A Man Who Believes

PRAYER CAN STOP WAR

DR. GLENN CLARK

Teacher, Lecturer, Author, Former Football Coach, Glenn Clark is an authority on prayer. He directs the thirty interdenominational camps across America known as the Camps Farthest Out where he teaches men and women how to go farther into Christian Living. See story on Page 5.
The Texas Herald will be published monthly as the Lord provides the funds. It has no subscription price, but is distributed without charge. Its publication is made possible by the free will gifts of those who receive it.

If you would like to receive future copies of The Texas Herald please send us your name and address at once.

Published monthly at Austin, Texas
Mail Address ................. Box 2156 Capitol Station, Austin, Texas
J. A. Dennis .................. Editor and Publisher

"If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'

LIVING BY FAITH

"Mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all people." (Isaiah 56:7)

This month the "Prayer House," as one faithful attendant calls the House of Prayer at 1108 E. 1st in Austin, celebrates its first anniversary. On April 16, 1951 the House of Prayer opened its doors and welcomed to its nightly services (except Sunday) all who would come, regardless of their denomination, race or creed.

Slowly but surely its message of faith, its "Wonderful Words of Life," its standing on every promise in the Word of God, its prayer for individuals, for their health, their happiness and their affairs, and its prayers for peace and a great revival, have touched and influenced lives and events, not in Austin alone, but many miles away.

Today, as we look back over the past year and look ahead to the opportunities yet to come, I feel led to tell the story of the House of Prayer. What lies back of it? What was the purpose of its opening? How was it made possible?

For several years the Lord had laid on our hearts the vision of a place in Austin where His Words of Life would be preached and creed. Would be forgotten, where His Word and ALL of His prayer for individuals, for their health, their happiness and their presence in Austin where His Words of Life would be preached and creed.

Had impressed upon me, through His Word and the life and teachings of George Muller of Ashley Down Orphanages in England, that my life and services were to be ruled by these four principles:
1. Ask no one for money—only God. "My God shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." (Phil. 4:19)
2. Never take a salary for my ministry. "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. But he that is an hireling . . . careth not for the sheep." (John 10:11, 12, 13)
3. Never buy anything on time, but wait until God supplied the money to pay for it. "Owe no man." (Romans 13:8)
4. Never save up money for my future needs, but use it for God. "Take therefore no thought for the morrow." (Matt. 6:34)

To live by these God-given principles meant a radical departure from the ordinary "Christian" life to say nothing of the conventional way of organizing and carrying on a house of worship. As I prayed and pondered these rules in the light of God's Word and His will, seeing the formidable difficulties, if not the impossibility of achieving the thing I felt commanded to do. I preached some, worked at other things, and put a little money into a fund for "God's House."

But mostly I waited—waited for God to show me the way, waited for Him to give me power—waited. For I had not the money nor the friends; I had not the message or the power I felt was needed to do the job.

But the Lord would not let me be satisfied with working and waiting. His message, when I asked to know how it was to be done, was: "Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." (Acts 9:6)

So we came back to Austin, rented a large house and—waited. Then it was impressed upon me that the house was too small for His House of Prayer and I began searching for a suitable building which was not too expensive. But where get piano, chairs, rent money, and food and utilities? When I was shown that I must STAND on God's promises, ACT on them, not merely read and pray and wait—I began to ACT and God began to ANSWER.

First, we bought some chairs and a piano, with no place as yet to put them. We ordered more chairs and trusted the Lord to send us a buyer for our car to pay for them, which He did on the day the chairs were to be received.

We were led to some beautiful light fixtures, used, and at a fraction of their original cost, the right helpers for wiring and platform and pulpit, which is a Cross. The Texas Herald was gotten out which announced the opening of the House of Prayer for all people. And when the doors were opened on April 16, 1951 we had exactly $5.00 left with which to face the future.

At times after that, $5.00 would have seemed a large sum when we counted our grocery money in nickels and dimes and pennies. But we never went hungry, or lacked for clothes, or failed to pay the rent or utilities. When the preachers last pair of trousers gave out and he was praying for the money to buy a new suit, we received a package from a brother-in-law in Oklahoma. It contained two suits, like new, that just fit. He had gotten too large for them. I had asked God for one suit and He had sent two. Praise the Name of Him "that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." (Ephesians 3:20)

Most months the rent and paying for the printing of The Texas Herald were ever recurring tests of faith. Since one of God's revealed rules was not to ask anyone for money, no collections are taken at the House of Prayer and no mention is made of any need. So these monthly obligations were usually times of secret prayer. And God was full of loving surprises.

One month we lacked $20.00 of having enough to pay the rent and had no prospect of receiving it by the next day when it was due. That day some friends drove from Lubbock to see us and left a check for $25.00, so we had $5.00 over for groceries. Twice a buyer came and purchased chairs when we needed rent money more than the excess chairs.

Another month, when we had the copy ready for the Texas Herald but did not have the money for its printing, we received a check for $50.00 from a friend in Virginia. Several times folks mailed us checks or currency or put their gift in the Tithe Box at the House of Prayer just when we needed them the most. For this we are deeply grateful and we give God the thanks.

Last summer when the weather got hot and the building was too warm for comfort two ladies each gave us an exhaust fan that was unused at their homes, and a group of friends bought a cooling fan for the House of Prayer. When winter came one lady brought down two unused toves and these same friends bought a check for $50.00 from a friend in Virginia. Several time folks mailed us checks or currency or put their gift in the Tithe Box at the House of Prayer just when we needed them the most. For this we are deeply grateful and we give God the thanks.

Last summer when the weather got hot and the building was too warm for comfort two ladies each gave us an exhaust fan that was unused at their homes, and a group of friends bought a cooling fan for the House of Prayer. When winter came one lady brought down two unused toves and these same friends bought a beautiful circulating heater that kept us warm all winter. Truly God is good! And so are His people.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father . . . Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." (Matthew 10:29, 31)

The Texas Herald's mailing list is not large but it goes to some in California, Washington, Chicago, Virginia, Kansas, Oklahoma and other states as well as Austin and Texas, and most every day a check comes in from someone who is grateful for
its message.

After several months of this day by day trusting, a position was offered me which takes care of the rent and the printing of The Texas Herald, but leaves us dependent on the Lord's providing, through His children, for our living needs.

And it was opened for a weekly radio broadcast each Sunday afternoon at 4:15 over KNOW, Austin—the “Words of Life” program. We pray that its message will bring faith and courage to many as we present Christ—the Way, the Truth and the Life.

