

the

LINK

June 1963

CHILDREN OF THE SUN

OUR CONTINUOUS CRIME WAVE

SEX AND CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







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COVERS

Front: Not the cart . . . but the girl before the horse. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: You can see why he grins. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Front: A happy American family. God bless them. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: Standing behind Chimney Rock in Kentucky, the photographer caught this view of a boat on the Kentucky River. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by James Talone.

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SOUND OFF

Wants His Church to Have Copies

Would you please send my church back home some copies of your wonderful LINK magazine? I picked up a copy while I was at a church service not long ago. I am at a camp at Oji, Japan. I'd like you to send a year's subscription to my parents. Enclosed find check. Thank you for this most wonderful magazine.

—Sp4 Don R. Ulrich, U.S. Army Map Svc., F.E., APO 67, San Francisco, Calif.

Service Squadron Eight Wants THE LINK

I have greatly appreciated reading copies of your magazine which I have received from the U.S. Navy Atlantic Fleet Chaplains office in Norfolk, Va. You are to be highly commended for publishing a magazine that meets a real need in the life of a serviceman.

My squadron is unique in the Navy since it consists of over forty units and ships that scatter all over the Atlantic Ocean. My ships are mostly small ships; tugs, salvage ships, geodetic survey ships, etc. Their crews number from sixty officers and men to several hundred. Due to their type of work, they usually operate singly and are thus separated from the spiritual ministry of a chaplain. . . . I am the first chaplain assigned to this group of ships and they are just getting to know me. A spiritual ministry is conducted by laymen aboard these ships when they operate at sea on Sundays.

In order to bolster and encourage the spiritual life of these men, I desperately feel the need for religious literature such as your magazine. In the Navy or-

(Continued on page 65)

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Sex and Christian Responsibility

By M. Patricia White

JOE had picked up a hot book in the drugstore. "More dirty words than I hear in the barracks." But this wasn't the point of his story.

"Then this weekend I had a date. A real sweet kid. From the right side of the tracks. And you know something? She'd read the book—and two others by the same writer!"

No people in the world are so bewitched, bothered, and bewildered about sex as we are.

Every "sweet young thing," every "clean-cut American boy" in our society is expected to be a sexual sophisticate. The attitude seems to be, "If not, why not? Must be something wrong."

How We Rate, Date, Mate

Books, plays, movies, and magazines in 1963 are peddling the idea that what matters most is how we rate, date, mate with the opposite sex. Most of us are buying the idea. As one boy put it, "That's the way I'm made, bud. You don't expect me to be unnatural, do you?"

He had a point. A little one. But

he didn't understand how much he was saying. Most of us are like him. We think we can understand this thing if we take the wraps off. Let's accept our sexual nature frankly, we say. That helps. But that's not the whole truth about ourselves.

Sex is an appetite, one of many. But—select any bodily appetite and concentrate on it and what happens? You distort it. In the end, you destroy it.

The compulsive eater becomes the calorie-counter. His weight bugs him at every meal, at every coffee break. He takes pills to reduce appetite. He is obsessed by what he is trying to control. It controls him.

But you can't say, "Hunger isn't healthy," or "Food isn't good."

It's the same with the sexual appetite. Instinctively we know it is healthy. Intuitively we feel it is good.

The Bible supports this. It declares that God created mankind as "male and female." The image God chose for his creatures includes this aspect of our nature.

He could have created us any way

Dr. White is the wife of The Reverend Peter Gordon White of Canada, and also a practicing psychiatrist.

he wanted. Presumably he wanted to have us this way. It suited his purpose to make us man and woman, male and female.

Sex and Divine Purpose

Which is to say: *In the Christian view, sex is deeply rooted in the divine purpose.*

Some say the purpose is procreation. But it's more than that. The purpose is *people*. The purpose is human values, living, abundant living.

Nobody who pays a few dollars for a quick throw with a prostitute is fooled into thinking that *this* is abundant living.

The man who wants every casual date to put out for him, and gets it by seduction or by force, doesn't gain much by using another human being as a thing instead of a person.

The fellow who "takes care of sex" by directing it toward men instead of women may gratify a bodily appetite. But he is destroying himself as a whole person. The person who acts out his homosexual feelings gambles all his future relationships.

To all of which a strongly-sexed man may reply, "But what do you expect me to do? A lot of us aren't married. In the service even married guys are separated from their wives."

Masturbation is the answer some would give you. The majority of American males resort to this practice for the relief of sex tension from time to time. But as a constant, satisfying solution of basic sex needs, masturbation is no more helpful than other off-beat practices. It may be physically harmless, but it indicates

a pretty clear symptom—that sex feelings are off-course, turned inward, always in danger of becoming an end in themselves.

What Does a Man Do?

So what does a man do?

First: He realizes that he is a man. He is a whole man. His sexual self is part of his whole being. A man is self-consciously sexual, and the "self" can be in control. Animals have seasons when they are in heat. They are compelled to copulate. This is not true of human beings.

Second: A man remembers that what he *does* follows what he *thinks*. How do you think about yourself? What are you, in your own eyes? Who are you? What do you want to be next week? Next year? For the rest of your natural life? The man who is a believer in God will add, "and for the life to come." For it is obvious that in the eyes of God life is continuous. It is all of a piece. As a man thinks, so he acts. His actions tell what kind of being he is.

Third: A man can be realistic about life. There are hard choices to be made. There are no guarantees. The "good guys" don't always win on the last draw. There are such things in the world as evil, deceit, and destruction. There are such things as truth, dignity, integrity. A man has to choose. He demonstrates his choice by his actions, and by his emotions, more than by his words. When it comes to sexual behavior, the choices are not simple. They are conditioned by the kind of person one is, and the kind of society one lives in. They are also conditioned by

the secret, inner core of a man's being. Religion calls this the soul. Popular writing calls it the "self." Call it what you like. It's there that a man makes his ultimate choices, the ones that really matter. So make up your mind. What do you want life to be for you? Be realistic.

Sex is not the only battleground in the struggle between good and evil. But sex is so intimately related to the self and its needs that few of us

escape the personal conflict. Like anything else in our God-given nature, sex can lead to destruction or to abundant living.

You have a choice. The response must be your own. What you do will inevitably demonstrate your response-ability.

Whatever you decide, there will be lots of guys on the other side.

But it's your life.

God gave it to you. ■ ■

Communion with Our Creator

PRAYER is part of the daily bread of the soul. I do not believe that it has to be something which should be limited to the strict forms of religious services, or even to the so-called morning and evening times of prayer. It should, instead, be a living thing which is a constant companion.

Actually, I see prayer as a combination of hope and faith. If you have faith in an Almighty Being, regardless of what you call him, you will know that when your prayers are based on worthy hopes they will be heard.

During the war, when I toured Army and Navy hospitals all over the world, I saw constant reaffirmations of how much spontaneous prayer can do. A warm thought or word for a sick boy, I found, is like a prayer. And it is answered immediately by the joy and gratitude in the young man's eyes.

I also noticed, during my visits to these hospitals, that those of the boys who seemed least emotionally upset by their injuries almost invariably showed themselves, in conversation, to be fairly religious. They seemed more engrossed in their blessings . . . in offering prayers of thanks for what they were spared . . . than in that which they had lost.

I feel that this ability to overcome tragedy without really seeing it in a tragic light . . . to appreciate what is left rather than bemoan what is gone . . . is one of the great rewards of prayer. I have had guidance through the day; I have found pleasure and comfort in events which would otherwise have been very upsetting.—Lily Pons ■ ■

Our Continuous Crime Wave

By Mary Jo Yunker

**Who is to blame for one death every 14 minutes
in the United States?**

IF newspapers were to report all traffic accidents that take place throughout the country, they would be busy with one death every 14 minutes and a disabling injury every 23 seconds. If everyone killed each year lived in one city, a city the size of Daytona Beach, Florida, would not exist. There have been more motor vehicle deaths since 1900 than war deaths.

The dictionary defines crime as any grave offense against morality or the social order. Killing or disabling people with a vehicle is a crime, because accidents can be prevented. We read about periodic "crime waves," yet a crime wave exists in the form of accidents all of the time.

Who is to blame?

Basically, the driver. Nine out of ten drivers rate themselves above average in driving skills, yet 85 per cent of all accidents involve driver error. Human failure thus causes the death of 34,000 people each year.

Human beings kill on the highways because they fail to realize their driver limitations; they fail to learn

to drive properly, and they don't want to accept the responsibility for the 200 or 300 horsepower engines that constitute man's most lethal weapon.

Dr. Waldo E. Stephans, vice-president of the Oklahoma City Safety Council, asks a very interesting question in *Safety Is a Cause for Greatness*: Do we really care enough about this great cause of safety to break out of the straitjacket of complacency that appears to be calloused indifference?

Moral responsibility in this instance means that we care about the other fellow. In a sermon written for the Indiana Office of Traffic Safety, Floyd Kline points out that anyone who denies his moral responsibility toward others, in the same breath is denying his citizenship in a free society.

We are free only if we do not use that freedom to jeopardize the health, welfare, or lives of our fellowmen. For example, freedom of speech does not give us the right to slander other men. Freedom of the press does not give us the right to



"Mixing Bowl." Two died in this crash.

print libelous scandal about others. Likewise, freedom of movement does not give us the right to jeopardize the lives of others on the highway by driving recklessly and thoughtlessly.

The National Safety Council and the National Committee of Religious Leaders for Safety recognize that the four major contributing factors in traffic accidents are: Speed too fast for conditions, drinking and driving, improper driving, and violations of the rules of the road. Each of these factors endangers free society by being directly opposed to the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

Kline points out that "all moral theologians agree that this commandment of God not only forbids the unjust taking of life, but it also for-

bids those thoughts, words, actions, and negligent deeds that might lead to such a tragic end."

Still, we daydream while driving; we speed, drink and then drive, violate the rules of the road, and fail to educate ourselves to drive properly. Each time we do so, we sin against God and against mankind.

When a person is killed, not only an individual dies, but there is a great loss to God, to society, to his family, and to himself.

For example, Jerry X, recently discharged from the Army, had begun a new job with an advertising agency. He was a salesman who showed much promise. In addition, he was attending night school, working for his degree in business administration. When the "right" girl came his way,

he planned to marry and settle down.

Then one evening an old Army friend called. He and Jerry went out to celebrate and talk over their service days. They made the rounds of bars and night clubs while recalling old memories.

Jerry will never remember again. He fell asleep behind the wheel while driving home and smashed into a tree. He died on the way to the hospital.

A disabling injury can, in many ways, create a greater tragedy. A young married man with two children, Bob Y, was interested in an engineering career. He was employed as head engineer in a large metropolitan hospital. He had a car and was putting money in the bank regularly. The future looked bright.

When rushing home from work one evening, he ran a red light and was hit in the side by a moving vehicle crossing the intersection.

Bob is more fortunate than many—he is alive, but with a serious spine injury. He will spend the rest of his life in bed and will need round-the-clock attention.

Remember Jerry and Bob before your speedometer reaches 80, 90, or 100 mph. Remember them before you take that extra drink, if you plan to drive home. Remember them when your brakes need attention, or before you violate that traffic law. Jerry or Bob could be anybody. Even you! ■ ■

Catholics on the Increase

There are now 558,000,000 Catholics in the world—an increase of eight million in the last year.

WHICH IS WHICH?

By Challiss Silvay

LISTED below are words whose pronunciation is the same but whose spellings and definitions are different. Match the word with its own definition.

1. Table of days:
a. Calender *b. calendar*
 2. Moved by beautiful sight:
a. affected *b. effected*
 3. Shelf above fireplace:
a. mantel *b. mantle*
 4. Person expressing opinion on others' actions:
a. censer *b. censor*
 5. Solicit votes:
a. canvas *b. canvass*
 6. Writing paper:
a. stationery *b. stationary*
 7. Impending, soon to happen:
a. immanent *b. imminent*
 8. Fundamental truth:
a. principle *b. principal*
 9. Money behind a business:
a. capital *b. capitol*
 10. Inform:
a. apprise *b. apprise*
- (Turn to page 39 for answers)

MY LOVE FOR GOD

I love God with all my heart
And soul and strength; not just one
part.

Though tiny atoms split a score,
And men converse in spacial lore,
And rocket ships commute the bold,
My love for God continues whole!

—Keith Meadows, USN

The Heritage

By Lillian Hvid Running

John Wilkins returns to his hometown to seek an answer to his question . . . What are the lasting values that one generation should pass on to the next one?

I WAS depressed when I drove homeward. I wished Herman Wing had not called at my office; he left me with a decision I had to make.

Even after Helen's welcoming kiss, which usually made me forget the problems of the day, this depression did not leave me. It lingered even after the children had gone to a teen-age party, and my wife and I sat down to enjoy one of our favorite TV programs.

However, tonight this series failed to focus my attention. Finally, Helen, who had been watching me more than she had the screen, turned off the dial.

She came and sat beside me on the davenport. Neither one of us said anything for several minutes.

Then Helen asked, "What's troubling you, John?"

"Did I say anything was troubling me?" I retorted in rather an irritated manner.

"No. But when one has lived with a man for over twenty years and

loved him as I love you, she has learned to read him pretty well."

She leaned over and kissed my cheek.

Her gesture of affection made me desire to confide in her.

So I told her, "Herman Wing called at my office today."

"The art dealer?"

"Yes."

"Whatever could he want with you?"

"His corporation lawyer, August Lee, has had a nervous breakdown; he's been confined to a sanitarium."

"No wonder, trying to keep Herman Wing out of jail."

"That is not fair of you, Helen. Herman Wing has never been convicted of breaking the law."

"I guess you are right. But people say his dealings are pretty shady."

"Gossip," I commented tartly.

"I know," agreed Helen, "one should not listen to gossip. Well, what did Herman Wing want of you?"

"He wants me to take Mr. Lee's

place until his lawyer has recovered."

I felt Helen's questioning, rather troubled blue eyes upon me.

"He offered me a handsome salary." I hastened to add, "Three times what I am making on my own as a lawyer."

Still Helen did not say anything.

"We could use that money. We'd need to save part of it for the children's education." Julia was thirteen; Harry, fifteen.

"It did not hurt you any to work for your education," Helen reminded me. "It made a better man of you, I think. Perhaps it will make a better man of Harry if he works for part of his."

"I always wanted to buy you smarter clothes, Helen, what your blond beauty deserves. I could do it if I accepted Mr. Wing's offer."

"A mink stole perhaps?"

Helen's voice did not sound natural. It's gentleness was gone; there was a chill of bitterness in it.

But I hastened to say, "Yes—a mink stole if that is what you want."

"Mrs. Wing has a mink stole. I understand she wants her husband to give her a divorce." Then Helen hastened to ask, "What did you answer Herman?"

"Only that I would consider his offer and let him know in a week's time what I would do."

Her next question seemed to bear no relation to the issue, and I was somewhat piqued by it.

