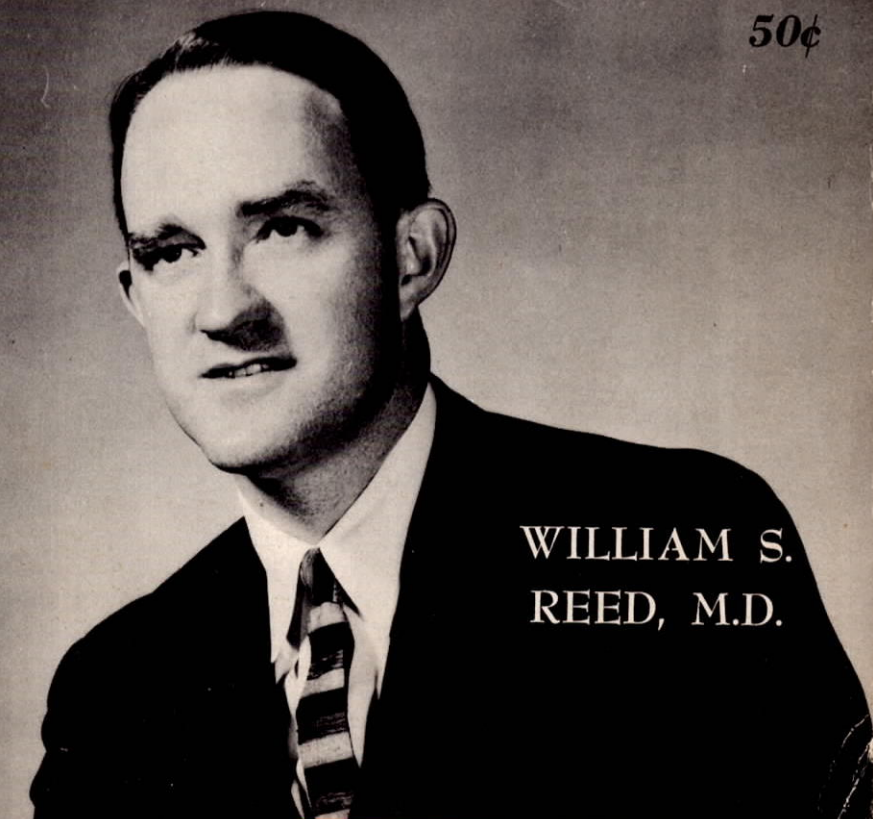


FALL 1961

Clear Horizons

Personal Experiences In Christian Living

50¢



WILLIAM S.
REED, M.D.

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Clear Horizons Magazine

1571 GRAND AVENUE
SAINT PAUL 5, MINNESOTA

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THE COVER

Dr. William Standish Reed is immediate past chief of surgery at General Hospital and consulting surgeon at Samaritan Hospital, both in Bay City, Michigan. He is a member of the Board of Surgery of Frederick A. Coller Surgical Society. He is diplomate of the American Board of Surgeons, a member of the American Medical Association and of the Christian Medical Society. Dr. Reed is also a vestryman in his local Episcopal Church. He is a man of distinction in his own community and is internationally known for his faith in God and his devotion to suffering humanity.

"We Must Save the Sick To Save Souls" is a condensation of an address delivered by Dr. Reed in the Abundant Life Auditorium on October 14, 1960. Whether you are a Christian or an unsaved person, you will never be the same after having read this message.

FALL, 1961

Clear Horizons

Volume 22
Number 1

Prayer is a calming influence and stabilizing power for the patient and the doctor.

A Doctor's Thoughts On Healing

WILLIAM S. REED, M. D.

Throughout the years, since Christ walked on the earth and healed the sick, there has been a definite relationship between the teachings of Christ and medicine. This association has not always been a close one and many times there has been much unhappy misunderstanding between the church on one side and physicians on the other. However, today there is a new awareness that in the close cooperation between the church and medicine lies a new, great kind of care of illness which brings Christ into His proper place in the thinking and the activities of both groups.

The various principal beliefs of Christians are summarized in the

Creeds. If we accept the creeds to be our definition of faith, the inquirer can discover what a Christian is by simply referring to the statements as contained in the Creeds. However, it is not so easy to define what the principles of medicine are. The Hippocratic Oath which was written approximately five-hundred years before Christ, contains many of the precepts to which some physicians adhere. This oath has survived through the centuries and remains a great force in the proper thinking of physicians toward their work. It instructs the physician to practice holiness, humility and purity. It calls upon the physician to perpetuate his art through edu-

From *A Doctor's Thoughts on Healing*, by William S. Reed. Permission of Macalester Park Publishing Co. \$.50

cation. It stresses the value of the patient. However, this oath was written before the light of Christ came upon the world and therefore has a very important deficiency in so far as the Christian physician is concerned. It does, however, help to define what a physician is and what he stands for.

To the Christian physician, the most important way of discovering what he himself is, comes from a thorough study of Christ, in reading and meditating upon the Gospel.

The fact that Christ healed all men including many different diseases cannot be ignored. As we believe in Christ, we must believe Him in entirety. Therefore we cannot neglect the great lessons which are to be learned regarding what can be called Christian Healing. We also must recall the commission Christ gave to His disciples, "to preach, to teach and to heal." Christ stressed repeatedly, as various healings are recorded in the Gospel that faith is the prime requisite of healing. It is interesting to consider that the patient in each instance of healing recorded in the Gospel, sought after Christ or some intercessor sought Him for the patient. Christ responded to the requests of those who cried out to Him and He healed them according to their faith. In considering what Christ

did, all physicians who call themselves Christians should consider that their commission as physicians was ordained by Christ as a holy ministry. This is also true for members of the teaching profession as well as the priests and ministers of the Church. Therefore, as our profession was ordained by Christ, we should, as physicians, use our profession and the healing brought about through our profession to the glory of Christ and for the propagation of the Christian faith. As men sought Christ to be healed, the Christian physician should now heal man to help him find Christ.

After Christ ascended into heaven and the Holy Spirit came to remain with man, the disciples and the apostles cured men of disease as they had been instructed to do by our Lord. Their activities are recorded in many places in the New Testament. In particular of great importance is the Epistle of St. James, 5:14. Here, the person who is ill is instructed to call for the elders of the church who are to pray over the sick man and are to anoint him with oil in the name of the Lord. The statement is made that the prayer of faith will save the sick man. These statements are according to the apostolic traditions of healing. Undoubtedly, prayer and the anointing of the sick individual with the laying on

hands was practiced in the Early Church and has continued to a certain extent throughout all of the years to the present time. However, the sacramental aspect of this holy act has fallen into great neglect in recent years. We are only now beginning to find out how truly important this way of calling upon God for help is in healing of each individual patient. We find that Christianity remains constant as the great forces which man makes continually change. In this day we find the truths of the Gospel more and more applicable to the happenings of this day and our relationship to those happenings. This is very true of all fields of man's endeavor, especially in the field of medicine. The Christian physician who truly worships God is finding a long neglected aspect of patient care at his disposal. He finds in Christ his source of strength and ability and also finds that Christian hope and faith are his greatest therapeutic aids.

Often today the question is asked of physicians what they think about Christian Science and what they think about faith healing. These are questions which are on the minds and in the hearts of people and must be answered by thinking physicians, especially

those who call themselves Christians. Christian Science and the various faith healers have shown that healing can occur through faith in Christ without regard of method of approach to Christ. Thus one can be healed at the Shrine in Lourdes, or through Christian Science, or through faith in Christ inspired by the words of a Christian individual speaking in church, or over the radio or television. Christian Science and the faith healers have demonstrated to physicians that Christ is the most important factor in becoming whole. If the physician can accept this fact in humility, he then can accept the fact that Christian Healing has pointed out a very valuable lesson to him. It is important, however, for men not to turn away from the physician because as has been pointed out, his is a divinely instituted profession. The inspired physician with patients who have faith in him and faith in the healing power of Christ can indeed work great miracles today. This happens, without question, many times every day.

At this point one must consider what healing means. I find myself in accord with Dr. Paul Tournier* who believes that we (physicians) are collaborators with God. He

**A Doctor's Casebook in the Light of the Bible*, Paul Tournier. Harper & Brothers.

uses us to postpone death, prolong life in order to produce that merciful respite . . . the sole purpose of our labor is to give our patients a supreme opportunity of encountering Jesus Christ and of binding themselves ever more closely to Him through faith. For in the last analysis all of our activity is but a temporary expedient. We are but repairing breaches which are continually made again.

It is rather interesting to contemplate the attitude of St. Luke the physician, who wrote both the Acts of the Apostles and St. Luke's Gospel. It is most unusual for the physician in this day and certainly in the days of St. Luke and before him not to write at some length about the effectiveness of his own school of medicine or therapy. It seems to me that if St. Luke had required an extensive or even moderate use of various types of therapeutics that he would have written rather long accounts of his therapeutic triumphs in his writings in the New Testament. However, we find that in his instance the spiritual method of therapy must have proved sufficient to the point where he found it unnecessary to mention other forms of therapy at all.

Sickness of all types, has its spiritual aspect as to causation and as to its effect upon the severity and course of the disease.

It also has its spiritual therapy. In recent years, especially since the nineteen forties, there has been an increasing interest in the diseases which are called psychosomatic. These are diseases or disturbances of the mind which have their physical results. These illnesses, such as duodenal ulcer, arthritis, hyperthyroidism, asthma, and many others have been so widely publicized that it is hardly necessary to mention them. We are now beginning to realize that diseases also have their spiritual as well as mental and somatic aspects. Perhaps a new term should be devised such as thymo-psychosomatic to cover the whole picture. If as many efforts can be brought to bear upon the spiritual aspect of disease as has been brought to bear on its psychological aspects we should see tremendous progress in the next few years toward the understanding of the whole disease process and its entire treatment. This can only have as its outgrowth, the production of a healthier, happier, more peaceful and tranquil society gradually developing along the lines which God would see it do.

A doctor or drug does not cure. All healing comes from God. There often exists today the idea that a patient is cured after a course of antibiotics, after an operation or after the completion of a course of therapy when the pa-

tient states that he feels improved and certain clinical signs indicate normality. However, the simple cessation of the illness at hand does not assure the patient or the physician of healing or wholeness. As long as we continue to treat effects and ignore causes we are not going to have whole patients and our society is going to continue to be ill. Does it not seem strange today that with all of our scientific advances, with highly educated physicians, with hospitals having every conceivable type of mechanism and therapeutic device, with every mode of treatment known to man available at our finger tips that we continue to have hospitals overflowing and continue to need more and more beds?

This concept of God working with the surgeon and in the spiritually prepared patient is worthy of serious consideration by Christians and Christian physicians. Of what value is our faith if it does not have vital revelation in our work? When the surgeon has once passed the hurdle of praying aloud with real conviction with his patients and praying before surgery in the operating room he will find that his work is truly blessed and truly amazing things happen. The patient himself receives a rich blessing and on occasion souls are won for Christ in this manner.

This is the highest calling of the Minister of Healing. Prayer is a calming influence and a stabilizing power for the apprehensive patient. Prayer causes the operating room to become calm, without irritability, without arrogance or rudeness, without profanity or quick tempers. It sets the scene for the entry of Christ into the surgical team. God can then direct the surgeon's hand, as so many patients and others pray.

Christ has a message for physicians which must be listened to. No doctor has ever delivered a newborn infant or has watched the going out of life, who has not considered the true meaning of life. If he but opens his eyes or but allows his soul to encompass the great reality, he will see Christ on every hand as he goes about his work. As this awareness becomes more and more a reality, aided by prayer, meditation and study, he will find that through his work he is truly leading men to Christ. It is then that the physician will be satisfying his highest obligation. It will then not be difficult to define what a physician is and will not be necessary to investigate this oath or that creed to know what he stands for. When the physician has reached his highest calling it can be said of him that he is a Christian, a minister of healing.

SAYING GRACE

E. GEOFFREY TENNESON

I was in the company of several brother ministers the other day, sitting in a cafe, waiting for a meal to be served. Just as the waitress brought our meals, one of the brethren said, "Shall we pause for station identification?" For just a moment I was thrown completely off balance. But he was suggesting that we should say grace. By this little action we identified ourselves as religious people and publicly said our thanks to Almighty God.

One little girl, whose father was a radio announcer, when asked to say grace one day, said, "This food comes to you by courtesy of Almighty God." Maybe this isn't the proper way of saying grace, but it's true just the same. If you are anything like me, you appreciate people who say thank-you for even the smallest act of

courtesy, and I'm sure that God, too, loves a thankful heart.

If you are always thankful to God for His mercies, then saying grace isn't going to make too much difference to your attitude, but I think this "little and often" habit is greatly to be encouraged, not only for the sake of the children around our table, but for all of us. Nowadays we get so thrown about by passing events, that the more anchors we have out to remind ourselves of the goodness of Almighty God, the less shall we be upset when things go wrong.

Saying grace is just a little anchor, but it may help you to stay close to shore when you are drifting away. And so at each meal-time we may confidently say: "Accept our thanks for these and Thy mercies, O God, for Christ's sake AMEN."

All we need is the acceptance of the goodness of life. Good is everywhere and God is everywhere.

LOVE YOUR WAY TO MENTAL HEALTH

E. GOODRICH

Are you afraid of mental illness? That bogey will never worry you if you understand the term. Mental illness grows out of a great distrust of life and fear that you will be hurt. It is not inherited like color-blindness. The reason it sometimes runs in families is that members often believe in the same wrong ideas.

Fearfulness, being critical, being unforgiving, all these things are learned. Nobody is born with them. Anything a human being learns, he can unlearn. The way to unlearn is to watch one's thinking and reverse every destructive thought as soon as it comes to mind. Harmful emotions are avoided automatically, and the way for mental health is open.

