

Oral
Roberts
University

Promethia '71





Promethia '71' -- Touch Someone

Within the World
there are other worlds,
Within each of these worlds
there are people,
And within each person
There is an individual
longing to be real.

This inner man
longs to be realized,
For him to be real someone else
must desire the experience of reality,
If everyone would
be real
then the world would be—

Perhaps beautiful,
Perhaps unashamed
of its true self,
Perhaps unafraid
to reach out—

To touch someone's soul,
To share the same world
as an experience of beauty
Perhaps then people could
really touch God.

—Joleen Kelley

BEGINNING

This issue of **Promethia** is given to the subject of Touching Persons and Touching God.

Not every piece reflects the joy or the fulfillment of touching, caring. Some are bleak, soulless reflections of separation, alienation from caring, touching; others the sheer joy and release of sharing one's purpose and life with another. Both are necessary. They reflect the world as it really is out among people.

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PROMETHIA

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If I had the gift of being able to speak in other languages without learning them, and could speak in every language there is in all of heaven and earth, but didn't love others, I would only be making noise.

If I had the gift of prophecy and knew all about what is going to happen in the future, knew everything about everything, but didn't love others, what good would it do? Even if I had the gift of faith so that I could speak to a mountain and make it move, I would still be worth nothing at all without love.

— 1 Cor. 13:1-2 (ampl.)

Love is love when you give it away.

Carnival

Glassy eyes in hollow faces
Plastic smiles in public places
And tireless, painted clowns that bore:
All is simply paper, like the posters on the door.

One seeks reality and finds the masked facades
He tries to hear a heartbeat behind the facial nods
But none is there. So he gambles all
And seeks it in himself in the mirror hall.

Hell must be a hall of mirrors
with a mirrored floor
Where man seeks God at every turn
and finds himself, nothing more.

—William R. Walker



On Loneliness Hill

The shadows fall across the valley,
Slumber comes to the valley village,
As I sit upon my hill all alone,
Alone and afraid of the world beyond.

I look to the darkening sky above,
The deep purple sunset is almost done.
Blackness approaches, deep and rich,
Cluttered only by the sparkling spots of stars.

The sky above is rich and pure,
Unafraid, bold and in glorious splendor,
Casting its purity on the whole world,
No clouds mar its beauty or its grace.

A soft wind swims through the leaves,
Easily pushing the autumn leaves about
Now fading, now rising in subtle strength
Whispering words of love and cleanliness.

And my gaze turns once again to the slumbering village,
I think what a pity it misses all this
But they are all blind to God's reality,
They can only see what they want to see.

And the tiny village slumbers on and on,
Its cares washed away with the Sandman's smile,
Till the brilliance of the morning sun arrives,
And shows them their world of sin and pride.

The night it still passes swiftly on,
Now two, now three, by the village
tower clock

And I lay and wait for my hour to come,
The agony of which cannot escape me.

The wolf cries the last time in the dwindling dark,
A light, dim but certain, in the East arises
So I must leave this, my hill of loneliness
Leave my bed of leaves and moss and grass.

The hour is come to return to my true abode,
Back to the hamlet of the emerald valley
Back to their world of sin and desolation,
Back to my own sin and loneliness.

