

he **LINK**

March 1964

FABULOUS WORLD'S FAIR

THE RISEN CHRIST

NO GRAVEN IMAGES!

25¢

PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL





Sunset on a Finnish Lake. Read about "Finland: Paradise for Tourists," beginning on page 26.



THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 22 • MARCH 1964 • NO. 3

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Front: Joel Chandler Harris once said: "Ez soshubble ez a baskit er kittens." Photo by David Mills—Picture File.

Back: Miguel de Cervantes was right: "Every dog has his day." Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Front: We didn't know—sunrise or sunset. You take your pick.

Inside Back: The New York Stock Exchange. A place where men make money—and lose it. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by John Crandall.

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SOUND OFF

Wants Copy at Home

I have seen and read your magazine many times, and have enjoyed it very much. I brought a copy home to my family who enjoyed it just as much as I have.

We have decided we would like to have a monthly copy in our home.

—SFC James A. Sprankle, RA 33756681, 410 E. Massachusetts Ave., Southern Pines, N.C.

No Funds

To repeat a line very familiar to you, I am sure, I do not have available funds to enter subscriptions for my ships. Therefore, is it possible to receive forty-five (45) copies of THE LINK for distribution to these ships?

I feel your magazine is diverse enough to contain an interest for any serviceman who might have access to a copy. From time to time I have been able to secure a few copies of THE LINK from shore bases and have found they disappear very rapidly aboard the three destroyers of DESDIV FORTY TWO.

—Robert E. Gordon, LT, CHC, USN, Staff, Commander Destroyer Div., Forty Two, Care Fleet Post Office, New York, N.Y.

(We are sending Chaplain Gordon the copies he asked for. Can any of you land-based chapels help us pay the bill?—Editor.)

(Continued on page 65)

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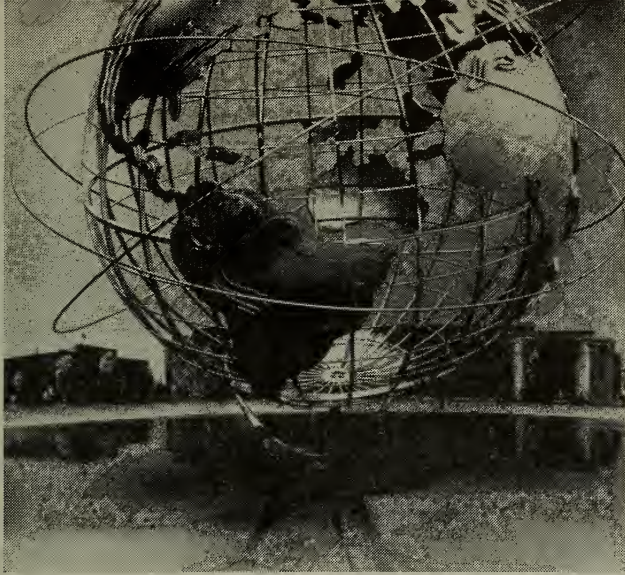
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The Unisphere, symbol of the New York 1964-1965 World's Fair, expresses the basic theme of "Peace Through Understanding." The keynoter, a contribution of the U.S. Steel Corporation, will rise thirteen stories.

New York's Fabulous World's Fair

By Aubrey B. Haines

WHEN on April 21 the New York World's Fair opens for two years at Flushing Meadow Park on Long Island, it will consist of 200 structures built upon 646 acres of land at a total cost—including new roads and all operating expenses—of nearly \$1,000,000,000! Situated on the site of the last New York World's Fair of 1939-1940, the new

Fair is divided into the Industrial Area, International Area, Federal and States Area, Lake Amusement Area, and the Transportation Area.

You may visit gleaming pavilions, wander through exotic temples and serene gardens, and tour towering fantasies of glass and steel. You may stroll picturesque promenades, view colorful fountains, and sample foods

from many parts of the globe. You may marvel at predictions of things to come as well as gaze with curiosity at re-creations of things past. You may see water shows, theatrical productions, circuses, sports events, fireworks, and hear symphony orchestras and brass bands. You may walk on a simulated landscape of the moon, laugh at circus clowns, and witness the Olympic Trials. There will be new worlds of science to explore as well as the cultures of distant lands and man's greatest accomplishments of today and dreams of tomorrow. You may dine like an Arabian potentate or an Hawaiian native, or you may feast on French delicacies or American hot dogs.

A theme center structure, called an Unisphere and presented to the Fair by the United States Steel Corporation, expresses hope for world peace through mutual understanding and pays tribute to man's achievements in an expanding space-age universe. Satellites on orbit rings circulate around the 160-foot-high steel sphere. Drifting light makes the globe seem to revolve, and pillars hidden in fountains make it appear to float in the air on feathery spray.

Eastward from the Fair's theme center, the palaces of foreign nations stand. The Exodus Pavilion, sponsored by the American-Israeli World's Fair Corporation, displays products and art of Israel. The main exhibits show the history and culture of the Jewish people in relation to the Holy Land. At booths you may buy Israeli products and taste Israeli food at a restaurant-snack bar.

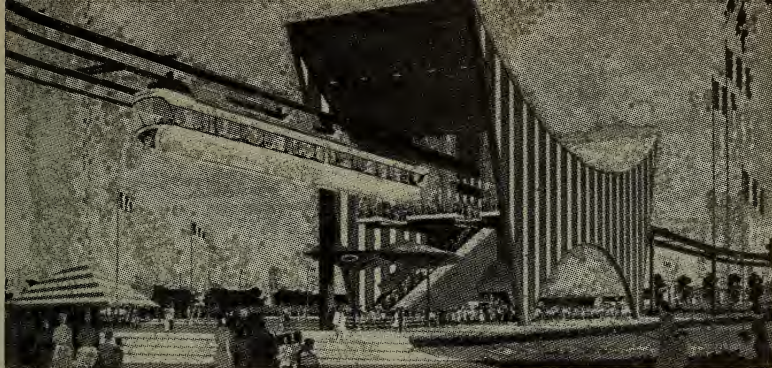
The Spanish Pavilion contains an unique cornerstone brought from the monument of Queen Isabella. With three large buildings the pavilion's emphasis is on the cultural heritage of the Spanish and the American people. Valuable paintings by Velázquez, Goya, El Greco, and Zurbarán are displayed along with paintings by Picasso and Miró. Flamenco dancers and others will appear at the 850-seat theater.

Japan has three pavilions at the Fair. The Government Pavilion, of sculptured stone, is an adaptation of a Japanese feudal castle, surrounded on three sides by a moat. The second pavilion, a steel-framed, glass-enclosed building, includes a traditional garden court. The third pavilion, the House of Japan, contains a fine Japanese restaurant, show area, *tatami* rooms, and other features of Japanese life.

The Pavilion of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan depicts Jordan as a land of sun and blue skies. The Fourteen Stations of the Cross are portrayed in stained-glass wall panels. The pavilion includes bazaar-type exhibit areas that specialize in products of the region. The famous Dead Sea Scrolls, among the greatest treasures of the world, will be on exhibit here.

Far away two central malls pause at a circular lagoon where dramatic fountains play. Around and beyond the grand fountain are grouped the industrial exhibitions.

A dramatic ten-story entrance canopy welcomes visitors to the General Motors Futurama building. Seemingly suspended, the building



The Monorail will run six two-car, 90-foot long trains carrying eighty passengers each around a closed loop in the lake amusement area of the Fair. Trains will be automatically controlled and fully air-conditioned.

houses an exciting "ride into tomorrow," which takes you for a world-wide adventure into man's potential for future progress. The gigantic building is topped by a time-and-temperature indicator that rotates eight stories aboveground. Two reflecting pools and more than five acres of landscaping surround the Futurama building, which is colorfully illuminated at night.

West of the theme center is the assemblage of the States of our Union. The \$17,000,000 Federal Pavilion has for its theme, "Challenge to Greatness." Cinerama designed and operates the second-floor combination film-and-three-dimensional exhibit that illustrates the pioneer spirit of America, its present, and its future. You enter the building via a central pyramid that leads to a courtyard.

The Port of New York Authority's Exhibit building has a heliport on the roof, to encourage traffic by air rather

er than by road. Florida presents a show that features trained porpoises, while Maryland stages the Battle of Fort McHenry and the writing of *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

Six buildings are furnished by religious groups. The Protestant Pavilion is marked by a Court of Protestant Pioneers with pillars dedicated to Christian leaders, surrounding a huge cross. A stained-glass window reflects the theme of the Protestant Center, "Christ, the Light of the World." The window is lighted artificially.

The Vatican Pavilion, surmounted by a lantern and a cross, displays the famous *Pietà* statue of Michelangelo, which was moved from St. Peter's Basilica for the first time. Other exhibits are a statue of the "Good Shepherd," an early sculpture from the Catacombs, color transparencies of the Sistine Chapel, and a reproduction of the Tomb of St. Peter.

Billy Graham's Pavilion is in the

International Area. Octagonal in shape it includes a 400-seat theater, in which a half-hour film, produced in Todd-AO, is shown. Counselors are available for personal consultations in small rooms in the pavilion. Dr. Graham plans to make a number of personal appearances both at the pavilion and in the arena.

The basic laws of science and religion and their relationship to each other constitute the theme of the Sermons from Science Pavilion.

The Monorail Ride takes passengers completely around the Lake Amusement Area. The ride is 4,000 feet long at a height of about forty feet. Automatically controlled and air-conditioned, six two-car trains travel in opposite directions. Each train carries eighty passengers and is equipped with a continuous recording which describes points of interest.

Sports come into their own in a big way when the Olympic Trials are held. The Trials are for teams to represent the United States in Tokyo later in 1964. The World's Fair

Arena, which seats 18,000 persons, is the scene of boxing, fencing, judo, gymnastics, wrestling, and weight-lifting.

Nine dinosaurs, the lizards that once ruled a swamp-and-jungle world, reign again in a corner of the Fair. Sculptor Paul Jonas recreated them life-size for the Sinclair Oil Corporation exhibit. Dinosaurs perished some 63,000,000 years ago. With their small brains and ravenous appetites they could not adjust to hard times as the climate turned colder.

When twilight creeps over the World's Fair, suddenly the Exposition shines brighter than ever, painting the sky a visual fantasia of color. People can see this from far places in New York City, from far inland, and out to sea.

Thus will be in readiness for an expected 70,000,000 visitors what Fair President Robert Moses has called "the biggest, most fascinating showcase ever conceived and constructed by the mind and hands of man."

The General Motors Futurama has a 10-story entrance canopy, and time-and-temperature indicator rotating eight stories above ground. Building houses an exciting "ride into tomorrow," for a world-wide adventure into man's potential for future progress. Five acres of landscaping and outdoor exhibits, including two reflecting pools, surround the building, which will be very colorfully illuminated at night.



The Risen Christ



The Empty Tomb.

By Wallace M. Hale

DID Christ rise from the dead, or is the story a hoax? Was he killed on a Roman cross, was he buried, and was he later seen alive proclaiming the opportunity for all men to evade the finality of death?

The best evidence we can offer about the risen Christ is that of eye-witnesses. Paul writes to the Church at Corinth:

For I delivered to you as of first importance what I also received, that Christ died for our sins in accordance with the scriptures, that he was buried, that he was raised on the third day in accordance with the scriptures, and that he appeared to Cephas, then to the twelve. Then he appeared to more than five hundred brethren at one time, most of whom are still alive, though some have fallen asleep. Then he appeared to James, then to all the apostles. Last of all, as to one untimely born, he appeared also to me (1 Cor. 15:3-8).

The power and influence of the New Testament Christians and churches cannot be understood except in the light of the undeniable evidence that Jesus rose from the dead. He was clearly identified by many who knew him. They listened to his words, conversed with him, ate with him, walked with him, and finally saw him ascend into heaven. With this factual portrayal of the risen Christ, they were assured of their inevitable conquest of death and the grave. No longer afraid and buoyed by an unquenchable faith, they crossed and recrossed the Roman Empire telling this wonderful "good news"; people listened and obeyed and went forth to tell their own story of the "good news" of the risen Lord.

The Fact of the Resurrection

A few months ago a famed Rus-

Chaplain Hale is Command Chaplain of the Second Army, Fort George G. Meade, Md.

sian physicist, Lev Landau, reported that he had been snatched back four times from "clinical death," but one of the doctors who attended him stated that actually "his heart never stopped." Modern doctors have learned how to get the heart and lungs working again after a momentary stoppage, but the elapse of only a few minutes will cause extensive damage to the brain because of the lack of blood.

There is ample proof that Jesus hung on the cross until he died. Then, because the Jewish Sabbath was approaching, and they did not want criminals hanging on the cross on this day, the soldiers assured his death by chopping a hole in his side. He was taken down from the cross and buried in the garden tomb. He was wrapped in grave clothes filled with spices. The huge stone was rolled across the door, sealed with the Roman seal and guarded by Roman soldiers. These precautions were taken because Jesus had prophesied that death could not hold him. From Friday evening before sundown until Sunday morning Jesus lay dead inside the closed rock vault.

It is no wonder that the apostles hopelessly and sadly withdrew to their lonely rooms thinking their little world had come to an end. For the moment, they thought Jesus was dead.

The local religious leaders even came to Pilate and said:

Sir, we remember how that impostor said, while he was still alive, "After three days I will rise again."

Therefore order the sepulchre to be made secure until the third day, lest his disciples go and steal him away, and tell the people "He has risen from the dead," and the last fraud will be worse than the first. Pilate said to them, "You have a guard of soldiers; go, make it as secure as you can." So they went and made the sepulchre secure by sealing the stone and setting a guard (Mt. 27:63-66).

But Matthew continues the historical account:

Now after the Sabbath, toward the dawn of the first day of the week, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went to see the sepulchre. And behold, there was a great earthquake; for an angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled back the stone, and sat upon it. His appearance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow. And for fear of him the guards trembled and became like dead men. But the angel said to the women, "Do not be afraid; for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here; for he has risen, as he said. Come, see the place where he lay. Then go quickly and tell his disciples that he has risen from the dead . . . (Mt. 28:1-7).

So—Christ Arose from the Dead

Peter summed up the implications of the fact that Jesus rose from the dead when he preached to his fellow Jews at Pentecost,

Men of Israel, hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth, a man attested to you by God with mighty works and wonders and signs which God did through him in your midst, as you yourselves know—this Jesus, delivered up according to the definite plan and

foreknowledge of God, you crucified and killed by the hands of lawless men. *But God raised him up*, having loosed the pangs of death, because it was not possible for him to be held by it (Acts 2:22-24).

Continuing in this manner, Peter hammered home the fact that they had killed the only begotten Son of God—but that He had risen and offered them pardon for their sins. “This Jesus God raised up, and of that we were all witnesses” (Acts 2:32). And,

Now when they heard this they were cut to the heart, and said to Peter and the rest of the apostles, “Brethren, what shall we do?” And Peter said to them, “Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins; and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit” (Acts 2:37-38).