"Why did you want to become a lawyer?" she asked.

"To defend justice and uphold the right," I answered her patiently. "I've told you that."

"But why should you want to defend justice and uphold the right?"

"Now, Helen, don't you think the answer to that question is self-evident?"

"Is it?" Then before I had time to rejoin, she said, "You have a week in which to answer Mr. Wing."

"Yes, so I thought I would go away for a few days and thresh this thing out by myself."

"I think this would be a splendid idea. Where will you be going?"

"I don't know exactly. The resorts are hardly in full swing as yet."

"Why don't you go to your hometown?"

"That little burg! Say, hold on a minute. It might be interesting, after all, to visit my hometown again—I have not been back for years."

"You might even discover just why you wanted to defend justice and uphold the right. When will you be leaving?"

"I might as well go tomorrow. Say, this means that I might not be back for Mother's Day. We had planned —"

"That's all right, Darling. We've had many Mother's-day celebrations together. God willing, we will have many more."

I LEFT for my hometown the next afternoon, arriving there the following morning.

I suppose nothing in this world remains the same after a period of time. So I do not know why I should have thought my hometown would have been an exception. Still it was rather a shock to me, as I walked from the new depot up the main



street, to discover the old wooden store buildings had been replaced by modern brick ones.

But the river, still winding its lazy way through town despite human progress, was the same. Even the willows leaned over its banks like vain women to catch their reflection.

I checked in at the old hotel, modernized and run by a proprietor

unknown to me. I did not tell him that I had once lived here.

In fact, I found only one man in the whole town who remembered me. He was an old merchant at whose store my mother used to trade.

"Are you not John Wilkins?" he exclaimed, meeting me on the street.

We shook hands and chatted awhile.

"I should have you up for dinner," he said apologetically. "But my wife has suffered a paralytic stroke."

"I will not be staying that long," I answered him, apparently much to his relief.

As I proceeded on my way, a depressing loneliness engulfed me. I felt sick at heart. Why had I come back? The old town had nothing to offer me. I would take the first bus out of here.

On investigating, I found there was none leaving until late that afternoon.

Well, that would give me ample time to place flowers on my mother's grave. I could even visit the house where I was born.

The little town had been laid out pretty much along the river banks. As I walked along the streets, the river was constantly in view. In my day, the sharp bend of the river marked the end of the little town. My mother's house was situated at this bend. Here the river was the widest.

This river had been a source of enchantment to me when I was a boy. I would catch suckers in it and occasionally a trout. Now I found it but a muddy stream.

As I walked along the old street, it, too, had been deprived of the familiarity of my childhood. The old houses had been remodeled or replaced by new ones.

I bought some roses at a florist's and proceeded on my way. The cemetery was about a mile from the bend of the river. Since I had plenty of time before my bus left, I decided to walk that distance.

At length I came to the bend of the river. I stood stock still, stunned at what I beheld. Instead of my mother's white, gabled house, there was a brick factory extending into the next block, shutting out entirely the view of the river from the street. There was nothing left for me to visit but my mother's grave.

The town did not end at the bend of the river as it had in my day. It extended way out to the cemetery. There were new, modest houses all the way, probably homes of those who had come to work in the factory.

No, nothing was as before—all had changed. It was a new town, offering me nothing but regret that I had come back here.

Finally I came to the cemetery. I laid my roses on my mother's grave. Then I sat down on the turf beside it.

My father had died before I was old enough to remember him. So all my childhood memories were centered around my mother. But these were many.

I was providing for a family of my own now. I began to realize, as I sat by my mother's grave, how hard it must have been for her to raise a boy on her meager earnings as a seamstress. But she had solved this problem, at least until I became old enough to earn a little as an errand boy at one of the local stores. What courage she had! What faith in the Almighty Provider!

Mine had been a happy, carefree childhood, as I suppose my mother wanted it to be. Though our mode of life was simple, I had never been hungry. The old-fashioned coal



heater had kept us warm in the coldest weather. All year round the river had afforded me enjoyment, fishing in the summer and skating in the winter. Then there had been the helpful companionship of neighbors which a small town offered. Always there had been the cheerful security of home.

Many memories came flooding in upon me but one stood out with lucid vividness. It had seemed trivial at the time; I wondered why I should have recalled it now.

I must have been about six years old when the incident occurred. I remember I had just started school.

I was awakened one night by voices downstairs, those of my mother's and a man's.

I recognized the man's. No voice was as gruff as Mr. Regan's. All the children in town were afraid of him. He would shout at us if we happened to cross his lawn, scowl at us if he met us on the street.

He was the richest man in town, a contractor. But even we had heard how he had cheated the widows and poor old men to gain his riches.

What could he want with my mother? Would he harm her?

Terrorized, but with a childish desire to come to her assistance, I crept noiselessly halfway down the stairs. Then I sat on the step and listened.

I heard Mr. Regan say, "I will make it worth your while, Sarah Wilkins, if you will come and be my housekeeper. Now that my wife is dead, I need—"

"No, Tom Regan, no," my mother exclaimed. "My husband would not

become your partner because you are an evil man. He did not want his son ever to connect his name with yours."

"Your husband was a very foolish man. If he had come in with me, instead of trying to make it on his own, he would have left you a pretty nest egg."

"He built a home for me."

"But left you no money to pay the taxes."

"I shall sew and pay the taxes."

"Have you thought of your son? His needs will grow with every year."

"That is why I must keep for him the heritage his father has left him."

"Heritage?"

"His father's example of righteous living. When John grows older and inquires about his father, he will discover what a respectable, righteous man he was. I don't want such a heritage belittled by his contact with you and your ways. I want to leave my son his father's heritage intact. Good night, Mr. Regan."

I heard the door slam and went back to bed. Although I did not then understand the full meaning of what my mother had said, a feeling of security put me right to sleep.

But when I awakened in the morning and thought of Mr. Regan's visit the night before, a sudden fear seized me. Suppose my mother did decide to accept Mr. Regan's offer? Suppose I had to go and live in his big, dark, brick house?

Then I heard a sound which silenced my fears—the hum of my mother's sewing machine. I dropped off to sleep again and did not awaken until my mother called me to get

up and get myself ready for school.

I sat by my mother's grave some minutes longer. Then I arose with newborn courage. I understood now why Helen wanted me to come back to my hometown. It had so much to offer me in rich memories.

It had solved my problem. I must pass on to my children the heritage my mother had left unsullied—an example of righteous living. I knew what answer I had to give to Herman Wing. ■ ■



"Naming him was no problem at all. We have only *one* rich relative."

PANACEA

What is it you and the world and I
Need to the point of desperation,
Sick with an illness deep in the soul,
Whether a family or a nation?

What we all need is more profound
love,
To feel wanted, to be given a prod
When we are down; love and helping
hands.

And who, after all, gives love—but God.

—Louise Justice

Faith

in the Holy Spirit

By George L. Hunt

THE Christian faith affirms that God has disclosed himself to those who believe in him as God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. This is the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. In my experience as a pastor I have discovered that one part of this doctrine, the understanding of God as Spirit, raises many questions for people who are genuinely concerned and puzzled about what they believe.

A Puzzling Doctrine

I should like to say four things about this doctrine, and the first is that it is in truth a puzzling one. To my Jewish friends and neighbors the whole idea of the Trinity is abhorrent, because they stoutly maintain the oneness of God and they see the Trinity as picturing three Gods. This they cannot accept, and so they cannot believe in the Holy Spirit as a "person" in the Trinity anymore than they can accept Jesus Christ as Son of God and equal with God.

Many of my Christian friends have much the same difficulty. They believe that Jesus Christ is the Son

of God, but they cannot understand why we affirm that there is a "person" called "the Holy Spirit." Spiritual influences are real enough; but why confuse the nature of God by describing these influences as a "person" who is on the same footing as the Father and the Son?

The place to start in trying to make some sense out of the puzzle is not with the Holy Spirit as a form of doctrine. A person approaching the Christian faith "cold," looking objectively at its creeds and affirmations, has good reason to wonder why we describe God's activity as the work of a Holy Spirit. But when we start with what the Holy Spirit meant to the men of the New Testament who lived daily with a lively sense of God's action in their affairs, we get an entirely different perspective on the matter.

No Debate but the Fact

Look, for example, at the record in Acts 2 of the day when thousands of people responded to the preaching of the apostles, repented of their sins, were baptized into Christ, and

Dr. Hunt is minister of the Fanwood Presbyterian Church, Fanwood, N.J.

formed the fellowship of the earliest Christian church. How did all this happen? The preaching was forceful and dramatic enough. The circumstances were unusual, with men making the gospel understood by people of many different languages. Many in the audience felt convicted of their involvement in the crucifixion of their Messiah. But the apostles responsible for their change of heart refused to take the credit to themselves or even to account for it by the particular situation that prevailed. They insisted that it was *God* who had done all this, and that God did it by the power of his Holy Spirit. There is no fine theological debate going on in Acts about the Holy Spirit. There is simply the fact—beyond controversy to these witnesses—that God has now disclosed himself in a new way to these who believe. That new way is as Holy Spirit. This is how God has chosen to act. They receive the gift of the Spirit with great joy and thanksgiving.

In the Gospel of Matthew we are told that the Holy Spirit descended on Christ at his baptism by John, that the Spirit led Jesus into the wilderness to be tempted by the demonic power, that the Spirit directed the disciples in their witness to the Gentiles, that Jesus' power to cast out evil spirits was the power of the Spirit of God, and that after the resurrection the church was to baptize men in the triune name of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. We must remember that the Gospels were written out of the subsequent, post-resurrection experience of the

church, so that this testimony to the Holy Spirit is given by men who have already had some thirty years of living under the Spirit's power. But the main point I want to make is that Jesus does not discuss the idea—or the problem—of the Holy Spirit. He simply acts by his direction and under his power.

In the Gospel of John, Jesus says many more things about the Holy Spirit. In his last days with his followers he promises them that when he goes away from them they will not be left helpless and alone. They will be sent from God the "Counselor," which is another name for the Holy Spirit. As a man, he could not live forever. The time would come when they would have to get along without his physical presence in their midst. And for the work they had to do they could not depend merely on the memory of his life among them, as we are supported and guided by our memories. They had to have something more than memories. That "something" was God's Holy Spirit.

We could go on citing page after page of the New Testament which described the Holy Spirit at work, but I have said enough to make my second and third points about this great reality. The evidence is clear and certain that the church of the New Testament lived by the power of the Holy Spirit; it is also abundantly clear that to this church he was not a doctrine to be debated but a person to be known and experienced. "When the spirit of truth comes, *he* will guide you into all truth . . ." (Jn. 16:13).

What the Holy Spirit Does for Us

My final point is that belief in the Holy Spirit is an extremely practical and important matter for the church today, as it has been for the church down through the ages. For one thing, faith in the Holy Spirit protects us from the constant danger of thinking that the good we do comes from ourselves. It does not. It is the work of God's Spirit in us. But faith in the present work of the Holy Spirit does another thing for us: it makes us able to be true adventurers for the gospel.

If we had to believe that God stopped working in history as a person with the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ—in other words, if we had only our memories to live on—we could not believe very firmly or forcefully that God has much to do with what is going on in our lives right now. We would be living in the past, depending on old ideas, old forms, old laws, old structures, and striving in vain to conserve the old while the world rushed on ahead of us into something exciting and new. But because we believe that God through his Holy Spirit is actually ahead of us in what he desires to have happen in his world, we are like pioneers who push back old frontiers to find new ones. We are trying to catch up with God. This is the venturesome spirit of men who expect the Holy Spirit to be their leader and guide into the future.

The church today has to speak a relevant work to a fast-moving and fast-changing world. Its gospel is ever the same: the good, new news of reconciliation with God in Jesus

Christ. But the structures of the church program and church life may imprison that gospel in outmoded patterns and unintelligible language. The church may sell out to the culture, as its critics claim it has, and be unable to speak prophetically to the injustices and inhumanity all around us. When it does this, the church has lost its faith in the Holy Spirit. Then the Spirit has to work outside the church for you can be sure that not even the church can finally thwart God's will that his work will be made known and heard. But there is still time for the church to do his will, if the church will learn that nothing we do dare be used to confine the Holy Spirit and if we are willing to hear the new and radical word that the Spirit would say to us.

"Lord, what will you have me do?" This is the question which is the test of your faith. If you ask it sincerely, do not then worry whether or not you believe in the Holy Spirit, for it is that very Spirit who has led you to ask it. And when you hear God's answer it will be from the Holy Spirit. The answer we hear is not always God's answer, for we have an uncanny capacity for getting in God's way. The answer may not always be crystal clear, for the same reason. But if we believe in the Holy Spirit, we believe that God's answer will be given, and we listen and wait to hear what he will say, through his Holy Spirit. The prayer, "Lord, I have faith; help my lack of faith" is the prayer of a man to whom the Spirit can speak. Are we such men? ■ ■



Little one lost (Turkey)

Cup of milk (Germany)



. . . no child asked to be
born in a barrack

. . . no child asked to be
born in a slum

Children of the Sun

Photo Story by Dale Whitney

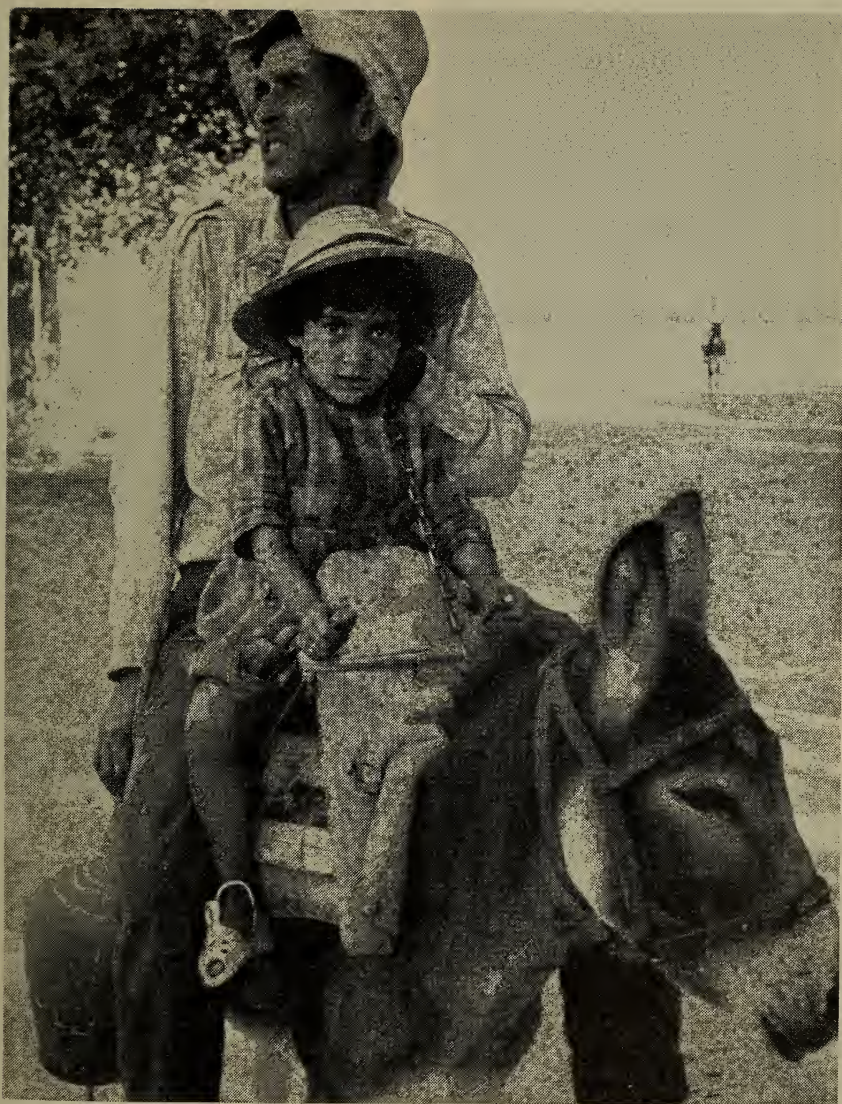
THIS is the story of refugees, of children without homelands, in Greece, in Austria, and in Yugoslavia. And in Turkey, in Germany, and the Congo. In fact, everywhere that refugees are.

