“Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you.” Joshua 1:3.

When Joshua led the Israelites across the Jordan, God gave them as much of the Promised Land as they had the courage and the faith to walk into and appropriate for their own. He did not give them what they wished for, or asked for, but what they took, by faith in His promise.

In the gold rush days of the West, the gold miner did not receive a deed to the plot of land he wanted or first found, but to that spot which he “staked out” as his own.

Many wistful ones today, like many of the Israelites, merely “window shop” at God’s storehouse. Ten of the spies sent to inspect the Promised Land reported it to be a land flowing with milk and honey and brought back a specimen of its grapes, but, they said the giants and the cities were too strong for them. Thinking they could not take the land, they perished in the desert.

Millions today see and wish for the joy and power and peace, the health and happiness and Holy Spirit, which are advertised in God’s Word and displayed in Jesus, Paul, the Disciples, and in Glenn Clark, E. Stanley Jones, Agnes Sanford, and many others.

But they sigh and say, “How nice these things would be, but, of course, they are out of my reach, they are not for me.” And they live and die in spiritual deserts.

What was the difference between oshua and Caleb, and the other ten spies? What the difference between these modern dwellers in the Promised Land, and we who gaze wistfully at them through the windows of our doubt?

Merely this: Caleb and Joshua and their modern counterparts saw the same things the others saw, wanted them as the others did, but dared to walk into the land and take the good things offered, standing on the promises of God, by appropriating faith.

God’s Word is an ever-full and everlasting storehouse. Every promise in it lies waiting for the day when some believing soul will come boldly to the Owner of the Store, claim the promise as his own, and take it home with him.

Health is there, and joy and peace; power and happiness and the Holy Spirit. Each has your name on it, and each has been paid for by the Son.

Prayer and desire will not deliver them. But when you come boldly to claim them, by faith in His promises, they are yours.

“According to your faith be it unto you.”

God hath not promised
Skies always blue
Flower-strewn pathways
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.
But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy
Undying love.
—Author unknown
RESTORING THE KINGDOM

"From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." (Matt. 4:17)

In proclaiming the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, Jesus was uplifting and restoring on a world wide scale, the Kingdom of Israel.

"Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" (Acts 1:6)

God, through Moses, led the Israelites from their bondage in Egypt to the promised land of Canaan. There under Joshua He established them as a nation with only God as their ruler and God's laws as their law.

But because God was invisible and seemed too far away, the people demanded a king like other countries had: with pomp and ceremony, armies and uniforms; something they could see.

God warned them through Samuel of the evil consequences that would follow their rejecting His rule and choosing an earthly king: their young men would be conscripted for the army, their daughters would be cooks and field hands, their best sons and fields seized as taxes, etc.

The Israelites insisted, and were allowed a king. Their attention and allegiance were thus turned from God and His rule to a man and man made rules. All the calamities that God had foretold came upon them, and not only upon them but on every other nation down to and including our own:

"He will take your sons, to be his horsemen; ... and to make his instruments of war ... he will take your daughters ... to be cooks ... he will take your fields ... your goodliest young men and your asses, and put them to his work. He will take the tenth of your sheep and ye shall be his servants." (I Samuel 8:11-17)

We, like the Israelites, demand a king or a President that we can see, flag we can follow in parades, a man-made code of laws, an army for our protection. After 3000 years, God is still too vague, too far away, His Kingdom too invisible.

We practically worship America, bow to the Stars and Stripes, and put our trust in planes and ships and atom bombs. Nobody would get very much wrought up if we failed to stand up in church when they sang the Doxology. But just try to sit down when a war time crowd stands to sing the Star Spangled Banner! No one is much concerned when man blaspheme God's name, but woe unto the man who curses President, or flag or country.

The same thing is true in worship as in government. We demand a church building, that we can see, a beautiful building of brick and stone, with stained glass windows, altar, chancel, where we can worship God. We demand a preacher that we can point to as our leader. God is too invisible, too far away unless identified with a building, an organization, a man. This is a hangover from the days of idol worship. Our rich churches are a sign of our spiritual poverty.

Jesus came announcing the perfect Kingdom, where His followers once more took orders directly from the King of Kings; where His laws were written, not on tablets of stone or statute books, but in their hearts. (II Cor. 3:3) Where national and racial and continental boundaries were wiped out and Christians everywhere were fellow citizens and brothers.

He foretold the day when "Ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father." (John 4:21) He foretold the destruction of the temple and never once advised its rebuilding. Nor did He ever command the building of a house of worship to take its place. There is not a single account in Holy Writ where His disciples ever erected a church building. (Acts 7:48-50)

He said "God is a Spirit." (John 4:24) Paul caught His meaning and said, "Ye are the temple of God. . . . the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." (I Cor. 3:16) Jesus did most of His preaching with God's heavens as a roof, the wind in the trees as music, the green grass as pews and sometimes a boat as a pulpit.

In government, Jesus sought to lift up men's allegiance from state and nation to the world-wide and eternity long Kingdom of Heaven, and Himself as the one King worthy of obedience, of living and dying for. He refused to be made king merely of Israel. (John 6:15)

And in spiritual things He sought to loose our religion from its allegiance to places and buildings and ceremonies, and lift it up to the Spirit of love and brotherhood.

Until this day men have resisted these calls to a higher allegiance and a purer worship. Like the childish Israelites, we still demand and take great pride in our human leader, our man-made governments, man-written laws, man-built churches, man-made ceremonies; and think to call ourselves enlightened and free!

Churches have fought the idea of purer and more direct worship because it threatened the authority of their organizations.

Christians have resisted both ideas because like the Israelites, they rebelled against anything so pure and perfect and spiritual as the Kingdom of Heaven and Christ's commands, and demanded now as then, institutions they can see and touch, laws that allow them more imperfections and more selfishness, worship that allows more form than sacrifice, more ceremony than surrender.

Like the Israelites, we have rejected Him as our King and made a ruler after our own image. We have rejected Him as our Priest and have made priests and ministers more like ourselves. "They have rejected me, that I should not reign over them:"

Yet the Kingdom is here, and now. As many as may be allowed its citizens.

The Church Invisible, the church of the Spirit, is here, now. As many as will may be added to it.