What is the House of Prayer? It is not another denomination, not a church, but what the name indicates: a house of Prayer. It is also a house of Faith. It was opened not only to teach men and women the Way to live and that God answers prayer, but to DEMONSTRATE by its practices that His Word is true.

Those who attend the House of Prayer are recapturing some-thing the modern church has largely lost: the joy that sustained the first century Christians.

One radiant woman to whom others now come for prayer and faith and courage, first came to the House of Prayer dis-couraged, frustrated, defeated by domestic problems. The Lord baptised her with His Holy Spirit and set her feet on His Royal Highway of Praise and Prayer.

Another came in desperation over a possible tragic situation in her work. Now she testifies that when any crisis arises she goes to her secret prayer closet and trusts God to work out the solution.

Who comes to the House of Prayer? Folks just like you. Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Disciples of Christ, Presby-terians, Nazarenes, Full Gospel folk and others; those who are hungry for the REALITY of Christianity, who want to KNOW that God answers prayer, heals the sick, fills with the Holy Ghost —who want to believe that His Word is true TODAY and can be acted upon as the only remedy for today's problems.

So far the crowds have been small, hardly crowds at all, just a little, loving group, meeting in an atmosphere of prayer and faith. The future is in God's hands. A for us, we are deeply grate-ful that God has brought into their lives during the past year. How their faith in God's Word has deepened, how they have learned to STAND on the Promises of God, to step out on them and how God has met their needs as they LAUNCHED OUT into the deep, with only His Word to stand on.

"Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses." (Joshua 1: 3)

A Revival of Repentance, a Revival and inspired the first century Christians.

Are you sick or in trouble? Do you need Faith in God and His Word? Then you are welcome at the House of Prayer, regard-less of your denomination, race or creed.

"Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." (James 5: 16)

"If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." (John 14: 23)

"The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. 14: 17)

GUEST EDITORIAL

THAT HAND UPON THE WALL

Rev. Merle L. Edwards

Based on Daniel 5:1-6 and James 4:1

So we can lick Russia before breakfast any morning with one hand tied behind us, can we? Well not with Washington so drunk by night that it cannot open its morning sessions till the fumes of the night before have worn off! Not with ninety per cent of the treaties and the documents that plot our course through the world of troubles consummated by drinking diplomats, and ungodly men and women who seek to carry just as much as they can without showing it. Not with liquor costing twenty-two million dollars at the United Nations Assemblies! Not with bars and liquor-joints that outrank, in both space and beauty, the small place set aside in the United Nations Building—the place set aside and dedicated to ‘all religions’. . . .

I am taught that wars come from aroused and unsatisfied lusts and passions; and the consuming desire to kill comes from the ungodliness that is impanted and aroused and spread out of our lives—it comes from lust. And let me ask you, what arouses lust of all kinds more than drink and carousals? What opens up the breach in the walls of our life and democracy better than the ungodly and hell-brewed stuff called liquor? Where was the dis-aster of our present breaking forth of war foreshadowed but at drunken tables at Yalta? Where is our present immoral and ungodly life fostered and encouraged as in the halls of drink and drunkenness?

Let us be perfectly clear, nobody is going to lick Russia either half drunk or half sick from drink the night before. You cannot deal with evil when half drunk; you cannot deal with Godlessness half-besotted . . . . There must be clear heads and alert thinking and fast foot-work and driving power to take on that Godless and ungodly nation . . . .

Things have not changed since the time of Belshazzar. He was in a fine city, with all the tribute a King could want. His heart and mind were lifted up in pride, His nation, his kingdom was the recognized leader of the world. Everyone both looked up to him and asked his help. His armies were dispersed all over the then known world and they were conquering armies too. City after city had fallen to his armed might and those that did not fall before his armies fell for his purse and pocket-book. Everywhere he was King and the man of the hour. But he got drunk.

He said, “I am impregnable; I am in the center of the best patrolled country of all time. I am situated so that none dare attack me.” There were watchers on the walls; there were watchers on the plains. There were paroles on the borders. The only thing he knew then to do, in all the realm, was to get drunk! He and all his lords got gloriously drunk.

He got so drunk that, disregarding all the Word of the Living God, he sent for the sacred vessels of the Temple, which his father had brought as spoils from Jerusalem, and ordered everybody, even his wives, to drink up. His lords and the princes and the wives and all the rest got drunk. God looked down from Heaven on this center of the world's civilization, and had enough! God was done!

The hand that appeared on the wall was the hand of God's man. Even a drunken, besotted King saw it . . . . He saw the hand of God, even through the drunken fumes around him. Belshazzar had one on us—through all the drunkenness and all the hilarity and jamboree and spree's around about us we cannot see the handwriting on the wall.

The King was done! The hand that appeared on the wall was the hand of God's man. Even a drunken, besotted King saw it . . . . He saw the hand of God, even through the drunken fumes around him. Belshazzar had one on us—through all the drunkenness and all the hilarity and jamboree and spree's around about us we cannot see the handwriting on the wall.

If there ever was a country that has had the handwriting on the wall written plainly there, it is the country called America. Hangovers ought not to hide it from our eyes. Liquor among our women ought not to shut our eyes against it. Immorality and pregnant lust ought not to hide it from our consciousness. America is not in just another war, and America is not just at the turn of another road, nor is America just at the momentary crisis of a spell of sickness of her youth. America is now at the turning
point of all prophetic Gospel and of all meaning for the WORLD! America is fighting for her life! America is at grips with death in the heart of her enemy! *Wake up, America!*

We like to think of ourselves as the leaders of the world, and it has been said that we must assume that leadership. If that is so, the world has a half-drunk, half-sodden and lustful leader . . . . Call me a fanatic if you will. I don't want to trust the hydrogen bomb in the hands of befuzzled statesmen who don't know the answers to this day and age, as found in the irrefutable Word of the Mighty God . . . .

Belshazzar thought his palaces at least were secure. What a parallel! While we more or less half-heartedly play politics with the rest of the world, casting friendship with China overboard and playing with England for the balance of power in a world that is going down hell's most devastating road, the road to utter destruction at the hands of an uncompromising enemy who plots nothing but the complete destruction of your life and mine, politically and spiritually, we drink, carouse, and spend our strength and power on beds of adultery and wickedness unsurpassed in all the world history! History has only one lesson among nations that have done this—they were destroyed from the face of the earth! We dare not go into this battle half drunk! We have fortified the perimeter of our fair land, and the most vulnerable part of our fortifications is the most drunk!

A friend of mine went to Alaska and came home sick at heart. A friend of mine went to Panama and came home desperately sick with apprehension. Don't shout to him or them that everything is all right. They can see, through the fog of drunkenness and unfriendliness, that America had better be looking to its morale as much as to its morale . . . .

