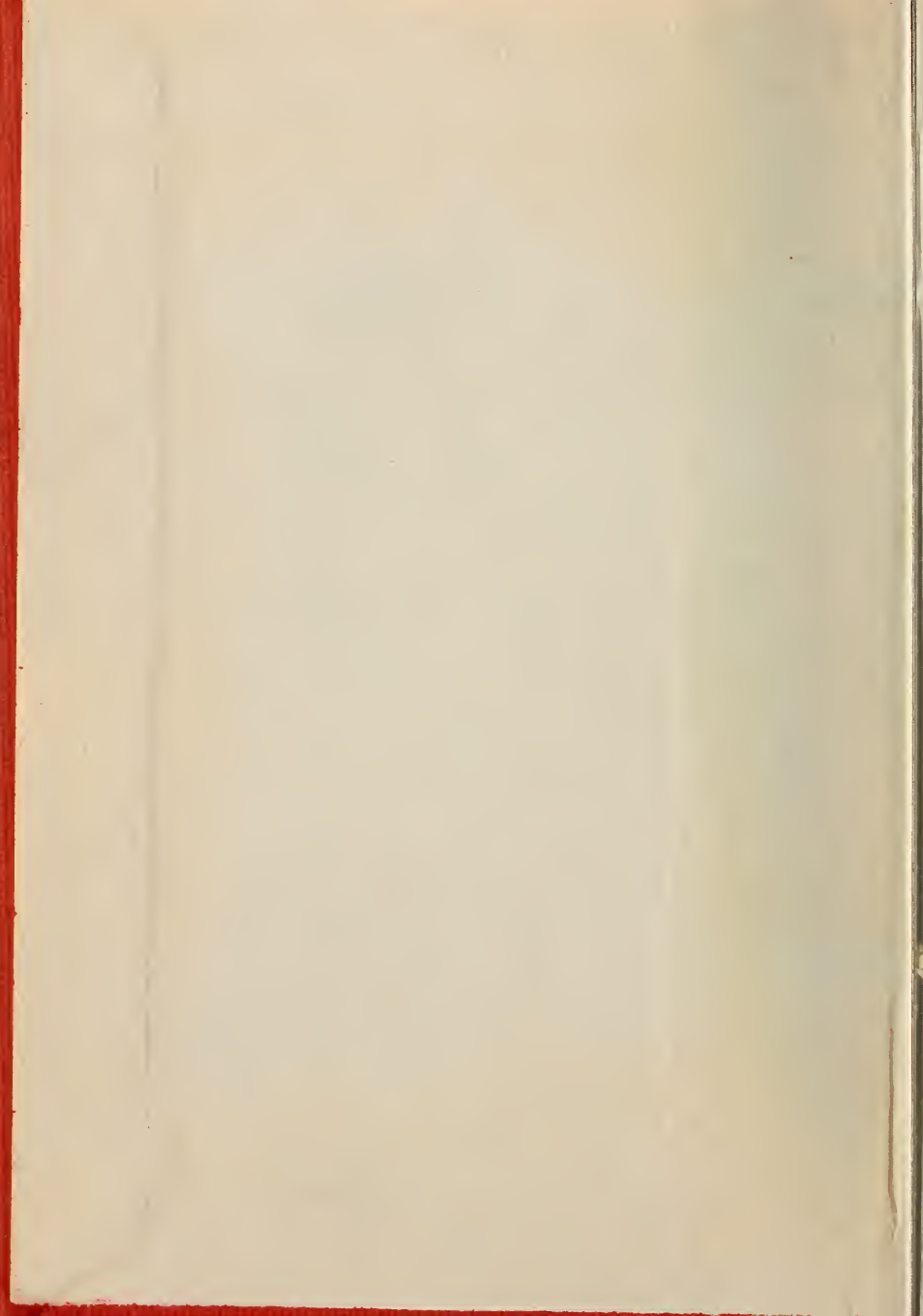


IN MEMORY OF
RICHARD RANDALL POTTER
DECEMBER 16, 1912 - DECEMBER 6, 1962





the

LINK

November 1961

A TRIP INTO THEOLOGY

"THANKS FOR NOTHING!"

LAND WITHOUT FEMALES

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







THE LINK



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VOL. 19 • NOVEMBER 1961 • NO. 11

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COVERS

Front: America said, "Bring me men to match my mountains; bring me men to match my plains. . . ." and they came! Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: The covered bridge, a familiar landmark in America's horse-and-buggy days. There are few left now. This one is at West Dummerston, Windham County, Vt. Photo by The Costas.

Inside Front: My lucky day! Mail! Keep mail flowing back to your loved ones. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: This young lady is helping to buy the Thanksgiving dinner. Photo by Foto-Find Agency.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Owen Gallagher. Occasional spots by Volk.

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Sound Off!

Appreciation from Our President

Thank you for sending me copies of the July issue of your publication. I appreciate your courtesy in making available to readers of THE LINK a portion of the remarks which I addressed to those in attendance at the Presidential Prayer Breakfast.

I am grateful for your kind letter and earnestly hope that my record during the coming years will sustain the generous confidence which you and your associates have expressed in my leadership.

My every good wish to each and everyone of you.

Sincerely,

JOHN F. KENNEDY

Questions Jane Sherrod Singer's Article

The June issue of THE LINK was the first of this publication I have read. Before I finished reading the issue, I had fully decided to become a subscriber. I am enclosing \$2.50 for a year's subscription.

The second issue I read was the May issue. I developed a concern over the questions and answers by Jane Singer on pages 19, 20, and 21. In the following I bring to your attention some conflicting statements. I would appreciate very much to learn viewpoints of other readers on this subject.

Question 3. (*Sexual adjustment is a prime element in a successful marriage.* Jane Singer says False.) This is a fine question but an invalid answer. In a successful marriage, sex requires adjustment the same as many other factors.

(Continued on page 65)

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Subscription prices to civilians: \$2.50 a year; \$2.00 in lots of ten or more to one address.

For chaplains: Bulk orders to bases for distribution to personnel (in person, by mail, in back of chapel, etc.) invoiced quarterly at fifteen cents per copy.

Published monthly by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel at 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville 3, Tenn. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Nashville, Tenn., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Send notification of Change of Address and all other correspondence to Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor, 122 Maryland Ave., NE, Washington 2, D.C

All scripture quotations, unless otherwise designated, are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.

Me, a theologian?

A TRIP INTO THEOLOGY

By Milton A. Heitzman

SEVERAL months ago our country was entranced as we listened to the words of Astronaut Shepard speaking to us from his capsule in space. This was exciting, to put it mildly. This was a crisis. At any minute the radio waves might be cut off and we would hear the blankness of death. Perhaps there is something in the beyond which is entirely different from the here and now of our routine, from the street-to-the-house-to-the-camp-to-the-barracks-to-the-work-and-back-again kind of life. Here was our man in space looking for the difference.

Here was our man and in his scientific world he seems very far from religion and very far from the Sunday school of our childhood.

Perhaps he is! Could it be that God is really not concerned about ultimate questions of life and death and others? But man, the theologian—the God-studier is interested. And Shepard's count-down and blast-off

and his hearty "A-OK" were theological moments.

Here's what I mean. Caged in his cautious capsule this man faced life or death. Which way would he go? This was an ultimate moment.

Perhaps, as has happened so many times before, steam, fire, heat, oblivion would send him and his highly charged space machine into its final moment. The unknown; the choice before him of fame or oblivion; the possibility of slow radiation sickness; the chance of survival or being torn to bits by the many "G's" of pressure on him as he changed his rates of speed and as he came to a floating stop in the choppy waters; the great interdependence these scientists, hundreds of them, felt upon each other—the ultimate trust. All of these things are primarily theological questions.

In the stuffy books we read them like this: What is the meaning of God in history? What is the meaning

Mr. Heitzman is Director of Educational Evangelism for the National Council of Churches, New York.

and the mission of man? Is there an ultimate question of life or death—or does man go on—on beyond this life? Are the laws which man has discovered really immutable, unchanging?

Theology Deals with the Ultimate Questions

Let us say it this way—whenever one of us is confronted with a question of an “ultimate” nature, a question which might be a last question, then that person is beginning to operate in the area of theology. Shepard had theological questions to answer and for him they were, “I will put my trust in what I can trust—the Ultimate.” Today he lives. Today he is joyful. Yes, and because of his trust in the trustworthy—his family, his colleagues, and America have come a little closer to the truth. Of course, even if he had failed we still would know more about our universe.

The strange thing about decisions made upon ultimate faith is that even in failure they disclose truth.

But you could easily say, “What about me—am I a theologian?” What an unlikely question that is! And it was unlikely for Shepard to ask or to ask even now. But he was and you are a theologian.

You do not fly on a pioneer rocket. Perhaps you will but you do not now. You and I are not the world’s greatest anything. In fact we sometimes feel that we are the world’s greatest “nothings.” Even this is a theological statement. It is made in relation to the ultimate question (the last question) and it is made with reference

to ultimate reality (that is the creator—the giver of all that is real).

Each morning when you open your eyes to another terrible day or another great day you face the ultimate. This is your very own trip into the unknown—this is your trip into theology.

I know a man going up the ladder of success who got up one morning to face the world from his split-level, his home. He kissed his wife good-by, glanced into the bedroom at his three sleeping children, got into the car to go to his advertising-career job. On the way he was struck by an irresponsible driver in an impossible car—a car which had no brakes, no license, no insurance.

This isn’t a Pollyanna story and it isn’t the worse-for-the-killing kind either. The man lived but his legs were crushed; he has to be in a cast for one and one-half years.

His house has been sold; his job has been given up; his life has an entirely new meaning. The theology of living—the ultimate questions were answered and he and his wife answered them together. Life for him still has meaning. Their life together still has a purpose. They do not have the answers but they have the questions out of their own Book of Life.

Facing Frankly Your Own Questions

Your own question about life may be “Why am I involved in this at all? Why can’t I just live and let live? Why do I have to think about such things as ‘What is man?’ ‘Why was man created?’ ‘Is there a God?’ ‘Does the world go along like

a machine?' 'Has this God-Creator any purpose for my life?'"

We see and feel our own lust—almost animal lust; we see the selfishness and the fear and we think to ourselves, "If I am a little lower than the angels—they must be a low-down bunch—really low down!" We don't build self-respect through these thoughts. We simply belittle the rest of God's world.

So on it goes. Even the skeptics use theology as they deny the great affirmations of the Christian faith. They say the church is a man-made institution which has to be overhauled about every five hundred years. They say Jesus is a wise man, perhaps, but not the Son of God. They contend that the laws disclosed in the Bible are man's rules and not God's. They insist that the Holy Spirit is not real but only a figment of man's imagination.

So where is the truth? Where can we find the real answers to the meaning of life and man's relationship to it? To tell you the truth, you can't find them by simply asking others. The arena of the quest is in your mind and in your emotions. As the religious people say, "within your own soul." As you have conflicts, as you get up each day to face the unknown world, as your answer begins to be lived, you are solving your theological problems.

To read a book on theology might be helpful; to talk to someone else about his theology might be helpful; to talk over the motivations and meaning with anyone will be helpful; but they will not in the final stand be the answers to your theological

questions. For someone to define for you the meaning of death, the meaning of life, the meaning of God, the meaning of forgiveness, repentance, regeneration, love, faith, creation, in terms used in another generation and to think of them in conflicts of another age is to lose you. For you to define these terms only in the simple sphere of your own desires and problems is to limit them and to sap them of their full meaning.

Somewhere between the decisions of the past and the answers for your present predicament is your full answer to the meaning. To ask the ultimate questions without reference to reality is to deny the answer. To deny the existence of ultimate questions is to close the door on knowing the ultimate truth.

So it appears that you are a theologian—whether you want to be or not. And as a theologian you join with Shepard. You get a brief perspective of eternal life. You take a neat uncomfortable look at yourself, and you see that in all of its temporary tangents there must be some better meaning. You see that being out of alignment with reality is really a lie. Truth fits—the untruth adds to the confusion. But you can find the answers.

You can find them as you search your own experience, the experience of others, written and lived. You find these answers as you match them over and over again to the struggle in which you are engaged.

Yes, it appears that you *are* a theologian for this trip of life. Enjoy it—it's ultimate. ■ ■

This interview with a refugee from Communist China was received from an anti-Communist source in Europe. It gives a brief picture of what life is like behind the Iron Curtain

We
Wanted
To
Be
Free!

By J. J. Hanlin

LIN Ping-ken is a young man who in his childhood was educated briefly by Protestant missionaries. At the time of his daring escape to the Free World, however, he was prominent in the Communist Youth League and a trusted member of a security cadre. In other words, he was one of these young people that tossed away centuries of wisdom and joined enthusiastically in building "the New China."

Soon, however, he was driven to desperation by the drab, exhausting existence in a "people's commune" in the Kwangtung Province. So he and his teen-aged wife along with thirty-seven others decided to make



LIN Ping-ken and his wife after escape.

a break for freedom. The daring escape succeeded and now he can turn to making a new life for himself and his wife in the Free World.

Q. *You belonged to a poor peasant family. Did you get enough to eat before the Communists came to your district?*

A. If there were no floods, our share of the crop fed us well. In ordinary years we had a small surplus of grain and we were free to raise chickens and ducks for ourselves.

Q. *What happened when the Communists came?*

A. We were given farmland. There were eight in our family, so

we got forty *mou* or five *mou* per person (a *mou* is one-sixth of an acre). At first we had to sell to the state only about 20 per cent of our grain production, so we were pretty well off. But then we learned we were not allowed to use the money from our grain sales to buy extra food, like vegetables and meat.

Q. *What happened later?*

A. We continued to work the land, but became part of a collective. The government got the whole crop. We were allowed two meals a day, with about ten ounces of rice at each meal.

Q. *Isn't that a lot of rice?*

A. It may sound so. However, we were doing heavy labor. We could eat five or six bowls at a meal normally.

Q. *And then what happened?*

A. We noticed we had to work harder and longer. We had no time to fish and our rice ration was cut to eight ounces a meal.

A residence for workers on an agriculture commune is being built. Men and women will live in separated quarters even though they are married.



Q. *And then?*

A. Our ration was cut to five and one-half ounces a meal and we had to work even harder. They began what is called a "shock mission" in which we worked eighteen hours daily. After a while of this, we began to fall asleep in the fields.

Q. *Were you asked to join the Communist Party?*

A. Yes. I joined the Youth League. I said I was not qualified, but they assured me I was. After that I was required to attend meetings where decisions were made on all kinds of projects. I was expected to be one of the leaders of everything.

Q. *Was there any military training?*

A. Yes, every young man and woman in our district had to take part. They taught us how to crawl toward objectives and I was allowed to fire a few shots at a target. The best shots were given an award—usually a T shirt. But I was not good enough.

Q. *What were the privileges of being a young Communist?*

A. None. I only had to work harder, because I had to attend so many meetings after work. These meetings generally lasted until midnight. But they thought I was promising and eventually I became part of a security cadre. I was then helping supervise production and acting as a guard. This meant only more work.

Q. *Who directed you in this work?*

A. It was called the Public Security Bureau. My immediate boss was the Security Director; he told me what to do.



“Shock missions” require Chinese young people to work eighteen hours a day until they fall asleep on the job.

Q. Who gave the Security Director his orders?

A. He came under the commune headquarters.

Q. Were you armed?

A. Only the Security Director had a gun which he carried at all times.

Q. What were you supposed to do when trouble arose?

A. I had to report it to the director. I had no authority to settle even minor disputes. The worst thing I was ordered to do was to spy on my friends.