Upon the acceptance of this higher allegiance: to the restored Kingdom of Heaven, and this high plane of spiritual worship, hangs the hope of man's inner and outer peace.
The Betty Baxter Story

As Told by Herself

As far back as I can remember I wasn't normal like other boys and girls. My body was twisted and crippled and deformed. I guess I will never forget that awful feeling of no hope. I know how it feels to have the family doctor look in my face and say, "Betty, there is no hope." Also to be carried from one hospital to another to see the specialists shake their heads and say, "There is nothing medical science can do."

I was born with a curve in my spine. Every vertebra was out of place, the bones were twisted and matted together. As you know the nerves are centered on the spine. The x-rays showed that the bones were twisted and matted together, therefore, my nervous system was wrecked.

One day as I lay in the University hospital in Minneapolis, Minnesota, I began to shake all over. It was sort of a trembling at first but soon I was shaking violently from head to toe. I shook out of my bed and fell on the floor. The doctor rushed in and put me back on the bed. He said, "This is what I have been expecting. She now has St. Vitus dance and there is nothing to do but send her home."

They took wide straps and strapped my body to the bed. It didn't keep me from shaking but it did keep me from falling out of bed. They kept me strapped to the bed day and night, only removing them long enough for my nurse to bathe me. When the straps were removed my body would be raw and blistered.

I know what it is to suffer. I lived in pain. The doctors kept me on dope so I could endure the pain. When I came into the world my heart was not normal and under the power of dope it grew worse. Eventually I came to have a heart attack about every week.

At last my body became so accustomed to the dope that it couldn't take full effect. I would bite my lips to keep from screaming while the hypo took effect and then when the pain would not go I would scream for another injection. Only after two or three injections could I get any relief from the torturing, cracking pain.

I remember the day the doctor took me off dope. He said to mom, "Mrs. Baxter, it isn't doing her any good. Her body is accustomed to it." He removed everything from my bed and said, "Betty, I'm sorry but I can't keep giving you morphine injections. That's all I know to do." I was only nine years old at that time. Oh how long the nights were as I lay racked with pain. Many times I would twist in the bed struggling for a little relief and feel myself blacking out. Then for hours I would lay unconscious.

I was raised in a Christian home. My parents were not full gospel as I am today, they were Nazarenes, but they loved Jesus. Mom had taught me every since I can remember the story of Jesus. My mother believed the Bible and told me that Jesus was the same Saviour today as He was when He walked the sandy shores of Galilee and that He still heals today if people will only believe and have faith in Him.

When I would have those awful moments of pain the only relief I got was through my mother's prayers. Very gently she led me to Jesus, telling me that someday Jesus would heal me. My mother loved Jesus with a great love and I believe she understood Jesus better than anyone I ever knew. She seemed to know how to say the right things about Him to me. She made Jesus so real to my mind. When I was nine and during the time of terrible suffering mom led me to Jesus and I was saved.

My daddy did not have the great faith in Jesus to heal but he was a good dad to me and never hindered mom from praying for me.

My arsest hour came while they were wheeling me down the hospital corridor on a stretcher. The doctor walked up, stopped the stretcher, looked down at me, "Betty, we have x-rayed your spine. Every vertebra is out of place, the bones are twisted and matted together. Also you need a new kidney as long as the old kidney remains you will have pain."

Dad said, "No, I am going to do everything in my power to make my child well again but never shall a knife touch my child." I have never had an operation except the one when Jesus did the operating and He doesn't leave any scars. How wonderful it is when Jesus does something for us; it is always perfect and never leaves any bad effects.

"Well, Mr. Baxter," the doctor said, "we can never hope to untangle that mass of bones in Betty's body. Take her home and let her be as happy as possible."

I was eleven years old at that time and had no idea that the doctor had no hope for me and was sending me home to die. I looked at him, "Yes, doctor but someday God will heal my body, I will be well and strong then."

I had faith then for mom had read God's Word to me and talked to me about Jesus so that my faith was strong. One of mom's favorite scriptures in those days was, "If thou canst believe all things are possible to him that believeth." Also, "Nothing is impossible with God."

They took me home where the doctor said I would soon die. From some reason unknown to me I grew worse. The pain I had suffered before was nothing compared to what I began to feel after I returned home. Something snapped inside me and I became blind. For weeks I lay blind. My tongue swelled, then was paralyzed. I could not utter a word. Then the blindness would leave me. Also the deafness and paralysis of the tongue. It seemed that I was caught between terrible powers that meant to destroy me. But each day mom would pray with me and tell me God was able to heal my body.

I can't count the times that for day after day I saw no one but dad, mom and the doctor. As I lay there during those years of...
loneliness isolated from the world I found
out one thing: doctors can isolate you from
your loved ones, they can take friends from
your bedside but they can't isolate you from
Jesus because He promised, "I will never
leave you nor forsake you."

So it was during those years of loneliness
that I got acquainted with the King of Kings
and Lord of Lords. Many people have said,
"Betty, why didn't God heal you when you
were a little child and had such great faith?"

I don't know. God's ways are not my
ways. God's ways are best. There is one
thing I do know—during those awful years
of loneliness and pain I really got to know
Jesus. He lives in the Valley my friend. He
is the Lily of the Valley and you will find
Him there if you look for Him. Standing in
the shadows you will see Jesus.

Mum would bathe me in the mornings
then she would leave me. Sometimes I would
hear a soft walk by my bedside and I
would wonder if mom had come in the
room while I was not listening. Then I
would hear a soft voice that I learned to
know. It was not dad's voice, it was Jesus
speaking to me.

The first time this happened He called
me by my first name three times, very
softly. He knows your name and where you
live.

"Betty!"

"Betty!"

"Betty!"

He called me three times before I an-
swered. I said, "Yes Lord, stay and talk with
me for a little while because I am so lone-
some."

Would He stay and talk with me? Yes, He
would. He said a lot of things but one thing
I will never forget. I believe the reason He
always told me this was because He knew it
thrilled me most. This is what He always
said: "Betty, I love you!" Jesus would look
down upon me in my pitiful condition so
crippled and deformed that when my daddy
would stand me up I stood only as high as
my little four year old brother. Large knots
had grown on my spine, the first one at the
base of my neck, then one right after the
other to the base of my spine. My arms
were paralyzed from my shoulders to my
wrists. I could only move my fingers. My
head was twisted and turned down on my
chest. When I drank water I had to drink
from a tube because I couldn't raise my
head. Yet in this condition Jesus whispered
that He loved me. I said, "Jesus, help me
to be patient because I can do anything
as long as I know you love me!" Many times
he whispered, "Remember child I will never
leave you nor forsake you."

