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# Clear Horizons

Personal Experiences In Christian Living

50¢



**IN  
THIS  
ISSUE**

**Removing  
Your Mountains**  
by Charles R. Allen

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THE COVER

A sunny day, summertime, three old tire tubes, three little children, rocks and running brooks - they all spell summer, that magic, carefree time in the lives of all youngsters that is without its equal.

Adults would do well to get out into the country too, to enjoy the closeness of nature and find in that closeness a calm quietness, an invasion of woodland sounds - frogs, crickets, birds and many others that our ears have become dulled to.

Read over the parables and stories of Jesus. Almost all of them came from nature, and the rest came from the common duties of everyman. We too can find God there if we have eyes to see, ears to hear and a heart that understands.

CHARLES R. ALLEN

REMOVING  
YOUR MOUNTAINS

Every normal person wants to feel a sense of mastery over the circumstances of his own life. No person wants to feel weak and defeated. Yet, as we face up to our personal weaknesses and the difficulties which surround us, sometimes we do feel that we are powerless and that life for us is almost hopeless.

Jesus gave us a formula for power in living. He said, "Have faith in God. For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith." (Mark 11: 22, 23)

Look at that formula: "Faith in God"—not in ourselves, but in God. "For verily"—He emphasizes the fact that what He is about to say will be hard to believe but it is the truth. "Whosoever"—that means any person; it means me, it means you. "Say unto this mountain"—that is specific and definite. Select any circumstance of your own life that is standing in your way and this formula will apply. "Be thou removed"—taken out of my way. No longer can it hurt me. "Cast into the sea"—gone forever, complete victory. "Shall not doubt . . . but shall believe"—it is through my own faith that victory is accomplished. "Shall come to pass"—it really will happen.

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There are three separate attitudes you can take in regard to Jesus' words. You can say, "It isn't true, I don't believe it." But before you say that, remember you are contradicting the most reliable book this world has ever known. Also, you are going against the wisest teacher who ever lived. Before I contradict the word of another person, I want to be sure I know more than that person. And I don't know more than Christ knew.

In the March, 1955, issue of *Reader's Digest* is an article by David Sarnoff, Chairman of the Board of The Radio Corporation of America and one of the most respected scientists the world has known. For nearly fifty years he has worked with scientists. In this article he states:

In its early stages, modern science seemed at odds with religion; but this was merely a token of its immaturity. The more familiar story, in our time, is that of scientists who become increasingly aware of the mystery of the universe and come to religion through knowledge of the limitations of science. Indeed, how can those who play with the building blocks of the universe, its atoms and electrons and genes, fail to be touched by awe? Every victory of science reveals more clearly a divine design in nature, a remarkable

conformity in all things, from the infinitesimal to the infinite.

So, when I say "I don't believe in the power of faith," I am also setting myself against the testimony of the best in modern science. Science says, "Television works" and the man who believes it buys one and sees it work. Both Christ and science say, "Faith in God works," and the one who believes that tries it and sees for himself.

Jesus said if you have faith in God you can remove the mountains standing in your way. Some people don't believe that.

For a time I had associated with me at Grace Church in Atlanta a very fine Doctor of Psychology. On Sunday nights he would sit in the pulpit and study the people during the service. He told me it was one of the finest opportunities for psychological analysis one could find. He taught me some of the things to watch for in people and I have learned to spot the various types with ease. You find them in almost any congregation.

For example, there is the man who comes to church with an unbelieving attitude. He looks over the others present, thinks about what a sorry bunch of hypocrites they are. He thinks the singing is silly and he refuses to join in. Instead of giving the sermon a chance, he doubts that

the minister practices what he preaches. If some person seems inspired and helped in the service, he says it is just emotionalism.

On the other hand, another man comes to church in an attitude of faith. He is impressed by the fact that people would freely give their money to build a beautiful house of worship. He thinks of how many people have given their very lives down through the centuries to carry the Gospel of Christ to others. Subconsciously he asks: Why will a martyr die for his faith? Why has the Bible lived? What makes people pray? He is moved to believe in faith. He sings

the hymns, really listens to the sermon; he responds to the voice of God in his own soul.

We recall that Jesus said, ". . . unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him" (Luke 19:26). That principle applies in many areas of life and especially does it apply to faith. The man who holds back his faith during the church service leaves with less than he brought. The one who exercised his faith as best he could goes out with new strength and power.



### In Our Home

*Enola Chamberlin*

I feel God near me every hour,  
I sense His love, His gracious power.  
I know though storms may rage and tear  
That we are safe within His care;  
That all my loved ones rest from harm  
Within the shelter of His arm.  
I know, so through my nights and days  
I give my heart in thankful praise.

# THANKSGIVING

## Is The Key To Prayer

by

MALCOLM SPENCER

The joy of the Lord is your strength.

"Perhaps Malcolm was as near St. Francis as any we shall ever meet." That is high praise indeed. The same friend who made that statement also likened him to the Pied Piper of Hamelin, to Puck, to Ariel. Malcolm Spencer was, you will gather, a rather unusual figure, worthy of being described, as someone once described Oswald Chambers, as "the most irreverent revered I ever saw."

His name is not widely known, and, within a few decades, it may pass away altogether, for he was as McEwan Lawson futher describes him in the title of a brief biography, "God's Back-room Boy." But those who met him will never forget him: that is equally certain. Long-haired, shabbily dressed, impatient of all such matters, he was a single-

eyed visionary concerned with the Kingdom of God. His "back-room" activity concerned itself in endless secretarial work and the organization of innumerable committees and conferences. The Student Christian Movement and the "Free Church Fellowship" knew him for years in various organizing capacities. Perhaps some of us might think that what could have been an increasingly original contribution was allowed to be lost: snowed under mountains of paper and committee agendas.

Malcolm Spencer is introduced into our galaxy of "discoverers in prayer" as an exponent of thanksgiving. He once wrote a pamphlet with the title that stands at the head of this chapter. The book was the outcome of one of the earliest of his conferences. By the sea flats at the tip of Norfolk at a

place called Overy Staithe, he gathered with a group of some twenty to thirty friends who belonged to what was then the Primitive Methodist Church. What were they doing? Enjoying a holiday, and at the same time spending their mornings thinking together about prayer. His companions found that Malcolm was opening to them a new world, for he had by this time, as he tells us, "proved the value of taking groups of people over a chartered route of thanksgiving." In Malcolm's company, that would be an experience indeed!

The man himself was born in Marple, Cheshire, on May 8th 1877. The family, moving to Manchester, were early plunged into trouble. Malcolm, who had lost his mother when three, now lost his father at the age of eight. Eventually, against the background of that family struggle, Malcolm won a scholarship to Manchester Grammar School, and from there another to Corpus Christi, Oxford, where, studying mathematics, he obtained a first. By this time, the S.C.M.—then in its heyday—claimed him. He had determined to become a missionary, but the possibility of going to Africa did not materialise: instead, in 1903 he went to Darwen to be the assistant Congregational minister in that bleak and rather grimy Lancashire town. While there he

was allowed to act as "Missionary Campaign Secretary" for the S.C.M., and finally he was invited to become a member of their full-time staff.

Of the days that followed, perhaps this snatch of verse, made to sung to the tune of "There is a Tavern in the Town" is illustrative. S.C.M. students by the hundred have sung it with gusto at the "Hayes," Swanwick, which houses the annual S.C.M. and many other conferences:

There is a Tavern called the  
Hayes,  
Where Malcolm Spencer often  
stays,  
And sits immersed in problems  
deep.  
And never, never thinks of  
sleep.

In the year 1931 the S.C.M. published a book from his pen entitled *VITALITY*. Perhaps it tells us as much about him as we need to know. Anything, said Malcolm in this book, which has the power to increase life's joy and "speed the spirit of man in his endeavours towards the best and the highest seems to me to be of God." Our concern should be to increase our appreciation, our understanding of, and our participation in, this fund of vitality which comes from Him.

In order to quicken this spirit in us, we should "go the whole round of creation" from its lowest

to its highest form of life and cultivate the power to rejoice in all of them . . . Beginning anywhere and stopping nowhere, we praise God for all that is beautiful in life. It is when we come to his suggested "daily regimen" that we realize how different this modern St. Francis is from the rest of us. It begins: "On getting up put your head out of your window and take a real look at the sky, not just to see if rain is likely, but to realize its infinitude and its capacity for beauty. Then whether or not you can take a cold bath with your present degree of vitality, strip naked and so remain for some time; and in that time do something to stretch the body and feel the joy of physical life. . . Then when you are physically alert and gay, after a good towelling, the mind can be attuned to come into its own . . ." The suggestions end thus: "And if, at any hour of the day, you catch your spirit slumbering and some side of your nature asleep or aloof from the fascination of life, awaken it with a douse of cold water, or the shaking of limbs, an ejaculation of praise, a renewal of vows, or a snatch of song, or dance . . . do anything, or everything that will reinstate you as a person wholly alive in an exacting but very delectable world."

Malcolm himself loved to tell of the summer morning at five

o'clock when, now past forty and living at Harrow, clad in vest and lilac-coloured shorts, he was returning from his early morning run, and found that he was without his latchkey. Rather than disturb the family, he decided to borrow the long garden ladder from next door and enter through an upstairs window. Just when he was carrying out this operation, a burly policeman came into view. The latter halted in his tracks perceptibly shaken by the vision that met him. Malcolm found it very difficult to persuade the policeman that he was the rightful owner of the house into which he seemed to be breaking. "Officer," he suggested, finally, "if you will climb this ladder you will find it leads to the bathroom. In the bathroom, just above the basin, you will find a glass containing a set of dentures. If you will bring these you will find that they fit me." The policeman would not forget that morning encounter any more than would others who met this unusual man at unusual times doing unusual things.

What Malcolm Spencer had discovered is that this world is a vast wonderland, in which, unfortunately, most people are half-awake, living unnecessarily impoverished lives. Always a campaigner for social righteousness and, especially since his Darwin days, desperately keen for

a fair share of life and beauty for everyone, he yet saw that the supreme need for each man was that he should be awakened from within to what already lay around him. Finding strength and inspiration from fellowship with other Christians and from partaking in common worship, it yet seemed to him that many churches were half-dead, with no lift about them and no consciousness of living in the days of the Resurrection. For Malcolm they were too gloomy, both in their outlook and in their furnishings and architecture. More light, colour, more beauty is what he longed for.

To return to *Thanksgiving—The Key To Prayer*: this was originally to have been a book on Intercession; but, like Dr. Johnson's Mr. Edwards, who would have been a philosopher had not cheerfulness kept breaking in, the book did not get as far as that, and turned out to be a book on Thanksgiving! This fact in itself is indicative of a truth that Malcolm had proved over and over again: for one is quite sure that in those sessions in the morning, whether on the lawn, or by the sea, or in his room when, after his exercises, Malcolm remembered his friends before God, thanksgiving rich and deep would be his first thought in prayer. This man came to discover more and more that this spirit holds the key to all

the rest of prayer. It sets us in the proper frame for everything that follows. It tunes us in to God.

"It seems to me both impertinent and exhausting," he wrote, "to attempt to mobilize the spiritual forces of the universe for the betterment of the world, till we are overflowing with appreciation of the works of God in the world as it is. The contemplation of God's goodness is the proper source of energy for all our asking, and the proper guide to us in choosing what we shall ask."

It is noteworthy that St. Paul in his Letters often counselled the folk of his day similarly. "Continue steadfastly in prayer," he writes, "watching therein with thanksgiving;" "Giving thanks always for all things." He brings his first Letter to the Thessalonians to a close in this way: "Rejoice always, pray without ceasing, in everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus to you." "Maintain your zest for prayer," says the apostle (in Moffatt's translation of Colossians 4:2), "with thanksgiving."

Halyburton, than whom it is scarcely possible to imagine a greater contrast to Malcolm Spencer—sombre Scottish puritan as over against someone emancipated from all that is sombre in puritanism—tells us in his Memoirs that he, too, made a great discovery.

"I have found a law," he says, "that always, even when at the lowest deeps, I can pull myself back into the sunshine through the duty of thankfulness."

There is no way like Thanksgiving to put us in tune. It makes

us think of God, instead of ourselves: of His power, and love, instead of our weakness and failure. It is one of the greatest cures for spiritual malaise. It is, as Malcolm Spencer describes it, "the key to prayer."



## PSALM AT DAWN

*Hazel Dannecker*

Dear Lord, my heart is light today;

I cannot find the words to pray,

But yonder in the maple tree

A wee brown thrush sings joyously.

He has no need of any word;

He knows his song of praise is heard.

Lord, search my heart and finding there

My gladness, take it for a prayer.

A new life with new hope, new dreams, new adventures, . . . and we lift our voices with thanksgiving.

## God's Cleansing Love

MARY GEARS

Have you ever stood in a gentle rain, and lifted your face or held out your hand, feeling the fresh drops fall upon your skin? There's something rather significant in this as an act of God's cleansing purpose in our lives. To illustrate: No matter how long one stands in the rain, or how forceful the shower, one is still able to breathe. The flow of water does not "drown" us, it merely gets us wet.

There is also another phenomenon. The air around us changes into a purified quality. So, as we breathe through the rain, we breathe into our bodies a new exhilarating freshness.