Any gesture that signifies that you approve of life and feel it a privilege to be alive, leads toward mental health. Every time you smell a rose, or draw a deep breath of fresh air, say, "Hi," to

a friend, or put a new plant into the ground you are expressing mental health. Every act that shows you are aware of the continuing quality of life increases mental health. Even if your thoughts are dark, to act in accord with life is a safeguard because acts in themselves have an effect upon the thoughts which follow. Your impulse may be to kick the cat, but if you pet her instead, you will automatically feel better.

You do not necessarily need to be religious. All you need is acceptance of the goodness of life, like a cat stretching in the sun or a hawk riding the wind currents. The reason religion can help is that sound religion is based on the idea that God is good. Good is everywhere if we look for it. That is why we can say God is everywhere.

A religion that is beneficial encourages the habit of looking for

what is good in any situation. Looking for what is good can take up so much time and energy that there is no time for fault-finding. Everyday experiences improve as a result. Mental health naturally follows.

Mental illness starts with fault-finding which cuts off appreciation of what is good about life. Carried far enough, it leaves nothing but fear and starvation. The way to get well is to substitute praise for fault-finding. If everything is wrong but one little thing, praise that one little thing and ignore the mass of what is wrong. What is wrong is nothing but lack of what is good anyway. Whatever attracts our attention is what will grow. So, we praise the little that is right until it grows big enough to replace what we do not want in our lives.

There has been a lot of misunderstanding of the phrase, "facing up to your problems." We do have to face them long enough to see where we stand, but we do not have to remain rooted to the spot as if fascinated by the problem. The time comes when we can and should turn our backs on our problems and pay so much attention to the answers that the problems vanish. Sometimes we find an answer most quickly and accurately by turning our attention to something entirely different. Many problems fizzle out of

their own unimportance, unless we fan them into a bonfire by concentrating upon them.

Mental illness would be wiped off the face of the earth if every human being could understand the meaning of, "Bless and curse not." The whole vicious circle of hurt and fear of retaliation would be broken so that people could live at peace with each other. Would there were some way to make the change in one grand gesture. However, there seems no way other than for each individual to train himself, and so protect himself against all kinds of illness including what it is now fashionable to call mental illness.

To make a bugaboo of mental illness is as silly as to tell children the old witch will get them. Poets, philosophers, and scientists cannot all be wrong when they agree that love is the most powerful force in the world. Not sex, but love, meaning to wish the best for everyone who crosses our paths, with no exceptions. What we call punishment is nothing but the result of our hatefulness. The only intelligent course is to turn toward the good and steadfastly pay such close attention that we are filled with a growing awareness of what is good. The vacuums created by lack are then filled with beauty, glory, and satisfaction. Mental and physical health follow inevitably.

As they listened to the story of God's Love, they hardly breathed lest they miss a single word.

The Factory That Spreads PEACE

by

Duane Valentry

Rev. John Elmer Ford, an energetic man in his sixties, is enthusiastic about the business opportunity that has opened wide doors for the spreading of Christianity over the face of the earth by way of gramophones and gospel records.

You'll find Ford, any day in the week, hard at work in old dungarees at his little plant at Malibu, California. But he will gladly take time to talk about the unique work he is doing which probably has no exact counterpart in the world.

Like his wife and the others who help him, Ford works each day but Sunday from dawn to nine at night without pay. To date their product, the tiny toy-type gramophone now being used by 16 denominations as indispensable equipment for missionaries, has taken the message of Christianity in 76 languages to Nyasaland, Mexico, India, Germany, U. S. Navajos, El Salvador, Peru, Ethiopia, Tanganyika, Ghana, Liberia and scores of other countries.

"From the reports that have

come in on the use of the records and gramophones sent out in former years we can estimate that no less than 100,000 people will listen to a gospel sermon from these records *each* week, or a total of over five million during the coming year," points out Rev. Ford.

"These records shipped the past year will play a very important part in the conversion of thousands of primitive, illiterate heathens."

A prime purpose of the records from the beginning has been an attempt to halt the cannibalism, still widespread in certain sections of New Guinea, Borneo and the Congo.

These are some of the places where, prior to the introduction of the hand-operated little "talk boxes," the gramophone was unknown. Hearing it for the first time, astounded natives believe it to be magic. But the language of the records is their own and the effect of the words they can understand coming out of the little box before their eyes is inevitably powerful.

"At first there was a hasty exit," described one missionary who played the records for the Kamanos. "Most of the listeners were sure that the devil was in that box. But from a safe distance they listened. As they heard the story of God's love, they soon

came back and listened with breathless attention. The young people listened spellbound. Old men hardly breathed lest they miss a single word. I have never seen anything like this before."

The International Educational Recording Company, a nonprofit, nondenominational organization, depends on donations from about 700 regular contributors who believe in the work being done. Twice as many donations, stresses Rev. Ford, could mean twice the amount of good put forth where it is most needed in dark areas of the globe.

"The total cost of producing and shipping these records and gramophones for the entire year was \$10,903.10. If we apportion the year's cost of this equipment to the year's total of listeners it would be two tenths of one cent each—5 sermons for one penny! One year's wasted money by Christians in America could bring the gospel to every non-believer in the world in his own tongue."

Rev. Ford is grateful, nonetheless, for what has already been accomplished and for the help his idea has received and continues to receive. As he says; "God has set His hand to the finishing of the work. We only pray that we may not get in the road but become an open channel through which He can work. We are very appreciative of the many who have

used their hands and minds to produce the equipment and to sponsors of languages and willing donors of funds to carry on the work."

Four years in the '20s spent as missionary in the Andes near Quito, Ecuador, convinced him of the vast amount of work to be done. Today he has set his goal high—to make enough records and machines so that every "illiterate person may hear the Gospel in his own tongue—and that's 3,000 languages and dialects."

This could be done, he states, with ten million phonographs and ten million sets of records to give the essentials of Christianity to every person in the world in five year's time.

"Then there would be one set for every 170 non-Christians in the world," he adds.

Ford, his wife Louise, and a few part-time helpers, work in a corrugated aluminum plant 50 miles from Los Angeles at the beach town of Malibu. Here the records are manufactured and, with the needles, "jungle-proofed" against rust and rot; the gramophones are assembled, and the complete package mailed free to Christian missionaries all over the world.

Requests come in constantly from these missionaries for more recordings and for some in new languages (there are 2500 yet to

be done!) and Ford gets busier. Soon the missionary receives a prepared script he is asked not to change which he in turn, after explaining it to a native with some understanding of English, has the native translate onto a tape recorder. The tapes are then returned to the factory and Ford puts them on seven 45 rpm records, or 14 lessons.

"They contain the basic studies of the Christian ideals, aimed at primitive people who do not know Christianity and cannot read," he explains.

The idea originated about ten years ago when Rev. Ford sent a basic Biblical ethical lecture he had written to a missionary in New Guinea. Read to an understanding native in pidgin English, it was translated into native dialect for a tape-recorder operated from an auto battery. When Ford got the tape he experimentally had it made into a disk.

The first glimmerings of the big idea were taking form, but what to use for a player? No mechanic, Ford tried his hand at making one from a large cake tin and when it worked, he made others and sent them to missionaries. Glowing reports of good achieved by their use began to come back to him.

But even these crude homemade record players cost \$10 to make—an amount prohibitive

under the circumstances. After much prayer on Ford's part it was just at this moment the answer came. John Tigrett, a toy manufacturer and an active Christian, had a small plastic 12-ounce phonograph he was about to take off the toy market since it was not selling well. Hearing of Ford's need, he agreed to sell these at \$1 apiece, or less than they cost to assemble.

Today thousands of the "box belong talk" have been scattered through the world by 100 missionaries with profound results. After hearing them, natives have sworn off eating human flesh, submitted to baptism, and voluntarily congregated at mission schools they had formerly avoided.

Missionaries train natives to run the little boxes and find they attain considerable status by doing so. In New Guinea, where women are regarded as mere chattles, those entrusted with operating the wonderful talk-boxes are accepted as citizens and leaders.

From Guadalajara, Mexico, missionary James Twing reports a typical result of their use. "A machine was left with one of our members whose husband is not a

Christian. One time when a youngster was very ill and they thought he would not live through the night, they did not know what to do, so they brought the gramophone out and the child sat up and listened to it. His fever left, and he has been in good health since. They claim it is a miracle."

So great is the demand from all over the world that Rev. Ford has issued an appeal—"We need help at the factory!" He also asks the earnest prayers of all those who learn of the work and appreciate the vast amount yet to be done.

As for himself, he is a tireless worker who sees no end to the amount of good the little machines can do to lift the darkness of ignorance.

"The idea is to make a Christian," he says simply. "I'm an evangelist at heart. I wouldn't cross the street to make a church member, but I'd crawl a mile on my stomach to make a Christian."

Rev. John Ford and his little plant—small in comparison with the great factories manufacturing every kind of material commodity—are making thousands of Christians—a fact which well may alter the future for the whole world!

"Damon is in danger."

MY INNER VOICE WARNED ME OF DANGER

Kenneth R. Holcomb

It was on Sunday, November 4, 1951 that I heard The Voice. I was in my office-bedroom upstairs that morning, sorting papers into my files from the desk next to it.

Quietly but without the least trace of forewarning I heard The Voice, calm, pleasant, factual, as if its owner had approached and stopped a foot or two behind me. The words were simple but loaded with meaning.

"Damon is in danger."

I put down the papers in my hands and for an instant stood still, transfixed. Then without further hesitation I picked up my pen and circled that date, Sunday, November 4, on a large calendar over my desk.

"*Damon in periculo*", I wrote above the figure 4, "*sed Deus orationem meam audit.*" And under, "*Deo gratias.*"

I am not Catholic. I used Latin so I could mark this date and note the warning where it would be in full view on the cal-

ender and yet would not attract my wife's attention.

When I heard the warning I felt a momentary stab of dismay. Our oldest child and older son, Damon, was eight or nine thousand miles away in Port Lyautey, French Morocco. He was on duty there in the Air Control Tower of the United States Navy.

But as soon as I heard the warning I said half aloud,

"Thanks be to God."

That was why I wrote "*Deo gratias*" on the calendar.

Instantly after saying this I was perfectly at rest in the matter.

I worried about it so little that I had no special desire to mention the matter to Hester, my wife, for mother-fashion she would have worried. Nor did I have any impulse to start inquiries through the Red Cross or other official channels. Mine was the attitude customary when an affair has been decided definitely and closed. For that's how I felt about it.

I had felt fear; I had thanked God; I had felt peace. And now he gave to me all but total forgetfulness.

Over three weeks, twenty-four days to be exact, elapsed. On the twenty-fifth day we got a letter from Damon.

"I shall never forget the eve of this Thanksgiving," he wrote. Perhaps I have never told you, but I have made very good friends with a Frenchman who works in French operations. This very benign and shy friend has been teaching me French and I have been teaching him English. That evening he and I with five of my friends, most of them members of the dramatic club, went to see 'The Great Caruso'. After the movie we all repaired to WNAF, our radio station. We sat and talked, drinking coffee until 11:30. At this time we decided to go down to the snack bar for a sandwich before going to bed. It was a lovely evening so we decided to walk the half mile rather than wait for a bus which was seldom on schedule.

"My French friend, M.R. was rather reluctant about going because he felt he would intrude. But after some argument I persuaded him to go. When we stepped out into the night the rest of the party was already some two hundred feet ahead of us.

"The road to the Snack Bar

was pretty dark for it had only a few street lights. Also there was a sharp bend in it. Just as M.R. and I made this turn we were both struck from behind by a motor vehicle which sped on without stopping."

Damon now was ready with reassurances. His Mother needed them but little he knew of how little I had need of them!

"I say," his letter continued, "I say to both of you that there is *absolutely*, I repeat *absolutely* no cause for alarm. God was with me for I miraculously emerged from the accident with a very slight injury. I remember seeing a flare of lights and then instantaneously was thrown to the pavement. Within a split second I was on my feet. And then I became aware that M.R. was nowhere to be seen. I called his name. No reply. The rest of the fellows had rushed back by this time and in a moment or two one of them gave a shout.

"He lay bleeding a good fifteen feet from the point of impact, groaning but unconscious."

My son now felt some admissions were due, since I as an insurance casualty specialist, had always dinned into him the necessity of obeying safety rules.

"We had been walking on the right side of the road, thus disregarding a vital precaution. (In the State of New York where Da-

mon was raised, pedestrians walk so as to face oncoming traffic.) I was on the shoulder of the road, M. R. nearest the traffic."

Why, I wonder. How simple for it to have been the other way round. How wide is the average human body? By what small tolerance did God arrange my son's safety? And why for him and not M.R.? Believe me, I do not know.

Ever since this happened I recall a shrewd, hard hitting remark of Jesus when someone brought him the news of a disaster:

"Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?"

At any rate M.R. was taken to the hospital where he remained for months before being invalided home.

This experience is unique for several reasons.

Many who have similar experiences of voices come to relate them to their subconsciousness. This I can not do. I have had some subconscious perceptions and they stand out clearly as being such. But the Voice I heard on this occasion was not within my skull but definitely exterior to my being.

I can say unequivocally that neither my wife nor I had had any reason to worry about the safety of our son who was serving his country under his commitment as a reservist and was in the Navy for the second time.

A third and to me most remarkable factor in this episode is the order of events. The Voice said,

"Damon IS in danger."

This more than three weeks before the danger occurred.

I had never had a warning of this kind nor have I had another since. Yet, now that I have nearly ten years deliberation on the matter, I know that my reaction to it was automatic, as if through many such I had formed an instinctive response.

The impulse to use Latin came without hesitation.

I feel that this entire occurrence is a manifestation of God's way; that my recording the warning was part of his instigation. For I have had occasion to show skeptics this marked calendar and it usually has wrought a very definite softening of their doubts.

"And thine ears shall hear a voice behind you saying, this is the way . . ." Isa. 30:21.

The renewed church we are seeking must be a witnessing church.

The Renewal of the Church

T. OTTO NALL

Methodist Bishop of Minnesota

One need not be the seventh son of a seventh son to see that we live in an ecumenical age. The signs of it are on every hand. We inhale its atmosphere with the air we breathe. We catch step with the rhythm of its march, and its spirit captures us completely.