He Is Risen—So, Repent and Trust Him

Into a world that had much less regard for the dignity of man than we see in even the most evil sections of our world; into areas of sin that make our most rampant beach parties look like a Sunday school picnic; and into a religious atmosphere that was laden with sexuality and bestiality, went the converted fishermen of Galilee and the “born again” tax collector Matthew. They preached the simple good news that “Christ has been raised from the dead, the first fruits of those who have fallen asleep (1 Cor. 15:20). And the greatest revolution in the history of mankind took place. Time started again and

now we divide history in two phases—BC (before Christ) and AD (year of our Lord).

In the twentieth century we have overlooked much of the dynamic of the Christian movement. Many of us who live in the midst of the church at work feel like a driver sitting at the wheel of a four-hundred horsepower automobile that travels on a broad modern skyway, at a speed of only ten miles per hour. We know the power is there but the car does not respond. When we do get up some speed the car is uncontrollable. When we travel at ten miles per hour the car snorts and spits and groans but it seems to keep its nose pointed generally in the direction of our goal. We stop at every filling station and ask the mechanic to fix it. He works on it an hour or so, hands us a bill, and we stagger back onto the highway.

We modern churchmen have conferred, convened, sought the advice of experts; in fact, we have done everything but place our complete trust in a God who has complete power over life and death, here and now, as well as in eternity. We have pulled our punches, hidden our lights under our baskets, traveled the broad highways, rather than the narrow gate and the steep mountain path. We have followed the advice of Pharaoh to the children of Israel when he authorized them to go out into the desert to worship but “not to go very far.” We like the church and want to be members but we don’t want to “go very far.” We say, “I’ll go anywhere, Lord,” and then add, “providing it suits me.”

The Modern Challenge of the Risen Christ

When Jesus rose from the dead, he proved he was God incarnate. His teachings can be trusted. His promises are true. His invitation to come to him and find rest are reasonable. Salvation is found in him and in none other. This is a hard pill for the modern American. What about Mohammed, Confucius, Buddha—and a myriad of others? We like to live and let live! Jesus has said, "I am the way, the truth and the life," and he is this—or nothing. He is God or an impostor. He is Savior or he is a false prophet.

Jesus can be trusted with our life, here and now. He is the God of space and the God of earth, but my problem is to give him a home in my heart and mind and soul and body. I am a mystic in that I believe Jesus can and will live within us. He expects me to make the most of my physical and mental capacities; but I can be confident he will be with me personally to the end of the world. I must try my best to live by this ethical, spiritual, moral, religious, social, mental, and physical discipline. I look for his guidance in my vocation, my church, my politics, my geopolitics, my science, my world. In short I have become a citizen of his kingdom and he has become my king. Because He lives, I also shall live. I too shall live with the Father. He has said,

Let not your hearts be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so, would I have told

you that I go to prepare a place for you? And when I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself . . . (Jn. 14:1-3).

Paul could assure the Colossians,

And you were buried with him in baptism, in which you were also raised with him through faith in the working of God, who raised him from the dead. And you, who were dead in trespasses and the uncircumcision of your flesh, God made alive together with him, having forgiven us all our trespasses, having canceled the bond which stood against us with its legal demands; this he set aside, nailing it to the cross (Col. 2:12-14).

Christ has risen from the dead, and has made clear the highway from here to God. ■ ■

THE PATH OF LIFE

The path is hard to find, sir;
The hills are steep and long.
The way is, oh, so far, sir;
There's not a bird or song.

The light is not so bright, sir,
And I am not too strong.
The way is not too clear, sir;
Oh, come thou please along . . .

But look!—the path is clear, sir;
The hills are left behind.
The way is not too far, sir;
God's will is now in mind!

The light is now so bright, sir,
And I am now quite strong!
Our Lord is with us now, sir;
Oh, come thou please along ! ! !
—Louise June Helmick

The Fighting Minister

TO look at the small, colored Baptist minister, you couldn't guess at first that he had once been a professional boxer—and what a fighter he had been!

His early life was truly a hard one. He was born in a poor family of thirteen children in the lower St. Louis slums. While most youngsters his age were playing sports, he was out trying to earn a few pennies to keep from starving. In his teens he "hit" the rods and became a hobo, traveling over this vast country, fighting to exist as best he could. He landed on the Pacific Coast and took up the boot-black trade. He fought the bigger bullies and after a while became pretty well adept in the use of his "dukes." He was still in his teens when he decided to enter the ring. For five grueling years he met all comers, tireless, pursuing and punching until his opponents lay stretched out on the canvas with the referee counting them out.

His reputation and knockout record grew until he had 27 KO's in a row. His big chance came when he signed a contract to meet Petey Sarron for the featherweight title of the world. Sarron was KO'd in six rounds. It wasn't long before the champion became restless and wanted to take on the bigger boys.

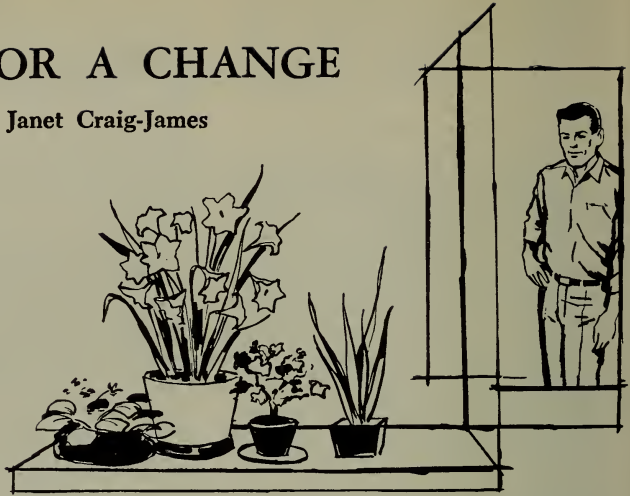
After only eight months he won the featherweight crown and signed up to fight the popular Barney Ross for the welterweight title. On May 31, 1938, both champions faced and fought each other; it was a great battle and Ross was defeated. Now the champion held two titles simultaneously. He astounded the sporting world by signing for a bout to meet Lou Ambers for the lightweight championship! On August 17, 1938, Ambers and the double-titled champion "mixed it up" for 15 blood-splattered rounds. The lightweight crown changed hands. In less than one year a fighter had won three world titles and held them simultaneously. As time passed on, the game little champ finally hung up his gloves. His greatest honor was yet to come. He was placed in the Boxing Hall of Fame. The great fighter was known as the one and only "Hurricane Hank" Armstrong, the only triple champion in ring history.

His record reads: He fought 175 opponents from 1931 to 1945. He won 144 matches, scored 97 KO's and lost 19. He lost one on a foul, one was no-decision. He drew eight.

—Mario DeMarco

TIME FOR A CHANGE

By Janet Craig-James



LARRY GRANT knew this was going to be his lucky day. He had a hunch about it when he opened his eyes in the morning, about an hour earlier than he usually did, to find the early spring sunlight filtering through the flowered drapes and dappling the floor.

As he stretched, and ruffled his thatch of springy sandy hair, he felt it was good to be twenty-nine, married to a pretty and understanding girl like Joan, and to be called "daddy" by Robbie and Glen, their fair-haired six-year-old twins.

Yes, it was going to be his lucky day. He felt it in his bones as he showered and shaved, jutting his strong jaw against the razor's edge.

Sitting across the breakfast table from Joan, he noticed with pleasure

that even if she did look a little drawn, she was more attractive now than she was on the day that they were married. Her short dark curls were still as glossy, and across her well-marked cheekbones was a sifting of golden freckles.

As he absentmindedly moved Glen's glass of milk out of danger, and reminded Robbie to use his handkerchief, he noticed that Joan had placed a pot of Easter lilies in the bay window of the breakfast nook. That was one of the little idiosyncrasies which endeared her to him. The first time he brought home a bouquet, years ago, when they were living in Ferndale, she had marched into the kitchen, placed them in a container, and put them on the window sill.

Larry thought it was time to move. But was it?

"But flowers are supposed to be in the living room," he had protested.

Joan shook her dark, curly head emphatically, and, standing on tip-toes, she kissed him lightly on the nose.

"I adore flowers, Larry. They would be my one extravagance if I had money. I'd have the house full of flowers all year 'round. But as you're a 'very beginning' advertising man, I know I won't get flowers very often, so I want them where I can see them all the time. And that's in the *kitchen!*"

Now he smiled tenderly as he looked at the fragile blooms. No, Joan hadn't changed. Except to become more a part of him than he would have believed possible.

In some strange way he was more conscious than usual of the house and of his family. Like first thing this morning when the soft browns and greens of the bedroom drapes caught his waking eyes. As he sipped on a second cup of fragrant coffee, the kitchen was drawn into sharp focus, with the old-fashioned wallpaper, rather than tiles, and the trivets which Joan collected.

His eye traveled to the bay window where plants grew in profusion, centered by the Easter lily. It would be hard to leave this house.

He drew himself up sharply, thinking he had spoken aloud, but it must have been his imagination, because Joan was sitting across from him, lost in her own thoughts, a touch of sadness softening her profile. She *did* look tired. Well, if

everything turned out the way he thought it would, he'd take her on a long vacation.

As Joan hustled the boys into their coats and searched for rubbers to forestall the capricious spring weather, Larry looked at his watch. He should be on the way to his office, but the hunch stayed with him. The mailman should be here any minute, so he would just wait. He gave each of the boys a light whack as they whooped out of the house on their way to first grade, and then poured Joan another cup of coffee.

"Who do you think you are—president of the company?" She permitted herself the luxury of a deep sigh as she sank into a chair. "You should be at work by now. But I know just how you feel. By the time I get those two rascals off in the morning, I feel as if I'd done a day's work. What was that? Just the mail, I guess." She half rose, but Larry interrupted her.

"I'm on my way out, anyway. I'll get it."

The hunch was stronger than ever, and he had to restrain himself from running into the hall. Curbing his eagerness, he walked toward the front door. There were two envelopes lying there. One was a utility bill, and as his hand closed over the other, he stood for a moment, savoring the knowledge he held within himself.

Then, and then only, did he look at the name printed on the left-hand corner, Crawford Associates, and

underneath, in smaller print, Advertising Agency. The envelope had a rich, heavy texture as he tore it open, the outward symbol of a wealthy enterprise.

He scanned the first few words. It was all he needed to do. Dear Mr. Grant: It is a distinct pleasure to inform you. . . . He didn't need to read further. His hunch had paid off. *He had got the new job!*

As the idea finally sank in, he realized the tension he had been under, and perspiration beaded his brow, and the hand holding the letter shook.

Then a feeling of sheer triumph swept over him, leaving room for no other emotion. He could just imagine Mr. Pickering's expression when he tendered his resignation. What was it the staid old man had told him just a few weeks ago?

"You're too impetuous, Larry. Maybe the firm does need young blood, but we have to consider our clients. Randolph's is a very conservative organization, and I'm sure they would consider your advertising campaign too radical—"

So Mr. Pickering didn't want new ideas. Well, he'd take them over to Crawford Associates. It was apparent they weren't afraid of originality.

"Anything interesting in the mail?"

It was Joan's voice, and he heard her clattering with the breakfast dishes.

He waited until he reached the kitchen before answering. Then, grabbing her from behind, he lifted her right off her feet and plunked her in a chair.

"*Anything interesting!*" he found

himself shouting. "Hold onto your hat, honey. We're about to take off from here!"

"Take off from here?" repeated Joan, her face looking pale and pinched. "You don't mean—"

"But I *do* mean. Somehow I knew I'd get that job I was after. I just had a hunch it was time for a change. Well, don't look so woe-begone, honey. You'll soon get used to the idea. In no time at all you'll be teaching another Sunday school class, and be president of another garden club. I just know this job was made for me."

Joan stood up. There were shadows under her gray eyes, and a setness to her sweet mouth that had never been there before.

"But that was what you said when you got this job at Pickering's and we moved here. You said the set-up was ideal. We've only been here two years. I couldn't understand it when you said you were getting in touch with Crawford Associates."

Larry paced about the kitchen restlessly. It was so hard to explain to a woman, particularly one like Joan whose only thought was to put down roots somewhere.

"I know I thought I was going to like it here, Joan," he tried to reason the thing out for her, "but that was before I realized what an old stuffed shirt Pickering is. He gave me the impression he would be receptive to new ideas, but he's been blocking me all the way along the line. I've got to be in a place where I can grow. Don't worry, honey. You always fit in wherever you go, and this will be no exception."



Joan picked up a coloring book and some crayons from the kindergarten table and put them in the twins' toy box. She, too, seemed to be finding it difficult to put her feelings into words.

"Whatever you say, Larry, but I don't think I'd have the heart to bother with a Sunday school class or a garden club again. This is the third move we've made in five years. I just get to know everyone in the church and have a house all fixed up when we pull up stakes. Remember how much fun we had when we lived in Ferndale, and you worked for Thompson and Thorpe. I thought we'd be there for the rest of our lives. But something went wrong there, didn't it, Larry?"

Larry walked slowly to the bay window and looked out. All the excitement, all the thrill of the day was gone. He turned and looked at Joan, and remembered back.

What she said was true. They had been deliriously happy in Ferndale, living in a tiny Cape Cod cottage with Robbie and Glen, who were just babies. He turned to the window again. *What had gone wrong?*

It was Mr. Thorpe, that insignificant-looking accountant who was also a partner in the firm, who had the effrontery to accuse him of arrogance and high-handedness when he sent in his expense account for approval. It had given him a lot of satisfaction, a little later on, to accept his final check from Gussie

Thorpe, knowing that despite their differences, Mr. Thorpe was sorry to see him go.

Well, that was all over. He moved one of Joan's violets into the sun, and hooked up a tendril of ivy that was trailing over the sill.

He had been right. It *was* time for a change. Everything would be different at Crawford Associates. He had enjoyed the interview with the older Mr. Crawford, but—Larry's eyes narrowed. He had a feeling that fellow, Bart Jennings (one of the "associates"), might be a pretty hard nut to crack. He would have to watch him. He looked like the sneaky type.

Still staring out of the window, Larry felt his stomach bunch into a tight knot. Something was dawning on him, very, very, slowly, but he didn't want to acknowledge it.

He concentrated on the garden. A few of Joan's bulbs were pushing their way through the damp ground, reaching for the sunlight. Next week it would be Easter. His thoughts pressed in upon him, and scarcely knowing what he was doing, he found himself tearing the precious letter and envelope into pieces.

Despite a sick feeling at his heart, there was something he must try to face squarely. In the past he had been accused of being radical, arrogant, high-handed. What would it be at Crawford's? Just moving around wouldn't solve anything. Wherever he went there would be people like Mr. Pickering, Gussie Thorpe, and Bart Jennings, with whom, in his mind's eyes, he was already feuding. It was time for a change. But it

wasn't the world that would have to change, it was *he*.