Put up all the radar you want in Alaska and, if the troops are as drunk as this friend of mine said, you won't need a full army corps to ruin that place as an anchor of our defenses. If Panama, drunken and sodden, is the life-line of America's integrated defenses and we don't have enough ships to defend both the Atlantic and Pacific, then I tell you we need to wake up!

Belshazzar woke up too late, to find the perimeter of his defenses smashed; and the reason he woke up too late was that he was drunk and sodden. The reason we will wake up too late is that we have spent our time drinking and carousing . . . at the important points in our defenses.

But I note another thing about Belshazzar. He sent and desecrated sacred things, things dedicated to God, just to show how sure he was and how impregnable were his Kingdom and his Nation. “Tell that other King to come on, I'm safe,” he said. But that self-same night he was killed. His enemy came by the water way . . . . The cold, calculating men of the Kremlin will not stop at your threshold, but will invade your lives and homes and will come by the way you least expect them . . . . But our greatest danger is that we don't see the handwriting on the wall. We are a nation and lost and undone because of our own ungodliness.

We don't care if hell takes hold of our youth in the Army! We don't care if hell takes hold of our homes here at home! We don't care if hell spews out its most ungodly mess, just so we get the money from that sale and trade in the devil's richest brew! When we will sell homes and cities and schools and colleges to that old-fashioned demon rum and its younger brother, beer, believe me we will sell our home in Heaven for a little money.

Those dedicated things, those sacred things, those things once counted but for God, the womanhood of America, the childhood of your cities, the young girlhood and boyhood of your schools, these are sold and resold day in and day out to hell's favorite prince, liquor.

An Army officer reported the other day that Russia could take Berlin in four hours. The revealing war games made some of your generals sick with apprehension. Another appeared to say that Alaska was no better. And another told us of the vulnerability of our whole America. Our papers have been full of it. Am I an alarmist if I say the same thing?

America! America! The blood of your sons cries from the doorstep of the world's nations, but your Kingdom is divided and a Kingdom divided can never stand.

When America spends three times as much on liquor as on education, when America has to go begging around the streets for dollars to inculcate freedom while she spends uncounted billions on liquor that destroys the very heart of that freedom from the mind and soul of her people, when America, at certain critical times, has sent more liquor to the war fronts by plane than she sent guns and ammunition, then it is time for America to wake up!

America, drunken prince amongst kings and princes, wake up! The handwriting is on the wall and it is the handwriting of the hand of God's man. There is among you a "man of sin," who debauches your homes, spoils your daughters, ruins your youths, and burns the conscience of your heart till it is seared over and you can see neither the hand that writes nor hear the tramp of the enemy at the door.

Drunken, sodden, beloved America, wrapped in an alcoholic dream and mist, drifting to the brink of history's greatest hour, all but smothered with licentiousness and lust, turn back before it is too late! America, you are weighed in the balances, you are numbered, and the day of crisis is coming, and, unless you wake up, your Kingdom of Freedom and Glory shall be divided! Back America, back to the God of thy Fathers and there learn of Him, whom to know aight is life everlasting!

(Excerpts from an address delivered by the Rev. Merle L. Edwards, pastor of the North Presbyterian Church, Denver, Colorado, before the National WCTU Convention, September, 1950)

Beginning Next Month:

**PAUL THE DEFENDANT**

A series on the life of Paul.
A Man Who Believes

PRAYER CAN STOP WAR

Glenn Clark is one man in America who believes the war in Korea could be stopped tomorrow and stopped permanently if the proper spiritual forces were caused into play. What is more he has a very practical plan by which this could be done. Thirty years ago when he was an unknown college professor in a small midwestern college, a revelation came to him regarding prayer. He wrote it down on a few sheets of paper and to his surprise, the magazine or the intellectuals—THE ATLANTIC—Accepted it. The morning after its publication he awoke to find himself famous. "That little article," wrote E. S. Seegwick, the editor of the ATLANTIC, "so startled its readers that the entire edition was sold out immediately and thousands of readers insisted that it be expanded into a book." That book, THE SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE, has expanded into 27 editions and has been followed by a score of other books and booklets until the author is acclaimed in many circles as the greatest authority on Prayer in the world today.

"Real prayer," say Glenn Clark, "does not consist of clasping one's hands together and mouthing a few pious phrases. It consists of putting one's entire self—body, mind and soul—in complete alignment with God, giving Him complete control of every area of one's life and letting the Powers of Heaven have their unobstructed way in the affairs of men."

When asked, "Are the results always good?" his reply is an unqualified, "Yes." Then he adds, "But this is only true when we let God take complete control; and remember that God's response is not to the words of our lips but to the state of consciousness in our hearts."

To get oneself in the right condition in consciousness he explains requires training and discipline just as training and discipline are necessary for any football team that must get itself into proper condition to win a hard fought game. Glenn Clark, who was a football player himself and later became a successful coach, has established training camps for those who would learn to pray modelled somewhat after the training camps he conducted for bringing football players into condition to win victories on the athletic field. Beginning with one camp in 1930 the demand for them has so increased that in 1952 there are now 30 camps, known as The Camps Farthest Out. They have even spread to Canada and Hawaii and calls are now coming for them to be brought to Mexico, England, India and Japan.

"The deciding factor in wars of today," says Glenn Clark, "is the Air Force. The bringing France into a period of decadence from w/w: sh never emerged, and Germany under Hitler was turned into a land of rubble."

"Who will be the great nations one hundred years from now? Does it not take a saint or a sage to prophesy that they will be China and India, the two meekest and mildest nations of the past, conquered, trampled upon and dismembered by all the powers they had transactions with. They will not conquer the earth, mind you, but inherit it. Like a ripe plum it will fall gently into their laps after all the fighting ends and the shouting dies. And the United States will also be one of the nations that will inherit the earth if we become meek enough and if we serve enough. Yes, the slogan "the survival of the fittest" is true, but it is the fittest to love, to serve, to bless mankind."

Among his twenty books that Glenn Clark has written is one entitled, WHAT WOULD JESUS DO, a novel which relates the story of the grandchildren of the characters in Charles M. Sheldon's best seller "In His Steps." A fascinating story unfolds regarding the characters in this book who pledge themselves to ask before they undertake anything, "What would Jesus do?"