With the rains ceasing, for we know it shall whether it be long

or short, a dazzling beauty emerges! Although surroundings seem the same, the atmosphere is changed, the grass greener, the sun brighter, and we emerge renewed with added vigor from the energetic flow about us!

So it is with God's action in our lives. He allows His cleansing or purifying power to flow over us, in a gentle or sometimes forceful way, but always allowing room for us to "breathe". For the Heavenly Father never allows more than we can carry, and we must remember He knows us better than we know ourselves.

With this wondrous cleansing power going on, new fresh life is being given and received within

us, and this healing energy increases our faith and gives us a freshness of anticipation in the future.

As the rain ends we discover the "new life" that has been gently laid before us, with God's loving hand.

A new life with new hope, new dreams, new adventures, and we lift our voices with thanksgiving that he has led us through the "rain clouds" and that His constant healing power is perpetually working throughout our universe!

*O LOVING FATHER, YOU ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THROUGHOUT ALL OUR EXPERIENCES. INCREASE OUR FAITH IN YOUR WORKING WITHIN OUR LIVES. GIVE US TO CONTINUALLY BELIEVE THAT ALL IS DONE ACCORDING TO YOUR MOST PERFECT AND GOOD WILL, THAT IS LARGER AND MORE PROFOUND THAN ANY INSIGNIFICANT THOUGHT WE MAY HAVE. YOUR HEALING ENERGY IS CONSTANTLY WORKING THROUGH US, CREATING NEW LIFE. THIS YOU HAVE GIVEN US, AND ARE CONTINUALLY DOING SO IN THE FORM OF JESUS CHRIST, OUR LORD, WHO WITH THE HOLY SPIRIT REIGNS ETERNALLY. AMEN*



### God Made Tears Too

Our heartaches may be beautiful  
Because they purify  
For tears may wash as clean and white  
As raindrops from the sky.

Our sorrows may become to us  
A friendly shielding fence  
That holds out evil, ill, and hate  
Yet folds magnificence.

*Edna Hull Miller*

If you want to enter heaven, you must take it with you. There is no other life worth living.

## How They Applied

### The

## SERMON ON THE MOUNT

By

C. MILO CONNICK

Our forefathers were practical men. Necessity saw to that. There were few tradesmen to call upon in their pioneer communities. Specialists were as scarce as bargains before Christmas. Survival forced men to become Jacks-of-all-trades. The advance of civilization changed the circumstances. By the middle of the twentieth century, trained workers of many kinds were available. But high prices and leisure time gave birth to a do-it-yourself movement. Office workers became week-end

plumbers, carpenters, painters, and electricians. They returned to "work" on Mondays with sure savings, bolstered pride, sore muscles, and a renewed respect for anything that works.

We worship workability. We test nearly everything—from gadgets to goals—by the yardstick of usefulness. We demand that religion be the kind that can be put into practice. Pious platitudes simply will not do. Principles must work, or they aren't worth bothering with. It is not enough

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for someone to *say* they will work. We must be shown!

Do-it-yourself devotees will be disappointed with the Sermon on the Mount. Its teachings are not for the muscular but for the meek (the humble-minded). Even the meek cannot follow them quickly or fully. People accustomed to short-order cooks, three-minute car washes, and pants-pressed-while-you-wait will soon tire of the Sermon's impossible imperatives. They will relegate them to the limbo of idealism and join a scavenger hunt for something "practical."

The Sermon can be practiced only by the patient. If people are willing to abandon short cuts to character, submit to the Sermon's stringent demands, and confess their inability to "go it alone," they will find the teachings to be both practical and productive. This was the experience of a group of top-flight businessmen. For five weeks they made an intensive study of the Sermon. During the sixth week they read the Sermon each morning before they went to work. Throughout the day, they tried to put it into practice in their personal and professional lives. Each night they reread the Sermon and kept a record of their apparent successes and failures. When they came together to share their experiences at the end of the week, they thrilled each other with their

reports.

George, a prominent lawyer, spoke first. "The other night I attended a professional meeting at which we were to elect officers. I had no particular candidate, but most of the fellows were eagerly supporting their favorites. Feelings became intense. Then a friend suggested that I nominate someone for president. At first I refused, but suddenly an idea came to me. Here was an opportunity to try out the Sermon and become a peacemaker. I agreed to nominate a candidate, and during my speech I somehow was able to say just the right things. As a result, my candidate was elected, and harmony prevailed.

"The next day I found myself thinking about a family problem. I come from a large family. Some of its members had not spoken for years. I picked up the 'phone and made five calls. I had made such calls before, but not in the same spirit. But now, thanks to this new look, we are all on speaking terms and are planning a reunion at Christmas."

George paused to look around him, as if to gauge the effect of his experiences on the others; then he continued: "Sunday was a tough one! I hadn't been to my church for three months. Something had happened there that had disappointed me. Besides, the church was cold and impersonal.

But I'd had such a successful week in human relations that I decided to return to my church wearing my new face. You know, I have never experienced such a warm, friendly welcome. I came to realize that perhaps the trouble had been with me all along.

"I won't itemize what happened on the other days this week but, among other things, I worked on two very complicated legal briefs. I was relaxed, tensionless; the words flowed out of me. In less than half the time it would ordinarily take I turned out some of the finest work of my career. Perhaps I can summarize my experience by repeating what my wife said before I left tonight: 'This has been the most wonderful week we've had since we've been married.'"

At this point, an executive spoke. "George, I know men who would pay a psychiatrist \$1,000 to get what you have found. By focusing on God you have obtained release from tension and frustration."

Another member of the group, Jim, an engineer, rose. "I began the week out in left field. The office assigned me a nasty research job. I had to work day and night, Saturday and Sunday included. I disliked being away from my family, missed the lift I get at church. My resentments multiplied. I found myself spending

more time rebelling than researching. I had become part of the problem instead of the solution.

"One night, as I was reading the Sermon on the Mount, one of the Beatitudes seemed to speak to me: 'Blessed are the meek,' or 'Happy are the humble-minded.' I had assumed that there was no reason why I had to work such long hours. I decided to try to discover what benefits my research would have for the company, other employees, and myself. The more I investigated, the more amazed I became. Many stood to benefit from my labor. I had been selected to do the work because the company had confidence in me. I threw myself into the project with renewed vigor. When I presented the results to the head of our company, he was elated. Fellow employees complimented me. My success was brought about by the change made in me by the Beatitudes."

For Bill, a contractor, it was the same story from a different angle. "When I sat down to dinner the other night," he said, "I was exhausted. Everything the children did seemed wrong. Mary tried to carry on a conversation with half her dinner in her mouth. Frank kicked his little sister under the table. She wailed! The baby spilled her milk. I found myself barking commands: 'Don't put so much food in your mouth at once!



Keep those feet still! Watch out! That milk costs six cents a glass!

"After dinner, I sat down to read, but not for long. The children were playing house. Frank was the father. He shouted at Mary, 'Don't put so much food in your mouth!' One by one, I heard my own commands repeated. I had cast my words on the water and now they were returning. I felt ashamed, I knew now what it meant to be 'poor in spirit.' I was painfully aware of my spiritual need. I resolved to set a better example for my children—to speak softly, to ask instead of command, and to try to understand what it must be like to be a child in a world geared almost exclusively to adults.

"You know, I've made some interesting discoveries in the past few days. I've found children don't sit up to the table because their chairs don't fit them. They kick each other under the table because it's hard for them to sit still. They tip over milk because their muscles aren't coordinated. Now I don't expect so much from them and their behavior doesn't bother me the way it did. I'm trying to treat them the way God treats me, and we're all a lot happier because of it."

What happened to these businessmen did not terminate at the end of six weeks. They realized that they had just begun a long,

exciting pilgrimage. They continued to meet weekly. Each week they discussed the Sermon and its impact on their lives. Their number grew and their influence multiplied. These men were not alone. Kindred groups throughout the world have found the Sermon to be a practical guide to abundant living. You, too, my readers, can be numbered among them. Study the characteristics of a Christian found in the Sermon. Choose one of them and let it dominate your life for a single week. Take stock every day. Note your triumphs. Analyze your failures. Concentrate on positive accomplishments. At the end of the week, select another characteristic and try to make it your own, not forgetting the first.

The characteristics of a Christian cannot be quickly or fully acquired. But they can be cultivated. If you want to enter heaven, you must take it with you. Ask your family and friends to join you in your quest. Obtain the help of your minister. Seek the wisdom of fellow Christians. Organize specific groups for concentrated and sustained study of the Sermon on the mount. Above all, pray! Pray for the cleansing that comes from forgiveness. Pray for the power that comes with humility. Pray for life at its best, life in the Kingdom of Heaven. There is no other life worth living!

CHRISTINE L. MATHER

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## "I Touched The Master"

I am the woman who for twelve years had an incurable disease. Then Jesus passed my way, and I touched the Hem of His Garment. You can read about me in the Gospel of Mark, verses 25 through 34. Today I am glowing with health. My own color is so good you must find it hard to believe that once I was ghastly white from the resulting anemia. Worse than that I was slowly dying. May I tell you my story?

After my husband died, I lived alone earning money as a weaver. It was hard enough trying to make ends meet, and then I became ill. Altho the doctor did his best, he couldn't help me, so after a time I tried another physician, but got no better. In fact, I grew worse. It was very discouraging and all the money I earned went to pay doctors' bills.

My frantic search for health

led me from one physician to another, but to no avail, for eventually each one in turn said, "I'm sorry, there's nothing more I can do for you."

After twelve long years of this I was at the end of my rope. All my savings were gone, and my health was broken. Daily I grew weaker, and it was frightening to find my little energy dwindling away. Wearily I dragged myself about.

Weaving and even keeping house became a tremendous effort, and I was fighting a losing battle against illness and mounting expenses. By now I was wasting away and knew I could not continue like this much longer.

Then friends told me of a wonderful man named Jesus who healed people of all diseases. Oh, how hope sprang up within my heart then and shone thru the

blackness of my despair. Why if He healed everyone, He could heal me too!

I longed to see this man. But how could it be arranged? I was too weak to go to Him. Would He ever come to me? I wondered.

One day a neighbor came running over to tell me Jesus was coming up our *very* street. She had overheard people saying He was on the way to Jairus' house to heal his little girl. This seemed almost too good to be true. Here was my chance at last. Why in a few minutes I would be well!

Eagerly I rushed outdoors. Sure enough there was Jesus, wearing a white robe. But I hadn't expected to see a mob following Him. Being shy and timid and very embarrassed about my condition I didn't want *anyone* to *see* me talking to Jesus. But yet I must be healed. My life wasn't worth living otherwise. What should I do?

Something within me kept saying, "No one will notice you. You don't need to talk to him. If you just *touch* His garment you'll be healed."

So when the croud approached my home I edged up close, and without attracting any attention tried to squeeze my way thru to reach Jesus. This was hard work for the people kept pushing me back. Two or three times I was

knocked off balance and nearly fell.

All this exertion made me weaker, but I was determined to touch his garment, for I *knew* I would be healed.

As we walked along I made my way thru the mob by degrees, and finally was just behind Jesus. My friends were right—He *was* wonderful, unlike anyone I'd *ever* seen—tall, handsome, strong, and yet so gentle. When He turned His head I saw the *kindest* face in all the world. Understanding love was in His eyes, and when He spoke His voice was vibrant and mellow—full of tenderness. *This* was a man who cared *deeply* for people.

Just walking close to him was like being in heaven. Never had I been so happy or felt such peace. No wonder people followed Him—they couldn't help themselves—for His Love drew them. Concentrating on Jesus I forgot all about myself, wanting only to remain in the presence of this man and follow Him to the ends of the earth.

Suddenly I remembered why I had come to Him. This was the physician who could heal me! Stooping down so no one would see, very quickly I touched the hem of His garment.

Instantly I felt healing power surging thru every cell of my body, bringing with it strength and vital-

ity. I knew I was completely healed. More than that—I was a new person, walking on air!

Gratitude and love for Jesus flooded my being, for the years of suffering and despair were over, and a new life lay ahead. But now I must slip out of the crowd unnoticed.

Then I heard Jesus ask, "Who touched me?" O dear, He was aware of it! The disciples replied, "Master, in this mob, people are constantly bumping up against you. Why do you even ask?"

"This was different," Jesus persisted, "for I felt power thru me. Someone touched my clothes for healing—who was it?"

Realizing now I must confess,

in fear and trembling I knelt at His feet, telling Him everything and thanking Him for healing me.

Never will I forget His look of compassion, nor His words of love spoken to me, "Daughter, your faith has made you whole. Go in peace."

\* \* \* \* \*

That was several years ago. My health has been perfect since, and His peace and joy have been with me all along. It makes me very happy to tell what Jesus has done for me.

Business has picked up too, for I can weave faster now, and people say my designs are more beautiful. No wonder, for the hands that weave have touched the Master.



Eternal life is not a problem of the future, but a gift of this present world.—Francis Peabody.

## WHY DOES IT ALWAYS HAPPEN TO ME?

RUSSELL J. FORNWALT

Years ago I applied for a job as personnel assistant in a large New York City department store. My heart was so set on the job I made a special trip to the City for interviews and tests. But after a long day of filling out forms and conferences I was told the job was not mine.

