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LIFE, A JOYOUS ADVENTURE
Memoirs of Armor D. Peisker

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PREFACE

Why write this now?

Family, friends, associates, and readers through the years have asked that I provide a collection of materials I have written on various occasions for numerous publications. My excuse for not doing this has always been that current deadlines kept me too busy.

Even since retirement, assignments with deadlines, and teaching responsibilities continued. But now, at my age, it dawns upon me that if I am ever to do as requested, I had better get to it.

There are also other reasons -- perhaps more important ones -- for doing this. I set about the task as a thank offering. The Old Testament thank offering was a voluntary act providing a delightful combination of worship and social fellowship. It might be made simply as an expression of thankfulness and love to God. Also, on such an occasion family and friends could join the worshiper in a festive meal in the temple courts symbolizing thereby the peace and fellowship existing between God and His people.

With this in mind, I write these pages as a personal thank offering to God whose grace has made my journey through life a truly joyous adventure. I desire also that this be a brief biography which might be of special interest to family and long-time friends.

Now that I have set about the task, I wonder where I should start and where will I stop, for I find several hundred manuscripts, long and short ones, filling my files. But here I am on the starting line! Wish me well!

What about the title I have chosen? Can all of life be "joyous"? For the Christian, I think so. I know, however, that all of life, even for the Christian, will not be filled with "happiness." Testing times, sorrows, and trouble come to us all. But being joyous is something very different from being happy. Happiness results from pleasant circumstances. Joy, however, results from a relationship, a relationship with God. The Psalmist could in his prayer to His God declare: "Thou will make known to me the path of life; in Thy presence is fullness of joy" (Psa. 16:11, NASB).

Jesus promised us: "I will ask the Father and He will give you another Helper, that He may be with you forever; that is the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it does not behold Him or know Him, but you know Him because He abides with you, and will be in you" (John 14:16-17, NASB). Joy is a product of that relationship with God's Holy Spirit who abides in the heart of every believer (Gal. 5:22). He will enable the Christian to hold steady in the troubled times, remembering with joy that "God causes all things to work together for good to those who love God, to those called according to His purpose" (Rom. 8:28).

It is not unlike the story of the sea. Storms may greatly disturb the surface, but in the depths the currents continue their normal channels.

This thought must have been in my mind when I wrote an editorial for the Advocate dated March 9, 1963. Here it is:

What Determines Your Course?

In the North Atlantic one occasionally encounters an extraordinary phenomenon. The wind, the tide the surface ice will be going in one direction; but there will be an iceberg moving majestically against these forces.

The sight is actually not so strange, however, when one realizes that only a small part of the iceberg is visible. Deep down in the water its base is controlled by currents more powerful than those on the surface.

This occurrence has a significant application in human life. A strong, worthy character reaches down deep and is driven only by those currents of fundamental truth which flow unalterably regardless of the changing philosophical fantasies which from time to time blow across the sea of time.

"If you want to get along, go along," expresses a current point of view. Following that rule, many people willingly sacrifice integrity on the altar of personal advancement or momentary popular acclaim.

And, indeed everyone, sooner or later, is confronted with the temptation of doing the things which seem popular or profitable even though one knows it to be wrong. On such occasions one needs to be directed by the sure principles of right as taught in the Bible and as perfectly illustrated in the life of Jesus Christ. Aware of all this, the apostle once exhorted some friends, "Be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of man, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive" (Eph. 4:14).

* * * * *

01 -- HOW SHOULD I WALK?

Early on I discovered the path to joyous living. One pleasant sunny day when I was a high school student in the Colorado Springs Bible Training School and Christian Academy I went, Bible in hand, to a favorite shady spot beside a stream of cool running water on the quiet hillside back of the campus. It was time for my devotions. As I sat on the willow-shaded bank, I read from I John 2. These words stood out: "He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also to walk even as he walked" (v. 6, KJV).

"How did Jesus walk?" I mused. "What was His goal? What rules did He follow? Where did He find enablement for the journey?" From that moment onward I have sought earnestly to discover and follow the answers to those questions.

Sixty years later, I was honored to be a commencement speaker at Bartlesville Wesleyan College. I wanted to tell the young graduates, their friends and relatives the answers to my early queries. Along my way I had discovered guidance which has directed me along an adventurous, but joyful, path bounded by goodness and mercy. This is what I said to them:

Attending a convention in Detroit several years ago, I was coming down the hotel elevator when, at an intermediate stop, Michigan Governor Romney stepped on. Apparently also attending some meetings in the hotel, he was hurrying to another session.

The automatic doors closed. The elevator continued its downward journey. The Governor, a bit startled, quickly pushed the button to stop at the next floor, saying, sheepishly, that he wanted to go up, not down. As he got off, laughingly he quipped, "Isn't that just like a politician; he never knows which way he is going."

Without thinking, Romney had simply taken the first elevator that came along, and it was going the wrong direction. Life can be like that. It will take us either up or down. We must decide which way it will be.

During the same Detroit meeting, and again on an elevator, a man told me about losing his way while driving along unmarked back roads through a sparsely settled region of our Southland. Finally, an elderly farmer of the area came along in a wagon, and my traveler friend stopped to inquire directions. "Where will this road take me?" The farmer looked friendly-like at the stranger, and called back, "Where do you want it to take you?" That answer, I thought, was a gem!

Maybe some of you young people are wondering today, "Where will life take me?" Where do you want it to take you? It's pretty much up to you.

Jesus understood this. He determined early which way He was going. He set a goal for himself. He adopted a rule which guided His every step steadily, toward that goal. Then, He relied upon an unfailing Power Source to propel Him to it.

He is the example for us who call ourselves Christians. "Whoever claims to live in him must walk as Jesus did," the Bible declares (1 John 2:6, NIV). How did Jesus walk? Toward what goal? By what rule? Under what power?

* * *

I. Christ's Goal.

Jesus stated His goal clearly. The Son of Man, He said, did not come to be served, but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many (Mark 10:45, NIV). His whole life was one of redemptive service. We who would walk as He walked must set that same goal for ourselves. To live with that objective in mind, however, puts us quite out of step with the majority of our peers. Generally those around us who have any goal at all choose a career which they think will provide them the most material benefits and personal fulfillment.

Even in Christian circles, it appears that many people are often influenced by this philosophy. They follow Jesus for loaves and fishes. They hope in His way to find personal happiness and a good life. It is certainly true that in Christ's way there is happiness and life is good: there is assurance, hope, fulfillment, security -- benefits not available on any other path; but we are not to follow simply for that reason. If we do, we shall soon be disillusioned, for that way

may also lead us into trouble, difficulty, hardship, even sorrow and suffering. Jesus himself found it so.

You graduates who have struggled through four years of college may be hopeful now of finding places of leadership in the world. The idea of living a life of servitude may not have much appeal.

Is the desire for leadership inconsistent with the Christian goal? No. The issue is why you seek to lead. Do you seek to be a leader in order that you may have people serving you? Or do you seek to lead that you may have opportunity to serve more people? The New Testament teaches that it is not wrong to desire to be a leader. "If anyone sets his heart on being an overseer he desires a good thing," the Apostle Paul declared (I Tim. 3:1, NIV). However, the Apostle goes on to indicate that there is a certain quality of character and manner of conduct for which worthy leaders must strive. Then in another place, he tells us: "Since we have gifts that differ according to the grace given to us let each exercise them accordingly:...he who leads, (do it) with diligence" (Rom. 12:6, 8, NASB).

That phrase -- "he who leads with diligence" says more than may at first appear. The term rendered "to lead" in the New American Standard Bible, is variously translated in other versions: "to rule," "to serve," "to give aid." Literally the term means "to stand before" or "in front of" another, either in the sense that one is ahead to take precedence over another, or that one is ahead in order to help and protect another. The two ideas give the Greek word two distinct uses: "He who leads in the affairs of others and administers" and "he who is actively concerned" for others. This implies that a worthy leader personally cares about, and actively seeks to serve those whom he would lead.

From the context it is clear that the whole passage is a call to responsible use of gifts -- gifts which relate to some sort of ministry. From the sequence of the admonition, it seems likely that Paul was more interested in the leader's concern for other people's welfare than in ruling over them.

In this connection I recall words of Wilfred Grenfell, that notable medical doctor and missionary whom I was privileged to hear in my college days. For many years he served selflessly in Newfoundland. When I heard him, he was telling young people everywhere: "We have to determine whether this world is an arena where we fight to get what we can for ourselves, or a field of honor where we give all we can for our fellowmen."

* * *

II. Christ's Rule.

To reach a goal we must have a rule to follow. We cannot reach a given destination by wandering aimlessly, following whatever path has the most appeal at the moment. Jesus was guided to His goal by what he conceived to be the will of His heavenly father. This rule determined his whole life-style. He demonstrated this in every stage of His earthly walk. As a lad of 12 or 13, when He had come to Jerusalem for His bar mitzvah, the Jewish rite which initiates a

young Jew into full religious responsibility, Jesus, much to the distress of Mary and Joseph, lingered unusually long at the Temple. In explaining why He remained so long with His teachers, He said that He did so because He must be about His heavenly Father's business.

After He had begun His ministry, following His conversation with the Samaritan woman at Sychar, He again explained actions which the disciples thought strange by telling them that it was His meat and drink to do the will of the Father who had sent Him (John 4:35).

As He came to the end of His ministry, we see two more striking examples of Jesus' determination to follow that lifelong guideline. During His last conversation with the apostles in Jerusalem He declared, "The world must learn that I do exactly what the Father has commanded me" (John 14:31, NIV). Finally, at the very close of His life, in the last trying hours in Gethsemane, He deliberately chose to follow that rule although He knew it meant the anguish of Calvary. We hear Him pray: "Father...everything is possible for you. Take this cup from me. Yet not what I will, but what you will" (Mark 14:36, NIV).

So it was, that from the beginning to the end of His life, Jesus was guided by one rule -- obedience to the will of the Father. And He has said to all of us who would follow Him: "Not everyone who says to me, 'Lord, Lord,' will enter the kingdom of heaven, but only he who does the will of my father who is in heaven" (Matt. 7:21, NIV).

The will of God for each of us has two facets: the will of God as taught in the Bible, applicable to all people who would enjoy the divine favor and presence; and in addition God has His particular will for each of us as individuals which may not be applicable to anyone else. Each of us is to have a very personal walk with the Lord. According to our personalities and the service we are to render, God through His Spirit and providences, will make known His specific will for each of us. That will, of course, is always in keeping with the general teachings of the Bible, but there will be emphases and directions which are best suited to our personal development and usefulness.

We do not, then, just choose on our own where and how we shall serve. We seek to serve in the will of God. We do this by observing His providences and by listening for His inner counsel. One writer speaking of this said: "One may make every outward show of religion possible, but if sincere obedience to God is not forthcoming, it is little more than sham and pharisaical hypocrisy."

* * *

III. Christ's Enablement.

Jesus was able to follow through to His goal, in the will of the Father, because the power of the Holy Spirit was at work in and through Him. At His baptism, as he began His ministry, we are told that "Heaven was opened and the Holy Spirit descended on him" (Luke 3:21, NIV). Only as we are empowered by that same Holy Spirit can we follow through to the goal toward which the will of God directs us.

With the descent of the Spirit at the Jordan, there came also a voice from heaven saying, "You are my Son whom I love; with you I am well pleased!" (Luke 3:22, NIV). Similarly, each of us who follow in Christ's way can enjoy the knowledge that we are children of God, and that we are partakers of His Holy Spirit. An audible voice may not be heard; but we may have an assurance deep within ourselves just as real and assuring as if such a voice were audible. Paul wrote of this: "The Spirit himself testifies with our spirit that we are God's children" (Rom. 8:16, NIV).

Such a witness makes us eligible for the fullness of the empowering Spirit which Jesus promised His followers. "You will receive power when the Holy Spirit comes on you"; He declared, "and you will be my witnesses in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria and to the ends of the earth" (Acts 1:8, NIV) Keeping one's eyes upon Jesus' goal, following His rule, and partaking of His enablement is indeed a joyous adventure!

* * * * *

02 -- HOME IN THE ROCKIES

On October 31, 1907, I was born into the home of William Frederick Peisker and Alberta Armor Peisker. Dad was the harness maker in the small town of Center in the San Luis Valley, high in the mountains of southern Colorado. This oval-shaped valley, surrounded by several towering ranges, has an elevation varying from 7,000 feet on the valley floor to 14,345 feet, the summit of Blanca Peak of the Sangre de Cristo (Blood of Christ) range. At 125 miles long and fifty miles wide, it is one of the largest valley basins in the world.

The fertile soil and favorable water supply, combined with present-day farm equipment and skills of the farmers, currently make it a productive agricultural center. In the days of my childhood there, however, transportation in and out of the Valley was limited so that we were quite isolated from the outside world, and agricultural activities were much more limited than at present. So it was that supplies and cash also were limited. Nevertheless, the Valley was a beautiful, tranquil place to live my first sixteen years.

To give some personal glimpses of that life, I am inserting three articles written years later, at different times, as I looked back to those early days. The first of these came about when I was asked to participate in a Mother's Day celebration in the local church I attend. I was asked to relate something of mother's influence upon me. Here is the result of that assignment.

* * *

My Mother's Influence

My parents were very much devoted to each other. They also were devoted to God and the church. When I came along they shared their love with me. Every day began with Mother reading from the Bible and each of us saying a prayer. Every Sunday we were in church, as well as every Wednesday evening. For years Dad was the church janitor and Mother was treasurer.

Father, a son of German immigrants, was born in Wisconsin. He went West as a young man, settling finally in a small rural town in Colorado's largest mountain valley. He was a harness maker and served farmers of the area.

Mother was of English heritage. Her forebears settled in Missouri where she was born. As a young woman she went West to Colorado where she met and married my father. They were older than most couples when they married -- Dad was 41, Mother 34. I was their only child.

In the isolated valley, life for them was rugged. Money was always scarce. But the happy home they made for me is still a delight to recall. Our house was humble but was always kept clean and tidy. It was made of logs -- not the round kind covered with bark, but ones which had been squared. Father, early on, had the logs covered with siding which, through the years, he kept painted a pleasing yellow trimmed in white. The roof was rounded and covered with tar paper. It was the only house on our street which did not have water piped in, but there was an ever-flowing artesian well of sweet, cold water a few yards from the back door. The yard was kept neat. The green lawn was adorned with Mother's flower beds. A large garden ran along the north side of the house. Several of the front rows were perennially in flowers. Mother and Father both worked the garden, and as I became big enough, I joined in. Father kept a cow for milk. Mother made butter and sold whatever extra milk there was. Mother raised chickens and ducks for meat and eggs. While yet quite a small boy I began raising rabbits. There was, as you see, an abundance of good food. Mother was a wonderful cook.

Mother was the stronger influence in the home. Not because she pushed herself forward, but largely because Dad had trouble with English, and Mother had to compensate. While Father spoke and wrote German well, he did not function well in English. He spoke with a strong German accent. All of his formal education had been received in the school of his small Wisconsin community where all the teaching was carried on in German.

Both of my parents were cheerful. Dad had a pleasant sense of humor. Both parents were calm and soft spoken. They disciplined and guided me with a gentle, loving, but firm hand. I marvel how, from an early age, they kept me busy, happily and profitably occupied.

By the time I was in the fourth grade, I spent the summer months with other boys from town in surrounding fields pulling weeds from long rows of potatoes. In the fall at harvest time we boys picked up the potatoes as they were plowed out with horse-drawn diggers. For the work we received fifteen cents an hour.

About the time I was in the sixth grade a new bank was built in our town. As banks go now it wasn't much. Today it serves as a laundromat; but in my time it was a nice brick building which added much to our downtown area. It had a shining black and white tile floor. The place where the tellers worked was separated from the customers' area by an attractive divider.

I became its first janitor. How I got the job I'll never know. I did not apply, nor was I interviewed. I suspect my mother somehow got in "on the ground floor" so to speak, and solicited the job for her son.

Each morning before school I would go down and mop that pretty floor, sweep and dust the rest of the building. I kept the job until I was 16 and went off to school in Colorado Springs. At the same time I had the bank job, I was also working evenings after school in the general store next door to Dad's harness shop. And how I got there I'll never know. But I have a good idea!

During that time Mother told me one day that my father's Sunday suit was badly worn and was hardly suitable for church anymore. Would I like to buy him a new one? "Sure," I said. When the suit came from the mail-order house, Mother spread it out on their bed. When Dad came home that evening, she told him there was something in the bedroom for him. He went in to see what it might be. When he came out there were tears in his eyes and he thanked me with trembling lips. Mother had gotten her husband a much-needed suit, and she had taught her boy a lesson in the joy of giving.

About that time a young home missionary from Colorado Springs came to town and pitched a tent next to the downtown garage. For flooring he covered the ground with straw. He collected a variety of chairs for seating. He built a wooden platform where he set up a borrowed pulpit stand. Somewhere he had secured a piano. Each night he played his trombone, sang solos, and preached the gospel. Every night my folks went and took me along. They helped to entertain the evangelist by having him at our house a good deal of the time. During that meeting I came to know the Lord personally, and life from that night has had a new, wonderful, joyous dimension.

After that, every morning before I began my mopping at the bank I knelt down among the buckets, brooms, and mops for a few minutes of prayer. So it was, I took my first steps in fellowship with God. In a fellowship which has remained unbroken to this day. It came about because my parents kept me in church and under the best spiritual environment available to them.

When I was ready for my junior year in high school, I told my folks that I wanted to go to the Colorado Springs Christian Academy about 200 miles away. They did not object, but they could not give any financial assistance. I would need to get a job in the Springs. And that might be tough, I thought, for I knew Mother would not be there on the "ground floor."

When I decided I would go, Mother began to prepare things for my dorm room. She got some pretty blue-flowered material and made drapes for my window. I had purchased a trunk -- anybody who went anywhere in those days had to have a trunk. With the same kind of material she had made my drapes she made a coverlet for the trunk, so it could serve as a table, or whatever. She also embroidered some pillowslips, a dresser scarf, and made a nice bedspread.

When I went off to school, Mother was still bringing in water from the well for her washing and heating it in a boiler on the kitchen range. But her son had the best-dressed room in the boys' dorm.

I must tell you one more thing. As I was growing up I had a tendency to let my shoulders sag. Mother, whenever she saw me doing this, would say, "Armor, throw your shoulders back; stand up straight." Even now, almost every day as I take my walk I am reminded of those words. It is not as easy now to straighten up and keep my shoulders back as it used to be. But I still try. So it is that even yet Mother's quiet, caring admonitions are helping me to walk through life straight.

At the 1962 General Conference of the Pilgrim Holiness Church I was elected to the office of General Editor. Among my responsibilities was editorship of the denomination's official publication, the Pilgrim Holiness Advocate. My first editorial was short, but occupied page one of my first issue. I probably enjoyed writing and publishing it more than any other piece I wrote during the six years I served as editor. As you read it, I think you will see why.

* * *

Events in Their Turning

Chugging along on slow, smoky, narrow-gauge steam trains, a strong young man used to make his way up over the mountain passes to an isolated valley high in the Rockies. Or perhaps he would come by way of the narrow dirt roads whose steep, winding inclines tested the power and stamina of his Model T.

Why did he so often laboriously travel those hundreds of difficult miles? Was he in search of gold in those hills? Was he coming to fish in some of the abundant sparkling trout streams which lure fishermen from afar?

No. This traveler was a youthful home missionary obsessed with an insatiable desire to minister in out-of-the-way, often-neglected communities. In one of such obscure community of a mountain valley he pitched a tent for gospel services on a downtown vacant lot. His sincere friendliness, his devotion, and his Spirit-anointed messages were to a goodly number a channel of divine grace. Among the penitents who knelt at his rough plank altar was the grade-school son of the town's German harness maker.

Forty long years have passed. The young mountain preacher is the former Editor and newly elected General Superintendent, P. W. Thomas. Even more surprising, the boy converted in the humble tent is the new Editor.

Sitting at the desk from which Dr. Thomas wrote so well for so many years, the new Editor feels quite like a boy again -- unsure, somewhat overwhelmed. He takes courage, however, in the God who spoke so graciously and so clearly to his heart that long-ago night. He confides humbly, hopefully in the promise: "The Lord giveth wisdom: from his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding."

In the Advocate dated July 4, 1964, appeared another article with references to my mountain home. It follows:

* * *

Telling Time by the Sun

The summers were always interesting to me as a boy growing up in a farming community of a valley high amid Colorado's Rockies.

There was overnight camping when we went up into the mountains on wagons to bring down wood for fuel for the snow-bound, sub-zero winters. There was swimming in the deep waters at the headgate of the wide irrigation ditch. In spite of the myriads of pesky mosquitos which attacked us like so many tiny dive bombers the minute we hit the bank, it was fun on a hot day to swim in the cold, swift-running water which only a few hours before had been snow on the visible slopes of a 14,000 foot peak.

But there was work too. Laboring in the potato fields involved hoeing and pulling weeds from the long rows of Brown Beauties, Russets, and Red McClures. And when fall came we went up and down those same endless backbreaking rows hand picking the potatoes which had been unearthed by a horse-pulled mechanical digger.

The beating sun, the dry, parching wind made us thirsty often. Cool water, even from our crockery jugs wrapped in wet gunny sacks and shaded in a clump of willows or a patch of tall weeds, tasted wonderful. We got hungry too. But we had to wait until twelve o'clock to get from our lunch boxes the food our mothers had prepared. The problem was to tell when noon really came, for none of us had a watch. We learned to set up our hoes perpendicular to the ground and determine the time by the angle of the shadow cast.

Telling time by the sun is an age-old practice. Men of all lands seem to have contrived unique ways to do it.

Jesus Christ, "the Sun of Righteousness," the "Light of the World," has been placed by the Creator in the sky of men's spiritual world. We are to calculate all our times with reference to Him.

Where He is not known men are unaware of the real significance that this life bears. In the material realm they may have an aim, a purpose. But in the spiritual, they drift on aimlessly. Uncertain, they fear what lies ahead.

But when one knows Christ, things are different. In Him we learn life's deep meaning. To know Him is to be confident. His wise counsel is always available in daily problems. To know Him is to have assurance that the "long home" at the end of what we call Time is a place of greater opportunity and accomplishment than we can ever imagine here.

In Christ we also know that now is the only time to find in Him all these things. "Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."

* * * * *

03 -- MY WORLD GETS LARGER

During my years at home with my parents there were some interesting events which enlarged and enhanced my small world. The winter I was four years old my father closed his shop for several weeks and took the family by train to Missouri where my grandmother Armor and two

of mother's unmarried sisters (Georgia and Bess) still lived on the Armor family farm near Pleasant Hope. Grandfather had died some years before, and the other Armor siblings had married and set up homes elsewhere.

The large two-story square house looked huge. The old rail fence surrounding the yard made for happy climbing. The barnyard with its strange occupants fascinated me. There were chickens like those at home. But also there were beautifully colored turkeys, the aristocrats of the place, which strutted about as rulers of all they surveyed. Then there were trim little guinea fowls sporting their lovely dark-gray, white-spotted feathers, flying like birds wherever they desired -- outside as well as inside the barnyard.

There were also wonders inside the historic old house and my aunts went out of their way to satisfy the curiosity and whims of this four-year-old nephew who had come to see them.

At the close of our visit with Mother's relatives, we boarded the train again. This time bound for Wisconsin and Dad's folks. As I remember, we spent most of our time in Milwaukee with Father's sister Rosie and her husband, Rev. Fred Huebner, and their young daughter Clara. This was the first big city I had encountered. There were streetcars. There was a zoo. There was Lake Michigan, a body of water the like of which I had never beheld. It extended as far as I could see.

Then, there was the parsonage where the preacher's family lived. One thing about it boggled my young mind. There was a basement, an underground room to me, where there was a big stove which sent up heat to the several rooms, upstairs and down, through a big hole in the floor of every room! How different from our simple system at home where a heating stove in the dining room and the cook stove in the kitchen supplied only limited heat for our five rooms. There was the big church where Uncle Fred was pastor and where he preached -- on Sunday mornings in German and at night in English.

All the time we were in Milwaukee it was very cold and snow was deep. Little boats and a sizeable ship were frozen tight in the ice in the dock on the lake front. But the most exciting thing of all to me was a wonderful high snow-covered hill not far from the parsonage where my cousin took me sledding. Boy, was that fun! I was familiar with a sled, but not a snow-covered hill. The floor of my Colorado valley was flat. A close second to the hill was the zoo. Those long rows of strange creatures from many faraway places was indeed a sight to behold. But only one of those animals do I actually still remember, the hyena with his ugly face and his blood-curdling yell.

The winter I was in the eighth grade, Mother took me by train to California to visit three of her sisters then living in Long Beach. Clara, the oldest, had lived there for several years with her husband, but she was now a widow. Georgia and Bess had left the family home in Missouri after the death of Grandma Armor. Bess had married. Mother and I were entertained in the home of Bess and her husband, William Whittlesey.

California was a new and fabulous world to me. In the middle of winter Long Beach seemed to be an enormous, beautiful, well-kept park of trees, like the palm and pepper trees, and flowers like none I had ever seen. Delightful, sweet-smelling roses adorned many of the yards. The

vast Pacific reached, it seemed, to the edge of the world. To stand on the beach and watch the breakers hit the shore at our feet intrigued Mother and me. To pick up shells of so many kinds was fascinating. Signal Hill, at the edge of the city, covered with active oil wells was amazing. When one of the wells would catch on fire and send a burning blaze high into the night sky it was breathtaking.

Mother put me in school. This was the first time I was a stranger in a totally new and very different environment. Adjustments were necessary. The school was quite a distance from my aunt's home. I roller-skated back and forth. That was fun. One of my new friends took me to his Boy Scout meeting. That I enjoyed. My uncle, a postman, let me walk his route with him one day. That was interesting. He also took me one evening to the men's club meeting. I can still hear those men enthusiastically singing, "When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip, and I wore a big red rose."

The highlight of this whole time in California came when Uncle Bill took me by streetcar to Pasadena for a day to watch the fabulous Tournament of Roses Parade. That, to me, sure enough was "out of this world"!

The six weeks passed quickly. Too soon, it seemed, I was back home. I found it harder to readjust to my class there than it had been to fit into my temporary one in Long Beach.

As I recall, the summer following the California visit, Cousin Clara came to spend a summer vacation with us in Center. The girl who had taken me sledding some ten years earlier was now quite a sophisticated young lady with her Master of Arts Degree from Columbia University and a teaching position in the Chicago school system. She was, however, still the friendly, outgoing person that had taken such an interest in her little four-year-old cousin.

She enjoyed the slower, quieter, and simpler life-style of our little mountain village. She took an active part in our church activities. She socialized with our friends. She liked very much to be in the mountains.

One day she expressed a desire to have me go with her to visit Uncle Edward Peisker, a younger brother of my father and her mother. Through the years there had been very little contact with him and other family members. Neither of us could remember of ever seeing him. We knew, however, that he operated a general store in the small, isolated town of Lumberton, New Mexico.

It was Indian country not far from two reservations.

My parents agreed that I could go. We boarded a narrow-gage steam train which made its slow, smokey, and bumpy way through the delightfully beautiful San Juan Mountains. Upon arrival in Lumberton we made our way to Uncle Ed's store. Clara introduced us. We were given a hearty welcome and taken to our uncle's home where we met his wife and three small children.

During our stay we were taken to see the Indians living in their teepees and busy about their tasks. It proved to be a pleasant and informative adventure.

These trips away from the Valley I now look back on with considerable nostalgia, but I also see them as providential events which helped prepare me to cope alone in the strange, larger world in which I would find myself within just a couple of years.

Indeed, as the years pass I find the providential care and guidance of the Lord to be a source of joy and assurance. I wrote briefly about this subject in the Advocate dated May 25, 1963. Here it is.

* * *

Someone Is Handling the Reins

"It looks like things didn't all come by accident. Looks as if there was a plan back of it and somebody driving who knows the road, and how to handle the lines." Those quaint words of Farmer Sinton, one of Gene Stratton Porter's characters, quite simply set forth an assuring truth. There is Someone handling the reins, and there is no question but that He knows the way.

The Apostle Paul writing in the New Testament said the same thing when he wrote: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." The "all things" include everything in heaven. They include all things on earth -- good men with their prayers and love, bad men with their hatred and opposition: as well as prosperity and adversity, joy and sadness, health and sickness, life and death. They include all the forces of evil.

All these things work, and God directs them to some good end. They are not only working, but they are working together. There may be diversity of elements, but the operations and ends are uniform. It may seem that things are in chaos, but for those who love God they are working together toward harmony. Just as the different notes and sounds of the musical instruments work together to make a beautiful melody so all the apparently meaningless and confused occurrences of the Christian's life work together.

Separately some things appear to work for good and others for evil. But together they all tend to one blessed end -- the real and eternal good of them that love God.

A brilliant young college girl prayed to know God's will for her life. Feeling that she ought to be a missionary, she prepared herself and applied for appointment. The war intervened, and she passed the age limit. It seemed like a tragic misadventure. But not so. Today she is happily married. Living in a small town, she has taken the young people to her heart and is said to be the finest leader and the greatest influence for good that community has ever had.

* * * * *

School days in Center were happy days. They were also good days. All of my teachers seemed intent on helping their students learn. As I went on to other schools I found that I had been prepared well to meet the challenges of further study.

Some classes stand out. In the fourth grade we were diagraming sentences. This I enjoyed. The fifth grade was my favorite class. The teacher, Zula Bennington, was the daughter of a local farmer. She had gone away to college and came back home to teach. She began the classes every morning by reading to us from some interesting book popular at the time. I remember one of them was Jack London's *Call of the Wild*. She also would play records of classical music which we learned to identify by title and composer. She, like my previous teacher, stressed the importance of English grammar. Herein lies a pleasant little story.

Many years later while I was an editor in Indianapolis, I was returning by train from an assignment in the West when at a train stop in eastern Kansas I ran into the station and bought a newspaper to read along the way.

As I was reading I was attracted by a column entitled "Peggy of the Flint Hills," authored by Zula Bennington Green. Could this be my fifth grade teacher? It had to be, I thought. There would never be two persons with such an unusual name. Arriving home I wrote to her in care of the paper. I also subscribed to the paper so I could follow her interesting columns. Sure enough it was my Center teacher. Shortly thereafter she wrote a couple of columns about my having found her and some of the activities of the class in the little Rocky Mountain school. At later times when I passed through her town, I would occasionally call her on the phone. As the years past, however, I lost track of her; but I understand that she retired from the newspaper after writing the column for some fifty years.

My sixth grade teacher was strong on penmanship and drilled us daily on the Palmer Method. I was glad for that. When years later I went to Business College in Colorado Springs, I ran into another required penmanship class, it was a breeze!

School days were enhanced by some pleasant occasions outside the schoolroom.

When I got home from fifth grade classes one evening I found a beautiful piano in the front room, and the folks told me that they had arranged for me to take piano lessons with the teacher up the street.

I was delighted, and took lessons until I was able to play hymns quite well. I would liked to continue taking lessons, but I am sure that the piano and the lessons greatly stretched the folk's budget. But as long as I was at home I enjoyed playing, and passed many happy hours at the piano.

Years later I was called home because of Father's illness, an illness which proved fatal. He wanted me to play the piano for him. I did. He seemed proud and happy.

The next year Dad got a pony for me, as well as a saddle, a buggy and a sleigh. I had a great deal of fun with these for as long as I remained at home. One summer I used the pony to round up the milk cows of the town and herd them to pasture a mile or two north. Each evening I would

drive them back to the homes of their owners. I also used the pony to deliver the then well-known Grit weekly magazine to some of the farmers in the area.

My sixth school year was a highlight. A beautiful new school building had been provided, and we moved in. It was a marvel! It had indoor toilets, science labs, a shop for the boys and domestic science rooms for the girls, and many other innovations.

Summer days at home during those early years are pleasant to recall. They were not all filled with work. There was the piano, the pony, a bicycle I had purchased through the mail-order catalog, the rabbits. Then there was reading! One of my favorite pastimes was to take a book, climb into one of the large cottonwood trees in the yard, and read. Or maybe I would spread a quilt under the tree and sit there to enjoy my book.

Another highlight of those boyhood summers at home were the rather extended visits of two of my Armor cousins. During my earliest school days Cousin Nora Armor, daughter of mother's brother Walter, came down from Canada. She was a kind, loving person to whom I became quite attached.

Several summers later Mina Sevier, another of Mother's nieces, along with her infant son, Samuel came to visit us. She was a delightful person, and I was fascinated with the baby boy. Having had no siblings, I had not been around babies. I was also intrigued by the beautiful black baby carriage she had brought along. It made me proud and happy when she allowed me to push the baby and buggy along the sidewalks of our little town.

Then, probably when I was a freshman in high school, Cousin Edith Armor, daughter of Mother's brother Scott, came from California. She, too, we enjoyed a great deal. She was a teacher and artist, and did very beautiful china painting.

In my sophomore year of high school I began to feel that I should attend the Colorado Springs Bible Training School and Christian Academy. I prayed and planned. I saved a little money. A friend loaned me twenty dollars. I was on my way!

Apparently, I was sensing the importance of positive Christian teaching and environment in education. Little did I know then that much of my life would be given over to trying to provide these for other young people. In May 1967, as editor of the Pilgrim Holiness Advocate, I wrote an article for the annual educational issue of the paper. It expressed something of my philosophy in matters of Christian education. Here is part of what I wrote:

* * *

In Education Magnify Christ

"He uses his learning, he doesn't display it." This is what a New York Times book reviewer recently wrote of a contemporary author.

Quietly, but effectively, to use learning, not seeking to make a display of it, is a quality of the truly educated person. This is particularly true of the Christian. To him learning is not something to be displayed for his own advantage. It is rather something which he uses to better display his Lord.

The Christian attitude in all such matters was expressed by the Apostle Paul when he declared, "According to my earnest expectation . . . Christ shall be magnified in my body" (Phil. 1:20). He was saying, "My deep desire and hope is . . . that with my whole self I shall bring honor to Christ" (TEV). Or to put it another way, "I passionately hope . . . that now as always the greatness of Christ will shine out clearly in my person" (NEB).

If Christ is to "shine out clearly" through us, we must in His name serve with our "whole self" (which includes all we know and can learn, all the skills we have acquired and can acquire). The wiser we become, the more sure we are that Jesus meant very literally what He said when he instructed His disciples, "If one of you wants to be great, he must be the servant of the rest" (Matt. 20:26,TEV).

Each of us is sure to be tempted occasionally to ignore this demanding principle. Even our Lord himself was tempted. He was offered the kingdoms of the world without having to travel the lowly, hard, dusty road leading among the multitudes of unlovely, sinful, diseased, and disturbed men, women, and children. With perceptive evaluation, He chose, however, to endure the privations and toil necessary to serve those very persons.

This would suggest, then, that regardless of how religious may be the contents of the curricula we study, our training is really Christian only to the degree it fits us, both in attitude and ability, humbly and proficiently to serve our fellowmen -- individual persons we encounter day by day. Indeed, the willingness and the power to serve selflessly one's generation in Christ's stead is the hallmark of true Christian education.

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05 -- OFF TO SCHOOL IN THE CITY

How was I to get to Colorado Springs with my considerable luggage? I should not have worried.

Rev. A. Rhodel, a former pastor of the Center Methodist Church, was now pastoring in Colorado Springs. He had returned to Center briefly on business and was ready to return home at the time I wanted to get to the Springs. Through the years rather strong ties had developed between the Rhodels and our family. He had been my parents' pastor at the time of my birth. He had, in fact, rushed in his car some twelve miles to the nearest larger town and brought a doctor to our house on the occasion of my birth.

Now, seventeen years later, learning of my desire to go to Colorado Springs to school, he asked that I go with him and help with the driving. It all worked out beautifully.

In the fall of 1924 the Springs was not like the busy metropolis it is today. Then it was a quiet college town which, because of its beautiful mountain setting and its delightful climate, had become also a tourist and retirement center for the well-to-do. Nevertheless, to me it seemed large and bustling.

The school was not entirely strange to me. I had been on campus two or three times when I had gone with friends to attend the annual summer camp meeting held in a large tabernacle on the school campus. However, I had never been there when school was in session. The teachers, students, and school procedures were all strange to me.

The school was housed in a pleasant three-story brick building with full basement containing the kitchen, dining room, a general service room with laundry equipment and the furnace room. Classrooms and office were on first floor, the girls' dorm was on second floor, and boys' dorm on third.

Life in the boys' dorm where I shared a room with another fellow was different than anything I had known. Having grown up without siblings, I had little experience in sharing with others, so the two terms of dormitory life were good for me. The experiences in the dining room where students and faculty mingled as a large family three times daily, and where important leaders of the denomination were not infrequent guests, were stimulating and instructive.

One of the most important benefits of dormitory life was that it taught me the importance of thoughtful ordering of my time. A bell awakened us in the morning, called us to meals, to classes, to chapel, to a quiet time for private devotions, a study time as well as for "lights out."

Especially beneficial to me was the scheduled half-hour period when we were urged to take time for prayer and the reading of the Bible. At home I was in the habit of a few minutes of prayer before beginning my work at the bank; however, the thought of spending a half hour in devotions seemed quite much. But I conscientiously set about it, and soon received so much inspiration and the strengthening of my relationship with God that I found myself spending even more than the prescribed period. So it was that I developed the continuing habit of arranging time each day for devotions alone with the Lord. So fruitful has it been that I believe it may well be the most important benefit of my two years in the Colorado Springs school.

In order to take care of my board and room I was assigned various tasks. I was to care for the school's flock of chickens, and to help with the upkeep of the campus which involved mowing grass with a push mower.

Then came the problem of finding work outside the school to enable me to pay tuition. I could not immediately find a job downtown, so I became a Fuller Brush salesman selling household brushes door to door. After a while, however, I secured a job at J. C. Penney's store on Saturdays and school holidays. The store was not open on Sundays, but was on Saturday evenings. We clerks stayed on after closing hours to get the stock in order and to redo the window displays. Sometimes it was about midnight when we finally closed the store and went home. I worked mainly in the shoe department and in the men's wear. I enjoyed the work and was able to hold the job until graduation.

Besides being a Christian academy, the school was the training center for workers of the People's Mission Church, a denomination with a chain of missions throughout Colorado, Kansas, and Nebraska. As a result there were fellows in the dorm who, having finished their high school at home, came to Colorado Springs to take the three-year Christian worker's course. Some of these young men would frequently leave the school weekends in their cars, drive out into the plains of eastern Colorado and hold Sunday services in schoolhouses and churches in communities where there were no other gospel meetings. Sometimes I was asked to go with one of them to serve as pianist and singer.

These were the days of the terrible dust storms which devastated the farmers of that area. Some of them had already given up and moved away. The ones remaining were depressed and fearful. They appreciated our interest and concern, welcoming us to their homes, entertaining us as best they could.

Sundays were always busy days for both students and teachers. The Colorado Springs mission was downtown about a two-mile walk from the school. Besides the Sunday school and morning worship service, there was an afternoon meeting. In the evening there was a street meeting followed by an evangelistic service in the mission. We did not return to the school between the afternoon and street services. For supper we enjoyed box lunches prepared by the school cooks.

During the summer of 1925 I returned home and worked in the grocery department of Center's general mercantile store. Also, Aunt Bess and her husband came to visit us that summer. That summer the Peoples Mission churches merged with the Pilgrim Holiness Church. This provided a considerably larger constituency from which the school could draw support and students. It also brought new leadership to the school.

With the class of 1926 I graduated from high school. To my delight Mother and Dad were able to come and share the happy events connected with that event. The next day I took them downtown to a photographic studio for a family picture. Through the years I have cherished that picture. Today, framed and under glass, it stands on a bookcase in my study. Daily I am reminded of the loving devotion and wise guidance of my parents.

One of the best things to happen to me during those years at the Colorado Springs school was that I met and fell in love with a very nice young lady, Cora Pezoldt, whom I married in the fall of 1929.

The remarkable way the Lord provided my needs and directed my steps those two years in Colorado Springs encouraged me to believe that He would continue to do this as I sought to do His will. Through the years that assurance has been increasing. In 1983 I wrote about it like this:

* * *

God Would Guide Us

One morning in a motel room just west of Corning, New York, while waiting the appointed time for breakfast with the other men with whom I was traveling in some meetings for the Church, in the desk drawer I found a Gideon Bible and a devotional guide. The guide was out-dated, but a random opening directed me to Psalm 73. Verse 24 stood out: "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

My heart warmed and my spirit lifted as I thought of this assuring fact. The eternal, sovereign God himself will guide me. How good it is to begin the day with this in mind. This very day, I thought, I can be led directly by God. But not only today. Each day. All of my days. Led along a path where each step I take brings nearer the glory of His immediate presence.

What does verse twenty-four tell us about how God would guide us? He would guide us with His "counsel." What is counsel? Counsel is not law. It is not command. It is just what the Hebrew word here suggests, "advice." Talk things over, exchange of ideas.

God is not a despot coercing us. Nor does He deal with us as robots or puppets. He counsels us. He advises us as intelligent persons responsible to choose the way we shall go.

He counsels us by His Spirit. He also counsels us through His Word. In fact, the Bible was made for us. It is tangible evidence of His love and care for us. We should then daily expose our minds and spirits to the truth it has for us. We are not to worship the Bible, but we are to cherish and incarnate its teachings in our lives. And God reinforces those counsels through His providences: the events of daily life, the opening doors, the closing doors. These providences are in accord with His purposes for us and are correlated with His counsel. If we respond positively and in faith to His counsel, accepting His providences, we shall not miss His way.

I have found this to be true. Sometimes there has been uncertainty and a feeling of insecurity about the way I should go. There has been even fear. On such occasions I have sought the Lord's counsel. In due time, in a shining passage from His Word I have found just the guidance I needed. Assured, feeling secure, I was highly motivated to do His will. And to the measure I have dared to walk in the light of those brilliant moments, responding in faith to the circumstances in which I have found myself, life has been good. All of life has not been easy or pleasant, even following God's counsel. But all of life has been good, very good. Better far than I ever imagined it could be.

How does God use His Word as counsel? To understand God's purposes for us through His counsel in the Word involves something different than taking up the Bible as sort of a holy rabbit's foot which we open occasionally expecting to see some passage which answers our immediate question. Indeed, if we mean business about God's leading, we shall intently, regularly study the Bible. In that way we come to share its wisdom in the broad sweep of its teaching concerning God and every facet of human experience. Indeed, it becomes a real part of our very being.

The more we know of what the Bible teaches generally, the easier it becomes to determine God's will in specifics. In fact, to understand what the Bible says may in the first place enable us to avoid troublesome, unsettling problems. Important also is the fact that direction through the Spirit will never contradict the overall teaching of the Scripture. We are misguiding ourselves if

we feel a certain passage applies to our situation in a way contrary to other teachings of the Word. Any passage must be interpreted in the light of all passages.

The point is that, in the main, the Bible deals in related principles, not in disjointed aphorisms or superficial rules. These principles are valid guides to us. For example, the Bible teaches that God is love. He will, then, not lead us to do anything unloving. God cares about other people as much as He does about us. He will not, therefore, lead us to do something selfish or harmful to others. God is righteous, so He will not guide us into any impure, dishonest act.

In the light of all this, it is wise to give God a chance to speak to us each day through His Word. A quiet prayerful time over the Bible helps us focus on the areas where we most need God's help. Even God cannot get through to us if our devotional periods are taken up with self-centered monologue prayers.

Then, we must look for God's help with the small details of daily life. After all, details are the stuff of which life is made. If we do not let God into our everyday lives, He may not be able to intervene in the crises.

Those providential circumstances which occur following our waiting upon God fortunately help us to see if we have properly understood His counsel. When we ask God to guide, we must accept by faith the fact that He is doing so. This means that when He closes a door in our faces, we do not seek to crash the door. On the other hand, when a door opens, we need to muster courage to enter. And in seeking guidance from the Lord we should remember that we are to follow His counsel only one step at a time. We need not expect God to give us a blueprint of all the future. He insists that we walk step by step in faith. As we take one step, the next comes into view.

The fact that God can and will guide our steps day by day should not surprise us, for the God of the Bible who directs through that Book is after all the same almighty God who directs the planets, keeping the vast universe in order. In this connection, I like some provocative lines of Anne Dalrymple:

"Why is it, when we gaze on starlit skies
And ponder on the mystery of space,
We marvel at the Wisdom and the Power
Which holds each star and planet in its place?"

"Yet, as our thoughts turn earthward once again
To dwell on problems both of joy and strife,
We find it very easy to forget
That same great Power is guiding human life!"

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06 -- CALIFORNIA HERE I COME!

In writing about the events of the next two years I do not rely wholly on memory. I have at hand a bundle of letters I wrote to Cora during that period. Like a diary they lead me through the happenings of those adventurous, busy times. I did not know these letters existed until I discovered them among Cora's things after her decease in the fall of 1982. She had carefully bound them together in their envelopes and in the order I had written them.

Soon after getting home after graduation I decided I would go to college in the fall. Just where I was not sure, but I knew I would need to get some money together. First off I got a job painting the interior of a large room with a very high ceiling. Some time before, I had helped a professional painter do some such work in a couple of homes in Center. So I was not entirely a novice. Working alone, however, I found the high ceiling, the tall ladders, and dripping brushes quite challenging. Nevertheless, I seemed to finish the job satisfactorily.

Then a farmer friend of our family, Joe Mayfield, asked me to come to his farm for the summer and help him with his numerous tasks. It started with the Mayfields going on a two-week vacation and I being left alone to care for things. I wrote of this to Cora: "I am cook, dish washer, house maid, dairyman and gardener. The Mayfields took their new car and left me the ten-year-old Buick." Being a dairyman involved milking the cows by hand, running the hand-operated separator to separate the cream from the milk, then prepare the cream for the man who would come by and take it to market.

By mid-summer I had decided that I would go to Pilgrim Bible College in Pasadena, California. I knew this would involve a long journey and would require bus or train fare. Then there would also be tuition, books, and living expenses. I hoped, however, that with my two years of experience at Penney's in Colorado Springs, I might be able to get a similar job at Penney's in Pasadena.

The time on the farm was a busy one and lasted longer than I anticipated. I was still there until the fall harvesting was completed. The tasks were varied, but I enjoyed them all. Also, Mrs. Mayfield was a wonderful cook. Every morning at breakfast, around the kitchen table, she served hot, fluffy biscuits direct from the open door of the wood-burning kitchen range.

One special occasion was when Mr. Mayfield and I took his new Ford truck to the mountains and loaded it with the winter's supply of wood for the heating stove as well as the kitchen range. A new activity for me was the building of a fence around two sides of the large front yard. There were post holes to dig with a shovel; then there was the wire to stretch and fasten to the posts with staples and a hammer.

With the coming of fall, activity increased. There was the hay to cut, let dry and stack. There was grain to cut, bind, shock and thresh. The potatoes had to be harvested with a horse-drawn digger, then picked up by hand (mostly by transient Mexican workers from New Mexico or Texas). Following this some of the potatoes were sacked and immediately loaded into train cars at Center and sent to market. The remaining crop was stored in the large adobe cellar where, during the winter, they would be sorted and marketed when the price would be higher.

Finally, on November 12 I wrote Cora, "I plan to leave Center for California Monday morning, the Lord willing. I came in from the farm last Saturday. My trunks are packed and ready to go. Mother and I spent most of the week getting them ready."

In the meantime an unexpected providence had made it possible for me to drive an elderly couple to California in their car. No bus or train fare! Was I ever grateful! We went by way of New Mexico and Arizona with a short trip into Old Mexico. On the fifth day we arrived at Orange, California, where my friends had relatives and planned to stay. I took the electric train to Pasadena. It was evening when I arrived, so I stayed at a hotel and took a city bus to the school the next morning.

How wonderful, the Lord had answered my prayer and met my need for transportation to school! This early experience increased my confidence in the value of prayer; and through the years I have been amazed again and again at God's loving concern manifest in His response to prayer. I wrote of this in an article appearing in the Wesleyan Advocate dated April 7, 1986. Here it is.

* * *

Be Still and Know

Prefab buildings are much in vogue. Lumber cut, and in some instances, sections fitted together in a factory, make for fast work at the building site. Stones cut at the quarry to fit in their places in the building make it easier for the masons.

This method of building is not, however, an invention of our own times. Solomon, we read, used it in constructing the multi-million-dollar Temple in Jerusalem during the 10th century B.C. The historian recording the details of the structure interrupts his description by saying that "no hammer, chisel, or any other iron tool was heard at the temple site while it was being built" 1 Kings 6:7, (NIV).

The fact that the quietness of the construction work on site is noted, may be significant. Numerous commentators see the building of the Temple as an emblem of Christ building His church upon earth.

F. B. Meyer observes: "The absolute silence with which the Temple rose is an emblem of the progress of the church, from its foundation laid in the Apostolate towards the top stone, which finally will be laid upon the completed structure. Amid the rise and fall of dynasties and empires, the Church is being built....Some Day the world will be amazed when it sees the New Jerusalem descend out of heaven from God." And he closes the paragraph with this statement: "The mightiest works of God are the fruit of silence."

"The mightiest works of God are the fruit of silence." This fact is constantly being demonstrated in nature. The mighty oaks, and the even mightier redwoods, for example, do not make a lot of noise as they grow, but silently they do grow -- big, tall, and strong. Among people,

also, we see that the work of the world is being done by the diligent, thoughtful persons who, without fanfare, go quietly about their tasks.

It is not surprising, then, that God has admonished us, "Be still and know that I am God" (Ps. 46:10). This passage suggests that there is a connection between stillness and a knowledge of God, a knowledge which brings fruitfulness and fulfillment to life. "Be still and know that I am God" is especially applicable to us in this bustling, frantic 20th century.

Most of us are constantly and deeply engrossed in our busyness. We seem always to be pressed with numerous and diverse activities. Even when there might be a moment for quietness at home or in the car, incessantly people turn on the TV or the radio as if trying to escape silence, to shut out the voice of our own thoughts, or perhaps God's thoughts. He speaks most loudly in a still, small voice.

James Hastings comments meaningfully at this point: "From time to time let there be a hush in our life, a great calm in which the voices of the world are lost. God needs such a calm if His voice is to be heard.... It demands a silence. The voice is there. If men cannot hear it, it is because they are spending all their time where it is drowned in the greater noises of the world."

"Be still and know that I am God." These words challenge us to believe Him and trust Him in every circumstance of life -- especially in those situations where we find that we are in over our heads. It is easy for us at such times to pray frantically and, all uptight, to worry about what will happen next.

The New American Standard Bible translation for Psalm 46:10 is, "Cease striving and know that I am God." The margin has it, "Let go, relax." In difficult times God would say to us, "Let go, relax, trust Me, and I'll prove to you that I am God."

Remember then: "The mightiest works of God are the fruit of silence." Heed God's admonition: "Be still and know that I am God."

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07 -- COLLEGE DAYS IN PASADENA

I knew that arriving so late would make registration and fitting into school life difficult. Furthermore, I was always unhappy with a grade below an A. So it was that I signed up for only three classes -- logic, history, and Bible. Fortunately there was a vacant room in the men's dormitory. However, things were made less difficult for me in that the treasurer of the College was a friend who had been on the staff of the Bible school in Colorado, and knew me quite well. Also, there was an older student there from my home town in Colorado. He helped me to get acquainted and adjusted to my new situation.

I welcomed the assistance of these men, for it seemed I had entered a whole new world. Pasadena was a bustling city compared to anything I had experienced. From a land of ice and snow

I had come to a land of perpetual summer. The school was considerably larger than the one in Colorado Springs.

In contrast to the small downtown mission I attended in the Springs, the church near the college was large and located in a pleasant residential section. In attendance were several hundred largely business and professional people. The pastor was the eminent Seth C. Rees. All of these factors of my new world ultimately were stimulating and enhanced every area of my life; but at first they seemed a bit overwhelming.

My hope of finding work at a J.C.Penney store did not materialize. There was no Penney store in Pasadena. So I set about finding a job elsewhere. While I was looking for work the school permitted me to work around the campus and in the kitchen. Therein lies a little story.

One of my first problems was how to get my laundry done. There were, of course, no Laundromats around in those days. The two terms I was in Colorado Springs I sent my laundry home to Mother and she sent the clean clothes back to me. Now she was too far away for that.

I decided I would have to do my own laundry. Since I had been working in the school kitchen under the direction of the matron in charge of such domestic affairs, I took my problem to her and asked if I could do my laundry in the school facilities. She gave her permission. My only experience at washing was in helping my mother with the laundry at home. The washing machine there was operated by a wheel turned by hand. In summer, the washing machine was located under a big tree near the kitchen door. In winter it was moved indoors.

Mother's procedure called first to put the clothes in the washing machine filled with hot water carried out from the wash boiler in the kitchen. Into that water she put some chopped-up soap which she had previously made in a big black kettle over an open fire in the backyard. Then after some little time of tumbling the clothes around by the washing machine wheel, we would take them out, carry them into the kitchen and put them in a large copper-bottomed wash boiler and let them boil for a period of time. Finally they were taken out, run through a hand-operated clothes wringer, and hung on the clothesline in the sunny backyard to dry. They always looked so clean and smelled so fresh.

Now, from that background, I asked the matron if I might have a vessel in which to boil my clothes. She hesitated briefly, then kindly helped me to finish up in some way which I do not remember. On the next wash day she tactfully told me of a lady down the street who would be glad to do my laundry regularly for a small fee. So it was that my laundry problem was solved, and my naivety had been reduced a notch.

At Christmas time I had a brief vacation and spent several pleasant days with my aunts in Long Beach. I also enjoyed, so much, spending time on the beautiful beach.

On January 31, 1927, I wrote Cora, "I am no longer in the school dormitory, for I have work about three miles from the college and ride a bicycle to and from school. I have a comfortable room not far from my workplace."

The job I secured was serving as "house boy" in the Herkimer Arms apartment complex occupied largely by retired, elderly people. Wearing a white coat, I vacuumed the long hall daily and collected the waste material from the apartments. In winter I fired a small oil furnace in the basement. Beside those regular tasks I assisted the residents in any way I could and did whatever else needed to be done around the place.

In one letter to Cora I wrote: "I have received several 'tips' already. Last Saturday I got \$1.60, and another dollar this morning." The apartment house was located in a rather exclusive part of the city near a street of large, lovely homes. My room was in the rear of one of them. It was on the ground floor of a two-story garage. It was intended for the chauffeur, but at the time, the elderly man who owned the place was living alone and did not travel much, so did not need a chauffeur. I got the room in exchange for keeping his car and sidewalks clean. The back yard was beautifully landscaped and maintained like a park. There were some thirty rose bushes and a number of trees: orange, lemon and fig; in the front yard were two date palms and two camphor trees.

Another thing I enjoyed about the place was that it was near the First Presbyterian Church, with chimes which each evening sent out over the neighborhood the strains of old gospel hymns. Then on Sunday morning at service time the air was again filled with beautiful, inspiring music.

I continued to eat my noon meals in the college dining room, but prepared my own breakfast and evening meals in my room. I also worked some at the school to cover the cost of my meals. Since I kept busy, summer vacation seemed to come quickly.

Now that I was free from classes and special study in the summer, I added to my work at Herkimer Arms a couple of part-time gardening jobs. Also, I became more involved in activities at several gospel missions, in Los Angeles and Pasadena. All of us students preparing for full-time Christian service were expected to involve ourselves in some kind of church-related ministry. During the term I had participated in a limited way. Probably reminiscent of my activities with the mission in Colorado Springs, I had chosen similar ministry in Pasadena. I had been appointed to direct some of the mission services and occasionally to preach.

During the summer I was delighted to have my dear friend Paul Thomas and his family come to Pasadena. He had been invited to preach a series of messages in the College church. At the time, one of my assignments was to be in charge of a service at Fifth Street Mission in Los Angeles and I asked him if he would preach for me. He did, and I was delighted.

During the summer my student friend from Center Colorado, was married. Although he had one more year in school, his wife had graduated. Interestingly, they received work at Herkimer Arms. She served as director of services in exchange for an apartment. For us to work together was a pleasant experience.

During this time I received a nice gift. In a gesture of appreciation the residents of Herkimer Arms presented me with a cash gift and asked that I use it to attend the premiere showing of Cecil B. De Mille's the "King of Kings," a remarkable film portraying the life of Christ. They

also arranged that one of the residents take me in his car to Los Angeles where the showing was to be given.

On our way the old gentleman tried to be usually nice for this special occasion, but as he was trying to make his way uncertainly through the heavy L.A. traffic, the horn on his car suddenly began blasting forth loudly and steadily. Terribly embarrassed and frustrated, my friend sought to shut it off, but to no avail. Finally after several blocks with the unruly horn the old gentleman turned into an ally, stopped and succeeded in quieting the disturbing instrument. Without further delay we made it to our destination in good time.

The program proved to be a very moving experience which I like to recall even now, these many years later. The presentation began with lights dimmed and two skilled singers, a soprano and tenor, standing offstage in front of the listeners, singing a cappella, "Out of the Ivory Palaces." This was such an appropriate introduction for the film which portrayed in a realistic way the main events of Jesus' life and ministry as recorded in the New Testament. I left the building feeling that I had been brought very near to the Savior.

When the new school year began I was happy to get back to my studies. Other thoughts also were on my mind. In a letter I proposed marriage to Cora. While it seemed I waited a long time for a reply, actually I soon got an affirmative answer. And was I excited!

Another very pleasant thing occurred. Mother came early in December to spend Christmas with me and her sisters in Long Beach. I had a week's vacation from the apartments, so Mother and I went to Long Beach and to Pacific Palisades to visit Mother's brother Scott Armor and other relatives.

As the second term progressed, I began to feel that for the next school term I should return to Colorado and perhaps have a part-time ministry in the Bible training school there and continue my studies at Colorado College located in the Springs. I, therefore, wrote to Paul Thomas who was at that time president of the Bible school, telling him of my thoughts. In due time he replied indicating that he would like to have me come and would take the matter up with the school board. A later communication indicated that I was accepted by the board. So, I began to make plans for my departure.

On May 23, 1928, I wrote Cora that I was trying to set things in order so that I could leave Pasadena on June 4. I would then spend some days visiting relatives in Long Beach and Pacific Palisades. I told Cora, also, leaving on that date depended on how we got along with the school Annual. I was on the staff as treasurer and wanted to leave bills all cared for. It finally worked out that I left Pasadena on June 9.

It was clear that just ahead was a whole new set of circumstances. New adjustments must be made; new responsibilities must be assumed. Was I up to it? I did not know, but I faced the future with hope. As the years have passed I have learned that hope is essential if we are to live life well. I wrote of this in an Advocate editorial in 1963:

* * *

Hope Is Always Right

Friday morning, the first day of February, while I was one more time trying to shovel our walks free of snow, a bright red cardinal, perched high in a tree across the street, cracked the chill air with a cheery song. Over the cold, snowy world he repeated his refrain as if he actually saw greening lawns and bursting crocus beds.

My shoveling was less laborious then, for the bird song reminded me that it will not always be winter. The sensitive instincts of my plucky little feathered visitor enabled him to see spring around a not-too-distant corner. Gladly I accepted his forecast with hope.

This reminds us that there is always hope. And it is important to remember that. A man of old time had just about forgotten and found himself in a tragic frame of mind. Then he remembered; and he said to himself, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God" (Psa. 43:5).

The man with trust and hope in God can rejoice even in tribulations. The experienced Apostle Paul had found this true and wrote encouragingly to some of his friends, "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 15:13).

Hope is always of God, hopelessness is always evil. Faith is always right; fear and despair are always wrong. Hope is the key with which Christian unlocked the dungeon in Doubting Castle of Giant Despair. It is the mainspring of life. Hope is the soul's anchor without which a person is at the mercy of every wave of fear and doubt. Hope has been called "the swimming thought," because it always keeps its head above the wave. When it seems that the Christian's hope is drowned, up it comes all dripping from the brine, and cries again, "Hope in God; for I shall again praise Him."

Hope is the cardinal that sings in the winter, warming the village street in its bleakness.

But even if you did not hear the cardinal sing in February, keep on hoping and trusting. For as Clinton Scollard has written:

"There is no blast, however so fierce it blows,
Across wild moorlands leaguered fast by snows,
That does not bear the presage of a time
The thrush will carol in the heart of June."

* * * * *

08 -- BACK TO COLORADO

Cora met me at the bus station in Colorado Springs. I remained in the Springs for several days. On one of those days Cora prepared a picnic lunch and we went to a beautiful quiet spot in the foothills.

During my time in California things had changed considerably in the Colorado Springs church and school. With the merger of the People's Mission and the Pilgrim Holiness Church, the congregation moved from the downtown mission to a new church building near the school. The enrollment in the high school and Bible department had increased. A day school for children had been opened. It was good to see these advances.

From the Springs I went home. It was pleasant to be with my parents again. The summer months in Center were filled with a variety of activities, and I was much busier than I had expected to be. I worked at Mayfield's farm as I was needed. I helped a professional painter do the inside of a large house. Then, for a woman in charge of a hotel, I chopped up a big pile of wood and carried it into a storehouse for use in the winter. I also spent a good deal of time teaching and preaching at our Pilgrim Holiness Churches in Center and Monte Vista, a town twelve miles south. Then, I did a great deal more studying than I had anticipated.

The study came about because Rev. Thomas, president of the Bible school in Colorado Springs, advised me to get a Colorado State teacher's license so that if there were need for additional help in the grade school I would be able to teach. Those days in Colorado, if high school graduates passed the state teacher's examination they could be licensed to teach in public schools. The Bible school needed to have its teachers properly certified. I therefore, went about getting information how and where to take the state test. I learned that these tests were given at the county courthouses and were graded in Denver, the state capital. I also found out that they were being given in my county seat, Saguache, one month from the time I had obtained this information.

These tests, I found out, covered a wide variety of subjects. Besides reading, writing and arithmetic there were the following: grammar and composition, spelling, geography, history and the Constitution of the United States, Constitution of Colorado, civics, sanitation and hygiene, elementary science and agriculture, school laws of Colorado, and current events.

I knew that I would have to get in some hard study. So, I set about it, took the test, passed (not with flying colors), and secured my teacher's certificate.

Early in September I went back to the Springs to help prepare for the opening of the fall term of the Colorado Springs Bible Training School and Christian Academy, to register as a student in Colorado College, and to find part-time work away from the school. At the Bible School I learned that my task there primarily would be to assist the president in office procedures. I registered at the college without any problem. I chose to major in education, and was pleased that I was given credit for all the work I had done in the Pasadena school. And, to my delight I was able to get my job back at Penney's. I was assigned a room in the men's dorm at the Bible School and lived there through the term which followed.

Cora was to continue serving as matron and teacher in the Bible School and had a room in the women's dorm. During the summers she got work as cook or maid in some of the elite homes of

the city. We wanted her to attend college along with me, but we did not see how we could handle the tuition and fees for both of us.

I was favorably impressed with the college. It was a large liberal arts institution, and had on campus a beautiful cathedral-like chapel. The chaplain was also a professor teaching Bible and related religious subjects.

I learned that the institution ranked among the best of liberal arts colleges, not only in Colorado but throughout the West. I also found by experience that I had to study hard to meet the scholastic demands.

The campus, overlooked by stately snow-clad Pikes Peak, was delightfully landscaped and maintained. Beside the attractive chapel there were quite a number of other large buildings: a splendid library, several other buildings housing classrooms and laboratories for the various areas of instruction. One of the most conspicuous and attractive buildings on campus was Palmer Hall with three very wide ornate entrances topped by a stone panel on which was engraved the Scripture portion, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8:32). Most of my classes were in Palmer Hall, and seeing those words every school day for four years made a lasting impression in my mind. Thirty years after those days they came to my mind, and I wrote an editorial based upon them.

* * *

The Truth Shall Make You Free

Carved in large letters across the long red stone frieze, just above the entrance arches of Palmer Hall, a classroom building on the campus of my alma mater, Colorado College, are the words, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

The men who arranged for the placing of those outstanding words in the conspicuous place undoubtedly intended to imbue us students with a desire for freedom which comes from a knowledge of the physical and social sciences.