Q. What about your marriage—did you have to ask the government?

A. Yes. The commune headquarters issued the permit.

Q. *How did you prepare for the wedding?*

A. There wasn't much to prepare. I scraped together a little money and got myself a new suit.

Q. *Weren't you supposed to pay "lucky money" to your bride's parents?*

A. I didn't have any more money, but my mother gave me a little bit.

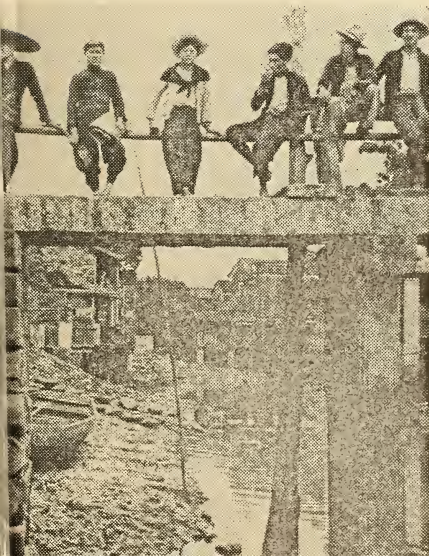
Q. *Was the bride carried to your house in the traditional wedding sedan chair?*

A. Sedan chair? There is no such thing any more. She walked, escorted by my two aunts.

Q. *What about the traditional wedding feast?*

A. There was nothing traditional about it, like the old days when perhaps a pig would be slaughtered

A partial view of Hsiaco-Chu. This village is considered a model because it is completely communized.



for the occasion and the bride and groom would have a vacation. We happened to have one thin chicken so we killed that and the guests had to bring their own ration of rice from the mess hall. I was excused from work for the wedding day only and had to report back early the next morning. So did my bride.

Q. *Why did you decide to escape?*

A. You can't live without freedom the way I did. I didn't want to go just at the time because my mother was seriously ill—her hands and feet were swollen. But she wanted me to start a new life. I cried when I kissed her good-by.

Q. *Have you written your mother since you escaped?*

A. Yes, several times, but there's no answer. I suppose my letters are intercepted.

Q. *Who came with you?*

A. My wife, my maternal uncle and others. Altogether we were thirty-nine people. We arranged the escape secretly. I was so desperate I didn't care about the danger. Then, without warning, on the night we were supposed to leave I was posted on guard duty. I turned my head away as my uncle's boat sailed past my guard post. But God helped me—it must have been. A head wind forced the boats to return. The next night I was able to go with them. We used five small sampans and were very lucky. We heard only one shot. ■ ■

Conceit is the only disease known that makes everyone sick except the one who has it.

—F. G. Kernan

the sergeant from schenectady

By david raycroft

A breath of the United States in Italy that brief year after the war—that was what Joe had been to Samuele

SAMUELE climbed the last step and paused a moment before he pushed open the door leading into the courtyard. The sun was setting in the bay below and its last rays were turning the mellow stone houses and walls into golden heaps.

He sighed, closed the door quietly behind him, and walked up the pathway to the chapel. He turned the key in the worn door and went inside. The name plate on the inside door said, "S. Garrari, Pastore." He was proud of it, for he was the third generation of his family to be a minister. But being a minister here was the simplest thing in the world. How many times he had wanted to go to America, maybe Canada.

But every time, Anna, his wife, said, "Now, Samuele, you know this is where you should be. You know these people need you here. You know that God wants you here." Then she would squeeze his hand or

flash her understanding smile. And Samuele would think about having to see Mrs. Forsani tomorrow at the hospital if the head doctor wasn't there, or visiting young Guido who was out of a job again.

Samuele opened the window of his study. The courtyard was silent. *Thank God for peace and quiet sometimes*, Samuele said to himself. Surely the two-room apartment at home, with other families on all sides, was never peaceful. He sat down at his desk and took from his pocket the letters he had picked up at the post office.

Ah, here was the one from Schenectady, New York. He always had a hard time trying to say that name—it was not like the music of Italian. The letter would be from Joe. Joe, the red-haired sergeant who had been a breath of the United States for him and his church that brief year right after the war.



Samuele leaned back in his chair and studied the photo of the smiling soldier on his desk. Joe was a big guy. So strong. And what a smile all the time.

Joe had never learned the language of the country and Samuele had tried to pick up some English. Reading a letter of Joe's always took so much time. If he waited until he got home, Anna would read it much faster. But then, Anna knew six languages which was very good. For if she were not able to teach French and German, what would the Reverend Samuele Garrari and family do for food and a roof over their heads? If only he could be a minister in America.

Every time Samuele received a letter from Joe he remembered how their paths had crossed that year after the war. Samuele smiled to himself. "Crossed" was hardly the word; "ran over" would be better.

Samuele had been hurrying along the *Corso* toward home. Looking back now, he supposed he had been thinking about Anna and the new baby girl. There was so much on his mind those days. His mother had just learned that his younger brother had been killed in the African campaign. It had taken so long to find out for sure. Then he and Anna had to move from the bombed-out section of their first home to a better place because of the new baby. They had moved closer to the church, down in the main part of town, where it was so noisy always.

Yes, he had a lot of things on his mind that crisp day in November. He had started to cross the street; there was a shout he didn't understand. Then he felt the sharp pain shooting up his leg.

When he woke up, in the hospital ward, a worried-looking, enormous American soldier was bending over

him. "Say, *amico*, you almost got a one-way ticket to Kingdom Come. Yes, sir, now all you'll get is a Purple Heart." Samuele was sure he had never seen such dazzling white teeth and such a mop of red hair before.

"The doc says you'll live, but you can't stay here in our hospital too long. Too many other civilians getting beat up still. Say, don't you guys know the war is over now?"

YOU stay here overnight, then we'll take you home tomorrow morning first thing. You know, I'm really sorry about this. I yelled, but you seemed to be a thousand miles away or something. My jeep driver sure stopped that buggy on two cents." This part of the conversation always puzzled Samuele every time Joe told about the accident. "Jeep, buggy, two cents." Even Anna wasn't sure about some of the words in Joe's vocabulary.

"Now you tell me where your family lives and I'll go see them tonight." The doc who came to see Samuele understood the language. He got Samuele's address and told the sergeant to go there with someone who understood Italian. Samuele tried to tell the doctor that Anna understood English, but the pain was bad just then.

Anna, of course, told him often what happened when she opened the door and saw the tall, American soldier filling the doorway.

"I knew something was wrong, but somehow I wasn't afraid of the soldier." In later tellings, she would look at Joe and he would smile handsomely back at her.

The next morning, Joe came back to the hospital and took Samuele home. Joe led the little procession in his jeep, and Samuele rode in the biggest car he had ever seen. Joe told him it was the "meat wagon." Anna said it was an ambulance.

When they got Samuele comfortably situated at home, Anna invited Joe to have some tea. Samuele wasn't sure Joe had ever had a cup of tea in his life. He looked so strong—more like coffee. But the young American sat down, and by the time he left that evening, Samuele and Anna felt as if they had known him all their lives.

"Say, they tell me at the hospital that you're a preacher," Joe said that first morning at home. "But you're not Catholic, are you? I guess I just thought everyone here was. After all, the Pope lives here, doesn't he?" Joe started drinking the tea.

"Oh, there are some here who are not. My husband's family have been Protestant ministers since 1870." Anna sparkled as she spoke. Samuele often marveled how enthusiastic she could be about his work.

"You mean there are other preachers here and all over Italy, just like you?" Joe slumped down a bit in the chair, whose frailty hardly seemed enough to support his huge body.

"Oh, yes," answered Anna. "But now tell us something about your family. Do you go to church in S-c-h-e-n-e-c-t-a-d-y?"

"You've got me there. My mother goes to church, and usually my dad and sister. I sort of grew too old for it myself. Of course, I've gone quite

a bit since I've been over here. The chaplain somehow helps before a battle when he prays or talks to you. I've told myself I'm going to start once I get home. But I suppose if none of the old gang goes, I won't either." He got up and stretched.

"Well, I'd better get back and report to the captain. He was pretty mad about what I did. Almost grounded my jeep for a week. But I talked him out of it, I think. Besides, I promised I'd look in on you once in a while. He says we've got to show what Americans are like. I'm not exactly sure what he means, but he's a pretty good Joe."

"Is his name Joe, too?" Anna asked wonderingly.

"Who?"

"Your captain."

"No, who said it was? It's Leonard, I think." The sergeant scratched his

head. "Oh, I said he's a pretty good Joe—a good egg." Anna shook her head. "A good *amico*." He laughed and started for the door. Anna held out her hand to shake his.

"Thank you, Joe. You're pretty good, too."

"Say, I should be apologizing and saying you are the good ones. You could claim damages, you know, for all this. Most of them do." He put on his hat and his forehead wrinkled. "This is the first time I ever was in any trouble like this."

IT was the first time Samuele saw the sergeant frown. Somehow it made him look like a very young boy.

After that first visit, Joe practically became a member of the little Garrari family. Every day he came loaded with candy, cookies, soap, fruit—all those things that cost so much for Anna to buy in the market. Once he brought a huge box that had come from Schenectady. Joe's mother had sent it. It was fabulous. Ham, chicken, oranges, strange jellies. Even in the most expensive places, Anna said she had never seen anything like it.

After several weeks, Samuele was able to hobble around on his crutches. He got back to conducting services, and Joe came once to listen. But since he couldn't understand the language, he didn't see much sense in going.

But he did carry Samuele around on his visits to church members and on other work of the church. Samuele never was quite sure that the U.S. Army would have approved. But Joe always had his jeep and almost urged

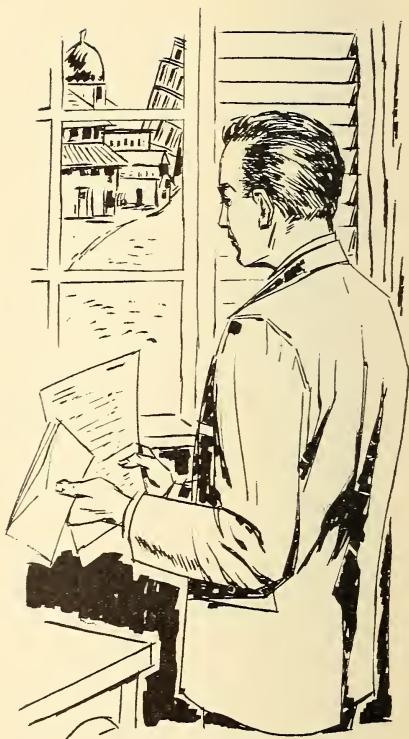


"How long have you been stationed at Cape Canaveral?"

Samuele to do more work than he had ever attempted previously. Many times the sergeant would take food or clothing to the various homes they visited. As time went by, Samuele noticed that the young soldier seemed more serious. He often asked religious questions that were hard for Samuele to answer in English. Then they would go home and Anna would help them understand each other. Often Joe stayed long after midnight, talking. The change in Joe was gradual. If there was any one time that seemed to make a difference in him, it was when he and Samuele went to visit old Mrs. Latanno.

Mrs. Latanno was in the hospital and she probably would never leave it alive. All through the years, Samuele had been given a hard time at the hospital. It depended on whether or not the head doctor was in. He would not recognize Samuele as an "official" clergyman to comfort and pray for his parishioners because Samuele was a Protestant. Samuele knew no law prevented him from going to the hospital. When the doctor was away, he could go and come as he wished. Everyone else there didn't care if you were Protestant, Catholic, or nothing. Most of them were nothing.

The day Joe took Samuele to see Mrs. Latanno was bleak and gray—one of the last ones before spring burst out and the sky was truly sunny and blue. They went into the hospital that Joe said looked like a museum. When Samuele asked to see Mrs. Latanno, he was told no, he was not permitted to see her.



After all, Mr. Garrari was not registered as an official *prete*. Samuele frowned. The doctor must have taken permanent action to forbid him to come to the hospital again.

"What's the matter?" Joe asked.
"I'm not sure yet. They tell me I can come no more to the hospital. I'm not listed as an official 'priest.' The head doctor has said so. Sometimes when he was not here I could visit. There is no law against a Protestant. Though the unwritten law

always says no to us." He started to turn away.

"You mean you can't visit old Mrs. Latanno just because you are not a priest? Why, I'll go see that doc myself." This was the first time Samuele ever saw Joe really mad.

"Ah, no, my friend. You will only make it worse for us all. Perhaps now they would listen to you as an American, for you have a lot to do with us still. But when you leave and we are again on our own as a country, then it will be worse for us."

The soldier stood with his arms folded across his chest and Samuele thought he looked twice as big as he actually was.

"I'll go see Mrs. Latanno, myself. I can't speak much Italian, but I'll try to help her. This is a dirty deal. I'd like to go poke that doc in the nose." He doubled up his fists. Then he started for the corridor that led to the sick woman's room.

Samuele looked after him, bewildered and almost amused. He didn't know whether to leave or wait for Joe.

Joe went to see Mrs. Latanno. No one would ever know what the old,

old lady and the young, young soldier said or did.

When Joe came back to Samuele, he was very serious. He seemed much older in the few minutes that had just slipped by. The next day Mrs. Latanno died. And the next week Joe had sailed for home.

With a sigh for all his memories, Samuele started to read the letter. It was a short letter as always. Joe was going to college now. He had just made the football team. He—and then Samuele's eyes raced ahead, and his heart raced, too. It was the last paragraph and he read it again and then again. He stood up, for he must tell Anna at once. And then he looked at the words once more:

"I've decided to take a pre-med course. Mary and I plan to go to India and work in a mission station there. We're getting married next June. And guess what, we're going to name our first son, Samuele, and our first daughter, Anna. I hope they're twins."

Samuele looked down at the photo on his desk. He was sure the smiling American soldier winked at him. ■ ■

NEEDED: MORE TRAINING

On a certain day, the mess sergeant was absent so a high-ranking culinary specialist so-called came in to take over the sergeant's duties. As he was preparing the daily menu, he noticed there was on hand a plentiful supply of Brussels sprouts. Puzzled, he asked one of the cooks, "What are these?" The cook's information went only so far and so he said, "I don't know." The specialist scratched his head and then wrote: "Baby cabbage; prepare the same as big cabbage."

—Ken E. Sowre

Another Life—

Another Lamp

By Helena Endsley



THE kitchen was filled with the clamor of childish voices raised in mock anger. I opened the stove grate and poked another stick of wood in the fire, trying to ignore the uproar against my ears and the stinging smoke from the ancient stove in my eyes.

In a few minutes Ned would be here, striding past the window to keep up with the clattering team in harness. He would feed and water the stock and pause by the well to wash off the dust of the fields. And supper, despite yelling kids and smoky stoves, would be ready. I caught myself wondering how long it takes five children to grow up.

Jim and Henry, the two oldest, were in the midst of a heated argument about whose turn it was to carry maize heads to the chicken pen; while Bob and Lynn were almost at the shoe-throwing stage to prove which looked most like his father.

To add to the din, Helen bounced angrily out of her room clutching a library book. "Mother, how can I

make a report on this book if I don't read it? Will you please make the boys be quiet?"

Perhaps because she was the only girl made the boys tease her so, but still, she was older and had helped many times with the others.

This was not one of the times. Jim ran by, snatched the book from her hand, and playfully threw it under the table. And the war was on.

Isn't it funny how easy it is to remember the loud times? But the quiet times were best, especially when the supper dishes were put away and Helen would light the kerosene lamp. And with the boys swarming over his knees, Ned would keep them almost hypnotized with stories or songs in that wonderful way he had with children. I would look at him in the flickering lamp-light and know that love held our family firm. I prayed it would always be so.

But the times when I was physically exhausted, when constant banter frayed my nerves, when I felt myself being slowly smothered with little

hands, I wondered. Is it worth it? Why not give up? Then I would cry because I would even think of such a thing.

On Sunday, having solved the problem of mended shirts for the boys, the seven of us would pile into the Model-T and jostle our way down the sandy lane to the church house. Ned would lead the singing with his rich baritone while I played the piano.