Unbidden, a verse of scripture occurred to him. "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

Where was his hunch of a couple of hours ago? He shrugged his shoulders helplessly. Then he looked at the Easter lily and recalled what the pastor had said last week about the approaching Easter services. Easter was a time of rebirth. The bulbs outside were already proving it, and now that he knew himself for what he was, maybe he could prove it, too.

Larry walked to the table and put the fragments of paper on it. Then he took Joan in his arms, almost crushing her narrow little bones as he did so.

"Don't worry, honey, I've changed my mind. We're staying here for as long as Pickerings will put up with me."

Even as he said it, he saw the path ahead and knew it wouldn't be easy. He wouldn't change overnight or see eye to eye with Mr. Pickering all the time. He would have to conquer pride, impatience and stubbornness, and he wouldn't be able to do it alone. He would need to pray, pray, pray. Knowing this, he looked into Joan's shining eyes and knew it would be worth trying.

■ ■

TACT: Thinking all you say and not saying all you think. . . . Swallowing angry words is much better than having to eat them.—both by F. G. Kernan.

Cookies for the Generals

By Charles Milazzo

A S nine-year-old Jo-Ann Snyder approached the first of the four impressive houses on the street with the big elms, she tried to figure out the name printed on the porch steps.

All she could spell out was the "Brig. Gen." and it was followed by a name that was too much for her to pronounce.

She rang the doorbell and waited. When no one came to the door, she rang again. Nothing more happened.

"I guess there's nobody home," she told herself, then skipped along to the second house. It looked bigger than the one she had just left.

This time she observed that the letters "Maj. Gen." were in front of another long unpronounceable name. She pressed the button and waited. She pressed it twice more, but no answer.

At the third house, even bigger than the second one, the nameplate started with "Lt. Gen." Here she was met by a stout Negro woman who cheerfully asked, "Yes, miss?"

"May I see the lady who lives here?"

"She's gone to town and won't be back for another two hours. Is there any message you want me to give her?"

"I'm selling Brownie cookies," said Jo-Ann, pointing to the four boxes under her arm. "Would you like to buy a box for her?"

The woman shook her head. "Sorry, miss, I'm not allowed to buy anything at the door."

Jo-Ann thanked her and headed for the last house. The nameplate there started with "General," but, again, the last name was too much for her.

A woman possessing a gracious manner greeted her knock on the door. "Hello, dear, and to what do I owe the pleasure of your visit?"

The child had but one thought in her head and she expressed it as quickly as she could. "My name is Jo-Ann Snyder. I'm a Brownie. I'm selling cookies on this street and you're the only lady home. My den mother told me I should have little trouble selling all my boxes on this block, one to each house. I suppose you'll buy one, ma'am?"

The woman at the door introduced herself as Mrs. Dahlquist and invited Jo-Ann into the house. In a spacious living room, amid furniture pieces collected from all over the world and walls lined with interesting military pictures, the two sat and

chatted for a few minutes, mostly about Brownie activities.

It was when Mrs. Dahlquist was paying for the cookies that Jo-Ann blurted: "If I leave my three boxes with you, ma'am, could you take them to your lady friends down the street and sell them for me?"

The child's blunt plea was so disarming that Mrs. Dahlquist agreed to take the boxes. Not only that, but she paid for them so Jo-Ann would not have to make a return trip.

The short business visit was concluded with an affectionate hug by Mrs. Dahlquist, a "Thank you" from Jo-Ann, and a mutually pleasant good-by.

The procedure followed by Mrs. Dahlquist, wife of General John E. Dahlquist, commanding general of the Continental Army Command Headquarters at Fort Monroe, Virginia, to sell the cookies to her three neighbors was one she had learned from her husband.

She telephoned and informed each of the generals' wives that she, Mrs. Dahlquist, had been requested to obtain a 100 per cent sale of cookies on her block.

"We must," she ended each chat, "set a good example for the other wives on the post."

She had not intended the story of the cookies to go any farther than the four wives. But some stories, like rumors, are hard to stop and this one made a tour of the post in double time.

As a result, the house-to-house sales of Brownie cookies was a delight to all the post Brownies who found the demand for cookies almost impossible to meet. However, enough money was made to pay for a dozen new uniforms for Brownies whose parents couldn't afford them.

The last one to hear about the cookies was General Dahlquist himself. When told about it by one of his staff officers, he chuckled.

Arriving home that night, he greeted his wife with a vigorous embrace.

"Grace," he said, "I finally heard about the four boxes of Brownie cookies you sold to my staff officers' wives. And also what it did to the sales on post."

"I'm glad it worked out that way," his wife commented, "though it wasn't my intention to make the purchase of Brownie cookies a command performance. However, I'm happy it got some of the girls new uniforms."

The general smiled, "You know, a commander's wife can accomplish more sometimes through a humble act of generosity to an enlisted man's little girl than all the privileges I could grant in a month. Thanks, dear, for making my job easier."

He changed the subject. "What's for dinner?"

As Mrs. Dahlquist left her husband's arms, she remarked, "You look a bit overweight. Care for cookies?"



What you hear never sounds half as important as what you overhear.—*Sunshine Magazine*. . . . Trouble with some people is if they do an honest day's work, they want a week's pay.—*Prairie Farmer*.

What Do We Mean by Church?

By Edward K. Trefz

EVERYBODY has something to say about the church, yet it is a subject upon which it is difficult to be precise. Over four hundred years ago Martin Luther called the word "church" an "obscure and ambiguous" term, and it is no less so today.

We say, "I have just been to church," meaning I attended a service of worship. Or, "I am going to the church," meaning I am going to a particular church building. We say, "The church is irrelevant to the Negroes' struggle for civil rights," meaning that the predominately white congregations and denominations have not given conspicuous leadership in this regard. We even say, "The church gets in the way of the church," meaning that preoccupation with institutional interests prevents the church from being and doing those things that constitute its true mission. To use the same word for all these different meanings is confusing indeed.

When we turn to the Bible for clarification, we find help but not of the kind that removes all our confusion. Although the word "church" occurs only twice in the New Testament, a wide variety of terms and

phrases appear there that describe those persons who make up the community of Christian believers. *Images of the Church in the New Testament* by Paul S. Minear (Westminster Press, 1960) is an entire book that deals with more than one hundred different descriptives the New Testament applies to the church. It may be that some of our confusion about the church comes from the fact that the subject itself is complex. Nevertheless, general descriptions of the church are possible and the primary tasks for which the church exists are reasonably clear.

What Is the Church?

Perhaps the notion of the church that most widely prevails today is that it is a free association of like-minded, moral, and respectable people. The New Testament, however, gives slight basis for this view. It insists that the church is God's creation, not an organization formed by men. "You did not choose me, but I chose you" (Jn. 15:16), Jesus said to his disciples, and always in the New Testament the initiative is God's. The church exists where men respond in faith to what God has already done and continues to do

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for them in Jesus Christ. Whatever else we may do we cannot organize, or program, or promote a church into being, for these do not produce faith, and without the response of faith there is no church.

There are several phrases the New Testament uses to describe the church. "The communion of saints," the "fellowship of believers," and the "body of Christ" are different ways to refer to those whom God has called to be his people. When we read the New Testament, we discover that Christ welcomes many we reject in our neat fellowship of likeable and respectable people with whom we enjoy associating. The New Testament church was not made up of the best people in the community, but of those who knew they were sinners and who shared the benefits and sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The good news of God, or the gospel, means simply that in the person of Jesus Christ God became man and dwelt among us. In his life, death, and resurrection, Jesus Christ revealed the pardon and power of God's love for all men which alone is able to remove the guilt and alienation caused by our sin. This was and is the best news that sinful man has ever received. Those who respond in faith make up the church. They gather for common worship, unite in mutual ministry, and go forth in a mission of common service into the world. Needless to say this church of faith is not identical with the membership rolls of all the sects and all the denominations of Christendom.

What Does the Church Do?

One feature that surely sets the Christian church apart from other fraternal orders and organizations is the central emphasis it places on public worship. The Christian church worships, not any god, but God the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. Believers meet regularly to hear the reading and preaching of God's word, to receive the sacraments, and to offer themselves, their praise, their confession, and thanksgiving to Almighty God. Worship is basic to everything else the church does.

In word and sacrament the mighty acts by which God has made himself known are recalled, and through them he continues to speak. Believers do not seek God; rather they are reminded that he has already sought and found them. Those who are not yet believers are always welcome to public worship for here they may learn of God and be moved by his Holy Spirit to respond in faith.

The unique message the church has for the world is the gospel of Jesus Christ and to proclaim this gospel is its first order of business. No other organization bears this same responsibility. The church proclaims this gospel to itself as well as to the world outside, and it is concerned not only that God's word be spoken, but that it be heard, and understood, and obeyed. Therefore, in the context of worship, the ministry of teaching the word is a part of its basic responsibility. Christian education is a proper work of the believing and worshiping community. If faith is to take root and grow, the meaning and implications of the

gospel must be examined, questions must be raised and answered, doubts expressed, errors challenged, and more and more areas of human life be brought into reflective commitment to him who is called Lord.

The real purpose of the church, however, is not that believers should enjoy the benefits of Christ's love in their own snug circle, but rather that they should be God's agents to make known his love for all men everywhere. The church is called to a responsibility, not a privilege. Believers are summoned to be sent on a mission. They are to be God's servants and witnesses, making known to all men his redemptive love for them, even as Christ came, "not to be served, but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many" (Mt. 20:28).

It is the life of service that provides the most persuasive witness to those outside the church, and it is this life that is most frequently neglected by the church. Virtually every denomination has made excellent pronouncements on most of the social evils and injustices that infest our days. Yet the oppressed, the victims of injustice, the poor, and the reviled do not often feel that they have a strong champion in the church, nor among those who are members of the churches. The concrete acts of love, of concern, and of service are too seldom exemplified by those who claim the name Christian. This is why there is an empty quality to much that the churches stand for and a hollow sound to much of what these churches say.

Where Is the Church?

We have said that the church is God's creation; it is made up of those who have responded in faith to what God has done in Jesus Christ. We have said that it gathers for worship and study, and that this is really prelude to the work of witness which is to the world outside the membership of the church. And yet, is any church really like this? The churches we know are busy with many promotional, programmatic, and administrative chores. While these are intended to serve the mission for which the church exists, they frequently absorb the resources and energies of the members to build up the internal life of the institutional church.

The ideal church, pure in spirit and holy in purpose, never has existed on earth, not even in apostolic times. Paul wrote epistles to the "saints at Ephesus," "the church which is at Corinth," "to all God's beloved in Rome," and he was addressing not a community that exists somewhere in the realm of the spirit, but flesh and blood persons at a particular time and place.

We belong to such congregations also, and these are units of the whole company of God's people. What we do and how we go about it, in our gathered and scattered lives indicate the faithfulness or lack thereof, with which God's work is being done today. Let us keep the pronouns straight. The church is not "they" but "we," and the work of worship, study, witness, and mission is ours to do. So, let's get busy and do this work. ■ ■

Birth and Death: A Father's Story

By Donald R. Brown

WE were warned! A close friend prophetically dreamed the baby would arrive that day. The weather could have provided a warning, if noticed. Then there was the last paragraph of a letter. . . .

The eventful day began at 5 A.M., when my wife, Shirley, couldn't sleep and decided to get up. I awoke and rubbed enough sleep out of my eyes to see her putting her hair up in those grotesque curlers.

During the morning her discomfort continued, and we visited the doctor, just "to be sure." He concluded that we had at least three more weeks to wait.

My business as a pastor took me out of town that afternoon. With the good doctor's assurance, I didn't hesitate to make the short trip.

* * *

Back home at 5:30 P.M., I was distressed to see Shirley in pain. I called the doctor, and he indicated that we should start to the hospital (16 miles away) when the pains came at five minute intervals.

By 6 P.M. Shirley felt this was the real thing. I informed the doctor we thought we should start for the hospital. He said not to be too concerned because we had plenty of time.

Who packs a bag for the hospital

three weeks early? I hastily threw a few essential items into a suitcase, and then drove our three-and-one-half-year-old Becky to some friends.

At 6:30 P.M. Shirley insisted we be on our way. Once more I called our doctor to keep him posted. He again indicated no rush because he was sure we had at least an hour.

Just as I opened the door of the car, parked in front of our parsonage, the phone rang. I instinctively ran to answer it, thinking it might be the doctor. Just church business.

* * *

Dashing back to the car, I heard Shirley cry, "The baby's coming!"

"It can't!" I answered. But one glance verified it.

A rush back to the phone, and another call to the doctor. "Doc, come quick! To the house! The baby's coming! Right now!"

"How do you know?"

"I can see it!"

Back at the car, I thought "What can I do?"

I wasn't sure. I prayed, and I think I even yelled, "Help!" I only know that I held the precious baby there on the car seat and poked a hole in the membrane covering so he could breathe. I do remember thanking God when the newborn cry split the air.



Chaplain and Mrs. Donald R. Brown with daughter, Becky, and son, Mark.

When the doctor arrived about 6:55 P.M., I gratefully let him finish the delivery.

He sent me after an ironed sheet. "It's the most sterile thing in your house."

Perhaps I was somewhat excited. After opening every drawer in the house, I recalled that Shirley kept sheets in the hall linen closet. Also the doctor said I asked him three times if he needed hot water. "TV medical program influence," he claimed.

* * *

Our neighbors were excited, too. One lady ran out to investigate the commotion, leaving her supper on the stove. She later said, "My supper was burned to a crisp, but at least I held the baby first!"

But we should have been prepared. Even though the doctor said the baby was born so quickly because of a "premature slippage (of

the placenta)," we had been warned!

That morning a close friend had informed us that she dreamed we would have a son born three weeks early.

The weather was beautiful in the morning, but during the afternoon a wind blew up a terrific storm in record time.

Then there was the last paragraph of that letter. It reminded Shirley, "Don't forget that the second baby can come much faster than the first!"

OUR SON came quickly and left the world just as quickly. One Monday, after I had written this article, we found him dead. God had given us this special gift and then after three-and-a-half months took him back to heaven. We felt blessed to have had this bright beam from heaven for even a short time.

Just as a letter had predicted his coming, so a letter from a dear minister friend had comforted us at his going: "We, too, have a precious little one, a couple of years old, awaiting us. We know the waters you have passed through, and we know how good through it all God has been. . . . Heaven is so much richer, nearer, more precious now, isn't it? Before, it was just almost a 'theory,' but I am sure now a blessed reality."

The autopsy showed that Mark had a little bit of pneumonia, but that a heart defect was the main reason for his death. ■ ■

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Where the silent woods reflect on the silver of the lakes. Two of the more modern Finnish water buses amidst a very typical landscape.

Finland: Paradise for Tourists

By Ward S. Miller

MINNESOTA boasts of its 10,000 lakes, but Finland has 60,000. A road map of this alluring northern country looks as if a bird had done a ballet dance on it after someone spilled a bottle of blue ink. It is not surprising that Finland's forests, lakes, and cities are drawing tourists in increasing numbers as the word gets around that here is a paradise for fishing, hunting, boating, skiing and sight-seeing such as no southern country in Europe can offer.