Indeed the liberty and assurance which education brings are real and well worth striving for. But the Lord Jesus Christ, the Man who first spoke the words carved there in stone, had in mind something even more significant. He referred to the spiritual and moral freedom from the bondage of evil that comes through the experiential knowledge of His gospel -- to the liberty that comes through a vital personal relationship with himself who is the Truth.

That freedom is basic in the other freedoms that men cherish: freedom from want, freedom of speech and expression, freedom from fear, and freedom of worship. In fact, only as these are built upon the former can they abide.

The moral responsibility affects economic freedom. This is strikingly exemplified in the life of a young man whose appearance greatly impressed a visitor to the community. While driving through the country, the visitor inquired about him.

His host replied, "See that beautiful farm there, that boy's father drank that all up." Then followed the sad story of a man who by hard work and good management had gained economic independence only to lose it. He had become a slave to drink, squandered his property, and dying had left his wife and small son paupers.

"That boy grew up," the host concluded, "to be one of the finest young men I ever knew. He has toiled hard, earned money and bought back the farm. And now he and his mother are once more living comfortably in their own home."

By hard work and by upright living, the son regained the freedom from want for his mother and himself that his father had lost through lack of moral responsibility.

This principle is true of nations as well as of individuals. Without justice and moral responsibility among individual citizens and officials there can be no continuing freedoms such as our democracy has provided. Democracy can thrive only among God-fearing, honest, law abiding persons who unselfishly cherish the rights of their neighbors as well as their own.

We should be willing to die for our liberties as have the thousands before us. But it is even more important that we have the moral courage to live uprightly to safeguard them.

Our desire for Cora to go on to college continued, and by faith she registered for the second semester. Having had three years of Spanish, she chose that as her major. She minored in art, a favorite subject for her. She sang well and joined the chapel choir. She found a great deal of pleasure participating in this activity.

One of Cora's professors, learning of our intention to give ourselves to some phase of Christian ministry, told her she thought there was a scholarship fund in the college for students preparing for such service, and that there had been no applicants for help from the fund for several years. She suggested that it might be worth our while to look into the matter. We did investigate the situation. We found this information to be true. We applied, and were told that as long as we kept our grades up both of us were assured of full tuition the remainder of our studies at Colorado College. We did, and the college did. This was another remarkable answer to our prayers.

During the first semester of my college work, Rev. Thomas told me that the Bible school needed a better qualified bookkeeper, and if I were interested in going to Blairs Business College down town and finish a course in accounting the Bible School would pay my tuition. I dropped out of Colorado College for the second semester and late in the summer I finished the accounting course and returned to the College at the beginning of the fall semester.

During the summer Cora and I decided to marry in the fall. These plans were carried out, and on Friday the thirteenth of September 1929 we had a simple, quiet wedding in Cora's parents' home in Colorado Springs.

At the 1930 General Conference of the Pilgrim Holiness Church Paul Thomas was elected General Secretary of the Denomination. This required that he move to Indianapolis, Indiana, the location of the Church headquarters.

This did not, however, separate him entirely from the Bible Training school in Colorado. He remained a member of the School Board and came to the annual meetings of the Board and any special -- called meetings. In the 1934 General Conference he was elected General Secretary of Foreign Missions. He held this office for 12 years.

With the change in leadership at the Bible School I did less office work and assumed more teaching responsibilities. Cora continued her work quite as usual.

In the fall of my junior year Father passed away in Center. Cora and I went over to be with Mother. After the funeral Cora returned to the Springs, but I stayed on in Center a few more days. Mother tried to get along alone in the Center home, but she did not do well, so I rented a small two-bedroom house not far from the Bible school, and brought Mother and her furniture to the Springs, and she made her home with us.

In my senior year I found special interest in two assignments. I was to visit classes in schools of the city, observing and evaluating the curriculum and teachers' skills. For several weeks I was also to teach, under the observation of the regular teacher, a high school bookkeeping class. At that time the Colorado Springs schools were experimenting with a rather innovative Three Track System. Pupils entering the first grade were tested and placed in the track which would be most in keeping with their learning abilities. Track One was for children who seemed to have limited competence. Track Two was for the child with average capabilities. Track Three was for pupils of superior skills. The great difference in curriculum and methods in the separate tracks surprised me.

There was then, and still is, I understand, considerable difference of opinion among educators as to whether such separation of pupils is advisable. There are those who contend that the slower student learns better and gets along better by associating with his more competent friends.

My bookkeeping class was, I think, in Track Two. My first day in class the regular teacher introduced me to the pupils and indicated I was there on an assignment for my teacher-training course at the College. I was a bit apprehensive at the beginning, but it turned out to be one of the bright spots of my college work. During my several weeks of teaching the regular teacher appeared only three or four times. The professor who gave me the assignment appeared in the class once.

The pupils were most cooperative and seemed really to appreciate my efforts. They came freely for help with their questions and mistakes and responded well to my teaching. One day as the end of my time with the class drew near, one of the big, husky football fellows came to me and said, "I think you'll make a teacher yet." That was one of life's best compliments!

In the spring of 1932 Cora and I graduated. In those days it was quite unusual for college students to be married, but we were astonished when, shortly after Commencement, a picture of us

in our caps and gowns appeared on the first page of the Colorado Springs daily newspaper. Under the picture was a short paragraph making a big deal of the fact that we were married, worked to maintain our own household, and graduated together, both cum laude.

Soon after that piece appeared in the paper the manager of Penney's store called me to his office and asked if I would be interested in becoming involved in the Company's management training program. I expressed appreciation for his permitting me to work part time for the six years, and thanked him for the opportunity he was now offering, but explained that I was planning to give myself to the Christian ministry. He said he attended church so understood, and wished me well.

For both Cora and me, getting through college had, indeed, taken a great deal of hard work. But, it was well worth it; and after all, to work is Christian! Much later I wrote about it in my column for the Frankfort Morning Times.

* * *

To Work Is Christian

Adam was placed in Eden not simply to revel in its beauty, but to tend it. That took work. The fourth commandment of the Decalogue also lets us know that God intended all of us to work.

We are instructed to work six days, to rest and worship in one. If we have been unfaithful at our work during the six days, there really is not much use of taking the trouble to worship on the seventh.

Some people seem to feel that perhaps they could be more spiritual if they had leisure for prayer and study of the Word. Experience proves, however, that nothing is worse for people than to have nothing to do but to be religious. In such cases religion is not controlled by any contact with life's realities, and such religion is without merit. The life of daily toil does not deprive us of religious and spiritual life, it really puts our religion to a practical test and serves to urge us on to the accomplishment of spiritual things within our reach.

Work is a test of character. J. C. Penney tells of the son of a family friend who came to him young man's attitude toward life, his work, and his plans for the future. In this particular instance Mr. Penney recounts, "I could sense that he had a definite question in mind -- he wasn't interested in hearing me talk about starting at the bottom and building a career. Though he'd probably be the last to admit it. What he wanted to ask was: 'What's in it for me? What can I get out of the job?' I gave him an opportunity to ask his first question and what do you suppose it was? He asked whether we had a pension plan!"

The young man, it would seem, had little thought of giving of himself to help advance the business and build a good life through diligent labor.

Adam Clarke indicated that our measure of industry is also a pretty good measuring rod for the genuineness of our salvation. He wrote, "An idle person, though able to discourse like an angel or pray like an apostle, cannot be a Christian; all such are hypocrites and deceivers." Albert Barnes is almost as positive. He says, "A man who is habitually idle can have very slender pretensions to piety."

Charles Kingsley advised, "Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know."

An English architect, William Wickham, was appointed by Edward III to plan and erect a stately church. The construction was a success and made the builder famous. The grateful architect humbly recorded this fact on one of the windows by saying, "This work made William Wickham."

Upon seeing this statement the King misunderstood and charged Wickham of selfishly assuming undue honor. But the architect explained that he had affirmed only that the work had made him. Whereas before he had been poor, he was now financially established, whereas before he was unknown he was now well known.

Some people seem to feel that success is a matter of luck, but Emerson once wrote: "Shallow men believe in luck, strong men in cause and effect." Considering this fact in the light of some of our present day figures of speech, we might recall that, after all, the only pot of gold you are likely to find at the end of the rainbow is the one you put there yourself. And if your ship ever comes in, you must have sent it out yourself.

Upon finishing a highly praised concert, Beethoven was surrounded by friends and admirers who could not say enough for his magic on the piano. One particularly enthusiastic woman remarked: "Oh, sir, if God had only given me that gift of genius." Beethoven replied, "It is not genius, madam. Nor magic. All you have to do is practice on your piano eight hours a day for forty years, and you'll be as good as I am."

That may not be quite the whole truth of the matter, but it probably states it about ninety-nine percent correctly.

I like the story of the boy who on a hot July day was hoeing a field of corn. Apparently oblivious to the heat and indifferent to the exactions of his toil, he whistled while he worked. A dust-laden passerby came up to the fence and called out, "Hello, my boy. How can you whistle so happily while you hoe corn on a day like this?" "Well sir," replied the boy, "I don't know unless its because I feel that I am doing something that even God couldn't do if I weren't here to help Him."

The Apostle Paul, in writing to some of the early Christians, put this whole thing well when he wrote to them: "This should be your ambition: to live a quiet life, minding your own business and doing your own work... As a result people who are not Christians will trust you and respect you, and you will not need to depend on others for enough money to pay your bills." (I Thess. 4:11-12, TLB). In another place Paul became quite blunt in his instructions. He told those

first-century believers, "We hear that some of you are living in laziness, refusing to work, and wasting your time in gossiping. In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ we appeal to such people -- we command them -- to quiet down, get to work, and earn their own living" (II Thess. 3:11-12, TLB).

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09 -- WE GO EAST

Through the years Cora and I wanted to serve as missionary teachers in the Church's training school in Mexico. Now that we were through college and had a couple of years teaching experience, we thought it would be well to make our desires known to the directors of the Church's foreign missions activities at Headquarters. We did, and received an application form which we filled out and returned. Fortunately for us, P.W.Thomas had shortly before been elected General Secretary of Foreign Missions. That meant that our application was coming into the hands of someone who knew us. We received word that our application would be presented to the General Board for final approval. In due course we learned that we had been accepted for foreign missionary service in Mexico.

At that time the Mexican government did not permit foreigners to serve as missionaries in their country. So the Church's official training school had been moved across the border to Laredo, Texas. We anticipated, therefore, going to Laredo.

Shortly before we were to leave for Texas we received a call from the missionary office stating that there was an emergency there and we should come to Indianapolis for a six-month assignment, then we could plan to go on to Texas. Little did we know that those six months were the beginning of more than forty-five years of service at the Church's Headquarters, twenty of which were in the foreign missions department. This enabled us to have a much more far-reaching ministry than ever we had thought possible.

It was in mid-summer of 1934 when we moved from the delightful clear, mountain air and leisurely life-style of Colorado Springs with its spectacular view of snow-capped peaks to the hot, humid air of the bustling industrial center of Indianapolis. We were provided a pleasant apartment on the second floor of the headquarters building, but air-conditioning was yet a thing of the future. These conditions and the absence of our long-time friends required quite an adjustment, especially for Cora and mother. But the staff people at the office and new friends at the church were understanding and hospitable, so we came to enjoy our life and work there.

Some time after our move to Indianapolis Mother's three sisters, living in Long Beach, California, invited her to come and spend time with them. This pleased Mother, so we arranged for her to go to them by train. The Long Beach situation seemed pleasant for all concerned.

I learned right away that the emergency situation which brought us to Indianapolis was very real. The need for assistance at the missionary office developed largely because of the recent positive changes made by the General Board, in the organization and administration of the Department, both at home and overseas. The rather loose organization that had developed over the

years as the Church had become involved in foreign missions had been replaced by a policy which defined the objectives, outlined the organization, fixed responsibilities, and introduced the concept of the indigenous church.

As the new policy was put into place it proved to be a tremendous factor in stabilizing the work which led to greater participation in missions by the home church as well as stimulating overseas ministries. All of this called for regular and thorough going supervision of all the fields as well as increasing and directing the participation of the churches here at home. All of this meant more work for the office staff at Indianapolis and made it necessary for the Secretary of Foreign Missions to spend a great deal more time away from his office. There needed to be an office manager who could carry on during the Secretary's frequent absences. That became my assignment.

I was initiated right away. When I arrived at the office I learned that the Secretary was leaving shortly for an extended visit to the Philippines and China. My first task was to help him get things in order for his departure. This involved caring for quite a bit of correspondence. This would involve considerable dictation. I had studied shorthand and had actually taught it, but my use of it had been limited. I was apprehensive when I saw the stack of letters and remembered all the other tasks to be finished before the Secretary's departure. It was a relief when he told me that, if necessary, I could transcribe and sign the letters after his departure.

I had to do that. After he was gone I finished the job, and there were no repercussions, so I suppose my transcribing had been OK. Signing the letters was not difficult for Rev. Thomas had been taught the same penmanship method as I. Through the years I signed an innumerable number of letters he never saw. On one occasion when he did see something I had signed for him he quipped, "I hope you never get hold of my checkbook."

After I had been there for awhile and "learned the ropes" all correspondence was turned over to me to care for and answer. That relieved the Secretary of considerable work, and relieved me of taking dictation. It did, however increase my responsibility.

In those letters, questions were asked, requests were made, problems were presented, counsel was sought, and reports were submitted. When the Secretary was in the office, I could turn the hard and important ones to him, but when he was on the other side of the world, that was not possible, for the wonderful means for fax mail of our present computer age were not in even our most pleasant dreams.

I soon learned that there was much more writing to be done than caring for mail. There were promotional pieces to prepare, pamphlets, booklets, magazines, etc, to write for or edit. I had, of course, in high school and college attained some knowledge for such work, but I felt inadequate for responsibilities I was encountering. So I enrolled for a couple of courses offered by correspondence by the Christian Writers Institute in Chicago. I also attended several of the Institutes workshops held from time to time in various cities. This study was most helpful and made me more confident in taking on the tasks that were coming my way.

My knowledge of bookkeeping came in handy now. While there was a full time bookkeeper on the staff, I was responsible to see that the day-to-day accounting was properly and promptly cared for.

The deeper I became involved in the foreign missions work of the Church, the more I realized its importance. I realized my duties were not just common place. They were very important to me and demanded the best I could give. I tried to instill something of the same attitude in the minds and hearts of the other members of the office staff.

One time I wrote about it in the following article.

* * *

How Commonplace is it All?

This Tuesday is much the same as any other. Filled with many routine details. Among the errands is a trip to the bank. I make my way with other customers to the burnished grill of the Exchange window. The day before, we had sent through the mail our order for foreign drafts. I now picked them up from the friendly clerk, who has prepared them for us as a matter of her daily task. Back at the office, the drafts are slipped into letters and posted by air mail to the missionaries in the Caribbean Area.

At the same time we prepared the order for drafts, another check was sent to the American Express Company with instructions regarding cabling funds to the missionaries in far- away Africa. Other checks are sent to Mexico, and for our workers in India. All these items are commonplace business of the ordinary day for us here in the office, for the people at the bank, at the express and cable offices, for the postal service and the air lines. Commonplace did I say? Consider this:

It is an ordinary day on a West Indian island. The missionary has risen early to meet its many demands. There will be native workers to interview, business items to care for, a message to prepare for the evening service at an outstation, some bookkeeping to do, some letters to write, some reports to make. In the course of the day, he makes his way to the post office, and there he finds the support letter and the draft from the Office. An unusual thrill comes to his spirit. Not only is he assured of food and other necessities for the month, but he has tangible evidence that those for whom he has gone have not forgotten him. He knows that the letter and its draft are symbols of our love, prayers, and interest in him and the work of the Kingdom he is doing.

His native ministers meet with him at their regular gathering. He tells them that again the people of the Church have not forgotten them, and have sent their monthly supports to supplement what the native church has raised. Their faces light up with grateful respect, their faith in those who have brought them the Good News is more firmly established. En route home to his country station the worker stops to buy some needed supplies, perhaps a bit of clothing for the baby, some yardage for his wife a dress; and that evening, as they gather for family prayers, the donors at home are mentioned in the earnest supplications of the faithful worker in his little home on a distant island. Was all that effort and giving at home commonplace after all?

Another day has dawned at a mission station in South Africa. Things seem rather dark and matters drag heavily. There are so many demands today and there are so few hands and hearts to carry the load. The outstation needs must be met, the schools must have attention, that outlying, unreached territory is earnestly calling for help. Word comes that several hundred dollars have been credited to the mission's account at the bank. Somehow the sky clears a bit. Perhaps there were not so few hands and hearts in the task after all! And there were some extra funds this month for the new outstation church, for a special evangelistic campaign in that long- neglected area, and a contribution to help with the education of the missionary's children. Praise God, this day did not turn out to be so commonplace after all!

The sending of those checks, drafts, and cables was made possible by uncommon effort on the part of many of God's faithful people all over the United States. A child in the Sunday school had taken great delight in saving his pennies for the missionaries, and had found real joy as he had prayed for the missionaries in his nightly prayer. A young person working in a war plant had found unusual blessing in bringing to the young people's society his offering for the native workers being supported by the group. A young farmer boy had for months been fattening his pig, that had been dedicated to the work of the Lord, was rightly proud to submit his contribution after the hog was sold. That had been an unusual pig!

Women of missionary prayer groups who had met monthly to pray and study about missions sent in their money, which had been saved from the family budgets, or perhaps secured by the doing of odd tasks for the neighbors, or by gifts solicited from friends. Or perhaps a larger offering had been provided by the special efforts of the united group of the church on the regular monthly missionary Sunday. The pastor had given a missionary message, spoken of the particular needs of the hour, and the people with unusual gratitude for God's goodness to them and out of the compassion of their hearts for those less privileged than they, had given an unusually good offering with an unusual spirit of joy.

Or, perhaps students of a Bible school, out of their rather meager funds, had together provided a substantial offering to apply on the church they were building in a distant land. In another section there had been an unusual missionary convention -- the hearts of the people had been stirred with a new vision, many souls had been brought into the kingdom, and the whole thing ended with a liberal love offering for the missionary cause.

Then there were other unusual offerings. Offerings from individual friends not of the Pilgrim Holiness Church, some of them living in isolated sections who found uncommon joy and considerable anticipation for fruitful enterprise as they sent their offering to further the cause of Jesus Christ. There were independent groups of God's devoted children who, although not members of our denomination, admire the foreign work we are doing and faithfully contribute to help us get the Gospel to the darkened corners of earth. Those funds, which on the wings of the transport and by underseas cable made their way to distant lands, were, after all, not commonplace. They were funds provided through unusual, and in some cases, really sacrificial effort, and their giving had provided the donors with extraordinary pleasure and enrichment.

Supporting missions is not just an ordinary thing. The keeping of records regarding them, and the getting of them to the field, is not just commonplace routine. It is an opportunity for service in connection with the victorious conquests of the Christ. All who have in any way supported sincerely this work for God's glory will have their part among those who help to turn many to righteousness. They shall shine as the brightness of the firmament for ever.

* * * * *

10 -- AN UNEXPECTED INTERLUDE

While the Church, both at home and overseas, was growing and prospering, a problem arose in the West which adversely affected the work of the Rocky Mountain District and the Colorado Springs Bible Training School.

In January of 1936 the pastor of our Colorado Springs Church, with the knowledge and support of the Rocky Mountain district superintendent, announced from his pulpit the formation of a new church organization, and thereupon proceeded to influence the members of his congregation, and as many others as possible of the District, to join his schismatic movement. This announcement seemed dramatic and sudden, but it was the climax of trends in teaching and practice contrary to those of the Pilgrim Holiness Church, which had been developing over a considerable time. The General Officers had been aware of the situation and had been seeking earnestly to correct it. However, it now became necessary for the Board and Executive Council to remove the district superintendent and the Colorado Springs pastor. These men then lead their followers away from the Pilgrim Holiness Church and proceeded to establish a new church and Bible school in Colorado Springs, taking with them most of the congregation of the Pilgrim Church as well as students and faculty members of the School.

The General Board had to act quickly to provide leadership for the remaining members of the Church as well as students and teachers of the School. Since Cora and I were known in Colorado Springs and were familiar with the problem which had been brewing, the Board asked us to return immediately to the Springs and that I assume the presidency of the School. Although it was midwinter we chose to drive our car, and in spite of a terrible blizzard in the plains of eastern Colorado we arrived on the school campus the same evening the dissidents had moved out earlier in the day. We were warmly welcomed by Ruth Stapleton who had been a teacher in the School for several years.

Immediately we set about notifying the local people, as well as those throughout the District, that the School was continuing. We also contacted some of the teachers who were on the staff during the years of our previous presence on campus, letting them know of our need for teachers in the present crisis. From among them we were able to staff the School and to open it for the second semester of the 1935-1936 school year. So it was that the School continued its ministry. After a time there was little evidence of the disruption. I remained as president for two more full terms. The graduating class of 1939 was the largest in the history of the institution.

This whole affair was a saddening and painful episode; and my involvement was perhaps the most difficult assignment of any I have ever attempted to fulfill. There were dark periods of

uncertainty, but there were some very happy times; and through them all deep friendships with students and teachers were formed, friendships which continue to brighten my pathway even today. Looking back on those days has also greatly encouraged and strengthened my faith, for I see that there were times when, in answer to prayer, I was enabled to do better than I knew. Also there were times that the Lord worked out problems which at the time I did not know even existed.

During the three summer vacation periods I was at the School I tried to visit all of the churches in the School zone as well as campmeetings or other special gatherings. On each tour I took along four students who formed a singing group, and added greatly toward the effectiveness of our visits. In those meetings I spoke regarding the benefits of the School to the churches of the zone, its programs, its benefits to the young people in receiving a good education in a Christian atmosphere, and its need for the zone's support. The students sang, gave their testimonies, and told of the School's benefits to them.

We found ourselves in some difficult places, but on the whole the trips were pleasant and profitable. These meetings were helpful in that we were able to inform our constituents, and to inspire them to provide funds, supplies, and to send us their young people. There was variety all along the way. There were situations when we could laugh. There were also serious times.

One of the first places we visited was a special tent meeting sponsored by people of a different denomination who were interested in learning about the School. An incident there provided an opportunity for at least a big smile. The leaders of the group had announced that I, with some students, was to be present, and a sizable crowd had assembled. I noticed that while I was speaking a lady came into the back of the tent and listened intently. At the close of the meeting she came up front to greet me. Shaking my hand in a friendly way, she said, "I suppose you are Rev. Peisker's son." Coming in late, she had not heard the announcements and introductions. She thought I looked too young to be in charge of a school, and supposed that I was filling in for my Dad. Although I was 29, this was not the only time I met this situation. On several occasions strangers seeing me out on campus took me for a student.

During our second summer at the School, Cora and I took several days off to visit friends in the San Luis Valley, where I spent the first sixteen years of life. Among those friends was Paul Sickler, a young man living in Saguache, a town some twenty miles north of Center, my home. Also he was one of our students in Colorado Springs.

Paul not only greeted us pleasantly, but while Cora visited other friends, he took me on a trip into the La Garita Mountains on the northwest side of the Valley. It was a trip I have remembered and cherished through the years.

Paul knew the area well and took me to an isolated little valley. Mountain peaks hemmed us in. A delightful, clear, cold stream babbled along beside our parking spot. There, intrigued, we watched schools of mountain trout swimming about ever so gracefully. Above us domed the beautiful clear Colorado sky.

In late afternoon Paul got his fishing tackle out of the car, caught some trout, built a fire and proceeded to fry his catch. He brought some other food from the car. What a delightful supper!

As the evening progressed we pulled out blankets, threw them on the grassy floor, and as darkness came, we lay down on those blankets. Above us were the starry heavens. All was perfect stillness but for the rippling stream and the "call of the wild" in the distant forest. Sleep came easily. I can't remember if there was a moon. I hope so!

During the winter of 1937 Cora and I looked forward to the coming of spring with greater anticipation than usual. We were expecting the arrival of our first child. After eight years of marriage, this was to be a very special occasion. In March of 1938 our handsome little boy arrived at the Methodist Hospital and we named him Armor, Jr. The doctors told us, however, that his lungs had not developed properly and survival was questionable. He went to heaven in less than 24 hours after birth.

This was, of course, a great disappointment for us -- a time of extended grief. After awhile we decided we would like to adopt an infant, so we set about to learn what the Colorado adoption procedures were. We were told that all infants for adoption were brought to the Colorado Home for Dependent Children in Denver and that all procedures were under the direction of the officials there.

On making known our desire to adopt, we were sent an application form which asked questions providing a detailed account of our personal history. After we filled out and submitted this form, an inspector from the Home came to see us for an interview and to make an inspection of our living quarters. We also learned that the child we were to adopt must have been born in El Paso county, the county in which we lived.

In due course we were approved, and on a day in early March 1939 we went to the Home and brought back with us a three-week old little boy whom we named Donald Armor. An infant in the house made a great difference in our lifestyle, but we were very happy. At last we were the proud parents of a little son. Now that we were back in Colorado, my Mother returned to join our happy little family.

During the summer of that year Mother's brother, Scott Armor, along with his wife and daughter Edith, came from California to visit us. When I was quite a young lad at home in Colorado, Edith had come to see our family, and I had liked her very much. I had also visited these relatives when I was in school in Pasadena. It was, then a special pleasure to be with them again. Mother was also delighted to see her brother one more time.

They were traveling in a car equipped with a strange looking tin box attached to the top of the front door on the passenger side. It was an air conditioner. I had not seen or heard of such a thing. I was intrigued.

Trying to recall events connected with this visit, that strange apparatus came to mind, and I wanted to tell you about it. To be sure and get things straight, I contacted my California cousin, Headlee Armor, the son of Uncle Scott. He knew all about it and shared its history with me.

Headlee tells me that it was he who purchased the air conditioner in 1935 or 1936 and installed it on his Studebaker truck. When his folks were planning their trip to Colorado he lent it to them. He considers it to be a "real collectable" and has it stored away in his garage.

The box is designed with a screen inside. The screen is covered with fine wood shavings which serve as a wick. As it was hung on the car window outside air flowed around the screen and cool air flowed into the interior of the car.

There is a hole in one end to fill the box with water (approximately two gallons). A fan in the opposite end blows air over the moist wood chips and into the car. A small piston pump driven by the fan shaft forces water over the pad. The window on which the air conditioner hangs, is left down about two inches to accommodate the duct which passes cool air into the car. The entire contraption is powered by the speed of the car. The faster the car goes the more cool air is circulated.

Headlee tells me that for this very innovative, top of the line piece of equipment, he paid the enormous sum of \$30.00 in three payments!

As the second semester of the third school term progressed, I began to feel that my assignment at the Springs was finished and that I should return to Headquarters. I therefore made my desires known to the School authorities as well as to those in Indianapolis. Things worked out so that I could plan to return to Indianapolis at the close of the semester in June. This posed a problem for us, for we were not supposed to leave Colorado with Don until a year following his adoption. We explained our problem to the authorities of the adoption agency. They were understanding, and said they would reduce the residence requirement to six months. It was then arranged that I would return to Indianapolis at the close of the school term. The rest of the family would come later.

Although the Colorado assignment had been difficult, it was probably one of the most fruitful of my life. I am amazed as through the years, I have learned how so many of the students of those school days have filled important places of service in the work of the Lord, in our own and numerous other denominations. Most of them are now retired, but for many years they served as pastors, district superintendents and other church officials. Others served as faithful laymen, as teachers, as foreign missionaries, as college professors, et al. Also, there are sons and daughters of those former students who, loyal Christians, are following in the footsteps of their parents. Today I am very grateful that providentially I was given the opportunity to be involved in the lives of these wonderful people.

Each of the students was unique and interesting; but one stands out in my mind now as quite unusual. Rachel was a teen-age Mexican girl who had spent most of her years traveling with her migrant family as they made their way year after year from place to place as field workers.

I first learned of her through a Methodist pastor in eastern Colorado who had previously pastored in Center, my home town. He, therefore knew of me and the Springs school. He phoned and told about Rachel who was attending his church. He said she was wanting to become a missionary to her people in Mexico, but she had been deprived of schooling because of the

transient life she had been forced to live. Although in her late teens, she was still in the lower grades of school.

The pastor wanted to know if there would be a place for her in our school. He also indicated that the family did not have funds to cover heavy school fees. I told him that we did indeed have a grade school and would try to fit her into our program. I also said that if she could pay a semester's tuition of \$30 we would give her work at the school for board and room.

Shortly after that conversation Rachel arrived on campus, not with \$30 in cash, but with \$30 worth of live rabbits. Already we had a couple of milk cows and a flock of chickens; so I thought, "Why not rabbits too?" A student from a farm who liked animals and was handy with tools built some hutches and took charge of raising rabbits. This added substantially to our meat supply.

Rachel was a beautiful girl, a pleasant person, and a sincere Christian. She had a nice voice and sang well. Among the students she was dubbed "our nightingale." I also learned that she was a relative of Francisco Soltero, the superintendent of our Pilgrim work in Mexico. She made her way through the grades rather rapidly and continued in school even after I had left.

After her schooling she did indeed go to Mexico and proved to be a splendid addition to the missionary staff there. She married a leading Mexican pastor who in due course became one of the district superintendents. Some years later, it was my privilege to make a trip to our Caribbean area churches, and en route I stopped in Puerto Rico. There I found Rachel and her husband were superintendents of the work, having been sent out by the Mexican Church as missionaries.

While I have not been able to keep in close touch with many of the students, I have from time to time met some of them in my travels through the Church, and have been told of others who have and are nobly serving the Lord and the Church. These reports have given me great pleasure.

I have, however, been privileged to keep in closer contact with one of the first students who came to the School after I returned in 1936. He continued to attend as long as I was there. His experiences in school and after his graduation in 1939 are an example of the lives of many other students who went on to serve the Lord and the Church with distinction.

After finishing Bible school Lloyd Smith went on to college, married, reared a family of young people who are active in the churches of their communities. He pastored churches in Missouri and Arkansas, and served as district superintendent of the South Central District. He is an accomplished pianist and organist whose services have long been in demand for special occasions even in denominations not his own. He is now retired from the Wesleyan Church in Canon City, Colorado, where he served as pastor for more than 25 years.

I do not recall when I wrote the following article, but it seems appropriate here.

* * *

What Is it to Be Educated?

This is Commencement time. We parents and grandparents, justly proud of our sons and daughters, fill auditoriums throughout the land to see our children and grandchildren receive diplomas which indicate that these young people have reached another rung in their climb, they hope, to fame and fortune. It is, therefore, an appropriate time to ask the question, "What is it to be educated?"

To be educated involves the acquirement of skills and a working knowledge of some particular branch of endeavor by which to make a living and also to contribute to society. But it involves more.

It involves a general knowledge of the physical and social sciences so that one can understand the world about him and can successfully take his place as a citizen. It means that he knows how to use a library and reference books to find detailed information when needed. It means to have a general knowledge and appreciation of the world's literature and art that his life may have broad and diversified interests. It means he must know himself; his physical body and how to manage it; his mind and how to use it; his spirit and how to nurture and perfect it. An old Spanish educator phrased it well when he said that to educate is "to temper the soul for life."

To provide this type of education requires diligence and proficiency in the home and in the church, as well as in the school. To neglect any facet of man's three-fold nature is to leave him handicapped.

In our materialistic society, we err most in neglecting man's spirit. We must ever keep in mind, therefore, that the greatest possible accumulation of facts and skills is not an education. The man who is truly educated must have moral and spiritual understanding. He must be a person of character. As one commentator points out: "All the training of technical schools and universities will not make a dishonest man truly successful in life." And Theodore Roosevelt once said: "In the long run, in the great battle of life, no brilliancy of intellect, no perfection of bodily development, will count when weighed in the balance against that assemblage of virtue -- active or passive -- or moral qualities, which we group together under the name of character."

And the kind of character a man develops is largely determined by his attitude toward God. "The fear (reverence) of the Lord is the beginning (the principal part) of knowledge" (Ps 111:10).

* * * * *

11 -- BACK TO THE MISSIONS OFFICE

In June of 1939 I drove back to Indianapolis and to an apartment at Headquarters. I also began to look for a house which would accommodate my growing family. (We were looking forward hopefully to the arrival of another baby in January.) I learned that a two-bedroom house was being built on the lot adjoining the Pilgrim church we had attended when living in Indianapolis before, and that it would be for rent. I arranged to have it held for us.

At that time war clouds hovered over Europe and the Orient. In 1937 the Japanese had launched attacks in their campaign for Asia by a brutal assault on Peiping and the heartland of

China. Japan also made conquests in Manchuria which went unchallenged by the League of Nations. No one had moved to check the rearmament of Germany and Italy. Appeasement had been the order of the day until Poland was attacked by the Nazis on September 1939. When Hitler's panzer divisions attacked Poland on September 1, 1939, introducing the world to blitzkrieg warfare, England and France retaliated by declaring war two days later. By that time Germany and Italy were linked together in a military alliance.

Then on December 7, 1941, came the Pearl Harbor incident. All of this and incidents which followed greatly intensified the difficulties in sustaining our overseas mission stations. During those years travel restrictions were a serious problem. We could not bring home missionaries who needed to furlough or needed medical attention. Nor could we send out new missionaries. The Secretary of Missions could not visit the fields where his oversight and counsel were needed. Not only so, communication lines of all kinds were jammed and in many instances cut off. Also, the U.S. Government was reluctant to issue passports for travel abroad.

I recall one occasion when it seemed imperative to get a couple of furloughing missionaries back to their island in the Caribbean. We needed to obtain permission from the Passport Office in Washington D.C. for their return. We had tried, both by mail and phone, to get this clearance, but to no avail. Finally Secretary Thomas decided to send me to Washington to present our case in person. I went by train, was able to make an appointment with the passport office, and to relate our problem. The agent with whom I spoke was attentive and indicated they would give our request further consideration. I returned to Indianapolis, and shortly thereafter we received clearance for the missionaries. Our prayers had been answered.

This trip had been challenging. At first I felt apprehensive. Not only because of the responsibility involved, but I had not ridden a train since boyhood, and I had never been to Washington. Now, however, I look back upon it with pleasure, but also with a sly smile. I was so naive!

All of my life money had been hard to come by, and I was always quite reluctant to let it get away from me. While I enjoyed the amenities of train travel, the idea of having to tip the dining car waiter after each meal annoyed me. On the second meal I did not leave a gratuity. When I started to the door of the diner to return to my seat in the coach, the portly waiter stood blocking the doorway and gruffly asked, "Wasn't your food any good?" At later meals you may be sure I tipped him. I had learned the hard way. The rest of the journey on to Washington and the return to Indianapolis was pleasant.

In August of 1939 I drove back to Colorado to get the family. Mother had secured an apartment near the Bible school and wanted to try again to remain in the Springs. Cora, Don, and I moved into the Indianapolis house for which I had previously bargained.

Early in the winter Mother became ill, and I went out to Colorado to see about her. She was bedfast, and I sought counsel from her doctor. He thought that it would be safe to take her back to Indiana if I secured berths in a Pullman car so mother could lie down all the way and I could be near by to give her special attention. I followed the doctor's advise and mother got along quite well, but continued bedfast for sometime.

As expected, the new baby arrived in January 1940, a beautiful little girl whom we named Mary Lou. But like her brother, her lungs had not properly developed and she lived only a few hours.

With mother still in bed, Cora not well after the birth and death of Mary Lou, year-old Don needing attention, and my office responsibilities, our household duties became a serious problem, a matter of great concern. Fortunately, a cousin of Cora's, Mildred Lichty, living in Ohio learned of our situation, and came to our rescue. She remained with us until Cora was able to take over. That cousin was to us a Godsend, an angel of mercy.

I have learned since that time that life has a way of bringing us into such difficult situations, even much more threatening than the one just described which at the time seemed so unmanageable.

Twenty-five years or so after that experience in Indianapolis I wrote the following for Vista, a weekly periodical distributed in our Wesleyan Sunday schools.

* * *

Joy In The Middle Of Trouble

Do you remember the weekly newspaper, The National Observer? It was discontinued some years ago, but I was a regular subscriber and devoted fan. I was sad at its demise. But I recall that in one issue a columnist commiserated about his pet gripes and asked readers to write him about the things which most often tee them off. Hundreds of letters poured in. The paper published some of them, but I have forgotten what they were.

Some weeks later, however, another Observer staffer in a sunnier mood wrote of things which make him happy. He too invited readers to share. A deluge of almost 2,000 letters overwhelmed him. The happy writers, in fact, nearly doubled in number the ill-tempered who earlier had vented their spleens.

Among those responding, a fourteen-year-old boy declared happiness to be "having a day when the chain of my minibike doesn't fall off." We parents of grown children can identify with Elizabeth Ulrich of Darion, Connecticut, who wrote that she was happy in knowing "that our children 'like' us and enjoy coming home. Now we're not only parents, but friends also." A Union City, Indiana, lady said she was made happy by the "the return each spring of my humming bird to the coral bells outside my window." A Wisconsin German's chief happiness came from "Pork shanks and sauerkraut." A Minnesota writer says she feels a happy glow "when the bank statement and my own guesstimate of the balance are less then six bucks apart."

Fascinating samplings from letters went on and on -- two full pages.

Reacting to all these letters the columnist wrote that he didn't expect it, but almost no one listed costly material things as sources of happiness. God, family, friends, nature, music, books -- these were considered important. Possessions were not.

Tucked away near the bottom of column five, page one, I found a gem of a letter. It has brightened my way ever since I read it. Ruth Van Baak of Grand Rapids cited three things that made her happiest: (1) French horns; (2) Venus fly-trap plant; (3) Psalm 94:19.

I immediately asked myself, "What is Psalm 94:19?" and hurried to look it up.

The New English Bible puts it like this: "Anxious thoughts may fill my heart, but thy presence is my joy and my consolation."

In anxious times, in fearful times, it would seem, Ruth Van Baak, like the psalmist, found joy in knowing the Lord was with her.

Anxiety, worry, this is a common human trait. It will always plague us. But it can get out of hand and become devastating. Dr. Charles Mayo once declared half of their hospital beds were filled by people who worried themselves into them.

So it is that scientists in universities and research centers have been putting worriers under the clinical microscope. Illinois Institute of Technology researchers, for example, reported that in middle class America the most common worry is over finances. Other chief fears, they say, grow out of such things as anxieties about health, family problems, and personal social relationships.

Thoughtful concern about all of these is right and necessary, but the experts tell us that forty percent of the things we commonly worry about will never happen; thirty percent are past and so all the worry in the world will not change them; twelve percent, the authorities assure us, are needless worries about health; and ten percent are petty miscellaneous worries. That means ninety-two percent of the things we are inclined to worry about really cannot be helped by our anxiety.

This leaves only eight percent which are legitimate concerns deserving our attention. We can face up to those real problems with the trust expressed by the psalmist: "Anxious thoughts may fill my heart, but thy presence is my joy." If we do face our real problems in this attitude, we can with an untroubled mind give our full reasoning powers to solving them; and with God present to help us, we shall probably do better than we know in our own understanding. With God at hand, we can ride our problems and not permit our problems to ride us.

There is a difference between worry and concern. When we approach a problem with concern it is with the purpose of solving it. When we worry, we're concentrating on the imagined calamity the problem is going to bring. By worrying we actually help the problem become bigger, and by our attitude surrender before the battle is really begun.

Our English word "worry" stems from a root meaning "to strangle." This is what worry does. It literally strangles our faith. It robs us of effectiveness. It leads us away from the Father's care, where our greatest help lies. By worry we are led into a false trust in material things. "The beginning of anxiety," George Muller once said, "is the end of faith." And he concluded, "The beginning of true faith is the end of anxiety."

I like the courageous faith with which a young woman faced a bad situation when her husband died leaving her with six children to raise, the youngest a tiny infant. After she had successfully reared her six, and several more whom she had adopted along the way, someone asked her how in the world she could ever do it. "It's very simple," she replied. "You see I'm in a partnership. A long time ago I told the Lord: 'Lord, I'll do the work and you do the worrying.' I haven't had a worry since."

This is what the Apostle Paul is talking about when he writes to the Philippians: "The Lord is near; have no anxiety, but in everything make your requests known to God in prayer and petition with thanksgiving. Then the peace of God which is beyond our utmost understanding, will keep guard over your thoughts in Christ Jesus" (4:6-7, NEB).

So when you find yourself in a tight spot, remember Ruth Van Baak with her French horns, her fly-trap plant, but remember especially her psalm: "Anxious thoughts may fill my heart, but thy presence is my joy and my consolation." In the Jerusalem Bible the same passage reads: "In the middle of my troubles you console me and make me happy." Happiness in the middle of trouble? Yes.

Ruth Van Baak, like many others of us, found that faith in the God of the Bible is not unrealistic, illusionary, simply other-worldly. It is the most real, pragmatic thing here and now. With it we can successfully grapple with whatever difficulty this life hands us.

Someone has written some verses relevant here:

"Why do we worry about the nest?
We stay only for a day
Or a month, or a year, at the Lord's behest
In this habitat of clay.

"Why do we worry about the road
With its hills or deep ravine?
In a dismal path, or heavy load
We are helped by hands unseen.

"Why do we worry about the years
That our feet have yet to trod?
Who labors with courage and trusts, not fears,
Has fellowship with God."

As the war continued difficulties increased for us at the office and for the missionaries abroad. In many areas ships and planes which ordinarily brought imports of goods and food were diverted to war purposes. This made for hard times in many areas.

Things were difficult even in the Caribbean islands. Though they are comparatively close to the United States, the waters of the Atlantic and Caribbean Sea were frequented by German

submarines. Essential food products ordinarily imported were not attainable. For example, missionaries on the island of Trinidad wrote that there were no potatoes, no milk, no rice, and flour was very scarce.

Our most difficult and tragic situation came with the Japanese invasion of the Philippines on December 8, 1941, and subsequent occupation of the islands. We were fearful and bewildered. Where was our R. K. Storey family who had gone to the Philippines in March of 1937? Had they been able to escape?

The last word from them was a brief cablegram from Cabanatuan where they lived. It was dated December 20, 1941: "Still alive, pray for safety. No boat available before late January."

The subject of their return had been under consideration since January 1941. Money had been forwarded for that purpose and they were advised to come home. Unfortunately the U.S. Embassy in Manila had minimized all possibility of war, and both the military and civilian agencies of the U.S. government in the Pacific were caught off guard. With that kind of information the Storeys had stayed too long.

Just four days after Rev. Storey had sent the telegram Japanese tank columns were moving in on Cabanatuan. The Storeys fled on foot before the Japanese army. Along the way their twelve-year-old daughter, Lola Mae, died of a fever. The rest of the family was captured and interned early in 1942 in a prison camp and remained prisoners until General Douglas MacArthur in 1945 liberated all 3,700 war prisoners.

After the lose of our little Mary Lou we decided to adopt another child. So we investigated Indiana laws regarding adoption procedures. We found that there were no established rules such as we encountered in Colorado. Couples wanting to adopt were pretty much on their own. Fortunately we had a friend living in Evansville who was a nurse and midwife. We discussed our desire with her. She said she would help us.

Several months passed when she told us she knew of a child to be born soon who would be put up for adoption, and would keep us informed.

On December 10, 1940, the nurse called to say that the baby we were to adopt had arrived and we should come right away. I was not at home, but was out of town on an errand for the office. However, Cora called and told me our baby had arrived and that we should go right away to Evansville. I told her not to wait for me, for I could not get away immediately. We decided it would be well to try to arrange with a friendly neighbor to drive Cora and Don to Evansville, a distance of some 175 miles. The friend was glad to go the next day. They drove up to the home where the child was born. There the nurse placed into Cora's arms a happy two-day old baby girl whom we named Carolyn May.

As I write of this I am reminded of a short commentary I wrote years later for a Sunday school quarterly based on Ephesians 1:5 which reads: "His unchanging plan has always been to adopt us into His own family by sending Jesus Christ to die for us. And He did this because He wanted to." (Living Letters.)

When a childless couple speaks of adopting children, friends not uncommonly ask, "Why not leave good enough alone?" Why, they insist, take the risks involved in taking some other persons' child? Why unnecessarily assume the years of toil, burden, expense, and restrictions which rearing children requires?

To adopt children does demand deliberate resolve. It does involve a unique kind of loving purpose. So it is that God's adopting us in Christ reveals a unique love and design. We were created for life in fellowship with God as sons of the Father. But we willfully forfeited that.

Why should not God leave good enough alone?

But He was not content to do that. By deliberate resolve, in loving purpose, He provided in and through Christ that we might be restored. That we, the children of death, might inherit eternal life as "joint-heirs with Christ."

In 1942 the Mexican government passed special wartime restrictions which made it impossible to continue bringing Mexican students across the border to our training school in Texas. In the fall of that year there were twenty-five young men ready to attend, so teachers and students unexpectedly had to start classes in Valles, the headquarters of our Mexican work.

While, at the time, this change made it difficult for every one concerned, it seemed providential. The school grew rapidly and soon thereafter Valles became a point on the International Highway which gave access to some of the formerly isolated, mountainous Indian villages where most of our churches were located.

In due course the Valles Pilgrims were able to erect a very nice, quite large church building which served not only the local Pilgrims and school constituents, but also it became the center of district conferences and other meetings involving Pilgrims in the outlying areas.

The completion of this church was a great event in the life of the Mexican Pilgrims, a high day in their Zion. In keeping with this fact, special opening services were planned and invitations were sent to all of the other Pilgrim churches in the district urging them to send representatives to join in the celebration.

The office in Indiana also received news of this event. In recognition of the importance of the occasion and to show our appreciation for the hard labor and sacrificial efforts of the nationals, Secretary Thomas thought it proper to send a representative from the General Office to share in the events being planned. To my delight, he asked that I be that representative.

This pleased me so much because it was not only an honor and my first trip to one of our foreign fields, but through the experiences of the trip I hoped to see and to understand more about the task of our missionaries and their national coworkers. Hopefully then, on my return to the Office, I could more effectively serve them.

The war was still on and travel to most of our fields remained difficult if not impossible, but access to Mexico was not so hard.

I took the train from Indianapolis to Monterrey, a sizeable city in north-eastern Mexico, about a 150 miles south of Laredo, Texas. I had been instructed to take a bus there to Valles. So upon arrival at the Monterrey train station, I made my way to the exit at the taxi stand in order to get to the bus depot.

Ever since I had learned of this trip I had been thinking how nice it would be to put to use some of the things I had learned in my two years of college Spanish. It did not seem to register with me that ten years had passed since those Spanish lessons. When a taxi arrived I could not think of how, in Spanish, to tell the driver where I wanted to go. He knew a little English and with my little Spanish he finally understood my desired destination.

I boarded the cab, the very pleasant driver took me a little journey around the city and to the taxi stand at the side entrance of the bus station. I paid my fare, went into the bus depot, and made inquiry about my journey on to Valles. I found that no bus was going my way for several hours. I put my luggage in a locker and decided to take a walk. As I walked out the front door, I was appalled to see the train station from which I had just come was immediately across the street. The happy taxi driver had taken this simple "gringo" for a ride.

Returning from my walk, I talked with the ticket agent and decided it would be best to stay in Monterrey over night and take an early morning bus. The arrival time would be better for those who would be meeting me in Valles. I secured a pleasant room in a near-by hotel, took the early morning bus, and arrived in Valles a considerably wiser, humbler, and more experienced, traveler.

I had arrived a day or two early, and got to help with final preparations of the church for the big day.

Finally it was Sunday, and Valles was abuzz.

I remember writing about one of the services of that day which especially impressed me. Here it is.

* * *

A Good Day of Worship

Saturday had been terribly hot, the air sticky and still. From a cloudless sky the torrid rays of the sun were reflected from the parched and dusty earth to blind one's eyes and burn one's face.

The night had brought grateful relief. The next morning as we opened the door of our room onto the well-watered patio with its palms and its sweet-scented, multicolored flowers, a fresh, cool morning breeze swept in through a bougainvillea-entwined entrance.

This being a Sunday in Valles, Mexico, the refreshing atmosphere made it delightful to go to the new church to worship. The platform of the Lord's house was lined with ferns. A bouquet of pink roses bedecked the organ. Gentle zephyrs blowing softly through the widely opened door and windows provided pleasant air conditioning. On a table at the front was a communion set covered with a snowy white cloth.

The Mexican minister gave an address in Spanish based on Christ's words, "This do in remembrance of me." Then he invited his congregation to partake of the Communion. As was the custom there the worshipers knelt at an altar in the front to be served. Four times the long altar was filled with sincere believers reverently partaking of the bread and wine.

Among them were light-skinned northerners from across the Rio Grande. There were cultured, well-dressed Mexicans. And there were lowly Indian men from the mountains attired in home-made shirts and pants of white cotton, their feet shod only with crude "huaraches."

There were the diminutive Indian women. Clothed in simple white blouses and flowing dark skirts, each had two long black braids hanging down her back.

Some of the most lowly highland Indians were barefoot. Timidly they somewhat tardily made their way to the front. But all came -- all of these different peoples from near and far -- came to fellowship together with Him who gave himself that men might become sons of God and brothers in Christ.

To the weary and tired among the worshipers that morning the occasion may have brought encouragement by reminding them of the coming of that promised future day when the fresh breezes of a Better Land would bring the oft longed-for relief from the cares and the fiery trials of the long, hot, dusty road. To others, more buoyant in spirit and eager to share their faith with others outside, it was perhaps an assuring foreshadowing of the day of success when men of all nations will gather and dwell together in perfect fellowship through the power of Him whose voice had called them saying, "This do in remembrance of me."

As I think about that very special, happy day in Valles I am reminded that our Mexican Church had not come to this high point easily. It had come only through great tribulation. Early missionaries and converts frequently suffered severe persecution for their testimony and life-style. Missionary lives were threatened. Death plots against Rev. Francisco Soltero, the founder of our Pilgrim work in Mexico, were thwarted only by Providence.

In an article I wrote years ago I referred to one of our national pastors who suffered greatly at the hands of a former friend. A copy of that article follows

* * *

Righteousness May Involve Conflict

Harmony is greatly to be desired. But to seek peace at any price is wrong. When moral principles are involved, one must stand for the right, even though it means conflict.

Juan, who lived in Matlapa, Mexico, was a new convert to Christ. Eager in his new-found faith, he had been trying to erect a little chapel in a neighboring village that the people there could also hear the gospel. This greatly annoyed a close family friend who was opposed to Juan's religion. He therefore set fire to the partially-finished chapel and burned it down.

Juan, seeking to regain his former friend, talked with him, but instead of listening, the friend struck Juan in the mouth and told him that if he said anything more he would strike him again. Juan's teeth were bloody and his lips cut, but he did not retaliate. Neither did he discontinue his efforts to reach others with the gospel. Principles of right were at stake, and he would face the battle. "We shall have service tonight," he said later to a Christian brother, "even if we have it on the river bank."

Life for some of the world's greatest souls has been a battle. William James, speaking of the conflict which must be waged if one would live worthily once said, "For my own part, I do not know what the sweat and blood and tragedy of this life mean anything short of this. If this life is not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will. But it feels like a fight."

The Apostle Paul warned the Christians that they would have to fight if they would be worthy. He said: "We are up against the unseen power that controls this dark world, and spiritual agents from the very headquarters of evil. Therefore you must wear the whole armor of God that you may be able to resist evil in its day of power, and that even when you have fought to a standstill you may still stand your ground" (Eph. 6:11, 12 Philippians).

It was planned from the beginning of this Mexico trip that I should remain in Mexico for a few days after the celebration so that I might get to see more of the activities of our staff there. So the following week Mrs. Soltero, together with Mr and Mrs Floyd Prather, U.S. missionaries working with the Solteros, drove me out over the district. There we attended services, visited in homes of the people, and enjoyed the experience of seeing a strange but beautiful landscape.

To be with the Prathers was also a special treat. They were very special friends whom I had known since my days at the Colorado Springs Bible Training School, she as a teacher and he as a student.

After getting back to the office, I wrote about one of the villages we visited on this trip.

* * *

The Gospel Has Now Reached Their Village

Over a very bumpy, hot and dusty side road I, with some of the missionaries from the Mexican headquarters in Valles, jostled along in the station wagon to the little mountain village of Aquismon. The village nestling among the beautiful green hills consists mainly of a large plaza surrounded by a few small store buildings and dwellings. While Aquismon is a market town, the center of life in that area, and on market day each week is a place of considerable activity. On this

particular day it had a rather drowsy appearance as the rays of the Mexican sun beat down hard upon it. Only a few people were to be seen any where. Those in evidence were mostly Huasteco Indians from up in the mountains. These few very quietly made their way along the street. All of the women were clothed in black skirts and white waists with a piece of white cloth laid on the top of their heads. Several of the diminutive little creatures inconspicuously made their bare-foot way along the street. A few men with their simple garments and rough sandals almost as quietly passed and disappeared up the trail or into some store.

At the corner of the plaza three little Huasteco women and their children sat trying to sell some of the native fruits. I was especially interested to see how motionless they sat and how noiselessly they spoke among themselves. Even the children scarcely moved or lifted their voices. One of the little women held an infant in her arms. Very softly it began to cry. With no confusion at all, the mother quietly arose to her feet and slowly began to rock the child as it lay in her arms; all the while she was smiling down at her babe with eyes full of tender love. In hushed tones she spoke words of comfort, so that it was soon quieted, and she again took her seat on the ground.

Here we found an admirable people, simple, peace-loving and attractive. In their hearts are the same loves and desires that fill the souls of mankind everywhere. But these people did not know Jesus. They did not know of the help, and joys, and the hopes which spring only from Him. I knew, too, that they were pitifully enthralled by sinful practices and that superstitious fears bound their poor spirits. And I felt sad.

But now there is a gospel lighthouse for them. A friend in the U.S. has provided a church building and has sent money for the building a home for the pastor. One of our well-trained Mexican pastors now gives his full time ministering to the spiritual needs of these precious people.

What was planned to be the last day of our foray turned out not to be. It was extremely hot, the terrain was desert-like, and we had tire trouble -- lots of it. Tires in those days were not as durable as they are now, and since the war began were rationed in both the U.S. and Mexico, they were hard to come by, so people were inclined to drive them as long as possible. We had three blow-outs that day. The last one near a tiny, isolated village which appeared to be mainly a truck stop. We were stalled there. Mrs. Soltero told us that they had several new tires stored at a town near the U.S. border, several hours travel from where we were.

There seemed to be only one solution. She would hook a ride with some trucker going to that town, pick up tires, and then return by bus. Fortunately before long a couple of Mexicans came along who were going to the desired town. She boarded the truck with the fellows and we guests were left to shift for ourselves. There was no hotel or motel here, only a gas station, a store and a restaurant.

Supper at the little restaurant was not bad. I had become fond of "cabrito" (young goat in English). It was available and I enjoyed my meal. Only one thing was a bit disconcerting. Across from the table was a large window and just beyond on a post hung a skinned "cabrito" which was to be carved in preparation for the next day's meals.

I spent the night in the car. I do not remember what happened to the Prathers, but they must have found a bed somewhere. Mrs. Soltero was back the next day with new tires and the return to Valles was uneventful.

The next day I took the bus to Monterrey and boarded the train for Indianapolis. No taxi needed, thank you!

On May 7, 1945, The German military commander surrendered to General of the Armies, Dwight D. Eisenhower, and on August 14 of the same year the Japanese surrendered to General McArthur. The war was over . There was great rejoicing!

Once again God in His providence had enabled the United States to have a part in the overthrow of evil forces intent upon the destruction of the leading democratic nations of the world. The struggle had been costly in both human life and treasure. But the blessed freedoms of democracy were maintained. The thoughts of this fact bring to mind a Fourth-of-July editorial I wrote for the Advocate in which I tried to indicate the benefits of our country's freedoms and our responsibilities regarding their preservation. Here it is.

* * *

Freedoms Demand Responsibilities

Today we celebrate our nation's freedom. In this connection I recall that carved in stone near the tomb of the unknown soldier of the American Revolution in Washington Square, Philadelphia, there are these solemn words: "Freedom is a light for which many men died in darkness."

And for the person who stops to read, there is much all around to remind him of the significance of those words. For not only must he pause beneath a life-size stature of George Washington, the flying battle flags of the 13 colonies, and the 13-starred banner of the new nation, but he is made aware that the green grass and stately trees of the now lovely square shelter the unmarked graves of hundreds of unknown revolutionary soldiers who, in the darkness of their servitude, gave "their last full measure of devotion" that we, their posterity, might live in liberty's light. For me it was a moving experience to stand in that memorable place. And as I stood I read other words also engraved there. Impressive words they are from Washington's Farewell Address: He said, "The independence and liberty you possess, are the work of joint councils and joint efforts -- of common dangers, sufferings and successes."

It is easy for us to forget such words and the price our fathers paid in stern want and bloodshed. Complacent in the blessings of creature comfort and comparative tranquility, it is easy for us to ignore or turn aside from the moral and spiritual insights which beget proper respect for one's self and for his fellow-men. Jesus gave warning here. "What good is it, " He said "for a man to gain the whole world at the price of his own soul. What could a man offer to buy back his soul once he has lost it?"

The inestimable value of human life as Christ taught it is in the foundation stone of our national structure. To ignore this and turn aside is to jeopardize long-cherished liberties.

J. Edgar Hoover once asked: "Where did real freedom have its beginning?" He answered his question by declaring: "Was it not Christ who emphasized the inherent worth of the individual? Today, the innate dignity of man commands respect only in areas where Christ is not outlawed." And Mr. Hoover concluded: "For the students and citizens of America, faith in God and in the Christian principles on which the nation was founded is the bulwark which can and will withstand menacing forces such as crime and atheistic philosophies."

On another occasion I was reminded of how important it is that we Christians, each of us, reflect the life and teaching of Him who is the Light of the Word.

Rising about 600 feet above the bustling streets of the Loop in Chicago, the stately spire and cross of the Chicago Temple -- then the city's tallest building -- points heavenward as a constant reminder to the throngs of passers-by that there is more to life than even the industry and commerce of the mighty metropolis by the lake.

One day Cora and I worshiped in the august sanctuary of that Temple, and with the thousand or more others in attendance felt something of the solemn significance of the old lines:

"Where cross the crowded way of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of man."

As we heard God's voice there, it was the eve of a national political convention which might possibly determine the affairs of state not only in our land, but throughout our troubled world and we were reminded that we need a chart to guide us through the perils of the uncertain danger-fraught path ahead.

The mightiest armies, the greatest wealth, the vastest trade, the most highly developed technical skills, the profoundest knowledge, and the widest influence can insure our freedoms only if they are maintained and directed by men of integrity.

Freedom as we haven known it can survive only in a nation of honest, God-fearing men and women--a nation where individuals can depend upon each other. How long can we maintain the respect of other nations if, among ourselves a man cannot trust his neighbor; if a business concern cannot depend upon the word of its customers nor the customers upon the quality of goods sold; if we do not recognize the human dignity of all our citizens; if one statesman cannot believe his fellow statesman?

This is not generality to be applied impersonally. Each one of us, you and I, needs to face up to the matter of honesty for himself in the fear of God. If we as a nation are to tread sure-footedly, we as individual citizens must enter personally into the spirit expressed in the second stanza of the national hymn, "God of our Fathers."

"Thy love divine hath led us in the past, In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide and Stay, Thy Word our law, Thy path our chosen way."

While hostilities had made it difficult for us at the office to administer the foreign missionary activities of the Church, it had also caused inconvenience, hardship, suffering and sorrow to field personnel and nationals. However, at the same time there was an amazing growth and strengthening of the Church both at home and abroad. The Church in the U.S. rallied as never before to care for the added expenses in the foreign missions department.

During the conflict the missions office expanded its services. In May of 1942 we began a ministry to the men in uniform. It was an outgrowth of the Secretary's personal interest in ministering to the service men, especially to the sons and daughters of our Pilgrim families. He himself had a soldier son, a first lieutenant, stationed in Guam.

The available services were publicized to all the local Churches, encouraging members to submit names and addresses of relatives and friends in the military who could benefit from the activities proposed by the Department. We published an eight-page monthly paper, the Service Men's Christian Fellowship, with red-white-and blue format beamed for the service personnel. Within a short time the Service Mens' Fellowship desk was buzzing with activity, and the Fellowship paper had a mailing list of ten thousand names. Considerable number of these were not members of Pilgrim Churches.

Along with the monthly paper each soldier received a personalized letter and a birthday greeting at the appropriate time. Thousands of New Testaments and daily devotional books were mailed as they were available.

Letters of appreciation poured in. They came from soldiers in basic training, men in submarines, men on battle lines around the world. Almost every branch of each arm of service was represented.

From "Somewhere in England" an Army man wrote: "I was pleased to receive the letter along with the copy of the paper...I enjoyed the letters in the paper from other boys...We have a group of Christian boys from various denominations who meet nightly to sing and study the Bible. It is refreshing and encouraging."

Another "overseas" letter read, "Thank you for the words of comfort and hope. They have strengthened my faith in Christ and have increased my desire to live for Him."

A Navy man wrote: "I want to tell you how much I enjoyed the paper you have been sending. I always read every article. I also enjoy the personal letter which accompanies the paper...I have spent the last year and a half on the sea and am thankful to God for caring for me...Recently a friend saw me reading the Christian Fellowship. He asked to borrow it...He then asked me to subscribe to that paper for him. Now that he is transferred to another ship I am enclosing his name and address.

Another sailor said: "I have enjoyed reading your letters and the Christian Fellowship paper...They have helped me, and I have received courage to live a better Christian life before my ship mates....One of the fellows saw me reading the paper and asked if he could read it too. I had an extra one so I gave it to him. He isn't a Christian, but I am praying that he will find something in the paper that will help him find the Lord."

This project was a witness to the willingness of Pilgrims everywhere to meet special needs of military personnel, for it was supported financially by freewill offerings that readily came in response to our announcements.

The 1942 General Conference passed legislation which further increased the activities of our office. A resolution was approved which provided for the organization of local missionary societies and provided for a constitution and bylaws for these societies.

Flora Belle Slater, an experienced missionary well known throughout the church, was the first director. By 1944 there were 92 local societies, but by 1962 there were 846. These became a strong support for the missionary work, and all of the missionaries knew the society members took great interest in providing for the personal and family needs of each Pilgrim missionary.

Working with the societies necessitated that we give more time to study and writing. There were manuals to prepare which would provide information for local churches regarding the purpose of the societies, how to organize, how to carry on their ministry. There were study books to prepare which would provide a knowledge of the history and way of life in the fields where the Church was at work, as well as a history of the Pilgrim activities in the various fields.

Supervising and scheduling for the visiting missionaries, as well as providing them with transportation and traveling expenses was, of course, the responsibility of the missionary office.

After the war there was dire need in some fields for clothing, bedding, hospital equipment, etc. The societies set about helping us meet those needs by sending in the needed supplies to the office. We then sorted them packed them and shipped them to the appropriate fields.

In the midst of this escalation of activity, the Pilgrim Holiness Church bought a new headquarters building in down-town Indianapolis. To move all of the offices of the Church was a big job. We in the missionary department had, of course, our share of extra work. It was a delightful job, however. To get into the attractive, commodious six-story building a couple blocks from the Circle in the center of the city was wonderful. We made the move in July of 1945.

Not only were things at the office moving along at a fast pace, but activities at home were also on the move. With coming of the year 1941, the landlord of the house we rented raised the rent. It was more than we wanted to pay, and we were concerned. What should we do?

Fortunately we had made friends with a realtor, Mrs Tinney, who had her office near where we lived. We counseled with her and she told us of a place down the street a couple of blocks which was for sale. It was a two-bedroom house with a basement which her husband, a carpenter and contractor had just recently renewed. We went down to see it. It looked like new

and was considerably larger than the house where we were living. We expressed our desire to buy the place. I told Mrs. Tinney, however, that we did not have money for down payment, and that we could not make payments larger than what our rent was to be. She said she would sell it to us with monthly payments with the understanding that as we were able we would increase the payments.

We closed the deal and began the new year in our "new " home. We were a happy little family. I was glad that Mother was a part of it. She remained able to be up and around until shortly before her decease in the summer of 1943.