True enough, the word "ecumenicity" still gives us trouble. We cannot define it without faltering, and we cannot even pronounce it without hissing. But we are ready to carry the torch for the idea, for we are sure it is an idea whose long-overdue time has come.

Look what happened recently at San Francisco. Eugene Carson

Blake, seasoned ecumenical leader, made a proposal that he knew, as did most others in the "ecumenical know," was neither novel nor naive. It won deserved headlines, for it seized the imaginations of churchmen and nonchurchmen alike. Said *Life*: "It is one more sign that Christ still lives in the world, prodding and inspiring his followers to extend and preserve the faith and the kingdom through the errant, perishable, but ever-renewing institutions of earth."

Many ministers had their say, in pulpits as well as in newspapers and on television screens. There will be other proposals, and other comments, for the era of ecumen-

ical concern and achievement is merely beginning.

Currently, ecumenicity is the cure-all for all problems, big and little. Of course, it solves (in the opinion of many observers) the problems of duplication and overlapping, with gains in time, money and energy. It does much more.

A letter I had recently concerned campus evangelism. A close friend who knows much about this subject told me that the churches coming together will save the college generation from disillusionment and make committed youth out of uncommitted youth. I doubt it. Commitment does not come from the outside, only when conditions are right. There is not an instance in history to prove that it ever happened that way.

You may conclude that this betrays my own lack of faith in ecumenicity. You may imagine I believe the ecumenical honeymoon is over. I wish it were, for then we could settle down to some of the more important aspects of the ecumenical task. The editor of *Life* hinted at what I have in mind when he characterized the Blake proposal as "an inspired feeler toward revival as well as reunion, toward the reinvigoration of central Protestant belief." This suggests that we might have the reunion for which we pray and dream and plan, and still be no better off than we are now, be-

cause the churches united are no nearer their central mission than were the churches divided.

The renewed Church we are seeking must be a witnessing Church. In a real sense, of course, God is his own witness, and man's witnessing for him is redundant and often irrelevant, sometimes positively irreverent. A man-made satellite, revolving around the earth in varying but closely predictable orbit, obeys the laws of God, not man. All that man does is to discover the laws that the Creator has ordained. So, there ought to be no atheists in the space ships, just as there are no atheists in the foxholes.

The Creator of the world, and our Father, has found other ways to witness to his wisdom, his power and his love. He has created the Church to witness in its worship, its fellowship and its service. The Church is the fellowship that heralds the Good News, not only in the proclamation of the Word, but in the living of it.

The renewed Church must be a serving Church. One of the blessed results of the new interest in the Bible (due to the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls, but much else, too) will be the re-discovery of the service motive throughout. The Suffering Servant is probably the high point in the Old Testament, and in the New Testament we see how we

are the servants of the Servant who restores humanity.

Service comes for the Church when understanding of the Bible is matched with actual needs, dilemma and opportunities. We see Jesus himself in those who are in need, as he bids us do in his great parable of the Judgment. And I shall never forget the Irish preacher I heard in Dublin, as he pointed out that the parable is for nations (it specifically says "nations") as well as individuals.

The Church has been serving the world for centuries. Under new conditions the churches must take the risks of world-sharing in obedience to Christ. The Church serves the world locally, nationally, globally. And in serving humankind the Church serves God.

Other characteristics of renewal cry for expression, but we must conclude with one more: the renewed Church is a reconciling Church. Renewal means a new sense of community in the world where the Church serves. As Dr. Edwin T. Dahlberg, then president of the National Council of Churches, said at San Francisco, "What would it profit the churches if they gained visible unity and lost the whole world?"

Trace the history, if you will, from the days of rugged individ-

ualists to the collectivists of our day. The mission of the Church has always been one of reconciling men to each other because they become reconciled to God. At least, that has been the mission of the Church when it has sought to bring men, through Christ, to the one Father. Then the "middle wall of partition" is broken down.

In these days when we are seeking "community" as never before, when we are coming to see that mere "togetherness" is not enough, and that the sense of community is the gift of God, to be granted only when we have fulfilled the conditions, we glimpse the fact that the Church itself is community-in-the-making.

There are all sorts of reasons for disunity among the churches—emotions, sheer ignorance of what our neighbors believe, differences in teaching, proselyting, basic differences about the sources of authority in the Church, ideas about the Bible and traditions. But when we push back to the God-given mission of the Church these matters seem small indeed. And God, reconciling us to himself through Christ, shows us how to reconcile ourselves to other men and find the community that is the Church.

CLIFFORD HOMER RICHMOND

Islands of Solitude

In the January, 1955 issue of "The Reader's Digest" there was an article entitled: "Stress—the Cause of All Disease?" In this article, Dr. Hans Selye of Montreal, Canada was quoted as saying that hypertension, which is just another word for stress, kills one out of every four men and women over 50 years of age. He went on to say that stress and strain cause us to break at the weakest point. It may be the heart, nerves, lungs or some other part of the body. In any event, stress, he says is very definitely connected with all our diseases.

We must admit that we do live at a terrific pace in this modern age. We are constantly rushing from one thing to another. The pressure of life is so great that we get all upset if we miss even one section of a revolving door.

People try in many ways to escape the pressure of life, but many of these ways offer only temporary relief and ultimately

tend to make matters worse. There are those who turn to alcohol, nicotine, and other drugs. These things may seem to offer temporary relief, but they are fraught with danger and often create more and greater problems. They do absolutely nothing about bringing that inner peace which is so absolutely necessary if we are to live tranquilly amid the pressures of life. Dale Carnegie in his book, "How To Stop Worrying and Start Living," speaks of the ineffectiveness of alcohol, for example, as a means of relaxation. He says that an hour's rest a day is "cheaper than a highball; and, over a long stretch is 5476 times more effective."

What is true of alcohol is true of other drugs. We are now told that we can buy "tranquillity and peace of mind" at the corner drug store. All you have to do is to take a pill to keep you on even keel. These pills, however, are really no solution to our basic

problem. When their effect wears off, our problems are still there. Discord is still within and even greater than before. As Dr. Frank Jagers has said: "Let us not be swept overboard by this tide of artificial supports." Then suggesting a real solution to the whole problem he says: "Hold fast to your friends, your family and YOUR GOD!" Friends, Family and God can do more to bring "peace of mind" than anything else, for they bring us an inner peace, and unless we find peace WITHIN, we shall never find it at all!

Is there any answer to this problem or must we go on at this death-dealing pace? I am confident that there is an answer. In the first place, we need to realize the utter futility of "rushing about." After all, where are we going so fast and furious? "Where's the fire?" We may think we have a logical objective, but is it worth it to lose health, happiness, even life itself, in order to gather together a few material possessions? And yet, that is exactly what a lot of people are doing. We could be a lot happier and do a lot more, with greater benefit to ourselves and others, if we took things a bit easier. The Bible says: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." When we think that

there is a better and quicker way to salvation, we are just fooling ourselves.

All we are doing in this mad rush is moving more quickly to our graves. I often think of this as I watch the surging, rushing throng on a busy street. They are all in a hurry to get to the cemetery. At the entrance to a large cemetery near New York is a sign which reads: "One way traffic only." How true! Death is a one way street. If you want to live longer on this earth, then learn to TAKE IT EASY!

One way in which you can do this is to take frequent, though brief, periods of rest. Most of us can't take long periods each day for relaxation, but we all can take a few seconds or a few minutes frequently throughout the day.

Take the human heart. I am told that each day it pumps enough blood through our bodies to fill a railway tank car. Or, to put it another way; it exerts enough energy each twenty-four hours to shovel twenty tons of coal into a platform three feet high. "How can it stand it," you ask, "over a period of 50, 60, or 70 years?" Dr. Walter B. Cannon of the Harvard Medical School explains it. He says: "Most people have the idea that the heart is working all the time. As a matter of fact, there is a definite rest period after each

contraction. When beating at a moderate rate of 70 pulses per minute, the heart is actually working only nine hours out of the twenty-four. In the aggregate, its rest periods total a full fifteen hours per day." I am mighty glad it doesn't take its rest all at once or that would be the end of us. It does, however, get this great amount of rest each day through very brief periods which we never notice.

We need to learn the secret of the heart. We need to learn how to snatch very frequent brief periods of rest each day. When the traffic light turns red, for instance, instead of becoming aggravated and sending your blood pressure up, just relax. Sit back for a second or two and say: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." You'll have many such opportunities on your way to and from work.

You can do this even while you are working. You can pause frequently, for a second or two, turn your thoughts inward and say: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you not as the word giveth I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Thank you Jesus for your peace!"

Carl Sandburg says that he wants just four things out of life. First, he wants to keep out of jail;

second, to eat regularly; third, to get his material printed, and fourth, he wants a little love at home and a little outside. Perhaps that is why he is such a happy, productive individual at 77!

"A man's life does NOT consist in the abundance of things he possesses." Demand less of life! Be satisfied with simpler things and you will LIVE LONGER and will be HEALTHIER and HAPPIER!

Thus far, I have been skirting around the edges of the real secret of Peace and Well-being. We find the true answer in JESUS. Even if Jesus were living in this modern, hectic day, He would be living life peacefully and tranquilly, because He knew that Peace came from within and not from without! He was at Peace because He was in perfect harmony with the Will of His Heavenly Father. Peace is the result of a relationship and not the result of a quiet, well-ordered external life. If you are right with God you have peace within which nothing can disturb. "In His Will is our Peace!" When Jesus left us His Peace, He said it was a Peace the world could not give and could not take away.

"But, how do you get this Peace?" you ask. Simply by accepting His invitation: "Come unto Me, all ye who labour and are

heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." When we come to Him, He comes to dwell within us and gives us the fruits of His Presence: "Love, Joy, Peace, Long Suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, M e e k n e s s and Self-control." Peace, then, will be the natural, automatic result of His Presence.

I know of a very busy and successful man. When asked how he can keep up his busy schedule and accomplish so much so joyfully, he answers: "Everyday I walk into a Church and sit there quietly for fifteen or twenty minutes. In the Holy Quiet of the Sanctuary a Peace envelops and indwells me and I go forth to do my work quietly and confidently." God will speak to you in His Sanctuary. He will make Himself known to you and give you HIS PEACE. Isaiah went to Church one day and saw the Lord "high, holy and lifted up" and it CHANGED HIS LIFE! Spend more time in Church, quietly waiting in God's Presence, and perhaps you too will have a vision of the Lord which will change your life. In any event, it will prove an Island of Solitude to your Soul!

Then, there is the Island of Solitude which is PRAYER. There is no substitute for Prayer. When I was a boy we used to sing a Gospel Hymn in which there was the line: "A little talk with

Jesus make it right, all right." A "little talk with Jesus" does make it "right, all right." Just to talk things over with God, to listen to Him as He speaks to us, always brings Him closer and makes Him more real. He becomes the very atmosphere of our souls and HE IS OUR PEACE!

Always BEGIN THE DAY WITH GOD!

"Every morning, lean thine arm awhile

Upon the window sill of heaven

And gaze upon thy God.

Then, with the vision in thy heart,

Turn strong to meet thy day."

CONTINUE THE DAY WITH GOD! It is not enough to talk to Him in the morning. Talk to Him often through the day. Thank Him. Praise Him. Tell Him that you belong to Him. Say again and again: "Not my will but Thy Will be done."

END THE DAY WITH GOD! Just before you drift off to sleep say, "Father into Thy Hands I commend my spirit."

If you desire it therefore, you may find in the Bible, the Church and Prayer—"ISLANDS OF SOLITUDE." They will bring you to Him, Who is PEACE itself; Whom Isaiah called: "Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, PRINCE OF PEACE!"

Look Beyond the Stars

by JOHN STENNIS

United States Senator from Mississippi

Some time ago I heard closed-door testimony from our (then) Secretary of Defense, the Chairman and each member of our Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Director of our Central Intelligence Agency, the Administrator of our Space Agency, and other competent witnesses including many of the nation's foremost scientists and engineers, as well as leaders in government. We were briefed on ground-alerts, air-alerts, airlifts, sealifts, conventional weapons, and the ultimate weapons, missiles, and anti-missile missiles.

At the conclusion of this awesome testimony, I walked down the Senate corridors, depressed and discouraged. A grave question pounded at my mind: is our real challenge material, or is it spiritual?

I felt encouraged to recall a trans-Atlantic flight when I was permitted to visit the chief pilot of our giant Constellation as it winged its way over the trackless ocean. I asked him how he took

his bearings, how he kept his course, and how he reached his true destination. Observing small lights from several ships far below, I asked him whether he got his signals from the ships at sea. His reply was piercing—

"Senator, how could I stay on my course if I took my bearings from strange ships at sea? I have my own instruments here on my own panel board. I understand them. I know how they operate. I know how to interpret their readings. Furthermore, this giant plane has the power to climb above the clouds, where I can take my bearings from the stars."

As I left the cockpit and returned to my cabin, I knew that

• *Senator Stennis regularly attends a breakfast prayer group sponsored by International Christian Leadership. These remarks were made at the Presidential Prayer Breakfast in 1960, and are entered in the Congressional Record.*

Condensed from the Congressional Record, and reprinted from *Faith At Work*, The Magazine of Christian Experience, 8 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

this young man had given me a great message. And, I believe, it was a message also for our nation, and for the entire free world.

We have our own instruments and our own panel board. We have been trained to understand these instruments and to make them operate.

We have economic freedom. We have the material resources and the ability to wield these resources into material strength.

We have political freedom and a system of government which permits our people to govern themselves through their own chosen representatives, in a way which will preserve their personal and economic freedom.

Furthermore, we have the priceless heritage of religious freedom.

And, thankfully, we have been trained from our youth to look beyond the stars to that Higher Power and Higher Light for our bearings and our course.

The Will and the Courage

Though the future and international affairs may appear dark and gloomy, the real challenge confronting us is not in the material world but in the things of the spirit. The challenge is for us to use our instruments in charting our course, and then to have the will and the courage to follow that course.