Listen friend, I am confident that he
loved me just as much when I was crippled,
forgotten by all the world, as he does right
now when I am well and strong and able
to work for him.

I remember as Jesus stood by my bedside
I would ask Him, "Jesus, do you know the
doctors won't give me any morphine for
my pain?" I wonder if you know how sharp
that pain is in my back where the knots
are?"

And Jesus would say, "Oh, yes, I know
Don't you remember? One day when I hung
between heaven and earth I took the pain
and the sickness of the whole world upon
me there."

As the years went by I gave up all hope
of ever being made well by a doctor. Finally
my dad came in and took my crippled body
in his arms and sat on the edge of the bed.
He looked at me with big tears splashing
down his rugged face. He said, "Honey, you
don't know, you don't have the least idea
what money is but I have given up every-
thing, I have spent all I have and more too
in order to get you well. Betty, your daddy
has gone as far as he can go. There isn't
any hope anymore."

He took out his handkerchief and wiped
his face dry. Then looking at me he said, "I
don't believe Jesus will let you suffer much
longer. He's going to take you to that place
and when you get inside, stand there and
watch everyone that enters. Someday you
will see daddy coming through those gates.
It won't be long. The doctors say it will be
soon."

I want to say right here that although I
gave up hope as far as man's help is
concerned, I still had faith in God. One
day just before the sun went down I was
struck with such unbearable pain that I
lapsed into unconsciousness. Three hours
later my mother noticed my breathing was
too slow and I scarcely had any pulse. She
called the doctor. After an examination he
said, "This is the end. She will never regain
consciousness." I lay unconscious for four
days and nights. The family was called in
and they took up the death-watch.

The fifth morning I remember opening
my eyes. Mum leaned over the bed and put
her cool hand on my burning forehead.
I felt as if I was burning up inside. Knife-
like pains were shooting through my spine.
Mother said, "Betty, it's mother, don't you
know me?" I couldn't speak but smiled at
her. She raised her hands toward heaven
and began praising God for she felt God
had answered her prayers and given me
back to her.

As I lay there looking at her, I thought,
"Which would I rather do—stay here with
my mother and daddy or go to that place
mother has read to me about, a place where
there is no pain."

I remember mom used to say, "Betty
there are no cripples in heaven. Everybody
can walk in heaven." She said that in heav-
en there was no sickness or death and that
God took His big handkerchief and wiped
away all tears from the eyes.

I prayed a prayer that day that I suppose
many other people have prayed. "Jesus, I
know I am saved and am ready to go to
heaven. Now Lord all these years I have
prayed to be healed but I have been denied.
Lord I have reached the end of the way and
I'm not particular what you do. Please come
and take me to that place called heaven."
As I prayed a thick darkness settled over
me. I felt coldness creeping through my
body. In a moment's time, it seemed, I was
cold all over and completely surrounded
by darkness. As a child I had always been
afraid of the dark so I began crying, "Where
am I? What is this place? Where is my
daddy? I want my daddy."

But, my friend, there's a time when
daddy can't go with you. There's a time when
mom can't go with you. They can stand
and see you draw your last breath but it
takes Jesus to go the way of death with you.

As the darkness settled about me I saw
through the darkness a long, dark narrow
valley. I went inside this valley. I began to
scream. "Where am I? What is this place?"
and from a distance I recognized my moth-
er's voice speaking slowly, "Yea, though I
walk through the valley of the shadow of
death, I will fear no evil for thou art with
me."

I remember saying, "This must be the
valley of death. I prayed to die and I guess
to get to Jesus I will have to walk it," and
I started through this dark place.

Friend, as sure as you live, every single
one of you is going to die and when death
comes upon you, you will have to walk
through this valley. I am confident that if
you don't have Jesus, you will walk it in
the darkness alone.

I had barely got inside when the place
lit up. The light was so bright that even
strong and firm take hold of my hand. I
didn't need to look. I knew it wasn't dad's
hand or mom's hand. I knew it was the
strong nail-scarred hand of the Son of God
who had saved my soul. He took my hand
and held it tightly and I went on through
the valley. I wasn't afraid anymore. I was
happy for now I was going home. My moth-
er had said in heaven I would have a new
body, one that would be straight instead of
bent and twisted and crippled.

At last we heard music in the distance,
the most beautiful music I ever heard. We
quickened our steps. We came to a wide
river seperating us from that beautiful land.
I looked on the other side and saw green
grass, flowers of every color, beautiful flow-
ers that would never die. I saw the river
of life winding its way through the city of
God. Standing on its banks was a company
of those who had been redeemed by the
blood of the Lamb and they were singing,
"Hosanna to the King." I looked at them,
not a single one had knots on their spine or a face marred and marked with pain. I said, "In a few minutes I'm going to join that heavenly band and the moment I step on the other side I will straighten up and be well and strong."

I was anxious to get across. I knew I wouldn't have to cross it alone for Jesus would be with me. But at that very moment I heard the voice of Jesus and I stood at attention as I do when I hear the Master's voice. Very softly and with great kindness Jesus said, "No Betty it's not your time to cross yet. Go back and fulfill the call I gave you when you were nine years old. Go back for you are going to have healing in the fall."

As I stood and listened to the words of Jesus I must confess I was disappointed. I remember I said, as tears rolled down my face, "When I'm so close to happiness and health why must Jesus deny me. I've never known a well day in my life, now when I'm so close to heaven, why can't I go on in?"

Then I thought, "Oh, what am I saying."

Turning to Jesus I said, "Lord, I'm sorry. Your way is better than my way. I'll go back."

I slowly regained consciousness. Then the doctor said I would not last through the summer months. For weeks after that I could not speak. The knots grew larger. I would hear mom say, "Dad, look the knots are so hard and they are getting larger. She must be suffering."

I couldn't tell her just how I was suffering because the words would not come. Listen, I know what it is to be in such pain that I would bite my lips to keep from screaming with pain so that my mother could get some relief. Early summer came. Everyone in Martin County, Minnesota, knew the little Baxter girl was dying. Saints and sinners alike came to my bedside but most of the time I was unconscious. When I was conscious they would pat me on the shoulder, say a kind word, and pass on.

