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Satire: How to Succeed in the Pulpit
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FOR METHODIST FAMILIES MAY • 1965



A critical review of the controversial motion picture being shown
at the Protestant-Orthodox pavilion of the New York World's Fair.

THE PARABLE

By WILLIAM F. FORE, Executive Director, Broadcasting and Film Commission, National Council of Churches

VISITORS TO THE Protestant and Orthodox Center at the New York World's Fair come away from the showings of an extraordinary motion picture with a wide variety of reactions.

Seen in the perspective of the fair, *Parable* is really three different things: a film, a representation of Protestantism, and a message.

As a film, it is a unification of sound and picture in motion instead of the usual illustrated slide lecture (with the emphasis on lecture) produced by most church groups.

One of the remarkable things about *Parable* is that, except for a brief prologue, no words are spoken. In an allegorical setting where words would lose their meaning and easily might become counterfeit, the relationships between Clown and the Water Carrier, the Girl, Magnus, and the rest are refreshingly personal and direct. No claims of the sponsor intervene to spoil the human encounter.

We are free to enjoy the visual images, and they are dramatic and full of impact—the kind one plays and replays in his mind long after the film itself is dim memory. Examples: the circus parade; the appearance of Clown, with an all-white face which is not altogether clownlike; Magnus seated in his magnificent red chair, manipulating the strings of a human Punch-and-Judy show; the face and cry of Clown as he is killed; Clown at the top of the circus tent, arms outstretched in death. These images mix with the wild and sometimes discordant circus music in a cinematic experience one cannot easily forget.

As a symbol of Protestantism, *Parable* is moderately successful, especially when one considers alternatives. What *could* quickly and interestingly summarize what Protestant groups stand for—groups as diverse as the Salvation Army, Episcopalians, Methodists? If “the simple Gospel story,” then whose interpretation? If “basic Bible truths,” then whose selection?

Amid the inevitable confusion surrounding development of the Protestant exhibit for the fair, the miracle

is that *Parable*, or any film, was made at all. Its acclaim by *Newsweek* as “possibly one of the best films at the fair” is an evaluation not only of the film but also of the Protestant church. Thus, *Parable*, at the very least, proclaims that Protestantism can use a contemporary art form, and can draw a crowd with a film which asks relevant and thought-provoking questions.

Finally, *Parable* is a message. Here it is less successful. If a parable is “a short fictitious narrative from which a moral or spiritual truth is drawn,” then this *Parable* is not so much a parable as a film Rorschach test, in which every viewer is invited to read into it his own conclusions.

Is Clown the Christ figure? Perhaps for many. But many others would say that to be called a Christ figure is the duty of every Christian. However, here is a fundamental flaw, for Clown is too meek and mild, too simpleminded, too otherworldly, too intent on getting himself killed, whereas the Jesus Christ of history engaged his world, knew it, grappled with it, was killed by it, yet overcame it.

Who killed Clown? Obviously it was those for whom Clown, in his simple honesty, posed a serious threat to their way of life and thinking. But here is another flaw, for the nature of that thinking and that way of life is not always made clear.

Could they really have killed Clown in the main tent? Of course not, but neither would a circus parade really take place on an isolated country road. And who is riding that donkey in the parade at the film's end? Clown? Magnus?

No, this is not just a parable, it is a fantasy and an allegory as well. And, as in every allegory, you cannot push the comparisons too far without betraying the truths of comparison.

Though its theology is shaky or at least unclear, *Parable* contains moments of insight and poses searching personal questions. It is, certainly, an exciting film—and a better representation of Protestantism, with all its diversities, than we had a right to expect. □



1. Clown, first seen riding a donkey behind the circus parade, amazes the weary Water Carrier by picking up his heavy pails and struggling up a steep slope with them to water the thirsty elephants.



3. Beside himself with fury, Magnus the Great violently jerks the strings that control his human puppets. They gyrate helplessly at the top of the circus tent in his cruel, living Punch-and-Judy Show.

4. Clown, having released the living puppets and taken their place, hangs in the harness. Now he is helpless against the attacks of men whose day of life he has threatened. Instinctively, they kill him.



2. Clown, followed by the Carrier and a Girl and a Negro he has liberated from indignities, cleans the children's shoes, interrupting the main show.



5. Again the parade passes. Behind it trots a donkey, bearing a clown. Is it Clown come back to life? Or Magnus, who has put on Clown's makeup?

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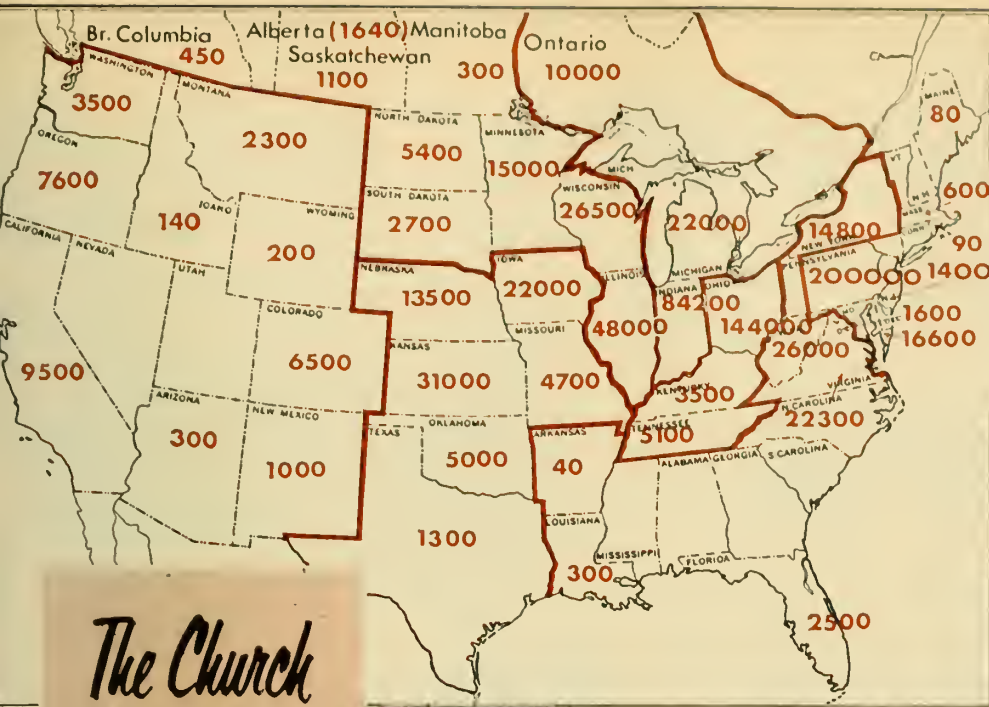
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Almost two thirds of all EUBs live in five states of the Ohio Valley. Figures on the map show approximate membership by states and provinces. Dark lines mark the seven EUB episcopal areas.

The Church in Action

Proposed Methodist-EUB Union: A Progress Report

The News: A little more than 19 months remain before November, 1966, when General Conferences of the Evangelical United Brethren Church and The Methodist Church will meet in Chicago to consider taking the first major step toward union of their denominations. The General Conferences, highest EUB and Methodist governing bodies, will be asked to adopt a Constitution for the proposed united church. Delegates also will have the first draft of a proposed *Discipline* for study.

Much remains to be done before November, 1966. But much already has been done. Few members of either denomination are even vaguely aware of the countless hours spent and thousands of miles traveled by a team of some 100 negotiators who now are writing the document which will be proposed as the *Discipline* for a new 11-million-member denomination. Four important divisions of the book already are in draft form; 13 more will be written by September.

Already prepared, though subject to further refinement, is the brief (17 pages) Constitution. If the Constitution is approved by the General Conferences in 1966, it will then be presented to the Methodist and EUB annual conferences. Affirmative action at both levels could mean that the 1968 Methodist General Conference in Dallas, Texas, could become a uniting conference to form the new church. At that session, approval also would be sought for the proposed *Discipline* on which annual conference action is not required.

Background: Serious negotiations looking toward union of the 760,000 EUBs and 10,300,000 Methodists began in 1958, although the two denominations have been regarded as first cousins since the days of their common early history in 18th-century Pennsylvania.

One of the EUB Church's founders, Philip William Otterbein, was among those who laid hands on the head of his friend Francis Asbury at Asbury's consecration as first bishop of U.S. Methodism. And for a short time in its early history, the EUB branch headed by Jacob Albright was called the Newly Formed Methodist Conference. It was primarily a language barrier which kept them from uniting their work at the beginning. (The early EUBs spoke German as their mother tongue, while Asbury insisted on English as the language of his congregations.)

Doctrinally, the followers of Asbury, Otterbein, and Albright throughout their history have shared beliefs of the Wesleyan tradition, and their patterns of church organization always have been similar.

Just as the Methodist Church today represents the 1939 reunification of three former branches, today's Evangelical United Brethren Church is the union of two former denominations, the Evangelical Church and the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, which had separate histories until 1946.

Progress So Far: The unity negotiations now going on between the two denominations are under auspices

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of two commissions appointed by the parent General Conferences. Commonly, the two bodies refer to themselves as the Joint Commissions on Methodist-EUB Union. Dr. Charles C. Parlin serves as secretary for the Methodist commission and Dr. Paul A. Washburn is executive director of the EUB group. Coditors who will handle editorial preparation of the new *Discipline* are Dr. Emory S. Bucke (Methodist) and Dr. Curtis A. Chambers (EUB).

Thirty-seven persons make up the actual commissions memberships, but an additional 90 church leaders are assisting in the work of formulating and writing the new *Discipline*. They are grouped into 17 working committees to deal with various subjects: missions, education, publishing, hospitals and homes, judicial administration, and others. The committees prepare preliminary drafts for final decisions by the commissions meeting in joint session. (The next meeting is scheduled for September 8 to 11.) The completed *Discipline* draft is tentatively planned for publication August 1, 1966.

The simultaneous meetings of the two General Conferences in 1966 will take place in Chicago's mammoth Conrad Hilton Hotel. The 500 EUB delegates, meeting from November 8 to 17, will conduct a regular quadrennial session. For the 850 Methodist delegates, however, it will be an unusual special session, the first ever called, lasting only three or four days and dealing specifically with the church-union question. It is expected to start November 9.

The four completed reports presented to the Joint Commissions' most recent meeting in March were those dealing with conferences, administrative agencies, evangelism, and hospitals and homes. A partial report from the committee on judicial administration also was in written form.

Reporting to the commissions on work of the 17 committees, EUB Executive Director Washburn pointed out that the committees are striving to write into the *Discipline* the kind of general enabling legislation which will give it needed flexibility to be used in working out details of union in all areas. There will be a minimum of references to the two former denominations and few detailed directives of "What the Methodists will get and what the EUBs will get" in the union.

Dr. Washburn urged that the *Discipline* be regarded as a covenant by which Christians live together and treat each other in justice and love through patterns of order. The *Discipline* is a document which will be written on paper, he said, "but it will take longer to get it writ-

ten on our hearts and our minds."

Three Levels: Negotiations at the general church level, of course, are only the essential steps by which Methodists and EUBs can achieve organizational union. But genuine unity must come at the levels of annual conferences and local congregations.

Even in advance of the 1966 General Conferences in Chicago, a surprisingly large number of local Methodist and EUB churches already are expressing the desire for closer relationships. A recent survey conducted for the Joint Commissions shows that Methodists and EUBs in 90 different U.S. communities have taken steps to tie themselves closer together.

In some cases, two or more congregations have joined in yoked fellowships with one pastor, either Methodist or EUB, serving separate congregations of both denominations. In other localities, federated churches have been organized with two congregations supporting one pastor, using one church building, yet retaining relationships with both Methodist and EUB annual conferences. In still other places, complete union of local churches has taken place with the members of one denomination changing their membership to the other. The prospect that additional unions of these kinds can be worked out is seen by many leaders as a strong factor in favor of unifying the two bodies.

At the mid-level between General Conferences and local churches, however, fewer working relationships have been developed between annual conferences and their agencies. At their March meeting, the Joint Commissions encouraged more such activity of co-operation and negotiation.

Negotiators have agreed that EUB and Methodist annual conferences serving the same geographic areas would have 12 years after union to work out their own unification. By then, it is hoped that no overlapping conferences would continue to exist.

Outside the U.S.: Interestingly, progress toward union is moving more rapidly in Germany than in the United States. Both denominations have vigorous, though numerically small churches which grew from missionary activity starting about 1845. Leaders of the two groups have formed their own committee to prepare for union.

A different situation exists in Canada, where Methodists became a part of the United Church of Canada in 1925. EUBs, on the other hand, have two annual conferences with nearly 14,000 members in five Canadian provinces. Presently they are weighing the possibilities of union

with other Canadian denominations rather than joining their U.S. brethren in union with U.S. Methodists.

A new co-operative venture between EUBs and Methodists is in Indonesia where two EUB missionary couples are at work in an evangelistic mission to the Karo Batak Church, supported by the Methodist Board of Missions.

Optimism—With Caution: As work of the Joint Commissions on Union has moved forward in recent months, a mood of cautious optimism has grown. Some problems which earlier loomed large seem to have diminished in size and importance. Still remaining, however, is the problem of disparate size between the two churches. Methodists outnumber EUBs by more than 13 to 1. Some EUBs have voiced concern that their church would be "swallowed up" in union. A system of proportionate representation is proposed to assure a voice for the EUB minority in the united General Conference and on churchwide boards and agencies during early years of union.

Perhaps the most difficult issue facing the Joint Commissions is one raised by the Methodist General Conference of 1964 in its approval of the so-called Kirk Amendment (offered by W. Astor Kirk, reserve delegate of the West Texas Conference, Central Jurisdiction). In this measure, the Methodist body recorded its judgment that the racially segregated Central Jurisdiction of Methodism should not be included in plans for the united Methodist-EUB denomination. Accordingly, writers of the new *Discipline* have made no provision for the Central Jurisdiction's continuation.

Clearly, however, mere exclusion of the words "Central Jurisdiction" from the written document will not eliminate the racially segregated pattern of church organization where it still exists within Methodism. (The EUB Church has no such segregated structure and, in fact, has few Negro members.)

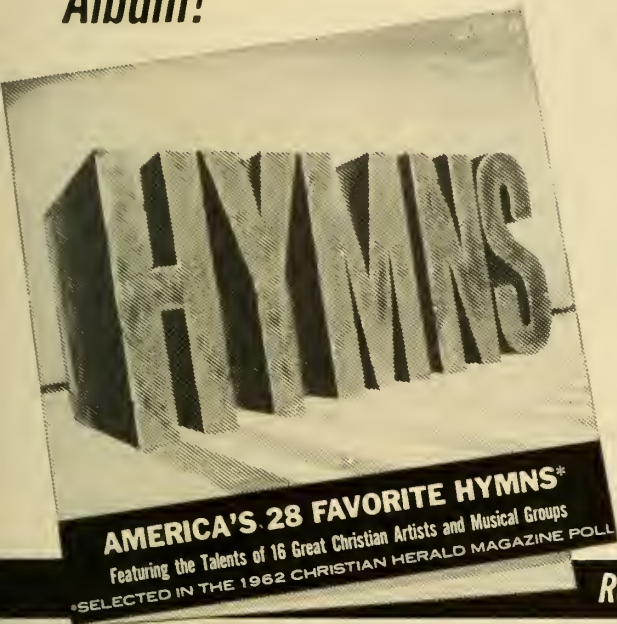
Negotiators so far are unable to foresee how this question will be resolved. A report on progress toward elimination of the Central Jurisdiction is included on the agenda for the special 1966 Methodist General Conference, and an important decision relating to the question is expected this year from the Methodist Judicial Council. Whether that decision will help to settle old issues or raise new ones is not known.

Significance: On both sides, members of the Joint Commissions agree that a strong spirit of co-operation has characterized sessions of all the working committees. Dr. Washburn recalled the comment of Dr. Ernest C. Colwell,

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Lew Charles (piano & organ) | 19. <i>My Faith Looks
Up To Thee</i>
Bill Mann |
| 2. <i>How Great Thou Art</i>
Bill Mann | 11. <i>Just A Closer Walk</i>
Dick Anthony Choristers | 20. <i>Blessed Assurance</i>
Claude Rhea |
| 3. <i>What A Friend
We Have In Jesus</i>
Frank Boggs | 12. <i>A Mighty Fortress</i>
Lutheran Hour Choir | 21. <i>Ivory Palaces</i>
Moody Chorale |
| 4. <i>In The Garden</i>
Alph Carmichael and
his Orchestra | 13. <i>Nearer My God To Thee</i>
Bill McVey | 22. <i>I Need Thee Every Hour</i>
Abilene Christian College
A Cappella Choir |
| 5. <i>Amazing Grace</i>
Frank Boggs | 14. <i>God Will Take
Care Of You</i>
Flo Price | 23. <i>Lead, Kindly Light</i>
Dick Anthony Choristers |
| 6. <i>Rock Of Ages</i>
Serenaders Quartet | 15. <i>Have Thine Own
Way Lord</i>
Haven of Rest Quartet | 24. <i>The Love Of God</i>
Frank Boggs |
| 7. <i>Sweet Hour Of Prayer</i>
Lul Mickelson Orchestra | 16. <i>Just As I Am</i>
Billy Graham Crusade
A Cappella Choir | 25. <i>Near The Cross</i>
Jerry Barnes with the
Kurt Kaiser Singers |
| 8. <i>Abide With Me</i>
Dick Anthony Choristers | 17. <i>Onward Christian Soldiers</i>
Paul Mickelson Orchestra | 26. <i>Jesus, Lover Of My Soul</i>
Bill Mann |
| 9. <i>Beyond The Sunset</i>
Pearce & Dick Anthony
(vocal duet) | 18. <i>Jesus, Savior Pilot Me</i>
Haven of Rest Quartet | 27. <i>Faith Of Our Fathers</i>
Frank Boggs |
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Moody Chorale |

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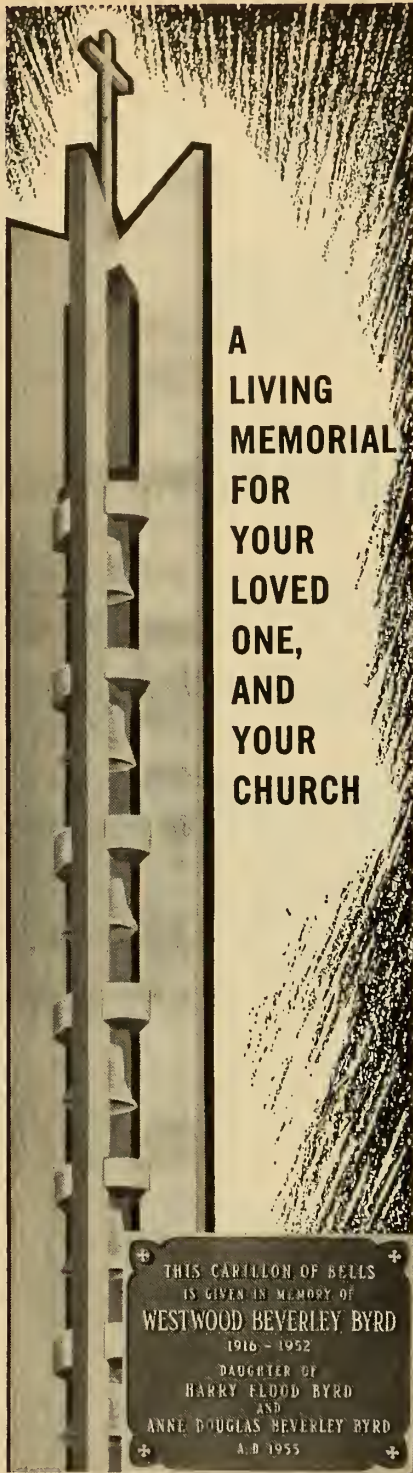
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president of Methodism's School of Theology at Claremont, who said of the negotiations:

"In order to be moral, we must work at this with a will to succeed."

To which Dr. Washburn added, "I have attended almost all committee meetings, and I have found the members all to be working with this will to succeed. We recognize that unless God is involved, we will fail. We believe that he can mold men's minds. Therefore I am hopeful."

**Mississippi Shows Signs
Of Race Relations Progress**

As Mississippi braces itself for the flood of civil rights workers, demonstrators, and spectators expected this summer, there are hopeful signs of a changing climate on the state's stormy racial horizon. Among them:

- Millsaps College in Jackson, a liberal arts school primarily supported by Mississippi Methodism, has dropped racial barriers as its board of trustees voted unanimously to consider all qualified applicants for enrollment beginning with the summer session.

Nat Rogers, board president and also head of the Mississippi Bankers Association, said the decision resulted from changes taking place in the country since passage of the federal Civil Rights Act, and as a "matter of practical economics." Funds from the National Science Foundation and other aid would be cut off unless Millsaps complied with federal regulations.

A three-point statement by the board elaborated:

"1. . . . dedicated to the fundamental concept of majority rule in a democracy, Millsaps believes that it has an obligation to abide by the laws of this nation.

"2. As an institution of The Methodist Church, Millsaps has throughout its history attempted to express . . . the highest ideals of the Christian faith. In this tradition, the college cannot remain unresponsive to the call of the church for an end to discrimination . . .

"3. As an institution of higher learning, Millsaps cannot cut itself off from the mainstream of American life and thought in the mid-20th century."

- The 2,500-member Mississippi Economic Council, the state's chamber of commerce, issued a statement urging Mississippians to accept and "adjust to the impact" of the new civil rights law. That law, it said, "cannot be ignored and should not be unlawfully defied." The statement went on to demand that registration and voting laws should be fairly and impartially administered for all.

- Lieut. Gov. Carroll Gartin, addressing the Greenville Chamber of

Commerce, said the state must adjust to change or be destroyed by it. "Businessmen, industrialists, and civic leaders," he said, "must speak up and speak out in a positive manner. We must not let the irresponsible become the voice of Mississippi . . ."

- Mississippi Bar President Earl T. Thomas defended the U.S. Supreme Court before some 40 state and local judges. He said all courts suffer loss of respect, prestige, and confidence of citizens when criticism of the highest court is not based on reasonable and rational grounds and becomes solely vitriolic and emotional.

- Centenary Methodist Church in McComb voted to pledge \$3,000 needed to complete rebuilding the nearby Society Hill Baptist Church which was dynamited last September. While its first efforts will aid the Negro Baptist congregation, Centenary's board of trustees also adopted a plan to lead a countywide movement to help all churches victimized by racial violence in 1964.

- In Yazoo City, John C. Satterfield—prominent attorney, former president of the American Bar Association and influential Methodist layman—issued a "plea for unity" and loyalty to The Methodist Church. He registered strong opposition to the petition being circulated by the Mississippi Association of Methodist Ministers and Laymen (MAMML). An unofficial group which Mr. Satterfield helped organize in 1950 but left in February, 1964, MAMML advocates withdrawal from The Methodist Church and formation of a new Methodist church in the South.

- In Jackson, the official board of Galloway Methodist Church reversed a former decision and voted 81-31 to put its World Service apportionment back into the budget.

[For further insight into the racial situation in Mississippi see *Mississippi Methodism Turns a Corner*, April, page 3.]

**Medical Theory of Christ's
Resurrection Rises Again**

Did Jesus faint on the cross and was his Resurrection merely a delayed recovery from a deep coma?

This medical theory, not a new one has been suggested in the London *Sunday Times* by Dr. J. G. Bourne, senior anesthetist at St. Thomas hospital. He describes cases where patients had been kept upright, remaining in coma for several hours, a day or two, and, in one instance, two weeks.

Dr. Bourne, identified as a man of strong Christian belief, feels his theory could make Christianity more believable to people unable to accept the supernaturalness of the Resurrection

Challenging the theory, Anglican Bishop Arthur Stretton Reeve said the "fact" of the Resurrection is the only way to explain the disciples' behavior after the Crucifixion. "If they had merely seen Him ill and wounded . . . after his appalling ordeal of crucifixion and then coma, would this have ever transformed them from men in despair to those who were able to go out and preach the faith of Christ with such fervor . . . ?"

The Rev. H. A. Williams, dean of chapel at Trinity College, Cambridge, says that if Christ did not die on the cross, "it is strange that there is no record, no hint or a tradition of how he did eventually die."

A third clergyman, the Rev. D. I. Leonard, contends that Dr. Bourne's article raises more questions than it answers. For example: were the Roman authorities really so naïve as to release the body of a criminal to friends before making sure he was dead?

How did a half-dead man get out of grave clothes, leaving them neatly piled on the floor, roll away a huge stone, and walk the same day to Emmaus and return to Jerusalem? Where did Jesus live from then on? Why did neither the Jews nor the Romans discover the deception? What happened to him during the rest of his life?

A Sunday of Strife in Selma and Its Aftermath

Less than 48 hours after racial violence erupted in Selma, Ala., on Sunday, March 7, 500 clergymen of every faith arrived on the scene.

Acting on orders by Gov. George Wallace, state police had used nightsticks and tear gas to disperse civil rights demonstrators intending to march 50 miles to Montgomery, the state capital. Eighty persons were hurt.

The clergymen joined a second march protesting voter registration inequities, led by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. It was peacefully turned back after the mile-long column of 1,500 marchers knelt on U.S. Highway 80 to pray.

Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord of Washington, D.C., was among the demonstrators, seeking, he said, "to redress the grievances suffered by Negroes in the violence and brutality, not only to defend the freedom of the Negro in Selma but of all men everywhere." He came not on specific invitation, he said, but in response to Dr. King's general plea.

The same day Bishop Lord and the other marchers crossed the Selma bridge, Bishop W. Kenneth Goodson of Methodism's Birmingham Area met with Gov. Wallace, himself a Methodist, for more than an hour.



Bishop John Wesley Lord (right) of Washington, D.C., is briefed by a civil rights leader at Selma, Ala., before an intended march to the state capital in behalf of Negro voter rights. Standing with the bishop outside Browns Chapel is Msgr. George L. Gingras of the Washington Catholic archdiocese.

Bishop Goodson presented to the Alabama governor "as strong a representation as I know how in my own behalf, as well as the church's, in my disapproval of the Sunday afternoon episode." The bishop said the governor expressed his own deep regrets. They discussed human relations at length, he said, and prayed together before parting.

Later, Bishop Goodson and Birmingham Area district superintendents issued a six-point statement urging reason and restraint in thought, word, and action. They solicited "the prayerful concern of all people of goodwill . . . that just establishment of the rights and privileges of all Alabamians may prevail."

One point in the statement voiced regret for "the entrance into Alabama of many clergymen and others whose concern we do not impugn but whose strategy we seriously question, as we feel that many ameliorating efforts of native churchmen, both lay and clergy, will be greatly handicapped by this tactic."

Back in Washington, Bishop Lord was a key figure at a National Council of Churches' rally which drew an estimated 5,000 persons. He paid tribute to the Rev. James Reeb, the Unitarian minister slain at Selma, called for President Johnson to visit the troubled city to restore lost confidence and increase hope in the future, and defended defiance of the federal court order restraining the march in which he took part.

He said the injunction issued by a federal district judge represented a denial of the right of peaceable assembly for the redress of grievance guaranteed by the Constitution. He said the injunction "was declared by the demonstrators to be both unconstitutional

and immoral—immoral because the injunction subverted rather than supported the cause of human freedom. . . . I believe that in this act, so difficult for many to accept or understand, freedom was reborn within our nation."

Bishop Lord was one of 16 leaders chosen to represent the rally and talk with President Johnson the same morning. After the two-hour conference, the bishop said he felt confidence in the President's leadership and that his proposed voting-rights legislation would "sustain the highest hopes of those who went to Selma."

Catholic-Stronghold Chicago Adopts Birth-Control Plan

Chicago, which Carl Sandburg called hog-butcher for the world and the nation's freight-handler, is also the citadel of American Catholicism—the seat of the largest U.S. archdiocese.

But here the nation's first extensive city-sponsored birth-control program begins in six clinics this spring. Chicago's board of health has approved a pilot plan for free birth-control information, assistance, and pills to qualified candidates.

The program will not be limited to married persons, those above a certain age, or those on relief, says Dr. Eric Oldberg, board president. Any woman who qualifies for "health reasons" will be eligible. And health reasons, explains Dr. Oldberg, will include not only medical reasons but social factors as well.

Mayor Richard J. Daley's acceptance of the program reverses his earlier opposition to birth-control services in city clinics. One Chicago news columnist noted that the Mayor "must have wrestled not only with



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the facts of the case for family planning but also with his own strong Roman Catholic religious conscience."

Mayor Daley's about-face was doubtless influenced by many factors, among them Chicago's galloping population rate, especially among the poor, and the fact that federal funds are now available for family-planning projects. Moreover, recent opinion polls in Chicago show that people of all faiths, Roman Catholics included, overwhelmingly favor birth-control services.