The 60,000 lakes are full of fish, fairly waiting in line to get caught. Pike, perch, and trout abound. One of the most popular places is Saarijärvi, a pretty summer resort in the central district of Finland about two hundred miles north of Helsinki. It has a public camp site, a youth hostel, and inexpensive cabins for visitors. It is one of the places in Finland where salmon may be caught. A fishing license costs only a few marks.

Hunting is also one of the sports

that attract sportsmen to Finland, especially the northern part, which is covered with vast stretches of timber, mostly evergreen but with some birches. Game is not so plentiful as fish, however, and it is easy to get lost in the forests.

There is boating, too, in Finland—thousands of rowboats and many kayaks but few canoes. The Finns prefer motorboats, and they are probably as numerous as cars, if not more so—many thousands, all for a population of four and one-half million in a country that has an area close to that of Minnesota and Wisconsin combined. Daniel Boone could have retired to Finland and been very happy when the Middle West began to fill up. He might have needed some protection in summer against mosquitoes unless his skin was too thick and leathery for them to get through.

No country in the world has a more intriguing network of boat trails and potential canoe trips—most of them uncharted, waiting for adventurers. Every large lake has a

Youth Hostel in Jyväskylä, Finland.



shore line that makes a 1,000-piece jigsaw puzzle look like a simple, straight-line figure. There are numerous inlets and rivers connecting the lakes and creating chains of lakes. It is possible to travel one hundred miles or more wholly by these inland waterways. One can easily travel several hundred miles with only occasional portages of a few kilometers.

You could travel by motorboat or bring your own canoe. A trip from Helsinki to Jyväskylä would be perhaps two hundred and fifty miles by water, with a few portages. You would meet a few other boats and pass a few towns, but you would still have the lakes pretty much to yourself. You would be a pioneer in a very real sense, and you could have a part in laying out what could well be the world's finest and most intricate system of canoe trails.

Already Finland has nearly four hundred public camps and youth hostels, where one may stay for about sixty cents a night plus a charge of about twenty cents for sheets. Many hostels serve food or provide facilities to cook one's own meals.

Travelers of all ages are welcome, though most of them are in their teens or twenties, and a majority are students. Some arrive on bicycles, some on foot, some by train, and some by boat or public "water bus." Some travel on motorbikes, scooters, or other types of two-wheeled conveyances. Some drive their cars, and in winter many arrive on skis. In winter the hostels charge an extra twenty cents per person for heat.

The youth hostel in Jyväskylä (the Venice of Finland, it is called) is one of the most attractive. It has its headquarters in the "Vesilinna" or water fort on top of a well-landscaped hill in the center of the town. The quarters are new and neat. With a dormitory at the foot of the hill, it can accommodate eighty persons. Miss Pirkko Hiltunen, one of the staff, speaks good English and is available as a guide. There is a "summer university" in Jyväskylä with about two thousand students and several courses in English. Outside of the town there is a large camp site along a lake.

IN winter, almost everybody in Finland takes to skis, foreigners as well as natives. Every town of any size has its ski-jump fifty or sixty feet high, and there are many hills steep enough to challenge the most skillful performer. Some of

these are near Helsinki. Koli is quite a skiing center, and there are numerous others in the center and the north of Finland.

When there is enough snow, Helsinki is interlaced with dozens of inviting ski trails, well marked, well laid out, and much used. Many are color-coded according to routes, and the newspapers print maps. The populated areas of Helsinki form a V-shaped pattern, with a large park area of trees, slopes, and hills in the center. The area outside the V is largely arms and inlets from the bay, which freezes over, if the winter is a cold one, to form huge playgrounds on the ice. These are more than adequate for even a city of 400,000 such as Helsinki is.

Work hours are 800 to 1600 (8 A.M. to 4 P.M.). Thus in winter one can go skiing for an hour or two after work. Sunset comes early in December, between 1500 and 1600,

The magnificent cathedral at Helsinki, Finland.





A view of the modern church of Hyvinkää in wintertime. It was designed by Aarno Ruusuvaori and built in 1961 as a good example of contemporary church architecture.

but the days lengthen rapidly after January 1, and the weekends are likely to be pleasant.

A typical ski lodge like Lapponia, which is ten kilometers above Inari, can take care of about forty persons at a time. They live in new, prefabricated log cabins, which are pleasant and comfortable. They have good heat and light from bottled gas. The living rooms of an old farmhouse serve for meals and a social center, with a cheerful fireplace and lively evening programs. The food includes reindeer meat in various forms several times a week, and there is a daily *sauna* or steam bath.

A week's room and board at Lapponia in 1963 cost 136 new marks, or about forty-five dollars. This included the guide, the daily *sauna*, and other services, such as waxing skis. One can buy a reindeer hide, uncured, for two or three dollars. He can also take a ride with a colorfully-clad Lapp driver in a *pulka* for two or three marks.

Getting to Finland is a pleasant part of the adventure. One can take the Hansa Express from Travemünde in Germany. It is a two-night trip on a new ship, recently lengthened, with reclining chairs or cabins and plenty of space for cars

and trucks. The round-trip fare to Hangö (near Helsinki) is 140 marks or about forty-seven dollars with a chair or 200 marks in a cabin. A filling meal costs a little over a dollar on this ship, and it stops for more than an hour at Kalmar, Sweden. There one may go ashore and find store clerks who have scarcely ever seen a dollar bill before.

Another way to get to Finland is to take a ship from Copenhagen, which leaves each Wednesday and charges about the same rates. It costs only about twenty-four dollars to go from Copenhagen to Stockholm by train, however, plus twelve dollars round trip from Norrtälje (near Stockholm) to Turku in Finland and a few more dollars by bus or train from Turku to Helsinki.

STOCKHOLM is well worth a visit, too. There is the Town Hall, an impressive building where the Nobel prizes are celebrated each year. There are some breathtaking new buildings near the Concert Hall, where the Nobel prizes are awarded, and some breathtaking old churches. The Nordiska Museum has a particularly fine collection of armor, old guns, and royal coaches, mostly from the era of Gustavus Adolphus.

Hotel space is hard to find in Stockholm, but the Salvation Army is recommended by those who know it, and there is a youth center near the waterfront where one can stay for less than a dollar, according to reports. One can get to Norrtälje by bus or take the more expensive over-

night ship from Stockholm to Turku or Helsinki.

Helsinki gleams whitely in the morning sun if one comes in by ship from Stockholm, and it is easy to see why it is called "the White City of the North." The Government Palace lies just ahead as the ship sails into port. At the right the newly-gilded dome of the Greek Catholic Church is conspicuous, and at the left two blocks away, the Helsinki Cathedral towers impressively. Inside it is clean, plain, and fresh to the point of seeming new, with little ornamentation and just three "saints" to display: Luther, Luther's friend Melancthon, and Agricola, who led the Reformation in Finland.

Between these buildings and the wharfside, there is a large open-air market in session. There is a ship which makes hourly trips to a huge old fortress off to the right, called Suomenlinna. Another ship goes to Korkeasaari, an island zoo which tourists like to visit. Close to the water on the left as one comes in are the embassies, including the American. Near it is the Manner-

Helsinki University.





The very modern Otaniemi Chapel in a very beautiful winter setting.

heim Museum, especially interesting to servicemen because it contains hunting trophies, a large collection of guns, the General's camp-type bedroom, and over two hundred medals that he accumulated in the process of becoming Finland's greatest military hero.

The University of Helsinki is near the Cathedral. It adjoins the Cathedral, but is not easy to find because a European university is rather like a downtown hotel or office building. It has meals, porters, and classrooms, but no dormitories, no campus, no ivy, and no front offices. It does have two or three "student houses" scattered about the downtown area, and one of these is quite new, with a library of many thousands of volumes. It is owned and operated by students and "alumni."

Just west of the university about

two blocks is Railroad Square. The large, impressive train terminal by Saarinen is a monument to the Finnish talent for architecture. The American Center is just across the square in a very modern building (fourth floor), and the Posti-Post stands beside it to the west. It is called "Posti-Post" because Finland is a bilingual country, and many short words combine the Swedish and Finnish terms. Thus, an elevator is a "Hissi-Hiss," and a small lunch-counter type of restaurant is a "Baari-Baar."

The Posti-Post faces Mannerheimentie. It has an equestrian statue of the General in front, and the Finnish Parliament, a huge, square building with many steps and pillars, is across the street. A mile or so out Mannerheimentie and a block to the right lies the Olympic Stadium, with its statue of Paavo Nurmi in front.

The stadium is a stirring sight, with its tower that begs to be climbed and its many acres of playing fields around it.

HELSINKI has two of the most beautifully modernistic churches that can be found anywhere in Europe. One, the Meilahden Church, is near where one gets off the tram to go to Seurasaari. For cool, restful, awe-inspiring uniqueness of design, it is outstanding, and it has light fixtures, each made like a crown of thorns. The organ in the balcony is designed to appeal to the eye as well as the ear.

A much larger church of quite different design stands on Lauttasaari Island in cool, tasteful splendor. It has 18,000 names on its rolls, a large auditorium for Finnish worship, a small one for Swedish services, and ample facilities for sports, scouts, hobby clubs, and other week-day activities.

The smallest and best known of the new worship places is the chapel at Otaniemi, near the end of the No. 2 bus line (green). It is the worship center for the new "MIT" of Finland, unique in having an altar background entirely of glass so that the worshipper looks out on evergreen trees, which are snow laden in winter. The chapel stands on the edge of the woods, and even the pulpit is glass, mounted on the slenderest of metal supports so as to obstruct the view as little as possible.

For worship in English, a serviceman should go to Pastor Martin's church in the parish house (Seurakunta) of Johannes Church, the one

with the two red towers near the American Embassy and the tip of the peninsula on which downtown Helsinki is located. Pastor Martin has special attractiveness for youth as well as adults and is a marvelous Bible teacher. Church is at 1115 Sundays, with Bible study at 1000 and also on Friday nights at 1900. A large percentage of those who attend are Finnish young people who speak English.

The Finns are brave people as well as intelligent and attractive. They worked hard to pay off their reparation bill to Russia after World War II, just as they worked to pay their World War I debt to the United States, but not so cheerfully. They have attained a high standard of living, even though their land is not so fertile or the growing season so long as it is farther south in the central European countries. Their integrity is known all over the world. They are friendly but shy, industrious but stubborn, and stoical as the American Indians.

It is not easy to explain why Finland is such a delightful country to visit, but most of those who have been in Finland would not have missed the experience, and they are usually eager to go back for a much longer visit. ■ ■

WAR WITHIN

It isn't the extrovert
And the introvert
That fight in me.
It's the terrestrial
And the celestial
And *constantly!*
—Gwynnyth Gibson

Plan Ahead

By George S. Wilson

DID you ever see a town that grew like Topsy—without plans? You must have. The streets are too narrow; they flood when it rains because the storm sewers are inadequate. Some buildings are tinder boxes. That's why we have master plans: to develop intelligently planned communities.

Our lives are like this. We need plans, too. I have a friend who has been going to college for twenty years. He still has no plans for his life. He skitters about from one interest to another like a water bug. A life needs to be planned.

We need to plan our leisure time, our recreation. The spring break-up is coming—the out-of-doors beckons. There are a thousand and one things to do. The man or the family who will enjoy them must make plans. If they don't, they'll always be a day late and a dollar short.

The words of the book title: *Where Are You Going? Out! What Are You Going to Do? Nothing!* are typical for a lot of us. When the warrior comes home from work, he hasn't made Plan One. He winds up bored and unhappy. He curses Alaska and his assignment. He forgets that he was just as unhappy in the "lower forty-eight."

What are you going to do this spring and summer? There's gold if you want to look for it. The salmon will soon be running! The opportunities for fifty-mile hikes are abundant. The state is honeycombed with parks for camping. The shutter bug should be in paradise. You can learn to fly. Rock hounds can find the happy hunting ground here.

But you won't do anything if you don't make some plans. ■ ■

QUOTES: A few years ago, it would have been regarded as shocking to find teenage girls reading the kind of books they're now writing.—Jack Herbert in *Look*. . . Baldness: Man's oldest fallout problem.—*In a Nutshell*. . . States' rights would not be an issue if there were not so many states' wrongs.—Adlai Stevenson in *Quote*. . . A toastmaster is the fellow who introduces the fellow who needs no introduction.—*Highways of Happiness*. . .

No Graven Images!

By David A. MacLennan

IF any person today even thinks of the second commandment, chances are he considers it irrelevant and trivial. We may be tempted to break other commandments, and most of us seriously fracture a few, but as GI's might say, the prohibition against manufacturing idols causes "no sweat." Why not drop this one, or at least revise it?

More than one person has proposed a revision of the entire set. American playwright Elmer Rice in his autobiography, *Minority Report*, ends it with his attempt to rewrite the Ten Commandments. Like others he finds the biblical rules for living too negative and too authoritarian to suit him. His revision suggests choices rather than directives. He writes, "It is better to live than to die; it is better to love than to hate; . . . to create than to destroy . . . to act than to do nothing . . . to be truthful than to lie . . . to question than to accept . . . to be strong than to be weak . . . to venture than to fear . . . to be free than to be bound." Who would disagree? But are these adequate replacements for the Ten Commandments? Mr. Rice's proposed substitutes sound sensible although not too novel, but they miss the main point of the ancient moral code. The Ten Commandments were given within a community dedicated to the one, holy and righteous God, a community in God's covenant love. As Professor W. B. J. Martin of Southern Methodist University observed, the new code hangs in the air without visible means of support.

WHAT DOES THE SECOND COMMANDMENT MEAN?

"*Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.*" What does this

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mean for us who live in the second half of the twentieth century? When the Ten Commandments were first transmitted from God through Moses to the people of Israel, the commandment spoke to a real situation and to a common temptation. It was a world in which every tribe and nation made idols and images of almost every conceivable object.

Look at the first chapter of Paul's Letter to the Romans, verses 18 through 25, and you will realize how widespread the practice of image-making had become. The great Christian leader bluntly says that the "men who by their wickedness suppress the truth" (including the truth of God's invisible nature) "are without excuse." "Claiming to be wise, they became fools, and exchanged the glory of the immortal God for images resembling mortal man or birds or animals or reptiles." Paul's indictment of his contemporaries could be made of us when we realize that we make and worship the modern equivalent of graven images: "they exchanged the truth about God for a lie and worshiped and served the creature rather than the Creator, who is blessed forever!"

In the time of Moses as in the time of the first apostles, physical representations of gods were made and worshiped. To all of this idol-making and idol-worship this second commandment gave an uncompromising no. Jewish religion was dominated by this law forbidding idol-making. To this day the orthodox, conservative, and reformed synagogues of America have no sculpture or "images" in their sanctuaries. Only recently have stained glass windows been introduced into some architecturally modern synagogues.