I was downcast, of course. Gone was my hope for an exciting job in an exciting city. But rather than return home I decided to remain in New York overnight, and before retiring I read from the Sermon on the Mount. The words in Matthew 6:8—" . . . for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him"—give me comfort and confidence.

The next morning I went to several employment services, picking them at random from the newspaper. One placement manager told me about a job as counselor with a boys' social agency. Instantly I had a realization that the position was already mine. It fit my talent, tastes, training, and temperament to the proverbial "T." It was the perfect outlet for my interests, imagination, and initiative. The Father indeed knew what I needed, and He led me to it.

Today's blow might well be

tomorrow's blessing. So, if you, too, wonder sometimes "Why does it always happen to me?" remember the words of Paul in Romans 8:28—" . . . all things work together for good to them that love God. . ."

When you fully know Romans 8:28 you will really never experience lack, loss, or limitation. You will find advantage in adversity. Pain will always be gain. And every cloud will indeed have its silver lining.

An insurance agent I know recently had a heart attack. Prior to his illness he was on the go day and night including Sundays and holidays. His life was one continuous round of cocktail parties, picnics, and playing around. Of course, he always mixed policy-selling with pleasure and vice versa.

As a result of his cardiac catastrophe he was out of "commission" for nearly a year, emerging with fewer dollars but more sense. Today that insurance salesman is in the best of health. He eats and sleeps regularly, and he has cut out all the needless tearing around. True, he's making less money, but he's living better and longer.

Whether it's a heart attack or any acute or chronic condition, it

need not be a curse. It can be a cure, a veritable kindness.

As you know, some people see sickness as a sort of punishment for sinning. And, in a sense, that's true. However, others take a positive view. They regard sickness as a purging, purifying, or perfecting process to get the body back into balance. Even the common cold can cause us to take better care of ourselves.

You'll find that no matter how trite trivial, or tragic an event, it can have its hidden treasure. The very thing you resist may have the best results.

Some years ago my employer asked me to attend a conference in Albany. For personal reasons I was not eager to make the trip at the time, and I was violently opposed to it. However, at my employer's insistence I went—but reluctantly. However at the conference I decided I'd get into the swing of things rather than be sulky or grumpy.

About four months after the affair I had a phone call from the editor of a boys' magazine. He asked me to do an article on summer jobs for young men, and I said I'd gladly do so. I was curious to know how the editor had heard of me, so I asked him. He said the chairman of the employment-for-youth panel at the Albany conference had told him all about me.

That experience taught me that what looks like opposition is often oppulence in disguise. Not only was I handsomely rewarded for the article, but as a result of the contact many other doors opened. How well it is to remember the words of Isaiah 48:17—" . . . I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go."

A lawyer friend of mine tried hard for draft deferment during World War II. He prayed and pleaded but to no avail. After his basic training the young lawyer rose in rank rapidly. In a short time he was assigned to the adjutant-general's headquarters and served with distinction in the famous post-war trials in Germany.

After discharge from service my friend resumed law practice in his home town. His military career turned out to be a powerful political asset. He was elected to the state assembly and later was appointed deputy attorney-general for the state.

How often seeming oppression is merely the beginning of sensational opportunity! How often are we blind to our greatest blessings! That lawyer's experience brings to mind another verse in Isaiah, 42:16—"And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that

they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."

During the devastating depression of the 1930's Bill Ramsey lost his job as a civil engineer. Needing money fast to support his wife and four children, Bill turned to door-to-door selling. Neighbors and friends doubted his ability to sell brooms and brushes, but he surprised everyone. Within a year Bill became district sales manager for the company with a crew of twenty agents under him.

After the depression Bill stayed in selling rather than go back to his old job. Recently he and a friend opened a photostat business. The friend is in charge of production, and Bill handles the sales end of it.

For many men and women the great depression of the 30's was a period of defeat, despondency, dismay, and even doom. Others accepted it as a challenge. They entered new occupations or created their own jobs. They found new meaning in John 14:2—"In my Father's house are many mansions." They discovered talents, abilities, and aptitudes within themselves they never thought existed.

Many a person finds his forte and fortune in what first looks like failure. Joe Jackson lost his job

with a social agency because of "inefficiency." He then took a temporary position with a scholarship service. The work involved a lot of routine interviewing and record keeping. But it gave Joe background for college administration, and not so long ago he was named director of admissions for a large eastern university.

Now of course, no one should deliberately drum up dilemmas or traffic in trouble. Such tactics tend only to multiply misery, mistakes, and misfortune.

But when failure or famine, fear or frustration do cross your path, and you wonder "Why does it always happen to me?" look for the positive or the plus. Look for the purpose, power, and potential in the thing that's pestering you.

Look for the profit in your problem. You'll find strength in striving and struggling. In every loss there's a lesson. Believe, but better *know*, that triumphs follow trials. And even in the worst calamity there's some kind of capital gain. It's put this way in Matthew 28:20—" . . . and, lo, I am with you always, *even* unto the end of the world."

So, when those king-size troubles or little trifles keep coming your way, and you ask "Why does it always happen to me?" be still and know that it's God's way of guiding you to your greater good.

Definitions to remember from the sermons of  
The Reverend Edward Winckley.

## DEFINITIONS

*That*

*Can Change Your Life*

CHRISTIANITY is not struggling and staining to be good or even Christlike, but letting the Living Christ reproduce Himself in you.

DIVINE HEALING is not merely physical cure by spiritual means but the transformation of life which takes place when a man encounters Jesus, loves Him and opens his life to His love. The body takes its share of the benefits of this transformation.

DIVINE HEALING is the loving action of Christ Jesus on all and every part of our nature. This means the body as well as the mind and the spirit.

FAITH is untroubled trust in Jesus; the consecration of the

imagination to see Him; the identification of oneself never with one's weaknesses, whether of body, mind or spirit, but with His life as a strong power within us; and expecting more from our church membership, our church worship, from every sacramental ministry we receive, from our Bible reading, and from our prayers, especially when we find time to be still and in the silence listen for His guidance and draw upon His love as the only strength by which we can follow in His way.

FAITH is taking God at His word.

FAITH is the key to love.

SALVATION is the wholeness or health not only of the soul but

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of the mind and the body through faith in Jesus.

ETERNAL LIFE is not life when we die but life when we live in the flesh here and now through faith in Christ Jesus.

REPENTANCE is getting a new outlook in which we become aware that God is love and that

Jesus is alive and heals.

THE KINGDOM is not a more scientific world but the reign of love in the human heart.

CONVERSION is the discovery that Jesus loves you.

JUSTIFICATION is the clearance of the soul from guilt — "Just as if I had not sinned."



## DEMONSTRATION

DEMMA RAY OLDHAM

*I dreamed of all the things I meant to be—  
I visioned hopes fulfilled; my soul set free.  
And in my veins there surged emotion's fire  
Burning with hope's unquenchable desire,  
A faith that all the things I'd held so dear  
Would come to me when I could banish fear.  
I dreamed of them until I visioned there  
More clearly, all my heart had claimed in prayer.  
And dreaming thus, I strained my eyes to see  
Beyond the veil concealing them from me,  
Until one day a strange new power within  
Pulled back the mystic veil so fragile, thin.  
And there, before my eyes awaiting me  
Were all my dreams, changed to reality.*

*The native evangelist modestly explained in his halting English for the benefit of Myron, "Mary, she lost, My Dalita run tell me, I get gun".*

By MARK WILCOX

## I See Leopard— God Guides Bullet

Myron Martin stood on the front veranda of the bungalow and watched a parade of some thirty boys and girls, clad in mission-made blue or white shirts and shifts. These neatly but sparsely clad natives weren't exactly what he had expected to find in this heart of Africa. They were singing, "Onward Christian Soldiers," flashing white teeth in wide open mouths. Myron recognized the tune, although the words were in a strange tongue.

These marchers represented the choice fruit of his son, David's, labors in the jungle; but in the five years since his last furlough to America, he had grown thinner. Toil and concern for his people had put lines in his long face. Dorothy, his blue-eyed wife had acquired a matronly manner which was not entirely because of raising the two lively children, Billy and Mary. Myron, on his first

day here, was beginning to wonder whether this work of the Lord, as David called it, was really worth the effort.

Myron had never visited this jungle home before, partly because his wife hated to travel. Now, feeling very much alone since she had died that winter, he had left his other son in charge of the business in Knoxville, and had come, possibly to stay. But now he wasn't so sure he could fit in here.

David left his side to stand in the shade of an orange tree beside a tall, round-faced negro in white shirt and knee-length khaki trousers. Myron followed and was introduced to Zachariah Bonga, the school principal. Myron attempted to compliment him on the appearance of his pupils, but almost forgot what he was saying when he saw Billy with eyes like his mother's and the red-cheeked

Mary marching at the end of the procession of black children. Mary had her hand in that of a stalwart native with the thick lips and pug nose of a bulldog.

"Who is that man?" he asked.

David looked at him quizzically, but Zachariah gave answer in his broken English. "He de Reverend Daniel Timotu. He and Mary great friends."

"I see," said Myron and was silent. Later, however, in David's study, he abruptly voiced his misgiving. "I was a bit shocked, David, to see Mary so friendly with that ugly black man."

David looked shocked in his turn. "Why, Dad! I didn't know you could be so prejudiced. That ugly black happens to be our minister. Brother Daniel was ordained two years ago, and is my most trusted helper."

"Brother Daniel," said Myron with unintentional emphasis on the adjective. "I know I shouldn't judge by appearances, but—"

"Brother, indeed! David interrupted. He and Zachariah, both. Dear brothers in the Lord. Those aren't their real names, but the ones they chose to prove their Christian training. In less than ten years they have acquired the equivalent of a college education here at the seminary in Bongu. I couldn't get along without them."

I'm sorry, David. But it's all so new and strange here. I find it

hard to get adjusted."

"That's all right, Dad. I know what you mean, but I hope and pray that you will soon come to realize that the whole village is made up of true Christian brothers and sisters."

I'll try," said Myron humbly.

For several days, however, he kept pretty close to the house. The tall trees of the forest seemed to crowd in so close to the one broad street of this outpost of civilization, forty miles from the nearest railroad. Most of the time he was playing with his grandchildren. Little Mary was his pride and joy.

David seemed to spend most of his time in the side room he used as an office, either writing reports or consulting with Daniel or Zachariah, or other native leaders. One day Myron ventured to take him to ask about such supervision.

"Aren't you afraid, David, with all these people doing your work, you will some day be out of a job?"

David was not offended. "But that is my job, Dad," he declared. "To train these people so that they can travel God's way unattended. That is the whole aim and purpose of Christian missions today. The salvation of the heathen must come from within, not something splashed on like whitewash."

Myron gave grudging approval.

"You have something, there, Dave."

The very next afternoon, however, he had reason to wonder whether all of David's accomplishment was, after all, only a heavier coat of whitewash. Mary disappeared. She had gone to the village school with Billy, but he had returned alone.

"I don't know, Mama," he said in answer to his mother's anxious query. "Isn't she home?"

"She must be around somewhere," said Myron, eager to allay Dorothy's fears as well as his own. "Shall we go look, Billy?"

"I wish you would, Father," said Dorothy.

With Billy leading the way, Myron entered the school-house, now empty and full of gloom. Mary was not there, nor in the shop, the infirmary, or any of the two-room cabins on the station. David, Zachariah, and half a dozen other mission natives joined in the search. At last David sent Billy home to tell his mother that they were going to look for Mary in the jungle.

"You stay home and take care of Mother until we get back," he said.

While David divided the men into three groups to penetrate the forest in different directions, Myron suddenly observed that the native preacher was not among them.

"Why isn't Daniel here?" he asked.

"Brother Daniel has already gone," David said. Zachariah told me that he took his rifle and went on ahead."

"A rifle? What for?" exclaimed Myron.

"Just in case of need," said David. "It's the only one in the village, but he makes good use of it. He shot a leopard that was after our pigs the night before you came."

"So there are leopards in this forest," Myron muttered, and wished he had brought the automatic pistol he had left in his suitcase.

Drums began booming from the village. "Spreading the news," said David in answer to his father's startled expression.

"But supposing it means—" began Myron fearfully.

"Native uprising?" broke in David. "Not here."

"Thank God!" said Myron, but he couldn't help picturing that ugly black man with a rifle running off with Mary.

The idea did not seem so preposterous here in this wilderness with the drums echoing far away, but he said nothing of this vision to David. Tall trees arched overhead, threaded with vines like ropes so that very little of the waning sunlight sifted through. Leopards, wild men, or a Christian

native lapsing into savagery. Anyone could attack Mary here, Myron thought.

"I'm sure Brother Daniel will find her," David said, as if to assure himself as well as the grandfather.

"Maybe he already has her," said Myron with gloomy significance.

"I don't know what you mean by that, Dad," said David sharply. "But Daniel is not a savage."

"I hope you're right," mumbled Myron.

Silently they plodded on, keeping close together in the deepening darkness. Tears blinded Myron's eyes until he stumbled and almost fell. Supposing they never found Mary!

As if an answer to his despondency, he heard the distant crack of a rifle.

"That's Brother Daniel!" cried David. "Thank God, he must have found her."

"But suppose. . ." Myron said no more, for David was already running ahead, and the older man had difficulty trying to keep up.

