it is propelled by Love, and Love is omnipotent; for Love is God.

By permission from Little, Brown & Company publishers of *The Soul's Sincere Desire*, \$3.00.



*Work is giving. When we work in the spirit of "givingness", we worship God.*

*By Russell J. Fornwalt*

## Your Workbench Is Your Altar

"This is the way I worship God," once said the stone mason as he chipped away at another rock. "People passing by think I'm just piling up stone. But they're wrong. I'm building a cathedral."

Usually we think of Sunday morning as the time for worship and a church the place. We think of worship as the singing of hymns, the saying of prayers, listening to sermons, meditating, and giving to the collection.

Church attendance is every Christian's duty. But worship need not, and indeed should not, stop there. You and I can worship God everyday of the week in the work we do.

I do not mean we should go around all day with a pious look or a "holier than thou" attitude. That's not true worship, and it won't fool anyone. We can "pray

without ceasing' and be happy as ever.

For the Christian work and worship, in a sense, are one and the same. In the first place, work is *giving*. It is the giving of your time, training and temperament for the benefit of others. And when you work in the spirit of true *givingness*, you worship God.

"... Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matthew 25:40

Let us say you are a typist for a religious magazine. Part of your job is to type mailing labels for all the subscribers. Perhaps there are times when you feel your work is unimportant. But always bear in mind the philosophy of the stone mason.

Take the long range point of view. You, too, in a sense, are

building a cathedral. You are doing more than typing labels. You are giving courage, comfort and confidence to thousands of readers. A magazine you mail today may lead a man to God tomorrow. Some article in that magazine may keep some person from taking his own life. Another article may save a boy or girl from a lifetime of sin.

You may never know the names of the people to whom you give hope and happiness. You may never see more than two or three of the magazine's subscribers. But all that's unimportant. What is important is the fact you're *giving* life and light to those who may not know Christ. And when you do that you're building the finest kind of cathedral. You are indeed worshipping God.

"Serving God with our little, is the way to make it more; and we must never think that wasted with which God is honored, or men are blest." - John Hall, Irish-American Presbyterian Clergyman and author.

We can say our Lord's prayer every day. We can light candles now and then in church. We can fast on certain days. We can give up this or that during Lent. We tithe. We can use all kinds of rites and rituals to revere God. We can worship Him in absolute silence as some people do or we can "*praise Him upon the loud cymbals*" (Psalm 150:5).

But differ as we may in preferences for religious rites and rituals, we can all worship in work. It makes no difference whether our job's in a bank, barn, bus or bakery. Any place of legitimate employment can be a sanctuary.

For the Christian artist the studio is a holy temple. His easel is an altar. His can be communion with Christ on canvas. The artist can indeed "*worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness*" (I Chronicles 16:29).

Perhaps your job is packing books, candy or clothing. Why not pack a prayer in every box? Your work need not be a bore or chore. It can be a source of endless joy. "*Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days*" (Ecclesiastes 11:1).

You may run business machines for a bank, investment firm or insurance company, but consider God as your employer. Then the rhythm of the mimeograph becomes a hymn of praise. The sound of the adding machine becomes a song of adoration.

If you're a dress operator in New York City's busy garment center, the murmur of your sewing machine can be an anthem. As a jewelry worker you can glorify God in gold and silver. As an executive you can extol God in every decision, plan or policy.

Evangelist Billy Graham recently said, "Christ wants young peo-



ple . . . but young people dedicated to Christ all the way." By "all the way" I'm sure Mr. Graham means not just Sundays but every day of the week. And that, of course, means dedication to Christ on our jobs whether we be employed in mine, mill or monastery.

"Who can separate his faith from his actions, or his belief from his occupations?" writes Kahlil Gibran in *The Prophet*. "Your daily life is your temple and your religion."

Both Billy Graham and Kahlil Gibran are telling us that work can and should be worship. And, indeed, work is worship when we put service above salary, blessings

for others above fringe benefits for ourselves, duty above dollars, and compassion for mankind above monetary compensation.

Tomorrow as you enter your office, factory or foundry, let it be as though you are entering a cathedral. Let your desk, workbench or machine be your altar. Praise God with your best workmanship. Praise God by co-operating with co-workers and customers. Praise God by becoming all you are capable of becoming.

Let God be your employer. Let work be worship. Then your job will be more than *earning* a living. It will be *living*.



"The time of business does not differ with me from the time of prayer; and in the noise and clutter of my kitchen I possess God in as great tranquillity as if I were on my knees." So said Brother Lawrence as he went about his work in the monastery kitchen.

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

# Thoughts Farthest Out

by Norman K. Elliott

### THINGS CAN BE NEW

*Therefore, if one is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has passed away, behold, the new has come.* (II Corinthians 5:17) . . . Just before this well loved statement of the Apostle Paul he says, "We regard no one from a human point of view." And it is in this perspective and viewpoint that indeed all things are made new.

To live on the purely human plane is about the same thing as saying that we are living on the purely biological or animal plane. It is a dog eat dog existence. It is an existence of expediency and chance. It is a self-centered world that views everyone and everything as a threat to one's own security. One is really at war with the world and his neighbors.

I was told about a former college acquaintance by a mutual friend. He summed up this man's personality with the words, "He wouldn't spend five minutes with you if it didn't mean money in his pocket." That's too bad for he didn't used to be this way. Somewhere along the streets of time he evidently had made up his mind and committed himself to a purely human outlook. There are all too many people of this sort today at anytime in history for that matter.

Then one day a man gets a new point of view and a new commitment that goes with it. The ceiling is taken away from living. In the words of the Apostle Paul, "they no longer regard people from a human point of view." They are no longer dependent upon their own wit and wisdom. It has pattern, meaning, purpose and the center of these is centered in God rather than man. Advantage is not the primary consideration. Truth and kindness are more important. To live true to one's highest, whether successful or unsuccessful, is the standard of judgment. The long view that bursts through the walls of this life takes the place of expediency. No one is any longer regarded from the human point of view. All things are made new because in a true sense man is born anew.

Stand in the mind of Christ daily and see life from His perspective. See men and women and children through God's eyes. Remind yourself daily that all life is ultimately in God's hands. Regard all things in the light of God and of heaven.

Read: **The Inward Journey** by Howard Thurman. \$3.00



### THE HEAVENLY APPOINTMENT HERE

*"In the days of Herod, king of Judea" . . . (Luke 1:5) . . . This is the way the Nativity stories as recorded in the Gospel of Luke begin.*

There was a priest named Zechariah (in the days of Herod the king). There were many priests in those days but the main point is that Zechariah, with all his faults and doubts, finally believed the angel and was true to the command of the angel. Who is to say but that the angel had appeared to other priests, that the heavenly opportunity was offered to others before the angel was able to find one who would act on belief and faith? And (if we let our imagination go just a little) if this should be true how awful must have been the stricken consciences of those others when they reached that Abode where they could see "face to face" and realized that missed chance and the refused heavenly appointment?

There was a virgin named Mary (in the days of Herod the King). There were many Marys in those days, and surely many of them were betrothed to men of the lineage of David. There must have been other men named Joseph. It would be an almost mathematical impossibility not to have other Marys betrothed to other Josephs. But, the main point of the story is that there was one Mary and one Joseph who believed the angel. And, because they believed we have the Nativity story as recorded in the Gospels. Once again one wonders if others were offered the heavenly appointment and turned it down!

It is well to remind ourselves that God "plays no favorites." All the promises of heaven and of God are to all people, but how few of us make use of them, act upon them—and perhaps an angel has to go about the earth looking for someone with faith.