Even today modern Christian missionaries frequently find it necessary to state firmly that certain things cannot be permitted if inquirers would become Christians. Often idolatry is one of the practices which must be proscribed. When the Prophet John wrote (1 John 5:21), "Little children, keep yourselves from idols," he meant "Avoid any contact with paganism."

A famous New Testament scholar, Professor C. H. Dodd, tells us that the Greek word for idols always carries with it the suggestion of unreality, of counterfeit gods. Do we not need symbols as aids in our Christian worship? Yes, and in the simple cross found in our churches, chapels and worship centers, we have the most sublime symbol of all. It means infinitely more to us than the brass serpent Moses placed upon a standard as a talisman against danger (see Numbers 21:9). It speaks of the dying and undying love of God for us and for our

salvation. The brass serpent which Moses made in obedience to what he believed was God's command had to be removed from the Temple hundreds of years later because it had become an object of veneration.

Always there is danger of the symbol or image taking the place of the spiritual reality which it represents. We human beings today do not differ too much from the dejected Israelites, who, bereft of their leader Moses, wanted something tangible and visible to revere and follow. The ancient tribesmen who seemed lost on the mountain made a golden calf. They cried to Moses' second-in-command, ". . . make us gods, who shall go before us." Later prophets strictly enforced the edict that all physical representations of deity were forbidden. (See Isaiah 44:14-19.)

Christians learned the lesson well. Not even a crucifix was used in Christian worship until the sixth century. Later, as we know, Christian churches, both Roman and Orthodox, introduced and even encouraged the use of icons (likenesses) and images of our Lord, of his mother Mary, of saints. The Protestant Reformation returned to the second commandment with vigor and vehemence. Some good Protestants regret that the hammers and pickaxes were so indiscriminately used in churches, chapels and cathedrals to destroy what we now do not think of as idols at all, but works of beauty.

WHAT OF OUR "GRAVEN IMAGES" TODAY?

Christians and non-Christians alike commonly engage in a new type of idolatry. "Emancipated" men who reject all religion or claim that they do, make mental images and worship them. Think of the men who accept enslavement to totalitarian forms of government. Consider how many of us tend to put *science* on the throne which belongs to God alone. Do we not really cry, "Science, save us, for thou art our god!"? *Education*, essential and desirable as it is for every child of God, can become an image which we worship. But surely two world wars and the Korean conflict, plus the continuing cold war, have demonstrated that there is no salvation by education. An educated criminal is far more dangerous than an ignorant one.

Coming closer home, do we Americans and citizens of other Western nations not have the equivalent of graven images in *money*? Our danger today does not lie in making wooden or metal or stone images of God. It lies in making money and its acquisition our dominant passion. We can worship our gold without melting it. We have yet

genuinely to believe that we cannot take it with us beyond this part of our existence. If we could, said a preacher of an earlier day, it would only melt!

Moreover, without in any way decrying the benefits which sufficient money and financial security make possible, sober reflection on the limitations of money and property—"things"—should convince us of its tragic inadequacy to meet the deepest needs of the human soul. God made us to serve more precious values. God made us for himself, and only he can satisfy.

One other question confronts us as we think of this commandment and its modern application. *What about our mental images of God?* Do they correspond to reality? Do they suggest "the image of the invisible God" which the New Testament claims we find only in our Lord Jesus Christ? In our thinking and praying and everyday conduct is God made in the image of "gentle Jesus meek and mild," or as the muscular hero of young boys, or as "the Man of Sorrows" only? Our picture of God must be based on the total biblical revelation of God. God is our loving heavenly Father; he is the Friend above all other friends. But, says our Bible, he is also "a jealous God." This must mean that he is not tolerant of everything. Pure love is a questing love; it has in it a kind of exclusiveness. It is a love which makes any sacrifice for the one loved. God is love.

Moreover, we are called not to vague support of religion in general, not to faith in faith, but to absolute faith in and commitment to the one true God made known in our Lord Jesus Christ. "Idolatry" says Professor Elton Trueblood, "is the worship of the products of the human mind in place of the worship of the living God." The commandment has not been revoked, nor is it obsolete: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."

Thank God, a man may repent—change his mind and way of living. It may be said of us what Paul said of the Thessalonians long ago: ". . . you turned to God from idols, to serve a living and true God. . . ." (1 Thess. 1:9).

ARE THESE RULES FOR INDIVIDUALS ONLY?

All of what we have said about the second commandment is important, but it has been in terms of ourselves as individuals. Are the Ten Commandments then only for individual men and women? Are

they exclusively precepts for private morality? Many of our grandparents' generation assumed that they were, and many today who know this summary of the Moral Law assume that the prohibitions and commandments are for individuals only. Certainly they are for each of us to accept as binding on us as individual persons, to remember and, with God's help, to obey. But the Ten Commandments were given and their present form developed to provide a code of ethics and pattern of living for the people of Israel, for Israel as a people. They were almost perfectly adapted for their circumstances in the centuries before Christ. This is why we must distinguish between what is permanently binding on us and what was of temporary or local application and power.

To receive and act on the Ten Commandments we need to interpret them in relation to our present situation. As the scholarly Dean of King's College, Cambridge, England, Dr. Alec R. Vidler, has recently written, "The Ten Commandments are best looked upon as chapter-headings of the Universal Law of God for the conduct of men in this world; but the chapters have to be written out again and again to meet the ever-changing conditions of human life." (*Christ's Strange Work*, page 90, Revised Edition 1963, published by SCM Press, London, England.) Yes, as our discussion of the commandments tries to make clear, each of us needs to go through them one by one and ask, "What does this commandment say to me today?"

Nevertheless, we miss the whole truth and power of the commandments if we limit their application to individuals.

When we ask what this second commandment has to say to our nation, we may find ourselves asking, In what kind of God do we place our trust—as a government? as a people? Our beloved nation cannot serve both God and mammon. Nor is the true God one who is so easy-going that he does not care how we treat our citizens or citizens of other lands. The Ten Commandments as a whole, and this commandment against making images in particular, insists that we think of God not as white, Gentile, American, Protestant, Roman Catholic or Jewish. God is the Creator and Father and Savior of all his human children. Moreover, the true God is a God of justice as well as of steadfast, long-suffering love. He cannot be untrue to himself. Therefore, when we play fast and loose with his moral law in our dealings with one another, with minority or majority groups, with other peoples, including our enemies, we may find our national sins plaguing and hurting us to the third and fourth generation. ■ ■

Faith and Folly

By John G. Lambrides

THE words "mach" and mock are similar in sound but not in meaning. Mach 1 is the speed of sound, determined by Ernest Mach, an Austrian physicist. The term is used to compare the flight of a fast plane with the speed of sound 660 m.p.h. Kitty Hawk met with mockery as the Wright brothers attempted their initial flight there sixty years ago. Mockery is the mark of small souls. Mockers placed the cup of hemlock to the lips of Socrates; they crucified Christ on the cross; and burned scholars and scientists at the stake.

People deemed the steamship as Fulton's Folly. Pasteur was pilloried in his day as he attempted medical research, and today his name is a household word. Marconi was mocked and his work with wireless thought to be worthless, but it opened a new world of communication. Henry Ford was chided with "get a horse" but fifty million cars on our nation's roads spell the success of automotives. The preacher's kids, Orville and Wilbur Wright, did not escape the cynics' scorn as they attempted to fly their first plane. Their only encouragement came from their father and sister as they worked to crystallize a dream into reality. Success came after a thousand heartaches. The first flight was short at 7½ miles per hour. Flight today exceeds Mach 3 or better than 2,000 miles per hour.

God has created an intelligible world for men to explore and employ for the welfare of humanity. Spiritual and scientific progress will result from faith, imagination, patience, and perseverance. Great discoveries are not accidental, but are products and by-products of search and research. "Seek and ye shall find. . . ." "According to your faith, be it unto you." In this age of technology we predict there will be more mach and less of mockery. ■ ■

QUOTES: Car sickness: The feeling you get every month when the payment falls due.—*Balance Sheet*. . . . The only dependable fortune teller is the life insurance salesman. He tells you what is going to happen, and it does.—*Construction Digest*. . . . Autos continue to be driven at just two speeds—lawful and awful.—*American Medical Association News*.

Handicapped? Try Sports!

By Curtis W. Casewit

NOT long ago, an American newspaper sent me to the Austrian Tyrol, where I watched a unique ski race. The mountain near Innsbruck was one long garland of flags, and through the gates, at intervals of three minutes, descended a succession of skiers. They were clocked at an average of fifty miles per hour. Nothing unusual?

Not for the ordinary ski racer.

But these men were not ordinary. Twenty of them had only one leg. Fifteen others had only one arm. Three had no hands. The rest flew down the mountain despite paralyzed joints, missing kneecaps, absent toes, or stiffened backs. All the skiers had handicaps—the result of war injuries or industrial accidents or previous mishaps.

These men showed me that you can win over handicaps. Eyes shining, cheeks glowing, the skiers sped through the finish line.

When the race was over, the mayor of Innsbruck handed a trophy to the three speediest skiers. Then he said simply, "You three won this annual race. But actually, all you

eighty men were winners. You won over your handicap."

The victory was not an easy one.

Skiing requires perfect coordination and a flawless balance. To hurtle down a snowy slope, a skier needs all his God-given limbs—his feet to direct the two wooden boards; his hands and arms to hold the ski poles, which act as stabilizers.

The loss of an arm will throw a skier's body out of kilter. With only one ski pole, or ski "stick" as the Austrians call it, the skier will have trouble making his turns, or trying to get up a hill. Yet where there's a will, there's a way, and practice and determination will make a one-armed skier as good as a two-armed one.

The sudden loss of a leg is much more serious; indeed, the loss will bring despair to any man. He will feel incomplete. At first, there will be pain; and when the stump has healed, he will feel off-balance. Then come the hard weeks of learning the use of crutches. The amputee will find that his remaining leg can hardly handle the load; his leg muscle will ache for several weeks. And



The lovely young woman is Tomi Keitlen. Though blind, she skis proficiently.

there's the self-consciousness. But only at first. A positive mental attitude will put a man in the right track within a few months. He'll realize that he can do many things despite a handicap.

SOME of the best things are sports. And the right track for some men is the ski track. The snow and faith in himself certainly did wonders for a skier named Bruno Wintersteller, who lives in Gmunden, Austria.

Bruno used to be a well-known ski racer until he crashed against a tree. The leg injury was so bad that the limb had to be amputated. But

Bruno knew that the sun and the powder snow and the swooshing down a trail gave him the most joy, despite danger and injury. So he conceived the idea that he would ski again. Wherever he went—to the small church in Gmunden, or to his factory job—Bruno's mind shouted, "Ski!" The achievement came soon enough.

At the first snowfall, Bruno Wintersteller bought himself the special equipment—one regular ski, plus two poles fitted with tiny skis—and clambered up the wintry hills near Gmunden. He fell down a few times and his arms hurt him from so much extra work, but before he

knew it, he had his old balance again. By leaning forward and using his crutch skis as brakes and steering wheels, Bruno could once more descend the trails. Each ski run made the blood tingle healthily in his body, and sent a new wave of hope and encouragement to his brain.

"I knew I had to compete again," Bruno told me in Innsbruck. He had heard about the yearly *Versehrtenwettkampfe*, or handicapped races, and he decided to start training. His decision paid off; the 24-year-old Bruno has won the race for three years in a row. He hopes to win again this year.

Apart from skiing, Bruno is a capable mountain climber. He has conquered eighty Alpine peaks of over 4,000 meters and 200 summits exceeding 3,000 meters—all on one leg.

To jump across the crevasses, Bruno uses a special set of ski poles. He has also designed hand-crampons which helped him up the icy stretches.

Bruno's courage has inspired countless other amputees in Europe.

AFTER seeing Bruno and his friends—Rudi Scholz, who skis on wooden leg; Toni Berger, who gets down the mountain on two artificial shins; and Erich Pletzer, no arms—I traveled to the Wallberg in Bavaria. Here I watched Ernst Mueller, a one-legged ski instructor teaching classes of two-legged ladies. Like over 100,000 other Germans, Mueller had lost his leg during World War II in Russia.



One of the best known professional racers is Ernst Hinterseer of Austria, who has broken his legs three times.

The shrapnel that demolished his leg did not destroy his mind. Mueller believed, then achieved.

Belief comes easily to a minister like Rev. Don Rogers of the First Christian Church in Eugene, Oregon.

"I lost my leg as a result of a football injury," he says. But to gain self-confidence, the Reverend Mr. Rogers immediately took up gymnastics, and was rewarded with success on the flying rings.

When winter came, he started to ski despite his amputation and lack of previous experience. "Skiing on one leg is easier than on two," chuckles the minister. "The trouble with two skis is that they don't go in the same direction for the beginner!"

Not all the handicapped want to ski, anyway. Some of them like to hike, or use the trampoline.

Al Capp, the famed cartoonist,

has his best fun by *ignoring* his wooden leg. "It has to shift for itself," Capp once said. "If it wants to come where I'm going, it has to follow me."

The cartoonist now considers his wooden leg a "useful, rather good-looking gadget," no different from a sports car or a pair of suspenders. While he stumbled and limped hard at first, he found that, in time, people forgot that he is handicapped, just as they forget the color of one's eyes. Capp lost his leg back in 1919 when he was run down by a New Haven trolley car.

Will the loss of an arm bring loss of hope, too? "The contrary is true!" says Adi Hofbauer, a one-armed skier, who often competes with his friend Wintersteller in Austria. "After mastering the lack of the arm, I felt all the stronger, all the more sure of myself. On skis as well as in life."

Adi contributes his success to 1) resolution, 2) determination, 3) the use of sports.

Sports and will power helped Ron Scott win a victory over his handicap. Before being drafted into the Korean War, Ron was a squash tennis player. A Chinese sniper shot away his right arm. Now he plays with the left one. The sport has kept him in good shape ever since, just as those Austrians are in top form through physical exercise. But first of all they had to *want victory*.

The best proof for great will power has no doubt been shown by an attractive young woman named Tomi Keitlen. She still has both legs and both arms.

But she is blind.

As you read this, her biography, *Farewell to Fear*, has reached the pocketbook racks.

Tomi lost her sight after a series of operations when she was thirty-two years old. But she believed in herself, and decided to conquer her handicap. Today she swims, plays golf, takes care of her daughter and keeps a house.

She even climbs mountains by having the guide dictate her route into a tape recorder which he passes down to her. Tied to the guide by a rope, she will follow his directions. "Move your right foot about four inches to the left—now up until you feel a ledge—now shift your weight—move your left foot out and up as far as you can go."

Tomi Keitlen claims that blindness actually helped her to climb. She feels no fear of the depths since she can't look down. Besides, as a blind person, she is in the habit of moving slowly and steadily.

But most amazing of all, Tomi learned to ski. She simply equipped her instructor with a little bell, which he rings at every dip in the mountain. According to her book, she made the eight-mile cross-country trip from Klosters to Davos in Switzerland.

What with her successes as a skier and climber, the choice of Tomi's occupation seems logical enough. She assists one of America's best-known physical educators—the famed Bonnie Prudden.