But during my moments of consciousness I never gave up hope. I couldn't speak out loud but in my heart I said, "Lord, as soon as fall comes I'll have healing, won't I Jesus?" I never doubted because Jesus never breaks a promise. Jesus is a man of His word. I kept believing He was going to heal me in the fall.

That summer on the 14th day of August my speech returned. I hadn't spoken for weeks and I said, "Mom, what day is today?"

She said, "The 14th day of August."

My daddy came in at noon. I said, "Daddy, where's the big chair? Please put the pillows in it and set me in the big chair." The only way I could sit in the chair was with my head resting on my knees and my arms hanging down at my sides. I said, "Daddy, when you go out close the door. Tell mom not to come in for awhile, I want to be alone." I heard my daddy sob as he left the room and he didn't ask any questions. He knew why I wanted to be alone. I had an appointment with the King.

My friend, I want: to tell you that you can have an appointment with Jesus at any time you want to talk with Him. Any hour of the day or night. He is ready to talk to you.

I heard dad click the door. I began to cry and sob. I didn't know how to pray. All I knew to do was merely talk to Jesus but it got the job done. I said, "Lord, you remember months ago I almost got to heaven and you wouldn't let me in. Jesus, you promised if I would go back that you would have healing for me in the fall. I asked mom this morning what day it was and she said the 14th day of August. Jesus, I guess you don't count this fall yet because it's still awful hot but Lord I wonder if for this one year you could call this fall and come and heal me? The pain is so bad, Jesus, I have gone as far as I can go. I can't stand the pain any longer. I wonder Lord if you will call this fall and come and heal me?"

I listened. Heaven was quiet. But I didn't give up. I pray differently than some people.

"Couldst thou in Vision see
The perfect man God meant,
Thou never more Wouldst be
The man thou art. Content."

...Author unknown

I guess. If I don't hear from heaven, I pray until Jesus answers. I listened a while longer. When there was no answer I began to cry again. I said, "Lord, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a bargain. Now Jesus listen to me. I'm going to bargain with you. Jesus, if you will only heal me and make me well inside and outside I'll go out and preach every night until I'm ninety years old if you want me to."

Listen, God knew I was sincere. I prayed again, "Lord, I'll do more than that. If you will heal me so I can walk and use my arms and be strong and normal, I'll give you my whole life. It will no longer belong to Betty Baxter—It will be yours and yours alone."

I listened after I made these vows. This time I was rewarded. I heard the voice of Jesus speaking audibly to me. He spoke these words: "I am going to heal you completely August 24, Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock."

Thrill of hope and expectancy swept through my entire body and soul. God told me the day and the hour. He knows everything, doesn't He?

The first thought that came to me was, "Won't mom be glad when I tell her. Just think how happy she will be when I tell her I know the day and the hour." Then Jesus spoke again and said to me, "Now, don't tell this until My time comes."

I thought, "I've never kept anything from my mother. How will I keep this from her?"

Before I got healed I walked softly before the Lord for fear I would do something that would displease Him. I was afraid to tell my mother I knew the day and the hour.

"After Jesus told me this I felt like a new person. I didn't mind the sharp pains anymore or the violent throbbing of my enlarged heart. The 24th day of August would soon come and I would have relief. I heard the door open and mom walked in. She knelt down on the rug and looked up in my face. I wanted to tell her what Jesus had told me. The hardest thing I ever did was to keep from telling her.

I looked at mom. I thought, "Something has happened to mom. She looks so pretty and young today." Then I thought the reason she looked so different was that I knew the secret about my healing the next Sunday. I looked at her again and I was convinced more than ever that something had happened to her. Her eyes had never shone like that before. Then all at once she leaned over me, pushed the hair back from my forehead and said, "Honey, do you know when the Lord is going to heal you?" Oh, I knew but I wasn't supposed to tell. I couldn't say, "No," for I would not be telling the truth. So I said, "When?"

Mom smiled and said, "August 24th, Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock."

I said, "Mom, how did you know? Did I let it slip and tell you?"

She said, "No, the same God that talks to you talks to me."

When my mother said that I was doubly sure God would heal my body the 24th day of August and make me well, I said, "Mom, am I getting straighter? Are the knots going away?" She looked at me and said, "No, Betty, you are getting more bent every day and the knots are growing larger.

I said, "Mom, do you still believe God will heal me the 24th day of August?"

She said, "Sure I do. All things are possible if we only believe."

A NEW DRESS

I said, "Mom, listen to me. I haven't had a dress on since I was a little baby girl. I have worn these dirt clothes all my life. I haven't had shoes on my feet. Mom, when Jesus heals me Sunday afternoon I'm going to church Sunday night. The stores are closed on Sunday. Mom, if you really believe Jesus is going to heal me, will you go to Fairmont this afternoon and get me some new clothes? Will you mom?"

My mother showed her faith by her words. "Sure, I will go into town today and get you some clothes so you can wear them Sunday night," she said. As she was driving away dad stopped her. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to town," she said.

"What for?" he asked.

"Well, I am going to get a new dress and shoes for Betty," she said.

"Now mother, you know we won't have..."
to buy her a new dress until we lay her away and let’s not think about it until we have to,” Dad said. “Oh no, she has had word from Jesus that He is going to heal her Sunday afternoon, the 24th and I’ve had word too. I’m going to Fairmont to get some new clothes for her.”

My mother brought them home and showed them to me. I thought the dress was the most beautiful I had ever seen. The shoes were patent leather and they were pretty.

Packed among my treasures, in the bottom of an old chest, in my mother’s home up in Iowa there lies that old blue dress right now. After my healing I wore it until I got a hole in it where I had rubbed against the pulpit when I preached.

I said, “Mom, don’t you think I’ll look pretty when I get straight and can put on this dress and these shoes?”

When people came to see me I would say, “Come and see my dress and shoes out and let my friends see them.” They looked at me, then at the dress and shoes, then at my mother. I knew they thought strange of me but I knew exactly what was going to happen the 24th day of August.

An old neighbor of ours, a drunkard, came in. I had mom to show him my new dress and shoes.

“Mister, have you ever seen me walk?” I asked.

“No.”

“Would you like to?”

“I sure would.”