Dale Whitney asked herself (with camera) . . . "Why is one child born to a cradle of white, and another to a bed of rags?" Getting the answers became a revealing photographic journey.

She traveled to many European countries for the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, while Stanley Wright went to the Congo.

Miss Whitney, who has an inexhaustibly special enthusiasm for photographing children and exceptional

(Continued on page 22)



. . . in the Provinces (northern Greece) . . .



Child of the Congo, by Stanley Wright

You are the learner, the new generation (Turkey)



Children of the Sun

(Continued from page 20)

faces of all ages, provided many of the pictures for an exhibit which opened in New York on February 25 at the United Nations. It will remain for one year. Plans are now being made for it to travel later to Europe, Australia and Canada.

The photographer says of her pictures, "If they hold moments of revelation it is because the revelations were there to catch in the faces and eyes of these people—especially the children. If what the camera saw was seldom happy it was because of those fears that crouch. That feeling of *not being wanted* cannot fade in a day or a month or a year. The bed may now be warm and the stomach full, but until each refugee's problems are met with sympathy they seem insuperable.

"That's why being the High Commissioner for Refugees is such a tremendous job. It's not only the job of providing decent housing and daily bread, but education, medical care and often psychiatric help. The job is big, and everyone should help. But most of us *can* help.

"The exhibit opened in New York on February 25. At that time the High Commissioner released in western Europe, North and South America, Australia and New Zealand an extraordinary phonograph recording. This is a long-play disk called 'All-Star Festival' with such singers as Bing Crosby, Doris Day, Nat King

(Continued on page 24)



Every mother is a child, once . . .
(Turkey)

. . . our daily bread (Austria)

Death waits . . . (Albanian Moslems in Turkey)





Children of the Sun

(Continued from page 22)

Cole, Edith Piaf, Caterina Valenté, and Ella Fitzgerald. Each star has donated a song. Proceeds from sales of the LP record will go to help the world's refugees.

"It may seem like an infinity between light music and a little refugee girl crying in an Istanbul alley, but there is a connection. My pictures indicate what there is still to be done. Buying the benefit LP record is an easy way to help." The LP record will be sold in Japan, and in every country where American soldiers are stationed overseas.

Portrait of an old woman (Yugoslav refugee in Austria)

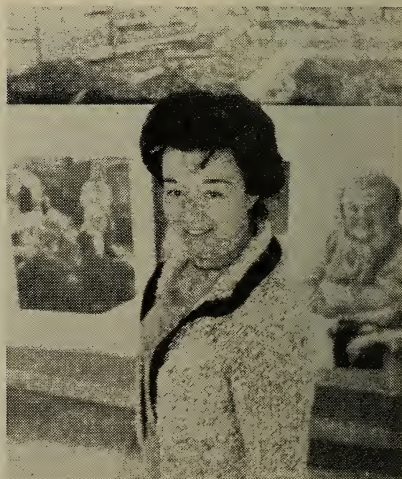
The picture on the right shows Dale Whitney, photographer of the picture story, "Children of the Sun." She has been called "one of the best ten photographers in the U.S.A." A number of her pictures appear in the photographic exhibit of refugees now on display at United Nations.

* * *

The magnificent LP record, "All-Star Festival," mentioned in this article may be ordered from:

U.S. Committee for Refugees,
P.O. Box 1000,
Grand Central Station,
New York 17, N.Y.

Price for Mono UMN record is \$3.98.
For Stereo: \$4.98. Indicate which.



Dale Whitney

Now, Now You Must Decide!

By Herbert Beecher Hudnut

WHO do you say that I am?" Jesus asked his disciples when he was in the district of Caesarea Philippi. Simon Peter answered and said, "You are the Christ, the Son of the living God" (Mt. 16:16).

This is the high point in the Gospel narrative up to that moment. Whether early or late in his ministry, Peter's confession marks the first acknowledgment that Christ is Lord, that he has been sent by the Father God on a saving mission to men, and that that mission will lead him to suffering and death.

There were other so-called mountain peaks in the story of his life: The Gloria at his birth; his choice of a text for his first sermon at Nazareth: "To heal the broken-hearted, to set at liberty the oppressed"; the call to twelve disciples; the healing miracles; the teaching episodes; his contacts with John the Baptist. But none of these events is comparable to this—the open confession, public for the first time, by Peter, the impulsive fisherman, "You are the Christ." And the winds took it from there. Gentle zephyrs wafted it to every hamlet in Galilee. Swirling dust clouds topped the mountains so that all Palestine heard the secret. And then with the updraft of con-

verging winds joining and then separating to the four corners of the earth, the quiet confession became a mighty shouting, reaching down the corridors of time, ascending to the very throne of God: "*You are the Christ, the Son of the living God.*" And in every believing heart there echoes the response: "Amen, so be it!"

Greater men have said it; lesser men have made the same response; but all honor to Peter, he was the first. To him was this marvelous truth revealed and to him was utterance given: "You are the Christ." This is the watchword of the Christian church. This is the stumbling block for the unbeliever. This is the rally cry for the hosts of the redeemed: "You are the Christ!"

Please notice that Christ forced the issue. The foundation of preaching, teaching, healing had been laid. The disciples had been coached; had been given authority over unclean spirits; had seen their Master at prayer, in difficult entrapments by his accusers, in dangerous spots as at Nazareth when his townsmen tried to thrust him over the cliff to his death. They had found him adequate for every situation, able to deal with enemies, disease, slavery, sin, death,

and in every encounter he emerged victorious.

They knew, of course, that this could not go on forever. Some crisis would precipitate tragedy. They looked ahead with foreboding. What would happen? What would end their pleasant association with one whom they had voluntarily chosen as their Master, one beloved by little children, one whom good women served, one who attracted all sorts and conditions of men as his followers: a sinful woman of Sychar, a stubby little character named Zaccheus, the wealthy father of an epileptic, even Nicodemus, a member of the Sanhedrin, which was the Jew's highest legislative body? All of these and many more had been his followers, so that five thousand nominal followers could sit down at one time and be fed food at his hand, food that was both physical and spiritual.

Now he is alone with his twelve and addresses a general question to them: "Who do men say that the Son of man is?" He received various answers: "The Baptist . . . Elijah . . . Jeremiah . . . one of the prophets." Then he issues the sharp, personal challenge: "But who do *you* say that I am?" "What is *your* judgment?" It reminds us of a later question which he asked: "Have I been so long time with you, and hast thou not known me?"

The time for easygoing association has passed. The time for fence-sitting, for veering with every wind of fortune, for uncertainty, for wonder mixed with doubt—all such times belong to yesterday. Now,

now is the accepted time! Now, now has salvation come nigh thee! Now, now you must decide! It is a choice. What say you? This is the crucible of judgment for every man down the ages, for you and for me. "To every man there openeth a Way, and Ways, and a Way . . . and every man decideth . . ."—not just the poor disciples, staggered by the immensity of the proposition that was glimmering in their minds but not yet come to birth; not just for first century followers who were first called Christians at Antioch; not just for the early martyrs who dimly saw, yet courageously followed. Ah, no! But for you and me, the Lord Jesus Christ forces the issue: "What do *you* say? How do *you* call me? Your decision, please, now?"

Then notice that Peter answered his Master's question, "Who do you say that I am?", by immediately saying, "The Christ." He was the first in recorded time who came to grips with his Lord's dramatic question. His answer revealed deep spiritual insight. It was far more perceptive than the other answers, for he knew that Jesus was not just a prophet, not just a myth, not just a teacher, not just a great, good man, but the Messiah, the Anointed One, "Son of the living God." And, clustering around his declaration, we may almost hear the overtones of the Nicene Creed: "Very God of Very God, Who for us men and our salvation came down from Heaven, and was made Man."

The prevalent idea about the Messiah was that he would "establish an earthly, theocratic monarchy and ex-

ercise political force." If Jesus had accepted this popular idea, he would have loaded his following with Zealots, with underground desperadoes, with cut-throats and mercenaries, with legionnaires and revolutionaries.

Peter was not advancing this worldly title when he said, "You are the Christ—the Messiah." All of the meaning certainly was not clear to him, the fact that the title would be cause for crucifixion, that the Messiah must suffer and die, that the Christ must be the recipient of the world's reviling and blasphemy and that he must make the vicarious sacrifice for brother man. Ah, no. The true meaning of that statement, "You are the Christ," will never be fully understood by anyone, will never be completely defined, because our minds are finite and our language is incapable of describing the fullness of the glory of the Son of God. But we must make the answer, even as Peter did, as tribute of our love and adoration.

His answer was called forth by personal knowledge and conviction. His words represent an act of self-committal to the truth (even though dimly known) and to the consequences involved in such a confession.

"You are the Christ, the Son of the living God!"

Can we make this answer? Has our association with Jesus been so close, so intimate, so revealing, that we can speak up as did Peter? Or are we dumb, as were the other disciples? John the beloved—not a word! Matthew the tax collector—

not a word! Simon the Zealot—not a word! Thomas the Doubter—not a word! Judas the Traitor—not a word!

Only one man in that inner group of twelve, having been with Jesus, having learned of him, having sat at his feet, having watched his healing works, having listened to his parables, having experienced the benediction of his presence and his comradeship—only Peter was ready with an answer.

Do we side with Peter when we sing the ancient seventh century Latin hymn based on his confession:

Christ is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner Stone,
Chosen of the Lord and precious,
Binding all His Church in one;
Holy Zion's help forever,
And her confidence alone.

Across the centuries the same question is posed and the same confession should ring the world:

"Who do you say that I am?"
"You are the Christ, the Son of the living God."

God help us if we are not ready with that confession! It requires a leap in the dark, a supreme act of faith. Step out, my friends. Step out! ■ ■

Sign of Age

When boy becomes man
And maturity's there,
He stops losing his head
And starts losing his hair.
—Harold L. Taylor.

Chris and the

Enjoyment of Life

By Fred Cloud

ONE of the most zestful persons whom I've ever met was eighty-six years old at the time of our first meeting. Yet his eyes sparkled, his mind was quick and alert, and he laughed heartily at a well-told joke. He was a visiting professor at Scarritt College and the students enjoyed him—just as he enjoyed associating with them. As he prepared to leave school at the end of the year, my girl friend and I presented him with a bright red tie with a bold pattern printed on it. Attached to it was a card that read: "A tie to match your spirit." He laughed appreciatively and wore it on the day he left the campus. I've remembered Dr. Rollin Walker across the years as a person who really enjoyed life.

On the other hand, I remember also a young man whom we'll call Dave. Dave was handsome, and women found him most attractive. He was out "to live it up," according to his own statement. Although he engaged in many drinking bouts and

"shacked up" with numerous women, Dave was one of the most bored individuals I've ever known. Though he was not yet able to put it into words, Dave was discovering that the pursuit of pleasure is not the same thing as "the pursuit of happiness." There are many persons like Dave in America today, aware of an emptiness at the center of their lives and frantically seeking to fill it with fun—only, they are finding that happiness or the enjoyment of life is elusive as a rare bird. Why? What's wrong with their approach?

"Abundant Life": God's Intention for Man

First, let's clear the decks of any misconceptions about happiness, pleasure, fun, enjoyment of life. They're a legitimate part of life. Sure, there's an awful lot of suffering, hardship, and grief in the world. But God does not intend that to be *all* there is to life. Jesus said: "I came that they may have life, and have it

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abundantly" (Jn. 10:10). The abundant life includes true enjoyment. Jesus demonstrated this in his own zestful participation in happy occasions, such as the wedding at Cana.

The view of life as gloomy, "a vale of tears," is a hangover from the excesses of New England Puritanism which was predominant in early American life. Since life was hard and austere for the early settlers—what with harsh seasons, disease, and marauding Indians to contend with—they slipped into thinking that this was how God *wanted* life to be for human beings. For most persons, there was little leisure time. It was work hard or starve! In time, many people came to feel that if something was *fun*, it must be *sinful*.

Life on the frontier, in the nineteenth century, also underlined this misconception. Everyday existence was risky, and the "pleasures" of many persons were correspondingly "rough and ready"—strong drink, gambling, and illicit sex. So prevalent is this misconception that when as a very young pastor I approached young men about becoming Christian and joining the church, they often retorted: "By and by, Preacher, I'd like to be a Christian—but I want to have some *fun* first!" In their minds, being Christian and having fun were incompatible, for they equated fun with sin.

The Bible—both in the Old and New Testaments—has a lot to say about "joy" and "happiness." It has very little to say about "fun"—perhaps because the themes of the books of the Bible are so serious. But fun is only one aspect of the larger ex-

perience—enjoyment of life. The psalmists lift up this experience or quality of life, especially. "I will *be glad* and *exult* in thee," one writes (9:2). "Light dawns for the righteous, and *joy* for the upright in heart," another observes (97:11). "*Happy* the people whose God is the Lord!" remarks a third (144:15).

Describing the feast of booths, the author of Deuteronomy states "you will be *altogether joyful*" (Deut. 16:15). The apostle Paul, writing to the Philippians, urged them to "*rejoice* in the Lord always" (4:4); and in his first letter to Timothy he points out that "God . . . richly furnishes us with everything to *enjoy*" (6:17). How can anyone think that the religious life is dull, uninteresting, and miserable in the face of all this evidence?

The new *Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible* defines "happiness" as "the human condition of well-being which comes with God's blessing or as divine reward for righteousness." It points out that "joy" is "one of the characteristic elements in religious faith as this is described in the Bible."