—Bill Techanchuk

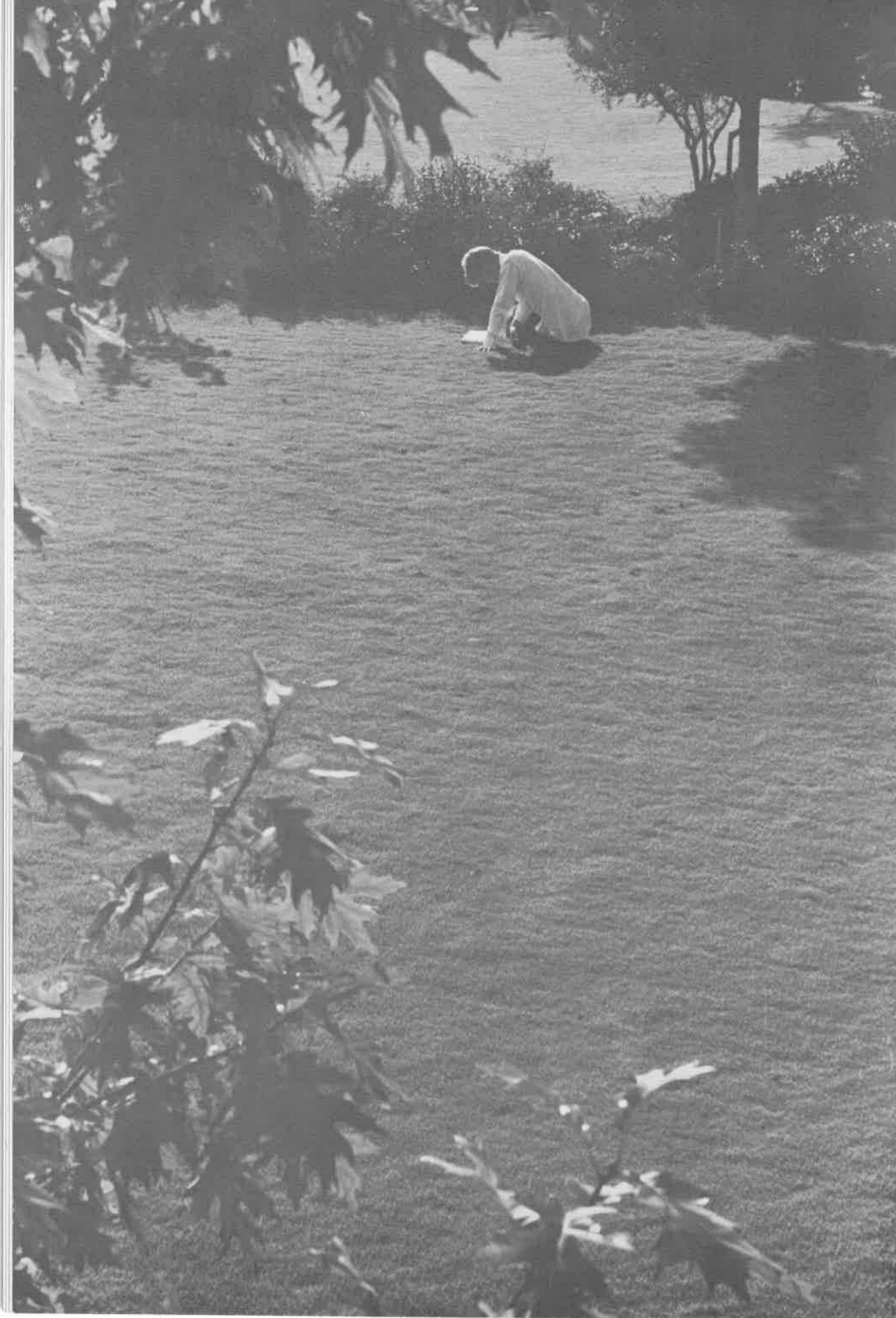
Bridging the Gulf

... foreboding, frightening, frustrating
Why is it there?
That grotesque stretch of emptiness
defying honest contact
man between man, and life with God.
Word far from action.

They call it gap,
ears closed, eyes shifting, hearts hardened ...
minds in the slumber state.
Who dares look across the ugly chasm?
So small the span ... yet so great the bridge.
Too hard the start from either side ...
No.

Word became flesh ... it married action.
It listens; it sees; it understands; it is sensitive.
God became man; the man was love—the bridge.
Into emptiness—into the crowd, the sovereign self,
the Word, from one shore, can be heard.
Who will listen?

—Jim Donald, Jr.



On Wondering and Wandering On

I find you exciting in your distance
And your mystery
And I wonder . . .
How much longer must I wait?

I thought we were finally found
This last time
But I was wrong,
So our search must linger
That much longer.
It **was** worth the time, though,
For I'm older in my mind,
And so much more ready to find you.

I've thought of you often
And wondered of your place
And the occupation of your mind.
In lonely moments,
Dreaming,
I've longed for the gentleness
That's your way
And the quick brightness of your smile.
And at other times
I get still and think,
"I wonder if you search, too?"
And I wonder for a moment
But for a moment only
And then I wander on.

