



Myer Pearlman

AND HIS FRIENDS

by Irene P. Pearlman

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To Doug Bonner
MAY 2021

MYER
PEARLMAN
and His Friends

by
Irene P. Pearlman

my daughter
Patricia Irene
Pearlman

Published by Irene P. Pearlman
Springfield, Missouri

Granddaughter
of Myer Irene

FOREWORD

It would be impossible in a book such as this to mention, personally, each of Myer's many friends throughout the world. Those not mentioned are just as precious, and for them all we are deeply grateful.

I wish to express appreciation to Rev. Frank M. Boyd, Miss Virginia Stauffer, and to Mr. Lloyd Colbaugh, who gave generously of their time to assist me in the preparation of this book; and to Mr. Fred Thede for harmonizing my little song; also to Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Moses, my kind neighbors, who used their car freely to help me in any way possible.

It has been true in days past, and is still true, that this wealth of wonderful friends is the choicest blessing that has come into our lives, apart from the Lord himself.

To these "friends of ours" this little story is lovingly dedicated.

Irene P. Pearlman.

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By Irene P. Pearlman

Like a ship that's left its mooring
And sails bravely out to sea,
So Someone Dear has sailed away
In calm serenity;
But there's promise of a greater joy
Than Earth could have in store,
For God has planned a richer life
Beyond the Unseen Shore.



Myer is the boy second from right.

Early Days

One wintry day (Dec. 19, 1898) a tiny baby boy was welcomed into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Barnett Pearlman, a Jewish family living in Edinburgh, Scotland. This was their first child, and to their little son they gave the name of Myer.

When little Myer was seven years old the family moved to Birmingham, England. Perhaps opportunities for securing work would be better there.

Here he attended the Hebrew school for Jewish boys. The two rabbis who were his teachers were men of stern discipline, capable of cruel harshness. The boys lived in constant fear of being punished. And such punishments, they had learned by experience, were sure to be severe.

Myer describes his school days in his own interesting manner:

"If you should go to Birmingham, England, and ask for the Jewish quarter you would be directed to a street called Singer's Hill, at the top of which stands the Great Synagogue. Adjoining that synagogue was the Birmingham Hebrew School, where I received my common school training.

"In our Bible class we studied Old Testament history, so we would go to a second-hand store and buy a King James Version of the Bible. To our surprise we discovered that these Christians had had the audacity to add a new book to our Bible, a strange outlandish

Book, called 'The New Testament.' There were such queer names as Saint Matthew and Saint John, and Revelation. We had no use for it, so we would carefully open the book and tear out that part. If you had examined the Bibles in that school you would have seen an ugly, jagged gap where the New Testament should have been.

"In that school I absorbed prejudice against Christianity. However, I did learn some good lessons in the Jewish school. I was taught the Bible and about God. I was also taught the thirteen articles of the Jewish creed, one of which is—'I believe with a perfect faith in the coming of the Messiah and though He tarry I will wait daily for His coming.'

"Then I learned the Jewish three R's—Jewish religion, Old Testament scriptures, and the Hebrew language. I was taught that, while I was to be a patriotic Englishman, I was also a Jew, a member of **the** nation, and that I was different from other people. I remember passing meat markets, and inwardly thanking God that I did not eat unclean meat.

"I remember so well an old teacher who was a German Jew, very orthodox and zealous for the law. As I think of him now I can quite understand what the Pharisees must have looked like in the time of Christ. Every now and then he would glare at the boys who didn't attend the synagogue, and make us feel that we were unsanctified rascals. These are some of the memories of the old Hebrew School."

However Myer did well in his studies, once receiving a medal for exceptionally good work.

Although the atmosphere of school life under such conditions couldn't have been too pleasant—still there were occasional bright spots.

One day the boys were studying the Old Testament book of Nehemiah. As the Rabbi was explaining the book, one little fellow, a special pal of Myer's, was sitting next to him. He suddenly burst into a broad smile. When questioned as to why he was smiling during class he said simply, "I'm neah Mya!" (I'm near Myer).

In the Pearlman home there were two boys and one little girl, besides Myer.

Being an unusually studious boy, Myer sometimes seemed to be living in a dream world far away from the practical things of life. This was not always understood by his father. In fact he was bitterly disappointed in his son. He feared Myer would become just a good-for-nothing. Consequently the relationship between father and son was not too pleasant.

When fourteen years of age Myer made frequent trips to the public library in Birmingham. And there, all by himself, he mastered the French language. This knowledge became valuable during World War I, enabling him to act as an interpreter for the United States army in France.

However, other things, too, were happening when he was fourteen. He describes it in these words—"At the age of fourteen I would go to the Public Square and listen to men speaking against the Bible, with the result that I lost my faith in the Old Book. However, I did retain my faith in the one true God and in the validity of the law of Moses."

Life in Birmingham was becoming increasingly difficult financially. Myer's father decided to come to America, where chances for advancement might be better, and living standards higher. He came to New York City, and not long after Myer decided to come too.

World War I was then in its early stages, and ocean travel was extremely dangerous. The ship, "The Cymric" was heavily camouflaged in hopes of escaping detection and there was constant danger of hitting a mine. Life belts were not removed during the entire voyage.

But there was a certain young Jewish lad, about seventeen, on board, and that ship just couldn't go down.



An unseen heavenly Father was guiding its course. After the crossing, the New York newspapers carried the headline, "Cymric makes detour to avoid submarines." In the spring of 1916 that very ship was torpedoed and sunk by U.20, under the command of Commander Schwisger, who had recently sunk the Lusitania.

The last year Myer was with us he took great pleasure in compiling a little album, tracing his days of army service in World War I. For this album he somehow secured a facsimile of the headline in the Springfield Leader (April 6, 1917,) which reads in big black letters—"AT WAR WITH GERMANY." I still have the little album and would not care to part with it.

Eighteen months of Myer's two years of army service were spent in France. He enlisted in the Medical Corps when he was nineteen years of age, and was assigned to Motor Ambulance Co. 42, organized at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

His induction into army life is ^{aply} described in a tribute by Reverend J. R. Flower, written after his death. In it he says: "In a shirt too small and a

coat too big, Myer Pearlman, a typical private of World War I wondered whether he could survive even the training, not to mention the war; or if his blistered feet would ever function again in a normal manner." He survived the training—and the war!

His port of embarkation was Hoboken, New Jersey. The troop ship was the transport "Pastores." In his little album he gives his own vivid impressions of that voyage. "Good-bye, Statue of Liberty! Convoying destroyers—goulash for breakfast—balancing mess kits—sea sick boys—those ice cold showers (compulsory!)—anti-submarine gun practice—lots of time for reading—sleeping on deck, when nearing France—ever present life-preservers—sight of first Frenchman (the pilot)."

^{upon}
Upon arriving in France, he was stationed at Evacuation Hospital No. 114 during the battle of the Argonne Forest.

Part of his duty was loading wounded boys from the front (20 miles away) onto trains carrying them to hospitals in the rear for care and treatment. Almost invariably the boys would ask if they were going to have to be taken on French trains. These trains, called frog trains, were small and uncomfortable and the wounded boys, already suffering agonies, dreaded them. Some of his buddies never came back from the front.

His chaplain, T. R. White, wrote him after the war, "There is a row in the old cemetery by the stone quarry where I laid, one Sunday, the bodies of 71 men. In all it was my sad duty to lay away the bodies of over 500 boys in the Argonne. I still have the flag which lay on many of their bodies and waved over their graves."

An interesting glimpse of Myer, the soldier, is found in a letter to me from one of his old buddies, Arthur

M. Roach. In the letter he says: "I just want to add my personal opinion of him to those you already have. Ever since I have known him he has always been a good student, gentleman, good soldier, good friend. We spent a lot of time together and I know him pretty well. His keen mind, able to learn rapidly, and his ability to use such knowledge was outstanding. He had many friends among the civilians of France. They invited him into their homes. He liked the language and spoke it fluently, and was always very friendly and kind. You and your children can be assured that Myer was a fine soldier, gentleman, and friend. The rest of the story you know better than I."



May I quote further from Arthur M. Roach: "When we arrived in Breste, France, I stood beside him as he spoke in French to the French pilot who came on board to take our ship into the narrow channel. Myer said this was the first time he had ever talked to a native Frenchman."

On one occasion while stationed in France some of the boys were in trouble because of certain indiscretions. There were arrests and court-martials. Myer was used as an interpreter in these cases. His greatest compliment was when an officer of the 1st Army Artillery Corps Headquarters addressed him as 'captain' while he was still a private.

"He had an urge to go ahead, and regardless of promotions, which he justly deserved, he continued to

give his best service in the conditions under which we worked."