AS I looked over the scrubbed faces of our children, the old familiar lump came to my throat. They were so innocent and I wanted so much for them! I breathed a prayer, one of many, for strength and courage. Ned's voice rang clearly "Must Jesus bear the cross alone" and Lynn, his sandy head barely clearing the top of the pine branches, suddenly looked frail and helpless.

Lynn was the youngest, hardly out of rompers, his baby face smiling at me as if we shared a secret. Could I have known, could any of us, what was in store for those chubby hands?

That winter Lynn had pneumonia, and, despite all the doctors could do, hung limply by a thread between life and death. Ned and I would sit beside him and watch him struggle to breathe, knowing that all we could do for him was to pray.

"Dear God," I whispered over and over, "spare his life and use him for thy glory."

The doctor told us there was no hope. For days Ned and I stayed in that room, feeling God's presence as we prayed, "Not my will but thine be done."

The morning of the third day brought our answer. Lynn opened his eyes and, recognizing us, tried to smile. The fever had broken! Even though the doctor couldn't understand it, we could. God certainly had a plan!

I look back at that as a turning point. How near God is! Whenever I think of prayers being answered, I think of our whispers, "Spare his life and use him."

From that day he grew as all healthy boys grow, filled with an eager vitality. His little legs followed Ned about the farm, anxious and willing to "help" and "do."

I remember the happy times of special occasions, especially birthdays. There were cake and small gifts we could afford. Once we promised the children homemade ice cream. We had no freezer, so Ned improvised one out of a gallon syrup bucket set inside a larger one. We all watched as he turned the smaller pail to-and-fro. Only I knew that Ned had missed buying his coffee for the week in order to buy the block of ice. But the smiles on their faces were worth it.

When I tucked the children in bed that night, I heard Lynn end his little prayer with, "And thank you, God, for the ice cream."

Happiness isn't expensive. It came easily to our family, based on love and faith. We owned few material things, but in things of the spirit we were rich.

The days began with Ned's grace at the breakfast table, all the heads bowed, as we gave our thanks for the goodness that was ours.

NO mother could love her children more, yet there was a time when I would look at Lynn and feel a twinge of disappointment. Ned and I had wanted the baby to be a girl so badly. Helen, the oldest, needed a sister. But God knew what he wanted, and as the years melted together, we began to see a spark in Lynn that was missing in the others.

And as he grew, he became a favorite in his school and in the community. Lynn, the baby that was a baby no longer, began to reach out with his mind and wrestle with some of life's problems.

For a while Ned and I thought it would be easier on us after the children had grown up, but the day Lynn finished school and joined the Navy taught me a lesson in foolish dreams. Everything seemed so empty—not the way I had imagined it to be at all.

Oh, for the good old days of pillow fights and childish arguments! I missed having dirty faces to wash, shirts to mend, the morning scramble at the breakfast table; but most, I missed the sharing of twenty years.

I remembered the Sundays in the country church, the summer revival meetings, and the family quartet as Ned sang with Helen and the boys. The memories lingered like the scent of roses long gone, and became even sweeter.

I would like to say that the adolescent years of Lynn were different from other boys his age, but they weren't. There were the usual problems of a boy-becoming-a-man. He adjusted beautifully to the realization that girls had suddenly be-



HARVEST

In Bible times men gratefully
Offered the firstfruits of their land
To God, the Father of us all,
Who holds His children in His hand.

In joyous gratitude and praise
To Him from whom all blessings
start,

May we give God, where we may be,
Abundant firstfruits of the heart.

—Louise Darcy

come important, playing the field with a stubbornness that reminded me so of Ned and our own courtship days.

When the Navy carried Lynn to Japan, I wrote him cheering letters about everything but the aching loneliness in my heart. Ned and I could point him to the way of goodness, but he would have to find a

place for his own life. Was it wrong of me to want so much for him?

Then two things happened that lifted my hopes and made my prayers more humbly thankful. First, he married a wonderful Christian girl; and second, after his discharge, he and his wife entered into the work of our church with a zeal that made my heart rejoice. Surely, the way of goodness was opening wide.

"God has been good to me," he would say earnestly.

But the best was yet to come.

The Sunday morning came when he and his wife, tears in their eyes, walked down the aisle of the church to re-dedicate their lives in service to God. Could I help but weep, too?

"If the Lord wants me to preach," he told me later, "then I must preach."

My tears stemmed from happiness as I put my arms around him in silence. Dimly I remembered the prayer I had uttered so fervently in that little farmhouse so long ago, "Save him and use him." Twenty-five years later, I witnessed a profound answer.

Lynn entered college that same fall. I was so happy I cried and tried

to smile at the same time. The waves of humbleness swept over me when I thought of God reaching from heaven to use my boy; the baby I had once held so tenderly, the tiny voice that had whimpered "help" and "do," would carry God's message to countless others.

Lord, help me to be worthy of this privilege!

I thought I was prepared for his first sermon, but when he walked with new-found confidence into the pulpit that memorable Sunday, I thought I would explode with happiness.

Quietly, yet deep with an inner conviction, his voice filled the auditorium. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. . . ."

All the petty fears of the past dissolved and I felt myself being lifted on the wings like angels. The years of faith and hope and prayers blended into the embodiment of the grace of God—a living testimony to the beauty of goodness. I know my prayer of thanks will be repeated over and over as long as I have breath.

"Surely my cup runneth over. . . ."

■ ■

TIME

Softly hear the rustle of the years
Days are busy changing to the past.
Future joys become my memories.
What can pass the test of time and last?

Not all the things we grasp shall endure.
Once gone, our lives we never can restore.
Just the time and self we give to God today
Will last tomorrow and forevermore.

—Richard R. Smith

What We Believe about the Church

By Wallace M. Hale

AS a nation and as individuals we owe much to our church. It has provided the basis for "our way of life." It has been the forerunner and beginning of our modern educational system. It has made "tolerance," "brotherhood," "love," "unselfishness," "duty," "individual responsibility" meaningful terms in the United States.

So we belong to a church. What difference does it make in our lives? What difference does it make to the people with whom we associate each day? What difference does it make to God?

Our membership in the church of Jesus Christ can—and should—make the difference between darkness and light; the difference between a godly world and a zoo; the difference between sin and salvation. The church is Christ's means of winning the world, but it must start inside the individual.

An outstanding military writer concluded after much research that only 20-25 per cent of the men in an infantry company fire their weapons in combat, even at the height of an enemy attack. An objective

appraisal of the participation of our church membership would conclude that this may be particularly true of those who belong to our churches.

The Church Is an Organization

In one respect, the church is a visible organization. I can point to the spire and tell you that it represents my church. It is the Lord's house. It is a meeting place for the citizens of the kingdom of God. Actually this is a church building, and its true symbolism comes from the group of people who built it and use it. As a meeting place it is important. As a testimony to the passing world it represents a cause and a means that every man earnestly needs; and the church is very sensitive about that need.

The church building should not be so ostentatious or so radical in design it fails to symbolize its message of love and consideration for the passer-by. Of course, the building is only a material symbol and it can never speak distinctly. The only voice the world can really understand is the voice that comes from the citizen who worships therein.

Chaplain Hale is the Second U.S. Army Chaplain at Ft. George G. Meade, Md.



The Greek word *ecclesia* is used in the New Testament to describe the organized, visible, dynamic Christian congregation. It began with Jesus as the head and continues so today; that is, when men will let him be the head. The Apostles were his chosen Lieutenants, especially taught and trained to carry on the work of the church. After Jesus' death and resurrection and ascension, he sent the Holy Spirit to endow and guide the disciples.

After the church increased in size the many problems of administration which arose indicated a need for more administrative assistants and so deacons or "servers" were appointed. Two of these deacons, Stephen and Philip, were particularly well qualified to proclaim the good news. The New Testament mentions the calling of other church leaders as the need for further organization became more evident. We read about the work of bishops, presbyters, deacons, elders,

deaconesses, prophets, ministers, evangelists, teachers, etc. The Christian church has studied the needs of persons and has developed church organizations which seek to meet them.

In the leadership of the church organization and in the cooperation of the church members it is unmistakable that Jesus taught and demonstrated love. I remember seeing a picture on the limestone walls of the catacombs in Rome which depicted the figure of a young, sturdy shepherd with a lamb thrown over his shoulders. The shepherd's mission was not one of authority but one of service. This is what Jesus meant when he said to Peter, "Tend my sheep."

The Invisible Church

Peter referred to "God's people" and Paul spoke of all of us "baptized into one body" (1 Cor. 12:13). Jesus prayed, "Father, I desire that they also, whom thou hast given me, may be with me where I am, to behold my glory which thou hast given me . . ." (Jn. 17:24). "The glory which thou hast given me I have given to them, that they may be one even as we are one, I in them and thou in me, that they may become perfectly one . . ." (Jn. 17:22, 23).

Calvin conceived of the church primarily in its invisible role. In our Apostles' Creed we affirm our belief "in the holy catholic church." This is the church universal whose membership is made of all those who have faith in Jesus Christ as their Savior and Lord. This is the whole body of men, women and children

in the past, in the present, and in the future who have enlisted or who will enlist as citizens, learners, disciples in the kingdom of God.

There is more talk of the church today as Christian. We have begun to explore our points of agreement, rather than magnify our differences. In doing this we have begun to see the kinship of those who believe in Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord. This is truly the invisible church. Often it has been invisible because we have hidden it with our own camouflage nets. We have turned our own eyes away from our Christian brothers because we major on incidentals rather than on fundamentals.

We can leave to God the critical count as to who belongs to the invisible church. We are to demonstrate love and compassion and helpfulness to those who profess faith in Christ. This does not preclude my emphasis on fundamentals. These must be preserved or the church is no longer Christian. This is where the major problems arise in approaching our mutual fellowship and "cooperation." This is a major area of study for Christians in the next century, because "unchristian divisiveness" is a major sin against God. We have wasted much of our efforts building mammoth organizations, duplicating buildings, competing program with program to the point where we have misrepresented the love and compassion and negated the saving message of Jesus Christ.

The invisible church is made up of members whose lives truly belong to Jesus Christ. Christian soldiers have taken the new covenant of

salvation in faith and daily demonstrate their loyalty to their Lord and Savior—at home, at work, and in their worship. Their lives are evidence of the good news that the world is hungering to hear—and obey.

The Present Church Made Up of "Believers"

We have referred to the church as the *ecclesia*. This was a word used in the Mediterranean world to refer to an assembly of citizens called out—a sort of town meeting. The Christians took the word and used it for their churches. They thought of them as assemblages called out of the world to testify to their belief in the new covenant with God. Christians are banded together to proclaim the good news to the world. Jesus has come. He has died for our sins. He ascended to God the Father and according to Hebrews 12:2 "is seated at the right hand of the throne of God." This church was a visible organization of baptized believers, who gradually constructed a system of church government and church discipline which became an evident requirement as the church grew older.

The New Testament church, the *ecclesia* or *gahal*, the Hebrew word for congregation, is the basis for the visible church to which many of us belong. This is your church located at the corner of Tenth and Pennsylvania. It may have a denominational affiliation or a numbered or definitive name, but, if it is to do the bidding of Christ in your part of the world, it must be a cooperative of dedicated, believing Christians who

are citizens of the kingdom of God, men "called out" to represent the kingdom of Christ.

We believe that the local church can and should be a demonstration of the love and compassion of Jesus Christ for a lost and sin-sick world. Jesus is truly the light of the world. He is the water of life for the spiritually thirsty. He is the bread for those who hunger for spiritual food but who eat at the wrong restaurant. The church must present this message and demonstrate its practicality to those who live next door to the church. (I never cease to ask when I walk around these church buildings, "What do these men and women and children think of the church? They see us come in during the week. They hear the singing. What does this church represent to them?" In traveling around the world my heart constantly weeps for the church because it cannot—or will not—win its neighbor next door. Then, how can it win the world?)

But even more, the church must testify to the power and word of Christ in the community. It must stand for the right, not merely by sermonizing and dogma, but by personal example and demonstration of the right, as God shows us the right. The church must send forth its members warmed by the fires of the Holy Spirit to be a personal witness for Jesus Christ. Their kind of family life, the testimony of their children's personal example in play and in school, in Cub Scouts and on the gridiron, the example of the Christian in his office, in his social and recreational time, in the grocery store, as

he drives on the highway—all these reflect on the church—and either is a light for the world, or merely adds to the darkness.

The Church as the Body of Christ

In his later years Paul spoke of the church as the body of Christ. His analogy and teachings emphasize that each one of us makes up a part of the body. Some of us are hands, some are feet, some are arms, some are tongue, and some are ears. We can serve as heart or stomach. We can serve well or badly. We can be a diseased part that takes away from the efficiency of the body, or we can be a complementary part that shares in strengthening the body of Christ.

But, as mentioned previously, Jesus is also the head of the church. A body, when decapitated, spurts blood for a few moments, falls to the ground, dies, and decays. The church cannot be the body of Christ unless Christ is allowed to perform his function. He must be the head and central control. The body must be subservient to the will and direction of Christ.

My heart aches when I realize how little I lay before Christ; when, in retrospect, I observe how little of our time, talents and tithes we give to Christ. We are the church in action. May our beliefs be strengthened, our course be more clearly set, our loyalties to Him be firmer, and may our actions match our better profession. May we believe in the church. May the church, through us, win this generation to a new demonstration of Christlike love and example.



Don't Be a Chameleon



By Ida F. Killian

RECENTLY a young girl joined the art club in a bank where she is employed.

"How did you like it?" a friend asked after the first meeting.

"It was all right," the first girl answered, "but I thought we would paint pictures already outlined with numbers to guide our use of color. Instead we have to create our own compositions."

Similarly, many of us shy away from living which demands originality. We become carbon copies of other's opinions, decisions and activities. Like a chameleon, our convictions change color according to pressures and attitudes of associates. Personal identity tends to be swallowed up for want of exerting a little individual drive.

We are willing to make second moves initiated by others but too timid or devoid of fresh imagination to set our own thoughts in motion. Like a gigantic game of "Follow the

Leader" we succumb to patterns of allowing others to form opinions for us and lead us far afield from innate talents and possibilities. Joining the copy-cat clan because "everybody's doing it" is not only childish but plain stupid. Being like peas in a pod is fine for peas but such conformity was never intended for humans.

Mrs. B is a middle-aged woman who apparently never conceives of herself as an individual. She lives in the shadow of her husband's judgment. Never making decisions on her own or voicing a forceful opinion she seems to exist almost in a state of nonentity. One suspects she is not completely happy with this state but perhaps too lazy to create her own avenues of expression.

Conversely, in my family, I alone am not sport-minded. The others tell me everyone likes baseball and football is fascinating. I have sat before a TV set during a baseball game with my eyes on the screen while

my thoughts wandered away to formulate a new article or plan ways to revise an old one. Then while others shrieked and cheered I quietly slipped away to the kitchen table with pencil and paper to follow my own claim to expression. Of course, I no longer watch games.

Constant pressures toward conformity stunt individuality. They make us lazy or frustrated. They encourage mediocrity and leave us picked clean of real fulfillment. Being unique does not imply eccentricity. It means enthusiastically following the bent God has entrusted to us. If our creator had intended we be alike he would have made us identical and equipped us with similar ambitions.

TWO or three years ago Mr. and Mrs. M retired and moved to Florida from their New Jersey home. We wondered if these friends would become one more inactive couple among many others in their section. But, no, they are not chameleons. In a short time Mr. B became an official in a newly-organized church. His wife is choir leader, pianist and a faithful worker in the Sunday school. They helped paint the church and found many ways to give themselves completely. Are they happy? They are bubbling over. Had they listened to scores of oldsters their ambition may have dried up while sitting on a park bench between occasional games of shuffleboard. Instead of being influenced by bored colorless folk they followed the call of innate talents and found themselves living useful, satisfying lives.