When Glenn Clark was asked what he thought Jesus would do if he were president of the United States, he replied, "I think first of all, before He appointed a Brain Trust, He would appoint a Spiritual Trust made up of men like Peter and James and John. The second thing He would do would be to appoint a Secretary of Peace. Our nation has never lost a war and never won a peace, the reason being that we have a strong department of War but no Department of Peace. He would also establish a West Point for training leaders of peace to carry out the Point 4 program at home and abroad, efficiently and lovingly not as a charity but as a co-operative service for the good of all."

"He would also set up training camps all over the nation for training an air force, this army of Prayers to support the Department of Peace. He would see that there was a Spiritual Embassy Building in Washington where Prayer Groups could meet and pray for the nation and its leaders. As a matter of fact, I believe that there is a spiritual ground swell sweeping over America right now preparing the way for Jesus to take complete control in just this way if our leaders would only let Him."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The way people turn out for the Billy Graham meetings tells us something. The "Christopher Movement, the Moral Rearmament Movement, the Layman's Movement, the Friends Service, the Disciplined Order, the Ashrams, the Breakfast Groups, all are a part of this great upsurge coming from the grass roots of America. The 30 Camps Farthest Out that I direct are pretty good barometers of this deep ground swell toward religion all over the land. It has already resulted in the purchase of a five story building in Washington that is serving today as a sort of Religious Embassy Building through which we can focus our prayers on Congress and the White House. For instance, while the carpenters were busy remodelling the White House architecturally we have been seeing the angels remodelling it spiritually. Meanwhile, a large estate outside of Baltimore has been taken over as a Spiritual West Point for training folks to carry on our Point 4 Program in a creative, love-spreading way. A movement I am interested in is organizing the invalids, the old folks, the shut-ins into an army of "Fan-nerbees" for turning their leisure time into times of prayer. Vast untapped reservoirs of prayer power are being discovered and re-
"We men of earth have here the stuff Of Paradise—we have enough! We need no other stones to build The stairs unto the Unfulfilled— No other ivory for the doors— No other marble for the floors— No other cedar for beam And dome of Man's immortal dream. Here on the paths of every day, Here on the common human way, Is all the busy gods would take To build a Heaven, to mold and make New Edens. Ours the task sublime To build Eternity in time!"

—From "He Took it Upon Himself" P. 72, Margaret Slattery, The Pilgrim Press

How do we surrender? How let go? How receive the Holy Spirit? God made every man different, as He made every leaf on every tree. Don't seek someone else's experience. God has your own for you. I can only tell you how He came to me.

Some folks seem to be able to kneel a few minutes and so easily surrender that they are almost immediately filled with His Spirit. But with me it didn't come that easy. I was too stubborn, too entangled with self, too doubting, to surrender even when I tried. So to me remained the act of knocking until Christ opened the door. "Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." (Matt. 7: 7)

If you are slightly interested in a man as you drive through his town you stop and ask where he lives. Someone tells you he lives out on Walnut Street. You say, "Well, that is too much out of our way," and drive on.

If you are a little more interested in that man, you take the house number and seek and find it, but as it looks like there is no one at home, you drive on, saying, "I'll run across him some other time."

But if it is a matter of life and death for you to find that man, you not only ask his address, you not only seek his house, you get out and knock and knock and knock until he comes and lets you in.

This receiving of the Holy Spirit is a matter of life and death to the church and to the Christian. Here is a plan that worked for me. It may take fifty days, or more. The disciples were fifty days getting the Holy Spirit after Jesus rose from the dead. It was fifty days from Easter to Pentecost.

When it was revealed to me that in the seven cries from the Cross Christ had reviewed and demonstrated the stairway from earth to Heaven, I saw that if I followed the steps He outlined I would be in Heaven with Him. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." (John 12: 32)

One Sunday I said, "Lord, I must have this Spirit of Christ or I perish. I have asked, I have sought, now I knock and I will continue to knock until you answer. With your help I am starting up the ladder."

Then Monday morning I knelt down and prayed the first words Jesus spoke from the Cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." (Luke 23: 34) Then I began forgiving people against whom I held grudges or secret resentments; my wife, all those I felt had mistreated me, my enemies, the Germans, the Japanese. I wrote a letter to the man who had caused me to lose a good job and had threatened my life, telling him I forgave him because Jesus told me to.

Oh, it isn't easy! You are starting up the ladder of the cross with Jesus and this is the first step. But remember, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." (Matt. 6: 15) And if He doesn't, you're lost, and there's no use of your going to church or calling yourself a Christian or hoping for Heaven. You are stopped before you start.

Tuesday morning I knelt down and repeated the second Word, remembering the occasion, "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise." (Luke 23: 43) Then I asked God how I could make life that day a little more like Heaven for someone, got up and tried to do it. Getting higher aren't we?

Wednesday morning I repeated the third saying, "Woman, behold thy son. Behold thy mother." (John 19: 26-27) and prayed, "God show me how I can be more Christ-like right here in my home."

Our "Christianity" is frequently put on like our Sunday suit when we are ready to leave for church. Then we are on our best behaviour. We smile and nod and act like a Christian. The coat covers up any holes in our shirt and our "company" manners cover up any holes in our religion.

Reaching home again we take off our coat and hang it up. We don't care if our wife sees the holes in our skirt (maybe she'll patch them). And too often we don't care if she sees the ragged places in our Christianity. In our "spiritual shirt sleeves" we can just be ourselves. If we are grouchies, we can grouche. If we are profane we can curse. If we are mean we can show it.

Some mothers nullify most of the benefits from Sunday services in the struggle to get all the family to church on time. First they've all been out too late Saturday night, so sleep too late Sunday morning and get up feeling groggy and mean. This guilty conscience is taken out on the others, and the hurrying mother burns the toast, kicks the cat, cuffs the kids, snaps at her husband for taking so long in the bath room, and lands at the church door a nervous wreck.

The husband gets in his turn as church is over. He expresses his protest at being "dragged to church" by ordering his wife into the car so they can hurry home, "cause he's hungry."

I found that right at home was the hardest place of all to be Christ-like, with its little irritations, petty differences of opinion, standing in the way of love and peace. Yes, you'll find plenty to keep you busy all day Wednesday, right at home!

Thursday morning I asked God, "My God, My God. Why hast thou forsaken me." (Matt. 27: 46) "What is there that I need to do myself? Where am I falling down on this partnership with you? Do I need to get up and do some of these things that I have been praying for you to do?"

I found that some of my prayers had not been answered because God knew I
could do them myself, and He didn't want to spoil me into laziness. I asked myself, "Why do I want the Holy Spirit, anyway? So it would be easy to follow some of Christ's teachings instead of difficulties? So I would want to do some of the things that I wasn't getting done because I wasn't in the mood?"