Let us take courage. For other generations also the way has been

hard. At another uncertain time in history, Benjamin Franklin arose on the floor of the Constitutional Convention and addressed the Chair (George Washington was presiding) in the following words—

“I have lived, Sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth—that God governs in the affairs of man. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid?”

Mr. Franklin’s motion that the sessions be opened each day with prayer was carried. And within the brief span of less than two weeks far-reaching basic agreements were reached which led directly to the final adoption of our present Constitution of the United States, a document which for more than one hundred seventy five years has been the charter and protector of our freedom, and the inspiration and guide of free men everywhere. By it, we have taken our bearings and stayed on our course.

Let us look to that same Power. Let us face our future with confidence and with courage, always willing to do our part. We, too, must rise above the clouds and look above the stars. Thus, we can find God’s light. With the help of His light, we will find our way.

WE MUST KEEP REMINDING OURSELVES THAT GREATER THAN OUR DEFEATS ARE OUR SPIRITUAL RESOURCES.

MANAGING OUR FAILURES AND DEFEATS

Harold W. Ruopp

Failures and defeats, like many other of life’s experiences, are no respectors of persons. Sooner or later they come to everyone. At one time or another we have all tasted failure; we have all been defeated. The important question is, What can we do to manage them and master them when they come?

In answer to that question, we may begin by asking another, What is life? Many answers have been proposed, some of them simple, some involved and complex. Upon this much, however, we can agree: ultimately life is not a problem to be solved or a question to be answered or a mystery to be probed; it is first and foremost an adventure to be lived. As an adventure, it inevitably in-

volves countless risks—among them the risk of failure and defeat.

In the closing portion of Walt Whitman’s majestic poem, “Passage to India,” are these significant lines:

Sail forth—steer for the deep water only,

Reckless O Soul, exploring,

I with thee, and thou with me,

For we are bound where mar-

iner has not yet dared to go,

And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

We may, if we choose, live colorlessly, prudently, cautiously taking as our slogan “Safety first.” In that event, we minimize the possibility of failures and defeats. But to fly at the masthead of our lives, not “Safe-

ty first," but "Adventure first," means that we must run the risk of failing. Where nothing is ever risked, nothing is ever lost—neither is anything ever gained. No adventure, no defeats—neither would there be any victories.

Moreover, if we are to manage our failures and defeats, we must try to locate their causes. Sometimes they reside in circumstances over which we have no direct control. In that event, we need not be ashamed of our failures nor conquered in spirit by them. They are simply incidents in our lives to be viewed as dispassionately as the rising of the sun or the changing of the seasons.

But sometimes the real cause of our defeats and failures is to be found in ourselves. Not in our stars, but in our souls! Not in external circumstances, but in faulty attitudes! Not in life, but in a false philosophy of life!

That false philosophy commonly expressed itself in the words: "You must make good—for mother's sake, or father's sake, or the family's sake, or for the sake of the dear old school." That philosophy is not only false, it is dangerous. It is dangerous because it puts one under constant nervous tension and emotional strain. As I see it, no one is compelled to "make good" for anyone's sake. All that life requires of us is that we give our best on

each new level of experience. Then if we fail—and fail we may—we at least fail gloriously and unashamedly.

Once we discover which of our failures are due primarily to ourselves, we must be willing to accept responsibility for them. The more common reaction is to blame everyone and everything else for our failures. We develop the "iffing" habit. "If only circumstances had been different;" "If only someone else hadn't done so and so;" "If this had been the case or that had been the situation;" we would not have failed. But this kind of childish alibiing never gets us any place. It only tends to weaken our character and increase our unhappiness. One of the sure marks of a mature person is courage, and courage always involves the willingness to accept responsibility—for our mistakes, failures and defeats, quite as much as for our successes.

Many people, it needs now to be added, fail again and again because they keep suggesting failure to themselves. Their dominant attitude is one of almost constant negativity, based upon fear—fear of life in general and fear of failure in particular. We always tend to move towards that which we most fear, just as a boy, learning to ride a bicycle, runs into the tree which he feared he would run into. The fear of fail-

ure keeps pushing us relentlessly in the direction of failure.

For better or for worse, we are all more or less the products of our own suggestions. Everyone is auto-suggesting himself each day of his life. It is never a question of auto-suggestion or no auto-suggestion, but rather a matter of the kind of auto-suggestions we use—whether they be wholesome, positive, creative, or negative, fearful, self-defeating.

"I know I shall fail"—"I'm sure I can't do it"—"I'm just no good to anyone"—"I dread that meeting tomorrow"—"I'm sure I have some dreadful disease"—let a person keep saying things like these and failure is almost inevitable. From the beginning, he had the "will to fail."

Humility is one of the most desirable traits of human character, but one needs to distinguish clearly between humility and a false self-debasement.

I shall never forget an experience which I had when I was in high school. I had been assigned a project which looked frightfully big to me. "I can't do it," I said, "I simply can't do it." Fortunately, I had a very wise teacher who took me aside one day and told me a story. I have heard it several times since, but it was new to me then.

There were once two railroad engines, a big one and a little one.

As the big one started up a long, steep grade, it said to itself again and again, "I know I can't; I know I can't." Half way up, it gave one final gasp, stopped dead, and said "There, I knew I couldn't." The little engine started up another grade, equally long and steep, saying as it puffed along, "I think I can; I think I can." Reaching the top and starting down-grade, it exclaimed triumphantly, "I knew I could; I knew I could."

My teacher, being wise, never moralized the story. He didn't say to me, "You get the point, don't you?" I got the point, and that point has stayed with me to the present time.

But in spite of all we may say or do, suppose that failures and defeats come—as come they most certainly will. We must then remind ourselves that a failure is not a finality; that a defeat is not the end. Life keeps offering us a second chance and a third and a fourth. Each new day of our lives presents us with another opportunity and another challenge to correct yesterday's mistakes, to convert yesterday's defeats into today's victories. Viewed in their proper light, the defeats of the past are the stuff out of which today's achievements and tomorrow's conquests are made.

Finally, we must keep reminding ourselves that greater than our defeats are our spiritual re-

sources—the resources which come from God himself. It is often said that man's extremity is God's opportunity. At least, it *may be* God's opportunity, his chance to give us what we most need—not outward success, but inner victory.

No matter what defeats or disasters may come, no man fails unless and until he fails inside. As long as there is a deep, inner integrity; as long as he commits himself to the right as he sees the right; as long as he is "on the beam—God's beam"—he has not failed, no matter what others may think or say. It is eternally true: *No man fails unless and until he fails inside.*

Consider the experience of Jesus. He lived life to the full if any man ever did, giving his best in every situation he had to face. And yet, he failed, as men commonly measure failure and success. He established no kingdom upon the earth. Someone has estimated that he had no more than five hundred followers at the time of his death. When the final testing time came, one of his disciples denied him, one betrayed him, and the rest, at least momentarily, deserted him. At the end he was rewarded with a cross,

a crown of thorns, a spear thrust in his side, a cup of vinegar to satisfy his thirst. A failure! So he was considered not only by his enemies but by many of his friends. A dreamer who had been defeated!

But temporarily defeated by external circumstances and by the hardness of men's hearts, he himself was not defeated—he had not failed on the inside. They might kill his body; they could not destroy his spirit. So he died with his head up and with a soul unafraid; died like the hero he was because he knew his life was rooted in the life of God, his Father. "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

A failure? So they said he was on that fateful day in Jerusalem nineteen hundred years ago. But deep in his heart of hearts he knew that he was no failure, that it was the world which had failed him. So he said: "Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me. . . . In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer I have overcome the world."

"THE MISSING DIME"

O. T. WALKER

It had been snowing the morning Thomas Martin, a blackballed newspaper editor, was released from jail after having served 10 days for intoxication. Now, late in the afternoon, as he walked the littered sidewalks of Skid Row, the snow had started to fall once again.

The white flakes brushing his burning cheeks, felt soothing to him as he sought shelter. His shabby coat gave him scant protection against the cold wind. At the corner he looked across the street at a building housing a newspaper office. The lighted windows emitted a feeling of warmth. "Reporters at work," he muttered, he longed to be one of their number once again.

Moving over to the entrance, he stared at the lights in envy. In his reverie the memory of his jail experience came to mind. After many months on Skid Row, he had been sentenced to jail. It was in jail that he had become aware of his unnoticed hunger, but not for food. A prisoner walking the steel floor of his cell had asked

if someone would write a letter home for him since he could not write. Another of the prisoners said, "Why, don't you know that you are walking the floor with one of the best writers in the country! Why not ask him to write the letter for you?"

The disbelief in the man's eyes angered Tom. Tom blurted out, "Get the paper, I'll write your letter for you."

It was this memory of so small a thing that awoke the old hunger in Thomas Martin's heart. This small triumph had made him aware of his need to write again, to be a somebody.

"Oh, God," he prayed, moving out into the snow again, "I'll die on Skid Row unless I can write again."

His shoulders slumped, and he shivered, not so much from the cold snow falling down the back of his thin coat as from the awareness that never again would he be a newspaper man. He was finished—*b e a t e n*—done for. And, what could he thank for his downfall? Alcohol.

Despair slowed his footsteps; and for a moment he was tempted to feign drunkenness in order to gain the warmth and shelter of a cell. If only he could find someone—just anyone—to give him a drink so the smell of it would be on his breath, he'd go back to a sordid world of steel and stone. There, at least, he would be accepted and recognized as a former great. This would help satisfy his hungry ego.

For a moment he found hope in the lighted windows, and his shoulders squared. One of his old friends might give him a dollar—enough for a fifth of wine. Full of wine and forgetfulness, he could make his way back to jail.

Then his footsteps slowed; he recalled that the elevator man on duty at night had been ordered to keep him out of the building. Frantically he looked about him in search of a familiar face, but Skid Row derelicts had been driven into cubbyholes, flophouse dormitories, and missions by the snow and wind.

Martin, drenched now from the melting snow, hugged close to a building and under a cornice.

Before him the street was white with the falling snow which reflected the reds, greens, and blues of the neon signs over the two bars across the street. But despair comes in waves, and in the troughs there is a faint shadow of

hope. He suddenly realized that if he had a dime he could telephone one of the reporters to meet him downstairs in the lobby.

A dime!

He was too wet to climb the stairs to the nearby flophouse in search of a drinking crony; the man at the desk would throw him out anyway. That left the missions. Somewhere along this street in one of the missions he would find a man with a dime, make him a proposition to share the expected dollar. Then his troubles would be over. But he'd have to hurry. The lighted windows were blacking out now, one by one.

Far up the street the sound of music came to him—clear notes that filled the air in the hush of falling snow. It was a Salvation Army cornet solo. Even as he slogged in that direction, a chorus of voices, blending in a hymn, came to his ears.

Martin smiled sardonically, his lips pulled back over chattering teeth. This was rock bottom. Never, in the year he had been on Skid Row, had he entered a mission. A fierce pride had kept him from making this final gesture of defeat—a queer pride that allowed him to be a panhandler, but always before there had been a bed of some sort.

Now, driven by his need for a drink and shelter in the local jail where some still looked upon him

as a writer, he was going to seat himself in a mission until his trained eye fastened on a man who had a dime.

Martin, clutching his breast in a vain attempt to warm himself, turned in at the entrance and was given a slip of paper by a smiling man at the door.

"What's this paper for?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Your supper and bed. I'll get you some dry clothes," the man added.

Martin almost laughed aloud despite his chattering teeth. Long before the service was over he'd be full of warm wine and on his way to jail. He scanned the crowded interior, found a vacant seat half-way down the aisle and looked up at the platform. A man all dressed in blue was speaking.

A ghost of a memory stirred in Thomas Martin's consciousness. Long, long ago—as a small boy—he had attended church services regularly. But that habit had ended in college. He'd been grimly determined to make his mark as a great journalist, and there was no time left in his life for religion.

On each side of him, unshaven men lifted their voices in discordant singing. Not a dime between them, he decided. He was searching the faces beyond them when the singing ended and another man in Salvation Army uniform rose, moved to the pulpit

and bowed his head in prayer.

Martin heard the words because he was no longer shivering. The radiators of the chapel brought him a physical comfort even though the prayer warmed his spirit not at all. Though he needed a drink, a sense of comfort stole over him. The thought of cold steel and gray bars made him stare at the slip of paper.

The man was preaching now—"The great drama of the Crucifixion began with the kiss of Judas in the Garden of Gethsemane."

With a shock, Martin realized, for the first time in his life, that Jesus had faced a magistrate, had been on trial for His life. He thought, "Why, I'm in the same boat; I am on trial for my life. If I continue to drink and stay on Skid Row, I'll die here." It was at this moment that he made a great decision.

Martin no longer searched the faces around him. He was searching his own soul. It dawned on him that, like the two thieves who had died on either side of Christ, he was guilty, too. It came to him as a shock that he drank, not because he had been blackballed from writing but because the guilt of his wrongdoing lay heavily upon his soul.

The slip of paper clutched in his hand blurred as the tears came, and then loomed again into focus.

Food, a warm bed and dry clothing—the physical ingredients to start a new life.

But Martin felt a great unworthiness. He knew that he had pushed against the very gates of hell in his degradation. Then, as if an unseen presence were prompting him, he whispered, "Better to find God at the gates of hell than to miss Him at the gates of heaven."

A ghost of a smile quivered on his lips. "I'll carry the message or be the writer for the Lord against all who mock Him," he decided silently. He was on his feet now, walking toward the altar to kneel down in prayer.

Aloud, he said a strange and unusual thing: "I thank Thee Lord Jesus, that I did not have a dime!"



HIS LIGHT

Louise Darcy

Into each life there comes an hour
When hope seems gone and day is dark,
When through the deepest gloom is seen
No light to give the faintest spark.

But still there is a radiance,
Illumining the blackest night.
And when we turn to God in prayer,
Sorrow is banished in His light.