In a few moments he saw a flickering light. A native torch-bearer appeared, lighting the way for a stout black, his broad face stretched still wider in a joyful grin. In his arms he carried the golden-haired girl.

David ran to hug Mary to himself and to pour out his thanks to Daniel. The native evangelist modestly explained in his halting English for the benefit of Myron: "Mary, she play hide-seek. Hide under big tree. She lost. My Dalita run tell me. I get gun. Long time no find. Den Mary I see. She cry under tree. Long shadow move up in tree. I see leopard. God guides bullet. Other men bring leopard. I bring Mary."

The drums were still sounding as they returned, but Myron could tell that the rhythm was different. They were broadcasting the news of Mary's recovery. "How good these people are," said Myron to himself. "How friendly! God forgive me for ever doubting Brother Daniel."

Later that evening, after the children were in bed, he told David and Dorothy that he would like to stay, if they would let him. "I want to use some of my savings to make a real place of worship for those good people."

"That would be wonderful!" cried David gladly. "But can you afford it, Dad?"

"Sure, Dave. God has blessed me more than I deserve," he said earnestly. "I want to have a share now in your great work along with men like Brother Daniel."

The Marvel of Christ is that he remained so divinely serene through all the interruptions He met.

## On Being INTERRUPTED

*by Franklin Clark Fry*

How often we complain about being interrupted. And in the main, how right we are. I suppose, if we were required to choose only one word to describe the wild confusion in which this generation has lived, "interruptions" is what it would be—irritatingly, wearily everywhere.

Every one of us likes to flatter himself that he is steering his own course, governing his own life. But before any of us knows it, along comes a major cataclysm or a private call to break in on personal plans, to force one to serve someone else's convenience or benefit—and we are tempted to pity ourselves.

Did you ever think of Jesus? Surprising and even jarring as it

may sound, the truth is that our Lord was the most interrupted person who ever lived. Looking at Him does many wholesome things for us. One of them is that it should surely make us calmer. As we reflect reverently upon Him, we will find ourselves becoming less resentful and annoyed.

Does it come as a shock to hear me assert that Jesus was the most interrupted person who ever lived? Well, see for yourself. It was vividly, almost disturbingly, true. The marvel about Him was that He remained so divinely serene through it all. There is a healthy lesson for us who believe in Him.

Look at this incident involving Jairus. Christ was in the midst of life-giving instructions. Who

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knows, it might have ranked with the Sermon on the Mount. Yet right in the heart of it, without even a "pardon me," in burst Jairus.

"While He was thus speaking to them, behold, a ruler came in and knelt before Him, saying, 'My daughter has just died; but come and lay your hand on her, and she will live.' And Jesus rose and followed him, with His disciples."

That was interruption number one. As if that were not enough, a second almost tumbled over its heels. If the Lord had been like us, it would have been enough to make him seethe in frustration.

In an instant, as the crowd which had been listening placidly began to boil ahead into an excited procession and every heart and muscle was intent only to hurry to the afflicted home, suddenly there came a second distraction, quite as unprovoked. This time a trembling hand was thrust out from the throng. A woman who was diseased and ashamed furtively stretched out her finger tips and barely touched the hem of His garment.

Certainly nothing could have the right to delay the Healer now. Nothing should detain Him from a dying child. But once again, He pauses. The deep, wonderful, everlasting truth is that when a hand of need is stretched out to

anyone else, it may seem like an interruption. To Jesus it was always the touch of God. What fascinates me further is that these two interruptions are little more than random cuttings out of Jesus' entire life. They are simply tiny instances of what happened to Him every day and almost every hour. In all history, has there ever been anyone who was so much the slave of interruptions? Gloriously, not their slave, but their master.

Recall with me another night very early in Jesus' ministry when another ruler, Nicodemus, intruded on His rest. If he had not, we would never have heard:

Actually, the whole of the earthly life of Jesus taken together was the hugest interruption of all time. It was all one great, deeply shadowed break in the glory which He had with the Father before the world was, from which He descended when He was born, and to which He returned only after He had risen.

There is a new, transfiguring light that needs to be shed into our minds and hearts too. Disappointments—is that what we are tempted to call our interruptions? God give us the grace instead to change the "d" to a capital "H" to see them for what they really are—"His appointments."

Only people who are full of

help and strength are bombarded with other men's needs. At their highest, the interruptions which we chafe at are the credentials of how indispensable we are. As surely are you brim with usefulness, that is when they will cut in. The greatest condemnation that anyone can incur, the supreme danger to beware of, is to be let comfortably alone.

The greatest blessing of all that we get from our annoying and sometimes bruising interruptions is this. They teach reliance on God. More than that, they are apt to compel it. Reluctant as we often are to admit it, the reason you and I like to organize our lives so snugly and show signs of becoming irritated when any crack appears in our routine does not do great credit to ourselves. It is because we like to delude ourselves that we can handle whatever comes. We are constantly trying to bring life down into a compass that we can manage.

That, more than anything else,

is why we react as we do against any sudden change. It disrupts our complacency. It makes us shaky and timid. It threatens to carry us out beyond our depth. The shattering truth is that that is exactly where we ought to be. That is where we receive the most awesome blessing. There we meet God.

After all, it is not a piece of colossal egotism to think that life must always fit itself into our ways? That would make us bigger. It is not stupid to think that the world must accommodate itself to our comfort? We are here not to be comfortable but to do and to grow. Our noblest growth comes when we cast ourselves on the Lord. This is the supreme and final benefit of interruptions.

The next time, Christian, you are tempted to rebel and pout when life breaks in on you, remember Jesus Christ. Thank God for the proof that you are valuable, that He keeps you flexible, that He points you to himself.



Art, as far as it is able, follows nature, as a pupil imitates his master; thus your art must be, as it were, God's grandchild.—*Dante*



*Chaplains*

*Conduct Language Courses*

*On MSTs Transports*

by

Richard A. Graddick

Foreign language lessons aboard Military Sea Transportation Service transports are becoming an important asset to President Eisenhower's "People to People" program.

MSTs chaplains conduct the classes, which are designed to facilitate the adjustment of overseas based military personnel and their dependents to foreign surroundings. The sessions, in addition to being useful, have proven a popular diversion during the ocean crossing.

Although the classes haven't produced any expert linguists,

they enable passengers to debark in a foreign country prepared for a friendly exchange, such as "Hello, how are you?" and to seek answers to questions concerning food, directions, and other necessary information.

Chaplain Dean K. Veltman, LT, USN, who conducts classes aboard the USNS DARBY, describes his lessons as being typical of those given on all MSTs transports.

"I solicit volunteers from traveling military personnel to teach the classes," he explained. "They are usually natives of the country

we are going to or men who have spent a great deal of time in that country.

"We utilize language phrase books and stress basic pronunciations, emphasizing foreign vowel sounds," he said. "The passengers are encouraged to practice during the day by greeting each other with the foreign phrases for 'Hello,' 'Good Morning,' and 'Thank You.'"

The chaplain said that the classes also work on the fundamentals of the language during the fifty minute class periods. One session is held daily in the ship's cabin area for cabin passengers and another in the troop area for enlisted men.

The lessons go beyond language study, the chaplain reported. "In

addition, we familiarize the passengers with the monetary system of the country and answer questions concerning the problems that may be faced in adjusting to new conditions."

Chaplain Veltman said that he conducted twenty-seven classes during the *Darby's* last trip to Germany. Both French and German were taught during the cruise.

"We are quite encouraged by the results of the classes. The passengers seem very interested and most of them try hard and learn quickly," he related.

"In the future," he said, "it is planned to expand the project so that it may contribute even more effectively to the 'People to People' program."



Olympian bards who sung  
Divine ideas below  
Which always find us young  
And always keep us so.

*Emerson*

THE DAY  
THE DOGS STOPPED GROWLING

Jeff J. McMillan

The story is told of the man who became a Christian and in talking with his minister a short time later remarked that even his cat noticed the difference in him. I believe this.

There was a time when I was very often unpleasant and many times downright discourteous. I carry mail and I love the work. I've delivered my route in driving rain, howling snow storms and in the hot, humid heat of August. But too many days I carried a chip on my shoulder and didn't practice courtesy. And because courtesy is contagious, it follows that the converse is true; when I was rude, or when I scowled—the world scowled back. On the days the chip was showing, well, even the dogs growled.

I've always gone to church and in my youth I attended Sunday School faithfully. But I didn't carry my beliefs and convictions into the work-a-day world. I knew I was wrong.

Not too long ago I made a decision. I accepted the fact that it

was going to take more than just wanting to become a genuine friendly person. I didn't complicate it in any way. I simply went to God in prayer and asked Him to help me in my relations with others. I sought spiritual growth through meditation. I read religious and other fine publications for inspiration. In my prayers I told God that I had been guilty of surliness towards the patrons I served and very unpleasant at times with my loved ones and friends. And I knew He knew because: ". . . for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him." (Matthew 6:18).

I still get bad days, however, I agree 100 percent with William R. Vivrett who wrote these words: "..... Courtesy is Christian and contagious." The dogs are still barking, but doggone it, most of them have stopped growling. And when I greet people with a smile ninety nine out of a hundred smile back.

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

by Norman K. Elliott

## Thoughts Farthest Out

### WHEN RELIGION BECOMES DRAB

*How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him. (Acts 10:38) . . .* An Episcopalian rector told me that when someone came to him and said life had become flat, that God had receded into the shadows and he was unable to find a lilt in life, he had some advice that never failed to work. He told the person to go to the grocery store and spend ten dollars on food and return to see him. Then he would give the man the address of a family who were in need and tell him to go and give the food to them. One other instruction was necessary, and this was that before he left he would say The Lord's Prayer with the family. The minister said that he has seldom, if ever, seen it fail to fill the person with a new sense of mission and a personal awareness of God.

Religion that does not have a manner of expression in material affairs is like a child with great capabilities who is not allowed to express himself. His possibilities are completely frustrated. He becomes ingrown and a prisoner of inaction. He becomes somewhat like a seed that is not sown, unable to express the capabilities that lie within. Christianity is the same. Commitment to Jesus Christ that is not expressed in good deeds results in frustration. The doors of heaven are closed.

Jesus took as his lodestar the prophecy of Isaiah, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me—*BECAUSE* he has anointed me to preach good news to the poor. He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those who are oppressed, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

The main point to see here is that the Spirit of the Lord does not invade a personality merely to make that particular personality feel good. The purpose of the invasion of the Spirit of the Lord is to help other people. It is to pass on the nature and the life of God to others, and in the passing on of that nature we ourselves are helped and fulfilled.

Whenever one begins to feel that religion has become drab he ought to set about doing good to someone. The reason for the drabness is usually that the channel of God's flow to others has become blocked. My friend, he Episcopalian rector, says that one gets just as

much out of religion as one puts into it. We could paraphrase that to say that one get just as much out of religion as one "puts out" for it.

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

### ON DIVINE OBEDIENCE

*Jesus saith to him, He that is washed needeth not to wash save his feet, but is clean every whit, and ye are clean, but not all.* (John 13:9-10) . . . The context of the above is where Jesus girded himself with a towel and washed the disciples' feet. Peter saw it as an act of subservience and wanted to have none of it. However, when Jesus told him the necessity of the act, Peter not only wanted to have his feet washed but also his head and his hands.

What is the symbolic meaning of the head and the hands and the feet? Paul Tillich says that the strength of a symbol is in the reality that it represents; that the symbol partakes of the reality which it stands for.

The head represents intellectuality. A student goes to school in order to gain more knowledge—in order to be able to make a better living—in order to enjoy the luxuries of life—in order to feel superior to those who are not as well off as he is. Perhaps he might think, "If others were as smart as I am, if they had my brains, they would be as well off as I am." In most people's minds, "smartness" means power and position. How proud we are of our children when they excell in school! Peter was indulging in a common wish and common mistake concerning the nature of success.

The psalmist yearns that God will establish the works of his hands, and repeats for emphasis, "Yea, establish Thou the work of our hands." The ability to create with the hands has always meant power and success. This is the perennial drive to enjoy the fruits of greater achievement—money, luxury and position. Peter was perfectly normal when he wished for this.

Jesus tells Peter that he needs not to be washed save for his feet—the symbol of obedience. Jesus commands and invites people with the words, "Follow me." Obedience to this command-invitation is the measure of true success. And, until intellectuality and achievement bow the knee in Divine Obedience, all we make for ourselves is a more efficient Hell on earth.

What we need more than anything else is to have our capacity to obey "baptised" and "washed" by the living Christ. Obedience to the will of God is the key to a happy, successful and contented life on this earth.

"Wash our feet, Lord Jesus. Amen."

Read: **Christ Liveth in Me** and **The Game With Minutes**, Frank C. Laubach. \$1.00

### SPIRITUAL AMBITION

*And when the ten heard it, they began to be much displeased with James and John.* (Mark 10:41) . . . Ambition! So often we are tempted by it, and even the best of us. The disciples of Jesus were no exception.

James and John viewed the Kingdom of God as a political regime on this earth. Spiritual verities were but a means to material acquisitions. They thought that Jesus would rule on this earth in a materialistic manner, with slaves under him, and with large areas of the world with their riches under his control. They identified spiritual harmony with material success and power. But it is not always so.