When people used to express envy over the faith of George Mueller he would answer them like this, "I have no more faith than anyone else—I have just used what I had and it grew!"

All the strength, power, peace, goodness, temperance, wisdom, and all the other attributes of God are free to anyone who wishes to appropriate them, who wishes to bow his knee and accept Him as Lord and King. God never promised anything to anyone that He has not promised to everyone. For those who wish to step out on the promises of God—like St. Francis, a Luther, a Calvin, a George Fox, or anyone else reckoned a saint—the angel of opportunity is there offering Him all of Heaven.

Read: **The Real Christmas**, Pat Boone. \$1.50

### THE LAW OF EXPANSION

*And God said, "Let the earth bring forth living creatures according to their kinds . . ." (Genesis 1:24) . . .* The creation stories also say that God gave the command that each creature should multiply

after its kind. "And God blessed them, and God said to them, "Be fruitful and multiply. . . ."

Most people are used to thinking of creatures reproducing after their kind in the purely physical sense, but there is an extension of this thought. This universal principle is just as true mentally and spiritually.

Thoughts also reproduce after their kind. Hate reproduces hate. Love reproduces love. Indifference reproduces indifference. Brutality reproduces brutality. This has been proven all throughout history.

Now, remember the word "*multiply*." Jesus said, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone." How true this is in the physical plane. Any seed that refuses to lose itself remains as a single unit. But, when it falls into the ground and "dies" to its own personal world, loses itself in something else, it "*multiplies*" itself. It does not merely *add* to itself. It "*multiplies*."

In the mental and spiritual realm the same thing is so true. A friend of mine recently told me that after hearing me talk on this subject he went out and tried it. He walked along the street and smiled at everyone he met. He admitted that some folks looked askance at him, wondering what was wrong with him. But, nevertheless, he continued to smile obviously at each person. He told me that by the time he finished his experiment so many people had smiled back at him that he felt the whole world was filled with friendly people. His smile and welcome had "*multiplied*" so rapidly that the world was transformed.

Whatever you give out does not come back via addition, but rather via multiplication! And it is well to remember that this is one of the universal laws of the entire creation. It matters not whether it be physical or mental or spiritual.

What kind of an outlook do you have on life? Whatever it is it is well to remember that it will be multiplied! If you wake up in the morning and project that the world will be dull, suspicious, hard and unresponsive, then know just as sure as the sun rises in the morning that it will multiply itself in the outer. Perhaps you may not notice it immediately. On some dull days we do not actually see the sun arise, but fly above the clouds and it is true. Truth is truth whether or not we sense it. This is important to remember.

Take an inventory of your thought world. The universal law is that it will multiply itself. Emerson is said to have remarked that we are praying constantly and that unfortunately our prayers are being answered! Whatever one works for, dreams about, mentally projects, is being multiplied. If life is not to your liking, take a good look at your mental and spiritual world. Your expectations can become great if you will it.

Read: **Riches Within Your Reach** by Robert Collier. \$3.95



# SELF PURIFICATION

BY

JOEL S. GOLDSMITH

Whatever of discord or inharmony exists in our experience represents some measure of violation of God's law. Any discord or inharmony that is in our experience, or that may come into it, represents in some degree our disobedience to God's law. It does not mean that we are always responsible because there are things which we may not yet know. Nevertheless, ignorance is no excuse.

Christ Jesus has indeed told us what we must do to come into, or under, the influence of God, that is to be the children of God and once more live under God's law. Before we can take the final step of receiving the Holy Ghost, which

can only come to us after a measure of purification, we must therefore first of all purify ourselves by coming into obedience to certain laws of spiritual living.

Let us begin with a minor step. Are we agreed that no man on earth is our father, that there is only one Father, the One in heaven? We may have to spend quite a few months with that particular passage because if we accept the Fatherhood of God we have to wipe out of our consciousness racial barriers, religious barriers, and national barriers—and this not with lip-service. There must be an actual coming into the realisation that there is only one creative Prin-

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ciple which created this universe in Its own image and likeness, and therefore, we in our true identity are brothers and sisters, whether Greek or Jew, bond or free.

We have to wipe out those barriers that once appeared as Germany and Japan, and now as Russia. This does not mean that we condone or excuse their failure and anyone else's failure to live up to their highest sense of right, but we acknowledge that in spite of their ignorance of their true identity, there is but one Father. God is our only Father, and we are brothers and sisters, all one in the image and likeness of God.

Some of these brothers and sisters at this moment are good, and some bad, but we pray for the bad even more than for the good, because they need it more. Our prayers will be that the Spirit of the Son of God awaken them so that they, too, may come into this brotherhood of realised Souls. We pray that the errors of envy, hate, jealousy and ambition be broken in them and that Christ be realised.

In this process of self-purification, we turn to the Master's command to forgive seventy times seven, and we go back in our personal history to those who have offended us—personally, and then perhaps nationally and racially—and see how many weeks it takes us before we come to that place of purity where we can say, "I have

forgiven seventy times seven. I have forgiven so completely that never again can I be offended by anyone or anything." It takes a lot of doing, but it must be done.

Remember, however, that these are only the minor and first steps that the Master gave us. The major ones are a little more difficult. We study the four Gospels to find out whether or not we have learned the secret of forgiving seventy times seven. We discover whether or not we have learned to pray for our enemies and really bring ourselves to find out whether we are holding anyone in bondage to his errors or whether we are releasing him.

Human society is built on the obligations one person has to another. A husband expects his wife to perform certain duties, and a husband certainly owes his wife obligations for which the law will hold him legally responsible. Children are in debt to their parents, and parents to their children.

But when we come face to face with the teachings of Jesus Christ we discover that all of that must be relinquished. We can no longer hold wife or husband under any obligation to do anything, but each must be free to live his or her own life. We release our children and our parents in the realisation that God is our husband, our wife, our child, our parent. God is our provider and our supply. God is our love our life. God is our fortress



and high tower. Knowing that, how dare we look to "man, whose breath is in his nostrils"?

Now we learn that we do not owe anything to one another, except to love one another. We set everyone free, and whatever anyone wants to share with the other person is now shared as a free gift—a free gift of love.

If anyone holds me in obligation to do certain things for him, he puts a restraint on me which I feel, and immediately a wall goes up in me; whereas if he were to say, "You owe me nothing—nothing. You are under no obligation to me", I feel a willingness and a readiness to do more than is expected, because then whatever I do is not the result of a demand, nor the fulfilment of a duty, but is the *I* of me expressing Itself.

It is surprising what a miraculous effect such an attitude has on our relatives and friends. There is a release when we inwardly realise, "You owe me nothing but love. And whatever I do for you I do not because of duty but because it is my way of expressing love." There is a joy in service when it is neither expected nor

demanding of us, or performed just to fulfill some legal obligation, but when we are really giving of ourselves.

As we study the Master's teaching further, we shall discover how many ways we have been violating God's law and thereby keeping ourselves from God's rain when it fell. God's rain fell, but we were out there with a pitchfork instead of a pail! God's grace was flowing, but we were not ready to receive it. Whatever measure of lack we have, we can be assured that it was because we were not there to receive God's grace as it came by. God's grace is for ever flowing. We cannot start its flow by petition and we cannot stop its flow by being bad. We keep it out of our personal experience by shutting our door, and the way we shut the door is by violating those principles of spiritual living that Jesus Christ has shown us.

The Christ-way is not the old Hebraic way of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but the way of doing good for evil. Is returning good for evil to be lip-service, or is it an act which must be performed? Lip-service is not enough. Action is required.