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

Thoughts Farthest Out

by Norman K. Elliott

YOUR "DIVINE PLAN"

Now the word of the Lord came to me saying, "Before I formed you; I appointed you a prophet to the nations." (Jeremiah 1:4-5) . . . Most people consider that birth is a rather accidental affair even when it is planned. A man and his wife might plan for a baby, but as to what kind of a baby this one will be is a mystery. Yet, sages and seers and prophets of all ages have always said that birth is not something of a hit and miss affair. They claim that everyone's birth is a perfectly planned event in eternity, that there is a "divine plan" for each person, a purpose behind it and for it, a direction to it and for it, a worth and meaning beyond the human for each life.

Jeremiah came to the conviction that God had a divine plan for his life; that his life was not his to waste or do with as he wished. And, he came to this realization early, when he was a youth. Perhaps all youth have awarenesses of this sort but are talked out of it by the pressure and culture of the times. They lose the vision and the reality and therefore lower themselves to another plane of life. Happy is the youth who holds to his dream and knowing.

David came to the realization of his relationship, the worth of his life, the divine plan that was his when he says, "I will tell of the decree of the Lord: He said to me, 'You are my son, today I have begotten you.'" (Psalm 2:7) How similar this is to the experience of Jesus at the baptism. ". . . and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and alighting on him; and lo, a voice from heaven saying, 'This is my beloved Son, with whom I am well pleased.'" (Matthew 3:16-17)

As Jesus was the perfect man, God's dream for His entire human creation, we can look to Jesus and know that our life is not an accidental affair. His life was planned and prophesied long before Jesus appeared on the earth. As the clear and true revelation of God in human form, the intention and purpose and will of God in human form, his life is telling us that there is a divine plan for our lives.

It is in stillness and quietness that we find out that divine plan, or are instinctively led into it. In stillness, study, love, prayer, dedication, worship we are naturally and spontaneously led into that life for each of us that God Himself intended and laid out for us.

Read: **Thirty Years With The Silent Billion**, Frank C. Laubach,

\$3.95

GIVE WHAT YOU HAVE

"I have no silver and gold, but I give you what I have . . . (Acts 3:6) . . . We often think we have nothing to give simply because we do not have any money. And we often give money because we can give it without putting ourselves to any trouble. We can give it without upsetting our routine of living. And money is often the thing of least importance we have to give. We all have more to give than money and we all need so much more than money.

A lady I know is a person of substantial means. Most people know this and therefore assume that she has no need for anything. Little do they know the periods of loneliness she has had. One day an elderly woman sent her a handkerchief and a little card telling her how much she appreciated her. My friend was touched beyond measure by the thoughtfulness of someone she hardly knew. Simply because many people did not think they had the money to give her what her "position" required, they had done nothing. The word can become very lonely in such circumstances. Learn to give what you have—yourself, in however small a way.

If you liked the sermon in church on Sunday morning tell your minister about it. I do not mean just to say, "Very nice," as you leave the sanctuary at the close of the service. Do it on Monday morning. Call the church and tell him what you thought of it, how it helped and what new ideas you got from it. Or, write a postcard that he will get on Tuesday. Ministers must get rather tired of smiling and listening to so many people say the same thing after the service. It would be new to hear it on Monday!

If your butcher is pleasant and puts himself out to give you good service, telling him that you appreciate it can make his day sing. Don't get into the habit of assuming that you are paying him by buying from him.

A little extra effort to express gratitude is most worthwhile.

Many weary salesgirls in department stores put themselves out to make your shopping trip beneficial, and sincerely expressed, "thank you," can mean so much.

When someone has tried and failed, a telephone call expressing appreciation for their attempt, the courage and dream involved, and the encouragement to go ahead is worth more than money will ever buy.

Taking the time to talk with someone and to listen to him with understanding, and a smile of encouragement, is what everyone has to give if he only would. We all have so much to give. Give it, such as you have.

Read: **Try Giving Yourself Away**, David Dunn. \$2.95

THE PREACHING GOSPEL IS BASIC

And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every disease and every infirmity. (Matthew 9:35) . . . In this statement we have the two aspects of the gospel; the teaching gospel and the service gospel. One must issue from the other.

A young missionary from Southern Rhodesia was talking to me about the situation in Africa. He mentioned the names of the various native leaders on the continent and then made a rather surprising statement to me, "You know all of these men are the product of mission schools."

Much has been made in recent years about the fact that India has refused permits to preaching missionaries, that what they are interested in are those who can teach, do agricultural work, give medical aid, etc. The idea is becoming widespread that the days of the preaching missionary are over. And, in many circles, there seems to be agreement with this idea. It reminds me of what Elton Trueblood said in one of his books. He said that our civilization was living on the fruits of Christianity without its roots. Perhaps India wants the fruits of Christianity without its roots!

In a recent book, *The Slaves of Timbuctoo*, the authors tell of slavery in that area of Africa. They even bought a slave and set him free to prove their point. Although the region is under French control, and although legally all people are free, the big problem is to convince the slaves that they are free. Usually the argument would end up with the man saying, "But *I am* a slave." Not until he is free in his own mind will he ever be free, and when he is free in his own mind the legalities of the matter will take care of themselves.

The preaching of the gospel is the basic foundation of any other aspect of the gospel. The ideas, the commitment of the mind, the enlightenment of the spirit, the goal of a life that is illumined by concepts is basic. From this basic and initial step will follow the other aspects of the gospel—all that is meant by the word "service." Medicine, political rights, social services, education will follow naturally the preaching of the gospel. The preaching is primary.

Read: **In Christ**, E. Stanley Jones. \$2.50

ROSE H. ANDERSON

"Who But God"

I FELT NEW LIFE SURGING THROUGH ME, NEW STRENGTH AND A GREATER LOVE. I FELT THE BLESSED PRESENCE OF THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. OH, WE HAD A GLORIOUS CELEBRATION. I SAID, "WHO BUT GOD."

My husband and I lived on a Kansas farm with our three small children. Our life was simple and in no way different from that of thousands of other farm folks. It was hard, yes, but in a way natural to our European upbringing. We were strong, healthy, and took pleasure in living. We were happy.

Then in those tense days of World War I, I came down with influenza when that epidemic swept the country. I recovered, but as an after effect developed what we called the 'galloping consumption'. It was out of this tragedy that came my greatest discovery. God still heals.

It seemed death was waiting for

me. But I was a stubborn farm woman, having left Germany when a young woman. I lay helpless in bed waiting for death. I was conscious at times of my small children trying to carry on, feed themselves and care for me. For days my mind was tortured with the necessity to do for the children and I struggled to get out of bed and help. Three times I got up only to fall and have to be put in bed again. Each time I arose, I heard a Voice: "Give yourself completely to Me, and I will heal you." We were a deeply religious family, yet I just could not seem to accept these wonderful words. Who was I, a simple farm woman to think God would

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talk to me? I was startled, perplexed, and uncertain how God could help me unless I made the effort to help myself. Finally, I was too weak even to move. It was then I prayed: "Heal me, God, and I'll serve You always!" I felt that my dreadful condition was like that of Job when he cried in despair: "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him!" For I lived and had my being in my blessed Lord.

God didn't wait to heal me; I felt new life surging through me, new strength and a greater love. My heart began beating with such great exultation as I felt the blessed Presence of the great Physician, that I thought it would burst! I arose to my feet, stretched myself to prove to myself that I was made whole, then I walked out to the kitchen and fixed dinner. Oh, but we had a glorious celebration! Thanking God for bringing me back from death.

Since that time, I've sought God's will and followed it. I could not speak good English, yet when I was asked to teach Sunday School in English, I taught in English. God was with me, so why did it matter if some words didn't come out just right? I'd told everyone of God's goodness to me, so they understood and helped.

But being so very human,

doubt began to creep in—who was I to expect God to heal me, a farm woman without much learning? Foolish me, I began to think that my sickness had come to an end of itself, forgetting the joy I'd known when the great Physician had come to me Himself to heal! It was not good to have this doubt, so God did something about it! He must come to minister to our household once more, to kill my doubts and fears by His great merciful healing love. Blessed be the Name of our Lord!

My husband fell from a tree; our old family doctor sent for a doctor who was special in fixing broken backs. For my husband's back was broken, the spinal cord broken. The special doctor shook his head and walked from the house, looking very sad. I ran after them. Our doctor merely said: "I can tell you more in four weeks." In other words, my husband would be dead within four weeks.

My husband was weeping when I entered our bedroom, then he said: "The doctors say I must die? And there's so much to be done." Always so much work on a Kansas farm.

I told him very firmly, keeping my voice steady to hold back the hot tears, for I loved him so dearly. "Now stop your sniffing! God still lives, doesn't he? You talk

to Him." I went out and slammed the door, letting him understand it was all up to him. I wept where no one could see me, the while I told God all about it.

I knew now within my heart God had healed me, for my bitter tears taught me this truth my heart had known all the time, when I'd doubted! But a broken back and a broken spinal cord, a man without feeling, absolutely helpless, could God heal these broken things? Oh, the utter fool that I was! Couldn't I get it through my thick German-born head that God could do everything! Hadn't He made the world and everything in it?

My husband didn't weep when I was in the room the next day. I bathed his helpless body all over, and my heart surged with untold joy as I saw his big toe on the right foot wiggle as I washed and prayed. I never said a word about it, neither did he, but I caught a look in his eyes. The next day, the big toe on his other foot began to wiggle. I could

hardly contain myself, neither could he, but his eyes told me he knew. You see, God was doing things differently with him, healing him a bit at a time. Not that He couldn't have healed him at once, but He was doing it His way, blessed be His Name!

The next day I asked my husband: "Want to sit up while I wash your back?" His dark eyes sparkled as he nodded his head. Words cannot contain our joy, for his back was as smooth as a baby's. All the broken parts had been shoved together; my husband was healed!

I asked him: "Want to take a step?" He was too excited to talk, but walk he did, one step at a time. We heard a step on the porch and in walked our old family doctor. The four weeks were up. He stared at us, then nodded his head, the while joy blossomed on his face: "So, God has been here again! No one else could have healed him. . . ."

I said in great gladness: "Who but God!"



Believe in the challenge of the present times. Now is the time to enter into the full measure of living.

"Come Unto Me"

by

REUBEN K. YOUNGDAHL

The United States Health Bureau has indicated a deep concern over the mounting curve of ill-health brought on by worry among Americans of this day. One of its recent bulletins powerfully highlighted Scripture when it said, "You who are prone to worry, would you consider the fact that no bird died of anxiety because he couldn't build more nests than his neighbor did? Will you remember the fact that no squirrel ever died of anxiety or fear because he hadn't laid up more than one winter's store of nuts for his harvest? Will you remember that no fox has ever lost his mind because he only had one hole in which to live? A dog never died of worry or concern because of the fact that he hadn't

enough bones laid up for his old age or social security."

Many doctors and psychologists today would agree that "worryitis" is a disease that is perhaps doing more harm to the population of the world than any other. It is debilitating, both mentally and physically, by its very nature. All too often its roots go so deep that it is beyond the curative skill of a doctor. At this point the healing touch of the Great Physician is often sought. In the care of Him who has all power the afflicted soul can be restored to peace and health once more. His cure alone is the one that is lasting.

Upon reading the United States Health Bureau pamphlet one hears the echo of those words

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from Scripture, "Look at the birds of the air; they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. . . . Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin." God takes care of the elements of His creation; will He not also take care of man, the highest part of His creation? He has given us His promise that He will watch over His own.

But why are we so worried and concerned about the things of life? Is it not that we are detached from the Source of strength? If we really in faith accepted God's invitation to abide in His strength, what would there be to worry about? Speaking for His heavenly Father, Jesus voiced the invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready." You are invited to come to a banquet spread in His house. However, by refusing the invitation, you will naturally remain in your old habits of worrying. Be assured that if you do come your every problem will find a solution, your every want will be satisfied according to the wonderful grace of God.

Each word of our Lord's invitation is significant. "Come!" Everyone knows the meaning of that word. Simply and forcefully, it beckons us to advance, to enter into a new experience, to move into a different course of action.

It speaks to everyone; it has a universal meaning. It suggests no boundaries. Regardless of background or achievement, all can be reached by its clear and open message. "Come!" God invites all people.

"For all things . . ." In God's language there are no exceptions. Even the most seemingly trivial or inconsequential problems are of concern to God.

"Come, for all things are now . . ." Believe in the challenge of the present times! Now, God invites you to enter into the avenues of life's joys. Do not delay your acceptance until some future day. Now is the time to enter into the full measure of living.

"Come, for all things are now ready." God has stocked the rich supply house of life for us.

Listen again to that invitation. This is not man speaking. It is the Lord who graciously summons us to His strength and comfort. "Come to me, all who labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." What are the burdens that plague you? What are the concerns that hover around you? Have you asked your Lord to help you? He who is God's mighty Son will put His strong shoulders under your load. Above all, His invitation is addressed to you personally. The individual soul is more important in the sight of God's love.

"Come unto me . . ." you who are afraid of tomorrow. Where else can man find a light which will safely lead him into the obscure regions of tomorrow? Where but in God can we have the guidance that will make our trek a safe one in the future?

A fear of tomorrow for many people is coupled with a fear of death. At times we appear to be like heathens in our attitudes about the end of life. Yet, who is there among men who is fearful of the day of his graduation? Should then the thought of the dawn of a day that shall be endless cause us to shake and tremble? Those who fear dying ought to listen to what Corporal, an old Negro saint, once said. All his life he had lived close to his Lord. When Corporal lay on his deathbed, his doctor said to him, "Corporal, I hate to tell you this, but you had better get ready because your minutes are numbered." At this Corporal looked up with a faint smile on his black face and said, "You don't have to be afraid, doctor, I've been living all my life for those minutes." Can you sincerely echo his words?

In the Biblical story about the spurned banquet invitation we learn that on receiving God's request some began at once to make excuses.

Translated into a twentieth-century setting these excuses rep-

resent three things which still today keep men from God's kingdom: possessions—land; power—oxen; pleasure—marriage. They still are hurdles barring the way to God's kingdom. Do we tell God that we are too busy to accept His invitation to eternal life? Our alibis, too, put the blame on externals and at the same time ignore our internal motives. They place the entire blame on effect rather than on cause.