Myer had never shown any particular interest in religion. But shortly before he enlisted in the army something happened that was to have a direct bearing on his future life. We'll let him tell it:

"When I was seventeen I came to the United States, and in Cincinnati, Ohio, there occurred something which makes me realize that the Light of the world was guiding, as I was journeying toward the unknown sanctuary.

"I was walking down Fourth Street in Cincinnati and passed a church—to me, an unknown sanctuary. I stopped to look at the sign which read, 'Church open. Come inside. Rest and pray.' For a brief moment there came over me a desire to enter that church, and pray to the God who was worshipped in that strange place. But I passed on without entering. A few years ago I revisited Cincinnati, and had a longing to see that church again, so I went to the place and there was that same sign. I entered, and silently thanked God that He had led me all the way into light, life and peace."

And again after he had joined the army something else occurred. "A colporteur was distributing New Testaments. They were beautifully bound in leather. Since I was a lover of books I said within myself, 'I would like that New Testament.' I went to the man and asked for one. He said, 'All right,' and handed me the Book. He also gave me a card and asked me to sign it. As far as I remember the card read, 'I hereby accept the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour and I promise to read a chapter from the New Testament every day.' Well, I was not quite prepared for that but I wanted the book, so I signed the card and thus became a 'nominal' Christian. The war over, I returned to

my home and on arriving, my father handed me a letter. It was from that Bible Society and it was to the effect that his son had accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. Now you may wonder what happened then. Fortunately for me, my father could neither read nor write, and I do not remember what explanation I gave but whatever I said, it was not the truth."

After his discharge from the army at the close of the war he went to California. Again there was an awakening. He describes it this way:

"I went to San Francisco where again there took place an awakening. I would look up to the heavenly bodies and wonder, Who made all this? Groping for light I began to read religious books and attend services.

"One evening while walking down the street I was attracted by a group of people gathered outside a little mission. I heard the sound of music within. I did not go in that night but on another evening I passed the place again and stood outside that strange mission—my unknown sanctuary.

"There was the same crowd, and as the door would open the sound of music could be heard. Finally I plucked up courage and entered. I took a seat and began to look on. The singing impressed me; it was so joyous and lively. They were singing that song, 'There's Honey in the Rock,' written by Rev. F. A. Graves. Little did I think then that I would marry his daughter later. Then they came to the time for prayer, and the leader invited them to make their requests, and said the 'saints' would pray for them. 'Saints'? Did we have saints today? I thought saints were people who stood on pedestals and looked pious. I attended every night, week after week and month after month, drawn by a strange attraction which I could not shake off. One

night I determined to go to a show but turned back and went to the mission.

“The people of the mission had noticed that I was of the Jewish race and they spoke to me in a very kindly way.

“One night, while in bed, I was overwhelmed with a sense of guilt. Had I been able to put into words the longing of my heart it would have been expressed in the words of that beautiful hymn,

‘Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home.
Lead thou me on.’

“My first prayer was in the name of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

“Then came that evening in my experience which I shall never forget. Most of you know that it means a great deal for a Jew to accept Christ. It might mean being cut off from one’s family; it would mean being cut off from Israel. Many a Jew has been disowned by his family, and for some an actual funeral has been held. When I did become a Christian my mother at first pleaded with me, ‘Please come back and be a Jewish boy again.’ She thought I had become a Gentile. (I am welcome at home any time now.)

“But to return to that particular evening; I went to the mission. At the close of the service I made my way toward the door. When I reached the doorway I stood there listening to the closing hymn. I was not worked up emotionally, nor was I expecting anything to happen, nor was I praying. As I stood there, I felt some strange influence come over me, indescribable, but delightful. I saw no one and heard no audible voice. But this was the turning point in my life! My journey to the un-

known sanctuary was ended. I had found the reality of Christ!

"As I knelt to pray one day not long afterward, to my amazement I heard myself speaking words unfamiliar to me, a linguist. (Myer was going to need a 'Comforter' in days to come).

"It lifted me into a higher realm and gave me a sense of the nearness of God. I am still journeying on, and the kindly Light is still leading.

"The Jewish national anthem is written in the minor key. All Jewish music has that minor strain, so expressive of disappointment, and sorrow. The music **this** side of the cross is in the major key!

"My life was once pitched in the minor key—sadness and disillusionment predominated. The Master pitched my life in a major key, and gave me a song inexpressibly beautiful."

II

Teaching Days

Myer entered Central Bible Institute in Springfield, Missouri during the first year of its existence as a school. This institution was dedicated to the one purpose of training ministers and missionaries.

From the moment he entered (1924), the principal, Rev. Frank Boyd and his gracious wife took a special interest in the quiet, studious Jewish boy. And for their kindness he was most grateful.

Myer had little difficulty in mastering his lessons before going to class. And lest he waste any valuable time just sitting in class, he usually took with him a text book on one of his other subjects.

One warm spring afternoon everybody was sleepy and lifeless in Missions class. As no one seemed to know the lesson, the teacher called on her star pupil, Myer Pearlman. He stood up quickly, Greek book in hand, and begin to conjugate a Greek verb!

Invariably, when called on to recite he would say, "I beg your pardon, what was the question?" As soon as the question was repeated, he had a very satisfactory answer.

Before retiring at night he loved to choose one particular Bible passage and then read those same verses in his Hebrew, Greek, French, Spanish and Italian translations.

One little incident during those early days of dormitory life might fit in right here.

The boys sometimes found it necessary to press their own trousers, a task which Myer didn't particularly enjoy. This fact was known among his friends. And one day as he was doing his "pressing," an especially mischievous boy stuck his head in the door and said, "Hello Myer! Just keep pressing on!"

There was one more incident of an entirely different nature that I cannot refrain from mentioning.

The students were given out-station assignments in little country churches in the vicinity of Springfield. One night two carloads were leaving for services. At the last moment Myer and another young man changed cars, for some unexplainable reason. That night there was a wreck, and the young man sitting in the seat Myer was to have occupied was killed!

As graduation time drew near, Rev. Boyd approached him concerning becoming a member of the teaching staff the following year. He somehow sensed that here were teaching potentialities which might be developed in time.

This offer came as a complete surprise to Myer, who hadn't the faintest idea what he would do when he finished school. He spent the next summer in preparing his courses for his first year of teaching.

A bit uncertain at first, he gained confidence as the days went by, and found real enjoyment in the thought that perhaps now he had found his little niche in life.

Perhaps right here we'll just take a peep at another side of Myer's life which cannot be separated from the rest of the story.

Early in my third year at C. B. I. Myer suddenly made the discovery, that I was to be the girl of his choice. This was as much a surprise to me

as to him. I realized that some day I would have to make a decision.

Ever since I was a little girl, my ambition had been to be a missionary. To me the life of a missionary was the highest calling in the world. And I was determined to be a missionary, come what may.

One day I was endeavoring to analyze my motives for wanting so desperately to be a missionary. Did I really feel that this was my calling, or was it that, to me, there was a glamor, almost a halo, about the life of a missionary? I was forced to admit that this was the thought underlying my missionary aspirations. Having reached this point, I was perfectly content to look ahead to the role of a quiet little housewife, a position for which I was so much better fitted.

As I look back, it seems strange to me that any such decision was necessary. For, back in my senior year in high school, something happened that should have convinced me once and for all, of my vocation in life. My botany teacher was the athletic coach of the school. We had been studying trees and their distinguishing characteristics. He decided to give us "something different" as our final examination. It was the middle of winter and there were no leaves or foliage on the trees. Giving each of us a pad and pencil, he took us for a walk. Whenever he came to a tree he would say, "What kind of a tree is that?" With a feeling of panic, I realized that I just couldn't look up at those dark, bare branches and trunks and tell what kind of a tree they belonged to, even tho I had studied the lesson in the book. I also noticed that the boys were having no trouble whatever. To my dismay, that one exam gave me a grade of 70 on my report card. I decided to do something about it. I transferred to cooking class next semester—and loved it. Here was my vocation!

Something else occurred a few years later, which also had a bearing on days to come, although I was unaware of it at the time.

I was working in the diet kitchen of Victory Memorial Hospital in Waukegan, Illinois. One of their patients, a very lovely lady, always greeted me with such a friendly smile. One day as I was leaving her room to carry her tray to the diet kitchen, she said, "This isn't your regular job, is it?" I explained that I had been a bookkeeper in my home town bank for several years. I was only working at the hospital during the summer, hoping to be able to go to school in the fall.

Had I known what my "regular job" was going to be some day, my courage might have failed me!