DOUGLAS G. MCKENZIE

## WHAT IS YOUR SOLUTION?

### A BREAK OUT?

### A BREAK DOWN?

### A BREAK THROUGH?

King Saul's huge bulk rested in a chair, and he fixed David, his servant with a hate-filled stare. His resentment burnt like a fire in dry bracken. For months he had conspired to kill David, who, not only wanted to marry Michal his daughter but who was becoming a popular military leader, as well. In a paroxysm of rage, he grabbed his spear, and flung it straight at David as he sat playing on the lyre. With gazelle-like grace David skipped out of the way, into the night, as the spear quivered violently, stuck tight in the wall just about where he had been leaning his head. Saul's eyes burnt hot, and the very foundations of his personality fractured and split.

Over the years tension had been building up in Saul's life . . . as it does in ours; and like Saul we can do three things with it. Miss

A. Graham Ikin's book, *Victory Over Suffering*, gives us the clue. For those who are building up a head of steam there are, she says, three alternatives. They can break-out, as did Saul, or they can break-down, or they can break-through. Which will you choose?

#### I. *WE CAN BREAK OUT . . .*

In Saul we see that hating is an ugliness that destroys the whole personality. It is a pity we so seldom see it in ourselves with such clarity. If you scratch the surface of the most placid person you find some pretty intense resentments. The dramatic examples are the most talked about, but by no means the most interesting. A teen-age boy from a family where the mother had an extra-curricular love life, went on a sudden binge of street light breaking. It takes no mind reader to see that this





hostile boy was merely transferring the resentment he felt against his mother, onto society at large. It is, however, non-violent hostility which, in many respects, creates more havoc.

A suprisingly large number of respectable, ordinary, "good" people are filled with hate. Who of us, if given the opportunity, can't relate, with considerable fire, how someone, or some action, has hurt our feelings. How many of us spend countless hours of time, and oceans of emotional energy, in nourishing some long past insult, or slight, or criticism. The toll it takes on our inner peace and personal poise is very great, indeed. We who are appalled at the high cost of living, seldom realize just what we pay in the high cost of hurt feelings.

The odd fact about modern people is their amazing ability to handle their own feelings. An earth-moving machine operator, for instance, had a tremendous reputation among his mates for his ability to handle the dinosaur-like jaws of the bucket with miraculous delicacy. Yet, when he went home, he was unable to handle his teenage daughter! After a few years of nagging conflict, the girl broke away from her father's domination, and married a lad who was as characterless as a jelly-fish.

In persons, hate is like cancer; it eats out their spiritual life. In

groups and nations, it is like a cyclone which wrecks everything before it. In Egypt a mob of incensed anti-British zealots smashed the statue of the French designer of the Suez Canal, as their way of expressing contempt for another nation. In Budapest, a horde of Hungarians, threw down a detested figure of Stalin, and spat on the rubble. In Clinton, Tennessee a group of anti-Negro terrorists bombed Reverend Luther King's house to express their dislike of the cause he represented.

The underlying hostility which provokes a boy to break street lights, and a mob to spit on a statue of Stalin is a menace to our peaceful way of life. The urgent question is: How do we cope with it? We may have to restrain it by force, but this is a temporary solution, for hate resides not in situations, but in haters.

One thing is clear, however, and it should be stated with utmost conviction: It is a destructive solution to the tensions in life to solve them by breaking out into anti-social behavior.

### 2. WE CAN BREAK DOWN .

Today, thousands of people are responding to emotional tension, by breaking down. These people are made of sterner stuff than those who break out and unload their anger on others. They absorb tension in their own minds and

bodies. Such a person was an attractive young mother with two small children, who was expecting a third. Her husband's work took him away from early morning to late at night. She had to carry the whole child-rearing load herself, and consequently her day was filled with endless errands, chores, and the capers of two very frisky youngsters. Gradually the stresses of life began to take their toll. Her moods swung from despair to brittle gaiety, and back again. One minute she would sit staring dully out the window, the next she would be frantically cleaning the house.

One morning as she prepared to go out for a shopping trip she suddenly dreaded going into the streets and stores. Her heart pounded. The dread spiraled into panic. On the verge of hysteria she phoned her husband and begged him to hurry home. He found her locked in the bathroom, weeping . . .

This woman is in good company. The famous Stanley Jones, who wrote *The Christ of the Indian Road*, describes how over-work and worry had precipitated a breakdown in him, forcing him to retire from missionary work for a year. Leslie Weatherhead, an apostle of mental health, had a breakdown of such severity that for three months he could not bear the slightest sound, bear the softest light, or get an hour of decent sleep. Thinking he was finished as

a preacher, he was in deep despair, but in reality his real work was just beginning. God had enabled him to make a breakdown into a break-through.

King Saul on the other hand cracked-up completely. As his mental trouble intensified he shocked others around him by taking off his clothes, and, on occasions, consulting with a fortune-telling woman, the witch of Endor. Yes, tension was too much for Saul; first he lashed out, then he broke-down, and the tragedy is, he never made a break-through.

### 3. WE CAN BREAK THROUGH . . .

In Psalm 40 we have a superb description of the way to make a break-down into a break-through . . . "He brought me up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay. He set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, and he hath put a new song in my mouth."

Scholars differ in their interpretation of this passage maintaining that it means a literal pit, or some dangerous situation which the psalmist faced like death or severe illness. Others apply it to moral struggles and think of a man wallowing in sin, unable to extricate himself. This is more to the point. I remember a compulsive drinker telling me that, in spite of all his efforts he was unable to climb out of the pit of moral degradation.



(a) *My feet upon a rock.*

The psalmist tell us of the way God rescues us from our tensions, and frustrations and guilt. He sets our feet upon a rock — in other words, he puts a solid foundation under our lives. Isn't this what we need so desperately? Don't you ache for a sense of solid, immovable wellbeing?

Despite popular opinion, breakdowns are not sudden or dramatic. They are the result of years of gradual decline — a shifting and cracking of the foundations of the personality. It may take place over decades, years or months. Always it is marked by a PROGRESSIVE INABILITY TO COPE WITH THE TENSIONS THAT ARISE FROM ANXIETY.

Most breakdowns are triggered by stress—often physical, social, or mental. Since there is a limit to human tolerance to stress, every man has his breaking point. How he cracks up will depend on his underlying psychological weakness.

Often, a person can be inwardly buttressed by the assurance that God has a purpose for his life. Nothing gives a man more security and inward strength than to know that this purpose has been spelled out in the person of Jesus Christ, who suffered all forms of human stress with and for us, and emerged victorious. We have the knowledge that what we cannot do for

ourselves, he can, and will, do for us, if we allow him.

In other words, God sets our feet upon the rock of Ages, Jesus Christ.

(b) *He established my goings.*

The Revised Standard version of the Bible translates that; "making my steps secure."

We need stability; we need security. People get into trouble by projecting their need of security too far into the future. They plan for emergencies that, in ten, fifteen, twenty years may never arrive. All spiritual practitioners insist that the only sure-fire successful way to life is not to use up today's energy on tomorrow's problems. Live in "day tight compartment." Or, in the spirit of the text, take one step at a time, trusting in God to aid you.

(c) *He hath put a new song in my lips.*

The emphasis here is all important. The psalmist does not say, "I've found a new song to sing." He says God, "hath put a new song in my lips." The stress is on the action of God, who offers us the solution to our problems in Jesus Christ. In other words our response must be in gratitude for what God has done for us.

What is the theme of the new song? Surely praise to God who can make the break-down in your spiritual life a break-through to a new plain of strength and joy.