It is almost an axiom that if one wants something badly enough he can have it, *if* he is willing to pay the price for it. But it is the price that is so often "the rub."

To become a success in Hitler's Germany one could hardly believe that he was in community with God. Success would mean compromising the highest possible ideals. This ought to be kept in mind when we tend to identify "success" with material abundance. When material possessions become our standards, we are really in trouble. This would make Hitler a "success." No one in his right mind would want that sort of success.

Jesus gave answer to personal ambitions when he told the disciples that it was he who would be the servant of all who would be greatest among them. In modern history those who fought against established practices of child labor were not seeking after the "ruling of ten cities"—or what have you. They believed that none of God's children ought to be treated like animals. They took a course that was opposed to the established pattern of business. To threaten any established custom means that some people are bound to lose power, and this does not make for personal popularity with those in power.

It is wrong to identify material success with spiritual community with God. At times spiritual community and material abundance are identical. It would always be true if life on this earth and life in the Kingdom of God were synonymous, but while the earth needs to be redeemed according to the pattern of God's mind and will there will be times when material poverty will be identical with community with God.

When the Kingdom of God comes on earth, as it is already come in Heaven, then material abundance and spiritual health will be one and the same.

Read: **Letters of Direction**, Abbe de Tourville. \$1.00

Prayer is like a wire in a cable. The more wires in the cable, the stronger it will be.

## GOD HEALED MY LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER

ALICE ANN SANDERS

My husband is a minister and early in our ministry we began to feel that it should never be inferred at a child's funeral that the death was God's will. Had not Jesus said, "It is not the will of my Father that one of these little ones should perish"? Now, one of our own little ones was threatened and the feeling grew into an absolute conviction that she was not meant to die.

It was Thanksgiving Day, 1957, that our older daughter, Phydallis, was sitting in the kitchen talking with me while I finished the preparations for our Thanksgiving dinner. Suddenly, Cindy Ann, her three-year-old daughter, came running from the living room where she had been playing with her brother Michael, three years her senior. Laying her head in her mother's lap she complained, "Mommie, my head hurts." Her mother gently brushed back the soft blond hair from the child's forehead as she looked at me with

frightened eyes. After Cindy had gone listlessly back to her play our daughter confided, "Mother, I am frightened. She has complained too long about her head hurting and yet our doctor feels that my fears are all ungrounded."

About a week later from their home in a suburb of Detroit, Phydallis called to tell us that they had been advised to take Cindy Ann to the Children's Clinic in Detroit as she was beginning to walk off-balance. The Children's Clinic, realizing the seriousness of the case, had Cindy Ann admitted to Children's Hospital immediately where she now under under the care of the best neurosurgeons in the country. The surgeon, Phydallis said, surmised a brain tumor and was planning to give Cindy Ann a brain wave test which he expected would confirm what he suspected.

The first test gave no indication of tumor so a second one was given with no different results.

Then one night daughter called to tell us that the surgeon was planning to perform a myelogram which he felt certain would give indication of the tumor to which all Cindy Ann's symptoms pointed.

As I said, we were convinced that Cindy Ann was not meant to die, but I knew that merely having a conviction was not enough. I knew that I had to fight with every weapon God had given me if Cindy Ann was to live. As I sat meditating I remembered an address I had heard many years ago titled Half a Miracle in which the speaker said that God had made us co-partners with Him and could not do His half of the miracle until we had done ours. I had been praying faithfully, but I felt there was more that I should be doing. I was pondering this when suddenly remembered what Louise Eggleston had said in a lecture at a retreat a few years before. "Prayer," she said, "is like a wire in a cable and the more wires there are the stronger the cable will be." That was it! I must contact every praying group of which I knew. So I called all the prayer-group leaders of our church as well as the leader of a group outside our church and enlisted their aid. Then I air-mailed letters to five groups throughout the United States, who in some cases have volunteers who pray the

clock around for any names sent in, and who believe that prayer is a mighty force to be taken seriously. They also keep in contact with one during the entire illness.

After the last letter was mailed and I had made the last phone call it was as if God said to me, "You have done what you can, now I'll do the rest," and from that time on I knew that Cindy Ann was going to live. I was so sure that when our daughter called that night in despair over the doctor's diagnosis I could say with conviction, "Dallis (as we affectionately call her) Cindy Ann is not going to die!"

As was our custom, my husband and I drove to our daughter's home one hundred miles to the south of us to spend Christmas day with them. Because the doctors felt Cindy Ann could not possibly live, she was allowed to come home for Christmas with the understanding that she return immediately afterwards for the myelogram and observation. However none of us was in a Christmas mood as Cindy Ann had taken no interest in anything and was in bed when we arrived.

Before we left for home the next morning I carried Cindy Ann in my arms from one end of the house to the other telling her over and over that Jesus was going to

make her well. She greeted each assurance with a wan smile of acquiescence and I thought how much she looked like an angel with her long blonde hair flowing over my arm and her beseeching, blue eyes searching mine.

New Years Day saw me back at our daughter's to stay for the duration of Cindy Ann's illness. The myelogram had been performed with still no indication of the tumor the surgeon was almost certain was there. So she was sent home with the warning that we watch carefully for further developments.

We did not have to wait long. Four nights later after daughter and I had given Cindy Ann an enema she went into what appeared to be a coma and her mother and daddy rushed her to the nearest hospital. There the condition was mistakenly attributed to gas pressure and a sedative instead of a stimulant administered. Because of this they had no sooner arrived back home than Cindy Ann began to struggle for her breath and had to be rushed again to the hospital.

As they left I called the surgeon and he arrived at the hospital a few minutes after they did. He frankly said that Cindy Ann was in a very serious condition and had only one chance in a million to live, but that he would do everything humanly possible to save her.

He knew now without a doubt that it was a brain tumor, the inability to breathe being caused from pressure on the brain by an accumulation of fluid which could not pass freely into the spinal column. He also now knew where to incise but first Cindy Ann had to be taken by ambulance to Children's Hospital where the pressure could be relieved by drilling the skull.

An ambulance was called and Cindy Ann, her mother beside her, an attendant administering oxygen, and the surgeon following closely in his car, was taken full speed to Children's Hospital where her head was hastily shaved and the skull drilled. During this operation Cindy Ann died technically for four minutes and was revived by mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

The surgeon had planned to wait two days before attempting surgery to give Cindy Ann a chance to recuperate, but early afternoon of the next day daughter called from the hospital to tell me that they were taking Cindy Ann to surgery at four o'clock that afternoon as she was rapidly sinking. The surgeon gave very little hope that she would come through surgery, but it was the only thing he could do.

Four o'clock came and I was alone in the house. I seated myself in a comfortable chair and began a prayer of complete trust.

I released Cindy Ann completely into God's hands knowing that the surgeon's hands would be but an extension of His. I sat in silence for a half hour before I felt a faint restlessness as if I were being gently urged to do something else.

Suddenly, the research under J. B. Rhine at Duke University came to mind, a research which has proven beyond doubt that mind can reach out to mind. Then following swiftly on this I was reminded of the religious philosophy that all minds are a part of the Great Universal or God Mind and I knew I was being guided to make contact with Cindy Ann. So I started walking, and talking very softly to her, I said, "Cindy Ann, darling, Jesus has hold of your hand. You don't have to use your own strength because all His strength is flowing into you. He won't let you go. Just leave your little hand in His. You are God's beloved little girl and He is taking care of you."

I had been telling her this over and over for about three quarters of an hour when suddenly I was filled with an overwhelming conviction that the surgery was successful. I abruptly stopped both walking and talking with tears coursing down my cheeks I stood and sang loudly and with all my heart the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Praise Him all creatures here below. Praise Him above ye heavenly hosts. Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost." I think I had never really sung it with my heart before and I doubt if I shall ever be able again to sing it just with my mind.

At 7:30 she was brought out of surgery screaming loudly and lustily, causing her mother and daddy to break into sobs of joy, and the other young parents who had stood watch with them, to weep silently.

The tumor was benign, the size of a lemon, and located in the cerebrum. As it grew it had pushed the brain down Cindy Ann's neck blocking the free flow of the spinal fluid. We were warned that her first two days would be difficult and that she could slip away during that time. Also with so much brain tissue removed they informed us that there was almost certain to be some impairment of eye-focus, memory, speech, or the ability to ambulate.

The surgeon did not remove all the tumor, feeling to do so would endanger Cindy Ann's life. The remaining part he hoped could be removed by deep therapy. Two metal clips were left in the brain so that the tumor's growth or degeneration could be ascertained by x-ray.

Her recovery was remarkable and she had absolutely no impair-

ment. The doctors told us that she had also made medical history in that no child her age had ever lived from whom it had been necessary to remove so much brain tissue. Doctors, nurses, technicians, and a medical missionary from Beirut visited her frequently to observe what they all frankly called a miracle.

As I write this she grows healthier by the day and still insists as she did a few days after surgery that not the surgeon but "Baby Jesus" made her well to which the surgeon agreed by telling her, "You are right, Cindy Ann. If God hadn't been on your side I couldn't have made you well."



### The Secret Place

Thou art my Comforter; no other one  
 Can give such soul-rest at the close of day,  
 When, weary and well-nigh disheartened, I  
 Return unto the Secret Place to pray.

I breathe Thy Name, and O, I feel Thee near!  
 I breathe Thy Name, and peace envelopes me!  
 The cares of life grow lighter when I turn  
 For comfort and for guidance unto Thee!

*Dorothy Conant Stroud*

### A BACK-SEAT DRIVER REPENTS

EDITH DAHLBY

*I have been a back-seat driver long enough.  
 It is true I asked the Lord to take the wheel,  
 And also asked that He would choose the road:  
 Yet have I worried as though He were blind.*

*I called out false alarms at every turn,  
 And did a cloud obscure the noonday sun  
 I was quite sure that there would be a flood.  
 Or did the road dip where the valley lay  
 I said that we no more to heights would rise.  
 If steep the hill that led to higher ground,  
 I feared that we would never make the grade.*

*The crossroad, which to Him was very plain,  
 Caused many an anxious fear within my heart.  
 So closely did I watch the road itself  
 I missed the lovely country we were in.*

*No harm has come and we are almost there,  
 And with a gracious smile He looks at me  
 Saying: "Dear Child, now surely you can see  
 That I know how to bring you on your way.  
 Why don't you rest and sing? I'll bring you home."  
 Then humbly I reply, "Forgive me, Lord,  
 No more a back-seat driver will I be."*

# Paraphrase of Romans 8:14

JAMES FURLONG

So long as I am led by the spirit of God I am truly a son of God. For I have not received the spirit of bondage and fear, but by the Spirit's power I have been adopted into the family of God and call Him Father.

The Holy Spirit bears testimony with my inner spirit that I am a child of God and if a child then an heir. An heir of God and a co-heir with Jesus Christ.

I firmly believe that the sufferings of this present day are not worthy of anxiety when compared with the glorious peace my Saviour's love creates in me.

For the sincere expectation of my creaturely faith awaits eagerly the fulfillment of my life as a son of God.

I know that all things will work together for the best if I love God; if I remain true to my calling according to His purpose.

What then do I say in the face of these things? If my God is on my side who or what can oppose me? My God who spared not His

Son Jesus Christ but who gave His life for me and all people, shall He not through His Life provide for their every need and mine.

Therefore there is no question! It is *my* Christ who died! It is *my* Saviour who rose again! It is *my* Lord Jesus who sits at the right hand of God and intercedes for *me*!

Can anything alienate me from this all providing and pursuing Love of God in Jesus Christ? Shall it be possible because of trouble, distress, starvation, nakedness or danger? NO in the midst of all these enemies I shall be more than victorious through the Love of Jesus Christ that surrounds me!

For I am convinced that neither dying nor living; nor present conditions, nor future events, nor heights of success, nor valleys of defeat, nor any natural causes shall obscure from me the Love of God which has found me through Jesus, my Christ and my Lord.

When we look at our world with the eyes of the mind as Christ would have us, we see with a positive, rather than a negative outlook.

# THE EYES OF THE MIND

by

*Ralph W. Sockman*

We all know that the state of the mind affects our seeing. A father and son walk down the road. The father is interested in nature. He sees the different kinds of grasses, trees, and flowers. The boy is interested in motor cars. He keeps track of how many Pontiacs and Plymouths pass. What a person has in mind conditions what he takes into his mind.

At the time Jesus said to his disciples, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees," he saw what was happening to them. They were catching the spirit of the Pharisees and the sightseers, who were motivated by curiosity. They were getting into the groove of the crowd thinking. To get them

out of this groove, he took them across the lake. We all have a tendency to gravitate toward the viewpoint of those around us, our social set, our professional group. We see issues from the side our crowd is on. We choose the magazines, the books, even the preachers who give us what we want to hear. And these agents and agencies in their desire to please often become followers rather than leaders of public opinion. The journalism that is afraid not to conform to popular taste is "yellow." And there are yellow pulpits too! It was against this all too common tendency that Paul warned, saying, "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye trans-

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formed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God."

Christ would have his followers get away from the crowd at times in order to clarify their vision. Jesus often went alone to pray. We must change our sights in order to get fresh insights. That is the one reason for religious worship. At worship we focus our minds on the things that are invisible and eternal; then when we turn back to the things that are seen and temporal, we see them with new and clearer insight.