The mayor described the new program as "an attempt to try to bring about some recognition of the problem from a health standpoint." The board of health's resolution stated it "does not intend to engage in any discussions or controversies having to do with race, religion, or tax questions."

On the state level, the Illinois Birth-Control Commission appointed by Gov. Otto Kerner in 1963 presented its program. Said to require no legislation, it, like the Chicago plan, calls for birth-control services for married and unmarried women.

Seek 18 for Task Force

To pioneer three years of medical, educational, and social projects in rural and urban communities of Brazil and Bolivia, the Methodist Board of Missions is recruiting 18 young men and women college graduates as a Latin American task force.

It is hoped that at least six Negroes will be included. Though demand for Negro missionaries overseas is increasing, applicants are few.

Positions are open for teachers, public-health nurses, social workers, agriculturists, bookkeepers, and pastors. The group will begin extensive language and area study on June 14.

This is the second task force set up by the board. Last year, 16 young, single men began training for emergency service in the Congo. They now are completing a year's language study in Brussels, Belgium, and will leave for the Congo in June.

As a mobile missionary force, they will serve in tense and difficult situations where regular missionaries might not be assigned.

Former Board Member Dies

Dr. Karl P. Meister, 78, former head of the Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, died February 10 in Elyria, Ohio, after suffering a heart attack.

He served on the board from 1944 to 1956 and was president of the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes in 1933-34, while superintendent of the Methodist Home for the Aged in Elyria. He had served pastorates in Ohio and Massachusetts.



Top: a portion of entry mall, with housing units at left, of award-winning Wesley Manor Retirement Village near Jacksonville, Fla. Below: aerial view of Blanton Gardens, Dallas, Texas Methodist retirement project, that also took a top design award in the 1964 FHA design awards program.

Methodist Homes Honored

Two Methodist retirement homes recently received honor awards in the Federal Housing Administration's Design Awards Program.

Wesley Manor Retirement Village, 266-unit housing project near Jacksonville, Fla., and Blanton Gardens, 105-unit project in Dallas, Texas, were among 9 entries to receive top honors out of nearly 200 submitted.

Bicentennial Plans Underway

Plans are being developed for a four-day church-wide meeting in Baltimore, Md., next year in connection with the bicentennial celebration of the beginnings of the Methodist movement.

Bishop Paul N. Garber of Raleigh, N.C., is chairman of a general committee which is planning the April 21-24 meeting in 1966.

Sessions will be held in the Baltimore civic auditorium with probably one session scheduled for historic Lovely Lane Methodist Church.

Bishop John Wesley Lord of Washington, D.C., heads the program committee, with Dr. Frederick E. Maser of Philadelphia, Pa., cochairman and secretary of the committee.

The theme for the program will be *Forever Beginning*. The program is expected to feature a number of historically significant addresses and exhibits. An interpretation through drama being prepared by Dr. E. Jerry Walker, Duluth, Minn., will highlight



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one of the sessions of the celebration.

The Rev. Edwin Schell, executive secretary of the Baltimore Conference Historical Society, is chairman of a committee in charge of local arrangements.

The 1964 Methodist General Conference, recalling the centennial in 1866, authorized the 1966 bicentennial observance and passed further resolutions supporting the celebration. The Association of Methodist Historical Societies is being joined by other church agencies in sponsoring the Baltimore meeting.

Attendance by many representatives from the church is expected, particularly members of annual conference historical societies and others having a particular interest in the celebration, according to Dr. Albea Godbold of Lake Junaluska, N.C., general secretary of the Association of Methodist Historical Societies.

Win Freedoms Awards

Several Methodists were among winners of awards from Freedoms Foundation, Valley Forge, Pa.

The awards are given for "outstanding achievement in bringing about a better understanding of the American way of life."

Methodist winners included:

- Sermons or addresses—Chaplain Daniel B. Jorgensen, Scott Air Force Base, Ill.; Dr. Roy L. Tawes, Easton, Md.; Dr. Denson N. Franklin, Birmingham, Ala.; Dr. Frederick B. Harris, U.S. Senate chaplain; the Rev. George S. Hewitt, Brookline, Pa.; the Rev. Edward B. Hollenbeck, Dermott, Ark.

Also the Rev. James T. McCafferty, Jr., Clarksdale, Miss.; the Rev. Ray-

CENTURY CLUB

This month, five Methodist ladies and two gentlemen, 100 or more years young, join TOGETHER's Century Club. They are:

Mrs. Nina Higby, 100, Thermopolis, Wyo.

Clyde E. Thomas, 100, Montpelier, Ohio.

Mrs. Mattie Isabell Williams, 100, Savannah, Ga.

Mrs. Mary E. Rush, 101, Marion, Ind.

Mrs. Minnie Brotherton, 100, Dunkirk, Ind.

Mrs. Vena Bumgartner, 100, Ivins, Utah.

Walter M. Chadick, 100, Winnsboro, Texas.

When nominating a person for the Century Club, please give present address, birth date, and where the nominee has church membership.

mond J. Purnell, Hyattsville, Md.; the Rev. Robert H. Spain, Lebanon, Tenn.; Dr. James R. Smith, Arlington, Va.; Dr. Homer J. R. Elford, Youngstown, Ohio; and layman Raymond W. Miller, Washington, D.C.

- Editorials and articles—Luther A. Smith, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Troy Holliday, Chalybeate, Miss.; and Fred Cloud, Nashville, Tenn.

- Drama—the Rev. Ernest K. Emurian, Arlington, Va.

Goodwill Industries received an Americana award for its program of aid to the handicapped.

Name New Managing Editor

The Rev. William C. Henzlik has been appointed managing editor of *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE* to succeed Gran J. Verhulst, who retired.

Formerly an editor with a Chicago publishing firm, Mr. Henzlik more recently has served pastorates at Prophetstown and Oak Forest, Ill. Methodist churches.

Also joining the *TOGETHER* staff as an associate editor in news, is William L. White, recent editor of the Texas Conference edition of the *Texas Methodist*.

Church-State Problems Under Commission Study

Methodist study of church-state problems resumed recently with organization of the new Commission on Church-Government Relations in Chicago.

The new commission is organized under the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, with Dr. W. Astor Kirk of the board staff as executive director.

Elected chairman of the commission at the Chicago meeting was the Rev. Joseph H. Albrecht, pastor in Springfield, Ill. The Rev. Robert Breihan, Wesley Foundation director, Austin, Texas, was named vice-chairman; and Dr. Ralph W. Decker, of the Methodist Board of Education staff in Nashville, was chosen secretary.

After outlining church-state issues for study during the 1964-68 quadrennium, the commission's 20 members grouped into six "task forces" which will make studies in seven areas.

The areas: (1) religious liberty; (2) preferential treatment accorded by government to clergymen, churches and church members, including tax immunities; (3) interaction between government and nonpublic schools; (4) interaction between government and nonpublic institutions of health and welfare in this country; (5) U.S. government policies in overseas programs which have church-state implications in the U.S.; (6) involvement of local churches in church-state matters; and (7) theological studies

of the basic role of the church in society.

Regarding the seventh listed subject, the commission plans to ask two Methodist seminary professors to write comprehensive papers dealing with the theological aspects of church-state problems. Members of the task forces will begin work on the other six areas of study as soon as possible and present reports at the next full commission meeting October 14-15 in Washington, D.C.

The importance of the new commission's work is pointed up by the fact that Methodists, unlike other major denominations, have neither officially adopted guidelines nor authorized persons to speak for their church when government programs are in the early stages of formation.

Methodists in the News

Mrs. F. Roderick Dail, Decatur, Ga., was elected to the Board of Missions Joint Commission on Education and Cultivation with primary responsibility of editing the annual program book of the Woman's Society of Christian Service.

Mrs. Porter Brown, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Missions, New York, and Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., of the New Jersey Area have become members of the board of directors of Religion in American Life, Inc.

Theodore M. Berry, Cincinnati, Ohio, a member of the church's Judicial Council, was named director of community action programs in the federal antipoverty effort.

Franklin C. Thomas, former Illinois teacher and Methodist layman, returned to the United States after three years in Pakistan as the church's educational advisor engaged in improving and expanding the Methodist educational system there.

Dr. Orville H. McKay, pastor of the First Methodist Church, Midland, Mich., named president of the 110-year-old Garrett Theological Seminary in Evanston, Ill. He succeeds Dr. Dwight E. Loder who was elected a bishop in The Methodist Church in 1964 and now heads the Michigan Area.

Miss Rosemary Scheuerman, former director of Christian education, First Methodist Church, Normal, Ill., joined the Methodist Interboard Committee on Missionary Education, Nashville, Tenn., to head the denomination's missionary education of children.

1967 World Exhibition Will Have One Christian Pavilion

Seven Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Greek Orthodox churches in Canada have agreed to bear a common witness to Christ at the 1967 World Exhibition to be held in Montreal.

Signing an unprecedented agreement to build and share a common pavilion at the fair are the Anglican, United Church of Canada, Presbyterian, Baptist, Lutheran, Roman Catholic, and Greek Orthodox churches. Participation in the joint venture by the Roman Catholics has the approval of the Vatican and

Canadian bishops of the church.

The Rev. John Martucci, secretary-general of the Christian pavilion, says the pavilion will not be divided into several booths belonging to the different denominations, and the churches "will preach not about themselves but Christ. Sharing the same faith, the same hope and the same charity, they want to bear a common witness to Christ and his Gospel," he said.

Precise cost of the pavilion has not been determined, but it is expected to be less than the \$7 million spent for the Vatican Pavilion and \$3.5 million for the Protestant-Orthodox Center at the New York World's Fair still in progress.



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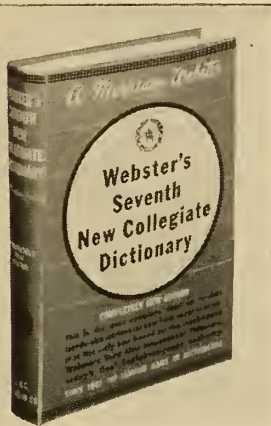
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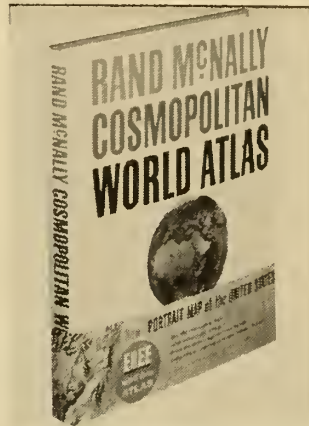
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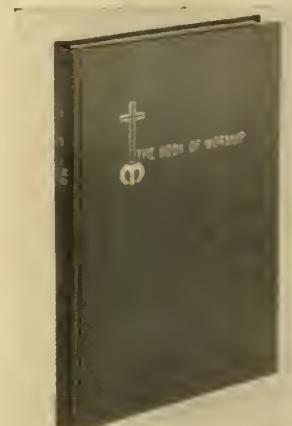
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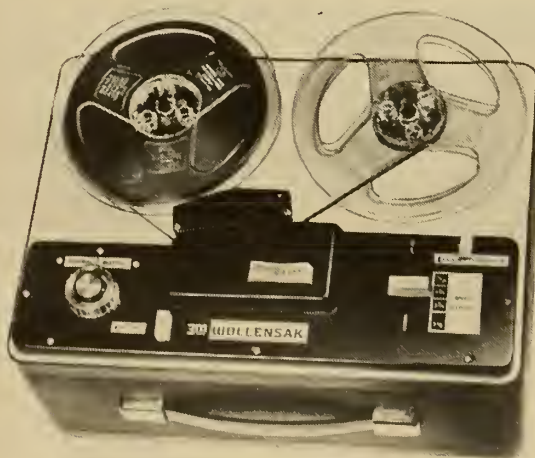
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A FRONTIER for Today

AT THE END of January, two members of our editorial staff returned from assignments on the West Coast minus the usual signs of travel fatigue. Instead, they were excited. As they put it, "We saw the growing edge of Christianity."

Two of the stories they covered are reported on the following eight pages. The first concerns the freewheeling program of the Glide Urban Center in San Francisco. Though its roots are deeply and distinctively Methodist, the center avoids conventional programs. Instead, it pinpoints problems usually dodged by the churches, decides what churchmen can do, and starts doing it. In many cases, the results are both controversial and unpredictable. But there are results.

The second report describes a rehabilitation center for recuperating mental patients. Conceived by Glide staff members, it now is geared into the San Francisco United Methodist Mission and is sponsored by Park Presidio Church. Here again, a need that had long existed is being met. The church is coping with real problems.

We Methodists always have been frontier minded. For John Wesley, our founder, the frontier was outside the walls of 18th-century England's too-respectable churches. Wesley went into the streets, the jails, the mines, and the fields to carry the good news of the Gospel to the common people mashed underfoot at the start of the industrial revolution.

When Methodism jumped the Atlantic, it didn't dig in comfortably on the eastern seaboard. Circuit riders pressed westward, to the farthest reaches of the frontier. There were the people who needed the church most. And when the West was won, Methodists looked elsewhere—and found still another frontier in mission lands on other continents.

Today, even the missions frontier is diminishing. Missionaries still are needed overseas, but today they usually are helpers rather than trailbreakers. Where is the frontier for this age? Where can the church lead and serve—as it must to live?

That place, that frontier for today, is in our cities. At the turn of the 20th century, the United States was 64 percent rural; by 1950, it had become 64 percent urban. Clearly, in the city lies the future of American civilization. There, too, lies the future of the churches.

And yet, for all our frontier orientation, we Methodists typically have ignored this frontier at our very doorstep. Instead of staying in the changing city, many congregations have moved to the comfortable isolation of the suburbs. In the city of San Francisco, for example, there are only 6,000

Methodists among the city's population of 780,000.

But ignoring problems won't avoid them. As Robert Lee says in *The Church and the Exploding Metropolis*, ". . . there is no corner of the nation where the city's tower does not cast its shadow, no person who is not in some way influenced by the modern metropolis. A religion that does not take seriously urban civilization—the focal point of economic and social organization—is surely one that weakens itself. The place of religion should be at the heart of the city . . . precisely in the turmoil and turbulence, in the joys and frustrations of the modern metropolis."¹

This thinking is foreign to those many of us reared in rural or small-town America. We don't understand the city, much less know how to grapple with its problems. Ours has been a religion of the open country, of the pasture, mountain, and sunset. And yet, to concede that religion shrivels and dies in the asphalt jungle is to admit that our faith is out of date, that it will fade to obscurity in the rush of urbanization. This we cannot do.

"Metropolitan society must be taken for what it is," declares Robert Spike. "It must be seen as the creation of God for these times; and the response of the Christian is to be involved in its life, to participate in its awkward inconsistencies, even to accept its dehumanizing effects for the sake of strategy in its development. That is, to risk the terrible danger of being swallowed up by a secular culture, out of the faith that such risks are of the essence of the Gospel commandment."¹

Don't misunderstand. Methodists are doing exciting things in many cities. We are equipped by tradition, fervor, and organization as are few church bodies to make a mark on urban culture. But the old ways of work and witness will not do. Radical changes are a must.

What should we be doing? The list is endless, yet incomplete. But each of us has a responsibility to be aware, to be informed, to be concerned. Out of this, surely, will come new relevance and vitality for our churches, and new forms of witness and mission in the city. Only in this way, on this new frontier, can we avoid that about which Wesley warned 200 years ago:

"I am not afraid that the people called Methodists should ever cease to exist, either in Europe or America. But I am afraid lest they should exist only as a dead sect, having the form of religion without power."

The Bible begins in a garden and ends in a city—and yet in both places God made known his plan for men. This is our calling today as Christians on the frontier of the city. For the city is people.

—YOUR EDITORS

¹ From *The Church and the Exploding Metropolis*, edited by Robert Lee, published by John Knox Press (\$1.50, paper). Copyright © 1965 by M. E. Bratcher. Used by permission.—EDITORS

A team of Methodist ministers from Glide Urban Center is bombarding San Francisco with new ideas for Christian witness. The result often is controversy, for they insist that the church belongs among the untouchables.

Engaging the City--



The Rev. Cecil Williams (left) leads a group to city hall with plans for an antipoverty program that would be directed and staffed by the poor. "Let's let them try," he argues. "The pros have made the mistakes long enough."



The Rev. Ted McIlvenna (right) helps to plan defense for four people arrested during a fund-raising venture for the Glide-initiated Council on Religion and the Homosexual.

THE HEART OF Glide Urban Center is a small idea-happy team of Methodist ministers whose base of operations is San Francisco and whose work is nearly impossible to categorize or explain. Like the blind men around the elephant, most people can describe Glide only in terms of the piece they have had contact with. And this just does not begin to tell the full story.

Financed by the Methodist-related Glide Foundation and backed by a board of trustees that includes Bishop Donald H. Tippett and many leading laymen of Methodism's California-Nevada Conference, Glide Urban Center has one goal: to find ways churchmen can have an impact on city problems.

The three-year-old center is directed by the Rev. Lewis E. Durham, whom District Superintendent D. Clifford Crummey describes as "a man sitting on a pile of firecrackers, gaily lighting matches."

The results are exciting new concepts—and occasional uneasy moments.

One example of Glide's willingness to break new ground is its involvement in the controversial Council on Religion and the Homosexual. In facing the facts of the city, Glide found that it could not ignore

With Love



The "political congregation," meeting in homes, is studying the power structure in San Francisco. Says the Rev. Donald Kuhn (gesturing above): "This is a future form of the church."



"Great art is related to religion, yet we've abandoned the artist," says Harold Ehrensperger (left), showing plans for an interdenominational arts center to Glide's director, the Rev. Lewis Durham.

homosexuals. Estimates are difficult, for the known homosexuals are only the top of an iceberg—but there are thought to be 50,000, perhaps more, in San Francisco alone. The vast majority live quietly in hopes that they will not be noticed. But they teeter constantly on the edge of severe problems—ranging from job insecurity and blackmail to alienation from the rest of society.

A year ago Glide Urban Center sponsored a retreat for churchmen and homosexuals. Conversation bore out the suspicion that homosexuals generally feel estranged from the church. They call Christianity's traditional attitude "a conspiracy of silence."

As a result of that retreat, the Council on Religion and the Homosexual—including Methodist, Episcopal, Lutheran, and United Church of Christ ministers as members—was formed to promote communication and to work on homosexuals' problems. Early this year, the council sponsored a fund-raising ball in downtown San Francisco, and some 600 people attended. Despite advance negotiations at city hall, police raided the ball, made arrests, and photographed participants.

The American Civil Liberties Union, calling the in-

cident "one of San Francisco's most offensive incidents of police harassment of unpopular groups," defended three lawyers and a woman ticket taker who were charged with interfering with police. A judge later ordered a "not guilty" verdict on a technicality—leaving many of the basic civil rights issues unresolved.

Said the *News-Call Bulletin*: "San Francisco's silent war on homosexuals is being forced into the open." To those who claim the church does not belong in such activities, the Rev. Ted McIlvenna of the Glide staff responds:

"If we look to Jesus, we see that he was in the world on business. That business was not to acquire for himself a great name and the worship of men. It was to release, empower, and give divine sanction to the impulse of human sympathy, human concern, and human kindness. The business of Jesus is the business of the church—and the mission of the church is off-center until it gets this clear."

Though initiated by Glide, the council has a majority of homosexuals on its board of directors. With typical courage, Glide helped launch an independent organization in which it retains a close interest but

in which its control is limited to the persuasiveness of two staff members who serve on the board. As a result, critics say it has a tiger by the tail. And the men from Glide reply: a Christian life, fully lived, is always dangerous.

Because the pressing problems of the city are central to its mission, Glide Urban Center also has become deeply involved in the racial crisis. Staff members have been out on picket lines, but most of their work is done quietly at the grass roots.

Freedom House, a cold storefront in the crowded Fillmore district, is run by a handful of young people trying to organize the area's have-not residents so they can fight their own battles. "To a great degree, the poor have no spokesmen," says the Rev. Cecil Williams of Glide Urban Center, who functions as an unpaid staff member at Freedom House.

For the most part ignoring the church because they feel it has ignored them, Freedom House workers are fighting greedy landlords, ignorance, poverty, and massive redevelopment ("Where are we going to move—Nob Hill?"). Mr. Williams functions as the link between secular society and the church.

Glide also is at work in other areas of racial unrest. "I sense in the city more hatred toward whites than I ever have before," says Mr. Williams. He has developed plans to teach teen-age gang leaders the tactics of nonviolence, and mobilize them into "peace squads" as a buffer to summer violence.

Across San Francisco Bay, in an entirely different atmosphere, a Glide-sponsored minister is at work on the University of California campus. The Rev. Walt Herbert, who is a part of both the Wesley Foundation and Glide Urban Center staffs, arrived in Berkeley in September, 1963, to begin an experimental ministry to graduate students. "Listening was my major activity the first year," he says. "I was trying to find the points at which people were in real dialogue. To my shock and dismay, I found there weren't many."

LAST fall, when the Free Speech Movement erupted on the Berkeley campus, Mr. Herbert dropped most of his plans and responded to the needs of the hour. Throughout the demonstrations and negotiations, he has been an unofficial liaison between FSM and the administration. Although he criticizes the FSM when he thinks it is off base, his sympathies have never been in doubt, and he organized the support of 15 Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish leaders for the student protest.

He says of his early contacts with FSM leaders: "I began to realize that they were talking about things and were sensitive to things I'd been talking about since I got here—and I was floored!"

When he works in a secular context, he does not preach—but he says what is on his mind without qualms. Last summer he mimeographed 38 pages "about what causes me to say I'm a Christian. It was a kind of sermon to my little parish, and I've had a lot of good conversation about it."

Though some of Glide's involvements produce headlines, much of its most important work, including its



Glide Foundation and church stand in the polyglot Tenderloin district, where \$1-a-night hotels hide in the shadows of a new Hilton and where pensioners and patricians pass but do not meet.

intern program, goes on without fanfare. Interns are subsidized by Glide while they spend a year in San Francisco, working with churches. Most are promising seminary students whom Glide would like to interest in inner-city pastorates. But some are laymen. In September, for example, they hope to enlist a field-worker from the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee, and a gang leader.

Glide projects often grow and change until the original idea is barely recognizable. Precarious Vision Coffeehouse, for example, was started as a place where young adults with widely diverging points of view could find a forum—Fascists, Communists, Black Muslims, anybody. The Freedom Theater rehearsed there before leaving for Mississippi. Slowly, however, it became a neighborhood club.

Soon it will change again, for it is getting a new home in Intersection, a center for the arts sponsored by Methodists, Presbyterians, and the United Church of Christ. Besides the coffeehouse, an art gallery and a theater are among the facilities to be included. The idea: to provide a place where artists and laymen can come to understand each other.

"Young artists can find in this kind of a place a chance to speak," says Dr. Harold Ehrensperger, who is serving as a special consultant while Intersection gets off the ground. He successfully resisted ideas to house it in a church. "Many people are terribly frightened of the institution of the church," he insists. "They think it exists only to perpetuate itself."



Over in Berkeley, Campus Pastor Walt Herbert, who has aggressively backed the Free Speech Movement, talks with FSM leader Lynne Hollander. Glide sponsors Mr. Herbert's experimental ministry.

Dr. Ehrensperger, a Methodist minister who was professor of drama at Boston University until retirement last year, chuckles when he recalls his introduction to Glide. "Out of the blue," he says, "I received a letter from something called the Glide Foundation—I'd never heard of it. I wanted to go back to India, where I was once a missionary, but the idea for Intersection intrigued me. I just couldn't refuse."

Mr. Durham and his staff have that effect on people. Their ideas, pinwheeling from a small center, expand into scores of areas—one of them a space lab. That began when an engineer in a Sunnyvale church began reading theology and asking questions about how his work related to the church. "In a kind of happy desperation, his pastor sent him to me," says Mr. Durham. "Here's a fellow who's ready to give several years of his life to exploring ways the church can take form in a space lab." Glide steered him toward a seminary student who once worked with atomic subs, and now those two and a handful of other engineers are meeting twice a week and reading extensively in an attempt to find answers.

Because Glide has served as a catalyst for so many projects, trying to construct a chart of its activities and influence is an exercise in futility. "We specialize in flexibility," says the Rev. Donald Kuhn, Glide's communications expert who is busy turning out a series of paperbacks that explore significant areas of individual decision-making in urban life.

"Without any effort at all," he says, "I find myself on



Young and mercurial, Freedom House workers try to help people of the Fillmore district to help themselves. "They barely tolerate the church," says Cecil Williams, who has helped crack that wall of suspicion and indifference.



Glide's Precarious Vision Coffeehouse is run by seminary students, but there is no hard sell for religion. Music and quiet conversation are the usual fare. Says the Rev. Ted McIlvenna, who started it: "It wasn't designed for a bunch of 'plainclothes preachers' or those on the make for the church."

14 committees. And we take these assignments seriously; we do our homework and then go tell all kinds of organizations how we believe things ought to be done!"

There is a series of ecumenical "urban exploration seminars" to make the job easier for new pastors in the city. One staff member is currently spending half time consulting with the Young Men's Christian Association, which feels it must significantly change its services for young adults.

"Glide is an exciting venture," says Mr. Durham, "and one which constantly threatens to get out of control or to fragment into a cloud of glittering pieces. But there is a centrifugal force which sustains a forward momentum, and a common direction which maintains a control. The Methodist Church is our starting point, the Protestant community is our context, and the total urban bay area is the potential object of our endeavors."

Glide avoids doing what other church or interdenominational groups have started. Instead, it pinpoints unexplored problems, decides what should be done, and starts doing it. As fast as it can, it turns its work over to others, or encourages independence. "Despite the temptations," Mr. Durham says, "we're determined to avoid empire building."

Because they are supported by a \$180,000 a year budget from the Glide Foundation, and by trustees who believe in what they are doing, the Glide staff has remarkable freedom. "All of the men on the board," says Mr. Durham, "are very much in the midstream of the church. What gives me hope is that these men are backing us. They feel that the real value of the

Glide Urban Center is its freedom to experiment, and they're also willing to buy an ecumenical approach."

San Francisco serves as the mammoth laboratory in which Glide seeks new thrusts for missionary efforts. It is an appropriate base from which to work, for San Francisco has all the problems common to other urban areas—some of them in aggravated forms. For example, it has among the highest rates of suicides, divorce, and alcoholism.

It also has many churches, but they have not been able to do the work that needs to be done. With about 25 percent of the population on their rolls, Roman Catholics have by far the largest membership, but their leaders are publicly unhappy about the state of religion in the city. Protestant membership is fragmented. Methodism's 20 churches in San Francisco have fewer than 6,000 members in a population of 780,000.

The Glide Urban Center believes certain things are clear. To fulfill their mission—and to survive—the churches must co-operate closely across denominational lines. But they must go farther. They must reach out to the unchurched, who persistently refuse to clamor at their doors. To do this, churchmen must crawl out of the isolation of their sanctuaries and find out what is going on.

"Traditional Protestant moralism," says Ted McIlvenna, "is still one of our biggest problems. Oh, if only we could hear the last of those time-honored sayings, 'A bad apple spoils the barrel,' and 'You don't have to climb into a cesspool to know it stinks.' Wouldn't it be lovely to recognize that people are neither apples nor cesspools?" □

A handful of concerned Methodists, backed by Glide Urban Center, are helping to ease the critical rehabilitation problems of recuperating mental patients. In the process, they are facing stiff challenges in this unusual . . .

Halfway HOUSE, San Francisco

I FIND IT gratifying to see that these church people, unlike some others who have done nothing more than sit on their hands for years, are willing to get involved in a project like this," Ken Lingnau says with an appreciative grin.

Ken, who until recently had not met many churchmen willing to practice more than Sunday-morning religion, now is one of two house managers at Baker Place, a "halfway house" (rehabilitation way station) for persons recovering from mental illnesses.

The people he talks about are from the Park Presidio Methodist Church in the Richmond section, a neat, residential district of San Francisco that seems remote from

inner-city needs and conflicts. A year ago, encouraged by the Glide Urban Center, these Methodists caught fire with an idea.

They have not lived entirely happily ever after, for the realities of starting and running a rehabilitative residence for mental patients are hard. The churchmen do not always agree among themselves, and it is still too early to tell if the house will survive financially.

"But whatever happens," says Mrs. Patricia Gumrukcu, program consultant, "it's a good percolating process in the church. This group is saying to others, 'Look, we've been sitting back too long.'"