You will be kept pretty busy Thursday.

Friday we come to the words: "I thirst." (John 19: 28) If yours is a stubborn case like mine and no answer seems to come so far from your knocking, you may have to do something more drastic than pray. Jesus told his disciples when they got hold of a devil that was too tough for them, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." (Matt. 17: 21) I certainly felt that I had some devils in me: jealousy, self-centeredness, stubbornness, pride.

Paul fasted three days before he received the Holy Spirit. (Acts 9:9) When he was up against a terrible storm at sea he fasted 14 days. (Acts 27: 21-36) Christ fasted forty days and nights to win His battle with the Devil, and came out of the wilderness in the power of the Spirit. (Luke 4: 1-14) Are you any more privileged than they?

Friday, I went without my breakfast and spent the time praying. That forenoon when I felt the pangs of hunger, I began to feel identified with the starving Europeans I had read about. I asked myself what I had that I could do without, that I might share with them.

John the Baptist's command, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none;" (Luke 3: 11) and Christ's: "Neither have two coats apiece." (Luke 9:3) began to take on new meaning. I saw how far short of Christ's standard of unselfishness my life had been, and began to see how much I could give away of my clothes and other possessions. And when I ate my noon meal how grateful I was, both to God who had provided it and my wife who had prepared it!

The second week I skipped two meals on Friday. The third and following Friday's I fasted all day, hungering and thirsting for Him as I hungered and thirsted for food. When I felt as though I must have something to eat I would say, "Lord, I want food, but more than bread I want the Bread of Life; I thirst, but more than water I want the living water of thy Spirit; more than milk I want the milk of human kindness."

I remembered that Christ had said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." (Matt. 5: 6) I knew that when I got to wanting Him as much as I wanted food, I would be filled too.

I became conscious of the wasted dimes we threw away on gum and candy and ice cream while little children starved, and I vowed not to buy anything for myself again, that I didn't absolutely need. I could feel my selfishness oozing away. The words, "Go sell ... and give ...", "Let him deny himself," meant more than ever before.

No, fasting wasn't easy for me. I was not fat that I needed to reduce, and I usually had a ravenous appetite. My stomach protested with growls and grumbles. Sometimes my head ached, sometimes I felt dizzy and weak. But I began to feel a kinship with Jesus and the poor He seemed to love that I had never known before.

This was one of the hardest steps for me to take of the seven, yes, as hard as the first, though that was rugged too. I later tried fasting for three days to see how Paul felt in the dark at Damascus. I found that fasting not only drew me closer to Christ, it actually aided my health! It was good for constipation and colds and permitted me to break the tyranny of appetite that had been my master. It led me to go into the mountains to fast ten days and spend another thirty days drinking only milk, in a weak imitation of Christ's forty days in the wilderness.

And it was there during these days of self-denial and prayer that Jesus came so close I could talk directly to Him and hear His voice in reply.

Saturday, I repeated the saying, "It is finished." (John 19: 30). The week was gone. I looked back over it to see where I had fallen down on my pilgrimage. Had I really forgiven everyone? Had I really helped anyone? Had I made an extra effort to be Christ-like at home? Of course the acts I have mentioned were to be done everyday, but I emphasized one especially each day. If I had fallen down on one I tried to make it up on Saturday. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." (Matt. 10: 22)

Then I went to church Sunday morning with this prayer in my heart, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." (Luke 23: 46) "I've done my best this week but I know my best is not good enough. I must have your help. The Spirit must come from you. Go with me to church as I go to worship or to preach. Give me the strength and blessing that I need." And I got something out of that church service.

Then I went home and repeated the treatment the next week and for seven weeks. Later I went into the mountains to fast and pray. Then I went to the "full Gospel" tabernacles, churches and tent meetings. I knelt at their altars, I "tarmed," I begged, I had them pray over me. At last, after years of searching, I realized that the Holy Spirit was not given as a merit badge for holliness but was God's free gift to those who claimed it by faith. I claimed it, stood on His promise to give it, and one night at home He came with the Bible evidence. (Acts 2: 4)

I do not regret the years of searching. I regret that it took so long for Him to strip me of my pride and stubbornness.

How many days did you spend in winning your wife? How many days did you study getting an education? How many days did you work learning your trade? This is more important than any of them. This is power to live abundantly and to live forever; to live in Heaven, to live at peace.

PRAYER CAN STOP WAR—

[FROM PAGE 5]

leased in ways past finding out.

"Through my books, my camps and my travels across the country my special task is to find these reservoirs of prayer power and orchestrate them in a united front against the common foes of darkness that threaten the world today." (end of quote)

Glenn Clark is President of the Macalester Park Publishing Company of St. Paul, Minnesota, which distributes hundreds of thousands of spiritual books every year, a company which also publishes three religious magazines and is the home of the United Prayer Tower that brings healing to thousands. He is the founder and director of the Camps Farthest Out. At the age of seventy he is turning out one new book a year, and spends over half his time traveling and speaking on spiritual subjects, recruiting that inter-denominational army of Pray-ers that he believes can save the nation.
What Would Jesus Do?

I believe in a universe where God has made man His partner and still left room for the power of the spirit and prayer to make a difference. If I did not believe that then I would be disputing the New Testament and Jesus upon which all Christian-ity rests. There are areas of life that can be changed and ruled by prayer and faith. Not to make God an errand boy for our whims or the things we are too lazy or good-for-nothing to do ourselves, but that as God's children we do have an approach to His ear and that He has not deserted the universe He built, He is still in control and can bend His resources and His creatures to do His will, with the cooperation of His believers. If I did not believe in prayer and the answer to it, I would make Christ out a liar and disprove many of my own experiences. "Men ought always to pray and not to faint." This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting. "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church . . . and the prayer of faith shall save the sick." Where some folks get off the track is that their prayers are not Christ-like nor God-like and so cannot be answered because to do so would make God go against His very nature. That is what Jesus had in mind when He said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask IN MY NAME (or in my spirit or according to my nature) my Father will give it unto you."

As Stanley Jones says, "Is your prayer a Christ-like prayer, for something that would be in line with the life, spirit and being of Jesus?" If so it is a prayer with a chance of being heeded. There must be also the condition of surrender to His wisdom and will, "nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." And further, there must be the willingness to help God answer the petition we have asked. Too many pray for "the hungry overseas" and make little provision to share their food with them. That prayer is a hypocritical mockery.