—Craig Hatcher

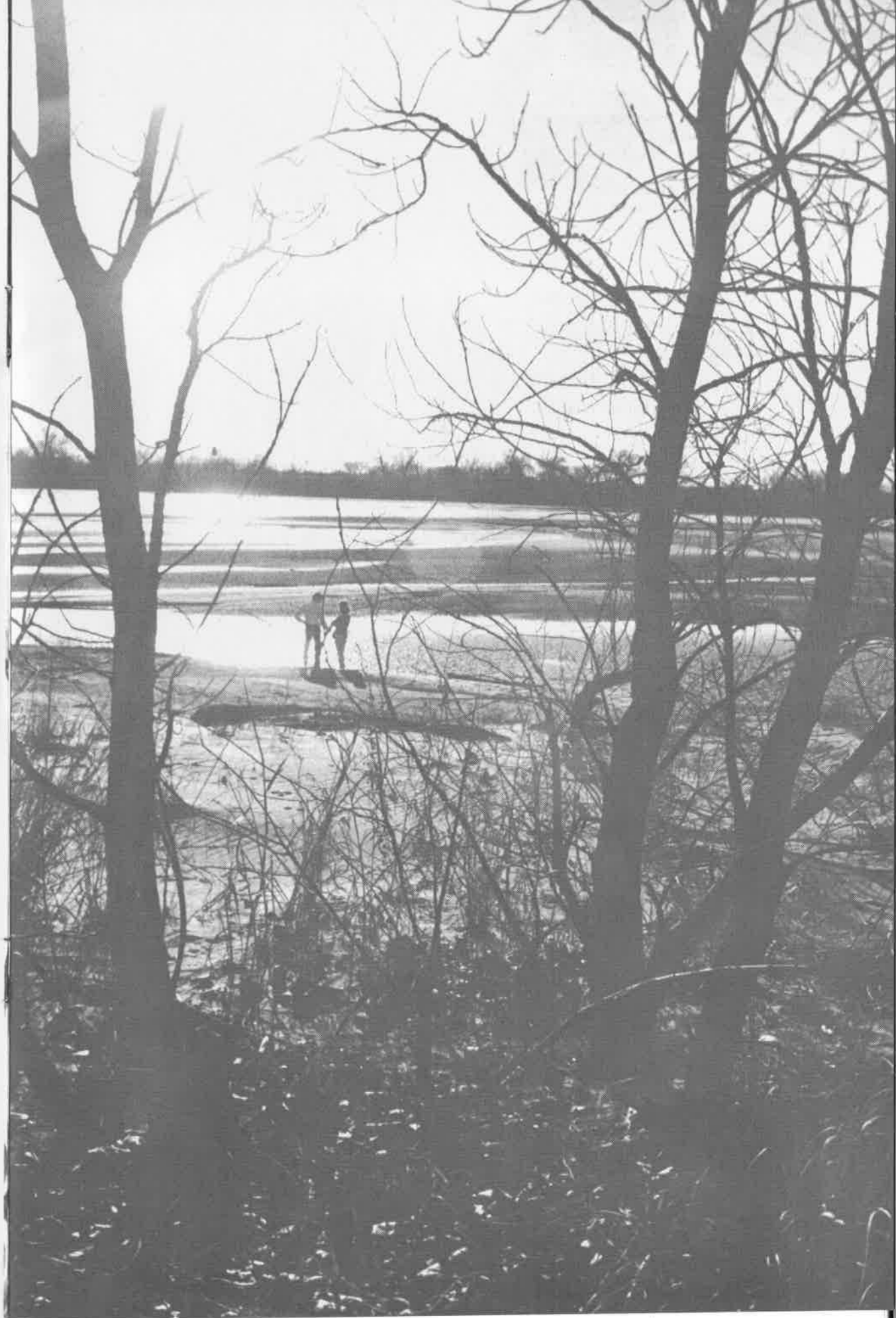
Alone

It was not that a man's hand abide alone,
But that it share the warmth of another's existence.

That it comprehend another's turmoil,
That it rise with another's joy,
That it explore the thoughts that express the
emotions of another's being,
That it strengthen with another's sure determination,
That it feel the timelessness of another's soul,
That it share together the evolving selflessness that
unites one with Another into a single creation,

It was not that a man's hand abide alone,
But that it share in the totalness of another's existence.

—Larry Morbitt



High on the rough trail to Spanjola
where weeds grow over forgotten
Turkish footprints,
I met and spoke with a flower
Named Dika.
Shyly she offered me an orange
Meant for one of her six or seven
brothers and sisters.
I think now I understand
why the hot sun in Herceg-Novi
seemed so cool,
and why we suddenly understood
one another
though neither spoke the other's
language.

(Yugoslavia: April, 1967)

—W. Blaine Wheeler

Dec. 27
Over New Mexico

At the quiet limit of the world,
Roused the shepherd at breathing door,
With no tears for the hidden past,
But kept with subtle rememberings
of recent warmth and silent hope.