As spring approached we decided to think about what we would do about our yards. We decided that since the front yard was small we would dig it up and make it into a flower bed. The back yard was considerably larger so we thought we would leave it as it was, half in lawn. Cora had grown up on a farm and wanted now to have a garden. She called my attention to two vacant lots at the end of our block, two doors east of our lot. She thought that would be a good place to have her garden.

We learned that the lots belonged to the Tinneys. We told them of Cora's desire. They said it was a good idea and they would be glad to let us use the lots, but they pointed out that they were for sale, and if they should be sold in the middle of summer our efforts would be wasted. We responded by asking that should a possible buyer appear, give us first opportunity to buy. Upon this basis, we got a man to plow the lots, and ready them for the planting.

Cora was delighted. She could now have her garden! In the first rows she planted flowers. With flowers in the front of both the house and the garden, neighbors and passersby frequently asked if she would sell some. Thrifty soul that she was, she always responded happily with a "yes."

The war was still on with its restrictions on the purchase of meat and other food items. To avoid some of those shortages we built a pen, bought some chicks and raised chickens. We also built a couple of hutches and raised rabbits. So it was that we had an ample supply of meat and eggs. When the war was over and things became normal, we discontinued our chicken and rabbit projects.

We were able to increase our monthly house payment from time to time so that by 1945 we owned the place.

The children were growing, and we needed more space. Therefore we decided to enlarge the house. We made this decision at the time there were carpenters at work at Headquarters making alterations of the recently-acquired down-town building in order to better accommodate the needs of the various departments. The foreman of the crew, Tom Weir, was a friend, and I sought his advise concerning our house. He was most helpful and enabled me to find carpenters for our job and offered to supervise them.

Among the men working on the Headquarters project was the friend and former student at the Colorado Springs School who some years earlier had taken me on that delightful over- night outing in the Rockies, Paul Sickler. By now he was married to an alumna of the School, Edna

Eyman. They had served as pastors in several Kansas churches, and Paul, being an excellent carpenter, had built a church building in the district as well helping to enlarge others. Edna had come with him to Indianapolis and worked in the missionary office. She also was a great help to us personally.

Cora became ill and had to undergo surgery. During Cora's hospitalization, Edna came to our house daily to care for the children while I worked at the office. This was a great kindness which I still remember with gratitude.

At the same time there was another alumna of the Colorado Springs School, Alice Gillum, present at Headquarters. After finishing her work in our School she had trained as a nurse in a Denver hospital. She was at Headquarters at this time in preparation for her departure to Africa as a missionary nurse. When she learned of Cora's illness she came to us and asked if she might serve as Cora's private nurse in the hospital. Of course we were delighted for this kind offer. She went to the hospital, told the management of her desire and showed her credentials. She was given permission to carry through as she asked.

She did indeed go on to Africa and served effectively for a number of years. We have enjoyed a pleasant, continuing friendship with Alice.

* * *

Don't Forget Your Friends

We ought not to be so grateful for presents in our stockings at Christmas, as for legs in our stockings." That is the way G. K. Chesterton once tried to say that we should be more thankful for the commonplace blessings of life.

It is good that on Thanksgiving Day we offer thanks to the Almighty for abundant harvests and the boundless benefits which we enjoy. It will be better, however, if daily throughout the year we carry a grateful spirit for all things. For clothing and for shelter. For "the press of toil and the quiet interlude." And for our friends.

We should be thankful not only for friends, but throughout the year we should thank them for the many ways in which they enrich our lives. In the New Testament the question is asked, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen. (I John 5:20).

It is just as inconsistent to give a show of thanks to God whom we have not seen and at the same time withhold thanks from our friends whom we see often.

Many years ago a butler to an Egyptian king was cast into prison. While there, he was shown much kindness and was greatly helped by Joseph, a foreign slave, who, imprisoned because of false accusation, had through exceptionally fine conduct been placed in charge of the other prisoners. When the butler was about to be restored to his former position, he promised that he would in gratitude speak to the Pharaoh in behalf of Joseph. But when the butler was finally

reinstated, he failed to keep his promise to the man who had befriended him during his trying prison days.

The man who fails to remember his friends is not always named Butler.

Why are people so ungrateful? There are numerous reasons. Some, though lack of properly organized time, keep themselves in such a round of endless, aimless activity that they just never get around to saying "thank you." There are others who feel so self-important and so surely destined for high places that aid or wise counsel given by any whom they consider lesser is simply taken for granted.

Ingratitude reflects unfavorably upon the character of the ungrateful. But, unfortunately, that is not all. It also often brings cruel disappointment to the one who is the victim of such inconsideration. Shakespeare in "As You Like It" stated a universal truth when he wrote:

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Though doest not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
'Tho' the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not."

Although during the war years we had been hindered in getting new missionaries into foreign lands, there were young people in the Church who had been preparing themselves for such service and were approved by the Church officials. When it seemed that overseas travel would soon be possible, these young people were brought together by the General Secretary of Foreign Missions for several days of orientation. The sessions were held in Allentown, Pennsylvania on the campus of the Pilgrim Bible Institute. The young couples attending were: Leonard and Pauline Leitzel, William and Hilda Bradley, Armond and Pauline Doll, George and Elizabeth Gilmore and Watson and Rose Goodman.

Secretary Paul Thomas directed the sessions and counseled the young people regarding various aspects of missionary life. Also present to speak to the group was Rev. Paul Haines, an experienced missionary and a director in the Oriental Missionary Society. Miss Daisy Buby, a long-time missionary nurse and teacher, shared her experiences. I was instructed to talk to the group about the Headquarters missionary office, its services to the missionaries and the missionaries' responsibility toward the office.

These days were not only times of instruction and counsel. They were also inspiring occasions of fellowship, prayer and camaraderie.

One incident which occurred during some of our free time has a special place in my memory. The young fellows of the group learned that I had never flown in an airplane. As a kindness to me they arranged at the city airport for me to board a plane and enjoy a pleasant ride over the countryside. What a happy surprise!

Another event I recall brings a smile. At the close of a busy day Rev. Paul Dieter, President of the Bible Institute, took several of us in his car and showed us some of the interesting places around the area. He ended the drive in front of a very popular German restaurant where we were to have dinner. While he was parking the car the rest of us went inside, were shown to a table, and a waitress came to set the table for us. While she was doing this, Rev. Thomas informed her, "There is another one of us." The waitress looked around, saw no one and seemed a bit perplexed. Rev. Thomas repeated, "There is another one of us" and inadvertently at the moment he glanced down. Thereupon the German girl bent over and looked under the table. At that instant Rev. Dieter appeared. The waitress, at first a bit embarrassed, began to laugh and, of course we all joined heartily, for it was really funny to see our waitress looking under the table for her lost customer. This was the beginning of a pleasant, relaxing evening.

Now that hostilities of war had ceased it was important for the missionary office to learn first hand just how well the overseas churches had withstood the hardships and struggles of the war years. We also needed to assure the nationals of our continuing love, confidence, and purpose to help them to the full extent of our ability.

To assess the situation and accomplish our purposes it seemed necessary for us to visit the fields as soon as possible. To help reach that end I was assigned to go to the churches in the Caribbean and British Guiana, South America. Over a six-week period, I was to visit each of the districts and as many of the larger local churches as possible. I was to confer with all of the missionaries, and national leaders and to minister through preaching and teaching among the people.

This was to be my first overseas trip, and I looked forward to it with pleasure. But I was also apprehensive, for I had never had this kind of responsibility.

It was necessary for me to get a passport from our government and secure visas from the countries I was to visit. Having secured these permits, I had to arrange booking with the airlines. Finally all was arranged, and I was on my way.

I was to go by way of Haiti and Puerto Rico. The flight to Haiti was delightful and we expected to stop there only briefly then on to Puerto Rico where I was to spend the next day, a Sunday, with our Pilgrims in San Juan. However, as we landed in Port-au-Prince airport we were told there was plane trouble and we would need to stay in Port-au-Prince overnight while parts for the plane were being flown in from the U.S. We were informed that taxis would take us to the Hotel Roosevelt where we would spend the rest of the day and night, have dinner and an early breakfast then depart for Puerto Rico.

The taxi in which I and several others of the plane's passengers rode was an ancient, battered Buick. The driver, almost constantly blowing the car's horn, rushed wildly over the rough, pedestrian-filled streets. This was, I think, about my wildest trip ever. However, all of the walkers jumped out of our way, and the rickety taxi held together, so we arrived safely and thankfully at our hotel.

The layover was a disappointment for me, and I knew it would be a hardship for the missionaries in San Juan who would need to change their plans. However, this misadventure turned out to be a delightful experience, and remains one of life's pleasant memories.

We arrived at the hotel shortly after noon, and I spent most of the remaining daylight hours sitting on the large hotel porch reading, writing, and watching the heavy traffic on the highway. Occasionally I went down to the sidewalk to walk among the crowds of diverse and fascinating people.

The hotel manager was a personable, alert, and attractive business lady from Michigan who went "all out" to keep her delayed travelers comfortable. Cold, refreshing drinks and delicious snacks were available. Dinner in the evening was a delightful feast with a crew of uniformed black waiters rushing around to supply our slightest wish.

I went to my room and to bed not long after dinner, for the pilot had warned us that we must be ready for an early flight. Sure enough about four o'clock in the morning the manager knocked loudly on my door telling me that breakfast was ready and that the taxis would soon arrive to take us to the airport.

Breakfast was quite different from dinner. There was only a skeleton crew of cooks and waiters. The manager was in a "tizzy" trying to fill in wherever she could. But they got most of us travelers fed and on our way.

It seemed, however, that several of our group had spent a good part of the night in the down-town bars and amusement centers. They were not able to get themselves together for the plane's early departure.

After I arrived back to the office I wrote about this experience in the article below.

* * *

Disappointments Are Not Always Bad

The Hotel Roosevelt, was a large frame building, nestled white and picturesque against the Haitian hills. Its breeze-swept veranda, a short distance from the south shore of charming Gonave Bay, was a pleasant place to read and write.

Bounding the aqua bay to the north rose a hazy ridge of verdure-covered hills over which large billowy clouds drifted lazily. To my right in the bright light of the afternoon's tropical sun, the city of Port-au-Price, shining white and jewel-like before a dark emerald mountainside, was reflected in the rippling waters of its famous harbor. Directly before me, riding quietly at anchor, were three large grey U.S. battle ships. Floating slowly in and out between them was the gleaming white sail of a graceful little pleasure boat or fishing craft. To the left was the wide- open sea, clear turquoise, placid, and restful.

Finally the lowering sun tinged the clouds with delicate pink. Then the soft blue of the sea and sky became a world of rosy grandeur. Suddenly, the water turned leaden grey. Then it was dark. Night had come.

What pleasant hours these had been! But they had resulted from a disappointing misadventure. I was to have been in Puerto Rico with friends, but plane trouble had developed during the routine stop on Haiti. We had to leave the plane, put up at the hotel, and wait for repairs.

Life is like that. By year's end, for example, we may not have reached our desired destination. Things then may be very different from what we now hopefully anticipate. Disappointments are certain. But as we pursue our way obediently and trustfully in the will of God, we shall find our steps "ordered by the Lord" (Psalm 37:23). Ultimately all will be well.

The flight from Haiti to Puerto Rico was short and pleasant. Missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Andres Vega, met me at the San Juan airport. Mrs. Vega was one of the students of the Colorado Springs Bible Training School while I was president. I wrote of her on pages 48 and 49.

The Vegas did not work under the direction of Headquarters Office in Indianapolis, because they had been sent out by the Pilgrim Holiness churches in Mexico to supervise some newly established churches among Mexican people in Puerto Rico. It was, however, a delight to again greet Rachel and to meet her husband. After finishing in the Colorado school, Rachel had gone to Mexico and became a staff member in the training school, maintained by Mexican nationals. It was there that she met Andres. They had served as teachers, pastors and district superintendents, before coming as missionaries in Puerto Rico. I felt happy that I had had a small part in their fruitful ministry.

Antigua was my next stop, and the flight there proved to be another of life's happy memories.

Soaring over the Caribbean at seven thousand feet, I looked down through the clouds to watch the shadow of our plane reflected on the blue water below. The form of the large Pan American Clipper appeared as a crow, or perhaps as a gull, flying under us. As I watched, the reflection became surrounded by a perfectly circular frame

Fascinated by the constantly changing view along the lovely skyway, I looked out across the plane's wing, over which I sat. Before long, the arc of a large rainbow was playing around that wing. It would reach from the wing tip to fuselage. Now it appeared on one side of the wing, and again it would appear on the other. Then, as if to stage a grand finale, in a great, wide half circle it entirely framed the wing.

These rainbows, symbols of God's thoughtful care, provided a pleasant introduction to the gospel work which lay ahead in the islands of the Caribbean Area. We were flying eastward along the 260-mile stretch from Puerto Rico to Antigua.

The island appeared picturesque below us as the plane, preparing to land, circled above. Extending only nine and a half miles north and south by twelve miles east and west (with an area

of 108 square miles), it is different from the neighboring islands in that it is of partly coral formation, quite arid, and lacking in scenic grandeur. It is, nonetheless, beautiful to look upon. Jutting quite abruptly out of the sea, its irregular coast line forms many a lovely bay and is enlivened here and there by numerous white-sanded beaches. Its rather dry, gray-brown terrain rises by graceful but irregular gradations until it reaches a height, in the interior, of 1000 feet above the sea.

Its very name, Antigua, which means " place without water," signifies the fact that there is comparatively little rainfall, and that there are no streams of consequence on the island. As one makes his way about, he finds that the cane fields, so green and lush on neighboring islands, appear dull and sunbaked here. Nevertheless, the tall coconut palms and other large trees, as well as the brilliant flowers, quicken the landscape so that it does not appear at all drab or uninteresting.

St. John, the capital, itself, situated on a declivity, presents a rather striking appearance, with some attractive white and pastel-colored wooden buildings, But as I went about the compact, congested town I found that poverty was very much in evidence, and that the town, while containing some substantial homes, was made up quite generally of very small, unpainted, shingled cottages. Many of these were mere huts; and often one of them, not larger than eight by ten feet, houses a sizeable family. I found it very interesting, however, as I walked along the narrow streets to note that numbers of the houses, even though very small, had name plates over the entrances, and that the cottages had been given appellations which in some instances sounded like the dignified title of an English estate. In other cases they appeared a bit humorous and seemed to have been given to commemorate some event such as "Terrible Night," "Pleasant Day" or "Ugly face."

During the second world war when shipping of foodstuffs became almost impossible, the government tried hard to show the people how to till their land to the best advantage. Isolated as they were from the rest of the world, production of food was a matter of life and death for the islanders. Pilgrim missionary, O. L. King, through skillful cultivation of the mission compound of several acres, had for a number of years shown what could be done in this matter. As a result, he was appointed by the government to serve on the committee set up to teach the native people. He was, therefore, sent around over the island lecturing in public meetings and actually demonstrating what he had been telling them. So it was that the Kings not only made an impression upon the people whom they brought to Christ and the church, but in spite of the severe persecution which marked their early days on the island they came to be received with the greatest respect and confidence. When the time came for their final departure for the homeland, they were surprised to see a large crowd of people from the city and villages to see them off and bid them farewell. One might have thought that a favored governor was leaving the island after a long term of faithful service. Letters of farewell were also sent by some of the prominent men of the island. Among them, one was greatly cherished by the Kings; for in that letter the gentlemen pointed out that during their years on the island they had very considerably raised the spiritual and moral tone of the entire social order there. This is an example of what the grace of God has done and is doing through his servants, the Pilgrim Holiness missionaries.

In spite of the good things I had heard about the work of our church in Antigua, I was amazed when on the first night I was taken to the commodious Pilgrim Holiness Church in the city of St. Johns where some 800 people crowded in, as only West Indians can crowd in. When, from

the platform, I gazed down upon the beaming faces of those happy, singing people, I had some difficulty controlling my emotions. It was a sight to inspire anyone who loves God and the souls of men. I was also reminded that such a group of eager people certainly did not greet the early missionaries who came. It has been only through long years of toil and hardship that so large a band of Pilgrims has been brought out of the darkness to a life of holiness and righteousness.

One of the factors which has helped to put to naught the influence of persecutors of the Pilgrims on Antigua, as well as other West Indian islands, has been the great change evidenced in the lives of people who had found the Lord. Our missionaries have taught the people that faith in Christ must be shown by holy and righteous living. Converts have quit their stealing and lying and have gone back to make restitution. They have set their home lives in order, marrying, and rearing their children in the fear of God. As a result Pilgrim laborers have, through the years, been in great demand because they could be trusted as domestics, clerks, etc. It was a real joy to me to find them wielding an influence for good and holiness in practically every strata of their social order -- from field laborers to school teachers and government officials.

Antigua was the seat of government for the British Crown Colony of the Leeward Islands: Antigua, Barbuda, Montserrat, St. Kitts, Nevis, Anguilla, and the British Virgin Islands. We had churches on St. Kitts, Montserrat, Nevis, and Barbuda. I was able to visit these islands.

The trip to and from Barbuda was the most adventurous and difficult of my weeks in the West Indies. But it is also probably the most memorable event of the journey. The activities at the church there were very typical of the services throughout the area. When I returned to the office at Headquarters I wrote a booklet about the history and activities of the Church throughout the West Indies. In that book I recounted my trip to Barbuda. Excerpts from that account follow:

At four o'clock one November morning the tropical moon shone clear and bright to the west of Antigua. Its soft rays beautifully reflected a lovely shaft of light across the quiet water of St. Johns' spacious harbor. The stars added their luster to the last brief period of darkness before the breaking of day. Thin, wind-blown clouds here and there looked silvery gray in the heavens. A few flickering lights to the north made the dark shoreline seem all the blacker.

Missionary E. E. Phillippe, Superintendent of the Antigua area of islands, and I had come to the wharf at this early hour to board a sloop for another island adventure for the Lord. Already a few other people had arrived, and their dark figures could be distinguished faintly in the moonlight as they either walked idly around the wharf or labored with the cargo in the boat whose single mast seemed to rise very dark and high above them.

We were to have been on our way by this time; but it was an hour later that the sails were finally hoisted and we pushed off, headed toward the open sea along the bright, moonlit path.

The captain of the boat was a rather small, agile native of Barbuda, the island to which we were making our way. Dressed in his khaki shorts and shirt, with his head and feet bare, he and his crewmen seemed quite a part of our little sailing vessel, which was, I suppose, some thirty-five feet in length, and which, like such small craft, boasted a single mainsail, a small topsail and a jib.

There were some three or four other passengers. Two women passengers went to the hold of the boat; but the rest of us shared the only accommodations which were available -- the open deck, which remained at a precarious angle for a novice such as I. The boat lurched incessantly, the deck being now and again quite covered with sea water which splashed over the low railing. Fortunately, the sea, they said, was very smooth. I admit that I should dislike to find it rough; for even on this trip I felt apprehensive. My travel companion was a veteran of the Caribbean Area and had made many such a voyage. He had thoughtfully brought a canvas deck chair, so we traveled deluxe, taking turns sitting in the chair. There was, of course, no covering to protect us from the elements; but, fortunately, the weather was pleasant, and I rather enjoyed absorbing the sun.

Rev. Phillippe is always a good sailor and seems only rarely to get seasick. On such trips as this he watches his guests with an observant eye, and I think chuckles inwardly, at least a little, when we landlubbers begin to turn pale. He seems to feel that we should have a taste of seasickness in order to be initiated properly into Caribbean missionary life. I had, however, anticipated this trip before leaving home. So I had secured a preventive prescription from the doctor. I figured that since I knew I could not be a genuinely good sailor, it would at least be more pleasant to be a good "synthetic" one. The prescription worked fine, and I was able to hold my head high and partake freely of the lunch which had been brought along.

Our little ship had recently had a rather grave misfortune. She had been anchored in St Johns harbor when a terrible hurricane struck Antigua some months before. She was blown clear out on the beach and while she was soon put back into use, she was in need of repair. She leaked, what seemed to me, rather badly. On frequent occasions two of the husky crewmen would have to man the pump and remove the sea water from the hold. It would rush across the deck in front of us in quite a stream, and we would have to lift our feet to escape it. If it seemed unduly long between pumpings I found myself wishing the fellows would come. A leaky boat in the middle of the high seas did not lend itself to my peace of mind.

The activities of the last few miles of the journey helped to break the monotony. As one nears the island he finds strong currents which set in to the land and which are a menace to sailing ships such as ours; and so all hands were alert. Also, Barbuda is surrounded by reefs; and to make one's way to anchorage a boat must feel its way along a rather narrow and shallow channel. Large boats cannot enter at all. Several times even our small craft was grounded, and we were shoved off by some of the crew using a large oar and by much maneuvering of the sails. But seven hours after leaving St. Johns -- about twenty-five miles away -- we anchored at Codrington Village wharf on Barbuda.

Its highest point being only 205 feet above the sea, Barbuda is a flat, coral island with an area of sixty-two square miles, and is nearly covered with shrubs and low-growing trees. There are no streams on Barbuda, but a supply of brackish water is available from wells. The mission home is supplied with good water from a cistern attached to the church.

The entire population of some one thousand people live at Codrington Village. While some of the people go out to till fields of sea-island cotton and vegetables, most of the island is allowed to grow up quite as it has always been and serves to pasture many cattle and goats. To see the

large herds of goats of numerous shades and colorings coming into the village each evening and returning to pasture each morning is a picturesque sight. The cattle and goats, as well as many fowls, are used for meat by the inhabitants of the island, and are also shipped to other areas. Our trip back to Antigua was made the more interesting by the presence of a large, live steer in the hold, which frequently became very unhappy and restless in his cramped and unsteady quarters, and by a large turkey gobbler on deck, which was fastened to some of the rigging by a string tied to one his legs. The government is seeking, also, to encourage the raising of horses and mules, and has planted coconuts on a large scale to help provide income for the people.

The island has long been a hunting ground for sportsmen throughout the area. It was stocked with fallow deer. Wild boars are present. Game birds and fowls of numerous kinds are also to be had.

Most of the homes on the island are of a primitive type, being constructed of wattle (rods or twigs woven together) and plaster, with thatched roofs. Each of them is usually enclosed by a stockade of stone or small poles to protect the yards from the many animals which wander at will about the village. A number of the native people have, however, gained enough property, or emigrated elsewhere and made enough money to return and build substantial little homes of stone and wood with tin roofs.

It was good to have our Pilgrim pastor meet us and walk with us to the mission home some distance away. There are no cars nor other wheeled vehicles on the island, and only footpaths lead where one wishes to go. The pastor told us that a service was planned for the evening, and that I was to preach. How thankful I was that I had had my dramamine! I was a bit wobbly even now, but was much more able to think about preaching in a few hours than I otherwise would have been.

If the warm hospitality of the West Indian pastor and his wife was typical of these people, I knew that the service that night would be a delight, and that good awaited in the days that we were to spend there.

I scanned the crowd of some four hundred people in an effort to find the captain, who through the day had piloted our little vessel from Antigua. Finally, in the none-too-brightly- lighted building, I spotted him. But I had to look a second time to assure myself. No longer dressed simply in khaki shirt and shorts, he looked so different! He was now fully attired in shoes, dark trousers, an immaculate white coat, a nicely laundered shirt, and a tie neatly arranged. He sat right up front and enthusiastically played a large guitar while joining lustily in the hearty singing.

As the service progressed and the singing increased in fervor, a spirit of joyous gratitude was very much in evidence. Some of the worshipers, with happy, shining faces, clapped their hands, while still others (among them our captain, still playing his guitar) rose to their feet and rhythmically walked or quietly danced about. The cares of the day were forgotten. The limitations and privations of their very circumscribed lives seemed no curb to their happiness. They were in church, in the house of their God. As children of the King, they sang victoriously of their redemption from sin's bondage, and of the royal home which they would some day share.

There was no organ or piano, and several of the stringed instruments played by the young men were home-made affairs which they themselves had manufactured from native wood of the little island. But I doubt if more acceptable praise has ever been offered, even by highly trained choirs accompanied by the perfect tones of costly instruments.

The lengths to which these young men had gone to cut the wood, prepare it, and make it into the instruments reveals a devotion to the Lord and his worship which is truly inspiring. One evening, long after church service was over and I had gone to bed, I heard those young men still playing their instruments and making the night air vibrant with their gospel singing. As they began to disperse, still playing and singing, the music could be heard, gradually becoming fainter, and was finally lost in the stillness of the night.

Surely, as one sees the West Indian Pilgrims in church and enters into the spirit of their services, he cannot but be impressed with the fact that the sustaining joys of life do not come from the things which ones possesses, nor is worship made more real by the dramatic use of expensive and colorful accessories.

The eagerness of the congregation carried into the further activities of the service. With serious thoughtfulness they listened attentively to the gospel message. The four times I preached to them brought a real sense of satisfaction to me, and it was a joy to see 60 or more people openly seek the Lord during my three days among them.

Because of the kindness shown us by a group of young men of the church, the remembrance of the Monday I spent on Barbuda will long be pleasant. They took us two visiting missionaries on a fishing expedition several miles out into the harbor lagoon. It was an expedition in which we actually went overboard for some two or three hours and literally chased the fish into a great net. It was fun and a most exciting experience. To the delight of us all, among the numerous large fish caught was a young shark. Later he served to provide meat for an evening meal at the parsonage. I was reminded that one of the last things Cora had said to me as I set off on this Carribean assignment was, "Don't swim where there are sharks."

But the most enjoyable part of the whole day was the fellowship and intimate contact with that group of a half dozen or so fine young West Indian Pilgrims. Their conversations and conduct were most exemplary in every way. The hours spent with them greatly increased my appreciation for them, and I was made to feel that nowhere could one find a more wholesome group of Christian youth. I was proud, and I think justly so, that they had asked me to accompany them that day.

While the trip to this island had been a novelty to me, the return one was not so novel. It became a bit unpleasant as it dragged out to about 18 hours in length, and through the lonely night we battled contrary winds. It was dark, cold, and damp. There was nothing to do but try to sit still and keep a little dry and warm. One could not walk about the slanting, lurching deck. No land in sight. I was reminded that the missionaries must frequently make such long inter-island trips and they often find them to be very unpleasant and wearisome. But there is not other means of transportation to some of these sections. And the gospel must go through!

I journeyed on to St. Kitts. It proved to be another pleasant experience. One of the highlights of my days there was the privilege to visit with Jessie Purdy, the outstanding pioneer missionary on the Island. During a period of more than forty years she had labored here, and carved out a little kingdom for herself in the hearts of the people.

Finally, due to blindness, she retired from her ministry some four years before my visit. Immediately following retirement she had come to the States for examination and treatment in hope of regaining her sight. However, doctors were not able to help. Relatives in Boston had welcomed her to remain there with them. In the mean time, learning of her situation, a couple of her beloved parishioners on St. Kitts invited her back to the Island and live with them. They lovingly offered to care for her as long as she lived.

Confused as to what she should do, she contacted us at the office in Indianapolis. I was sent to Boston to talk with her and help her decide what was best. She chose to accept the invitation of devoted friends on St. Kitts. She wanted to spend the closing days of her life among those people whom she knew better than any other; among people who deeply loved and respected her. As I saw her sitting in the little West Indian cottage, I could not blame her. Although she was in an obscure village, among people of a different race, in humble, far-from-modern living quarters, but she was happy in her own little world.

It seems to me that Miss Purdy is a symbol of what Pilgrim missionaries have meant to the people of these islands as they have lived their lives of devotion among them. One little incident of Miss Purdy's life will indicate something of what I mean.

On one occasion, when the island was torn with civil strife, a terrible race riot developed and the whole island became paralyzed. Deep hatred filled the hearts of the black people who felt unjustly treated. All the estates were lying idle. At first, it seemed to be a question of laborers. Later, it continued to grow, and developed into a color question. The native people felt that the whites were to blame for all their difficulties. So the colored people armed themselves with their long knives, sticks, clubs, and whatever they could command. The thing began to take on a serious tone. The few estate owners and other white people began to arm themselves in their houses for protection, and did not dare to venture forth.

Sister Purdy, who faithfully and unselfishly had labored among the people so long, knew the desperateness of the situation. But she had business in Basseterre, some 15 miles across the island. When she arrived in town her friends urged her strongly not to return home. But she felt she must; and, despite their pleadings, she started back with her horse and buggy. When she had gone several miles, sure enough, she met a band of rioting black men, some 500 strong. It was anything but a pleasant-looking crowd.

Someone called out, warningly, "You're meeting the crowd." What would the outcome be? Who can tell what such a mob may do when heated with envy and malice? Miss Purdy did not know; but she said, "We will drive on and meet them."

When she came near them, to her surprise, they separated to either side of the road. Miss Purdy began waving her hand at them, and smiled as calmly and naturally as she could. They

called out, "Let she pass; let she pass. She pray for we; she love we." Because she had proved her love for them by justice and consideration, they permitted her to pass. Her gospel message and constant Christian living, her prayers, tears, and interest in them had won for her a place in their hearts such as wealth, honor, position, and fame could never have purchased. So it is that the gospel of Jesus Christ, as preached and exemplified by Pilgrim missionaries in these West Indian islands, has the power to unlock hearts which no other key can turn.

I continued my journey through the Islands and British Guiana, South America, then returned to the states. I had enjoyed the trip, but was glad to be home. There was, however, an errand closely related to the trip, and I was asked to help care for it. A missionary car was needed on one of the Caribbean islands. A suitable one had been secured, and I was assigned to drive it to New York City where our shipping agents would send it to its final destination.

I never had been to New York, so this was another new adventure. Rev. Thomas however, had been there numerous times and was familiar with the location of the shipping offices. He gave instructions, and so I was on my way.

I traveled through Pennsylvania on the then-quite-new turnpike. The traffic was heavier and faster than I ever encountered. When I got on the New York Turnpike traffic seemed even more difficult.

Rev. Thomas had told me that I must be careful to exit the turnpike at a certain point which would take me through a tunnel and get me in position to find the shipping office without trouble. He told me also that if I missed that exit I would find myself in an area where it would be very difficult to find the shippers. Watching the traffic and seeking the exit was a problem, but I succeeded, and made it through the tunnel. I was relieved. But again there was fast traffic and unfamiliar street patterns. I soon found myself going the wrong direction on a crowded one-way street. Thankfully, I was able to dart off on a side street and make my way to my destination, where I arranged for the car's transportation. All was well. I don't remember how I got back to Indianapolis, but probably by train.

In 1946, Rev. Thomas was elected General Editor, and Rev. R. G. Flexon became Secretary of Foreign Missions. Flexon had long served the Church in numerous responsible positions. He was a charter member of the General Board, and had served as a member of the Department Committee on Foreign Missions. He had visited some of the foreign fields and widely throughout the homeland churches in the interest of missions. In these various assignments he had served most acceptably. Therefore he seemed to be the logical choice to fill the place of General Secretary of Foreign Missions. He held this office for the next twelve years.

Having worked together in the interest of foreign missions we had become friends, and now as General Secretary, he asked that I serve as his assistant. This I did for eight years.

One of the first things I did to assist him was to find a house in Indianapolis, for the family. They had been living near the Eastern Shore, but his new position made it necessary for him to live near the Headquarters. To accomplish this task I turned again to my realtor friend, Mrs. Tinney. She told me that her mother's home was for sale. She took me to see it, a nice two-story which

had been well maintained. The Flexons were out of town at the time, but upon their return, they looked at the house, liked it and purchased it.

My responsibilities did not change with the new administration, and office activities moved along quite as usual. There was, however, a steadily increasing amount of work. This was due to the fact that following the war, interest in world missions grew rapidly. Bill Thomas in his *An Historical Survey of Pilgrim World Missions* writes of this phenomenon. He records: "Secretary R. G. Flexon was soon confronted with the fact that open doors were multiplying in every field around the world. He came face to face with the spiritual needs of 'the other sheep' on his visits to the fields and could not pass by 'on the other side of the road.' Missionaries and native Christians were coming into contact with unevangelized groups. The war unleashed economic forces that scattered Christians to new places.

"The key to Brother Flexon's outlook on the worldwide harvest field may be found in his message to the General Conference. It was based on faith in the fact that God's primary concern was reaching all men with the gospel. He said, "God does not open doors for naught, but to be entered. He has promised to underwrite whatever we will undertake by sincere faith, for He has declared, 'According to your faith so be it unto you.'"

During the period from 1946 to 1954 Pilgrim missionaries opened ten new fields. At the same time established fields were expanding their borders.

While these things were affecting my work at the office, activities at home were also moving along. For one thing, the children were growing and needed special attention. One of the first things that comes to mind in this connection is the fact that while the children were still quite young, in the evenings, I enjoyed sitting between them on the living room couch and telling them about their adoptions. I would also read story books to them from the public library about adopted children. I told them that they were especially chosen by Cora and me, and that we loved them very much. They seem to understand and were quite content.

Carolyn started piano lessons when she was about four years old, and did very well. Then later we gave her an accordion and Don a guitar.

When the children became of school age we were glad that a grade school was close by. When they were in seventh or eighth grade they each had an after-school paper route in the community where we lived.

Through the years we watched for times when we could take them on trips which we thought they would enjoy. An example of this was an occasion when the office needed to get a car to Mexico. At the same time Flora Belle Slater needed to go to Mexico. It was decided that she would drive the car down, and then remain to accomplish her task. She did not, however, want to make that long drive alone, and asked if Cora could go along. This was worked out through the willingness of a neighbor to look after the children when they were not in school and I was unable to be home.

Cora spent a pleasant few days in Mexico and then came back by way of St. Louis, Missouri. It was arranged so that I and the children would meet her there. Together we remained a couple of days or so. We went to the famous Gateway Arch at the entrance of the city, the zoo, the parks, and numerous other places of interest.

On a couple of vacations we took the family to Florida where there was no end of places which fascinated all of us. On several other vacations we went to Colorado to visit friends and Cora's parents. On the first of these trips Grandpa Pezoldt kept a cow to supply milk for the household. We thought the children would be interested in watching the milking process, so we encouraged them to go out with grandpa and watch him milk the cow. Things turned out differently than we expected. Neither child would drink a drop of milk as long as we were there.

On two occasions Cora and the children went to Colorado Springs by train. These were interesting experiences for all three of them.

In those days the YMCA operated a very pleasant family hotel in downtown Chicago. Two times we spent a couple of nights at the hotel, and during the day visited parks, galleries, and numerous other sites.

On another trip we passed through Springfield, Missouri, and stopped to see our friend Lloyd Smith and his family. I wrote of him in connection with his school days in Colorado Springs (page forty nine). At the time of our visit he was pastoring the Pilgrim church in Springfield. Smiths gave us a cute little black puppy which the children named Inky. He was a family pet for several years. I had notified cousin Mina that we were in Springfield. She lived in Arkansas and came to see us. We had a pleasant few hours together.

Again I was assigned to drive one of the missionary cars, this time to Pennsylvania where Rev. Flexon had a friend who owned a Ford dealership. I was to leave the old car in exchange for a new one. I took Don with me. On the first day of our return journey, the new car began to make a terrible noise. I returned to the dealer's garage. The problem proved to be a major one, and new parts which the dealer did not have on hand had to be secured. The garage management put us up for the night at a motel. But, imagine trying to keep a lively youngster happy hanging around a garage and motel for so many hours! It did help some to walk the streets of the not-too-interesting town. There was, however, one thing at the garage which fascinated Don the pushing of the button which opened and closed the big door which let cars in and out of the service area. Finally our new car was fixed. We were on our way home! All went well.

On a similar trip I was to go to Albany, New York, and had planned to take both children with me, however, Carolyn became ill. So Don and I had to go without her.

The whole family was included in a very special Easter weekend trip to Washington D.C. This came about through an invitation of our friends Rev. and Mrs. Tom Weir, pastors of the Pilgrim church in the Washington area (I wrote of Tom earlier, page sixty-six). They had served as missionaries on St. Croix, one of the Virgin Islands of the United States lying between the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean.

In the invitation Tom asked that I preach in his church on Easter Sunday. This I did. Then in the next couple days Tom gave us a grand tour of the capital city. The Japanese cherry trees were at their best. They were delightful. The government buildings and other historical places were fascinating.

The building I remember best was the Washington Monument erected to honor George Washington. Built in the form of a hollow shaft, it is 555 feet high. The outer walls are faced with white marble and the apex is formed by a capstone of solid aluminum. An observation room at the top is reached by an elevator and a stairway of 898 steps.

We all went up on the elevator and enjoyed the fantastic view. We then joined the crowd of other visitors waiting to descend on the elevator. While we were doing this Don slipped away to investigate the stairway. We did not miss him until the elevator was descending. We were greatly distraught, but when we reached the ground floor I found him in the stairway. Now, a man in his late fifties, he recounts the escapade saying that he got very tired walking down and had to sit and rest several times. He says that the other people walking down were greatly concerned about a little boy coming down alone. He also kept wondering what his parents would do when he got down to them. Would they punish him or hug him?

I can't remember what the meeting was, but I suspect that it was a combination of reprimand and rejoicing in that all was well.

During the war in Europe there were thousands of refugees who lost everything they possessed and were incarcerated in German prison camps, where, to merely keep from starving was in many cases difficult. At the end of the war these people were free to leave the miserable camps, but many of them had no place to go. Their homes had been destroyed and they were without funds and family. To help these people the United States government encouraged people here to sponsor such persons by providing funds for their transportation to the U.S., and to aid them in getting work. Many people responded to this appeal and large numbers of refugees from several nations were brought to our country. Quite unexpectedly we had a little part in this program. The effort effected our whole family. It is quite a story.

Through my office activities I had made friends with an elderly couple living on a farm near a small town east of Indianapolis. They were not Pilgrims, but had become interested in our missionary activities and were helping in the support of some of our projects. On one of their visits to the office they told me they were going to sponsor a European refugee and provide that person with a home in exchange for help on the farm. This seemed to be a noble purpose, and I encouraged them to carry through.

When the refugee (a woman) arrived, my friends asked me to come and meet her. To encourage me to come they arranged for me to speak in their Methodist church about Pilgrim missionary work, and invited me to bring my family as guests to their home for the noon meal. In this way we could get acquainted with the new immigrant. We accepted the invitation. Thereby we inadvertently got ourselves involved quite deeply.

We were introduced to the lady and learned that her name was Alma Mauritz. She spoke English well, and several European languages. She had served as an interpreter in the refugee camp. She was a pleasant, cultured lady from Rega, the capital of Latvia. Her husband, who had died in the prison camp, had been a government employee. She was a professional seamstress who before the war had owned and managed a ladies' dress shop in Rega. In the prison camp she had learned considerable about nursing, and had been actively engaged in care of the sick.

It became apparent that this business woman from a bustling capital city was unhappy doing farm chores. The week before we were there she had been painting the outside of the house from a ladder. She had been given a little cash, but she needed quite a few personal items. I suggested to my friends that she be permitted to come with us to Indianapolis. I indicated that she could stay at our home and we would arrange to provide her with work at the office so she could earn enough to get the articles she so badly needed. We could then return her to the farm. The friends seemed to think this would be a good idea. So Alma went home with us.

Since she knew English well, we used her at the office as a filing clerk. We found her to be efficient. She fit in well with the office personnel. She liked the environment of the large city and was comfortable with her task. She quickly made herself at home with our family. The children thought it was neat to have a foreign person living with us. She was a Christian and fit into the activities of our church. She sang well and some times did specials, both in English and Latvian.

She soon told us that she did not want to go back to the farm, and said she would save money and pay back her sponsors all that it had cost them to bring her to the States as well as whatever they had paid her in cash. I suggested that she write and tell them frankly about her desires. She carried through.

I am sure that the elderly farmers were disappointed, but it seemed that they were aware that Alma would never happily fit into their situation. They accepted her offer without malice.

In a few months Alma was able to fulfill her promise to her benefactors. She then began to look for a job which could pay more than we were paying so that she could become totally independent. We suggested that she place an ad in one of the city's daily papers. She did this and soon obtained a very good-paying job as a full-time nurse in the home of a well-to-do elderly couple where the husband was disabled and needed special attention and help. Living in with the couple provided her with cash and living accommodations in their pleasant home near the Butler University campus.

Alma continued to save her money and before long was able to sponsor a friend in Latvia. The friend had been one of Alma's employees in her dress shop. She lived with us, but did not speak English well so I could not make a place in the office for her to work. However, with the guidance of Alma she was able to find work, and so was soon on her own.

After a while the two Latvian friends, Alma and Elizabeth, moved to Los Angeles where there was a sizeable Latvian community. For several years we kept in touch with them through letters, and on one occasion when I was in L.A. for a convention, I rented a car and went to see Alma. She was living comfortably in a neat little apartment and gave me a very happy greeting.

After a while, however, the letters from Los Angeles stopped coming. So I do not know the rest of the story!

About the same time these things were going on in connection with our home life, I came in touch with a remarkable man. How I made the first contact with him I cannot recall. I wish I could! I was so impressed by what I had learned about him that I went to Pennsylvania to meet him. Thereafter, I wrote a story about him. It follows.

* * *

Father to Many

"To My Pop, Sagon, Pennsylvania."

That was the way a Brooklyn business man addressed his annual Father's Day greeting. "How will the Sagon postmaster know who My Pop is?" queried the mailman. The quick answer was, "The postmaster is my Pop."

George E. Duell, postmaster in Sagon for nineteen years, is the proud Dad to 459 sons scattered throughout the country in many walks of life -- fellows like the Brooklyn man who manages a 150-family apartment building; like the factory foreman in a Pennsylvania manufacturing center; like the manager of a Sears Roebuck retail store in a southern city.

It all began back in 1918 when Lieutenant George Duell was serving with the U.S. Army in Europe. During the Argonne fighting, a six-year-old boy was found among a group of German prisoners. The identity of one so young, dressed in authentic German uniform, interested the Lieutenant. It turned out that the child was from a Romanian village. His father, a commander in the English Navy, had been killed in service. His mother and two sisters had lost their lives as the Germans bombed the home town before its capture. He was taken captive along with other townspeople, but had become a favored troop mascot.

Lieutenant Duell decided that when his European duty was ended he would like to provide a home in the States for the boy. To this end, he set about securing necessary papers. When it came time for the Lieutenant's return, everything was also in order for Buddy. Law would not permit the boy to travel on the troop ship, but he came on a later boat with Y.M.C.A. workers who had been caring for him. A great deal of effort, including special State Department aid, was required to get him through Immigrations. So it was an especially happy day in October, 1919, when George Duell, then discharged from the Army, could finally take his new son home to Mahanoy City, Pennsylvania.

The following year, Mr. Duell became pastor of a church in a Pennsylvania coal-mining town. Buddy was put through school and later worked in the mines. When of age, he became an American citizen, choosing to assume the name of his respected guardian. He now owns and operates a restaurant in a town not far from Sagon, from where he, with his wife and teen-age daughter, often drive over to see "Grandpa Duell."

When I visited Mr. Duell recently, I found him not only serving as postmaster and making a home for sixteen boys ranging in ages from seven to nineteen, but also pastoring two churches, operating a grocery store, and conducting a daily radio broadcast over WPPA, Pottsville. Having served as pastor in his local community for twenty-eight years and in a neighboring one for fifteen years, he has become a friend and confidant to many people throughout the area.

His boys came home from work and school while I was there. Happy and natural, they chatted with me as they went about their tasks -- some helping about the store, others in the kitchen preparing vegetables for dinner, and still others playing ball in the large back yard. All affectionately dubbed Mr. Duell, "The Preacher."

A pleasant, portly man who seems to be a reservoir of quiet calm amid a life of unending detail, The Preacher is a delightful gentleman. And as, at dinner, I shared the fellowship and food of The Preacher and his boys, I became aware of the cooperation, understanding and faith generated here which has brought so many lads out of trouble, sorrow and frustration.

Mr. Duell is not a man of means, nor is he underwritten by any organization. He depends upon his own labors and those of the older boys to maintain the home. He also believes strongly in prayer and in divine help. This he seeks to instill into his boys.

Wood, one of three brothers who several years before had come to Mr. Duell for a home after their parents' death, had become a bit cynical of so much religion and church-going. He was weary of traveling, as they must, crowded together in an old touring car. One evening on the way to church, he exploded to The Preacher: "If your God is as big as you say he is, why not ask him for a station wagon?"

Although they had long been crowded, none of the boys had ever complained, so Mr. Duell had not thought much about it. However, back at home that evening, he called the boys together indicating that Wood probably had a good idea. Why not pray that God would give them a station wagon?

"But, be sure," he instructed them, "not to tell anyone what we are praying for. If someone hears that we need a station wagon, perhaps out of sympathy they would give toward it. We don't want it on that basis."

There were no funds in hand for such a vehicle, nor could there be any in the regular budget. The money must come from some unknown source. But they all agreed to pray.

One of the boys who had been away working told The Preacher that he had not been able to collect an amount of \$168.00 from one of his former employers. He offered to let it all go for the needed car if it could be collected. Mr. Duell got it. This set the ball rolling.

Then a grocery salesman, who made regular calls at the Duell store, handed Mr. Duell \$50.00 for any special need. Small amounts from many places near and far swelled the fund to \$1200.00. Then it seemed that no more would come. The boys wanted to buy a used car.

"No," said The Preacher, "we have asked the Lord for a new one." So they prayed on.

One day a man only casually known to Mr. Duell came into the store. He seemed embarrassed, and waiting until all other customers had gone, he finally said in a German accent, "Maybe you will think I am crazy, but every morning when I say my Rosary, God tells me to come and give you \$200.00." This farmer went on to recount that, although he did not know Mr. Duell very well, nor anything about his business, he had had this experience over and over. With tears in his eyes he handed over the \$200.00 saying, "That makes me feel so good."

Two months after Wood had prodded The Preacher, they had the station wagon. That was several years ago, but the boys have never forgotten. Just recently, they had a flat tire and discovered there was no spare and no money to buy one. Wood quickly remarked, "What's getting a spare to God? That's a small thing for him to do."

A few months ago, the Shamokin News Dispatch carried an item with bold headlines: "Car Thief Placed in Pastor's Care." The article read:

"A thirteen-year-old ...boy who lives with an uncle and aunt will be placed in custody of Rev. George E. Duell, Hickory Ridge, instead of being sent to Glen Mills School for Boys near Philadelphia.

"The boy who confessed stealing six automobiles...during the winter, was scheduled to enter the reform school after appearing before juvenile court.

"Arrangements to place him in custody of the Hickory Ridge minister were completed following a conference last night of the boy's minister, Sunday school teacher and former Scoutmaster with Judge Robert M. Fortney in his chambers in Shamokin. The need of proper supervision for the boy was pointed out during the meeting, which led to the court's decision to place him in custody of Rev. Duell.

"Judge Fortney ordered that the boy's stay with the region minister...was a probationary period, and said that the original order to send him to the reform school will stand during the period of probation."

This lad, let us call him Dave, was among those congenial, contented young fellows sharing the pleasantries around the dinner table the evening I was there. At first he had been quite unwilling to go with Mr. Duell, and preferred the prospects of the reform institution. Rev. Duell's home seemed like just another temporary arrangement for him. He wanted no more of them. That's why he had stolen the cars. He had hoped to be sentenced somewhere that he would have a permanent place to live and not be pushed around. Since the separation of his parents, he had been sent to first one relative and then another. During the previous year, he had been moved around so much that he had to enroll in five different public schools. Finally, he agreed to go with Mr. Duell, with the understanding that on a prescribed date he should report to the Judge and then could go on to the reform school if he chose.

A few days after Dave had come, it was necessary for The Preacher to reprove him. Dave turned away grim. Remaining outside with others of the boys for a time, he returned to ask The Preacher, "Do you still love me, after I did that?" The understanding man who had been as a father to many other distressed boys assured Dave that the reproof might have been necessary with any young fellow. Surely, he still loved him and wanted him. Confident again, Dave went happily about his affairs.

When the day came to report, Mr. Duell offered to take Dave to the Judge that he might make known his decision and go on to the institution if he preferred. To Dave, such a trip was unnecessary. He could tell the Judge all he needed to on the phone. He wanted to stay where he was.

One day, Rev. Duell saw a classified ad requesting a home for a boy. Following directions, he found a little four-year-old living with his mother and three other children in the hayloft of a barn. The mother pleaded that The Preacher might take the child, whom we shall call Kenny. Rev Duell indicated that he did not have facilities nor time to care for such a young one. Moved, however, by the pitiful situation, he offered to take the little fellow for a couple of days. Perhaps in that time she could work out something better.

As agreed upon, in two days Mr. Duell returned only to find that the mother and the other children had gone, leaving no word. He reported his plight to proper authorities, and finally was given custody of the child. More than a year later, a letter without return address postmarked Philadelphia came from the mother, expressing hope that all was well.

One winter, just after Mr. Duell had discussed proposed Christmas activities with his boys, little Kenny sought out The Preacher alone and said, "I don't want any present this year. All I want is for you to adopt me and make me your own boy." How could such a request be denied?

Fifteen years have passed since the ad appeared. Kenneth, now a forthright young man of nineteen, would make any father proud.

The Preacher and his boys are comfortably housed in a large two-story brick building which formerly was a public school. Several years ago they bought it for \$500. At that time it consisted of two big rooms -- one upstairs and one down. The boys and their Dad put in partitions and otherwise remolded the place until now they have on the first floor a pleasant and spacious paneled living room, a kitchen, dining room, and a bedroom. Upstairs there are four bedrooms where the boys sleep on double-deck cots.

Freddie, aged seven, is the youngest of the household. That he is active and happy was evidenced as he came bouncing off the school bus, and bursting into the front door of the Duell store with a small bunch of dandelions in his fist for The Preacher.

When Freddie came to the Duell home four years ago, his little body was covered with bruises, marks of cruel beatings. One of his legs bore a deep ugly scar where a hot poker had been applied as punishment for a small misbehavior. Four years of understanding and affection have done wonderful things for him.

After taking the flowers, Mr. Duell greeted the child with a kiss and asked him to tell me his name. With a mischievous twinkle, he said instantly, "Freddie Duell." The Preacher reproved kindly, "No, Freddie, that is not your real name. What is the name that you have at school?" Still smiling impishly, Freddie quickly replied, "Well, Freddie Duell is the only one I can think of now." and darted away to play.

When I was with Rev. Duell I, of course, told him about my own family. As I was preparing to return home he gave me a beautiful electric train set for Don and Carolyn. This they greatly appreciated and enjoyed.

While still serving in the foreign missions office I was privileged to take another trip to Mexico, this time by car. It came about when four of our missionary-minded Pilgrim men expressed the desire to see for themselves some of our foreign activities. I was assigned to take them in an office car and show them various aspects of missionary work and life in Mexico. You may be sure that this time I took along my Spanish-English Dictionary. With its help I did not have much trouble making our way around.

The men were eager, observant, and pleasant. The elderly member of the group, Rev A. E. Blann, was especially curious, and the life of our party. In this connection I recall how on a very hot day as we were driving through a beautiful little valley we stopped to rest and cool off a bit in a nice grassy spot in the shade of some large roadside trees. While sitting there we noticed some farmers working in a field up on the hillside. Apparently they were harvesting some crop by hand with what appeared to be machetes (large heavy knives used widely in Mexico and neighboring countries).

Brother Blann became anxious to see what those farmers were really doing. He decided to climb up the hill to see exactly what was going on. He was gone for quite a while, but when he returned he was very excited and proceeded to fill us in on what he had found. He could not speak the farmers' language, but was able to communicate with them enough to let them know of his interest in them and what they were doing. It seemed also that they became as curious about him as he was about them. One of the farmers handed him a machete and motioned for him to use it. In handling the big knife our friend noticed a trade mark in English, "Made in New York". He being a New Yorker, this was to him of special interest. He was fascinated by the fact that something made in his home state was being used by primitive farmers in an isolated Mexican valley.

Throughout the whole trip the visitors from the United States moved freely and happily among the Mexican people, participating in their life and worship as best they could. They returned to their homes and churches with a better understanding of and greater appreciation for the work of their Pilgrim missionaries who were seeking diligently to bring the saving, transforming light of the Gospel to people sitting in darkness.

In 1954 I was appointed editor of Sunday school literature. This, of course, brought an end to my seventeen years of happy service in the foreign missions department. I would no longer have the frequent contacts with many persons whose partnership and fellowship I had come to cherish.

Rev. and Mrs. Flexon helped to make my departure from their department a little easier by taking the whole Peisker family on a delightful, extended trip to Mexico. Don and Carolyn, then ready for high school, also enjoyed it greatly and even now, some forty years later, remember with pleasure many of the places we visited, the people we saw, and gifts they were given. Something of the tone of the whole trip is present in an article I wrote in connection with one incident of the journey. Here it is.

* * *

From Rest Comes New Strength

Rising abruptly from the surrounding terrain -- its three sheer peaks an exquisite violet, blending into the rich dark purple of its lower wooded slopes -- Saddle Mountain, in the glow of the setting sun, was glorious.

That was the sight that thrilled us as, rounding the final bend of the narrow street, we came onto the broadening highway just out of Monterrey, Mexico.

Having sought in vain for sleeping quarters in the city, we were making our way southward with hopes of more success, for we were weary from the hard journey of the already long day. But it was not until some eighty miles further down the Pan American Highway that we found accommodations in a tourist court at Linares.

The breeze blew cool, and the night sky was resplendent with stars as we climbed somewhat stiffly out of the car an hour before midnight.

Sound, refreshing sleep brought an eagerness for the prospects of the new day. And yet, we felt a strange desire to linger in this restful spot. Off from the main highway, the court was free from disturbing confusion. The sights and sounds along the road leading past the court were varied and interesting, but not distracting. Only now and then we heard the loud hum of a transport truck or bus. Only occasionally we heard the rattle of an old car along the not-too-smooth graveled surface. More often we heard the heavy, slow lumbering of the two-wheeled ox-drawn cart; or the faster, lighter clatter of the spring wagon, pulled joggingly along with a trotting horse; or the beeping of bicycle horns. Then, there were the frequent, soft, pleasing accents of the Spanish-speaking pedestrians.

This delightful retreat along the hot dusty Mexican road suggest the fact that times of spiritual rest and refreshment are essential for all who would enjoy the poised, well-ordered lives which make for true success. Jesus knew of this need, for after his disciples had returned from a particularly strenuous period of service, he said to them, "now come along to some quiet place by yourselves and rest for a little while" (Mark 6:31, Phillips). A daily time of worship alone, a time of quiet consideration of our problems in the light of the Bible will bring renewed strength and a clearer perspective. But, more important still, such periods will often cause our darkening mountainous problems to become lustrous under the reflecting glow of Divine purpose.

* * * * *

12 -- SITTING AT AN EDITOR'S DESK

I was given a new assignment and a new title. I was to do my work at a different desk in a different department. I had been appointed editor of Sunday School Literature. I was not unfamiliar with the new task. To clarify how I had become familiar with the Sunday school materials I need to give you a little history. Just be patient and hang on!

Sunday schools had always had high priority in Pilgrim church life. Not a single local church was without one. However, there had been no provision for supplying those schools with literature to guide teachers and pupils in their study of the Bible. Each local church had to choose those important tools from other denominations or from independent publishers.

However in 1934, the year I first came to Headquarters, the General Assembly unanimously adopted a resolution which asked the General Church officials to make arrangements to publish, or have published, our own Sunday school literature. The General Board took prompt action to provide a line of Sunday school literature and named an editor.

At that early time, however, the Editor of Sunday school literature did not live in Indianapolis, his writings and instructions were mailed to Headquarters. The details of the editorial task were cared for by the office editor.

It happened that the office editor's desk was next to mine. When she was on vacation, or otherwise not able to be at her desk, the Headquarters manager would on occasion ask me to fill in for her. At other times I might have been asked, also, to help with a special editorial problem or a rewrite job. I enjoyed giving this help, and before long I was accepting regularly writing assignments from the Sunday School Editor's office. This writing I did at home outside of office hours. Even during my three-year interlude in Colorado Springs I continued this writing. So it was that by the time I was appointed Editor of Sunday school literature I had been preparing copy for that department for 16 years.

Because of this work with the editorial department, I faced my new task with confidence. But there were needed changes at home which I was less certain about and which gave me considerable concern. The children had finished the eighth grade, and we wanted them to have the benefits of a Christian school. We decided that it would be best for us to move to Frankfort, about forty miles northwest of Indianapolis, so that they could attend the high school connected with the Frankfort Pilgrim College.

By now we had been living happily in our Indianapolis home for almost fourteen years. During that time we had purchased not only the house in which we lived, but also the two lots where Cora had her garden and the house adjacent to those lots. We made some alterations in that house and sold it to a couple of newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hawk. Mrs. Hawk, the former Una Nofsinger from Wisconsin, was the very efficient bookkeeper in the foreign missionary department.

I told Mrs. Tinney about our plans and of our need to sell our property. She bought back the vacant lots, and put our home up for sale.

When Rev. Flexon learned of our plans to move to Frankfort, he asked that we consider living temporarily in the missionary home there. He suggested that this arrangement would avoid us having to hurry in locating a satisfactory permanent home in an unfamiliar city. The missionary home provided living quarters for retiring, furloughing and outgoing missionaries. At that time the O. L. Kings had retired and were living in one of the apartments. Brother Flexon wanted us to live in another of the apartments, and serve as custodians of the home until that apartment would be needed for a missionary family. We accepted his offer.

The missionary home was a large, stately, seventeen-room house. It had been maintained well, and we found it a pleasant, comfortable place to live. The living quarters available to us were on first floor with bedrooms upstairs. We occupied four of the second-floor bedrooms: three for sleeping and one served as my study and library.

As custodians we were to care not only for the house, but for the large yard which had been somewhat neglected. We worked on the yard. Cora planted some flowers. We also brought from Indianapolis a retired gentleman who had been helping in the missionary department packing room. He stayed with us, using one of the bedrooms upstairs. He helped especially with the trimming of bushes, trees, and the like.

Rev. R. K. Storey, the former missionary to the Philippines, was now president of the Frankfort school. When he learned that we had come to Frankfort and were planning to send our children to the school, he contacted Cora telling her he was looking for a Spanish teacher and asked if she would be interested in filling that vacancy. Having majored in Spanish through both high school and college, having traveled in Mexico, and worked among Mexican people in Colorado, she thought she would enjoy this. So it was that she and the children were all involved in the activities of the school. She enjoyed the teaching, and continued with it for several years.

The school was located on the opposite side of town from the mission home and we needed to get another car, for I would be commuting daily to Indianapolis. We bought the car, but Cora had never driven. She needed to learn. She did, got her license, and drove well.

In the meantime we were looking around for a permanent home. I sought out a realtor, told him who we were and what we needed. He told me that he was a member of the Nazarene church, and that the church had recently built a new worship center on the east side of town, and was in the process of building a new parsonage nearby. As soon as that was completed the present parsonage would be for sale. He showed it to us and we all liked it. We agreed to buy it as soon as it was available. As we were looking at the house, we were told that some of the furniture also would be for sale. We bargained for several pieces.

Providentially, the move to Frankfort about which I had been so apprehensive was accomplished easily and quickly. I was most grateful. As I recall all of this I am reminded of one of my Advocate articles.

* * *

God Always Goes Ahead of Us

Venus, shining clear and bright high in the dark eastern sky, is delightful to watch these mornings as we early begin our day. We are reminded that for millenniums men have admired that radiant harbinger of the dawn.

Uncounted multitudes of individuals have lived out their short span and gone their way, but the morning star shines on.

Thousands of pompous kings and arrogant dictators, boasting of their power, have with heavy, grinding step strutted across the earth. But they no longer rant and swagger. Their years came to an end. The morning star shines on.

That star would say to us that there is much more to life than the books and papers, the tools and equipment with which our hands will be filled today. There is much more to life than the depressing troubles, the disturbing problems, and the anxious cares which it seems will fill this day. The morning star would say to us that beyond our sight there is a Being who with purpose created the universe and even now rules in its affairs.

There have always been men of faith who knew, too, that God is not content simply to concern himself with the activities in distant heavens; but that He is near at hand to those who trust Him. "In him we live, and move, and have our being," is the way the Apostle Paul once expressed it.

To let us know that divine care and guidance are very real, Jesus referred to God as a devoted Father and admonishes us not to be troubled over the day ahead.

How it is that God knows, cares, and comes to our assistance is illustrated in an experience of a young Montana rancher who, much concerned about getting his big silo painted, had mentioned this difficult project to his father, a retired rancher who had moved into town.

The young man had erected a scaffold, and was planing to begin painting the next day. So after he had completed his chores the following morning, he took his brush and a bucket of paint, climbed the scaffold, and moved around to the shady side to begin his work. There, to his amazement, was his father calmly brushing on red paint. "It's about time you were getting around, son," was the casual greeting. "It was beginning to get lonely up here."

The morning star would say to us that if we face up to our day, we will find God already at work for us, and that He will continue to work with us.

As I began my work as Editor of Sunday School Literature there could be no question as to what my task was to be. It was clearly outlined by the General Editor, P. W. Thomas, in his report to the General Conference of 1954. There he recommended an upgrading of the Sunday school curriculum.

The Church had now been publishing its own Sunday school literature for almost twenty years. It had been well received throughout the denomination, and its production had been profitable for the church's publishing house. It did not, however, provide teaching and learning guides for all levels. So it was that the General Editor recommended that the material needed to be improved and he went on to give detailed suggestions as to what this should involve.

His report was received by the General Conference, and the General Board authorized the Editor to go ahead with his proposals. My task was to see that those recommendations were actually carried out.

I immediately set about the job prescribed so that one year later the General Editor was able to report to the General Board as follows:

Pursuant to the directions of the General Board, the Sunday school committee has approved, and the editorial staff has prepared a new line of Sunday school literature called the "Full Salvation Graded Series of Sunday School Literature"... This effort has called for an increased editorial staff which is headed by Rev. A. D. Peisker, who has been long associated with the publication of our Sunday school literature.

Then in the Advocate for November 19, 1955, I was able to announce the availability of the new Sunday school literature for use in the local churches for the first quarter 1956. I then described the material like this:

The expansion and grading of our Sunday school literature marks the twentieth anniversary of the denomination's publishing of its own line of Sunday school helps

Prepared for each age group by Pilgrim educators and Sunday school specialists, this Bible-centered material meets a long-felt need for teaching and study aids emphasizing holiness of heart and life. It takes the place of the more limited line offered heretofore.

The lessons are presented according to accepted educational methods. Attractive appearance, interesting approach and content give quarterlies and papers real pupil appeal. The series is adaptable to the needs of the small Sunday school as well as the large more carefully graded one. Any part of the series may be chosen exclusive of the rest. Selections may be made of those parts which best meet the needs of any particular group.

The series includes four carefully planned and edited teacher's quarterlies. For the instruction of adults and older young people a 112-page quarterly is available with the lesson text, interpretation, and numerous valuable suggestions and ideas for making the lesson come alive to the pupils. Special separate helps are provided for the teachers of adults and the teachers of the young people. For the teachers of the intermediate-senior group, the primary-junior group, and beginners separate fifty-six page quarterlies are prepared with the age level studiously kept in mind. There is ample suggestive material for teaching and providing the children with activities during the class periods.

Two separate student quarterlies provide the young people and older adult pupils with the lesson text and explanatory comments which enable them to prepare the lesson each week and to join with the teacher in discussion and class consideration.

Four attractive, weekly eight-page Sunday school papers provide the pupils from seniors to primaries with Sunday school lesson texts, brief explanations with suggestive activities. To these are added constructive stories and material of general interest. One paper, the Sunday School Messenger, long a favorite of the adult and older young people, is being retained from the old line. With numerous improvements it will continue to bring inspiring and valuable items for the more mature pupils of the Sunday schools.

The original Sunday School materials had been based on the Uniform Outlines, and the development of the new curriculum called for an expanded use of those outlines especially in their adaptations for children and youth. It seemed expedient then that the Editor of Sunday School Literature become a working member of the Committee on Uniform Series, the producers of those outlines. That body, made up of an interdenominational group of editors and Christian educators from some thirty denominations, met annually to develop new outlines for the ongoing use of lesson writers at the various publishing houses.