God gives us power of choice. When we live in accord with our talents we demonstrate harmony like a well-oiled mechanism. When we try to become something which cuts across grain of natural inclinations we experience friction and dissatisfaction. Men don't try to steer trains through the ocean or a boat through the desert. One can't cook in a refrigerator or vacuum rugs with a washing machine. Yet we often cause inner conflict by trying ridiculous trends which make us one of the crowd.

Jane N. timidly admits playing bridge with the girls two afternoons a week is sheer waste of time for her. She would prefer a creative needlework group where she could swap ideas on dress designing. Does she do anything to accomplish her goal? No, the bridge club has been meeting so long she is a static fixture, seemingly helpless to break away.

We tolerate a friend's erroneous influence as to where we shall go and how we shall spend our time. TV critics tell us which programs are superior, which are inferior. Advertising makes up our minds on many issues and keeping up with the Joneses robs us of vital initiative. Being swayed with every wind that blows is contrary to life's deep-rooted conviction that we can only be happy by being ourselves.

Where would our civilization be if Thomas Edison had spent all his time fishing with friends or if Robert Fulton and Benjamin Franklin had let others persuade them to squelch all creative talent? Conversely, how far could civilization have progressed

by now if every individual had made some dynamic contribution to his own era?

THE Bible recognizes men have not been created from a single mold. Saul was fanatical, Nicodemus intellectual, Nathaniel a mystic, Thomas a doubter. Each employed his own quality to make himself a unique individual. None felt he must deny his own God-given instincts to masquerade as another.

Searching deeply within our being will route all imitation. You need not be what others are, think what they think or do what they do. Each has his own spark waiting to be uncovered and fanned into brightness.

Under no condition should you become a lawyer if deep within you want to be a florist. Neither should you waste time at an art club if you'd be a more complete person designing hats. If knitting socks is more satisfying than joining a debating team don't be ashamed of it. By all means knit.

Certainly this doesn't mean we should never do anything we don't want to do. Life often faces us with dilemmas and we bow to circumstances when we must. But, when choice is ours let us choose wisely, never changing our color of natural inclination for ease, social position or other shallow gain. Your true colors will never shine forth if chameleon-like you take on every hue about you.

Once returning from vacation in the Deep South we brought back several strands of that picturesque hanging moss which gives southern

trees such graceful appearance. Fastening it on the catalpa tree in our back yard we watched it survive late summer and early fall. Then came heavy frosts and later frigid snows. Eventually our fragile plant gave up in this climate so foreign to its nature. Life slipped from it and it turned black as the dormant limb from which it hung.

Let us always nurture inborn inclinations and cling to branches of activity within our natural interest scope. Fastening ourselves to foreign causes leaving us colorless, lifeless. Try being the unique purposeful individual you were meant to be. This is one of life's straightest roads to happy and useful living. ■ ■

GOOD MORNING!

It wasn't so bad when the law firm of the Henderson, Wakefield, Nelson, O'Brien, Gaver and Harper merged with Jaffe, Tierman, Davies, Weiner, Erba and Sobol. But when this combination joined forces with the firm of Fagan, Stevens, Hoffman, Ross, Bussman and Bayne, their PBX Operator gave up and now answers the telephone by saying, "Good morning—this is We the People."

—*Telephone Magazine*

ULTERIOR MOTIVE

I'd like my wife to quit working,
Not that our home life might fold;
But I sure would like a promotion
To the job that she presently holds.

—Harold Lawrence Taylor

Land Without Females

By C. V. Tench

**You cannot imagine a land
like this really exists**

IT seems incredible that today there exists a country where there are no women, yet there is such a place—the Holy Community of Mount Athos. For almost a thousand years not only have women, girl babies and children been banned from its sacrosanct territory, but all females.

The horses are all stallions or geldings, the sheep are all rams, the cattle all bulls or oxen, and the felines all male cats.

The only female creatures living there are the wild birds, and that only because they nest in the inaccessible topmost branches of the trees. If they could be reached they would be ruthlessly destroyed.

On the map the place is shown as Mount Athos, a sea-girt, rocky penin-

sula thirty miles long and from one to seven and one-half miles wide, projecting from Greece into the Aegean Sea, connected with the almost uninhabited, almost roadless mainland of Chalcidice by a narrow tongue of land. But it is not governed by Greece, being a country within a country, having its own government, which has been in office longer than any other ruling body in the world.

The six thousand odd inhabitants are for the most part long-haired, bearded, heavily-cloaked monks of the Eastern Orthodox Church, although there are also hermits who do not belong to this order.

The hermits are rarely seen, but the monks stalk through the villages and the olive groves, the orchards and the tortuous mountain roads, hardly ever glancing at one another, rarely speaking, never laughing or even smiling. In fact, in this queer land of male creatures never will you hear laughter.

It is a rugged, mountainous country, the highest peak being that of Mount Athos, reaching upwards for 6,350 feet.

Most of the monasteries and hermitages have existed since the tenth century. Originally the medieval ascetic Peter, called the Antonite, lived there. He caused it to become a religious colony, and the monasteries now number twenty; seventeen Greek, one Russian, one Siberian, and one Bulgarian.

Some are ruled by abbots, others by boards of overseers, one deputy from each monastery making up an assembly. Such assemblies are pre-

sided over by the appointed supreme ruler, the present incumbent being the Lord High Abbot Tjeromin, a tall, well-built, middle-aged man of regal bearing whose most outstanding feature is a pair of level, dark eyes that look deeply into the souls of others. A good man and a strong man.

Successive generations of such assemblies drew up the inexorable laws which bar any creature of the female sex from profaning the sanctuary of this purely masculine stronghold. And also the vows which all monks must adhere to, swearing not only to a life of obedience, chastity, poverty and avoidance of all things female, but to the eradication from their minds of the very thought of anything female.

MANY of these monks are genuine religious recluses seeking sanctuary from a sinful world. Others have taken the vows and buried themselves alive on the Athos

peninsula for a variety of reasons, as do men who join the French Foreign Legion, but all are united in an abhorrence of females.

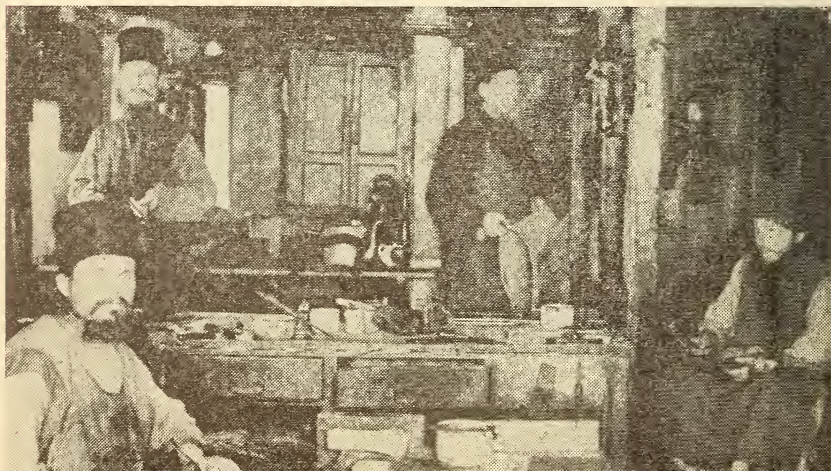
The story of Athos and its survival as a monastic state throughout so many centuries and despite world wars and other major upheavals is one of the marvels of human history.

In A.D. 900, the inhabitants of Byzantium (now Istanbul) were extremely religious but not sufficiently so for a group of ardent religious adherents. In consequence these men migrated to the Athos peninsula where they set about the creation of a new state devoted to piety and the forsaking for all time of the fleshpots of the world.

They at once commenced building monasteries which remain today architectural wonders. They are massively built and battlemented like feudal fortresses, which they formerly were.

Of huge dimensions they average

These monks never see, hear or even mention anything of the feminine gender.



eight stories in height. The largest measures almost two miles around its outside walks. They were all completed between the years A.D. 900 and 1100, and represent the outpourings of vast riches from the coffers of the ancient rulers of Byzantium.

While most of the monasteries are built high up in the mountains, that of Simonpetrais is right atop a peak, its roofs constantly wreathed in cloud.

Monks carry on all work necessary to the maintenance of these structures and agriculture and other activities necessary to their Spartan existence, but do not work for remuneration.

And yet, from a material standpoint, the monks are extremely rich men, for much of the gold and treasure Byzantium had wrested from various conquered nations went to enrich and beautify the interiors of these monasteries.

When the candles are lighted for

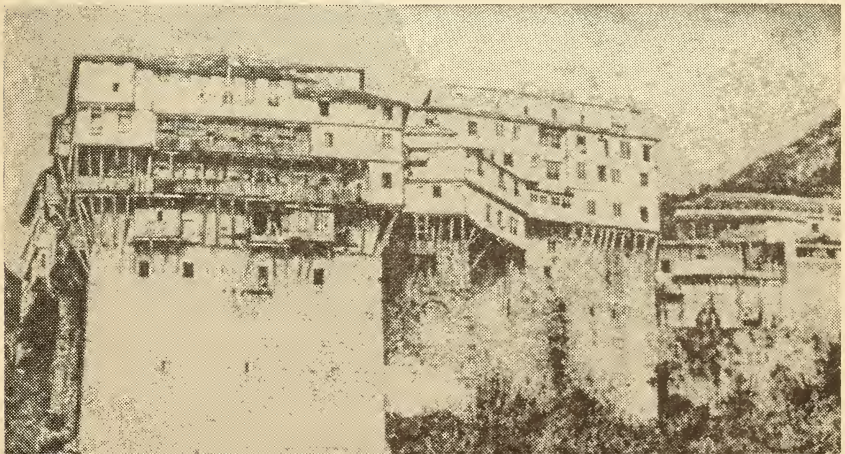
a religious ceremony, the effect is dazzling and breath-taking.

The monks also brought with them other treasures beyond price, such as biblical manuscripts of the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries. Together with their own writings, these are zealously guarded and preserved. In fact, almost every object seen inside the monasteries is almost beyond price, for wealth literally by the shipload was poured into this remote wilderness.

Guides have shown those of us who have visited Athos vaults crammed with enough gold and precious stones to eradicate totally all poverty in Europe. But this wealth has remained buried for centuries and doubtless will ever remain buried and unused.

Naturally, this fabulous wealth has many times invited the attention of would-be thieves. The most determined raid of olden times was made in the fourteenth century by Aegean pirates. They were repulsed.

Typical monastery on the slopes of Mount Athos.



As recently as 1944, a group of men said to be German commandos, disguised as monks, tried to obtain some of this hidden wealth by stealth, but they were speedily unmasked and killed to the last man.

In this instance the Greek government instituted an official inquiry but met with no success, the monks offering the government investigators not cooperation but passive resistance and grim silence. For silence and secretiveness are typical of Athos.

VISITORS are allowed if they can obtain the necessary special visas from the Greek government, but, of course, applications from women are unacceptable. And at the frontier a visitor's luggage is meticulously inspected to see if it contains anything of a female nature. And the visitor must also submit to his person being searched. The frontier guards take their time about this and are very thorough.

If permitted entry, visitors usually first proceed to the small capital city of Kariai, very much like any other Greek town; there are horses and carts in the streets, shops, stores, and other places of business.

But after a time, visitors begin to feel both oppressed and depressed: they sense something unwholesome, almost eerie about the country.

Studying them, visitors chill, for these people do not seem to be wholly alive. They regard visitors and one another with an entire lack of interest. Their eyes are as stony

and expressionless as a man about to be executed.

This can be understood readily when their unnatural way of life is taken into consideration, for when not working, eating or sleeping they are praying, spending every spare moment in prayer and elaborate religious rituals. They concern themselves chiefly with abstract matters, not with actualities and realities.

They are alive, yet not living. As some of them are healthy, stalwart young men, it is difficult for men who live normally to understand how they can ever reconcile themselves to a life that is so harsh, so austere, so utterly barren.

They never even bathe, and from the day they take their vows until they die they never completely disrobe. They exist completely detached from the outside world and normal living both physically and in spirit.

Most visitors leave Athos, as we did, with but one desire uppermost: to again see women and listen to their feminine voices, to watch children at play and hear their carefree laughter and chatter, or even to see just a cow and a calf or a domestic hen with a brood of chicks.

It is like having just visited and come away from a land of the living dead, for even in prisons and penitentiaries the inmates hear women's and children's voices over the radio, see their shadows and hear them speak on television and the wide screen, and talk about women and children. And they can have women visitors. ■ ■

Singing is a man's bathright.—*Time of Brazil*

How Well Do You Listen?

By Jane Sherrod Singer

THIS quiz is based on studies made at the University of Minnesota and reported by Dr. R. C. Nichols after his work with 100 "best" listeners and 100 "worst" listeners. His research came after several other studies which show that: in any classroom the chances are sixty to one that the teacher will be talking; and students and white collar workers devote at least 40 per cent of their day to listening. Yet, we find that only 25 per cent of what is said is retained . . . or even registers at the moment. How many good listening techniques have YOU?

THE QUIZ

	YES	NO
1. Even if you are bored, do you listen for something that may be of use to you?	_____	_____
2. Do you listen to <i>what</i> is being said rather than the <i>way</i> it is being stated?	_____	_____
3. Do you often find yourself agreeing or disagreeing violently with the speaker?	_____	_____
4. Are you able to pick out the main point rather than being hung up with facts, jokes, and asides?	_____	_____
5. When listening, do you sit or stand straight and look at the speaker intently?	_____	_____
6. Are you easily distracted?	_____	_____
7. Generally speaking, do you enjoy learning new things?	_____	_____
8. Would you say you are open-minded?	_____	_____
9. Do you try to anticipate what the speaker is going to say next?	_____	_____
10. Do you ask yourself, "What points has he made so far?"	_____	_____
11. Do you question the accuracy and the scope of the speaker's points?	_____	_____
12. Do you look for things other than the speaker's words, such as his inflections, gestures, facial expressions, etc.?	_____	_____

(Turn to next page for answers)

ANSWERS TO THE QUIZ

1. Yes. Being interested is of prime importance. If you listen for something that will help you, you are bound to be interested.
2. Yes. Poor delivery is the fault of the speaker to be sure, but poor listening is YOUR fault. Don't use an alibi.
3. No. Too much emotion will put a smoke screen in your thinking so you will lose the rest of the points. Be calm and listen.
4. Yes. Too much concern with details will take you away from main points. You will spend so much time laughing at a joke or trying to remember a fact that the speaker will have left you sitting miles back mentally.
5. Yes. "Listening is hard work." To assume the posture of attention is the first step to learning through hearing.
6. No. Know your own distraction level. Close the doors, turn off the radio, sit in the front row. Do whatever is necessary for you to block out distractions as much as possible.
7. Yes. Curiosity, like interest, is a great asset for good listening. A student or housewife should listen for a new idea when hearing a nuclear physicist just as a doctor should glean some facts from a speech on cake baking.
8. Yes. A closed mind puts a lock on your retention. A biased listener is so busy protecting his own ideas that he cannot listen to what is being said.
9. and 10. Yes. Dr. Nichols points out that most people talk at a rate of 125 words per minute. The average person thinks at four times this rate, making for a lag. Unless the listener either anticipates or summarizes, he will wander off into some other mental world, lose the speaker and fog what has already been said.
11. Yes. A good listener will weigh what is said against his own information and background. Be an active listener, not a lazy carp who will take any bait thrown his way.
12. Yes. Some speakers say things they do not mean. It is only by their expressions, gestures or inflections that the listener knows that perhaps the exact opposite is intended.

SCORING: Give yourself 2 points for each correct answer.

0 to 6 points: You have a long way to go in learning by listening. Fortunately, studies show that you *can* learn to listen. Use this quiz as a guide. One supervisor of a telephone company said, "It never fails to amaze us when we see the skill that is acquired in only three days of training in listening."