Time on Our Hands

What makes the question of "fun," "recreation," and "the enjoyment of life" so critical is the rapid increase in the amount of leisure time in our modern American society. When people have free time, most respond by seeking "to have a good time"—that is, to have fun. Gradually, the way one uses his free time settles into a pattern. For some persons, these patterns are destruc-

tive: they drink hard, gamble, and seek partners for illicit love-making. Their "fun" undermines their self-respect; it often also does injury to others, for persons are used like things rather than respected as individuals in their own right.

For many other persons, patterns of play are constructive. They involve sports, hobbies, and other pursuits that enlarge their knowledge at the same time they produce pleasure for the participants. The investment of time and energy in learning to play a game—such as tennis, golf, or handball—or in developing a hobby—such as modeling, painting, stamp collecting, or music—pays rich dividends in enjoyment. I know a lot of persons who "work hard" at their hobbies—but their work is play, and they are re-created by their recreation! My own hobby, for example, is jazz. I enjoy hearing jazz combos "in person," talking with jazz musicians, listening to records, and reading books about jazz and jazz musicians. Last year, I paid my way to the First International Jazz Festival in Washington, D.C., by writing newspaper and magazine articles about the event. It meant a lot of "work"—but this kind of work was a pleasure! I had a ball!

Nothing is more debilitating to personality than *boredom*. When most persons say, "I want to have some fun," what they really mean is: "I wish I could escape boredom." Their first impulse is to look for the answer *outside themselves*. That's one reason why commercial amusements abound so plentifully in America today. But movie-after-movie be-

comes monotonous; penny arcades become dull; TV watching irritates the eyes and the mind. *What to do?*

Perhaps a first step is to change the question to read: *What to become?* For our leisure-time pursuits help to shape the persons we are and that we shall become. If we are passive, saying to the world about us, "Amuse me!" we become more and more bored. Remember the tales of the decadent Romans, who turned to increasingly cruel spectator sports and increasingly immoral personal behavior? I think they had become convinced that life was purposeless, so they focused their attention merely upon the sensation of the moment. In the process, they became cruel, self-indulgent slobs.

Christ and Our Pleasures

What has Jesus Christ to do with our pleasures, our enjoyment of life? I think that the paramount thing he does is *to set life in perspective*, to help us see what things are of long-range importance and what things are merely momentary. There's a time for work, to strain every nerve toward some big, worthwhile objective. Then there's a time for recreation, to relax, to recoup our strength and prepare for further work. Alternation and balance—that's the pattern which God seems to have ingrained into the very fibers of our being. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"—but "All play and no work makes Jack a jerk!" Work and play, in proper balance, make Jack a man, contributing his bit to the world and enjoying his life as a human being. ■ ■



Sadekichi is shown with his little brother while in Misawa Hospital.

Sadekichi

By Della M. Dever

SAYOKO, our thirty-eight-year-old housegirl, awoke one morning with a big pain in her stomach. She felt she should be taken to the small Japanese hospital in the town adjacent to our air base. I tried to dissuade her, but she insisted, and so with food, bedding, and other necessities which the Japanese hospitals require their patients to bring along with them, I bundled her off.

Sayoko has a great heart. She is always extending a helping hand to any and all of her people who are in difficulty. As she continued to improve from day to day in the hospi-

tal, Sayoko noticed a boy, small in appearance, slip quietly out of a door just across the hallway each evening just after the discarded supper trays were placed in the hall for pickup and delivery to the kitchen. The boy would go over the trays carefully, selecting a bit from one, something else from another, and still another, and then just as quietly go back into the room again. Sayoko waited for him one evening and offered him an apple. The following evening she had a couple of *mecans* for him. Finally she won his confidence to the extent that he told her his name was Sakai, he was eleven

going on twelve years of age, and he was taking care of his big brother Sadekichi who had been in the hospital for many months.

Here the story of Sadekichi unfolds. Sadekichi Miura had been working for a contractor. His job was carrying stone for he was a very strong man. He was thirty-one and the eldest of three boys. His father and mother were both nearly sixty and neither had good health. The lack of proper foods over a long period of time, plus many other hardships of the very poor, had taken their toll. As Sadekichi had never married he felt he was the one now who would provide for his family.

Sadekichi got along so well in his work that the Miura family decided to build a home of their own. They had just completed the framework when Sadekichi lifted an unbelievably large pile of stone and damaged his back so severely that he became paralyzed from the waist down. He was placed in the local hospital and here it was that Sayoko found him.

Sakai, the youngest of the three brothers, had been on twenty-four hour duty for more than eight months, nursing as best he could his brother Sadekichi. They were very devoted to each other. The middle brother had gone to the Hokkaido Fishing Industries several years earlier and none of the family had ever heard from him after he left home.

With Sadekichi's income gone, the father continued to frame in the house until there were no more yen left to complete the job; so they lived in this unfinished house with

no means available for food, fuel, clothing, or any income to pay for Sadekichi's hospital bills. The Japanese government gave Mr. Miura a few hours' work each week which totalled up to about 300 yen, and on this the family managed to exist. The equivalent of one American dollar is 360 yen.

The hospital bed was much too short for Sadekichi who had once been a large man, and his feet hung helplessly over the foot of the bed. Japanese philosophy is such that when one is unable to work and support himself he is better off dead. As a charity patient in the hospital, Sadekichi was waiting for death to take him. This, however, was not Sayoko's philosophy, and when I called to visit her in the hospital she immediately appealed to me to help this family. Sayoko, now well on the road to recovery, was visiting Sadekichi, doing what she could for him while Sakai could get a bit of much-needed fresh air and sunshine.

When I first visited Sadekichi I was deeply moved to see such utterly hopeless despair in his eyes. He knew the members of his family were on the verge of starvation and he could do nothing to help them. Through Sayoko, we talked to the Japanese doctors in the hospital, and they were firm in their conviction that nothing could be done. They admitted that he had had no physical therapy which might have helped him when he first came to them, but they weren't equipped for that treatment. Now, said one doctor, it just wasn't possible to help him and he would die.



Sadekichi well on the road to recovery at Hirosaki University Hospital.

At Misawa we had a fine PWOC (Protestant Women of the Chapel) group. My husband was one of the chaplains stationed at this base. In a meeting of the women's organization I told of the problems of the Miura family, and how a small, eleven-year-old boy was scrounging for food among discarded hospital trays to feed his paralyzed brother. I also told them how the family needed help immediately. Seemingly in a matter of seconds—minutes at the most—we had raised some seventy dollars among ourselves to take care of the most pressing needs of this family. I drove Sayoko to the markets for rice, fish and other staples, as well as clothing and bedding. We even had enough to buy them a new *hibachi* (stove) for their old one was so worn out they couldn't use it.

As the project was talked about in many of the American homes on the base that night, more help came in until it developed into a basewide project. We asked for help in completing the house, as the Japanese winter was upon us. Snow was deep and the cold penetrating. A Japanese carpenter offered aid, and many of the military personnel offered to help. Some put in windows and doors, others siding, and roofing. The Japanese carpenter built the front vestibule onto the house, which all Japanese homes have, where the shoes must be removed before entering the house proper. There had been no money for candles. We installed electricity. We put *Tatami* mats on the floor and established in a convenient place of honor that particular spot for quiet contemplation which is found in all Japanese homes.

Sadekichi was so pleased to hear all this for now he felt he could die in peace, but we had just begun! After securing permission from the head of the hospital, we asked Chaplain Dever to see if he couldn't persuade one of our American hospital doctors to check on Sadekichi's condition. He found a doctor who was willing to go in and examine Sadekichi. When the chaplain and the American doctor arrived at the Japanese hospital, there was much bowing and greeting, but they were asked to wait in the waiting room. Here they cooled their heels for about twenty minutes. Time is precious to our doctors and this seemed unnecessarily rude, inasmuch as we had already obtained permission

from the Japanese doctors to make the examination. Finally, with much more bowing and apologizing our chaplain and doctor were ushered into Sadekichi's room. We discovered the long wait was necessary while several nurses "policed" Sadekichi's room, something they had never done for him before.

Much credit must be given to our Air Force doctors who work so courageously and self-sacrificingly, night and day, oftentimes under very trying conditions, and always without consideration for themselves.

Our doctor went over Sadekichi very thoroughly. He talked with the Japanese doctors about his record. There seemed to be some reflex action apparent—in one leg particularly—and he volunteered the information that with physical therapy Sadekichi could be helped. The Japanese doctor only shook his head in the negative.

Now both the doctor and the chaplain followed through to contact the University Hospital at Hirosaki City to see if Sadekichi could be admitted there. We had to contact some of the Japanese government officials because they had placed Sadekichi in the Misawa Hospital and were paying a small amount to that hospital to keep him there. We got them to promise to pay to the University Hospital some ninety miles distant. The colonel said this could be done. Then it was necessary to commandeer an ambulance from the base hospital to pick up Sadekichi and take him to the helicopter.

The morning was very cold when

we completed this operation. Sadekichi's face was a mixture of fear and wonder. When Mr. and Mrs. Miura were taking out of the Japanese hospital the remnants of Sadekichi's long stay there, one nurse said to them: "In a few months your son will be sent back to you in a box." After Sadekichi was placed in the 'copter and before it got off the ground, I put my hand on his bundled shoulder and said: "You're going to be all right," which Sayoko translated to him, but still his eyes showed fear.

The helicopter was able to land on the hospital grounds in Hirosaki and word of its coming with a patient had spread throughout the entire hospital, so that when it did arrive a large group was outside to greet Sadekichi.

And now begins one of the most courageous struggles ever witnessed. As the doctors and nurses began a course of treatments for Sadekichi he began to "hope." After each treatment he received, he would continue on his own, massaging and trying to bring life back into seemingly deadened muscles. He wrote to Sayoko: "Every day I keep telling myself I will walk again." In about six months' time, sure enough, with the help of crutches he was on his feet, pulling himself along the corridor walls and hanging onto railings and banisters.

Sadekichi continued to improve and I so wanted to see him return to Misawa—a man walking—again. But it was not to be so, for our tour of duty in Japan was fast drawing to a close. My last visit with him before

we returned to the States was more or less of a sad one. Good-byes are always difficult.

Along with our attempt to cure Sadekichi's physical body we had been giving him material to read on the Christian religion. Among these was the Japanese version of the New Testament. It is hard for a Buddhist to change his thinking, but Sadekichi had plenty of time to think and he had come to feel that only Christianity had brought him back from death. When we went to say good-bye to him at the University Hospital he told Sayoko to tell us that he had decided to become a Christian. So our sadness was turned into joy. And so we left him.

When our women's organization gave a farewell tea for me, I told

them that if they didn't continue the work with Sadekichi I would come back and "haunt" them. By this time the project was so vital to the entire group that they assured me the work would go on.

The next word we received, after we returned to the States, was from Rev. Ito of the Misawa Christian Church telling us that Sadekichi, his mother, father, and brother Sakai had all joined his church on Easter Sunday.

The final word we received was in a letter to me from a chaplain's wife in Misawa saying that Sadekichi had returned to them the last donation of yen they had sent to him with a letter of thanks to the organization for all they had done for him and his family. Sadekichi asked that the money which they had been sending him now be used to help another as he had work and was again able to support himself and family.

One last thing remains in my mind. When Sadekichi's father first realized that help was forthcoming for both his family and his son, sitting on a cushion on the floor in Sadekichi's hospital room in Misawa, he tried to thank us through our Sayoko. Such heartbreakingly hopeful tears of relief fell from his eyes that little pools of tears formed on the floor in front of him. I had never seen anyone cry as hard as that.



God intended that we should listen more than we should talk. Otherwise he would have given us two mouths and one ear.

—F. G. Kernan



"He's perfectly normal. He asked me 84 questions I couldn't answer."

The Higher Rating

By L. J. Huber

**A practical joker learns to
respect a "dunce"**

IF Pat Smith had lived in a small town, he would have been known as the village cutup. There were many times when I wished that he were in some other place, anywhere but where I had to put up with him.

The man was a practical joker; there is nothing wrong with that if the practitioner of the art knows where to draw the line. Pat never did. It always seemed to me that he had the unhappy human trait of being happiest when he was on the giving end of a joke. In short, Pat had the largest amount of glee when the other fellow was getting the worst of it.

There were times when I wanted to fire him but he was a good worker. He gave me a day's work for a day's



wage and he did it with skill and precision. If he did not have that gnawing knack of pulling little tricks to annoy others, he would have been at the head of my list.

As foreman in the machine department of Acme Industries it was my job to produce the output of our division and to do it at the least possible expense. Without machinists like Pat this would not have been possible. So it behooved me to close an eye to some of his capers and let him have a little fun.

All this took a sudden turn for the worse when Jakey Johnson was assigned as a laborer in my shop. The boys knew Jakey; they knew his ability to flare and fume. They also knew that old Jakey Johnson did not have the keenest of minds. His speech was mostly in mumbles and his thinking was a bit behind the normal individual's.

Jakey's first meeting with Pat was just as I had expected. The old laborer had rested his shovel against Pat's lathe just before taking time out for a drink of water. When Jakey got back to his job he didn't suspect a thing. He continued with the task that had been interrupted by his thirst, that of cleaning the cuttings from Pat's machine. But when he picked up the shovel the fur began to fly.

Pat Smith, with his unique sense of humor, had smeared grease on the handle. When Jakey grabbed it, he also grabbed a handful of grease. His reaction was prompt and almost proper. He threw the shovel across the shop and narrowly missed one of the other workmen. Then he went

into a rage and a loud assertion of what he thought of the one who had played the trick. Everyone had fun, everyone but Jakey. And I.

It wasn't that the trick was harmful. What bothered me most was that the stunt could cause an accident. Someone could get hurt. Above all, it might have been an innocent bystander. I stopped at Smith's lathe.

"You greased that handle," I accused.

"So what if I did, Al?" he half-admitted.

"How would you like a week's suspension?" I queried.

"Make it two weeks, boss," he told me. "I want enough time to take a trip and that would suit me just fine. Besides, you know that you can't spare me so what's the use in you standing there and making like the big boss?"

"It's not funny, Pat," I told him.

"Look, Al," he went on without stopping his work. "I'm giving you a good job and you know it. A good laugh breaks the monotony of the day. Nobody's hurt."

"Jakey Johnson is hurt," I told him.

"He's a dunce and you know it, Al," he talked on. "The guy is slow on the trigger and having him around for a laugh is good for the morale of the men."

"He's a human being, Pat," I pressed my point.

"Want me to go home now, Al?" he also pressed his attitude.

"No, but pick on someone who has your mental capacity."

"He's a dunce, boss," he repeated. "And I'll treat him like one."



MY mind was made up that I'd take punitive measures if Smith insisted on this point of view, even if it hurt the production of my department. Now I was willing to wait for further developments.