Both Myer and I were inclined to be very careful in making decisions of any kind. With such personalities it may seem a little surprising that on our first date, on Christmas Eve, we became engaged.

Since Myer was a teacher and I a student we had almost no contact during the remainder of the year. There was, however, one occasion when there was opportunity for personal conversation. In describing those few moments, he said, "It was as though the sun shone through the clouds, not to be seen again for a long, long time."

Just nine days after our engagement my father passed away. As my brother, Arthur and I were on our way to the depot to take the train for home, we saw Myer walking sadly down the road. His hopes had suddenly crashed! He thought that now I would be returning home to be with Mother, and that, as far as he and I were concerned, everything was all over. But it wasn't!

While I was at home for the funeral he sent me the following letter—the most beautiful letter I have ever had the privilege of reading. It was read at his own funeral just sixteen years later, and it still seemed to be Myer speaking his own words of comfort to the children and to me.

“Dear Irene: I am loath to intrude upon you during this time of bereavement, but I felt I should write and tell you that my heart goes out in sympathy, and my voice rises in prayer for you and yours at this time of temporary separation in your home.

“As I write, a scripture comes to my mind which I consider one of the most beautiful in the Bible, and one upon which I love to meditate: ‘And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’ May these words find their fulfillment in your home this very moment!

“Irene, my attempt to comfort you has been very feeble, so I stand back and give place to ‘the God of all comfort.’ He, I am sure, will not fail. He will turn your night into day, your pain into gladness, and your mourning into rejoicing, for ‘He careth for you.’

“Commending you into His great arms of love, I remain

Yours very lovingly,
Myer.”

We were married the following summer (1927) in Zion, Illinois, my home town. On our wedding night I said good-bye to my many dear friends—never to see them again. My husband was to them a total stranger, but for my sake they took him into their hearts and loved him too.

During the first year of our married life we both taught in C. B. I., although I was keenly conscious of the fact that I was not fitted for a teacher.

The next year, to my intense relief we were able to arrange to live away from the campus. And it was with the utmost satisfaction that we began life in our own little home, a rented apartment. It meant everything

to my husband to be able to slip away to the quiet, restful atmosphere of his own little home after classes were over for the day.

His subjects were Old and New Testament Synthesis, Typology, Parliamentary Law, French and Spanish.

While he was very thorough in the preparation of his subjects, he was also anxious to keep his classes interesting and inspirational. The very thought of becoming a bore was distressing. He made an exhaustive study of Old and New Testament Synthesis, and these became "his subjects."

There were moments of relaxation in all his classes. Perhaps he would have a little story that illustrated the point he was trying to make. Then there were times when the students themselves provided the relaxation. Even Parliamentary Law could become interesting—at least on some occasions.

One day the students were taking turns as chairman of the meeting, to gain experience in presiding. Paul Jones was before the class, gavel in hand. Hoping desperately that the bell for dismissal was about to ring, he was looking at the watch in his left hand. Just then one of the girls had a question. Having been given the floor she asked, "Mr. Chairman, how is it that at least two persons are always placed on committees?" Paul



hesitated a moment, then replied, "Well, I really wouldn't know, unless it is that two heads are better than one." At that instant the bell rang, to Paul's inexpressible relief. Paul is now Rev. W. P. Jones of Great Falls, Montana.

There were interesting times in Synthesis classes too. I believe it was in one of those classes that my husband was speaking on the value of perseverance in anything we undertake in life. To illustrate, he told the story of two frogs that fell in a bucket of milk. Both kicked with all their might for awhile trying desperately to get out. Finally one gave up entirely. The other frog just kept on kicking until he churned butter. One hop landed him on top of the chunk of butter, and with the second hop he was out of the bucket!

Myer was unusually considerate of the feelings of his students and endeavored to keep them from losing face. For instance, if a student gave the wrong answer he would say, "In other words . . ." and then re-word the answer so that it would be correct.

One more little incident I can't leave out. It was the beginning of the school year. At that time Rev. R. M. Riggs was also an instructor at C. B. I.

About the third day of school they happened to be on their way home together after classes were over.

Rev. Riggs asked my husband if he had his secretary busy yet. Myer explained that he hadn't yet had anything requiring her services. He expressed surprise, and replied, "Why, I have all six of mine working!"

Always at the close of the school term when the final Synthesis class was over, Myer loved to have the students sing with him the Doxology—a fitting close to many enjoyable class sessions.

In referring to Myer's teaching days, I would like to mention just a few of the school staff.

There was the dean of the school, Rev. W. I. Evans, always gracious and considerate. And there was the little music teacher with the friendly smile, Miss Rena Baldwin. The keen mind and rare sense of humor of Miss Helen Atkinson were always refreshing. And the cheery personality of Mrs. Eleanor Bowie, matron, was a source of inspiration and encouragement.

These are only a few of the many faculty members through the years, and with them all he enjoyed an unusual comradeship. They were all "his friends."

As an expression of the affection of the student body, the school annual, "The Cup," (1942) was dedicated to my husband. The following dedication is found at the beginning of the book:

"We dedicate 'The Cup' to our teacher, Myer Pearlman, one who is held in high esteem for his sterling Christian character and capable ministry. We have seen the Christ whom he serves in his godly life, and the underlying element of human understanding and humility of heart expressed in his kindly dealings with the students. His knowledge and versatility qualify him for the wide sphere of service in which he so ably participates. His ready wit and originality have given us many gems which we shall cherish, while his sparkling humor has been a source of delight to all."

The Pearlman Memorial Library at Central Bible Institute, enlarged and dedicated to him by the class of '44 is a lasting token of appreciation from the students of Central Bible Institute.

Myer often injected into his teaching short, pointed remarks or bits of advice. Here are just a few of them:

"If someone throws mud at you, just let it dry and then it will be easier to brush off."

"She was an 'Old Glory' mother. She laid on the stripes and I saw the stars."

"It's a painful moment when a parent sees his own meanness in his child."

"A Socialist is a man who is willing to share with a man who has more than he has."

"Faith means betting your life that God means business, and that the universe makes sense."

"Teaching and writing are one-tenth inspiration, and nine-tenths perspiration."

"A meek man is a man who is so strong that he has his temper, his feelings, and himself under control."

"In working out a spiritual plan God must have a spiritual man."

"God always wins."

"Call together forty of the 20th century's wisest professors. Give each of them a different subject on which to write—and see if they can form a book of such diverse unity as the Bible."

III

Family Days

"It isn't the size of your house so much
That matters, dear heart, at all;
It's the gentle hand, the loving touch,
That makes it great or small.

The friends who come (as they go away)
And out of your house depart,
Will judge it, not by the style you show—
It's all in the size of your heart!"

"Family days" are just another wonderful part of this story, from the beginning of the book, to its closing pages. It would be impossible to mention all those interesting little experiences that occurred when our daddy was still with us. But we must include a few of those — sometimes amusing, always unexpected happenings which are a part of the life of every family, especially where there are "kiddies." Rearing a family is no small undertaking, but there's always a way.



When daddy came home from work at night, more work was always waiting. Perhaps there were lessons to be prepared for the next day's classes.

Yet in those moments when he “took time off” for the children or for me, we couldn’t help feeling the devotion and love of his heart. We in turn loved him, and tried to make our home life fit in with his work as best we could.

When my birthday came around I was sure to get a lovely card (if he didn’t forget). Bless his heart! And those cards were always carefully chosen, with verses telling what he wished to express. Here are two that are especially beautiful.

“To one who understands me
Far better than I do,
Who lays my faults upon a shelf
And lets me start anew.

To one who knows my failures,
Yet still has faith in me—
My love and every tender wish
Sent most affectionately.”

“At birthday time and all the time
These words are always true:
There’s none for whom I wish more joy,
Nor love as I love you.”

The little verse given below was written by John Wesley’s father, as a tribute to his wife, the mother of a large and very fine family. I’ve no idea where my husband found it. And there couldn’t possibly be a comparison between John Wesley’s mother and “me.” Anyway it’s an expression of real appreciation. Myer pasted it in a little gift book on our eleventh wedding anniversary.

“To other households rarely she’d incline,
Her house her pleasure was, and she was mine;
Rarely abroad, or never, but with me,
Or when by pity called, or charity.”

Lovingly,
Myer.

Our daddy was usually so busy that it fell to mother's lot to get the children settled in bed for the night, when they were small. However, there were rare occasions when daddy "took over," always to their delight! As I write this story our son, David, is far across the sea in Tripoli, North Africa, where he is stationed with the Air Force.

This little prayer is in memory of those happy days when daddy, as well as mother, rocked a little boy to sleep:

"O God, through tomorrow and the next day
and the next,
Watch over the sea!
Let starlit nights prevail,
I ask of Thee!
Be master of the waves upon the deep,
And safely guard a little boy
I used to rock to sleep."

