

TAKE TIME TO LIVE

By Louise Elizardi

Take time to live,
Take time to pray,
Take time to think,
Of others each day.

Take time to laugh,
Take time to play,
Take time to love,
Someone each day.

Take time to dream,
To look around
At all God's blessings
That here abound.

Take time to rest,
Take time to read,
Take time to be,
A friend indeed.

Take time to work,
Foresee your goal,
Seek out success
Before too old.

Let God walk with you
Along your way -
Take time to live
In Him each day.

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A CHRISTMAS TALK

By A. J. Truesdell

Birth is a commonplace miracle. The processes involved in birth are similar in all conception, development, and bringing forth, whether it be individuals, ideas, or institutions. Even whole nations are conceived, gestated, and brought to maturity by identical processes working under law.

The transforming action attending birth is seen in every field of activity: the mother gives birth to a child; the thinker brings forth a valued idea; the artist produces a masterpiece with certain characteristics by which his work can be identified even when it is presented without his signature. The author "has a book" after a period of confinement and labor. A star is born in Hollywood or on Broadway after a season of struggle.

Students are confined to schools for a given period for the purpose of attaining a measure of knowledge of required subjects. Inventors isolate themselves with gadgets and devices until new operations are revealed.

Whenever some revolutionary achievement is attained a great activity in its particular field takes place. A new condition prevails. Upheaval in the fountain pen industry was caused last year by the presentation of the ballpoint pen. Staid and respectable manufacturers of the old-style pens were roused into spending fabulous sums of money for rights and advertising. The courts were stimulated by a deluge of lawsuits and the public startled into the greatest buying spree in years. Consternation, confusion, and controversy were the order of the day. The industry was like a mother hen hatching out a duckling.

A period of chaotic anticipation precedes and attends the successful delivery of a new idea swinging into service to mankind. We watch closely those who sit in the seats of the mighty for indication of unusual stirrings but

reserve judgment until the test of time has proved the worth of whatever is presented.

We look with suspicion upon any achievement and placid behavior on the part of our heroes. Our outstanding men the world are those who have overcome great odds. The men we honor with special days must have been rugged characters whose principles confounded contemporaries and maintained dignity through the years. Our clever and brilliant citizens do not wear so well as those who have the quality called character. An indefinable something distinguishes the great from the mediocre.

The Great One we honor during this season was the personification of that indefinable essence of greatness. Other great men and a certain measure of this intangible quality. This man brought it forth in its fulness and exposed it to the race in his own individuality. He never permitted himself to be disconnected from his greatness: it was always with him and he knew it. He knew and declared himself to be the fulness of the God-head bodily by his admission to Philip, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

Every conceivable test has been applied to break down this man's testimony, but sincere examination convicts the board of examiners and converts them too. The movement was against Jesus during his ministry. There is some general trend toward him and his doctrine at this time. Not in the maudlin manner of shouters or rollers, but in the realms of advanced thinking and scientific research. The spiritual seeker is going to have company in the persons of distinguished men of science. Such men are admitting there is nothing real to discover but God. Jesus knew this when he asked, "What seek ye?" and said "I am he."

The mystery attending his birth and the violence accompanying his life and ministry are proof of his import. The signs and wonders that accompanied his advent into the world were indicative of the successful delivery of a universal and fundamental movement of the Divine subscribing to the process of natural birth.

But signs and wonders were not the object of this spiritual man for he advised in his simple formulas belief, quiet confidence, and dependence on God. This Great One exalted a little child and prattled of seed, birds, lilies, and pearls. Those seeking signs and wonders can never know his peace that passeth understanding.

Those who watch the magician never learn how to do the trick. Those mystified by the miracle and who wonder, have made no effort to know what manner of spirit they are.

We cannot describe adequately the nature and character of this Man and Messiah, but we can say 'Amen' to all the descriptions of word-artists through the ages.

A three-year old who went to Sunday School for the first time, came home and immediately set to work with his drawing paper and pencil. In response to his mother's question about the subject of his efforts he said he was drawing a picture of God. "But," said his mother, "no one knows what God looks like." "Well," replied the boy, "they will now."

With like simplicity Jesus drew a picture of God, and exhibited his masterpiece in the market place and the synagogue. He signed and sealed his

living production with his crucifixion and resurrection. The advent of his birth should mean more to mankind than all the holly, mistletoe, tinsel, colored lights, and gifts which are sued to represent His spirit this season. It should be a challenge to everyone to remember the truth about Jesus Christ and his doctrine of love.

The living truth can be told in simple gospel form, -- the telling of glad tidings of great joy that comes through the realization of that Presence which is the Christ in man. It takes courage. The witness must have confidence for, from the moment of the stirring of this knowledge in him, he will be subject to persecutions and misjudgments. However, the only fulness of joy that can be attained in this life is willingness to bear witness to the Christ birth through consciousness of his indwelling Presence.