So if you're handicapped—don't give up!

Give sports a try!



Jesus Christ Is—What?

By George R. Edwards

OUTSIDE of the New Testament, sources for understanding the life of Jesus are practically nonexistent—some late derogatory passages in the *Talmud*, two references in the *Antiquities* of Josephus (one of them probably spurious), short snatches, undetailed in the Latin writers, Pliny, Tacitus, and Suetonius. It is clear that non-Christian historians of the first two centuries did not regard the event of Jesus' appearance, his ministry, and the preaching of his cross and resurrection by the early church, as an event of impressive "historical" importance. They did not dream that faith in the despised Galilean would become under Constantine in the fourth century the official religion of the Roman empire. It follows from this that the early Christians must have been charged with a faith of surprising vitality. The record of that faith is found in the New Testament.

The Christ of the Gospels

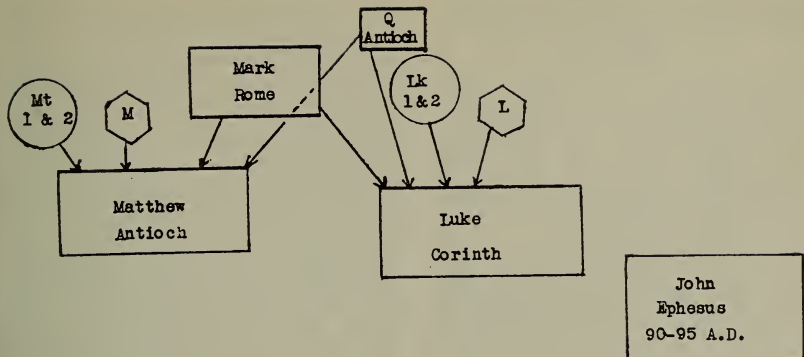
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John disclose to us what Jesus meant to

early Christians. They are not "histories" in the sense of journalistic biographies about the man Jesus. Indeed, they do contain a considerable amount of history, because Jesus himself was an historical figure, and traditions about his words and deeds sprang up early among his followers. Yet the Gospels also contain elements which we may call "superhistorical" which were characteristic of the thinking and writing of the first century, however strange they may sound to modern ears.

For example, Jesus is described in John 1:1-3 as existing with God before birth and sharing in the creation of the world. People dead for centuries "appear" with Jesus on a mountaintop and engage Jesus in conversation. God's voice speaks out of a cloud to the assembled company. See Mark 9:2-9.

In facing the world of the Bible, we must avoid the assumption that this "superhistorical" material is to be taken literally. On the other hand, we need to explore the religious

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meaning which is symbolically expressed.

The Gospels tell us more about how the early Christians felt about Jesus, what Jesus meant to them, than they tell us about Jesus himself, his features or his self-understanding. The gospel stories are imprinted everywhere with the joyous faith—"gospel" means, of course, "good news"—which filled early Christians. The life and practices of the early church are mirrored in the Gospels.

For example, the account of Jesus' baptism in Mark 1:9-11 was probably used in connection with baptismal rites and reflects the confession: Jesus is the Christ of God. Likewise, the last supper of Mark 14:22-25 reflects the liturgy of the Holy Communion. Where the bald fact of what Jesus did and was can be distinguished from the belief and practice of the church must be a matter of continuing study and research among biblical students. We summarize some of the literary results of gospel study in this way.

Literary Aspects of the Gospels

A casual reading of the first three as compared to the fourth gospel reveals immediately that here are two different presentations of Jesus' life and message. John has its own vocabulary and theology, its own sequence of events, its own understanding of Jesus. The first three also have their unique features, but, relatively speaking, they constitute one group (called "synoptics" because of their common viewpoint), and John stands in a class by itself. B. H. Streeter in his monumental work, *The Four Gospels* (1924), analyzed the synoptics and found four major sources of them.

Mark is the basic, common source. "Q" designates a source common to Matthew and Luke (not generally found in Mark) representing mainly, though not exclusively, "sayings" of Jesus, gathered at an early date, perhaps A.D. 50, earlier by fifteen or twenty years than the Gospel of Mark. When Matthew and Luke were written (fifteen or twenty years

after Mark), they used Mark freely, incorporating special sources (of later origin than Mark) for the nativity stories and adding other material unique to Matthew (M) and material unique to Luke (L). The diagram on page 45 would represent this history of the composition as now understood.

We should not expect the Gospels, even the first three of them, to give a picture of Jesus which is absolutely uniform. Yet they do with one accord laud him as Savior, the embodiment of God's ultimate word, the hope of the world. Upon what basis, we may finally ask, are we to determine the acceptability of the Gospels' testimony to Jesus? What is the meaning to us of its "superhistory" terminology, the relevance today of its story of miracle and its disclosure of otherworldly things?

Jesus as the Christ—to Me

The Gospels are exulting testimonies of men and women who had found Jesus the source of life and hope. In spite of exterior changes, human life today is essentially the same as it was then, an existence tending toward death. Under the threat of our mortality, we seek to secure life. We eat and drink and try to be merry, because tomorrow we die. Yet the more we try to shore up life with our own devices of security, the more we create or perpetuate a false and deluded view of life.

The discovery of the meaning of Jesus Christ is one and the same thing as the surrender of this false premise of our security in ourselves

and our devices and the embracing of a new premise of life in God. The crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus, described in the vividly superhistorical language of the Gospels, speak directly and bluntly to my mortality and my erroneous solutions to it, attack it with all its suffering at the very center, and overcome it. The preoccupation of the Gospels with the Passion narratives witnesses to the experience among early Christians that their existence tending toward death had found solution in Christ. Their affirmation that he, the Crucified One, was now exalted in triumph to the right hand of God was a creedal counterpart to that freedom and joy, that abandonment, which they had found in dying and rising with the Lord. He was now to them resurrection and life (John 11:25). This is the meaning of the crucial struggle of Peter in Mark 8:27-9:1 and the expanded version of the same story in Matthew 16:13-28.

Christ, Lord of Life

If I am a new person in Christ, being given by him a right understanding of myself and of life, I am free "in Christ" for life with God. This freedom of the Christian man has found expression throughout history in an exultation expressed both in hymns and thanksgiving and in social courage which breaks the yokes of human oppression.

Today God is at work to free men from racial discrimination, from hunger, disease and poverty, from colonialism, from economic imperialism, from illiteracy, from political tyranny, from war and violence. In

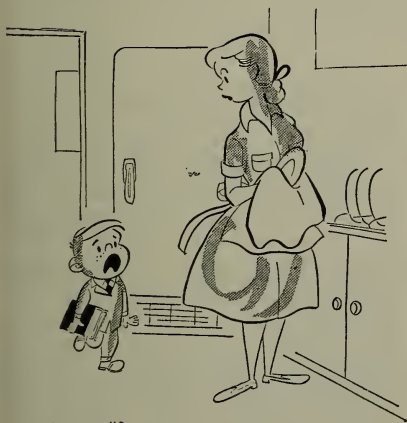
all these struggles, Christ, who was the herald of freedom to men of old, calls us to freedom and newness of life. In the struggle against injustice in ourselves and in the world, we meet Christ who always stands with the oppressed and the meek. Confession of Jesus as Christ means that the citadel of our self-protecting ego has been conquered by and for Christ. In the agonizing conflicts of Christian morality both internally in my own life and in the social order, Jesus, crucified and risen, becomes clearer to me as Lord of life. In this struggle, we "discover" him as Christ. His grace meets us in such struggles. We sense his comradeship and power. We rejoice in him. This is the meaning of Jesus Christ.



Daily Bible Readings

MARCH

DAY	READING
1 Sunday	Luke 4:1-13
2	John 1:35-42
3	John 1:43-51
4	John 3:1-21
5	John 4:7-26
6	John 4:31-42
7	John 5:19-47
8 Sunday	John 6:22-59
9	John 8:1-11
10	John 8:12-20
11	John 8:21-30
12	John 8:31-47
13	Luke 5:27-39
14	Luke 6:1-5
15 Sunday	Luke 19:1-10
16	Matthew 19:16-30
17	Matthew 20:20-28
18	Matthew 22:15-22
19	Matthew 22:23-33
20	Matthew 22:34-40
21	John 12:1-8
22 Palm Sunday	John 12:12-36
23	John 13:1-38
24	John 14:1-31
25	John 17:1-26
26	John 18:1-40
27 Good Friday	John 19:1-30
28	John 19:31-42
29 Easter Sunday	John 20:1-31
30	John 21:15-19
31	John 21:20-25



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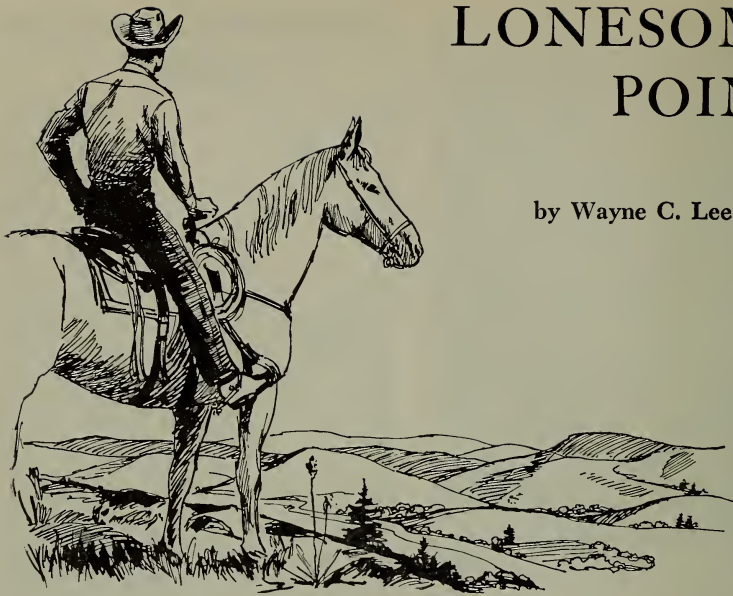
"This just wasn't my day. Teacher read my poem to the class."

PHOTO CREDITS

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LONESOME POINT

by Wayne C. Lee



Wes Staley's brother, Larry, was returning home after eighteen months. But Wes wasn't glad to see him

WES STALEY reined up his horse on the point of a high ridge and gazed down at the valley below. This should be a day of celebration for Wes. But it wasn't. His brother, Larry, was coming home today on the stage after being gone for a year and one-half. And Wes wasn't going to be glad to see him.

He and his younger brother, Larry, had spent many an hour on this point of land dreaming and planning for the day when they would operate a big ranch in the valley below. But those hours had been only dreams

to Larry. They had been more to Wes.

"Lonesome Point," the two boys had called this place because, up here, they were completely separated from the buzzing world of activity below. But to Wes, it wasn't really lonesome. Here he could look over the hurry and worry below to a future that promised great things. He had thought once that Larry was seeing the same thing he did. But now he doubted if Larry had seen anything but a big world out there for him to rush into.

When Wes was twenty-one, he had bargained for two small tracts of land down in the valley that was to be the beginning of the expansion of the ranch. Then Wes's big dream had exploded. Larry had decided that he wanted to go somewhere else to make his start. No amount of persuasion could change his mind.

Wes had seen the ranch dwindle in size instead of grow. First, there was more work here to be done than he could do alone. His father was no longer physically able to do a full day's work. And Larry had to have some capital to get his start in a new country. So part of the ranch had been sold and Larry had started off in high spirits, supremely confident of great success.

With Larry gone, Lonesome Point had become lonesome indeed for Wes. He missed Larry more than he had expected to. And he missed something else even more than Larry.

Before Larry and Wes had locked horns over Larry's leaving, Wes had brought Bonnie Fray up here many times. There was an understanding between Wes and Bonnie; or at least, Wes had thought there was. That understanding had suddenly vanished when Larry left. Wes had never figured out why.

WES put his horse off the point and headed him down toward the white ribbon of road that led into Sage City. Cedar Junction was the station where Larry would get off the stage. It was ten miles closer to the ranch than Sage City. But Wes wanted to talk to Larry before any of the others did.

Wes had adjusted himself to Larry's absence from the ranch. Why not leave it that way? Wes needed no expert to tell him that Larry's return to the ranch was going to upset everything worse than it had when he left.

Larry wasn't bringing back either fame or fortune. He didn't even have a start of any kind anywhere. Once away from the home ranch, he had become intrigued by a new sport, rodeo. Cowboys had always met at roundups and held contests among themselves. But now it was becoming a big thing. People actually paid money to see the cowboys compete. And promoters staged shows and offered big prizes to the cowboys who showed the greatest skills.

Larry had always been a good rider and he had yielded to the temptation to try his hand at rodeo. He had made good from the first. But then he had drawn a bronc that was too much for him. When he had been thrown, he had been hurt and now his riding days were over.

Wes could only guess how badly he had been crippled. But he could picture him a semi-invalid coming back to the ranch where he would be a burden rather than a help. Wes didn't begrudge him the care he needed but, with Larry on the ranch not able to work, Wes would be severely handicapped even in keeping up the ranch as well as he had it going now.

So he was riding to Sage City to meet the stage. Maybe, if Larry was able to hold down some job somewhere else, Wes could convince him to do it. He had to do something

before Larry got home where his mother and father were eagerly waiting for him, making happy plans to keep him on the ranch. It just wouldn't be the best thing for either Larry or Wes.

Wes was waiting on the Sage City hotel veranda when the stage came in. He wasn't sure what to expect when he looked inside the big Concord. Larry was sitting there and Wes couldn't even tell that he was crippled. Larry was excited when he saw his brother. But Larry was always excited about everything, Wes thought.

Wes tried to match Larry's enthusiasm over their meeting but it wasn't easy to do. The stage changed teams here so Wes suggested Larry get out and stretch.

"You want to see if I can, don't you?" Larry said, grinning. "Well, I can walk and I can do a lot of things. I just can't ride a horse any more. But if I can ride this stage, I should be able to ride a buffalo."

Larry and Wes found a bench on the veranda of the hotel and sat down. "What are your plans?" Wes asked, watching Larry closely.

Larry didn't answer right away. He seemed to be considering carefully what he should say. Wes felt himself going tight inside. Larry evidently intended to stay on the ranch and he was wondering how to break the news to Wes.

Wes was thinking that Larry could get a clerking job in some store and that would be better for everybody. He could do the work in a store, all right.

"I haven't made any plans beyond

just coming to see Mom and Dad and you," Larry said finally.

Wes nodded and said nothing. His dad and mother would insist that Larry stay right there on the ranch. They wouldn't listen to anything else. And, of course, Larry would let them talk him into it.

Wes stood up. It just wasn't fair. He'd worked hard to get the ranch back into some kind of shape after Larry left. Now he'd have to make another complete adjustment.

"Did you bring the buckboard here to Sage City?" Larry asked.

Wes shook his head. "I just rode over here to see somebody. Dad will meet you at Cedar Junction."