While his own children were still quite small Myer wrote an interesting little book which he called, "Studying the Pupil." It was really a very simple study of child psychology. This did not imply, however, that he considered himself the last word in child training by any means. There were times when this book led to rather embarrassing incidents. One day he received a letter from a mother inquiring what method he used in his own family. He replied, "I have three children, therefore, I have three methods!"

Something amusing happened at church one Sunday. He and his small daughter were sitting together. The usher handed him a hymn book and was about to give her one too. Very courteously he said, "Please don't. The child might eat the book!"

Myer's absent-mindedness resulted in incidents sometimes amusing, and sometimes rather unfortunate.

One day he was pushing the baby carriage as we were walking to the grocery store. A bushel of onions was on the side walk in front of the store just ahead of us. He was deep in thought—but not thoughts of onions! Surely, I thought, he'll go around them. But he just kept on walking—straight ahead!

As we were picking up the onions I found myself saying, "You see, Daddy, that's why we can't ever have a car. And we never did have one!"

During the Christmas holidays, when our little girl, Eunice, was about six years old, Daddy was in the kitchen playing games with the children. I was busy in



the living room. Suddenly I had to stop my work and listen. Eunice was asking a question. "Daddy, how do you get saved?" Very simply daddy explained, and together they knelt by the kitchen chair and asked God, for Jesus' sake, to make her His own little girl.

Realizing that the kitchen was holy ground I remained quietly in the living room, and breathed a prayer of my own for our little daughter.

Reading a Story
Not long afterward David surrendered his young life to his daddy's God. And with a restful, happy expression he looked into my face and said simply, "I feel lots better now." Donald was only five when our daddy left us, but at an early age he too became a little Christian boy.

In the summer time Myer enjoyed getting away

from the office routine to speak at camp meetings in different parts of the country—always by invitation. Speaking, frequently twice a day, was certainly not resting, but it was always a welcome break, as well as an opportunity for making new friends.

One evening as Myer was leaving for camp meeting an embarrassing, and yet amusing, incident occurred. The children and I had gone with him to the depot to “see him off.”

A long train pulled into the station shortly before his train was scheduled to leave. As we were watching the baggage being loaded we were startled to see daddy's suit case being placed in the baggage car. Thinking there must be some mistake Myer enquired of a redcap, “Is this the St. Louis train?” He replied, “This is the Oklahoma Special.” He also added that they didn't make mistakes! For us that settled it. This was NOT daddy's train. But it was pulling out—with daddy's suitcase on board! Too late, it dawned upon us that the Oklahoma Special was the St. Louis train.

Fortunately there was a midnight train which enabled him to make his appointment. And the suit case was waiting for him in St. Louis when he arrived.

As a teacher he made frequent use of apt illustrations in “putting across” points he wished to make. I understand that from the “train incident” he got a very good illustration. I would really be interested to know what it was.

Myer's sense of humor sometimes asserted itself at unexpected moments. Once when he was teaching the book of Obadiah in Sunday School he asked, “How many have read the first three chapters of Obadiah”? A number of hands went up. There were some rather red faces when he explained, with a little twinkle in his eye, that the book of Obadiah has only one chapter!

Another time he was engrossed in studying his Sunday School lesson in preparation for teaching the following Sunday. The phone rang. I could hardly believe my ears when I heard him telling somebody, "I believe you have the wrong motive!"

When our youngest boy was old enough to enjoy a good story, there was one that never failed to hold his attention.

It was about "Three Little Puppies;" and whenever his daddy read it to him they both looked forward to one particular sentence in the story. It was, "Everyday the three little puppies practiced their new piece, 'Bone sweet Bone'." Right here they always stopped, to have a good laugh. It was difficult to tell who enjoyed the story most—the little boy, or the big boy!

One morning, when jobs were scarce, a fine looking young man appeared at our back door, asking for a bite to eat. He was not a boy who would be doing such a thing unless circumstances were very desperate. His name was Jimmy Friday.

Jimmy ate breakfast with us and somehow we felt to invite him to stay a few days. And while he was with us he seemed so happy and contented.

Before leaving he knelt with us for just a few moments, and my husband commended Jimmy to the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." He picked up the baby for just a minute—something he hadn't done before. And there were real tears, as he said, "Good-bye," and reluctantly went on his way.

We never saw him again. But somewhere in the world is Jimmy Friday—just another of the wonderful "friends" of Myer.

There was also another "Jimmy," an entirely different personality. Like my husband, this Jimmy was a

thinker. Both loved to read, and frequently happened to meet at the public Library.

Jimmy was not a Christian. Myer felt an unusual interest in him, and appreciated his keen mind—capable of such clear, logical thinking.

One evening they met and got into conversation, as they often did, at the library. The subject on this occasion was religion.

Midnight came, and I began to wonder what could have happened to my husband. After awhile I heard voices, and looked out the front window. There, on the curb sat Jimmy and Myer—still talking.

In the early morning hours a decision was made out there in the street. Jimmy and Myer were now serving the same kind heavenly Father!

At 2:00 A. M.

“I hear voices in the street,
A little quiet square,
Where some dear heart is troubled, sore,
And someone's with him there.
God, may the troubled heart find rest,
And may the watching cease.
And let them both, Lord find tonight
Thy quietness and peace.”

Jimmy soon became critically ill and passed away. He was the brother of Mrs. R. M. Riggs. In speaking at the funeral Myer referred to him as “Brother” Merian. No one had ever called him that before. To the Riggs family, who had lovingly cared for Jimmy until his death, it was most comforting.

There was another funeral where Myer was requested to speak. This time it was the funeral of an unusually promising young man, Roswell Flower. “Rozzie,” as he was familiarly known, was one of Myer's choice friends. They had ridden together many times

to and from Central Bible Institute, thanks to Rozzie's kind thoughtfulness.

His tribute to his "friend" was brief, but beautiful: Here it is:

"Rozzie and I have spent many happy moments traveling to and from Central Bible Institute, as together we have attempted to solve the problems of the world. In the very near future I'm looking forward to resuming those conversations in a brighter and better world."

Just fifteen months later they did resume those conversations—in heaven.

Another very special friend lived next door to us for several years. In the summertime she loved to sit on her front porch. She could hear what went on about her even tho the blessing of sight was no longer hers.

She was always so pleased when Myer would stop mowing the lawn for a few minutes to visit with her. She sometimes found parts of the Bible difficult to understand. But usually they became quite simple after she and Myer finished their little talk.

Many times since his death Mrs. Hill has expressed her appreciation.

Just two lines, in the familiar poem by Sam Walter Foss, express very beautifully my husband's conception of life—in its fullest, highest sense:

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend—to man."

In closing this chapter on "Family Days," I must include two incidents, especially for any who might be of the opinion that such things just don't happen.

The first occurred when Eunice was about six years old. She complained of soreness and discomfort in the abdominal region. Soon she was unable to eat. As

long as she could be up and about, she walked bent over. I realized that something was seriously wrong, and wondered if it could be connected with the appendix. I suggested that we call the doctor, and find out what was the matter. Because she was so sore, and afraid of being hurt, she was quite upset, and begged me not to do so. She couldn't stand even the bed sheet to touch her. I remember devising some sort of a little frame to be over her so that nothing would touch her. I knew something must be done—and done quickly!

Without her knowledge, my good neighbor, Mrs. Noel Perkin, called a child specialist, with whom we were acquainted.

He came and made an examination. He told me that from the indications an abscess seemed to be forming around the appendix. He gave me instructions regarding caring for her.

Before leaving he suggested that she really should be in the hospital so that her case could be watched closely, as an operation might be necessary.

I had no objection whatever to her being taken to the hospital. I knew her condition was critical, yet somehow I had a feeling that it wasn't going to be necessary.

The doctor promised to return Monday, the following day being Sunday. On Sunday morning my husband and I got word to our pastor, Rev. R. M. Riggs, and Rev. Noel Perkin to please stop by on their way home from church. They came, and the four of us knelt by our girlie's bed and presented our request to our heavenly Father. I am always shocked when sacred moments such as these are made subjects for publicity.

On Monday morning the doctor came as he had promised. In making an examination he began probing around a bit. As she made no fuss he punched a

little harder. To his amazement she simply smiled and said, "That doesn't hurt." He realized that something must have happened, for as he left he said to her, rather playfully, "Honey, you ought to be sicker than that!"

She gained strength rapidly. I adhered to the light diet prescribed by the doctor, for a time at least, and it wasn't long until she was a perfectly healthy little girl.