When we look at our world with the eyes of the mind freshened by divine insights as Christ would have us, we see things with a positive rather than a negative outlook. Consider any local community. One man lives in that town with a negative, critical attitude. He sees the pettiness of its people, the stodginess of the place, all the tawdry things that Sinclair Lewis portrayed in *Main Street*. Another man lives in the town and sees the heartiness of its neighborly spirit, the opportunities offered by its schools and churches, all the inviting things that a William Allen White would see in his community. It is the same town; the difference is in the set of the mental focus and the depth of insight.

Two persons survey the current

world situation. One with a negative mind sees everything heading for war and chaos—the breakdown of peace negotiations in Europe, the collapse of orderly government in China, the spread of regimentation and communism. The other with an affirmative set of mind sees the rising humanitarianism of the world, that while we are multiplying our powers of destruction we are also increasing our means and passion for saving life. He sees the United Nations as halted at some points by vetoes and tensions and yet advancing in matters of health and education and human rights, and already solving several situations which once would have provoked war. He sees the rising conscience of the world making protest against vicious trials of clerical leaders and remembers that not long ago it was the custom to persecute men for their religious faith.

The follower of Christ tries to view the world with the affirmative mind of Christ. Jesus saw the world with the realism of a physician and the sensitivity of a Saviour. But as the Bible says, "In him was yea." He had a positive, affirmative outlook which saw the great verities of life as advancing. He knew his earthly career was nearing its Cross. Nevertheless he said, "My father worketh hitherto and I work"; and also

"Greater works than these shall ye do because I go unto the Father." Jesus was confident his work was going on. When he saw his time was short, he said to his disciples, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot hear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth." He felt truth was going on. On the night before his death, he said to his followers, "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . I go to prepare a place for you." Jesus saw life, truth, goodness going on.

The world is in travail but it is the birth pangs from which something better is being born, provided we have the mental vision and the

moral valor. It comes back to Thomas Carlyle's old question, "Wilt thou be a hero or a coward?" In the breast of each one of us is an incessant dialogue between the coward in us who is out for safety and the hero in us who is out for victory. Both view the same situations. But the coward would await until he can see through beyond the shadows of doubt thick upon him. And doing the duty next to him and the duty next to that, he eventually comes through. Such is the testimony of Christian experience.

With the eyes of our minds, if we lift up our downcast gaze, we can see the things that are invisible and invincible and eternal.



Place any burden upon me,  
Only sustain me.

Send me anywhere,  
Only go with me.

Sever any tie save the tie  
That binds my heart to Thine.

*Author unknown*



# My Day of Reckoning

Ollie Watterman

Mattie Thonsen leaned toward the dresser mirror to make a last minute check of her make-up. It had been years since she had been so particular in her dressing—happy, carefree years with Joe. Years in which nothing mattered, but Joe's happiness and hers. Now the doctors said that Joe would have to rest for at least six months, and then he could probably do some light work. Joe, big, handsome, indestructible Joe! She turned to look at him propped up in the hospital bed, trapped by the octopus of tubes.

Mattie, a registered nurse, knew the meaning of each medication and treatment. Still, she could not reconcile herself to seeing Joe a helpless patient. *That old saying must be true, she thought. You don't really know how it feels*

*until it happens to someone you love."*

Mattie drew a deep breath, straightened her back, and determined to rid herself of this maudlin self-pity. The first thing to do was to get a job—that would relieve Joe of a lot of financial worry. To keep Joe free from worry was the important thing now.

"Going down to see Miss Roberts, now?" Joe asked, his voice unnaturally weak.

Mattie busied herself with straightening the bedclothes as she answered so that Joe could not see the worried look in her eyes. "Yes. It shouldn't take long. I'll be back in a few minutes."

As she leaned over to kiss his cheek, he grasped her hand. "Sit down, Mattie. I want to talk—"

His words came in spurts. "You—you're afraid to go—"

"There's nothing to be afraid of, Joe" She smiled down at him, caressing his cheek with her hand.

"Miss Roberts is the one you had thrown out of the nurse's training—"

"Don't worry, Joe. It's all right. She came back a changed person and graduated with flying colors," Mattie parried.

"No—tell me about it—" Joe said. The effort of talking was too much and he was gasping with each breath.

Mattie sat down on the straight chair at his bedside and took his hand. "I'll tell you about it, if you promise to lie still and listen. Promise?"

He nodded his head in assent.

"It happened the year we met, Joe. I was the head nurse on this floor, and Miss Roberts was a probie. Despite my reprimands, she was repeatedly late coming on duty, causing the night nurses to work overtime, and she was lax in her care of her patients. She was a beautiful young girl—always spotless in her white uniform, a good student—her classroom grades were straight A. But, on floor duty her attitude towards the patients and the other nurses was impossible.

"One day I was making my routine afternoon rounds to check

patients. I went into 409—Mrs. Moon, a sweet old lady had that room—diabetic. She was sitting on the edge of her bed crying, and told me that her nurse hadn't been in to give her a morning bath! I looked into her water pitcher and found it empty. A quick check of the schedule showed that Miss Roberts was in charge of the room. I went through the adjoining bathroom to check on the patient in 411. The odor of smoke stopped me. A lipstick smeared cigarette was burning on the edge of the sink! At the same time, I heard the sound of singing in the next room. When I opened the door, I saw Miss Roberts arranging flowers and cheerfully singing for the wealthy Mr. Dawson!"

"Miss Roberts quickly composed her face into that maddening superior mask, and said, "Can I help you?"

"Trying to bite back the vicious words that were choking up in my throat, I said, "Will you please remove the burning cigarette from the sink in the bathroom?"

"Miss Roberts froze in her tracks, but Mr. Dawson, more than up to the situation, spoke up with, "Oh thank you, nurse. I left the cigarette in there."

"With lipstick on it?"

"Oh no," he answered, embarrassed. "Then it must belong to the lady in the next room." Tri-

umphant, he smiled at Miss Roberts. But she didn't return his smile. She knew that Mrs. Moon did not wear make-up.

"Please report to my office at once, Miss Roberts," I ordered.

"White face and tight lipped, but with her head still high, she walked past me and out the door.

When I confronted her with her neglect of Mrs. Moon and with her flagrant unethical behavior with Mr. Dawson, she simply muttered something about having too much work.

"The other nurses get their work done," I reasoned.

"No one else has been hurt," she protested.

"You're wrong, Miss Roberts." I wanted to shake her. "A lot of people have been hurt. Mrs. Moon is crying, feeling unwanted and uncared for. Mr. Dawson has been hurt. He won't understand it when another nurse doesn't entertain him with song and witty conversation."

"Miss Roberts looked up to the ceiling as if she were bored and wished the long monologue would end. But I wasn't through.

"And the nursing profession has been hurt. Each one of us has a duty to help maintain the high ethical standards of nursing! I'll have to give a complete report of this to the Supervisor of Nurses.

"Oh—no!" Miss Roberts plead-

ed, finally aware of the seriousness of her situation.

"I'm just sorry that I haven't said something to her before," I said.

"Please don't—I'll do better—I can get suspended!" she was crying openly. "You don't know my folks!"

"Too late to think about that now," I said, and it was too late. I couldn't with any conscience do differently. The part I'm ashamed of is that deep down inside I enjoyed seeing her knocked off her high horse."

Mattie's voice trailed off as she realized that Joe was asleep. She felt his pulse, steady and strong. She felt better just talking it out—even if Joe didn't hear her. She walked out into the hallway and made her way to the office door marked: Miss Roberts, Supervisor of Nurses.

Mattie became more and more apprehensive as she sat for a long hour waiting in the outer office. *She's keeping me waiting on purpose, just to build up tension,* Mattie thought. *Well, I won't give her the satisfaction.* She gritted her teeth and forced herself into a pseudo-relaxed position.

Mattie jumped when the door opened, despite her careful preparation of a casual pose. Miss Roberts formally invited her into the office. Impeccable in her stiff

white uniform, make-up and hair perfect, Miss Roberts looked almost unreal. Mattie felt like a doudy housewife, and was grateful to sit down in the straight chair placed in front of the desk.

"I have your application for employment Mrs. Thonsen," she said in a clipped impersonal voice. "It shows that you haven't had any nursing experience for almost ten years."

"Yes, I know," Mattie answered, "But I'm sure I could get back into the swing of things."

"There have been many changes in medication and procedures—"

"Yes, of course, but you see I *need* the job very much—my husband is sick—I'm sure that I will be able to carry out the nursing procedures efficiently," Mattie answered.

"Yes, I expect so," Miss Roberts said. "However, as you well know, there is more to be taken into consideration. The knowledge of the nursing arts is essential, of course, but there is some question in my mind as to your ability to properly evaluate nursing ethics."

"It is my contention that kindness and consideration *and* fair treatment should not only be given to your patients, but also to your fellow workers. Do you agree, Mrs. Thonsen?"

"Yes, of course—" Mattie answered, miserable—waiting for

the axe to fall.

"Mrs. Thonsen, do you remember the circumstances regarding my suspension from nurse's training?"

"Yes, I do."

"It was solely on the strength of your report, that action was taken," Miss Roberts said. She was standing by the window with her back turned to Mattie.

"I know," Mattie answered. Her eyes slid toward the door and she prayed for an interruption to cut the tension in the room.

Miss Roberts turned from the window and asked with slow deliberate words, "If exactly the same circumstances rose again, would you persist in your unbending attitude, and take the same action against a student nurse?"

*This is it, thought Mattie. I must lie to save her face if I want the job; or, I must stand firm for what I know is right and answer her truthfully—and end up without a job. Maybe I should do it for Joe's sake, but I don't really think Joe would want it that way.*

"Well?" Miss Roberts asked impatiently.

I'm sorry, Miss Roberts. I'm afraid I would have to do the same thing again," Mattie said. "You see I happen to believe the welfare of many people, and in particular my patients, should not be sacrificed for the interests of one person."

"I'm so glad you said that," Miss Roberts said, smiling. She put her hand on Mattie's shoulder, and Mattie could see tears glisten in her eyes.

"But, I don't understand—"

"Of course, you don't," Miss Roberts said. "You gave me a bitter pill to swallow as a student, and when I was allowed to resume my training six months later, I came full of revenge and hatred. But, you had been married and were gone. So I decided to show everyone, doctors, nurses—anyone, how wrong you had been.

"I'm glad," Mattie said, still a little stunned. "But why did you question me in this manner?"

"I had to make sure. I don't hire a nurse unless I am absolutely certain that she won't make the

same mistakes that I did. You were the most ethical, efficient nurse I had ever known, but I had to make sure the desperation of your situation couldn't make you change."

Her voice resumed the crisp tone, but her eyes carried a smile when she said to Mattie, "You will report on duty at seven A.M. to the floor supervisor on third."

"Thank you. I'll be there," Mattie said.

On the elevator, Mattie didn't know whether the spasms in her throat were sobs struggling to come out, or laughter fighting for release. She didn't care. She just wanted to see Joe and tell him that she had her job, and that everything was going to be all right—absolutely perfect!



THE RT. REV. FREDERICK J. WAKNECKE  
BISHOP OF BETHLEHEM

# BETHLEHEM'S FORMULA

FAITH + VISION

= GIVING

It is time for the Episcopal Church to abolish the mathematical quota system. It is time for the Church to come out forthrightly for responsible Christian stewardship by the dioceses, in sharing in the national Church program budget in the new triennium. It is time for General Convention to recognize the changed climate of giving in the Church. It is time for a change in Canon IV.

There has been a quiet revolution in this area of life and experience in the last decade and it is still gaining momentum. The "fabulous fifties" began with the Church still thinking of Christian giving as institutional money-raising. The appeals used were those of shame, of pride, of economy, and sometimes of knowledge. We were shamed by comparisons of Church giving with the amounts we spent on cosmetics, cigarettes,

alcohol, and entertainment. Our pride was pricked by tables showing how low our Episcopal average giving was in relation to other Churches. We were lured to give by penny-pinching justification of too low budgets. "It only requires 7 cents a day a member to pay for our parish needs." We were told that if people only knew they would give, and so facts and figures and information were showered upon the apathetic members of the Church, who strangely still remained unimpressed and smugly passive.

All this harassing, needling process of the annual Every Member Canvass was based upon the premise that our primary purpose was that of raising a budget for an institution. It was a promotional approach. It was tricked out with pious phrases and covered by prayers for success, but essentially it was a secular approach

From *The Living Church* magazine, Feb. 1961. 407 East Michigan St., Milwaukee, Wis. By permission.

quite like that of the Community Chest, whose techniques, organization, and promotion it copied—though palely and poorly in most instances, even as the men's clubs of the Church weakly imitated Rotary and the Kiwanis.

Than a revolution began. It began with a conversion experience in the hearts and lives of a few Churchmen who were leaders in this matter. It resulted in a wholly new orientation and understanding. It was theological in approach. It was based upon a relationship with God and a human need.

The new plan began quite logically at the beginning: "In the beginning, God." "I believe in God—the Maker of heaven and earth." "All things come of Thee, O Lord, and of Thine own have we given Thee." "We brought nothing into this world . . . the Lord gave." "The earth is the Lord's and all that is therein, the silver and the gold and the cattle upon a thousand hills."