Impetus for the halfway house came from several sources: the

Rev. Ted McIlvenna, Glide Urban Center staff member who spends full time uncovering the city's needs; a core of people at Park Presidio Church (including the Rev. Allen Lewis and Christian social concerns chairman, Dr. William Fuqua, who were uneasy about being in the city but not involved in its problems), and Mrs. Gumrukcu, who also works with the only other psychiatric halfway house in San Francisco. She believes that the people in a community—not government or welfare agencies—are its strongest resource and must take the initiative in helping those who need it.

As a first step, 30 laymen enrolled in a 16-week training session

Answering questions during a regular meeting of volunteers at Park Presidio Methodist Church, Sociologist Pat Gumrukcu reminds them they should not expect mental patients to be ideal housekeepers.



conducted by specialists in half-way-house operation. Meanwhile, the restless Mr. McIlvenna found a house he liked. To get things going quickly, he borrowed money from a friend for a down payment.

Afterwards, the house was meshed into the organizational gears. The building now is financed by the San Francisco United Methodist Mission and sponsored by Park Presidio Church. The mental-care program is administered and financed by Glide.

Late last August, Park Presidio volunteers started a relentless clean-up, fix-up assault on the aging building, which had been a cheap and overcrowded rooming house. They had it ready a month later for the first residents and for Ken Lingnau and Barbara Dzubay, who serve as houseparents. Ken and Barbara, deliberately chosen for their youth and noninstitutional backgrounds, are backed up by Pat Gumrukcu and a psychiatrist, who do not live at the house. This arrangement lends itself to the informal community quality so important to mental patients.

Besides taking care of the property at 730 Baker Street, the Park Presidio volunteers take turns being

at the house mornings, answering the telephone, attending to whatever chores they find, and trying to get to know the patients.

Dr. Fuqua's wife, Bertha, has no problems getting acquainted. "I have a two-year-old and a four-year-old, and they go along and make themselves right at home," she says. "The residents like it. It gives them a taste of normal family life."

On the other hand, another volunteer reported, "The residents just ignore me."

Despite the training course and their own determined efforts, some volunteers have a difficult time understanding why residents may act in unpredictable ways. When wastebaskets overflow or lights are left burning, for example, the hard-working volunteers grit their teeth. But the house was established to foster self-reliance, and the emphasis is on self-rule. "If someone else empties the wastebaskets," says Pat, "it doesn't help the residents."

Although the volunteers are not in charge of the mental program, they notice things that worry them. "I don't think it's a good idea for them to be staying in bed so late," one observed during a regular

meeting of volunteers and staff.

On the other hand, when Pat reported she had given one resident the ultimatum, "Get up and look for a job—or leave," another volunteer objected: "The idea of making someone get out of the house because she doesn't want to get out of bed is rather frightening."

Baker Place is designed for people who are sick enough to need transitional help, and yet who are stable enough to be able to respond to it. It is a fine line, and the record will not show all successes. The volunteers feel these frustrations and are interested in learning about the progress of patient-residents. As one expressed it: "If we hadn't been interested, we would not have gotten started in the beginning." The staff has taken that comment to heart and keeps volunteers abreast of house dynamics.

"We must come to understand that we are providing an important service," says the Rev. Cecil Williams, the Glide Urban Center staff member responsible for working with Baker Place. "We must see that some residents are operational and some not as much so, and that we are trying to provide a kind of residential adjust-

Residents and their friends eat dinner with house manager Barbara Dzubay (left foreground). Patients and nonpatients live at Baker Place, and all take turns at the cooking—with varying success!



ment. If we really understand the meaning of service—if we are the servants—it means that we have to be careful about many things. At all times we have people sizing up the patients and trying to help. But I think we're going to have some very difficult situations."

The job is not easy, but the people at Park Presidio Methodist Church think it is important. The nationwide need for transitional housing for mental patients, alcoholics, narcotics addicts, and ex-convicts is acute. Some have no families; while for others, family conflict is at the base of their troubles.

Many of these people are not ready to go it alone immediately; they need a few months of support while they hunt for jobs and learn once again to operate without the demands—and the security—of hospital or jail routines. Halfway houses, begun a decade ago and still experimental, have been one attempt to answer the needs.

"We didn't expect this to be easy," says Dr. Fuqua. "But we got into it because it was a difficult job that needed to be done—and we're going to stick."

—CAROL D. MULLER



Mrs. Gumruken and psychiatrist Price M. Cobbs, M.D., visit the house regularly, are on call for emergencies. The rehabilitation program is geared for those who are ready for schooling or (below) job-hunting.



At Baker Place (right), costs are kept as low as possible. Each person pays \$45 to \$50 a month rent, plus a \$10 service charge. Meals average about \$6 a week.

A birthday that brings disappointment as well as happiness teaches a youngster that we can keep going right on through the good and the bad things of life, if we enjoy the beautiful and do not let disappointments knock us down.

Morning's at Seven

By EDWIN P. HICKS

IT WAS a windy 21st day of May in Arkansas and the early morning sunshine came through our dining-room windows to rest upon my overturned plate, perched upon a stack of packages. On top of the plate was a little sailboat, gleaming white, boasting sails as snowy as a freshly pressed handkerchief. For this was my seventh birthday—a day to remember.

The packages contained a rolled-up red-paper box kite, a rubber ball with yellow elastic string, and a copy of the latest *Chatterbox*. In a long package was a precious baseball bat, shiny green, with a red band around its middle. The boat had been whittled by Grandpa, and he had given it a lead keel for ballast, carefully fitted the mast and bowsprit and sails into place, and applied the white paint with deft touches of a tiny brush.

Breakfast was out of the question.

Grandpa fitted the box kite together and explained that many years ago the Wright brothers had applied the principle of the box kite to design an airplane. Most kites have to have tails, Grandpa explained, but a box kite does not—it just soars up, supported by the wind.

As soon as the kite was ready, we went out into the meadow behind our house, where the earth was soft with grass and blue and white flowers. Grandpa ran with the kite and got it into the air, then he handed the ball of string to me and guided my hands until I got used to the throbbing tug of the line. The wind was strong and the pull of the red kite was like something alive. The kite went higher and higher, while Grandpa lay back against a mound of grass and cupped his hands behind his head. There was a smile on his face.

The kite went still higher, until

it was just a little dark thing way up there in the heavens. The string kept slipping through my fingers, but when I looked back at Grandpa to ask him to help me, he had gone to sleep. The black speck that was my birthday box kite was pulling like a horse and leaping like a wild thing; and I was frightened because I was all alone now and could not stop this wild, distant thing from fighting me; I could not pull it back.

Then the end of the string came into my hand, and I held on desperately and fought. But fear now was my master, and the strength of the box kite seemed irresistible. The end of the string tore through my fingers, and I stood there crying. Then Grandpa's strong arms were around me, and I pointed to the darting, flying speck in the sky—my box kite, falling to a certain doom in the oaks and sycamores in the big wood beyond our pasture.

"We sent the little boat out into the pond, sheltered on one side by cattails and on the other by a patch of lily pads."





Mr. Burkman

Pastor's Son Accepted For Short Term in Japan

Thomas W. Burkman, son of the Rev. and Mrs. E. Emanuel Burkman of Wildwood, has passed examinations and has been accepted by the Board of Missions of The Methodist Church for short-term missionary service. He will be serving in Japan for three years.

Upon graduating from Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky., this June, Tom will spend six weeks in intensive training for foreign service at Stony Point, N.Y. He will sail for Japan in August to begin six months' language study in Tokyo. He will teach English conversation in a secondary school and will also work with student groups, and Bible classes.

Youth Fellowship Drama Festival Is Under Way

A drama festival is under way in the 283 churches of the Newark Conference of The Methodist Church, which will lead to a certificate of achievement awarded to the group which presents the best chancel drama under the sponsorship of the conference youth fellowship.

The contests are being held in each district and are restricted to plays of a religious nature requiring between 20 and 30 minutes to produce on a stage 20 by 30 feet, three quarters in the round.

AN EXPERIMENT IN ECUMENICITY

Freehold Protestants and Roman Catholics Engage in Two Dialogues

They will be judged for suitability, acting, staging, and lighting. A list of available plays is being supplied by Clifford E. Kolb, Jr., conference director of youth work; and the Rev. Lester G. Ward of East Rutherford, festival chairman.

Church School Runs Senior Seminar

Recognizing that more than 100 of its youth will be on college campuses by 1966, First Church in Collingswood has built a "Senior Seminar" into the curriculum of all 12th-grade classes of its church school.

Included in the special programs presented to the seniors this year is: an introduction by Mrs. Philip E. Worth, senior department superintendent; *The Bible and Psychology* by Dr. Henry Brandt, consulting psychologist; *The Bible and Faith* by President Robert Cook of King's College; *The Bible and Inspiration* by Dean William Lincoln of Northeastern College; *The Bible and Science* by Allen R. Bleecker, instructor at Rutgers University; and *The Bible and the College Campus* by Prof. Robert D. Knudson of Westminster Seminary.

Woman's Society Birthday Is Marked at Maplewood

The 25th anniversary celebration and spring tea was held by the Newark Conference Woman's Society of Christian Service at Morrow Memorial Church, Maplewood, Thursday afternoon, April 2.

Dr. Henry Lambdin, who convened the first session of the Newark Conference Woman's Society of Christian Service in 1940, opened this annual meeting with an invocation.

Several Persons Honored

Past presidents were honored. Each was asked to present the highlights of her term of office. Present were: Mrs. Alfred H. Townley, first president; Mrs. William Kellers, vice-president who served with the late Mrs. Edgar Compton; Mrs. Carl B. Searing; Mrs. Samuel C. Morris; Mrs.

Two Protestant and Roman Catholic dialogues were held recently in Freehold. The first attended by about 50 Protestants and 50 Roman Catholics was addressed by two priests, the Rev. Thomas Ridge of St. Rose of Lima Church in Freehold, and the Rev. John Petrie of Our Lady of Mercy Church in Englishtown; and two Protestant ministers, the Rev. James R. Memmott of the First Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Bernard Garlick of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, both of Freehold.

Each of the pastors spoke of the factors within their own confessions which either aids or hinders dialogue. The Rev. John D. Merwin of the First Methodist Church was moderator.

Discussion groups led by laymen with pastors as the resource persons were held also in the St. Rose cafeteria. And again the groups were about equally representative. One Catholic lady said to a Protestant "I wonder if you people are as thrilled as we are at this experience." The atmosphere on both occasions was most cordial.

Four seminars were held during Lent by the groups, two in Protestant and two in Roman Catholic buildings for the discussion of such topics as *The Devotional Life of the Individual Christian*, *Christian Belief in the Modern World*, and *The Church's Responsibility for Society*.

George K. Hearn; and Mrs. Gottfried C. Marti.

Members of the first executive committee received special recognition.

Also on the program was a special service honoring all special memberships given this year to about 200 of the Woman's Society throughout Newark Conference.

Mrs. Robert M. Taylor, conference president, presided.

The 25th anniversary celebration committee included Mrs. Roger K. Swanson, chairman; all past presidents; Mrs. Elbridge Holland; and Mrs. Taylor.

The special memberships committee included, Mrs. Carl W. Baker, chairman; Mrs. Marti; Mrs. Louis F. Schmidt; Mrs. Warren Schaefer; and Mrs. R. C. Kieffer.



The Family Sets the Course

What goes on in the average family? This, to a large extent, determines not only the state of the church, but also the state of the nation. Since the family is the unit around which society is developed, this primary unit sets the direction in which society moves. On the other hand, society plays a great role in determining the kind of families that are being established.

It is not enough to make studies of family relations and talk about the impact of industrialization on the modern home. We must also seek to understand the

bases upon which a happy home is developed. While the problems differ with varying situations, there is the constant and common need for the bond of love and Christian charity. We as Christians believe that these bonds are established and strengthened by the practice of the presence of God.

Through family worship, God can become more real and His will more completely understood and embraced.

We frequently hear the statement, "The family that prays together stays together." It is true only when the prayer life is genuine, when it is accompanied by a corporate search for the will of God, and when it is the expression of that will in the life of the family. We need not deceive ourselves into believing that the mere calling of the family together, however frequently, and going through the routine form of saying prayers, or merely reading devotional literature, is going to work a magic trick in family relations. Many such practices are not worship experiences at all. They have the form of Godliness without its force and power.

If family worship is to have its greatest meaning, God must become the focal point of concentration. It is "in Him we live and move and have our being." And it is our relationship with God which gives meaning to our relationship with our immediate family members and with the world-wide family of God.

Let every local church emphasize during Family Week, and the weeks ahead, the spiritual strength and power inherent in genuine family worship.

PRINCE A. TAYLOR, JR.

Home for Aged Set in Newark

A 13-story high-rise apartment building for elderly residents of Newark will soon be constructed by First Church in Newark, using a \$3,590,000 Senior Citizens' Housing Loan granted recently by the Community Facilities Administration.

To be known as Wesley Towers, the project will include 299 housekeeping units, a meeting area, arts and crafts rooms, a drug store, snack bar, recreation room, and laundry facilities. There will be 182 efficiency apartments, 104 one-bedroom units, and 13 two-bedroom units. Rentals will begin at \$80.

The large apartment building will be built at the intersection of Mount Prospect and Abington Aves.

First Church is sponsoring the project through the Wesley Towers Corp., a private, nonprofit corporation formed to provide suitable rental housing for the elderly of moderate income. The Rev. Virgil E. Mabry, minister, is president of the corporation.

What's New at Drew?

Dr. Stanley R. Hopper, dean of the Graduate School, delivered the Shumate Lecture at Lynchburg College, Lynchburg, Va., during March. His lecture was titled *The Unread Vision*. In addition to his administrative responsibility, he is professor of philosophy and letters at Drew.

Dean Charles Ranson of the Theological School was the resource leader at the pre-Lenten meeting of the Syracuse District Ministers' Association held in Lafayette Avenue Church in Syracuse. The dean also delivered the Ash Wednesday sermon at Andrews Memorial Church in North Syracuse.

Wednesday evening Lenten services were held in Craig Chapel each week at 8 p.m. Leading the speakers was Dr. Martin Niemoeller of Germany who spoke on *One Man Should Die*. Other lecturers were all members of the Drew faculty: The Rev. William A. Imler, Dr. David M. Graybeal, Dr. Howard Kee, Dr. James F. Ross, and Miss Nelle K. Morton.

Dr. Will Herberg's latest work, *Protestant-Catholic-Jew: An Essay in American Religions Sociology*, has been translated into Chinese and published in *Work Today Press*, Hong Kong.



Senator Clifford P. Case, second from left, greets New Jersey pastors.

Pastors Go to Washington Seminar

New Jersey's senior United States senator, Clifford P. Case, recently met with a number of New Jerseyans attending the 1965 Churchmen's Washington Seminar.

Among those attending were these three members of the Newark Conference. Pic-

tured above, left to right, are: The Rev. Charles H. Straut of the Methodist church in Kinnelon; Senator Case; the Rev. David J. Bort of the Methodist church in Orange; and the Rev. Ronald Vander Schaaf of Christ Church in New Market.

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Preaching Convocation Held at Buck Hill Falls

New Jersey Conference pastors gathered with their counterparts of the Philadelphia and Wyoming Conferences in the 13th annual Philadelphia Area Convocation on Preaching at Buck Hill Falls, Pa., March 22-23.

For the first time, a Roman Catholic bishop, the Most Rev. John J. Wright of Pittsburgh, who spoke last year to the General Conference, lectured to the pastors. His observations on the Vatican Council and insights into his topic, *Fundamentals of Faith*, were well received by those attending.

Sharing the platform with Bishop Wright were Bishop W. Angie Smith of the Oklahoma-New Mexico Area, leading discussion on *Practical Evangelism*, and the resident head of the Philadelphia Area, Bishop Fred Pierce Corson, who used *The Preaching of Herbert H. Farmer* as his theme.

New Jersey Conference laymen also shared two outstanding programs with their Philadelphia Area counterparts at Buck Hill Falls in March. Over 1,200 laymen attended the two weekends.

The attendance at these two gatherings brings to an end the planned programs in which New Jersey Conference people participated with the Philadelphia Area, of which they were a part prior to last June. Next year, the New Jersey Area will have its own programs.



Consecration services for this \$80,000 Avalon Methodist Church plant will be held May 9. Although the church has a membership of less than 100, during the summer months it serves many more than that. Visitors helped in the financing.

Avalon Church to Be Consecrated

The consecration service of the new Avalon Church will be held May 16, with the pastor, the Rev. Louman A. Fillmore, presiding.

Construction of the \$80,000 structure was begun exactly one year prior, and it has been occupied since February. The cornerstone for the brick structure was laid on August 30, with Dr. Franklin T. Buck, executive secretary of the New Jersey Conference Board of Missions, speaking.

As is true of many seashore churches,

the membership at Avalon is less than 100, but during the summer months attendance swells to many times that number. A large group of patrons and summer visitors have contributed generously to the Avalon building fund.

Willingboro Church Consecrated by Bishop

Bishop Prince A. Taylor consecrated the new Charleston Wing of St. Paul Church in Willingboro on April 4 in an evening service.

The new 11,000-square-foot structure contains 13 large classrooms for the children's division, a choir room for rehearsals and storage of robes of the four choirs, and three offices for the ministers and secretary. The new building was named "Charleston Wing" in memory of the Charleston Church, mother congregation for the present St. Paul Church.

Five Years Old

St. Paul Church is a five-year-old congregation, established by the New Jersey Conference when the new Levitt development was planned between Camden and Burlington. Already the congregation has grown to above 800 members and a Sunday school attendance averaging more than 400.

The new wing is the fourth major structure, joining a contemporary sanctuary, fellowship hall, and previously built educational wing. The former educational wing has been re-named "Wesley Wing" and will house a rapidly expanding youth and adult program, and the former offices are being converted into a spacious library and lounge.

District Superintendent George R. Propert joined the Rev. Robert J. Beyer and Dr. Jerre F. Moreland, ministers, in the service. The cost of the new wing was \$125,000.



Dr. King Speaks at MSM Meeting

Frank Mitchell, Dickinson College student from Westfield, third from left, greets integration leader, Dr. Martin Luther King, before the Nobel Peace Prize winner and racial equality leader addressed the eighth quadrennial conference of the Methodist Student Movement held

early this year in Lincoln, Nebr.

More than 3,500 Methodist students and campus religious leaders were present at the MSM gathering. Pictured above are: Dave Chapman of Phoenix, Ariz.; Dr. King; Mitchell; and Miss Daisy L. Capers of Jacksonville, Fla.

Around the Circuit

• The Butler Church will be host, May 17, at 5:30 p.m. to youth workers from Newark Conference churches to study new trends in the leadership of young people.

The session is sponsored by the Youth Work Department of the Board of Education for pastors, teachers, and youth counselors.

• The role of the laity in the church and the relationship between clergy and laity will be explored, June 11-13, at the 17th Annual Methodist Conference on Churchmanship at Drew University. Dean Charles W. Ranson of the school of theology will be the leader.

• Four workshops are being held in the Newark Conference for prospective vacation church school teachers.

The first one was held April 6 at Archer Memorial Church, Allendale. The others are scheduled from 8 to 10 p.m., April 20 in Bernardsville; April 21 at First Church, Montclair; and May 4 at the Newton Church.

• A "What's My Line" panel will be part of the program at the Newark Conference Church Vocations Convocation to be held April 23-25 at the Chatham Church.

Representatives from various fields will participate including the ministry, Christian education, hospitals and homes, and missions. Bishop Taylor will speak.

• Thanks to contributions from friends of First Church, Dover, the 9:30 a.m. service was broadcast for several weeks by the local radio station. Many responses were received from nearby communities, hospital patients, and shut-ins.

Members also did some spiritual broadcasting on behalf of the success of the church's financial crusade. They held a 24-hour prayer vigil with shut-ins participating at home at stated hours.

• The Westfield congregation welcomed back one of its former pastors as a Lenten speaker: Bishop John Wesley Lord of the Washington Area. He served the church from 1938 to 1948 when he was elected bishop.

• Bishop Taylor consecrated Christ Church in Piscataway, a new building for a new congregation. The Rev. Ronald Vander Schaaf is the pastor.

• The Northern District Ministers' Association sponsored a day of prayer and participation in local demonstrations for civil rights.

Pastors and members were particularly urged to attend a demonstration sponsored by CORE in Hackensack.

• Political science majors at Drew University will participate with Hunter College students in a study of urban government, utilizing three campuses in city, urban, and suburban environments.

The Drew campus represents the suburban, the Manhattan campus of Hunter the city, and the Bronx campus of Hunter the urban.



Miss Donna McMurray, second from left, after being consecrated by Bishop Taylor.

Wanted: Canteen Workers

An appeal has been made by the Community Youth Canteen at Emory Church, Jersey City, for volunteers to help supervise the program Saturdays from 7:30 to 11 p.m.

The canteen is a community project sponsored by the church "to create an atmosphere of acceptance" among young people who live in deprived areas of Jersey City in an effort to "give them an opportunity to expand their talents and develop ethical, moral, and social responsibility."

Funds have been supplied by the conference Board of Missions to meet preliminary needs, but the committee is also seeking the following equipment: card tables, a juke box, ping-pong tables, magazine stands, a literature rack, and subscriptions to good magazines.

Communications may be sent to the Rev. Joseph L. Helle, 562 Bergen Ave., Jersey City.

Progress at Aldersgate

Builders are busy at Camp Aldersgate preparing for a full summer camp program. The lower shell of the dining hall has been completed and two wash houses are under construction. The hall will seat nearly 100 persons for meals and can also be used for assemblies and meetings.

On the summer program are two children's camps, three for junior highs, one for senior highs, one work camp, one each for family groups and older youth, and one inner-city camp. A "family frolic" will be held May 1 from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Session Set for Children's Workers

The Newark Conference will hold its annual session on children's work May 15, from 9:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., at Drew University. Workshops are planned in the fields of music, worship, and drama.

Deaconess Consecrated

Miss Donna McMurray, director of Christian education and assistant to the pastor at Community Church, Roselle, has been consecrated a deaconess by Bishop Taylor.

She is a graduate of Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio, with majors in music and Spanish. She taught for three years as a missionary in Brazil and worked as educational assistant in her home church in New Castle, Pa. She has a master's degree in religious education from Drew University and has also studied organ and voice at Westminster Choir College in Princeton.

She is shown second from left in the above photo with Bishop and Mrs. Taylor. At extreme right and left are the Rev. Roger L. Smith, pastor of Community Church, and Mrs. Smith.

NEW FACES—NEW PLACES

Newark Conference

G. Thomas Skyler, supply pastor of the Sandyston-Walpack Charge, effective November 1, 1964.

Edwin A. Hartney, supply pastor of the Green Village Church, effective February 1, 1965.

John Slaughter, supply pastor of the Vernon Church, effective February 1, 1965.

Thomas W. Higgins, pastor of the Johnsonburg, Walnut Valley, and Green-dell Charge, effective February 1, 1965.

Ismael Garcia, supply pastor of the Haverstraw, N.Y., Church, effective October 1, 1964.

David E. Zahrt, pastor of the Saddle River and Montvale Charge, effective January 15, 1965.

New Jersey Conference

Robert Allin, pastor of the Marlton Church.

David Finch, pastor of the Bridgeboro Church.

"Well, Davey," Grandpa said, "you sure got her up there, didn't you! What say we go now and sail your boat?"

On the way to the house, Grandpa picked an armload of red and white and yellow and pink roses—all the colors he could find—and he carried them to Mom. "From two men who love you," he said. "You put them together the way you want them to go. Davey and me ain't got any idea how things like that should be fixed."

We took the beautiful boat to the stock pond, and we had a launching ceremony and called the boat *Mom*. We sent her out into the pond, sheltered on one side by cattails and on the other by a patch of lily pads. *Mom* sailed forth as pretty and as trim as any vessel ever did. The beautiful sails were like gossamer in the bright sunlight. First 20, then 30 feet out she went.

Then a gust of wind swept over the pond, tossing the cattails wildly and lapping waves over the lily pads. The wind caught the mainsail of the little white ship and dipped it low on the starboard side. When the glossy sail touched the water, *Mom* capsized and drifted into the tangle of lily pads.

"Boy," Grandpa said, "don't let this spoil your birthday. I'll figure out some way to get that boat tomorrow, even if I have to swim for it."

We went back to the house and



sat in a lawn chair beneath the two big walnut trees in our front yard. Grandpa lighted his pipe, puffed a bit, then began to tell me stories.

Nobody could tell stories quite like Grandpa. They were always beautiful stories, and they meant something. You did not have to listen to every word, and it did not make much difference whether you listened or not. Now and then he would say something that you heard, and somehow you would remember it always.

That day he said something about the power of the wind that had taken my box kite away and had blown my new white ship into the lily pads. Yet you could never see the wind.

"It's kinda like the good God," I remember his saying. "Not many of us ever see God, or know it if we do see him, but we know he is there and all about us—in the wind and in the trees, the sunshine and the rain, and the blossoming flowers, and the smile on Mom's face. Look, Davey! See those clouds hurrying along? We can't see the wind, but we know the wind is there, to make the clouds fly by fast like that."

I looked up at the beautiful clouds, flying along up there against the blue sky, and I felt happy and comfortable and glad to be alive. In the edge of our yard the leaves of a silver maple rippled as the sunlight and wind played upon its branches; and the poplar trees that stood out from the front corners of our house leaned far over under the pushing wind.

Way up in the top of one walnut tree a redbird sang. And across the road, atop a telephone pole, a mockingbird turned somersaults in the air, and recited everything he had ever heard. But sweeter still was the warble of a bluebird.

There are not many bluebirds today, but on my seventh birthday a mother bluebird sat on her nest in one of the walnut trees. Grandpa got me to see the tiny patch of blue on the big limb by sighting up at the spot with my green and red baseball bat. It was he who identified the warble of the bluebird's mate.

It was a wonderful day. Banks of roses tossed in the restless gusts

and breathed a delicious fragrance that the wind carried to our nostrils and over the entire countryside. Roses and a thousand other blossoms attracted droning honeybees, thunderous hummingbirds, and white, black, and golden butterflies. Martins soared about our chimneys, buckled into the wind, fought it for the pleasure of a moment, and then turned and sailed with it. The wind swished through the treetops, and the whole world, from the racing clouds to the frothing grass blades, was alive.

Those images are as vivid as some of the things Grandpa told me. "This has been quite a day for you, Davey, my boy," he said. "Your seventh birthday, and you got a lot of nice presents, and everyone did his best to make you happy.

"The day started out lovely," he went on. "But the wind snatched your box kite from you, and then took your pretty little boat. But you are all right, Davey, my boy. You didn't cry over spilt milk—well, not much you didn't. You got over it in a hurry—your troubles—and you still have a good day of it.

"You see the beauty of God's world," he said, "and you hear the birds, and you see a bluebird setting on her nest. But remember, Davey, as you grow older, that all through life there will be good things and bad things. There will be peaceful bluebirds . . . and strong winds that tear the things you love away from you.

"And what can we do about it, Davey? Well, we can just keep going right on—enjoying the things we have, beautiful days like this, and not letting discouragement cut us down too badly when things are taken from us."

Then Grandpa knocked the tobacco out of his pipe and dozed off, and I left him to go play with my rubber ball.

Many, many times through the ensuing years, when one of my kites of a different type fell into the treetops or when my shiny white sailboat collapsed in deep water, I seemed to hear Grandpa's chuckling comment: "You didn't cry over spilt milk—not much you didn't."

Or was that just the sound of the wind which had torn something I loved away from me? □

How to

ALL TOO FEW young clerics starting at the front door of their career trouble themselves to ask the question, "What do my people want from a sermon?" Rather, they ask themselves, "What do I want to give them?"

Fundamentally, preaching at its best is one of the entertainment arts, and the successful pulpiteer will always think of himself first as an entertainer. His problem is much the same as Jack Benny's or Shelley Berman's or Mort Sahl's. He has to stand up and keep the customers interested in what he is saying or business will fall off at an alarming rate.

The old pros of the pulpit know that they should always aim to do three things for and to the customers (congregation) in every sermon:

1. *Make them laugh.*
2. *Make them cry.*
3. *Make them feel religious.*

This does not mean that people in church should be induced to guffaw like drunks in a nightclub. The amenities of civilized church-going preclude this sort of congregational behavior. A preacher should not aim to be a belly-laugh comedian—but he should be a hearty-giggle humorist or he is unlikely to be called to a major-league pastorate.

This level of skill is attained by loading the sermon with funny stories. They do not need to illustrate anything (one can always contrive to make a story fit); they just need to be funny.