RUTH WOODBURY CAMP

*Count Your Blessings*

JUST TO COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS IS TO EXPERIENCE THEM MORE FULLY. THERE MUST BE MOMENTS WHEN OUR GRATITUDE ASCENDS AS PRAYER.

Blessings, boons, and beatitudes are never outdated. We never turn our back on them. "Sitting and counting our blessings" has gone out of style, possibly because we are too busy planting what we suppose to be the seeds of further blessings and too occupied with weeding—or listing things in need of repair. But there must be an occasional inventory in which assets are duly noted, an occasional aesthetic moment in which gratitude ascends as prayer.

What are the blessings we had yesterday and will never lose—either today or tomorrow?

First, there is love. Love was first, and breathed us into being.

Love is composed of full half of our emotions and experience. It includes the creative urge in any area, warmth on all spiritual levels, even, often, that glow which has its start in physical warmth and loveliness (sunshine, fireglow, soft embrace.) It has in it much of qualitative appreciation. Appreciation of character and action and beauty and art. It has in it criticism, distinction, a taking and a leaving. Love is at least half of all things to all men.

Then there is memory, where we store both "good" and "bad", and so much we called bad turns good—or gives rise to understanding and new confidence.

Memory is all our treasure kept without hoarding, because it is our nature to remember. Even those things we thought we had forgotten are recorded, waiting only for the magic of recall. Memory is what we keep as long as we live. Maybe longer. If not longer, then it is merely that we exchange it for something more wonderful.

Memory makes lively the placid and outerly dull times of our lives. It gives us content and identity. At the same time, shared memory gives us companionship and aliveness such as we find in no other earthly circumstance. It brings people together and makes them feel warmed, as under one cloak.

The third blessing that is with us all our days is wonder. Physically spent, emotionally drained (we thought,) we awaken to bird-song and a dawn that renew our human humility and touch us with divine fire. Humility and elation, a lost awe and a finding of pur-



pose, come to us in wonder. And wonder comes at many an unexpected turn—and many a familiar place. A baby's pink fingers curled and waiting for tomorrow, the eyes of a child discovering something, that complex of humanity—a wise old man. A field of corn green and waving in a blue day's sun and wind, then silver under moonlight. The ocean, asking and never answering. A glimpse into the heart of a friend. Wonder is the blessing that came with life and is never quenched.

Then there is laughter, which came to us early and made us glad to be alive. It induced our healthy growth and brought us to warmth and humanity. (We were little but lumps of feeling at first.) And now that we are grown and have known grief, we know that laughter comes back to us and heals us not once but as many times as we recede into despair. Laughter—and love of God—they must go together—mark us as higher and different than all the lower creatures. Since we can think, foresee, and suffer on a special plane, we need laughter and love of God. We survive on them, and without them we die without meaning.

Then there is sleep. We need that too for survival and the daily zest. To the mysterious yet comforting realm of sleep we return each night as to the arms of God,

and from it we emerge each day made new. We do well to approach it with a prayer of thanksgiving, for it is sleep which gives us enthusiasm, and eventually, a sense of being at home where we sojourn. (Isn't that why "George Washington slept here" is supposed, with some validity, to mean, "George Washington left a little of himself here, as if to come back some day?") Sleep is not only a personal thing, bringing the person and the place to somewhat possess each other; it is also a periodic showering off of all the superficial selves we wear as burden-and-protection. Sleep is a blessing every one subscribes to, so why promote it?

These permanent blessings—love, memory, wonder, laughter, and sleep—are not the only boons we receive like manna, deserving or undeserving, but they are especially precious and can never be lost. Some one we loved may be lost—until later—, but love goes on. And for every joke that mists away, a daintier one is bubbling up—or a merrier. And sleep comes again and again. These blessings are like springs that continue, or like harvesttime, which recurs without fail. Just to count them over is to have them more fully. It is a way of enjoying our riches—and somewhat deserving them!

Whatever failures I have known, whatever errors I have committed, whatever follies I have witnessed in private and public life have been the consequences of action without thought.

—Bernard Baruch

## A Time For Everything!

Think of your own faults the first part of the night when you are awake, and of the faults of others the latter part of the night when you are asleep.—Chinese Proverb.

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

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Norman K. Elliott  
(Signature of Editor)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1961.

(SEAL)

Harold T. Ross  
Notary Public, Ramsey County, Minn.  
(My commission expires June 21, 1968)



A CHRISTMAS STORY

A  
SCIENTIFIC  
EXPERIMENT  
IN  
LOVE

*Rosamond Kimball*

It was Christmas eve. Phillip was late from the office, and she must decorate the house alone. He would be so tired when he did get back, he wouldn't want to climb ladders and hang wreaths.

"I'll start a little fire first," said Freda aloud, "it will be more cheerful." She touched a match to a bit of holly. It flared up in her hand as she tossed it upon the logs. Suddenly the room was filled with warmth and cheer.

What a year it had been! Last Christmas Mother was with them. How beautiful she looked sitting in this very chair, the firelight on her white hair, making it seem almost like a halo. And there was Phil's terrible illness in March. She had nearly lost him too.

But, as if this wasn't enough,

there was old Augustus Caleb, the neighbor who had cheated them out of the land next door. Just bought it out of spite—more land than he knew what to do with already—and the only place where she and Phil could have a garden. He knew how they had wanted it, saving up for it ever since they had built their home. Just because Phil had been elected to the School Board instead of him! Disgusting old man to take revenge in this way. There he is, just across the way, flourishing "like a green bay tree," as the wicked so often do!

There came a quick scrape on the walk, the sound of a key in the door. Freda ran into the hall. Phillip stood there, his hat and shoulders white with the powder of

fresh falling snow. How pale he looked!

"I must be cheerful for him," said Freda's heart. "Oh, a new little Christmas eve snowstorm!" she exclaimed aloud. "Goody! We shall have a white Christmas."

"Had a long day, dear?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Is that all? You look so tired—please tell me—"

"Not on Christmas eve!" Phillip raised heavy eyes to hers.

"You must. Whatever it is, I must know."

"Well—Old Caleb is competing for that big contract. He is going to undercut us—and get it away from our firm."

"Why, whatever can he want it for! Everybody knows he's practically retired and as rich, as rich—"

Phillip looked at Freda wearily. "I'm afraid, my dear, he is doing it only out of spite. He has hated me ever since I won out in those elections."

"Can't you beat him at his own game?"

"Too much money there, my dear."

Freda sprang up. She turned impulsively toward a photograph on the mantel-piece.

"O, if Dad and Mother were only here! They were so wise. They could counsel us!"

A little gust of wind puffed out from the chimney upon the dying embers. From behind the photograph a card fluttered down upon upon the floor. Freda picked it up.

"Why, Phil! how strange! A Christmas card from Mother! She put it in my gift last year—I tucked it back of her picture for safe-keeping!" Freda held it up to the light and read:

"Love is the greatest force in the universe, Freda dear. May you learn to *love more* with each new year. Mother."

"Phil! This from Mother! Just as we need her help! What a strange coincidence!" She held the card out to him and they both read it again in silence.

Freda turned to Phillip, her eyes were like stars.

"Phil! I have an idea! Let us try an experiment, a scientific experiment! Lets test out the Greatest Power in the universe!—give it a chance! See what it will do! Let us try it out just as you test out an experiment in the laboratory.

Phillip looked at her in amazement. "I'm afraid I don't get you?"

Freda's voice rang out with laughter. "Lets us turn the greatest force in the universe onto old Augustus Caleb! Let us see what it does to *him!*"



Phillip looked at her anxiously. "My dear Freda, are you quite mad?"