WES mounted his horse and rode away before he said something he'd be sorry for. He had to think this through.

Once away from Sage City on the way home, his resentment began to die. What would he have done if he'd been away from home, hurt and just out of the hospital? Wouldn't he have come home, too? But that didn't excuse Larry for being a fool and turning to the rodeo circuit instead of some solid business.

Maybe Larry didn't consider rodeo a foolish thing. In fact, knowing Larry, Wes was sure he didn't consider it that. Bonnie had accused Wes once of not being able to see things in the light of the other fellow's situation.

Thoughts of Bonnie turned a knife inside him. She had been as cool as a December breeze for a long time now but she hadn't turned her affections to anyone else. He had



kept close tab and he knew. He had a feeling that she still liked him but he just couldn't reach through the frigid atmosphere she had wrapped around herself.

But surely neither Bonnie nor anyone else could blame Wes for feeling as he did about Larry now. As he rode toward home, his anger grew. But it was directed at himself now. Why couldn't he find a way to express his own feelings without making it look as if he were entirely selfish, looking out for himself at the expense of his handicapped brother?

He didn't try to feel sorry for Larry. Pity was the last thing in the world Larry would want. In fact, Wes was sure Larry didn't need pity. He was perfectly capable of taking care of himself.

It was the middle of the afternoon when he finally turned his horse into the corral at home. He had ridden a long way and done a lot of thinking. For a long time he had tried to put himself in Larry's place. He would have done exactly what Larry was doing. And he'd want to stay here, too. Above all, if he'd been hurt, spent all his money on doctor bills and come home broke and partly crippled, he'd want his own brother to welcome him, not condemn him for getting hurt.

It wasn't going to be easy, he told himself, but he'd do it. His mother and dad would feel much better, too, if he welcomed Larry home. Taking a deep breath, he opened the door and strode in.

Larry was sitting at the table talk-

ing to his mother and father. Wes wondered if he had told them that Wes had seen him at Sage City. He doubted it. Wes crossed the room quickly, holding out his hand.

"Glad to have you back, Larry."

He wasn't surprised at the big smile on his father's face or the tears in his mother's eyes. Not even at the big grin that took the place of the shock that first crossed Larry's face. But he was surprised at himself. It had been easy, very easy, to say that to Larry. Funny thing was, he meant it. He *was* glad to have him back. They'd have so many good times to recall.

It was an hour later, an hour Wes enjoyed more than any he could remember, when Larry told him what he really had in mind.

"There is big money in raising stock for rodeos, Wes," he said. "I know what the rodeo contractors want. We could make lots of money even on a small ranch like this if we raised the right kind of stock. I'm still enough of a man to oversee that. How about it?"

The world looked rosy to Wes as he did his chores. Neighbors came in to welcome Larry home but he paid little attention. Later this evening he and Larry would have a lot of plans to make.

But when the chores were done, he saddled his horse and rode back up on Lonesome Point. The world below looked different to him now. It wasn't so much how things really were as how he looked at them that made the picture bright or drab.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" a voice said a half hour later, rousing Wes.

He wheeled to see Bonnie standing there, holding the reins of her horse.

"What are—you—you haven't been up here for a year," Wes stammered.

"I've been waiting for you—the real you—to come back, Wes. It wasn't Larry who went away, so far as I was concerned. Larry was telling me tonight how you welcomed him back. Your resentment of Larry and what he did has been eating on you, Wes, changing you. I'm glad it's over. Welcome back, Wes."

He reached for her hand. "I'm glad it's over, too, Bonnie." He looked around him. "Lonesome Point. I never knew it to be less lonesome."

"It won't be lonesome any more," Bonnie said. ■ ■

Bits of Non-Cents

Our savings are dwindling away
And the bills can't be ignored;
The Joneses are keeping us broke
Buying things we can't afford.

—Anna Herbert.

DAFFYNITION: *Foreign car*—one that you pay twice as much for to be half as comfortable in.—*Table Talk*.

Jackie Robinson, United Church Men President

In November, 1963, Jackie Robinson, business executive and former baseball star, was named president of United Church Men. Jackie is a layman in the United Church of Christ.

What's So Fascinating About the City?

By Ted Kimmel

MORE than six people out of every ten in our nation are city dwellers, yet we used to think of ourselves as a rural people.

Even if you weren't reared in the city, you, like the rest of the citizens of this land, are tremendously influenced by what comes out of cities. Newspapers, magazines, radio and TV programs, and advertising originate in big cities. We are being told what to wear, what to eat, and what to do by city people.

Rapid City Expansion Causes Many Problems

Let's take a look at how we got this way. At the beginning of this century we had 76 million people in the United States and 60 per cent of them were on farms. Now over 60 per cent of our people are in the city and the population has almost tripled. This means our city population has increased four- or fivefold in that time. The mechanical revolution on the farm reduced the necessity for farm labor, so men were pulled to the city to find jobs.

World War II, with its great stimulus to industry, brought people into clusters where they could find work. Laboring people, both Negro and white, have been attracted to the city from rural areas of the South. For instance, in two decades a million white people from the southern Appalachians came to cities in the North in search of jobs. Their hill farms were just too worn out to provide an adequate living. Another million whites came from other parts of the South. Many had planned to stay only long enough to get ahead financially and then they were going back home. But unsteady employment and high living costs changed their plans. Thus they became prisoners of an unloved city and frustration and crime often set in.

Many southern Negroes, hoping to flee discrimination and underemployment, have migrated north. To find a place to live they have usually had to go to the slums in the inner city. Here they often live in tenements originally planned to house only a fraction of the number of

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people now crowded into them.

Hundreds of thousands of Puerto Ricans have moved from their island into the large cities, especially on the East Coast. They, like other immigrants, have come with high hopes of good-paying jobs and decent places to live, only to be met with prejudice and tremendous difficulties. Young people growing up in a new culture turn against the ways of their parents. Poverty and unemployment destroy their sense of worth and they are easily attracted to crime and other antisocial behavior.

But the problems of the city life are not confined to immigrants and the uprooted; they are often dumped in the laps of the "average" person. Many Americans were brought up in rural or semirural areas in which there was always work to be done and where they were deeply immersed in the life of the rest of the family. Now, many young people find themselves without responsibilities and often away from the steady influence of parents and other family members.

We're All Affected

It is not always easy to face up to city living. Many Americans have traditionally regarded country life as good while equating the city with evil. This is a concept that must be changed. We must accept the fact that we are an urban society and we are going to be more and more so. Some experts tell us that in another fifteen years half the population of the United States will be living in a score of giant "strip cities." We're going to have to do more than learn

to accept the city; we're going to have to learn how to love it and allow God's power and love working in us to transform the city.

What This Means to Our Faith

Many of our biblical concepts are put in pastoral terms—the Twenty-third Psalm, for instance. In this day God's love must be seen to be working in the streets and alleys of the city as well as in green pastures and beside still waters. The faith depicted in the New Testament was carried from city to city and it is now that same faith that is going to have to save the city.

If our cities are to become cities of God what are some aspects of the Christian's job in bringing this about? Let's look at the challenges. One is to alleviate discrimination against people because of their race or their religion or their place of birth. Many Negroes (and members of other minority groups) are not able to buy homes in the suburbs or other desirable areas. They are forced to live in "ghettos" in the center of the city. Some planners say that our cities are becoming masses of nonwhites ringed by suburbs of whites.

This is not only a denial of Christian principles of love and brotherhood, it is a stimulus to crime and substandard living conditions. The church is finally waking up to the problem of discrimination and is trying to do something about it. As Christians we must not only root discrimination out of our own lives, we need to actively work against practices all around us that tend to

humiliate and subjugate people of minority groups. We have heard through our churches and through the mouths of our religious leaders, it is now up to us to act.

Some Things We Can Do

Many Christians are hearing a call to go to the center of the city, as pastors, as teachers in city schools, as social workers, or simply as concerned citizens who go to live in the city and bring to it their religious convictions. Where people become concerned, the transforming power of God can begin to work with force.

The city is here to stay. It is touching our lives, sometimes engulfing our lives, and the decision on how the city is going to affect us and how we are going to affect the city is up to you—and me!



"You wished you could transfer to the Peace Corps. Well! I wish I could discharge you!"

Servicemen and the City

Servicemen usually have excellent opportunities to see many sides of city life. The choice is whether to be pulled in by the honky-tonks and cheap bars, or to look for the richness of urban living exemplified by the great museums, concert halls, and churches.

For instance, New York City is a treasury of religious landmarks. Riverside and Marble Collegiate are just two of the many well-known churches. Methodism's first congregation in America gathered on the site of the present John Street Methodist Church. The Cathedral of St. John the Divine is a tremendously impressive edifice that attracts visitors from far around.

Such famous ministers as Ralph Sockman, Norman Vincent Peale, Robert McCracken, Dan Poling, Harold Bosley, and others can be heard in New York. Some of the obscure, less known ministers may challenge you even more.

Other cities, too, have a rich religious life. One of the ways to find the church that interests you most is to consult the local papers. Also, you may contact the council of churches, sometimes called the Protestant Council. YMCA's have the names and meeting times of most churches in their neighborhoods. You'll find that many congregations have active fellowship groups that welcome servicemen. Your hometown pastor can give you names of congregations in cities you wish to visit. A leave spent among church people in the city can be fun and enriching. ■ ■

Alcohol Can Kill You

By Dorothy

There is an answer to the drinking problem

ALCOHOLISM today ranks third as a killer of Americans, with only heart disease and cancer taking more lives. Alcoholism is a medically-recognized disease with no known cure, but it is a disease which can be arrested. The compulsion to drink can be removed, and the alcoholic, once considered hopeless, abandoned by the medical profession and a despair to the clergy, can return to a productive life. He can resume or find his spiritual life, and can and *does* become a highly respected member of society.

How bad does a drinking problem have to be?

The definition of an alcoholic is summed up easily—one who can no longer control his drinking. The classic picture of the alcoholic is that of a dirty, shabbily dressed bum begging for a handout and spending it on drink—homeless, jobless, pitiful.

But how did this poor fellow descend to the gutter? Chances are strong that he was an alcoholic long before he lost his job, his home, and his family, and was reduced to such

misery and disgrace, with death just around the corner.

The sailor who spends his weekend liberty on a gloriously uninhibited drunken spree—the young airman with regular hangovers—the officer who extends “Happy Hour” through the weekend—the wife who is secretly fortifying herself with afternoon drinking—all of these are likely candidates for the many social drinkers who become devoted alcoholics.

Although alcoholism is one of the oldest problems in the history of mankind (Prov. 23:29-35), only recently has there been a successful effort made to assist the compulsive drinker. He or she can find relief, comfort, and a new approach to life through Alcoholics Anonymous.

How does one find AA?

Often the drinking alcoholic doesn't hear of AA or take it seriously until he is jailed or hospitalized. Prisons and hospitals today offer AA literature and meetings. A psychiatrist or a chaplain will often suggest AA to an individual who admits he has a drinking problem. Unfortunately

DOROTHY'S PERSONAL TESTIMONY

My husband is a regular officer in a branch of service which I shall not reveal. Until a year or so ago he was a compulsive binge drinker and gambler in his off-duty hours. Our marriage was in peril; our children were growing up in a home of tension and unpleasantness; our financial situation was becoming desperate. I gradually withdrew from my chapel participation and other activities; I could not face the world.

Today, with the help of Alcoholics Anonymous, we have both enjoyed a renaissance of spiritual growth. Our home is a pleasure to us, and our future together looks healthy and prosperous.

Addresses for AA:

- AA: General Service Office of
Alcoholics Anonymous
P.O. Box 459
Grand Central Station
New York 17, New York
- Al-Anon: Al-Anon Family Group
Headquarters
P.O. Box 182
Madison Square Station
New York 10, New York

Fortunately, more and more alcoholics are recognizing their drinking problem before being faced with jails or hospitals. These are the lucky ones, who in their twenties and thirties can find their lives before they have lost so much time, time which can never be replaced.

AA can be found in most city telephone directories. AA can be reached through your chaplain or through staff members of your hospital. AA is international, and publishes a world-wide directory for many different countries. AA has lone members in far-off lands and isolated aboard ship. AA is a vast network of hope and happiness for men and women who once were sunk in wretchedness, cut off from friends and heading for serious trouble in their jobs and lives.

AA maintains a general service office in New York City, from which information can be secured about the nearest group of service for "loners." Special material is available for members of the Armed Services through this office.

**But, what can you do if
a loved one will not seek out AA?**

AA does not recruit members or even impose its viewpoint on problem drinking on others unless asked to do so. The individual must seek AA himself—and AA will always answer him. For those with loved ones who are in trouble because of drink—a son, husband, wife or daughter—there is a branch of AA known as Al-Anon, which serves the families of problem drinkers. Countless alcoholics have found sobriety

ly most of the people with a serious drinking problem find it difficult to admit even to themselves that their problem lies with the bottle, and they will blame their fears, their instability and their drinking on an unsympathetic C.O., on an unhappy childhood, or on a nagging wife. And they will run to another bottle, another drink, to forget their problems—not realizing that the bottle itself is the problem.

through AA after someone in the family had contacted an Al-Anon Family Group. The fellowship helps families to help themselves directly, and indirectly to help the alcoholic partner. Even though the family may be under terrible stress because of the alcoholic, Al-Anon can offer understanding and hope for a better future.

Is AA really anonymous?

Yes, the anonymity of AA is one of its most cherished facts, a trust which is not to be broken.

How does AA work?

If you have a drinking problem, go to AA and FIND OUT! ■ ■

Let Us Pray

O Lord, Giver of Life, we thank thee for this precious possession called life. We are born, life begins; we grow, life develops; we have fellowship with others, we share life. We recognize, our Father, that in thee "we live and move and have our being." From Jesus Christ, our Savior, comes life more abundant—more abundant here and hereafter, for inevitably we fulfill the cycle—birth, life, death. But thou dost give us life that shall endless be. But now in the days of our flesh, grant thy shelter, thy support, thy strength to us. Help us to treat this life as a great trust—and live it fully every day. Through Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Heavenly Father, renew our assurance in the life everlasting. We stand in the presence of death—the death of one we greatly admired and loved—and our hearts are breaking and we wonder, Can this be the end? Then there falls upon us a silence. We hear no voice. But surely, Almighty God, there is something better than endless oblivion. We suddenly remember that Jesus arose from the dead and assured us: "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live, and whoever lives and believes in me shall never die." He taught us that death was the gateway to a better life. Shall not the judge of all the earth do right? Lord, we believe; help thou our unbelief. In the name of him who arose from the grave on Easter Sunday. *Amen.*

O Lord Jesus Christ, bless our homes. Give to all of us, every member of our family, understanding hearts. We praise thy name that thou didst plant within us love—a love that binds our hearts together and enables us to meet the perplexities and crises that swoop down upon us. We remember that Jesus was a member of a lovely home, that he was obedient to his parents, that he was a workman in Joseph's carpenter shop, that he did not forget his mother Mary as he was dying upon the cross and said to John, the beloved disciple, "Behold, thy mother!" Make us thoughtful and appreciative of one another during all the moments of our lives. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

"God's Mission and Our Task"

Some 200 churchmen from six continents met in Mexico City from December 8-20 last year to discuss evangelism. Bishop Lesslie Newbigin, leader of the Conference, declared that the word "missions" is still shaped by the experience of the colonial era. He pointed out that there are more than 200 missionaries of the Asian churches going from their own countries to work in other parts of Asia and Africa.