By making them cry, of course, we do not mean that actual tears must flow (although if the custodian regularly comes upon damp

Excerpted from a chapter of *How to Become a Bishop Without Being Religious* by Charles Merrill Smith. Copyright © 1965 by Charles Merrill Smith and published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Used by permission.—Eds.

ucceed in the Pulpit

Caution: satire ahead. For all its glory, the church sometimes is trivial, ridiculous, or superficial. The same goes for clergymen, who happen to be human, too. Should we pretend these things are not so? No, says this author; it is better to acknowledge them and poke fun at them. He does just this in a new book, How to Become a Bishop Without Being Religious (Doubleday, \$3.50). As he puts it, "More devils can be routed by a little laughter than by a carload of humorless piety." See if you don't agree after sampling these excerpts.

By CHARLES MERRILL SMITH
Pastor, Wesley Methodist Church
Bloomington, Illinois

discarded Kleenex when he picks up after the service, it is a heartening indication that you are consistently striking the bull's-eye). A lump in the throat and a quivering sensation in the breast, however, are quite adequate.

For making them cry, so to speak, your best bets are stories about old-fashioned virtues and values, patriotism and self-sacrifice. If you tell them properly, these will always do the trick.

A 'Religious' Lexicon

Now we come to the problem of making them feel religious. This is the easiest of the three because it is mostly a matter of nomenclature. You need only employ a sufficient number of words and phrases which are loaded with "religious" meaning to accomplish the desired end.

For quick reference, the author here includes a brief lexicon of graded religious words and phrases. Roughly, a number one word or phrase has twice the religious punch of a number two and three times that of a number three.

Faith of our fathers (1)
Bible-believing Christians (1)
Repentance (3)—Many people are



not enthusiastic about repenting.

Salvation (2)—A good word, but carries some overtones of the camp meetings.

The Bible says (1)—Billy Graham's favorite phrase. Most congregations will believe anything you say if you precede it with this phrase.

Christ-centered (1)—Use this often.

Righteousness (3)—Given the lowest rating because it implies that Christians ought to behave themselves according to a standard stricter than many church members care to observe.

God-fearing (1)—Your people are not afraid of God, of course, but they enjoy thinking that they are.

Serve the Lord with gladness (1)—This has a fine biblical and literary ring to it; sounds as if you are calling for instant, forthright action, but is sufficiently vague as to require nothing at all from your hearers. Hard to beat.

The Good Book (2)—Older members will like it, but it is a little dated for younger people.

Sin (or *Sinners*) (1)—Every sermon should include one or the other. These words conjure up images of bordellos and orgies and black lingerie—which images have an entertainment value in themselves. Your people will never connect the words with anything that middle-class white Protestants do, so you can flail away at sin and sinners to your heart's content.

The kingdom of God (1)—Your congregation has heard this phrase from every preacher that ever served them, so they consider it a true mark of a devout and stable minister.

Holiness unto the Lord (1)—Not one member has a clue as to what this means; but it is one of the most euphonious and soul-satisfying phrases in the lexicon.

Heaven (1)—No preacher ever got fired for preaching about heaven so long as he made it clear that he thought everyone in his congregation would get there.

Hell (3)—Just as well lay off this one, or use it sparingly.

These examples should suffice to give you the general idea of how to go about making your people feel religious. As a rule of thumb, rely heavily on those words and phrases which evoke pleasant religious feelings, and use with considerable economy any word which might make people uncomfortable or fidgety (which is why we warn against preaching about hell, for you would be surprised at the members of your flock who are trying to quash the suspicion that they might end up there.)

A Surefire Formula

As you begin your career of labor for the Lord, you must keep in mind that, while the content matter of your sermons is not too important if your style is adequate, there are some types of sermons which are almost guaranteed to win enthusiastic reactions from your congregation.

If you will never forget that your beloved parishioners are primarily interested in themselves, their spiritual aches and pains, their desire for whatever they equate with happiness, their urge to succeed socially and financially, the preservation of their provincial prejudices, then you will do the bulk of your preaching on these subjects.

Your people, you will discover, have an insatiable appetite for sermons on how to improve themselves, or solve their emotional (spiritual) problems so long as the panacea you offer them does not require them to:

a) Quit doing anything they like to do;

b) Spend any money, or

c) Submit to any very rigorous or time-consuming spiritual discipline.

What you need, then, is a formula tailored and trimmed to the above specifications. The author suggests that whenever you preach a how-to-use-the-Christian-faith-to-get-what-you-want type of sermon (and you should be preaching just such a sermon 8 Sundays out of 10), it is well to rely on a formula which varies no more than the rotation of the earth.

The formula is this: Whether the sermon deals with the problem of loneliness, frustration, marital felicity, getting ahead in one's business, or whatever, the solution to the problem is always:

a) *A catchy, easily remembered Bible verse.* (This is variable with each sermon, according to the topic.)

b) *A simple, sunny little prayer to repeat as needed.* (Also variable, as above.)

c) *An exhortation to have faith.* (This item is invariable. You do not have to be specific about faith—in fact, it is better if you are not specific—just urge faith. Faith in faith is the best-selling item in your

line of goods as you will discover. There is very little sales resistance to it.)

The remaining 20 percent of your preaching can be devoted, for the most part, to sermons for special occasions. These should be keyed to our more important national holidays.

Many youthful clergymen, inspired no doubt by the highest and most pious motives, begin their careers by using the Christian calendar as a guide for their preaching. But the wise ones quickly discard this antiquated practice. The only days in the so-called church year which merit a special sermon are Christmas and Easter—and these merit it because they have evolved into important national, commercial holidays rather than for any vestigial religious significance still clinging to them.

The Threat of Heresy

Had this book been written a few years ago, the author would have issued an iron-bound injunction against any preaching which attempts to relate the Gospel to contemporary social issues. Nothing subtracts from the marketability of a preacher so much as having the label "liberal" pinned on him. Not many of us invite attacks on our theological orthodoxy these days because 99.44 percent of any modern, standard-brand congregation is so theologically untutored that it would not be able to recognize a heretic. But it is quick to spot any slight leaning toward liberal social views in its pastor. Heresy today is social rather than theological, and every congregation has its self-appointed Torquemadas anxious to oil the rack or heat up the fires around the stake.

It would be best, therefore, if the preacher could avoid entirely any reference to any subject which has a side to it capable of being construed as "liberal." The author can remember when church life had a lovely, serene, otherworldly flavor to it because preachers did not concern themselves with temporal problems. But this day has disappeared; we now live in unhappy times in which every newspaper brings tidings of some social problem which directly involves re-

ligion, the church, and the faith and which forces us to make some kind of response.

It is, in fact, a decided advantage to you to be known as a fearless and forthright and prophetic pulpit voice—so long as you can achieve this reputation without being thought liberal. So you will have to venture into the choppy and shoal-filled waters of preaching on social issues. There is no avoiding it, or the author would counsel you to do so.

The Danger of the Specific

This, then, is the most dangerous part of the preaching ministry. But if you will follow three simple principles, you can mitigate the dangers of shipwreck.

The first principle is this: *Never be specific as to the Christian position on any burning social issue of the day.*

For example, if you feel compelled by current events to preach on racial segregation, never, repeat, never, suggest that integration is the Christian solution. In fact, eschew the term "integration" entirely. It is far too specific.

The points you will want to make in this sermon will go something like this:

1. *Extremism in racial matters is the chief evil.*

2. *The colored people ought to reflect on the great strides forward they have made and not be too impatient for too much too soon.*

3. *Brotherhood and Christian love will point the way.* ("You can't legislate love" is an excellent phrase to use here. Since the congregation will define "brotherhood" and "Christian love" to mean a kind of vague goodwill toward colored people so long as they stay in their place, they will take no offense at this.)

The problem here is to avoid any suggestion that white Protestant Christians have been at any point remiss in their attitudes or actions, and at the same time outline a solution which involves new attitudes and actions (since any idiot can reason that if what we have always done is not working, we had darn well better think up something else).

This is a delicate but not in-

soluble dilemma for the preacher. The way out is to keep handy a set of nonspecific words and phrases which allow the members of the congregation to fill in their own meaning. "Brotherhood" and "Christian love" have already been mentioned.

Of course, it is always a good idea to urge your people to employ more of "the spirit of Christ" in the solution to social tensions, since hardly any of them know what this means, but practically all of them think they do.

What you have working for you here is the average American citizen's touching faith in simple solutions to vast and complex problems. And people who believe that a balanced budget or bombing China or a Republican administration would solve the problems of the nation and the world will have no difficulty believing that your nonspecific phrases are clear Christian answers and that you are therefore a keen and courageous preacher.

Preach on Remote Problems

A second principle to follow in preaching on social issues is to *preach on problems which are as remote as possible from your community.*

You can denounce the government of South Africa with all the vigor at your command, but be careful about denouncing political corruption in your own city, because some of your good members might be involved. Criticize to your heart's content the godless New York stage, but do not knock the local movie house, because someone in your congregation may be leasing it to the operator.

Hold Righteous Indignation

The third principle, and perhaps the one of pristine value to you in preaching on social issues, is to *reserve your righteous indignation for those questions on which there is no substantial disagreement among your members.*

As this is written, the Supreme Court ruling on prayer in the public schools is getting a lot of attention in the press. Since most of your people have been led to believe by the papers they read that the Supreme Court is systematical-

ly undermining the American way of life, they will welcome several sermons on "this atheistic decision." This issue should be good for several years yet.

But by far the safest social problem on which the preacher may take an unequivocal position is the temperance question. You are aware, of course, that in the new-speak of the temperance movement temperance does not mean temperance. What it means is total abstinence from the use of beverage alcohol.

Your congregation is made up of members who advocate temperance and members who drink without apology, the proportions varying with the size, sophistication, and urban or rural character of your community. But both groups expect the preacher to trot out a temperance sermon every so often in addition to frequent blasts on the subject as a subpoint to other sermons. The temperance people love to hear you lambaste booze, and the drinkers are not offended by it because they understand that this just goes along with your job in the church.

A preacher who does not preach temperance sermons is as unthinkable as a Frenchman who frowns on love. This is the one social issue which involves no danger whatever, no matter how violent your denunciation.

If you understand your people, their hopes and fears and prides and prejudices (and every truly successful pastor does understand these things), then all you need to do to be a highly regarded pulpit man is to tell them what you know they want to hear.

After all, they are badgered and buffeted by worldly cares six days a week, and they need a sanctuary from all this on Sunday. They should be able to come to the Lord's house when the sweet church bells chime secure in the knowledge that they will find it here.

They should come anticipating a jolly, sprightly, positive, entertaining, noncontroversial homily from their beloved man of God, aware that no discouraging or disturbing word will be spoken from your pulpit. □



CONTROVERSIAL Council



By LOUIS CASSELS

Religion Writer, United Press International

*A top reporter appraises the National Council of Churches,
America's largest co-operative religious organization, and reviews some
of the criticism it has received in its 15-year history.*

IN 1950, leaders of 29 Protestant and Orthodox denominations met in Cleveland and established an organization called "The National Council of the Churches of Christ in the United States of America."

During the nearly 15 years of its existence, the National Council of Churches (NCC) has developed into the nation's largest co-operative religious organization. It now includes 31 denominations with 40 million members. The Methodist Church is a charter member, and the largest affiliated denomination.

Along the way, the NCC also has become an exceedingly controversial body. The very mention of its name is enough to make some conservative church members wax choleric. Its foes are particularly numerous in the South.

At last year's Methodist General Conference in Pittsburgh, some southern delegates spearheaded a drive to pull The Methodist Church out of the NCC. It was overwhelmingly defeated. Similar withdrawal moves have been made—and defeated—at the national conventions of several other major Protestant bodies which have sizable constituencies in the South, including the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and the Disciples of Christ. (The issue does not arise in the Southern Baptist Convention, which has never joined the NCC.)

Opposition to the NCC is so strong in some southern congrega-

tions that they have taken steps to withhold funds from their parent denominations until assured that none of their money will wind up in the NCC's treasury.

Methodist Bishop W. Kenneth Pope of Dallas became so weary of hearing complaints about church money being drained off to the NCC that he offered to refund out of his own pocket that portion of any Methodist's contribution which went to the NCC. His only stipulation was that the refund must amount to at least a penny a week. It was a fairly safe offer: The Methodist Church's annual contribution to the NCC is such a small percentage of the total church budget that any individual member would have to be a very big giver indeed to have as much as one penny per week of his money reach the NCC.

The NCC operates on a budget of about \$14 million a year, contributed mostly by its member denominations. About 95 percent of this money is spent on religious and service activities that the member denominations once performed individually but now carry on co-operatively. For example, the NCC's overseas relief department, Church World Service, distributes food, clothing, and medicine to needy families in 50 nations. Its Division of Christian Education assists in the preparation of church-school materials, especially audio-visual aids which are very costly for a denomination to produce on

its own. Its Division of Foreign Missions co-ordinates phases of the work of 70 mission boards in 65 countries. And its Division of Home Missions, among other activities, provides an interdenominational ministry to migrant farm workers and visitors to national parks.

Had the NCC stuck to such activities as these, it would never have become controversial. But from the outset, it has also sought to serve as "a voice of Christian conscience" on social issues. It has been particularly outspoken on race relations.

In June, 1952—two years before the Supreme Court's famous ruling on school segregation—the NCC's policy-making General Board declared that segregation is "diametrically opposed to what Christians believe" about the brotherhood of man and the dignity of every individual as a child of God.

Since that time, the 270-member General Board, which meets three times a year, and the 700-member General Assembly, which meets every three years, have repeatedly put the NCC on record in favor of speedy and total elimination of racial barriers.

Last year, NCC formed a Commission on Religion and Race to stimulate action by churches and church members in support of the Negro's drive for equality. This commission lobbied openly and effectively for the enactment of the 1964 Civil Rights Bill.

Particularly distressing to some southern church members was the NCC's role in training the hundreds of volunteer civil rights workers who went to Mississippi last summer—after it was clear that otherwise they would have had no orientation program before entering the state. Deep resentment also was stirred by the NCC's participation in a project to bring religious workers from other nations into Mississippi as "missionaries for racial justice."

Segregation is only one of the touchy issues on which the NCC has taken a forthright stand. It also has come out against right-to-work laws, and has said that government programs of medicare for the aged may be necessary if voluntary health insurance fails to meet needs. Although the NCC itself has never advocated recognition of Red China, a study conference which met under its auspices in 1958 did say that U.S. interests would be served by opening a diplomatic channel to Peiping.

In recent years, the NCC has been a favorite target of extreme right-wing groups, which have given wide circulation to charges that it is Communist infiltrated.

To investigate the charges, which were causing bitterness and schism in some congregations, the Protestant Episcopal Church appointed a special committee of 21 prominent

bishops, priests and laymen, headed by Bishop J. Brooke Mosley of Delaware.

The committee's report, formally submitted to the church's general convention last October, said that conferees with officials of the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the Federal Bureau of Investigation failed to unearth "any fact or record that would support charges" that the NCC "is a communist conspiracy or that it harbors communist sympathizers and allies."

On the contrary, the committee said, the NCC has clearly demonstrated by its pronouncements and its action that it is "enlisted in the fight for free men in a free world."

The Episcopal investigators did find the NCC guilty, in their opinion, of speaking too often, and too dogmatically, about political, social, and economic issues on which church members have honest differences of opinion. It said the NCC should take pains in the future to avoid giving the impression that it speaks for 40 million church members, or that its specific recommendations are "the only Christian solution" to a problem.

On January 1 of this year, the Lutheran Church in America distributed to its congregations a report on the NCC which was prepared at the request of its executive council and issued over the

signature of President Franklin Clark Fry.

This document assured Lutherans that the NCC "is and always has been unalterably opposed to communism." It also repudiated a number of other stories widely circulated by enemies of the NCC—including assertions that it has advocated racial intermarriages, that it distributed a reading list of civil rights materials containing "obscene" books banned from the mails by the Post Office Department, and that it encouraged youngsters to rebel against parental authority when there is disagreement between the generations on social issues such as race relations.

Dr. R. H. Edwin Espy, general secretary of the NCC, says that some people hate the organization so intensely that they "purposely misrepresent" its actions and stands. As a result, many church members have acquired a "false image of the council," and are opposed not to what it *actually* is but to "what they have been made to believe it is."

"Our greatest cause for concern is not what this campaign is doing to the council, but what it is doing to the whole church," says Dr. Espy. "The council is not that important; it is a secondary organization, the creation of the denominations themselves. The true target of these attackers is the leadership of the mainline Protestant and Orthodox communions which work together through the NCC."

The NCC has no intention of retreating from the stand on segregation which is the principal irritation of many of its critics. At its last meeting, the General Board instructed the Commission on Religion and Race to continue the fight for racial justice, and to extend it into "ghetto areas" of northern cities, as well as continuing programs already underway in the South.

"The NCC makes no apologies for its efforts to gain justice for all," says Bishop Reuben H. Mueller, senior bishop of the Evangelical United Brethren Church who is president of the NCC. "We are committed to this fight in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and we intend to keep at it until the battle is won." □



HOW TO GET MORE INFORMATION

The National Council of Churches, like the U.S. Congress, is fully responsible to its constituent members. Its organization, policies, finances, and programs are matters of public record. Consequently, the NCC welcomes any and all inquiries and makes a special effort to explain clearly to laymen all aspects of its activities. Among the explanatory materials it has prepared are these booklets:

The National Council—How It Came to Be and Why
The National Council—What It Is and What It Does
The Churches Working Together for a Christian America
Catalog of NCC Publications

Single copies of these publications, as well as many other booklets and fact sheets, are available at no charge. If you want answers to particular questions or just general information, write:

Department of Information
National Council of Churches
475 Riverside Drive
New York, N.Y. 10027



Foreign students find a hearty welcome on the campus of Methodist-related American University, Washington, D.C.

Our Campus Diplomats

World relations of the 1970s and 1980s are being shaped by U.S. collegians and their friendships with future world leaders now studying here.

By JAMES POLING

WHAT A foreign student on a U.S. college campus thinks about America may not seem important—until one remembers that the anti-American attitude of Ghana's President Kwame Nkrumah has been traced to the discrimination he experienced during his student days in the United States.

And we are probably still turning out Nkrumahs. At least, it has been estimated that half of the 75,000 foreigners now studying here will return home with strange ideas about us because of the way they have been ignored on our campuses. And with many of them

destined to rise to leadership in tomorrow's world, it would be surprising, indeed, if some of these did not in time prove to be thorns in our diplomatic side.

At a college in California recently, for instance, four students from Kenya found almost every door in town closed when they tried to find rooms on their own. Two of them finally managed to rent a filthy basement in an old house; the other two ended up in a cockroach-infested, unfurnished one-room shack. Here was a situation bound to generate deep resentment—until the school's People-to-

People University Program housing committee stepped in. The committee stirred up embarrassing publicity about the community's discriminatory practices, carried the case to the county fair-housing board, and finally won for each African student a clean room at a reasonable price.

Thanks to the People-to-People University Program, a movement recently initiated by U.S. undergraduates, we are now winning the lasting friendship of many foreign students through a freer exchange of ideas.

With support of some 13,000

young Americans, the movement has already spread to 117 of the 317 colleges it hopes to encompass—those with enrollments of 25 or more international students.

The People-to-People University Program was born of a chance encounter between an American, Bill Dawson, and three foreign students, in a University of Kansas coffee shop in November, 1960. Dawson, then a 22-year-old journalism major, overheard two Cubans comparing notes on their campus life with a boy from Bombay. Disturbed by their bitterness, he broke into their conversation.

"They felt completely unwelcome on the campus because of the way they'd been ignored," Dawson recalls. "Since no one had bothered to make their acquaintance, they knew they weren't personally disliked. So they thought they were being ostracized simply because they were foreigners. And this left them totally disenchanted with the United States.

"It was unbelievable. In more than a year at the University, these three nice guys hadn't been able to make a single American friend. They had never been invited to a student-sponsored social event, never even been inside a fraternity or sorority house. As it turned out, they were typical of most of the 260 foreign students, representing 60 countries, then on the campus. They were all living in a sort of social ghetto, surrounded by a yawning wall of indifference. No wonder they had an unflattering view of our way of life. We'd never given them a chance to know or like us. We were also depriving ourselves of a chance to learn from them about their world."

From his new friends, Dawson learned that social isolation was only one of the foreign students' many problems. Others ranged from things as trivial as, say, learning to run a laundromat when they had never before seen such a machine to trying to find something to do with themselves during their long, lonely vacation periods.

What most concerned them, however, were the first few anxious, bewildering days of school. They had to face endless registration lines, an infinity of mystifying forms

to fill out, classrooms scattered from one end of a strange campus to the other—all without a single friend to help them become oriented to their strange new world. Then there was the problem of finding adequate housing, with so many landlords reluctant to accept them or willing to only at exorbitant rents. Many of them, too, had to find jobs to help finance their schooling, yet were so unfamiliar with our free-enterprise system that they did not even know how to begin job-hunting. Finally, as the boy from Bombay put it, "book-learning is less good without see-learning." But how could they see how Americans live and work if no doors were ever open to them?

"Those guys really shook me up," Dawson says. "Still, I wondered if they'd really tried. I knew that, like most schools, we had an administration-sponsored international club where foreign students were supposed to have every opportunity to make friends with local students. So I checked, and found that only seven of the club's 155 members were Americans. Obviously something needed doing. So a lot of us got together and tried doing it."

Dawson formed a council of student campus leaders to work out a plan of action, and each fraternity, sorority, and campus organization was asked to contribute to its support. In three weeks, a surprising \$1,200 was raised. Then, to stimulate further interest, the campus was plastered with 1000 posters, and dozens of aroused undergraduates immediately offered to help in any way they could.

IMRESSED, the authorities gave the infant movement office space in the student union.

By the year's end, the council had worked out a five-point plan and appointed committees to organize:

1. A forum program, where local and overseas students could meet to air grievances and exchange ideas.

2. A brother-sister program that would give each foreign student an upper-class counselor to turn to. Names of students planning to come to the University of Kansas from abroad would be supplied by the registrar's office, then assigned to

"brothers" or "sisters" who would correspond with them during the summer months, meet them on their arrival, and help them thereafter.

3. A job-placement bureau.

4. A tour program that would schedule visits to farms, factories and offices, and public and private institutions such as the state legislature, courts, museums, where international students could see the "machinery" of democracy at work.

5. A housing and hospitality program, to provide incoming students with both rooms and a schedule of social activities.

The movement's first major test came in the spring of 1961, when 56 students asked for summer jobs. This was many more than the job-placement committee could hope to find in the college community of Lawrence (population about 35,000). So Dawson and 14 co-workers got in their cars, combed 50 Kansas cities, and found jobs in factories and stores, on farms and construction projects, even in bowling alleys, for everyone.

With the opening of the 1961-62 school year, the full plan went into operation. A series of formal forum meetings and informal coffee-hour get-togethers was scheduled. The brother-sister program was operating. Tours to the Kansas City stockyards, nearby wheat farms and dairies, and factories in Topeka and other cities had been arranged. And the housing problem had been solved. On campus, most of the 24 fraternities and sororities had each volunteered to give free rooms or meals to at least one visiting student. And an appeal to the townspeople of Lawrence had produced a heartwarming response.

The owner of the Hotel Eldridge set aside an entire floor for the use of newly arrived foreign students, with rooms at only \$1 a night for as long as it took them to find permanent quarters. And in reply to radio and newspaper appeals, 300 families offered lodgings, many for only a nominal fee. Thirty families even offered to take in foreigners free of charge. That fall, for the first time, the 236 foreign students in need of off-campus rooms could pick and choose.

To launch the social program, a fraternity and sorority had joined

forces to give an international picnic—the first student-sponsored party ever given for K.U.'s foreign contingent. Inevitably, with students from more than 50 nations present, everyone was at first self-conscious, excessively polite, and limited to small talk.

But, after dark, when the crowd went indoors, an American boy began playing the piano. A boy from Spain produced a harmonica. A set of bongo drums materialized. And when a Kansas City boy brought out his bagpipes, a girl recently arrived from Scotland stepped forward and danced a Highland jig. With the ice broken, self-consciousness, race, and nationality were quickly forgotten.

Now, the climate on the campus soon changed so noticeably that a girl from the Philippines, Lilia Siasat, said, "It was like a sort of fairy godmother had suddenly popped up in the silent hours of what had previously been a long, dark night." And when Dawson made a progress report to the heads of the student colleges in the Big Eight Conference, they were so impressed that they adopted the program for their own campuses. But the major impetus to the spread of the movement came when Kansas City businessman Joyce C. Hall lent his support to it.

Hall, president of Hallmark Cards, is also the founder of the Hallmark Foundation, a nonprofit organization which sponsors the international People-to-People Program started in 1956 by President Eisenhower. And because he recognized that the K.U. plan exactly fitted President Eisenhower's definition of a suitable People-to-People project, Hall offered to incorporate it into the People-to-People Program, to give the collegiate plan status and the backing necessary to its further expansion.

In accepting the offer, Dawson agreed to devote two years exclusively to the Program. In February, 1962, he dropped out of college and moved to the People-to-People headquarters in Kansas City. With him went Rick Barnes, his most active co-worker, and Rafer Johnson, UCLA's great 1960 Olympic decathlon champion. They, too,

volunteered to postpone their schooling to help get a national program started.

Working sometimes individually, sometimes as a team, they recruited almost 100 member schools. Their greatest success came when, with missionary zeal, they persuaded 26 state governors to call conferences of student leaders from all the colleges in their states, so that they could present their case to groups of schools at single sittings. It was through these conferences that 87 colleges were added to the roster for that year.

FROM a beginning in a bare room with six desks, three secretaries, and a telephone, the Program has grown into an organization with a headquarters staff of eight recent college graduates, trained in People-to-People programming; and six similarly trained regional representatives, hired to seek the affiliation of colleges and help member schools solve their organizational problems. A Los Angeles field office was also opened, and an office was set up in Brussels, Belgium, to handle the overseas end of a newly introduced feature: a Student Abroad program.

This offers Program members charter-flight trips to Europe and the Middle East at an average cost of only \$850 for six weeks. If the student lives with a local family overseas, the cost can be as low as \$395. But unlike commercial tours, the trips give the U.S. student an opportunity to join in the daily life of the young people he visits. Through the Brussels office, he can arrange to live with a foreign student and his family, take part in off-the-beaten-path tours in the company of European undergraduates, visit resorts reserved for students only, or join a typical European student work camp. In the past three summers, 975 young Americans have enjoyed these enriching experiences in international brotherhood.

Once school is in session, the tour, hospitality, and forum committees take over on various American campuses. A typical tour program was the one arranged last year by Lawrence University in Appleton,

Wis. With transportation supplied by the local Kiwanis Club, it included visits to a paper mill, a breeder poultry farm, an industrial-research laboratory, a dairy, and on-the-scene studies of the county court system and the state legislature.

In their hospitality programs, many of the chapters rely heavily today, as might be expected, on the hootenannies currently so popular with all collegians. Talent shows are also in favor, as are conventional dances, picnics, and parties, ranging from skating-rink and swimming-pool cookouts to hayrides and hoe-downs.

In addition to party-giving, hospitality committees also arrange home visits for foreign students who have no one with whom to spend holidays and summer vacations. Last year, the committees opened the doors of 1,200 homes to these lonely undergraduates, where they were introduced to things as typically American as Thanksgiving dinners, baby-sitting, calling hogs, Fourth of July fireworks, baking pies, and county fairs.

As for the forums, they are sometimes gavel-controlled meetings with a set topic and an outside speaker. But more often, they are informal weekly kaffeeklatches.

Thus, with a simple, unaffected display of genuine interest in their overseas colleagues, our campus diplomats have been changing potential disillusionment and animosity into lasting friendships both here and abroad.

From Athens, an admiring educator—a counselor for Greeks planning to study abroad—has written People-to-People's central office, "Your program is the most dynamic change in the college scene in years. On too many campuses the student from another country is considered a burden, not an opportunity.

"And since I naturally want to send our students to campuses where their happiness will be furthered, I would like a list of U.S. schools which are affiliated with the People-to-People University Program."

Obviously, the seed Bill Dawson planted five years ago is bearing rich fruit. □

How to Root Out

Resentments

By *EVERETT W. PALMER*
Bishop, Seattle Area, The Methodist Church



RESENTMENTS are an extravagance no one can afford.

Twenty years ago two young couples lived side by side on a tree-lined street. They were good friends. Scarcely a day passed when the young matrons did not chat, sharing each other's joys and troubles, each deriving comfort and strength from the other.

Then, one developed an interest in flowers. The other family had a rambunctious dog. Like most dogs, he had little regard for boundary lines and viewed any flower bed as an appropriate place for burying an occasional goodie.

One morning it happened. Words of wrath were exchanged, doors slammed. And that was that!

Weeks rolled on. Months and years went by, but never another word was spoken between them. There was never a smile, a friendly nod, anything that would indicate either family thought the other existed.

Sixteen years passed and the baby of one family had grown to a young man. A friendly lad, he never would take the feud seriously, so frequently offered a cheery "Hi, there!"