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WHY SEEK THE KINGDOM?

By R. A. Applegate, Jr.

The instruction to seek first the Kingdom of God is the central point in the teaching of Jesus. He repeated the commandment many times in different forms. It is contained in the parables of the treasure hid in the field and of the pearl of great price. He instructed the multitudes who followed him to the far side of Lake Galilee to "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." To the disciples, when they returned from their first missionary tour he said, "Rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."

The question naturally arises why we should seek the "Kingdom of God." It is actually what everyone desires. Whether or not they know it, men want a consciousness of I AM THAT I AM, the awareness of JESUS CHRIST, which constitutes that Kingdom. As Augustine said "Thou hast made us for Thyself and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee."

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PEACE

By Nell Truesdell

"Great peace have they who love thy law, and nothing shall offend them." To love the law is to be so obedient to it that it no longer retards or restricts or restrains, but allows perfect freedom -- the sort of freedom in which abides peace. All law is good and so long as law is obeyed, it delivers good to the obedient. It is when law is broken that it appears harsh. Peace is lost when the law is transgressed, and immediately the opposite of peace possesses mind and heart. Worry sets in, fear takes over, and the whole consciousness is disturbed. To restore the original order would mean a realization and demonstration of peace in mind, body, and affairs.

Man seeks peace hither and yon. In his seeking, he acquires a desperation that wrings any semblance of peace from his life, and he is distraught and unsatisfied. If he but knew it, he could easily reach a point of satisfaction through willingness to assume, at least, a semblance of peace. The instant peace is felt, contentment begins to reign and the whole man relaxes into a state of realized fulness that gives satisfaction.

Peace is power. Power is something everyone in the world wishes he possessed. Often a person will dream of what he would do if only he had power. Usually such dreams set the dreamer up in a place of authority over others; he gives the orders, they carry them out. But authority over anything or anybody does not breed peace. Instead, the very opposite is experienced. The man loaded with great possessions and extensive authority over many people seldom knows what it means to sleep one night through in child-like slumber. Often he spends sleepless nights worrying over some detail that actually would seem trivial in the sight of a child. To the harassed grown-up, however, it looms terribly important and serious.

It is said that consumption of sleeping portions is common practice among the inhabitants in crowded cities, especially among those persons who carry great responsibility in business. An inborn sense of peace would undo this need and the sleeper would in the face of great odds, enjoy his rest and awaken refreshed and renewed.

Works always follow rest. A period of rest incites to action. During rest resources are gathered and once they are stabilized they move, or turn with a new power to do and accomplish whatever they are directed toward. It is said that if a man became as rested as God he would do the works of God.

You recall the Priestly account of creation in Genesis informs us that God rested from all his labors. "And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." After God rested, creation (which already was finished in the invisible), sprang into manifest forms, each taking shape according to the pattern in God's Mind. And God blessed the rest-day, the seventh day, because in it he ceased to labor.

You remember something similar is narrated in the story of Mary and Martha. Martha was busy working with things and conditions while Mary rested at the Master's feet -- and she was the one who was commended. This story does not set well with women who are active, for they feel their inactive sisters are shirking in their responsibility. But when we look beneath the surface, we see the point and get the lesson.

It was Mary's sense of peace and rest that enabled Martha to do so much. If Martha had realized the same sense of peace, no doubt Mary would have been moved to do some of the outer work. Mary, however, was the quiet, peaceful type. Doubtless she had found early during her life that if she kept still enough, everything in the house would get done. So when the Master called, she who had been in the habit of taking things easy, set quietly and visited with her guest, while her sister, always bustling about, was forced to do the housework.

All our sympathy goes out to Martha; but, if we are wise, we shall understand that the creative powers emerge from the restful state and, if a

household is to be run in an orderly manner, somebody in it has to assume the responsibility of being quiet. Frequently, if we but knew, it takes more real courage to be still and appear to do nothing sometimes, than it does to go ahead and do the work.

Out of stillness comes everything. Out of a certain state called the silence, original and productive ideas spring into view which otherwise would remain hidden. The silence is a state of peace -- a do-nothing state -- a time of forgetfulness during which secrets hitherto hidden are revealed. After the silence, a new activity sets in that coordinates so fully with the inner peace that nothing is wasted, either in ideas or in actions.

The state of peace within is the real activity: it is the demonstration. But we see or are conscious only of the outer movements and say that they are the accomplishing power. The real achieving power, however, is in that time when we are at rest, with our gaze lifted toward the ideal; all that follows is but a succession of movements that fulfill the ideal already demonstrated.