My studies, preaching and experience has brought me to a more literal belief in the Christ as pictured in the New Testament than a less faith. Not in a belief or faith in the "church" as now constituted in any denomination, but a belief in the Christ of the New Testament. If He isn't as pictured then our religions we call Christianity have no foundation, for they are all based on that New Testament account. Some take a part of the account or a few words of His and build a church upon it, another takes some other phase of His nature or some other words and builds his faith on them. I try to take them all, miraculous birth to triumphant ascension, and especially His own words and commands that we have tried unsuccessfully to twist, step or refuse.

That explains my ideas about race, war, tobacco, etc. Most of us mix up our deep rooted prejudices or convictions that we got from childhood or school or stubborn nature with our study of Him, and the mixture we call "Christianity." It is far from it in many, if not most, cases. Hence we have "Christian" churches practicing and believing in race segregation and discrimination, whole congregations and nations believing in killing and war, "Christians" upholding their own particular nation against the rest of the world. "Christians" living on the fat of the land in the good old "American church" which leads to starvation in other countries, ill will and war. "Christians" who believe this and that, and "I think it is alright to do this and that." Who has any right to believe it is right or wrong to do anything that He specifically laid down the rule for, or that is contrary to His nature as portrayed in the only account we have of Him?

So we have, not Christian churches, but churches, or German churches. Not even merely American churches, or British American churches in many instances, but merely Southern churches, Texas churches or Northern churches, rich men's churches or poor men's churches, liberal churches and conservative churches, ignorant men's churches and high-brow's churches, each with a mongrel belief that suits their temperament or up-bringing or station in life or environment.

That is what I rebel against. My legal and mathematical and common sense training has made me see that the New Testament is either true or untrue, that no man is competent to pick out this and say this is true and I will believe it, and that isn't true, because I do not believe it. For as I say, every so-called 'Christian' church is based on the New Testament account of Jesus. Yet each picks out some things they will believe and follow, and marks off others that they will refuse to believe or follow. Some make these choices because of their faith in science or biology or because of the convictions their experiences have brought to them. Others make these discriminations because of their greed or pride or other reasons for not wanting to follow Him literally. Yet that in no way makes invalid the things He said or did, merely because we can't see it that way, or don't like to do it that way. If He is the Son of God, or if He is good or big enough or wise enough to cause us to base our religion on His life, then He must know more about what is right and wrong than do we; if He is neither of these, then He isn't wise enough to base a church on and we might as well figure out all the rules for ourselves.

But history is all the time proving Him right in many things. The things in the Bible are not merely true because they are in the Bible they are in the Bible because they are true, otherwise they would not have lived through the centuries. I can see no honest compromises—either believe Him and try to follow and obey or repudiate Him altogether, and that way lies despair, for no other has a way or a solution to the problems of mankind. Many of our big city ministers, in studying or shying away from the ignorance of the fathers, have practically repudiated Him and set up a doctrine of their own, which we might call "Intellectual belief." The trouble with it is that men learn more all the time, and what we believe today we have begun to doubt tomorrow, and what we think we know we have only half learned or proven. Men have bowed at the shrine of science and scoffed at the simple faith that trusted in Jesus, and now even the scientists are crying out that only Christ's way can save us from self-destruction. So I say, wise as we think we are sometimes, and look down upon the naive folks that believe literally in the New Testament Christ, we have nothing sure, nothing that will last or hold in time of storm, nothing really upon which to build our faith and our eternity except that which our mind has built up for us. And we are more than mind. We are a combination of body, mind and spirit and none of us knows where the body, or the mind or
the spirit leaves off and the others begin. Like the atom scientists, we have been tinkering with something too big for us, picking to pieces the Christian faith and not able to put it back together, discovering things in nature and science that God put there in the beginning but ascribing to our "intelligence" the "invention" of them, while without the intelligence to use them sanely or wisely. We, the "intelligentia," the smart, too smart or wise to believe in Christ's divinity or miracles or to believe that His commands would work in a modern world, have proven ourselves not intelligent enough to use the discoveries for the benefit of man instead of threatening his destruction by our smartness.

So as the years go by my simple faith is strengthened. Christ is the only wisdom, He has the only answer to the world's troubles, even scientists and Gen. MacArthur and other "practical" men admit that. That if men followed Him we would have peace and food, and brotherhood. Well, if He is that smart I say He must know more than we know, and know of things that we haven't yet and if we did we know what is right even when it goes against our way of thinking. In other words, whenever our ideas or convictions conflict with His words, then we must be wrong. Otherwise we are setting up ourselves as His superiors, in that particular phase at least.

And that is the only sin, the only thing wrong in the world, from Adam's day to this: merely thinking we had a better way than God had for-us—a natural danger of independent thinking, with the power of choice. War, prejudice, poverty, greed, nationalism, disease, can all be traced to that crime: doing our way instead of His, rebelling against Christ, choosing our way or our beliefs or our convictions rather than His, setting up ourselves as judges of right or wrong, of judges of Him, rather than followers of Him.

My ultimate decision, in theory at least if not in practice, and I think that of every Christian should be, when making a decision about his business or religion: "What would Jesus do, or what would He have me do in this case?" That is the message of the book, "In His Steps." It is nothing less than the message of the whole New Testament, of the Book of Acts, of the life of Jesus. What's the use of going to church or Sunday School and studying about Jesus as the way of life unless we sincerely try to do what He did or would do if in our places? As gathered by a thorough grasp of ALL His sayings and doings, a complete picture of His very nature, His very self, His very love and wisdom. If one cannot look up to Him as wise and knowing more than we the way, then we kid ourselves in electing to pick out some of the verses that promise us a life in Heaven if we do certain things, or right even when doing certain God, putting out for our mistakes, or any other of the things that we like to believe or don't mind doing.

I didn't like to believe many of the things that I do believe, that He said and did. Most people, especially during war, completely skip over the message of the Sermon on the Mount, or the rebuke of Jesus to His disciples who would burn up the village because of their being "brazed up" with indignation at a slight, "the Son of man came not to destroy men's lives but to save them."

The Lord made me come up to the trough and drink on several questions, the New Testament and try to preach it. I soon found that folks were believing merely what they wanted to believe, and leaving out the rest, and excusing themselves for it with the shrug, "I can't believe that" or "I think," or "I was taught," or some other equally invalid excuse. Just like some fool kid saying they couldn't accept their parent's statement that they were too young to drive the family car, they must demonstrate that they were old enough, even if it meant ending up against a tree. That is where we have landed as we too say we can't accept His way about this or that. merely because we think we are smart enough to know the way ourselves.

I had to drink at that trough on the war question and I don't see how any honest thinking soul can harmonize obedience to Him and the killing of millions in war. His own brothers, even though those brothers have gone astray and are demanding their place in the world's sun that we have previously demanded and taken.