Such involvement seemed advisable, for by it the Editor of Sunday School Literature would attain background knowledge and experience which would help toward a more effective use of the outlines in building Pilgrim curriculum. Hopefully, he might also have influence in shaping the outlines' scriptural content and project adaptations.

This participation was encouraged by Dr. A. F. Harper, Curriculum Editor for the Church of the Nazarene, who had worked with the Uniform Series Committee since 1946. For two three-year terms he had served as Chairman of the International Committee's plenary group. He was highly respected and his Christian demeanor was an example for us all. He was a very helpful in assisting me to orient myself, and he became a personal friend whose fellowship I have cherished through the years.

A group of forty to fifty members of the Committee met annually for a full week of lesson planning. The group was divided into four quarterly committees of ten to twelve editors. When the four committees had finished their basic work, the outlines were then studied and adopted by age-group committees to best meet the needs of adults, teens, and children.

After a final review by the Committee as a whole, the outlines were circulated during the following year to the participating denominations for study and suggestions. In the next annual meeting these suggestions from the denominational offices were studied and outlines further amended before being finally approved for use by the denominational writers and publishers.

My involvement with the Committee was a pleasant and helpful experience and continued until the merger of the Pilgrim Holiness Church and the Wesleyan Methodist Church in 1968.

One of the pleasant things of working on the Uniform Committee was the fact that through the years I was able to visit a number of the especially interesting sites in New York City. This

was made possible in that the Committee was housed and worked in a Manhattan hotel near Central Park, and that Wednesday afternoon and evening was a free time when we as individuals could do "our own thing." Some times the group would choose to go together to some site of general interest. I remember this was the case when all of us went to the midweek evening service at the Collegiate Reformed Church pastored by Norman Vincent Peale who at the time was gaining popularity and distinction for his sermons on a positive approach to modern living. It was an interesting and informative experience.

At other times groups chose to go together while some of us would go alone. On one occasion I went to Wall Street alone. I found it very impressive, and when I got home I wrote a newspaper column about it. Here it is:

* * *

Thoughts at Wall Street

New York City's fabulous Wall Street is only about a quarter of a mile long and is so narrow that, between its towering structures, it appears like a trail deep on a canyon floor. Its very name, however, symbolizes profitable world trade, money, riches. And well it may, for here are principal offices of New York City's largest banks, of some of the nation's strongest insurance companies, as well as of several well-known financial institutions of foreign countries.

Walking along its few short blocks one sees numerous imposing buildings which evidence high finance. There are, for example, the New York Stock Exchange, the United States Treasury building, the huge thirty-nine story Bankers Trust Company, the world-famous House of Morgan, and the seventy story Bank of Manhattan building assessed at twenty seven million dollars.

For 300 years this section of the island has been Manhattan's chief market place. Trading was already an important, gainful activity as early as 1650 when to protect themselves from Indian raids, the settlers built a wall reaching almost from the Hudson to East River -- the wall from which the street gets its name.

But Wall Street ends at a church. At the west end of the street, standing stately and tall with its majestic spire pointing heavenward, is historic Trinity Church. Amid the rush and tension of the throbbing mart, its open doors provide a refuge of restful calm. Above the noisy clamor of the crowding traders it declares, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Wall Street reminds us that man is indeed a physical being in need of bread -- of material goods. But Trinity reminds us that man is also a spiritual being in need of more than bread -- in need of spiritual resources. Wall Street suggests that man with his industry and acumen has done well at supplying himself with bread. Trinity suggests that God in Christ has done even better by providing for all men who will accept them abundant spiritual riches, negotiable not only in this life, but also in the life to come.

On another year I chose to go alone to the Empire State Building, and again I wrote about what I saw.

* * *

The Foundation is Important

"Dad, she's a peach! But what keeps the thing from blowing over in the wind?" a boy asked his father after seeing the world's highest, man-made edifice, New York City's Empire State building which towers 1,250 feet into the air.

That question about the wind had posed a difficult problem for the architects and engineers who planned the 102-story structure. They finally designed it to resist a wind pressure of twenty pounds per square foot on the total surface above the sixth floor and an additional pull of fifty tons. It was erected to withstand gales of more than 100 miles per hour.

The foundation was of utmost importance in the designers' planning. The sub-basement -- which covers an area of some two acres -- is excavated out of solid rock. But the superstructure whose total weight is 302,500 tons, is actually supported by more than 100 rolled fabricated steel columns, -- themselves weighing 67,000 tons. All are anchored in giant concrete piers which extend deep into the firm rock 50 feet below the street level. So it is that the towering building, a shaft of stone and steel, is fastened to the very bedrock of the earth itself.

This illustrates a spiritual truth set forth in the Bible. The Apostle Paul declared: "No one can ever lay any other foundation than the one we already have -- Jesus Christ," I Corinthians 3:11 (T.L.B.).

The Christian church is not built upon cunningly devised teachings of even very good and very brilliant men. It is built rather upon the Lord Jesus Christ, himself very God. He is the Foundation and Chief Corner Stone.

In the summer of 1955 we obtained possession of our "new" house in Frankfort. We were grateful for the kindness of the Foreign Missions Department in housing us until we had access to our home, but it was so good to get really settled again. Considerably larger than our Indianapolis house, this one was a ten-room, two-story bungalow-type building with a full basement. That basement contained a coal-burning stoker-operated furnace. That was wonderful when the winter blasts blew outside! The second floor provided two very large bedrooms with walk-in closets, two smaller bedrooms, and a half-bath.

My favorite room was the library on first floor. Glass-paneled doors separated it from the living room, and matching doors inside the library closed in the book shelves which covered two walls. I spent many busy, pleasant hours there among my books during the fifteen years we lived in Frankfort.

The house stood on a lot two hundred feet long. Cora liked that: she had room for her garden and flowers. The lot was at the intersection of two busy streets so that the flowers were

constantly on display. Again she was able to sell many. The children also seemed pleased with their new home. Even in recent times they have expressed pleasant memories of the Frankfort house. One of the things they especially enjoyed was the fact that on the north side of the house was a lawn where they played croquet.

Moving into our apartment at the missionary home was the Ermal Wilson family, just returned from fifteen years of service as missionaries in Africa. Rev. Wilson had been called from the field to serve as Assistant to Rev. Flexon.

It was good to see them again, for when they had gone to the field I had the privilege of helping to secure the passports and other documents needed for their travel to and residence in Africa.

And, by the way, after fifty years Ermal and his wife now live in Marion about a ten-minute drive from our house. They are helping me write these memoirs by putting them on a computer. I would be helpless without them!

That same summer I found myself involved in an unexpected and difficult situation. General Superintendent L. W. Sturk asked that I accompany him in an out-of-state trip where a troublesome situation had developed. He was to preside over a special business meeting with district officials to help solve the problem. I was pleased to go with him, but I never knew why he asked me to go for the difficulty was not connected with my department. I thought maybe he just did not want to go alone, perhaps he wanted me to help with the driving, or to act as secretary for the session.

The meeting was scheduled for the evening, so we started from Indianapolis in early afternoon, stopped in Marion, for lunch, and arrived a bit early at the church where the meeting was to be held. Soon some of the district men arrived. Waiting for the others to come, we were chatting when Rev. Sturk suddenly became ill and lay down on one of the church pews. Seeing that his condition was serious, we phoned for an ambulance to come and take him to the hospital. Just as the ambulance was driving out of the church yard, the remaining members of the committee arrived. We told them of the situation and indicated that the meeting could not be held. Rev. Sturk died en route to the hospital.

To announce the situation and to get instructions, I phoned General Editor P. W. Thomas who was at the time in South Carolina for a camp meeting. He said that he would phone the Sturk family, and I should get any church documents which Rev. Sturk had in his briefcase and bring them to Headquarters. Then I was to drive the Sturk car to Owosso, Michigan where the Sturk family lived. This I did on the following day. Then I returned to Indianapolis by bus.

The sudden passing of an esteemed General Superintendent was a great shock to me and the men of the committee. But it was much more. Rev. Thomas, in an editorial in the Pilgrim Holiness Advocate, expressed the sense of grief and loss felt throughout the Church. That editorial follows:

* * *

The Cold Winds of Sorrow

The death of our good Brother Sturk, lately General Superintendent of the Pilgrim Holiness Church, has spread a blanket of sadness over the General offices of the Church and the entire movement. There are other noble souls in the Church who will carry on, but our hearts feel the cold winds of sorrow that have blown upon us in this bereavement.

We do not doubt that our Heavenly Father, in His love and wisdom, has a ministry in this incident, however tragic it may seem to us. In an ancient hymn of praise to God, the 148th Psalm, the inspired writer sees the stormy wind fulfilling God's beneficent will. The rushing of the wind when the storm lashes the forest and the rain is falling, seems far less inspiring than bright sunlight through the leaves; yet the sunlight without the rain would soon mean desolation. God has His own way of making the clouds His chariot and of walking upon "the wings of the wind" (Psalms 104:3).

Though the winds are wild,
And the gale unleashed,
My trusting heart still sings:
I know that they mean
No harm to me,
He rideth on their wings.

The chief administrative officer's room in the Church headquarters at Indianapolis is unoccupied today, and the memorial wreath upon the big desk accents the emptiness of the chair behind it. But memories that bless and uplift remain as a continuing ministry of a noble leader who has gone to be with Christ, his Lord and ours.

Life in Frankfort was very different from our years in Indianapolis. In the first place Frankfort was a much smaller city. We liked that, but our activities seemed to have multiplied considerably. Instead of spending a few minutes each day to get to and from the office I now had to spend a couple of hours when the weather was good, and more when the winter storms blew in. Cora, as well as the children, was now in school several hours a day. But we adjusted, and enjoyed our years in Frankfort.

The children graduated from high school in 1958. This was, of course, a special event for us all. It was enhanced by the fact that my aunt, Elizabeth Peisker, and a friend came to visit us from Fon du Lac Wisconsin and to attend the graduation exercises in the First Pilgrim Church. They came by train. I met them at the depot, and we enjoyed having them as our house guests.

After graduation Don and Carolyn went with me to Indianapolis each day. Don to attend barber college and Carolyn to help in my office at Headquarters. In due course Don graduated from barber school. In his final test when he was required to cut a "customer's" hair, I was that customer! I thought he did a very nice job. Don was also involved in the National Guards, having volunteered in 1956 and continued until 1961.

Carolyn married on June 13, 1959. She chose to have the wedding in the Northside Pilgrim Holiness Church where we as a family had attended during our years in Indianapolis. For bridesmaid she selected Phyllis Ihrkey, one of her friends who also worked at Headquarters. The

newlyweds set up housekeeping in an apartment near Headquarters and Carolyn continued to work in my department during the following year.

Don married in 1962. His bride was a member of the Frankfort Nazarene Church. Her pastor performed the ceremony. The bridesmaid and the best man were young people of the church. I participated in the service by offering prayer. Don and his bride also moved to Indianapolis, and Don did some typing of manuscripts for me along with his regular jobs. Later they chose, however, to go West, settling in California in 1970.

For the first time in almost twenty years Cora and I were alone. We missed the children! The house seemed so large and empty. But we did not just stay there and pine.

Cora's art classes at Frankfort Pilgrim College opened for her the door to a new and wonderful world. She entered it eagerly. She found an art school in Indianapolis which interested her. She enrolled. Each week for an extended time she drove down for her lesson. Later she came in touch with an excellent portraitist, also in Indianapolis, from whom she took lessons.

When some of her acquaintances saw pictures she had painted, they wanted to take lessons from her. So it was that she began teaching individual students in our home.

After a while she began painting with artists at Brown County in southern Indiana. She joined one of the guilds, and was able to display work in its gallery. When she went to Brown County I would go with her. We would stay for a couple of days. While she painted in the studio I studied or wrote in our motel room. These occasions were pleasant and memorable.

She kept a display of her work in one of the Frankfort restaurants from which she made sales. She also showed her work at malls and fairs in nearby cities. When showing at fairs she some times displayed arrangements of flowers from her garden, and for them received numerous awards.

I also found myself involved in "extra curricular" activity. Frankfort had a daily newspaper, The Frankfort Morning Times and I noticed with interest that every weekend, either on Saturday or Sunday, it contained a religious article. They were written by different authors, none of whom I knew. After a while I decided to submit some copy and see what would happen. I mailed in an article. It did not appear on the next Saturday so I thought it might not have met requirements. But Sunday morning it was spread across the bottom of page one. "Ok" I thought, "I'll try another." I did. It appeared the following Sunday. That routine continued week after week for about five years.

Sometimes I met people who would tell me they read the articles with interest. I remember one incident where a man may have spoken more frankly than some of the others. I was in a bank on an errand, and the teller asked if I were the author of the weekly columns. I told him I was. He replied, "I read every one of them. I don't always agree with what you write, but I do read them." He went on to say, "my wife won't let me smoke my cigar in our living area, so every Sunday after dinner I take my cigar and the newspaper and go to the basement to read."

Here is one of the articles he read. I hope he liked it.

* * *

It's a Well-blazed Trail

Like a fast-moving pageant, our national history portrays a thrilling story of conquest. The conquest of a vast new land.

The fascinating drama unfolds with venturesome Americans playing heroic parts in various realms. We watch strong men ingeniously grapple with almost insurmountable difficulties in an uncharted wilderness. As they go along, they wisely blaze a tree here and another there that fellow countrymen might follow more easily.

No scene of exploration excels in romantic interest than that in which the leading roles were played by Captain Meriwether Lewis and his friend Captain William Clark, daring pathfinders, to the Northwest.

Appointed by President Jefferson, Lewis and Clark, with a party of some forty-five men, made their way from St. Louis through unmapped forests, along strange rivers, over unknown plains, and across the unexplored Rockies. Along the way they also had to make friends with often-hostile Indians in order to obtain food and other essentials.

After more than two years of exposure and hardship, having traversed more than eight thousand perilous miles, the party returned with much significant scientific data and many valuable records of their observations. These intrepid men opened a new territory where millions have found health, prosperity and happiness.

For each of us, life is like an unknown country of great potential. Not one of us has been this way before. We must find our way through dense forests of temptation, trouble, and sorrow where lurk beasts of sin, discouragement, and despair. The future, like an unmapped river, is filled with uncertainties -- difficulties and hardships like cataracts, hidden rocks and treacherous sand bars, must be navigated as they come. There are open plains of pleasant, easy living where men, happy and carefree, have basked too long in the sunshine only to perish when icy blizzards of adversity suddenly and without warning swept in. And there are the high peaks of attainment and honor, reached only after desperate struggle, from which many a man, dizzy with his success, has fallen to his ruin. Moreover, there are difficult persons all along the trail with whom, if we would achieve, we must learn to live agreeably.

But we need not grope unguided as in a maze, vainly hoping to find life's true riches and noblest joys. We are not the first to tread this way, Jesus the Christ, the Guide who towers above all others, has blazed a way which multitudes have followed confidently. Along the trail He has charted there is not only hope, but also joy and security.

It is true that his way is narrower than the one many pursue. But it is not too narrow. It has delights which only those that travel it can know. And it is plainly marked. Christ indicated the

rule, the goal, and the principle by which we are to journey toward the Eternal City. They are recorded in the New Testament.

Amid relative standards, varying opinions, and subtle pressures, it is most assuring to find a clearly-marked path, a well-blazed trail. He who would attain the highest and best "ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked," (I John 2:6). He must follow Him who said, "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full" (John 15:11).

As I became involved with my work as Editor of Curriculum I felt that I needed a better knowledge of the Bible. I had read the Bible since my youth, had taken Bible classes in high school and college, and had studied a great deal on my own. But I wanted a more comprehensive study. I, therefore, enrolled in the Butler University School of Religion in Indianapolis (now the Christian Theological Seminary), looking forward to a Masters degree. I chose to major in Old Testament.

I found the study most interesting and just what I had hoped for. It was, however, about thirty years since I had been in school, and I had to study very hard, especially for my classes in Hebrew. In high school and college I had taken two years of Latin and two of Spanish, also one of German; but none of these required the attention I had to give to Hebrew!

I also faced another problem. As a full-time editor at Headquarters I needed to travel a great deal representing my department throughout the Pilgrim Church. I also needed to work with the Pilgrim General Officials, as well as with the curriculum committees of cooperating denominations. So it was that I had to drop out of school for whole semesters at a time. But I finally finished my class work, wrote my thesis, A Study of the Literary Criticism of the Pentateuch, and received my degree in 1964.

My favorite professor was Dr. Toyozo Nakari a native of Japan. I understand that he had been brought to faith in Christ in his homeland through Free Methodist missionaries. He was a tremendous scholar, and had written the text book used in my first term of Hebrew study. He also taught one of my Bible classes.

In opening a semester of study in that Bible class with a prayer, he included this petition: "Make us to become men of your Word." I was moved upon as I realized the significance of those words. "Men of the Word" means not simply men who have a knowledge of the Bible. It implies men in whom the teachings of the Bible are exemplified. Even now, after all the years, there is scarcely a day passes when I do not offer the professor's prayer.

In the passing years, and the necessity of giving time to other things I can no longer read my Hebrew Bible, but an article from earlier days indicates that I found my Hebrew helpful in my study of the Word.

* * *

The Key to Fulfillment

With the hanging up of a new calendar, I turned once more to the first chapter of Genesis to begin again scheduled reading which day by day during the coming year, will carry me along through all the Bible.

There will be pleasant stopovers at old familiar haunts. Numerous heretofore unnoticed vistas are sure also to claim attention. If I read with eyes wide open, I shall most likely encounter new, heart-searching insights which may demand some realignment of thinking and action. But I have passed this way before, so with zest and high anticipation I look forward to the journey.

Already there has had to be a considerable delay, for I have become intrigued anew by the very first words: "In the beginning God."

The Hebrew word for God here is "Elohim." It is plural in form and may suggest the Trinity. The form, however, is generally referred to as the "plural of majesty" and implies that God who created is the Supreme Being, that in Him the fullness of deity is comprehended. The name stresses the fact that the Creator is the absolute Lord over His creation, the sovereign of history, that nothing can prohibit the fulfillment of His ultimate purpose.

The universe and life in it can be understood only in the light of such a divine plan. But in that light, life has deep meaning, a significance that is as everlasting as the God who created it.

The term used for God in this first verse of the Bible also implies that He demands the exclusive homage of His people. Men, to live happily and effectively in God's world, must then order their ways in accord with the moral and spiritual laws which He has made known in the later pages of His Book.

Whoever will do that -- be he learned or unlearned -- has taken into his hand the key "that opens the gates to road after road of freedom and fulfillment." He can confidently say to himself, "God made me, and He made the world in which I live I need not fear circumstances, for God can make all conditions to accomplish in and for me what is best."

The more we read and study the Bible in faith and the more we seek to keep its precepts the more we shall come to cherish it. Indeed it is a priceless book. I once wrote about it like this:

* * *

The Bible is Priceless

Robert Vogeler, an American official of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, while employed in Hungary was seized by Communists. In spite of strong protests by our government he was imprisoned and placed in solitary confinement. In his dire plight he asked that he might have a Bible in his cell. At long last he was given one.

Released, Vogeler, after describing the torments of his confinement, said: "When my request for a Bible was granted, I treated it as one treats a priceless possession, a thing of great

value, a rare treasure...It gave me strength and assurance for what, to my knowledge at that time, were the interminable years ahead."

This twentieth century man of affairs found the same help in God's Word as did an Old Testament poet who declared, "The entrance and unfolding of your words gives light; it gives understanding -- discernment -- and comprehension -- to the simple," (Psalm 11:130, Amplified Bible).

Picture windows were not in vogue in the early Near East houses. Windows were few and small. Most of the light came through doorways. So the figure of speech used by the Psalmist is not surprising. Through his own experiences he had learned that considering the revealed will of God in hours of dark, terrifying distress was like opening the door of a darkened, chilly room to the bright warm sun of a spring morning.

The Bible is the only steady, sure light that can dispel the frustrating darkness which will at times, in a greater or lesser measure, obscure the way for each of us.

The same man who likened the words of God to the doorway of his darkened room found it also to be like a light unto his path (Psalm 119:105).

During our pioneer days, a preacher had walked some miles through a forest to minister to a needy settlement. Uncertain of his way home in the dark, he was given a small pitch pine torch. He objected to starting out with such a small one, but the experienced woodsman who gave it, said, "It will light you home." He remonstrated that the wind might blow it out. The simple answer was, "It will light you home." But suppose it should rain? The answer was, "It will light you home." and it did.

Whatever may seem to the contrary, the Word of God will light us home!

How will the Bible light our way? While it does speak to our minds authoritatively and accurately, though often figuratively and poetically in such matters as history and science, its main purpose concerns the consciences and souls of men. It was Galileo, the Italian astronomer and physicist, who said, "The Bible was given not to tell us how the heavens go, but to tell us how to go to heaven."

We in the curriculum office were kept very busy preparing materials for our Pilgrim Sunday schools, as well as for a considerable number of schools in other denominations using our materials. Also, I spent time traveling among our churches showing and explaining our productions.

These publications continued to be based on the Uniform Series Outlines. Meanwhile the idea of cooperative printing of curricula and related materials by several holiness denominations had been given some consideration. In August of 1957 an official meeting was held by denominational leaders interested in the project. The following denominations were represented: Churches of Christ in Christian Union, Church of the Nazarene, Evangelical Friends Alliance,

Evangelical Methodist Church, Free Methodist Church, Pilgrim Holiness Church, The Missionary Church and The Wesleyan Methodist Church.

The idea of cooperative printing seemed feasible to the group. The first constitution of the cooperative group was drawn up at a meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio in 1959.

The name chosen for the group was Aldersgate Publications Association (APA). This name seemed fitting for the publications produced by denominations committed to the Arminian-Wesleyan theology since it was associated with John Wesley's "heart-warming" experience on Aldersgate Road in London, England.

The first cooperative venture was launched in 1958 as the Aldersgate Biblical Series. To be produced by the Free Methodist Light and Life Press, the series was to provide quarterly teacher and student study guides for an inductive book-by-book consideration of the entire Bible suited for use in adult Sunday school classes and week-night Bible study groups.

With Donald Joy of Light and Life Press as editor, writers were to be chosen from various ones of the cooperating denominations. The first set of the guides was available for use in 1960. By 1962 sixteen of the projected forty sets of quarterlies had been published. The entire series was completed in 1966.

In 1959 the Pilgrim Holiness Church and the Church of the Nazarene joined in the development of a nursery curriculum. In 1960 Pilgrims, Wesleyan Methodists and Nazarenes joined to produce a cooperative nursery curriculum for three-year-olds.

Two years later the Aldersgate Doctrinal Studies was proposed and assigned to the Wesleyan Methodist Publishing House. It was to provide student and teacher guides for adult use in studying Christian doctrines of particular concern to holiness denominations. The first set of quarterlies, Entire Sanctification, presenting a study of Christian holiness, became available for use in 1964, adding another Bible-oriented elective for Pilgrim Sunday schools and/or other Bible study groups.

During the 1960's the Pilgrims joined various other holiness denominations in producing quarterly kindergarten materials, a devotional, magazine and weekly take-home papers as well as vacation Bible school materials and take-home papers.

There was an increasing demand for teaching and learning guides in which Scripture content, suggested methodology and stimulating audiovisuals were more precisely adapted to age-level abilities and needs of children and youth. This demand was being voiced not only in Pilgrim circles, but the call was being heard among the other churches cooperating in APA. So it was that in 1963 the most significant cooperative project thus far attempted by APA was initiated. It proved to be an arduous task engaging more than a score of editors and writers and a like number of publishers and printers. The new curriculum had to be developed and published in addition to the production of the current Uniform materials. But when, in September 1969, the curriculum materials appeared with their modern formats in striking colors, including exciting audiovisuals, the five difficult years of work seemed worthwhile. A Christ-centered, Bible-based

curriculum for life-changing learning was available to our churches. This new curriculum followed the "academic year," not "quarters" as previously. With the completion of this curriculum we discontinued the use of the Uniform materials.

We editors did indeed work hard on that project of curriculum development. Those years, however, provided many happy times, and many pleasant experiences which I still remember with pleasure. Just working so closely with the editors of other denominations was in itself informative, refreshing, and stimulating.

Another pleasing aspect of our work was that we arranged to have our periodic week-long meetings at different locations. We would some times go to the headquarters of one of the participating denominations. At other times we might choose special scenic areas. Some of them I remember well. Once we went to the Nazarene district camp site high in the Colorado Rockies, on the west side of Pikes Peak. On another occasion we met at the Evangelical Friends headquarters on the delightful Oregon coast. We also went to the Grand Teton National Park in northwest Wyoming, just south of Yellowstone National Park. Vail, Colorado was another meeting place for us. This was one of the principal ski areas of Colorado. When we went to such renowned areas we would arrange our meetings in the off-season when the crowds were less and the rates cut about half.

I remember that when we met in Vail I drove our car from Indiana, taking Cora with me as far as Colorado Springs where she spent the week with her family. At the close of the committee meetings, I drove back to the Springs, and brought her to Vail and the Lodge where the committees had met. We spent a couple of days or so in this delightful place. Among other things, we were able to see the house which in the 1970's served as President Gerald Ford's Western White House. However, the highlight of this little holiday was riding in a ski lift to the top of the ski course. From that vantage point we were able to get a spectacular view of the celebrated Mount of the Holy Cross.

At the time I was working with the other denominational editors in developing cooperative materials I had to adjust to some changes in my position and responsibilities in the home office. At the General Conference of 1962 Rev. P. W. Thomas, the General Editor under whom I worked, was elected a General Superintendent, and I was elected to take his place as General Editor. This meant that I became responsible for the production of the Pilgrim Holiness Advocate, a sixteen-page weekly magazine, as well as the Sunday school curriculum. (You may remember that in chapter two, page nine of these Memoirs, I mentioned this event and inserted my first editorial).

To carry out my dual responsibilities it seemed advisable to make some adjustments in office personnel. My assistant in the curriculum area for the past year had been Rev. John Blann, a son of A. E. Blann who was with me on a trip to Mexico. He had shown himself faithful and efficient. Previously he had served the church for seventeen years as a missionary in Africa. He and his family were now living in the Frankfort missionary home, and he traveled throughout the Church representing the interests of the foreign missions department.

Beside producing copy himself, he supervised the work of several Persons who did writing, proofreading and the like. In the Advocate office Phyllis Ihrkey had for eleven years

served most efficiently as Assistant Editor under the directions of Editor P. W. Thomas. Helping her for a year and a half was Olive Evans. We arranged for John Blann to serve as Office Editor for the Advocate with Phyllis as his assistant. Olive then became my secretary.

These three key persons were understanding and most cooperative in making these changes. After some thirty-five years they remain among my most cherished friends. As I have been writing these lines I have talked with each of them by phone -- John Blann in Maryland, Olive Evans in Indianapolis, and Phyllis who lives with her husband, Rev. E. R. Mitchell, in Gas City about five miles from my home in Marion, Indiana. I have been calling them to be sure I am telling the story as it really was. Also, Phyllis is currently proofreading these pages as they are printed and stored in a computer.

In the fall of 1966 John Blann was elected President of Frankfort Pilgrim College. He would be greatly missed for he was an effective workman, who had become a dear friend. We were fortunate, however, to secure Rev. David Keith to take his place. Rev. Keith, the son of missionaries, was born in Africa. As a teenager he came to the United States to continue his education. In later years he and his wife served two terms in South Africa ministering among the European citizens there, as pastor and Director of a Bible Training School. He and his family returned to the States in 1964, where he served in the Headquarters foreign missions office as Director of Promotion and Editor of the Department's Missionary Bulletin.

He proved to be an efficient Office Editor for the Advocate, and we enjoyed him as a faithful, efficient member of the office staff.

As the years have passed I have continued to admire him as he has gone on to fill various responsible offices in the church. His kindness to me personally from time to time is appreciated. Presently he is the District Superintendent of the Chesapeake District of the Wesleyan Church.

Not long after finishing my seminary studies I was asked to supply some copy for the ten-volume set of Beacon Bible Commentary. My assignment was to do the comments for three of the Minor Prophets: Obadiah, Jonah, and Micah.

To get started on such a project I knew I needed to be away for a time from the daily demands of the Indianapolis office. So Cora and I rented a cabin for a week at a rather isolated lake in northeastern Indiana. There I was able to get underway with my writing. We also enjoyed the quiet seclusion of those few days. On Saturday Carolyn and her family joined us. The children especially enjoyed the lake, and Sunday we all attended service in a nearby church.

About a year later I was asked to participate in a similar way in the production of The Wesleyan Bible Commentary. This time I was to comment on the Old Testament book of Leviticus. To get underway with this assignment, Cora and I went to a beautiful, quiet spot on Wisconsin's Door Peninsula, near Egg Harbor overlooking Green Bay. Cora brought her art supplies and painted while I studied and wrote. At the same time P. W. Thomas and his wife Kathryn were in the Chicago area, and came up to be with us over one night. It was most pleasant to have them for those few hours.

Following those days on the Door Peninsula I wrote the following Advocate article.

* * *

God's Handiwork Becomes Obvious

This morning I watched the sun rise over a grey Wisconsin lake. A path of radiant light almost too brilliant to look upon cast a glistening path from the distant shore to the very edge near where I stood. Soon the somber waters, reflecting the bright, clear October sky, became delightfully blue. The frosty, crisp autumn air, the quiet solitude of the surrounding still-green rolling hills and the distant almost-bare woodlands added their voices as harbingers of a fresh, new day. Even the God of all nature himself seemed near at hand.

Tonight I write in a hotel room high above the noisy, throbbing Chicago streets. Tiny rows of lights threading the darkness as far as the eye can see mark the streets of the vast city and remind us that three-and-a-half-million people are down there engaged in every conceivable activity trying to get what they can from life.

But also just out our window, the towering Methodist Temple sends its brightly illumined spire heavenward, piercing the night sky as if to say that God is here too. And indeed He is here at the dark ending of the day in the crowded city just as surely as He was in the quiet solitude of the dawning.

So it is that everywhere, under all conditions, in the bright, hopeful moments of life, and in the dark, weary hours, those who will look for Him may find God present, guiding in the affairs involving them, working for their welfare in all of the circumstances they encounter. Keenly aware of this marvelous truth, an Old Testament prophet joyously declared: "From of old men have not heard nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen a God beside thee who worketh for him that waiteth for Him." (Isaiah 64:4 ASV).

Long-time friendships developed not only among the people working in the departments in which I was involved. Fellow workers throughout Headquarters were more than simply a group of co-workers. A pleasant camaraderie prevailed. I was reminded of this recently in conversation with Thelma Brown, whose late husband served as the Denomination's General Secretary for sixteen years. She recalled a happy occasion which occurred in 1967. It exemplifies the prevailing spirit among Headquarters personnel.

She spoke particularly of a day when all of the General Officers of the Church and their spouses enjoyed a retreat at Clifty Falls State Park in southern Indiana. It was a pleasant time about which to reminisce. Just being in this place with its water falls, its fascinating cave, its delightful overview of the Ohio River, its pleasant winding walking-trails through the woodlands with their flowers and little wild creatures, was a treat. The motel rooms were comfortable, the food in the dining room was good. On the evening of our day there we all came together in the parlor for a time of visitation and fellowship. It was very special. We closed the day with a time of worship. I had been asked to prepare a devotional. The following is, in part, what I said to the group.

* * *

The Eternal Kingdom

Jacqueline Kennedy has just put herself in the headlines again. Her trip to Cambodia and her fraternizing with the royal ruler who broke diplomatic relationships with the U.S. in 1965, has been much talked about.

More interesting to me, however, is the fact that her trip also focused attention on the magnificent ruins of Angkor, center of the great Khmer kingdom, which flourished for more than five centuries, 889-1433, In the 13th century it covered about 18 square miles and was one of the largest cities in the world. Although now in the midst of a tropical jungle, the ruins speak of a mighty and glorious culture flourishing centuries before Columbus discovered our new world.

The Angkor Wat, a rectangular temple of three stories, with towers, porticoes, galleries, stairways, covered with exquisite bas-reliefs, is surrounded by a 1000-foot-wide moat some two and one half miles in diameter, reflecting the overwhelming magnificence of the architectural gem. A paean to Buddha, the delicately worked stone spires rise tier on tier surrounded everywhere by statuary of dragons and demigods, men and myths.

It is the perfection of Khmer art. Walls of carved stone lace work abound. Immense bas-reliefs adorn great blocks of stone set in foundations. Dancing priestesses with ornate headdresses are captured in motion by the skilled sculptures' chisels. The military conquests of the great nation are recounted in mighty battle friezes that stretch the length of two football fields.

These amazing ruins suggest how young our own civilization is. By comparison we are but infants. As tremendous as have been our achievements in our few years, other peoples before us surpass us in so many respects that we have no excuse for arrogance and pride.

If time continues, the so-called great kingdoms of our own day may all likewise disintegrate. But Jesus in His model prayer spoke of a kingdom which will continue always. God's kingdom, with power and glory greater than all those we know about, will endure. Jesus declared before His Father: "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever."

You and I, each of us, who have turned to Christ, are citizens of that sure, everlasting kingdom. Words of individual assurance come to us from Hebrews 6:19: "This hope we have as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast." These words confirm and give grounds for the hope that fills our hearts day by day.

As a Sunday school boy I used to join lustily in singing:

"We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love."

Every once in a while the song still rings in my ears just as it used to sound on those Sunday mornings in the old home church. But now it is not so much the lilting tune which appeals to me as it is the penetrating words.

The experiences of the intervening years enable me to sing with more than boyish vigor. Now I can confidently sing from personal knowledge of that anchor:

"It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand,
For 'tis well secured by the Saviour's hand;
And the cables, passed from His heart to mine,
Can defy the blast, thro' strength divine."

Because of what I have come to know of the Saviour's love, even in times of frustrating temporal uncertainties and grave trouble, I can with peace of mind sing on:

"It will firmly hold in the straits of fear,
When the breakers have told the reef is near;
Tho' the tempests rave and the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow."

We Christians find no anchorage in the shallow waters of this world. We do not base our hope upon a great earthly society dependent upon political domination. But our hope reaches within the veil into the center of God's kingdom into the very presence of God himself.

We have not the power ourselves, however, to reach the safe anchorage of His kingdom. It is only by the strong cords of love, of grace, and of truth in the hands of the Forerunner that we are bound to the eternal throne of God. As we, through the help of the Holy Spirit, hold fast in obedience and trust to those cords, we shall in due time be drawn surely and safely to the eternal haven where He has already gone.

Something of the blessed assurance this knowledge brings was expressed by Mrs. C. H. Morris when she wrote:

"In the harbor of faith there is safety and rest,
I have anchor'd in Jesus at last:
And a deep settled peace now is filling my breast,
I have anchor'd in Jesus at last.

"At last! At last!
All my doubtings are over, my struggle is past,
And the load of my sin at His feet I have cast.
I have anchor'd in Jesus at last."

In January of 1967 I was privileged to return to the Caribbean Islands and Guyana, South America.. Rev. Ermal Wilson, General Secretary of the Department of World Missions, asked that

I go to hold the annual district conferences in those areas. Ordinarily he would have gone himself, but his wife was very ill and he could not leave her.

I was no longer in the World Missions Department, but I had visited most of the districts and was familiar with their activities. I felt honored to be asked to go, and eagerly looked forward to the trip. In fact this arrangement brought to mind some very special memories. I recalled when Ermal Wilson, just graduated from Bible Holiness Seminary in Owosso, MI, and newly married, had been accepted by the General Board for missionary service in Swaziland, Africa. At that time I was assistant to the General Secretary of Foreign Missions, and it became my privilege to help the Wilsons in getting passports, permits to enter Swaziland, helping to arrange for their transportation and such-like errands.

In the Days of our Pilgrimage, the history of the Pilgrim Holiness Church, the author writes of the Wilsons' service in Africa: "The Wilsons served acceptably as missionaries to Swaziland, Cape Province, and the Transvaal, for a total of fifteen years. Rev. Wilson was called back from the field to fill the office of Assistant Secretary of Foreign Missions and was thus engaged when elected as Secretary. He was a capable evangelistic preacher and a big-hearted man with deep interest in missions. He was in the prime of life when called to the office of Secretary, and gave himself to the work with energy and zeal."

Now, twenty-seven years, after going to Africa, he, as the General Secretary of World Missions, gives me instructions and helps me to get off on this special errand.

Rev. Wilson suggested that Cora go with me. She was, however, reluctant to go for the trip would require being away from home for a couple of months. However, both friends and family encouraged her not to miss this opportunity. She finally decided to go. She proved to be a good traveler, a blessing to the people, and she thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

My schedule called for us to go first to the Caribbean Island churches, and then to Guyana. At the time, we had churches on sixteen of the Islands which flew the flags of five different countries: England, Holland, Jamaica, United States, and Trinidad-Tobago. On these islands there were 105 organized Pilgrim Holiness churches and thirty-three unorganized. There was a total membership of 5,237 and 10,361 average weekly attendance in Sunday school.

Our first stop was on Jamaica, and what a pleasant stop it was! One of the largest of the Islands, it has a maximum length of 146 miles; and maximum width of fifty miles. Into that area it packed about 1,500,000 people, a mix of English, African, Chinese, East Indian, Lebanese, Welsh and Irish traditions.

The Island is quite mountainous. The Blue Mountain Range rises near the northeast coast not far from the capital city of Kingston. Blue Mountain Peak reaches a height of 7,402 feet and is the highest summit in the West Indian islands. One historian describing the Jamaican mountains writes: "The mountain spine of Jamaica is remarkable, cloaked in verdant foliage, with centuries-old trees and many varieties of flowers, each blooming in its season". Furthermore, the island is surrounded by delightful white, sandy beaches.

Jamaica is the headquarters for the Church's district which included Grand Cayman, the largest of the three Cayman Islands located northwest of Jamaica. Rev. and Mrs. Dean Phillips were the missionaries there when we made our visit. He served as Superintendent of the district. These missionaries and their people welcomed us warmly and showed us every kindness. After the work of conference was completed Rev. Phillips took us on a tour of the island. It was a delightful experience. We especially enjoyed the beaches, and Cora found a beautiful smooth round white stone on one of the beaches. I keep it at my desk where it reminds me often of my happy days in that beautiful part of the world.

From Jamaica we flew to the Dutch island of Curacao, a sliver of an island about forty miles long and some forty miles off the coast of Venezuela, South America. Here there was a pioneer Pilgrim Holiness Church pastored by missionaries from Pennsylvania, Rev. and Mrs. George H. Lingo. They were a devoted couple who worked diligently at building a substantial church in the capital city of Willemstad. They were also caring for some preaching points and Sunday schools in various locations.

The countryside of Curacao was hauntingly beautiful. The Capital was picturesque with gabled buildings typically like those in Holland.

A unique situation prevailed throughout the island in that there was no source of fresh water. To supply the people with drinking water they had to have a water plant where they turned the salt water into drinking water. So it was that drinking water was terribly expensive. They also had a plant where they made salt from the ocean water. It was interesting to see the salt crystals form.

This island had a number of other things which were different and interesting. There was the floating bridge at the harbor. It was on pontoons and would open whenever ships needed to pass through. There were the floating markets. Boats would come from Venezuela, dock along the water front, lay out the fresh fruits and vegetables and sell right off the boats.

Curacao's economy was based largely on a Shell Oil refinery, which brought the crude oil to the island from Venezuela.

From Curacao we went to Trinidad. On our arrival there we learned, with sorrow, that Mrs. Wilson had passed away. I was reminded that only a year before she had been among a group of ladies who had toured through some of the same islands that we were now covering. The ladies were members of several of the Women Missionary Societies of the General Church. They not only visited as tourists, but they also ministered to the people along their way. Among the group were preachers, teachers, musicians, and former missionaries. One of the group, Mrs. P. W. Thomas, kept a diary and recorded just where and when several of them ministered to the people in local churches. Among those who preached was Mrs. Wilson who on several occasions spoke effectively to congregations in their regular church services. She was gone now, but was still loved and remembered by the Islanders. She was "yet speaking."

In the Pilgrim Holiness Advocate dated February 11, 1967, there was a picture of Mrs. Wilson along with the following obituary: "Madgel Wilson, wife of the General Secretary of

World Missions of the Pilgrim Holiness Church, went to be with her Lord, January 24, 1967, at 3:30 a.m. An atmosphere of peace and victory surrounded her home-going.

"The church sorrows with Rev. Wilson and the family, yet we rejoice in another victorious translation. The suffering and the battles are over. The victory is won. 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'"

Trinidad and Tobago, the small agricultural islands to the northeast, are the farthest south of the Caribbean Islands. In 1962 the two combined their diverse histories, peoples, and cultures into a single independent nation with the seat of government in Port of Spain on Trinidad.

Port of Spain is a living, throbbing home for about one third of Trinidad's population of approximately a million residents. Some travel authorities declare it to be the most fascinating city of the Caribbean. The highlight of its social activities is its two-day annual Carnival. It is a dizzying occasion of raucous music, parade, and exotic costumes. It is celebrated not only by residents of the city, but is popular throughout the region, and some of the Island's residents work all year preparing floats and costumes for the next Carnival. Trinidad was well supported by petroleum and manufacturing, but I learned that poverty still existed in the eastern section of the island.

Trinidad-Tobago formed a district for the Pilgrim Holiness Church, with the superintending missionary living in Port of Spain on Trinidad. The work in this area took on more personal interest for me when I learned that both Ira and Wingrove Taylor had pastored in Trinidad. These brothers were sons of Richard and Irene Taylor. Irene was born and reared on the tiny Dutch island of Saba. The native home of Richard was the island of St. Kitts. The two met while students in God's Bible School in Cincinnati, where they both trained as ministers. When they returned to the Caribbean, they, for a number of years, pastored jointly the Pilgrim church in Charleston, Nevis. All of the children were born and reared there. When the Father died, Ira became the unofficial pastor until he left to attend the Pilgrim Bible School on Jamaica. At the same time Mrs. Taylor went to Jamaica to be matron of the school.

After Ira's studies in Jamaica he served as pastor first in Antigua and later on Trinidad.

Wingrove, after leaving Bible School and marrying Dorine Harper, was assigned to a church in Port of Spain. He remained there for eleven years. In 1964 Wingrove moved to Barbados to serve as president of the Pilgrim training school which had moved from Jamaica to Barbados. He continued there until 1974.

My first personal contact with the family was when I was serving as Assistant to the General Secretary of Foreign Missions in our Indianapolis headquarters and Wingrove was a student at God's Bible School in Cincinnati. On occasion, he would come to visit Headquarters, and it was my pleasure to serve as his host. I admired him and followed his career with interest, both in the States and his native islands. His mother, an excellent speaker, also would come to headquarters and join our deputational staff in visiting local churches and camps.

Wingrove reminds me that when his mother came to the States in 1952 to attend his graduation activities at God's Bible School, Cora and I met her in Indianapolis and drove her to Lawrenceburg, Indiana where he was holding a week-end meeting. From there his mother rode with her son to Cincinnati.

On one of the occasions when both Wingrove and his mother were in Indianapolis Cora and I were pleased to have them in our home for dinner. It was a very special evening which I like to recall. They were a lot of fun! In the later years Wingrove came to study at Indiana Wesleyan University for his Master's Degree. We were able to have several contacts with him during that time.

From Trinidad we went on to hold conferences in the Antigua-Barbuda and the St. Kitts-Nevis districts, but since I wrote about those islands at some length earlier I pass them by and go on to the United States Virgin Islands where we have churches on St. Croix and St. Thomas.

The U.S. Virgin Islands comprise a "territory" rather than a state, and of the group only the large ones are populated. St. Croix is the largest but St. Thomas is the most populated and the most developed. St. John, the smallest, is only about three and a half miles east of St. Thomas. Several of the smaller islands have been developed into private island resorts. These islands are referred to as "The American Paradise." We did find them delightful, and I did not feel like a total stranger, for my friend Tom Weir (of whom I referred earlier) was a pioneer missionary on this island, and had a large part in getting the work started and building the mission home.

The conference here completed my schedule in the northern islands, so we flew southeast to the Barbados-St. Vincent district.

Barbados, the easternmost island of the West Indies, is probably my favorite. While it is not the largest of the islands (twenty-one miles long and fourteen miles wide) it is one of the more developed. It was also one of the most densely populated areas of the earth with 1,482 persons per square mile. It was a British colony for more than three hundred years, but in 1966, the year before we were there, it became an independent monarchy like Canada and Australia.

The economy has traditionally been dependent on the growing of sugarcane and the export of refined sugar, molasses, and rum. There is some manufacturing of clothing, furniture, electrical and electronic equipment. Tourism and fishing are also important sources of income.

At the time of our visit there were three substantial Pilgrim Holiness churches in Bridgetown, the capital, and thirty-three more organized churches throughout the island. There was a total membership of 2,500.

The Caribbean Pilgrim College which had originally been located on Jamaica, had been moved to Barbados.

We were especially pleased to be here, because we were among friends. Rev. Edward Phillippe was the missionary director here. I had enjoyed being with him and his family when they were stationed at Antigua. Rev. Wingrove Taylor and his wife were also here. He was pastoring

one of the Bridgetown churches and serving as President of the training school. During our time on the island we were entertained most graciously in the Phillippe home. We also enjoyed the hospitality of the Taylors when we were guests at a lovely dinner in their home.

It was a privilege and a joy to visit the school and participate in one of their chapel services. I also visited personally with some of the students as I met them on the campus. Two of the young men spoke with me at some length. Orvil and Hamilton both told me of their Christian experiences and of their activities in the school. It was refreshing to hear their testimonies regarding their Christian experiences, the helpfulness of the school, and plans for their future ministry in the church. I wrote about this encounter, with those young fellows. This is what I wrote:

* * *

Students Testify

"A miracle happened in my life about seven years ago during one of our annual district youth revivals." So states Orvil of Barbados whom I met this afternoon when I visited Caribbean Pilgrim College, Bridgetown, Barbados, where he is a ministerial student.

He was busy in the college vegetable garden. He, like the other students, work an allotted number of hours each day.

He went on to say: "God for Christ's sake forgave me of my sins and I was made a new creature in Christ Jesus. I shall never forget that Thursday night as I stood trembling with conviction and fighting a battle which raged deep within me.

"I felt the call of God upon my heart for the ministry a little over a year after I was saved. This has come to me as a gentle persuasion. As I have become aware of the demands of the ministry I feel woefully inadequate. But, thank God, through His grace and loving kindness I rest in His sufficiency, with the calm assurance that He who has called me will also enable me. I now look forward to graduation in May, and the years of service that lie ahead."

Working with Orvil was Hamilton, a fellow student, also from Barbados. To speak with these promising young ministerial students proved to be an inspiring experience. And, as I have seen graduates of the college effectively at work in several of the districts, I am again made aware of how absolutely essential such training institutions are.

Hamilton also expressed the feelings of his heart saying, "Salvation is the greatest blessing one can ever hope to obtain. I found this out when Christ did a wonderful work in my heart. I was born into a Christian home. My father was a lay preacher and my mother was a devout Christian. When I was only seven years of age father died, leaving four of us children to be taken care of. Mother sent us to Sunday school every Sunday possible and entreated us to give our hearts to the Lord. At the age of seventeen 17 the Lord wonderfully saved me.

"In 1963 I was asked to join our first youth team to evangelize in St. Vincent, a neighboring island. The sad, spiritual conditions there drove me to my knees. On the Friday morning before the

team returned home to Barbados, I felt the Spirit speaking to me. There was a struggle, but I finally yielded and resolved to enter into God's service and to be used of Him.

"The same night, on returning home, I informed the district superintendent of my burden to enter Bible college. He graciously instructed me as to the importance of the ministry.

"The following year I was accepted as a student at Caribbean Pilgrim College. From the beginning I have been challenged in every realm of my personality. During one of our spiritual life crusades God sanctified me. My experiences here at the school have also greatly stimulated me intellectually. On the side, I have developed a love for gardening which I intend to continue at my own home when I leave school."

With the recently acquired three-acre addition to the present campus which gives Caribbean Pilgrim College ample space for development, and with the increasing support of the Caribbean Pilgrims, under the leadership of Rev Wingrove Taylor, the college gives promise of becoming even more influential in shaping for good the lives of a growing number of young Pilgrim ministers for our churches throughout the Caribbean Area. It is worthy of the continued interest of the home church in the states.

Guyana, South America, was my next assignment. It proved to be one of the most interesting. The district conference turned out well. Then we were asked if we would like to accompany Roger Bassett, the missionary pilot, to a primitive area where others of our missionaries were working among a people who were truly heathen having known nothing of the Christian message and were quite untouched by modern civilization until recently our missionaries had gone to them. Rev. Bassett was planning a trip to take supplies to the missionaries and there was room for us to go along. Cora preferred to remain in Georgetown, but I accepted the invitation.

However, I had a problem. A deadline was staring me in the face. Easter was approaching and it was imperative that I prepare my editorial for the special Easter issue of the Advocate. As soon as we arrived at the mission I took time out to prepare that manuscript. A few days later when I returned to Georgetown I sent it on its way. It arrived on time. Here it is.

* * *

Go . . . Make Him Known

Before dawn this morning I was awakened by the baboons' loud raucous calling just beyond the clearing.

I am at Baramita, Guyana, a Pilgrim mission compound only shortly before carved out of the jungle just seven miles outside the Venezuelan border. I do mean "jungle" for the landing strip and tiny cluster of buildings are so closely hemmed in by the vast South American rain forest as to be invisible, even from the air, until one is almost over them. Every foot of runway and compound has been laboriously cleared with machete and axe in the hands of sweating Indian men whose villages of tiny thatched huts still lie hidden under the surrounding trees and bushes. Nor is the

chopping all done. The job is endless for the jungle strives daily to reclaim the land of which it has been dispossessed.

Two mighty trees remaining one on either end of the clearing dwarf the mission buildings and testify to the former greatness of the forest which only a little while ago was undisputed in its claims here. Their slender, silvery trunks tower straight into the sky some 150 feet then branch out gracefully into delightful green lacy canopies.

At one end of the clearing some rather crude seats have taken the places of trees. Here the Indians gather to see and hear the missionaries who have come to help them.

Why am I here? I am here because of the events of that first Easter morning so long ago. I am here in accord with the spirit of that angelic injunction spoken to the women who came early to the open tomb: "Go quickly, and tell."

Because Jesus, dead and buried, arose in the power of God's life within Him, I myself some years ago came into a new life. I, dead in trespasses and sins, was through the ministrations of the Holy Spirit, freed and made to share even the eternal life of Christ. Since that happy day my principal purpose has been to make Him known to others. In God's good providence that purpose has brought me here.

The same desire has brought the Hubert Traugh family. It has impelled nurse Doris Wall to join them and to witness to her Christian faith by giving herself in a compassionate, loving ministry of healing. The only neighbors these Pilgrim missionaries have are the simple, childlike Indians with whom they can yet communicate only with difficulty. Their only access to the distant world is the little Cessna 182 and their radios.

Gladly they have thus isolated themselves. They have come to make the resurrected Christ known by preaching, teaching, and by works of mercy, and by just living Christian lives among these jungle Indians who for generations have lived, suffered, unaided through their troubles and diseases and then died alone in the dark. They have had no knowledge of comfort from Christ who is the light and life of men. The missionaries have come to these people so long familiar with the stark, fearful facts of death. They have come to them with the glad news that God is alive, and death has been conquered.

Being in this obscure spot brings into sharp focus the contrast between the facts of Easter and the festival of Easter. The festival with its floral displays, its new clothes, its eggs, its chicks, and its bunnies may be pleasant; but in too many places it has almost crowded out the facts.

We all need, then, to ponder the facts of Easter: The risen Christ, the joyous disciples, the puzzled guards, the victory over the powers of sin and death, new life, eternal life.

The whole Bible points up these glorious facts. The Old Testament saints walked in the dim dawn of God's revelation. But some of them glimpsed the Easter victory. Job declared: "I know that my redeemer liveth and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself

and mine eyes shall behold, and not another" (Job19:25-27). Isaiah, speaking in a context of judgment exclaimed: "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead" (26:19).

A more complete revelation of this victory is reserved for those who lived in New Testament times. Several years after Christ arose, Paul in his magnificent hymn of the resurrection gives expression to this victory in those well-known words: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept" (1 Cor. 1:20).

The consequence of the resurrection is clearly implied when the Christian now in faith testifies: "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 15:54-57).

The message of Easter is: "He is not here, but is risen." The message of Easter also includes: Go make him known. Go make Him known by word of mouth. Go make Him known by living among men in a manner that demonstrates the power and victory in the facts of Easter.

My days with the missionaries at Baramita affected me profoundly. Although I had worked in the Foreign Missions Office for many years, and had made numerous trips to various fields I had never before had contact with such a primitive, uncultured group. For example, never before had I seen men come to a public meeting dressed only in loincloths. Never had I seen missionaries in such an isolated location. I admired and marveled at their almost unbelievable sacrifice, their love for these heathen people, and their desire to lead them out of darkness into the light of the Gospel.

From what I saw here, my own life with its temporal comforts, its opportunities to learn, its Gospel light became more meaningful, precious, and challenging. How blest I have been!

I enjoyed the flights to Baramita and return to Georgetown. The trip out was mostly over heavy rain forests. The miles and miles of green tree tops from our heights, appeared to me like a vast field of broccoli. The return trip to Georgetown was farther south toward the Brazilian border. There were open spaces now and then. We were coming this route because we were to stop at Paramakatoi, another mission station among Indians. This station had, however, been started earlier than the one from which we had just come. A missionary family and a nurse had labored here for several years. Through their exemplary Christian living and loving ministry a goodly number of the Indians had become strong, influential Christians. It was a beautiful example of the power of the Gospel to change lives.

We did not tarry long. We soon continued on our way toward Georgetown.

Along the way I told Rev. Bassett about a beautiful picture we had in our office files of the Kaieteur waterfall somewhere here in Guyana. He did not say much in response to my remarks, but after a time of quietness, he with a smile pointed ahead. There coming into view was a large river which he said was the Patara, the source of the Kaieteur waterfall. Shortly, there we could see the Fall. How excited I was! We circled it a time or two so that we could get a good view. It was a

thrilling experience. The Fall is 741 feet high and is one of the highest single-drop falls in the world. As we continued our journey we saw a beautiful savannah and several more rivers.

We arrived safely at the Georgetown airport where we were met by Cora and missionaries from the Pilgrim Headquarters. Cora had greatly enjoyed the fellowship of the missionaries. She also had been able to visit numerous places of interest in the city. She told me about visiting the beautiful St. George Cathedral one of the most attractive features of the city. Painted white, it towers above all other buildings surrounding it. The building is unique in that it is constructed mostly of wood, and is said to be the highest wooden structure in existence. Later Cora and I together walked around the yard of the building as well as through the interior.

My task accomplished, we flew to New York by way of Puerto Rico, then on to New York and finally to Fort Wayne. From there we drove home to Frankfort. How wonderful it was to be home!

The year of 1968 was historic in that it brought about the merger of two denominations. The Pilgrim Holiness Church and The Wesleyan Methodist Church, became one new denomination, The Wesleyan Church. In the final issue of the Pilgrim Holiness Advocate, dated June 29, 1968, General Superintendent P. W. Thomas, wrote a history of the Pilgrim Holiness Church concluding with this paragraph: "Every large river is the sum total of many smaller streams. It is in the nature of rivers that flow in close proximity to unite. And so it is that the stream which carried the name of the Pilgrim Holiness Church now merges with her sister stream, The Wesleyan Methodist Church, to flow together as The Wesleyan Church. 'One in faith and doctrine; one in charity'."

In the same issue of the paper, I, as Editor, wrote:

* * *

Our Ebenezer Hymn

In Boston, on an errand for the church, I took time out to walk over to the spreading, red-brick house of worship made famous by the preaching of Phillips Brooks. I found that to commemorate the ministry of the eminent pastor, a life-size statue of him had been erected in the churchyard. There he stands as if in his pulpit, his left hand on his Bible. Immediately behind him, to one side, is the Christ with His hand resting upon the preacher's shoulder.

Looking into the face of the preacher and that of the Christ who speaks through him, it is not hard to imagine that one hears Brooks' voice and feels something of the impact of the gospel he is proclaiming.

Not only have viewers like me long been inspired by the statue, but to the artist who created it, it reportedly became actually a means of salvation. It is said that Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor, when commissioned to do the statue was totally irreligious. But in preparing for his task, he read Brooks' biography and was so impressed by the effect of Christ's teaching and life upon his subject that he himself turned to the Gospels and read them through. Shortly after completing the

statue, he died witnessing to salvation through the grace of God. While he sculpted, the Holy Spirit spoke to him of Christ, and Saint-Gaudens turned to Him in saving faith.

To erect commemorative monuments has long been common among men; and such monuments generally have had significant effects upon both those who have reared them and those who have viewed them.

A case in point is the monument Samuel erected between Mizpah and Shen. It commemorated a notable victory God miraculously wrought for Israel when in a crisis they turned to Him in humble obedience and trust. Twenty years before on the same site, fighting in their own way and depending upon their own strategy, they had suffered a devastating defeat (I Sam. 7:7-12).

Setting up the stone to the glory of God and for the encouragement of the people, as a witness of God's faithfulness, Samuel called the monument "Ebenezer" or "the stone of help," declaring, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

"Hitherto" is a midway word. It looks both backward and forward. Ebenezer was, then, a reminder of good days in the past; but it was also a stirring call in the name of the mighty Deliverer to further victorious action in the days ahead. It was a token of God's hand in Israel's past, but it was also an assurance that He would go with them into the future. Whatever their future might hold, the God whose work for them was commemorated at Ebenezer would continue to be their sure Help.

It was in such faith that the Apostle Paul courageously defended himself before Agrippa. Knowing God to be his constant Helper, he could declare convincingly to that august ruler: "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great" (Acts 26:22).

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us" continues to this day to be the Ebenezer hymn of all who, turning to God in obedience and trust, find deliverance in Him. God's past speaks of His to come. Memory passes into hope. The radiance of the sky behind us throws brightness on the path ahead.

This is the confidence of that faith which must ask for more -- which knows that as long as we have need, God has help. It is such faith that sings:

"Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home."

It is in such faith that we in this last issue of the Pilgrim Holiness Advocate raise our Ebenezer. As a Pilgrim Holiness Church, God has led us graciously thus far. He, we believe, leads us forward in our merger with The Wesleyan Methodist Church.

From the radiance of the sky behind us, we see brightness on the path that is bringing our churches together. We anticipate that the united group -- The Wesleyan Church -- will prove to be an even more effectual channel through which the God of our past will through all the future be able to make Himself known in a world sorely needing His love, peace, and healing grace.

Optimistically I looked forward to some place of service in the new Church. There was, however, a sense of nostalgia as I looked back upon the more than thirty years I had spent at the Pilgrim Holiness Church Headquarters. A part of the nostalgia came from the fact that P. W. Thomas, with whom I had served closely most of those years was, because of his age, retiring from General Church activities. Things would never be quite the same without him. Little did I know that just four years later I would be asked to prepare an obituary to read at his funeral. But such is life!

The merger of the two churches was not done hurriedly. As early as 1955 a joint commission was formed to consider merger between the Pilgrim Holiness Church and the Wesleyan Methodist Church. The Commission, after considerable study, recommended merger and proposed a course of action which would help effect it. The recommendations of the Commission were reported to the General Conferences of both churches. The General Conference of the Pilgrim Holiness Church met in 1958, and the Wesleyan Methodist Church the following year. Since this matter involved constitutional law, a two-thirds vote was required. The votes of The Wesleyan Methodist Church fell short by one vote.

Little more was done in a formal way toward merger until 1962. At that time the Board of the Wesleyan Methodist Church took a straw vote in each Annual Conference regarding merger. The results showed a very strong desire for carrying forward on the merger proposition.

By November 1966 the General Superintendents of both churches had projected a Merging General Conference for November 5, 1968, and mandated that all members of the General Boards of both churches form a Polity Committee whose responsibility was to determine the form of government for the new denomination.

I was appointed to serve as Secretary of that committee for the Pilgrim Holiness Church with Robert McIntyre for the Wesleyan Methodist Church. We served from the time of the first meeting of the full Committee on May 11 and 12, 1967, throughout the months needed to consummate the merger and finalize all details. No fewer than forty-eight sessions of the Polity Committee are recorded from the middle of February to a few days before the Merging General Conference in June 1968.

At the time of that General Conference I was appointed Executive Editor of Curriculum in the new Wesleyan Church, and was made to realize how the new form of government was different in numerous ways from either of the merged churches. For example, in the Pilgrim Holiness Church as Curriculum Editor I had been amenable to the General Editor, but in my new appointment I was to be amenable to the General Secretary of Sunday Schools.

Cora and I had continued to live happily and busily in our Frankfort home. In fact, after I was elected General Editor I was too busy. I found it necessary to discontinue writing the weekly

column for the Frankfort Morning Times. I disliked to give up this activity, for in doing it for five years it had become an important part of life. But the increased office duties made it impossible to continue.

One of the activities which helped to make our lives pleasant was being able to keep in touch with our children: Don out West and Carolyn in Indianapolis. There were also five grandchildren now to make things even more interesting -- Don's Lori and Scott and Carolyn's Brenda, David, and Michael.

We were able to have a good deal of personal contact with Carolyn and her family nearby, and, we managed, by phone and mail, to keep in touch with Don and family. We also made several trips by car to be with them. The first of those trips was 1969 when they lived in Irving, Texas, and Scott was a baby. An interesting thing happened while they were living there. One of the newspapers of the city put on a "Prettiest Baby Contest." I do not remember just how this worked, but our little Scott got the prize!

On our second trip west Don and his family were living in Burbank, California. The trip itself proved to be very special. We went by way of Cora's home, Colorado Springs, and on through "my" San Luis Valley. Instead of taking a southern route from the Valley we chose to go west on highway 160. This seemed a bit foolhardy, for it would take us over Wolf Creek pass, one of Colorado's highest, with the very real likelihood of becoming snowbound, for it is a region which in a normal year receives 450 inches of snow. But Cora and I both loved the mountains, and knew the Wolf Creek area to be one of the most scenic in Colorado.

We inquired about the probable weather conditions, and were told that the highway over the Pass was open and that the forecast did not include any new snow. So we chose the high road. Our first night out from the Valley we stayed just east of Wolf Creek. We got up early to start our climb, and found ourselves going over the Pass just at sunrise.

Suddenly we were in an enchanting fairyland of glistening, sparkling white. The dense woodlands on the high mountains all around us, covered with snow and ice, twinkled like countless lighted Christmas trees. It was an experience almost overwhelming, truly awesome, unforgettable. We were so glad we had taken the chance, and we were ready for a hearty breakfast at the first restaurant we found on the way down the western side of the Pass.

We arrived safely at Don's home in Burbank and enjoyed a delightful Christmas with him and his family. Although it rained most of Christmas day, it was warm and Cora and I enjoyed being away from the cold Indiana rain and snow. The weather cleared, and we had some pleasant days visiting points of interest and shopping. To be with the grandchildren was special. The time to return home came too soon. We did not return over the road through the mountains, but rather chose a southern way, and en route crossed the border into Mexico.

In 1965 Carolyn began working in the Indianapolis offices of AT&T. She and her family were living in the west side of the city. We liked the location, for we did not have to make our way through heavy city traffic when we drove down to see them. Several years later the family moved on to a small farm just outside of Shelbyville east of Indianapolis, and Carolyn commuted to her

work. Although this was farther from our home, we did not need to encounter big-city traffic, and the activities of the farm with chickens, pigs, a couple of horses, and a large garden, were interesting.

On one of the occasions we went down there, I, with Mike, the youngest of Carolyn's children, behind me, prepared to take a horseback ride. But, we got off to a bad start. Whoever had saddled the horse did not sufficiently tighten the girth of the saddle, and we had not gone far when the saddle slipped to the side of the horse, and the two riders went tumbling to the ground. Fortunately the horse stopped and some of the family, seeing our plight, came to our rescue. They straightened up the saddle and tightened the girth. Mike and I then went happily on our way.

To go to Carolyn's on Christmas day became a custom, and frequently we arranged to remain there overnight and then go on south to Florida for our two-week vacation.