After Eunice was grown she did undergo an operation. While the appendix was not involved, yet as a matter of routine, it was removed. In questioning the two doctors one of them said, "There was nothing wrong with the appendix and apparently never had been." Little did he know what those few words meant to me!

Before leaving the hospital after the operation, our faithful pastor, Rev. Emil A. Balliet and his good wife came to see Eunice.

As they were leaving, the white haired lady, Mrs. Anna McWilliams, in the next bed, so very sick too, was needing a bit of comfort and encouragement. Couldn't she too be included in the prayer? And so a special little prayer went up to heaven—just for her. Both prayers were answered!

I was most grateful to Mrs. Beulah Robberson and Mrs. Pearl Bryan who stayed at the hospital several nights in order to relieve me.

On night duty in the childrens' ward was a dear little nurse, Marie Darden. Instead of going home when she went off duty, she would come to Eunice's room and give several hours of skilled nursing—a gift of love from a heart of gold.

One more experience happened when Eunice was about seven years old.

She fell from a teeter-totter, while attending Vacation Bible School. As she fell she threw out her left

arm in a desperate effort to ease her fall. The arm was broken at the elbow. The lower part of the arm hung limply, dangling around.

When we reached the doctor's office he told us it was the worst elbow break he had ever seen. He called in an excellent bone specialist and together they set the break.

However, it wasn't set just right, and after a night of agony it had to be done all over again. After applying a fresh cast the doctor picked her up to carry her from the table to the bed. It slipped. He adjusted it as best he could, without removing the cast, and we hoped for the best.

Before we left the office the doctor showed us pictures of possible results of such a break. Those pictures didn't give too much encouragement. Some showed an arm with a large, unsightly bunch at the elbow. In others the arm was permanently crooked.

While the arm was being set I sat in the waiting room, and, knowing there was nothing else I could do, I prayed. The door opened and a little lady, Mrs. Nell Dickinson, who operated the branch post office downstairs entered the room. With such an understanding smile she said, "I see you know just what to do."

That smile and those few kind words gave just the encouragement needed in a distressing moment.

The friendly office nurse, Mrs. Grace Russell, took us all home in her little old Ford car. I've never forgotten her kindness.

The arm healed perfectly. How thankful we have been for that good left arm, without which Eunice would have missed many happy hours with her patient little piano teacher, Mrs. Ruth Gentry.

Difficult moments do come in these lives of ours when help can come only from a higher source. It is

unthinkable that a sincere appeal for such help could meet with a refusal on the part of a loving heavenly Father. There is a realm of faith which has been operating through the centuries quite apart from human instrumentality.

Is it a fact that simple, fervent prayer does get results? Robert A. Vogeler, recently liberated from a Communist prison explains it better than I can. He says:

“Many times people have asked me how I was able to get through seventeen months of solitary confinement in a Communist prison without cracking up mentally and physically. The answer, of course, is that it was possible only because of the power of prayer.

“The tremendous thing the Communists forget is that no matter how deep the dungeon, or how thick its walls, or how heavily guarded, they cannot keep Almighty God out of the prisoner’s mind and heart.

“Fortunately I was allowed to read the Bible most of the time I was in prison. I read it through twice, word for word. It was an unending source of inspiration and consolation. I found in it messages of hope and strength that, in easier and more comfortable days, I had passed over as a blind man might walk over a field strewn with diamonds.

“‘Pray without ceasing,’ said St. Paul, and I did just that. At first I prayed rather desperately, perhaps even impatiently, that God would get me out of that vile prison. But as the weeks added up to months, and as my Bible reading began to pay me spiritual dividends, I began to pray with more patience. Gradually it began to occur to me that I was more calm and more confident because I had ceased trying to influence God’s way to be my way, and instead prayed that my way and my will would be God’s way and God’s will. So it was in a godless Communist prison I learned to pray.”

IV

Writing Days

Teachers in Central Bible Institute were not on year round salaries, and the summers were somewhat of a problem.

One day my husband mustered up courage to enquire at the Gospel Publishing House if they might have something for him to do. Perhaps there were books to be reviewed, or—just anything.

Mr. J. Z. Kamerer, general manager at the time, was most considerate, and Myer went to work at once. His eagerness to make good was almost pathetic.

Not long afterward, he was given a try-out as writer of the Adult Sunday School Quarterly. Soon he was writing the Adult Teachers Quarterly as well. There were occasional articles to be written besides, and he was on his way to becoming a writer. When school opened in the fall he still kept up his increasingly heavy schedule at the Publishing House. His time was equally divided—mornings at the school, afternoons at the Publishing House.

Right here I feel to explain that Myer's rules of discipline were very exacting when it came to himself. With others he was always very lenient. A slip of paper found in his Bible after his death shows the goals he set for himself, and what was involved in reaching those goals.

"Self-control may be developed in the same manner that we tone up a weak muscle—by a little exercise every day.

“As exercises in moral gymnastics, let’s do each day, a few little things that may be disagreeable to us. For self-control in little things leads to self-control in big things.

“With no useless regrets for the past, and no useless worries for the future, let’s live each day as though it were to be our last—the only day left to assert what’s best in us, and to conquer what’s worst in us. Will we be king or will we be slave? The answer rests with us.”

At the end of this paragraph he added a very interesting comment of his own: “In this conflict we have a great helper, the Holy Spirit. And the fruit of the Spirit is . . . self-control.”

Perhaps this would be a good place to express just a few of his ideas on religion. He used to say—always with a smile:

“To live with the saints in heaven
Will be endless bliss and glory.
But to live with the saints on earth
Is quite a different story!”

So typical of Myer are a couple of verses carefully pasted in the front of his Bible.

“Have charity; have patience; have mercy. Never bring a human being—however ignorant or weak—above all a child—to shame and confusion. Never by petulance, ~~by~~ suspicion, or by ridicule—crush out what is finest and rouse up what is coarsest in the heart of any fellow creature.”

“Could we but draw back the curtains that surround each others lives, often we should find them better, purer, than we think we should:: we would love each other better if we only understood.”

Also copied in the front of his Bible is this little poem, which, too, sounds “just like Myer.”

“Uncle Si, de Bible say,
In speaking of de just
Dat he falls seven times a day;
Now, how’s de sinner wuss?
Well, chile, de slip may come to all,
But den de difference foller;
For if you watch him when he fall
De just man do not **waller**.”

To him mere “religion” was so hard and so cold, while genuine Christianity was warm and radiant—even fascinating. When it came to things spiritual he was very practical. His motto might have been, “to be naturally spiritual, and spiritually natural.”

Myer’s first book was a brief birds-eye view of the entire Bible, beginning with Genesis and ending with Revelation. His title was, “Seeing the Story of the Bible.” Soon another book appeared, “The Life and teachings of Christ.” Sunday School teaching, especially from the standpoint of a knowledge of little children, caught his interest, perhaps because he had “kiddies” of his own. On his own time, after working hours, he compiled a little book, “Studying the Pupil.” Another book especially for teachers, which he enjoyed writing, was titled, “Successful Sunday School Teaching.” Then one day, he was approached about writing a book on Bible Doctrine. This wasn’t his subject—and he knew it! However, he did sense a need for a simple explanation of what is sometimes heavy and difficult. After thinking it over he decided to try. “Knowing the Doctrines of the Bible” was the result. From his Synthesis Studies he developed a set of four short, easy reading books, “Through the Bible,

Book by Book," especially for use in Teacher Training classes. He also compiled a minister's handbook.

While writing these books he was still keeping up all the work he had been doing previously, both at C. B. I., and at the Publishing House.

He somehow managed to find time to write a simple devotional study on the book of Revelation. He gave it the title "Windows into the Future." His last effort, just a few months before his death, was a practical study on the book of Daniel. He called it, "Daniel Speaks Today."

World War II had already started. Even before Pearl Harbor the need was felt for a Christian publication sufficiently attractive to appeal to servicemen.

A veteran himself, Myer was selected as the one best fitted for the task. He was Jewish by race, Scotch by birth, English by upbringing, American by citizenship, and a Christian by conviction. Myer felt confident that he was acting under orders from the very Highest Source, and he was simply thrilled!

Although staggering under a schedule already more than full, he was determined that he was going to do this job too—and do it well. It became his very life, because of the love he had for "the boys."

As Rev. J. R. Flower expressed it: "Myer Pearlman, as a Hebrew Christian, possessed a background of training and a religious heritage which made him an expert craftsman in the art of building soldiers of the Cross. The cause of Christ on earth suffered when he was promoted to the honor roll of heaven."

Distribution of such a publication was no small task. Myer met the editorial need, and Rev. Fred Vogler

met the need of financial promotion and distribution.