Freda laughed again. Something seemed to have suddenly released all her tensions. She felt light-hearted—actually light-hearted!

"You speak as if love were like a current of electricity," said Phillip.

"Perhaps it is! Perhaps science will discover that it is."

"Well, now, don't get so excited over this," said Phillip, soothingly. "We will assume for the sake of a hypothesis that love *is* a force. How do you propose to electrify an enemy with it?"

"Let us tune in this force and send it out to him. Let us do this systematically over a period of time."

"We can fix our attention on what is nice in him. Didn't you ever know anything nice about him, Phillip?"

"Yes, he was very decent to an old lady crossing the street one day. And they say he is very good to his dog."

"I know I'll not be able to keep it up very long," said Phillip, ruffling his hair.

Freda gave a little cry of joy. "God bless us, Phil, you are ruffling your hair in the old happy way; and you don't look half as tired as you did!"

"We will send out thoughts of good-will to him at some stated

time each day for—for—let's say a year!"

"Gosh," said Phillip.

"For the sake of science it must be given a fair trial. Yes, it *must* be a whole year—Shake on it."

\* \* \*

It was Christmas eve again. Freda came into the library and glanced at the clock.

"He'll be here soon," she said aloud. "I'll wait till he comes. He'll want to help to trim the house." She glanced at the photograph on the mantel.

"Darling Mother! What a beautiful year it has been, so many little unexpected blessings all along the way, and Phil strong again!"

A quick step on the path, the key in the door and Phillip stood on the threshold.

"Hello, Fre! I'm a bit late but all set for the fun. Have you got the tree?"

"What a happy year it has been, Phil! And yet on the outside nothing much has happened to cause it—really—"

"No, it's been hard sledging some of the way. Friend Augustus got that contract and we lost our trip to Bermuda." Phillip grinned.

"Phil, has our experiment worked, do you think?"

Phillip looked up at her quickly. "Well, what should *you* say?"

"Not in the way we hoped it would, surely. Friend Caleb hasn't thawed out at all.—But this busi-

ness of trying to love him has done something to *us*! I feel warmer and more *glowing*—O Phil, is that the right way to express it? As if we'd begun to love *everybody* more!"

"Yes, absolutely. I think we can say that the goodwill we let loose on him hasn't changed him but it has certainly changed us," said Phillip. "Now that's interesting from a scientific point of view." He got up and, thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, began to walk up and down the room.

"You know, Fre. I believe that a large part of my feeling so awfully fit is due to this business of my having thrown overboard all my animosity for that old boy! When I finally unloaded all my hatred of him, I began to have a feeling of well-being, quite extraordinary! As if I'd dropped a load that had been weighing on me *physically* as well as mentally! To put it scientifically, in experimenting with the greatest force in the universe, the charge got short-circuited into us instead of reaching the object to which we directed it!"

"O Phil, you are rare! Come now, we must get to work or it will be Christmas morning before the tree is trimmed and the holly up. Here's the cord and scissors. You take the doorway and I'll do the fireplace. Why! There's the doorbell! Who can be coming at this time of night?"

Phillip went into the hall and

turned on the light. As he opened the door a tall man in a great beaver coat stood on the threshold silhouetted against the night. He stretched out a gloved hand to Phillip.

"Phillip Ware, I'm your neighbor Augustus Caleb.—May I come in?"

Phillip stood in silence gazing at him, and in the doorway of the living-room stood Freda, a spray of holly in her hand. Out there in the darkness he seemed unreal, as if he were the creation of their own imagination objectified before their very eyes. He looked so kind with a faint trace of the smile that Freda had tried to visualize. All the hard lines in his face were gone.

"May I come in for just a minute?" he said again.

It was Freda who found her voice first. "We are so glad to see you, Mr. Caleb. *Do* come in. Let Phillip help you off with your coat."

"Thank you, I'll keep it on. My errand is short, but I *had* to come." He stepped into the library and stood before the fire.

"Won't you be seated?" said Phillip.

The tall man turned and confronted him. "Phillip Ware, I have done you great wrong. This thing has been disturbing me, and I can bear it no longer. I must free myself of it." He paused.



"I lost out to you once. It stung my pride. I have used what means I had to hurt you. I ask your pardon for what I have done. I regret it deeply." He paused again.—"I would like to have you feel, if you ever can, that I can yet be a good neighbor."

"This is very good of you, sir"—stammered Phillip, "The past has quite gone from our thoughts. We have thought of you as a friend, Freda and I."

"That is very good of you, I am sure," said Augustus Caleb. "My great desire is to make what amends I can." He opened his coat and took from an inner pocket a long envelope. "I wanted to bring a Christmas greeting to place under your tree, if you do not mind?" He turned to Freda. "Will

you open this on Christmas morning, Mrs. Ware?"

"How good of you," murmured Freda. Then she suddenly took his outstretched hand. "Mr Caleb, we've really thought of you as a friend so long that we can't call you a *new* friend now. Your house is so big, it must be lonely at times. Won't you come over often?"

"Thank you very, very much," said Augustus Caleb. He quickly turned.

As the door closed behind him, Phillip and Freda stood gazing at each other in awe.

\* \* \*

Early the next morning they took the envelope from beneath the tree and tore it open. The deed to the orchard dropped into Freda's lap.



### Talk Happiness

Talk happiness, the world is sad enough  
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;  
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,  
And speak of these to rest the weary ear  
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain  
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

—Writer Unknown

HAROLD S. KAHM

### WITHOUT THE IMAGE THERE CAN BE NO MATERIALIZATION

If God created Man in His own image, all that Man creates is created by means of Man's images, for without the image there can be no materialization. Here is the simplest of examples: You wish to build a table. Before you can saw a board, or drive a nail, you must first have a mental image of that table. The image is all-important, for it determines what kind of table it is to be, what it will look like, how it will be made. The concept; "table", must exist in your mind before the table can have existence.

Do you plan to cook a dinner? You must first picture in your mind—imagine—have an image of—every item to be included in that dinner, for without such an image you would have no idea where to begin. Are you going to have roast beef? The image of that roast beef has come into your mind; you can see it, smell it, taste it.

A man who wishes to get a job must first entertain the concept, or image, of himself working at a job. The very thought, "job", is an image, or concept, of the job. Without this image he would not be mindful of a job, nor would he seek one. It is his mental image of a job, and a paycheck, that directs his efforts.

In all the vast and varied world of human endeavor it seems abundantly clear that nothing can be created, have any kind of form or existence, without having first existed as an image in the mind of man. It might not always be a conscious image, for the subconscious mind enjoys what appears to be an independent existence of its own, beyond our awareness.

With the image comes belief, positive or negative. I may imagine myself building a steam locomotive, and automatically I reject this image saying to myself, "I know



perfectly well I cannot build a steam locomotive." Therefore, because I believe I cannot build a steam locomotive I dismiss the image as a bit of unimportant fancy. On the other hand, I may imagine myself typing a particular letter, and I accept this image as valid, because I believe I can do this simple thing, in fact, I know I can do it.

How thoroughly true is the Master's declaration: "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee!"

But before belief comes imagine—the mental picture of what it is we believe or disbelieve. And those images we accept as valid tend to become material realities, no matter what they may be.

The man who is ill has almost invariably imagined himself in a state of illness; he has accepted the image, and believed in it, saying to himself, "Anyone can become ill." He may even worry beforehand about what might happen to him should he become ill. Can he afford the necessary doctor bills, and medicines? Who will look after him? Who will take care of his business?