Along with the contacts with our children and families another thing which helped to make life pleasant for Cora and me as we lived in Frankfort was the fact that long-time friends visited us from Indianapolis as did relatives from more distant places.

Cousin Mina, from the Armor side of my family, stopped by. She was en route to Carmel, California, to be near her daughter Frances Arriola. Frances' husband Gus was a cartoonist whose strip, "Gordo" was widely published in daily papers nationwide.

Mina had visited my family when I was a lad in Colorado, and Cora and I had been with her later in Springfield, Missouri, when I and the family were in that area. It was a special delight to have her come our way again.

Clara, a Peisker cousin, also came to stay a few days. It was she who, as a girl in Milwaukee, had shown me, a four-year-old, a good time sliding down the snow-covered hills near her home. Years later when I was fifteen and she was a Chicago school teacher, she spent several weeks one summer with my family in Colorado. During that visit she and I took a rough train ride through the mountains to see an uncle who kept a general store in a small town in Indian country of New Mexico. I remember that I bought my first pair of long pants for that trip. She was now married to a doctor and was living in Wilmette, north of Chicago. She and I reminisced no end!

Some time later Cora and I drove to Wilmette and spent a day or two with Clara and her husband. Their home was just a few blocks from the beautiful, unique Bahai Temple. We drove over to see it. Not only did we see the rare beauty of the exterior, we went inside and were given a guided tour and listened to a lecture concerning the Bahai Faith.

Walter R. Martin in his book *The Kingdom of the Cults* describes the Temple like this: The building "utilizes the symbolic number nine, sacred to Bahais. Its architecture is a combination of synagogue, mosque, and cathedral, in which there are nine concrete piers, nine pillars representing the nine living world religions, and nine arches. The building is beautifully centered in a park having nine sides, nine avenues, nine gateways, and nine fountains.

"The worship service consists of readings from Baha'u'llah, Abdul Baha, and whatever sources from the major religions are thought to be meaningful for the worshipers that day. Around the central dome of the building are various quotations both inside and out, all of which emphasize the unity of all the great religions of the world."

Martin continues with a statement regarding the history of this cult:

"The history of Bahai began with the stupendous claims of a young Persian to the effect that the religious leaders of the world had forgotten their common origin...Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed were equal prophets, mirroring God's glory, messengers bearing the imprint of the Great Creator.

"Today this still remains the basic tenet of the Bahai faith, albeit with the additions of Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius, Krishna, Leo, and Baha'u'llah, the last great manifestation of the Divine Being, whose name transliterated means, "the glory of God."

In the course of researching the history and theology of Bahaism, Martin had numerous conversations with Bahai teachers and leaders. He records in his book a number of his questions and the answers of the teachers. They are all interesting, but one stands out to me. Following is that question and answer:

Question: "Putting this on a personal basis without meaning to be offensive, might I ask you if you personally this moment believe that you are a good practicing disciple of Baha'u'llah, and, this being true, do you at this moment know with certainty that your sins have all been forgiven you, and that if you were to be called to accounting tonight before the throne of God, you would be fit and worthy to enter His kingdom?"

Answer: "I don't believe any person can make that statement, for no one is perfect or holy enough to merit the paradise of God, and those who so claim to have attained this exalted position are in the eyes of the Bahai faith presumptuous, to say the very least. I could not at the moment say this for myself, but I hope that this will be the case when I die."

This answer makes me sad. Here was a sincere, religious man striving to know God, but without any assurance of God's personal presence in his life now nor in the one he knew was sure to come.

In Christ it is possible for each of us to enjoy a direct witness to a conscious relationship with God. Romans 8:16 tells "For the Holy Spirit speaks to us deep in our hearts, and tells us we really are God's children" (Living Bible). One of our hymn writers expressed this wonderful truth when she wrote:

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His Blood!"

In November 1968 the General Board selected the former Wesleyan Methodist Headquarters at Marion to be the Headquarters for the new Church. The former Pilgrim Holiness Headquarters in Indianapolis was to be sold. This meant that I would need to commute to Marion instead of Indianapolis. While it was farther to Marion, I thought it would be no "big deal," but I found that Marion was not only farther from Frankfort, but roads were not nearly so good as those to Indianapolis. When winter storms came I found that it was indeed a "big deal," too big. We would have to move.

That would not be easy, for during our fifteen years in Frankfort we had become very much attached to our home, our church, our friends, and activities. Nevertheless, we began to look for a house in Marion. We found one that seemed to meet our needs and purchased it early in 1969. Bill Thomas, son of P. W. Thomas, and the assistant to the General Secretary, also lived in Frankfort and had been commuting to Indianapolis. He stayed some nights at our new Marion house in order to save the trips to Marion. We were glad to have someone there.

When Spring came Cora and I began to move our things. Moving meant not only transferring our household goods. It involved moving the perennial plants and flowers. The yard at the new place was smaller than the one at Frankfort, so we did not plan for a vegetable garden. I do not remember all of the flowers, but I have not forgotten that among many others, I dug up forty rose bushes and dozens of peonies and irises and replanted them in Marion.

That summer Brenda, Carolyn's eight-year-old daughter, spent most of the time with us and enjoyed making those trips back and forth every week. She memorized the names of towns we passed through on these trips, and as we approached one of them she would announce where we were. Her happy chatter made those trips almost fun.

When fall came the Church provided a moving van to take our household goods to the new home. We moved in and put the Frankfort place up for sale. It did not sell immediately, so we rented it for several months. Finally, we were able to sell. All was well, and we settled down to enjoy life in our new surroundings.

Adjusting to my appointment as Editor of Curriculum for the new Wesleyan Church was not difficult. While the surroundings were different, the office personnel were not strangers. The General Secretary of Sunday Schools, Rev. Paul Kindschi, head of our department, I knew well. We had worked together for several years in numerous activities connected with the merging committee and interdenominational Aldersgate projects. Olive Evans moved to Marion and continued to serve as my secretary. The age-level editors and other staff people were acquainted. While some of them had been Wesleyan Methodists, we Pilgrims had been working with them on joint projects.

I continued to travel considerably to visit local churches and district gatherings in order to keep our people informed about the Sunday school materials.

In the summer of 1969 I took a three-week leave from the office to travel in Bible lands. I went with a small group led by Dr. George A. Turner, Professor of English Bible at Asbury Theological Seminary.

I would have enjoyed having Cora go with me, but she did not want to be away from home so long. While I had been away from home on extended trips, I had never been such a long distance away. She was, however, willing for me to go. She went with me as I drove to the Fort Wayne airport and watched me fly away toward New York. Upon my return she told me how lonely and uneasy she felt as the plane disappeared in the distant sky. Her drive home alone and entering the empty house did not help allay her apprehension. But she soon adjusted to my absence. Busy with her flower garden and art work, associating with friends, and the activities at church she got along fine without me!

Now as I try to recall the events of that most interesting and informative journey, I wish more than ever that I had kept a diary! If you find any mistakes in facts, please remember me kindly. I am trying hard.

After a pleasant flight from Fort Wayne, we landed safely at New York's La Guardia airport. I had been instructed by Dr. Turner that I, with the others of our group, should spend the night at a hotel near the place from which we would depart the next day. I crossed the city by helicopter. It was my first such ride, but I enjoyed it. The view of the city below was spectacular.

Dr. Turner had asked that all members of the party meet with him in the specified hotel the next morning at which time he would give us information and instructions for our journey. That meeting was most helpful and made me more eager than before to be on our way. During that gathering I was able to meet all of my travel companions. They were a pleasant group gathered from various parts of the country. It was a foretaste of the friendships which developed in the weeks that followed.

I had understood en route to Rome, that we would fly from New York to London, but at the meeting we learned that we would be flying on KLM, a Dutch line, to Amsterdam and then on to Rome. While I had looked forward to seeing London, I was not disappointed in the change, for I often had desired to visit the Netherlands.

Fortunately, we had a layover in Amsterdam, so some of us secured passage on one of the many tour boats available on the city's canals. In this way we were able to see much of this absolutely amazing, unique, and beautiful city.

Actually, Amsterdam is divided into about ninety islands joined by some four hundred bridges. Almost all of the city rests on a foundation of piles driven in peat and sand to a firm substratum of clay. Amsterdam is one of the most important commercial centers in Europe. It is also one of the major ports linked to the North Sea and other European countries by a network of railways and canals, notably the North Sea Canal, which is navigable by oceangoing vessels.

The flight from Amsterdam to Rome was interesting. I was especially alert when we flew over a segment of Germany, the birthplace of my father's parents, and over Switzerland with its towering Alps. I have never lost my love for mountains. They were my companions during most of my first thirty years. Even now some of my happiest memories include them. Through the years I

have gone back to them whenever possible. I watched eagerly as we approached the Alps. Unfortunately they were largely cloud-covered. But I knew they were there!

After a very long day, we were all glad to find comfortable, restful rooms awaiting us in a downtown hotel in Rome. Dr. Turner had invited me to be his roommate, and I had gladly accepted his invitation for he was an interesting, friendly person; and also, to share a room would considerably reduce the cost of my lodging all the way along our journey.

We were to remain in Rome for several days, for it was an important city even in New Testament times. Archaeological evidence indicates that human settlement at the site dates back to 1000. B.C. James Strong in his Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible lists fifteen occasions the city is mentioned in the New Testament. The Popular and Critical Bible Encyclopedia indicates that the names of twenty-four Christians at Rome are given the salutations contained in the Epistle to the Romans. These references give us glimpses into the personal and church life of some of the first-century Christians. In particular, the New Testament includes an enlightening letter which the Apostle Paul wrote to those early believers in Rome.

Numerous places connected with those Christians have been preserved and are now open to the public. So it was that there was much for us to see and think about. Also, we were to make Rome a center from which we would travel by tour bus to other locations related to early church history.

In Rome living for Christ was not always easy during the first century in the book of our era. Those believers who sought to follow in the way of their Lord suffered periods of severe persecution. We are told, for example, that in 64 A.D. under the reign of Nero, believers in Rome often were forced to fight with wild beasts in the Colosseum, a popular amphitheater in the city used for entertaining the public with gladiatorial combats, fights of wild beasts and other sports. Those Christians treated in this way would, of course, have suffered most agonizing deaths.

A considerable section of that Colosseum has been preserved, and as we visited it we could not but feel sad thinking of the anguish experienced by those believers who paid so dearly to maintain the Faith, the Faith which we so greatly cherish but, comparatively, costs us so little.

Another place where Christians were subject to persecution was the Roman Catacombs. These were a network of subterranean chambers and galleries used at first for burial purposes by peoples of the ancient Mediterranean world, especially the early Christians. Other Romans at that time usually buried their dead in family catacombs, but later they preferred cremation. Christians, however, continued to use catacombs which they referred to as "sleeping places" to suggest that for a Christian death was merely sleep before resurrection.

In their simplest form a catacomb consists of several underground galleries and chambers in a rectangular or grid plan. Recesses were cut in the walls, one above another, to receive the bodies of from one to four bodies of family members. In the catacombs burial sites of martyrs, usually in separate chambers, served as altars for worship.

During times of persecution, the catacombs for the Christians became places of refuge because burial sites were sacrosanct by law. When the churches above ground were destroyed by imperial order, Christian worshipers met in the catacomb chapels. In the middle of the third century, as mobs and officials began to violate the catacombs, the Christians destroyed the old entrances and made secret ones.

A visit to those ancient catacombs was for me a moving experience. The miles and miles of underground passageways cut out of the volcanic rock evidence fatiguing work and remind me of the fear and suffering which weighed down upon those early believers in periods when every man's hand was against them. But more impressive is the fact that at every turn one encounters drawings, paintings, and inscriptions speaking of the living hope in the resurrected Christ which enabled these believers to rejoice even in the severest of their persecutions. It was evident that they took to heart the teachings of the Apostle Peter who wrote: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to His great mercy has caused us to be born again to a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead" (I Pet. 1:3, NASB). Their sure hope has been an example to the generations of believers down to the present time.

Hope has been referred to as "the swimming thought" for it always keeps its head above the waves. When evil men think they have drowned the Christian's hope, up it comes, all dripping from the brine and cries triumphantly, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him" (Ps. 42:11).

Why this persecution? The Roman Government saw in Emperor worship the one thing which would unify their vast empire. It seemed to be the center on which they could all come together. So once a year a man had to go and burn a pinch of incense to the godhead of Caesar and declare: "Caesar is Lord." That is what the Christians refused to do. They uncompromisingly chose Christ. The result was that however fine a citizen the Christian might be, he was automatically an outlaw. In its vast empire Rome could not afford pockets of disloyalty, and that is exactly what every Christian congregation appeared to be. So it was that, like a panting, huddled flock whose only crime was Christ, thousands of Christians gave up their lives.

The persecution of Christians came to an end with the conversion of the Roman emperor Constantine in the fourth century. By the fifth century all Christian burials were in surface cemeteries connected with the churches. By the sixteenth century the abandoned catacombs were gradually restored by the Roman Catholic church.

Our group spent considerable time exploring these interesting scenes.

Probably the most interesting trips we took while staying in Rome was when we went south to Puteoli. This took us over some of the territory Paul traveled when he, as a prisoner of the Empire, was en route to Rome to plead for his life before Caesar. The whole fascinating story of Paul's prolonged journey is told in Acts 25:1-28:31.

When I got home, I wrote the following article expressing some of my thoughts that day.

* * *

The Shadow of the Almighty

After his long winter on Malta, where Paul had shipwrecked, he made his way, in the spring of A.D. 61, by another grain ship toward Rome. As he neared Puteoli where he was to disembark, he would have rounded the now-fabled Isle of Capri to enter the Bay of Naples. The most prominent feature in his view would have been Mount Vesuvius. If it were a typical spring, Paul doubtless found Vesuvius's sunny, vine-covered western slope a delightful green background for the enchanting blue bay.

Little did Paul, or anyone else, dream that in less than twenty years that cherished, long-quiet landmark on the peaceful pastoral scape would angrily blow its top to cover the populous plain below with death and destruction.

But such was the case. In the summer of 79, Vesuvius erupted. Burning lava burst from the mountain's cone. Great fiery streams poured down the green slopes. The busy little cities at its base were buried. Pompeii, for example, was covered with twelve to fifteen feet of ashes and cinders. The disaster changed the entire geography of the surrounding region. It turned the Sarno River back from its course, and raised the sea beach so that there was no way to locate the site of the buried city. So for almost 1,700 years Pompeii lay beneath the lava deposits.

In comparatively recent years about half of ancient Pompeii has been unearthed. One can now walk those ancient, chariot-scarred streets to view the buildings much as they were when Paul was in Italy. One may walk in and out of the houses and down the narrow lanes. He may stop at the bakery and without too much imagination see the baker taking his pastries from the hot ovens. He may visit the ancient temples and the public halls.

Although there have been numerous eruptions since that fateful day in August 79, the last serious one occurred in 1944 so that today Vesuvius again stands undisturbed, serene, green.

As I rode along the base of the mountain some months ago, I was amazed to see acres of thriving vineyards on the slopes, and the extensive vegetable gardens in the surrounding plain. This soil, some of the most fertile in all of Europe, supplies vast amounts of food for many thousands of people. But I also saw remaining jagged projections and walls of lava rock, reminders of the earlier disasters which defaced the countryside.

As I looked, it occurred to me that here is a parable of life: Those who trust in God are sustained by His grace.

Our days and weeks, even our years, may move along calm, sunny, happy. It's easy then to rejoice in the goodness of God. But suddenly, as did Vesuvius, life may erupt for us. The sun is hidden. The very foundations shake. Our whole world crumbles in as if to destroy us. It is good in those times to recall: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty" (Ps. 91:1). Among other things, this says to us that we live constantly within the shadow of the Almighty. All of life is lived under the protection of the Almighty. Not just the sunny days. The difficult, fearsome, shaking days, too, are under His loving surveillance. We always live within the shadow of the Almighty.

Then, again, I thought, if it had not been for the accumulated deposits of lava, dust, and ashes on the slopes and plains around Vesuvius, the soil there would be no different than that elsewhere on the peninsula. Those destructive eruptions were the very things which enriched the land so that it has been able to feed many times the number of persons it would otherwise have provided for.

That too is like life. God has promised: "Because he has loved Me, therefore I will deliver him; I will set him securely on high, because he has known my name. He will call upon Me, and I will answer Him; I will be with him in trouble; I will rescue him, and honor Him" (Ps. 91:14-15, NASB). If in faith we take that promise to heart we shall become more appreciative and compassionate. We shall reach a new maturity, and better understanding. We may never be able to forget or hide all of the unpleasant things which have come upon us. Just as the stony lava flows are still visible on the Italian plains, signs of the upheavals in our lives may yet remain but as a result of them, our services to God and our fellow men can be more significant and fruitful.

Roger Winter is an example of this. Roger was a promising young college athlete when he was struck with polio and left totally paralyzed from his neck down. Instead of putting on his football uniform, he found himself encased in an iron lung. So complete was his paralysis that his chest muscles refused to work. It was a shattering experience. Soon a deep despair gripped him, and in rhythm with the iron monster that had all but swallowed him, he kept groaning. "Why me? Why me? What have I done?"

The minutes that followed the discovery of his condition were the most agonizing of his entire life. Each second seemed like an eternity, and as the iron lung sucked his chest up and then let it down, he began to curse God.

Cursing God was not too difficult for Roger. He had been reared in a broken home and his father ran a tavern. Moreover, Roger had had such bad experiences with professed Christians, he had little use for any church or even the Bible. At the time, he had no faith at all. His room in South Bend's Memorial Hospital had become unbearable.

However, a wise and understanding pastor found Roger, and after some months of patient ministry brought him to Christ. New hope came. New motives. New courage. A new sustaining power.

Now, years later, Roger Winter, though unable to move a finger or twist a toe, radiates Christian confidence and joy. He teaches a Sunday school class, speaks at churches and banquets, and with his wife operates a magazine subscription business. He has written a couple of books crammed with good humor, sound Christian philosophy, and a fine store of Christian anecdotes. And he did all of the typing himself with a stick clamped to his teeth.

He closes his second book with a clear testimony of the sustaining grace of God, about which the psalmist speaks when he declared that we live within the shadow of the Almighty. Mr Winter states: "What Jesus Christ has done in my life is to convert a potential tragedy into a meaningful, joyful event. Though I cannot see what is in the future for me, I can say with conviction

that I would not change the past. I look forward with greater anticipation than ever to the life ahead. I yearn for new insights, new struggles, and new victories. It matters not that I may not walk today, for with Christ I'll walk tomorrow!"

On the day we were in Pompeii we traveled along the Appian Way, the oldest and most celebrated highway of the Roman Republic. The Apostle Paul, en route to Rome passed over this road. It turned out to be quite a remarkable occasion for him. I thought about it, and some of those thoughts I wrote down. They follow.

* * *

Christian Friends Standby

One day I traveled by bus from Rome, Italy, southward to Pompeii and Naples. Not long after leaving Rome, we came upon a still-used segment of the Appian Way, a road constructed more than 2,000 years ago and spoken of by Luke in the Acts of the Apostles. The most famous of all Roman thoroughfares long served as the main communication link between the capital and the south. During New Testament times, the first century of our era, it was probably the most crowded approach to Rome, the world metropolis. Near the city the traffic would have been especially congested. Throngs of pedestrians competed with bearers carrying couches with reclining passengers. There were two-wheeled carriages drawn by a single horse. There were four-wheeled horse-drawn carriages used by wealthy senators and other patricians to transport their families between the city and their country estates. There were chariots with their prancing steeds, and there were the marching legions.

It was along this crowded highway that the Apostle Paul journeyed to Rome. Going from Puteoli, modern Pozzuoli, on the Bay of Naples, he probably reached the famous road some twenty miles up the way and proceeded on to Rome.

The Appian Way was already centuries old when Paul walked over it those spring days in A.D.61. Construction had begun at Rome in 312 B.C. and for some fifty years (until about 244 B.C.) The building continued, extending the Way to Brundisium, a distance of some 360 miles on the southeast coast of the Italian peninsula.

Strabo, the first-century geographer and historian, wrote frequently of the Appian Way, and the poet Statius, also a contemporary of Paul, refers to it as "queen of the long roads." And well he might. Although only eighteen feet wide, it was paved with huge blocks of lava rock, brought in from a distant quarry, laid on a bed of broken stone and cemented with lime. One historian, describing the Appian Way long after Paul's time said that the blocks still fitted together so perfectly that they appeared to have been formed thus by nature rather than to have been cut, placed, and cemented by men.

In Acts 28:11-15 Luke, accompanying Paul at the time, recounts the events connecting the Apostle with this immemorial thoroughfare. It is to me, one of the most moving passages which comes to us from the Apostle's life.

Christians in Italy had been looking forward to a visit from the eminent Apostle. Three or four years before he had written from Corinth that he planned to evangelize in Spain. En route there, he had said, he expected to stop over in Rome that he might spend some time with the believers.

But since that hopeful day in Corinth, Paul had fallen on hard times. Deep trouble had engulfed him. From Corinth he had gone to Jerusalem. There enemies of the gospel had plotted his murder. As a protective measure, government authorities had taken him into custody and secreted him to Caesarea to await his accusers. Paul, convinced that he could not receive justice there, claimed his right as a Roman citizen and appealed his case to Rome. So it was that instead of coming as a free evangel of Christ, he approached Rome as a prisoner in chains facing trial at Caesar's court.

It was autumn A.D.60 when he was sent to Rome along with a number of other prisoners and soldiers as guards under the command of a centurion, an army officer, named Julius. It would seem, however, that two of Paul's friends, Luke and Aristarchus, had been permitted to accompany him. Adverse weather delayed the voyage, and at Myra the group had been transferred to a grain ship bound from Alexandria in Egypt to Italy. Approaching the island of Malta, the ship wrecked and had to be abandoned. All aboard, with difficulty, finally made it to land, but the whole party had to winter on the island. Luke summarizes the events of that winter in Acts 28:1-10. Then, Luke goes on to record the events which brought Paul to the Appian Way. He recounts them briefly but graphically in Acts 28:11-15.

Some of the Roman brethren, probably having gotten word from Puteoli that Paul was there and would be coming on to Rome, put aside whatever they were doing and came a long day's journey to welcome him at the Forum of Appius and escort him to their city. Still other believers from Rome augmented the welcoming delegation some eight miles further along at Three Taverns. So it was that there were two groups of Roman Christians who had walked those long distances to greet him and accompany him to the city. Remember that all the while Paul was in chains and guarded constantly by Roman soldiers.

Paul had been uncertain what might await him in Rome. After all, he was only one of a band of prisoners, under heavy armed guard. Had his accusers or their representatives, he wondered, already arrived from Judea and destroyed the confidence of the church in him? Apparently he had also been apprehensive and very likely even fearful of the outcome of his pending trial. Had he escaped death at Jerusalem and at Malta only to meet it now in Rome? The decisive moment which would determine his future -- life or death -- was not far away. Had he done right in appealing to Caesar? These and many other questions may have plagued him.

But when he saw among the Roman Christians such a demonstration of respect, confidence, love, and concern, "He thanked God and took courage." Even though he was a prisoner of the Government, these believers were not ashamed nor afraid to identify themselves with him, even though it might bring disfavor and hardship to them. With supporters like these, Paul felt he could face anything!

Since many of the believers currently at Rome had emigrated from other parts of the empire, doubtless Paul was delighted to see among those who had come to greet him, friends he had known and labored with in the distant Eastern cities. In that letter he wrote three years earlier from Corinth he had sent greetings to a considerable number of personal friends among the Roman believers. Whether any or all were present, now, we cannot know. But whoever the delegates may have been, they were understanding, loyal brethren. Even more important, they were evidence that the kingdom of Christ was advancing even in the world's capital, under the very shadow of Caesar's throne. They were an unimpeachable evidence that God was at work. They were an instantaneous source of comfort and strength. Paul could forget his personal anxieties for the time. He could sink his own interests in the joy of seeing harvest from gospel sowing. Thankfulness for the past and the present turned into bright hope for the future. Paul, who had supported many others in their loneliness and fear, was himself now being supported.

There was much to discourage, to cause forebodings, but these men and women, now transformed in Christ, had gone to great lengths to greet and welcome him. This assured him that God was among them right there on the lava-paved roadway. He could, therefore, front the uncertain future without flinching. All was in God's hands. So it was that Paul "thanked God and took courage" (Acts 28:15).

In spite of him being a prisoner in chains accompanied by others in like predicament and a group of soldier guards, with two contingents of welcoming Christians accompanying him, Paul's arrival in Rome was taking on the air of a triumphal entry. The promise the Spirit gave to Paul that frightfully dark night on the floundering ship off Malta was being fulfilled. At that time an angel told him, "Don't be afraid, Paul, for you will surely stand trial before Caesar" (Acts 28:24). Paul was now actually nearing Rome.

Luke sensed the significance of all this, and in recording the event used the same word for "meet" that the Greeks did when they spoke of a deputation going out to meet a conquering general or king. In this way Luke implies that the believers felt that this was a high day. They considered that they were, indeed, coming out to meet one of earth's great men.

This warm, touching scene of Paul and his friends on the Appian Way speaks loudly to me of the value of our Christian friendships. It suggests that we need to cherish fellow believers. We need to standby them. We can well afford to go a second mile to avoid misunderstanding and schism; and still more miles to create closer bonds with them. The longer I live, the more I see this to be true.

Some Christian brethren and sisters may seem quaint, some eccentric, others may be a bit far out, some may have mannerisms which are a trial to me; but I can pray and trust the Holy Spirit to lead and work in them, as I trust Him to work and deal with me. I can give them the benefit of the doubt so long as they evidence commitment to Christ, so long as they bear fruit of the Spirit, showing genuine love for God and His people. If they stand with Christ, I can stand with them. As they stand up closer to Christ, I hope that I too may move up with them.

The Apostle Peter gave some rather strong admonition at this point. He wrote: "The end of the world is coming soon, therefore, be earnest, thoughtful men of prayer. Most important of all,

continue to show deep love for each other, for love makes up for many of your faults" I Pet. 4:7-8. (TLB). In these difficult times you and I are to be serious and prayerful. But Peter says it is even more important to maintain love and harmony in the church. We cannot afford ever to take our Christian friends for granted.

John also made a strong statement about this. He declared: "We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren. He who does not love abides in death" (II John 3:14, NASB). This tells me that regardless of what kind of an experience I may claim from God, or whatever religious activity I may involve myself, if I have not love for fellow Christians I am still in my sin.

And yet again John tells us that if we would influence other persons for the Lord, we need to keep in mind Jesus' own words, "By this all men will know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another" (John 12:35, NASB).

Paul that spring day on the Appian Way found in the love and appreciation of the brethren strength to face his difficult situation. Similarly, you and I will find it easier to live a victorious Christian life amid earth's difficult vicissitudes as we cherish and purposely cultivate love for all of God's people.

In the Rome hotel I experienced one of life's most embarrassing moments. Our group had just returned to the hotel after a day of sightseeing. Dr. Turner and I were in our room on the third floor. Suddenly I remembered that I needed to care for a business item at the hotel desk on the first floor. Since I was to be gone only briefly and my roommate was in the room, I did not lock the door after me. Having completed my errand, I returned to the empty elevator, pushed an "up" button, got out when the elevator stopped, and walked down the hall to the location of my room, opened the unlocked door and stepped into the room. To my amazement a strange couple gave me a surprised, quizzical, and unfriendly stare. I stuttered an apology, backed out and shut the door wondering what went wrong. Apparently I had pushed the second floor button on the elevator instead of the third. I was in the right location in the hall, but it was the wrong floor. I was in the room just below the right one.

One day Dr. Turner asked if I would like to attend an opera. Although I am no musician, I do enjoy good classical music, and was delighted with the prospect. He warned me that it would be well after midnight when we would get back to the hotel, and there was another busy day of sightseeing to follow. I assured him that I was up to it.

Knowing the city well, Dr. Turner said we would simply take a bus of the city transportation system to the theater. That ride in itself was quite an event. It was during the heavy evening traffic. The streets were bumper to bumper with cars, but every driver seemed to feel that he was the only person needing to get to his destination immediately, so there was a great honking of horns and screeching of brakes. But we arrived at our destination all safe and sound.

As we walked along the approach to the theater we came to an open air coffee shop. My friendly guide bought a cup of the coffee and encouraged me to do the same. I ordered a cup of that "wonderful Italian beverage." It was black. It was served in a demitasse. It was bitter. It was

awful. I managed to sip down only a small portion. My reaction was about what Dr. Turner had expected! Ultimately we both enjoyed the prank.

The theater was in a park-like area. The enormous stage was a remodeled Roman public bath. Public baths had been very popular in Italy since very early days. Between the first and fourth centuries A.D. five of these baths had been built in Rome. They provided dressing rooms, facilities for hot, cold, and steam bathing. Connected with the bathing areas there were shops, lecture halls, elaborate gymnasiums, gardens, and libraries. They were centers of social life, places for relaxation, and recreation. Extensive ruins of three of these still remained in Rome.

In front of the stage of the theater, at a lower level, seating for a very large crowd was arranged in the open air. We were able to get comfortable seats quite near the front. There we had a good view of the stage. We could also enjoy the cool night breeze and the starry heavens above.

The opera given that night was *Aida* composed by Giuseppe Verdi, first produced 1871. It is said to be the best of Verdi's works. The singing was in Italian, but each of us who read English were given a program printed in English, so it was easy for us to follow the plot. The enthralling music, the beautiful star-lighted summer sky, all in a delightful park is a memory I like to recall.

Like most of the tourists who come to Rome, our group wanted to see the Vatican. Dr. Turner, thoroughly acquainted with the place, took us there. It is indeed fantastic. The term "Vatican" actually denotes a magnificent assemblage of buildings. That group of buildings is referred to as Vatican City. It is, in fact, an independent state under the absolute authority of the Pope. It consists of one hundred nine acres. It also has its own currency and postal system, its own telephone and telegraph services, a daily newspaper and an official monthly publication.

Our time was limited, so we could visit only a few of the magnificent buildings open to the public. We did visit St. Peter's Basilica which is probably the most imposing edifice of the city. Built mostly between the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. The other major edifice is the Papal Palace which is actually a complex of buildings containing more than one thousand rooms. It houses the papal apartments, the government offices, several chapels, museums, and a library with a collection of ancient manuscripts as well as nine hundred thousand bound volumes.

We visited the most famous portion of the palace, the Sistine Chapel, with its great ceiling of frescoes painted by Michelangelo between 1508 and 1512. He, on a platform above the chapel floor, lying on his back produced some of the finest pastoral images of all time. Overwhelmed by the wonder of it all, we spent quite a bit of time here. We also went through the museum and the library.

The end of our allotted time for Rome had come. We were off to Egypt!

En route from Rome to Cairo, the flight over the Mediterranean Sea was delightful. The arrival in Cairo was a special thrill. Here I was in an ancient nation which we are told was old when Moses was born there in 1522 B.C. Archaeological sources indicate that as early as 3200 B.C. there is evidence of an emergence of a dominant political force which was to become the consolidating element in the first united kingdom of Egypt.

However, I was especially interested in Egypt, not only because of its long, fascinating history, but also because it is given a prominent place in Bible history. Nave's Topical Bible cites more than fifty references in Scriptures relating to Egypt. A reading of those passages provide many interesting stories. I was especially concerned about three of them. Two are found in the Old Testament.

In the first of these, the principal character is a seventeen year old lad named Joseph. He was the great-grandson of Abraham, the founder of the Hebrew nation and the favorite son of Jacob who openly showed favoritism by getting him a coat of many colors. Probably this was a token of rank indicating it was his intention to make Joseph head of the tribe. This naturally aroused the hatred of the already jealous older brothers. This young man was also a dreamer and liked to tell his dreams to his father and brothers. One of this dreams, he somewhat imprudently recounted, antagonized his brothers and bewildered his father. He told them that he dreamed that he was an important person and that in due time they would all be under his authority.

When Joseph was seventeen years old his father sent him to see his brothers who were tending the family's flocks some distance from home. Joseph was to see how the brothers were getting along and report back to his father. When he found the brothers he told them the reason for his coming. The jealous brothers were enraged and sought to kill him. Finally, however, they changed their minds and sold him to some traveling merchantmen en route to Egypt. Upon arriving back home with the flocks they told their father that Joseph had been killed by a wild animal. For a long time the aging father mourned the loss of his favorite son.

Joseph was taken to Egypt and sold at the slave market. For more than a dozen years he suffered greatly from false accusation, imprisonment, and the tragic forgetfulness of a friend. Providentially, however, the hardships worked for his good. Through his own troubles he became concerned about the problems of his fellow prisoners. In fact, the keeper of the prison found him so intelligent and trustworthy that he put him in charge of affairs concerning the other prisoners. Joseph was also able to interpret some meaningful dreams for two of his fellow prisoners, one of whom had been the Pharaoh's butler. The Pharaoh's former butler was to be restored to his position. Three days later it came to pass. On leaving the jail the butler promised to speak a good word to the Pharaoh regarding Joseph. But he forgot!

Two years later the Pharaoh had a couple of dreams which seemed important to him, but none of his wise men could interpret them. One dream had to do with fat and lean cattle and the other about full and empty ears of grain. Then it was that the butler remembered Joseph. He told the Pharaoh of his personal experience with his dream in the prison. Joseph was called in. He told the Pharaoh that seven years of plenty would be followed by seven years of famine. He also advised the Pharaoh to make preparation for the years of famine by storing up surplus produce during the years of plenty. The Pharaoh, greatly impressed, made Joseph head of the royal granaries and invested him with authority to implement his proposal. So it was that Joseph became one of the officials next to Pharaoh.

The famine that Joseph predicted included not only Egypt but all the known world, so all countries came to Joseph to buy grain. Among them were Joseph's brothers. They did not recognize him, but he knew them.

The crisis of the story is reached when Joseph asked them questions to see if attitudes had changed over the years. On their second visit he made himself known to them and told them that he did not bear them any ill will. He then persuaded them and their father to leave Canaan for the present and make their home in Egypt.

So it was that Egypt became the dwelling place for the Israelites for whom God had destined great things in Canaan. Little did any of them know, however, that more than three centuries would pass before the nation would return home to that Promised Land.

Joseph died in 1805 B.C., and some time later a pharaoh came into power who had forgotten what Joseph had done for Egypt. He declared that the descendants of Jacob were not legitimate residents of the country. He also stated that they outnumbered the native Egyptians and were very influential among them. This, he said, was a dangerous situation. In time of war they might join forces with an enemy.

So it was that perilous times for Israel followed. The men were reduced to the status of slaves, designed to public works, supervised by hard taskmasters. Furthermore, a royal edict designed to keep the Israelites in subjection, ordered the execution at birth of all Israelite male children.

At this point my second special Egyptian Bible story begins. The principal character in this story was an Israelite baby boy in a basket floating among reeds near the bank of the Nile. His mother, a devout God-fearing Hebrew, placed him at a location frequented by the Pharaoh's daughter. She instructed a sister of the baby to linger around the area to observe the outcome of her plan. As the mother hoped, the princess came by. The darling baby won her heart. Moved by pity and love, she disregarded the law demanding his death. Seeing the sister lingering not far away, the princess asked about the baby and arranged that his mother care for him until he was old enough to be taken to the palace. The baby named Moses, grew up there, spending forty years as a part of the royal court. He was instructed in the learning and customs of the Egyptians.

Moses chose, however, to turn his back of the possibilities of advancement in Egypt in order to lead his oppressed people into freedom. Fearing for his life he fled to Midian where he had relatives. There he married and for forty years lived the secluded life of a shepherd. Then it was that God came to him telling him that those Egyptian authorities whom he had feared were now dead. He should return to Egypt, contact his older brother, Aaron, who had remained in Egypt, and would now join him in his deliverance of the enslaved Israelites. So it was that after eighty years of preparation Moses began his life work.

God had also appeared to Aaron in Egypt and instructed him to meet his brother at Mount Horeb midway en route to Egypt. The men had much to share as to what had happened during their forty years apart. The most important subject of their conversation was, however, about God's directions to Moses and the miraculous, assuring signs He had given.

When the two brothers arrived in Egypt they went to Goshen, the family home, and the area where most of the Israelites lived. While there, Moses and Aaron told the people of God's revelations to them. It was a joyful occasion when the oppressed Israelites learned that their prayers had been heard and God was ready to act in their behalf.

Moses and Aaron then went to the Pharaoh and asked that the Israelites be allowed to leave Egypt. The Pharaoh was adamant in his refusal. Repeatedly Moses and Aaron went to the Pharaoh with their petition, but only after God had paralyzed the Egyptian nation by sending ten horrible plagues upon the people did the Pharaoh send the Israelites out of the country. For four centuries Egypt had been home to the Israelites, but now the whole nation, more than 600,000 men along with their families, were at long last on their way back toward the Promised Land.

My third Egyptian Bible story is found in the New Testament. The leading character is a devout Jewish carpenter from Nazareth named Joseph. He and his wife Mary and her infant Son were temporarily living in Bethlehem of Judah. Some Wise Men from the East came to the place where they were staying. They said that they were led by a special star to the location, and that Jesus was the King of the Jews whom they had come to worship.

Learning of this, king Herod looked upon Jesus as a young rival to the throne who must be destroyed. He, thereupon, decreed that all male children in Bethlehem who were two years old or under must be slain.

That night Joseph had a dream in which an angel of the Lord instructed him to take Mary and Jesus and flee into Egypt. It would seem that Joseph acted promptly. Apparently his dream awakened him and immediately before light he departed into Egypt. Writing of this incident one commentator writes of Joseph: "He wisely took no chances, but fled under cover of darkness. Southward he went, putting as much distance as quickly as possible between his family and the murderous tyrant at Jerusalem. It was a long trek of some two hundred miles to Egypt and the journey would take several weary weeks."

We might wonder where they lived in this strange land and what employment Joseph may have secured. However, scholars tell us that in going to Egypt the Holy Family joined the largest Jewish colony in the world at that time.

When we list the Bible lands we must put Egypt well up front with Israel.

As in Rome, so in Cairo, we had comfortable quarters awaiting us. Our situation here was actually more pleasant than the facilities in Rome. The large western style hotel overlooked the world's longest river, the beautiful, historic, life-giving Nile. The river is indeed a life-giving stream. Because rains seldom come in Egypt, the people must depend entirely upon the river for their water. One of our group asked the native guide about the amount of rain in Cairo. His reply was that they might get a little shower once in several years.

The Nile enters Egypt from Sudan, Africa, in the south and flows northward into the Mediterranean Sea. From its remotest head stream in Africa the river is 4,145 miles long. On the

Sudan border lies Lake Nasser, a huge reservoir formed by the Aswan Dam. The lake is about three hundred miles long and about ten miles across at its widest point.

Less than four percent of the land area of Egypt is settled and cultivated. That territory consists of the Nile Valley and the Delta, and a number of desert oases. The remainder of the land consists of desert areas.

Cairo and its surrounding area dazzle its visitors with a great many fascinating sites connected with Egypt's ancient past. But, limited for time, our group as a whole was able to visit only two of the most important places: Giza and the Egyptian Museum. However we did take a half day in which each of us individually or in smaller groups, could go wherever we might choose. I desired to go alone and explore whatever I could find within walking distance of the hotel. I had a most interesting time.

Among the shops I entered three were small and each was operated by a lone man. I remember that in each of the places the first question asked me was, "Are you from the United States?" The second was always, "How many wives do you have?" They would then proceed to tell me how many wives they had, and would go on to explain that the law permitted them to have three if they were able financially to support them.

More importantly, I was able to see enough of the city to come to an appreciation of and admiration for the magnificent minarets, carved masonry domes, mausoleums, and mosques which have been so faithfully and beautifully preserved.

We were in Cairo over a Sunday, so our group went to worship at a church not far from the hotel. As usual the sun was shining in a cloudless sky, so we decided to walk. It was quite warm, but the walk was pleasant. That afternoon, however, one of the men in our group became very ill, totally irrational. His wife was greatly distressed and fearful. All of us were deeply concerned. Fortunately, the hotel management secured a doctor right away. He diagnosed the problem as a sunstroke. The wife followed the doctor's instructions, and in a few hours her husband had recovered and was able to continue with us. The wife told us that her husband had experienced a similar problem at home one hot summer day, and noted that this Sunday he had failed to wear his hat on our walk to and from the church. The Cairo sun had been too much for him.

Cairo's Museum with its great collection of ancient Egyptian art and treasures is one of the city's greatest attractions. Our group was amazed by what we saw there. Some of the displays were almost breath-taking. How could those beautiful things, centuries old, actually be? This is a question I am still asking.

Some of the most popular objects came from the tomb of Pharaoh Tutankhamen of the eighteenth dynasty. He was actually one of the lesser kings, having become a pharaoh at about the age of nine and dying at about the age of eighteen in 1325 B.C. He is, however, better known currently than other more important Egyptian rulers because his tomb was the one most recently discovered (1922). Furthermore some of those beautiful things were brought to the United States in the late twenties and thirties, and were displayed in various museums throughout our country. I remember going to Chicago to see them.

The large display of treasures we saw in the Cairo Museum included golden beds and couches, a throne incrustated with gold, silver and sparkling with jewels. Our visit to the Museum caused me to look forward eagerly to our scheduled trip to the Valley of the Kings where a great many of the objects in the Museum were discovered. We were told that not only would we get to see and enter into a number of tombs much larger than that of Tutankhamen, but we would also see and enter his burial place.

However, before we flew to the Valley of the Kings, some five hundred miles south, we made a very interesting trip to Giza, a famous location near Cairo. In fact, the city of Giza is a southern suburb of Cairo on the west bank of the Nile.

An important city has been on or near this site since the time of the fourth dynasty about 2680-2544 B.C. Presently it is a leading administrative, cultural, and commercial center. A section of the city is made up of luxury apartment buildings along the Nile. But the things that interested me most were the famous landmarks nearby; the Great Sphinx and three of Egypt's most well known pyramids. For me the trip turned out to be a mixed bag of fun, frustration, and fascination.

A tourist bus took us from the hotel through Giza and brought us out into a desert-like area within walking distance of a Sphinx and three pyramids. Most of our group chose to walk out to the monuments. However there were several native men at hand with their camels, and for a fee a person could ride a camel out to the site of the monuments. I and some others of the group chose to ride to the pyramids on camels being led by their owners. That was the fun part.

Generally, I think, most people associate pyramids rather exclusively with the ancient history of Egypt, but the early civilizations of Guatemala, Honduras, Mexico, and Peru also built them. Those in Egypt, however, differ from those in the New World. The Egyptian pyramid has a square ground plan, outside walls are in the form of four triangles that meet in a point at the top and have inner sepulchral chambers which served as royal tombs. Those in our hemisphere have flat tops and served as platforms for temples and palaces. They are called temple mounds.

Egypt has fifty royal pyramids and a considerable number built for different purposes. The group at Giza are the most outstanding ones because of their size and the perfection of their construction. The largest of the Giza group was built as a tomb for Pharaoh Khufu, better known by his Greek name, Cheops (2549-2526 B.C.) It is one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. When built it measured 481 feet high with a square base measuring 756 feet on each side. It has been estimated that when completed, the core of local and the outer facing of Tura limestone were composed of about 2,300,000 separate blocks, each averaging some 2½ tons in weight and reaching a maximum of fifteen tons.

From the entrance on the north side there is a corridor measuring about three and a half feet in width and about four feet in height. It descends first through the core of the pyramid for a distance of about 345 feet from the entrance. Then it becomes level and continues horizontally for a further twenty-nine feet before terminating in a chamber.

Although the Great Pyramid, when viewed from a distance, gives the impression of being preserved substantially intact, closer observation reveals that it has suffered severely at the hands of robbers. About a dozen courses of capstone, possibly made of granite, have been removed from the apex.

It was this Giza pyramid we had come to see, The bus took its passengers up quite close to it. We on camels had a little longer distance to ride and, of course, the camels moved more slowly than the bus. My camel was the slowest among them so that I was the last to get up to the pyramid. The group had already entered the passageway which led to the large room where the Pharaoh had been entombed and where the treasured gifts had been left for him to enjoy in his future life. The group was quite a distance ahead of me, out of sight and sound.

As indicated above, the passageway was narrow and had a low ceiling. It was also dark in there. There I was alone in that dark, strange, spooky place, bent half over trying to catch up with the rest of the group making my way to the place where the Pharaoh had been entombed. Finally I arrived at the large empty room. There was a little light from somewhere and I could look around a bit. The corpse and the gifts had long since been removed. Then I continued my way through the dark passage which I thought would take me to the exit. Finally I saw the outside light and hurried as best I could to the opening. It was a great relief to see my friends again. The long scary journey through the insides of the pyramid was the frustrating part of this journey. Now that our group was all together we went over to look at the nearby sphinx.

A sphinx is a statue representing some deity. It has the body of an animal, quite often that of a lion. The head may be that of another animal or that of a man, frequently that of the Pharaoh ruling at the time of the sphinx's construction.

Egypt has numerous such statues, but the Great Sphinx at Giza, with the head of a man, is the best known, and is one of the visible symbols of ancient Egypt. It dates back about 2500 B.C. The statue is sixty feet high. It was first excavated and restored about 1400 B.C. But it became covered again with sand. The first modern excavation was 1817. In 1923-26 the Egyptian Department of Antiques made a new excavation and restoration. Pieces which had fallen off were cemented and pasted back in place. In 1930 the whole statue was exposed. Nevertheless the face of the Pharaoh is still disfigured. That is not surprising for at one period it was mutilated as a symbol of idolatry and at another time it was used as an object for shooting practice.

Arriving back to the hotel, I reviewed the activities of the day. I was delighted to think that I had actually come in touch with objects which were a part of life for people living almost five thousand years ago. That was the fascinating part the fun, frustration, and fascination connected with my trip to Giza. I was also glad that I could have the comforts and conveniences of life in a modern Egyptian hotel.

Our stay at the hotel was enlivened for a couple days by the continuing activities of an Islamic wedding. The activities began each day in the hotel dining room with a feast for a large number of people. After each dinner all of the diners got up from the table and, led by an exotic belly dancer, paraded throughout the hotel merrily singing festive songs. Whether this was

repeated a third day I do not know, for we flew some five hundred miles south to the Valley of the Kings.

The Valley of the Kings was a burial site for Egyptian rulers from 1570 to 1070. It is located on the west bank of the Nile opposite the modern city of Luxor. Although only a short distance west of the riverbank, the Valley is concealed by high cliffs and a long, winding entrance. Earlier rulers had built mortuary complexes consisting of pyramid tombs like those we saw in Giza. It would seem that the change to burials in the Valley, obscured by cliffs, was an effort to circumvent the robbing of the royal tombs. But the efforts were not totally successful.

Thirty-four tombs have been discovered at this site, but only the tomb of Tutankhamen survived wholesale looting. Although robbed twice, his tomb still contained more than five thousand items buried with the young king.

Most of the tombs were carved deep in the solid rock and have numerous rooms at different levels. The walls are generally painted with hieroglyphics and magical or symbolic scenes. Our group was taken through several of them, including that of Tutankhamen. All of the tombs were under ground or dug into the side of a hill.

The ceilings of the rooms were high so that we could remain erect as we walked under them. The paintings were as clear as if they had been done yesterday. All of this was amazing to me and filled my mind with many questions. My first question was: since there were no electric lights to turn on, and since the use of lamps or torches would have smoked up the art work, how were the workmen and artists able to do their work in the dark cave-like rooms?

We were told that a series of large metal reflectors was arranged beginning with one just outside the open entrance of the tomb. This was arranged so it would catch the rays of the sun and pass them on to another reflector inside the door. A continuing set of reflectors carried the light to the workplace. Since the Egyptian sun was constant all the day every day, this arrangement seemed to work well.

Another question I had was: since there was no machinery and all digging had to be done by hand, how long would it take to make one of these large tombs? The guide told us that when a man became a pharaoh he began immediately to prepare for his burial. Crews of servants and slaves were set to work and the activities continued as long as the pharaoh lived. If, for example, he lived for forty years the work continued for those years. The guide pointed out that this system accounted for the fact that Tutankhamen's tomb was smaller than the others. He reigned for only nine years.

From the Valley of the Kings we flew south to Karnak, a village on the east side of the Nile on the site of the ancient cities of Thebes and Luxor. The fame of this area rests upon the ruins of a group of temples built for the worship of various gods. The greatest and most important one was erected for the worship of the god Amon. It was thirty four years in the building, and additions continued to be made during the next century. It stands in an enclosure of about 1,500 square feet. Its most outstanding feature is a large hall the roof of which rests upon 122 enormous columns

seventy-five feet high and twelve feet in diameter, built in nine rows. Reliefs and inscriptions cover the wall and columns.

To stand among those giant columns made me feel very small and insignificant. It was truly awesome. After visiting those historic places we flew back to Cairo.

Upon returning home I wrote an article which emphasizes the reason the early Egyptians gave themselves to the building of those grand, massive pyramids like those we saw in Giza, the tombs in the Valley of the Kings, and the temples in Karnak. Here is that article.

* * *

A High Priority Matter

These are auspicious times. The spectacular achievements of 20th century scientists and technicians overshadow much that has gone before. More importantly, at least in the Western world, the present time shows more regard for personal worth and provides greater individual opportunity than preceding periods. Most of us have conveniences, comforts, and pleasures that even kings in earlier days could not come by

Not only so, but as individuals we, more than any other generation, have both the freedom and the challenge to learn, to acquire skills, and to develop every facet of our personal potential. These are indeed favorable times.

The more of history we know, however, the less vain we are inclined to be. We see that before us -- long before us -- there were civilizations wherein the people manifested real social concern and wherein ingenious men achieved engineering and artistic successes which we have not attained.

From these there are helpful inferences for us. An example is the fact that in ancient Egypt religion played the major role in every aspect of individual and national life. There is no way, it seems to separate sacred and secular. To the early Egyptian every phase of his existence related directly to the gods.

Motivated by their deep religious devotion, Egyptian pharaohs and their people erected gigantic temples for the gods. Massive witnesses to that grandeur remain at the ancient sites of Karnak and Luxor. Three closely knit temples at Karnak covered 100 acres, and today's visitor is overwhelmed when he finds himself in the great hall, the "Forest of Columns" where 134 twelve feet-in-diameter, lavishly carved stone columns tower seventy-five feet above him.

It was the Egyptians' great regard for life after death which prompted early pharaohs to construct as tombs imposing but mysterious pyramids with their ornate burial chambers. After almost five thousand years some eighty of them still stand like so many austere sentinels forming a twenty mile chain at the desert's edge west and south of Cairo.

The same concern for the afterlife prompted later pharaohs to carve out of the rocky hills across the Nile from Thebes expansive multi-roomed tombs. The rooms are adorned with murals -- some embossed, others painted in striking colors. They were originally filled with fabulous treasures. The thousands of priceless objects (many of them of jewel-encrusted gold) discovered in the comparatively small tomb of young King Tutankhamen in our own century, suggest the tremendous wealth expended in providing for the comfort and welfare of the deceased.

Egyptians had long believed in an everlasting life after death. That life, they thought, depended upon keeping the body resting inviolate. While the soul was understood to leave the body at death, it was to return to the same body in the next world. So it was that Egyptians early perfected embalming methods and designed the secure and elaborate, well-stocked burial places. Here they expected to live a most fulfilling spiritual life safe from intruders, amply supplied with good things -- to ensure them happiness forever.

A striking thing about all this is that the men who spent their best years and vast fortunes readying elaborate, secure eternal homes were often content to live in houses of sun-dried brick which have long since crumbled and disappeared without a trace. In their system of priorities preparation for an everlasting life was at the top.

True, the early Egyptians did not have knowledge of the true God. Their polytheism led them into many erroneous paths and brought unfounded hope; but their attention to the things of the spirit as they understood them does merit consideration.

Great numbers of people in the present generation who are much more enlightened, persist in "living it up" now. On top, in their system of priorities, are those things which they can see and feel and grasp today.

In fact, some people seem to scorn the unseen as if it were not actual. They treat the seen as alone being real. They live for what the eye sees and the hand can hold. How myopic they are! Even Bertrand Russell recognized this error. He wrote: "It is preoccupation with possessions more than anything else that prevents men from living freely and nobly."

The Apostle Paul spoke an assuring truth when he testified: "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal" (II Cor. 4:18).

There are many evidences even here and now of the validity and superiority of spiritual verities. Every day the things we cannot see play a more important role in our lives than those we can see. G. A. Frantz reminds us of this when he writes, "More people are made happy by love and loyalty and kindness than by gold and houses and motor cars. And more people come to grief because their spirits are warped than because their bodies are crooked."

Jesus emphasized all this when He admonished us, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth...but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven...for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" (Matt. 6:19-21).

This reminds me of the statement of an elderly man who through his life had gone in for all that the present time could offer, and he had overtaken it. All it could give, he had obtained. He had just been told about a friend of his youthful days who was now very ill. He listened to the story of the friend's Christian faith, his years of service to his fellow-men, and his present cheerfulness as he looked forward to either life or death. The account got through to the rich man's conscience. He remarked, "Yes, yes, you wonder if I cannot be as happy and contented too; but think of the difference. He is going to his treasure, and I, I must leave mine."

Putting the substance of our lives into earthly things and selfish things is like investing our life savings in a fraudulent land scheme. But investing the substance of life selflessly, lovingly, in our fellowmen and in Christ's kingdom is better even than blue chip stocks. They are safe forever. And more. Everlastingly they will yield us ever-increasing dividends.

The day following our return to Cairo we flew to Israel by way of Cyprus. We had to go via Cyprus because at that time the governments of Egypt and Israel were at variance and planes from Egypt were not allowed to land in Israel. This made for a layover on Cyprus which provided us with several very pleasant hours on this rather unique island.

Cyprus is the third largest island in the Mediterranean Sea. It is located west of Syria and south of Turkey. It has a maximum length of about 140 miles and width of some sixty miles. There were some manufacturing activities as well as the mining of copper, but farming seemed to provide income for more of the population. The main crop was the raising of citrus fruit, but the growing of grapes was another important activity. To our delight the grape harvest was at its best, and as we traveled around the island friendly farmers kept us well supplied with some of the most delicious fruit I have ever tasted.

Greek-speaking Cypriots made up about eighty percent of the population. Most of the rest of the people on the island were of Turkish extraction. Historically its roots are deep in the past, and it has an interesting place in Bible history. There are references to it in both Testaments.

The first reference is in Numbers 24:24 (NKJ) where Balaam prophesied that Assyria would perish under the hand of a people who would come in ships from the coasts of Cyprus. In Isa. 23:1 the prophet announces that from Cyprus word was given out regarding the destruction of Tyre. In Jeremiah 2:10 we are told that the prophet condemned Israel because they treated their true God worse than the heathen in Cyprus treated their false gods. Ezekiel 27:6 indicates that Cyprus supplied ivory for use in Tyre.

In the pre-Christian era a large colony of Jews settled in Cyprus. They later formed the nucleus of the Christian church ministered to by Paul and his company. As a result of Paul's ministry the Imperial Deputy of the island became a follower of Christ. We read also how Elymas, a sorcerer attempting to dissuade the Deputy from being a Christian, was punished by being deprived of his sight (Acts 13:6-12). Barnabas, who accompanied Paul on his first missionary journey to Cyprus, was a native of the island, and after he had left Paul's company he, with John Mark, returned to evangelize on Cyprus. Tradition says that Barnabas later suffered martyrdom on the island. A church in his memory was built in the city of Salamis..

A short, pleasant flight took us from Cyprus to Tel Aviv, and a bus brought us on to Jerusalem where we found our hotel accommodations awaiting us. At last we were in Israel, the destination we had anxiously anticipated since we started our journey. Indeed we were on holy ground, the place where Jesus was born, ministered, and gave up His life. The importance of this place was suggested by Ernest Benan in his Life of Jesus. He referred to it as the fifth Gospel. The first four were the New Testament books of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The fifth, he said, was Palestine itself. To understand the origins of Christianity Benan indicated that one needed to be familiar with Palestine. It may be that the very location to which we had just come, Jerusalem, is the most important site of all.

It is a place of beauty. Long ago the Psalmist declared of the city: "Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion...city of the Great King" (Ps. 48:2). Certainly the writer had more in mind than the physical beauty of the city, but he does cite the beauty of its location. The Jerusalem we saw did indeed present an imposing appearance of plateaus, on hills and on valleys, The picturesque views of distant mountains and famous river courses.

Today's Jerusalem is also a center of learning and research which results in helping to provide a better understanding of the Jerusalem of Bible times. As one authority tells us: "Topographical studies are constantly going forward. Here and there shafts are being sunk and trenches dug -- at gates, beside walls, in the market areas, and at other strategic places. Ancient Jerusalem -- now lying from five to sixty-five feet under the present city, is becoming better known each year."

Through the ages devout pilgrims, both Christian and Jewish, have made their way to this holy place. Many of them, at their first sight of the city, have been greatly moved upon. An eminent Christian minister recounting his first view declared, "After I have been ten thousand years in heaven the memory of that first view of Jerusalem will be as vivid as ever."

With the advent of air travel, the number of visitors has greatly increased. Currently Jerusalem is said to have become one of the world's foremost centers of pilgrimage and tourism. Indeed, tourism has become a chief source of livelihood for residents of the city.

I shall not even attempt to consider here all the sites we visited but I shall mention some which interested me most.

Starting shortly after sunrise each Easter Sunday a crowd of about a thousand people will gather at a large open space standing away to the north of the Damascus Gate. Smaller groups and individuals will already have been there. Still others will come and go throughout the day. These are devout Christians who have come from near and far. Some of them will quietly meditate. Others will pray then go their way. Some will join with others in a service of worship or share in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The place to which these people come is known as the Garden Tomb, for here is a sepulcher hewn in the rock-face at the foot of a hill standing against walls of the Holy City. It is regarded by many as the tomb in which Christ was buried and from which He arose from the dead. It is referred to as the Garden Tomb because the area has been planted with a great variety of trees, shrubs, and flowers. Almost all of the flowers named in the Bible are there.

The location of this place was not far from our hotel, so we walked to it. Dr. Turner, fully aware of the of the place's significance had arranged for us to join in a time of worship. He had asked that I prepare a devotional for the occasion. The following is what I presented to our group.

* * *

Devotional at the Garden Tomb in Jerusalem

Burial places are among the most commonplace objects; for death is a part of mortal life. This tomb, this Garden Tomb, however, is different. It stands apart from all others, unique. The manner of its being emptied is a miracle. So its very emptiness points us to the fact that eternal life may now complement mortal life. It speaks not of just everlasting life, of an enduring existence to be added to the "three score and ten." Who wants to live the ordinary mortal life forever?

The eternal life of which this burial place is a token is a new kind of life, a life not simply of unlimited duration, but a life of supreme quality. It is the very life of the infinite, holy God shared with us. It is the quality of life which brings complete fulfillment even here and now. We do not need to wait for a future life to taste its bliss. It is the kind of life which everyone experiencing it longs to enjoy forever.

Let us read John's account of some of the events which make this tomb so notable (John 20:1-16, NEB).

"Early on the Sunday morning, while it was still dark, Mary of Magdala came to the tomb. She saw that the stone had been moved away from the entrance, and ran to Simon Peter and the other disciples, the one whom Jesus loved. 'They have taken the Lord out of his tomb,' she cried, 'and we do not know where they have laid him.' So Peter and the other disciple set out and made their way to the tomb. They were running side by side, but the other disciple outran Peter and reached the tomb first. He peered in and saw the linen wrappings lying there, but did not enter. Then Simon Peter came up, following him, and he went into the tomb. He saw the linen wrappings lying, and the napkin which had been over his head, not lying with the wrappings but rolled together in a place by itself. Then the disciple who had reached the tomb first went in too, and he saw and believed; until then they had not understood the scriptures, which showed that he must rise from the dead.

"So the disciples went home again; but Mary stood at the tomb outside, weeping. As she wept, she peered into the tomb; and she saw two angels in white sitting there, one at the head, and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. They said to her, 'Why are you weeping?' She answered, 'They have taken my Lord away, and I do not know where they have laid him.' With these words she turned around and saw Jesus standing there, but did not recognize him. Jesus said to her, 'Why are you weeping? Who is it you are looking for?' Thinking it was the gardener, she said, 'If it is you, sir, who removed him, tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away.' Jesus said, 'Mary!' She turned to him and said, 'Rabbuni!' (Which is Hebrew for 'My Master')."

How much of the significance of the occasion dawned upon the participants of those events we can not know. They were so close to the miraculous events. But they were at least convinced by them that Jesus was alive from the dead. As they met with their Lord from time to time and as the Holy Spirit came to them, slowly they began to comprehend more and more.

Maybe we of our time actually have an advantage over these early believers. The word of C. W. Quimby give us food for thought in this regard. He has written: "The eye of faith can see more clearly and convincingly than can the experience from touch and sight. Both touch and sight often deceive. We can, with faith, know within ourselves. To have an experience of Jesus resurrected is to know and to be transformed and empowered. This is the inner secret of every essential article of the Christian faith. A person can prove each to his own soul! The goodness of God, the power of prayer, the vitality of the Bible, the living Christ, cannot be proved by argument. They are experiences with one's self."

The resurrection life which we have come to share through faith in Christ brings not only privileges, it has its obligations. We who in very deed share the eternal life of God through the resurrected Christ are obliged to give evidence of this through seeking things above the level of this tomb. This tomb lost its hold upon the convinced disciples. They did not care to linger here when they knew He was elsewhere. It was where He was that they desired to be. Similarly, we who partake of Christ's life regard lightly the affairs that are only earthly and temporal.

Furthermore, the love demonstrated on Calvary and validated at this tomb demands our utter commitment. For Christ who saves us by His death and assures us of eternal life by His resurrection challenges us. He says to us, "Go...lo, I am with you." We are to continue His acts and teachings. In fact it is through us, His church, that Christ is alive and at work in the world.

As we go, we have His presence. If we tarry, refraining from going with His message to others, we will, however, lose His presence; for He is going out there whether we do or not.

Today's world needs to be convinced of the practical results of this miraculously emptied tomb. It sorely needs the deliverance from sin, the hope, and the life it brings. The gospel which teaches the resurrection is still the power of God unto salvation. The ability of the Holy Spirit to administer the gospel is the same. The only variable in the formula is us -- you and I. God is looking for men and women who will devote every ounce of energy, every moment of time, every possession, talent, and ability to bring the gospel to bear upon the lives of men and women throughout the world.

Soon after His resurrection, Jesus appeared before His apostles who through fear had closed themselves up in a locked room. Standing before them, He declared that they must get out from behind those doors; "As my Father hath sent me," He said, "Even so send I you" (John 20:21).

The same Christ stands before us today. He speaks the same words. Because He is alive we can depend upon Him to go with us out into the world to do His work. If we obey, we have at our disposal all of the power and glory of which this tomb speaks.

What are we going to do about the inspiration of these few moments at this Garden Tomb? I hope we do much more than tuck them away as a precious memory in our hearts. I hope we put them to work so that the Christ who arose alive here so long ago may today and tomorrow more effectively work through us to accomplish His purpose among men.

One of our most interesting and informative experiences in Jerusalem was our visit to the Shrine of the Book which houses the priceless Dead Sea Scrolls, a collection of Hebrew and Aramaic manuscripts consisting of eight scrolls and some thousands of fragments. They are considered to be the greatest archaeological find in the twentieth century. Their name comes from the fact that they were found in caves located near Qumran, a site at the northwest corner of the Dead Sea.

These scrolls, the work of the Essenes, residents in a monastic community, were collected through a series of discoveries since 1947. It is thought that they were copied between 170 B.C. and the early part of the first century A.D. They include manuals of discipline, hymn books, biblical commentaries, and apocalyptic writings, two of the oldest known copies of the Book of Isaiah, almost wholly intact; and fragments of every book in the Old Testament except that of Esther.

It is thought that the Essenes, hearing of the approach of the Roman legions in 68 A.D., put their priceless writings in pottery jars and hid them in the caves in the nearby hills, intending to come back for them. But they were never able to return and were probably killed by the Romans.

These Dead Sea Scrolls have done much to offset some of the criticism of skeptical scholars.