History is prolific with folk who won out despite crippling and disabling circumstances. We could mention Glen Cunningham. He was one who refused to give up in face of odds that seemed to be against him. As a boy in Kansas he was a victim of a fire in the little country school which he attended. His doctor, on seeing how his flesh and leg muscles were seared almost to the bone, predicted that he would never walk again. Yet because of his indomitable faith and courage, not only did Glen walk again, but he ran the Olympic mile, and won it. He was clocked as running the mile in just a few tenths of a second over four minutes. He became a great and world-renowned hero and an example to American youth by surmounting external circumstances. His faith in God spurred him to wrest from adversity his chance to make good.

George Washington Carver,

born of Negro slave parents, could have sat back and bewailed his lot, saying, "God did not give me any breaks." Instead he surmounted the strong feelings others associated with his people, and became one of the greatest scientists of the first portion of this century.

There is room in God's kingdom for anyone who feels a desire in his heart for living in a world more broad than what he can create for himself. There is room for men of all means, of all social classes, of all nationalities, of all geographical areas, of all states of physical appearance, of all stages of achievement. One of the most comforting truths of the gospel is that God is interested in the individual soul, and is not distracted by the external shell that contains it. No one need ever

walk this life alone. Companionship is the keynote of many of our human relationships; it is even more true of our association with our heavenly Father. Inseparably linked with Him, we are thereby enabled to find the greatest meaning and fulfillment for our life, which itself is a gift of God.

To have God means more than can ever be set to words. Experiencing His presence is beyond man's mere speech. The door is open; the banquet is ready; the invitations have been addressed and sent to each individual; the Master is waiting for men to reply by coming into His presence and accepting the blessings He has prepared. Listen! He is calling for you! Yes, Lord, I would clasp my hand in yours. Yes, Lord, I belong to you.



NON APPLIED FAITH

Enola Chamberlin

The man who leaves his faith at home
When he goes to work each day,
Had better have stayed right there himself
And put his tools away.

MARGARET L. D. HATCH

Shrieking Beckys

CERTAIN THINGS ARE INEVITABLE. LIFE SAYS,
"YOU HAVE TO DO IT." HOW WILL YOU DO IT?

Shrieking, little Becky stood in front of the elevator high in the tower of Riverside Church in New York.

"I don't *want* to go down on the elevator!" she sobbed and stamped her feet.

The elevator arrived. The door clanged open. Becky's Church School teacher picked her up firmly and got on.

"You don't have to *want* to go down in the elevator," she said. "You just have to go down in the elevator!"

There is a lesson here for parents. If the well-known wail, "I don't *want* to," is met by a firm "You don't *have* to want to," the child is relieved of half her battle. Her inner conflict is neutralized; she has only to adjust to the external fact of going down on the elevator.

Naturally, this mild form of shock therapy should be used only in times of crisis when the child's wishes cannot safely be considered,—never simply to "shut her up" or bend her will to ours. The child is protected from herself

when we allow freedom within limits, extending the area of freedom of choice as the child grows older.

Sooner or later, everybody has Becky's lesson to learn:

You don't have to want to live, but, once born, you are obliged to live, short of suicide, in some way or other.

You don't have to want to grow old—you just have to grow old.

You don't have to want to die—you just have to die.

Certain things are inevitable. Life says, "You have to do it. *How* will you do it?"

We may not want to exercise and eat and drink in order to build muscle and tissue, but we know that those things are necessary.

We are often too lazy to want to take spiritual nourishment, but, for healthy souls, we have to take it.

Once, a long time ago, I was afraid to fly. I refused to go anywhere by air. Then, on a trip from New York to Los Angeles, our train stopped for half an hour

in Salt Lake City. I had never seen the city, so when a taxi driver urged us to take a quick look around, we agreed. My husband and I checked our watches with his and set off—only to return in time to see the train pull out. Everything except my husband's wallet and my hand-bag went on with the train,—hats, coats, bags and baggage.

There was only one thing to do—fly over the mountains and overtake the train in Las Vegas, Nevada. So, after an anxious evening in Salt Lake City, I made my first flight, at midnight in a small, chilly plane. Subsequent flights have seemed luxurious and safe by comparison. That night, I didn't have to *want* to fly—I had to fly. Somebody had to “throw me in the water” or “put me on the elevator” if we were to meet our train and catch up with our belongings.

Today, Life offers some strong alternatives. We don't have to want to sacrifice in order to make a more equitable distribution of material things, but we're going to have to give, give, give to bring things into a fairer balance. Or else, what? Or else the have-nots will continue to revolt against the selfish haves.

We don't have to want to conserve soil and trees and water, but we have to use them with care

and forethought if we don't want our children to live in a desert.

We don't have to want to treat all men as we like to be treated, regardless of color of skin, but we'd better do this, or else look for other “South Africas.”

We don't have to want to deal with nuclear tests,—most of us are not experts—and some important people want to keep on with them. But we have to do something about them or else go on experimenting until life on Earth is radio-activated out of existence.

Before Hiroshima, Arnold Toynbe likened our western civilization to a cresting wave, ready to break. Experts now reiterate that the 1960's will decide whether the world is to go up or down,—up, in the beginning of the next long rise in civilization, or down. At this point in atomic history, down can mean out.

The world, in this sense, resembles an elevator. It's going to move, up or down, whether we like it or not. Much as we sometimes wish to, we can't cry out like the frightened man in the modern ballad, “Stop the world, brother, I'm getting off!” We're already on board. But we can still determine whether our World Elevator is to go up or down, depending on whether we're at the controls courageously confronting what has to be done, or merely shrieking Beckys.

“I just say, ‘O. K. Lord. You have been aroun’ longer than me. I reckon you knows your business.’”

I ASKED THE LORD

by

Marie F. Welsh

She is little and black, her back is bent, and she is getting old. The arches of her feet are broken so that she walks on her ankles, but her eyes are bright, and the spirit which shines through is joyous, serene and unafraid.

My name is Marie, and so is her's. So the family calls me “White Marie,” and she is “Black Marie.” It is a term of affection for her.

She has been cleaning woman, nursemaid, comforter and friend for our entire family connection for two generations. She will tell you that she has “been in the family for years.”

Hers is the faith that moves mountains, and it has moved many for her. She says, “I just ask the Lord.”

She knows her Bible through

countless laborious readings. She loves and works for her church with zeal of her unquenchable faith.

She does not “work out” on Sundays, but once when I was swamped with unexpected guests, I called her:

“Marie, you just must help me out.”

“Cain't, Honey. It's Sunday.”

“But, Marie! The ox is in the mire!”

She knew the Bible—a pause, then her rich laugh.

“Okay, Chile. I come pull de ox out.”

A few weeks later the phone rang:

“Honey, I'm a comin' to clean for you tomorrow.”

Surprised, I said, “But Marie, I don't need you tomorrow.”

She chuckled. "That ox is in the mire. I gotta have some money for my buryin' insurance."

So, together, we got the ox out again.

Marie talks as she works, like this:

"I just cain't understand why folks don' like to pay their bills. I just loves to pay my bills."

She pays them, too.

Marie has many schemes to make money for her church. One cleaning day she said to my young son:

"Bob, what do the Bible say? Do the Bible say, 'Give'?"

"I guess so," Bob said.

She cackled. "Okay then! Give me two bits fo' the church carpet."

He did.

Marie had lost her only child, and her whole heart was centered on her big, good-looking husband. Together they were making payments on a small house. This house was her greatest pride.

Then big trouble came to little Black Marie. Her husband left her. He ran away with a gay young girl. Marie was heart-broken, but she prayed. She told us:

"I asked the Lord to let me keep the house. I prayed and prayed, and the Lord always answers, and my husband didn't take everything—he lef' me the house, and we had seven years

and five months together. I show you his picture some time."

I could not help asking, "Would you take him back, Marie?"

"I might, Honey."

No bitterness in Marie.

Only a few payments had been made on the house, but week by week for twenty years she kept them up, working every day except Sunday. At last it was all her own.

"Bless the Lord!" said Marie.

"How did you ever do it?" I marveled.

"I just asked the Lord. I just told him, 'I gotta pay for my house, Lord.'"

Her bright faith swept away all doubt. When a lovely young neighbor died I mourned: "Why would God pass up all the tired old people and take a young and beautiful girl."

"Why, Honey!" said Marie, "God wants some pretty flowers in his garden, not just us old withered up vines."

I saw Marie yesterday. She was on her knees scrubbing. Her lips were moving.

She told me:

"I been prayin' for something, every day, all day while I been workin'. I asked a contractor 'bout buildin' me another bedroom and a bathroom on my house so's I kin take in some boarders. I don't want to be a care on nobody, now I'm gittin'

too old to work out. But that man, he say it would cost a thousand and eight hundred dollars, and the bank won't let me have that kind of money."

"I told the man," she went on, "I paid off my first loan to the bank all right, so he say he try once more."

"So I asked the Lord. I say, 'Lord, You know I got nobody but You. I gotta git my house fixed up, an' You know how I kin work, Lord. I ain't able,' I say, 'But You is able, so I'm askin' You, Lord.'"

She grinned.

"Last night when I git home from work the contractor come to my house. I asked him in. He set down. I said, 'You got good news.'"

"He said, 'Yes, Marie. Your credit rating is A-1. The bank will let you have the money.'"

"I said, I knowed it all the

time. I bin prayin'."

"That white man, he say, 'I believe in that too, Marie.'"

"So now, all day while I'm workin' I'm sayin', 'Thanks, Lord. Thanks a heap.'"

Her happiness was beautiful to see.

Now she is starting on the long road to pay her debt, and pay it she will. She will just ask the Lord.

I questioned her. "Marie, does the Lord always answer prayer?"

Not a moment's hesitation.

"Sure, Honey. Only sometimes He say, 'No.'"

"But what do you do when he says, 'No.'"

"I just say, 'Okay, Lord. You been aroun' longer than me. I reckon You knows Your business.'"

"And then?"

"Why then I just go on a workin' and a prayin'."



The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

—Deuteronomy 33:27

"It Wasn't Dead At All"

THEA TRENT

Before noon the little house was in perfect order. The pots and pans, fastened to their rack above the kitchen range, gleamed like mirrors; the freshly scrubbed linoleum was as unmarred as the day it came from the store. The dining room chairs stood stiffly in place around the polished table, and the "parlor set" was immaculate and unused as a display in a furniture-store window. It was almost dark in the "Good rooms," for the curtains were pulled to keep out sunlight that might fade the rugs. The air was heavy with the stern aroma of clorox, ammonia, and floor-wax not a single flower was in the vases, to compete.

Stepping onto the porch from the dim house, Jane was almost blinded by the brilliant sunlight, and she closed her eyes for a moment. A shadow of a girl, slim in a spotless gray cotton dress, her smooth dark hair rolled back in close wings from her pale face and gathered in a coil at her neck. A girl who would pass unnoticed in any crowd. Yet, when she opened her eyes again they were very beautiful—except that their clear golden hazel was clouded by unhappiness.

All the landscape around the little hill where the ranch-house perched was in a riot of Spring—California spring, which breaks into song and blossom overnight after the first rains. Only a matter of a few weeks ago the pasture fields were covered with dry grass and dusty gray stubble, with here and there a brittle sage-brush bush. Now soft green carpeted them, patterned with tiny coral and violet flowers, close to the ground. Pale blue lilac was in bloom on the hill-slope; lupins, wild hyacinths and mariposa lilies swayed over clusters of yellow "Johnny-Jump-ups." A meadow-lark soared from her nest in the grass with a song that was like a wild cry of joy.

"Only five years ago, this Spring," the girl standing on the porch thought.—Could it be the same world, could she and her husband be the same people who had driven up to the farmhouse, those few years ago? Radiant with hope and love, tender with a hundred dreams with courage to meet any demands made on them? How she had filled every bowl and empty can with wild-flowers!—How they had planned joyously together in the evenings ("Six

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"IT ISN'T DEAD AT ALL"

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orange trees by the side of the house!—Oh, David, could we have a lemon tree too?—And in the corner by the fence, a pear tree! A pear tree, with white blossoms in the Spring!") They'd make such a success of the dairy as never was! Hadn't they sent for all the government pamphlets on cattle raising?—Both of them had everything to learn about housekeeping and farming, for they had been office workers when the legacy of the wonderful ranch made it possible for them to marry. She went around the house that first Spring trying to imitate all the bird-songs, and he went whistling down to the barns. She brushed away the tears and laughed with him over her scorched pork chops, and the cake that sank in the middle like a crater—They met the first crop-failure with a brave smile. Other years would come! Other years did; they came like dark waves of disaster: the year of the hoof and mouth disease; the year rust struck the oats; the year the rains didn't come; the year the mortgage *did* come, and with it, Worry, gnawing in their hearts like a rat in the woodwork! Wave after dark wave. But somehow, they survived each one, because of their love. Until the baby died. That was the end of all the joy and the hope—After that there were no flowers in the house, no more

laughter and singing of bird songs—yes, no more tenderness. Just enduring the battle of the day's work, silently. Her almost morbid demand for an immaculate house was the only thing she had left to fight with. She did not know it, but it was her grim flag of defiance against the cruelty of life.

She began to walk slowly along the path that edged the little orchard. The orange trees were poor, straggling things; there never seemed time to irrigate them in the dry season, and to keep them clear of choking weeds. Scale marred the young twigs and the blossoms were few and weak. But the trees were alive. Not so the pear tree. It had stood all summer, bare and gray, the skeleton of a tree, propped in the corner of the fence.

"I'll cut it down next week," David had said. "For firewood—that's all it's good for."