Worry is another name for negative images. We picture in our minds the particular circumstance we fear, and if we believe in the likelihood of this circumstance occurring we make it possible for it to occur, for always and inevitably it is what we truly believe that

determines our destinies. We live by and with what we have created in our images; nor is anything else possible: for it is by this divine law that we live. It cannot be ignored or nullified any more than one can ignore or nullify the Law of Gravitation.

Negative images are always ultimately disastrous, just as positive and harmonious images are always fortunate, for, as Jesus pointed out, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." The implantation of an image in one's mind—or in the minds of others—is essentially no different from planting a living seed in the earth: the eventual harvest will always reflect the nature of the seed. One may not plant corn and reap a harvest of apples, for always, inexorably, we reap what we sow—no more and no less.

A negative image implanted in the mind cannot produce a positive harvest; nor can a positive image result in a negative harvest.

Examine carefully the images in your own mind. Do you envision good? Health? Harmony? Prosperity? All the good things of life to which your Father's children are entitled? Or are your images negative ones in which every manner of seeming evil is depicted?

God has given us "free will"; we have the right to choose what we shall imagine, what we shall believe, and therefore what will happen to us. Every negative word

we utter creates, in a flash, a corresponding image in our minds. A man who states, "I don't feel good," instantly creates a mental picture of illness, and the harvest of this negative seed may not be long in forthcoming.

A woman states, "I am worried about my daughter." In her mind there is an image of some kind of evil circumstance involving her child, and she believes in the validity of this image, saying to herself, "This awful thing could very well happen . . ." And what kind of harvest will she reap from this bad seed? A harvest of good? Impossible!

Rather, let her state, "My daughter is in God's divine hands, not mine. Of myself I can do nothing, nor is there any need. All is good and harmonious with my daughter . . ." Can anything evil be harvested from this good seed? No! Such a thing would be impossible!

There are no meaningless, or ineffective images; there are no unimportant images; there are no images that will not bear fruit, of one kind or another, for it is by the image that we create; it is the process, the means of setting into motion, the activation of outer circumstances. Every mental image is a living seed implanted correctly into fertile soil, with all of the conditions inevitably suitable for its ultimate growth and development. It can and will bear fruit. Nothing

can prevent it.—Or can it be prevented?

Yes, the evil harvest of a negative image can be forestalled by cancellation. It can be cancelled by the process of forgiveness, whereby we ask for and receive the Father's ever-ready forgiveness for past errors of image-making, and then the replacement of these former negative images with new and positive ones, reinforced by positive words, and positive deeds. This, too, is one of God's inviolable, thoroughly dependable laws. Mankind may surely ask for no finer gift; it is the supremest of blessings, always available for the asking.

What are the images in your mind today? What were they yesterday? What will they be tomorrow?

Examine your images and you may count upon a "reading" by the world's most accurate "fortune-teller"; for, once you know what you have sown, you may be positive of what you will most surely reap.

How do you go about examining what you have sown? Ask yourself some questions: What am I worried about? What bad thing do I believe is happening? What negative words have I uttered?

Do you understand that here, at last, is the answer to mankind's endless wail, "What have I done to deserve this?"



Now do you know what you have done to deserve it?

We have all made the same mistake; you are not alone. We have all sown the image of evil and reaped a like harvest.

But now there is a day, a new slate, clean and fresh, available to you, as you say, "Father, forgive me for my negative thoughts, images, words and deeds. Cancel them out, for I hereby renounce them forever." And then you may say, "Father, these are the good, the positive, the harmonious things I offer in their place . . ."

Hold to them always, by day and by night, and never let yourself be tempted into the smallest negation; for what concern is it of yours what conditions appear to be in the outer world? Have we not been instructed, "Judge not by the appearance"? It is not for you to judge anyone or anything; it is for you to know that God's divine laws are supreme in His Universe, and that by being and acting in harmony with them you have done all that it is possible—or necessary—for you to do. God will do the rest.



### GOD BLESS THEE,

Thy goings out, thy comings in, thy home, thy friends, thy kith and kin; thy hopes and plans, thy work or rest, God bless them, as He seeth best; in grief and pain, in joy and cheer, in all He sends, God bless thy year!—R.B.

# OUR TOWER OF FAITH

ENOLA CHAMBERLIN

One night about a hundred years ago Niagara Falls stopped. Nothing like that had ever happened before. People, torn from their sleep by the silence, looked with awe and horror on the stretches of mud, the exposed boulders, the scattered pools of water in the river. Fear gnawed at their hearts. Panic sent them screaming that the end of the world had come.

The explanation of the phenomenon was simple—an ice jam up stream. But for the time the river was dry people were demoralized because with such a terrible thing, with such an unusual thing happening they had nothing to cling to.

How like those people too many

of us are today. At some time in our lives our Niagara Falls will stop. An accident happening to a loved one, a severe illness, death and things we have taken for granted as going on forever have stopped. How near are we then to fear, panic, utter demoralization?

That depends. Will the stoppage leave us nothing to cling to? Or have we built for ourselves such a perfect faith in God, in His goodness, His rightness that no blow, no stoppage of things of earth can leave us without anchorage, without a life line to buoy us up? It is a thought worth pondering. Our Niagara Falls could stop tonight. Would, then, our faith sustain us?



# REVITALIZE YOUR SOUL

RUTH WOODS

A few years ago I did a very foolish thing. While driving on a long cross-country trip I did not heed the advice I had read about stopping every two hours or so for rest. Once I was in the car I had but one objective—to get where I was going. I stopped only when it was necessary to obtain gas for the car or a little food for myself. And the infrequent food stops had to be quick ones. I always sought out a cafe where I could grab a small lunch hurriedly. Then I was back on the highway. But the human body doesn't like that kind of abuse.

On the final afternoon of my journey I was traveling west straight into a hot August sun in the middle of Texas. I had had a small breakfast early that morning and a sandwich about noon time. I had stopped once for gas but hadn't bothered to get out of the car to stretch my legs. I was about eighty miles from home when suddenly I

felt faint and a bit nauseated. Then the perspiration of weakness began to flow over me. I managed to get to the nearest small town where I pulled up under a shade tree and stopped. As I got out of the car I realized I was very sick indeed. I hung onto the car door and somehow kept from fainting. Nauseated and weak as I was I knew my mistakes and promised Someone I'd look out for my body a little better from then on. After resting some more and beginning to feel better, I drove to a nearby restaurant and ate something worthwhile.

But just as the body cannot keep going without proper rest and food—a chance to revitalize itself—neither can the spiritual part of our beings. The soul needs rest. Rest can come from prayer—prayer to ease our worrying minds, to calm our fretful emotions, to hush our angry words. Prayer gives us time to relax and take a new hold on life and on ourselves.

Several years ago when I was new in the city and living alone, I lost my job. That evening I was filled with despair. The room that I rented gave no solace so I walked the neighborhood streets trying to find some comfort in the cooling night breezes. There was a small park two blocks from my rooming-house. Barely knowing where I was going I soon found myself sitting on one of the benches and gazing toward the dark sky that sparkled with stars in spite of the city lights. Then I began to pray. Slowly my despondency left me. I began to reason with a calm mind. I had not been happy in that job anyway, but I had not had the gumption to get away from it. Now I was being forced into seeking a new situation. I wasn't sure where or what, but somehow in the course of my prayer, I knew that I had nothing to worry about. I slept well that night.

And the soul needs food. We can receive nourishment from the words of the Bible, the inspiration of a church service, the fellowship of Christian friends. But the greatest sustenance for our souls is love—love from parents, husband or wife, children, and best of all, from God.