The National Geographic Society has published a volume entitled *Life in Bible Times* which included a consideration of the Dead Sea Scrolls. The article concludes with this beautiful paragraph: "Qumran, high on its blighted terrace, is now a dead ruin in a dead world. Nothing grows in the bitter marl; nothing stirs among the ancient stones. The sky yawns emptily over the strange blue of the Dead Sea, and a lonely wind sighs through the rubble. But here, a long time ago men strove to find God. And the record they left of their endeavors gives us a better understanding of the religious climate into which Jesus was born."

Our group spent considerable time touring outside of Jerusalem, and I was delighted to visit so many places of which I had read in my Bible. Each of them deserve consideration, but that is not possible here. There was Bethlehem with the shepherds' field not far away, and the Church of the Nativity with its dark Grotto, the traditional site of Jesus' birth. There was Nazareth where Jesus grew up helping Joseph in the carpenter's shop. There was the Jordan River where Jesus, at the age of thirty, stood before John the Baptist to be baptized. There was Jericho where Jesus lodged with Zaccheus and healed a blind man. There was Jacob's well at Sychar where the Lord ministered to a Samaritan woman.

There were still more. Among them was the city of Capernaum located on the northwest shore of the Sea of Galilee, an important trade route from Damascus to the Mediterranean coast of Egypt. This drew my special attention and interest for I remember that Peter had his home here and

that Jesus seemed to have made it His headquarters during His ministry so that it is referred to as "His own city."

It was an important, busy city. Some authorities have estimated that in Jesus' time it may have had as many as ten thousand inhabitants.

We know that it was one of the places where the Roman government collected toll. It was here that Jesus payed tribute with a coin Peter had gotten from the mouth of a fish. It was here that Jesus called Matthew, one of the tax collectors, to follow Him.

It would also seem that here it was that Jesus performed more miracles than any other place. There was the healing of Peter's mother-in-law, the centurion's servant, the palsied man let down through the roof, a demoniac in the synagogue, the nobleman's son. There was also the raising from the dead of Jairus' daughter and the healing of two blind men. It was here also that Christ preached His notable message on the Bread of Life.

In spite of all this, Capernaum failed to repent and Christ pronounced woes of judgment against the city. One hundred years after Jesus' presence in Capernaum the moral degeneracy of the inhabitants of the city was referred to in the Rabbinic writings, and at the time of the early church historian Eusebius (265-340) the location of the city was totally unknown.

Excavations which began in 1905 have, however, brought to light the ruins of one of the finest limestone synagogues in Israel and have identified it with Capernaum. Our guide pointed out that some people have thought the synagogue might have been the one built by the kindly centurion mentioned in Luke 7:1-5, and identified it as the one where Jesus spoke to the people, but he said that the best authorities indicate that it was more probably built between the second and fourth centuries. Nevertheless, the Franciscan priests who preserve it believe it stands on the site, perhaps on the very foundations, of the synagogue in which Jesus taught.

It would have been nice to remain longer in this Holy Land, but our travel schedule indicated that we must be on our way to Greece. Forthwith we flew to Athens. Our hotel here was in the downtown business area of the city with various kinds of shops on the ground floor. We noted right away that there were signs near the entrance of these stores indicating that they closed at noon each day for siesta time. We smiled at that.

I was surprised and pleased to see that Greece is mountainous. Rugged and beautiful, the country sides made me feel as if I were among the beloved mountains of my early years in the Colorado Rockies.

This part of our journey was unique in one way. In all of the other places our guides were men, but here we had a very attractive, pleasant, and well-informed lady to show us the places we wanted to see and explain their significance to us. She went all out to keep us happy, and was especially interested in getting us to eat foods of her native land.

Greece, slightly smaller than the state of Florida, occupies the southern tip of the Balkan Peninsula and numerous islands. It is bordered on the northwest by Albania, on the north by

Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, on the northeast Turkey, and the east by the Aegean Sea, on the south by the Mediterranean Sea, and on the west by the Ionian Sea.

Since we had come to Greece to visit places connected with Bible history, we were especially interested in the ministry of the Apostle Paul who came to this country on his second missionary journey. He had come in response to a vision he had in Troas of a man of Macedonia (northern Greece) pleading for help. He and his companions ministered in the city of Thessalonica with considerable success until they were driven from the city by the malice of the Jews, and came by night to Berea, another Macedonian city, then on to Athens.

There he observed how the people were totally immersed in idolatry and began to hold discussions in Jewish synagogues and the market place. This led to him being taken to the Areopagus, the ancient court which met on the hill of the same name. The court consisted of nobles who met in the open. The accuser and the accused stood on platforms cut from the rock.

One commentator, in writing about this occasion, states that here Paul would have been "surrounded by perhaps the shrewdest, most polished, most acute, most witty, and most scornful assemblage that ever surrounded a preacher of Christianity. He with exquisite tact and ability, exposed the folly of their superstitions, and unfolded the character and claims of the living and true God. For the purpose of attention of his audience, he commenced by referring to the altar in their city, on which he had read the inscription, 'to an unknown God;' and applying this to Jehovah, he proposed to declare to them that Deity, whom thus, without knowing Him, they were worshiping."

To stand on the place where this trial was held brought feelings of awe, deep respect, and gratitude toward the brave fathers of our faith.

From that hill we could see the Parthenon, a temple built in the fifth century B.C. in honor of the goddess of wisdom. We later went to view it more closely. It is said to be the most perfect achievement of Greek temple architecture, actually the masterpiece of all Greek architecture. The most conspicuous part of the building is the forty-six marble columns each thirty-four feet high which surround the building.

Leaving Athens, the Apostle made his way to Corinth. Our tour group also went from Athens to Corinth. It was the final stop of our journey through Bible lands. It proved to be a grand finale, one of the most interesting places of our entire journey.

Corinth is located about forty miles west of Athens, on a narrow isthmus which at its narrowest point is only four miles across. It has two harbors, one on the east and one on the west. In Paul's time for a ship to go from one side of the isthmus to the other required a two-hundred-mile voyage around Cape Malea. The mariners found it less expensive to transfer their cargoes across the isthmus. From the larger ships slaves and ox-carts transferred the cargoes from one side to the other. Smaller vessels were lifted out of the water and transported from sea to sea on wagons. Sections of the road over which those cargoes traveled have been discovered by archaeologists who indicate that they were built in 600 B.C. They are still in use.

Nero in 66 A.D. attempted to dig a canal across the isthmus, but he never completed it. However, in 1881-1895 such a canal was cut and is used still today. Our group delighted in watching, from a hill on the east side, the activity connected with that busy canal. We could see across to the beautiful blue sea beyond.

Corinth was one of the most famous cities Paul visited. It owed its greatness to its strategic location. The narrow Isthmus of Corinth connected Greece with the northern mainland. So it was that both sea and land traffic were brought to the city.

Corinth was not only a city of wealth, but it was also a city of sin. To live like a Corinthian way synonymous with a life of luxury and licentiousness. It was here, however, that Paul met Priscilla and Aquila, who like Paul, were tent-makers and Christians. It seemed that they became partners in both business and Christian ministry. Paul was also joined by Silas and Timothy. Crispus, ruler of the Jewish tabernacle, was brought to Christ and doubtless became a strong support for the Apostle. Paul apparently stayed in Corinth a year and a half, and when he departed for Syria he left behind him a promising Christian church.

Probably the most interesting part of our experiences at Corinth came the day we visited the ancient part of the city. The modern city is not located on the site of the Biblical one. The whole of the ancient part has been open by archaeologists for many years. So it is that the central part of the city of Paul's day has been excavated and we could walk where Paul walked and see the things which were a part of daily life for the people. Our guide identified the things we were seeing. It was exciting and stimulated our trust in the records we read in the New Testament.

This brought to an end our exploration of Bible lands. We returned to Athens and prepared for the flight to our homeland. We were given several hours of free time that we might do some shopping or whatever else we might desire. I wanted to get something to take home to Cora. Among the shops on the first floor of our hotel I saw an attractive one with a nice supply of clothing for both men and women. When I was ready to go in I noticed it was siesta time, so I waited till that was over then made my way into the store. I seemed to be the first customer after the rest period. I was greeted and got the full attention of a friendly gentleman clerk.

I looked around and found a jacket which I thought Cora would like. I said I would take it. I knew, however, that I did not have enough money in my billfold to pay for it, but I carried some surplus in a money belt. I proceeded to take off the belt to get enough to pay for the jacket. As I was doing this, my friendly clerk said, "That is a lovely corset you have." French and English are commonly spoken in Greece, but my new business friend would do well to take a little tutoring.

The next day we flew from Athens to Germany where we changed to a jumbo jet. It was my first experience on such an enormous plane. I thought "How can such a thing as this with so many people aboard get into the air?" I felt as if I would like to get out and give it a push. I found, however, that it did not need my help. We had a pleasant flight to New York where I took another plane to Fort Wayne. Cora was at the airport with the car. It was good to be home.

That winter when Cora and I went for our two weeks in Florida we decided to spend our time around Fort Myers. We knew that Mrs. Tinney, the realtor in Indianapolis who had helped so

much, was now living and working in Fort Myers. We contacted her in regard to our housing. She had a vacant trailer house in a quiet, pleasant wooded area at the edge of the city. We looked at it and decided to make it our headquarters. We enjoyed the beach, the city, and the other activities nearby.

I spent a good deal of time, however, at the public library downtown. This I did because I had been asked to fill in for a Bible teacher on leave from Marion College (now Indiana Wesleyan University). Through the years I had been teaching adult Bible classes in Sunday school and writing curriculum for our adult study guides, but it had been a long time since I had worked with college-age students. I felt the need to spend extra time in preparation for the assignment.

I was to teach freshman students a survey course of both Old and New Testaments and a class of senior ministerial students a comprehensive course in the Minor Prophets of the Old Testament. Fortunately I had quite recently written the comments for those prophetic books for the Beacon Bible Commentary, so I felt better prepared for that part of my task.

When the time came for the teaching I was grateful for all the preparation I had made. The semester was a pleasant experience. The students were a delight. At the conclusion of the course I was grateful to have one of the ministerial students stop by to chat a bit. Among other things he told me that he had enjoyed the study and that he had been able to get a great deal of material that would help him in the preparation of his sermons.

Much of my time was now being given to activities away from the office. There were the continuing Aldersgate Curriculum work sessions involving editors from the cooperating denominations about which I wrote earlier. Then there were times when we officers from Headquarters would go out, individually or in groups, to hold conferences or workshops informing the local members of the Church of activities throughout the Denomination; what was being planned for the future, how best to utilize the materials furnished by the various departments, and to listen to the concerns and suggestions of the local members.

I really enjoyed these activities, but it meant that Cora was being left alone at home quite a bit of the time. Neither of us liked that. I tried to keep her informed as to the purposes and results of my trips, and sometimes I was able to arrange for her to be with me. I remember one such pleasant occasion.

I and our Wesleyan age-level editors were to be in Kansas City at the Nazarene Headquarters for a week, working on Aldersgate lesson outlines. A couple of days later I was to speak at a missionary convention in Los Angeles. I arranged for Carolyn to bring Cora to Kansas City in our car. At the adjournment of the committee the three of us drove to Colorado Springs, the home of Cora's family. From there I flew to California for my appointment and Carolyn flew back home to Indianapolis while Cora remained with her folks. When I had finished my assignment in L. A. I spent a night with Don and family, then flew back to Colorado Springs for a day or two of my vacation. Then Cora and I drove home together.

At this point in my biography I can remember some events, but sometimes I am uncertain about their sequence, so I have been contacting my children for help. They have enlightened me

considerably. Just a few days ago I received from Don a package containing copies of letters Cora and I had written to him and his family from 1967 to 1988. They will cast light, I am sure, on some of my activities. I am thankful for this cooperation.

At Christmas in 1971, Cora and I were in Burbank, California, with Don and his family. At the same time, Rev. Paul Thomas was very ill in Los Osos. I drove up to see him. His wife, Kathryn, told me that he had been in a semi-comatose state for a while; but when I entered his room and Kathryn told him I was there, he opened his eyes faintly, gave me a little smile, and said, "You look neat." He did not open his eyes, smile, nor speak anymore. It was sad, indeed, to see this friend lying there so helpless; for I had known him for sixty years as a vivacious keen-minded and influential leader of men.

He passed away three months later, and his body was brought to Indianapolis for burial in the family plot at Crown Hill Cemetery. The funeral was held in the Calvary Wesleyan Church. I had been asked to write an obituary. This I did, gladly, and read it at the funeral. I would like to have inserted it here, for it was in that document that I expressed my deep sense of loss in the departure of my dear friend and companion in labors for Christ and His kingdom; however, I cannot find a copy of it at the Headquarter's archives, nor in my own files. The following year his widow returned to Marion, and served as my secretary for four years. She then returned to California.

At the Church's 1972 General Conference, Rev. O. D. Emery was elected General Secretary of Sunday Schools, making him my supervising officer. This created an especially interesting and pleasant relationship. Dale Emery, a high school student, and his family were neighbors of my family and attended the same Northside Church, in Indianapolis. With considerable interest I watched him become an effective young minister.

In those early years I was in the Foreign Missions Department, and on one occasion asked Dale and another young man of our church to accompany me to a neighboring city where I was to represent the Department. They had sung duets in our local church services, and I thought their singing would add interest to my missionary service. They did well. Years later Dale reminded me of that occasion and said it was the first time he had ministered outside of his local church.

In the course of events, Dale's sister, Frances, became a very efficient bookkeeper in our Missions office. Later she married the son of P. W. Thomas, the General Secretary of Foreign Missions, and together they went as missionaries to the Philippine Islands where they ministered effectively for seventeen years.

Twenty years after O.D. Emery was elected head of my department at Headquarters, I, a widower, married Kathryn Thomas, the widow of Paul Westfall Thomas and the step mother of Paul William Thomas, husband of Dale Emery's sister.

Now, what relation am I to Dale? None I suppose. But my mother, in the Missouri language of her day, would have declared that I was a "string bean" relative. So be it!

My duties continued quite the same as they had been, and I continued to work happily under Rev. Emery's direction until my retirement.

Another special relationship developed in that quadrennium. Rev. Howard Castle transferred to our department. He was a kind friend and fellow worker. On occasion we were involved together in the same projects. He was always a wise and faithful partner. Even now, twenty-five years later, he continues to be a friend and wise counselor.

In June of 1977 I felt myself pressured by my traveling assignments and writing schedules. I talked of this to Dale telling him that perhaps we should be thinking about retirement for me. I told him that I felt well and enjoyed my tasks, but I thought I needed to work under less pressure. He was understanding and agreed to try to arrange so that I could be at least on part time schedules.

Things work out well, and by the middle of September I was expected to be at the office only four days a week. This pleased me very much, and by the middle of June of the next year I did officially retire as Executive Editor of Curriculum.

Two other men on the Headquarter's staff also were retiring at the same time: Raymond Halt, General Publisher, and Willard G. Smith, General Treasurer. The General Board of Administration sponsored a delightful appreciation dinner in our honor to which our wives and others were invited. General Superintendent R. W. McIntyre presided over the activities of the evening. Each of us was given a plaque, and a General Superintendent read a tribute to each. Superintendent M. H. Snyder read mine. It follows:

* * *

A Tribute To Armor D. Peisker

Rene Almeras once said, "The best and noblest lives are those which are set toward high ideals. And the highest and noblest ideal that any man can have is Jesus of Nazareth." Armor Dale Peisker, whom we honor tonight, came to know and acknowledge this truth at the early age of 12 when in a home missionary tent meeting under the powerful preaching of the Reverend P. W. Thomas, he surrendered his life to Jesus Christ and came to know Him not only as an ideal but as Saviour and Lord.

Born in the small village of Center, Colorado, October 31, 1907, he was destined to rise from that humble setting to influence the lives of multiplied thousands through a dynamic ministry of preaching and writing, and particularly writing to which the major portion of his ministry was to be given. His parents were active Methodists. His father, the town harness maker, served as janitor of the local Methodist Church and his mother as treasurer. He, however, joined the newly organized People's Mission Church and became a life-long associate of the Reverend P. W. Thomas under whose ministry he had found the Saviour.

This turn of events was ultimately to bring him into the Pilgrim Holiness Church upon the merger of the People's Mission Church with that denomination in 1925, and now The Wesleyan Church where he has served so ably since merger in 1968.

Preparation for his ministry began in the elementary schools at Center, Colorado, followed by four years of high-school training -- two of which were at Center and two at the Colorado Springs Bible School, Colorado Springs, Colorado, graduating in 1926. He then went to the Pilgrim Bible College in Pasadena, California, for two terms, returning then to Colorado Springs Bible School in 1928 to serve on the staff of President P. W. Thomas as secretary and bookkeeper. While at the Bible School he met and married the Miss Cora May Pezoldt. The wedding, on September 13, 1929, brought into his life a gifted young lady, who has been a faithful helpmate across the intervening years. This union was blessed with two fine children, a son, Donald, now of north Hollywood, California, and a daughter, Carolyn, the Mrs. Douglas Green of Shelbyville, Indiana. During this time at Colorado Springs, he also attended Blair's Business College, graduating in 1930 with a major in Accounting. In 1932 he received his AB degree in Education from Colorado College, Colorado Springs, graduating cum laude. His graduate work was taken at Butler University School of Religion, Indianapolis, Indiana, where in 1964 he received his MA degree in Religion, majoring in Old Testament studies. Other graduate work has included courses in journalism and magazine writing at Christian Writer's Institute, Chicago, Illinois.

Having been sanctified in 1924 all of his talents and training have been upon the altar of full surrender and exercised with humility which has commended him to all of us who know him best. Much of Reverend Peisker's work across the years has been behind the scenes where he has produced an astounding quantity of excellent quality essays, sermons and articles for which, on occasion, others have received credit.

Previous to entering the ministry (a call he had felt from the time of his conversion) he worked for J. C. Penny to finance his education. Licensed to preach in 1930 and having completed his studies for ordination, he was ordained in 1934 by Seth Cook Rees, one of the founders of the denomination. He taught in Colorado Springs Bible Training School from 1932- 1934, served as Clerk- Secretary in the Foreign Missions office in Indianapolis from 1934-1936 and then returned to Colorado Springs Training School as President from 1936-1939. He was then called back to Indianapolis to the Department of Foreign Missions where he served as Office Manager from 1939-1950 at which time he was elected Assistant General Secretary of Foreign Missions, serving from 1950-1954.

Though he had had a hand in writing Sunday school literature almost from the beginning of his return to the Headquarters, he was elected Editor of Sunday School Literature in 1954, serving in that capacity until 1962. His contribution in the development of quality materials during this period was felt throughout the entire denomination. The General Conference in 1962 elected him General Editor in which office he served until merger in 1968. Since that time he has served as Executive Editor of Curriculum, distinguishing himself as one of the most creative and innovative editors in this field. In cooperation with other denominational curriculum editors, some of the finest materials to be found have been developed and received the widest circulation of any of the publications which issue from the Headquarters.

Recognized by those outside his denomination as an authority in his field, he has contributed to both the Wesleyan Bible Commentary and the Beacon Bible Commentary which have been widely lauded as some of the most significant religious publications in our generation.

* * *

We Salute You

Reverend Peisker, this evening we salute you. Your life and ministry among us has been a most effective one. It would be impossible to calculate the number of lives that have been brought to know the Savior, strengthened in the faith, and incited to holy living through your fifty years of service to the Church, forty-one of which have been at the General Church Headquarters, a record unequalled by any other leader with the denomination.

Your versatile gifts of preaching, teaching, writing and managing have been God's gift to the Church through your consecrated life. Wherever the Church has called you to serve you have done so with cheerful commitment, and without regard to temporal rewards. Quietly and unobtrusively you have wielded a major influence in shaping the character and image of The Wesleyan Church. Further, you have represented us well in interchurch curriculum development. As a result, your influence for good has reached far beyond the borders of your own denomination.

The Wesleyan Church is deeply grateful to you for the large and fruitful contribution you have made to its missionary outreach and its effective teaching ministry. We are happy to know that your retirement from the office of Executive Editor of Curriculum is not retirement from the work of the Church but that you will be continuing with the Department on a somewhat reduced work schedule.

We wish for you and Mrs. Peisker God's highest and best as you continue to faithfully serve your Lord and His church in the years that lie ahead.

Melvin H. Snyder
for the Board of General Superintendents.

* * *

I do not insert the above as a braggart. As you read it I hope you were able to see the Spirit of Christ at work in the life of a very ordinary person.

Cora and I had been wanting to visit Don and his family again and decided that this was an opportune time. Since our last visit with them they had moved to the San Diego area. That added interest to our proposed journey, for while we had passed through southern California, we had never stopped. We would get to enjoy a few days there.

We went by way of Colorado Springs then turned south and west through Albuquerque, New Mexico. Along the way we came to the interesting little city of Truth or Consequences. We recalled that one of our teachers at the Colorado Springs Bible Training School, Rev. Charles

Luscombe, upon his retirement had, with his wife, gone to live there. I understood that they died and were buried there. We had come to know this couple quite well because for a short time Cora and I lived in the upstairs apartment in their home when we had returned to the Springs in 1935.

In memory of this quaint but dear couple we took a little sentimental journey through the streets of this unusual place. As we went along, we wondered how our friends had been able to fit into this environment, so different from that in which they had lived for so many years.

We also wondered how this rather obscure place in New Mexico had been named after a popular radio and TV game show. Later I learned how. It is a rather interesting story. It reads like this:

"Truth or Consequences is the only game show to have a town in the United States named after it. On March 31, 1950, the town of Hot Springs, New Mexico, officially changed its name to Truth or Consequences, New Mexico. To celebrate the tenth anniversary of the radio show, host Ralph Edwards asked, on the air, for a town that was willing to change its name to honor the program. In return, Truth or Consequences would originate its tenth anniversary show from that city. The city of Hot Springs voted 1,294 to 295 to change its name. On April 1, 1950, the first Truth or Consequences Fiesta was staged, bringing approximately 10,000 people to the town. The annual fiesta continues to be celebrated the first weekend in May." -- Encyclopedia of TV and Game Shows.

We continued our way south until we came to a view of the beautiful Organ Mountains east of Las Cruces. We stopped there and spent the rest of the day and a night at a motel from which we could enjoy the delightful view. This range had received its name from the fact that a number of its peaks stand tall, narrow and round, resembling the pipes of a pipe organ.

Turning westward and again southward, we made our way safely to Chula Vista a few miles south of San Diego. It was good to be with this part of our family again, and we enjoyed several days in happy fellowship.

The journey home went well except for a delay at Albuquerque. Some miles from that city it began to snow lightly. Soon thereafter we were stopped by a state patrolman and were instructed to make no delay in getting to Albuquerque for a dangerous snow storm was blowing in. He advised us to get a motel in the city as soon as possible. We heeded his advice, and secured lodging in the first motel we saw.

Within a short time the hazardous blizzard blew in, and soon afterward the electric power at the motel was cut off. The place became not only dark, but before long it was also cold. A motel clerk, however, came with a little good news. She said the outage did not affect the whole city, and she was seeking to get reservations for us at a motel where there was light and heat. She was successful. We were most grateful.

Through the blinding blizzard, without the help of street lights or traffic signals we cautiously made our way across to the section of the city where there was still electric power. We found the motel where we had a warm room awaiting us. We had a good night's sleep. We were,

however, not able to get on our way home in the morning. The highway which we had to take was closed to all traffic. We spent another day and night in Albuquerque. The second morning all was well, and we continued our journey toward home. We arrived there safely.

The trip as a whole had been pleasant and beneficial. We had no indication then that this was to be Cora's last trip with me to California, or that it was the last time she was to see Don and his wife, Liz.

* * * * *

13 -- THE RETIREMENT YEARS

End these memories with "chapter thirteen?" It was not planned. It just seemed to come out that way. It is good that I am not superstitious for this happening is not out of line with other principal events of my life. I was born on Halloween, married to Cora on Friday the thirteenth, and on April Fools Day I boarded a plane in Indianapolis to fly to Los Angeles that I might marry Kathryn.

Although I was officially retired, I continued to work from my desk at Headquarters. I did not follow a strict schedule, but I was kept quite busy doing special assignments. This included writing commentary for the adult Sunday school quarterlies and other teaching, study guides. Also I would occasionally be asked to travel with others and help in conferences or work shops.

One assignment was to help prepare guidelines for the organization of a denominational society for senior citizens which we had decided would be called the Best Years Fellowship. This required research and study. I also contacted other denominational officials who had some such organizations for their people. We wanted to find what had worked for them and what had not been practical. In this connection I was invited to be a guest at a Nazarene retreat for their senior citizens. It proved to be not only instructive, but also a delightful unexpected experience which I like to recall. It was held during a week of beautiful fall days in our South Land. So it was that I received not only helpful ideas for my appointed task, but I was also spiritually refreshed. This prompted me to write the following article.

* * *

Eternity Is In The Heart

October this year has been delightful. It seems to have spread its bright blue weather everywhere.

I was privileged to enjoy its early weeks in Colorado where every day the sun glorified the great patches of golden aspens. Brilliant among the dark pines and spruces, they made every mountainside a thing of beauty beyond my words to describe. Here in Marion the blazing sugar maples and dogwoods, glowing among the yellows and fading greens, made our streets splendid to see. Brown County must have been glorious, but I missed it this year.

October's closing days I spent among the Smokies of western North Carolina. By then the reds and yellows of the hazy hillsides had turned to russet and grey, but still underfoot the earth was thickly carpeted with shining red maple leaves intricately veined with gold. I could not but stoop to pick up some, take them to my room, press them and bring them home.

Indeed, October this year has been delightful. I think I have been able to identify with Bliss Carman's lines in Vagabond Song:

"There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir:
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls, and calls each vagabond by name."

But after all, there is something somber about autumn. The very grandeur of its sunsets, as well as its smitten, fallen leaves, its blasted flowers, and its dry cleared fields, seem to speak of end times -- of death, judgment, retribution. It is a time to evaluate life, to contemplate harvests.

Perhaps the author of Ecclesiastes was in an autumn mood when he asked, "What does the worker gain from his toil?" (3:9, NIV). He seemed frustrated. Life seemed to be going in circles. He seemed to feel that he was on an endless, meaningless treadmill. What was he actually gaining from all of his hard work and trouble?

While thus in a quandary he apparently sensed a bit of reason and saw a bright thread of purpose, for he declared, "I have seen the business that God has given men to keep them busy. He has made everything to suit its time" (3:10, NEB). He glimpsed the fact that all of life has design. The pattern is much too vast and entangled for us to comprehend, but there is nevertheless a divine design. We show our wisdom or our folly by how we choose to adjust to that pattern.

I saw a simple parable of this in our own back yard this week. Not long ago our little magnolia stood resplendent in heavy green foliage. But now it is bare. As I raked up its fallen leaves the other day, the tree seemed so forlorn. But as I looked closer I noticed that it was bare, but not forlorn. At the end of almost every branch there is a plump grey-green bud. Bravely they have set themselves to face the zero blasts of a Hoosier winter. Because of life's pattern for magnolias, they know they can "take it." In spite of the blizzards' icy blasts and in spite of the heavy snows, those little buds will cover our tree next spring with spreading pink and white blossoms for us to cherish.

If you are in a melancholy autumn mood, go look at the courageous, trusting buds on a magnolia.

As the writer of Ecclesiastes continued his evaluation, he saw even more than mere design. He exclaimed, "God has also set eternity in the hearts of men" (3:11, NIV).

This knowledge of the eternal, Glenn Atkins reminds us, "lifts us above the dusts, invests all the enterprises of life with their right significance, saves us from surrender to the unworthy, assures us in seasons of distress, and washes life with light from beyond the hills of time."

Eternity in the heart. In this we bear the image of our Creator. With this we have power to contemplate the divine nature and purpose -- to discern the eternal beyond the transient. While we cannot fully comprehend God's nature and dealings, we have the capacity, because of this precious gift, to know and fellowship with Him. We have the capacity even to partake of His nature.

Eternity in the heart. This implies that our destiny is bound up with the eternity of God. The destiny of our spirits runs parallel with the existence of the Supreme. Like a single, tiny seed wherein vast forests sleep, the human personality has potential which eternity alone can unfold.

The attitude of a Christian minister in a Western city, when he learned from his doctor that he had only six months to live, demonstrates just how eternity in the heart enables one to meet victoriously time's cruelest blows.

In the evening just after receiving the doctor's fateful information, the stricken pastor drove in his car alone to the crest of a hill in his city. There, with only himself and his God, he looked eastward toward the silent brooding mountain and mused, "Long years have you been here, long years have you stood, the silent sentinel of this great land, this glorious valley. Generations upon generations of men have come and gone. You have seen them all. And this night, even now you stand as the mighty monarch of this vast domain. But some day you will be no more. But when you're gone, I shall live."

Then the man marked for death looked upwards to the millions of shining stars twinkling in their appointed places. "And you," he continued, "have been here these countless centuries. You, too, have been since that day when the hills clapped their hands. And you will stay on, up there, perhaps for ages and ages to come." Raising his hands, hands which in six months would be cold in death, he exulted, "But when you are no more, I shall live."

Then the minister looked out to the mighty river majestically winding its way in the moonlight onward to the sea. It appeared calm, serene, and sure, as if it would always be there to receive men's tribute and homage. "O mighty river," reflected the man of faith, "through the long centuries past, the dead and silent years of ages forever gone, you have found your way and reached your appointed destiny. Men have come and gone, generations and centuries and millenniums have passed, but you have survived. But some day you will be no more. Some day you, too, will perish from the earth. But when you are gone, forever gone, I shall still be living."

The man of God went home to meet whatever lay ahead -- assured. Eternity was in his heart.

When I returned to the office, I, with the counsel and help from other staff people, was able to finish the task regarding the Best Years Fellowship materials. We then sent out promotional pieces to the local churches regarding the new services available, and encouraged them to arrange such societies. The response was positive. Numbers of the churches immediately set about organizing a Fellowship group.

Meanwhile, we decided it would be good if we at Headquarters could provide some interesting and beneficial activities which would augment the local programs. We hit upon the possibility of arranging a bus tour into the south-eastern part of the U.S. where the Wesley brothers, John and Charles, had come. We explored the feasibility of this idea. It seemed plausible, so we set about arranging for such a trip. I was asked to do the footwork involved. It proved to be an interesting project.

First I contacted a bus company and chartered a bus. Fortunately the man I dealt with was a Methodist and was quite interested in our plans. He assured me that he would provide for us a non-smoking driver who would not be unfavorable toward the religious activities which we would have on the bus. We arranged a schedule and itinerary which would allow us to stop at places of interest along the way, as well as motel facilities for the length of the journey. And, of course there were the reservations for our sojourn in Wesley Country.

Things worked out well so that the trip was a pleasant experience and accomplished what we had hoped. I enjoyed especially a letter of thanks I received at the office from one of the participants. He was one of the oldest of the group and needed considerable special attention. Some days he said he was eighty-two years old while on other days he was ninety-two. His brief note ended like this: "I did not know where I was, but I sure had fun."

I reported our trip to the Headquarters's staff at a chapel service. It was like this:

* * *

The Walk With Wesley Tour
Sponsored by the Best Years Fellowship

"This is the youngest group of people I have ever been with," was the remark of a senior adult on our recent Walk With Wesley tour. There were forty-two other men and women with a median age of seventy, five of them were past eighty. For nine days through seven states we made our way; and judging by the laughter, the happy talk, the animated singing, the eagerness to learn new things and see new places, the hope, and the sheer joy of living evident every moment, I agree: This was the youngest and happiest group of people with whom I had ever associated.

Really, there was never a dull moment. The bus was constantly abuzz. There were serious times: times of worship, times of prayer, times of sharing. But there were also fun times. For some there were even times for sleeping. But all times were good times.

We renewed friendships with some we had lost track of years before. We made new friends we shall cherish always. We developed deeper empathy for others as they shared with us life's sometimes difficult circumstances. We came to a new awareness of God's abiding faithfulness, His constant concern for all those who trust Him. Faith in God was renewed; faith in His people strengthened.

The caring love so often seen in the group gave new significance to the people of God. Membership in the family of God became more precious, something special, a delightful privilege.

A principal purpose of the trip was to discover and explore some of the sites of interest to our heritage as Wesleyans. We wanted to learn more about the work of John and Charles Wesley who came to Georgia in 1736 with General Oglethorpe, the founder and first governor of the Colony. Books and brochures about the history of the area, about the Wesleys and their work in Georgia were made available to the bus passengers. Some read avidly that they might better understand what they would be hearing and seeing. They read about John and his high hopes of converting the Indians, and about Charles who came to assist his brother and to serve as secretary to Oglethorpe.

Our first actual contact with Wesleyana came during our second morning. At Lake Junaluska, North Carolina, in the museum-library of the World Methodist Council we viewed authentic pictures and statues of the Wesleys and early Methodists. We saw a portable, raised pulpit from England in which John preached at his open air services. There were many letters by the Wesleys and numerous other memorabilia which brought us close to our religious roots. The director of the museum, and General Secretary of the Council, Joe Hale, gave us special attention, pointing out and interpreting the various artifacts around us. A delicious luncheon was served us on the conference grounds in the pleasant Lambuth Inn's spacious dining room.

On the fourth day we reached St. Simons Island off the coast of South Georgia, about eight miles north of Jacksonville, Florida. It was to this island that Charles Wesley came to take up his duties with Oglethorpe. The General and his party of colonists, including the Wesleys, had landed at Savannah, some ninety miles to the north, in February 1736. John took up his work as pastor of the already established Savannah congregation. Charles remained with him for five weeks, then proceeded to St. Simons. He began his ministry among the colonists by gathering them together for preaching and prayer services under the giant live oaks.

On St. Simons our "home" was at Epworth-By-The-Sea, a Methodist conference center overlooking the historic, picturesque Frederica River. For some three hours our first morning there the Center's knowledgeable and personable guide directed us over the island pointing out and discussing with us the various places made significant by the Wesleys' presence. We visited Christ Church which was organized by Charles and later pastored by John. Now, more than two centuries later, there is on site a thriving place of worship. The building dates from early post Civil War years. This church and its place of worship are the center of attention of Eugenia Price's *The Beloved Invader*. Her lead character, Anson Greene Phelps Dodge, Jr., was pastor and built the church with his own funds. We visited the grave sites of him and his family in the Christ Church cemetery.

We walked through Fort Frederica and the nearby village that was home for Charles' parishioners. Their houses were rude huts, generally with thatched roofs, hurriedly erected to shelter the people until more substantial buildings could be provided. In the village today the foundations of the houses of the medical doctor Thomas Hawkins, and of carpenter John Welch, are pointed out.

Fort Frederica was at the time the most southern British settlement in North America and the post of greatest danger in the colonies because of the proximity of the Spanish forces who were intent upon possessing that territory.

After two days on St. Simons we made our way to Savannah, also rich in Wesley lore. We stayed in the John Wesley Hotel, a restored, six-story hostel in the old part of the city. It stands on the site of John Wesley's parsonage. Just across the street south is the church which he pastored. The large present-day sanctuary, is, of course, a far cry from Wesley's humble beginnings. Just across the street to the north is Reynolds Square. In the center of that block-square, azalia-bedecked park stands a commanding statue of John Wesley preaching, Bible in hand.

At 7:30 Thursday morning we met for our devotions in that park with John towering high above us. It was an informal, class-meeting kind of service. I thought that would have pleased Wesley. I reminded the group that when he and his fellow travelers had landed in the Savannah River several miles from our location, John had declared, "A great door and effectual is opened."

Unfortunately when John left Savannah less than two years later, he had not realized the successes he anticipated. But we living today, see the fulfillment of the promise he so warmly cherished that day as he first set foot on North America. To blend our voices in singing "Faith of Our Fathers" in such a situation seemed particularly meaningful.

A most bountiful breakfast was served us personally by Mr. Barutio, the owner and manager of the John Wesley Hotel. Then the President of the Savannah Methodist Heritage Society guided us on a tour which included the place on the Savannah River where Oglethrope, the Wesleys, and 224 other colonists came ashore. There, among the spreading live oaks, the Savannah Methodist Heritage Society has erected a marble pedestal bearing an informative plaque and a cross.

But there was more to this tour -- much more. Sunday had been a high day. We attended Sunday school and morning service at First Wesleyan, High Point, North Carolina, where the attendance that morning was something more than 1200. We toured the excellent day school facilities, and enjoyed dinner at Wesleyan Arms, the church's commodious, friendly retirement center. Sunday afternoon we visited historic Freedom's Hill Wesleyan Church now restored and situated on the Colfax campground. This pre-Civil War building was the place of worship for Micajah McPherson who was hanged for his anti-slavery activities. A door in the church still has the bullet holes where the persecutors sought to further intimidate the Wesleyans who strongly spoke out against slavery. Rev. Lyman Lance of the near-by Colfax Wesleyan Church recounted for us the history and activities in connection with the little white building. This stop, though brief, proved to be a moving experience.

Sunday evening we worshiped with the Wesleyans at Gastonia, North Carolina. The special singing by both the youth and adult choirs, the preaching of Pastor Wesley Lovin, and the delightful reception in our honor after the service, was a perfect closing for a delightful Lord's day.

Following our tour of Wesley country on St. Simons we visited the village on the river. Here we viewed the historic lighthouse, which is conspicuous in another of Eugenia Price's

novels, entitled simply *The Lighthouse*. We went through the museum, and spent our money at the numerous quaint shops on the river front.

The next morning the *Epworth-By-The-Sea* guide directed us on a tour of Jekyll Island, a neighbor to St. Simons. That fascinating area was, in the previous century and early decades of this one, owned by an exclusive club of wealthy businessmen who built numerous mansions over the island. Now property of the State of Georgia, those plush homes and hostels are being restored and put to use.

As we turned our bus westward toward home, many of us, I am sure, felt a deep sense of appreciation for the history we had reviewed, a gratefulness for the heritage we shared, treasuring these three days in the Wesleys' Georgia. On our way toward home, we stopped to visit the Wesleyan Hepzibath Children's Home, Macon, Georgia.

Then, thinking of the tour, we must not forget the snow shower in the Smokies. And there was the Georgia spring bursting out in all of its colorful glory: the yellow forsythia, the white spirea, the banks of pink, red, and white azaleas, the lavender wisteria climbing high in trellis and tree. The red buds, the dogwoods, the peaches, the flowering crabs. All of these brought exclamations of delight throughout the bus, especially among those persons from Michigan where snow still covered the ground.

Like all good things on earth, the *Walk With Wesley* tour came to an end; but its inspiration, its fun, and its happy fellowship remain in our hearts.

A year later another *Walk With Wesley* tour was sponsored by our department. It was very much the same as the first one except that Howard Castle accompanied us. His presence was, I am sure providential, for on the first day of travel a lady of the group became quite ill. Howard saw to getting her to a hospital and contacted her family. The rest of us continued our journey while he stayed behind until some of the lady's family arrived. Then he took a bus and joined our group. I certainly do not know what I would have done if he had not been with us.

In June 1980 the General Conference of The Wesleyan Church was held in Indianapolis. I had thought that since I was retired I would not be involved. However, Bill Thomas, Assistant to the General Secretary, asked if I would help him with his task. I told him that I would do this. But that was not to be.

The night before the Conference opened I unexpectedly sat up in the Methodist hospital with my daughter Carolyn and her family, for she had just been told that her husband Doug, who had for eight months struggled with a painful cancer, would not live through the night. He did indeed pass away as the doctor had said. Doug had told Carolyn that he wanted to be buried in his family plot in Kentucky. This would involve an out-of-state trip and the difficult task of arranging for a funeral and burial in a strange environment. I thought I should go with her to support and help all I could. Therefore I had to tell Bill that I would not be able to help him as promised.

By the end of June arrangements were so that I could fully retire. With mixed emotions I emptied my office desk. I was sad at the thought of leaving the work which I had loved and given

myself to for more than forty years. I also would miss the cherished friends with whom I had labored. But I also felt happy and free at the thought of being relieved of the confining demands of the daily schedules.

At home I had a comfortable place to write and quite an extensive reference library so I regularly took assignments from the office. This kept me as busy as I really wanted to be. I also continued to teach my Sunday school class each week and to direct the activities of the Best Years Fellowship group at the Nelson Street Wesleyan Church.

With retirement naturally came thoughts of aging with its problems and uncertainties. I was encouraged and assured, however, by the knowledge that my future was in the hands of Him who had promised His people: "I will be your God through all your lifetime, yes, even when your hair is white with age. I made you and I will care for you. I will carry you along and be your Savior" (Isa.46:4, LB). I thought also of Jacob, at the closing of his life blessing the sons of Joseph. In pronouncing that blessing Jacob referred to God as "the God who had shepherded me all my life (Gen. 48:15, LB). I could think of nothing better!

This reminds me of an article I wrote not long after retirement. Here it is.

* * *

The Good Shepherd

One of the times Cora and I were in Colorado together, revisiting some of our favorite haunts, we found ourselves in Durango in the southwestern corner of the state. Durango is a leading tourist center where several important highways meet, connecting Colorado with three other states: New Mexico, Utah, and Arizona. It is also a college town. We were there in early October, so most of the tourists had gone; but the college students had filled the motels. We couldn't find a place to spend the night.

We decided to try something new. We traveled south some thirty miles to Farmington, New Mexico. There we found a pleasant place to stay and booked in for a couple of nights. Enjoying our new adventure, when it came time to start eastward, we chose a route unknown to us along the northern border of New Mexico. It proved to be a delightful drive along winding roads, through foothills covered with patches of aspens, resplendent in the glory of their fall yellows, snuggled in among the larger forests of dark evergreens.

After some two hundred miles of this, we came out on to a desolate, desert-like area -- a wilderness with little sign of life. We had, however, reached the highway which would take us north into the Colorado mountain valley which was my birthplace and boyhood home. Heading in that direction, we had not gone far until we came to a solitary roadside table. No trees, not anything but a battered old table. But it was midday, and we were hungry. We turned in, put clean newspapers over the table, and spread out our lunch, and enjoyed ourselves in the warm sun of that fall day.

We were not alone, however, in this forsaken spot. A Mexican shepherd and his son, along with at least a couple of dogs and a flock of some two thousand sheep, had stopped here to rest awhile. The sheep, quiet and contented, were spread out some distance west of the highway, while the shepherds lounged not far from our table.

The son, a pleasant teenager, spoke English, and we learned that he and his father were bringing the sheep down from the summer pastures in the high Colorado Rockies skirting "my valley." They had been on the way several days, but in another day or so they would reach the ranch where the sheep would be wintered, and the little town which was the shepherds' home.

The boy was eager to get back to family and friends. He seemed thrilled that he would be able to attend school again. He probably had gone off with the sheep in early spring before the previous term had closed; and now he knew he was a month late in starting the new term; but he was eager, hoping that Monday morning he would be in school.

As a boy I had been familiar with shepherders and their flocks, but these two were a bit different. Time had brought changes. The shepherders I had known about had packed their supplies and gear on donkeys. These fellows, however, had no pack animals. Instead, they had a couple of ancient, road-weary trucks. One carried supplies for the flock. Included was a large tank in which they ordinarily carried an emergency supply of water for the sheep. The young shepherd, however, told me that the tank, at the time, was empty.

Just back of the cab was a pen-like enclosure where disable lambs or sheep were cared for and transported when for any reason they could not keep up with the rest of the flock. There was only one little animal in the pen that day. The other truck apparently was the shepherds' bunk house where they cooked and slept. The shepherders I had known about slept in tents and cooked over an open fire.

These 20th-century Mexican shepherds were also very different from the shepherds of Bible times. But basically they were typical of good shepherds of all times. They devoted themselves exclusively to the care of their sheep -- twenty four hours of every day.

For some four or five months this father and son had been quite alone in the wild, vastness of the rugged, high mountains. In early spring they had driven their flock, probably some two hundred miles on foot to the foothills of the Rockies. Because of the young lambs, it had been slow going. At last they had reached the lower levels where the snow had melted and the grass was tender and sweet. Then, week by week, as the snow receded, they had gradually moved farther up into the mountains to the high valleys and tablelands until they had reached timberline.

All summer long they had moved from one area to another, ever watchful for the best pastures and streams of fresh water for the summer days. There, alone in the solitary, wild heights, those shepherds had been constantly alert day and night to dangerous predators -- coyotes, cougars, bears, and the like. They also had kept a watchful eye and a ready rod for poisonous snakes. They were ever on the lookout for noxious plants to which the unwary sheep might have been attracted.

There in the awesome highland, those shepherds had battled the fierce storms which without warning suddenly swept down upon them. A pleasant, sunny valley might quickly become a dark and threatening inferno with deafening crashes of thunder and blinding bolts of lightning. At another time the storm might bring freezing rain, or maybe torrents causing flash floods, or maybe driving sleet and blinding snow -- all of which were hazardous, for the sheep demanding special attention and care. Also there had been constant nursing of the injured sheep- -injured by predators, by falling rocks, by flies and other insects, and any number of accidents to which the sheep were prone. For such occasions there would have been applications of various kinds of oil and ointments.

As autumn had approached, the early snows had settled on the highest ridges forcing the flock to withdraw. Gradually shepherds and sheep had made their way back down to the valley floor, and finally to the place where Cora and I had met them and from which we bid them, "Adios!"

Shepherd is a word used repeatedly in the Bible to help us understand what God is like. Ezekiel 34:11-16 is an inspiring example. Then, there is Isaiah 40:11: "He tends his flock like a shepherd. He gathers the lambs in his arms and carries them close to his heart; he gently leads those who have young" (NIV). And there is Jeremiah 31:10: "Hear the word of the Lord, O nations; proclaim it in distant coastlands: He who scattered Israel will gather them and will watch over his flock like a shepherd" (NIV).

That this term "shepherd" is meaningful in helping to understand something of what God is like, is evidenced by the prayer of the psalmist who longed for God's favor and blessing upon his people. He pled: "Hear us, O Shepherd of Israel, you lead Joseph like a flock..Awaken your might; come and save us. Restore us, O God; make your face shine upon us, that we may be saved" (Ps. 80:1-3, NIV). And, of course, there is David's familiar much-loved, twenty-third psalm.

The same figure of speech appears in the New Testament with reference to Jesus. Heb. 13:20-21 is an example of this. Peter also speaks of Jesus as the Shepherd and Overseer of our souls, the Shepherd who gave His life for us straying sheep (I Pet. 2:24-25). Peter again refers to Jesus as the Chief Shepherd who when He appears will bring the "crown of glory that will not fade away" to all those who have followed His steps (5:4). In an extended discourse, Jesus himself declared that He is the good Shepherd who will lay down His life for His sheep (John 10).

The year following our San Diego trip we desired to go to Colorado again, but I did not feel up to driving around through the mountains. Fortunately, we were able to arrange for Carolyn's older son, David, to drive for us. We made our headquarters in Canon City. In a motel here we secured an apartment with two bedrooms and a kitchenette. Cora especially liked this provision. It was homelike, and some times she would remain there rather than go with David and me as we drove around exploring the countryside. This whole trip proved to be very special. We not only enjoyed the surroundings but we came to better know and understand our grandson.

In the spring of 1982 I suddenly became very ill. I called my doctor. He had me come to his office immediately. I went and after examination he sent me to the hospital, where I remained for three weeks. I was found to have cancer. Following surgery the doctor indicated that my problem

had been a lymphoma of the pancreas, and indicated that I would need chemotherapy. I needed to drive to Fort Wayne for those treatments, at first every two weeks and later only monthly. This continued for nine months.

While I was still in the Marion hospital Rev. Melvin Snyder, a General Superintendent of The Wesleyan Church, had prayed with me for my healing and I am sure that there was divine intervention. I did not lose my hair as most people who take chemotherapy. Nor was I ever ill following treatments as I had been warned I would be.

After I had recovered from my illness I wrote of these events in an article printed in the Wesleyan Advocate. Below is a copy.

* * *

I Continue The Journey

During the past months life's road has led me through some unfamiliar terrain. But I have found guidance. At critical times along the way when I have been uncertain and anxious, some Scripture passages have shone out to me like illuminated road signs.

The first sign which gave me needed direction came quite soon after I started on this journey. It was on May 1, 1982, just a week after surgery, while I was still in the hospital. It was the first day I had really felt able to think much and to read; and it was the first opportunity for a little quietness alone in the room.

For some reason I began reading at Psalm 22. The psalmist was in great distress; and in desperation he was crying out to the Lord. Among other things he prayed: "Lord, how you have helped me before! You took me safely from my mother's womb and brought me through the years of infancy. I have depended upon you since birth; you have always been my God. Don't leave me now, for trouble is near and no one else can possibly help" (22:9-11, LB).

I quickly identified with that, I too was in trouble. I had been told that my prognosis was not good, that the surgeon had found a malignant tumor and could not remove it all, and so my physical situation was uncertain. While I really had not been afraid, I was anxious. I knew that, indeed, no one but the Lord could possibly give me the help I needed.

I read on through that psalm and into the next, the familiar 23rd. Then the last verse glowed resplendently: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever" (23:6).

I had, of course, read those words many times, even memorized them long ago, but never had they held the significance they did at that moment. They became very personal. I was really, literally going to dwell with God in His house!

I was overwhelmed, I could read no further. Though I am naturally a bit stoical, tears flowed freely. I, with the psalmist, realized that as surely as God had brought me through long

years past, He would continue to see me through to the end, an end that might not be far away. I might well soon be with Him in His house.

To look at dying objectively, as I had seen it come to others, was very different from looking at it subjectively, when I had reason to believe that my own dying might be imminent. But that afternoon, with the light of the Holy Spirit shining on that passage, all foreboding fled away. I didn't know just what it would be like to live with God in an entirely different sphere of existence, but I knew that since He is there, it would be glorious, and I was ready to go any time.

I saw that just as physical birth is a second phase of life (life which had begun at conception) and that it had brought me into a larger world where I was free to grow, to become independent, to develop, learn, and achieve, so death was a third phase which would give me entrance into still another world -- one without boundaries -- where I shall be able to reach my fullest potential in being and in serving. I had faced up to my own death, and all was well.

During the following ten days in the hospital, however, I began to feel a strong desire to live. It seemed almost selfish of me to desire to go on to heaven and leave my wife, Cora, who had for two years or so been having serious physical problems and depended upon me to help her cope with the needs of daily living. To go away would leave her stranded, utterly dependent upon others. Nothing could have seemed worse to her, for she cherished independence, and all through her life had been so self-sufficient.

These thoughts were heavy on my mind. Then one day in my devotions I came across another prayer of the psalmist. He requested of the Lord: "Grant this to me, thy servant: let me live, and living keep thy word" (Ps. 119:17, NEB). This shone as a promising "go sign" and became my own constant prayer, and I always added, "that I may take care of Cora."

It seemed like a daring kind of prayer, but I was reminded that Moses and other Bible people had dared to make bold requests, and that God had answered them. I was further encouraged by such passages as: "Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving present your requests to God" (Phil. 4:6, NIV). God actually encourages us to express our personal desires to Him, to ask for personal favors!

Because He has admonished us in this manner, and is thoroughly honest with us, I knew He would not mock me. Little did I know just how my request would be answered. But it was answered, and it is a comfort to know that I was able to see Cora through to the Lord's house.

After nine months of chemotherapy, supported by the earnest prayers of family and friends, there was a series of tests and X-rays. The doctor reported to me: "Your cancer is gone. There is no evidence of it now." Regular visits to the hospital for monitoring continue with positive reports.

A new guidepost appeared on the last hill I topped. The Apostle Paul prayed for some of his friends "that our God may render you worthy of His call, and by His power may fulfill every desire for goodness and every faith-inspired effort. Then shall the name of our Lord Jesus be glorified in you" (II Thess. 1:11, Berkeley). If that was a valid prayer for the Thessalonians, why not for me?

And so one day at a time, with hope and trust, I continue the journey. The high moments of inspiration pass, and those clear directive signs are not always in sight. At times those assuring markers seem a long way back. But I know God remains faithful. In those times when trusting is more difficult, I like to read some verses which another struggling present-day pilgrim penned in the midst of one of his trying times. He wrote:

"In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
I know that courage is better than fear
That faith is truer than doubt;

"And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side;

"And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
Is a force that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him, and I will wait."

--Gladden

Cora had enjoyed greatly our trips, but travel had become difficult for her. She had gone with me on the first Walk With Wesley Tour. She was glad to have gone, but it took her quite a while to recuperate.

One of her problems was that her vision had become limited. Recently she had had four eye surgeries, and had lost all side vision. Because of this she could no longer drive the car. This made it impossible for her to get to Marion College where she had been teaching art. To drop this activity was disheartening, for she enjoyed so much working with the students under the direction of Mrs. Ardelia Williams, head of the Art Department.

She also developed some heart problems and on several occasions had fallen while working among her flowers. She had also experienced several blackouts. In the fall of 1982 she apparently suffered a stroke, and one Sunday morning as we were leaving after service at the Nelson Street Wesleyan Church, although holding my arm, fell hitting her head sharply on a cement step. Unconscious, she was taken to the Marion Hospital. She did regain consciousness, but never became fully rational. After a few days in the Marion Hospital she was moved to the Lutheran Hospital in Fort Wayne. Immediately put in the intensive care department, she was never able to leave. She spent the last weeks of her life in a comatose state.

Her funeral was held at the Nelson Street Church. Don came from California, Carolyn and her family came up from Shelbyville. Rev. D. Wayne Brown presented a message from the

Scriptures. Rev. and Mrs. Howard Castle sang an appropriate hymn. Internment was in the Washington Park Mausoleum in Indianapolis.

Cora's death brought a sad ending to a very good and happy marriage of fifty-three years. But it also brought into focus Cora's loving devotion and wisdom in the unpleasant times. Always without complaint she faced them with me. She was a hard worker, a thrifty companion, a godly soul always ready to adapt to life's changing situations. She demonstrated deep love for our children, always looking out for their welfare. During the years when I was traveling so much and away from home she took on responsibilities and made decisions, often quite alone. She was understanding and cooperative in all of the problems attached to caring for my dependent, widowed mother who made her home with us for a number of years.

All of those memories were now in the past. I had to leave them there. I needed to face the future with trust in the God who had guided me through them. Surely He now had plans for my new future.

Little did I realize then how wonderful I am now finding those plans to have been!

After Cora had become unconscious and the doctor indicated that she would not recover, I rented a room in a guest house across the street from the hospital so that I might be nearby. Those were sad, trying days of waiting, knowing that there would be no recovery. In the midst of this sad period a very beautiful, comforting experience developed.

My cousin, Rev. Kenneth Peisker, a Lutheran pastor, phoned and said that he had learned of Cora's condition and wanted to come and stand with me in my difficult time. He indicated he would come to Fort Wayne by train. I assured him that I would meet him at the depot. I also rented a room for him in the guest house.

He sometimes went with me to see Cora and on one of those occasions he offered a warm, meaningful and comforting prayer. As an only child, I had not known the love of a devoted brother, but at this time Ken seemed more than just a cousin. I was sincerely grateful.

I had first met him some years before in Rochester, Minnesota, where he was pastoring. I had come to the city to represent the Pilgrim Holiness Church at an interdenominational conference and to man a booth displaying our publications. While I was there I enjoyed a pleasant evening with Ken and his wife at their home.

Later Ken and his wife moved to Wisconsin, his native state, and finally retired there. They settled near Fond du Lac where another cousin, Rosella Peisker, and her widowed mother lived. These two women delighted in contacting and bringing together Peisker relatives. On several of the gatherings sponsored by these ladies, Ken and I were brought together.

Rosella and her mother first contacted Cora and me about visiting them while we were still living in Indianapolis, with our two preschool children. They invited us to come on an Easter weekend. We accepted the invitation and they treated us with such warm hospitality we did indeed feel to be a part of the extended Peisker family.

Strangely enough the two things I remember most about that first trip were trivial. One morning at the breakfast table Don said to Rosella: "You really are German, you talk funny." In her German accent Rosella answered: "Yes Don, I am so German that sauerkraut comes out my ears." The other thing I remember happened when we went with Rosella and her mother to their Evangelical Church on Easter morning. At the opening of the service the pastor greeted the congregation with a pleasant smile saying, "We welcome all of you on this beautiful Christmas morning." This slip of the tongue embarrassed the pastor but "brought down the house". We all settled down quickly, however, and enjoyed a sacred hour together in worshipping the Risen Christ.

Even after her mother died and after our children were grown, Rosella continued her hospitable activities. She did much to help keep the various Peiskers in touch with each other.

One of the most pleasant times Cora and I had with Rosella and Kenneth came about in connection with a meeting of an Aldersgate Curriculum Committee. The Committee met for a week of work in Green Lake, Wisconsin, a few miles west of Fond du Lac. Cora and I went to Rosella's home on a Saturday afternoon and accompanied her to church on Sunday. Then on Monday I went to Green Lake. On Tuesday Ken and wife came to Fond du Lac and took Cora to their home. Then on Wednesday they brought her to Green Lake.

On that afternoon the Committee chartered a large twin-deck yacht, and with their husbands or wives took a two-hour cruise on beautiful Green Lake. Cora and I took Ken and his wife as our guests. It proved to be a delightful respite from the Committee's task, and gave Cora and me prime time with our relatives. Cora stayed with me until the Committee finished its task at week's end. She enjoyed her opportunity to rest, to make new friends, and to go through two beautiful flower gardens connected with the Convention Center where the Committee did its work.

On one of our trips to Fond du Lac, Cora and I had a bad car accident, just about fifteen miles from our destination. We were traveling US highway 4 at a moderate speed and turned for a slight curve in the highway. For no apparent reason the car went out of control, careened around over the highway, and then on to the grassy median where it turned over with four wheels in the air. Cora and I were hanging quite helpless in our seat belts.

Fortunately a truck was coming down the highway on the opposite side of the median and the driver saw the whole affair. He stopped immediately and, with a blanket in hand, ran to us. He quickly got us out of the car and spread the blanket so Cora could lie down. He then radioed the police and one was at the site in a few minutes. He was very kind, and we asked him what might have happened. He told us that we were not the first to have an accident there, and indicated that there was apparently some faulty engineering in the road building. On a later trip we did notice that the fatal curve had been eliminated.

The policeman called for an ambulance which took Cora to the emergency room of the hospital in Fond du Lac. They found that she was bruised considerably and muscles had been badly sprained. They then released her. I seemed to have some bruises, but otherwise was not injured.

We called Rosella from the hospital. She sent one of her neighbors to pick us up. This was on a Saturday. We remained at Rosella's Sunday, then Monday rented a car and drove home.

Our car had been taken to a repair shop. It was badly damaged, but was repairable. Some weeks later I, with some other men from Headquarters, had gone for meetings in the northwest, and on our return we came by way of Fond du Lac. I got our car and drove it home. It was fine. All was well. We gave thanks to the Lord!

Usually our gatherings in Fond du Lac were over weekends and all who gathered went to church together. On one occasion cousin Lily Peisker Fletcher and her husband came from Las Vegas, Nevada. Lily was a daughter of Edward Peisker of whom I wrote earlier. This was after Cora's death and I had driven up alone, so there were just four of us to attend church. Neither Rosella nor I had ever seen Lily, although Rosella had been in touch with her by mail and phone. We knew that she and her husband were Catholics. Rosella and I thought it might be the courteous thing to go to a Catholic church with them. It proved to be an interesting experience.

I did not see any crucifixes or other images any where in the church. We sang hymns that would not have been out of place in a Protestant church. A trio sang a beautiful hymn. The priest preached a sermon not unlike what one might hear among Protestants. At the close of the service the priest was standing at the door to greet all of us just as our pastors do. Lily introduced me to the priest as a Protestant minister.

We had gone to the early morning mass and on our return to Rosella's house we came to the Episcopal church. Rosella had already told us that the building here was the largest and most attractive of the churches in the city, so since it was still early in the morning and the services were on, we decided to go in. The building was indeed most attractive and upon entering we found the stained glass windows a delight. Numerous religious images added to the decor. I was, however, most interested in the pastor's sermon. His Bible text was the same as that of the Catholic priest, and the sermon, almost word for word, was identical to the priest's.

Lily and her husband remained for several days. They, as well as I, were staying in a motel. Rosella, however, joined us as our guide as we spent a good deal of time traveling around to various places of special significance and interest. Lily's husband drove their rented car for our tours. These were good days in which we cousins became acquainted and enjoyed times of fellowship.

I found that Lily's husband liked to walk. Therefore each morning before we started the day's journey we would together walk around several blocks in Rosella's neighborhood. I found him to be a very interesting and likeable person.

Lily had some brothers and sisters living in the Las Vegas area. Both Rosella and I had been in touch with one of the sisters, Bette Peisker, but we had never seen her. She was a business lady managing a sizable paint store.

The winter following Cora's decease I went by plane to California for a visit with Don and family. They were still living in Chula Vista. I found that Liz was secretary in the office of the Hill

Top Baptist Church which the family attended, and that Don was custodian at a Presbyterian church and day care center. Scott was still at home, but Lori was working in Los Angeles. It was nice, however, to have her and her fiancé to come down to Don's and go to church with us.

On Sunday Don took me to the men's Sunday school class which he regularly attended. I enjoyed being in the class and was happily surprised by an uncanny incident which occurred. The class was studying one of the Minor Prophets of the Old Testament. Their study guide was, of course, produced by a Baptist press. But among the comments for that Sunday they had included a quotation from a volume of the Beacon Bible Commentary, a production of the Nazarene Publishing House. It happened that the quotation was from the volume for which I had contributed at the request of the Nazarene Editor. The Baptist Editor had, however, kindly given me a byline. There before me was my name and comments in a publication which before this day I had no knowledge. This was indeed a surprise, but I was pleased and grateful.

I stayed a few more days with Don and family. My time with them had been a pleasant and a helpful intermission from the routines at home.

Returning home I kept busy and happy with my writing assignments from Headquarters, the teaching of a Sunday school class, and directing the activities of the Best Years Fellowship at the Nelson Street Church. I learned, however, from Rev. Donald Fisher, a former Nelson Street pastor who was then serving as Chaplain of the Colonial Oaks Retirement and Health Care Center, that he needed someone to help with his weekly Sunday school sessions for the patients and residents. It seemed that it would be an interesting ministry. I prayed about it, and felt that I should offer to assist him. He accepted my offer and asked that I give a short gospel message each Sunday morning. So it was that at the close of Sunday school at Nelson Street I would hurry across town to my new assignment. I enjoyed these sessions with other elderly people and continued the activity for several years. Here is the message I gave at New Year's time in 1991.

* * *

God Still Rules Our World

At this time of the year we have a tendency to look back over the past and wonder about the future. My backward look convinces me that God has wonderfully ordered my steps. So it is that I can look to an unknown future with faith, confident that He will continue His wise, loving providences in my behalf. I can join the psalmist who joyfully declared, "Surely goodness and lovingkindness will follow me all the days of my life " (23:6, NASB). From what I have experienced in the past, I am confident that I can expect to have a part in God's promise for His people which He gave through the Prophet Isaiah, "Even to your old age and gray hairs I am he, I am he who will sustain you. I have made you and I will carry you; I will sustain you..." (46:4, NIV).

God does, indeed, rule our world. He has a hand in the affairs of men. He did not create the world and then leave it to men to do with it just as they please. Looking about us, it may sometimes look quite the contrary. Greedy, unscrupulous power brokers, apparently unrestrained, trample underfoot truth and justice. But God is still directing the course of history.

An incident connected with two boys, total strangers, and its sequel illustrate how seemingly insignificant and unconnected happenings do have meaning.

The young son of a well-to-do London family, vacationing in Scotland, was swimming in a lake when his muscles began to cramp. In answer to his call for help, a Scottish lad rescued him and took him to his parents. In the confusion of the moment, the young rescuer slipped out without having received as much as a "Thank you."

Later the grateful parents realized that they had not even thanked the lad for his daring rescue. They looked him up, and as a result they ultimately made it possible for him to attend medical school.

Years passed and the English boy, then a statesman, during an important foreign conference became very ill and sent to London for medical help. The Scottish lad, now a doctor in London, sent a remedy which he himself had discovered. The doctor was Alexander Fleming, the man who gave the world penicillin. The man whose life he saved the second time was none other than Sir Winston Churchill.