8 to 12 points: You are missing a great deal. Ideas float over your head like summer clouds. "Nothing can equal the willingness to hear," says an executive counselor,

14 to 18 points: You have most of the listening skills. Now go after the rest of them.

20 to 24 points: Congratulations! There isn't much that escapes you. You have your wits around you. We'll stop talking and listen to YOU for awhile!



"Thanks for Nothing!"

By Fred Cloud

ONE of the bitterest parting jibes that human beings sometimes hurl at one another is, "Thanks for nothing!" In short, "I feel no gratitude to you for anything that you have done for me."

That hurts. Shakespeare's King Lear cried out in anguish, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" That pain has been shared by countless persons through the centuries. Their experience causes them to say "amen" to La Rochefoucauld's cynical remark that "the gratitude of most men is nothing but a secret hope of receiving greater favors." When the favors run out, the gratitude is gone. Then, "thanks for nothing."

Ingratitude is a sin. Why? Because it narrows the circle of one's concern very tightly about himself and hermetically seals him in his ego-centric isolation. One is reminded of a description of a character in a novel: "John was a small continent, bounded on the north, south, east, and west, by John." There were no lines of contact with others—no awareness of how much others had done for him for which he should feel grateful.

What's Gratitude?

One perceptive professor of theology once remarked that "gratitude is the deepest emotion of which human beings are capable." Why would he make such a statement? Let's mull that idea a few moments.

"Gratitude" is a state of being grateful, which is being appreciative of benefits received. Gratitude is thankfulness. To be grateful, one must recognize that people have done things for him that he couldn't do for himself—not because he was so important, but because of the love or good will which they felt toward him.

The psalmist expressed that attitude of gratitude in Psalms 103: Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgives all your iniquity, who heals all your diseases, who redeems your life from the Pit, who crowns you with steadfast love and mercy, who satisfies you with good as long as you live so that your youth is renewed like the eagle's.

This is directing thankfulness in the right direction—toward God. It was this spirit which prompted the Pilgrims to inaugurate that distinc-

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tively American holiday, Thanksgiving. And it is thankfulness to God for all his goodness to us that makes Thanksgiving a meaningful day for Americans in 1961.

Have you ever noticed how a "sourpuss" is seldom grateful to anyone for anything? He always suspects their motives. "What's in it for them?" he asks, when someone has done something gracious for him. In this way, he spoils the experience for both parties.

On the other hand, there are some persons who give modern-day meaning to the parable, "Gratitude is the music of the heart." When something good comes their way—a promotion, a financial windfall, a compliment—they are grateful, and they express their thanks sincerely. They feel good about it, and by their attitude they make others feel good, also. Their attitude of gratitude makes the difference!

What's the Problem?

If a person feels no gratitude, either toward God or toward his fellow men, something's wrong. Something's "blocking" his normal reaction. It might be any of several things.

First, it might be sheer thoughtlessness. If a person takes everything for granted, including life's "extras," then it doesn't occur to him that he often receives blessings which he doesn't deserve or, at least, which he didn't earn. Perhaps he needs to "take an inventory," such as the psalmist did in the passage quoted above. Then he'll discover that God has poured bene-

fits upon him for which he should feel grateful.

A former Navy man told me some time ago, "When my wife and I were first married, we had pretty rough sledding financially. So when we were able to meet expenses O. K., and especially when a little windfall came our way, we got down on our knees and thanked God for his goodness to us. But as time has passed," he said, somewhat wistfully, "we've come to take more and more for granted. Now we hardly ever thank God for anything, even though we have much more to be thankful for than we had in the first years of our marriage." Taking God's blessings for granted, sheer thoughtlessness, is one "block" in the way of gratitude.

A second obstacle to genuine gratitude is an attitude of self-righteousness, of earning everything one gets. A fellow once summed up his philosophy of life in this way: "I want to live in such a way that at any time I can spit in anyone's eye and tell him to go to hell."

He wanted to be utterly independent—to feel that he didn't owe anyone anything. But our lives are interwoven in society. As John Donne pointed out, no man is an island; everyone is part of the mainland. I am alive and well today because of the dedicated doctors and nurses who have devoted their lives to eradicating diseases; because of farmers who provide food to sustain my body; because of countless persons who provide a variety of services for my mind, body, and spirit. Shall I not feel gratitude



toward these persons on whom I am dependent? And shall I not feel thankful to the Creator and Sustainer of all mankind?

Toward Larger Hearts

What mankind needs desperately today is larger hearts—hearts capable of experiencing gratitude for the things which persons in previous days, and in our own day, have done to make the world a better place in which to live; and capable of seeing the hand of God as the ultimate origin of every good and every perfect gift.

At this Thanksgiving season, for example, we should take stock of our freedom as American citizens. The freedom which you and I enjoy did not come about as a mere accident of history. It was bought by our forefathers with their blood, sweat, and tears. The American brand of democracy is the end result of a vision of freedom, equality, and human dignity held by the founding fathers of our nation; and of a willing sacrifice of thousands of lives in several wars to keep our nation free. Not be grateful for all that? Only a clod would be unmoved!

As Christians, we have something even beyond our liberty to be grateful for. As Paul expressed it to the Christians at Corinth: "Thanks be to God for his inexpressible gift (of Jesus Christ)!" God gave himself to mankind in his Son, Jesus Christ, so that all mankind might have eternal life. If persons are ungrateful in the face of that staggering gift, it is because they are deliberately hardening their hearts—turning their backs on life.

In the last analysis, we are free human beings. God does not coerce us into expressing—or even feeling—gratitude. If he did, it would have no meaning. What joy would a father get from a perfunctory "Thank you" if he got it by threatening to punish the child unless he expressed gratitude for his gift? God has made us free, so that we might use our freedom responsibly. We can grumble our way through life; or we can be sensitive to blessings that come our way and express our thankfulness to God and to the human beings whom he uses as his channels.

"I will give thanks to the Lord with my whole heart," the psalmist declared. What is my attitude at this Thanksgiving season? ■ ■

LISTEN, HENRY!

A woman in the back seat of a car was haranguing her husband who sat behind the wheel. "And furthermore, Henry," she finished, "when we are driving, it is not necessary for you to preface every remark you make with 'Pilot to Navigator.'"

—Wall Street Journal



The Man Who Couldn't Cry

By Kermit Shelby

YOU folks who have stagecoach travel live in the easy age. It wasn't easy when we crossed the plains in covered wagons with the gold rush of '49. I'm Harve Dugan. I was wagon team captain. I superintended the sick, arranged funerals when we had another fever victim. Letty Weston and her baby had died back on the trail, half a day's travel. Her husband Carl wouldn't leave Letty's grave. So I had to ride back to talk some sense into Carl.

It wasn't an easy task. Carl was sensible as the next man, in most things. He acted different when Letty and the baby died. He never shed a tear. His face looked like a

piece of stone. Just sat down by their graves and wouldn't talk, wouldn't listen, wouldn't leave.

We thought if we would leave Carl alone with his grief that after a while he would join us. The stars were shining when I finally rode back to find him. He was lying down beside the new grave. (We had buried mother and child together.) When he heard me he raised his head, reaching for his revolver.

"It's me, Carl. Harve Dugan." I tied my horse to a tree, trying to act casual. "We saved you some supper."

He sighed and refused to look at me.

His grief was all sealed up inside him—and then he met Bud

"Letty's gone, Carl," I said. "Your baby boy's gone. Too bad. But that's the way it is. You can't help by staying here. You've got to go on living and doing things."

I might as well have been talking to a post. He looked at me, dry-eyed, when I shined my lantern on him. He still hadn't cried. It was all sealed up inside him, his grief.

His wagon and horses were nearby. I went over and looked in his provision box. I found bacon, coffee, got a fire started. But when I carried the food to him, Carl slapped it from my hand.

I'm not a patient man. I hit him, hard. We went rolling on the grass. I had eaten two meals since Carl had. I was stronger. I got my knee in his chest. I held him still.

"Listen to me, Carl," I said. "Your wife and baby are dead but you've got a job to do." I could feel his breath on my cheek, hot with hate. "What job?"

"Living is a job. A big job—if you go about it right." I was trying to sell belief to a man who didn't want any.

He rolled over and a long dry sob escaped him. He didn't cry tears, though. "Letty said, 'Don't cry for me, Carl.' Those were her last words to me." He looked toward the stars. "I wish to God I could cry. It's in here." He beat his chest in a frenzy of grief. "Why *can't* I cry, Harve? I want to."

"I don't know," I said. "Sometimes God denies us what we think we

need most. Why don't you ask God, Carl?"

He sat up, looking beaten. His shoulders sagged. "If Letty hadn't caught the fever," he said, "the baby boy would have lived. It was born dead. She wouldn't have caught the fever if she hadn't gone to wait on Ivy Simms."

A bitter young voice came to us from just beyond the campfire. Carl and I had been so busy with the fight we hadn't noticed this twelve-year-old boy until he stepped forward. He had been crying, I could see by the campfire. His eyes were red.

"If you and pa hadn't had that fight," the boy said to Carl, "ma would be alive now. She caught the fever after we left this wagon train and took up with that other group of wagons. And the fault was your fight. It started over strayed cattle."

Carl stared at the boy, not understanding. "Your ma didn't die of the fever, Son," Carl said. "Letty nursed her through it."

"A lot you know." The boy sounded scornful. "After Letty left us, cholera broke out. The wagons all ran off and left us. Pa was sick with fever and couldn't travel. Well, they're both dead now. Laying over yonder." The boy pointed. "I went to try to catch fish so we would have food, and while I was gone the Injuns came and finished both of 'em. And that's *your* fault." He glared at Carl.

Carl Weston got up from the ground, his face stricken. His hands shook as he tightened his belt. But he wasn't thinking of himself any longer, or of his own grief. "I'm sorry, Bud," he said. "Can we help? I mean—they're not buried, are they?"

"Have you ever seen white folks after Injuns get through with 'em?" The boy went hoarse, trying to keep back his sobs. "Tomahawks and scalping knives. I was scared wolves would be at 'em. I saw this campfire and came for help. Had I known it was you, I'd have faced the wolves." He started walking away proudly.

Carl ran after him. "Wait, Bud. I said I'd help. We'll take my wagon and bring them back. We can bury them beside Letty and—and the baby."

Bud looked down at the hand on his shoulder. "Ma would have felt right bad," he said, on a softer note. "Letty was good to ma. I ain't asking nothing for myself. But—I got

to keep them wolves off." He added, grudgingly. "You can come."

That was a lonely ride. The horses' harness creaking. The wagon wheels knocking. The stars looking down.

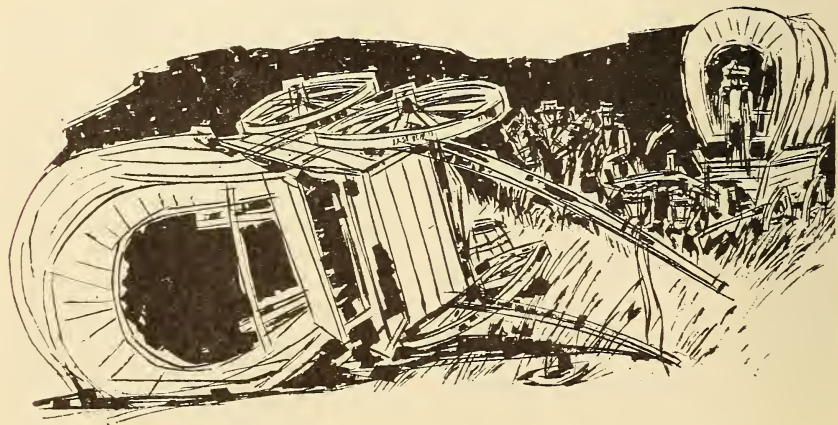
Carl was grimly silent all the way. Whatever it was he was thinking, it wasn't pretty. Maybe he was seeing what strife can lead to. Maybe he was seeing how grief makes the whole world kinfolks.

We reached the overturned wagon. What met our eyes was not a pretty sight. The Indians had raided the provision box, leaving behind their hate sign wreaked upon what had once been a man and a woman. We wrapped their bodies in a canvas and laid them in the wagon. Going back, nobody talked at all.

It was after midnight when we finished digging the two new graves. We had only two shovels. Bud said, since they were his folks, he ought to dig some, too. So we let him dig.

I said the Lord's Prayer.

Three graves now. But somehow, Letty's grave looked less lonely.



WE cooked breakfast early. While the bacon sizzled, Carl sighed like a man who has found release through hard labor. "I've been figuring, Bud," he said. "I've got this axe and there's lots of timber. A few extra hours' work and I can build a solid wall of poles around all three graves. A tall wall that will keep the wolves fenced out."

"Two of 'em are my folks," Bud said. "I aim to help." He quickly added, "After the work's over, though, I shore won't be bothering you anymore."

Carl stacked the plates grimly. "If that's the way you want it, Bud," he said.

I rode back to tell the wagon train to lay over one more day so Carl and Bud could join us.

The next day, just before sundown, Carl and Bud came riding into camp. They both looked older. Quieter. It wasn't just that they were bone tired. Something had happened. They appeared to be good friends now.

"I'm going to drive Carl's mules to California, Harve," Bud told me, sniffing the browning buffalo hump on the fire. "Carl said I could. That'll leave Carl free to herd cattle."

I saw, right away, our wagon team had gained a man. Later, after the boy was asleep, I said to Carl, "How did you two manage?"

Carl grinned sheepishly. "At first he wouldn't have a thing to do with

me. But after we got the wall built and started to leave the graves—well, Bud took the sniffles. He was ashamed of his tears. Thought it wasn't manly, maybe. I said, 'Bud, I wish to God I could cry like that.' I told him how it was with me. This dry, hard thing inside. I sort of beat at my chest with one fist and dropped the other hand on his head. Well, sir, that did something to the boy. He turned and buried his head on my chest. Cried like a baby. And hearing him cry did something to me. I wanted to say something. But death is death. There's nothing you can say. But you can feel a lot. I hung on to Bud and something broke inside me. We had this crying jag together. 'Bud,' I said, 'try not to hate me.'

"Bud stopped crying. 'I was ashamed for cryin', he said. 'You was ashamed because you *couldn't* cry.' He looked at me and stuck out his hand like a man. 'Let's promise our dead folks we won't hate each other anymore.' So we shook hands on it. And it was as if our dead folks heard us."

Carl sat watching the dying campfire, biting on his pipe stem. "Bud and I are more than friends," he told me. "You know how bad I wanted a son. When Letty was going, I prayed to the Lord to save my son, if he couldn't save Letty. He didn't save *that* boy, but He sent me a son just the same. A son named Bud."



A man of the world reaches middle age when he becomes fat around the equator and bald at the north pole.

—Harold Lawrence Taylor

The Quiet Mind

By Herbert Beecher Hudnut

READ Psalm 46 and you are transported to a high mountain, to a rare atmosphere, and to a vision of far horizons. "God is our refuge and strength . . . The Lord of hosts is with us . . . Be still, and know. . ."

How many thousands have been steadied in time of stress by these words! How many strengthened in time of weakness! How many quieted in times of confusion and uproar!

There are psalms that go dancing and singing on their way, light and fanciful, like Psalm 100, saying, "Make a joyful noise to the Lord," or Psalm 150 which says, "Let everything that breathes praise the Lord!" There are psalms that are the outpouring of grief or contrition like Psalm 102, "Do not hide thy face from me in the day of distress!", or Psalm 51, with its plea, "Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity. . . ." Again there are psalms like Psalm 46 which seem to speak immediately to our need for sustaining power and reassuring love. God is the refuge of his people in all generations; yesterday for our forefathers, today for us, tomorrow for our children's children!