The first few weeks of that year I came to the city I tried to look for friends and fellowship in the church. For two Sundays I attended a place of worship in the neighborhood. The minister's sermons were dull and in both services no one smiled my way or shook my hand. Obviously I was an outsider. The third Sunday I chose another church. I was greeted at the door by a friendly handshake and a huge smile. Suddenly I felt very much at home and it wasn't long before I found wonderful close fellowship. I needed that food badly. And through that fellowship I realized how great was the nourishment of God's love.

When emergencies arise, the person who has had no sleep or has eaten little finds the crisis difficult to overcome. On the other hand, a satiated soul is best prepared for the adversities that might be around the next turn in the road. A satiated soul is rich with prayer, love, and faith in God. Don't drive through life as though you are on a speedway. Take the detours and stop at the crossroads now and then to revitalize yourself with the power and goodness of God.





*Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.*

## **Put First Things First**

Alden Stahr

When Eddie K got off the boat from Ireland many years ago, when it was still called Ireland, he knew just what he wanted—money and plenty of it. Like the congressman who feels that his first duty is to get re-elected, Eddie felt that his first duty was to get rich in the land of golden opportunity.

It didn't turn out just that way. He got jobs, all right, but as a bellhop in hotels all across the land. He made some money but found that there were more temptations than dollars. He ran with a rough bunch and drank and smoked and gambled heavily, and did just about everything he knew was wrong. Strangely enough, although he made more money than he ever had in the old country, he felt even poorer than he had there.

When the depression hit, Eddie was about as down and out as a man could be. It was about that time he met Stella in Los Angeles. She was a very religious girl and didn't approve of his bad habits, but she saw potential good in him and did a lot of praying, instead

of braying, as some women would.

She tried to get him to go to church but he resisted; he had to prove things for himself. He did, however, read the Bible and after he and Stella were married he wouldn't take religion until he had proved to himself that he could quit drinking. After a year and a month without a drink he announced that he had it conquered and entered into the work of the church, going out and doing personal service work besides trying to make a living as best he could.

He was at this time in a mixed-up state, but in the course of his Bible reading he came across a passage that affected him greatly. It didn't make sense, in view of the attitude he had when he landed in America. The incredible statement was: "Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all those

things shall be added unto you."

Since his first concept of "duty" had led only to poverty, Eddie figured he had nothing to lose and decided to give this a try. He got the chance sooner than he expected. Stella's father died, down south of Dallas, Texas, and Eddie and Stella loaded all their possessions and children in their jalopy and headed south to help her mother out. The mother had virtually nothing and Eddie had less than that. When they arrived they were practically penniless. But on the long drive Eddie had done a lot of thinking.

What would you expect a man to do in a case like this? Go out and look for work, of course. But Eddie didn't. He is as conscientious a man and as loving a husband and father as there could be. But he didn't do the expected thing and look for work to make money. He remembered that passage and went looking for another kind of work, and found it promptly. When he visited the little church in the community he found that attendance was extremely poor. It made him sad—and mad—to see that church so empty. He went right out and started pushing doorbells, and knocking on doors that had no bells, and he started to "sell" that church with all his heart. Little by little the congregation came back. And new people came who'd never been inside that or any

other church. Eddie was earnest, and people could see his new-found faith burning in his eyes. Somehow they just couldn't tell him "no."

He didn't know these people. He was selling "cold"—house-to-house—with no thought of himself. Then good things began to happen. He didn't ask for anything. But one person gave him a cow. And a family gave him some chickens. Meanwhile Eddie and his family took care of a garden and they had milk and eggs and vegetables. Then Eddie knocked on another strange door and something else happened. Since Eddie put God before business, God put business before Eddie. The man he called on happened to be district manager for a company that sold household products and patent medicines on a retail route basis. Eddie was so persuasive in talking his "prospect" into going to church that the man was indelibly impressed. Soon after this he offered Eddie a job operating one of his trucks. Eddie took the job and began to prosper.

Still putting God's work first, Eddie "sold" the Gospel along with his household articles, and his family was able to get along, even in that terribly lean time. Anyone who remembers the depression knows that even "getting along" was real success in those days.

They could have stayed there and enjoyed moderate prosperity,



for Eddie was quite successful at selling. But he soon became convinced after this experience that he had to make the Lord's work his whole work, and he prayed about it mightily. Before long came an offer of the kind of work he wanted to do—personal service work in New York City. The salary was two hundred dollars a month—if he could raise it himself from the congregation. Eddie took the job at once and moved to New York with Stella and four of their five children.

Now, two hundred a month isn't much for six people to live on in New York City, especially when

the first fifty dollars of this went as a donation to the church. But by frugal living they got by, proving time and again that if they put the Lord's work first they always had what they needed.

When I first learned about Eddie's life I expressed astonishment to his wife and asked how he could, especially with such a large family, just ignore the necessities of life and go about persuading people to go to church.

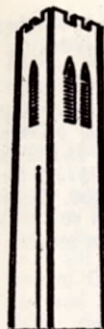
"Eddie didn't ignore them," she answered quietly in her slight Texas drawl. "He just put them in their proper place."



## LOVE NEEDED

Enola Chamberlin

"I do not comprehend him," says the human,  
He is so odd, he wears a different brand."  
But Christ spoke up, His face all warm and shining,  
"I love," He says, "and so I understand."



# Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

During these times when the world seems to be tottering on the brink of destruction we find renewed hope in an article which appeared recently in the *Saturday Review* by John F. Warton, a prominent lawyer. The facts which he discusses aren't very pleasant, especially when he talks about the possibility of total annihilation.

However, he said "I am convinced that no matter how grim our prospects may appear, there is still room for significant action by individuals who are more interested in doing what they can than in giving up the battle in despair. . . . we must work for and expect a miracle . . . a wondrous thing, possibly caused by interposition of God, but wondrous in any event."

God has many ways in which to answer our prayers and we need not tell Him how to govern this world which He made in the beginning. All we need to do is to keep the channel so clear of debris of every kind, (hatred, gossip, inharmony, selfpity, fears, doubts, grievances—anything that would mar the name "Christian") that God's wonderful love can flow out from each one of us who bear His Name to touch every one with whom we come in contact.

Many who are reading this message are members of the United Prayer Tower. We urge you and any others who wish to join with us to remember your special day of the month to pray for peace. Through the Apostle Paul the Lord tells us to pray for all men and for all in authority that we may be kept from war. (1 Tim. 2:1-4)

If you do not remember your day write to Mrs. Ethel Dow, 3124 West Lake Calhoun Blvd., Minneapolis, Minnesota and enclose a postal card, self addressed, for her reply.

We are surely being challenged during these momentous days, and we must put at God's disposal all that we have in devotion, obedience, resources. This will, no doubt, bring to each of us a greater discipline than we have before experienced. But if we really want God to use us this is the time to give Him our all.

Read the book of Jonah and how God used him to bring the city of Nineveh to a realization of its wickedness, and then because of their willingness, from the "greatest of them even to the least," to repent and pray God saved the city. He



can do the same thing for the world if we are willing to be so used.

Our President recently set aside October 4th as a day of prayer. We need to have more than one day because of the urgency of this present situation. If you feel so inclined you might write to him, telling him you are praying for him and that you hope he may deem it wise to stop all business for one entire day and have the people go to their churches and pray all day.

Many years ago Dr. Alexis Carrel, the great scientist, said, "Prayer is a force as real as terrestrial gravity . . . Prayer, like radium, is a source of luminous energy. How does prayer fortify us with so much dynamic power? . . . When we pray, we link ourselves with the inexhaustible motive power which spins the

universe. We ask that a part of this power be apportioned to our needs . . ."