Historians point out how, on a larger scale, but in a similar way, world events have been so ordered that the people of the first century were especially conditioned politically, socially, and intellectually for the coming of Christ to earth. The world stage had been prepared for the rapid spread of His gospel.

Shortly after Jesus' ascension the minds and hearts of His followers were conditioned to receive His Holy Spirit. The Spirit of God came not only cleansing, comforting, and empowering them, but also uniting them into a close fellowship. He then proceeded to so guide that small body of nationalistic Palestinian believers that they, in a comparatively few years, became a world-wide power saving and transforming men of all nations.

The Holy Spirit is still at work in the life of every person who will give Him entrance. And, as in the first century, He still guides His church -- those in every denomination and nation who sincerely believe in Christ as Savior -- and the divine promise is that "I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not hold out against her" (Matt. 16:18, Berkeley).

The uncertainty and confusion of our day, the fact that simple honesty and upright living often seem to be out of step with the times, and the fact that deeper troubles appear on the horizon need not discourage people with faith. We are assured that the Spirit of God and His providences are at work and will finally accomplish the Creator's purpose so that in due time it will be said, "The kingdom of the world has become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and he will reign for ever and ever" (Rev. 11:15, NIV).

God still rules our world. He cares about us. As we enter the new year let each of us take our stand confidently with the psalmist who declared: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever" (Ps. 23:6, NKJV).

During the second winter after Cora was gone I decided to go to Florida and prove to myself that I could manage a vacation alone. So I made a three-week reservation at a Naples motel, flew down, and rented a car.

I attended the Naples Wesleyan Church. Also attending there were Mr. And Mrs. Charles Kindley, Marion friends, who spent their winters at their home in Bonita Springs. They were very kind to me, occasionally entertaining me at their home and telling me about various places of interest which I might enjoy visiting.

During week days I drove around over the surrounding area. One day I drove up to Sarasota where Carolyn's younger son, Michael, was working. I enjoyed having lunch with him at a pleasant restaurant and in the afternoon going through the large mansion home of the circus impresario, John Ringling. I had been through this unique large house some years before with Cora, but it was nice to see it again, this time with Mike. So it was that for several hours I enjoyed my grandson's company, then I returned to Naples.

I spent most of the evenings down at the beach watching the glory of the evening sun quietly setting behind the darkened Gulf. My weeks, quite alone, in this beautiful, quiet place gave me time to sleep, to think, and to pray. I went home renewed and with more confidence than when I came.

In the spring of 1984 I made my way to Bartlesville, Oklahoma. At the invitation of the president of Bartlesville Wesleyan College. I was to attend the commencement activities. An announcement in the Tower, the news magazine of the college, indicated why I was going. It read, "During the graduation ceremonies, May 4 and 5, the first honorary doctorate degree ever awarded by Bartlesville Wesleyan College will be awarded to Armor Dale Peisker. He will also be the Baccalaureate speaker on Friday night at First Wesleyan Church. ... For his many years of dedicated service to his denomination, as an editor, president, author, teacher, and scholar, Bartlesville Wesleyan College wants to recognize a man who has given unselfishly. Rev. Armor Dale Peisker a man of service."

I did indeed speak at the Baccalaureate service, and what I said appears in chapter one of these Memoirs. It was for me a very happy, significant occasion. There was, however, one note of sadness. Cora was not with me to share its honors. She, through all of our more than fifty years together, had a very large part in enabling me to carry on my work. She would have rejoiced with me now.

All of this brought to mind an occasion not long before Cora's fatal illness. We were sitting in our living room quietly reminiscing. After a brief period of stillness she said to me with a tone of special earnestness, "I wish you would pray with me that Bartlesville would give you an honorary doctorate". I had never thought about such a thing, but I appreciated her confident, loving concern. I considered it to be a passing thought and quite forgot about it, and she never mentioned it again.

The memorable certificate I was given at the Baccalaureate hangs proudly on the wall of my library along with several other appreciative awards. I cherish it more than any of the others, for it brings to mind some of the best years as well as some of the most difficult years of my life, in

connection with the parent body of Bartlesville Wesleyan Collage, the Colorado Springs Bible Training School. How it is that the Colorado school may be referred to as the "parent body" is explained in the History of the Wesleyan Church. It states: "A noteworthy step toward strengthening Pilgrim educational institutions was taken at the November 1958 meeting of the General Board.

At that time the board voted to relocate the Colorado Springs Bible School in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. One year later the same body voted to merge the El Monte, California, school, then known as Western Pilgrim College, with the institution moved from Colorado Springs to Bartlesville. By 1960 the transfer and merger had been completed. The resulting school, Central Pilgrim College, began serving the western area of the Church. That service was fruitful from the beginning."

The same History of the Wesleyan Church reports regarding this situation as it was related to the Church's college in Miltonvale, Kansas, formerly a Wesleyan Methodist school. It pointed out: "Closing a college is always a painful experience, but the Miltonvale-Bartlesville merger was especially sensitive. The schools were comparable in size, and the Western Area could adequately support only one. The decision of the combined boards of trustees of the two schools was to capitalize on Bartlesville's city campus, and it sparked strong opposition from many alumni and friends of Miltonvale. Dr. Leo Cox accepted the arduous assignment of the BWC presidency, and with Christian grace and diplomacy he helped to build a bridge between the two colleges' constituencies." Dr. Cox assumed his duties as president in 1969 and continued as President until 1974, and then remained another year as a professor. From that position Dr. Cox came in 1975 to Headquarters as General Secretary of the Department of Education and the Ministry until 1980. Here I became acquainted with him and appreciated his friendship.

At General Conference in the summer of 1984 at Columbus, Ohio, I again met up with Dr. Cox and learned that he and his wife were living at Colonial Oaks Retirement Center in Marion. They were enjoying it and he recommended that I consider living there.

I had been helping Rev. Fisher with the Sunday services for the patients in the health care section at Colonial Oaks, and I had arranged to bring Cora there when she would be well enough to be released from the hospital. But she did not improve, and had to be placed in the intensive care at the Fort Wayne hospital.

I had, however, never thought about moving from my home, but at Dr. Cox's suggestion I investigated the residential apartments. I liked their appearance and realized that living there would be much easier and I would be among Christian friends. There was only one vacant apartment at the time, but I liked it and could picture myself quite comfortable there. I arranged for the management to hold the apartment for me until I could sell my house.

I put the house into the hands of a realtor, and it sold early in August. My family in Indianapolis favored my decision and came up to Marion to help me move. On two Saturdays Carolyn, with her two sons and a daughter came up with a truck and moved my stuff across town to my new residence. My "stuff" included my household furniture, my two thousand books with their shelves and book cases, my office desk, and fifteen large metal files.

I was indeed grateful, and I tried to express it. But the loving care they showed on this occasion was typical of their thoughtful concern toward their "Grandpa". I have now enjoyed fourteen pleasant years here.

This morning (September 21, 1998) I received a telephone call from Wanda Pezoldt Roe in Colorado Springs telling me of the death of her mother, Dorris Pezoldt. I am saddened by this news for Dorris and her husband, Cora's brother, were among the people we made sure to visit whenever we were in Colorado.

Dorris was a student in the Colorado Springs Bible Training School when Cora and I were students there. Then with her marriage to Raymond, Cora's brother, she became a part of our family. We always enjoyed their hospitality. They were delightful hosts. To be at their beautiful mountain home just west of Colorado Springs was always a real treat.

Although Raymond passed away several years ago, I had kept in touch with Dorris. Kathryn and I had a pleasant visit with her on our last trip to the Springs. She was not well then, but she prepared a nice lunch for us. I shall miss her.

In the fall of 1987 I was pleased to have Don's daughter Lori, her husband Alex, and their infant son Zachary come to visit me. Fortunately an apartment close to mine was vacant. I arranged for them to stay there. They were with me for two days. I took them to several places of interest. Among them was to Auburn north east of Marion, where we visited the Classic Car Museum. They seemed to enjoy it very much. It is indeed quite a place to visit with its more than one hundred of beautiful antique cars displayed in an artistic decor .

In a letter to Don and Liz after the children had been here I wrote: "Lori and her little family have come and gone. They were a delight to have here. I enjoyed every minute of their presence. Zachary is really a beautiful and wonderfully happy baby. You can be very proud of them all."

From my place they went to Frankfort where Lori's grandmother lived. Then they went down to Shelbyville to see Carolyn and her family. In the fall of that year I made another trip by air to California to be with Don and family. It proved to be an unusual period of interesting activity although it came to a sudden, unexpected close.

From the earlier pages of these Memoirs you will remember that my children were adopted, and that Cora and I had gotten Don in Colorado at the age of three weeks. You may also recall that from the time the children were young we had explained to them about their adoptions.

In those days adoption in Colorado was a highly organized legal process and the adopting parents were given no information about the child's background except that it was born in the same county in which the adopting parents lived. The records of the adoption were filed at the State Home for Neglected Children and were not open to the public. So at the time of the adoption we did not know Don's parentage.

During his teen years he wanted very much to know more about his background, and apparently that desire continued. In his fifties he learned that the records of adopted children in Colorado had been opened to the public. Finding out about this, he secured the names of his parents. From other sources he was able to find the present location of his mother and other relatives. His years of wondering about his birth family had come to an end.

He learned that his birth mother lived in Paradise, California, about five hundred miles from where he was living. He made contact with her and went to see her. He continues to keep in touch with her. He also learned that he had some sisters in California with whom he was able to make contact.

He found that his father was deceased, but that he had some brothers and sisters living in and near Pueblo, Colorado. He got in touch with them, and later one of his Pueblo sisters and family came to see him in California. They also met Lori and her family.

While I was with him he made arrangements with one of his California sisters to take me to her home. There I met her and her family. We had a very pleasant time. Her husband was a navy man and there were several children. We were served a lovely dinner. I was pleased to meet these members of Don's birth family.

There were two other pleasant activities while I was visiting Don and Liz. One was that I was able to take them, together with their son Scott and wife Tet, to visit San Diego's outstanding Balboa Park with its notable zoo. Then on a Sunday Don and Liz took me to attend Lemon Grove Wesleyan Church, near San Diego, one of the largest churches in our Denomination. I greatly enjoyed the service. It was a memorable climax for the whole trip.

However, a rather unpleasant situation suddenly developed which brought an end to these happy days. I developed a sore throat and lost my ability to speak above a whisper. I was afraid this might develop into something serious and I did not want to be so far from home and my doctor. So I boarded a plane and flew to Indiana. I recovered in a few days and all was well.

Early in February 1988 I went to Guyana, South America for a month of teaching in the Wesleyan Bible Institute in Georgetown the capital of the country. I had been there twice before on errands for the Office, and worked with missionaries Rev and Mrs Paul Downey, in charge of our church activities there. I had developed a special attraction for the country and love for the people, so I eagerly looked forward to the adventure. The Downeys, whom I greatly respected, had prepared well for the classes.

We had planned for twenty students but forty were present for the first session. The regular student body of the Wesleyan Bible Institute in Georgetown, had been joined by pastors and laymen from the city and the district. They had gathered to attend special Bible classes during the month of February -- two-hour sessions three nights a week.

Interest increased from night to night as we studied four of the Minor Prophets. The students enjoyed discovering that, as they came to understand the times in which those men lived and worked, their messages took on new significance. It soon became evident that those age-old

messages are as relevant to our day as the morning newscasts. Becoming personally acquainted with the prophets, seeing them in their homes, and following them in their daily activities, the students identified with them in both their strengths and weaknesses. From this they drew inspiration and courage, and they found new purpose for their own lives and ministries. The students also came to see that the words of the prophets gave them a clearer view of the unity of the Old and New Testaments.

More than fifty attended the sessions. Several of them expressed how they had benefitted from their study. One young pastor stated: "I used to place great emphasis on how much I do for the Lord, but through these classes I have learned that how much I do is less important than how faithful I am in the doing." Another said, "These classes helped me to understand the importance of my call to be a pastor." Another indicated, "I now understand and enjoy reading from the prophets, and have a deep desire to have in my own life some of the qualities demonstrated by these men." Still another remarked, "These classes have deepened my love to study the Bible, and to teach it chapter by chapter and verse by verse."

I did not get to enter the interior of the country, but Rev. Downey did take me over much of the most populace section, the land along the coast. I was so impressed with this unique place and its history that when I returned home I spent considerable time reading about it, and became impressed. I share with you some of the things I learned from my reading as well as what I saw.

On the north coast of South America is the Republic of Guyana. When I speak of Guyana, the first question frequently asked is: "Isn't that where Jim Jones had his commune?" Yes, it is. As I remember, it was located north and west of Georgetown, and on one of my earlier trips I flew over it. However, during my recent visit I cannot recall hearing any mention of the unpleasant episodes surrounding that community.

Occupying an area of some 83,000 square miles, Guyana is a little more than twice the size of Indiana. It is bounded by the Atlantic on the north, by Suriname (formerly Dutch Guiana) on the east, Brazil on the south, and by Brazil and Venezuela on the west. Only a degree or two north of the equator, weather on the low coastal area is perennially hot. There is no cool season. The only difference in the seasons is that in summer it gets hotter. However, the heat is somewhat ameliorated, especially in the evening, by an ocean breeze.

The name "Guyana" comes from the language of the Amerindians who were living in the area when Europeans discovered the territory. It means "land of water," and is certainly an appropriate name for the country, for in the coastal area there is water literally everywhere.

There is an Atlantic coast line of some 250 miles. The entire country is crossed south to north by four large rivers. The Essequibo River rises in Brazil and is joined by substantial tributaries rising in Venezuela. Another such river, the Corentyne, rising in southern Suriname, forms the boundary between Guyana and Suriname. Two other sizable rivers, the Demerara and the Berbice, add to the water supply. All four of these rivers are large enough to provide passage of ocean-going vessels for a distance of 40-100 miles back from the sea. Rapids and falls hinder further navigation.

There, alone, in its glorious splendor, the Kaitetur Falls, one of the world's greatest natural wonders, has been tumbling down for centuries, hour after hour, day after day, year after year, with only an occasional human eye to admire and ponder.

Heavy rains add to the water problem. The average annual rainfall for the coastal area is 60-80 inches, coming mostly during two periods of the year: April through August and November through January. The hinterland, covered with extensive forests receives some 140 inches of rain each year. In the highest savannas, along the southwest border of the country, the annual rainfall averages some sixty inches, usually coming during April through September.

Another unique feature which relates to the water situation is that the coastal area lies below sea level. You look up, as it were, to see the ocean! For a newcomer that experience seems a bit uncanny.

How can this be? There is a fantastic, massive sea wall extending practically the full length of the shore line. The wall was begun by the early Dutch settlers who came to Guyana early in the 17th century. A plaque on a section of the wall in Georgetown indicates that that particular section was finally finished about a hundred years ago. This suggests that the wall was under construction probably a couple of centuries. That almost-unbelievable wall holds back the Atlantic Ocean and makes it possible for people to live on the land behind it.

Just below and behind the wall is a strip of lowland varying in width from 5 to 40 miles. This is rich alluvial soil -- soil deposited by water -- and is now intersected by an amazing network of large and small dams and dykes, canals and small ditches. These are used both for irrigation and drainage. The flow of water in these waterways is controlled by an intricate system of large and small sluice gates called kokers. At low tide the enormous kokers on the coast are opened and the surplus water drained into the sea. At high tide those sluices are closed. Small kokers inland are used to flood and to drain the rice fields and such like irrigation functions, as well as to drain the water-soaked land.

This system of waterways and kokers crisscross the cities and towns, as well as the countryside. Even Georgetown, the principal city, has large canals crossing the city north and south, east and west as regularly as its streets. Each street has a large canal or smaller ditch on either side, so that every home fronts a waterway of some kind. To get into almost any yard one either steps over a small ditch or crosses a bridge spanning a larger waterway.

Guyana is, indeed, a "land of water."

There is, however, no white, sandy beach, nor do lovely white-tipped breakers dash at your feet. The great flood of muddy water pouring constantly from the rivers discolors the ocean. The sight from the wall is generally brown and dismal.

Most Guyanese -- 90 percent of the some 900,000 of them -- live on the narrow coastal strip. Georgetown is home for some 176,000 of these. In this area, there are people, people everywhere, all the time. The narrow streets and highways throng with people. There are pedestrians of all ages. There men, women, and children on bicycles, motorcycles, horse-drawn

wagons, donkey carts, crowd into overflowing cars, vans, buses, and trucks. It is not unusual to see a family of three or four on a single bicycle. One day, on a crowded city street, I saw a family of five on a bicycle built for one. Papa was pedaling and guiding the bike. Mother, holding a baby sat in front of the father, a child sat behind the father, and a third child sat on the father's shoulders.

Adding to the congestion on street and road are numbers of cows, goats, and donkeys which pasture along the sides of the roads. At will, they cross over those streets with utter disregard of any right-of-way. It would seem that traveling by car in Guyana would be hazardous for one's health, but I did not see a single accident!

More than 50 percent of Guyanese are East Indians. About 31 percent are of black African descent. Another 10 percent are of mixed background. Some 5 percent are descendants of the original Amerindians. Then, there are a few whites and Chinese.

The density of the coastal population is due largely to the fact that the main industries which supply work for the people are connected with agricultural products, the growing of which is largely limited to the rich soil of the region. The agricultural products provide for more than 40% of the country's exports. The exports involved here are mainly rice and the products of sugar cane: sugar, molasses, and rum.

There are also large coconut and banana plantations. Pineapples, citrus fruit, and numerous kinds of other tropical fruits, as well as many types of vegetables, are raised here. Some coffee is also grown. Fishing is, likewise, an important activity of the coastal area. Except for the sugar and rice, however, most of the other products of the farmers here are consumed by the Guyanese themselves.

Up country, bauxite (the ore from which aluminum is extracted) is mined, principally in the Mackenzie and Ituni areas. At these locations the ore is processed and loaded on ocean-going vessels for exportation. Guyana and its neighbor, Suriname, together account for 40% of the world's output of bauxite. Gold and diamonds are also mined in Guyana. Interestingly enough, both of these commodities are also taken from alluvial gravel river beds by divers.

On the high savannas of the northeast and southwest of the country, cattle are raised. They are slaughtered on the spot, and their carcasses flown to Georgetown for markets.

Approximately 85 percent of the land area is forested. Logs of the hardwood, such as greenheart, are always in demand. There are also other exotic woods used for the making of fine furniture.

There is great potential for more development of these hinterland industries, but the government has not been able to supply the funds, nor has it been able to interest private interests in the development. Political situations have greatly retarded that development. A socialistic republic, it has nationalized the bauxite and other mining interests. This has reduced production and discouraged private investment.

Animal life in Guyana is varied. Deer, anteaters, and two species of monkeys are prominent. There is a considerable diversity of tropical birds. Being most of the time in the city, I did not get to see many of these lovely birds, except as a few of them are kept in a small zoo which I visited. Singing outside my room, however, was a beautiful warbler who made himself heard every day, but I was never able to get sight of him.

On my earlier trips to Guyana it was a thriving British colony. Georgetown, the capital was a beautiful city of parks and gardens, but in 1965 it was declared an independent nation. It joined the United Nations, and later established diplomatic relations with several communist nations. In 1980 a new socialist constitution was put into effect. An economic crisis deepened considerably with a deterioration of public services and quality of life in general. Our missionaries were affected by it, and everyday life became frustrating even in Georgetown, the largest of the republic's cities. Even cashing an American Express traveler's check at the bank was a trying process. I began by standing in line to wait my turn. I was interviewed by at least two clerks, and those clerks seemed to have to counsel with others before I was sent to the window where I finally received the cash.

Nor did receiving the cash for my \$50 check end my frustration. The exchange rate was 20 Guyanese dollars for one U.S. dollar. For my \$50 I received a thousand Guyanese. The largest piece of currency printed in the country was a \$20 bill. I received a roll of bills so large, I could not begin to get them in my billfold, so I just had to stuff most of them in my pocket.

Telephone service was terrible. The telephone at the mission house was out of order and unusable more than half of the time I was there. After I arrived home, a letter from the missionaries, told me it was still out of order.

Even to report that the phone was out of order was a big deal. Missionary Downey had gone to the telephone headquarters several times, always receiving the promise that it would be fixed. I went with him once to make the report. We entered the first office where Rev. Downey told the clerk his problem. The clerk made a note of it, then had us take seats where we waited to go to another office. Getting into the second office Rev. Downey repeated his problem. He was assured that it would be fixed the following Thursday, which was almost a week away. When that Thursday finally came, the phone still remained out of order. So there was another trip back to the office.

Electric service was very uncertain. There were frequent outages. They occurred both day and night. They might last for a few minutes or for several hours. One Sunday evening we were in church when, in the midst of the pastor's sermon, all went dark. The preacher calmly pulled out a large flashlight from his pulpit and continued quite as if nothing had happened. Fortunately, the lights did come back before the service was over. The kitchen at the mission home is furnished with a propane or some kind of artificial gas stove, as well as with an electric one, so that when the electricity is out, meals can still be prepared.

There are constant shortages of staple foods. Flour is one of the most common items in short supply. Missionary Downey went to the bakery for bread. There was none, for the baker was out of flour and none available in the country. On another day I saw a long line of people standing

in front of a store in the hot midday sun. There had been no flour in the city for a time, but word had gotten out that this merchant would have flour when he opened his store at one o'clock and would allow each customer to have four pounds.

One other example of life in Guyana points up the kinds of frustrations met almost any day. One morning early Brother Downey and I set out to run some errands at a couple of towns east of Georgetown. To get to our destination we had to cross the Berbice River. There is no bridge across, so we were dependent upon the large ferry which takes on almost anything that travels: pedestrians, cyclists, automobiles, vans, buses, even large trucks. There seemed to be no schedules. You get on the ferry whenever it comes. From the time we arrived to wait for the ferry until we got across to the other side three hours had elapsed. The return trip was the same. We waited in the hot sun for two long hours, and getting across took another hour. On our trip of perhaps two hundred miles we spent six hours just crossing a river.

But there are many pleasant and beautiful things in Guyana. As we approached Georgetown after that day of unpleasant delays, the sunset amid beautiful fleecy clouds with majestic coconut palms silhouetted against the sky was exciting. It was also delightful at night to look out of my bedroom window and view the brightness and apparent nearness of the moon and stars.

The winding roads through the countryside were rather like an intriguing fantasy picture. Lining the sides were the canals of water, great coconut plantations where the tall palms majestically swept the sky; banana plantations where the long, wide fronds waved in the breeze fresh and green. There were acres and acres of leveled rice paddies, and fields of sugar cane. Those cattle and goats which caused so much trouble along the highway were actually pleasant to see as they leisurely grazed along the waterways. They were always accompanied by the long-necked white water fowl who earned their dinners by picking the ticks off the cattle. Then there was the memory of the awesome Kaieteur Falls off in the jungle. Then, most of all are the memories of beautiful people in Guyana. I came to know quite a few. Noble Christians they are who seek to know the Lord better and to live for His honor. They have problems which differ from ours in many ways, but they overcome with sincerity and grace, strengthened by the same hopes that strengthen us.

My contacts with those people were quite limited to the students at the school and churches, but they enriched and challenged me. I am better for having been with them.

In the fall of 1990 I felt an urge to go to Colorado again. I wanted to visit friends and to wander through the mountains which had been so much a part of my early years. I knew that I should not go alone, and I was able to arrange for David, Carolyn's older son, to go with me and do the driving. I have written about how some years before he had driven through Colorado with Cora and me. Then he was a teenager, now he was a mature married man. It was so much fun to see his interest in the gorgeous fall colorings in the forests which covered the mountainsides. He had brought along a new camera and was taking pictures every few miles.

In Canon City we enjoyed seeing the Paul Sicklers and the Lloyd Smiths. We enjoyed a delightful meal with the Smiths and spent a night there. In Grand Junction we visited other former

Colorado Springs students whose names I cannot now recall. It was a Sunday and we went with them to worship in a Nazarene church. It was a very pleasant day.

David and I had a delightful two weeks together, the memory of which I still enjoy recalling.

During that year I was privileged to have a part in writing the History of The Wesleyan Church, Reformers and Revivalists, a seven-hundred page volume. I was assigned to do chapter eight, The Pilgrim Holiness Church Maturing and Expanding, 1930-68. It was a challenging task and required considerable research, but I enjoyed the work, and in writing these Memoirs I have gone to that book for reference several times.

The following spring Don's daughter Lori and her husband, Alex Algozzino, living in California decided they would like take a tour in Colorado and asked me to provide them an itinerary that would enable them to get to the most interesting sites in their limited time. I did this, but it ended up by me going along with them as sort of a guide. We all flew from our homes and met at the Denver airport. There Alex rented a van, and we were on our way. It proved to be an interesting tour and it included places where I had never been.

One of those places which was new to me was the narrow-gauge railroad which runs from Durango to Silverton. I had been to Durango several times, but had never taken this trip. The Colorado Guide by Caughey and Winstanley describes it well. "During the summer season in Durango the relative tranquility of the town is briefly interrupted each morning and evening by the lonesome whine of a train whistle, the Durango and Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad. For almost as long as Durango has existed the narrow gauge train has been making its 45 mile trip north to the well-preserved mining town of Silverton. Each year more than 200,000 passengers pile on board one of the four trains to enjoy a trip that hugs hair-raising cliffs while crossing and re-crossing the raging Animas River. To experience the unique beauty and history of San Juan mountain range, there is no better way than a trip along the narrow-gauge railroad."

From Durango I directed them northward to Ouray, one of the places Cora and I used to frequent. When it was on our schedule she would like to take along her painting equipment. She did some very nice pictures there. The Colorado Guide describes it like this: "Ouray is a quiet little Victorian community wedged tightly into a nook of the Uncompahgre River Valley. To the east and west, colorful rock walls shoot hundreds of feet skyward, to the south, the famous Million Dollar Highway clings to a cliff high above the river, snaking its way up to Red Mountain Pass. This stretch of road defies gravity but ranks as one of the most scenic and hair-raising in the state."

The town is also famous for its numerous hot springs which make for delightful swimming or just soaking while enjoying the spectacular views of the mountains.

Just a short distance south of the town is a torrent of water sometimes referred to as the "underground river." It is a torrent of water falling about 285 feet into a narrow box canyon. This magnificent falls rushing through a fault in the quartzite rock is delightful to see. There is a wooden

pathway providing access to a misty viewpoint near the base of the falls that provides a view which gives the impression that the water is indeed coming out of an underground channel.

Our trip continued with visits to more of Colorado's spectacular sites, so that the time seemed to pass quickly. I shall long remember those pleasant days with my grandchildren and that young great grandson.

Already I may have told you more about my Colorado trips that you care to know, but please bear with me one more time. After I was left alone, Carolyn helped me in many ways. One of those ways was her willingness to drive for me when I wanted to go on an extended trip. One of those was when I desired to go to Colorado and visit some of the areas I had never seen. It proved to be quite eventful.

Instead of going through Colorado Springs or Denver to get to the high country we chose to go farther north to Fort Collins. It is a unique and interesting city, smaller than the Springs or Denver, but we chose to drive on through.

As evening came we found ourselves in a little mountain town with a neat motel built on the banks of a lovely mountain stream. We checked in, then went outside to watch the stream. It was quite shallow, but we found it interesting to watch the fish and the stream itself as it rippled its way along over its rocky channel. After I had gone to bed I could, through the quiet darkness, hear the soft babbling of the stream. It was a soft, restful sound, and I was soon fast asleep.

The next morning, after a nice breakfast, we continued on our journey west and south toward the old mining town of Telluride. We stopped briefly at Vail, a town noted for its skiing in winter and golfing in summer. We took a short walk, but since we had been here on other occasions we did not tarry. We made our way through Glenwood Springs, Grand Junction, and on to Montrose where we chose to spend the night.

We got off to a good start the following morning, but along the way quite suddenly Carolyn began to lose her vision, and I had to help her get the car off the highway and onto the berm. Then I drove on to Ridgway, and we went to the hospital. The people there sent us to a clinic. This was Indian country and we found the clinic crowded with Indians waiting the attention of a doctor. We had to wait several hours. Meanwhile Carolyn seemed to be getting back to normal and wanted to go on our way, but I thought we should at least have a doctor's diagnosis.

Finally a doctor did see her and said that her problem was most likely due to the fact that we had just passed through an area with very high altitude. He thought Carolyn would probably be all right at lower levels. After the long, difficult day, we decided to remain in the town over night. We had a good rest, and Carolyn seemed quite normal. We decided to continue our journey.

I was really quite excited about the fact that we were drawing near to a town I had heard so much about but had never visited. Isolated by high mountains and off the main highways, I had just passed it by. As we neared the town we were amazed at the beauty and grandeur of the high mountains we were approaching. The author of *The Colorado Guide* says it better than I can. He writes: "Whether you are looking for a plush ski vacation and nights out at fine restaurants or a

week of backpacking in the high mountains of the San Juans, we highly recommend Telluride. Squeezed into a box canyon along the San Miguel River, Terruride could easily be the most beautiful spot in Colorado.

"During summer the surrounding Uncompahgre National Forest offers some of the state's best opportunities for exploring nature. Cascading waterfalls, rushing streams, soaring mountains, wild flowers and, in the fall, golden aspens are enough to justify spending an extended period of time here."

We checked in at a pleasant motel located on a hill in the downtown part of the little city. We visited the interesting shops and display areas, but the most enjoyable activity for me was driving through the residential sections looking at the stately old homes so beautifully restored. I was glad we had come, even though considerable effort had been involved.

However, I also still enjoy going through the unrestored mining towns. There is something charming about them as one seeks to recall the bustling life and history of the past.

There are a great many of those old mining towns hidden away in the Colorado mountains. Numbers of them are not just forsaken ghost towns. Some are occupied by people who like the isolation and quietness. Others are homes for people who enjoy catering to the desires of the tourists who in summer flock into these places. Still other people like to live there for the beauty of the mountains that surround them and then drive to work in more populace places.

When I lived in Colorado Springs I learned that not far away there were a number of these unrestored towns which had an interesting history and were occupied by interesting people. During our last years in the Bible training school in Colorado Springs, Cora and I, along with others of the faculty and students, became involved in the activities of some of these towns. I recall especially our involvement in Cripple Creek and Victor.

We regularly went to these places and held Sunday services in the quite nice old churches which were maintained by small congregations, but were without pastors. We became a part of the lives of these people who attended our services, and I recall an interesting event which happened in the life of one young man who, with his family, attended our meetings regularly at the Victor church. Years later I wrote about this incident in one of the columns I wrote for a Sunday edition of the Frankfort, Indiana newspaper. It follows.

* * *

Kindness Is Always An Essential

In a Rocky Mountain gold mining town some friends and I conducted Sunday services for a church without a regular pastor. Among those who attended the meetings was a Scotchman who, as a young man, had emigrated to the United States. On shipboard crossing the Atlantic, Mac had befriended an elderly woman and her daughter. By being thoughtful of them, as shown by a number of small courtesies, Mac made their voyage more pleasant. Disembarking, Mac bade the lone women farewell, and the pressures of living in a strange land soon crowded them from his mind.

Years had passed, but one Sunday Mac and his family arrived at the church with an exciting story to tell. Word had just come from a lawyer that that mother and daughter, appreciative of his thoughtful kindness, had named Mac a beneficiary in their estate. The will was being executed, and Mac was leaving the next morning for Scotland. If it were true and the bequest proved to be what he was told, he intended to send for his family and together they would visit relatives both in Scotland and on the Continent.

It was true. Things worked out as planned. The family enjoyed a tour such as most of us can only dream about. The trip of a lifetime was theirs as the reward for a few deeds of neighborly thoughtfulness.

Not many people will be able to reward such favors so generously, but unassuming, simple kindness always makes life meaningful and is usually deeply appreciated.

Just plain, ordinary kindness is an ingredient in all true religion. An Old Testament teacher declared that to be so when he said that kindness is one of God's three essential requirements (Micah 6:8). And in the New Testament the Apostle Paul admonished his friends at Ephesus: "be kind one to another."

A fourteen-year-old girl whose home, along with many others, had been destroyed when an Ohio River flood inundated their community, expressed the warming effects of kindness when a newspaper reporter asked her how she felt about the flood. "Oh it's wonderful!" she replied. "Everyone was so kind to everyone else. It didn't make any difference what you were, what your father does, what church you belong to. They were just kind. I loved it and almost wish it would happen every year."

Why wait for tragedy before being kind? It does not cost much to be that way every day.

There was one more place I wanted to visit while we were in southwestern Colorado. I had heard about Four Corners as being quite unique and interesting. So it was that we returned to Ridgeway, turned south and went to Durango, then south and west again to Four Corners. The name indicates its significance. It is the only place in the U.S. where four states meet. They are Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, and Utah. A monument marks the exact site. It is surrounded by a concrete platform which bears the seals of the four states. It is interesting that at this spot a person can stand in all four states at the same time.

One could well spend considerable time in the Four Corners area. A special interest here is that a person is constantly being reminded of the history and lore of our early American Indians. Writing of the Utah section of the area, one historian tells us that ancient Indian ruins are literally to be found everywhere. He says, "Find any isolated canyon or out of the way arroyo or stream, and if you look long enough, you are likely to find some sign of a long lost civilization."

Cora and I, on an early trip to Durango saw a little of this. We drove across the border into northwestern New Mexico to the Aztec Ruins National Monument. Preserved here are the ruins of a great prehistoric Indian town. The ruins of an E-shaped pueblo are built around the plaza.

Constructed of masonry and timber, the pueblo is three stories high and contains five hundred rooms and thirty-six ceremonial chambers. Historians have determined that the inhabitants of this community were agricultural, irrigating the land from the nearby river. Those historians have not, however, discovered what happened to the inhabitants of the village.

There are still many Indians in the area surrounding the Four Corners. When Carolyn and I were at the monument, there were numerous Indians with their stands selling their wares. We did not stay here long but taking highway 64 along the border between Colorado and New Mexico we got to highway 285 which took us into the San Luis Valley in Colorado.

We did not tarry long in the Valley this time, but we were able to contact Carroll Patterson and his wife living on their farm between Monte Vista and Center, my hometown. Carroll is the son of Vivian Mayfield Patterson, the daughter of the farmer for whom I worked when I was a high school boy in Center. The short time we had with them was a pleasant time of reminiscing and catching up on the news.

Then we went on our way to Colorado Springs. Here we stayed a day or two with Raymond and Dorris Pezoldt. Raymond was Cora's brother. This time with them was especially pleasant. The walks I took with Raymond along the streets of their mountainous village were absolutely delightful. And I remember the fun we had when Raymond paraded us through the streets of Colorado Springs and the Garden of the Gods in his beautifully restored model T Ford touring car which had been his father's. All along the way people would stop and wave at us.

After seeing others of the Pezoldt family we returned home to Indiana.

In the fall of 1991, for the first time in my nine years as a widower, I began to think it would be nice to marry again. My years alone had not, however, been lonely nor unhappy. I was kept busy with my writing assignments from Headquarters, the weekly teaching of my Sunday school class, the directing the activities of the Best Years Fellowship at Nelson Street Wesleyan Church, and helping with the Sunday services at Colonial Oaks Health Care Center. In summer I enjoyed working in my three sizeable flower beds. My travels, as partly recorded here, had been pleasant. My children had been solicitous. Their love and attention had been supportive. Friends had been understanding and helpful.

Living at Colonial Oaks Retirement Center had been pleasant and convenient. I was able to get my noon meals in the Center's dining room. The two-bedroom apartment gave me space for my furniture as well as my books and office equipment. My housekeeping chores were kept at a minimum, for every other Friday a housekeeper cleaned my apartment. I had kept quite well physically. Nevertheless, the desire to marry persisted, so I prayed and began looking around.

Surprisingly, I did not look long. Soon after I had decided to marry I learned that a long-time friend of mine had come from California to visit mutual friends, Phyllis Ihrkey Mitchell and her husband E. R., who lived in the neighboring town of Gas City. I phoned the Mitchells and asked to speak with their guest, Kathryn Thomas. After a brief, but pleasant, conversation I told her I would like to have her and the Mitchells as my guests at lunch the next day. They were all agreeable. We had a pleasant time at the Country Cook Inn, enjoying a good lunch and reminiscing

about the years that Phyllis, Kathryn and I had worked together at our church headquarters in both Indianapolis and Marion.

From our conversations at the restaurant I learned that Kathryn was en route to visiting other relatives and friends and would not be here long. Since I wanted to talk with her again, I called her on the phone the next day and made a lunch appointment for the following day. We went to the Red Barn restaurant near Sweetser.

We lingered over a nice meal and at the close I proposed marriage. She was quite taken aback, but said she would "think about it." It was a lovely, sunny September day, and en route to Gas City I drove a long way around through the sunny countryside.

After Kathryn got back to her home in Los Osos, California we frequently talked on the phone and wrote letters. On one of those phone calls in November she invited me to come to her home for a week in January. This, of course, was good news for we could be together. I agreed to come. She arranged for me to have a room in the home of a relative not far from her house; but we spent the days at her house, at the beach, or traveling around the delightful sunny, hilly countryside.

We decided to marry. The date was set for April 11, 1992.

Kathryn and I had known each other since 1926 when we were students at the Pilgrim Bible College in Pasadena, California. I remained at the College for only two terms, and returned to Colorado, and then on to Indiana. Our paths did not cross again until in 1945 when she married P. W. Thomas who at the time was General Secretary of Foreign Missions of the Pilgrim Holiness Church with offices in Indianapolis, Indiana, and I was his assistant.

Later he became General Editor and I was selected as Editor of Curriculum. This put us back together in the same department. This relationship continued until Rev. Thomas was elected a General Superintendent and I was elected to take his place as General Editor.

Dr. Thomas retired in 1969. He and Kathryn moved to California. In 1972 Paul passed away and Kathryn brought his body to Indianapolis for burial. She asked that I write his obituary and read it at the funeral. Kathryn then returned to her California home.

Later that year she decided she would like to work again at the Church Headquarters, then located in Marion, Indiana. She came and was appointed my secretary. She continued in that position for four years, then returned to California.

Because of these relationships with the Thomases through the years, my children had known Kathryn all their lives and liked her very much. They were delighted when I told them that she and I were marrying.

Now that Kathryn was coming to live with me, It was necessary for us to move her things, which included a much-cherished piano, from California to Indiana. In talking about this problem with Carolyn and her husband, who lived in Indianapolis, they said that they would be glad to drive my quite-new Plymouth to California where we could rent a U-Haul trailer. They would then

load it for us and drive it back to Indiana. I told Kathryn of their offer, and she thought it feasible. So plans were made accordingly.

On Wednesday April first I flew to California so that together Kathryn and I could care for the numerous matters involved in preparing for our wedding and her move to Indiana. The flight from Los Angeles to San Luis Obispo, where Kathryn was to meet me, was delayed two hours due to a prolonged, heavy rain storm. As soon as the delay had been announced, I had called Kathryn and let her know I would be late.

The long waiting period at the airport had been distressing, but the flight following was delightful. The atmosphere had cleared beautifully. Great, fleecy, white clouds of all shapes floating lazily across the blue sky reflected the bright rays of the sun as it gradually made its way westward toward the horizon where sky and ocean finally met. The view was at times almost breathtaking. This flight was comparatively short, but it was one of the most enjoyable I have experienced.

The following days were busy ones filled with a great variety of errands; but on the Saturday after my arrival, Kathryn and I were privileged to go with some of her relatives and a friend to Santa Barbara to celebrate the fiftieth wedding anniversary of long-time friends, Rev. and Mrs. Eldon Rotz. We went first to their home to greet them, then later to their church where a considerable number of relatives and friends joined in a lovely celebration. I was especially interested in the occasion because I had known Mrs. Rotz when she was a young girl with her parents in Colorado Springs. I also saw another friend or two from the Springs.

Sunday was another pleasant day. Since there was no Wesleyan church in the vicinity, we went to the Nazarene church where Kathryn for a while served as secretary to the pastor, and as pianist of the church for a much longer time. I supposed that I would be among strangers here, but the first person I met at the entrance of the church, the greeter, shook my hand in welcoming me and called me by name. Noting my surprise, he explained that he had worked at the Nazarene Headquarters in Kansas City and had seen me there on several occasions when I had come to work with their editors in preparing our joint publications.

In the evening we returned to the church, where, after the worship service, the church people had a fellowship dessert time for Kathryn and me. This was a very happy, friendly occasion.

The next five days whizzed by. Then it was Saturday, April 11. The happy day had come!

We had wanted a simple, quiet wedding, and had arranged for it in the home of Goldie Bufkin, in Los Osos, Kathryn's sister-in-law. We had chosen Rev. Eldon Rotz to perform the ceremony. An interesting part of the wedding was the fact that Mrs. Rotz, as a young lady, in Colorado Springs, had been one of Cora's attendants at my first wedding sixty-three years before.

Following the ceremony the wedding party enjoyed a delightful buffet luncheon around Goldie's beautiful dining table.

Kathryn's friend Alma Hosfeldt had kindly driven Kathryn and me to the wedding in her car, and following the dinner drove us back to Kathryn's home.

Early on we had planned that after the wedding we would go to a quiet place alone for a couple of days before resuming the tasks connected with Kathryn's move. Therefore early in March Kathryn had gone to Pismo Beach, some fifteen miles south of Los Osos, and made reservations for us at the Shelter Cove Motel. So it was that right after the wedding, when Alma returned us to Kathryn's home, Kathryn and I got into her car and started for Pismo Beach. We had not gone far down the driveway until the car began making a strange noise. The farther we went the more ominous the sound became. We were devastated. The car had been working well, but now, of all times, it was failing us. We turned around and parked at Kathryn's place. Getting out of the car, we began looking things over. While we were doing this a neighbor came out and told us that when we were gone she saw a man doing something to the car. We soon found a couple ropes fastened to the rear chassis and tied to the ropes were several tin cans. We knew that one of our friends had done this. Were we ever relieved! We detached the ropes and cans, then went merrily on our way to Pismo Beach.

Shelter Cover Motel, right on the beach, was a beautiful place. Not only could we get to watch the ocean, but on the opposite side of the Inn there were rolling hills of considerable height carpeted with pink and red geraniums in full bloom.

For an evening meal we went to the Spyglass Inn, a nearby motel with a beautiful, large dining room which was built out over the Ocean. As we entered it we saw a table for two in a corner where we could have a view of the Ocean from two directions. We asked to be seated there. How pleasant it was to leisurely watch the sun sink slowly into the west.

We awakened to a beautiful Sabbath morning, and took a delightful walk along the beach, then back to the Spyglass Inn for a continental breakfast. We had decided that we would go to the large Nazarene church in Pismo Beach where we thought we could worship quite unknown. We arrived a bit early and were sitting quietly by ourselves, but had not been there long until a lady came and greeted Kathryn warmly. She proved to be a friend Kathryn had not seen in a long time. She was surprised but delighted about our marriage. Before the service began several other ladies whom Kathryn had not seen recently came to greet her. In some way the pastor learned that an elderly couple of newlyweds, friends of some of his parishioners, were visiting that morning. Low and behold, he asked us to stand. We who were expecting to come and go without attracting any attention, were greeted with the loud clapping of several hundred pairs of hands.

Before leaving Los Osos Kathryn had told Goldie where we expected to attend church. We were pleased to have her with her son Paul and his wife Verda, meet us at the close of service and go with us to dinner at the Pismo Fish and Chips restaurant. After dinner they came to see our motel, and we took them to our room for a while.

In the evening we returned to the same church, and enjoyed a wonderful Palm Sunday musical service.

Monday morning we left Shelter Cove about 10:00 o'clock and went to the Pismo pier where we sat for a time to enjoy the ocean breeze and watch the fishermen and surfers. We then started our return to Los Osos. In San Luis Obispo we stopped for lunch at the Apple Farm Restaurant. There, to our surprise, we saw Goldie with her daughter Ruth, and son Paul, with his wife. Then we made our way on to Los Osos.

Tuesday we got down to work again. There were trips to town, and packing of Kathryn's things. Late in the afternoon Carolyn called telling us that she and husband were in San Luis Obispo at the motel where we had arranged reservations for them, and that they would come on to Los Osos in the morning.

Wednesday Kathryn and I, with Carolyn and her husband, in my car, drove down to Palmdale, (about a four-hour drive). This was the home of Don, as well as that of his daughter Lori and family; and for this occasion Don's son, Scott and family, had come up from the southern part of the state.

They had gathered to celebrate my marriage to Kathryn. I enjoyed all of this not only because it was a wedding celebration, but it was the first time I had seen all my California family together. In fact, it was the first time I had seen some of them anywhere. There were fifteen of us present.

In the evening we were taken to a pleasant Mexican restaurant where we were led to a private dining room. The food and fellowship was delightful. From time to time a Mexican troubadour came with his guitar and sang love songs to Kathryn and me. We also received some lovely gifts, and there was a beautiful wedding cake.

Another nice part of our presence in Palmdale was that we visitors from Indiana were able to visit in the home of Don and Liz as well as that of Lori and Alex. As night came on, Kathryn and I, along with Carolyn and her husband, were taken to a nice motel where we enjoyed a restful night.

Thursday morning Carolyn, and her husband, Kathryn, and I had breakfast at Denny's in Palmdale. Then we drove back to Los Osos, stopping for lunch at the Apple Farm restaurant.

Thursday Kathryn wanted me to take Carolyn and her husband to Montana de Oro (Spanish for mountain of gold), a fascinating place on the coast about six miles from Los Osos. Earlier she had taken me there, and I had enjoyed it greatly. She wanted to remain at home to continue packing, for Goldie and Alma were coming to help her.

Montana de Oro is unique in that it is a row of quite high bluffs rising perpendicularly from the sandy beach. On the back side of the bluffs one can drive a car to within walking distance of their summits. From there is a spectacular view of the vast ocean. Also it is possible, at high tide, to watch the breakers dashing against the lower part of the bluffs where incoming tides have carved many kinds of figures. There are places where the strong and agile person may walk down to the beach and see those strange formations carved out by the dashing water. From these bluffs

one may also chance to see whales surfacing and spouting as they migrate with the changing of the seasons. I was glad to have a second chance to see this awesome piece of God's creation.

Early Saturday morning Carolyn's husband and I went to the U-Haul lot and brought a trailer to Kathryn's place. Some men from the church came to help load the piano and heavy boxes. So it was that rather early in the day Carolyn and her husband were able to begin their journey back to Indiana.

The next day was Easter Sunday, and we went to Kathryn's church. There we participated in a lovely service in which a group of the men gave a realistic depiction of the Last Supper. This was followed by a communion service.

Monday was filled with further packing and caring for last minute business matters. The next day Alma came at 9:30 and drove us to the airport at San Luis Obispo where we boarded the plane for Los Angeles. From there we flew to Indianapolis by way of Cincinnati. E. R. and Phyllis Mitchell together with Bill Thomas, Kathryn's stepson and wife, greeted us at the airport. Bill and Frances lived in Indianapolis, and the Mitchells, living in Gas City, had come to drive us to our Marion apartment. We arrived home at 10:15 p.m. It had been a long day!

As I unlocked our apartment door and turned on the light, I was delighted to see that a beautiful brand-new range had been installed in the kitchen. Before leaving for California I had told Dan Boyer, the manager of Colonial Oaks, that while I was gone I wanted a new range put in the kitchen. The one that was there when I moved in eight years before had been sufficient for me, but I knew that Kathryn was an excellent cook and would need something better. I told Dan that I did not care who had to pay for it, either I or Colonial Oaks, but to please get us a new kitchen stove while I was gone. When I went to thank Mr. Boyer and offered to pay for the range he said that Colonial Oaks was giving it to us as a wedding present. I was grateful, and Kathryn likes the range and uses it with pleasure.

Since Kathryn was not familiar with my kitchen, Wednesday morning I prepared a breakfast of bacon, eggs, toast, and coffee.

Thursday morning about 11:00 a.m. Kathryn's things arrived. E. R. and Phyllis came to help with the unloading. Some neighbors, seeing what was going on, joined in. The trailer was empty in about twenty minutes, and everything was in good shape.

Mary Crossman, Kathryn's step granddaughter and two sons, stopped to greet us. It is nice to have her family living only a short distance away. Her husband is a professor in the art department at Indiana Wesleyan University.

Following the evening service on Sunday, friends at Nelson Street Wesleyan Church, where I have attended since 1969, arranged for a special fellowship time with refreshments and gifts, for Kathryn and me. We enjoyed greatly this time with our church people.

Kathryn and I also enjoyed being together and at home. I was glad to be back in familiar territory, to the pleasant apartment where I had lived for eight years surrounded by my books, and

where familiar tasks I liked awaited my attention. I did, however, feel pressured for the deadline of my Headquarters assignment was near, and to finish it would require considerable study. To start teaching my Sunday school class would also require extra study.

Then, there was another problem Kathryn and I had to deal with: the merger of two households. Kathryn had, of course, been limited in the things she could bring. My problem was that I had several quite old pieces of furniture which now were out of place. There did not seem to be enough hours in a day to catch up.

When I had felt so swamped and eager to get things done I hope that I myself had followed the advice I had given others in an article I had written some time before. Here is that article.

Prefab building are much in vogue. Lumber cut, and in some instances, sections fitted together in a factory, make for fast work at the building site. Stones cut at the quarry to fit in their places in the building make it easier for the masons.

This method of building is not, however, an invention of our own times. Solomon, we read, used it in constructing the multi-million dollar Temple in Jerusalem during the 10th century B.C. The historian recording the details of the structure interrupts his description by saying that "no hammer, chisel, or other iron tool was heard at the temple site while it was being built" (I Kings 6:7, NIV).

The fact that the quietness of the construction work on site is noted, may be significant. Numerous commentators see the building of the Temple as an emblem of Christ building His church upon earth.

F. B. Meyer observes: "The absolute silence with which the Temple rose is an emblem of the progress of the Church, from its foundation laid in the Apostolate towards the top stone, which before very long will be laid upon the completed structure. Amid the rise and fall of dynasties and empires, the Church is being built. Some day the world will be amazed when it sees the New Jerusalem descend out of heaven from God." And closes the paragraph with this statement: "The mightiest works of God are the fruit of silence."

"The mightiest works of God are the fruit of silence." This fact is constantly being demonstrated in nature. The mighty oaks, and the even mightier redwoods for example, do not make a lot of noise as they grow, but silently they do grow big, tall, and strong. Among people, also, we see that the work of the world is being done by the diligent, thoughtful persons who, without fanfare go quietly about their tasks.

It is not surprising, then, that God has admonished us, "Be still and know that I am God" (Ps. 46:10). This passage suggests that there is a connection between stillness and a knowledge of God, a knowledge which brings fruitfulness and fulfillment to life. "Be still and know that I am God" is especially applicable to us in this bustling, frantic 20th century.

Most of us are constantly and deeply engrossed in our busyness. We seem always to be pressed with numerous and diverse activities. Even when there might be a moment for quietness at

home or in the car, incessantly we turn on the TV or radio as if trying to escape silence, to shut out the voice of our own thoughts, or perhaps God's thoughts. He speaks most loudly in a still, small voice.

James Hastings comments meaningfully at this point: "From time to time let there be a hush in our life, a great calm in which the voices of the world are lost. God needs such a calm if His voice is to be heard. It demands a silence. The voice is there. If men cannot hear it, it is because they are spending all their time where it is drowned in the greater noises of the world.

"Be still and know that I am God." These words challenge us to believe Him and trust Him in every circumstance of life especially in those situations where we find that we are in over our heads. It is easy for us at such times to pray frantically and, all uptight, to worry about what will happen next.

The New American Standard Bible translation for Psalm 46:10 is, "Cease striving and know that I am God." The margin has it, "Let go, relax." In difficult times God would say to us, "Let go, relax, trust Me, and I'll prove to you that I am God."

Remember then: "The mightiest works of God are fruit of silence." Heed God's admonition: "Be still and know that I am God."

I was able to finish my writing assignment on time. To help with our furniture problem we put ads in the city's daily paper, and were able to sell the old pieces in a surprisingly short time. We then looked through several furniture stores and were able to get the new pieces we needed. Life was back to normal.

A couple of months after our marriage we were pleasantly surprised to have a visit from Stephen Wilson of Los Gatos, California. He is the son of my cousin Eunice Armor. He was traveling in Indiana and came by to see us. He is a genealogist and told me numerous interesting facts about members of my family that I had not known, and I told him about my life and pursuits.

Some time after this he went to Colorado and visited the little town of Center, in the San Luis Valley, where I spent my early years and about which I have written earlier in these Memoirs. He sent me some pictures he took there, and I was especially pleased to get one of the building which, in my day, was a bank where, as a high school student, I served as janitor.

All summer we had kept very busy, but life was pleasant. I had continued doing assignments from Headquarters. We both enjoyed our activities at Nelson Street Church, and were especially pleased when in July Rev. and Mrs. Don Glenn were installed as our pastors. We had long-time friends and family members here in Marion. We both also had them in Indianapolis who kept in touch and were always thoughtful and caring toward us.

However, there had not been time to take the honeymoon we wanted. With the coming of fall we began to think of the beautiful autumns always on display in the Colorado mountains. The delightful clear blue skies, the cool, clean atmosphere, the majestic, towering mountains which

seemed to touch the sky bedecked with glorious yellow aspens amid the dark green of towering pines. We decided that when September came we would take our belated vacation.

So it was that very early, on the last day of August, E.R. and Phyllis drove us to Indianapolis where we boarded a plane for Colorado Springs. We arrived shortly after noon. There we rented a Chevy Corsica and drove to a Days Inn near the Garden of the Gods. There we registered, then went to the Alpine Chalet where we enjoyed a delicious dinner of Rocky Mountain trout.

Back in our motel room, Kathryn made a couple of local phone calls, one to Bob Miller, a great nephew, and to Vera Close, a friend from Bible school days in this city. It had been a long day! We were grateful for a good bed and a restful night.

The next morning we went to visit Vera Close. It happened that her two daughters, JoAnne, a pastor's wife living in Missouri, and Shirley, an opera singer living in Germany, were also there. We had not seen them for years, so we had a great time recalling events of long ago and catching up on news of those intervening years. In the afternoon we went to see Dorris Pezoldt living alone in her beautiful mountain home. Her husband, Cora's brother Raymond, was now deceased. Then we made a leisurely trip through the Garden of the Gods. This brought to mind many happy memories, for I had been there on numerous occasions and under varying conditions. The rest of the day was spent quietly in our motel room.

After an early continental breakfast we made our way to Canon City. There our friend Lloyd Smith took us to lunch. We hurried on to Salida, over Poncha Pass into my San Luis Valley. The snow-capped Sangre de Christo range was a delight. In Center, my birthplace and boyhood home, we drove around and found much remaining which was familiar to me, and happy memories filled my mind. Then it was on to Monte Vista where we spent the night in the Monte Villa Inn, my favorite stopping place in the Valley. Interestingly, all of its rooms are fitted out with antique furnishings.

The next day took us westward through many familiar places: Pagosa Springs, Wolf Creek Pass, Durango, Silverton and on north to Ouray nestling cozily in its comfortable valley. Here we spent a pleasant night in one of its numerous motels.

We were traveling in one of Colorado's most popular tourist areas, and we had been having trouble finding lodging. The next day we would be traveling on highway 70, the State's main east-west highway and a place to sleep could well be even more difficult to come by. We decided to turn to my travel guide for a listing of motels at Glenwood Springs where we were planning to spend the night. I called several and found that they were all filled. We had never tried a bed and breakfast lodge, but we thought this might be our solution. I called the Adduccis Inn which was described in the guide book as an old Victorian home which provided a quiet place to stay, with gourmet breakfast prepared each morning by Virginia Adducci. I was told they had one room available. We reserved it.

It was beginning to get dark when we arrived at the Inn, but the place looked to be pleasant and interesting. We were greeted and made welcome by Virginia who took us to the room. It was

very small, but was neat and clean and had two single beds which looked comfortable. We slept well and found breakfast to be all one could desire. It was really delicious and was served well in a pleasant dining room with a half dozen other guests.

When we registered, Virginia learned that we were newly weds on our honeymoon. As we arrived in the dining room she announced to the group our names, the location of our home, and the fact that we were on our honeymoon. We were given a cheerful greeting. There were questions asked as breakfast progressed, and there was much happy talk. I guess our situation seemed a bit unusual. There are not many eighty-year-olds celebrating a recent marriage by traveling alone around through the Colorado Rockies. We were given special attention with happy good wishes from all the other travelers.

When we checked out Virginia said, "You are the cutest couple I have had in this house." The adjective she used, according to Webster's New Collegiate, is not always complementary. Anyway, all of this merriment had made our day. We were off to a good start.

It was a beautiful morning. The mountain air was so cool, clear and invigorating that we did not care to get into the car immediately. We took a pleasant walk around the neighborhood. Then we were off in the car for Aspen and Maroon Bells.

The Aspen area is one of Colorado's most scenic regions, and its history among the most interesting. Its very name, given by founding prospectors in 1879, reflects the great number of beautiful aspen forests adorning the area. It became a booming silver mining center which by 1893 had a population of 15,000 and was the third largest city in Colorado. However, demonetization of silver caused silver prices to plummet. Within a week mines had closed and people were moving out. By 1930 the population had dwindled to 250.

Nevertheless, the revival of the city has been remarkable. Not long after the sad decline the area began to draw attention as a potential winter resort. It did not gain wide recognition quickly, but in 1947 Walter Paepcke, a Chicago industrialist, arrived with his checkbook opened, and saved the day. He helped locate investors so that in 1950 Aspen Mountain hosted the World Ski Championships and was catapulted into the league of world-class ski resorts. Aspen has continued to be a leader of Rocky Mountain ski resorts, rivaled only by Vail.

The city, however, has not been content to be simply a winter resort. Currently it is a very popular year around attraction. It has become a cultural Mecca with art and musical festivals attracting an international clientele. It maintains such renowned annual festivities as the Aspen Music Festival and the International Design Conference. Aspen now has its galleries, museums, and conference halls with so much going on that, even in winter, many people come to participate in the various activities without any thought of skiing.

Although modern mansions adorn the hills surrounding the city, one cannot visit the present-day Aspen without being reminded of the early glory days a century ago. One historian writes of this: "Today remnants of Aspen's Victorian era and prosperity make up a large part of its personality. Reminders of Aspen's past, range from many beautifully restored homes to restaurants and other public buildings named after famous mines and residents."

Just a short distance out of Aspen we found ourselves at the most photographed spot in Colorado, Maroon Lake, reflecting its stunning backdrop, the Maroon Bells, two towering peaks. We stopped and got out of the car. We wanted to just stand and look, for the sight leaves one quite speechless. It is a beautiful spot all seasons. In summer the multicolored wild-flowers above the lake are stunning; during autumn the golden aspens make the scene sensational, especially if there is a light snow-cover on the Bells, as I saw it on one occasion.

We were headed toward Canon City where we expected to spend the night. Shortly after noon we crossed the Continental Divide, an interesting spine of the Rockies which acts as a watershed for North America. Rain falling on the western slope of the divide eventually empties into the Gulf of California and to the Pacific, while the rain falling on the eastern slope of the divide becomes creeks and rivers running to the Gulf of Mexico.

Stopping briefly for lunch in Buena Vista, we arrived on schedule in Canon City and went directly to my favorite motel, a Super 8. It was a Saturday and we were told there was no vacancy, but the East Indian manager knew of my previous visits there and prepared space for us. All was well.

The next morning, Sunday, we drove to Colorado Springs and attended the Mountain View Wesleyan Church where we were acquainted with one of Lloyd's sons who was music director at the church. We were able also to visit briefly with the Winnie Browns, old time friends.

After the services at the church we drove to the home of Bob Miller, Kathryn's great nephew. There we enjoyed a delightful dinner with Bob, his wife and two teenage children. The hospitality and conversation was most interesting.

Bob had served in the US Navy where he spent considerable time on submarine duty. Now he was serving in the Air Force office in the Springs. At the time, he was working with projects connected with space travel. He had many interesting things to discuss. The afternoon was half gone when we left their home.

We had learned while there that Colorado Springs was in the midst of some sort of festivity and that all motels and hotels had made it known that there were no vacancies. So, amid heavy traffic, we drove back to Canon city. Still the no vacancy sign was out at the motel where we had stayed the night before. But we told our plight to our manager friend. He again provided us a room.

The next morning Lloyd joined us for breakfast at a restaurant near the motel, and we had a pleasant time together. Then Kathryn and I drove to Colorado Springs and secured a motel room near the airport. We spent most of the day resting after the big day on Sunday. The next morning we drove out to see the spectacular U.S. Air Force Academy, twenty miles north of the Springs. Returning, we went to visit Violet Brown, whose friendship we had long cherished. She was living in a very pleasant retirement center. We ate lunch with her in the Center's dining room.

We then went to the hospital to see Audrey Smith, Lloyd's wife. She was suffering from cancer and passed away shortly after our visit. Then we went to see Paul and Allan Pezoldt, two of Cora's brothers.

The next day we went to see the spectacular Seven Falls, west of Colorado Springs, which cascades down three hundred feet through a deep canyon. Then after a quiet hour in a pleasant park we returned our rented car. At five o'clock we boarded the plane for Indianapolis. We arrived there at 11:20. The Mitchells met us and drove us home in the midst of a heavy rain storm.

The honeymoon was over, and we were "bushed." It took a few days to recover. But it had been a wonderful ten days. Now six years later, we like to recall many of the happy occasions we so much enjoyed.

It was good to settle down to my work again. I continued to supply copy for the curriculum editor at Headquarters and to keep up my ministries at Nelson Street Church. I enjoyed all of these activities, but I was finding it difficult to meet deadlines for my curriculum assignments. I began to realize that I was slowing down. My eighty-six years were showing.

As Kathryn and I looked ahead to the winter months we decided we would like to spend a couple of weeks in Florida, and had arranged to go down for the last week in February and the first week of March.

On February 21, 1993 Paulette Baker, an Indianapolis friend from our days at Pilgrim Headquarters, was visiting in the Marion area said she was planning to return home on the day we needed to get to Indianapolis for our flight, and would be happy to drive us to the airport. We welcomed this kindness, and along the way enjoyed conversing about earlier days. She drove us to the Indianapolis Hilton a short distance from the airport, for we would spend the night there and take an early flight the next day.

After a quick breakfast we took the shuttle bus to the airport. Because of stormy weather our tickets had to be changed, but we arrived in Charlotte, North Carolina, in time to catch the plane which would take us to our destination, Fort Meyers, Florida. There we rented a car and drove forty miles to Naples. We had reservations at the Day's Inn where I had stayed for three weeks on a previous occasion about which I have written earlier.

Later in the evening for supper we walked a short distance to a very nice Chinese restaurant. While we were there a terrible storm of wind and rain came up and we had to remain in the restaurant for quite a while. Finally the storm subsided and the manager of the restaurant drove us back to the motel.

In spite of the storm, we finally settled down and had a restful night. We were up by eight o'clock the next morning and enjoyed a continental breakfast at the motel. I took a walk, then we went to the beach, and sat quite awhile where we could watch the gulf and the activities on the beach. At two o'clock we had lunch at the Village Inn next door to the motel. Then in the evening we drove down to the beach again and watched the gorgeous sunset and afterglow. On our return to the motel we enjoyed the beauty of a clear sky where we saw Venus and the sliver of a moon. We

spent the rest of the evening in our room reading from books we had brought along. Our first day in Florida had been delightful.

We were fascinated by Naples' seven miles of public beach on the Gulf of Mexico. It is known for its gentle surf and distinctive gray-green water. Every evening we went down just to watch the setting sun slowly make its way to the horizon, then drop below the water's edge and, as a grand finale, send up glorious shafts of light setting the western sky aglow.

We would some times go down just to walk along the sandy beach and watch the dashing waves, the flocks of pelicans and sea gulls flying about and smaller sea birds flitting here and there, hastily dropping to the sand and pecking into it as if they had found delicious tidbits. It was fun also to look for shells and other items brought ashore at high tide.