Touched your innocence lovingly with my own,
And they're innocent still.
No leftover life sits here, for my own weakness
shared itself early in our togetherness.
When it began was reaching out.

Now I come to share beyond that
'til the bridge again be formed
And the healing fountain start to fill
the space in gentle love,
where no distance need remain.

I love you.

This Day

Sometimes are not like others,
Like today for instance;
And though I don't understand,
I know I've thought more of my brothers.

Possibly I shall call this their day.
Since in thought with them I was
Discussing in great detail
What I now would like to say:

It is you my friend, who are responsible
For much of my present freedom;
The light of your joy shines through my sorrow,
Understanding not, nor knowing just how;

A special day for you has become
Very meaningful to me. Thank You.
And so indeed a very Happy Birthday
to you my friend, God's son!

—Glen Neeley

in the rush of silent work
i heard a once forgotten song
looking out upon a darkened sky
it took me but for a moment
to another day remembered

you called me back with words
and sounds of gentle crime
as a child i would be
and you the hearts true conscience

i have not made my place among
the memories of forgotten time
nor do i wish to change today
with the joy and pain of yesterday

i only ask that you consider me
needfully keeping reference points
to give me wholeness in my life
and i will live most full today.

may our next misunderstanding
be less hasty.

—R. N.





TWISTED ME

Where and what inside myself
so tender and so close
that you with love's hands touch
is there?
I'd forgotten it.

You said I could be reached there
a shielded place with walls
pain built by hurt's hand, mortar
dark fear
I'd hidden there.

Love stood and shown in the wall
it's heat loosened stones
returning fear filled in
the cracks
You'd come too close.

Fright quakes and lonesome quivers,
stones dropped over the wall
twisted me left out
to you
Love met my fear.

Water flowed in my canyons
clearly deep to clean
love could live in my heart
life there?
A beginning.

My mind damned our love's flow
stopped it to still
it flowed through you even so
God's love
No stopping that

He made a way within time
He planned it and ordered it.
His love washed out the dam
mind clear
Jesus conquers fear.

—Nancy Hopper Stewart

From a notebook.....

It's been you Jesus moving
gently around in the back
parts of my mind.
Even when I had not the
courage or humility to
look at you...
I see you now, I believe,
for what are and oft
have been to me, even
when I knew it not.

And the Lord of life strode
midstage
I suspect it is he who will
bring order out of chaos.
The direction he made us
go first,
was inward.
Then outward.

And in my good moments
among the human family,
I thought I saw the hawk
flying with the dove.

Your name whispered is like
a sharp barb catching
on my heart
and tearing it.
But I welcome this tearing
like I welcome
the warmth of
the sun on a
cold winter day.
For it promises life and hope.

WBW

Please --
Won't some one care.
At least let someone know
you're there,
even if it's just a gentle
touch.

CH

Remember the cave we came to
that day?
You cried out...
Yet we went on.

B.C.