It proclaimed that the first and great commandment is to place God, the Creator and Giver of all, first in life. Faith is the response of the committed life in humble love and gratitude. The Holy Communion is the great service of Christian stewardship. "We should at all times and in all places give thanks."

For this Christian stewardship is not giving God an hour on Sunday, or a part of our ability in trivial church work, or even a tithe of our possessions, but rather it is using all of time, all of talents, all of possessions, responsibly, honestly, and with generous vision. Tithing has a place in this understanding, but vision has a greater one.

Now this new understanding (that was really the old understanding of the scriptures) changed radically the conception of the Every Member Canvass, of Church budgets and quotas where it was accepted. Christian stewardship now was seen as the expression of a man's relation to God, not to a budget. Giving was the generous, shared response of faith, not a stingy, reluctant affair of compulsion motivated by either pride or shame. Mathematics was replaced by love. So Episcopalians learned the truth of Christ's promise that it is happier to give than to receive.

In parishes that tried this, strange things began to happen. Faith was deepened by the Every Member Canvass. Lives were changed by Christian stewardship practices. Communicants began to give equally to their own parish and to the program of the greater Church, newly understanding the singleness of the total mission of

the Church. Non-budget Every Member Canvasses were held. And more money was given.

Slowly this understanding crept up into the life of the dioceses. Four years ago the diocese of Bethlehem abolished all mathematical quotas. No longer is any parish told what it must give. No longer are there published lists of the sheep and the goats, those who pay their quotas and those who do not. No longer is the mission of the Church linked to a mathematical formula. Giving is now squarely based upon faith and vision. The Holy Bible is the Every Member Canvass textbook. Strange how often the wisdom of God is wiser than the so-called hard-headed practical common sense of the world! More has been given each year without quotas than was raised with them! And it has been given with new understanding, new acceptance of responsibility, new joyousness. Some dioceses (though not Bethlehem) have also given up the adoption of a budget before the Every Member Canvass and now decide upon their diocesan budget after receiving the parish acceptances following the Every Member Canvass. This, too, is good and useful.

Now it is time for the national Church to advance along these lines. Actually the national De-

partment of Promotion has been leading in these ways for some time. Our national literature now speaks in these terms. But there is a great disparity between the Every Member Canvass materials issued by the Department of Promotion and the official practice of the national Church, based upon Canon IV.

Here I must make a confession. The procedure of the diocese of Bethlehem in not giving mathematical quotas to its parishes is completely uncanonical. I may face ecclesiastical trial! If so, I can only plead guilty and throw myself upon the mercy of the court. For Section 6, subsection (d) of Canon IV directly orders: "Each diocese and missionary district shall thereupon notify each parish and mission of the amount of the objective allotted to such diocese or district and the amount of such objective to be raised by each parish or mission. Each diocese and missionary district shall present to each parish and mission a total objective which shall include both its share of the proposed diocesan budget or that of the missionary district and its share of the objective apportioned to the diocese or missionary district by the National Council in accordance with the plan adopted by the General Convention." *Mea culpa!* For four years we of the diocese of

Bethlehem have not done this, though for four years we have met or overpaid our National Council quota.

This section of this canon ought to be repealed or radically revised—and not because the Bishop of Bethlehem fears an ecclesiastical jail sentence!

I do not believe that mathematically based quotas are sound, that they are theologically valid, or that they any longer represent the best thinking of the Episcopal Church in respect to Christian stewardship. Do not misunderstand me. The present mathematical formula is scrupulously fair in everything except its basic assumption. The entire procedure is based upon "Column K" of the parochial reports, that is, upon the total current expense of the parishes and missions of the diocese. The assumption is that this is a fair base for quotas and assessments. But it is not a fair base when it is used by the national Church. It represents parish income, not diocesan. The relative percentages of parish income that are given by the churches to the dioceses vary widely. Thus, though "Column K" may total an equal \$1,000,000 for diocese "A" and diocese "B" the income received from parishes may be \$150,000 in diocese "A" and \$200,000 in diocese "B." Yet if both dioceses contain the same

number of churches, their quotas will be the same. It is precisely as though the taxes of Mr. Smith were levied upon the basis of the income of Mr. Brown.

But, leaving such arguments, quotas are false to our present understanding of Christian stewardship. Mathematics should not replace theology. On the national level, also, there should be a free acceptance on the basis of Christian faith, vision of the mission of the Church, and local resources honorably shared with the greater Church. On the national level, also, there might well be a new emphasis upon program-giving rather than budget-giving. On the national level we might well stop this false and unchristian berating of dioceses which do not meet mathematical quotas. In Christian brotherhood we should share together as of ability in the mission of the Church.

On the national level we might be willing to live by the grace of God and not by the laws of mathematics. This act of faith might well be a way of conversion for the Episcopal Church that would release God's Holy Spirit with new power in our midst. It just might kindle a new flame of dedication and sacrifice for the mission of the Church and for the salvation of mankind.

The Christian faith ever teaches that God loves the wrongdoer, and is pleased when he ceases to do wrong and begins to do right.

## YOU ARE A SAINT

By

*Robert H. Heinze*

Most people will accept the idea that all men and women are sinners. A majority will accept the idea that people cannot by themselves stop being sinners. Certainly, all church people will agree that we cannot hope to be relieved of the burden and consequences of our sin if we do not yield ourselves in faith and obedience to Jesus Christ. Without him, we have agreed, we are lost.

There is something else, however, upon which many will not agree, which is: that those who believe in Jesus Christ, those who are subject to his salvation, will continue to sin, not once, but many times over. Moreover, some of their sins will be of considerable magnitude.

Let us repeat: you who belong to the Church of Jesus Christ, you

who have made honest professions of faith in Jesus Christ, you who have told your Lord you are sorry for your sin, will nevertheless sin some more. Even as I tell you this, I must tell you also, because it is the teaching of God's Word, that you are saints.

Let us define a saint as one who is being made over by God, through the action of the Holy Spirit. This means that a saint is somebody to whom something is being done; not somebody who is himself doing something. It is God who sanctifies men; not men who sanctify themselves.

The editors of newspapers reflect our own unwillingness to agree that the saints of the Church are sinners too. A few years ago, a Roman Catholic priest was found asphyxiated in the same

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From *Presbyterian Life* magazine, May 15, 1961. Witherspoon Bldg. Philadelphia, Pa. By permission.

motel room with a woman who had met her own death in the same way. It was a local story. It is always a local story when two people of no particular fame die of suffocation. But the wire services gave all of us the story, all over the land, because a priest of a Church of Jesus Christ was overtaken in a sordid situation.

A man in my Philadelphia neighborhood embezzled many thousands of dollars from the school district of which he was superintendent. He lavished expensive gifts upon two women, each half his age. When he was caught, the newspapers offered every detail they could find, and labeled him in the first paragraph of almost every story concerning the affair as an officer of a Sunday church school in a congregation of a major Protestant Church.

Now these two men would have considerable difficulty obtaining approval in their respective Churches for the deeds at which they were caught, and it is well that it is so. Nevertheless, we have a public relations problem, if the world has such a view of the Church that it thinks that nobody who belongs to the Church is ever going to sin. Anybody who sins and thinks that people who belong to the Church do not sin will have to conclude that the door of the Church is not open to him. What

do they think of us in the world? Do they not know that we are all saints, because Jesus Christ has made us saints? Do they not know that we are all sinners, because there is a warfare within us between the old creature of sin and the new creature of the spirit?

One must fear that people outside the Church think that the people of the Church are busy singing songs of their own praise, praying prayers of gratitude that they are not as other men are, and preaching sermons about the sins that are committed by everybody else. This is a public relations problem.

It is also, however, a serious theological problem. Hear the words of Saint Paul. Please note that he is called *Saint Paul*:

"We know that the law is spiritual; but I am carnal, sold under sin. I do not understand my own actions. For I do not do what I want, but I do the very thing I hate . . . For I know that nothing good dwells within me, that is, in my flesh. I can will what is right, but I cannot do it."

We must agree that we have a real theological problem here. If we think we are perfect, we are surely hypocrites. If we think we must be perfect in order to partake of the blessings of the Christian fellowship, we will surely lose our minds, torn between what we

think we have to be and what we know we are.

It could well be asked at this point whether there is any harm in asking a Christian to use a little will power, to overcome some of those things in his own life which are surely displeasing to God. And, of course, it is surely true that God asks us to cooperate with him in making us over; but our problems arise when we lose the big battle, or even when we lose a series of little skirmishes.

If will power fails, where are we to turn? Will power can fail among God's saints. Hear Saint Paul: I do not do what I want, but I do the very thing I hate."

We can agree that we would not be saints if searching examinations were given in terms of our own triumph over evil. It is not as if sainthood were conferred after a course of training and upon suitable demonstration of attainment. Sainthood is given to all who report for duty, all who see for themselves, with the eyes of the spirit, that Jesus Christ offers it freely.

The Christian faith never approves of wrongdoing, but the Christian faith ever teaches that God loves the wrongdoer. If the wrongdoer ceases to do wrong, it may be that God will be better pleased, but God will not love the wrongdoer better when he ceases

to do wrong and begins to do good. This could not be, because Scripture shows, and human history proves, that those who love God and seek to do his will are certain nevertheless to trespass again, and yet again. As we learn this harsh truth, we will learn that it is a gentle truth; we will learn to trust God; we will cease to trust in the powers within ourselves, for they will fail.

Let us look at the Roman Catholic Church, offering one dissent from its practice and one defense of its intent. The Roman Catholic Church has machinery for declaring that certain persons are to be called saints. The practice did not come into being until the sixth century, and did not come to anything like full flower until the eleventh century. A person dies. After an interval of years, or of hundreds of years, the Church examines his life and determines that there is sufficient merit that he be beatified. After yet another interval of years, it is possible for the Church to go one step further, and canonize him.

To canonize, as far as the Roman Catholic Church is concerned, is to declare a person to be a saint. Sometimes the process stops with beatification, which presumably means that this was quite a good life, but not quite good enough. Or, that it was a good life,

but the subject under scrutiny did not perform miracles. Or, that such miracles as were attributed to him have dubious historical proof.

In any case, we must reject the whole idea, because we declare, with Paul, that those whom God calls in Jesus Christ are all his saints. They will be imperfect, but this will not really matter, because God will be perfect. We misread the Scriptures if we see them as histories of the things men did or did not do. The Scriptures are revelations of what God did and of what God does.

Now, on the other hand, we must look at one of the thoughtless things we Protestants sometimes say about Roman Catholics. We say, "Sure, they go to Confession on Saturday and confess everything, and they go to Mass on Sunday, and then it is perfectly all right for them to go out and do the same things all over again."

I don't think our great sister Church teaches that at all. I think it requires confession weekly because it knows what we know: that the people of God will always be in the midst of a warfare over which they do not have full control. We need regularly and often to come before God to report the battles lost, and to obtain new strength for the warfare which is ahead.

You are a saint. You belong to a vast fellowship of men and women whom God has named to be saints. One of the tenderest of the prayers in our liturgy is the prayer for the Communion of Saints, which is always a prayer asking God to link us closely with the others in every land and place who call him Lord. It asks that we may have similar bonds of fellowship with the saints who are the faithful departed, those who are no more saints than we, except that they have already reaped the blessings which God has freely offered them and us.

The next time you have a hard choice, remember that you are a saint. The next time you talk to God, approach him boldly, because you belong. You are redeemed. You are accepted. You are a child of God. You are, in a word, a saint.

Some secret time, take your first name, put the word *Saint* before it, and say the two words, just for your own hearing. It is an exalting experience. It offers a remembrance, not of your own good deeds done, but of the goodness of God who is earnestly at work in your life. If you try to make yourself a saint, you will fail. But God will not fail; he has already done it.

You are a saint.

## 7 Steps to God's Healing Power

SHY MACKES

You may have heard the story the Cure D'Ars tells of the little old man who used to go to church every day and kneel at the altar and pray. One day the Cure stopped him and said, "What is it that you pray about so long every day, my son?"

The old man looked surprised as he said, "O, sir, I don't spend all that time praying. I just love God. He looks at me, and I look at Him."

If we have only one half hour each day for prayer, one half of that time should be spent loving God.

And this brings us to the first step in prayer: ADORATION.

Divine Healing doesn't usually come until we have learned to pray, to know God, to confess our sins to Him, to face ourselves as we are: shameful, sinful, willing to say, "Here I am, God. Please take me as I am, and do something with me. Make me into the person YOU want me to be. Just as I am, I come."

This brings us to the second and third steps in Prayer: CONFES-  
SION and SURRENDER. Re-

member, God waits for us to come to Him, He never pushes us.

Shall we not put God first, where He belongs, searching our lives daily to see what sins we can give up? Sins of pride, anger, resentment, impatience, envy, jealousy, laziness, hatred. Make a list, and on one side of the sheet write "Give Up", and list the sins you wish to give up (yours may be different from mine). On the other side of the sheet write "Give In To" or "Develop", and list the opposite virtues.