A story is told that the favorite

prayer of a saintly old minister was just the repetition of the word "God." He prayed, "God . . . God . . . God," over and over again, and the peace of God would invade his life. In the pursuit of the quiet mind perhaps we need to learn the formula Psalm 46 teaches; we need to follow this reverent and unusual use of God's name.

"God is Our Refuge and Strength"

Search the English language and the books of the philosophers and theologians and we could not find a better definition of God than in the word of this psalmist who makes a positive statement based on intuitive truth. How did he learn that he was speaking truly? How do we know that he spoke the truth? "We know in whom we have believed and are confident!" How did Paul later come to his oft-quoted belief and confidence?

There are those who want to know why we are confident of our trust in these words. They are the intellectuals who are not content to play Scrabble in English but must play it in Latin! They are the practical ones who are not content to see a

glorious old maple tree but must know how many board feet of lumber can be taken from it. They are the social scientists who do not see a sunset but only the particles of dust in the atmosphere. They are the skeptics who are not sure that two plus two equals four. They are the masses whose minds have been enslaved by communist terror. Very well, we must deal with them gently. They have every right to their questionings. While it is easy for us to say, "God is our refuge and strength," it is difficult for the cynic.

How did we come at our belief? How did we win such confidence? Some through struggle. "Can a man by searching find out God?" Some through flight. The Prodigal Son had to go to a far country and descend to the depths of degradation before he finally came to himself and discovered how much the Father meant to him. Francis Thompson in his poem, "The Hound of Heaven," speaks of the man who tried desperately to escape from God's loving concern and care, but found it impossible. Some come to their belief through penitence. David said, "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." And some come to know God in earthquake times when the patterns of society are being changed, when the very foundations are being rebuilt, as Luther did, basing his well-known hymn on this psalm:

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing,
Our Helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing."

As men meditate on their certainty of God and their security in God, they discover in many instances this strange fact: that they did not initiate the search, that they were found of God, that the discovery was his, that the originator of the search was God himself. True, as Augustine said, "Our hearts are restless until they find their rest in thee." But our restlessness did not lead us to God. It was an obstacle to our search, for God came seeking us instead and he found us. Then we relaxed in him; we were enveloped by his love; we were included in his family; we were assured of his protection.

"God is our refuge and strength." This is not a mathematical proposition nor a problem in logic. This is not a coldly calculated formula. This is rather clear-cut insight and perceptive truth. It comes as the light that struck down Paul. It comes as the birth of a great symphony in the mind of Beethoven. It comes as the inspiration for Leonardo da Vinci's painting, *The Last Supper*. And once it comes, man is never free from its memory and haunting melody. He recognizes it as sublime truth, frescoed by eternity. How do we know that God is and that he is the rewarder of those that seek him? We know it because "we love the stars too fondly to be afraid of the night," because our Lord Jesus Christ revealed this faith as truth, because this faith in action is the mightiest force in the world, transforming lives and building the kingdom of Heaven. This is the psalm of triumphant faith. "God is our refuge and strength." Hosanna! Hallelujah! Praise God!

"Be Still, and Know that I am God"

Over our restlessness—His rest; over our weakness—His strength; over our perversity—His steadfastness; over our clamor—His calm; over our noisiness—His quiet. The psalmist cries, "Be still!" And we quiet our fears and doubts and questionings. "Be still!" And we stop and listen. "Be still!" And this tells us to have done with so much arrogant shouting, so much talk about trivia and so much mouthing of platitudes. "Be still," so that for the good of our souls we may concentrate on God's presence, be assured by certain knowledge that he is our comrade, and rest in his everlasting promises. "Be still," for we are by no means the center of the universe, God is. In spite of atheistic propaganda, materialistic fictions, secularistic fallacies, God is "from everlasting to everlasting."

In order to appreciate this, we must be still. We must cultivate the quiet mind as did our Lord. This and this alone will eliminate the discords in life and bring to our hearts the peace that passeth understanding. Robert Louis Stevenson's prayer for the quiet mind is one of the most satisfying ever written:

Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends. Soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribula-

tion, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving to one another.

Did you ever stop to think what little chance God has with your life—when you are querulous, garrulous, fearful, petulant, boastful, prideful, egotistical, argumentative, prejudiced? He simply cannot get through to you. These moods block Him out completely. He stands at the door and knocks, but there is such an unconscionable din that He cannot be heard. He never forces His way. There you are, needing Him above everything else, and there He is, wanting to come into your life to cleanse you and make you whole, and there is your stubborn refusal, your hasty temper, your clamant wilfulness, your unwillingness to be still and know. And yet—the wonder of it all is that He is never discouraged. He never turns from the door of your life disheartened, for He knows what is in man, for He created man. He knows that "in quietness and in confidence" man—you and I—may yet come to ourselves, even as Elijah did in the cave, and hear in the silence "a sound of gentle stillness"—His voice speaking as friend to friend.

Let us be grateful for Psalm 46. Let us treasure its beautiful thoughts that wing their way so gently into our hearts. "God is our refuge and strength . . . Be still and know that I am God." ■ ■

Living in the past has one thing in its favor. It's cheaper.—Grit



Immanuel — God with Us

By Lois Horton Young

THERE it was—a department store window—all heavenly blue and white, banked with spun-glass clouds through which twinkled lovely lights. Five graceful white angels, wings poised, bent in adoration, and in the hands of each was a slim white candle, lighted. Every line, every attitude focused attention on the baby lying on the white hay. Here, *here*, was and *is* the center of Christmas, its reason for being, its beauty, its eternity—a Babe, Immanuel, God with us! An unknown artist had created this beauty to point all passers-by to the meaning of Christmas.

We watched the shoppers. Most

of them were in a tremendous hurry, bent on some errand which would not wait, not even for the moment it would take to stop, and look, and think. Some missed seeing the window altogether, but stopped to look at the ties, smoking jackets and robes in the next window. A few glanced casually at the blue and white window and hurried quickly by; a very few stopped, attention riveted, murmuring in wonder, "How beautiful!" and, to the children with them, "See! The Baby! *This* is Christmas!"

Christmas is for stopping and looking: it is for appreciating and worshipping. And many, many artists and just plain everyday people have

placed within our reach a thousand lovely traditions which point to the meaning of Christmas—Immanuel, God with us!

The Music

The music of Christmas comes to us through the devotion, the skill, the dedication of the composers who have brought it into being. For hundreds of years, as men have been gripped by the fact of God, incarnate, come to dwell among men, they have given expression to great ideas and feelings about Christ's birth, setting these to music.

This music is a part of our Christmas heritage to be claimed. And so we joyously sing the carols in our churches and homes. We can listen to them, too, on good recordings, radio, and television. We can deepen our appreciation by finding out where the carols came from and how they came to be written. We can listen to *The Messiah*, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, Berlioz' *L'Enfance du Christ*, Bach's *Magnificat* and his *Christmas Oratorio*. A *Ceremony of Carole* by Benjamin Britten begins with an ancient plainsong and moves through seven carols, setting medieval words to music accompanied by the harp.

This music, like the lovely window, has been "passed by" without the notice of the hurrying people—perhaps ourselves! Perhaps we have stopped instead to listen to *Rudolph*, *the Red-Nosed Reindeer* or *All I Want for Christmas*. . . . Shall we not claim for ourselves the music which points to the meaning of Christmas—Immanuel, God with us?

The Art Media

Too, we have passed by unnoticed much of the great heritage of Christmas art that is ours for the looking. (*The World's Great Madonnas*, Cynthia Pearl Maus, Harper, 1947, \$5.95, presents a wealth of material on our Christmas heritage in art, literature and music.) We have been satisfied with ourselves at such minimum requirements as the recognition of Raphael's *Sistine Madonna*, Lerolle's *Arrival of the Shepherds* and Corregio's *Holy Night*. But have we taken time to place such a picture where we can see it again and again in good light, in a setting that brings out its beauty, with time also to consider its meaning, its source? Have we encouraged parents and children to place a good copy of such a picture on a low table in the lamp-light, or over the mantel or buffet in a simple arrangement of candles and greens?

And what of *The Madonna of the Grotto* by Karl Muller, *Madonna in Bone Lace* by Mrs. Grela Sandburg, *The Nativity* by William R. Jack, *The Worship of the Magi* by Burne-Jones, *The Madonna of the Moon-Gate* by Ch'en, *The Madonna and Child* by Catinich? Are even these names strange to our ears, or do they call up mental pictures of something lovely and familiar, created in stained glass, oils, water colors, stone, thread? To know these interpretations of the fact of Christmas is to appreciate more deeply what Christmas means, not only to us where we live, but to people of other places and times. To know these is to discover a truth etched clearly for all

to see in the past, the present, the future, in the Orient, in the Isles, in the vastness of faraway places, in busy cities or lonely countryside—Immanuel—God with us!

The Traditions

From all these faraway places, brought near in our modern "one world," where things are far away only in space and idea but not in time and actuality, come Christmas traditions to enrich our festival of Christ's birth. As we appropriate such traditions for our own hearts, in our churches and homes, we gain a deeper understanding of what Christ's coming means. We experience in reality peace on earth, good will among men, as we bow together with peoples of other nations at the feet of the Child.

The *Christmas tree*, the wreaths of green, what significance do we give these customs, brought to us from Europe? Younger children can recognize in the star at the top of the tree a reminder of the star which led wise men to Bethlehem. Older children can appreciate the symbolism of the tree's greenness, and can make and choose decorations which carry out such significant Christian ideas as world friendship and sharing with others. Every custom which we appropriate as we celebrate Christ's birth should be given a Christian context and used to develop our thinking about the true meaning of this holy day.

A log, a horizontal wreath, or an Advent star may be used to hold four *Advent candles*, one to be lighted each Sunday of Advent. Or

you may choose the graceful Swedish candles with shining cherubs moving in the warmth of the candles' glow to herald the birth of the Christ by their tiny horns and twinkling bells. Also appropriate would be the use of a menorah, holding eight candles and a Shamos (refers to the "helper" candle used to light the other candles of the menorah) light. The center candle would be lighted first, lighting from it one additional candle for each Advent Sunday and each midweek. Gift shops carry menorahs beautifully enameled on copper, made in Israeli, but inexpensive pieces can be purchased from the five-and-ten.

The use of Advent candles as a worship center at home or at church, or at the center of the dining table is a beautiful tradition symbolizing the coming of the Light of the World. Songs and Scripture may be used with the lighting of the candles, as we think about "the true light that . . . was coming into the world" (Jn. 1:1-9) when God came in Christ to dwell among men.

Many families are using the Advent calendar throughout the Christmas season, but to many others this tradition is still unknown. This custom, a heritage from Germany, shows, as little doors are opened each day, the happy preparations for Christmas. On Christmas Eve the greatest moment of all comes as children open the doors to show the manger with the baby. Do your families know this tradition? Why not introduce it to them by making a generous supply of Advent calendars available for them this year? (Order from Whittemore Associates,

16 Ashburton Place, Boston 8, Mass.
Cost: 60 cents.)

From Italy and France comes the tradition of the *Nativity scene* which dramatizes before our eyes the Christmas story. No home or church school department should be without its little crèche or presepio. For children, choose figures they can touch and handle without fear of breakage.

In some communities life-size Nativity scenes are set up outdoors or in the foyer of the church where people can freely come and go. Youth groups are undertaking the project of providing a live manger scene, with the youth themselves taking the parts and real sheep, donkey or other animals contributing to the picture. In no way can the Christmas story become more vivid than to participate in or to see a dramatic production of it, no matter how simple.

If we are too busy with *things* to claim our heritage of Christmas tradition for our churches and our homes, we are *too* busy!

Christmas is for stopping and looking . . . it is for appreciating and worshipping.

The Sharing

Gift-giving has become such a popular custom at Christmas that its Christian significance has been almost completely lost. Can we restore this in the Christian community by courageously educating the people of our fellowship to give creatively in the spirit of Immanuel, God with us?

The CARE package, the white gifts, the mitten tree, the giving in service or material things for which

we want no return, the giving of things made with our own hands, the gifts which bring to others not just thoughts of ourselves but thoughts of God—this kind of giving is in keeping with the real meaning of Christmas.

Have you ever talked with children or their parents about what makes Christmas giving *real*? Have we helped them to see practical ways of applying the meaning of Christmas to all their giving of gifts or have we side-stepped this responsibility, and, by so doing, encouraged gift-giving to be something apart from the churches' influence? Have we dared to speak against the tremendous pagan forces which capitalize on this Christmas tradition and to re-educate our people to a different standard?

We need to help people to make their giving at Christmas a more spiritual and less materialistic experience. This is definitely the responsibility of Christian teachers, leaders and parents. We have allowed commercialization to rob us of some of our rightful Christian heritage of the exceedingly joyous creative Christmas giving.

Here we are—back again to the window—all heavenly blue and white, all focused on the center of Christmas, its reason for being, its beauty, its eternity—a Babe, Immanuel, God with us. Let us pause and look, let us wait and listen, let us ponder and worship. Let us claim every tradition which will enrich for us and for others the meaning of Christmas!



Spark of Glory

By Rip Lynnfield

VISITORS found Washington depressing that bleak November of 1861. For a somber mood had spread over the usually gay city: the news had come of the twin Union disasters of Bull Run and Wilson's Creek. Defeat brought a quick disillusionment to the dream of a three months' war.

Sad people roamed Washington's streets that fall: heart-stricken mothers looking for lost sons; veterans, knowing that soon they would be going back to that terrible holocaust called "the front"; scared young recruits eying the maimed and limping amputee cases; and a tall troubled man called "The Rail Splitter." Somehow, somehow, these people would have to be rallied if the North were to win the war and unite a divided and torn nation.

That same November, a slim, dark-haired poetess tossed and turned in her bed one night in Washington's Willard Hotel. Restlessly, she listened to the tread of soldiers marching in the street below.

On that November night, just one hundred years ago, haunting visions disturbed and deeply upset her peace of mind.

One was, as she later remarked, the ugly sign "of an agency for embalming and forwarding the bodies of those who had fallen. . . ." Another, the heart-wrenching sight of President Lincoln, "laboring at this time under a terrible pressure of doubt and anxiety."

Her most recent living nightmare had been a grand Union review that very afternoon which went awry—broken up by raiding Southern troops. As her party scurried back to Washington's safety, she had rallied the advancing Federal troops by singing to them. One song, a hymn, was especially in popular demand but somehow the words appeared crude and unfitting. Her minister, who was also present, suggested that she write appropriate words to the song.

Now, in the cold and darkness of that Washington hotel, she suddenly felt inspired. Rising from her bed, she wrote quickly and effortlessly, scrawling the words "almost without looking at the paper."

The words were later published in *The Atlantic Monthly* and Union regiments were soon marching into battle singing the new hymn, their faith renewed, their purpose reavowed. And a heartsick U.S. President, his clear blue eyes shining with a new light and vigor, proclaimed it "the best I ever heard."

(Do you know the name of this famous American and the stirring poem she authored? See page 65 for the answer.)

What We Believe About Man

By Samuel DeWitt Proctor

A FRIEND of mine says, jokingly, "Everything that I really want to do is either illegal, immoral or fattening." This remark, however facetious it may be, is a reflection of something profoundly true about man. In spite of his lofty ideals, his noble designs, his high aspirations, he finds himself so often helplessly grounded morally. Thus, it is little wonder that here in 1961, with space exploration and moon-bound launchings high on the agenda, there is interspersed in the same daily news items about mobs beating students for seeking constitutional rights, college boys bribed to "fix" games and major industries indicted for illegal price manipulations.

One could point out that it may be better for us to leave the moon alone until we have learned to live better here on earth, but there may be good and sufficient scientific motives for space probing in spite of our moral failure on this planet.