In telling me about his latest venture Myer said, "Now this paper is going to be different! It's for military personnel. And it must be written in language they will understand." They did understand! And not now—but some day—we may have the joy of meeting boys who might never have made heaven except for "Reveille," a gift of love from Myer to "his buddies."

He and I were usually pretty well agreed as to the material that went into his writings. There was one exception, however.

He was showing me, one day, his latest tract for the soldiers. It was in color and really quite attractive. But the title! "Taps with Hiccoughs!" I was shocked! "Daddy, won't you please change that title, just for me," I pleaded. He just smiled. And when the tract was printed it was still, "Taps with Hiccoughs!" I was beginning to realize that "the boys" understood only too well the meaning of such language. It was for them—not for me.

He only lived to complete the first seven numbers. But the love and appreciation of those boys thrilled his heart as nothing else had ever done.

One of these buddies was stationed "somewhere in Africa" at the time of Myer's death. In a letter to his sister he told what happened when he got the news that Myer was gone. He said, "When I heard the news my frame shook with emotion." Boys don't talk like that unless they really care!

On the wall in Myer's office was a little motto that helped, as work piled up, and life became increasingly difficult.

"If you depend upon organization, you'll get what organization can do,
If you depend upon education, you'll get what education can do;
If you depend upon man, you'll get what man can do;
If you depend upon prayer, you'll get what God can do."

Chaplains were being contacted, letters were coming in, orders were stepping up. "Reveille" was becoming "The Service Men's Department!" It was already too big for Myer. But he wouldn't be carrying on too much longer.

While Ernie Pyle was with our boys in Sicily he wrote to the folks at home, "Blood plasma is the outstanding medical discovery of this war."

Eternal life also depended on a blood Donor. Perhaps the boys didn't know about Him. Myer was doing his best to tell them. And how appreciative they were! Letters like these were coming thick and fast:

(From Japan) "Although I am a Catholic I am a constant reader of Reveille. It's an inspiration to me and my shipmates. Thanks a million!—Lionel Lae, S1/C"

Here is another: "As for Reveille my words fall far below the mark when I say that for attraction, interest, humor and clear thinking, it outclasses all other papers of its kind.—Timothy D. Churchill, Y2/c."

And just one from a chaplain. "Reveille is so well composed and superbly edited that it attracts and holds attention, and gets down to brass tacks, inviting the boys to have a personal meeting with Christ.—Norman E. Edwards, Lt. Col., Chaplains Corps."

One little story will show the approach so necessary in reaching a soldier.

In Liberty Magazine the following inquiry was addressed to "Old Sarge's" servicemen's column. "My boy is doing all right in the army, but one thing puzzles me. A few days after each payday he writes home for money to tide him over to his next payday. He says he is being taught to 'shoot craps' and the lessons are very expensive. Since he is already a sharpshooter, I can't see why the army insists on his learning some new fangled exercise, especially at his own expense. How about it?"

Evidently the writer of this letter is doing a little kidding. But it is a fact that boys gather in the barracks for intricate money transactions that require deep concentration upon a pair of white objects rolled on the floor.

It would never do to say, "Boys, don't you know it's wrong to gamble?" They would simply laugh in his face and say, "So you're going to rake us over the coals for shooting craps, are you!"

Myer's approach would be this: "No, I'm not raking anybody over the coals for shooting craps. I'm going to point out the GOOD there is in gambling."

"Did you ever try to figure out why you shoot craps? It's nothing less than a courageous spirit of adventure. The only trouble is that the adventurous spirit is expressed in ways—no good to you or to anyone else.

"Gambling is simply a perversion of something perfectly legitimate and wholesome. The discovery of America was a magnificent gamble on the part of Co-

lumbus. It was based upon reasonable grounds and was for a very good purpose.

"Did you ever happen to think that faith is a gamble too? You've heard that there is a God. You aren't quite sure if this is true. Well, make the gamble! Take the plunge! Challenge heaven by saying, 'O God, I ask pardon for doing wrong: I pledge myself to do right. Show me whether Christ is indeed the Savior of the world, that I may dedicate my life to His service.'" Have you the nerve to make this gamble? I dare you to do it!

"The gamble of Christ, himself, was 'the great Gamble' of all time. He took His life in the palm of His hand, rolled it out in the blood-red drops of redemption, and before the sun went down He had won!"

And when the boys take the dare and make the gamble, stories like this can really happen. The following story is vouched for by the United Free Church of Scotland as an actual fact:

"Three Scotch privates and a corporal had been cut off during a terrible engagement in a Belgian town and, taking refuge in the loft of an empty house, awaited what seemed to be certain death. Outside they heard the Germans setting fire to buildings, looting, killing.

"Suddenly the corporal said: 'Lads, it's time for church parade; let's hae a wee bit service here; it may be oor last.'

"The soldiers looked a bit astonished but, placing their rifles in a corner, they came and stood at attention. The corporal took a small Testament from his breast pocket and turned the pages. 'Canna we sing something first? Try your hand at the Twenty-third Psalm. Quiet noo—very quiet.'

Myer used this story in "Privates"

'Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod,
And staff my comfort still.'

"There wasn't much of a melody to the tune, but the words came from the heart. Then the corporal began:

"'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.'

"As he read, loud shouts came from below; doors banged and glass was shattered. But he went on:

"'He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.'

"He finished, and his grave face took on a wry smile. 'I'm no' a gude hand at this job, but we must finish it off. Let us pray.'

"The corporal stood with the Book in his hand; the others knelt and bowed their heads. A little haltingly, and very simply, he committed their way to God and asked for strength to meet their coming fate like men.

"While he prayed a heavy hand thrust open the door. An exultant exclamation was heard and then a gasp of surprise. Not a man moved, and the corporal went calmly on. After a pause he began with great reverence to repeat the Lord's Prayer. That a German officer or private was standing there they realized; but they did not see—they only felt—what was taking place.

"Hearing a click of his heels a second later, they knew he was standing at attention. A moment of suspense, and then came the soft closing of the door and the sound of his footsteps dying away. The tumult in the house gradually subsided, and soon afterward the storm of war retreated like the ebb of a tide. At dusk the four men ventured forth and, by making a wide detour, worked around the flank of the enemy and reached the British outposts in safety."

Through Reveille Myer had the privilege of a personal contact with two of my own cousins, both in the Air Force. They never met him, but felt acquainted after reading his little paper. Learning of his death, Robert Graves sent his own personal tribute: "Your husband and I never met face to face, but I know him after reading Reveille. Surely there is consolation for you, Irene, in the thought that he was one of those who gave his all." Robert's brother, Frank also expressed appreciation: "Mother used to send me his paper, and I always found so much inspiration and faith enclosed in his writings. His influence on men's lives will continue, Irene, and God's blessing will be with those whom he loved. May I end this with a verse in my devotional reading last night. 'In Him who strengthens me I am able for anything.' Phil. 4:13 (Moffat)"

Just one year later Frank was "missing in action." But by the providence of God he was found—safe and well "somewhere in Roumania," where his plane had been shot down.

Especially interesting was Myer's contact with his own brother, Ben. He was in service at the time, and from exposure during maneuvers, had contracted pneumonia. For awhile it didn't look as though Ben would pull through. He did recover in time, and one day, while convalescing in Letterman Hospital in California

a kindly gentleman was visiting the boys. As he greeted each one Ben noticed that he handed them a little red, white and blue paper. When he came to Ben he gave him one too. As Ben glanced at the name in an inconspicuous place on the back, he looked up in surprise and said, "Why that's my brother!"

The tribute following is very sacred to me—yet so beautiful that I must share it:

"There are two Jews who laid down their lives in service for others, whose works do follow them.

"The first of these two Jews we have known personally, for he lived in our midst. I refer to our beloved Myer Pearlman. A veteran himself, he was the one fitted to launch a publication for service men. The name itself, Reveille, was his own idea. Printed in colors, illustrated with pointed cartoons, it had the 'soldier approach.'

"He sent his first copy to the chief of chaplains in Washington, and from him came a letter of unbounded enthusiasm, together with a list of our U. S. Chaplains. To each of these chaplains went copies of Reveille. A most unusual ministry to our "boys in the service" had already begun!

"At the early age of forty-four his earthly life was over. We who are left wish to do honor to the Jew who conceived this far reaching ministry. God bless his memory!

"Jewish by birth, he seemed incapable of such a thing as driving a hard bargain, even though he was born in Scotland! He was a contradiction of such characteristics. Always retiring, and self-effacing, he gladly made the supreme sacrifice, for that 'Great Jew,' his beloved 'Master'."—Rev. R. M. Riggs.