Or how anyone can honestly reconcile our treatment of the Negro, both north and south, with the spirit of the one who said "One is your father, all ye are brethren," and "God is no respecter of person." Or how a Christian can follow the good old American way of getting all he can and canceling all he gets, not knowing else to do. Or how one of His followers can reconcile His spirit with the 250 petty divisions that make of their own particular brand of belief, a church they call "His" church.

And I do not cling to any of these ideas with the fond hope that it is right merely because I thought it up. I didn't. He forced it upon me when I began to ask Him the answer to His word and His way. So far I haven't done a very good job of spreading that conviction that is mine, that His way is the ONLY solution to the problems of the world, individual and international, and to be a solution, they must be taken literally, taken just like they are given. To waver down would kill their effectiveness just as watering down the doctor's medicine would kill its efficacy. Just as changing a line here and precept there would ruin a blue print and make the building fall down. That is all that is the matter with the world. We so-called Christians that claim to have the answer, do not have, unless we take it the way He gave it. a changed blue print will continue to wreck and divide things, a watered down medicine will be spewed out by a cynical, uncured world.

This explains my stand on the tobacco question. It is not merely a fanatical stand. I have read quite a bit about the evil effects of tobacco on the system. Some doctors go so far as to say they believe the total effect is greater than that of alcohol because of the almost total habit. The effect on the heart, causing perhaps many of our middle aged heart failures, the hardening of the arteries that allow other diseases to be fatal where they might be overcome if it had not been for tobacco's effect. A book at the Baptist Book store opens up another area. It states that tobacco not only...
tends to kill the ability of women to have children, but also kills their desire to have them or care for them after they do have them. I have also read of heart specialists that believe that a smoking mother poisons her nursing baby and that has proved fatal.

Of course I am aggravated and irritated by the class nonsense of a man or woman who brazenly blows his second-hand smoke into my face for me to breathe, or "smoke" whether I choose to do so or not. I read a long time ago that tobacco dulled the conscience, and it certainly dulls the courtesy, as evidenced by the careless spilling of ashes on the rug, or spitting on the floor or on the stove, smoking up ones house, or his clothes on bus or train. After a bus or train ride I must send my clothes to the cleaners and change my other things to get rid of the odor. But I think my antipathy is not based on those personal things, for I keep saying to myself when I would get mad at the perpetrators, that it must not be a personal dislike. But the thing that emboldens me to speak out against it is the fact that Christians are supposed to be slaves of Christ, He their Master, while smokers are slaves of tobacco. And they are abject slaves, hardly able to wait until they get out of church. They wouldn't give up their cigarettes to buy food for the starving. Men will beg on the street, but always with tobacco stained fingers. It is an acknowledgment that Christ is not absolute ruler of their lives. "Ye are the temple of God" "If any man defile the temple of God, him will God destroy." "Present your bodies a living sacrifice." "The Kingdom of God is within you." "Whatsoever ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

But the real question is, "Would Jesus do this?" Would a person who was trying to follow Him do it? Would He use or advocate or sell something that was detrimental to health and long life and made its victims their slaves? Merely to make money? Or to conform to an unnatural "fashion"? When faced in that light the answer is quickly and clearly seen. For that is the simple solution to everything. "What would Jesus do, or have me do in this situation?" And when we begin to honestly ask that question and answer it, even in our own individual ways, we will approach the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

Church people merely mimic those outside, the nations in which they live, the communities, the businesses, the customs, the beliefs and prejudices and fears, of those around them. That is the sin of the church, and so-called Christians. That is why we are not saving the world, or America, or peace, or ourselves. We are using the world's weapons instead of Christ's, the world's ways instead of His.

No, my objection to tobacco is not old fogy. Not merely because it is a dirty, slovenly, discourteous habit that forces the disagreeable slavery of the victim upon all with whom he comes in contact. The slavery to tobacco is merely an indication that we are not slaves or true servants of Christ. Paul said, "All things are lawful for me, but not all are expedient; all things are lawful for me, but I will not let anything mar the way." He would be Christ's Master Him, but not any THING. For I can see no logical, sane reason for smoking when most of its victims admit they would like to quit. We have been propagandized and lied to and made to think it is smart or an indication of "freedom" or "uppercrust." Why? So the tobacco companies could make millions. The same thing is being done with liquor. It is being made respectable as fast as the liquor interests can do so with their fine ads and their pretty women and their hunting dogs and white mustached colonels, and the American people are falling for that line and fast becoming a drunk-en nation. Why? Because they fall in line and follow some pied piper instead of following One who knows the answer and the way. The same thing can be said of our following Truman, or Hitler, or Stalin, or the preacher we happen to like. It is merely following someone who claims to know the way, but who will only lead us astray.

The time has come when Christians must stand up and again say, "We must obey God rather than men." That is the revolutionary message for Christ and His disciples. That is why He was killed and they were beheaded. That is why those who now say it are in prison in the United States, were shot in Russia, in concentration camps in Germany. We worship "America" or "Great Britain" or "Germany" or "Japan" merely because we happen to have been born there instead of worshiping the crystal clear Christ. Of course in America we have chosen to confuse Democracy with Christinity and so eased our consciences and absolved ourselves from any obligation to analyze the acts of our leaders by thinking that if it is "American" is is Christian and must be followed. This is not to say that America may not be nearer the ideals of Christ than some other places, but that makes the danger more real to confuse American with Christian, because there is not the bigger gap that was evident in Germany for instance. But worshiping false gods and following false leaders is sin in America as much as anywhere else. And that must be our criterion on national and international questions as well as personal conduct: what would Jesus do, or have me do if He were in this situation? I had to answer in a letter a challenge early in the war, "What would Jesus do if He were President of the U. S. at the time of Pearl Harbor?" It wasn't easy to write. I asked him to keep it five years and read it over again after the war was over. Because I knew he wouldn't believe it then when I wrote and he was wrought up over the war, but I thought he might see that "our" way had not done so much for the good of the world or mankind when the results were all in.

That idea that Christ knows best, is slowly but I feel surely eating into the hearts of mankind. Gandhi, though not a Christian, has demonstrated that a nation can gain independence by Christ's way of non-violent love, when they could not have by arms. Russia, though not Christian, has gained followers all over the world by standing for just two things that Jesus and His followers stood for: equality of race and possessions, though they repudiate His way of love, as do we.

Men went off to war the last time doubting that the war would solve anything, hating to go, hating the church for "blessing the war" that they knew was hell.