“Well, you be here Sunday afternoon because at 3:00 o’clock Jesus is going to come and heal me. If you can’t make it Sunday afternoon be at the Gospel Tabernacle Sunday night, I’m going to be there.”

He looked at me and said, “Listen, I want to tell you if the day comes when I see you straight and see you walking I’ll not only become a Christian but I’ll be pentecostal.”

Yes, there are people who stand by and say, “If I could see a miracle I would believe.” But if you don’t believe it before you see you will find some excuse after it happens. That same man has seen me straight and seen me walk and even heard me tell my story and he is not a Christian.

Saturday the 23rd of August came. My mother always slept in a bed in my room so as to be near me. That night when she got me all settled I fell asleep. Sometime in the night I awakened. The moon was shining through the window across the foot of my bed. I heard somebody mumbling and I wondered if daddy was in my room talking to my mother. Then I saw a form on bended knees with arms raised in the moonlight. It was mom and tears were streaming down her face. She was praying: “Lord Jesus, I’ve tried to be a good mother to Betty. I’ve tried hard to teach her about you. Now Jesus I’ve never been away from her but when you heal her I’m going to let her go anywhere you want her to go, even across the stormy sea, because you are going to do for her tomorrow what no one else could ever do. She’s yours Jesus. Tomorrow is the day. You will set her free, won’t you Jesus?”

I dropped off to sleep again. I couldn’t stay up to pray but mom took my place. It is because of her faith that I believe in God today, that I have healing for my body.

Sunday morning came. Daddy took my brothers and sisters to Sunday School. They said he requested prayer for me with a broken heart, telling the people that I was much worse and was going to die if God didn’t undertake.

I asked my pastor to be present that day at 3:00 o’clock. But he said that he had an appointment to try out for a church in Chicago and that was the most important thing to him at that time.

My mother invited a few friends in, saying “Be sure and get here about 2:30 because 3:00 o’clock is the hour.”

They came at 2:00 o’clock. They said “Mrs. Baxter, we are early but we know something is going to happen and we don’t want to miss it.” That is the atmosphere they had around me when I was healed.

At 15 minutes of three my mother came to my bedside. I said, “Mom, what time is it?” She said, “Just 15 minutes before Jesus is coming to heal you.” I said, “Mom, take me in and place me in the big chair.” She carried me in and set my twisted body in the chair and propped me up with pillows. I saw the people as they knelt on the floor around the chair. I saw my baby brother, four years old, and I realized I was so bent that I stood only as high as he did. He knelt down by me, looked up and said, “Sis, it’s not very long now until you will be taller than me.”

At 10 minutes of three my mother asked me what I wanted them to do. I said, “Mom, start praying.” I heard her sobbing and praying for Jesus to keep His promise and come and heal my body.

HOW JESUS CAME

I didn’t lose consciousness but I became lost in the Spirit of God. I say before me two very old trees standing tall and straight. As I watched, the one in the center began to bend until the tip of it touched the ground. I wondered why this one tree was all bent over. Then down the road I saw Jesus. He came walking through the trees and my heart thrilled as it always does when I see Jesus. He came and stood by the bent tree. He stood and looked at it a moment and I wondered what He would do. Then looking at me He smiled and placed His hand on the bent tree. With a loud crack and pop it straightened up like the other. I said, “That’s me all right. He will touch my body and the bones will crack and pop and I will stand up straight and be well.”

Suddenly I heard a great noise as if a storm was coming up. I heard the wind as it roared. I tried to speak above the noise. “He’s coming. Don’t you hear Him? He has come at last.” Then all at once the noise subsided. All was calm and quiet and I knew in this quietness Jesus would come. I sat in the big chair, a hopeless cripple. I was so hungry to see Him. All at once I saw a great white fleecy cloud form. It wasn’t the cloud I was waiting for. Then out of the cloud stepped Jesus. It wasn’t a vision, it wasn’t a dream. I saw Jesus. As He came walking slowly toward me I looked on His face. The most striking thing about Jesus is His eyes. He was tall and broad and was dressed in robes glistening white. His hair was brown and parted in the middle. It fell over His shoulders in soft waves. I will never forget His eyes. Many times when my body is worn and I’m asked to do something for Jesus I would like to say no. When I remember His eyes they compel me to go out into the harvest fields to win more souls.

Jesus came slowly toward me. I noticed the ugly prints of the nails in His hands. The closer He got to me the better I felt. When He came real close I began to feel very small and unworthy. I wasn’t anything but a little forgotten girl who was deformed and crippled. Then all at once He smiled at me and I wasn’t afraid anymore. He was my Jesus. His eyes held mine and if I ever looked into eyes filled with beauty and compassion, they were the eyes of Jesus. There aren’t many people I’ve seen who have eyes like Jesus. When I see one who has that love and compassion in their eyes I wish I could just stay close to them. That is the way I feel about Jesus; I want to live as close to Him as I can.

Jesus came and stood at the side of my chair. One part of His garment was loose and it fell inside my chair and if my arms had not been paralyzed I could have touched His garment. I had thought when He came to heal me I would start talking to Him and ask Him to heal me. But I couldn’t say a word. I just looked at Him and kept my eyes on His dear face trying to tell Him how much I needed Him. He leaned down and looked up in my face and spoke softly. I can hear every word right now because it is written in my heart. He said very softly, “Betty, you have been patient, kind and loving.”

As He spoke these words I thought I
Living In The Kingdom

Christ demands one thing of His followers and one thing only: that they be His witnesses. "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations ; and then shall the end come." (Matt. 24: 14) This witnessing can be done by word or deed.

Our witnessing must be to one fact: that Christ is alive today. (Acts 25: 19; 26: 16) Peter stood up and declared that one of the disciples must be chosen to take the place of Judas, as a witness to Christ's resurrection. Therefore he must be one that had been with Jesus from the baptism of John to the resurrection and ascension. (Acts 1: 15-22) Why? So that he could testify from personal knowledge that Jesus arose and was still alive.

Fir if Jesus arose from the dead all His other promises were true. If He did not, then He was a liar and none of the things He promised could be believed. A man can only testify in court to what he knows. He cannot testify as to something he has heard or read about. The court calls that "hearsay" testimony. If all you know about Jesus is what someone has told you or what you have read about Him, you are not a competent witness. Many people know about Jesus; few really know Him.