In the summer before Myer taught his last classes at C. B. I., he was asked if he would be willing to consider a change of subjects. A need was felt at the time for a simple, yet comprehensive course in Bible Prophecy. Would he switch from Old and New Testament Synthesis to Old Testament Prophecy?

Myer was aware that Prophecy was definitely not his subject. He had taught Synthesis so long that this subject had become to him like a favorite child.

However, he recognized that here was a need, and with his customary thoroughness he started to work out a course on Prophecy, teaching it as fast as he prepared it. He was on unfamiliar ground. He realized he was not master of his subject.

There were the beginnings of a very good course, but—time was running out. His health broke early in March of that same year, and teaching days, as well as writing days were over. Studies in Prophecy would be quite unnecessary where he was going.

There was a sense, however, in which his work was still continuing. His books have been translated into Hindustani, Portuguese, Arabic, Spanish, and other languages. Even in Africa they found an opening. One of his old students, Lydia Burnett, C. B. I. '28, wrote with appreciation, "Brother Pearlman's books are a constant help in my teaching and translation. Though home in heaven he is still speaking to African natives. How full his life was! One crowded hour in the life of some is worth more than an age of ineffectual years in others. God bless you and your little flock!"

V

Resting Days

"If I should ever leave you whom I love
To go along the Silent Way, grieve not,
Nor speak of me with tears, but laugh and talk
Of me as if I were beside you, for
Who knows but that I shall be oftentimes?
I'd come, I'd come, could I but find a way!
But would not tears and grief be barriers?
And when you hear a song I used to sing,
Or see a bird I loved—let not the thought
Of me be sad, for I am loving you
Just as I always have . . . You were so good
To me . . . So many things I wanted still
To do . . . So many many things to say to you . . .
Remember that I did not fear . . . It was
Just leaving you I could not bear to face . . .
We cannot see Beyond . . . But this I know:
I loved you so—'twas heaven here with you!"
—Isla Paschal Richardson.

Myer's favorite book, if he had a favorite among the sixty-six wonderful books of the Bible, was the book of Job. He had a little black curtain that he used to hang up when speaking on this much afflicted man. He always explained that those heart-breaking tragedies that came into his life, one after another, all took place while Job was "behind the black curtain," so to speak. And as soon as the testing was over the curtain was lifted, and Job was given twice as much as he had in the first place.

So as we come to this part of the story, let's just keep remembering that this all happened while Myer, too, was "behind the black curtain." And as soon as he passed the test the curtain was lifted.

Myer was getting pretty tired now. As he was on the train, headed for a camp meeting where he was to speak, he met a friend of ours, Mr. John Evans, on his way west for a little outing. He had with him his skillets and camping equipment. As Myer looked at them he said, a little wistfully, "I wish I were going with you, but somehow I just don't seem to have time."

I might add that his most enjoyable relaxation came from playing (by ear) his little Cavante, a Greek instrument, similar to a guitar. He had picked it up in a second hand store for ten dollars, and it had given him many happy hours.

In expressing his feelings to me later he remarked, "My mind feels like a burnt out light bulb."

The day came when he made his final heroic effort to meet his classes at Central Bible Institute. His mind refused to work for him, and he was obliged to dismiss his class.

On that very morning, as he met with the faculty for a few moments, to seek Divine guidance and help for the day—soft, beautiful music began to fill the room. Myer was singing. And the song was in the language of heaven!

A few days later, feeling quite nervous, he came down to the basement where I was washing. With a look of real distress he said, "Irene, please pray for me." We knelt by the washing machine for just a few minutes. Things were better then, and he went back upstairs, quite content.

Not long afterward he picked up the little outline he had used in teaching his last Sunday School class, the Business Women's Class. As he looked at it he said sadly, "My last point was, 'God will never

let you down'." And God didn't let him down! He simply had "other plans"—very wonderful and very beautiful. Instead of "letting him down," He was actually about to "take him up."

My husband's associates at Central Bible Institute and the Gospel Publishing House were really concerned over his condition. The last afternoon that he went up to his office at the Publishing House he was handed a check for \$50.00 and told to take a little rest, perhaps at Branson, a summer resort near Springfield. This thoughtfulness pleased him immensely.

Through the kindness of Rev. and Mrs. Bashford Bishop, we were able to leave Eunice and David in their care, and taking Donald with us, we left for Branson.

While there something was bothering him. A young man, a student of his at C.B.I. had come into his office several weeks before. Both had a sense of humor, and the boy had tried to converse and joke good-naturedly with him as in days past. He couldn't realize that something was happening to his old teacher, and he wondered why he didn't seem his usual happy self.

Myer felt, only too keenly, that he had not been up to par that day. He thought perhaps he might have hurt the boy's feelings. So there at Branson, one day, Myer was writing his last letter, very painfully and very slowly, with great mental difficulty. It was to this boy, of whom he was asking forgiveness, if he had hurt him in any possible way. (The last time I saw the young man he still had that letter with which he did not care to part—ever.)

We returned home from Branson in just one week.

As Myer was sitting one morning in his favorite chair, he looked up and said so wistfully, "I wish I could wake up and find that this was just a bad dream."

Within a very few days something wonderful happened. Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Garvin, who lived in Tulsa, Oklahoma heard of my husband's break, and wondered if they could help. Perhaps he might like to spend a little time in their lovely quiet home.

Myer was delighted with the idea. They drove to Springfield to get him. As he saw their familiar red car stopping in front of the house he said, with real appreciation, "Bless their hearts!"

He was their guest for about a month. One evening, as he seemed nervous and restless, Mrs. Garvin wondered if music might help. He was a lover of music, and one of his favorites was, "On Wings of Song." The music started, softly and sweetly. It worked! He became relaxed and thrilled too. She was delighted to hear him say, "We simply must reorganize our home. There must be a place for rest and relaxation." (He couldn't know that it was already too late). She played the records till nearly midnight. Myer was his old self again, restful and contented.

However during those brief "resting days" there was a deepening consciousness that for him it was "the last mile of the way." Several times he asked me to please take good care of the children. And each time I would promise, sometimes through tears, "Yes Daddy, I'll take good care of them—for you."

It has been a real comfort to me since his death that I was privileged to spend one restful week with my husband while he was in that quiet home. This was made possible through the kindness of my good neigh-

bor, Miss Lois Bowman, who cared for the children while I was gone.

The Garvins came to realize, as the days passed, that more understanding care was needed than they were able to give. And at the end of the month they brought him home.

As a veteran, Myer was eligible for care in their hospitals. He was accepted as a patient in the Veterans Hospital in Little Rock, Arkansas.

His "friends" in the editorial department at the Gospel Publishing House had already been missing him, and expressed their sense of loss in a kind note to me.

"As the days speed by, we have an increasing appreciation of the important place he filled among us. The warmth of his friendly smile, the assistance of his kindly counsel, the ministry of his prolific pen—in the absence of these we have sustained an irreplaceable loss.

"May the God who gave him to you and to us, minister to you grace added to grace with each passing day."

It was not death for him—
Only a glad release
From earthly bonds,
That he might enter in
And know unveiled
The glory of his Christ.
His Christ—the true Messiah—
For whose name he gave up all,
And **in** whose name he lived
From day to day.

How well he loved this Christ
His life has told us best.
Tender, sincere and gracious,
Like the Nazarene of old
He humbly moved among us
In his service day by day;
Nor will he ever cease
To live among us—
All his words, his deeds,
The man himself
Will never leave us.

No, he is not dead, only alive
Forever more.
And we shall meet—
O glorious hope of resurrection power—
We shall meet together
In the cloudless morning
Of Eternal Day.

—Alice Reynolds Flower.

VI

Promotion Day

“Thy gentleness hath made me great!
Of him could words more true be said?
The secret of the hidden spring
That made so rich the life he led.
Such gentleness—gracious, sincere,
From humble heart indwelt by God;
The ‘Book’ he knew, he loved, he taught
So plainly showed in ways he trod.
‘Great through Thy gentleness,’ O God—
Is this, to us, a challenge clear?
His task complete, his journey run,
Ours still to follow bravely here.
And could we greater honor show
Than, with a fresh devotion true,
We give ourselves, and ask from Thee
The same rich grace our brother knew.”

—Alice R. Flower.

(Read at Myer's funeral)

Letters from the Veterans hospital in Little Rock took nearly a week to reach me, and in desperation I contacted a kind-hearted minister, Rev. Bird Campbell, in Little Rock. I asked if he would please visit my husband. He was happy to do so. He knew of Myer, but had never met him.

On his first visit they became acquainted. The second time he went, Myer walked up to him, smiled, and shook hands. He was delighted to see his new friend again.