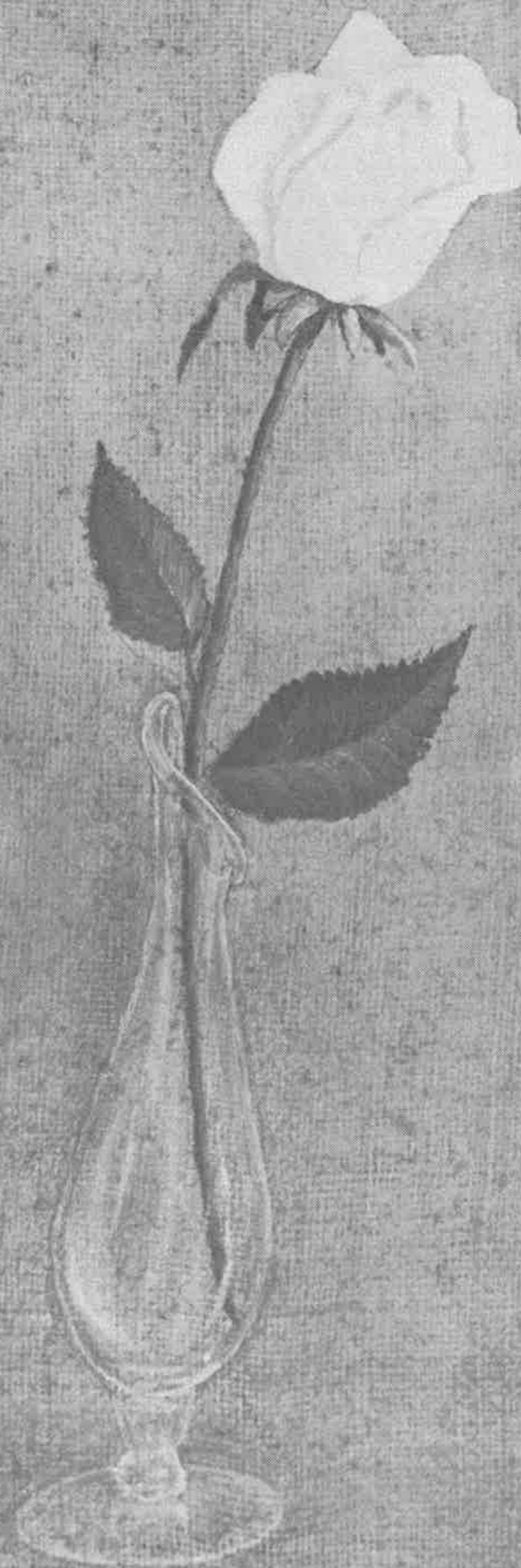
To My Friend—

Friendship
is oft
like a fragile flower
which,
in our eagerness
to possess it,
We clutch!
and crush.
—Steve Smith


Touched

I'm touched,
It may be my head,
It may be my heart,
But I'm touched
When I see you
With a smile on your face
And not just your lips.
Then I know
That you're trying to show me
You're happy to see me
clear through.
I'm touched when I see
Tears in your eyes.
You show me your heart
Is tender and feeling—
Like an open rose.

—Craig Hatcher



BETSY



I saw no kinship in the face,
Had no genetic feel for depth of Love
Or sense of race;
But in her thriving pain
I'll take her up again
And Look to Love through
Defect what I can't
By comely virtue or by grace.

—Steve Heaston

A Part of Two

See how smoothly I left it
all behind?
The world of ice cream
cones, tennis shoes
and crazy ties.
All the things
that had always been,
suddenly seemed so childish
common for you to see
me living in.

And when I
worried, your warm hand
always soothed me. The
tingle of your touch beckoned
me toward a world I had never
visited, now a world in which
I will never again be an
uneasy stranger.

When we walked together
I always wondered how I could
be so lucky;

Funny to realize that you
were thinking the same thing.

—lewi graham





Thinking of You

I'm thinking of you today.
Old memories long abandoned
Flash across my mind
With the speed of insanity
Until a single image of you
Halts all others.

Now fixed upon my mind,
I can begin to see
Deep inside you
A mere reflection
of something that I
Once saw before.

A piece of myself
Embedded within you.
A fragment
Of a life.
Living,
Yet dead.

No longer to shine
Over every darkened corner
Of my life;
You have left me.
Alone,
In a crowd.

Yet somehow I know
That you are still with me.
That your presence (although imaginary)
Is still here.
And I know
That's the way it should be.

I'm thinking of you today.
And of the love we share.
I just thought I'd let you know . . .

I love you.