I wish to give my personal testimony that Jesus is alive, that all His promises are true, that His mercies and love and joys and care are available today, that the Kingdom is Here, Now. Much of the credit for this testimony must go to my wife who has cheerfully shared my wanderings, my poverty and my faith.

I came to know that Jesus was alive and that He can be trusted by daring to take some of His promises that I heard on Sunday and trying them out during the week. I began with His statement that we ought to tithe. (Matt. 23: 23) coupled with God's command: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now, herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." (Mal. 3: 10)

For twenty years I have lived on ninetenths of my income and have learned in the process that God is the owner of everything. Gradually by further tests I have come to know that if I am working for Him, I can trust Him for my needs, just as I would trust the Standard Oil Company or the Government for salary and expenses, if on their payroll. "For your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." (Matt. 6: 32)

**FOOD**

After the crucifixion of Jesus the discouraged disciples went back to their fishing boats. They toiled all night and caught nothing. Tired and hungry, the last thing on earth they would have expected to see was the Son of God on the shore getting breakfast for them! But it was true! He said, "Come and dine." (John 21: 1-13)

Eight years ago I gave up the security of a pastorate to go about proclaiming the messages that God had laid upon my heart, wherever I found the opportunity. Selling furniture and car we stepped out on Christ's command: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on . . . but seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6: 25, 33)

In those eight years we have never been without sufficient food.

**SHELTER**

When Jesus went to Jerusalem for His last Passover Feast, the disciples were worried about finding a room in the crowded city where they could eat the Passover together. Jesus sent them to a certain street where they found a room ready and waiting for them. (Mark 14: 12-16)

We have done considerable traveling during these recent years of congestion and housing shortages. We have never written or wired ahead to reserve a room, believing that God would have one ready for us when we arrived. I could tell several experiences, some of them amusing, all glorious, as a result of this "trying out" God's promises.

Our only daughter was expecting a baby four years ago and my wife had gone to Minneapolis, Minnesota to stay with her. She wrote me that the doctor had said a Caesarean operation would probably be necessary and that our daughter was frightened. I was praying for her as I traveled towards Cedar Rapids, Iowa to see a brother and visit the Amana Society, a religious colony nearby. The train would reach Cedar Rapids that night and I intended staying with my brother and his family and going out on a bus to Amana the next day.

Learning that my train would go through Amana that evening at 6:00 I felt guided to get off and stay there that night, look over the colony in the morning and go on to Cedar Rapids the next day by bus. I got off the train and carried my heavy suitcase for several blocks through the dark village until I came to an inn. Going in I asked for a room.

The clerk said they had none. I asked to see the manager and while waiting for him enjoyed a good meal in the dining room. I then explained my visit to the manager but he said he had no room and that there was no private home where a room would be available.

Then he offered to drive me to an adjoining village of the same colony, where there was another small hotel. As we drove the three miles he answered my questions about the society. Arriving at the other country hotel we went in and he said to the old man who came out from a room back of the desk:

"I've brought this gentleman over to get a room."

The old man said, "Why didn't you give him one?"

"I didn't have any," said my escort. "Well, what made you think I have any?" the old man replied, "I've been turning them away all day."

I began to wonder just where my room was for that night! Then the old man smiled and said, "It just happens that I do have a room. The man decided just a little while ago to leave."

So I was led upstairs to an old fashioned bowl and pitcher room, with hooked rug on the floor and high backed wooden bed. I knelt down on the rug about 8:30, thanked God for the room, and began to pray for our daughter, as her time was near.

But I found I could not ask God to take care of her as I had been doing previously. The words that kept welling up inside me were those of a Negro woman I had heard of: "Don't ask God to do our work, just ask Him for His peace." I let the words go by without a protest.

But I found I could not ask God to take care of her as I had been doing previously. The words that kept welling up inside me were those of a Negro woman I had heard of: "Don't ask God to do our work, just ask Him for His peace." I let the words go by without a protest.

All I wanted to say that night was, "Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, Jesus!" For the first time I felt assurance that our daughter would come through alright. About 10:30 I went to bed feeling very happy.
The next morning I caught a ride back to Amana in a company car, talked to the secretary of the colony corporation, visited the stores and took a bus to Cedar Rapids. My brother told me that my wife had been calling from Minneapolis. When I got the call, I was out shopping with the mother of a fine baby boy and had had no trouble at all. She had gone to the hospital at 8:00 the night before and at 11:00 the baby was born naturally, to the surprise of the doctor.

**MONEY**

Peter was once worried about paying his income tax.

The tax collector had stopped him and asked about it. Jesus told him to go down to the shore and throw in a hook and he would catch a fish with a coin in his mouth which would pay taxes for both of them. (Matt. 17:24-27)

At times during these years as a wandering minister and free lance evangelist I have been down to a few cents in my pocket. Occasionally I must walk places because I do not have city bus fare. I then know that the Boss thinks I need exercise. Golfers pay money to walk off their waistlines, so I step out gladly, for I can walk free! But whenever income tax rolls around, or a trip must be made, I have the necessary funds. Two months before the trip to Minneapolis, recounted above, I didn't have enough money to buy a ticket anywhere. But a meeting, a business deal, a bill slipped in my pocket, and I had money enough to make this 1000 mile trip, stay two months, and leave some money for the new grandson.

**PROTECTION**

Once when Jesus was crossing the Sea of Galilee in a boat, He fell asleep and a fierce storm came up. His disciples despair ed of their lives and woke the Master. He arose and rebuked the wind and sea, and also the disciples, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" (Matt. 8:26)

They seemed to forget that God had sent Jesus to earth on a special mission, and wasn't going to let Him drown before that mission was finished. Wm. A. Butrick in "Prayer" says, "God will keep a man until his word is spoken and his work is done. And any man that is a man will not ask for one breath more than that." Peter says, "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" (1 Peter 3:13) and Isaiah, "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear." (Isaiah 59:1)

Since a small boy I had been afraid of ridicule, of the dark, of violence, of death. When I set out to see if God could be trusted this fear had to meet the test.

I deliberately made myself quit locking doors, night or day, at home or in strange hotels or cheap boarding houses. Anyone can come into our quarters, day or night, rifle our clothes and take our possession when we are away, or do violence to us while we sleep. We have felt secure because we were on God's business and had nothing we thought belonged to someone else. Only those with more than their share must protect it with locks and guns and bombs.