I also had a talk with Jakey trying to impress on him that the men liked him—which they did—and that he should not let a small prank disturb him. He nodded and mumbled as he tried to tell me that he would do his part. I was sure that it would happen again.

It did, and on the very next day. Jakey had taken his small cart, which he rolled around the shop as he gathered the cuttings, and parked it near Pat's machine. All was well until he tried to move it again. He found it impossible. For the simple reason that a character named Smith had put a stick in the spokes of the wheel. Jakey went into another tantrum and once more I approached Pat.

"He's a dunce," he grinned after he let me speak my piece.

The dunce might still have this appraisal if something had not happened to change the complexion of the entire matter. A few days later, when he was cleaning the machine next to Pat's, he was about to be the victim of another joke. Smith had a long stick with grease on it and he reached to smear the handle of the clean-up cart.

He leaned across the bar of steel that was revolving in his machine. A cutting caused him to jerk his arm. The sleeve of his shirt caught on the spinning metal and he was in trouble. The shirt was strong, stronger than its wearer. He was being pulled into the machine.

I heard his frantic scream for help and so did the other workmen. We were too far away to come to his aid and he could not reach the shut-off lever of his machine. We were near a disaster. By the time we got to Smith it would have been too late to avoid a serious injury. Or even worse.

Jakey was standing close with his shovel in his hand. Too far from the lever, even if he had known what to do. Pat screamed again and the old man moved into action. He quickly jammed the shovel into the revolving gears of the machine and they ground to a slow halt.

We were forced to cut Pat's shirt when we extricated him from his predicament. Jakey stood and watched and then he tried to retrieve his shovel. It had been rolled into the gears but it had done the job.

Not one word was said but all eyes were on the two men. Jakey still had the same unblinking and sober ex-

pression. Like a man who knew he had done something but was not sure if it had been right. I waited; so did the other men. Pat knew what had happened to him. He moved around the machine toward the old man. He held out his hand and Jakey Johnson, removing his work glove, took it.

"Hope you can forgive me for all I've said and done, Mr. Johnson," he said in a loud and clear voice. "You're the smartest man in the shop."

Jakey understood. He nodded his head and went back to his job. I was quiet as I could not find the words to suit the occasion. They would come later. Right now I was pleased that the old man had attained the higher rating that had always been his just due. ■ ■

Population Continues to Explode

Asia's population is increasing so rapidly that by the year 2000 it will have 4 billion persons—a net increase larger than the population of the entire earth in 1950. So states *News Items*. The little paper also points out that some time ago in Frankfurt, Germany, the Lutherans erected a "Hunger Clock"; it keeps ticking off the number of people dying due to a lack of nourishment—an estimated 100,000 a day.

ANSWERS

to

"Which Is Which?"

(page 10)

1. b; 2. a; 3. a; 4. b; 5. b; 6. a;
7. b; 8. a; 9. a; 10. b.



The Sphinx and Pyramid of Giza, visible reminders of an ancient world.

Is
the
Universe
Friendly?

By J. Wallace Talley

FROM its niche on a rock plateau southwest of Cairo, Egypt, resisting wind, water, time and tourists, the five-thousand-year-old Sphinx of Giza gazes serenely across the Nile Valley, smugly wrapped in legendary wisdom. To this Sphinx one day came America's great philosopher, William James. "If assured an answer," said a companion, "what one question would you ask the learned Sphinx?" After thoughtful study, James replied, "I would say to you Sphinx, 'Is the universe friendly?'"

Can we
always depend
on the orderliness
of the universe?

Finding no encouragement in the mocking smile of the traditionally omniscient but inarticulate stone face, James contemplated the rest of the little Mediterranean world around him where civilization began, where empires rose and fell, cultures flourished and faded, dynasty succeeded dynasty, and millennium followed millennium leaving no evidence of an *entente cordiale*.

Back in a post-Civil-War America, westward bound pioneers fought the wilderness for survival, industry struggled for techniques yet unknown, and disasters added discordant notes. Cyclones in 1864, 1876, and 1882 killed nearly a half million people in India, and mountains exploding in Indonesia and the West Indies took another 75,000 lives. Most vividly recalled, however, was the San Francisco earthquake of 1906 that killed 500 and leveled much of the city. James was there, teaching at Stanford University.

William James died in 1910, at peace with his universe, but the question he asked the Sphinx still lives and divides people three ways into "yeas," "nays" and "doubters," all of whom could profit from examining and re-examining their relationships with the universe.

The "yeas" live in a created world that operates as an orderly and harmonious system, potentially predictable. What they see and know develops faith to believe the unseen



"Here sown by the Creator's hand, in serried ranks the redwood stands."

and unknown. Some of them see, know, and appreciate the universe enough to build a faith that sustains them in adversity and overflows into the lives of others.

The "nays" live in a faithless and contrary world where inconsiderate storms interfere with picnics and golf; where stones obey a crazy law called gravity and slip out of hands onto toes, and, where everything in nature obstinately conforms to law, and only man demands exceptions. Milton warns them in *Paradise Lost*: "Accuse not nature, she hath done her part. Do thou but thine."

Honest doubt is not something to be condemned.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

—Tennyson, *In Memoriam*.

Honest doubters find their vision of the universe hiding behind hardship, illness and disaster. Like William James, they sincerely seek a friendly environment. If you are among them take a more intimate look at a universe—a universe that was here with its established operating laws long before God created man as one who has dominion within those laws.

The Creator, not indifferent to man's troubles, has the power to grant exceptions to his universal laws and the wisdom not to when they would defeat the purpose of his creation. In his predictable universe, God created man and gave to each separate individual the right to make decisions by which he may grow spiritually or die. Even finite wisdom tells us that God could not continually intervene in man's affairs without



The Grand Tetons from the chapel window of the Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration at Moose, Wyo.

destroying man as we know him.

IN a universe conforming to laws man could, with a knowledge of those laws, predict and prevent or cope with disasters from natural phenomena. San Francisco was rebuilt after 1906 with earthquake-resisting structures, now standard in regions of faults in the earth's crust. A North Atlantic Ice Patrol prevents more Titanic disasters. The Florida hurricane that blew water out of Lake Okeechobee and drowned 1,836 people in 1928 was repeated in 1949, but levees and hurricane gates stopped the twelve-foot, wind-whipped wall of water and prevented another disaster.

In a closer look at the universe we discover a price tag on her friendship marked, "Learn and obey." Nature, however, has an easy payment plan in which she invites us to appreciate her wonders and promises in return to make her laws easier to understand and obey and our lives more satisfying.

A man visiting us from Texas accepted nature's invitation when he took his first swim in the ocean. Shrugging off advice on how to enter the surf, he strode with firm, confident steps out into the ocean just as a tremendous wave thundered shoreward. It gathered him up, rolled him over, whirled him around and dumped him spitting on the beach with the most astonished look ever seen on the face of a Texan.

Isaac Newton's First Law of Motion cautions, "Every body continues in its state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line except insofar as it may be compelled by compressed force to change that state." Our friend inadvertently violated that law, but the story ends happily. Friend Texan liked the ocean and learned to meet the waves sideways or to dive through them to minimize the Newtonian effect. He confirmed nature's promise that appreciation of the universe makes obedience to her laws easier and enjoyable.

That mighty ocean our friend stepped into and appreciated adds her promise to those seeking harmonious relationship with nature. She responds to the gravitational pull of the moon and sun and to wind and temperature changes that at times arouse her to destructive fury. However, she provides safe transport on or under her surface if man predicts and avoids or withstands her storms.

Friend ocean offers potable water, when man learns to desalt it economically, and food. Tillable lands cover but a small part of the earth's surface, while oceans cover

70 per cent to an average depth of two-and-one-half miles, farmable to their deepest depths. They promise food for unborn generations of earth's increasing and, too often, starving millions.

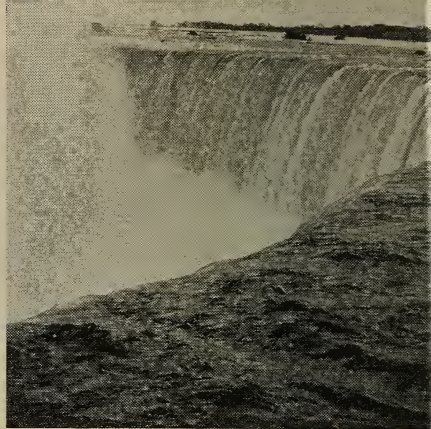
Long before man inhabited our continent, glaciers scraped the surface of North America, uncovering the vast mineral wealth of Canada and depositing rich topsoil southward to weave a mid-continent breadbasket. The more deeply scraped sections collect surface water and pour a surplus of some 120 million gallons each minute eastward over a 160 foot rock ledge, forming the cataract of Niagara. In a friendly gesture, the weight of some of this water turns turbines, generating electricity for nearby industries, and millions of people in bordering cities.

To its geological wonder, Niagara adds a romantic attraction for newlyweds. Relatively few, however, of the resort's visiting millions married recently. Most of them are former honeymooners back to see the Falls. Some waited long enough to bring seven little wonders of their own. Niagara obeys in a powerful way the law of gravity. The old Greek proverb, "You never step into the same stream twice," works double there.

Majestic mountains, that speak in "language only hearts can know, of beauty, strength, stability; of peace unmoved by storms that blow," are revered also for their practical value. The Indians near Mount Truchas in New Mexico, and fruit growers at the foot of Mount Hood in Oregon depend on these snow collectors for water in an otherwise arid region.

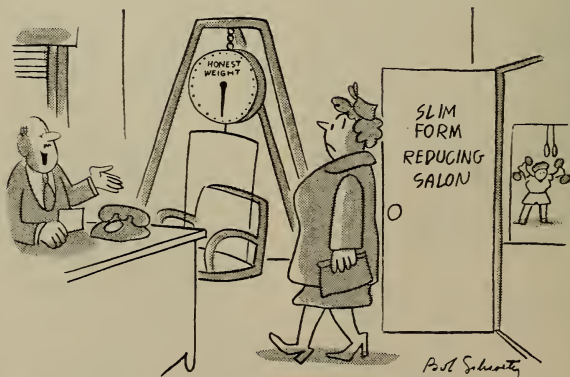
“What force has formed this masterpiece of awe? What hands have wrought these wonders in the waste?” asks Henry van Dyke, as he looked down into the mile deep Grand Canyon in Arizona, where an abrasive laden Colorado River carved the story of the earth’s geologic age in exposed rock layers. Descriptions of the Canyon vary from long poems to the terse, “Golly, what a gully,” contributed by Mark Twain; but the briefest and most appropriate designates the Grand Canyon, “God’s boldest autograph.”

The universe has many wonders to appreciate, but nothing in nature provides greater evidence of friendliness than the tiny seeds from which the trees, the plants, and the flowers grow. Seeds can sleep a thousand years and then give birth to new life. Seeds can swell from their dormancy and split rocks to overcome a hostile environment.



Only photography stops Niagara’s 120 million gallons per minute.

The wonders of nature are footprints of its Creator, to guide and inspire the search for a friendly universe. The universe itself is the school in which man *may* study the will and ways of God and graduate *magna cum laude* with a sheepskin of faith!



“Have a seat, Madam, and I’ll see what I can do for you.”

Creative Retirement

By D. Elton Trueblood

ONE of the chief ways of saving our civilization lies in our ability to avoid waste or, even better, to turn what has been wasted into a positive asset. A splendid example of how this is possible is provided by the recent discovery of what to do with garbage and trash. The waste materials, we now know, can be finely ground and rapidly decomposed in great silos, coming out as marvelously rich fertilizer not unlike peat moss in appearance and with no offensive odor. What before brought discomfort or encouraged rats or was highly unaesthetic at best, is now potentially a gain.

Waste of Human Resources

Though the waste of physical resources is an occasion for sorrow, the waste of human resources is far *more* sorrowful. We are not so rich in human resources that we can afford to lose the potential value of any of them. One of the worst of our losses is involved in the practice of retirement. There is a case to be made for retirement, in that younger persons are thereby given opportuni-

ties for leadership, but retirement need not mean that great abilities and skills are unemployed. It may mean, instead, that these abilities and skills are turned to new creative uses. Since many persons have undeveloped powers, retirement from one job may be looked upon as a glorious opportunity to be free to undertake another. Sometimes, because of earlier financial success, a man is liberated to perform, upon retirement, an unpaid or poorly paid job, yet one which has always interested him. For some the end of a paid job provides a chance to engage full time in unremunerative public service. In my own family we have had illustrations of the plan I advocate. For example, my cousin, Professor Thomas Clarkson Trueblood, after retirement as Professor of Public Speaking at the University of Michigan, proceeded to coach the Michigan golf team for about two decades. Why not? He had long been a golfer as well as a public speaker. He had more than one side to his life. Why, then, not live his life in chapters?

Dr. Trueblood is professor of Philosophy at Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.

Fortunate Retiring Military Personnel

Of all the men who have an opportunity to accept the philosophy of creative retirement, the military men are the most fortunate. This is because they can retire, normally, while they are still in full physical vigor. The businessman or professor who retires at sixty-five or seventy may be depleted in strength, but there is slight chance that the soldier who retires at forty-five is similarly depleted. Furthermore, the military man who retires early is usually in a financial position to secure further training, if it is needed, before he begins the next chapter of his career. He is not affluent, in most cases, but he can survive. His retirement pay purchases for him a certain degree of freedom of choice, without having to move with urgent swiftness.

My own interest in this connection is in the lives of men who have a deep sense of religious vocation and who, because of military retirement, have a chance, before it is too late, to start such a vocation. Here is a man, for example, who retired from military service at the age of forty-two and went directly to Princeton Theological Seminary. He will graduate next summer and will be able to accept a full pastorate at the age of forty-five. Some will suppose that, as far as his ministerial career is concerned, he has wasted about twenty years, but this is not really true. In fact, he may be a far better pastor than he would have been if he had gone straight from college to seminary and straight from seminary to the pastorate. This is because all

of the experience with men in the armed forces will be grist for his mill in his new work. There is now common agreement that many of the most successful men in the public ministry are the men who have entered it in middle life. They seem unusually able in dealing with men.

One of the most effective pastors I know is a man who spent nearly six years in the war, most of the time in great danger, and then practiced law until he was about thirty-five years old. At that time he decided that he could be most useful by attending a seminary and becoming a pastor. When he became a pastor at the age of thirty-eight he was already a man of such wide experience that people paid great attention to whatever he said.

Opportunities in Church Vocations

When I visited the chief centers of our American forces in France, Italy, and Germany in the spring of 1961, I found that what I had been taught by the Brent Conference to expect was indeed true. The most fruitful conferences were with men nearing the age of possible retirement and inquiring about the possibility of religious service. I found that several of these men wanted to serve, but did not feel a call to be pastors. It gave me joy to be able to tell these men of the growing openings for business managers of churches. Church business managers are now sufficiently numerous to have their own national association in which the members try to help one another in their essentially pioneering work.