—Bob Coonrod

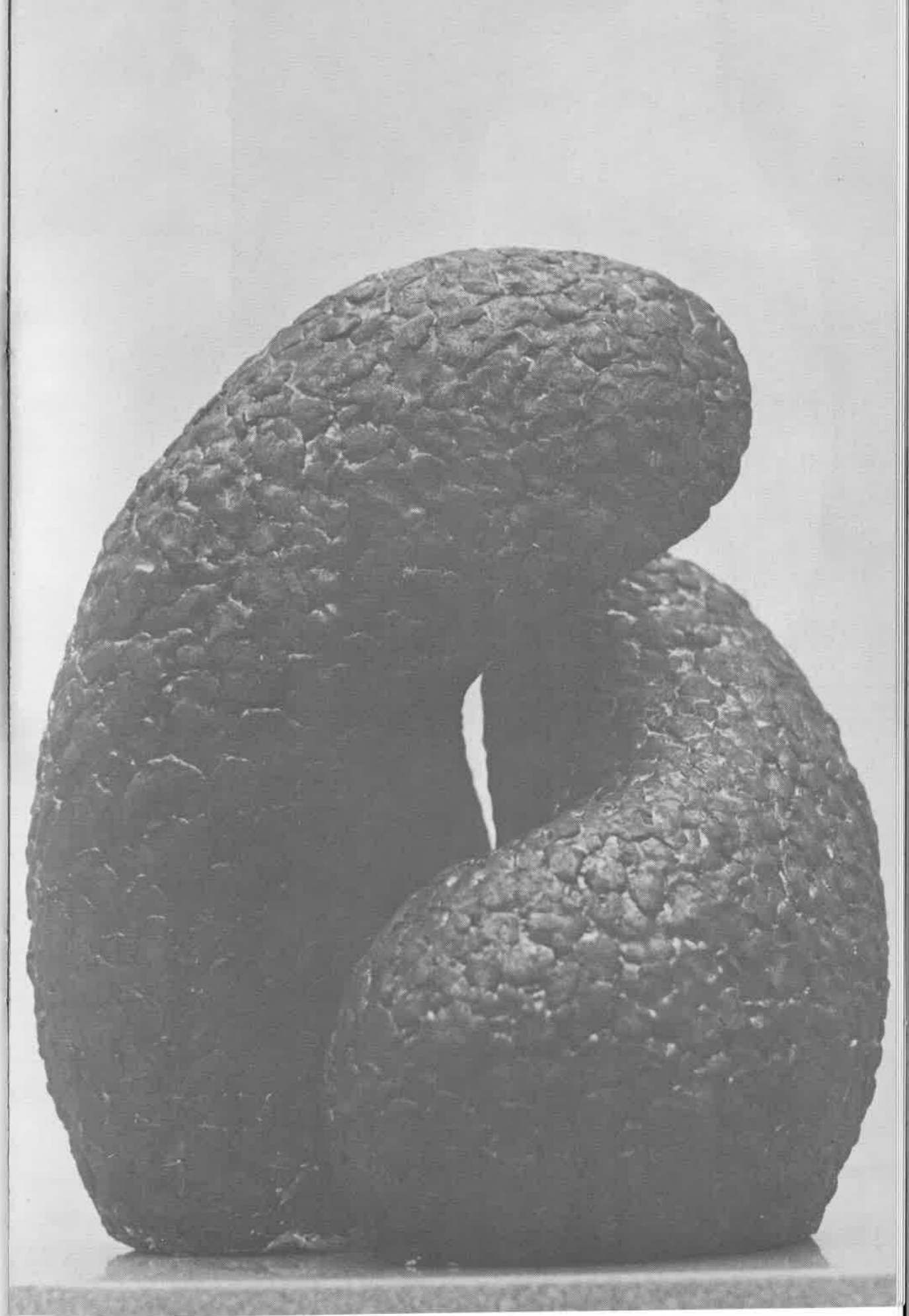
Certain gestures from man to man, from God to man are not vulgar displays or heartless barterings, but invitations. They are not prods to make another perform. They are invitations to share—to know. "Be a living part of me. Let me be a living part of you. Let us share breathing, heartbeat, movement, crying and touching.

I have no fear of you. I am not hiding. My deepest parts I open for you to know. I have no defenses or offenses, just me. I offer you no barriers, no facades. I have only me but all that I have I offer you. If you continually accept me as I am and I the same with you, there are no walls or limits."

Such invitations quicken my dormant hidden self and I become my full height. My self escapes and flows into you.

In the intensity of the height of sharing, our closeness becomes union. Because it is union, oneness, it defies time and space. It is life, energy, eternal.

—Laura Tidwell





The Touch of The Master's Hand

'Twas battered and scarred, and the
auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his
while
To waste much time on the old
violin,
But held it up with a smile.
"What am I bidden, good folks?" he
cried;
"Who will start bidding for me?"
"A dollar, a dollar . . . now two,
only two . . .
Two dollars, and who'll make it
three?"

"Three dollars, once . . . three
dollars, twice . . .
Going for three" . . . but no—
From the room far back a gray-haired
man
Came forward and picked up the
bow;
Then wiping the dust from the old
violin,
And tightening up all the strings
He played a melody, pure and sweet,
As sweet as an angel sings.
The music ceased, and the auctioneer
with a voice that was quiet and
low,
Said, "What am I bid for the old
violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.
"A thousand dollars . . . and who'll
make it two?"
"Two thousand . . . and who'll make
it three?"
"Three thousand once, and three
thousand twice,
"And going, and gone," said he.