With two things standing in the way of world peace; three things let us say: race prejudice, desire for power, and greed for wealth; we race towards atomic destruction, fighting for the three things that Christ condemned. That is proof of His wisdom if man had no faith in His divinity or His religion. History and the tragic mistakes of man are proving that He is the Christ, the Way, the Son of the God who created the world and us. So "higher criticism," the wordy theologinas and the bright intellectuals leave me cold. I see them as merely upstarts in their teens who think they know more than the Old Man," upstarts who will some day be reaping the results of their rebellion and crying out to that old Man for forgiveness and "salvation" and life instead of death. No wonder Christ's fav-

Preacher Again Feeds Idle Men!

(News as it might have been if there had been newspapers 1900 years ago.)

Another free handout was enjoyed by four thousand rabid followers of Jesus of Nazareth yesterday near the shores of the sea of Galilee. This event was almost a duplication of last month's feast and concern is mounting in this community over the consequences, if the practice continues.

Well-to-do citizens of Capernaum are now forced to do their own work, fishing and other industries are paralyzed as servants and laborers follow this dispenser of free bread.

Preacher Again
Feeds Idle Men!

---


---

(TURN TO PAGE 12)
POWER FROM ON HIGH

* When Christians humble themselves and consecrate their all to Christ, and ask for Power for Service, they can receive such a baptism of power that they are instrumental in converting more souls in one day than in all their lifetime previously.

By Charles G. Finney

What Is This Power?

The apostles and brethren, on the day of Pentecost, received it. What did they exercise after that event? They received a powerful baptism of the Holy Ghost, a vast increase of divine illumination. This baptism imparted a great diversity of gifts, that were used for the accomplishment of their work. It manifested the following things: The power of a holy and self-sacrificing life. (The manifestation of these must have had great influence with those to whom they proclaimed the Gospel.) The power of a cross-bearing life. The power of great meekness, which this baptism enabled them everywhere to exhibit. The power of a loving and living faith. An increase of Pentecost, received it. What did they receive? The power of teaching. The power of great influence with those to whom they spoke. The power of moral courage to proclaim the gospel, unless they were vitalized and made effectual. The power of great strength, and render them almost as helpless as dead men. Several times it has been true in my experience that I could not raise my voice, or say anything in prayer or exhortation, except in the mildest manner, without overcoming them. This power seems sometimes to pervade the atmosphere of the one who is highly charged with it. Many times great numbers of persons in a community will be clothed with this power when the very atmosphere of the whole place seems to be charged with the life of God. Strangers coming into it, and passing through the place, will be instantly smitten with conviction of sin and in many instances converted to Christ.

When Christians humble themselves and consecrate their all afresh to Christ, and ask for this power, they will often receive such a baptism that they will be instrumental in converting more souls in one day than in all their lifetime before. While Christians remain humble enough to retain this power, the work of conversion will go on, till whole communities and regions are converted to Christ. The same is true of the ministry.

I was powerfully converted on the morning of the 10th of October, 1821. In the evening of the same day I received an overwhelming baptism of the Holy Ghost that went through me, as it seemed to me, body and soul. I immediately found myself enued with such power from on high that a few words dropped here and there to individuals were the means of their immediate conversion. My words seemed to fasten like barbed arrows in the souls of men. They cut like a sword. They broke the heart like a hammer. Multitudes can attest to this. Oftentimes a word dropped without my remembering it would fasten conviction, and often result in almost immediate conversion.

Sometimes I would find myself, in a great measure, empty of this power. I would go and visit, and find that I made no saving impression. I would exhort and pray, with the same result. I would then set apart a day for private fasting and prayer, fearing that this power had departed from me, and would inquire anxiously after the reason of this apparent emptiness. After humbling myself, and crying out for help, the power would return upon me with all its freshness. This has been the experience of my life.
What Would Jesus Do?

(From Page 10)

orite term for them was, “Thou fools.” I never thought much about His using derogatory names to people until lately. I have begun to get a little mad myself at the fools that think they are smart enough to run this country and drag the millions of little people along to do their dirty work and join them in the destruction. And I would use the term against the “Christians” who think they are proclaiming and living the “way” and calling men to “salvation.” The fools, the blind who try to lead the blind. No wonder we spend so much time in ditches.

You have given me the opportunity to have another sermon or editorial “pulled” out of me, for which I thank you. I suppose that was what brought out Paul’s best, writing to those he loved. I feel pity if not contempt for those who have “to get up a speech” or a talk or a sermon. Something false or theoretical, something to impress the audience with their intelligence or learning. Yet I have done it many a time.

No one “gets up a speech” when he goes across the street to tell the neighbor what he thinks of him for letting his chickens eat up his garden, no one gets up a speech when he asks a woman to marry him, or tells her she is through with her, or the other realities of life. No one gets up a speech when he runs for the doctor or the undertaker or the police. He is talking about something very real to him, something he knows about, something he is vitally concerned in and the words come to fit his thoughts. They may not be finely and etiquetely correct, his logic or diction may be faulty, but his sincerity is self-evident. That is what I hunger for when I listen to a professional minister and find he is teaching and helping each other through mutual faith and experience. The professional minister is a sign of our spiritual decadence, our relying on a paid professional to do our Bible reading, our praying, our expressing of our love for God. We want a man we can see and put our finger on to pin our faith on, God is too invisible and far away for the most of us. That is why we demand bigger and more beautiful buildings to keep up our faith, because we are more and more barren within, the real temple of God. It is a form of idol worship.

As I go to my knees and my Bible I know these things are true, not because I have figured them out, or because they fit into my independent attitude towards life and others, but because He said them and did them. I see my cause of failure: a lack of love, of real concern for others to find the way. I am not afraid of the future, or

need conviction, they need action. When people believe deeply enough, they won’t need schooled theologians to “teach” them, they will be capable of teaching and helping each other through mutual faith and experience. The professional minister is a sign of our spiritual decadence, our relying on a paid professional to do our Bible reading, our praying, our expressing of our love for God. We want a man we can see and put our finger on to pin our faith on, God is too invisible and far away for the most of us. That is why we demand bigger and more beautiful buildings to keep up our faith, because we are more and more barren within, the real temple of God. It is a form of idol worship.

I can see why Jesus and all the great religious leaders of the world down to Gandhi have recognized the necessity of traveling light, of renouncing worldly goods, of fasting and praying and afflicting their souls to remain pure and humble and willing to obey Him rather than to follow the world and its allure.

God help the ministers and me, that we may speak His words, not ours, and live them too.

“We ought to obey God rather than men.” (Acts 5: 29)