Another opening which may be appealing to retired military men is that of directing a layman's retreat house or lay academy. We now look confidently to the time when there will be such centers in every state of the union, with several in the more populous states. The present difficulty is to find men who can direct such creative undertakings. Men with a conventional theological background feel helpless or unprepared when they envision such a task, but men who are used to military life may take to such tasks naturally. There are many reasons for this, one being the fact that, in the new centers, we are recovering the New Testament conception of the church as a military company of witnesses in common life. In one sense, the new centers may be thought of as command posts.

Almost every reader will recognize the fact that, if this new vision is to be realized, we shall need new forms of education. We shall find it necessary to go beyond the conventional seminary training and we shall have to overcome the hard and fast distinction between the layman and the clergyman. The ex-soldier who trains to give his nights and days to the promotion of the gospel may become a new kind of man and one who is sorely needed. ■ ■

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 9, Bill Brown; pages 20-24, Dale Whitney; page 22 (upper left), Stanley Wright; pages 31, 33, Della M. Dever; pages 40, 44, J. Wallace Talley; pages 41, 42, National Park Service; pages 59, 60, U.S. Army; page 61, U.S. Navy.

Daily Bible Readings

JUNE

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Joel	2:26-32
2 (Sun.)	Pentecost Acts	2:1-21
3	Acts	2:22-36
4	Acts	2:37-47
5	Matthew	16:13-20
6	Acts	3:1-16
7	Acts	3:17-26
8	Acts	4:1-12
9	Sunday Acts	4:13-22
10	Acts	4:23-34
11	Acts	5:1-11
12	Acts	5:12-21
13	Acts	5:27-42
14	Acts	6:1-7
15	Acts	8:26-40
16	Sunday Acts	9:1-9
17	Acts	9:10-22
18	Acts	9:23-31
19	Acts	20:17-38
20	1 Corinthians	3:1-17
21	2 Corinthians	8:1-15
22	2 Corinthians	8:16-24
23	Sunday 2 Corinthians	9:1-15
24	1 Timothy	3:1-16
25	1 Timothy	4:1-16
26	2 John	1:1-13
27	3 John	1:1-15
28	Psalms	1:1-6
29	Psalms	2:1-11
30	Sunday Psalms	8:1-9

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT

I have a simple diet,
If you would like to try it;
You simply fill your plate
With only things you hate.

—Walt Phillips

One thing worse than a loose steering
wheel is a tight driver.—Jack Herbert.

Adventuring Together with the Bible

By Willard A. Scofield

THOSE who have looked at pictures of the Grand Canyon and then have gone to see it for themselves know there's a big difference in secondhand and firsthand experience. No account, no picture can compare with seeing this extravaganza of nature's beauty with our own eyes.

Similarly, there's nothing that can compare with the personal experience of digging into the Bible and making its truth our very own. No book about the Bible, no sermon is as meaningful as mining the truth for ourselves.

The expert has his place. He can help us with difficult words and fill us in on the historical background. But we too often downgrade the fact that the Bible, through the aid of the Holy Spirit, can speak its message directly to the average man. Every man can be an interpreter.

Here are some suggestions for a firsthand encounter with God's Word. They are taken from some leads given in the opening verses of Psalm 119.

Openness to New Truth

Verse 18 of this Psalm has these words, "Open my eyes, that I may

behold wondrous things out of thy law."

To enter into a firsthand encounter with the Bible, we must be open to receive its truth. We must be ready to have the truth change our ideas and our lives. This isn't as easy as it may seem.

All of us have fixed ideas about life and its values. We use these preconceived notions to interpret all of our experiences. This is the reason that when there is an automobile accident, or a robbery, the witnesses are likely to give a dozen different accounts. People have their preconceived ideas of what happens when there is an accident or a robbery and this blends with the actual event.

This sometimes makes preaching and teaching a frustrating thing. A teacher thinks he has made a truth clear and then he hears someone tell it back to him so that he could hardly recognize it. It's something like mixing colors, blue contacting yellow and producing green.

Of course, all of our preconceived ideas aren't wrong. They help us to organize our thinking and to evaluate new experiences. Many of the ideas handed on to us about the Bible may be quite correct. But

others may not be. If we are to get anything from our encounter with the Scriptures, we must be willing to let God speak.

When you get started on your adventure in the Bible there are going to be some shocks, some changes in your thinking and living.

The person who goes into the Bible expecting to find a legal scale by which he can evaluate his neighbors is in for a surprise. So is the person who thinks that God has put his stamp of approval on everything in America. The family which gets involved in the Bible is going to see some changes made in its home life.

If you are like the young lady who said to me a while back, "Nothing good will ever happen to me," you're in for some happy awakenings as you venture into the Bible.

But remember that step Number 1 in this venture is a prayer to God like that of the Psalmist, "Open my eyes that I may see."

Firsthand Contact with the Bible

Again we take our lead from Psalm 119. These words are in verses 15 and 16. "I will meditate on thy precepts . . . I will delight in thy statutes. . . ." The verbs "meditate" and "delight" convey the ideas of spending time, reading, rereading, studying, asking questions about the text of the Bible.

I remember well the experience I had in a zoology class in college. The work was divided between a lecture program and laboratory work. During the lecture period, the professor would place diagrams of various body systems on the board

and we feverishly tried to reproduce them in our notebooks. The diagrams were all nicely labeled and drawn in different colors.

The laboratory work was quite different. During the course of the year, we had to completely dissect a frog, a dogfish, and a fetal pig. The animals we studied did not always look like the diagrams we had copied into our notebooks. The veins were not colored the way we thought they might be. Sometimes we thought we had found an organ, only to be told by the lab instructor that this was an artifact. Once in a while we cut through the parts we were looking for before we knew it. But we learned a lot of things, too. The more time we spent in probing, the more secrets about the life and functioning of the animal opened to us. With all of our stumbling, the laboratory work was authentic and real.

We want such an experience with the Bible. Here are some suggestions for having a firsthand encounter.

1. *Ask yourself questions about the passage you are reading.* Depth Bible study calls for the use of the techniques a reporter uses to get his story. He asks five questions: Who? What? Where? When? Why? So we must ask these questions about each passage of the Bible.

In the study of a particular chapter, for example, *Who* calls for a listing of the persons mentioned; *What* calls for a study of contents, perhaps an outline; *Where* asks for geographical facts; *When* applies to dates; and *Why* gets into the reasons people acted the way they did.

Answers to all these call for the use of Bible dictionary, maps, concordances, commentaries and other tools.

Go through a chapter or two like this and you'll be surprised how much you missed when you just read a passage. You'll gain, too, some important knowledge of the Scriptures that many people in the church never seem to get hold of.

2. Another way of digging into the Bible and making its truth your own is to *paraphrase a passage in your own words* and in terms of your own experience.

Philippians 4:10-13 reads like this in the King James Version:

But I rejoiced in the Lord greatly, that now at the last your care of me hath flourished again; wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity. Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

This is the way one person paraphrased this passage.

I am grateful for the many things people have done for me to make me what I am. I thank God too for the people who have said they wanted to help and who would have helped had an emergency come. Now I don't want to dwell on my needs. I've learned to be quite happy in my row house in Tacony. After all, it's the people inside

the home and the way they feel about God and others that really counts. I've learned to get along with a little and a lot. I'm thankful for the good days when we've had good meals and vacation days in the mountains. But I've learned also to be happy when the doctor bills have been heavy and we've had to scrimp. I've even come to like the six different ways my wife fixes hamburger. I've found that with the Lord's help I'm able to tackle the things that come up. I can do my job, even the disagreeable parts of it. I've learned to like people I couldn't like before. With Christ's help, I've found I can do things in the church I never thought I could do.

3. *Simply talking about a passage of the Bible with some members of your family or a group gathered around a table will throw light on that passage.* Take the passage with the parable of the Great Supper in Luke 14. A man prepared a banquet and invited a number of guests. When the time came, his guests begged off. One had to examine newly purchased land. Another had to prove newly acquired oxen. A third had married a wife. So the master of the house sent his servant out to invite in the poor and the maimed, and later even those outside of town. The master's last words were that none of the originally invited guests would taste of the supper.

Conversation on this passage might evoke a number of questions. One person might ask, "Wasn't the master a little unreasonable? After all, the reasons do seem legitimate." A little thought and someone else points out that maybe they weren't

excuses after all. People don't examine land at night and they always prove oxen before buying them. Besides a woman in ancient Palestine never kept her husband from doing anything he really wanted to do.

"But why did he compel those in the highways to come in?" someone asks. One suggestion follows that we should check the original meaning of the word "compel." Another suggestion is that these people out in the highways were so shocked at being invited to such an important banquet that they almost had to be dragged there.

Another question may be raised, "What is the main purpose of the parable?" One person answers that Jesus is talking about the unbelief of the Jewish leaders. Another offers an application that brings it closer home. "Some of those who live closest to the churches and the preaching of the gospel pass it by, while others in missionary lands receive it gladly." One more person offers the suggestion that some of us have become so accustomed to spiritual things that we don't appreciate them as much as a new convert.

And on it goes. But dialogue, group discussion, brings out truth that we may miss otherwise.

4. *Or the Bible will open itself to us as we by ourselves read it, and reread it and pray about it.* We never exhaust its contents. I remember one day hearing an English Bible teacher saying, "Aha, there's something I've never seen before.

"Where there's a will," there are always outstretched hands.—J. E. Lancaster
in *Quote*.

I've been over that passage scores of times but that's the first time I've seen it that way."

Make It Mine

The final step in this firsthand encounter with the Bible is to *act upon the truth* that we find. The Psalmist says, "I have laid up thy word in my heart, that I might not sin against thee" (Ps. 119:11).

This may mean that the person with unconfessed sin in his life will make David's prayer in Psalm 51 his own. "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned . . . Create in me a clean heart, O God. . . ."

Or it may mean that the chronic worrier will make a verse like 1 Peter 5:7 his own, "Cast all your anxieties on him, for he cares about you."

For someone else it may mean taking the stewardship challenge in Malachi 3:10 seriously.

The next time he tackles a difficult assignment, the timid man may want to repeat Philippians 4:13, "I can do all things in him who strengthens me."

A famed philosopher once said that to grow as a person you must do something you're afraid to do each day. We may amend his words to say that in order to grow as Christians we need to act on one of God's truths, each day, in the events of our lives.

Don't get started on a depth study of the Bible if you're afraid of change. Firsthand encounters with God's truth will make you a different person. ■ ■

ABSTINENCE OR TEMPERANCE?

By John A. Redhead, Jr.

BACK in September two buddies in boot camp were lounging on their bunks. Gene's family lived down in Shelby, North Carolina, and his dad was nice about sending him the paper so he could keep up with the hometown news. Mail had just been put up and he was glancing over the *Daily Star*. "Jim," he said, "you and I have argued this drinking business up and down, but I want you to listen to this." Then he read, word for word, the following story:

The heavy-set man was sitting on a table in the X-ray room at the hospital. His face was bloody . . . Three highway patrol officers stood next to the table, asking the man questions . . . The man told the officers he had been to the Sportsmen's Club on Charles Road . . . "I had a few beers," he said in a sorrowful tone. "I had quite a few beers." Then he asked a pitiful question. "Did I hurt anybody bad?" One officer nodded and said he had. "I didn't kill anybody, did I?" The officer said he had . . . "And I killed somebody!" the man said, almost in unbelief. "I must have went to sleep. I was under the influence a little bit." The officers left the room. The man was charged with

murder and driving drunk, for at the other end of the hospital were three children under thirteen whose mother was dead.

"Listen to that," Gene said. "The man wants to know, 'Did I hurt anybody?' and all the time the woman is dead. That's what I've been telling you about this drinking business. Try mixing liquor and gasoline and somebody's going to get hurt."

"Well," said Jim, "you're not going to get any argument out of me on that one. You know good and well I go along with you there. My point is this: The man was drunk, and there's a difference between taking a drink and getting drunk. As a matter of fact, didn't Jesus turn water into wine one time at a wedding, and didn't Paul tell his young friend Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"

"Maybe so," said Gene, "but I know it's a fact that hard liquor like we have now was not distilled until the thirteenth century, and you've got to take what the Bible says about drinking in the light of that. And while you're talking about the Bible, let me show you something I found

Dr. Redhead is the minister of the First Presbyterian Church, Greensboro, N.C.

the other night when I was reading Proverbs."

At this Gene fished his Bible out of the footlocker under his bed and turned to the place and read: "Who has woe? Who has sorrow? Who has strife? . . . Those who tarry long over wine . . . At the last it bites like a serpent, and stings like an adder."

"That's what I mean. It's just plain foolishness to fool with something that's like a snake and will turn and bite you. Take that fellow down in Shelby. I bet you he started out with just one beer on the way home after work to pick him up—but now he's up for murder. Somewhere I read that a few years ago the deaths from automobile accidents in this country had reached one million, and that drunken driving caused two hundred thousand of them. Judge Gemmill of the Chicago Municipal Court said that he had tried an army of 50,000 derelicts, most of whom were booze soaked. That reminds me of the distiller who said to the judge, 'Did you ever try one of my fine brands?' 'No,' said the judge, 'but I have tried plenty who did!'"

"Boy," said Jim, "you sure are loaded on your facts, aren't you?"

"You ain't heard nothin' yet," Gene told him. "Listen to this: Benson Landis, an authority on economics, adds up the bills chargeable to drinking and the totals are these: potential wage losses, four hundred thirty-two million dollars; crime, one hundred eighty-eight million; accidents, eighty-nine million; hospital care, thirty-one million; maintenance of drunken persons in jail, twenty-five

million. And when you turn from the economic to the human side, the picture gets worse. A Federal Committee says that the 'abuse of drinking is directly responsible for more than 20 per cent of our divorces, 25 per cent of insanity, 37 per cent of poverty, 47 per cent of child misery, and more than 50 per cent of our crime.' I would say that Americans are pretty well snake-bitten, wouldn't you?"

"Come on," Jim said, "I'm not concerned with America, I'm interested in one soldier named Jim; and I think he's got a right to take a drink if he wants to. If you can show me one verse in the Bible that says it's wrong, please do. Can you?"

"No," Gene replied, "you've got me there. But I notice that the Bible does not lay down detailed rules for living; what it does is to suggest certain principles which have to be formed on the basis of facts, and here are some facts.

"Number One: The liquor industry depends for its life upon the occasional drinker like yourself; it would go out of business if it had to support itself on the small minority of seven million problem drinkers.

"Fact Number Two: It is the moderate drinker who is the problem driver. If your buddy has passed out, you can put him on the back seat and not under the wheel. This moderate drinker does not reel when he walks but he kills when he drives. That's the reason Dr. Richard Cabot of Harvard says, 'There is no hope . . . of decreasing motor accidents by working for moderation. Only abstinence can make us safe.'