Jane didn't answer, but she thought: "Our life has become just like the pear tree. No more sweet blossoms. No more lovely fruit. Just lifeless, gray twigs where no sap flows."—

Now, walking in the neglected orchard she thought: "What killed the pear tree?—I suppose it was the cold, bitter wind, and the long drought; just the way all the worry and losses and disappointments have made our life cold and dead."—

She had reached the corner now, and lifted her eyes to see one more dismal failure: the dead pear tree.—What! It couldn't be—It wasn't possible!

Delicate, ivory-white blossoms clung to the branches, like dainty butterflies! Hardly believing what she saw, Jane stretched out a hand; and a gentle breeze lifted a single blossom and placed it in her palm. Standing so, she whispered, almost in awe:

"Why, you weren't dead at all! You were just asleep!" For some reason the text of a long-ago Sunday-School lesson came to her. "Jesus said 'The damsel is not dead. She sleepeth.'"

Such a simple little incident: just a few blossoms on a pear tree! Why, then, was she so deeply stirred? Why did her heart beat faster as she walked back to the house, still holding the pear blossom in one hand? Why had the tree wakened from its seeming death?—Because of the gentle warmth of the sunshine, and the refreshing rain. But she had failed to keep the sweetness and joy to encourage her husband through the hard trials; she had let the home become stark and cold and gray as a tomb—If only the life was still there, beneath the dreariness! Courage came to her, and a faint flush made her face lovely.

When David came home in the

late afternoon, weary and depressed after a long dairy meeting, he paused at the door, hardly believing his ears. Singing!—Jane was singing, very softly one of the old songs they used to love!—Opening the door, the usual institution smell of disinfectants was replaced by the spicey fragrance of cinnamon cookies! And there on the table a great bowl of lupins and mariposa lilies! And the golden plumes of wild mustard in a tall jar by the fireplace! But all this was little compared to the girl who came in from the kitchen: Jane, in the soft rose-cotton dress he had always loved (packed away for years in a chest)! Jane, with glowing face and shining eyes, coming eagerly to welcome him! What was this? A dream, that was it!

She lifted a tiny glass from the table, and carefully took the pear blossom from it, placing it in his hand.

"I went to see the dead pear tree," she said, trying to keep the quiver out of her voice. "But see: It wasn't dead at all. Just sleeping. And I know now that real things never die. They just sleep sometimes, waiting for Love to waken them.—Waiting for God to speak through them to our hearts."

Standing so, with her hand over the pear blossom he held, their eyes held tears of happiness.

AGNES SANFORD

TURNING ON THE LIGHT OF GOD'S CREATIVE ENERGY

St. Paul advised his friends the Ephesians to "walk as children of light:" to live, that is, as if they were made of a living, moving energy like light. A few centuries ago we would have thought this just a fanciful idea. Now, thanks to the scientists, we know that it is really true. For scientists have discovered that the body is not hard, solid matter, but is made up of specks of energy. These bits of energy attract and repel each other with tiny explosions of light. So in a very real way the body is full of light.

The oldest of all stories about creation tells us that God created light before He created the sun and the earth.

"But this is impossible," cried wise men of long ago. "There could be no light before the sun was made."

It is not impossible at all. For nowadays we know that light is a form of energy and that all created things are made of energy. As

St. Paul says, "Things that are seen were not made of things which appear" for this primal light vibrates at too high an intensity and too fine a wave length for the human eye to see. We can understand this, too. We know that we cannot see the light of X-ray. Yet we know that it is more powerful than sunlight.

God made, first of all, *light*. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the deep, so the historian tells us, doing his best to put into the words at his disposal truths that even our more modern term "inter-stellar space" does not adequately express.

We are therefore made not of solid and impenetrable matter, but of energy. The very chemicals contained in the body—the "dust of the earth"—live by the Breath of God, by the primal Energy, the original force that we call God. This being so, it is not strange at all that when we establish a closer connection with God

From *The Healing Light* by Agnes Sanford. Macalester Park Publishing Co., 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn. \$3.00

in prayer, we should receive more abundant life—an increased flow that sustains us is increased within our bodies.

The vibration of God's light is so very real that even a child can feel it, and it was my experiments with children that showed me the action of an invisible but powerful light-vibration shining from the Father of Lights.

I went to see a little girl who had been in a cast for five months following infantile paralysis. One day I placed my hands above the rigid knee in that instinctive laying-on of hands that every mother knows. (What mother has not soothed a crying baby with the laying-on of hands? And what lover of animals has never gentled a restive horse with the same soothing touch?) And I asked that the light of God might shine through me into the small, stiff knee and make it well.

"Oh, take your hands away!" cried the little girl, "It's hot."

"That's God's power working in your knee, Sally," I replied. "It's like electricity working in your lamp. I guess it has to be hot, so as to make the knee come back to life. So you just stand it now for a few minutes, while I tell you about Peter Rabbit."

By the time the erring Peter had returned home without his shoes and his new red jacket and had been put to bed with castor

oil, the pulsation of energy in my hands had died away.

"Now crawl out to the edge of the bed, Sally, and see if that leg will bend," I directed the child.

She pulled herself to the edge of the bed and sat up. And the leg that had been rigid, bent at an angle of forty-five degrees. Within two weeks she was walking.

"How do you turn on God's electricity in your hands?" she asked me at my next visit.

"I don't turn it on," I replied. "I just forget everything else and think about God and believe that He can do it. And He turns it on, and when He is through with it, He turns it off."

Sally and I both understood quite simply that God's life was a kind of light. We could not see this light. But she felt it as heat. And I perceived through my hands and arms the flow of the invisible force that caused the heat. We did not have the scientific background to explain these things. But the guiding Intelligence who leads us on toward truth directed me toward a man who could explain it.

I visited the wife of a scientist for the purpose of healing. She explained to him the feeling of inward heat that followed our prayer for healing.

"I believe that," said the scientist, "because my studies in the vibrations of sight and sound have

shown me that such a thing must be."

"Why?" I asked. "Can you tell me in simple words so that I can understand it?"

"There are vibrations of sight that the human eye cannot register," he explained, "because they vibrate at too high an intensity and too fine a wave length."

"Like the light of an X-ray machine?" I asked him.

"Yes. And the ultra-violet ray and the infra-red ray. Also, there are vibrations of sound that the human ear cannot register, because they vibrate at too high an intensity and too fine a wave-length. We have investigated these forces at great length in the interests of radio and television. And in the course of our experiments we have come to the conclusion that a vibration of very, very high intensity and an extremely fine wave-length, with tremendous healing power, caused by spiritual forces operating through the mind of man, is the next thing science expects to discover."

"You speak of this as a vibration," I replied. "But your wife felt it as a heat. Why was that?"

"She did not feel the actual energy that entered her. She perceived only the effect of the energy and it felt to her like heat. It was not the heat that healed her. The light that you see in an

electric light bulb is not electricity itself. Electricity is invisible. The light is only the result of the electricity acting upon the wire."

So it is with the healing light of God. It is registered in different ways in different people. Most of us grown people have become so dull in spiritual perception that we do not feel it at all, even though it works toward a healing. But children nearly always perceive it, either as heat or as a force that they cannot describe but always compare it to electricity.

Once I was called to see a baby girl ill with pneumonia. I knelt beside her little crib in silence, laid one hand upon the small, congested chest and slipped the other one beneath her back. Soon the waxy frame of the baby was filled with a visible inrushing of new life. Even the hands and feet vibrated, as if an electric current were entering into her. A look of tension on the tiny face was smoothed away and she passed from a semi-conscious condition into a natural sleep. Two hours later her doctor came into the room. He stopped at the threshold eyes staring, jaw dropped in surprise. For he had come to report his hospital arrangements for the child and he beheld his small patient, bright-eyed and cheerful, sitting up in bed.

"Mine Doctor," said she, "can I have a cookie?"

"My God!" ejaculated the doctor, startled out of his bedside manner. "What's happened to her?"

He was quite right. It was his God who had intervened—that was what had happened to her.

Knowing then that we are part of God, that His life within us is an active energy and that He works through the laws of our bodies, let us study to adjust and conform ourselves to those laws. When we do this with understanding and common-sense, we can speed up the natural healing forces of the body.

Let us praise Him then, for His life in our spirits, increasing in us the consciousness of being His children, light of His light, life of His life. And let us rejoice in His life in our minds, directing and arranging our thoughts, increasing our mental powers, giving us a better grasp of business and more wisdom in every line of work we undertake. Let us thank Him for His life in our hearts, ordering and controlling our emotions and filling us with His own love. And let us give thanks for His life in our bodies, recreating them after the image of His perfect health and strength. How easy this becomes when we know

that our bodies are made of His own energy and full of His own light! How comforting to realize that when we expose our souls to Him in prayer, we absorb His life as simply and naturally as a leaf absorbs the sunlight! With infinite care He made the leaf so that every tiny cell therein can absorb the sun. With the same care He made us so that every cell within our frames can absorb Him. Therefore we need not hesitate to give thanks for each adjustment however great or however small, that we would like His loving care to make in us.

"I give thanks that Thy life is now releasing tension in my legs and taking away all stiffness," we can say. "And I give thanks that the shining of the Holy Spirit is restoring harmony and order to all the glands and organs of the pelvic region. I rejoice that at this moment Thy healing light is removing all pain from the spine and filling the back with new vigor and life. I rejoice that Thy perfect vision is restoring perfect vision to my eyes. . . ." So one by one we can extend His blessing to everything within us that needs that blessing.

"Let everything within me praise the Lord."

The Church with The Pool of Faith

Stella Terrill Mann

Something wonderful is happening here in Southern California. It already affects your life to some degree and may yet affect the whole world. So let me tell you about the Church of Religious Science, in Alhambra—"The Church With The Pool of Faith," where people have been healed simply by attending Sunday morning services. Some who were healed did not know about the pool of faith maintained there; others knew and cooperated with the prayer program for healing conducted in silence by dedicated members of the pool, not only on Sunday, but every day of the week.

It began with the earnest desire and prayers of the minister, Dr. Carmelita Trowbridge, when she organized the church some twenty years ago, starting with a membership of less than a dozen people whose first meetings were held in the living room of her home. Known throughout the

Metaphysical and New Thought Religious movement (Christian-Protestant) as one of the greatest living mystics, Dr. Trowbridge's avowed purpose is to get people to live from their Christ Self.

"Every Christian should live his outward life from the dictates of the Christ Consciousness within," says Dr. Trowbridge. This way of life, she feels, includes the "absolute belief that prayers will be answered. For, as Jesus taught, it is done unto us *as we believe.*"

My own small part in helping to create the Pool of Faith began one night some years ago when I was lecturing for a C. F. O. group in Redlands, California. We were in the outdoor theater bowl on the Redlands University Campus. In talking, I had to look up at the people sitting high above me. While stressing points about the need for faith in prayer programs, it suddenly occurred to me that the ground level on which I

stood, was like the bottom of a pool. "If all those people above me," I thought, "could just come down here as into a pool of faith and be bathed in it, they would know what I mean by being *immersed in faith*." The thought was so startling and so powerful it nearly threw me off my lecture points.

Later, the idea grew in my mind and I wrote an article about it for *Clear Horizons*, titled "What Pools of Spiritual Power Can Do For Us," which was published in the summer, 1952, issue.

In that article I suggested that we "Create pools of living Spiritual Power all over America to which the sick can come and be made whole again . . . the mentally and spiritually sick as well as the physically ill. For anyone who works with prayer for long becomes convinced that all sickness on whatever level is finally resolved in Spirit alone. It is by connecting with Spirit that we received healing. In the pools of Spiritual Power which I visualize, that could be done for multitudes."

The "water" in such a pool, I said, would be composed of the four parts of spiritual elements, Prayer, Love, Faith, and Work, poured into the pool by those maintaining it. Since Love is the fulfilling of the Law, I suggested we use "three measures of Love

and one each of Prayer, Faith, Work."

While I received a good many letters from *Clear Horizons* readers saying it was a good idea, none of them, so far as I know, ever started such a pool. But I kept on praying and looking and asking for one in my public lectures. The instant I walked into Dr. Trowbridge's church I knew I had found one.

At that time the church meetings were being held in a little frame building that had been a tennis club room. Church membership was about one hundred and fifty. The Spirit, made up of prayer, love, faith, and work so filled the place that the very walls and floors were saturated with it. At the time, the Church was talking about building a new, large sanctuary and I wondered if the Spirit so alive in the little one would be lost when they moved.

From time to time I attended the church, became acquainted with the minister and the people. Learning so much about answered prayer there, I began to delve into the history of instances. There had been answers to all sorts of needs—health, prosperity, family, and other human relations, happiness and soul growth. All manner of physical, mental, and spiritual problems had been solved.

The gratitude, love, high hope, high purpose of the people there

created a very definite atmosphere of healing power. They not only understood this to be true, but sought to protect it. They were not anxious to enlarge their membership, feeling that it would be better to take in a few new persons at a time, and let them become fully aware of their spiritual powers and how to use them.

From the first, Dr. Trowbridge and I began to talk about experimenting with the power of prayer. The faith was already there in the church. But we needed a united understanding of it with an avowed purpose of plan and procedure. It was several years later that the Pool of Faith got under way. Dr. Trowbridge and leaders in the church came to their decision to reach out for new goals, after some most inspiring healing meetings had been held with Brother Mandus, from England. Thus the Ministry of Answered Prayer was formally organized in November, 1959. A little later I became their leader. From here on I can say "We" for as leader I helped to create the Pool of Faith.

We had two objectives: First, to work in prayer for individuals whose names were given to us, who did not attend our meetings. Records were carefully kept.

Our second objective was prayers for the church, its growth, understanding, effectiveness, and

for a better world for all men. We also prayed for our own growth and effective work. We prayed for world-wide peace and for those who would "despitefully use us," our own country, and other nations. Certain members of the group followed the daily news around the world and our prayers kept pace with events.

As healing after healing (answer to a problem of any kind for which we had prayed) was reported to our Ministry of Answered Prayer group, we all realized that the all-over faith in the church was increasing as it was for every individual in our small group. We decided to make the project church-wide. This was done. We expanded our objectives to include that of wanting to heal strangers who came to the church for Sunday services. For that, we knew, we would need very high and unfaltering faith of our own.