Late one afternoon, the evening paper thumped against front doors, telling of a fatal accident. The boy was dead. As one woman stood outside her front door with the newspaper in hand, stunned by what she had read, the bereaved mother drove up. As she started for her door, they

looked at each other. They hesitated, then ran into each other's arms.

Telling me about it recently, one of them said, "What fools we were to carry a grudge. When I think of what it cost us during those 16 years, it makes me want to sit down and cry."

Each of us has a long case history of resentment. Even before conscious memory, resentments against restrictions and prohibitions chafed us. "No, No!" was our introduction to the mystery of language, and we did not like it. We were disturbed by demands and coercions.

When we wished to frolic, we had to take a nap. When we were supposed to eat, we wanted to splash. When hoisted into a high chair's lofty domain, we wanted to be down on the floor. Resentments, sprinkled by many a tear, are thorns that flourish in the garden of childhood.

As we grow older, resentments become more of a problem. They are no longer mere physical frustrations, moments of irritation quickly passed. They move more deeply now, furtively slipping a network of roots, tightly clinging, into the core of our being. They invade us by way of envy, jealousy, sex drives, the fighting instinct, competition, failures, defeats, troubles, sorrows, humiliation. They threaten to choke and destroy us.

Modern urban life makes us all the more vulnerable to resentments. When living space is reduced, cause

for resentments is multiplied. As Robert Frost reminds us in one of his most famous poems, "good fences make good neighbors," but in our times fences for living space once provided by an agrarian culture are coming down.

The elbow room which keeps people from jostling each other and stepping on one another's toes is being painfully restricted. More and more, as the saying goes, we get into each other's hair. Hence, hostility in all its ugly profile, from sullen isolation to crimes of violence and the threat of nuclear conflict, is becoming increasingly a threat in our times.

Whether in family or neighborhood, in church or where we work, or in relationships between labor and management, races, religions, and nations—resentment is an extravagance we cannot afford.

One means of gaining a victory over resentments is the maturity of accepting criticism and opposition as normal. To be alive is to be criticized. To attempt anything is to meet opposition.

I like the story of the boy and the earthquake. A young couple with a small son was living in the vicinity of Yellowstone several years ago when earthquakes occurred in that region.

A maiden aunt, residing some 200 miles away, feared for the safety of the little lad and insisted upon taking him to her home. After two days, the parents received the follow-



BELLS RING in *Reassurance*

FOR MANY elderly people, the bright coin of independence has a dark side of terror. It's the fear of what will happen if illness overtakes them while they are alone.

Laura, an aging widow, had a backyard dinner with her Phoenix neighbors, then went happily to her home.

Two days later a friend telephoned but got no answer. She tried again the following day, Monday—still no answer. So she called the woman next door.

"Laura probably is out of town," the neighbor said, "but I'll see her when she comes back and tell her you called."

The neighbor looked over the hedge on Tuesday and heard Laura's radio, but she was too busy then to visit. Finally, Thursday evening, she took over a loaf of hot bread. The radio was still blaring and a bedroom light was on, but Laura did not answer the bell. The neighbor, finding the door locked and suddenly suspecting trouble, called the police.

When police found her, Laura was still breathing—barely. She had lain there, sick and terrified, for six days. Doctors have not been able to mend the damage that resulted.

Millions of older folk across America prefer to live alone; others have no choice. Happily, something finally is being done to ease a fear that troubles many in both groups.

It is Reassurance Service, started in Saginaw, Mich., after a tragedy much like Laura's. It now has spread to more than 300 communities. Here's how it works:

Senior citizens who live alone are called in the morning and after supper. If there is no answer, a second call is made in a few min-

utes, then a third. If there is still no answer, someone is sent around immediately. When the person is planning to be out, he notifies the callers.

It is as simple as that. And who makes those calls? Anybody! Anybody who loves the elderly ones, which means it is likely to be a service passed around among children, grandchildren, and friends. Thus it is no burden, but a pleasure to all concerned.

Sometimes oldsters have no family. Church groups then take over that responsibility. Men's, women's, and young people's groups all have found it an appealing project.

In several cities, a professional calling service has been started by churches, and this may be the best provision of all. The paid caller, in many cases one of the elderly, can earn a needed \$25 to \$50 a month. In that way the service becomes a double blessing.

Individual fees of about \$2 a month are paid by relatives, friends, or, if need be, a church. If the oldster can pay, all the better.

Loneliness is almost as big a problem with the elderly as is failing health. Many come to feel unwanted—not exactly unloved, but useless and troublesome to younger people near them.

One group of senior citizens took on the project of calling one another. Besides being safety checks, the calls generate dinner parties, trips, picnics, croquet games, bridge sessions, and church and church-school attendance.

"It's the most fun I've had in years," one member declared, "and I don't get scared any more. Just talking to somebody on the phone once a day can be a great blessing."

—ADELE LE BARON

ing wire: "Am returning son, please send earthquake."

It seems to me, we must always be dealing with the equivalent of an earthquake or a small boy. There is no perfection among us mortals. Lacking perfection, we have faults and make errors offensive to others. They in turn, lacking perfection, often misjudge both our motives and our actions; again, lacking perfection, they may fail to recognize merit when they see it. Criticism and opposition are part of the warp and woof of life. To accept this fact without rancor and self-pity is a mark of maturity, a defense against resentments.

But best of all is the armament of love. Paul describes it magnificently in his classic letter to the Christians of Corinth, a definition of love which every Christian should have written upon the tablet of his heart.

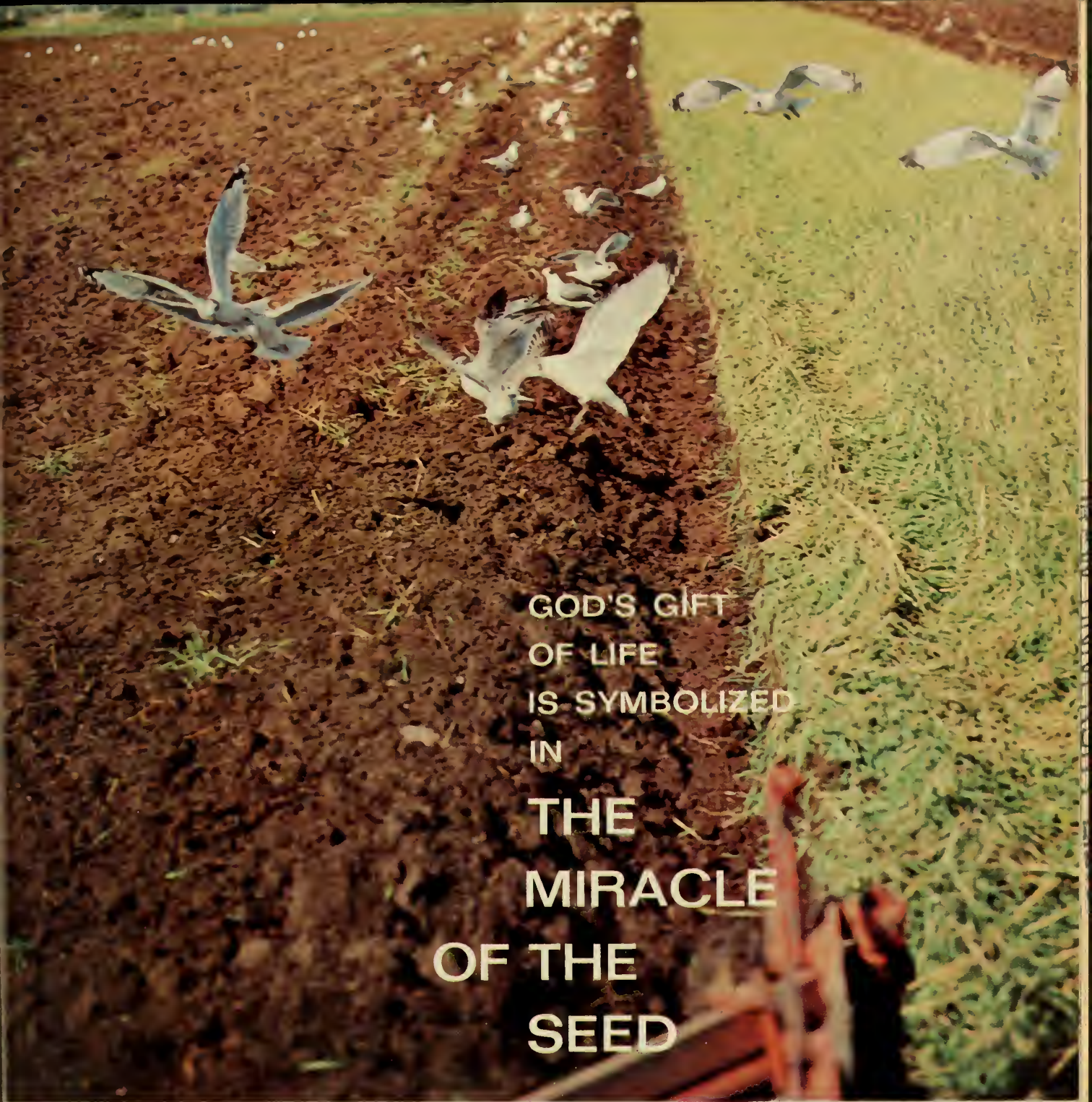
To live by the law of love means we look beyond another person's faults and concentrate upon his virtues. Frequently in my reading I come upon this famous counsel from Henry Ward Beecher: For peace of mind and a happy heart, develop a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of your friends.

To live by the law of love means to do some positive good for the person against whom we are tempted to hold a resentment.

E. Stanley Jones tells of a husband and wife who quarreled continuously. Usually their strife began over the radio—she wanted music and he the news. Finally the man had a change of heart; when he got home and the time for tension arrived, he went to the radio and tuned in the music station. Looking up in amazement, his wife said, "Why, this is time for the news." "Well, yes," he replied, "I know, but I thought you would enjoy the music."

She sat in silence a moment, then got up and switched the dial to his favorite news program. That, says E. Stanley Jones, was the beginning of new life for their marriage.

Resentment is an ailment as old as our memory, as old as the race. There is a way to victory over it. When tempted to resentment, remember it is a mortal extravagance: learn to accept criticism and opposition as a part of life; be brave enough to live by the law of love. □



GOD'S GIFT
OF LIFE
IS SYMBOLIZED
IN
THE
MIRACLE
OF THE
SEED

WHERE THE chill of winter lingers, the seed dwells in darkness, waiting. Self-sufficient, packed tight with an immemorial legacy, it sleeps the un-stirring sleep of the dead—yet is not dead.

When the time has come, the seed will know. Then, and only then, the clock of life will tick again, synchronized to the tilting earth's seasonal rhythm.

Irresistibly, seeds find their way around the world, unfurling green banners that tell of greatness arising from the very small, attesting the age-old promise from Genesis: "While the earth remains seedtime and harvest...shall not cease."



LAST year, Miss Elma Waltner of Hurley, S.Dak. worked to capture this fulfillment of God's promise on the Midwest's fertile cornland. Her color photographs on these pages cover three seasons, beginning as rich topsoil turns up behind the plow and birds move in to feast on grubs and insects. Then, from a handful of seed which the farmer plants in faith, cultivates with zeal, and watches with hope, come tender shoots, sturdy stalks, and glossy green leaves drinking in a summer shower. A weed, too, grows by the miracle of seed and, by that same miracle, it will persist, man's effort to the contrary.



To look at a field of corn whispering in summer wind is to wonder how such complex perfection came to be. True, the farmer laid straight furrows, fertilized, planted, cultivated. But a greater Power, an infinite and providential wisdom and order, is behind each shooting tassel, every golden grain of pollen, each tightly folded husk swelling with kernels.

The greater miracle is in the seed, not in the fruit it yields. Even more miraculous than the giant sequoia's size and age was its beginning—green shoot peeping out of the forest floor hundreds of years ago. Whether tomato, violet, or ragweed, the wonder is the same.



IN MOST cases, warm rains and lengthening days are required to set the amazing chemistry of a seed in motion. But such environmental factors do not explain the latent energy that causes the seed to respond, to break through its coffin-like shell with life without which other life could not exist. In winter, our seed appeared lifeless; now its primary root answers the call of gravity and thrusts down hungrily into the soil. Above, the green shoot shoulders aside a clod of earth to seek the sun.

Many seeds are almost imperishable. Some that live the longest appear the most unpromising. Some germi-

nate after 50, 75, 100 years—one type of lotus seed, it is said, after 1,000 years. Boiled, frozen, subjected to a vacuum, some seeds remain hardy enough to survive and bring forth new life.

“If there is a living thing which might help explain to us the mystery behind life, it should be seeds,” wrote the late Donald Culross Peattie. “We pour them curiously into the palm, dark as mystery, brown or gray as earth....We shake them there, gazing, but there is no answer to this knocking on the door. They will not tell where their life has gone, or if it is there, any more than the lips of the dead.”

—H. B. TEETER



The Greatest Story Ever Told...

*Can It Ever
Be Put on Film?*

By F. THOMAS TROTTER
Dean, School of Theology at Claremont
Claremont, California



FEW MOVIES have had so much advance publicity or stirred such anticipation as has *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, a film account of the life of Jesus Christ.

Released in February and now playing at Cinerama-equipped theaters around the country, it is the product of five years work by George Stevens, one of Hollywood's most respected filmmakers. It has been promoted as the finest example of a biblical film, both artistically and

theologically. In some respects, it is successful. But for thoughtful churchmen, the film presents serious problems and raises questions that must be noted and pondered.

At stake in this film, which purports to be a "life" of Jesus, is the understanding of the Gospel itself. A "life" of Jesus is inevitably a theological statement. Millions who see Stevens' version of the life of Jesus never will read the account in the New Testament. Yet the four Gospels in

the New Testament are not merely biographies. They are faithful expressions of the *meaning* of Jesus' life, death, and Resurrection. Therefore the statement about Jesus that emerges in the film is of deep concern for the church. The world is skeptical of any claim to relevance in the Gospel. The questions churchmen must ask relate to the role the film inevitably will play in shaping our generation's sense for the Gospel.

It should be noted at the outset that this film is neither biblical history nor biblical faith. It is simply a scissors-and-paste statement of a point of view about Jesus. Stevens has been quoted by Erskine Johnson, a Hollywood correspondent, as saying that the film will not breed controversy "because in the spirit of the Bible, religions are in harmony. In the spirit of the Bible, conflicts of dogmas are forgotten." Only the most careful editing of the Gospels could substantiate such a statement.

Ironically, this approach effectively removes what could be the most dramatic underpinnings for the story. No one denies a filmmaker the right to make such a film. The churchman, however, has a responsibility to measure the degree to which the film is a positive factor in the communication of the Gospel in our time.

It is immediately apparent that

the director has not seriously been guided by the last 50 years of New Testament scholarship. He has freely drawn from traditions and imagination as well as from biblical material.

Several historically questionable events such as the slaughter of the innocents and the flight into Egypt are included. The story of the woman taken in adultery, relegated to footnotes in the Revised Standard Version and New English Bibles because of its doubtful authenticity, is not only dramatically portrayed but she becomes Mary Magdalene and joins Jesus' followers. This is purely traditional and unscriptural.

Similarly, Levi the tax collector becomes Matthew the apostle, and nonbiblical characters such as blind Old Aram (Ed Wynn) and Bar Amand (Van Heflin) are invented to provide dramatic substance to the story line. Lazarus appears as the rich young ruler but he does not "go away sorrowful." Jesus, moreover, seems to be unconcerned about the whole outcome of that incident.

The whole thrust of the film is to harmonize disparate movements and events in the scriptural accounts in order to provide a coherent story line. In doing this, however, the director has obscured elements of Scripture which would have provided real dramatic movement in the film and been closer to

the biblical tradition we know.

For example, there is no tension between John the Baptist and Jesus in the film, although the Gospels are quite clear that there was. John appears simply as a thoroughly convinced booster for Jesus. Also, there is no tension at all between Jesus and his own family, as recorded in passages like Mark 3:31-35. His brothers are simply nonexistent in the film.

The fascinating dramatic possibilities between Joseph and Mary on the whole question of the nature of the birth of Jesus are completely missing. In fact, there is nothing to commit the film one way or the other on this major problem of interpretation.

The character of the disciples is never established. They are a flat, paper-doll collection, and one continually wonders what on earth Jesus could possibly have seen in them—or they in him. When Judas betrays his Lord, one is hard put to find any dramatic reason for this act of betrayal. Thus the highest moment of the passion falls flat, lacking both drama and personal involvement.

The Gospels are full of material of the type that would give bone and muscle to the drama of the life of our Lord. Some cannot be harmonized with a preconceived view. But by removing these scandals to the sweet, harmonized pic-

Jesus leads his apostles to the fishing village of Capernaum, on the Sea of Galilee.



ture of a Jesus without problems, we are left with a Jesus who only elicits a yawn. The tensions in his own ministry, clearly indicated in the Gospels, gave his ministry and its effect on the early church a vitality and power that is the only possible basis for a great dramatic statement such as this.

The only consistent historical character in the film is Pilate. Stevens has managed to make him an understandable imperial administrator doing his best in a hot, desert land. Pilate alone elicits the kind of sympathy that drama ought to provide. He has to face the most wrenching decision in the film. All other decisions, such as Judas' betrayal, are without dramatic content. Ironically, this may be the hidden truth in the film—that in our day it is, in fact, the governors who are faced with making ultimate decisions, while the religious people are called upon only for pious postures.

Just as the historical emphasis is obscured, so also is the element of faith—belief in the Gospel—the good news that Jesus is the Christ. Jesus appears as something of an automaton, mouthing simple homilies rather than the hard words of the Gospel.

In one scene completely without biblical foundation, a torchlight gathering in the Temple, Jesus actually preaches the 13th chapter of



Jesus encounters the Tempter in the wilderness. The Tempter, a quiet, soft-sell devil, appears at several other points in the film.

First Corinthians! One can hardly imagine a more violent distortion of historical material and the character of Jesus' message.

The teachings of Jesus that have always been most compelling in their power to communicate the Gospel are obscured. In fact, there is an almost total absence of any of his sayings about the nature of the Kingdom. The powerful parables, such as the good Samaritan and the prodigal son, are eliminated entirely. Jesus, in fact, emerges as a bland, religious teacher, mouthing general religious truths which, outside the setting of the story, would carry no unique authority at all.

Stevens, therefore, has removed the stumbling block of history and the foolishness of the proclamation. The power that Jesus holds over the church and the world is essentially the claim that his coming did happen in historic bluntness and with unique authority. The power and the drama of his life can be captured only in such claims. In the film, however, these are flattened out into general principles that neither excite the imagination nor present themselves as particularly unusual.

Despite denials, Stevens apparently was successfully tempted to keep his eyes on the box office as well as on the Scripture. Was it

really necessary to have teen-age idol Pat Boone appear in a very brief scene as the young man in the empty tomb? Another scene on the Via Dolorosa was particularly weakened by Stevens' eagerness to exploit the tradition of black Simon of Cyrene who carried Jesus' cross. Who else appears but Sidney Poitier, the sensitive Academy Award winner who has been a "crossbearer" for his people in such films as *The Defiant Ones* and *Lilies of the Field*.

But the temptation was too great, for Poitier again steps out of the Jerusalem crowd to lift the cross. The whole question of the intent of the Gospel is posed in a dramatic problem such as this. If Jesus (Max von Sydow) had not been so obviously Nordic, the ambiguity would not have been so painful.

Other name stars appear briefly, serving to lengthen the marquee star list but confuse the film. Why John Wayne as the Centurion at the cross or Angela Lansbury as Pilate's wife? They appear so briefly that the viewer cannot identify them in their roles. Their only identity is as celebrity gods, and as a result the momentum of the film is lost.

There are moments of real power in the film. These only make one



sad that the entire production could not have been more consistent. One long sequence of the terror and inhumanity of the city, presented with a newsreel-like grain and without sound, is powerful. Beatings, rape, drunkenness, disease—all are viewed against the dramatic ebb and flow of masses of people in Jerusalem. Then the viewer sees the dim outline of Jesus standing in a darkened doorway, surveying the macabre dance of life before him. One has the feeling that here indeed was the Jesus of the Gospels, poised to stride into history with a prophet's judgment and a lover's tenderness.

While the raising of Lazarus was sheer theatrics (with Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus* as background), Jesus' conversation with his disciples under a footbridge on the busy road north to Capernaum is a brilliant directoral touch. The movement of soldiers, beggars, shepherds, and traders over the bridge while Jesus discourses about his mission is an artistic high moment in the film.

THE setting for most of the filming—Kane County, Utah—is perfect for the vast reaches of Cinema. The temptation scene on the crags of these graceful yet terrifying rocks is memorable. And the long shots of Jesus striding resolutely over the faces of these great yellow scarps must rank as beautiful as any shots yet conceived.

Stevens' film also is refreshingly free from the exploitation of sex found in many so-called biblical epics. Whereas Cecil B. De Mille's biblical films often were thinly veiled vehicles for bubble bath and dancing girls, the restraint shown by Stevens is commendable.

The dramatic device of having the Tempter appear at several points in the film was an inspired touch. When Jesus confronts the Tempter in the wilderness cave, the Tempter is a quiet, soft-sell type, rather than the stereotyped, thinly disguised devil. Especially impressive is the fact that Stevens used the mountain precipice—dramatized by kicking off a stone and listening to it drop below—as the moment for discussing the tempta-

tion to step from the pinnacle of the Temple. The Tempter appears again at the healing in Capernaum, in the crowd at Jerusalem, in conversation with Peter, and at the cross. Had Stevens been as daring with other thoughtful touches as he was with this one, the picture would have been more powerful.

In terms of total impression and impact, what actually emerges in this film is neither history nor proclamation, but legend. The creators of the film have woven together the various strands of tradition about Jesus, added unscriptural embellishments of their own, compressed stories to eliminate contradiction and to encourage harmonization (as in the cases of Lazarus and Mary Magdalene)—and in the process they have removed from immediate relevance any of the problems presented in the stories.

The real problem of the film for the church is the degree to which legend is harmless, in the sense that legend insulates us from the personal, immediate claims of the Gospel. Except possibly for Pilate, there are no characters in the film with whom the viewer can identify as real persons. There are simply two-dimensional "good guys" and "bad guys" for the most part. There are no real human beings imprisoned in the magnificent contradictions of human existence, with all its grandeur and misery. By putting the woman taken in adultery in a short, bright-red dress—more obvious because of the appropriate flatness of the costuming in general—Stevens deflects the intention of the biblical story away from the millions of sinners who will therefore not identify their particular kinds of sin in the incident. There is no subtlety in that costume or in that sin. And because all the characters, even Jesus' enemies, immediately recognize him as the Christ, there is nothing to emphasize the humanity that so compelled his followers to new humanity themselves.

W. H. Auden, suggesting that it is impossible to represent Christ in the dramatic arts, says, "If he is made dramatically interesting, he ceases to be Christ and turns into a Hercules or a Svengali." This is precisely the problem Stevens has

faced in the film. By eliminating cinematically difficult and historically problematic events like walking on water and feeding the thousands (they are only mentioned as having happened), he has sought to avoid the very thing against which Auden warns. But his Jesus has no authority or power beyond the straight-forward statement of otherwise general religious truths.

EVEN for its virtues, *The Greatest Story Ever Told* is inadequate. It will confirm us in our sentimental notions about Jesus while insulating us against the absolute claims of the Gospel. In the film's deference to Mary and to Peter, it confirms the traditional argument of the priority of the Roman Catholic Church—an argument, incidentally, which is unfortunate in the ecumenical age. In its confused post-Resurrection episode, stiffly staged, it will further confound those for whom the Resurrection of our Lord is not simply a matter of literal detail but existentially the real source of faith itself.

Harvard's Dean S. H. Miller once noted that "Jesus always speaks of eternity in terms of the little events of time." The only real vehicle of authority in religious art remains the parable. The artist or preacher transforms the common events of daily life—the family, the farm, a lost coin, a highway robbery, an architectural problem, a rich man, a widow's budget—into ultimate truth about the human situation and God's purposes. It is only the parable that can bear the full impact of God's revelation through Jesus.

The parable does not allow us the luxury of theoretical argument or speculation. It comes into our lives and sits beside us.

George Stevens has made one of the better biblical films. It is worth seeing. But it is inadequate as Christian expression. To the degree that millions will acknowledge it as "gospel truth," the director has taken great risks. And yet, to the degree that the church can use it as a platform for further clarification of the Gospel, it may be a blessing. □

FAMILIAR STRANGER

*Mother looked up at her oldest son,
Now come of age with twenty-one;
Birthdays filling him out to size,
But sons stay small in mothers' eyes.
Then she gazed downward through the years,
The months of joy, the days of tears,
The marks on the door that told how tall,
The cowboy wallpaper on the wall:
That day she felt her hair turn gray,
When he and Rover ran away;
But both were there for bedtime prayer,
And the gold came back into her hair.
Remembered his slam-bang, "See ya, Mom!"
Straightened his tie for the junior prom.
She raised her eyes again to scan
Her son, and saw a strange, new man.*

—RALPH W. SEAGER

THE MYSTERY

*Loving him, knowing him well, my heart and mind
Both whisper when my words should cease their flow
And bide their restless time or be confined
To eternal silence. Nevertheless, I go
Precipitously on, a woman weak
With the weight of tumbling words pushing their way
Past unlocked lips, with ever the need to speak,
Forgetful of the right way to convey
My love. But what is more a mystery
Is that he understands and still loves me!*

—JEAN CARPENTER MERCARD

THE SECRET

*There is a secret part to me
That does amazing things:
It is an actress on TV,
A butterfly who sings,
The author of a winning play,
An artist planning sketches.
The rest of me keeps house all day
And, as expected, fetches
Lost dolls and balls, bakes hot cross buns,
Mends bruises like no other
For my adored, unknowing ones,
To whom I'm simply Mother!*

—JEAN CARPENTER MERCARD



WORSHIP

Vital worship services are central to the life of any church.

Methodists, now beginning to use a new 'Book of Worship,' are learning a new appreciation for liturgy. But this 'public work' of Christian believers must be more than ritualism, do more than merely stir religious feelings. It requires discipline, planning, and especially understanding.

By WILLIAM F. DUNKLE, JR.

Secretary-Treasurer, Commission on Worship, The Methodist Church
Pastor, Grace Methodist Church, Wilmington, Delaware

THERE IS A STORY about an old sailor who had sailed the seven seas and sinned in all the seaports thereof—and then was roundly, soundly converted. While preparing him for Baptism, his pastor was reviewing the Ten Commandments. Remembering his past, the old sailor became more and more depressed and remorseful as he listened to the prohibitions of Mosaic law. Then his spirit brightened as he thought of one defense he might offer for his miscreant past: "Well, at least I ain't never made no graven images!"

Consciously or unconsciously, the old seaman was expressing the main point about the relationship between God and man, the first and foremost absolute about man's response and responsibility. *God alone is to be worshiped.* To nothing else or to no one else may men bow down or give soul service. The ethical dimensions grow out of worship as the other commandments follow this first one. Worship is the starting line of the religious life.

It is easy for the average church member to take this idea so much for granted as almost to forget it. The *fellowship* which develops from regular church attendance easily tends to assume priority over the *faith* which develops from regular, earnest worship. When this happens, churches begin to become clubs, then in-circles of friendship. Finally they may miss the whole meaning of mission. This is when a church dies.

Vital worship services are what make vital, serving churches. American Protestants, including Methodists, are renewing this basic understanding. Almost everywhere now alert churchmen are concerned with the restoration of worship as the central relationship between God and men.

This does not mean, however, that worship is the only major interest of the church nowadays. There are, in fact, four principal interests claiming the attention of churchmen in most denominations during recent decades: biblical theology, depth psychology,

the ecumenical movement, as well as the so-called liturgical revival. It is beginning to be clear, nevertheless, that the fourth really is an expression of the other three.

Commonly the word "liturgical" suggests formality, "high church" ritualism, and ceremonialism. It should not. The Greek term *leitourgia* derives from two other words: *laos*, meaning people, and *ourgos*, meaning work. Originally "liturgy" referred to the public work expected of all citizens, much as we today would consider voting, paying taxes, or fulfilling obligations of military service to be proper public responsibilities of citizenship, or, as in an earlier time, residents along a country road might be expected to band together and contribute actual labor to highway maintenance.

As "liturgical" has come to be an ecclesiastical term, it should be understood as the public work of the people of God gathered for worship. It is wrong to think of liturgy as necessarily fancy or complicated with the "smells and bells" of incense, chimes, vestments, processions, and such. Yet, if liturgy is work, then, like all honest labor, it requires discipline, planning, intelligent, and co-ordinated effort, more than just feelings. And if it is public work, it cannot be merely escapist, individualistic, exclusively personal. Finally, if it is public work by the people of God, it cannot be wholly professional, clerical, monastic, or elite, but rather an expression of Protestantism's "priesthood of every believer," which even Roman Catholics are now beginning to understand.