"Fact Number Three: It is the social drinker who creates the problem drinker. The more drinking, the more drunkards is a fact of life. Six per cent of all moderate drinkers turn into compulsive alcoholics, and experts say there is no way of telling whether you will stay in the 94 or land in the 6.

"What I am saying is this: When you go back to the Bible for guidance on the problem of moderate drinking, you do not find any particular verse that says it is wrong. But neither do you find that in so many words the Bible says that slavery or dueling or child labor is wrong. Yet, when men gradually came to understand what the laws of decency demand, they began to wipe these things off the face of the earth. So it is with the ethics of drinking: It will have to be judged in the light of certain principles based on facts. If you think the drinking habit makes people kinder to each other, if homes are happier because of it, and if it increases capacity for abundant living, then, O.K., go ahead. But if its total effect is against the highest well-being of people then, in the light of the Bible, I would have to accept the opposite conclusion."

"I think I see what you mean," said Jim. "You remind me of something my dad told me in high school. He said, 'Son, if you think taking a drink will make you a better football player, a safer driver, or a more excellent student, then shoot; but unless it does, I don't see any percentage in it.'"

"Right," said Gene. "And then there's something else, too. You may



tell yourself that taking a drink doesn't harm you, and it's your business, and nobody's going to tell you what to do and what not to do. But I can't forget the thing the preacher called 'the Christian law of conscience.' He said that Paul claimed eating a certain kind of meat that had been offered to idols didn't bother him at all; but there were some folks who thought it was wrong, and if his example made them 'stumble,' then he would never take another bite as long as he lived.

"The way I look at it is this: The folks who know say that one-half of all the drinking that's done is caused by social pressure, which is nothing but drinking because other people are drinking. Take me, for example. I know I would enjoy a highball, and I think I could keep the habit under control; but I remember something in the Bible about the person that 'causes one of these little ones to stumble.' It said he would be better off to have a millstone around his neck and thrown in the river. That's

pretty strong language, and I don't think I want anything like that on my conscience. Do you?"

"Well," said Jim, "I'll have to hand it to you. What you say makes a lot of sense and you've sort of got me in a corner. Let me ask you one more question. If you had to sum up your feelings in a sentence or two, how would you go about it?"

"As I see it," Gene answered, "the thing pretty well adds up to this: Even a blind man can tell that drinking has created a problem in this country, and I think I want to be a part of the answer instead of being a part of the problem."

Before Gene could get back to his paper, the bugler announced that their presence was desired elsewhere and he heard Jim saying over to himself: "A part of the answer instead of a part of the problem!" ■ ■

Bible Conference

Put on by USS *Ajax* Laymen

Chaplain David Meschke writes us of a three-day Bible conference held in a delightful Japanese hotel. The conference was arranged by laymen from the *Ajax* and thirty-seven men were present from *Ajax*, *Yorktown*, *Bridget*, *Hooper*, *Bauer*, *Evans* and *Mine Flotilla One*. "I can highly recommend a Bible conference," says the chaplain.

SUCCESSFUL NOTE

After all is done and said
There's no secret plot.
If you want to get ahead—
Use the one you've got.

—Ida M. Pardue

The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

PERSISTENCE

Persistence is the password
To a faith that keeps on growing.
The man who starts, and stops, and
waits,
Will not get where he's going.

THE PHARISEE

How I like to think that God's ideal
Is just my color, race, and my belief;
And that he much prefers a man like me
To some lost soul, a murderer, or thief.
Yes, in my mind I like to think myself
A saint like Peter, John, or maybe Paul;
But then I read again the words of
Christ
And know my pride has made me least
of all.

THE HYPOCRITE'S PRAYER

Help me over the rough spots, Lord;
Don't leave me in trouble alone;
But when things are okay,
You can go on your way,
And I will get by on my own.

TRUST

I cannot understand it all
Yet faith is not in vain;
I trust Him now, someday somehow
The rest He will explain.

The Art of Losing

By A. E. K. Brenner

WE see everywhere around us defeat. Thousands commit suicide because they think they have failed. Wars produce victories and conquerers; but in order for some to win there must be others that have lost. With a shrug of the shoulders and a sigh of despair, man is so apt to say: "Never have I found life easy, for I started behind a plow. And the past has been just constant toil, but it does not matter now."

Browning, however, reveals a great character who is able to lose nobly and turn defeat into development. In his poem, "The Last Ride Together," he teaches how to lose. This masterpiece is just the opposite to the common saying so prevalent today, "All's fair in love and war," which means nothing more than it is much better to win and disgrace yourself than it is not to get what you want.

This poem is the story of a young man and a girl who have been out riding together every afternoon. The man is overcome by the girl's beauty and he asks her to marry him. She refuses him; and his reply reveals his character, he is truly a gentleman and has gained the greatest of all victories.

I said "Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all my life seemed meant for,
fails,

Since this was written and needs must
be—

My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness!
Take back the hope you gave—I claim
Only a memory of the same.

Other men would have become embittered by defeat, and perhaps think that the girl must somehow lack intelligence if she does not seize such an opportunity. Still others would assume the attitude: "There are plenty of other fish in the sea; I can still get someone else." Our man is different; he does not minimize the force of the blow. "All my life seemed meant for, fails." He could have said, I therefore curse you, and curse the hour that brought us together! Instead he blesses her name in pride and thankfulness. I had rather be rejected by you than accepted by anyone else; I shall always be proud and grateful for this association with you. And now, instead of going away in anger, suppose we ride together once more, as we had planned. Here are the horses,

all saddled and bridled—come on!

If a man behaves badly after he is rejected in any competition or ambition, then he proves by his conduct the wisdom of those who rejected him. But if he is a good loser, he is the victor instead. Also it is possible in an affair of love that the girl may be so impressed by his chivalry that she may reconsider.

It is no disgrace to fail; it is a sin to do less than our best. We must be willing to rise above any feelings of anger and wrath that might come within; take what comes to us and bear it with a grin. The defeats of today should not keep us from the victories of tomorrow; instead they should be stepping-stones to success. ■ ■



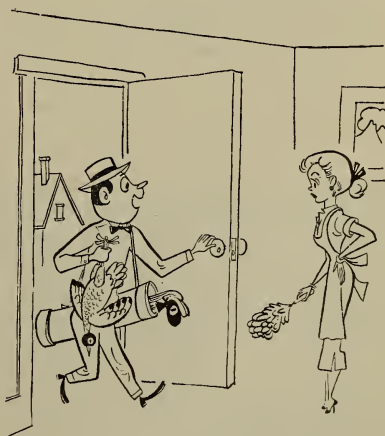
HERE'S one of the greatest endurance records ever performed by a man; in fact, it may never be beat. Kenneth Bailey of England started to run, not to any particular destination, he just ran for the love of running. You won't believe it (I had to check the facts twice), he did his running in the nighttime. This man covered the astounding distance of 124,511 miles. He started 41 years ago and ended in November of 1960. He wore a

special luminous suit so that he wouldn't be struck by cars.

• Rube Waddell, the great Philadelphia A's pitcher, was noted for his screwball doings. Once, during a game, the great Rube made all the members of his baseball squad sit down (all except the catcher). He said he was going to strike the next 3 opposing ballplayers to face him. On the next nine straight pitches he struck them out! . . . amazing, if any of them got hold of the ball!

• As we have mentioned in some of our earlier write-ups, records have been tried by people many, many years ago. In fact, back in the year 1798 the Sultan Selim of Turkey pulled back his bow and let fly his arrow some 972 yards away for a world's record.

—Mario DeMarco



FILCHOCK

"I got a birdie today, dear!"

—Cartoon by Filchock

Let Us Pray

O God, if we know our hearts, we desire to know thee better. Come into our hearts and teach us of thyself and thy way. May we be aware of thee in the early morning freshness and in the heat of the day and in the cool of the evening. Make us to walk with thee wherever we are led by thee. Grant us the true reality of thy presence in all thy universe; but supremely in thy Son Jesus Christ, our Lord and our Savior, through whom we pray, and to whom we commit our lives. *Amen.*

Almighty God, give us power—power to think noble thoughts, power to live as obedient children of God, power to do thy will, power to resist temptation, power to win others to Christ, power to grow in grace, power to love the unlovely, power to see our way even in the darkness, power to carry on when we are prone to give up. We pray with Paul that we may be “more than conquerors through him who loved us” . . . even Jesus Christ in whose name we pray. *Amen.*

Eternal Spirit, we pray for guidance. “Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, pilgrim through this barren land.” Guide us through the valley . . . “Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death.”

Guide us down life’s highway, rough and narrow though it may be. Guide us forward, onward, upward, climbing the mountains, gaining new footholds, winning victories over self, sin and superstition. Give us patience as we experience frustration and doubt. Give us courage when we are afraid. Let Jesus Christ be our guide to lead us onward into final glory. In his name. *Amen.*

Merciful Father, we humbly confess our sins. We have transgressed thy laws. We have been disobedient. We have let pride and selfishness dominate us. We’ve left good undone. We have loved the darkness rather than the light. And indeed we pray, Father, that we may have thy forgiveness. From this day forward, we promise that we will love thee more dearly, follow thee more nearly, and listen to thee more clearly. In Jesus’ name. *Amen.*

Heavenly Father, as we face the tests of life, enable us to rest upon a power not ourselves. Give us wisdom to know the right and strength to do it. We know there is a high way and a low way; give us courage to travel the high way! We fail always, God, without thee; so stay by our side, we humbly pray in Jesus’ name. *Amen.*

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

Graham at World's Fair

A Billy Graham Pavilion at the New York World's Fair is now under construction. Dr. Graham was invited by the New York World's Fair Corporation to erect the pavilion. It will be located near the main entrance to the World's Fair and will have a gallery for exhibits, a chapel, counseling rooms, a theater for the showing of evangelistic films and the like. Graham says: "We do not intend to duplicate the efforts of others."

More Freedom in Spain

Josef Nordenhaug, general secretary of the Baptist World Alliance, indicates that there are good prospects for a new law in Spain that will grant increased religious freedom. "Though the new law will still not permit full evangelistic activity by non-Catholics," the Baptist leader said, "it will bring about an easing of previous restrictions on the rights of non-Catholic citizens in Spain." Non-Catholic churches in Spain list a membership of 31,000.

German Kirchentag at Dortmund

The next German Kirchentag, or Lay Congress, is to be held at Dortmund in the Ruhr industrial area, July 24-28, 1963. Planners anticipate the presence of 40,000 delegates with possibly 500,000 at the closing open-air service. German address is Deutscher Evangelischer Kirchentag, 64 Fulda, Magdeburger Str. 19, Deutschland.

Spiritual Life Conferences for Air Force

Six Spiritual Life Conferences will be conducted by the Air Force this summer. Chaplain (Major) Hans E. Sandrock of the Office of the Chief of Air Force Chaplains is the director of the conferences. The series will begin with the conference at Estes Park, Colo., July 21-25. Others will be at Silver Bay, N.Y. (Aug. 2-6); Forest Home, Calif. (Aug. 6-10); Holden Village, Wash. (Aug. 19-23); Glorietta, N.Mex. (Aug. 29-Sept. 2); and Ridgecrest, N.C. (Aug. 29-Sept. 2). See your chaplain for further information.

The Bolick family received an appreciation certificate and citation from Chaplain (Lt Col) Lewis M. Durden for their contribution to the Pioneer Chapel and Hanau Community, Hanau, Ger. Shown here are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bolick, Jr., and their two sons, Robert and Reed.



Missionaries Needed

A report from the Methodist Church states: "The Methodist Church needs 276 men and women as missionaries for service in 25 overseas countries and an almost unlimited number of workers in mission situations in the USA. Some of these are to be enlisted for three years of service; most of them are for life careers.

Visser 't Hooft on Roman Catholics

Dr. W. A. Visser 't Hooft, general secretary of the World Council of Churches, says that the Vatican Council has demonstrated that the Roman Catholic Church has come to an end of its "purely monological and self-centered period." He goes on to say: "The great question which now arises is whether the 'ecumenism' of the Roman Catholic Church will only take the form of different terminology and a more friendly attitude or whether it will develop into readiness to enter into real dialogue in which the questions of other partners are taken seriously and concrete changes take place in those policies which make good relations between Roman Catholic and other churches difficult."

Soviet Clergymen Visit USA

A delegation of 16 church leaders from the Soviet Union were guests of the National Council of Churches of the USA for a three-week period beginning March 1, 1963.

Baptist Youth World Conference

The 6th Baptist Youth World Conference will meet in Beirut,



Chaplain (Capt) Wayne G. Shelton (director of the drive), and Mrs. James F. Price (project chairman), are shown with the 37 footlockers of used clothing which they helped collect at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for an orphanage in Korea.

Lebanon, July 15-21, 1963. A letter from Cyril Bryant, Director of Publications, BWA, states: "It has been called to our attention that many servicemen of Baptist affiliation who are situated in the Near East or who will be traveling in an exchange of posts about this time might be interested in attending this conference." If you are, write to Finley M. Graham, Box 2026, Beirut, Lebanon —for more detailed information.

The School That Comes to You

Calvert School, Tuscany Rd., Baltimore 10, Md., announces a program of child training through the 8th grade. Courses are approved by the Dept. of Education of the State of Maryland. Parents anywhere in the world can successfully teach their children at home, the school says. For more information write directly to the school.

Reprint of Article in *Reader's Digest*

Reprints of a LINK article which appeared in *Reader's Digest* entitled "Nine Scientists Look at Religion," are available through the Digest Reprint Editor, Pleasantville, N.Y. Prices: 10—25¢; 50—\$1.15; 100—\$2.25; 500—\$10.00; 1,000—\$15.00.

Reprint of "Christian's Code of Conduct"

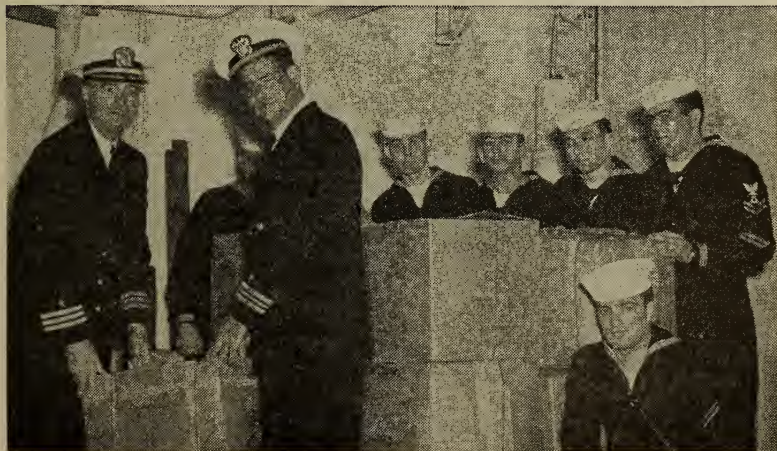
"The Christian's Code of Conduct," which appeared in our February issue (originally in *At Ease*, servicemen's magazine of the Assemblies of God), may be secured in quantities by writing to Servicemen's Division, Assemblies of God, 434 W. Pacific, Springfield, Mo.