Dudley and Farthing, Printers, 820 Fifth St., Miami Beach, Florida, print a little card one can easily carry and it is a Prayer for Peace. They cost \$1.00 for 100, \$3.00 for 500, \$4.85 for 1000. These can be used in letters and thus you will be enlisting others to join you in prayer.

#### YOUR TASK

"Your task is to build a better world," God said, and I answered "How? This world is so vast and complicated now,  
And I so small and useless am  
There's nothing I can do."  
But God, in all His wisdom said,  
"Just build a better YOU!"



#### THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

The Prayer Tower is a group of praying people, in touch with prayer cells in this and in foreign countries. They know that with the prayer of faith *nothing is impossible*; that with God *all things are possible*. The Prayer Tower will gladly pray for your needs at any time.

The Prayer Tower ministry is supported entirely by free will love offerings. We wish to thank those whose contributions make this work possible. PLEASE NOTE THE CHANGE OF POLICY REGARDING THE *Manual of Prayer*. It is now on a subscription basis of \$2.00 per year. Ask for free booklet about the work of the United Prayer Tower.

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 5829 27th Avenue South, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota, Telephone PARKway 2-2766; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at TAYlor 2-7396, Minneapolis, Minn., or Mrs. Ecoff PA 9-4944, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE LORD IS OUR HEALER, Emily Gardiner Neal. Prentice-Hall, 218 pages. \$3.50. When it comes to stating an authoritative, positive and personal account of the ministry of healing as well as the fact of it, Mrs. Neal has few peers. This book (she states) is not aimed at the agnostic (like she claims her other two books were) but rather is for the believer. Of the healing ministry in the church she says, "I see this ministry not as a goal, but as a stepping stone to a greater love of God, a closer knowledge of His Son and a clearer comprehension of the Faith: the lamp which floods with unprecedented clarity all the ministries of His Church." Another shaft in her sharp discussion is this one, "If you honestly believe that your sickness is sent by God to spiritually strengthen you, then to be consistent, you must also believe that Jesus was committing an indefensibly unmoral act if He healed the multitudes at the expense of their souls." In her chapter on "Gifts of the Spirit" she quite boldly discusses "speaking in tongues". As one of the gifts of the Spirit she accepts it, defends it and quotes many churchmen to buttress what she has to say, and then goes on to state that it must lead to the greatest gift of all, Love, if it is to be genuine. Her literal acceptance of the Gospel as revealed in the Bible is refreshing when one remembers so much rationalizing that is done to make some of the mysteries of God socially acceptable. At least no one can doubt her position. Speaking of faith she says, "Christianity demands faith, not in an Ethic, but in a Person . . . If we want to be healed, we must stake everything we have on the supreme Reality, which is Jesus Christ, and His purpose for us, which is good." Her chapter on Confession is most challenging. The need of it, and provision for it, is now being recognized in many churches that previously would not have considered it. She says, "Dr. John Bonnell, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, extols its benefits, pointing out that the great leaders of the Reformation such as Luther, Calvin and Knox, all advocated its use." There is much too much good material in this book to do an adequate job of telling

## books of interest

comments, summaries  
reviews & opinions  
on religious books

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

about it in a short space. It is sufficient to say that it will most likely be one of the books on the subject of healing to be read for many years to come.

THE INWARD JOURNEY, Howard Thurman. Harper, 155 pages. \$3.00. The sub-title is "Meditations on the Spiritual Quest" and no one is better fitted to write such a book than Howard Thurman. His earlier books, *Deep Is The Hunger*, *Meditations of the Heart* and *The Growing Edge* are held in special esteem by those who like that rare blend of spiritual understanding and uncluttered rational awareness. This one is in the same tradition. The book is divided into seven parts: The Quest for Meaning, The Quest for Understanding, The Quest for Fulfillment, The Quest for Love, The Quest for Peace, The Quest for God and Psalm 139. Each part has around 16 one or two part essays related to the main theme. His treatment is not only admirable but superb. Take, for example his treatment from a phrase of the 139 Psalm, "If I make my bed in hell - behold -" His interpretation is written in free verse. To



save space I shall quote it as prose: "When night remains night and darkness deepens; When the evilness of evil is unrelieved and utter desolation makes mockery of all that was true and good; When the open door of refuge closes in my face and to turn back is of no avail; When the firm grip of sanity trembles and all balances tilt, leaving the mind tortured and crazed; When all around, worlds crash and winds blow torrid over the parched and wasted places of my spirit; When sin multiplies itself until at last all goodness seems swallowed up and devoured; When the chuckle of death is the only sound to be heard in the land, Thou art there!" For the searching spirit and reflective mind, Howard Thurman is hard to beat.

**THE REAL CHRISTMAS**, Pat Boone. Revell, 64 pages. \$1.50. Well, we are often apt to think that books by those in the entertainment business cannot be more than so much froth. Of course it isn't true. In the past Dale Evans' *Angel Unaware* is but one example of something that has stood the test of time. This one by Pat is about as good a Christmas message as you will ever read. Naturally he will appeal to the younger set, but what a wonderful thing it is to use one's popularity to further the eternal message of Christ. And he does the job in a most competent and spirit-filled way. I found the reading of it most rewarding. Its a good book. Give it away for Christmas; and give a lot of them..

**HIDDEN CHANNELS OF THE MIND**, Louisa E. Rhine. Sloane, 292 pages. \$5.00. Dr. Louisa E. Rhine is the wife of Dr. J. B. Rhine of parapsychology fame. He says in the Introduction that she has been the "hidden" one of the team and that it is time she became known. This is one of the most fascinating books on the subject one is likely to read, and the good part of it is that it is well authenticated, factually sound, simply written, interestingly put together with a wealth of stories and anecdotes, and the facts sifted by a mind that is fitted for the job. Here is the best survey one will

find, and there is an excellent bibliography at the end of the book for further reading. Dr. Rhine first of all explains the subject, the types of extrasensory perception, its forms, difficulties and range of subject matter. She goes into men versus women in laboratory tests, ESP in childhood and old age, relationship to peace of mind, whether or not recognized danger can be avoided, and a fascinating chapter on communications from the beyond. For anyone interested at all in the subject, here is a book that is very readable factually substantiated.

**HEALING WORDS**, Charles Allen. Revell, 159 pages. \$2.50. One might think that this book is on the subject of spiritual healing. In a sense it is but only if you broaden the concept of healing to include comfort, inspiration, etc. It is not a book on spiritual healing as the term is ordinarily used. Charles Allen has the ability and artistic penchant for making old terms live, for bringing them up to date for the modern mind and instilling in the reader a personal awareness of God. Some of the words that he writes one and two meditations on ("Meditation is medication," he says) are Jordan, Science, Wait, Acceptance, Intercession, Faith, Forgiveness, Love, Decision, Peace, Tranquility, Providence, and Bible. Good to sit down with and rise up refreshed.

**LIGHT FOR THE ROAD**, edited by Samuel & Kathryn Rapport. Harper, 350 pages. \$4.95. This is an anthology you will be proud to give and grateful to receive. Selections, stories, essays and observations are by such people as Leo Tolstoy, Benjamin Franklin, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Helen Keller, Anne Frank, Albert Schweitzer, etc. The jacket says "magnificent reading" and it is all that. Some of the contents are: "Where Love Is, God Is" by Tolstoy, "Peace At Eventide" by Helen Keller, "On Growing Older" by Arthur Benson, "From the Diary of a Young Girl" by Anne Frank, "The Conquest of Fear" by Basil King, "Love" by Gibran, "A Way of Life" by William Osler, and much more. Excellent in every conceivable way. Get it!

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