In a paper read at the Montreal Faith and Order Conference in 1963 and published in *Studia Liturgica* in 1964, Frère Max Thurian of the Taizé Community emphasizes the right understanding of the liturgical revival in these sentences: "First and foremost Christian worship is a gathering of the church in worship and intercession before its God. But insofar as the gathering is really fraternal and manifests the deep

spiritual and human communion of Christians, it is missionary in character: "See how they love one another."

All this is why the liturgical revival being felt throughout most denominations must be constantly connected with and corrected by biblical theology, depth psychology, and the ecumenical movement.

Worship and Biblical Theology

In commending his abridgment of the *Book of Common Prayer* to the American Methodists, John Wesley wrote, "I believe there is no Liturgy in the world . . . which breathes more of a solid, scriptural, rational piety . . ." Note the word *scriptural*. In 1789 when the newly independent Episcopal Church in the United States published its first prayer book, the preface commending it to the people concluded with a sentence which read in part, "And now this important work being brought to a conclusion, it is hoped that the whole will be received and examined by . . . every sincere Christian . . . seriously considering . . . what the truths of the Gospel are . . ."

Ritual and ceremony which do not publicly express a people's faith in the God of the Bible is surely not Christian liturgy, however impressive and elaborate otherwise. The liturgical revival now current in much of Christianity could not have grown as it has without the renewal of interest in and study of the Bible.

The first important purpose of ritual and ceremonial then is to teach. "No matter how beautiful a ceremony . . . it is not good if it teaches nothing," Bishop James A. Pike emphasizes in his book *A New Look in Preaching*.¹ To make his point more vividly, Bishop Pike adds, "The service is over; the choir has marched out; the music softens—plus tremulo; two acolytes begin extinguishing the candles—symmetrically; precisely when the last two are extinguished, the organ booms, everyone immediately arises to depart. What does it mean? Something, doubtless, to Zoroastrian fire-worshippers, but what to Christians?"

In his major book, entitled simply *Worship*,² Luther D. Reed reminds his readers, however, that "Worship is more than a purely intellectual exercise." And Dr. Reed continues, "Sound, line, color, and action are among its component parts just as surely as are words." To illustrate the importance of action, for example, he quotes the scriptural account of how Jesus "took bread . . . and brake it, and gave it." These are the liturgical actions we reenact in Holy Communion and they still have their teaching values. Other examples are numerous: the purpose of the Christian year is to guarantee that each great biblical or theological truth shall be taught in each 12 months of worship; the purpose of seasonal colors originally was to teach unlettered people the calendar of the Christian year. The liturgical revival is the recovery of Christianity's teaching ministry and the main subject matter is biblical theology.

Worship and Depth Psychology

But Christian liturgy must also be concerned with what the truths of the Gospel are about man as well as with what they are about God. Churchmen have been learning that the findings of depth psychology also have much to teach about man, about who he is and what he needs. Seward Hiltner in his psychological study *Self-Understanding* writes, "If we are to make a beginning at knowing ourselves midway in the 20th century, we need to merge the insights and aspirations of religion with the insights and technical knowledge of modern psychology." For, he adds, "The two great fields of knowledge which bear upon self-understanding are psychology and religion." The late Archbishop William Temple said that worship is ". . . to quicken the conscience by the holiness of God, to feed the mind by the truth of God, to purge the imagination by the beauty of God, to open up the heart to the love of God, to devote the will to the purpose of God." Worship, therefore, deals with man, his being, and his need for quickened conscience, instructed mind, purged imagination, discovered heart, and ordered will.

Preaching alone, important as it is, may not do all that liturgy can with man and for man. The early Methodist scholar, Adam Clarke, is quoted by John C. Bowmer in *The Lord's Supper in Methodism, 1791-1960* as having observed how "the Methodist people in England have incomparably more grace and more stability since the introduction of the Sacraments than before." A more modern scholar, Henry Sloane Coffin, says, "You and I come to the Lord's table not mainly to do something, however admirable, but to have something done to us and in us."

The modern liturgical revival is the serious attempt to relate public worship, including the church's sacramental life, to the fundamentals of man's nature, as more and more understood through depth psychology. There is a sense in which, to use psychological terminology, public worship might be considered "group therapy."

This is one reason why contemporary worship services are more responsory, less a monologue by the minister alone. In a recent book, *The Celebration of the Gospel*, jointly produced by H. Grady Hardin, Joseph D. Quillian, Jr., and James F. White, members of the faculty at Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University, the statement is made that Christian worship "is not simply a response to the Gospel but is a participation in it."

Worshippers, in other words, are expected not only to respond to the proclamation of the Gospel by a preacher from his pulpit, but to participate vocally and actively themselves in proclaiming the Gospel. This understanding is what is behind the use of litanies and responsive readings which increasingly are part of contemporary worship services.

A traveler in India heard loud drum beats coming from a temple and was told in explanation, "The priests are waking up the god. It's almost time for worship." Christians do not worship a god who needs arousing. Christians worship God so that *he* can awaken *them*. . . . Depth psychology is teaching that

¹ From *A New Look in Preaching* by Bishop James A. Pike. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons (\$2.50). Copyright © 1961 by Seabury-Western Theological Seminary. Used by permission.—EDITORS

² From *Worship* by Luther D. Reed. Published by Fortress Press (\$5.95). Copyright © 1959 by Fortress Press. Used by permission.—EDITORS

men must be as honest with themselves as they are honest with God.

Honesty: Beauty, Not Prettiness

The liturgical revival is seriously concerned with honesty—in art and architecture, in music and ritual, in ceremony and symbolism. Mere prettiness and sentimentality is decried by all honest liturgists. The pseudo-Gothic which characterized so much Methodist architecture in the 1920s, or the contrived emotionalism of so much 19th-century hymnody, or the fancy frills which continue to adorn so many church services even today—all these simply do not force man into honestly confronting himself and his needs before God.

This is what is wrong with a great deal which passes as Christian symbolism. For example, candles originally were put on altars because there were no electric lights in ancient churches; they may or may not serve useful liturgical purposes in churches today. At least they are not what honest liturgy is all about.

I do not mean to say that all beauty in worship is dishonest. Beauty in worship may be very important indeed, particularly where it is so lacking outside of worship. Peter F. Anson in his unique book *Fashions in Church Furnishings* quotes the magazine *Ecclesiologist* of 1850 as asking, "Why should the poor man's church be of the plainest style? He, whose own dwelling is mean and poor, has the greatest claim to richness and magnificence in the temple of the Lord. The wealthy . . . can better afford to leave their carpets and armchairs for a few hours in a plain church than the inmate of a garret who has such scant opportunity for drinking in the beauties of external art."

Such a comment is still valid today. Unfortunately the Protestant suspicion of beauty takes strange forms. For example, Protestants may not be afraid of pictures of the saints in stained-glass windows made of molten sand, but they often fear statues of the saints sculptured in stone as idolatry. The liturgical revival is helping Christians understand at least that the only valid test of art and architecture, and indeed of all worship, is *honesty*. For public worship needs always to find man honestly expressing his truest feelings before God, in word and act, in art and architecture.

This is not meant to suggest, however, that honest worship is wholly a matter of feelings. Many Methodists so mistake it. Remember: public worship is work—outward, physical work! Robert Sherwood once described the theater as "the dwelling place of wonder," and these are words which ought actually to fit the church even more than the theater. But much as worshippers know God to be the "wholly other," and much as worship contemplates the mystery of his peace "which passeth all understanding," rational worship must never be allowed to become merely emotional or a set of abstractions.

Rational worship is the directing by man of his whole being toward God amid the concrete realities of physical existence, by word and action bending his body and mind in subjection to God, and proclaiming by voice and posture the saving truth an immortal God has deigned to reveal to mortal man. Christian

worship is still the offering of sacrifices: the sacrifice of gifts, the sacrifice of obedience, the "sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving." For with such sacrifices, God is well pleased.

Methodists are learning to thus externalize their worship. In a symposium edited by Nils Ehrenstrom and Walter G. Muelder, and titled *Institutionalism and Church Unity*, John H. S. Kent decries the ". . . flabby doctrine of the Holy Spirit which assumed that the 'spiritual' was always the spontaneous, the unrehearsed, the unwritten, the unread."

Unquestionably there always will be a place in the life and experience of Methodist congregations for extempore prayer, for unstructured services of worship. Methodists surely will continue to find spiritual validity in the simplicity they learned in the days when frontier circuit riders could not carry in their saddlebags prayer books, vestments, and the appointments of ordered worship. Worship in log cabins and camp-meeting brush arbors was necessarily very informal indeed. Moreover, the poverty of early Methodists precluded the building of anything more than the plainest meetinghouses. For at least a century, Wesley's Sunday Service included recommendations that the litany be read on Wednesdays and Fridays, and that "gown and bands" be worn by ministers. Such suggestions were lost to American Methodists laboring under pioneer conditions in a rude, crude new continent. Officially, American Methodism retained a ritual, but it was hardly more than a vestige of its liturgical origins.

Since about the turn of this century, however, Methodism slowly has been recovering its heritage of liturgical worship. Along with most other denominations, it has been learning that there is no special virtue in ugliness and that unordered worship risks degeneration into the disorderly religion against which the Apostle Paul warned the Corinthians. In his first letter to them, he insisted that "all things should be done decently and in order," whenever Christians assemble for public worship.

In addition to continuing its official ritual, The Methodist Church in the 20th century twice has revised its hymnal to provide more meaningful and relevant music. The latest of these revisions will appear in the late spring of 1966.

In 1944 an "optional" prayer book called *The Book of Worship for Church and Home* was officially approved for use in churches and homes. The revised edition³ of this book was published just this year. A great deal of study has been given to the improvement of church architecture. The use of choir and ministerial vestments is now widespread, as are such chancel appointments as crosses and colored paraments.

To be sure, there has not been universal acceptance of liturgical worship forms. There may never be. Nevertheless, what Luther D. Reed in his book *Worship*² observed about his fellow Lutherans in America may also be said of modern American Meth-

³ The Book of Worship for Church and Home, published by The Methodist Publishing House for the Commission on Worship of The Methodist Church, is available through Cokesbury Book Stores or Regional Service Centers. Price per copy is \$2.25. Copies are available in either liturgical red or liturgical purple binding.—Ebs.

odists: ". . . the culture and the refinements that result from education and economic welfare led many to revolt against crudity and uninformed individualism . . . This colorless, unhistorical, and unimpressive atmosphere . . ." It may be safely predicted that American Methodism, like most denominations, will explore the experience of liturgical worship.

Worship and the Ecumenical Movement

Part of the learning experience now engaging Methodists involves the difficulty some have with making the transition from the Methodist worship they knew as children when services were more casual and informal to what has become more current. A few zealous converts to liturgical worship have swung to extremes, enamored as they are with romantic medievalisms of ceremony and symbol. Fussy and meaningless practices fail to satisfy worshipers who seek reality.

On the other hand, what Dr. Reed says again is all too true: "We have too many pastors who are blissfully ignorant of the fact that their disregard of rubrics, inaccurate reading of texts, inept interpolations, awkward gestures, and similar personal peculiarities are simply bad spelling and poor grammar in a language they have never really learned—the language of liturgical refinement and propriety. We need to improve the bad spelling and poor grammar of the Sloppy Joes quite as much as to curb the zeal of the Sweet Williams!"²

Much of this curing and curbing will result from the ecumenical movement. In other words, as Christians increasingly drawn together in their oneness with Christ, they are learning from each other the ways of worshiping Christ which have proven meaningful and valid in the several branches of his church. This sharing of devotional experiences is steadily creating a common treasury of worship materials. For example, new revisions of *The Methodist Hymnal* and *The Book of Worship for Church and Home* draw upon resources, both ancient and modern, from almost every part of Christendom.

But more importantly, Christians today are learning from each other that there is a common core of worship tradition and practice, some of which has existed since the time of the first Christians. For example, all Christians pray the Lord's Prayer, bury the dead, solemnize Christian marriage, and share to some extent the faith formulated in the Apostles Creed and Nicene Creed. Almost all Christians engage in Holy Communion, have some initiatory observance equivalent to Baptism and/or confirmation, and ordain or set apart their ministers.

Out of all this have developed some standard conventions, commonly accepted practices and procedures of Christian worship, more or less known to and increasingly observed by Christians of various denominations. Naturally, worship never will be the same everywhere or at all times. The recent Second Vatican Council sessions have revealed to Protestants that even the Roman Catholic Church has far more variety of viewpoint and practice than commonly had been supposed by other Christians. The Eastern

Orthodox churches have their own national liturgies in several languages. Nobody should expect that any absolute uniformity ever will arise in Methodist worship.

Nevertheless Methodists are becoming more and more consciously aware of their position in and heritage from the holy catholic church, the whole body of Christ. Our people are not nearly as separatist or as individualistic as once they were. Except where there may be basic differences of faith and doctrine, Methodists are much more disposed than they used to be to accept the common standards and main traditions in worship which other denominations observe. No longer, for example, are Methodists afraid of being accused of "imitating the Episcopalians." Now they understand that Methodists and Episcopalians share a common heritage from the Church of England, a heritage much prized by John Wesley and not necessarily in conflict with his evangelical spirit.

No longer are American Methodists afraid to put crosses on or in their churches for fear they will be charged with popery. No longer is it unheard of for Methodists to observe Lent. The ecumenical movement is teaching Methodists and most other Christians what they hold in common. To quote Dr. Reed again, "Christian art has enabled the common consciousness of Christendom to give classical expression to its faith in three great forms . . . the church building, the church year, and the church service. Next to Holy Scripture and Christian doctrine, the Christian liturgy is the church's most valuable tradition."² More and more Methodists would agree. It seems almost certain that their number will increase.

Ecumenical involvement, for one thing, is demonstrating that much of the distinction between what was once considered Protestant and what was once considered Catholic is not as real as had been imagined. Robert McAfee Brown has pointed out to his fellow Presbyterians, for example, that Christians in churches of the Reformed tradition need not follow all the practices of their forebears unthinkingly. He cites the fact that John Calvin refused to take his hat off in church, not because he was afraid he would be accused of "popish adoration" but only because his church in Old Geneva was unheated and drafty and there were numerous pigeons. And Father Robert W. Hovda, a Roman Catholic, writes in *Sunday Morning Crisis*, "The liturgy is not a group of secret rites to be participated in only by a small elite. It is . . . an experience of the holy, a rejoicing in the Word of a giving, revealing, forgiving, saving God, which belongs to the whole race of men whom he has called." Could anything sound more evangelically Methodist? Because of the ecumenical movement, Christians are beginning to hear other Christians speak—and old walls of division are crumbling.

Methodists will take their place with all the other people of God, working out publicly Christianity's witness to God's redeeming love and doing their part in proclaiming honestly the beauty of holiness which God's love offers to all. This is Methodism's new direction. Actually, it is very, very old. It started in the first century. □

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

"WHAT can I believe?" a college freshman asks. "I attend a large university near my home. One of my professors tells us that the Bible is an outdated historical relic. He says we should not take it seriously today.

"Another professor talks constantly about sexual freedom. He says students should try to rid themselves of all feelings of guilt and fear, in order that they can enjoy 'one of the good things of life.'

"Both teachers are atheists. If I told my parents the things I am learning, they would make me quit school. Dr. Barbour, are these professors liars? Or are they trustworthy?"

Probably the two professors you quote intend to be trustworthy. However, their sincerity does not mean they are right. Good intentions are not enough. I believe what they say is quite wrong.

Perhaps my experience will help you. I started counselling many years ago. I had a new Ph.D. degree and a headful of theories similar to those you have been hearing. But as I worked with people who had serious problems, I discovered that the theories were wrong. Human misery taught me that mental health, happiness, and personal worth are found within the framework of the moral standards taught by the Bible. Not outside it. I came to realize that the Bible is an inspired document. Its teachings are as valid today as they were 2,000 years ago. The Bible is not a mere historical relic.

I suggest that you listen to your professors without arguing. Instead, make a list of the things they say which trouble you. Then go to the pastor of your family church. Discuss each item thoroughly with him. He is a more reliable guide than the professors.

What can you believe? You can believe in God and Jesus Christ. You can believe in the themes the Bible contains. You can strengthen your faith through the insight you will gain by your discussions with your minister. Be sure to see him soon.

"This is the most modern translation of the Bible ever published. Instead of the word 'God,' they use the term 'The Man Upstairs.'"



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1964 by Warner Press, Inc.

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I am 15. My father says that any kid who likes the Beatles is stupid. Wouldn't you say this is a matter of taste and not of intelligence?—B.C.

Yes, I would. Each generation of teenagers creates a new set of musical heroes. Each generation develops its own type of popular music. Adults are sure to criticize the musicians and the music. I believe enjoying the Beatles is a matter of taste, not intelligence. May I make a request? Please try to remember your feelings about the Beatles when you are a parent of teen-agers and get upset over the music they enjoy. Remember and be tolerant.

aa

I'm a girl of 17, flat as a board. My nose is too big. I've never been kissed. When I'm with boys, I'm too timid to talk. My girl friends all go steady. They've had their boyfriends arrange blind dates for me several times. I tried to enjoy myself, but I was too scared. Not one of the boys asked for a second date. I hate being this way! Can you help me?—E.R. Probably I can. Start by working on your appearance. Pick an attractive teacher who likes you. Ask to see her a few times after school. Get her advice about clothes, makeup, hair arrangement, and so on. Do your best to follow her suggestions. Join MYF. Attend regularly. Volunteer to serve on special committees. As you work with boys on church projects, you will lose

your shyness. Soon you will be able to talk with them freely. Check your conversational habits. Make sure you ask questions about things which interest boys, and that you are a good listener. Remember what each boy says and refer to it later. He will admire your judgment. Also check your social skills. Can you dance well? Swim? Do you know enough about basketball to watch games intelligently? And about football and baseball? Finally, do not downgrade yourself. Most girls your age think they are not pretty. Nearly all feel timid a good bit of the time. Remind yourself that you are very much worthwhile, and your attitudes will improve.

aa

I am a girl, 16. Last fall I read about a girl my age who got up in the middle of the night and murdered her parents. I would like to do the same. My folks make me go to bed at 10 every week-night. My mother forces me to stop watching good TV programs to wash the dishes. My father gives me one lousy dollar a week for an allowance. All my friends get more. Mama reads my mail and listens when I talk on the phone. When my dad scolds me, I vomit. I'm so upset that I have nightmares. I can see a big ape beckoning me to follow him. He talks to me, and tells me to strangle Dad and Mom. Do you think I am crazy?—D.L. I am sure you need expert help, right away. All young people get angry at their folks from time to time, but your feeling is too extreme. Your symptoms are serious. I have checked with the pastor of your

church. He is a trained counselor. You must talk with him. He will refer you to a psychiatrist in your city. Be sure and do exactly what he says. I have asked him also to see your parents, so they will co-operate in getting treatment for you promptly.

QA

I am a high-school freshman getting straight A grades. I have many friends. Last week my counselor called me to his office. He suggested that I transfer to a special high school in our city for gifted students. He told me I have a very good I.Q. He thinks I should take accelerated courses, so that I can enter college early. He tells me I need to be with other gifted students. I don't like the idea of leaving my friends. Yet I do want to go where I can get the best education. My parents think I should go. What do you say, Dr. Barbour?—

R.W. It happens that I am acquainted with the high school for gifted children in your city. It is one of the best in the country. You are lucky to have an opportunity to attend. You still can maintain your friendship with many of your present classmates, but you also will make new friends in the new school. The school has specialized courses, a special library, special laboratories and highly capable teachers. I am sure you will never regret going there.

QA

I'm ashamed to be near my friends. They do not know it, but I told on them for cheating. They were getting better grades than they deserved. I earned our math teacher before the last test. He caught them and gave them Fs. Now I feel like a heel. Was I acting properly when I told on them?—J.R. I believe you were. Cheating always is wrong. Those who cheat and get by with it are apt to think it is right. If they are caught and punished early in life, they may learn not to cheat in the future. They would disagree with my answer, but I think what you did was right.

Nobody knows all the answers. But Dr. Barbour keeps in touch with teenagers and has learned to help them. Send your problem c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Don't wait. Names and addresses are confidential.—Eds.



Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church



What is 'catholicism'? It has little to do with "Roman" Catholicism or "Old" Catholicism or catholicism of any other special kind. A catholicism that is limited is no catholicism at all, and the church that is truly catholic must include all and exclude none who have the spirit of Christ.

In the book, *The Work of the Holy Spirit*, Lycurgus M. Starkey, Jr., shows us that catholicity, as defined by Augustine in his debate with the Donatists, means possessing the grace of charity. "Where there is no inclusive love for all those who possess the spirit of Christ, there is no Holy Spirit and no wholeness (catholicity) of the church." Wesley said: "Catholic love is a catholic spirit."

Was Jesus ever in a hurry? Although his responsibilities were far heavier than ours, he was never pressed for time. In his book, *Guilt and Grace*, Paul Tournier calls attention to the relaxed way in which Jesus met his problems, lived his life:

He had time to talk to a foreign woman he met at a well (John 4:1-26); he had a holiday with his disciples (Mark 8:27); he admired the lilies of the field (Matthew 6:28) and a sunset (Matthew 16:2). He had time to wash his disciples' feet (John 13:5) and to answer their questions without impatience (John 14:5-10). He could take time to go to the desert to pray (Luke 5:16) and even to spend a whole night in prayer (Luke 6:12).

What is a 'just' war? Many Christian thinkers are saying that there is none. At Amsterdam, in 1948, the World Council of Churches pronounced that every war is contrary to God's will, and this opinion is coming to prevail.

Martin Niemoller says that "Christianity has suffered 1,600 years and more through a sort of loyalty to the power-state which certainly had nothing to do with Romans 13." (This is the passage on which the divine right of kings and the current supremacy of government is founded.)

The Church has blessed many wars, and called them "just." The Church seems to have been wrong.

How does 'evangelistic' differ from 'evangelical'? "Evangelistic" has to do with seeking, witnessing, winning. As D. T. Niles, one of the missionary greats of our times, has put it, evangelism is one beggar telling another where to find bread. We are that hungry! "Evangelical" means, not simply warmhearted (as sentimentalists sometimes think) but actually growing out of the Gospel and its good news about salvation from sin. It is hard to see how a church could be evangelical without being evangelistic.

"Our people are full of questions," Bishop T. Otto Nall observes, after five years in the Minnesota Area. "I often wonder whether John Wesley wasn't right in putting all the conference business in the form of questions and answers."

THE THUNDER OF BARE FEET

By J. WALLACE HAMILTON

Pastor, Pasadena Methodist Church
St. Petersburg, Florida

Now the tax collectors and sinners were all drawing near to hear him.—Luke 15:1

ON THE BANKS of the river that runs through the city of Manila, there stands an imposing palace. It was built 200 years ago by a Spanish governor in the Philippines to provide a summer retreat from the heat and stench of the sprawling city. In the heyday of colonialism, the palace was the symbol of a life-pattern that prevailed through most of the world.

Since that day of Spanish glory, some strong winds have been blowing in the world and many old notions have gone. When Spain lost the islands, President McKinley, to use his own words, "took them over for the United States under heaven's direct guidance."

The Filipinos watched their rulership change hands. They lost their old masters and got new ones, and the old colonial corruptions went right on—but with one important difference. The people had a scrap of paper in their hands, a ballot, a vote. With their 5 million little scraps of paper, they built a government—not by the elite but by the elected. A new kind of ruler moved into the palace, and the people followed him in—peasants, poor folk, "bare feet in the palace." Agnes Newton Keith wrote a novel about

it under the title which I have borrowed. Let me quote briefly from it:

"There are fingerprints now on the palace walls, soiled marks on curtains. Rich carpets are growing thin. Souvenirs are taken, garden flowers are picked, and green grass is trampled on. For 200 years this palace has flourished while the people have grown thin. Today the people gather strength from the palace. Here they may come, barefoot or well-shod, ignorant or brilliant, poor or rich, bad or good, old or young. Now the palace grows slightly less polished and elegant while the people grow strong in the pride that this is their country, their government, their palace. Here they belong."

Little People Are Climbing

Keep your eye on that palace. It's what you are seeing all over the world. The shirtless millions are climbing up to power. The barefoot ones are walking up the steps into the palace.

To understand this you have to go back a long way. Dip down anywhere in ancient civilization within the fragment of human history known to us and you will find it: big power, little people; masters at the top, masses at the bottom; a small elite in the palace, the barefoot ones below living by their leave and through their condescension.

The Egyptians lived off the sweat of their slaves, built their palaces and pyramids on the backs of the shirtless. The Greeks gave us the word for democracy, but it didn't extend to the slave class. Aristotle said, "The slave is an instrument of agriculture." The Taj Mahal, the most beautiful tomb on earth, is more than a mausoleum; it is the symbol of an idea, prevailing unquestioned through thousands of years, that the barefoot ones are born to be the servants of those in the palace.

Here and there in ancient days some lone rebel stood up, wanting to be free, and pitted himself against the power that held him down. There is a thrilling story in the Bible about Moses standing in Pharaoh's court and saying, "Let my people go."

It is a kind of opening chapter in a continuing story. Later chapters can be found in Hebrew history, where servitude was challenged; in Christian history, where by Christian love it was gradually undermined; in Anglo-Saxon history, where bit by bit the protest against servitude got written into law.

There is a little ditty about the common lands that were confiscated from the peasantry and taken over by the nobility:

*The law locks up both man and woman
Who steals the goose from off the common,
But lets the greater felons loose
Who steal the common from the goose.*

These were the songs of the barefoot ones. They gave voice to their desperation, much as the Negro spirituals speak the language of their enslavement.

An Explosion of Freedom

It is odd that we who take pride in our own march to freedom become frightened and suspicious when others take it up. But that is what we are seeing now—a freedom explosion, a global expression of Voltaire's oft-quoted aphorism: "History is filled with the sound of silken slippers going downstairs and the thunder of wooden shoes coming up." The thunder we are hearing now is the thunder of bare feet, the rising of the world's masses.

In many, many ways the thunder we hear is frightening. A mass upsurge can be terrifying; it looms up as the most unpredictable problem of our time. A few years ago, after the fall of King Faruk, we visited his former palace in Alexandria, Egypt. It now belongs to the people, and the beach is a public beach. Barefoot people are climbing up the palace steps, making marks on its walls. In some measure this is happening everywhere: blue-denim peasants in plush hotels; shirtless ones taking over the pleasure grounds of the privileged; have-nots making Coney Islands out of luxury resorts.

The barefoot man is coming up in the world to sit in the driver's seat, to set the standards, to make the laws, to shape the culture, to take over the palace from which he was formerly excluded.

He comes to the palace with some frightening liabilities. First he carries his inherited resentments. In his racial memories is the bone-deep bitterness of centuries. He has behind him a long, sordid history of misused power at the top. He remembers the whip of slavery, the pinch of poverty, the rebuffs and snubs of snobbery—"Here, boy, whiskey and soda, and be quick!" Deep in his spirit are the scars that have resulted from centuries of exploitation, tyranny, and contempt.

The surprising thing, perhaps, is that he is not more vengeful and vindictive. Every major liberation in history heretofore has been marked by violence and disorder. When the man down under overthrows his master and becomes the master—for example, in the French Revolution—when the bottom gets on top and the subjects become the rulers, the age that follows is invariably an age of terror and disorder. "The tyranny of kings," said Mirabeau, "is hard to bear. But the tyranny of the mob is unendurable."

What we are reaping now is the delayed harvest of the sins of centuries, including the sins our ancestors planted. The white man of Europe and America must answer now for all the sins committed against the dark-skinned peoples during the process of colonization when, in a time of unrestrained universal greed, the white man took over the earth to dominate it. Our generation did not do it; and we are trying, I think, in some measure to make amends for what our ancestors did. But this is the white man's burden today: to bear the mistrust, the pent-up anger, the long-smoldering resentments of the barefoot man who is now climbing up the steps into the palace.

When we think of the terror in the streets in some of our cities, where the barefoot ones have taken over

the residential areas, where it isn't safe for a woman to walk at night, we are tempted at times to agree with Alexander Hamilton that "the common man is a brute beast."

Message From a Stable

However bewildering the issues and frightening the prospects, there should be no bewilderment in the Christian church as to where our mission lies, and no waverings as to where the lines of our warfare are drawn.

In the midst of clashing and confusing forces, there are two things we Christians must remember. First, Christianity itself began among the barefoot people. It was born not in a palace but in a stable. Its first announcement was made to peasants on a hillside. It was prepared for in a workshop and had its whole beginning at the bottom of the social structure. The common people heard Jesus gladly. "This Man eats with the riffraff, hobnobs with the irreligious!"