The people cheered, but some of
them cried,
"We do not quite understand . . .
"What changed its worth?" The man
replied,
"The touch of the master's hand."
And many a man with life out of tune
And battered and torn with sin
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless
crowd,
Much like the old violin.

A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,
A game—and he travels on;
He's going once, and going twice,
He's going and almost gone.
But the Master comes, and the
foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul and the change
that's wrought
By the touch of the Master's
hand.

—Myra Brooks Welch

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I Believe . . .

YOU CAN TOUCH GOD

I believe it pleases God for you to
interrupt Him with a need.

You can reach out and touch God . . .
in the silences of your life . . .
in your deepest emotions.

You can touch Him . . .
when you are in a crowd . . .
or if you are alone . . .
if your life is piling up . . .
if you are troubled . . .
if you are young or old . . .
if you are scared and frightened.
God is there!

"But God is so busy," someone says.
Yes, He is busy . . .
but His business is YOU!

(Hebrews 4:15, 16)

I Believe . . .

GOD IS PRESENT IN TIME OF TROUBLE

It's when you are in trouble that God's
face shines the brightest. That's
when His face emerges above
the storm clouds.

It's when you're in trouble that God
appears to you the strongest.
That's when you see Him standing
there in the shadows.

It's when you are in trouble that you
feel the strong hand of God . . .
taking possession of your mortal frame . . .
lifting you . . .
putting your feet on the solid rock,
Christ Jesus.

(Psalm 46:1)

—President Oral Roberts

The Savior of Love

My life was like an autumn leaf
Blown by winds of time
Along life's trails of woe and grief
And peace was never mine.

My friends were few; my foes are many;
My fame had long grown frail;
I wondered who, perhaps not many,
Had walked my woeful trail.

Ah! how oft I prayed that death
Would come and from my sorrow take me;
I prayed and wept till out of breath
But demise just ignored me.

And then alas! I fell in love
And new life dawned within me,
Sweet cosmic music from above
The stars and moon played for me.

Love, O Love, thou savior of the lonely;
Thou chorus of a song undone,
Thou filler of the empty!

—John Bayley

Poem of Praise

Some men say that Christ is dead;
It's written in the world, they've said.
His body's hung for all to see,
To wonder at in fantasy.

But not me.

I love the nail-scarred wounded feet of Him
whose blood so rich and sweet
Could wash away my darkest hour
And fill me with a special power
To meet my foe with flag held high
To look my brother in the eye.

For what's inside, a surging flood
Is Christ, and His Redeeming blood.
I rose to touch His tender heart
He reached to make my darkness part.

My dreams of fame and self-success
And all the whims that we possess
Were dropped to Hell;
But through His grace
I saw them take a higher place
Than I had ever hoped to have
In God they took a different path.

It's sometimes shadowed by my past
But up ahead I see the lights of cloudless days
And endless sights of victories
Claimed with heart and mind
And all the peace a soul can find.

I know God's got the answers now
I know He wants to show me how
To be a person, strong and hale
To march on earth and right past Hell.

I'll someday look Him in the eyes,
The one who many here despise.
He'll take my hand and draw me near
And tell me that He's glad I'm there.

I'll tell Him that I'm glad He came
And took the shame,
And bore the blame,
Of things I did and thought and said.

He bore my sins upon His head:
He took my place.
He died my death.
He gave me life.
He gave me breath.

Now I shall always praise His name;
Forever, Jesus is the same.

—Ruth Will

Miracles

Miracles, miracles, people say,
"Don't be so mystic."
Miracles, miracles; don't you know
they're childish dreams?
Miracles, miracles . . .
"Come, now child, be realistic!"

But my own eyes see,
And my own hands feel,
And I know this miracle's for real . . .

Miracles, miracles; everywhere He
goes they follow;
Miracles, miracles; down to dust,
a way of life.
Miracles, miracles; just too much
for some to swallow . . .

But my own eyes see,
And my own hands feel,
And I know this miracle's for real . . .

—David Stearman
(From: "God Come Down")

I'll Be There

The dawn is breaking,
The morning bright and clear,
The weary waking,
Are hungry now to hear.

So take my message and spread it everywhere.

Oh yes, remember, forever I'll be there . . .

I'll be there . . .

I'll be there . . .

When the way gets weary, I'll be there . . .

This world is weeping,
Your love can dry eyes;
Her children sleeping,
Go call them to arise.

So, as my Body you now must learn to care;

Oh yes, remember, remember I'll be there.

—David Stearman

(From: "God Come Down")