Touring Abroad

A group of forty college educators and Christian clergymen will leave for Israel on July 17 for a 29-day study of that country, sponsored on a subsidized basis by the Inter-University Committee on Israel, 515 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y. . . .

A delegation of Indiana Protestant church leaders will go on a People-to-People Good Will Mission to Europe and Soviet Russia this summer. The 21-day journey will start from Indianapolis on Aug. 5 and will take the Hoosier churchmen to New York, then by jet to Brussels, then to London, Warsaw, Moscow, Kiev, Leningrad, Budapest, Berlin and home.

CDR Mark P. Sullivan, CHC, USN, and LCDR Warren D. Trumbo, CHC, USN, help stack the last of the 24 boxes of clothing which sailors of the USS *Kitty Hawk* (CVA-63) collected and delivered to the Maryknoll Missions and Church World Service for the needy of Hong Kong.



The Link Calendar

JUNE is National Recreation Month. Purpose: "To draw attention to the importance of making wise use of leisure time." (See article in this issue of THE LINK on page 28.)

June 1-8. Sibelius Music Festival. Helsinki, Finland.

June 2. Whitsunday or Pentecost. 7th Sunday after Easter. Commemorates descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost.

June 4. Old Maid's Day. "To honor all old maids for the good they have done for parents, sisters, brothers, and many relatives and friends."

June 5-9. Sun Fun Festival. Myrtle Beach, S.C.

June 7-9. West Virginia State Championship Horse Show. Charleston, W.Va.

June 7-16. Portland Rose Festival. Portland, Ore.

June 9. Children's Day. Also Trinity Sunday. 1st Sunday after Pentecost.

June 9-15. National Flag Week. Purpose: "To inculcate the meaning of true Americanism."

June 10-17. National Little League Baseball Week.

June 11-Sept. 15. American Shakespearean Festival. Stratford, Conn.

June 12-19. Salute to Youth Week. Recognition of youth's contribution to society.

June 14. Flag Day.

June 15. Harvard-Yale Rowing Race. New London, Conn.

June 16. Father's Day.

June 16. Miss Southern California Contest. San Diego, Calif.

June 17-Sept. 28. Shakespearean Festival. Stratford, Ont., Canada.

June 20-Aug. 31. New York Shakespearean Festival. Central Park, New York City, N.Y.

June 20-23. General Assembly Men's Convention, Presbyterian Church, U.S. Dallas, Tex.

June 20-22. U.S.G.A. Open Golf Tournament. The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.

June 21. Summer begins.

June 21-July 2. International Film Festival. Berlin, Germany.

June 23-29. National Swim for Health Week.

June 24. Midsummer Festival. Switzerland. Families ascend mountain pastures, celebrate the grazing season and bring animals down.

June 24-Aug. 31. La Jolla Playhouse. 17th Season. Near San Diego, Calif.

June 25-28. Young Republican National Convention.

June 25-30. Annual Conference, Church of the Brethren. Champaign-Urbana, Ill.

June 29-July 6. Let's Play Tennis Week.

June 30-July 6. National Safe Boating Week.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK you will find five articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion. The ideas found here may also be helpful to lay leaders as they prepare talks or sermons.

1. Sex and Christian Responsibility (page 5)

Bible Material: 1 Corinthians 6:12-20

Why should sex be experienced only within the context of marriage? In what way is a man's body the temple of the Holy Spirit? (See 1 Cor. 6:19.) How does one glorify God in his body? What do you think of the author's three suggestions on handling sex?

2. Faith in the Holy Spirit (page 17)

Bible Material: John 16:7-14

Why is the doctrine of the Holy Spirit difficult to understand? What does the New Testament tell us about the Holy Spirit? (Look up Acts 2:17, 38; Matthew 4:1; 10:20; 16:17; Romans 1:4; 15:13; 1 Corinthians 12:1-11.) What is the Holy Spirit saying to us—the church and me—about our responsibilities today?

3. Christ and the Enjoyment of Life (page 28)

Bible Material: Psalm 97:11; Philippians 4:4; 1 Timothy 6:17

What are the distinctive meanings of the following terms: fun, pleasure, joy, happiness, enjoyment? Which is most inclusive? How would you define "abundant life"? State in your own words your philosophy for a creative Christian use of leisure time.

4. Creative Retirement (page 45)

Bible Material: Psalm 37:25

What can an ex-military religious leader do that cannot be done so well by others? How many years could a retired military man give to advanced education without losing his motivation? Are there new religious vocations, of which you can think, which some should follow?

5. Abstinence or Temperance? (page 52)

Bible Material: Proverbs 23:29-35

Does the Bible prohibit moderate drinking? If it does not, why cannot a Christian practice temperance instead of abstinence? To what extent should a Christian be guided in drinking by his duty to others?

Books Are Friendly Things

A Guide to the World's Religions by David G. Bradley. Prentice-Hall, Inc. Englewood Cliffs, N.J. A Spectrum paperback. 1963. \$1.95.

This book introduces the reader to all the major contemporary religions. It is an accurate summary of the essential teachings of each faith. The reader who wishes to dig deeper will find a bibliography of over 300 paperbacks on the world's religions.

Christianity and the Encounter of the World Religions by Paul Tillich. Columbia University Press, 2960 Broadway, New York 27, N.Y. 1963. \$2.75.

These four essays form the Bampton Lectures in America given at Columbia University. They deal with the problem of the relation of Christianity to other religions, particularly the quasi-religions of today (nationalism, communism and liberal humanism). Granted that self-affirmation of truth is right, then Christianity has a right to reject non-Christian teachings. Yet what is to be the nature of that rejection? Is it to be narrowly exclusive or must it break through its own particularity? "The way (to be the bearer of the religious answer) is to penetrate into the depth of one's own religion, in devotion, thought and action."

Positive Protestantism by Hugh T. Kerr. Prentice-Hall, Inc. Englewood Cliffs, N.J. A Spectrum paperback. 1963. \$1.75.

The "one thing needful" in this age is the good news—that God was in Christ for man's redemption. "Positive Protestantism" is nothing more, and also nothing less, than a straightforward, unequivocal proclamation of the gospel. It is a "deeper plunge into the gospel." A forceful book that every Protestant should read.

The Battle of the Huertgen Forest by Charles B. MacDonald. J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. 1963. \$3.95.

The Zulu War: Isandhlwana and Rorke's Drift by Rupert Furneaux. J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. 1963. \$3.95.

Here are two more narratives in the series edited by Hanson W. Baldwin on "Great Battles of History." The grim battle of Huertgen Forest took place from mid-September, 1944 until mid-December. More than 200,000 American and German troops engaged in bitter combat in a gloomy fir forest. The Zulu War occurred in 1879; the first engagement was at a small camp Isandhlwana and the well-disciplined Zulus nearly wiped out a sizable detachment of the British. At Rorke's Drift, on the other hand, a handful of British soldiers and civilians held off the savage Zulus. Eleven Victoria Crosses were awarded its defenders.

Sound Off! (Continued from page 4)

ganization, I am provided with no funds for this, since offerings cannot be taken aboard ships. If it is at all possible, I should appreciate receiving 100 copies of your magazine for distribution to my forty ships and units. This will be a true godsend to these men who sometimes are tempted to feel that they are "the forgotten men" when it comes to the chaplain's ministry.

—Chaplain Paul H. Lionberger, CHC, USNR, Commander Service Squadron Eight, F.P.O. New York.

(We are sending Chaplain Lionberger 200 copies of THE LINK monthly for free. If any of you have funds and would like to contribute to this need, we will be glad to receive donations. Editor)

Wherever the Ship Goes THE LINK Goes

Enclosed you will find a money order for \$5.40. The \$5.00 is a gift in appreciation for receiving THE LINK. It has been a great help to us while overseas and during the recent Cuban crisis. I have used it to get ideas for a Sunday school we have aboard ship when we are out at sea.

The 40 cents is for two copies of the booklet, "Sex, Love, Marriage and the Home." Having read one of your booklets some time ago I feel this will be equally rewarding. Please forward to me two copies.

Wherever the ship goes THE LINK goes along, too, to soothe troubled or lonely hearts at sea. I have nothing but praise for THE LINK and its staff. Keep up the good work.

—James S. Brooks, YN3, USN, USS *Altair*.

Uses THE LINK Profitably

THE LINK has turned out to be quite popular here and we would like to increase our subscription by 50 more copies. . . . Two articles in your February issue are very appropriate: "Beware of Legal Rackets" and "The Do's and Don'ts of Debts." . . . Articles in THE LINK form the background for many Sunday school talks, especially when we have to prove to some doubtful teenager that religion is not just "kid stuff"—that many famous persons put their trust in God and live Christian lives. . . . When we have to provide a last-minute substitute teacher and lesson, the copies of THE LINK will often provide lesson story. The variety covered in the publication: news items, Bible lessons, historical articles, poems, cartoons, prayers, family adventures—all provide interesting lesson material and reading material, too.

—W. E. Harmon, Chaplain's Assistant, U.S. Naval Postgraduate School, Monterey, Calif.

Money and the Church by Luther P. Powell. Association Press. A Giant Reflection book. 1962. \$1.50.

The principles of stewardship from the early church to the present, presented in historical form. An interesting book; will be helpful to all those who teach stewardship.

At Ease!



"Want any cute, clever sayings by me before I go to bed?"

One businessman met another on the street and, after exchanging greetings, one said: "How's business, John?"

"Well," said John, "it's picking up a little, I'm happy to say; yesterday one of our salesmen came in with a \$5,000 order."

"I don't believe it," said the first one.

"It's true," said John, "I can show you the cancellation."—Anna Herbert.

The children's hour is any time they're on the telephone.—Mont Hurst in *Successful Farming*.

Once there were three dogs. One belonged to a preacher, one to a gambler, and one to a farmer.

The dogs got lost in the woods. The preacher's dog said, "I'm going to pray and God will show me the way out." The gambler's dog said, "I'm going to take a chance on finding my way out." And the farmer's dog said, "I'm going to sit down and wait. There will be a government man along soon."—*Capper's Weekly*.

One form of perverted cooperation is illustrated in the following: A little boy was playing all alone in the front yard when a neighbor came along and asked where his brother was. "Oh," he said, "he's in the house playing a duet. I finished first."—*Watchman-Examiner*.

Eight-year-old Billy was being taught the proper way to ask a girl for a dance by the teacher in a dance instruction class. A half hour later Billy asked the teacher. "Now, how do you get rid of her?"—*Balance Sheet*.

A young woman was dialing a record store. Her dial finger slipped a notch and she got a wrong number. A man answered, and she asked, "Do you have 'Eyes of Blue' and 'Heart That's True'?"

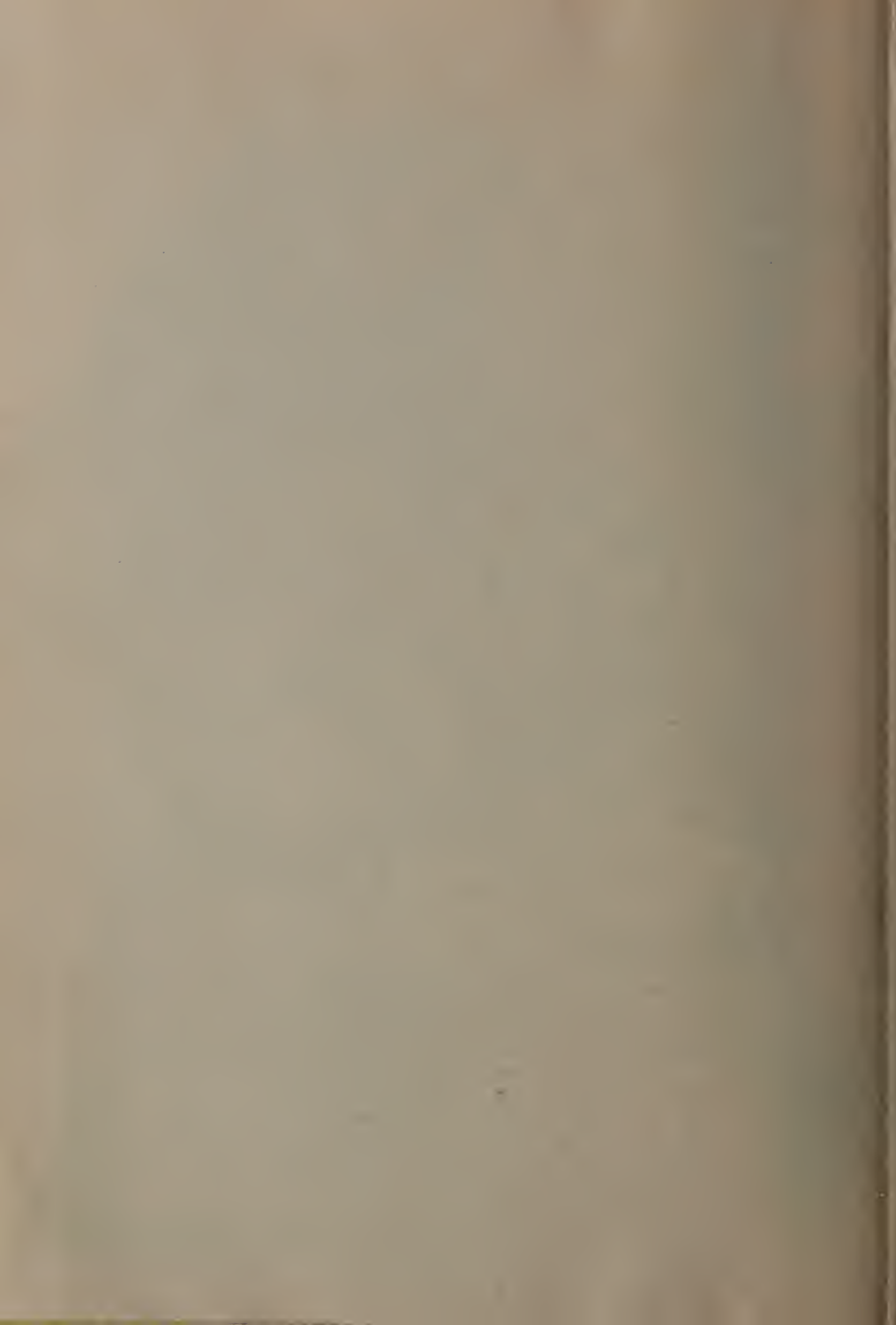
"No," said the man, "but I've got a wife and nine children, including four sets of twins."

"Is that a record?" gasped the astonished young lady.

"Well, ma'am," was the answer, "we're not sure, but we think it is."—*Hello*.







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