Myer was in the hospital for only one short month. The doctors were most considerate, and anxious to do everything possible for his recovery. But it was those visits of his “friend” that meant most to him and gave him his greatest encouragement.

The hospital contacted the Springfield Red Cross to secure a case history. The friendly Red Cross lady, Mrs. Phillips, graciously gave me the privilege of writing it. However, my husband had already passed away when it reached the hospital.

There was a reason for Myer's being in that hospital for those four weeks. Two young attendants, on duty in Myer's ward the last night of his life, might never have found out that the death of a Christian can be beautiful.

Both testified concerning what took place that night. The Christian young man said he heard my husband committing himself to his kind heavenly Father. The other young man, not a Christian, said, "That man prayed all night!"

The next afternoon, about four o'clock, Rev. Campbell visited him for the last time. Pneumonia had developed, and breathing was extremely difficult. Myer smiled, and gave him his hand. Everything was all right! Within an hour the "black curtain" was lifted—forever, and Myer was "at Home."

This beautiful letter reached the hospital "too late." Myer would have loved it!

My beloved Brother Pearlman:

"Words cannot express my sense of loss in not seeing you around, as usual. It seems about time for you to come into the office and offer to dictate in Hebrew so not to disturb me! I have missed your cheery 'Hello,' and 'Hi Chief!' You are the only one who ever called me that and I could never quite figure out why you did it. But that was you, and I remember you by it.

"If it were not so far down to Little Rock I would run in to see you often.

"As for your present problem, you need have no fear. It's only temporary. You'll soon be back! You could coast,

if need be, from now on and still come out ahead of the rest of us.

“So just rest, and we’ll trust that all will be well.

“With love, and prayers for your speedy recovery, I am

Your brother,

R. M. Riggs.”

At the time our daddy left us David was out on his paper route. The word hadn’t yet reached me as he delivered his paper to our own door. Feeling I must prepare him for what might happen, I said, “Daddy is so sick, David. He might not get well.” But I saw that it didn’t register with him at all.

He finished his route. Daddy was already gone when he came home. As gently as possible, I broke the news. He slipped away to the bed-room. Those sobs were breaking my heart! What could I do to help? Suddenly all was quiet. Looking me straight in the eye he said quietly, “Mom, I can take it if you can.” After that “Mom” just had to be brave too.

Eunice was at camp at the beautiful Lake of the Ozarks. Before she left home I explained that I might have to send for her. But I saw that she failed to grasp my meaning. It was simply unthinkable that Daddy might not still be with us when camp was over.

About two o’clock in the morning our kind pastor, Rev. Bert Webb, and his dear wife arrived, bringing her home from camp. As I opened the door to let them in my girlie just gave me one big hug. That hug meant everything to me just then!

A few days later, as Myer entered his home church for the last time, in a flag-draped casket, the pianist, Mrs. Lorena Quigley, was playing softly, at my request:

“Don’t you hear the bells now ringing?

Don’t you hear the angels singing?

'Tis the glory hallelujah Jubilee
In that far off sweet forever,
Just beyond the shining river,
When they ring those golden bells
For you and me."

The last hymn Myer ever sang was:

"Thou blest Rock of Ages
I'm hiding in Thee."

It was sung by Rev. T. H. Hollingsworth.

My brother, Rev. Arthur Graves and his lovely wife, Ethyl, sang one of the hymns of my father which had always been a favorite of mine. These are the words:

"In times when my faith
May be weak and frail,
In times when the doubts
And the fears assail,
I will look to God,
Naught mine eye shall dim;
Then my Father comes close,
It is just like Him!

When the powers of hell
Would ensnare my soul,
And turn me away
From my heav'nly goal,
When the spirit is willing—
But flesh is weak,
It is then that I love
To hear Father speak."

Six little words formed a fitting text—"Thy gentleness hath made me great." (Psa. 18:35). These words are underlined in red in Myer's own Bible.

At this funeral strong men wept openly. They loved their humble, courageous friend, who had just given the "last full measure of devotion." This "weeping" was, to me, far more comforting than any tribute

of words, however lovely. It was the language of hearts!



Among the exquisite floral tributes was a huge star, made entirely of blue flowers, the Star of David, from Myer's Jewish friends. There was also a lovely white cross of flowers from his Gentile friends.

And there is a significant harmony, blending the two. The Star of David is the emblem of the Jewish people; who will one day bow in grateful acknowledgement of their own Messiah, whose death, on a cross, was for Jew and Gentile alike.

Myer was laid to rest beside two of his own students, Roswell Flower, and William Evans. Together they rest in peace, "until the day break and the shadows flee away."

One night, several months later I saw Myer, abounding in vitality and radiant good health. He was holding my hand, and I heard him praying—"Lord, bless Irene and help her!" He kissed me—and was gone.

That simple prayer, only six words, has been answered. There have been shadows! But the sunshine has been so beautiful that the shadows have been quite hidden.

"There's not a sorrow we can know,
Nor pain that we may feel,
That Jesus does not sympathize,
That Jesus cannot heal."

VII

Still Later

"In some way or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet in His own way
The Lord will provide."

Not long after my husband's death the rented house in which we were living was to be sold. We were notified that we would have to vacate, and find other living quarters. It was war time and rental property was not available.

Just across the street was a cozy little cottage that I had often thought looked so "home-like." It was not for sale! It was the home of a fine, elderly couple, and had been their home for many years.

One day, after reminding my heavenly Father that we were really needing a home, I stepped across the street and knocked at the door.

After explaining our situation, I said to the lady, "Would you be willing to let us have this house?" Without a moment's hesitation she replied, "Yes, we would." Then I mustered up courage to ask the price. Her answer was, "We would have to have \$3,800.00."

My husband had just \$3,800.00 insurance, available at his death. The house was paid for! Without his knowledge, Myer had done what he had always wanted to do, provided a home for his family.

Something very strange happened not long after we moved into our little "home."

The Alumni Association of Central Bible Institute, of which my husband was president, wishing to express their appreciation in a lasting way, decided to place his picture on the walls of the school. For this purpose a photograph of him was enlarged and placed on an oil background. Such a picture was worth nearly \$100.00.

After completion, this picture was being returned to the company for a bit of retouching. By mistake it was sent to the wrong company, and finally reached the Frisco dead freight office in Springfield.

On this particular day a lady who knew my husband happened to be attending the sale of dead freight. She was Mrs. Carl Wyman, the daughter of a humble, motherly little lady, Mrs. Schone.

Mrs. Wyman was shocked and hurt to see a beautiful picture of Myer Pearlman in that dingy cluttered dead freight office. She hurried to a telephone and asked me what to do. Completely puzzled as to how it got there, I told her to please bid on it and try to get it. To those who were strangers to my husband it had no value except for the frame.

At her request, the men present did not bid on it, and her bid of \$4.00 gave her the picture. She held it till a member of the Alumni arrived, refunded to her the \$4.00, and rescued the picture!

It now hangs on the walls of the Alumni Center, a striking tribute from Myer's friends, the Alumni of Central Bible Institute.

My husband did not have the pleasure of becoming acquainted with his son David's dear little wife, Esther, whose father was the late Rev. Wesley R. Steelberg.

Neither did he have the opportunity of knowing his energetic young son-in-law, Lee Roy Collins—always swamped with work, forever trying to get “caught up”—just like his father-in-law.

One day, while I was writing this story, a letter came from David, stationed at the time with the Air Force in Tripoli, North Africa. David knew nothing about the “book.”

In his letter he enclosed the bulletin from the chapel service on the base, which he and his buddies had attended the previous Sunday. Perhaps there weren’t enough hymn books to go around “over there.” Anyway, in the bulletin the hymns were printed in full.

As I glanced at the inside page of that little bulletin I was thrilled. Here were the closing words for my book. They were from Myer’s own boy, and they had come all the way from Africa!

“Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a Mighty Rock
Within a weary land;
A ‘home’ within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noon-day heat,
And the burden of the day.

I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain or loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.”

—Elizabeth C. Clephane.

TO MY DEAREST FRIEND

(Harmonized by Fred Thede)

Irene P. Pearlman

I. P. P.

O my Sav - ior, how I a - dore Thee,

The first system of musical notation is in 3/4 time. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

Thou art the world and all to me.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a melodic line with a key signature change to one sharp (F#) in the final measure.

And I know that some - day in heav - en,

The third system maintains the musical structure. The treble staff has a melodic line with a repeat sign, and the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.

We'll meet our loved ones there with Thee.

The final system concludes the piece. The treble staff has a melodic line that ends with a final chord, and the bass staff provides a concluding accompaniment.