So we decided to create a Pool of Faith church-wide. Our objective was to have all those who attend to pool their faith—to bring it together into one place, and to do so consciously for the set purpose of sharing it with, or giving it to, those who needed it in order to meet the requirements for answered prayer.

To increase our faith, we made a mental picture of our pool. We thought of the floor of the church

as the bottom of our pool, the walls as the pool sides and rim around it. We made vivid mental pictures of members pouring in their prayers, thoughts, love, and words silently into the Pool. We realized every practising member of the project must work at it daily. We knew too, that we must try to keep our desires, thoughts, words and deeds within the law of love, not just on Sunday, but every hour of our lives. When we broke the law of love our faith went down and in some instances, dramatically.

Our faith was three-phase: we believed in a God of all Love, all Power, all Wisdom. We believed in the highest potential of all people and of our own Soul Self. We said that together, these drops of spiritual power would form a Pool of Faith. We visualized strangers coming into the sanctuary with a problem and prayer and being healed while in our Pool of Faith.

And that is exactly what began to happen!

It still is happening. Faith is increasing. How far out does the power of faith reach with prayers for a better world? Far enough to touch rulers of nations? We think so. Experiments are still going on. Meetings are now held weekly instead of every other week. A prayer box is in the narthex for prayers concerning

problems of all kinds. One night a month those for whom the Ministry had prayed are invited to visit and report progress. The Pool of Faith is still maintained by all those interested, members and informed visitors alike. There always are three people whose identity is kept secret, who carry on a perpetual prayer program for the three original objectives: better church, better world, better self.

Dr. Trowbridge feels certain that "prayers for spiritual growth for the church have been answered." The church is to expand. Plans are being prepared for a Youth church and Sunday school facilities.

The attendance of strangers in the Church of Religious Science in Alhambra is increasing for word is getting out that this is the "Church with the Pool of Faith," to which one may go, with problems, and "borrow" as much faith as he needs for his prayers. Letters from far-off places from people requesting prayers, are increasing.

After my year of service was up, I returned to my own Methodist church and to lecturing. But I still attend there when I can and each time, now, I feel the tremendous force of Spiritual power which is their Pool of Faith. More than ever before, I hope to see such pools all over our nation. Yes, and all over the world.

A Shop For The Sightless

RAYMOND C. OTTO

A blind man living in a suburb of Chicago has converted blindness from a major handicap to an affliction of no more concern than a bruised finger through his dream of a plant owned and operated by the blind. He is president and active worker at his own sheet and metal fabricating plant, which employs several persons who are blind or nearly so.

He is a strapping man, clear-eyed though blind, with steel gray hair, laughter as contagious as happiness, and a casualness unique to a man with a burning idea—that the blind can do many things now denied them.

He started out by getting orders over the telephone. The customers would describe what they needed. He would fabricate the metal according to what he thought they wanted and then send the sample to them. Any changes were made on the sample and he'd send it back again. Twice usually did it.

Once his business was established, the second phase of his

dream became reality when he hired his first blind employee in 1951. The man proved so good that he soon accepted a job as a government inspector with a much larger industrial concern.

Now three-quarters of his employees are blind or nearly blind. They need only two requisites—the ability to walk to work, and a little ambition.

He claims his blind employees are more safety minded than sighted persons. "They have to be," he says, "as I have to train all my own blind people." The only accident in the plant's history happened to a sighted person (his wife's father, who fell and broke a rib), and the shop has normal insurance rates.

The owner himself operates a power shearing machine which knifes off pieces of steel at 103 strokes per minute, and an 18 year old, blind employee operates a 25 ton punch press. Another blind employee, aged 69, can work any machine in the shop, and a retired engineer who came

to work only temporarily, stayed on "because we have so much fun." It is a plant where fingers, magical sixth sense, courage, and laughter have replaced eyesight. The owner chuckles, "I'm probably the only plant owner who has to turn on his lights for the few people that see."

Those who come to visit the plant and sympathize, instead take with them another magical quality—the quiet humility that comes in holy places, in the serenity of nature, or from seeing faith move mountains.

The shop has received two citations—one from the President's Commission on National Employ the Physically Handicapped Program, and the other from the Disabled American Veterans Department of Illinois for "services beyond the call of duty."

Besides his factory, the owner's hobbies are his work as chairman of the local Lions Club Blind and Sight Committee; pinochle, which he plays keenly using Braille-marked cards, and listening to television.



EXCHANGE

Mrs. Wendell Hall

He gave me joy and laughter
And swept away my fears.
And lo, forever after,
All down the golden years,
Life must be spent in sharing
The One at Calvary
Who took my heart, despairing,
And gave my soul to me!



Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

"Thank you, thank you for the poem inclosed with your letter. It seemed like an answer to prayer—or more like a little assurance from God that He was leading even me; that I was having a little part of working together with you. Four of us meet together each week and use your *Manual of Prayer*, reading a portion or two before we pray. When I came home today I was trying to decide just what I could take to a little new-found friend I felt I should visit. She is in a rest home, in an iron lung, unable to move from her neck down. I wanted to take her this in Galations, "But the fruit of the spirit," etc. Then I opened my mail and there was your pamphlet "Guidance." So I went, feeling God's guidance to try to tell her she did not need hands or feet—not even ears or voice—to bear all the fruits of the Spirit."—Texas

"The prayers of the United Prayer Tower people have lifted me up and sustained me. About the time you must have received my letter requesting prayers for my health I felt a powerful wave of love overwhelm me and I felt weightless as though I were actually being lifted up bodily. It was such a wonderful feeling I wanted to sing. I still have the feeling of being sustained by a power much greater than any I have ever known. I have a deep abiding faith now that gradually I shall become immune to these viruses, which is contrary to the doctor's opinion. Your prayers have given

me this faith and confidence. I am so encouraged that I am planning on attending the C.F.O. camp this spring."—Texas

"It will be of joy to you to learn that a young man badly hurt in an automobile accident along with my son two years ago has recovered and is back in college. My son who has had hair-breadth escapes on the border between West and East Germany was also healed. The things he has been able to perform (having received the soldier's medal for heroism) he attributes all to a faith in our Heavenly Father. I am sure that all of these things have been brought to pass because of the prayers said."—New York

"You have been so helpful to me in the difficult days which I have passed through. I know your prayers have answered the need I felt. I am very happy to tell you of the progress made, for I am well on the way toward complete recovery from the nerve trouble suffered since retirement. God has been and still is so good to me. There are no incurable diseases or conditions when we give ourselves over to His care and healing power. It takes faith, but faith will have the victory even though there may be delays and discouragements. I believe that faith must be linked with courage for it takes determination to win. God bless you and give you an abundance of power to minister to those who come to

you for your help as you came to mine. I love the *Manual of Prayer* for it always seems to help me see my way clearer when it is a bit obscure."—*Michigan*

"At the request of my friend and yours my name was placed on your prayer list last November. This friend also continued to have sessions of healing prayer with me during this time. The doctor, a specialist, said he only hoped to control the trouble and that the statistics were against me, and not to plan on much more time. Now, after these four months, after checking with x-ray photos, he says that there is no further spread and that there is much evidence of healing. He says this with puzzlement in his tones, and as if he really can't believe it, but you and I know it is the loving power of God at work as always. It is such a miracle to me that I am almost frightened at the immensity of such a thing. Our civilization has wandered away from belief in the use of healing prayer. To have it proved in my own body brings me to my knees in awe and thankfulness to Jesus, our Lord. Thank you for the inspirational literature

you enclosed. Your poem, *The Prayer Box* brings peace and confidence when I falter. Your letter was the outstretched hand of Jesus, helping me out of the depths wherein I was sinking. God bless your work always."—*Washington*

"I know of nothing better than the Prayer Tower. I firmly believe that the Prayer Tower has been the main factor in restoring my health sufficiently to permit me to earn my livelihood."—*Minnesota*

"Your prayers have been such a blessing in our home. For the first time in twelve years I can sleep without medicine and an unknown peace has come to my mind. You see how much our little family need your love and your prayers. Our difficulties are so much bigger than our own prayer-ability. I try to give myself completely to God's care as you wrote and this has proved a help. The latest *Manual of Prayer* was of especial help. It was an answer to the questions I had just asked the Lord these last weeks. I am so thankful for all of you over there."—*Denmark*



THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

The Prayer Tower ministry is supported entirely by free will love offerings. We wish to thank those whose contributions make this work possible. PLEASE NOTE THE CHANGE OF POLICY REGARDING THE *Manual of Prayer*. It is now on a subscription basis of \$1.25 per year. Ask for free booklet about the work of the United Prayer Tower.

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

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLINES, Harold Wiley Freer. Pageant, 266 pages. \$3.50. Harold Freer is also the co-author of the book *Two Or Three Together*, and has now written a book of his own. It is a fine, deeply sensitive book, a rich blend of Biblical knowledge and the questions and problems that all of us have with the business of living. He has a chapter on "Loving God for What He Gives" that will probe the depths of everyone's motive for coming to God. He tells the story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, the three young men in the fiery furnace. The end of their conversation is that even if God will not deliver them they will not worship false gods, and Mr. Freer makes a good point on the words, "But if not." What if what we come to God for does not take place? What if, "But if not . . ." happens to you? What will then be your decision? Then in another place he tells the story of the conspiracy against Daniel, but that at the height of it Daniel went to his chambers and knelt down to pray where the windows of his chamber were open toward Jerusalem, the place of The Eternal. And, the question that comes out of this is, to what or to whom are your windows open? Well, this is but a little example of the sort of thoughts and writing in this wonderful book. There is enough here to make you think about yourself and about God for a long long time. You will come away from it more honest with yourself, with your God, with life than when you sat down to read it. And, it is a book of strength and comfort as well as inspiration. I hope the book has a large sale. It is good for private devotions, group meditation and public worship.

AMERICAN CULTURE AND CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, Emmett McLoughlin. Lyle Stuart, 288 pages. \$4.95. Emmett McLoughlin was a Roman Catholic Priest for 15 years before resigning. He was trained in Roman Catholic schools and taught in them. He knows them from the inside as well as anyone does. Furthermore as a priest in Phoenix,

books of interest

comments, summaries
reviews & opinions
on religious books

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

Arizona, he began a church in a vacant store for the poor, organized slum clearance campaigns, became chairman of the Phoenix Housing Authority and secretary of the State Board of Health. After 12 years in Seminary and 14 years in parish work he resigned. The hierarchy accused him of neglect of priestly duties, but he though his work in clinics and rehabilitation was more important and he resigned from the clergy and the church. His earlier book, *People's Padre*, proved a most enlightening and wonderful book. McLoughlin's writing is not bitter and this is important. He quite evidently tries to be as compassionate and objective as possible. Of course no matter what he says is bound to raise cries of prejudice in some quarters, but overall I think most people will find themselves enlightened. The subject of American culture and Catholic schools is vitally important today. I think this book ought to be read. For most Protestants it will be a look into something entirely foreign to their experience, right in the heartlands of the United States. The whole situation demands a lot of soul searching, but it ought to be intelligent soul-searching and this book is helpful in that direction.

FOR TODAY, D. T. Niles. Muhlenburg, 442 pages. \$2.50. Foreword by John R. Mott. I think this book of daily devotions (that are really Bible Studies for the whole year) is unusually good. This is good Bible teaching, good Bible understanding. I don't know that anything will quite be like Oswald Chambers' *My Utmost For His Highest*, but this one is at least along the same line of thought and tone. That is pretty high praise in my estimation. If you like the Bible, like someone who knows it, like someone who is able to relate it to your life and world right now, well, this book is it.

THE CHRIST OF THE EARLIEST CHRISTIANS, William M. Ramsay. John Knox, 163 pages. \$3.00. Foreword by James S. Stewart. This book makes an important contribution to the literature concerning the place of Christ. It is summed up in the question, "What think ye of Christ?" However, the author relates this question to the primitive Christian church as recorded in the Book of Acts. The gospels were written after Acts. It is an early book and gives the best insight into the conceptions and the mind of the first Christians. Was Jesus, in their mind, but a human genius who went about doing good? Was he more than this? How did they view "the Christ"? Through the sermons of Stephen, Peter, and Paul quoted in Acts we glimpse the very earliest teachings of Christianity. The result and conclusion is that Jesus is the Heavenly Deliverer, the fulfillment of the Scriptures, One who died for our sins, One declared to be the Son, and One who is now a living power. This book is a perfect antidote for the idea of the gentle Jesus meek and mild, humanistic approach. At least there is no doubt about what the earliest Christians thought of Him!

THE ENGLISH BIBLE, F. F. Bruce. Oxford, 234 pages. \$3.75. The English Bible (English translations of the Bible) has had a far greater effect on Western culture and civilization than any other book. This is a history of those translations, and the men who made them, and why—from the first one until the New English Bible of this year. It is a complete and interesting record by a world scholar, full of interesting stories and anecdotes, authoritative, and lively. Ought to be in every church library, and read by those interested in the subject.

THE BIBLE STORY WITH LIVING PICTURES, Ralph Kirby. Harper, 320 pages. \$5.95. This is a magnificently beautiful book with oversized pages of 7 x 10 inches. It is designed for the 9-15 age group. With the editorial assistance of world renowned scholars, the author has arranged the entire Bible story in a series of stories from the Bible, retold in plain and simple and interesting modern language. The book is filled with brilliant photographic illustrations which movingly depict Bible characters and scenes. These illustrations comprise over 250 black and white photographs and eight in lovely full color. The book is divided into four parts. Part I is the Old Testament. Part II is the New Testament. Part III is the early history of the Christian Church. Part IV describes the everyday life of the people of the Holy Land. Many of the photographs are from famous motion pictures such as *Ben Hur*. My general impression of the book is that it will be greatly appreciated by those in the age group it is intended for. For the youngster who finds it hard to read the Bible, this is a perfect answer. For the youngster who is not interested in the Bible this is sure to arouse interest. It would be difficult to find a nicer gift for anyone.

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