The immeasurable contribution Christ makes to human life is his sublime, unwavering confidence in common people and his revolutionary doctrine that all men, the lowest and the least, are sacred to God. This idea has upset history, shaken thrones, and lifted empires off their hinges! Jesus began at the bottom, identified himself with the common people, called them "my brethren," saw them as sheep without a shepherd, taught them to hope, to believe, and made them aware of their nobility and possibilities.

He has been doing it ever since. Paul looked around at the shabby meetinghouse where the Christians of Corinth gathered, and he said, "We're a queer lot, we Christians. Not many wise or mighty among us." Celsus in the second century sneered at the Christian movement, tried to wither it with contempt, and his strongest argument was that there was nobody in it but the riffraff. "This crazy Christ," he said, "this provincial rustic calls to him the uncultured and boorish, servants and shoemakers, the ragtag and bobtail of society."

Out of the Twilight

Are we in the dawn of a new day when the light of God is beginning to penetrate into all the dark corners of the earth? Are we in a time when some new accent of the Holy Spirit is beginning to sound in our ears? Are we on the edge of an age, maybe centuries long, in which there will be worked out on our planet, not without conflict and casualty, some new measure of fullness for the common people of the earth who for long generations have lived in the twilight or the darkness?

If God is performing a new work, then of all people, we in America, certainly we of the Christian church, should be leading, not resisting or dragging our feet, but leading in the task. This is what we started out to do in Galilee: to make Christ known to all men, the last, the lowest, and the least. The most important business for Christians today is to bring the light of God to the lands of rising hopes. If we don't do this, it won't matter much what else we do. The barefoot man must bow his knee to the thorn-crowned Man. □

Looks at NEW BOOKS

IN SPITE of all those pictures taken in her old age, Queen Victoria once was a beautiful, quick-tempered, high-spirited young woman. And those who associate her with Victorian prudery are wrong. It was not Victoria who was the prude, it was her husband, Prince Albert.

A compelling biography of this woman who was queen of England nearly 64 years emerges in *Queen Victoria, Born to Succeed* (Harper & Row, \$8.50). Here is the young queen, declaring her independence from an unhappy childhood, loving beauty and gaiety; the wife, rapturously happy in a brief marriage; the widow, driven by the shock of the Prince Consort's death into a long retirement; and finally the queen, impelled by an iron sense of duty, ruling her vast empire as a mother—and her large family as a queen.

Author Elizabeth Longford had unrestricted access to the royal archives and has drawn on unpublished passages from Victoria's own *Journals* as well as many private collections. Countess Longford was able to draw on her own resources, too, to understand her subject. Like Victoria, she is the mother of a large family; like Victoria, she has been active in politics. She has stood for Parliament twice and has done a great deal of work for civic groups.

Queen Victoria once remarked upon the quantity of books that had been written about her, most of them bad. She would probably approve of the frankness and warmth of this one. Certainly its readers will.

When our first parents were leaving the Garden of Eden, Adam might



The future Queen Victoria as a 16-year-old princess.

have turned to Eve and remarked: "My dear, we are living in an age of transition." At least, modern Adams might well say this to modern Evcs.

David R. Mace in *The Church Looks at Family Life* (Broadman, \$3.75) says we are experiencing enormous social and cultural changes, and, as in no comparable era in human history, families are having to struggle to keep their equilibrium.

In the process, the patriarchal family is dying out, and a new kind of family is emerging. This should not be unsettling, Dr. Mace believes, for the mark of the Christian family is not its particular form or structure. What makes a family Christian is the degree to which Christian virtues and Christian graces are lived out among the family members.

Dr. Mace is one of three family counselors who have authored this

thought-provoking book's various chapters. The others are Evelyn Millis Duvall and Paul Popenoe.

All three speak very frankly. "We Americans expect too much of marriage in terms of solving personal problems," believes Dr. Duvall. "A marriage is no better than the human material that goes into it." Dr. Popenoe remarks wryly that: "The wedding is too often merely a transition from appreciation to depreciation."

Dr. Popenoe is particularly concerned with how we can develop boys to be real men and girls to be real women. "We have allowed the aggressiveness of the male to be perverted too often into exploiting women rather than protecting them. On the other hand, too many women have tried to be second-rate men instead of first-rate women."

Can we avoid both the competitive

patterns between the sexes that are so destructive in marriage, and on the other hand, the overdependent patterns that grow up when mother forces on the boy the love that should be going to his father? asks Dr. Pope. If so, we will not only straighten out married life in the next generation, by producing a better crop of husbands but we will avoid the production in each generation of 5 or 6 million homosexuals.

The thesis of *The Love Fraud* (Potter, \$5), by Edith de Rham, is that every woman is at least two people: one herself, growing and developing, the other nurturing the growth and development of others. Thus, Mrs. de Rham believes women want, and should have, both children and self-identifying work.

In a society where servants are scarce and expensive, this means that many working mothers must be willing to place their children in group situations earlier than the standard nursery-school age of three. Thus, the author devotes the latter part of her book to evaluating results of nursery systems in Sweden, Israel, and Russia.

There are omissions and flaws in Mrs. de Rham's arguments. She spends little concern on the role of woman as wife, ignores woman's role in church and community, is prone to sweeping statements and impatient condemnations, and ends up being the very thing she deplors—an armchair social theorist. There are better books on the subject.

In all three of the great religious groups stemming from the land and books of Israel—Judaism, Christianity, and Islam—it has been men who have formulated doctrine and established systems of worship, says Margaret Braekenburg Crook in *Women and Religion* (Beacon, \$5.95).

Women in these faiths, she laments, have had only meager opportunity to express their religious genius; and despite recent modest gains, women today are hesitant about the next step. Yet in meeting our pressing need to rethink our ideas of God, we need all the masculine and feminine capacities at our disposal.

Contrasting women's Christian role with that of the famous mother-goddesses of older religions, Miss Crook points out that in the Roman Catholic Church women are limited to domesticity or to seclusion as brides of Christ, although an occasional woman of genius has broken through to ecclesi-political service to humanity. Protestantism has offered more equitable recognition, and in the last 100 years some Protestant denominations have accepted women as pastors. Such



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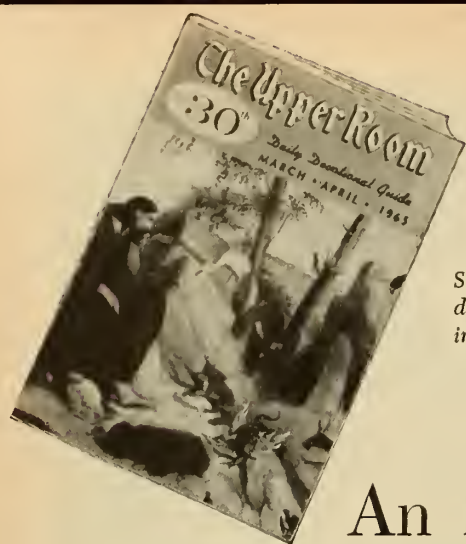
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An Anniversary for THE LITTLE WONDER of the Publishing World

IT DOES not use articles, fiction, humor, or letters from readers. It never features controversy, politics, war, crime, movie sirens, intrigue, cooking hints, or homemaking tips. But after 30 years of publishing history, *The Upper Room* still has the publishing world wide-eyed with amazement as its circulation—in excess of 3 million copies per issue—continues to grow.

To date, more than 360 million copies have been printed, and—small as the booklet is—that many would pave a wide path around the world. In concept and format, it is little different from the first issue that rolled off the press in 1935. A quarterly at first, it now appears six times a year. A four-page picture section has been added—not so much to attract readership as to call attention to the inspiration and quiet beauty that abounds in God's world.

Less than three years after it started, *The Upper Room's* circulation zoomed to 1 million. This year, as it observes its 30th anniversary, there are 42 editions in 36 languages, with Braille and long-playing "talking books" for the handicapped. When the first proofs come from the press at The Methodist Publishing House, copies are sent to translators here and abroad for reproduction in other languages.

More than 200 manuscripts are received each month in *The Upper Room's* editorial offices in Nashville, Tenn., and each month the editor, Dr. J. Manning Potts, sits down with a 13-member editorial board to select approximately 60 of these

for inclusion in a forthcoming bi-monthly issue. (He is the third editor in 30 years. The first was Dr. Grover Carlton Emmons, who died in 1944; the second was Dr. Roy H. Short, who served until his election to the episcopacy in 1948.)

Typically, the daily meditations (one to a page) include a Bible verse, a short text, a brief prayer, and a one-sentence thought for the day. Covers usually are reproductions of masterpieces of religious art from the world's galleries.

Among related departments of the magazine today are *The Upper Room* Chapel, Museum, and Devotional Library in Nashville, visited by more than 50,000 persons a year; and *The Upper Room* Radio-TV Parish which, in a single year, airs programs on some 2,000 radio and television stations around the world.

Although organizationally a part of the Methodist Board of Evangelism, *The Upper Room* is both interdenominational and ecumenical. (Only about half the readership is thought to be Methodist.) Designed for family devotions, it is equally at home in the hands of an elderly woman or in the pocket of a lonely man shuffling along the streets of despair.

Many believe this little booklet is one of the most influential forces for good in the world today. It has found its way under the Iron Curtain and into prison camps. Soldiers have carried it into battle, alcoholics to sobriety, and untold millions to better lives.

—H. B. TEETER

a pastor is Miss Crook, who was admitted to the Unitarian ministry in England in 1917 and was the first woman to have sole charge of a large church in that country.

It was Sunday, February 12, 1956, a gray, cold day in New York City. John Henry Faulk planned to go for a walk in Central Park with his wife, Lynne, and their three small youngsters, then changed his mind and decided to work on an idea for a television show. He was already a successful radio and TV personality, with a show of his own on WCBS, flagship station of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

As he sat down to his desk in their comfortable apartment, the telephone rang. Val Adams, radio and TV columnist for *The New York Times*, wanted to know if he had seen the bulletin AWARE, Inc., had issued, attacking him for procommunist activities.

AWARE was a product of the McCarthy era, a self-appointed "consultant" to the entertainment business that purported to determine, for a fee, exactly who was a loyal American and who was not, and who should have their careers brought abruptly to a close without any opportunity to confront their accusers. AWARE had a special reason to "get" John Henry Faulk. He had led a revolt against such blacklisting in the American Federation of Radio and Television Artists.

The fear generated by AWARE terminated many careers, and injured many lives. But John Henry Faulk fought back, opposing in open court the lies, the half-truths, and innuendos that were AWARE's method of attack. The legal battle lasted six years, years of bitter struggle to support his family, years spent tracking down minute documentation and witnesses reluctant to declare themselves. But at the end of one of the most dramatic trials of modern times the jury awarded him an unprecedented \$3,500,000 in damages. Later the figure was reduced to \$550,000 by a higher court, but the verdict was upheld.

Fear On Trial (Simon and Schuster, \$6.50) is Faulk's own story, told with more charity toward his accusers and the fair-weather friends who let him down than most of us could muster. But he had powerful support in his lawyer, Louis Nizer; his wife; his family, all Methodists back home in South Austin, Texas, where the Faulks had to go when he no longer could get a job in New York; and friends like Edward R. Murrow, Tony Randall, David Susskind, Charles Collingwood, and Garry Moore, who did stick by him regardless of very real danger to their own careers.

Nobody is really safe from the kind

of character assassination that was attempted on Faulk. But because of his courageous, dogged fight, the smear artists have been put on warning that if they pick the wrong person, they may pay heavily for their efforts.

The design of many books on art fails to be worthy of the subject. However, *The Meaning and Wonder of Art* (Golden Press, \$3.95) is a delight to the eye.

British artist and author Fred Gettings has written this lively introduction to understanding and appreciating art for young readers, and its 91 pages are filled with four-color reproductions of the world's great masterpieces. Concepts of composition and proportion, recurring motifs, aesthetic mood, rhythm, and design become clear and exciting as a result.

The Pantheon Story of Art for Young People (Pantheon, \$6.95) follows a more conventional approach, but Ariane Ruskin has a relaxed, easy way of writing about art history, and this, too, is a stimulating book for a young reader. More than 150 reproductions, half of them in full color, illustrate it.

I wonder why such rigid distinction is made between art and crafts, particularly now that the walls of our art museums are lined with collages created from almost anything artists stick on canvas. Why should a picture produced with paint be called art, for instance, when a painting done with wools or silks is termed needlecraft? I think there is some robbery in this, and you may think so, too, when you examine some of the designs illustrated in *The Stitches: Creative Embroidery* (Reinhold, \$7.95) by Jacqueline Enthoven.

Although this fascinating book tells the beginner how to make more than 100 embroidery stitches, Mrs. Enthoven constantly stresses the creative approach, urging the reader to use the needle as an artist uses pencil or brush—experiment with new combinations of stitches, exciting mixtures of color, and new and original designs.

Rebels With a Cause (Abingdon, \$2.75) is about religious nonconformists, famous ones like Martin Luther, lesser known ones like Simeon Stylites and Philip Neri.

Frank S. Mead tells their stories simply, with humor and understanding, and, when you have closed the covers of the book, you have both enjoyed yourself and added to your knowledge of the history of the Christian faith.

The Civil Rights Yearbook (Regery, \$1.25) is a sharply satirical look at the characters and issues in the

forefront of the civil rights battle. In a series of black and white drawings that require little comment, we find no mercy shown to either Negro or white.

There is the Negro minister in ball and chain and tailor-made prison uniform. "When he is released, he must hurry and catch the people, for he is their leader" . . . The horrified white liberal who has just been informed that the house next door has been bought by Negroes. . . . The armed-to-the-teeth Southern chief of police, who will be backed out of office when the crisis has passed: "He will not represent the new image the city wishes to project for the Northern investor" . . . The black nationalist, with such great disdain for anything produced by the white man that he insists on a black Cadillac . . . The Negro college professor, who has a string of academic degrees but flunks the literacy test for voters when he cannot give the 1934 census figures of children under 12 years of age in the state of Israel.

Creator of the *Yearbook* is Jeff Donaldson, an art department chairman in the Chicago public-school system, and a Negro.

What's Ahead for the Churches? (Sheed & Ward, \$4.50) could be classified as a nonbook, that is, a book that merely reprints previously published material, if coeditors Martin E. Marty and Kyle Haselden had not added their own trenchant chapters on ecumenical action and the social mission of the churches. Chapters on the dilemmas and strengths of individual denominations were written by different authors for a series of articles that originally appeared in *The Christian Century*.

Nonbook or no, Methodists will find Chicago Theological Seminary professor Franklin H. Littell's examination of Methodism pertinent or impertinent, depending on their own views, but very much worth reading.

Methodism has basic problems, says Dr. Littell, in its anti-intellectual and antitheological bent, and in the lack of discipline and training of its membership.

The decline of Methodist influence since 1900 began, he believes, precisely at the point where the peculiar genius of Wesleyanism was sacrificed. But he does not advocate the simple recovery of old structures. What is needed is a renewal of the church's ministry. He sees signs of this renewal in the Methodist Student Movement, and in local churches that are putting content into church membership.

"With the steady recovery of disciplined witness by the whole body of believers," he concludes, "it may be hoped that the need for an anxious-



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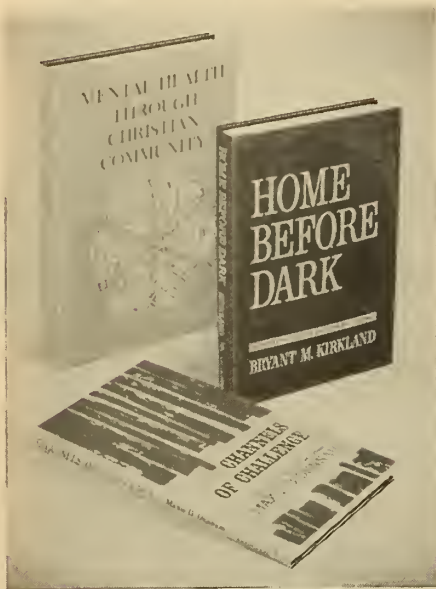
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ly cultivated hostility to other communions will disappear, and that a rebirth of authentic Christian joy and Wesleyan evangelicalism may occur."

There are countless ways of asking the Lord's blessing on the food we eat, and over 100 have been gathered together by Marjorie Ingzel in *Table Graces for the Family* (Nelson, \$1).

There are ancient blessings, such as St. Cyril's *Prayer After Meals*, used by Christians for more than 15 centuries, modern ones like the singing grace from Walt Disney's *Melody Time*, verses from the Bible and famous poets, mealtime prayers from many lands, inscriptions from cathedrals, and even a silent grace.

Living By Faith (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$3.95) is a misleading title for Faith Baldwin's quiet ramble through the seasons of a New England year and the rooms of the hospitable saltbox house in which she lives. There is nothing particularly inspirational or challenging about it.

I think, however, many women will enjoy this quiet chat with a serene and friendly hostess. And if it is too serene for my taste, many would tell me, no doubt, that it is refreshing to find such calm confidence in a world that holds too many challenges.

Families, before very long, may be spending vacations at resort hotels nestling on pure white sand, surrounded by multicolored coral, but with waves above them instead of sky.

This is only one of the future uses of the land beneath the sea that Seabrook Hull suggests in *The Bountiful Sea* (Prentice-Hall, \$6.95). Passenger submarines, undersea freighters, ocean-floor storage, even underocean vacation "bubbles" instead of mountain cabins may become as common as the mining of diamonds, gold, and other treasures already being done from the ocean floor.

Hull pool-pools the oft-proposed idea of feeding the world's growing billions on plankton from the sea, however. "There are far more effective ways to reap the harvest of the sea," he says, "and the fish that eat the fish that eat the plankton do it very well indeed."

Offsetting the pleasant and productive peaceful potentials of the sea, however, is Hull's prediction on the deadly character of future underocean warfare. War, obviously, is an equally menacing possibility whether in "inner" or "outer" space.

Jefferson Davis: Tragic Hero (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$7.50) is the third and final volume of Hudson Strode's fine biography of the Con-

federacy's president. It covers the last 25 years of Davis' life, from the closing days of the Civil War to his death and magnificent funeral in New Orleans in December, 1889.

Written from a Southerner's sympathetic view, the biography arouses the reader's compassion for Davis, sacrificial scapegoat of the war. Chapter titles such as "The Capture," "That Living Tomb," "The Torment Begins," and "The Prosecution Continues" reveal the suffering and humiliation heaped upon him.

August 13, 1521, when Spanish adventurer Hernando Cortes captured the great Aztec capital, Tenochtitlán, was the turning point in Spain's conquest of the New World.

Young people will find an authentic account of how a handful of conquistadores armed with more advanced weapons toppled a great nation at the peak of its power in *Cortes and the Aztec Conquest* (Horizon Caravel Books, \$3.95). The narrative was written by Irwin R. Blacker.

Paintings, drawings, and artifacts of the period, many of them reproduced in color, form the illustrations for this absorbing book on a conquest that was inevitable in the course of history but of which no Christian can really be proud. Some of the art treasures illustrated can now be found in museums of modern Mexico City, which rose on the site of Tenochtitlán.

John Ciardi is one of the best of America's living poets and, in the 57 new poems that make up *Person to Person* (Rutgers, \$3.50), he ranges from the morning exuberance of the young child "running so hard . . . he kicked the heads off daisies" to speculation on the meaning of existence. Death takes various forms, but it always remains a mystery as does the nature of God and the devil.

Ciardi writes with tensely controlled energy, tenderness, and compassion, and his verse bespeaks a man alive to people, to nature, and to himself.

Rabbi Robert I. Kahn does not really say anything startling in *The Ten Commandments for Today* (Doubleday, \$3.95), but he does have a lucid and compelling way of explaining the relevancy of these ancient laws to the space age. Christians and Jews alike will find this book rewarding reading.

It was a church organist who helped Giuseppe Verdi enter the world of music to which he was to give such operas as *Rigoletto*, *Otello*, and *Aida*. Helen L. Kaufmann tells the story of the peasant boy who became a great composer in *Anvil Chorus* (Hawthorn, \$2.95). It is a lively telling that young folks will enjoy. —BARNABAS



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

ON PAGE 39 of this issue, TOGETHER publishes Dr. F. Thomas Trotter's review of *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. Here in *Browsing in Fiction*, I am going to report my personal reactions to the film. (The editor of this magazine is a very kind and generous man who long ago gave me leave to speak of a movie once in a while, as well as to talk about novels.) Certainly this is one of the great contemporary motion-picture events, and Christian people will not object to reading many and sometimes conflicting opinions of it.

I have just written a letter to Mr. George Stevens, the producer of the picture. I told him that in my judgment it is the greatest picture on the life of Christ that has ever been made. This does not mean that it will go without criticism, for I doubt that if Jesus should come back and live his life over again, he would meet with universal approval. When one considers the myriad of theological prepositions with which we approach the New Testament story, it is not to be wondered at that a modern man telling the story through his eyes will give many who express disapproval. Indeed, I do not know a more daring and impossible task than to write a book or make a picture about the life of Christ.

The first part of the picture, which to say all that goes before the intermission, is outstanding in nearly every way. Max von Sydow is as near the right actor for this part as we are likely to find. He is neither a Rotarian nor a hermit, and he comes close to giving the right balance between dignity and One who came eating and drinking. Stevens has brought in a human, light touch here and there in his first part which to me was delightful. I had a particular appreciation for James the Less (Little James) who was the kind of young man Jesus must have loved. Among the disciples, he stands out in my mind as a real character who carried conviction.

I liked Lazarus and his two sisters, and it is a high moment when Lazarus comes forth from the tomb. With Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus* as back-

ground music, this is such a climax that it is very difficult to come back after the intermission and feel that the high point has not been reached. Every preacher knows the danger of striking 12 too early.

The opening of the picture with the birth story centering around the shepherds and the Wise Men is beautiful and dramatic. Outstanding photography helped to heighten the wonder of this part of the story, but I assure you there is something much more involved than photography. The story is told with simplicity and wonder.

If the whole picture could have been about the length of the first part, it would have been a good thing. I expect Mr. Stevens would say that this is an impossibility and that the subject demanded at least a four-hour treatment—and even that meant cutting important parts of the story. When I saw the Passion Play at Oberammergau more than 10 years ago, I felt the same way. Of course, in the German play, one goes home to lunch and then comes back for the afternoon session. I probably labor this point too much, but the silence of the audience as they left at the end of the picture would indicate that their experience made ordinary talk and gossip out of place and demanded

quietness and thought about what had transpired.

The last part of the picture seemed to reflect a change of approach and mood. It was as if Mr. Stevens decided that for the trial and Crucifixion he would simply play the story in a thoroughly orthodox fashion. I do not mean to imply that it becomes a second-rate production, by any means, but only that the creative and light touch of the producer is much more subdued. The speeches of Jesus are more the words of the Gospel of St. John and the whole result is more stylized than spontaneous. This may be a necessity if the story is not to offend any particular groups.

I do not know how to speak with any authority about the technique of the photography, but I am sure it is a great experience to see the beauty of the setting. The locale was Utah and, while the scenery may be more spectacular than Palestine, there is the same desert majesty and loneliness of the country where Jesus lived. No one will forget our Lord climbing to the heights for the temptation or striding ahead of his disciples on their way to Jerusalem. No matter what the details may be, the picture catches the sense of the majesty of God in his world.

The scholar will find some theological objections, but the common people will see it gladly. Some will wonder why these scenes are chosen and not others. But that is inevitable in a story as big as this one.

Some have wondered why Jesus speaks the words of the 13th chapter of First Corinthians, but to me this was a realization that Paul was not the kind of man who could have written that great poem until he met Jesus on the road to Damascus. In some sense at least, the words did come from our Lord. The miraculous element in his life is treated with indirectness and suggestion, and the incident of the woman taken in adultery is convincing and revealing.

Along with Max von Sydow, I think special praise should be given to José Ferrer as Herod Antipas, Claude Rains as Herod the Great, and Telly

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The treatment of the devil has the touch of genius. The Tempter is an old man who practices the soft sell and makes a man realize how often he has met such a one and yielded to his reasonable and exciting offers. I shall remember such things for a long time, and so will the millions who will see the picture. *The Greatest Story Ever Told* certainly will be with us far into the future, and it will carry a witness to many people who would never hear it from any other source.

Let us rejoice that in a day when men have been willing to prostitute their talents for the cheap and vulgar, a great director chose this story. Mr. George Stevens, we are all in your debt. May the good Lord bless you for telling the old, old story to a world that will either learn its meaning or lose its life. □



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Four generations strong, the Fosters leave church on a quiet Sunday morning. They keep things humming in business, social, and civic circles during the week, but their church remains always central in their daily lives.

*When in
Bernardston, Mass.:*

MEET THE FOSTERS!



THE FOSTERS live in a house by the side of a road where the faces of men go by—in a hurry. The road, new Interstate Highway 91, was not there when they built the house, but Frank Foster, Jr., says he does not mind.

"It is interesting to sit here and watch the cars on a busy weekend," he says. "Then we can think how lucky we are to be in easy chairs watching the world go by."

Anyone who knows the Fosters will wonder: At precisely what historic moment did any one of them have the time to sit in an easy chair

and watch the rest of the world go by? It would seem to be the other way around, for folks in the Greenfield-Bernardston area of northwest Massachusetts are more accustomed to watching the Fosters go by.

Take just the parents. Their activities include such things as owning and operating a supermarket, selling real estate, pushing civic drives, conducting benefits, acting in local dramatic presentations, serving as town moderator or auctioneer, and taking leadership in various civic groups. Many of these

things, however, revolve around, or grow out of, a church—the Goodale Memorial United Church of Bernardston, made up of Congregationalists and Methodists—and are the Fosters' steady application of Sunday morning to every other day of the week.

Frank, who is also called "Bud," taught church-school classes for 25 years; his wife, June, for almost as long. Both maintain a number of leadership roles in the united congregation led by the Rev. James M. Mockler.

Meanwhile, June is in charge of



Frank Foster knows how to sell meat or real estate, ring up a cash register, or sack \$25 worth of groceries without cracking an egg. He can perform as the town's auctioneer, and will oblige with a vocal solo at church on Sunday morning. At right, he practices for the solo with his sister as accompanist.

the home, which she calls "Foster-ville" and describes as "a small hotel where we find 6 to 12 for most meals, and up to 40 for special occasions." But her favorite role, now that two of their four children are married, is "grandmothering."

A lot of people operate so-called supermarkets, and know what it is to deal with shoplifters and fierce competition while struggling to make that 2 percent profit on a great volume of sales. While Foster's store does not take in an entire block, as do some stores these days, it is jam-packed with fast-moving grocery and variety stock, has its own "Foster's Magic Empire Stamp" plan, and has its 60 parking stalls full of automobiles much of the time.

"The store would show a bigger and quicker profit if Frank ever chooses to ask for a wine license," a neighbor said, "but, you know, Frank doesn't believe in doing anything he doesn't believe in doing."

For the problem of shoplifting, a universal one, Frank has found a unique answer.

"At first, they almost put me out of business," he says. By organizing a supermarket managers' associa-

tion and comparing notes with other merchants, he has succeeded in spotting most of the offenders in the area.

"When one is caught, I tell him I would like to rehabilitate him," Frank says. "He is permitted to return any time and shop around like anyone else, but he knows that I know about him. He'll come back, very sheepish at first, but sooner or later is as reliable as any other good customer. This helps my busi-

ness, of course, but most of all I think it helps the shoplifter reform himself."

At least twice a week, Frank's day begins at 4 a.m. On Fridays, it's a trip to Boston for seafood.

"I pick up anywhere from 700 to 1,000 pounds of lobsters," he says. "Yesterday I had nearly a ton of clams in my truck—and that is a lot of clams." On Mondays, there is a predawn trip to Springfield for fresh produce for the store.



There's singing in the home, too, with a quartet composed of Jill, Ransie, Judith, and Janice joining with their parents.



Foster's "hotel" is always ready to entertain guests ranging in age and status from grandchildren to visitors from another town. In emergencies, out come the portable tables, and down go the cots. At right, June Foster visits with a grandchild, and at left helps Frank make ready for another overnight guest.

Foster's Supermarket is at Greenfield, a city of about 18,000, and the Foster home is on Bald Mountain Road in the small suburban community of Bernardston, about six miles north. Every member of the family has worked in the store at one time. The son, Ransom, now married and employed in a variety store, got his early mercantile training in his father's market. A son-in-law, Milton Deane, has been an employee for eight years. (Since most of the regular employees have been with Foster's Supermarket for about 10 years, it would appear

to be a very good place to work.)