Not the least of the attractions at the beach was the long row of palatial homes overlooking the Gulf. We were intrigued by the variety of architecture, the lovely well-kept lawns and flower beds, as well as by the beautiful, tall palms waving softly in the breeze.

We did not have to leave the motel for enjoyment. There were pleasant hours spent in our room reading and resting, and on several occasions we had happy times swimming in the excellent pool.

A visit to Tin City, also known as the Old Marine Market Place, was very interesting. It is a carefully preserved part of Naples' past now restored and open to the public. The old-fashioned shopping center was created from historic river walks and comes complete with waterfront dining and an open-air market. On the open wharf we enjoyed a delicious fish dinner.

On the next day we took the Tiki Boat sight seeing tour of Naples' Bay, to Port Royal and entrance to the Gulf. It was a delightful trip.

The following day we drove south to Marco Island which is indeed a beautiful spot with extraordinary expanse of white sand, and is long famous for the great number and varieties of shells which wash ashore.

On Sunday we went to the Naples Wesleyan Church some distance from the motel. Earlier I wrote about the time when I visited this church alone and the Charles Kindleys were so kind to me. At this time these Marion friends took us to their winter home in Bonita Springs where we enjoyed a lovely dinner and a pleasant time visiting. It was almost four o'clock when we got back to the motel.

On our last day in Naples we spent considerable time at the Zoological Park and Garden ending with an interesting boat ride through the jungle waterway.

When we planned this trip we set the date to coincide with the annual Bible Conference held in Wesleyan Village, a suburb of Brooksville, Florida. We wanted to spend our last weekend there, so on a Thursday morning we left the motel and drove the two hundred miles north and west

to Brooksville. We stopped for lunch near St. Petersburg, and arrived safely at our destination and was shown the room reserved for us.

Over the weekend we had a wonderful time, enjoying the services and visiting with a great many friends. A section of Wesleyan Village is occupied by retired foreign missionaries, so a considerable number of our friends living in the Village were missionaries with whom I had worked in the Pilgrim Holiness missionary office in Indianapolis.

On Tuesday morning we drove to the Tampa airport, returned our rented car, and took a flight direct to Indianapolis. E.R. and Phyllis met us there and we were at home in Marion about six o'clock in the evening.

In the summer following our trip to Florida I asked the Headquarters editor of Sunday school materials to release me from my writing assignment. It had become more than I could do well in the necessary time frame. I felt very sad about having to give up this task for, in one capacity or another, I had been connected with the preparing of Sunday school curriculum for some thirty years. Now, however, I had to face up to the fact that I was eighty-five years of age and had slowed down in various areas of my life.

Near the same time I resigned as director of the Best Years Fellowship in my home church, Nelson Street Wesleyan. In this society we tried to provide interesting activities for the senior citizens of the church. The thirteen years I served in this capacity had been happy ones. I had the assistance of an excellent planning committee. The secretary and treasurer had been especially helpful.

I spent considerable time traveling around central and northern Indiana locating historic places, beautiful sites, and interesting business places, then arranging for our group to visit them. In getting the group to the chosen place we usually used two of the church buses, and often there were some people who preferred to drive their own cars and would follow the buses. These trips usually included a pleasant meal in a restaurant which I had previously located and in which I had made reservations for the group. We all seemed to enjoy these trips.

In the last year or so that I served as the Best Years Fellowship director I was helped a great deal by one of the church men, Hubert McCullum. He drove the car for me in my searches for places for our trips. In our times together I came to appreciate his fellowship. He was a real friend and brother. I was saddened when he recently passed away.

During the winter months we usually planned for meetings in the church's fellowship hall. These generally began with a pleasant meal provided by the ladies of our group. This was followed by a program of some kind. Perhaps we would be entertained by speakers or musicians from outside our own group. They might have been from another church outside our Wesleyan denomination. Usually, however, they would be from another Wesleyan church in the city or Indiana Wesleyan University. Sometimes we would join with a Best Years Fellowship group of another one of our Marion churches. The secretary's record given me indicated that during the years I served as director we had a total of 140 gatherings and trips. I had enjoyed them all.

I continued to teach my Sunday school class. I was thankful that I could do this for I enjoyed teaching and for many years had found it to be a worthwhile ministry.

The summer of 1993 was a bit unusual, and an especially pleasant one. We were visited by a number of out-of-state friends and relatives. In June Alma Hosfeldt, one of Kathryn's California friends, along with her two sons, Bob and Don, surprised us. Bob was a business man in San Jose and Don a rancher near Portersville. Bob was very much interested in genealogy and on this trip wanted to search for information regarding some of their forbears whom they understood had settled in the area of Dayton, Ohio. Instead of Bob coming alone they made it a pleasure trip for the family.

On a Saturday morning Alma called from the local Sheraton Hotel where they had spent the night. Happily Kathryn and I went to the hotel and brought them to our apartment. We enjoyed visiting for a while then went back to the hotel for lunch. After lunch we drove them around our little city then over to neighboring Gas City to visit with E.R. and Phyllis. Phyllis had met Alma on some of her trips to California visiting Kathryn.

In the evening all of us went to one of the area's favorite restaurants, the Country Cook Inn, some miles west of Marion. On returning to Marion our guests returned to the hotel.

The next day, Sunday, I went to Sunday school at our home church, Nelson Street Wesleyan, with neighbors, Charles and Lucille Day. Later Kathryn, with our car, took Alma to Lakeview Wesleyan Church near Colonial Oaks. Alma's sons made a trip to Dayton. Alma ate dinner with us at Colonial Oaks dining room and visited with us in our apartment until the men returned late in the afternoon. Our visitors then went back to the hotel and the next morning continued their journey. Those two days had been very special for Kathryn

The following day Paul and Edna Sickler from Canyon City, Colorado, came to see us. They were in town visiting their son, a nurse in the Marion General Hospital. They had been students in Colorado Springs Bible Training School when I was president there. Their lives had touched ours numerous times through the years. I have mentioned them in earlier pages of these Memoirs. We did so much appreciate them stopping by to see us again.

In July another of Kathryn's California friends, Evelyn Clayton with her brother Charles Crouch, drove up from Indianapolis where they were attending a General Assembly of the Nazarene Church. Charles was a retired Nazarene clergyman and chaplain in the U.S. armed forces. We called Phyllis telling of their arrival, for she too was a friend of Evelyn. She and E.R. came over to greet them.

At noon we took our guests to the Olive Gardens Restaurant where we had a pleasant, unhurried time of eating and visiting.

Bringing them back to our apartment, we gave them a tour of the various sections of Colonial Oaks Retirement Community. In mid-afternoon they returned to Indianapolis so they could attend the night sessions of the Assembly. We were grateful for their thoughtfulness in coming our way.

Monday, July 19, 1993, is a date I recall with thanksgiving. It was the day I received a new cornea for my left eye. From childhood I had only limited vision in that eye. I had, nevertheless, gotten along quite well through the years. In my first year of college, however, I had difficulty reading, so I went to an optometrist. He told me: "you are blind in your left eye." I think he may have been exaggerating a bit, but he fitted me with glasses and I have worn glasses ever since. My getting a cornea transplant resulted from advice given me when I had a cataract removed from my right eye. The surgeon on that occasion noticed the condition of my left eye and suggested that I see Dr. Price, a cornea specialist in Indianapolis.

I did as I was advised. Dr. Price told me that my sight could be considerably improved with a transplant. I agreed to surgery, and he set about locating a suitable cornea. Not long after, he notified me that things were in order, set the surgery date for Monday, July 19, and suggested that I spend Sunday night in the Marten House, a hotel on the hospital grounds, so I would be available for an early morning appointment at the hospital.

Kathryn and I drove down to Indianapolis Sunday morning, attended the morning worship service at our Trinity Wesleyan Church, went to MCL cafeteria for dinner, and then on to the Marten House. We were up at five the next morning and over to the hospital at 6:15. My daughter Carolyn arrived soon after so she might be with us during the day.

Preparation for surgery included considerable red tape and numerous tests, but at 10:15, I was given a local anesthetic and surgery was over by 11:30. I left the hospital with a patch over my eye.

The doctor asked that we continue staying at the Marten House so he could see me the next morning before we returned home. Kathryn, Carolyn, and I went to the Marten House dining room for dinner, and Carolyn remained with us until late afternoon.

After a good night's rest we went to the hotel dining room for an early breakfast, and by 7:15 were at Dr. Price's office, some distance from the hospital. He said the eye looked fine. He put in some ointment and put on a new patch. He also gave me a prescription for the ointment and instructed us to apply some four times each day along with a new patch. Then he asked that I return to his office in a week.

After the week at home with the daily treatments, we returned to Dr. Price's office. He was very pleased with the way the eye was healing. He sent me to a window and had me look out to see how things appeared from a distance. I was delighted with the brightness and clarity of my vision. The doctor then said I could read now and use my eyes normally. He did, however, give me a prescription for a liquid drug which would guard against deterioration of the cornea. We are to put a drop in the eye each day for the rest of my life. I am so glad that six years after surgery I am able to read and have quite normal vision. At ninety-one years of age I passed the driver's vision test a few weeks ago!!

On Labor Day morning of the same year, Kathryn's nephew, Paul Bufkin and his wife Verda, from Wheaton, Illinois, called us from the Marion Sheraton Hotel. I was pleased to know

they were in town for I had met them in California when I was there to marry Kathryn. We went to the hotel to greet them, and over breakfast we enjoyed visiting. We brought them over to our apartment, and along the way showed them the campus of Indiana Wesleyan University located just a few blocks from our home.

Although they could stay with us only until noon we appreciated so much them giving us a call. They are an interesting couple. Paul had a long tenure of service with Bell Laboratories with the title: "Distinguished Member of the Technical Staff." One of his experiences I especially enjoyed learning about, occurred in the fall of 1988. He and another man had been sent to China to determine the cause of problems in connection with the company's phone switching system. He recounts one occasion like this:

"One night we worked until after midnight at an office a couple of miles from our hotel so we walked back to the hotel through the residential area in the darkened streets but we had no concern for our safety. We never had to worry about that nor that someone would steal any of our equipment. We took one half day off to go see the Zoo. It was a big attraction -- with some monkeys swinging in the trees, some animals in small cages the size of an office desk and the big attraction -- the Panda Bear. I enjoyed the opportunity to work on this problem and to live for a few days in a communist country and to talk with and see how the people live in a location that was not a tourist town."

Shortly after enjoying those visits of relatives and long-time friends living at a distance, we met quite a few more friends by attending a reunion of Frankfort Pilgrim College alumni, held on the campus of Anderson University at Anderson, Indiana.

It was nice to have Carolyn drive up from Indianapolis and be with us through the evening. It was a time when we recalled many pleasant occasions from our fifteen years in Frankfort where the children went through high school, where Cora taught English, Spanish, and art, and where I wrote articles for the Sunday editions for the city's daily paper.

Along with meeting friends, we enjoyed a nice meal and a program prepared by the alumni officers. A principal part of the program was an inspiring message by Rev. Wayne Wright entitled Boundary Lines and A Goodly Heritage, drawn from Psalm 16:6: "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places; indeed my heritage is beautiful to me."

In the fall of 1993 Indiana Wesleyan University held its second annual Colonial America Chaparral at the Founder's Inn and Conference Center in Virginia Beach, Virginia. These chaparrals were trips especially beamed toward senior-teen friends of the University. Local residents who desired could travel in buses arranged for by the University.

Our friend, Phyllis Ihrkey Mitchell, an alumna of Indiana Wesleyan, was serving as reservations coordinator, and she with her husband were planning to drive to Virginia Beach, because Phyllis needed to be there early. They welcomed us to go along. Kathryn and I decided that we would indeed like to do that. It was agreed that we would travel in our car and E.R. would do the driving.

On the morning of October sixteen Kathryn and I were up at 5:45 and soon thereafter joined the Mitchells. We were on our way! It was a good day for traveling. The sun shone clear and bright as we made our way through Kentucky. The mountains and hills on both sides of the highway were gloriously adorned with trees and bushes bedecked in gold and red.

Early in the evening we stopped at numerous motels, but there were no vacancies. Finally we did find rooms and a restaurant. We went over to the restaurant for supper. At 9:30 we were in bed.

Continuing our journey at eight o'clock the next morning, we encountered some fog early on, but through the mountains of West Virginia the scenery was spectacular.

We arrived at Virginia Beech (eight hundred miles from home) at 3:45 in the afternoon and went directly to Founders Inn and Conference Center where we had reservations. Our assigned room was very pleasant. In the evening we had supper in the Golden Corral.

Monday morning the Mitchells went with us to breakfast in the Waffle Shop. Quite a few people had arrived Sunday evening as had we, and at breakfast time we saw a number of our friends from various parts of the country. All through the day people were coming to the registration desk to get their room assignments; and Phyllis said she thought the registration would exceed 225.

The grounds of this Conference Center were beautifully maintained, and it was a joy to wander around over them. In one of my walks I found that back of the main buildings there was quite a large lake. I told Kathryn about it, and she went with me to see it. We sat down on a bench for a while to enjoy the quietness of the place and to watch the ducks and swans leisurely swimming about.

During the morning, pamphlets were handed out to us which listed the events scheduled for us during the four days we would be on the grounds. It looked most interesting, and as time progressed we did enjoy participating in them.

This is part of what the pamphlet said was awaiting us:

"The event will begin with dinner Monday evening and close after breakfast Friday morning. Dr. David Keith will be the Chaparral Director and morning devotional speaker. Dr. William Griffin, educator, evangelist, and pastor will share his unique blend of energy, humor, and practical Biblical insights. Chuck Mealy will help keep everyone singing and in festive spirits. There will also be a concert provided by one of the student musical groups from Indiana Wesleyan University, and a benefit auction run by John Mills. All this will be in addition to the educational tours of Colonial America.

"The tours will include Colonial Williamsburg, Jamestown Island (site of the first permanent English settlement), and Yorktown (site of the final battle of the American Revolution). Step into America's Colonial past as you walk the same streets that George Washington and Thomas Jefferson did.

"A harbor cruise on board a replica paddlewheel steamboat will journey past the largest naval operating base in the world (and home of the "Desert Storm" battle group). Additional stops include the Douglas MacArthur Memorial, St. Paul's Church, selected historical sites in Norfolk and a tour of CBN studios highlighted by a 700 Club program taping."

The opening banquet (a lovely affair) did indeed begin the chaparral as scheduled, and was followed by the announced program. There was also a non-scheduled After Glow. We stayed for it, and got to our room at about 10:30.

The Tuesday morning breakfast at 7:00 o'clock was followed by a devotional period led by Rev. David Keith, Superintendent of the Chesapeake District of The Wesleyan Church. One especially interesting feature of this was Rev. Keith's introduction of two young Christians from Albania. They gave their testimonies and remained with us for the duration of the chaparral.

Their witness and presence among us impressed me, and I asked Rev. Paul Meeks who, with his wife, were Wesleyan missionaries in Albania, to tell me more about them. He wrote the following paragraphs.

"Oltion and Oneida Kota are a brother and sister from Durrës, Albania, who became associated with The Wesleyan Church. After the fall of communism in Albania they were among some of the first people to become Christians through the witness of members of teams with Operation Mobilization. They began attending services held by missionaries with "OM". Some of the members of these work and witness teams were Wesleyans from the Chesapeake District who came to know Olti and Oneida. It was proposed that they would come to the US to visit some of the Wesleyan churches, and it was while they were here that they became members of the Wesleyan church in Bowie, MD. They also agreed to become "missionaries" with "Yielded Evangelical Servants," an independent missions organization with loose connections with Christian Fellowship Church in Vienna, Virginia. They were to be supported jointly by the Chesapeake District of The Wesleyan Church and YES.

"When they returned to Albania they started Bible studies in their home and also had English classes. After about a year, my wife, Darlene and I went to Albania in February of 1995 to be the first Wesleyan missionaries in that country. I became the pastor of the church that was soon established with the small nucleus that were attending the Bible study of the Kotas. The agreement was that the Meekses and the Kotas would work together. That arrangement continued until some time late in 1995 when they and their mother came to the US.

"We have had limited contact with them since they came to the US, but we learned that Oneida was married in March 1998 to a young Christian American. As far as we know they are all still in the United States and probably expect to become US citizens."

When we went outside Founders Inn at the close of the devotional service we saw six large tour buses lined up in the driveway waiting to take us sightseeing. All aboard, and we were on our way to Norfolk Naval Base for a two and a half hour cruise in the harbor. It was a most interesting trip for with the cities of Portsmouth and Newport News it forms the port of Hampton Roads one

of the greatest natural harbors in the world. It also has one of the world's largest concentrations of naval installations as well as important U.S. Marine, Coast Guard, and NATO facilities.

We enjoyed especially seeing the Dwight Eisenhower nuclear-powered aircraft carrier. After lunch we went to the Douglas MacArthur Memorial, watched a film regarding his life and service. Then we went to his tomb.

At the evening service of the Chaparral Dr. Bill Griffin was the speaker and gave us an interesting message on "God's Guarantees" based on Zechariah 8:1-8.

Wednesday morning buses were again waiting to take us on another tour. We were going this time to sites which would enable us to visualize something of what life was like in Colonial times.

We were taken first to Yorktown which stands out in U.S. history because it was the site of two military engagements which determined the course of our nation. The first siege of Yorktown was in 1781. It proved to be the final major action of the American Revolution. Here it was that American and French land forces under General George Washington collaborating with the French fleet in a twenty-day siege resulted in the surrender of the British.

The second siege of Yorktown came about during the America Civil War. It began on April 5, 1862 during the American Civil War. The Confederate forces held the city when the Union Army surrounded it. The siege continued until May 3, when the Confederate forces withdrew.

Our second stop was Jamestown, an island in the James River southeast of Richmond. The first permanent English settlement in America was founded here on May 14, 1607, by a small group which an English mariner who had been hired by the London Company to transport as colonists. Many of these first settlers died from famine and disease in the winter of 1609-10.

The survivors would have deserted the village the following June, but were encouraged to stay on by the arrival of a shipload of new settlers and supplies. The colony prospered and Jamestown was the capital of Virginia until 1619. In the same year the first black slaves were introduced into the original thirteen colonies. The village was burned 1676 during a rebellion of Virginia planters. The seat of government was moved to what is now Williamsburg in 1699 and the village was deserted. This area of the island is presently owned by the Association For Preservation of Antiquities. It contains several interesting remains including a church tower dating from 1639, the graveyard and statues of Pocahontas and John Smith.

We went to Williamsburg where we had lunch. The afternoon adventures were most interesting for the historic area of the city has been carefully restored along colonial lines. Among the most notable structures are the State Capitol which is restored as it appeared in 1705 and the Governor's Palace. Numerous other homes and public buildings have also been restored. The colonial section of Williamsburg also has small craft shops where eighteenth-century trades are demonstrated.

After lunch we took a mile walk along one of the streets lined on both sides with these fascinating buildings, giving special attention to the restored State House. Then we made our way back to Founders Inn, arriving there at 5:15. There we enjoyed another pleasant dinner. The evening service, chaired by Rev. David Keith was largely a musical program with a group of bell ringers.

On Thursday morning at nine o'clock the Chaparral group went to the CBN studios to watch the live broadcast of the 700 Club. It proved to be an interesting occasion. Dr Barnes, President of Indiana Wesleyan University, was interviewed. After a buffet luncheon at Founders Inn, E R. and Phyllis drove down to the beach, Kathryn and I went to our room to rest.

The final gathering of the Chaparral on Thursday evening was an auction the proceeds from which were to go to Indiana Wesleyan. The items for sale had been brought in by people attending the Chaparral. These articles would serve many purposes. They were of all sizes, shapes, and values. For one hundred dollars Kathryn bought an eighteen by twelve inch print of a painting by her step grandson, Rod Crossman, an art teacher at IWU. The whole evening was a fun time for all of us and turned out to be lucrative for Indiana Wesleyan.

On Friday morning after breakfast and a devotional service we said farewells to friends, and left for home at 8:45. We went by way of Richmond and Fredericksburg, passed by Washington D. C. As on our trip coming over, we enjoyed the fall colors. At six p.m. we stopped at New Stanton, had supper at Howard Johnson's and spent the night at a Days Inn. We arrived home in Marion at three o'clock Saturday.

After the week of travel and Chaparral activities things were very quiet around home, but the quietness was restful and we were ready for that.

The Sunday after our arrival home was, however, my eighty-sixth birthday and we wanted to celebrate. We arranged to meet Bill and Frances Thomas, Kathryn's stepson and wife, who live in west Indianapolis, to meet us at noon Saturday at the Eller House, one of our favorite eateries. The Eller House, located in the little city of Fishers just a few miles northeast of Indy, was a beautiful large old house which had been transformed into a really neat restaurant where food was always super. We had a very pleasant time with Bill and Frances.

After our meal Kathryn and I went to the Castleton Mall for a while. Then we went to the Luxbury Motel nearby where we had arranged to spend the night. We took a nap, then spent the evening reading and Kathryn did some crocheting.

Sunday morning we enjoyed a continental breakfast and then went over to the Avon Wesleyan Church for the morning service. Bill and Frances were there, and took us home with them for dinner. We arrived back in Marion by four o'clock, rested awhile, then attended the evening service at our home church, Nelson Street Wesleyan. It had been a very happy celebration!

Thanksgiving Day seemed to come quickly. Kathryn and I drove down to Indianapolis, went to Carolyn's briefly, then went with her over to the home of her daughter Brenda where we enjoyed a delicious turkey dinner. Not only was the dinner pleasant, also we enjoyed the

fellowship with other members of our family. Brenda's husband Larry and daughter Kelly were there as well as Carolyn's son David, his wife Beth and young son Dylan together with a couple of friends with two children. It was a day for giving thanks for such a lovely family.

We left for home about four o'clock in the afternoon. The driving was difficult, for it rained hard all the way. Kathryn was driving, however, so we made it!

Then came Christmas, and Kathryn and I were especially busy for we wanted to have a part in both the Peisker and Thomas families festivities. On the afternoon before Christmas Day we drove down to Carolyn's where her family gathered for a pleasant time of exchanging gifts. Then at six o'clock we all went to the Union Station Restaurant for dinner where Carolyn's younger son Mike was a waiter and served our table.

Kathryn and I then spent the night at Carolyn's, and drove home on Christmas morning. There we set about preparing for the Bill Thomas reunion to be held that evening in the College Wesleyan Church gym, just a few blocks from our home. Bill and Frances had a fine family of eight children. Two of them were not present on this occasion but there were twenty-four of us, counting children and grandchildren, who had come together from Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio. It was a beautiful and exciting evening with lots of good food and the fun of exchanging gifts and just being together again. Kathryn and I especially enjoyed the several very young great grandchildren. They were such cute, happy little people.

This merry Christmas was, however, overshadowed by a cloud of apprehension for Bill. He had not been well for awhile, and on this day had been taken to the hospital.

On January 24, 1994, Wayne Brown passed away. In him I lost a dear friend, a comrade in the work of the Lord, and a kindly neighbor. I came to know him after he was elected General Secretary of the Pilgrim Holiness Church, and the relationship continued after the merger of the Pilgrim Church with The Wesleyan Methodist Church. I had chosen him to give the principal address at Cora's funeral.

Late in his retirement he and his wife Thelma came to live in the Colonial Oaks Retirement Community and chose a condominium across the street from our apartment. It is nice to still have Thelma, as a neighbor.

In late February Kathryn and I went to Florida again for a couple of weeks. We chose to go to Clearwater Beach this time. It was an area where some of our Marion church friends spent their winters, and it was nearer to Brooksville where we wanted to spend some time.

Our motel was right on the beach. On the first evening there we walked along the water front and sat in seats along the shore until sunset. Then we went into the dining room for a pleasant dinner. From there we watched the darkness deepen over the Gulf.

On our second evening in Clearwater we had a special treat at the home of Doctor and Mrs. Cliff Curl. Mrs. Curl was a granddaughter of Uncle Bud Robinson, a notable Nazarene

evangelist. She had been Kathryn's Sunday school teacher in California. She prepared a delicious dinner for us, touched off with a beautiful bowl of various kinds of fresh fruit.

Dr. Curl held a responsible hospital position, but he was also a concert pianist and after dinner he delighted us by playing several beautiful numbers. It was the sort of an evening one likes to recall.

Kathryn's step grandson, Bill Thomas Jr., was living in Clearwater and she had a phone conversation with him. Later on in our time in Clearwater he called her, and they talked for awhile.

Saturday we drove down to Largo to locate our Wesleyan church where on Sunday we were to meet Marion friends who were spending the winter in Florida. We also located the Palace Restaurant where all of us from Marion were to have Sunday dinner together. We drove back to Clearwater along the Gulf Boulevard which provided a pleasant view of the Gulf. In the evening at low tide we took a walk along the sandy beach and then sat down and watched the spectacular sunset and afterglow.

Sunday morning was chilly, but after breakfast we drove to Largo and the church where we met Lois Wilson and Milla Culbertson, two members of Marion's Nelson Street Wesleyan Church. We were pleased to find that one of the pastors of the church was the son of Charles Lewis. I had worked with Charles years before at our Church Headquarters in Indianapolis.

After service we met more of our Marion friends: Paul and Ruth King along with Phil and Lelia Dawalt. Our group went to the restaurant Kathryn and I had located the day before. We were all seated around a large table as a happy family. After dinner we went for awhile to Lois Wilson's pleasant home.

Late Tuesday morning we drove about twenty miles north to Tarpon Springs and its popular Greek restaurant, Pappas. It proved to be one of the highlights of our trip to Florida. The speciality was a "Lamb Shank Dinner." The helping was large and the taste was "out of this world." After dinner we visited a beautiful Greek Orthodox church, and on our way back to Clearwater stopped to visit awhile with Paul and Ruth King in their home in Palm Harbor.

Thursday was our last day in Clearwater. The weather was unpleasant with high winds, so we did not go to the beach, but we did some shopping and had a delicious swordfish dinner at the Marina. We spent the evening packing for our departure the next day to Brooksville to attend the annual series of special meetings.

We arrived in Wesleyan Village, a section of Brooksville, in time for noon lunch in the dining room. Not only did we have an excellent meal, but got to see a number of friends whom we had not contacted for a long time. Then we went to the home of Rev. and Mrs. Charles Felsburg who had invited us to stay with them in their spacious home for the three days we were to be in the Village. They proved to be delightful hosts who made everything pleasant for us.

Services were held three times each day, morning, afternoon and evening. We attended most of them, and enjoyed the ministry of the three speakers: Dr. Kenneth Heer, Dr. Melvin Dieter, and Dr. Joe Seaborn. The special music was beautiful and uplifting.

Among the residents were several retired foreign missionaries with whom I had worked at Headquarters. We enjoyed seeing and visiting with E. E. Phillipps from the Carribean, Rome Strickland from Africa, and with the Norman Bonners from the Carribean and Africa.

Monday afternoon we packed at Felsburgs and drove to the Tampa airport. It proved to be a difficult trip for us. The highway through the city was strange to us. It had several lanes with traffic going both directions at seventy miles an hour. We knew the name of our exit, but we did not know its location. Watching for the name in the speeding traffic was hazardous, so we turned off and inquired about its location. After waiting a few minutes to rest off the highway we joined the stream of speeding cars and finally made it to our exit. We went to the airport, turned in our rented car, and went to a nearby motel for the night.

The next day we flew to Indianapolis where E.R. and Phyllis met and drove us home to Marion.

Arriving in Indiana in early March we did not have the warm temperature we had enjoyed for two weeks in Florida; but there were signs that spring was on the way, and we took courage. It reminds me of another time when I had been traveling among some of the southern states at about the same time of the year. When I got home I wrote about it like this:

* * *

There is Springtime

I found spring. The weeping willow was greening. The forsythia was brilliant yellow. The countryside was cheery with the thrilling song of the meadowlark. Spring was in Kentucky last week. We who live farther north can take heart. After a while it will reach us.

Spring comes as the relative positions of the sun and earth are such that the sun begins to shine upon our section of the world a little longer each day. In winter sun time is short, the ground cold and still. Life is retarded. Trees stand bleak, barren, and grey. Stiff shrubs rasp against the house as the sharp winds blow chill around the corner. Snow and ice cover the hard ground; and not a single blade of grass can pierce its way through.

But with even a few minutes more sun each day, spring approaches. Trees begin to bud. Winds blow less sharply around the corner. Bushes, less stiff, still scrape the house, but more gently now. Ice disappears. The ground softens, and tiny green shoots appear.

Snow drops, slight flowers that they are, bravely open white to the nippy air. Happy little crocuses show their shining faces. Birds come back, and we awake to their glad songs. Soon, too, the daffodils and tulips are aglow, and fragrant narcissi scent the garden. Violets carpet the woods

in soft purple. Lilies-of-the-valley perfume the shady nooks. On and on it goes until summer arrives.

What the sun is to the physical world, The Lord Jesus Christ is to the spiritual lives of men. He is the Light of the World. He is the Sun of Righteousness. To those who position themselves to receive His benevolent rays, he brings a transformation as real and as delightful as the change from winter to spring.

The song writer must have been feeling something of that influence when he wrote:

"There's springtime in my soul today
For, when the Lord is near,
The dove of peace sings in my heart,
The flowers of grace appear.

"When Jesus shows His smiling face,
There is sunshine in my soul."

Busy with my four flower beds and the study connected with my weekly teaching at Nelson Street Wesleyan, the summer seemed to pass quickly. During those busy days, however, Kathryn and I both began to feel that we should make a trip to California. It had been more than two years since, to marry me, Kathryn left her cozy home near the beautiful Pacific, her family, and a host of devoted friends. For the same period I had not been with my son and family. Some new members had been added, and I was anxious to see them.

We decided to make it a three-week trip, recognizing that it might well be our last extended journey, for such travel had become difficult for us. The hustle and bustle in the large airports and the driving of a car amid the speeding traffic on strange streets and highways had become too much.

To make that California journey proved to have been a wise decision for it was crowded with delightful, memorable experiences.

On Tuesday, September 27, 1994, we flew to Los Angeles. Then on a smaller plane continued to San Luis Obispo, about fifteen miles from Los Osos, Kathryn's former home and our present destination. The airport in San Luis Obispo is quite small and rental cars were few. In fact, there was only one car available, a Mitsubishi van with a considerable dent on the front door on the passenger side. We were reluctant to take it for neither of us had driven a Mitsubishi, and were embarrassed to travel in such a damaged car. But there was no other choice. The clerk showed us how to drive it, and we were on our way.

We had not gone far until a heavy rain storm engulfed us and visibility was very limited. We looked everywhere on the panel before us, we thought, but could not find how to turn on the windshield wipers. Fortunately, Kathryn had gone over this two-lane highway many times. She drove slowly until the storm subsided.

It was good to arrive at the pleasant home of Kathryn's sister-in-law, Goldie Bufkin, and we were happily surprised to see Alma Hosfeldt, one of Kathryn's close friends, awaiting us there.

We were told that shortly for dinner, we were to go to the home of Goldie's daughter and son-in-law, Dot and Stan Miller. It turned out to be a celebration of Goldie's eighty-sixth birthday. It was a delightful evening, but our day had been long, so we were glad to get to bed.

The first days in Los Osos we spent resting and visiting with Goldie and Peggy, a granddaughter of Goldie's who lives in an apartment connected with Goldie's house. I also helped some with her yard which was filled with beautiful flowers.

When Sunday came we went with Goldie to the El Morro Nazarene Church where Kathryn had attended for fifteen years and where part of the time she served as office secretary and part of the time as pianist. We enjoyed meeting many of her friends.

We were delighted to learn that Stan and Dot had planned for Goldie and us a trip to Yosemite National Park located in the Sierra Nevada range, famous for its spectacular scenery. Most notable is the magnificent Yosemite Valley, a narrow gorge about seven miles long and a mile wide through which passes the Merced River. Glaciers are said to have carved out the valley and rounded the great precipices of granite that rise about 4000 feet from the valley floor. Several cataracts plunge from the heights into the valley. I recall especially Yosemite Falls and Bridal Veil. The days we were there we watched climbers scaling the face of El Capitan, one of those spectacular stone mountain sides.

Yosemite is famous also for its diversity of vegetation and wildlife. I was amazed at the incredible stands of giant Mariposa sequoias. Through one of those massive trees a roadway had been cut out wide enough for a car to pass through.

Shuttle buses were available to take us to all parts of the Park. We rode one of them to Happy Isle where several of the falls make their way down and together form a lake, then finally go on to join the Merced.

We stayed two nights in the comfortable motel and enjoyed the food of the cafeteria. On the second day of our stay Erin Cole, a nephew of Dot, joined us and added to the pleasant fellowship we were enjoying.

This was a fantastic trip the memory of which we cherish. Even the ride coming and going through the countryside in Stan's comfortable Lincoln was a treat in itself.

When we were planning our California trip, I told my cousin Headlee Armor and his wife Ida Grace of Alturas, about it and indicated that we would like very much if we could see them. They were interested and arranged to meet with us. On the afternoon of October 13, IdaGrace called us from San Luis Obispo and said they had arranged to spend the night there, and would see us the next day.

Dot and Stan had invited Goldie, Kathryn, and me to dinner at their house that evening, and on hearing about the call of my cousins suggested that they might like to join us. I called them and told them of Dot's invitation, and that Kathryn and I would come and get them and then take them back to their motel after dinner.

This worked out well and the seven of us enjoyed a delicious sword fish dinner and a pleasant evening of fellowship. I was happy to have my cousins meet members of Kathryn's family.

The next morning Headlee and IdaGrace came to Goldie's house. The four of us boarded the Mitsubishi and Kathryn drove us around to some of her favorite places.

She took us to Cabrillo Estates where we got a beautiful view of both the Los Osos and Morro Bay areas. Then she took us to Montano de Oro which provided a spectacular view of the Pacific Ocean. We got out of the car and walked to the edge of a high precipice. As we looked out over the water we were fortunate to see several whales spouting as they made their way south for the winter.

We were also attracted by the waves dashing hard against the foot of the rocky cliff. One section there drew our special attention. There was a large but shallow hole in the side of the cliff. From our view it seemed that the dashing water was coming out of that hole as if it were a small geyser. So realistic does it appear that the place is commonly referred to as the Blow Hole.

The next stop was Morro Bay and the Great American Fish Co., a restaurant on the beach. There we had another enjoyable fish dinner.

While in Morro Bay we went to the fishing pier which extended into the ocean, probably for almost a quarter of a mile. It was interesting to watch the fishermen, the surfers, and the sea birds, especially the sea gulls and pelicans all eager for a handout from the fishermen. Then it was back to Los Osos.

Headlee and IdaGrace had brought some family pictures to show us. This was thoughtful, for it enabled me to see relatives whom I had not known. It was an interesting and informative time. Then my cousins returned to their motel. This was the first time I had met IdaGrace, and I had not seen Headlee since my days in Pasadena some sixty years before.

We cherish our relationship with those cousins and have kept in touch with them. Ida Grace writes the most beautiful and informative letters and sometimes encloses a clipping of a news item or other interesting things, sometimes serious and sometimes humorous. In her last letter she enclosed the lines from a computer correspondent's email given below. If you like spelling or English maybe you will at least crack a smile.

"Why isn't 11 pronounced onety one?"

If lawyers are disbarred and clergymen defrocked, doesn't it follow that electricians can be delighted, musicians denoted, cowboys deranged, models deposed, tree surgeons debarked and dry cleaners depressed? Do Roman paramedics refer to IV's as 4's? Why is it that if someone tells you

that there are one billion stars in the universe you will believe them, but if they tell you a wall has wet paint you will have to touch it to be sure? If people from Poland are called Poles, why aren't people from Holland called Holes?"

While in Los Osos Kathryn had a pleasant visit by phone with a long-time Pasadena friend, Bertha Thomas (no relative), who indicated that she would like very much to have us come down and spend time with her. Stan was wanting to go to Pasadena on business and arranged to take Goldie and us to see Bertha in her very pleasant home in the Pasadena foothills. It was soon after one of the terrible fires which swept through the area, and in taking my daily walks I saw several beautiful homes which had been badly damaged by the blazes. Even though Bertha had been advised to leave her place, she had insisted on remaining. Fortunately she and her house had been spared.

We greatly enjoyed the kind fellowship and hospitality of our hostess, and to our delight Stan drove through some of our favorite parts of the city, past the apartment house where I, more than sixty years earlier, had served as house boy for a couple of school terms, and the house which had been home for Kathryn for thirty-four years.

We were anxious to see Don and family. He and Liz, as well as Lori and her family, lived in Palmdale. Scott with his family lived further south in El Cajon. We decided that we would get together in Santa Barbara on Saturday, October 15. To our sorrow, Scott and his family could not come. The rest of us met at a very popular split pea soup restaurant in Buellton, a short distance north of Santa Barbara where we enjoyed a pleasant dinner.

Two of Kathryn's friends of Pilgrim Bible College days from Ojai had arranged to meet her there after dinner. They arrived, and for an hour and a half visited, reminiscing and updating themselves. In the meantime Don and his family had gone to the Santa Barbara motel where we all had reserved rooms for the night. There we met and went to supper together. Finally we all went to our rooms for the night.

Sunday morning we had breakfast together. Then at 10:45 we went to the Trinity Baptist Church for worship. We enjoyed the service. The singing of the choir was beautiful. We especially enjoyed the music of the bell choir. Pastor David Hubbard preached an excellent sermon. At the close of the service our children started back to Palmdale. I took a walk in the afternoon and then returned to our room for the rest of the day and night. After breakfast Monday we drove back to Los Osos.

We did not take the usual route, but chose to go by way of Solvang, a unique and fascinating Dutch village with its windmills and other interesting objects common to Holland. We stayed for a while to visit the attractive little gift shops and to enjoy the quaint atmosphere of the village, as well as a lovely luncheon in a small cafe.

Monday evening we were quite tired, but we packed our baggage for our departure the next day. In San Luis Obispo at 10:40 we took a small plane to Las Vegas where we boarded a Boeing 757 to Cincinnati. There we boarded another plane for Fort Wayne. Arriving there about 10:45

p.m., we were met by our friends, Charles and Lucille Day, and arrived home about midnight. It had been quite a day!

The California trip was delightful, but we realized that it was probably our last. The going and coming was just too much for us. We shall, however, in our memories again and again relive those happy days.

Busy with activities among family and friends, and my teaching responsibilities at church, time seemed to pass quickly. Thanksgiving was at hand before we were ready for it. But we had a pleasant day in Indianapolis at the home of Larry and Brenda. Carolyn was there, but David and his family could not come because their young son was ill. Driving home to Marion we saw an unusually beautiful sunset.

Christmas came on a Sunday so we went down to Indianapolis Saturday afternoon and got a room at a Best Western motel. Sunday morning we went to the new Avon Wesleyan Church. All of the Bill Thomas family were present. Twenty-five of us had dinner in the church's dining facility. It was especially good to have Becky's husband Tom with us, for he was in the air force, and at the time, was stationed in Korea. After dinner we exchanged gifts and then each family reported on some special happening in which they were involved during the year just past.

Monday morning we drove over to Carolyn's home on the opposite side of Indianapolis. Later eight other members of their family arrived. At two o'clock we enjoyed another abundant Christmas dinner followed by the exchange of gifts. Soon thereafter we left for home because the weather had turned bad with dense fog, and we knew that traffic would be heavy. We did, however, finally arrive home without trouble.

We enjoyed the Christmas season with our families nearby. Their expressions of loving concern were most heartening. The 155 greeting cards from friends and relatives near and far added more cheer to the holiday season.

Early in January of 1995 Kathryn began to suffer considerably and was troubled by red skin eruptions. Her doctor diagnosed her problem as shingles and gave her prescriptions. She continued to suffer a great deal and spent considerable time in bed. It was not until the middle of March that she was able to get to church and to carry on her normal schedule.

During those difficult weeks we were encouraged by friends who came to see her. Some of those friends brought cooked food items which was indeed a great help. Kathryn also enjoyed receiving forty-one get well cards.

July first was an especially interesting day because a niece and a nephew of Kathryn living in two different states were able to arrange to meet with us here in Marion. Ruth Cole and her husband, Kay, pastors of a Free Methodist church in Caldwell, Idaho, had come to Anderson, about twenty miles from Marion, to attend the General Conference of their denomination. They drove up to Marion. Paul Bufkin and wife, Verda, from Wheaton, Illinois, met the rest of us here.

Together we went to Holiday Inn for lunch and a nice long visit. We came back to our apartment for dessert, a fresh strawberry pie that Kathryn had prepared.

Ruth and Kay returned to Anderson at about two o'clock. Then we took Paul and Verda to visit Thelma Brown, our neighbor, whom they had known from early California days. They left for their home about four o'clock. These hours together had been most refreshing.

Things were moving quite normally through the summer. But Kathryn and I began to wish that we could make another trip to Colorado. We were aware that such a trip would probably be our last such journey. Nevertheless, we decided to go. We knew we would need a driver. We were no longer able to handle a trip through the mountains alone. We thought about our friend Lloyd Smith who was now retired and living in Canon City. We contacted him. He readily agreed to go with us. He turned out to be not only a chauffeur, but also our guide. I thought I knew Colorado quite well, but he took us to numerous spectacular sites where neither Kathryn nor I had ever been.

We arrived by plane in Colorado Springs airport at noon September 12, and took a shuttle bus to the Radisson Airport Hotel where we had reserved a room. Earlier we had learned that some long-time California friends, Rev. and Mrs. Wilbur Nelson, were coming to Colorado Springs, and we had arranged to get together for a few hours at the Radisson. They arrived at about 2:30 and had a room across the hall from us.

I came to know Wilbur in my early days at the Colorado Springs Bible School. Kathryn had met him at the Pilgrim Bible College in Pasadena. Neither of us had met his wife Ethyl until they arrived at the hotel. We were happy to greet them and to have this opportunity to be with them.

They have enjoyed a long and fruitful ministry. In 1944 they began a radio program. It involved the Nelson family, all of whom are musicians. Wilbur and son Norman are vocalists as well as preachers. Ethyl is an accomplished organist. The program was known as the Morning Chapel Hour. It was a short program given several times each week. With the passing of time, the program has grown to be a daily release over many stations in the United States as well as overseas. It is now known as "Life At Its Best." Kathryn and I cannot get the program here, but we have several of the Nelsons' records and tapes which we enjoy.

Out from the radio program grew the publishing of a bimonthly devotional booklet entitled Morning Glory. Father and son write interesting, helpful articles which Kathryn and I always enjoy reading.

In 1962 They began the Grace Church in Paramount, California, and Wilbur served as pastor until his retirement in February 1999. Presently, he is Pastor Emeritus.

We had a pleasant time visiting at dinner the first evening. After that they came to our room for awhile. The next morning we had breakfast together and then Wilbur drove us around Colorado Springs to see old, familiar areas. Later in the morning he drove us to the always delightful Garden of the Gods. In the evening we went out to supper. The sky and mountains were spectacular.

Early the next morning we had breakfast together at the hotel dining room and then we bid our friends goodbye. As they were leaving Lloyd arrived and I was glad to introduce him to the Nelsons.

Lloyd took us to pick up our rental car. Then we returned to the Radisson for our luggage and followed Lloyd to his home in Canon City where we spent the night. The next morning, to our chagrin, Kathryn and I discovered that we had left some of our baggage at the hotel. We returned to the Springs, got our luggage and came back to Lloyd's place. Finally, a little after noon, we were on our way to the San Luis Valley.

Much to my delight Lloyd drove on a highway new to me. Before long we were in the Wet Mountain Valley, a beautiful, remote location in the southern part of the state, wedged in between the Wet Mountains and the east end of the jagged peaks of the Sangre de Christo Range in the west. The view was, as Kathryn wrote in her diary, "spectacular."

At Westcliffe we stopped at a pleasant country restaurant for lunch. Continuing on our way south, we passed through some of the most beautiful cattle and farming areas I have ever seen. We came to the south end of the Sangre de Christo Range and turned west into the Valley, familiar territory to me.

We spent the night in Monte Vista, and the next morning drove to Center, my home town. I was aware that this was probably my last visit here. So it was that Lloyd's driving us around town was a nostalgic experience. We saw the church where I attended with my parents. We stopped at the place where I was born and lived the first sixteen years of my life. We drove by the school I attended. We went down town and saw the bank where I was janitor, the place where my father's harness shop had stood, the store buildings where I had worked.

Even now I cherish the memory. I also still subscribe and read the Center Post Dispatch, Center's weekly newspaper. And I pray for the people who have the privilege of living there.

Following our visit to Center we went back toward the Sangre de Christo Range, and Lloyd took us to another interesting place where neither Kathryn nor I had ever been, a large buffalo ranch with a great herd of buffalos. It seems that there is an expanding market for buffalo meat which has a sweet, rich flavor like the best of beef.

Since the animals are equally unfazed by brutal climate, whether pawing through snow or baking under a summer sun, they are perfectly suited for the mountain valley.

At the headquarters of the ranch there was a restaurant specializing in buffalo meat. We each had a hamburger. They were really good.

Our next stop was Lake City, one of my most frequented Colorado towns. One travel guide describes it like this: "The colossal peaks of the San Juans dwarf this already little town to even smaller proportions. Tucked into a grassy canyon at the confluence of Henson Creek and the Lake Fork of the Gunnison, Lake City is one of those Colorado secrets that only a few lucky people know about." This time the stay here was the best ever.

The reason for this was the hospitality of Kathryn's former California friends, Ken and Harriet Meredith, who were now living there. She had contacted them indicating that we were to pass through their town and would like to see them. They extended a warm welcome.

After some hunting we found them. They insisted that we have dinner with them and indicated that they had made reservations for us at the motel in the main part of town. Their home was a pleasant and very unique place near an interesting mountain stream. In fact, the porch of the house extended out over the flowing water.

The evening was spent in reminiscing and listening to the fascinating stories of our friends living in these beautiful but rugged mountains.

Our motel rooms were comfortable, and we had a good breakfast in a restaurant across the street. From there we went happily on our way.

The most exciting and amazing site of this trip was a leisurely drive, with numerous stops, through the Colorado National Monument west of Grand Junction. It was another one of the areas I had missed on my previous trips to Colorado. It is truly awesome. It is described briefly by Caughly and Winstanley in their *The Colorado Guide*. They write: "Thousand-foot- deep red canyons and solitary rock monoliths characterize this beautiful monument and serve as an example of the force of the wind and water erosion. Shear sandstone cliffs and wide vistas have created a unique patchwork of colors, textures and shapes. The sandstone monolith, Independence Rock, rises to a height of five hundred feet and is one of the prominent features of the park. Once within the canyons, civilization seems light years away."

The next day we continued our journey by going east to Vail and then south to Leadville. This is a very interesting town with an amazing view of the mountains as well as an interesting and varied history. Among the several towering peaks near Leadville are Colorado's two highest, Mount Elbert (14,433 feet) and Mount Massive (14,421 feet).

Presently it is a quiet community of about three thousand, but in 1880 it had a population of 24,000. Typical of the mining towns of those days, life in Leadville was rugged and wild. This is suggested by the fact that along one of its main streets there was a quarter mile of saloons, brothels, wine-theaters, and gambling halls. One historian refers to it as a rip-roaring city which became lawless.

Kathryn was especially interested in Leadville and its history because P. W. Thomas' father and mother were young Salvation Army missionaries stationed in Leadville during the period just described. They suffered considerable persecution. It was not uncommon for them to be pelted with eggs, and on one occasion a group of men, who were probably drunk, attacked the young Salvation Army captain. Throwing him to the sidewalk, they kicked him along in front of them. Finally, the missionary acted as if he were unconscious or dead. His attackers left him lying on the sidewalk. He was able to get up and walk away.

We drove on to Buena Vista where we spent the night. The next morning we traveled to Salida through a beautiful valley where there were many cattle and horses. Then, following the Arkansas River, we arrived in Canon City about noon. We went to Village Inn for lunch then on to Lloyd's home. It was a Friday and we enjoyed his hospitality until Monday afternoon. Those days were special. Lloyd was a most gracious host.

A delightful part of our stay there was that every evening Lloyd and Kathryn spent considerable time making beautiful music, Lloyd at the organ and Kathryn at the piano. They enjoyed the playing and I was a delighted listener.

Sunday Lloyd took us to Colorado Springs, and we attended the Mountain View Wesleyan Church where his son Byron is the music director. After church Lloyd, Bryon, his wife Pat and their son Jeff, Kathryn and I all had dinner at the Mason Jar restaurant. After dinner Lloyd took Kathryn and me to visit some mutual friends, Violet Brown and Vera Close. Then it was back to Lloyd's house where we all rested a while and later had a bite. Then came the music recital.

At 8:00 o'clock Monday morning Lloyd and we went for breakfast at a downtown restaurant where we were met by more of our friends: Jeff and Fern Darst, Paul and Edna Sickler, and the Websters. In our conversations I told about the beautiful music I had been enjoying at Lloyd's place. After breakfast several of the friends went with us to Lloyd's for a musical. It was a pleasant time.

Kathryn and I then packed, bid Lloyd farewell and started for Colorado Springs. We missed a turn in the road and landed in Pueblo. We located the proper highway and finally arrived back at the Radisson Hotel.

We had arranged to have Allan Pezoldt, a brother of Cora, meet us there for dinner that evening. He and a friend arrived and we had a pleasant visit with them. We then returned our rental car and by shuttle bus returned to our hotel. We then enjoyed a good night's sleep followed by a good breakfast in the hotel dining room. We then returned to the airport, boarded the plane for Indianapolis. Friends, Charles and Lucile Day, met us at Indianapolis at 4:30. We had dinner together with them and arrived home in Marion about eight o'clock. It felt so good to be home!

October with its bright blue weather had come and gone. Kathryn and I had enjoyed a pleasant Thanksgiving day with Bill and Frances in Indianapolis. Three days later at home following regular routines, Kathryn took the car and went to care for some errands. When she returned she found me fallen to the floor, unable to get up, very dizzy and nauseated. She called the Health Care Center here at Colonial Oaks. A nurse came to our apartment and helped Kathryn get me on the bed. Later I had chest pains, and Kathryn called Dr. Buhr who wanted to see me immediately. Kathryn then called our faithful, nearby friend, Charles Day, who came quickly and took me to the doctor's office. Dr. Buhr right away had me taken by ambulance to the Marion General Hospital. The next morning I was taken to the coronary unit, and given a catheterization which revealed that I had three partial blockages, but they were such as could be handled with medication, and I was dismissed on the sixth day.

The kindness, loving attention and prayers given by family and friends was amazing and comforting. Carolyn came up right away to see me at the hospital and stayed with Kathryn until I came home. Brenda came from Indianapolis. Pastor Glenn was there more than once to see me. Rev. Traver, a neighbor here at Colonial Oaks, and Howard Castle, from Indianapolis, also came up. E.R. and Phyllis were present from time to time giving a helping hand whenever needed. We kept in touch with Don in California who was also hospitalized about the same time.

Thanks to Kathryn's help and care, I gained strength quite rapidly and before long was back to normal.

It was, however, about this time that I asked to be relieved of my teaching assignment in Nelson Street Sunday School. For twenty-seven years I had enjoyed teaching there. But I had found the study in preparation for teaching had become a burden; and I knew that my presentation in class was not what it should be. It had been a difficult, unpleasant decision. In fact, it was more than giving up a single class. This was bringing to an end more than sixty years of public ministry. How would I cope with this new situation?

I was reminded of a message I gave when, some years earlier, I was assisting Chaplain Donald Fisher with his weekly meetings in the Colonial Oaks Health Care Center. This is what I said one Sunday to those dear elderly people, most of whom, in their aging, had given up busy, happy lives and were now dependent upon the care of others to survive. I decided I had better practice what I had preached!

This is what I said to them.

* * *

A Strategy for Coping

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away'
Change and decay in all around I see'
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

When Henry Lyte penned those lines more than a century ago, he little dreamed of the mind-boggling results of science and technology which would so tremendously accelerate change throughout the world. But his lines are no less significant now. In fact, his petition is even more meaningful today.

Alvin Toffer in his Future Shock cites problems with which we must contend as a society and as individuals. The contemporary person, he says, has to cope "with the equivalent of millennia of change within the compressed span of a single lifetime." He writes, sometimes frighteningly, about the unsettling impact which has come to our "society caught in the throes of the most rapid change in history."

And we may be sure that our super industrial age will never offer us relief from change. We shall never be able to return to the cherished, familiar past -- to the slower pace, to the less complex order. Nor should we desire to. Too many things are so much better now.

Not only must we cope with changes in our society. The very passing of the years brings each of us face to face with the necessity of changes in our personal lives -- sometimes gradually, sometimes suddenly -- but inevitably. We suffer physical disabilities. Unable longer to do many things for ourselves, we must look to others for help. This is often difficult and humiliating.

If, therefore, we are to survive as sane, happy persons contributing to our generation our full potential, we must find some abiding, unchanging reality to anchor us against the storm of change which lashes so devastatingly against those values and patterns of life which up to now we have taken for granted. We must find some quiet, restful place to which we may from time to time retreat and from which we work out a positive strategy for coping victoriously with life as we find it.

A simple incident provides a relevant parable. While worshipers sat listening to their pastor one summer Sunday morning, a hummingbird suddenly darted in wild confusion about the sanctuary. He beat his little body against a stained-glass window until he was caught up in a shaft of sunlight which reached the altar. As if pulled by some magnet, the bird skimmed along the sunlit bridge and was lost to sight in a scarlet gladioli blossom.

How the bird got into the church no one knew. Least of all, the bird himself. However it was, he found himself in totally strange surroundings; everything was suddenly changed. Besieged with unfamiliar sights and sounds, he became utterly confused, frustrated, even frightened.

Call it instinct, keen sensitivity of smell and sight, or mere coincidence, the hummingbird found refuge in a familiar environment at the altar. At the Altar we too can find assurance and rest. There we can recoup ourselves. I do not refer to a wooden altar in some church. I refer to Jesus Christ whom the author of Hebrews refers to as our Altar and describes Him as being the same yesterday, today, and forever (Heb. 13:8- 10).

We can find Him any time, any place we will: the church, the privacy of a devotional period at home, in our room in the Nursing Center, in the car on the way to work. Anywhere, everywhere. The eternal God always awaits us at that Altar. He waits to make Himself real and very personal. He wants us to know His will. He wants us to know His path for us. In His presence we may find the security, the direction, the balance, the poise, the courage, the understanding we need.

Without Him we shall be overwhelmed by the shattering stress and disorientation of the changing times and/or the changes of time. In Jesus Christ, our Altar, there is a strategy for coping.

I did find help at the Altar. There I was reminded how in the past God had indeed led me all the way. In that light I faced the unknown future with assurance and joy.

Freed from the teaching, I had more time for working on these Memoirs. However, I soon had another hindrance. On Easter Sunday, 1996, after several days of considerable pain and the appearance of small red blisters around the left side of my head, face, and ear I found myself again in the emergency section of the Marion General Hospital. On Monday Dr. Buhr and a dermatologist diagnosed it as a very serious case of shingles. I was put into an isolation room where visitation was limited and immediately attached to intravenous equipment. I remained in the hospital for six days. Kathryn was allowed in the room each day, and it was so good to have her company.

Upon my release from the hospital Kathryn for a week applied a prescribed ointment to the affected areas five times each day. I gradually improved until I was able to carry on life quite normally. It was a great relief to go to my barber and have him cut my hair and shave my face after four weeks of growth. But even yet, after several years, the portion of my head which was affected gives me considerable discomfort. Don't ever get the shingles! Its tough stuff.

In the fall of 1996 we were saddened by the death of Kathryn's stepson, Paul William Thomas. He was part of my life too, for I had known him from the time he and his sister Marcella were pupils in early grade school in Colorado Springs Bible Training School while I was an assistant to his father P. W. Thomas, President of the school, and I had kept in quite close touch with him through the years. He was known and loved in my family as well as in Kathryn's. Here are excerpts from his obituary which appeared in the Wesleyan Advocate:

"Rev. Thomas was born November 29, 1921, in Colorado Springs, CO, to Dr. Paul Westphal Thomas and Alice (Howard) Thomas.

"Bill honored his country by distinguished service in the military during World War II (1942-1946). As a commissioned 2nd Lt., he was assigned to the 323rd Signal Company 73rd Bomb Wing, 20th Air Force (the B-29s that fire-bombed Japan and dropped the first two atomic bombs which led to the abrupt ending of the war). Following his honorable discharge August 28, 1946, he attended Butler University (Indianapolis, IN) and Asbury Theological Seminary (Wilmore, KY).

"On May 15, 1948, he was united in marriage to (Minnie) Frances Emery. To this union were born eight children: Evelyn Jean VerLee, Bloomfield Hills, MI; Mary Kathryn Crossman, Marion, IN; Richard Paul, Pontiac, MI; William Dale, Clearwater, FL; Virginia Ruth Hughes, Carol Stream, IL; Dr. James Lowell, West LaFayette, IN; Joanne Louise, Romeoville, IL; and Rebecca Sue Kelty, Marysville, OH.

"Bill's adult life was consumed with ministries to the Church -- first the Pilgrim Holiness Church and then The Wesleyan Church. Following a stint (1948-1949) as office editor of the Pilgrim Holiness Advocate, Bill and his bride were appointed to service as missionaries to the Philippines. Together they labored effectively from 1949-1967 in planting the Church in the Philippines. In telling how Bill Thomas was a larger than life figure, Dr. Donald L. Bray, General Director of World Missions, declared, "His vision and passion to see a biblical church established among the Filipino people is legendary. His strong gifts in teaching and preaching, his

willingness to speak the truth fully and clearly, his creativity that helped him to create word pictures that stuck in the minds and hearts of his listeners...all of this is the legacy of Bill Thomas."

"Upon the family's return from the Philippines in 1967, The General Department of World Missions commissioned him to conduct a series of seminars on indigenous church leadership throughout the Caribbean districts.

"During the next year, the General Church engaged his services to serve as co-writer with Dr. Lee Haines in development of the first Discipline of The Wesleyan Church.

"A short-time after the merging General Conference he was elected Assistant General Secretary of The Wesleyan Church, an office which he held until his retirement in 1987.

"Although the last quarter of his life was fraught with affliction (for seventeen years, three weekly visits to dialysis) he did not lose his zest for life nor his commitment to God, family, and church at all levels. He was faithful to his local church and served the Indiana North District as secretary and member of the district board of administration from 1968-1975, resigning then only for health reasons.

"This quiet man of diverse interests and talents will be missed. He was a churchman who gave God his best...a patriot who proudly served his country...an excellent photographer whose love for that art led him to seek out the beauties in nature...a writer and scholar whose love for "words" often constrained him to confess that had God not called, he would have delighted to study law...a family man who lovingly accepted the patriarchal assignment as spiritual leader and, most importantly, a man who said, 'Here am I, Lord, send me'...and then obeyed."

While Bill was lying in state at the mortuary, one of his young grandchildren did a very beautiful, touching thing. An adult standing quietly near the casket at the time, saw the incident and told about it like this:

"The family and friends of Bill had gathered at the funeral home to pay their respects. It was nearing the closing time and people were beginning to leave, but some friends of James, Bill's son and wife Connie, arrived with their little girl who was a friend of James' eight-year-old Rebecca. When Rebecca saw her friend come in she took her hand and led her up to the casket where Grandpa lay. After talking together about Grandpa being in heaven, Rebecca said to her friend, 'You know, all of us have to die sometime. When we do, if we know God, we can go to meet Him in heaven. If we don't know God, we will go to the other place.' Then she asked the friend, 'Do you know God?' When the little friend said she did not, Rebecca explained very simply how to be saved."

In telling the story, the lady who had been nearby and overheard the conversation remarked, "Of all the things that were said and done that night in Bill's honor, I think this scene would have pleased him most." She probably was right.

On April 11, 1998, we celebrated our sixth wedding anniversary by going to the Bavarian Inn, a pleasant Bed and Breakfast place located in a quiet forested area on the west side of

Kokomo. Early on I took a pleasant walk among the big old trees. Our room was in a new addition of the Inn and furnished nicely. We enjoyed a quiet evening and a restful night.

Breakfast Sunday morning was special. The hostess and cook of the Inn is an immigrant from Bavaria and to a very nice familiar breakfast menu she added a delightful German treat.

In our driving around the area we had noticed that up the road a short distance was a sizable Wesleyan church, so we went there for the morning worship service expecting to find ourselves among strangers. However, before merger it had been a Pilgrim church, and the present pastor had been a Pilgrim who knew us well, as did others of the congregation. So it was we felt quite at home among friends. All of this added unexpected pleasure to our already happy celebration.

My ninetieth birthday (October 31, 1997) turned out to be something special. First of all E.R. and Phyllis took Kathryn and me out in the country to the Red Barn restaurant, one of our favorite eating places. It was a very pleasant occasion. The following morning Carolyn and her family came to Marion, and in the fellowship hall of our Nelson Street Church, prepared for an open house party in the afternoon. It was a very happy time. Sixty people came to participate in the activities. Some friends drove up from Indianapolis and Kathryn's step grandson, Dr. James Thomas and family, came over from Lafayette. The thoughtfulness and loving kindness of my daughter and family warmed my heart. The cheerful greetings and congratulations of friends were most enjoyable.

* * *

Closure

I began to feel I should write these memoirs several years before I actually set about the task, but the title, *Life, a Joyful Adventure*, came to mind at the beginning. In the Preface I tried to indicate something of its significance to me. As I have been writing, it has become even more meaningful and I close with further reference to it.

While joy is often equated with happiness the two are quite different. Happiness and unhappiness cannot exist together, however joy and sorrow can. This is true because real joy results from a deep-flowing quality of contentment and assurance in one's life which result from faith and obedience toward God as taught in the Bible. Early in that Book we read of this. We are told "God gives wisdom and knowledge and joy to a man who is good in His sight" (Ecc. 2:26).

Writers in the book of Psalms repeatedly indicate it. Here are two examples: "God's favor is for a lifetime; Weeping may last for the night, but a shout of joy comes in the morning" (30:5), and "In your presence is fullness of joy" (16:11). In the New Testament we read: "The kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit" (Rom. 14:17). In James 1:2-3 we find "Consider it all joy when you encounter various trials, knowing that the testing of our faith produces endurance."

In the Beacon Bible Commentary A. F. Harper comments helpfully on that James passage: "Our burdens may be heavy, but we must not let all of our energy and effort be swallowed up in enduring what we have to endure. If our troubles do not do us good, they do us harm. While we bravely bear the burdens that we must bear, there can also be joy in the Lord; joy in spite of those burdens; deep happiness as we realize that the burdens cannot crush us; an overwhelming sense of fellowship with Christ as He carries the heavy end of the load; real joy in the fact that through these trials we share in the fellowship of His suffering (Phil 3:10), and are being fashioned into His likeness."

Lloyd John Oglvie in his book Magnificent Vision also explains this well. He writes: "Joy is not something we know only when everything is smooth and easy. It is not spiritual ecstasy when all our problems are solved. Rather, joy is special fruit of the indwelling Christ in the actual experience of problems.. True joy is His companionship during the battle, not only after the battle."

I have just been reading C. S. Lewis' Surprised by Joy in which he records his boyhood days as a Christian, his turning to atheism in his youth, and finally of his return to faith in Christ in his adult years. It is good to read this account in which the notable English scholar and prolific author tells of his life-long search for joy and his delights in finding it in Christ.

It seems a bit ironic that at the very time I am writing about facing our troubles Kathryn and I are shut up in our apartment by almost a week of snow, cold wind and icy rain, and I am hobbling around on a walker, and will continue to do so for some time, because I fell in the snow and broke an ankle. It is, however, a good time to close with a song by Andrae Crouch which depicts my experiences as well as his own:

"I've had many tears and sorrow, I've had questions for tomorrow
There've been times I didn't know right from wrong;
But in every situation God gave blessed consolation
That my trials come to only make me strong.

"I've been to lots of places and I've seen a lot of faces
There've been times I felt so all alone;
But in my lonely hours, Yes, those precious lonely hours,
Jesus let me know that I was His own.

"I thank God for the mountains, and I thank Him for the valleys,
I thank Him for the storms He brought me through;
For if I'd never had a problem I wouldn't know that He could solve them,
I'd never know what faith in God could do."

* * * * *

THE END