One place where I was working during the week and preaching on Sunday, a drinking, swearing, booted rancher came up to me and in almost insane rage threatened to mob me and run me out of the country if I didn't leave, because I had been saying and trying to do, some of the things Jesus said and did.

I cannot say I was unaffected. He was big and rough and had once killed a man. As calmly as I could I told him my religion was not the running kind. After that I had to pass his house every day and my knees often knocked together as I looked to see if he was coming out with a gun.

When I came in sight of his house I would begin to repeat, "Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." (Heb. 13:5-6) and "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: For I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city." (Acts 18:9-10)

This man caused me to lose the job I had, but I made myself stay in that community for a full year afterwards and lived to see the day when he spoke civilly to me as we passed on the street. Now I can walk calmly down any dark city street at night, in Negro, Mexican or rough white section, if on God's business. With my Bible in my hand I feel much more secure than if I had a six gun on each hip.

**Honesty In Praying**

The Good Samaritan was a man who acted. I have no doubt that he was a man of prayer, but the scene on the Jericho road called for action, and action of a courageous and generous kind, and he did not fail to act. Prayer in the Bible is set forth as a most ethical thing and not as a means of dodging responsibility. What is the good of a man praying for peace and then doing all he can to foster war? What is the use of a man praying for better conditions of justice and then doing all he can to put in the wrong government? Things will go better when there is more honesty in Christian prayer, when our praying costs us more in sacrificial service. (William Robinson, News and Views, of the Christian Action Fellowship of the Churches of Christ in Britain.)

When Jesus approached Jerusalem for His Triumphal Entry He sent two of His disciples to a nearby village to bring a small donkey which they would find tied at a donkey the entire obligation of my life. Whether had if, like the donkey, said, "No, get somebody else. I'm not properly educated, not big enough or wise enough. I can't do it." Then I read Paul's words again, "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, nor many mighty, nor many noble, are called; But God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, yea and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence." (1 Cor. 1:26-29)

It dawned on me that Christ didn't need wise men to serve Him. He had all the wisdom necessary. All He needs are men who will obey. He knows the Way, He can give all the orders necessary, but He has a terrible shortage of help who will obey without talking back or trying to do the job some other way.

If I were hiring a gardner or store clerk I would hardly pick a college professor or theologian. They would have ideas of their own and would soon be telling me how I ought to run my business. If I knew the business I would want someone who would do, cheerfully and loyally, just what I told him to do.

Perhaps that is why Jesus in choosing men for the twelve most important positions in the world, that of being His disciples, passed up the lawyers and theologians.

Then I realized that the donkey couldn't be led to serve Jesus until he was untied, and if he pulled back on the rope it was difficult for anyone to get him loose. And I saw that I, like that other donkey, and perhaps like some of you, had been pulling back on the rope. Jesus had sent His messenger, the Holy Spirit, to untie me from myself, my doubts and fears and inferiority.
complex. That He didn’t need, nor could He successfully use learned men who were wise in their own conceit, but desperately needed some men who didn’t know any more than to trust Him and believe every word He said.

I said, “Lord, all my life I’ve tried to think of myself as a prancing, handsome steed that you’d be proud to have lead the parade. I see now you couldn’t use me while I had that idea. I realize now I’m just a donkey, like that one you chose, with no business, or working as attendant of fine clothes, no dashing appearance. But if you need another dumb donkey, Lord, here I am. I’ve quit pulling back on the rope!”

Since then I’ve found He has a job for me wherever I go. It may be keeping books for some business, or working as attendant in a hospital, or “feeding the multitude” in a restaurant or grocery, or holding a revival meeting, or cheering up a fellow traveler, or writing or praying. There is usually some vacant pulpit to fill on Sundays. And I find that the jobs He leads me to are just the kind of jobs that I can do, and the kind needed to better fit me for His service.

In short, I have found to my surprise and chagrin that Jesus knew more about what was good for me and what I could do than I did myself, that He knew more about how to spread the Kingdom than all my bright ideas of former years.

He has a job for you if you are willing to be a donkey and will quit pulling back on the rope!

A HELPER

Before Jesus left this earth He promised His disciples a Comforter, a Helper, the Holy Spirit. (John 14:16-18; John 16:7-13; Acts 1:4-8)

For years I had sought and prayed for the Holy Spirit. When, finally, I quit pulling back on the rope, the Messenger was able to come and lead me to Jesus, and I received the Holy Spirit as He promised.

LIVING IN THE KINGDOM

Putting these promises of Jesus to the actual test makes me KNOW that central verse in the Sermon on the Mount is true: “Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.” (Matt. 6:33)

Having no money, I am rich; owning nothing I have everything; having given up a home of my own, I am invited into many homes. When I need to go anywhere I merely say the word and up rolls one of His taxis, or busses, or trains. In an emergency I need to get some place in a hurry, He has a plane at the airport, waiting.

When I need a friend, He sends one by: when I need an idea, He hands me one, or shows me where to go and find it. When I need guidance He has it ready in His Word or in my heart. (Isa. 30:21)

When I need humbling, He has a block over which I stumble; when I need strengthening, He has a hill that I must climb; and when I need forgiveness, He has that, too.

HEALING

About ten years ago I took the Great Physician as my only doctor. (Ex. 15:26) Since that time He has healed a touchy, nervous stomach: delivered me from sinus trouble and hay fever; taken off my glasses which I had worn for 20 years and restored my natural vision; and keeps me well and strong, for which I give Him thanks and praise.

Now that I know the happiness of living in the Kingdom of Heaven, I wonder why I was content to live so long in Hell.

For me there is no money problem, for money no longer is my goal or trust; there is no “division” for I am equally at home in any church, I can worship in an open field or pray in a crowded bus, for God is everywhere; for me there is no “race problem” for all men are my brothers, I ride or work or worship with them all; and no matter what other men or other nations or my own may do, for me there can be no war.

I live in the Kingdom of Heaven and at peace.

The Betty Baxter Story

(Continued from Page 6)
dependence is just as potent and sincere among the non-Communist nations as with the Reds, and while the non-Communist peoples of Asia fear Communist domination they also detest the threat of our domination and, if driven to it, will accept a native Communist control rather than a foreign capitalistic, military overlordship.