Frank is 44, blond and crew cut. He got his start in college as an employee, and later as owner, of a student supply store. Married in 1938, he was the father of three children when he enlisted in the Army Air Corps and became a gunner. Mrs. Foster, a brunette extrovert, took over. She recalls that their romance must have started "about 40 years ago, in Sunday school, when he threw a spitball and hit me in the eye."

Alarmists to the contrary, America is full of close-knit, warm, friendly families who delight in

returning more than they take out of life. The Fosters, serious in their roles as good citizens, keep church and family ties central in their lives. What does it matter if children grow up, marry and build homes of their own? Around the Fosters, you would hardly know the difference!

Of the four children, Jill is the only teen-ager left. The toddlers around the house these days are grandchildren.

In nominating the Fosters as 1962 Methodist Family of the Year, the Rev. John H. Emerson, former pastor of the Bernardston church,

Saturday night at the Fosters: Places for 11 here, 4 at a side table there, and dinner coming up buffet style.





In touch football, the well-drilled Foster squad scores two quick touchdowns over their weekend guests from Braintree, with the players hurling passes not quite up to the Boston Patriots' professional standards. The Foster home, with its parking lot, is the white building in the background.

said they "practice family devotions in the home; plan many leisure-time activities for the entire family; and every visitor to their home discovers its warm, cordial, and harmonious atmosphere. They live upright lives and are highly respected in the community.

"The Fosters exhibit unusual qualities of Christian maturity, making a vital Christian witness to the community, and are proving the relevance of the Gospel in all aspects of daily life."

As Methodists, the pastor continued, "they are really a remarkable family and their service in Christ's church is most significant."

TOGETHER's visit to the Fosters last October coincided with that of five young people and two chaperones representing the senior-high Fellowship of a Congregational church at Braintree, Mass. In addition to Frank's mother, Mrs. Lulu Foster, who makes her home there, the weekend's assorted guests included husbands, wives, friends, neighbors, and grandchildren. On Saturday, Frank and June served a 10-pound lobster, cooked on a stove in the back of the market, plus six smaller lobsters and three large steaks.

By Sunday noon, Foster's "hotel" took on the air of a well-patronized

bus terminal. Two huge roasts were prepared for the 24 people who came to dine, and the front lawn began to resemble a restaurant parking lot. Guests came and went, some praising Frank's solo at church that morning, and four times the apple bowl was emptied of a dozen apples. A game of touch football started in the yard, and Grandmother Foster went to her room for a nap.

Frank and June talked quietly of their life together, but said nothing of their "home away from home" for lonesome or troubled young people, of their steadfast willingness to do for others.

All day long the traffic streamed along the superhighway nearby, but not once did either look up to watch the world go by. It was pretty late when they got to bed that night, although Frank knew he had to be up before 4 a.m. for that run to the produce market in Springfield. —H. B. TEETER



How do you tell your hostess you had such a nice time, and say it with all the sincerity you feel after a busy weekend with the remarkable Fosters? These boys apparently have succeeded!

Letters

Bethlehem—Not Nazareth!

MARWAN S. KASIM, *Consul Gen. Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan New York, N.Y.*

I would like to bring to your attention a serious error which appeared in your April issue on page 34 under the title, *Paul—The Great Missionary*. The article starts with the statement that "Paul was born in Tarsus only 10 years or so after Jesus was born in Nazareth . . ." I am sure that the birthplace of Christ is universally known as being in Bethlehem, which is a Jordanian town, and not in Nazareth. I hope that in a coming issue you will be kind enough to include the necessary correction.

We are at a loss to explain how so glaring an error slipped through. With crimson faces, we can say only that our familiarity with both town names led us to overlook the inadvertent substitution of one name for the other. Like other Christians, we recognize Bethlehem, in Jordan, as the birthplace of Jesus, and Nazareth, in Israel, as his boyhood home.—EDITORS

Yes, Parents Are Too Soft

LINDA CORNELL, *Age 16 Tillamook, Oreg.*

The Powwow *Are Parents Too Soft?* [February, page 26] is an exceptional article. I agree that parents are too lenient with us teen-agers.

I feel that we should be able to take on our share of responsibilities. Our parents think they have to let us do the things we want in order to keep our love. They should not need to feel this way. While they are being so lenient, they actually are losing our love and respect. Parents should be able to discipline us and still keep our love, our confidence, and our respect!

Open Study Appreciated

W. RALPH WARD, *Bishop Syracuse Area, The Methodist Church Syracuse, N.Y.*

The symposium on college drinking *How Can Methodist Colleges Control Drinking on the Campus?* [March, page 4] is disturbing and soul searching. I rejoice to belong to a church which encourages freedom of thought and expression on the most controversial problems. Methodists at every level long

for a printed medium which encourages open study of the issues which confront everyone in a changing society.

Take courage and let future issues of *TOGETHER* lead us in appraisal of other matters which agonize the souls of contemporary churchmen.

Rules Needed—And Education!

ROGER BURGESS, *Assoc. Gen. Secy. Division of Alcohol Problems and General Welfare Board of Christian Social Concerns Washington, D.C.*

The Powwow *How Can Methodist Colleges Control Drinking on the Campus?* is positive and constructive. Thanks!

Methodist colleges have every right to establish regulations regarding student conduct on campus. Repeated infraction of the rules does not necessarily mean that they are invalid. But response to infractions must be remedial in nature, not simply punitive.

Methodist colleges also have every responsibility to provide adequate alcohol education for students as a part of a full and relevant educational experience. Our division stands ready to provide consultation service on campus-drinking problems, and to assist with specialized seminars involving student leaders, faculty, and administration.

An Alarming Contrast

OMER BRUCE POULSON, *Ret. Min. Trustee, Penn. Temperance League Camp Hill, Pa.*

About the same time my March *TOGETHER* arrived, containing the Powwow *How Can Methodist Colleges Control Drinking on the Campus?* I received a leaflet from the Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board. The leaflet warns that it is a violation of state liquor laws for any minor to attempt to purchase, consume, possess, or transport any alcohol, liquor, or malt or brewed beverage within the commonwealth. The Liquor Control Board especially stresses that the stigma of a criminal record may result in a young person's being refused admission to a college, rejected for a military career, or turned down by prospective employers.

In light of what the Liquor Control Board is doing to protect the character and good name of our state's minors, it is indeed alarming to read in *TOGETHER*



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that educators who occupy high places in our church boards and schools are proposing that Methodists be "realistic" about drinking habits.

Who ever dreamed that the day would come when liquor merchants would be found urging youth to respect liquor laws while trusted educators plead for Methodists to liberalize their stand on the drink question!

Opposed to Moderation

MR. and MRS. GWYN EVANS
Ashley, Pa.

We wish to put it on record that we do not approve of Methodists who condone moderation in drinking in order to satisfy the younger generation.

'A Big, Happy Family'

ERNEST A. MILLER, *Ret. Minister
Wesley Manor
Jacksonville, Fla.*

I am amazed that you allowed space to *Retirement Cities: Blessing or Curse?* [page 45] by Stanley S. Jacobs in the February issue.

It seems clear that Mr. Jacobs made only a superficial study of the fine Christian homes of this day. Consider Wesley Manor where 125 of us are now living. It has received a top award from the Federal Housing Administration for its excellent design. I doubt if a single resident is discontented here. We are a big, happy family. Come and see.

Only 'Curse' Side Given

MRS. LUCILLE YOUNGMAN
*Riverview Terrace
Spokane, Wash.*

The article *Retirement Cities: Blessing or Curse?* made me so indignant that I must answer. Only the "curse" side was given. You usually give both sides of controversial topics.

For four years I have found retirement living a great blessing in a non-profit, church-sponsored home, built with the needs of the aging in mind. Certainly it is no "geriatric ghetto"! I would not live alone in my own home again if I could.

Separation Misunderstood

J. P. SPEER, *Director
Committee on Peace Education
Missouri Area, The Methodist Church
Kansas City, Mo.*

The letter from Mrs. V. V. Ruckman in your February issue [see *Church-State Wall Breached*, page 68] demonstrates a misunderstanding about the separation of church and state which unfortunately is widespread among Methodists.

Properly understood, this doctrine means that the church may not exact obedience from the state (as the medieval popes did by granting or

withholding coronation) or use excommunication in order to constrain its adherents to a course of political conduct, and that the state may not (as Henry VIII and Hitler did) manipulate the church to its own ends.

This does not mean at all that the church may not speak to its people and to the state on any matter affecting the individual or society. Indeed, if the church is to take seriously the words "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on *earth* as it is in heaven," it must so speak.

The Methodist Church has no power, however, to constrain either its members or the state. This is important.

Proud of Larry

JOHN E. KING, *President
Kansas State Teachers College
Emporia, Kans.*

I deeply appreciate the article *Larry Carpenter: High-School Teacher-Counselor* [March, page 63]. We here at Kansas State Teachers College are proud of Larry. He was a leader while in college and has been a leader since graduation.

TOGETHER has made a major contribution toward helping the physically handicapped. Many handicapped students will see the article about Larry and be encouraged to continue their education.

Another Case of 'Paulie'

LYNN LANNING
Glendale, Calif.

The article *Paulie Takes the I.Q.* [February, page 19] impelled me to tell you an experience related by my psychology professor. She was testing an 11-year-old boy who had been classed as mentally retarded. She began with third-grade vocabulary tests. The answers he gave were not the expected ones. "Puddle," for instance, was "something to jump over."

After a few such answers, the psychologist skipped to junior-high level questions. The boy's answers were more appropriate, and he quit playing around the room and took an interest. The psychologist eventually determined he had an I.Q. of 145.

I would guess that Paulie in your article was not ready for kindergarten, perhaps, but could have held his own in first or second grade.

'Ill Conceived, Inappropriate'

H. NEWTON MALONY, *Director
Psychology Department
Frankfort State Hospital and School
Frankfort, Ky.*

In my opinion the article *Paulie Takes the I.Q.* is ill conceived and inappropriate.

As a Methodist minister and a psychologist, I do not feel that profes-

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sional efforts to evaluate and plan optimal educational experiences for children are out of place in our society. Such articles as this do small justice to the honest, skilled work of those psychologists attempting to make such judgments.

The implicit sarcasm directed toward the psychologist is questionable. The picturing of the psychologist as an inadequate dupe is inexcusable.

I hope parents who read this retort will have their confidence restored in the educational system which requires such evaluations.

Too Much Catholicism!

MRS. LORENE SEELY
Roosevelt, Wash.

I do not like the trend that seems to be taking The Methodist Church toward a closer unity with the Roman Catholic Church. It is not in keeping with our heritage. True, we can be Christian brothers, but I think we should be very careful in how far we go toward unity.

When we put so much emphasis on Catholicism, as TOGETHER did in the February issue, I think it is time we should take a second look. First there was the *Church in Action* article [Vatican II: The Record So Far, page 3] near the front of the magazine, and then another article, *Roman Catholic Worship: The New Look*, appeared farther back [page 49]. Why not write instead about what our church is doing for Christ?

Pictures Really Communicate

M. A. SENSENBRENNER, Pastor
Grace Methodist Church
Tampa, Fla.

In *Meet Robert Hodgell, Artist* [February, page 34], you say: "In Hodgell's view, any artist who deals with ultimate concerns is producing religious art. But first of all, art must communicate. The sole judge of this, he says, is the viewer."

This statement is hardly debatable. Surely Mr. Hodgell's *Old Testament Men of God* paintings beginning on page 35 really do communicate. They follow a very popular style of entertainment presently available in movies, television, and paperbacks—the monster, horror classics.

Moses will make a big hit with the children. Coming down the mountain with a huge stone under each arm, he should empty the camp. I know I would run. And the head of Moses recalled to me the words of a hawker at the county fair years ago: "Not a freak of naychur, but an ed-jew-kay-shun-al fee-jah. . . ." The huge canvass behind him proclaimed a "half-man half-ape" was available inside.

The picture of Hosea removes the stigma from Gomer which she has had

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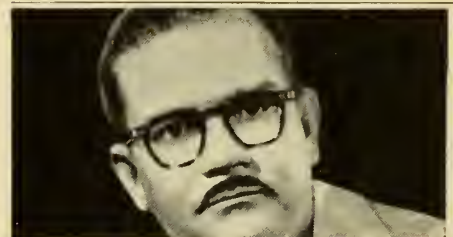
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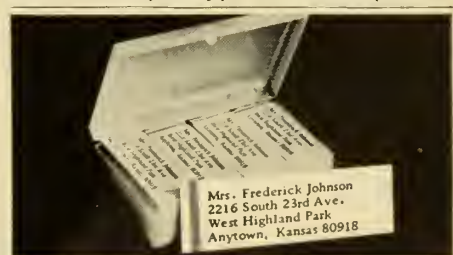
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to carry for so many ages. No wonder she left him; it is difficult to understand why she ever came back. The picture on page 41 will communicate to the children, too: "The ogre has caught the little girl and is about to eat her."

These pictures of the "saints in glory" should reverse the trend toward scaring folks into heaven.

New Subscriber Chagrined

ETHEL ARNOTH

Hialeah, Fla.

I am a new TOGETHER subscriber. One reason I decided to receive it is the beautiful color sections I have seen in past issues. When my first issue came, I opened it expectantly. To my chagrin, I found the same gruesome paintings I had seen on a Graded Press film for church schools.

Is this art aimed at attracting young people to religion? I feel sure it would have the opposite effect. Is it not bad enough that horror is so prevalent in movies and TV without letting it creep into our church literature?

Moses Her Favorite

MRS. PRISCILLA RAWLS

Whitman, Mass.

We thoroughly enjoy your magazine. Each month my husband and I read it cover to cover and find it most inspiring. I especially enjoyed *Meet Robert Hodgell, Artist* and his paintings reproduced in *Old Testament Men of God*. I particularly liked the one of Moses on page 37.

Unique, Delightful Treatment

LARRY MAYFIELD

DePauw University
Greencastle, Ind.

I read with interest your article on Robert Hodgell's paintings for the filmstrips in the new Methodist church-school curriculum. Mr. Hodgell's treatment is unique and delightful. I would be interested in obtaining copies of the paintings if they are available, possibly for use as teaching aids.

Except for the paintings reproduced in TOGETHER's February issue, no prints of these pictures are available. Copies of the two filmstrips, What Is God Like? Parts I and II, for which the paintings were commissioned, are sold at \$3 each through Cokesbury Book Stores and Regional Service Centers.—EDITORS

Wesley Portrait Misnamed

ELMER T. CLARK

Ass'n. of Methodist Historical Societies
Lake Junaluska, N.C.

In the January issue of TOGETHER, page 76, there is what you call a *Primitive Portrait of John Wesley*, reproduced from a painting at John Street Methodist Church, New York.

The caption states that this is a copy of "the better-known Wes Lee portrait" at Lake Junaluska.

I bought the latter picture in England several years ago. Where did you get the name Wes Lee? Actually, it is known as the Hitt portrait, from Daniel Hitt, Methodist book agent in New York from 1808 to 1816. The original was said to have been painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds who is known to have painted a portrait of Wesley and sent to Hitt to be exhibited and reproduced since there was no Wesley portrait in America at that time. Hitt had it copied and also reproduced it in a fine lithograph. These lithograph copies are now very scarce. I have seen only one.

Unfortunately, the original painting was burned in a fire which destroyed the printing plant, and Hitt seemed to have sent his copy to England to replace it.

It was found many years later, and I had an agent buy it for me. It was printed in Telford's book called *The Portraits and Sayings of John Wesley* long before I bought it and is there referred to as "the Hitt portrait." It is said that the original was owned by Dr. Thomas Coke who lent it to Hitt.

Teacher Is the Key

NOLAN J. McCLURG, Pastor
St. Paul's Methodist Church
Tacoma, Wash.

After reading Grant S. Shockley's article *Christian Education* [February, page 14] and his 12 lengthy proposals for reorienting the church school, I had a new appreciation for Jesus as the "great simplifier."

For some time now, we have been lamenting our declining church-school attendance. From their professional perches, the experts have given us their diagnoses of the ailment.

Most of us recognize the necessity of making church-school materials and teaching more relevant. But from the standpoint of statistics, which seem to be our main concern, give me a faithful teacher who loves his work, his Lord, and his pupils. He may not know the pronunciation, much less the meaning, of "contemporaneity, sophistication, and appropriateness," but he will have a flourishing class, growing in Christian maturity.

Weekday Schools Needed

DAVID J. TWIGG, Associate Pastor
Harris Memorial Methodist Church
Honolulu, Hawaii

Dr. Grant Shockley's article is honest and helpful. What he says about making the institution relevant is most important. I believe the basic problem of our church schools is the fact that the students we have one or two hours on Sunday morning are strangers to each other and to the church.

The Protestant denominations that are keeping up with the population increase in urban America are those that have a weekday, parochial school system. Colleges have been popular with Methodists, so why not elementary and secondary schools as well?

To avoid the "parochial" aspect of such a school, perhaps we could cooperate with other Protestants. This also would make the idea more feasible economically. And the new development of "shared time" for parochial school students to attend science or other courses in the public schools would be helpful for the same reasons.

By co-operating with other Protestant denominations and the public school, we would be supporting the type of education that would be effective and relevant.

He Knew 'Grand Old Man'

C. R. ZERBE
Warren, Pa.

A friend gave me the January issue of TOGETHER. The article *Timber's Tithing Tycoon* [page 29] on T. D. Collins was a real blessing to me as I worked for and with Mr. Collins. He was a grand old man!

CAMERA CLIQUE

Larger Transparencies: Many serious photographers use large-sized color transparencies—of only 2¼-by-2¼-inch size produced by 120 film, or examples of reproductions from this larger film, turn to *The Miracle of the Seed* by Elma Waltner [pages 35-38].

Formerly a major limitation in the use of this film was that it was available in rolls of only 12 exposures. Now it is marketed in longer rolls called "220" with 24 exposures. To package this 220 film for use in most cameras, the manufacturer eliminated the paper backing, which poses new problems for the user. Only cameras equipped with automatic transports can use the film—and even in some of these the red window must be covered to prevent fogging of the film. Many cameras must have their counting mechanisms and film pressure plates adjusted.

So far only two emulsions have been offered by the manufacturer. One is a fast black and white emulsion which is slower than the 120 film currently available under the same name. The other is a negative color film. But the breakthrough has been made, and it won't be long until the 120 enthusiast will be able to shoot almost as long as his 35-mm friends before reloading!

PICTURE CREDITS

First Cover—George P. Miller • Page 1—Protestant Council of the City of New York • 7—RNS • 15 R-17 L.—Carol D. Muller • 30—People-to-People, Inc. • 34—Steve Rouch • 35-36-37-38—Elma Waltner • 39-40—United Artists • 52—From *Queen Victoria, Born to Succeed* by Elizabeth Longford, courtesy Harper & Row • 54—*The Upper Room* • 71 Epworth Rectory • 14-15 L-16 R-18-19-20-21-49 Top-59-60-61-62-72-Third Cover—George P. Miller.



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SHOULDN'T we be starting on again, Mother?" The worry in Delina's voice showed in her small, brown face.

"Maybe the missionaries *will* help Jacinto." She remembered when they came to the village and dropped her cousin's fever with small white things they called pills."

"Yes," replied her mother, "but maybe we were foolish to come so far. The families of our village have not welcomed the missionaries for many years. Perhaps they will turn away."

The mother and daughter were sitting in the doorway of an abandoned grass hut by a sluggish stream. They had been walking almost two days.

It was the dry season and the noon sun on the high, flat veld of central Africa was scorching, but the nights were cold. Before dawn Delina had shivered in her cotton dress and her mother had tried in vain to keep the sick baby and herself warm in the length of cloth wrapped around her own thin body. Yet, now they were perspiring from the heat.

"If only we had milk," said Delina's mother. "The goats gave us a little yesterday morning in the valley. In the dry season, I don't think the missionaries can give us milk if the goats cannot."

"I can find out," replied Delina. "Let me go on to the mission, Mother. I'm big now—10 years old. I will ask for milk. If they give it me, then we'll know the missionaries will help Jacinto."

Her mother ran a gentle hand over Delina's short, black hair, smoothing the many tiny braids which lay flat against her head.

"You are so young to cross the grasslands alone," she said. "But Jacinto can go no farther. He is too weak. So be careful. Only a few days ago a goat was taken from the village, and the men found lion tracks."

Delina started out bravely. The grass was high, and after a few

steps, she could no longer see her mother and Jacinto when she looked back. Suddenly it was very lonely.

She wished she would see someone, or find a path that would show her she was getting close to the mission. But as far as she looked she could see only grass and an occasional scraggly clump of trees. The sun, now high overhead, made waves of heat rise all around her. How thirsty she was!

Suddenly she stumbled upon a narrow open space. Two dusty ruts ran off toward the horizon. A road! She must be going the right way.

As she started to move again, a sound in the grass made her stop with pounding heart. Could it be a lion? Or a leopard? The swishing sound came nearer, and a large tan and brown python glided out of the grass a few feet from her. Delina froze with fear. But the snake was on business of its own. It moved smoothly across the road and disappeared into the grass. Delina heaved a sigh of relief and trudged on.

After a while, a clump of trees in the distance became a ring of jacaranda trees, their mauve flowers glowing in the late sun. In the midst of them stood a group of low, clay and brick buildings with red-tile roofs and freshly white-washed walls. She knew it must be the mission. Close by she found a stream where she gulped a cool drink.

"Hello, little girl," said a kind voice speaking the language of Delina's people. "Do not be afraid. I am Miss Helen."

Delina looked up into the face of a tall, blond lady in a pretty blue dress. Her blue eyes and smile were so kind that Delina didn't even feel shy. She told the missionary about Jacinto and her mother waiting in the little hut.

"I know the spot," said Miss Helen. "First, I will fix some milk, then we will drive there and bring your little brother to the hospital."

Soon Miss Helen and Delina were jouncing down the rutted road in a dusty, little truck. Delina clutched a bottle of milk. She could hardly wait to tell her mother how Miss Helen had made the milk from

white powder and water, even in the dry season.

Delina never had ridden in a truck before, but she wasn't afraid, since Miss Helen seemed to know just what to do with all the knobs and levers.

Soon, Miss Helen turned the truck off the road, and they drove through the grass a short while. Suddenly, Delina saw the hut where her mother and Jacinto were waiting. She hopped out of the truck and held out the bottle of milk to her mother with a big smile. Jacinto drank it eagerly and then slept quietly for the first time in two days.

"We must take the baby to the mission doctor," urged Miss Helen. "He can help Jacinto."

Delina's mother looked up shyly.

THANK YOU FOR COURAGE

I thank you, God,
For courage true
That helped me right
And honor do.

I know that courage
comes from you.

But many don't,
Though brave they be.
Help them know
Their shield is Thee.

—RUTH BARON

"I will tell the people in my village of your kindness," she said.

"You do that," said Miss Helen softly, "and perhaps afterward I can bring your people other good tidings—from the book we call the Bible—just as our people used to do many years ago." Delina and her mother nodded.

The little girl climbed into the truck again and beckoned her mother to get in beside her.

Soon they were driving back to the mission. Delina leaned against the seat cushion. She felt tired—but contented. She knew she had done the right thing.

—JEAN GILCHRIST

sound in the grass made
stop with pounding heart.
It was a large python.



Is thy heart right, as
my heart is with thine?
Dost thou love and serve
God? It is enough, I give
thee the right hand
of fellowship.

—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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After-Hour Gottings

We stay downright humble . . . by reminding ourselves that millions will never see these words, and many others won't read them if they do. But we like to imagine someone a century hence—a student of old church publications, perhaps—finding this issue not only interesting but inspiring and revealing. All three reactions were ours recently when a 1901 Methodist monthly magazine we had never seen reached us by way of a secondhand bookstore.

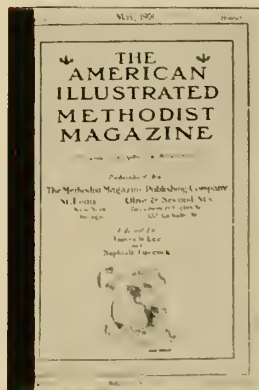
The American Illustrated Methodist Magazine, dated 64 years ago this May, looks like the old *Review of Reviews* and is about the size of today's *National Geographic*. Published in St. Louis at 15¢ a copy, it was profusely illustrated with drawings and photographs on good paper. Our copy is well preserved.

Anyone who would save a magazine for such a long time would have to be an avid reader and staunch admirer of the publication. Even today, it is easy to understand why: the 1901 issue contains articles on Norway and the Philippines; on the artist **Frederick Leighton** (with reproductions of his paintings) and on the poet **Chaucer** (with photographs of Canterbury); two rather sentimental short stories; several poems of like nature: a glowing tribute to the dog; current book reviews; an inspirational sermonette by a minister; and a 22-page installment of *The Illustrated History of Methodism*, with scores of pictures of bishops and preachers in northern and southern churches.

The editors, **James W. Lee** and **Naphtali Luccock**, took note of trouble brewing between France and Russia, Bolivia and Chile, Russia and Japan. Revolution seemed imminent in the Balkans and in Uruguay. Rioting students in Russia protested "the overbearing manner of the Cossacks, and ask for greater freedom of speech and conduct . . . Several students have committed suicide." Obviously the editors agreed with **John Wesley's** declaration that "the world is my parish."

In 1901, young readers were being offered prizes for the best original photographs on such themes as "Our Playground" (first prize, \$3), and "Baby at Play" (first prize, \$2)—all of which shows that **TOGETHER's** annual *Photo Invitational* is not exactly a new idea.

It is too late, of course, to congratulate Mr. Lee and Mr. Luccock, who could hardly have imagined the kind of world we're living in in 1965. But we'd like to think it would please them to know that here—64 years later—they still could spark our interest, tell us some things we did not know, and make us proud to be among late arrival in line with them.



Pictures aplenty—in 1901!

After another 64 years, the two cute youngster on this month's cover may have grandmother and grandfather status, and maybe they'll run across this issue while rummaging around in an old trunk. Surely someone will save this issue for them, for not every body gets on the cover of a magazine—not even once.

The young man is **George Garrison Callendine** great-grandson of the **Rev. Ben Kendall** of Kokomo Ind., at 89 said to be the oldest living member of the North Indiana Conference. The young lady is **Karen Miller**, daughter of **Mr. and Mrs. George P. Miller** of Des Plaines, Ill. Her father, our staff photographer took such an interest in child photography after she arrived that Karen's photographic heritage 64 years from now is bound to be stupendous. When the picture was taken, the Millers were at Epworth Forest in Indiana to cover a Methodist event soon to be featured in these pages.

—YOUR EDITORS

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The TREE of LIFE.

The Tree of Life

IN THIS unique painting, found in Epworth Rectory, two lonely figures trudge toward a door marked "Knock and shall be opened," while English society in general chooses "The Broad Way" toward perdition. Contemporary with John Wesley, founder of Methodism, who was reared in the rectory, it depicts two 18th-century ministers endeavoring to pluck sinners from the wrath to come."



From the church garden—and for the church altar—Mrs. O. R. Montgomery (left) and Mrs. R. O. Illyes will choose blue delphiniums, lilies, and roses. Both were on the committee which established the garden. At right, Mrs. Everett Phillips arranges red roses, lilies, delphiniums, and tamarisk for a Communion table.

Lawrenceville, Illinois, Methodists maintain...

A GARDEN OF FAITH

+ When the faithful forget, a church altar may go undecorated. Not so at Lawrenceville, Ill., where an unusual garden assures First Methodist Church both a variety and an abundance of flowers and decorative plants. It began in 1957 when the flower and altar committee asked H. R. Kemmerer, landscape specialist at the University of Illinois, to design a garden on church property that would begin yielding flowers with the first crocuses and continue through the autumn. "Our garden was designed primarily to furnish flowers and plant material to honor and glorify our Lord Jesus Christ, and for outdoor beauty," says the Rev. C. H. Todd, pastor. "But it is also a bird sanctuary and wild-flower garden." He said the church garden, a regular stop on local garden tours, now provides roses, tulips, spirea, lilacs, delphiniums, viburnum, chrysanthemums, dahlias, and many other flowers. When the season of colorful blooms and flowering shrubs is climaxed, there still remain elegant Canadian hemlocks, Japanese yews, white fir, hollies, and other evergreens for beauty through the winter. Professional nurserymen occasionally help Mrs. R. O. Illyes give the church plot expert care. Other members take a great deal of personal interest in it, too. Hardly had TOGETHER's photographer visited when Mr. Todd wrote: "We wish you were here now. Our roses are a mass of red and pink. The snapdragons and petunias have filled up the bed. Come again—in early November when chrysanthemums bloom."

The U-shaped church garden is, first of all, a play area for young children like those shown here, and then, beyond the hardy phlox and delphinium,





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