Pride—Humility  
Anger—Kindness  
Resentment—Patience  
Envy—Goodness  
Jealousy—Purity  
Laziness—Work  
Hatred—Love

This brings us to Divine Healing, or Spiritual Healing. The term Spiritual Healing, or Divine Healing, is exactly what it is. God heals our spirits, when we let Him. However, there are conditions that have to be met, just as there are conditions which have to be met if we want to drive a car, or play a piano, or be an athlete.

From *Sharing* magazine, May 1961. St. Luke's Press, 2243 Front St., San Diego, Calif. By permission.

The person seeking healing, or those who are seeking healing for someone else, must meet certain requirements. This is why it is so very important first to turn to God, as a little child turns to his father, in TRUST, in FAITH, knowing that father knows what is best for him, that father loves him, and wishes him well, that he is a GOOD father, and would only give GOOD gifts to his children.

This is the Gospel truth about our HEAVENLY FATHER; also. He is a GOOD GOD, and he wishes only GOOD for His children. But we must do our share, and hold out our hands in FAITH and TRUST, BELIEVING. (St. Mark 11:24, 25, 26.)

*Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, BELIEVE that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*

*And when ye stand praying, FORGIVE, if ye have ought against any: that your FATHER also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.*

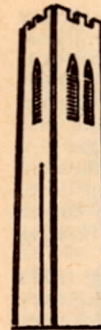
*But if YE do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.*

That brings us to point four in our prayer life, FORGIVENESS, and point five, INTERCESSION, or praying for others, even our enemies, because God cleanses our hearts, and when we love Him the way we should, we also love all

His children. I would suggest you keep a prayer list on which you keep the names of those for whom you wish to pray daily. There are some which will be on your permanent prayer list, such as loved ones, etc., but others will be removed after a week or two, or a month. Pray for your minister, pray for your missionaries, your churches, all doctors and nurses, the poor, the weak, the homeless and unsaved, all God's needy children. It will surprise you how many needs The Holy Spirit will bring to your mind to pray for. God needs intercessors.

And then our hearts overflow with THANKSGIVING! That is point six in our prayer pattern. Gratitude for His Love, His Greatness, His Almightyness, all answered prayers, as our hearts nearly burst with joy!

Then we become SILENT, and LISTEN for Him to speak to us, and this is point seven, and the one point so often forgotten! LISTENING to God. And in the Silence, the Still, Small Voice speaks to us in our thoughts, and we learn to know when they are our thoughts, and when they are His thoughts—to differentiate—and we abide in Him, and He in us. And we are at peace in the Saviour, the Peace that passes understanding. For He has healed us, and we are His.



## Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

May we express to you, who have sustained the ministry of the United Prayer Tower during the past year, our deep gratitude and joy over your fellowship? We would like to do so in the words of Paul, who writing by the Spirit of God to the believers at Corinth, said: "And God is able to give you an overflowing measure of grace, so that all your wants of every kind may be supplied at all times, and you may give of your abundance to every good work. . . He who ever supplies seed to the sower, and bread for the food of man, will supply and make plenteous your seed, and increase the harvest springing up from your almsgiving. You yourselves will be enriched with all good things, that you may give ungrudgingly; and your gifts, of which I am the agent, will make men give thanks to God." 2 cor. 9:8-11.

This remarkable passage from God's Holy Word (Centenary translation) causes us to remember God's grace to us through you, our devoted friends. During the past year we have known His provision as the result of YOUR prayers in our behalf and your gifts. You have ministered God's strength to us. We could not have sustained this ministry without this wonderful love.

April marked my fourteenth year here at the Prayer Tower and I want to thank each one of you, personally, for all the help you have been to me during these years of growth and fellowship. Please pray with me that the coming ones, no

matter how many or few, will be continually filled with the light of His glory and that each one associated with this ministry will grow in wisdom and stature as God fulfills His divine plan for this work.

Our leaders and our world are being faced with tremendous decisions just now. Several years ago Dr. Arnold J. Toynbee, the great historian, said (and it is most appropriate today), "The West has erred, because it has chosen to fight Communism with Communism's own materialistic weapons. As long as the battle is fought on these terms, the Communists will keep on winning. Western democracy MUST base its appeal on more than freedom, more than prosperity; it must base its appeal on RELIGION. Only in this way can democracy turn the tables on the Communist assailants. The grace of God might bring about this miracle."

These leaders need prayer support as never before. They are not only entitled to it because we have put them into these high places of responsibility, but they are depending upon it. Without it they will fail, but with it, under God, they can succeed. Keep this as a solemn trust each day as you go to your prayer time.

Visualize the Altar at the United Prayer Tower, with the beautiful picture of Jesus holding the little lamb in His arms; on either side are tall white candles and in the center our Prayer



Box. In this Box are the names of missionaries, whom you have sent to us; our President, and all who write to us for prayer. On top of the Prayer Box is a small Cross made from the charred ruins of Coventry presented to us by the Reverend Dr. Dr. Hugh Jones of England. We place all of our needs under the Cross, knowing that only by the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ can life eternal come to these dear ones. We thank God daily for this wonderful assurance.

Two new books have come to our attention recently and we would recommend them to you. In this book *Reality and Prayer*, Dr. John Magee says: "Intercessory prayer is an aspect of this reconciling ministry. We need to believe that God will work through His praying Church to heal and restore all life. Teams of intercessors in churches should be trained to pray for the needs, the sick, the mentally distressed, the morally corrupt, and the spiritually dead. Intercession should become the climate of pastoral counselling, social service, evangelism, education, and the other spiritual services of the church to the community. We have not realized the extent and the range of prayer."

Two of us from the Prayer Tower

had the privilege of hearing Dr. Magee and we feel definitely that we should encourage our ministers to participate in this important ministry. Don't expect your minister to do all the praying. He needs your understanding and help in this vital field of service. Begin now to pray about it earnestly and then ask him what you, as a layman, can do to assist him in bringing to your church a deeper realization of God's healing power and love.

The second book is *Finding God's Healing Power* by Gertrude McKelvey of St. Paul, Minnesota. Mrs. McKelvey is the wife of a Methodist minister who has given ten years to research in writing of the healing power in the churches. We wish each of you would read this book and then make a gift of it to your own minister. He needs the inspiration that this book gives and it will help him to open the way for his people to come to their own church where God's healing love should be administered.

This is God's plan. He needs the individual, faithful ministry of his children in order that the entire church of Christ may grow up into spiritual maturity and attain unto the stature of the fullness of Jesus Christ.



#### 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.

CHRIST LIVETH IN ME AND GAME WITH MINUTES, Frank C. Laubach. 64 pages. Revell, \$1.00. When a man has lived as intimately with his Lord Jesus as Dr. Laubach, to have him share his experience and conclusions concerning the indwelling Christ is rare good food indeed. The first half of the book is the rational, or the reasoning in the mind of Dr. Laubach, as to what it means to have Christ live in one. One of the most interesting sections of this first part is titled "The Three In One." He has this to say in part, "Whatever the Trinity is, it is never divided, one-third here and two-thirds far off. Never! The Three are always inseparable. If you wish to confirm this, look at Acts 16. In verse 6, Luke says that Paul and his comrades were 'forbidden by the Holy Spirit to speak the word in Asia.' The next verse, Acts 16:7, says, 'they attempted to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit of Jesus did not allow them.' In Acts 16:10 Luke says, 'We went to Macedonia concluding that God had called us to preach there.' There is the whole Trinity in those three verses telling Paul what to do! Did one person of the Trinity speak at one time, another at another time? Of course not! The Spirit of Jesus is the Holy Spirit; it is the 'Holy Spirit of Jesus.' I and the Father are one - they are one and inseparable: The Father is in the Son, the Son in the Father - all the time." There is so much more in this little volume that it is impossible to put it into short space. Suffice it to say, I am convinced that this small book speaks much to our condition, with such warmth and revealing insights, that it will live a long time. The opening part is perfectly complemented by the second part that is called "The Game With Minutes," how to practice the presence of God wherever you are or whatever you are doing.

IN CHRIST, E. Stanley Jones. 380 pages. Abingdon, \$2.50. A new book by Dr. Jones may not be surprising news, but it is good news. One cannot help but think of the promise that when

## books of interest

comments, summaries  
reviews & opinions  
on religious books

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

one comes to Jesus Christ that out of him shall flow rivers of living waters. It seems to be true with Stanley Jones. The supply is seemingly inexhaustible, but more than that the supply is "life-giving" and refreshing. This is his 23rd book and he says that it is the result of a felt need. He says, "The need is this: Some concept that would reduce the whole of life to the utmost simplicity. If you have that, you're 'in'; if you don't have it, you're 'out.' By 'in' I mean 'in life,' and by 'out,' 'out of life.'" There are 364 daily meditations here based on scripture passages out of the New Testament. They are specific, they are helpful, they are convicting, they are uplifting, and they are rooted and grounded in Christ. He has a wonderful grasp of the human personality; an understanding of Christ and salvation that can only come from abiding in Christ; and divine wisdom about putting two of them together. The interpretations are laced together with stories and anecdotes that light and pinpoint.

FREE MEN: MEDITATIONS ON THE BIBLE TODAY, Suzanne deDie-trich. 127 pages. Westminster, \$2.75.

Translated by and with an introduction by Olive Wyon. Miss deDietrich is one of the outstanding Bible scholars and interpreters in the world, and she has the wonderful knack of putting her findings into language that is simple enough for any of us to understand. Besides this, she is a most interesting writer. The subject of these meditations on the Bible is "Freedom." She not only takes a verse, but whole passages, and in fact similar passages throughout the entire Bible, to bring out the topic that she is discussing. This is a much more stable manner of interpretation than isolating one passage and basing unity and a cohesiveness throughout one's interpretation upon it. There is a the entire Bible that must be taken into consideration, and this she does. The book is excellent for either personal or group discussion. The contents are: Part I - Moving Towards Liberty (The Lost Liberty, The Ancestor, Shepherd of Tekoa, etc.); Part II - The Liberator (The Adversary, The Liberty of Jesus in His Contact with Persons, The Truth Shall Make You Free, etc.); Part III - The Liberty of the Christian (The Apostles: Liberated Men, Necessary Discipline, Authority and Liberty, etc.); and Part IV - The Liberty of the Christian and Human Freedom. It is a privilege to be able to sit down with a great dedicated mind, a deeply understanding spirit, and share. This is the kind of book this one is. At least to sit at the feet of Suzanne deDietrich will save one from taking something out of context and building a mountain of personal pique or aspiration upon it.

**THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM**, Charles L. Allen. 64 pages. Revell, \$1.50 This is a beautiful gift book in format, and of course with the lifting interpretations and applications of Charles L. Allen, beauty and content merge in a most wonderful manner. The pen and ink drawings in the book are good, artistically appropriate and lend much value to the book. Dr. Allen has a store of stories and anecdotes that are contemporary and light up the interpre-

tation. One comes away from the book with the feeling that this wonderful old psalm is of contemporary aid, that God walks with man today in a most warm and healing companionship - in a phrase - that the Lord is really one's shepherd.

**KAGAWA OF JAPAN**, Cyril J. Dav-ey. 150 pages. Abingdon, \$2.50. A complete biography of one of the saints of our time is needed, and this one fits the bill very well. It is well written, interesting and vivid. It tells the whole story from Kagawa's birth till his death. It would be too bad if such a great spirit were allowed to go into oblivion simply because he died. Young people, and the churches in general, ought to hold his life up before everyone as a magnificent example of what Christ can do with someone who is totally committed. He began as an unwanted baby, fought through life with physical handicaps that would have crushed most men, won social reforms that made his name known throughout Japan and the world - he was in a word one of those unusual persons who seem by their sheer weakness to manifest the whole strength of God.

**EMERSON'S ESSAYS**, Ralph Waldo Emerson. 438 pages. Apollo, \$1.95. This is the only complete collection of the First and Second Series available in an inexpensive edition. The type is easy to read. If one has not read such essays as "Self-Reliance," "Compensation," "Spiritual Laws," "Love," "The Over-Soul," and so many other gems, here is an opportunity for a mental and spiritual feast.

**SPIRITUAL HILLTOPS**, Ralph Spaulding Cushman. 159 pages. Abingdon, \$.69. The publisher is now bringing out in paperback, and most inexpensively, similar works to this one. This particular one has been loved for many years, and now that this little devotional classic is so inexpensive it ought to be given as gifts.

## Books to Read & Share This Summer

### A DOCTOR'S THOUGHTS ON HEALING

William S. Reed, M.D. Give this to anyone who doubts the reality of spiritual healing. "If the physician 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." "The patient should be spiritually prepared. . ." "The patient should not neglect prayer and repentance and should if possible have the privilege of the chaplain's visit for confession, communion and the Laying-on-of-Hands before emergency surgery." These are but a few excerpts from a wonderful book. \$ .50

### FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE

Starr Daily. Read about: — the woman who with faith and three small children refound a happy home — the art of positive meditation — the laws of successful prayer — a formula for unfoldment — how hopes come true — divine expectancy — the medicine of love — the author's Love Bible and other ways to make your life whole. \$3.00

### HEALING & WHOLENESS ARE YOURS!

Genevieve Parkhurst. Miraculously healed of cancer, Genevieve Parkhurst knows that God is moving in power upon the earth. Miracles of healing are taking place today. Here is thrilling evidence of the power of Christ to heal. \$3.00

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