There are some who would argue that even though there is much yet to be desired, man has gone a long way toward perfection. After all, the point may be pressed, the slave

traffic is over, opium has not been legalized, the treatment of women and children has changed for the better, every year new countries are given freedom that were for years under colonial management, and we are mindful of human needs all over the world more than we ever were before. So, it may be argued, given another two thousand years and we will overcome the few remaining barriers to Paradise.

But, it is not strange that at the very moment that this doctrine was preached most fervently we were actually standing on the threshold of World War III! Even today, with all of our skill and knowledge, four out of five persons in the world have never had what we consider to be a balanced meal. And, after centuries of "benevolent and protective" colonialism, only 8,000,000 of Africa's 25,000,000 children attend any kind of school today.

Indeed, there are some solid moral accomplishments, but on the broad social front, we are faced still with gigantic problems of race, war, illiteracy, hunger and disease, which call for more nobility than we can

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find; and on the basis of the rise in alcoholism, crime and divorce, man does not look divine yet!

At the heart of the matter lies those Seven Deadly Sins that Dante described more than 650 years ago: Pride, Envy, Wrath, Acedia, Avarice, Gluttony and Lust. The strange sounding one in the list, *Acedia*, is perhaps the key one, spiritual and moral lethargy.

But, one may wonder, is man capable of perfection? Can he do any better? What holds him back? In terms of orthodox biblical thought forms, our sin is our inheritance from our common ancestors, Adam and Eve. By now, of course, most of us understand that Adam and Eve are really names given to personifications of man as a creature of God, and their conduct is really typical of the conduct of men generally—disobedience to God and resistance to the divine will.

Perhaps it would be better to describe man as a biological, social, psychological and spiritual being and see what light this throws upon the problem.

Man As a Biological Creature

Look at your fingernails and look at the claws of other animals. Here is one clue to our basic kinship with the wild beasts of the field. We are a part of the animal kingdom and we are subject to the same compelling laws of survival. There is buried in our breasts the same capacity for fighting and self-preservation that we find in the snake, the lion or the wolf. We will destroy rather than be destroyed. Consider further the

fact that a dog was sent into space before a man was sent, and open-heart surgery was done on dogs and monkeys first. This is because surgeons can learn much about human reactions to space flight and heart surgery by what happens to monkeys and dogs under the same circumstances. Now, this does not mean that man "descended" from the ape or the dog. It does mean that whatever the creative process was it included both dogs and man, and we are biologically related to the animals.

Therefore, man has this to reckon with, his survival urges, and regardless of his sophistication, this breaks through his thin veneer of decency. Most of the problems of sex originate with the basic, biological nature of man.

Man As a Social Creature

Come next and see that man is also a gregarious animal, a social being who does not like to be alone. He organizes lodges, fraternities, clubs, churches and social classes. Here he nurtures this fellow-feeling. He is quick to distinguish the "we" group from the "they" group, and to erect walls of prejudice. Add this to his biological urges and you have the makings of something tremendously worthwhile or dangerously brutal. This in itself cannot be called "bad," but it is capable of causing race riots, wars, economic discrimination and the effort to eliminate a whole people like the Jews under Hitler. This sociability is also a potential instrument of love, concern and mutual helpfulness.

Man As a Psychological Creature

A discussion of man on this level could lead to complications, so let us limit our remarks by saying that man is unique because he can think about his thoughts. He is reflective and, because he possesses language, he can control ideas. In other words, man is capable of doing good deeds for bad reasons. He can postpone vengeance. He can pretend and deceive.

This selfhood that grows as a result of our interaction with other selves can be manipulated. This personality can be altered temporarily or permanently. We have learned that man can maneuver himself and does!

So, in addition to two basic, simple necessities, the need for biological and social fulfillment, man is burdened further with psychological genius, a kind of selfhood, personality, privacy that individuates him, gives him his own identification. And this face does not always represent the facts.

This is perhaps the biggest hurdle.

For here is the capacity for deceit, for declaring that white is black and black is white. And this is man's biggest problem, seeing himself as he really is, a mean little fellow in revolt against a loving, great God.

Man As a Spiritual Creature

This brings us to the crux of the matter. God has not left us as mere animals; he has breathed into us a living soul. We are, above all else, creatures equipped for fellowship with him. This is why we have not been content to ignore each other's sufferings. This is the basis for that strange feeling that we were meant for something better. Some call it conscience, but we call it our eternal soul. And when this inner personhood has found its home in God, all of these other qualities, powers and urges are redirected, salvaged, made whole. And, in terms of Christianity, we are saved.

This is the work of Christ in history, to serve as our guide and to be our power in finding this wonderful spiritual integration. ■ ■

Why I Am a Christian

THIS MONTH'S PRIZE WINNERS

The winner of this month's first prize is SA Thomas G. Law, USS *Cimarron* (AO-22), First Division, Second Section, FPO, San Francisco, Calif. This was the only prize presented. Seaman Law's essay is thoughtful and well-written and we are happy to present it to you, our readers. The contest is about over and we appreciate the many, many wonderful essays we have received on "Why I Am a Christian."

Why I Am a Christian

WHEN I came to Christ, I did not come only to embrace a great idea or concept. I came to embrace a person, the man called Christ Jesus. I know that I am one of his followers for I am aware of his presence.

In order to become a Christian you must know Christ as a person, for Jesus said, "I am the way and the truth and the life" (Jn. 14:6). He offers you the forces of his own spirit. If you are to become a Christian, you must have someone to turn to.

Another reason that I am a Christian is that I feel the need of worshipping God and I find the most acceptable worship in the Christian church. I attend church every Sunday wherever possible. I am now on my way to Japan where I will find out the ways of a strange people and discover their religious customs. I feel that this will make me an even better Christian, for I will be able to compare Christianity with another religion and I am sure that I will continue to see that Christ is the light of the world.

I am a Christian because I believe in the healing Christ. Christ the great healer has moved men to become doctors, to heal the sick, to establish hospitals. Through Christ, modern Christians are healing humanity's hurts.

I believe in Christ for he is able to help me think wholesome, pure, true thoughts. He enables me to push the bad thoughts from my mind and think of the good. Out goes hate, revenge, and in comes love and forgiveness.

In Acts 10:38 Peter says, "God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with power . . . he went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed by the devil. . . ." This is the way it is with people who believe in Christ.

I believe in Christ because from him I secure life—now and hereafter. When my time comes to enter eternity, I believe I will join Christ. When I see him, I want to feel that I have done everything possible to serve him while here on earth. To me to know Christ is the greatest possible treasure on this earth.

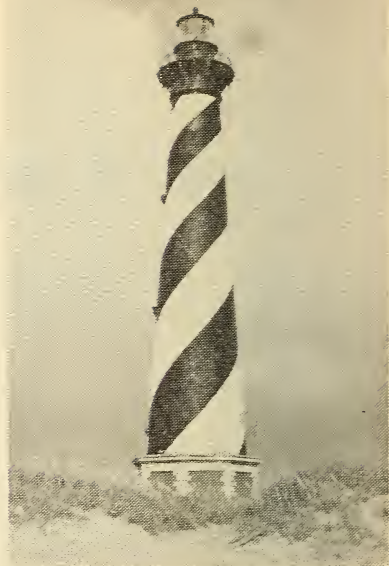
Two things everyone must learn to do: First, become a Christian by believing in Christ; second, follow Christ wherever he leads. These are the roads to true peace and security.

—S A Thomas G. Law

Seamen Can Thank

John Smeaton

By Vincent Edwards



Cape Hatteras Lighthouse. Tallest light tower in the U.S. It is 193 feet high. It shows flashing white light every fifteen seconds.

TWO hundred years ago a sailor's job was far more dangerous than it is today. In those times it was not uncommon for a ship to return from far places, carrying a precious cargo, and then break up on some death-dealing reef, right in sight of the home port.

The cause was quite obvious. Men had not yet learned to build strong, sturdy lighthouses along the varied coasts of any country.

It was John Smeaton, the great English engineer, who changed all this. He was the first to design a lighthouse that withstood the sea's angriest fury. The stalwart, tapering tower that he erected in 1756 on Eddystone Reef off Plymouth Harbor became a model for an endless succession of lighthouse builders.

Who was John Smeaton, and how did he get his start? Outside of a tremendous fascination with machinery, his boyhood at Leeds ap-

pears to have been no different than that of most young lads. He must have liked to fool around with tools. By the time he was fifteen, he had made a complete turning lathe for himself.

After finishing school, he did not stay sidetracked long in his father's law office, since the lure of mechanics grew irresistible. He became an instrument-maker's apprentice and learned the trade so well that he later went into business for himself.

As time passed, he succeeded in making a number of instruments that had long been needed by astronomers and navigators. His reputation was such that learned members of the Royal Society listened closely whenever he came to

read aloud papers on his own remarkable experiments.

Those papers probably gave prominent Englishmen an idea. They were well aware that John Smeaton was one of their greatest engineers. Wasn't he on intimate terms with all the great builders of his age? All this was true. Then, why wasn't he the man to build the new Eddystone Lighthouse?

When John Smeaton was given this commission, he knew he faced no easy engineering undertaking. Twice the Eddystone Light had gone down, a sad lesson in catastrophe. The first lighthouse, an imposing wooden structure with balconies and baywindows, had been swept away by the ruthless sea, and Henry Winstanley, the designer, and all the keepers had been carried to their deaths. The second structure, also of wood and planned by John Rudyard, had fared no better when it was razed by fire and one of the keepers had been killed by molten lead from the roof which fell in his open mouth as he gazed upward.

As Smeaton studied his problem, one thing stood clear—to build another lighthouse of wood was only to invite disaster. But if stone were used, what shape should it be? What type of structure could be put up that would stand through the worst rages of wind and ocean?

THE engineer had these matters on his mind when, one day, he took a stroll through the woods. There an oak caught his eye. Towering to the sky, its stout, tapering trunk supported an immense weight

of leaves and branches. It furnished the answer to the question he had long been asking.

John Smeaton took no chances of any part of the new lighthouse being weak and insecure. The great, wide base was firmly anchored to the rocky reef by means of wedges of wood and iron. From the bottom the stone tower, built in the form of a cylinder, narrowed as it climbed toward the sky. In order that the whole structure should present one solid mass of granite to the sea's fury, the stones were dovetailed into each other.

And how did it stand? Was it a match for all the angry moods of the sea? For answer, it seems a pity no seaman of those days is still around to tell of how many times he saw Eddystone Light blink its friendly message to his ship. John Smeaton's landmark stood for one hundred and twenty years. When it was finally taken down, it was not because it had been hopelessly weakened by the ravages of wind and water, but because England's lighthouse commission, the Brothers of Trinity, decided it was time it should be replaced by a larger tower.

Its famous builder put up many important structures after that—bridges at Perth and Banff and Coldstream, the North Bridge at Edinburgh and the Forth and Clyde Canal. But of all his works, the Eddystone Light must have been closest to his heart. In the Eddystone Lighthouse, John Smeaton gave the world a design and symbol of safety for which he can never be repaid.

■ ■

Conversation

WITH A

MOUSE

By
Arnold Porter



Randolph's Religious Background

OUR conversation with Randolph was brief this month. He was off on another trip. He is actually very seldom in the chapel. He claims to be a chapel mouse with the proper duty specification and all that but really his duty habits and general character are such that he cannot in any way be compared to those competent, dedicated men who work in chapels alongside the chaplain.

We try with Randolph and he tries too (he says), but so far neither one of us has succeeded.

"Randolph, you've got to stay in the area a little more and come to chapel often."

"I should?"

"Of course, you should. After all

you are a chapel mouse, aren't you?"

"Of course I am."

"Well, now, Randolph, doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"The pay is really very, very small, chaplain!"

"That's true, Randolph, but your religious motive should give you some satisfaction."

"It should?"

"Yes, if you have any. Just what is your religious background anyway?"

"Well, it's hard to say, really. My father-in-law is a Moslem now. He prays three times a day."

"I thought Moslems prayed five times a day."

"My father-in-law is a lazy bum.

Why, only last week . . .”

“Never mind him, Randolph. What about your church background?”

“I come from a strong, big, church-related family.”

“You do?”

“Oh, yes. Why I have relatives working at Travis Park Methodist, First Baptist, Central Christian and even Lackland Air Force Base.”

“What do you mean, even Lackland?”

“Lackland is beyond description, for man or mouse, but it’s worse for mouse. Think of all those big feet going ‘hup,’ ‘toop,’ ‘threep,’ ‘forp.’ They’re dangerous.”

“It’s debatable, I think, but why are all your relatives in the larger churches?”

“We have a saying in our family ‘the bigger the church, the bigger the crumbs.’ But not all my relatives are in the bigger churches. In fact I had two cousins who lost their lives in the service of the chapel center at Randolph Air Force Base.”

“How did that happen?”

“One of them got caught in the folding doors.”

“What about the other one?”

“He was ground up in the air conditioner.”

“Would you say, Randolph, that they were heroic or just a little slow?”

“They considered themselves custodians of the wine issue.”

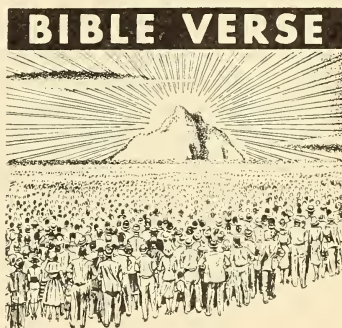
“I see. Now listen. What I want to hear about are your religious connections.”

“Oh, I have lots of connections. I know several chaplains who are colonels and several chaplain assist-

ants who are senior master sergeants, and several generals who went to Chapel at Chapel One and Chapel Two, and I know several important civilians in the San Antonio Council of Churches and. . . .”

“Well, fine, but what about your own religious background?”

“Oh, I have one all right! It’s a real fine background. The trouble is, I suppose, it’s mainly in the background.” ■ ■



It is a good thing to give thanks
unto the LORD, and to sing
praises unto thy name, O most
High.
PSA. 92:1

The psalmist is indeed right—it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord. It is good because “every good and perfect gift cometh down from above.” It is good because God supplies our really basic needs. It is good because our own lives are enriched as we cultivate the thankful heart. So, give praise to the name of the Most High this Thanksgiving season—and all the year through!

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 30, 31, C. V. Tench; page 54, U. S. Coast Guard.

Let Us Pray

Merciful Father, thou hast been so good to us. Thou hast given us this nation with its broad valleys, its wide plains, its wooded hills and its tall mountains. We thank thee for America: for the pioneers who dreamed great dreams, who were not afraid of hard work, who gave their lives that they might create here a free nation. We are grateful for democracy, for government of the people, by the people, and for the people. We thank thee that thou didst implant in us all faith—faith in one another, faith in ourselves, and faith in thee, O God. May we trust thee and may we give ourselves unreservedly to maintain this nation and keep this heritage and pass it on to our children. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

Lord God, we are grateful to thee for each new day. The night steals away and the new day comes with all its wonders: with its bright-colored flowers; with the laughter of little children; with the warm friendliness of fellow travelers; with its exciting possibilities—of learning, of creative work, of comradeship. We thank thee even for the difficulties for these may be the steppingstones to finer living. We remember thy promise to be with us always so may we be aware of thee, of thy living presence, as we try to make this day the best we've ever lived. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

Almighty God, accept the deep gratitude of our hearts for Jesus Christ. We thank thee that thou didst send him to this sin-cursed earth to die for us while we were yet sinners. We thank thee for the life he lived, for the beauty he revealed, for the nobility of his spoken word, and for his endless influence upon the world. We are grateful that he shared our common life and that he went to a cross and now offers us pardon for our sins. We bless his holy name that he set up his church, the redemptive fellowship which sends forth light to a world in the darkness of sin, superstition, ignorance, and unbelief. We pledge our renewed dedication to Jesus Christ. In his holy name, *Amen.*

Father in Heaven, we thank thee that thou hast set us within a community. We are a part of a family, a part of a nation, a part of a work group, a part of a church; indeed, a part of many groups. Help us that our relationships with others shall be truly Christian. May we love and show compassion in word and deed. May we protect our fellows from undue harm. Together may we stand against evil and for the good. Forgive us for hate and prejudice and selfishness which destroy community. May thy love so penetrate our lives so that we will break down the walls that separate us from our fellows. For Jesus' sake. *Amen.*



The Link

Satellite

We view developments in the world of religion

For the Blind

A mission society of blind people organized to tell the story of Jesus Christ among their fellow blind has been started. It is the National Church Conference for the Blind, P.O. Box 6999, Fort Worth 15, Texas.