FOR INSTANCE, there is an abundance of evidence that, while we are backing with our arms and money the rotten, feudalistic French regime in Indo-China, the majority of the Indo-Chinese, sick of the French tyranny, want the French kicked out and want to establish a true independent nation of their own. The people of Thailand, Indonesia and others all resent the blatant assumption of American military diplomacy that we have the right to use our power in this way. The corridors of the UN have been ringing with these protests—sentiments seldom permitted to reach the American people. It is this resentment that has kept the UN from voting with us on many issues and has in turn created a program of vilification of the UN by reactionary groups in this country who are pushing for this era of American domination.

To see the broad historical importance of this remember that, when the U. S. was a young nation jealously endeavoring to establish our independence and national rights in our own hemisphere, we established the Monroe doctrine which forbade all world powers from engaging in any political or military adventures in our hemisphere. In our actions now, we do not permit other young nations to do what we instinctively did ourselves.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF OUR FAILURE in terms of values and vision is the new policy of embracing the foul tyranny of Franco in Spain as a "military expediency." Not only does this action betray the hopes of great numbers of progressive-minded Spaniards who have been working at the risk of life itself to free Spain from the Franco blight, but many Roman Catholics who consider France a disgrace to the Church will be puzzled and embittered by this move of "democratic Protestant" America. There is little more freedom in Spain than in Russia, as any informed person knows. Franco maintains a terrorist secret police system similar to that of the Communists. The N. Y. Times and N. Y. Herald-Tribune observers have been among the many who have recently reported on the tens of thousands who are languishing in Spanish prisons without trial; Protestants especially are hounded and persecuted as much or more than they have been persecuted under communism. Protestant churches have been frequently stoned and otherwise desecrated and today are not even allowed to have signs or announcements of any kind visible to the public. Freemasons are run down like criminals ... many of them are in Franco's prisons. But Protestant America, under the leadership of a 33rd degree Mason, now makes a deal with the oppressor of these helpless people!

The excuse that "military expedience" requires such an abridgment of diplomatic decency is as shoddy as the deed itself. For the battle against communism is being fought chiefly among the working masses of the world.

ALL THE GREAT WORLD FREE LABOR ORGANIZATIONS representing 60 million workers (See BTL 9, '50), have been fighting Franco, have been aiding the anti-Franco underground movement, a movement so strong that it includes large groups of the Spanish workers, and a movement so effective that Spain has been shaken to the roots by the recent anti-Franco strikes and demonstrations against Franco in Barcelona, Madrid and elsewhere. And if we should fight Russia, the armies we will need for allies will not be drawn from the plump, ilk-gowned bishops and archbishops and the rich Spanish landowners and industrial families who are the props behind Franco and with whom our politico-military brass in this country have been dealing.—we will have to look to these millions of workers who hate Franco and all the lecherous tyranny he represents and who will never stand and fight for any flag or regime that includes such elements as Franco and his ilk. If we alienate the workers of France, Britain, Holland and Scandinavia, as this Franco pact will most certainly do, we will have again given the whip hand to Moscow to undermine all of our solid front in Western Europe.
Heberto M. Sein, Mexican Friend, writes out of a long background of feeling and work on behalf of international man. A linguist, he served as interpreter at the San Francisco Conference that brought the United Nations to birth, and at several other international conferences. Since 1947 he was interpreter for the UN at the ILO in Geneva. From 1941-1947 he was educational director of AFSC work in Mexico, and returns to this work after taking part as a member of the Quaker international team working at the UN General Assembly during October and November, 1950.

(Reprinted from American Friends Service Committee Bulletin)

As we look at our world, we see that it is fast becoming a world of men under helmets. With the encouragement and military supplies furnished by our great powers, compulsory military training is extending around the earth. Countries that were free from it are now burdened with it. The military machine likes them young. Youth is given a gun before it is given a vote. Round the earth today youth is forced to learn the technique of destroying fellow-men. It is a world in which governments are obsessed by an increasing reliance on military might. Representatives of the great powers at United Nations do not cease to think in terms of military might. Behind their seats are real or potential divisions of men under helmets obediently waiting in silence. Their life hangs on decisions over which they exercise no control.

Do governments consult the people who are to do the fighting and the dying? Do they consult the churches without whose support they cannot wage war? Or do they take it for granted that both people and religious bodies will now refuse the helmets, the steel helmet that weighs upon the head and the mental helmet that conditions the mind for participation in war?

Poor Are "Pro-bread"

Against this grim background of preparation for war, there rises the heart-piercing cry of hunger from millions of our undernourished brothers and sisters. In India I learned that the poor—and they are millions—are not pro-Russian, nor anti-American. The poor are simply pro-bread. The problem of creating world unity involves the problems of liberating man from the helmet and of releasing the untapped food-producing resources of land and sea.

As we look at our world from the bread viewpoint, we see that it is a world of marked contrasts. One part of our human family lives in comfort, enjoys abundance of food, clothing, shelter, health and cultural facilities. Some seem to be satiated, even cluttered, with non-essentials, while millions of human beings are deprived of the essentials to life. "Our greatest danger today," said Sir Benegal Rau of India speaking in a United Nations debate at Lake Success, "and the root-cause of all other dangers is hunger and sub-human standards of life among large masses of the world's population. The prevalence of hunger, disease and want ... creates discontent, fosters disorder, and is therefore a danger to world peace and stability."

In the Orient we are witnessing the end of an era. Back of the independence movements is the rising tide of the poor. Feudalism, capitalism, colonialism, imperialism have been tried in their lands. The problem of undernourishment has not been solved. There are popular movements that hold out the promise that a new economy with collective, mechanized agriculture will provide adequate food supplies and transform the life of the oppressed landless peasant. The poor are determined to live. How does Jesus do not exclude bread. The poor are determined to live. How does His teachings and His spirit? What is not? What is the ethics of a world economy in accord with His teachings and His spirit? What is this? What is the ethics of a world economy? What is the ethics of a world economy where some waste food while elsewhere mothers and children go hungry? A student from a country brought down by war to levels of deep misery told me: "There is no ethics separate from soup, and no morality unlinked to bread." In those words often quoted: "Man does not live by bread alone"... Jesus does not exclude bread.

We may some day recognize the inner oneness of the bread for the body and the bread for the soul.