Freedom to Struggle for Higher Freedom

Dr. Frank Graham at the Upper Room Citation Dinner in Washington, D.C., last year, honoring Dr. Helen Kim, said, in part:

America is a land where there's always been the freedom to struggle for freedom. Where we would achieve democracy without vulgarity, excellence without arrogance, and where

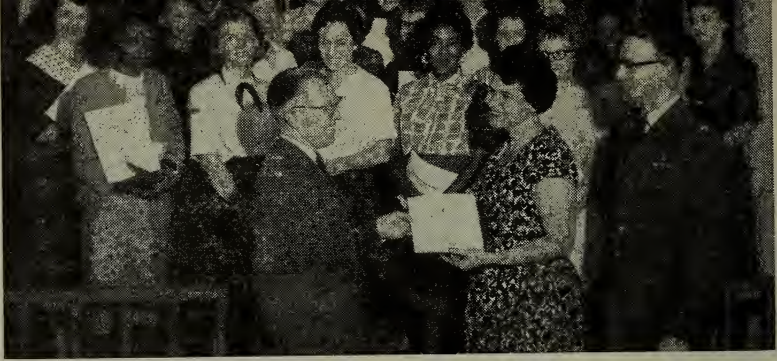
the answer to error is not terror, and where a response to a difference in color or creed or economic condition is not exploitation, discrimination, or intimidation. Where the way of progress is not subversion, and respect for a great task is not reaction. Where we would have a majority without tyranny, minority without fear, and all people have an equal opportunity to struggle together for a fairer America, in a nobler and more peaceful world. . . .

Bible for the White House

In November, 1963, a specially bound copy of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible was presented to the new library in the White House by the National Council of Churches, represented by the Rev. Dr. J. Carter Swaim, executive director of the Council's Department of the English Bible. The new library on the first floor of the White House represents the first attempt to

This group conducted the service at the Post Chapel, Fort Leavenworth, Kans., on Laymen's Sunday. Brigadier General E. C. Townsend (far left) was the speaker. Chaplain (Lt Col) Theodore V. Koepke is senior chaplain.





Twenty-two of the forty-five Sunday school teachers at the Green Park Housing Annex. Front, L-R: Chaplain, Lt Col, Ralph R. Pace, Chief, Professional Division, Office of the Staff Chaplain, Fifth Air Force; Mrs. Sara Peace, Religious Education Secretary; Chaplain, Maj, Willis H. Newton, Jr., Senior Activity Chaplain.

establish a permanent, significantly American collection of books in the Executive Mansion.

Lutherans on Aid for Parochial Schools

Despite the fact that Lutherans have more parochial schools than any other major Protestant Communion, Dr. Robert E. Van Dusen of Washington, D.C., states that Lutherans "feel the responsibility for religious training rests upon the church rather than upon the state."

Reaction to Supreme Court Decision on Bible Reading

The Rev. Dr. Lanier Hunt, associate executive director of the Department of Church and Public Schools Relations of the NCC, in an address pointed out that "the variations in the reactions to and interpretations of the (Court's) decision are endless. . . . It certainly may be said

that the Bible is worthy of study for its literary and historic qualities. . . . I hear the Court as saying that tax funds may be used to pay the teacher in public schools for Bible courses, when done for purposes of general education. . . . The purposes of the course must be secular, as for example, to aid in understanding the religious beliefs and customs of our neighbors in this pluralistic society, or to understand better our literature, history and culture." Dr. Hunt referred to the Court's statement: "It might well be said that one's education is not complete without a study of comparative religion or the history of religion and its relationship to the advancement of civilization."

Religion or Politics?

Educational Review, Inc. polled students in twelve colleges in the U.S. to discover whether students were more concerned with politics or with religion. Only at Roman

Catholic Marquette University were students more concerned with religion (55 per cent) as against politics. All others showed politics taking primary interest.

Hope Grows for Prevention of Heart Attacks

The most recent government figures show that 524,550 persons died of coronary heart disease in 1962, chiefly heart attacks. If doctors could predict which individuals were likely candidates for heart attacks, they would have a better chance of reducing the danger. The death rate from hypertension and related heart disease in middle-aged men dropped 44 per cent between 1950 and 1960, largely as a result of the availability of drugs to control high blood pressure. The starting point in protection: a regular physical examination by your physician.—*The American Heart*.

Quotes from Our Late President

In an address to church leaders, the late President Kennedy said: "If the family of man cannot achieve greater unity and harmony, the very planet which serves as its home may find its future in peril. . . . Many live in poverty and despair. . . . Ten million suffer from leprosy. . . . In less developed nations more than half the children of primary school age are not in school. . . . Two out of three adults are illiterate. . . . The rich must help the poor."

What's happening where you are?
Send us pictures.

The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

THE NEEDED STRENGTH

Once long ago I thought myself so strong
Temptations could not breach nor storm my wall;
I felt I was immune to all the things
That seem to cause so many men to fall.
Blinded by my ignorance I ran
Where wiser men and angels fear to tread.
I stumbled, fell, lay wounded by the way
And found my strength and courage all had fled.
Now I know my strength is not enough,
For life's demands exceed mere flesh and bone.
The one who stumbles, falls, and cannot rise
Is he who tries to walk the road alone.

THE ACT OF COMFORT

I do not know the pain my brother bears.
I only see the tears that fill his eyes.
Sometimes a neighbor cannot share our grief
Or comfort us no matter how he tries.
Words are often difficult to choose
But there is one thing we can always do:
Give this assurance that we really care,
"When I pray, I shall remember you."

The Link Calendar

- Mar. 1-31 Red Cross Month.
Mar. 1 Third Sunday in Lent.
Mar. 1 Articles of Confederation signed, 1781.
Mar. 4 President's Day. Purpose: To establish a better understanding of our American history and heritage.
Mar. 4 First Congress of the U.S. met in New York, 1789.
Mar. 5 Boston Massacre, 1770.
Mar. 7 Luther Burbank born, 1849.
Mar. 8 Oliver Wendell Holmes born, 1841.
Mar. 8 Fourth Sunday in Lent. ONE GREAT HOUR OF SHARING.
Church World Service.
Mar. 10 Bell invented the telephone, 1876.
Mar. 12 Girl Scouts organized, 1912.
Mar. 15 Passion Sunday.
Mar. 16 West Point established, 1801.
Mar. 17 St. Patrick's Day.
Mar. 18 Grover Cleveland born, 1837.
Mar. 19 David Livingstone born, 1813.
Mar. 20 Spring begins at 9:10 A.M.
Mar. 21 Johann S. Bach born, 1685.
Mar. 22 Palm Sunday.
Mar. 22-29 Holy Week.
Mar. 23 Patrick Henry's "Liberty or Death" speech, 1775.
Mar. 25 The Annunciation.
Mar. 26 Maundy Thursday.
Mar. 27 Good Friday.
Mar. 28 Easter Eve.
Mar. 29 Easter.
Mar. 29-May 17. Easter to Pentecost. The purpose of this annual interdenominational observance of the "Fifty Great Days" from Easter to Pentecost is to help conserve the pre-Easter evangelistic results.

A CHAPEL ABSENTIST!

After the sermon, one of the men in the chapel congregation approached the chaplain and commented on his sermon.

"I found it very helpful," he said.

"I hope," replied the chaplain, "that you won't find it as helpful as you did the last sermon you heard me preach."

"What do you mean, Chaplain?" asked the surprised man.

"Well," said the chaplain, "that sermon lasted you three months!"

—F. G. Kerman

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK you will find five articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion.

1. No Graven Images! (page 34)

Bible Material: Exodus 20:4-6.

What were the circumstances that called forth this second commandment? What permanent truth does it contain for our day? Do we sometimes have false mental images of God? Illustrate. Do you think communities and nations should take this commandment seriously? If so, why?

2. What Do We Mean by Church? (page 21)

Bible Material: Matthew 16:13-20

What tasks belong to the church and to no other organization in the community? Why have the church and church members failed to become involved in social problems? What functions do boards, agencies, organizations and committees serve within the church?

3. Jesus Christ Is—What? (page 44)

Bible Material: Matthew 22:41-46

What are the sources for our information about Jesus? What “slants” do we find in the various Gospels? How can we be confident that the Gospels represent Jesus as he really was? Do “miracles still happen”? When we speak of “the miracles of Jesus” do we mean the same thing by “miracles” that we did in our previous question?

4. What's So Fascinating About the City? (page 53)

Bible Material: Luke 19:41-48

Had you rather live in the city or country? Why? What are the differences in city life and rural life? What opportunities are there in the city for intellectual and spiritual stimulation? How can we improve our cities? Why did Jesus weep over a city?

5. The Risen Christ (page 9)

Bible Material: 1 Corinthians 15:3-8

What evidence do we have that Christ rose from the dead? How did his resurrection complete his work? What is the modern challenge of the risen Christ? Why do we Christians believe that sometime we will rise from the dead?

Books Are Friendly Things

Fathers to Sons by Alan Valentine, editor. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla. 1963. \$4.95.

In every generation parents seek to indoctrinate their sons; and sons have always reacted with docility or resentment depending on their fathers to bridge the gap between their generations and that of their sons. Here is an interesting collection of letters written from fathers to sons from the time of Edward II of England to our own day. Take one or two samples: Edmund Burke to his son Richard: . . . "Be aware that I wish you to avoid everything that is mean, sordid, illiberal, and uncharitable . . ." Theodore Roosevelt to Ted, Jr., who was having difficulty with newspapermen and photographers: "The thing to do is to go on just as you have evidently been doing, attract as little attention as possible, do not make a fuss about the newspaper men, camera creatures, and idiots generally, letting it be seen that you do not like them and avoid them, but not letting them betray you into any excessive irritation." Good reading, especially for fathers.

Heritage of Valor by Col. Budd J. Peaslee. J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Sq., Philadelphia 5, Pa. 1963. \$5.50.

The commander of the 384th Bombardment Group tells the story of his group during World War II from the period of their rigorous training in the U.S. to their base in England and their repeated attacks upon Hitler's Germany through famous "Black Thursday," the raid on Schweinfurt, the greatest air battle in history. The 384th was a typical segment of the 8th Air Force. "The B-17's and B-24's will never again assemble into strike formation . . ." but they have left a heritage of valor. It is good to have this record of courage and devotion.

Get Off the Fence by Thomas A. Fry, Jr. Fleming H. Revell, Westwood, N.J. 1963. \$2.50.

In these pages, Dr. Fry, dynamic pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Dallas, Texas, discusses from the Christian viewpoint present day problems relating to gossip, communism, the social drink, sex attitudes, faith healing, integration and even businessmen's ethics. The author meets these problems head-on and sets forth convincing arguments for high Christian standards.

Man and His Religions by Joseph Nettis. United Church Press, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. 1963. \$1.00.

In this engaging photo-essay the author enables us to see, through his discerning eyes, the vitality and the value of man's religions. Christians often ask, What should be our attitude toward other religions? Mr. Nettis believes that we should know who are our allies and friends as we face the common enemies of communism, secularism, and conscienceless political and economic forces. We get here a good brief picture of the religions of the world.

Sound Off! (Continued from page 4)

Worth the Money

I would like to say that in my opinion, this magazine is one of the best I have ever read and is well worth the money paid for it. Many others among us enjoy THE LINK, too. We especially like the terrific photographs on the covers. Keep using them.

—Daira Polis, Greegs Road, Kurrajong, N.S.W., Australia.

Appreciates THE LINK

As chaplain of COMDESRON ONE I would like to express my deepest appreciation for the generosity shown to my squadron and me in granting our request for 100 copies of THE LINK.

Your magazine means much to us aboard ship whether at home or abroad. As you mentioned donations from land-based chapels, I will surely pass this word along.

May His blessings be on you and your staff.

—Lt. C. F. Stolzenbach, CHC, USNR, COMDESRON ONE, c/o F.P.O., San Francisco, California.

Story on Hummel Figurines

Thanks. Always wanted to know "Story of Hummel Figurines." Routed LINK to personnel aboard.

—Leo Lavin, Purser, USNS KINGSPORT, F.P.O., New York, N.Y.

My Faith Will Be Increased

Please enter my name immediately on your mailing list for one year. I recently picked up the August issue of THE LINK and think it's just the greatest! I do not want to miss even one forthcoming issue. I am thoroughly convinced by just that first copy that my faith and the strength of Christ will certainly be increased evermore by means of a few moments of reading pleasure.

—A3C Timothy W. Barrett, Box 1411, Brooks AFB, Texas.

Appreciates Gift of Materials

Recently you placed us on subscription for THE LINK and sent a supply of other material. Among this material were several copies of *A Book of Prayers for the Armed Forces*. We did not have enough of these for all the men who requested them and, if possible, would appreciate another supply. Thank you very much for your cooperation and consideration. Your ministry through literature is appreciated by all.

—Leonard D. Kelley, Captain, USAF, Phoenix Air Defense Sector, Luke Air Force Base, Ariz.

At Ease!



"You still using that greasy kid stuff?"

Girl Friend: "My dad is an engineer. He takes things apart to see why they don't go."

Boy Friend: "So what?"

Girl: "So you'd better go."—*Baltimore Sun Magazine.*

A lawyer sent an overdue bill to a client, attaching a note which said, "This bill is one year old."

By return mail the lawyer had his bill back. To it was attached another note: "Happy birthday."—*NRTA Journal.*

Toots Shor, New York restaurateur, hailed a cab some time ago, and asked the driver, "Know of a decent restaurant? I'm a stranger here."

"Yes, sir," said the cabby. "One of the greatest eating places in the whole world is Toots Shor's on 51st Street. I'll drive you straight there."

At the end of the journey Toots was so pleased that he slipped the cabby a ten spot saying, "Keep the change."

"Thanks a lot," said the driver. "Thanks a lot, Mr. Shor!"—Jim Hewitt in *Quote.*

"I understand that you've been going to a psychiatrist. Do you think it has helped you?"

"Certainly it has. Only a few weeks ago when the phone rang, I was deathly afraid to answer it. And now I go right ahead and answer it whether it rings or not."—*Spokes.*

The teacher had asked her pupils who the nine greatest Americans were. All pupils had turned in their papers except Johnny.

"Can't you finish your list, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"I'm still undecided," replied Johnny, "about the first baseman."—*Highways of Happiness.*

A two-sentence message received by President Lyndon Johnson came from an American Indian on a reservation. "Be careful with your immigration laws. We were careless with ours."—Walter Winchell in *Quote.*