New World Council Home

Ground-breaking ceremonies were held in Geneva last June for the new headquarters building for the World Council of Churches. Episcopal Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill, Boxford, Mass., co-president of the WCC, turned over the first symbolic spadeful of earth on the exact site of the chapel in the new building. The structure will cost \$2,500,000 and is expected to be ready for occupancy in mid-1963. It will contain 250 offices in addition to housing for the WCC staff.

Magnus Cathedral Organ

The Magnus Organ Corporation, Livingston, New Jersey, has come out with a new organ called the

Magnus Cathedral. It is not a reed organ nor an electronic organ, nor merely a combination of the two—but something radically new and different. It is claimed that anyone can play this new “super-organ” in minutes without having taken a single music lesson.

“Voice of the Gospel”

A new radio station with two 100,000-watt transmitters with specially built antenna systems is being erected in Ethiopia. It will be known as the “Voice of the Gospel” and will beam programs to most of Africa, the Middle East and Southern India. The two transmitters should be in full operation by December, 1962. Several USA denominations are participating in the “Voice of the Gospel” through RAVEMCCO (Radio, Visual Education and Mass Communication Committee of the Division of Foreign Missions of NCC) and the Near East Christian Council.

Going Abroad?

Church World Service, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y., has published a new edition of *Going Abroad?* It is a guide for travelers desiring to see the relief, reconstruction, rehabilitation and interchurch aid ministries of the church in action. It lists names of CWS representatives, other contact persons, names and addresses of distributing agencies, and descriptions of overseas projects which may be visited by travelers. There is no charge for the pamphlet.

The Church Under Pressure

What is happening in and to the Orthodox Churches under Communist rule? Francis House of the WCC some time ago visited Bulgaria and Rumania and reported: "An estimated 72 per cent of Rumania's sixteen million population and 88 per cent of the seven million persons in Bulgaria belong to the Orthodox Church. . . . Practically all the churches are open. . . . Seminaries and institutions for higher theological studies continue. . . . But in both countries the Communist parties are intensifying anti-religious propaganda of many kinds. . . . The whole educational system is based on Marxist-Leninist philosophy. . . . Ministers who work against the 'democratic' institutions of the State, may be suspended from office or dismissed. . . ."

Fund Raising

Marts and Lundy, Inc., fund raisers, report that Americans give seven times as much as they gave in

1910. . . . Americans gave more than 8 billion dollars in 1960.

For Women in Group Activities

Program Notes, issued regularly every two months, is published as an aid to women's organizations seeking to maintain active interest, is available free from Lee Landis, Editor, National Association of Manufacturers, 2 East 48th St., New York 17, N.Y.

New President

New president of Japanese Christian University is Dr. Nobushige Ukai, an internationally recognized authority on constitutional and administrative law and political behavior in Japan. He is fifty-five.

Restore Dynamic Christianity

"If you poll the masses of the five continents, I'm afraid that the average person would have got the impression that communism is the great new revolutionary force. . . ." But don't forget the "Christian experiment which finds its political expression in our democratic free institutions. The Christian gospel ignited the minds of men when it began to be preached in the world, and created the revolt of the masses. We must restore the practice of Christianity as a dynamic enterprise." —Arthur Lee Kinsolving, Rector of St. James Episcopal Church, New York.

Roy Rogers and Dale Evans Honored

Bethany College, West Virginia, last June conferred the honorary degree of Humanics upon Mr. and

Mrs. Roy Rogers, noted motion picture and television entertainers and humanitarians, at the school's 120th annual commencement. The citation said in part: "You have given unstintingly, not only of your time and treasure, but of yourselves, to the end that little children might find a warm hand and comfort and friendship in a world of spiritual darkness."

Drink a Little and Drive?

During a conference on alcohol and traffic safety, Dr. John A. Carpenter said that tension, nervousness, self-criticism and other characteristics hinder task performances and are relieved by alcohol in moderation. However, Roger Burgess, Associate General Secretary of the Methodist General Board of Christian Social Concerns, takes issue with this statement. Said Burgess: "With study after study proving conclusively that even a little drinking cannot be mixed with driving, the suggestion that a nip or two might actually improve driving is ridiculous. The tendency of the drinker to drink more because his inhibitions have been released becomes a major contributing factor in the drinking and driving equation."

Armed Forces Buy National Council Films

The U.S. Air Force Chaplains Office has purchased 250 Youth Worker's Audio-Visual Kits, a packet of materials designed to recruit and train competent leadership for youth. The U.S. Army Chaplains Office has purchased 136 prints of the pre-

marital counseling films released this year—68 prints of *Before They Say I Do* and 68 prints of *I Do*. The Army Chaplain's Office has also purchased 68 prints of the current foreign mission study theme, *Household of Faith* and 68 prints of *The Long Stride*, a Church World Service Film.

How Many Are 2½ Billion?

This is the population of our world. Compressed to the size of a single city of 25,000, we would get these figures:

- 1,500 Would represent the population of the United States.
- 23,500 would represent the population of the rest of the world.
- 900 Americans would be church members.
- 600 Americans would not be church members.
- 2,000 would be believing Communists.
- 9,250 would be under Communist domination.
- 7,575 would be of the white race.
- 17,425 would be non-white.
- 1,500 Americans would have a life expectancy of 70 years. All others would have a life expectancy of 40 years.
- 1,500 Americans would have one-half the income of the population. The other 23,500 would have the other one-half.

Almost one-half of the non-American population would not be able to read or write. (These figures from Dr. Henry Smith Leiper of the World Council of Churches.)

The Link Calendar

NOVEMBER is Junior Red Cross Enrollment Month. Also throughout the month there is the March for Muscular Dystrophy to raise funds for the scientific conquest of M.D.

Nov. 1-7 is American Art Week. A feature is an art exhibit in Hot Springs, Ark.

Nov. 3 is World Community Day. Established in 1943, its purpose is to define Christian responsibility in international relations.

Nov. 5-11. American Education Week. Purpose: To acquaint the public with their schools.

Nov. 5-12. Automobile Show. Turin, Italy.

Nov. 7. General Election Day. Be sure to vote.

Nov. 10. Marine Corps Birthday. Corps established in 1775.

Nov. 11. Veterans' Day.

Nov. 12. Stewardship Day. Held annually since 1934. Designed to encourage greater giving to God in expression of our gratitude for his gifts to us.

Nov. 12-18. National Children's Book Week. Purpose: To encourage children's reading and enjoyment of good books.

Nov. 12-18. Diabetes week. Purpose: "To find an estimated 1,250,000 unknown diabetics in the United States and to educate them in the treatment and control of diabetes."

Nov. 12-18. World Fellowship Week. To emphasize world fellowship, spiritual fellowship and prayers for world peace.

Nov. 12-18. Salute to the Housewife Week. To pay tribute to the American housewife for her efforts in maintaining the traditions and status of the American family.

Nov. 13-19. Youth Appreciation Week.

Nov. 13-Dec. 31. Christmas Seal Campaign.

Nov. 15-21. Great Western Livestock Show. Los Angeles, Calif.

Nov. 17-Dec. 3. International Book Fair. Berlin, Germany.

Nov. 19. Equal Opportunity Day. Anniversary of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, 1863.

Nov. 19-25. Know Your America Week.

Nov. 19-26. Share-Our-Surplus Week. During the Thanksgiving Season the S-O-S program is highlighted with a special appeal.

Nov. 20-25. Film Festival. Manitoba Theater Center. Winnepeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Nov. 23. Thanksgiving Day.

Nov. 23-Dec. 24. Worldwide Bible Reading Program.

Study Article Helps

for Protestant Men of the Chapel, Women of the Chapel, Youth of the Chapel, Lay Leaders, or Discussion Leaders for any group.

FOUR of the articles appearing this month in THE LINK are designed not only for individual reading but also for use as program material and for discussion. The helps on this page are for discussion leaders.

1. A Trip into Theology (page 5)

Bible Material: 1 Corinthians 15:1-11

What is theology? (Comes from two Greek words: *theos*, meaning God; and *logos*, meaning word. Or a word about God. Your ideas of God.) After reading 1 Corinthians 15:1-11, what would you say is the theology of Paul as reflected in this passage? What are the ultimate questions you ask with which theology deals?

2. What We Believe About the Church (page 22)

Bible Material: Matthew 16:13-20; Ephesians 4:1-16

What is the church? What is meant when we say "the church is the body of Christ?" What is the relation of denominations (Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, etc.) to the church? Why did Jesus criticize the church in Laodicea? Who were the officers of the early church? How do you get into the church of Jesus Christ? What is the mission of the church?

3. "Thanks for Nothing" (page 35)

Bible Material: 2 Corinthians 9:10-15; Ephesians 5:19,20

Why is thankfulness an important attitude? What is wrong with the person who feels no gratitude toward anyone for anything? How can we grow in our appreciation for what God and our fellow human beings do for us? For what are you especially thankful this Thanksgiving 1961? What are the ways we can best express our thanks?

4. What We Believe About Man (page 50)

Bible Material: Psalm 8

What does the Bible say about man the sinner? Is modern man likely to go on to new heights or regress to barbarism? How does Jesus Christ help man become more godlike? How does race prejudice develop? Is it natural or is it taught? Why does man need God?

Books Are Friendly Things

The Night They Burned the Mountain

Deliver Us from Evil

The Edge of Tomorrow

All three are by Dr. Tom Dooley and are paperback Signet books published by New American Library of World Literature, Inc., 501 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Each 50 cents. Dr. Dooley died recently at the age of thirty-four but had made a tremendous contribution to the world. Former President Eisenhower wrote him: "It must be a source of gratification to realize that in so few years you have accomplished so much for the good of distant peoples and have inspired so many others to work for all humanity." In these books, Dr. Dooley tells about how he helped a half million Vietnamese refugees escape from Communism (**Deliver Us from Evil**); how he set up his jungle hospital in Laos (**The Edge of Tomorrow**); and how he struggled against cancer while healing the sick in the jungles of Asia (**The Night They Burned the Mountain**).

Anna Karenina by Leo Tolstoy. 95 cents.

Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Defoe. 50 cents.

Here are two famous classics also produced in paperback by New American Library (see address above). The Tolstoy classic is 808 pages. A lot of book for 95 cents.

In Christ by E. Stanley Jones. Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave., S., Nashville 3, Tenn. \$2.50.

Dr. Jones is one of the most renowned missionaries and religious writers in the world. In 1908 he went out as a missionary to India and from that time to this he has been proclaiming the gospel through the spoken and written word. He does not use the worn-out clichés of the past but in a fresh and vital and interesting way, deeply devotional, he sets forth the claims of Christ upon a man's life—a claim that calls for complete self-surrender.

Moments with the Master by John Lewis Sandlin. Fleming H. Revell, Westwood N.J. \$1.95.

This book is a devotional study of words significant and relevant to our sense of need. Such words as beauty, courage, faith, hope, adversity, life, love, security and the like. The meditations are poetic and refreshing. The prayers are stimulating. Indeed these are matchless moments with the Master.

Sound Off! (Continued from page 4)

Question 5. (*For every person there is only one "soul mate" in a life time.* Jane Singer says False.) The question seems to imply that no greater depth is obtained from any one marriage than any other. If this is so, then what about the virgin marriage mentioned by William Genné on page 15?

Question 6. (*Money issues are a major contributing factor to antagonisms during courtship and marriage.* Jane Singer says False.) The question and answer are both good. The trouble lies in the fact that #6 is not the answer to question 6. The question asks about issues which contribute to antagonisms, and certainly one of them can be and is money.

Question 8. (*In most happy families there is a definite authority in the household.* Jane Singer says False.) The authority of man comes from God. It is conveyed to us by the Bible in written form.

Question 9. (*It is desirable for husbands to be older than their wives.* Jane Singer says False.) The fact that "age difference between husband and wife is not a major factor in marriage adjustment" does not answer this question. The statistics I am familiar with show that in the majority of marriages the husband is the senior.

Question 10. (*"In-laws" are the basis of many family problems and divorces.* Jane Singer says False.) "In-laws" may not be directly a basis for divorce, but the proximity of "in-laws" has a definite bearing on family problems which do lead to divorce.

Question 13. (*Opposites attract each other.* Jane Singer says False.) A well-adjusted marriage is not obtained by the two parties patting each other on the back . . . Self-generation of thought, ideas and viewpoints should not be repressed in marriage.

Question 14. (*"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."* Jane Singer says False.) I prefer "absence makes the heart grow fonder of somebody else."

—Mack L. Shelton, 370 Stonehenge Circle, Mary Esther, Fla.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is only a part of Mr. Shelton's long letter. I have tried to set forth his basic disagreements with Miss Singer in more space than I usually give for this sort of thing. If any of you wish to share with him your ideas or disagree, write to him. Miss Singer is trying, as I've said before, not to give her own ideas but those of experts in this field.*)

Easily Understood

I enjoy THE LINK very much. All the articles are expressed in a manner very easy to understand. Keep up the good work.—A/lc Joe N. Kauffman, Box 595, Perrin AFB, Tex.

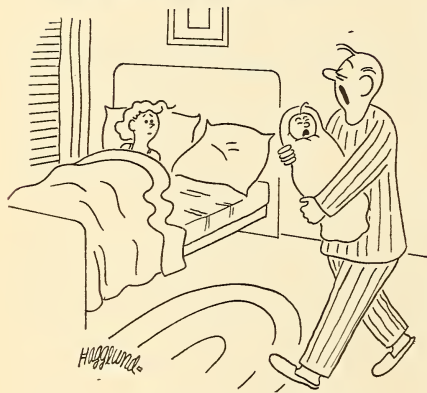
ANSWER

to

"Spark of Glory"

Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

At Ease!



“How long does it take before they learn to tell time?”

A second-grade teacher tells us that every year she pins the following note to the children's jackets: “Dear Parents—If you'll promise not to believe everything your child tells you that happens at school, I'll promise not to believe everything I hear about what happens at home.”

—Mississippi Educational Advance

The village character was standing on the street corner snapping his finger. Snap. Snap. Snap. The village wisecracker came up, watched him a while, and asked, “What are you doing snapping your finger like that?” The character replied: “Keeping elephants away!” “Keeping ele-

phants away!” shouted the wisecracker. “Why there isn't an elephant in five hundred miles!” “Works, doesn't it?” replied the character quietly.

We just heard about the husband who was asked where he had met his wife.

“I didn't meet her,” he said. “She overtook me.”

—Joe McCarthy in *American Weekly*

“I'll make a suit for you,” agreed Ben, an overworked tailor, “But it won't be ready for thirty days.”

The customer was shocked. “Thirty days!,” he protested. “Why, the good Lord only took six days to create the entire world.”

“True,” the tailor agreed, “But have you taken a good look at it lately?”

—Parade

Advertisement by a young psychiatrist: “Satisfaction guaranteed or your mania back.”

—Part Pups

“Tell me, friend,” said a sympathetic man to a panhandler, “how did you ever get yourself into such destitute circumstances?”

“Well,” replied the derelict, “When I had the world by the tail, I let go to reach for the moon.”

—Nuggets

A college boy sent a telegram home saying, “Mom! Have failed everything—prepare Pop.”

The reply came the next day, “Pop prepared—prepare yourself.”

—School Activities