Many women seek beauty through all sorts of outer aids in the forms of cosmetics, exercises, diet, massage, and so forth. All the outer aids do a measure of good. But their effects are all too temporary if they are sought as the source of beauty. True beauty pours through a tranquil surface. The very word tranquility is delightful. If any woman seeking a new beauty aid would take a little time every day to repeat the word several times, she would be charmed with results. Tranquility. Tranquility. This is saying, Peace, Peace, in such a lovely manner that it causes an elimination of agitation or disturbance and outpictures in beauty of face and form.

If in any place you perceive the need for quiet, you can soothe the very atmospheres by speaking within your own mind, Peace, Peace. I once saw Mr. Truesdell speak the words in the hallway near the room in the hotel where we conduct our Sunday morning service. The American Legion was having a convention and noisy men swarmed everywhere. Suddenly there was lull, as if the whole place at one instant was still: all sound vanished in that split second; and, right after, the noise was not so intense or grating. All during our service, we were not disturbed for a minute by rowdy sounds of happy Legionaires. Such is the effect of the power of peace in a man's consciousness.

Last Fall, the dry grass on our acreage caught fire in a high wind. Flames over six feet high rushed over the fields toward the house. A neighbor called me by telephone and for the first time I knew of the impending disaster at my very door. I kept repeating, Peace, Peace, as I ran for the hose, connected it, and started a weak stream of water toward the flames. I kept up the words, Peace, Peace, as I worked alone and, though the flames flew upward at great heights, I never wavered. Wherever the water was most needed, I directed it, and it always seemed adequate though the hose was leaking badly at the connection at the faucet.

I kept saying, Peace, Peace, and gradually the flames subsided. A large pile of very dry wood is stacked in the Southwest corner of our back yard. Outside the wire fence, leaves and dry sticks had accumulated on the unused acres during the years and had washed down in former rains. As the flames crept toward this pile I kept saying, Peace, Peace, and turned my stream of water where it was most needed. The fire got into the pile of cedar posts and the dry grass and leaves caught there began to burn. But I said, Peace, Peace, and worked the stream of water into the pile and seemed always to hit the right place, for steam and smoke would arise.

Eventually the local Handley Fire Department came, but the men could not get their truck on to our soft and unused land. Two men then carried a container with a hose attached and began to work on brush burning toward the street while I continued to work on the pile of wood. Gradually, the whole affair subsided; a few scattered on-lookers dispersed, the firemen left, and there alone was I, still squirting water into the pile of wood. If that had caught beyond control our house would have been threatened; so, I stayed with it until I knew the last coals were dead.

Mr. Jeffery once told us that a group of frame houses near a lumber yard in a large city had caught fire. The frantic owner of the yard called him by long distance telephone and begged him to help. He did. The next day a report came out that miraculously the wind had changed, and flames that would have destroyed a whole lumber yard were easily controlled. I can still see Mr. Jeffery in my mind as he said, "They said the wind changed," and I knew that he meant it was God.

Freedom from disturbance or agitation is always established in the presence of repose when a certain spiritual calm is established in consciousness. The only truly lasting peace is that which comes from being aware of the presence of God, here and now. God is not absent; his back is not turned at any time. Rather, we find him facing us whenever we look toward him. "Return unto me, and I will return unto you." It is in our own forgetfulness that we feel that God is away from us.

Anxiety is a common ailment of human kind. Uneasiness or distress of mind regarding some uncertain event which may involve danger or misfortune fills mind and heart to such an extent that the whole life is thrown out of balance. Anxiety has the effect of a choking disquiet. Anxiety is always mental and always is in regard to the unknown.

We are never anxious about what we know. We may be concerned somewhat; but when we are uncertain about anything whatever, when we cannot rely upon or trust implicitly the outcome of some act or desire or hope, we are tempted to be anxious. Jesus instructed his disciples along these lines when he told them to take no thought for their lives, what they should eat; nor for their bodies, what they should put on. The unknown supply, he promised, was always at hand: "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

When the knowing is in God's direction, concern about making necessary demonstrations evaporates. God is an omnipresent source of any good thing a man needs or desires. Anxiety about supply cuts the anxious person off from possible supply -- the only possible supply which comes from God.

Not only is man afraid he will not be provided with the necessities of life; he is afraid he will not keep well; or he will not be happy; or he will not sleep soundly at night; or he will not be able to pay his bills.

A little poem written by Edward Roland Sill has been a source of peace to me for many, many years, and the thought in it is indeed a working power for good along any line:

'Tis not in seeking,
 'Tis not in endless striving
 Thy quest is found.
Be still and listen:
 Be still and drink the quiet
 Of all around.
Not for thy crying,
 Not for thy loud beseeching
 Will peace draw near;
 Rest with palms folded,
 Rest with thine eyelids fallen --
Lo! peace is here!

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Alphabet of
DAILY MEDITATION
for Every Week Day of the Month

December 1947

1. Where I AM, there ye may be ALSO.
2. BELIEVE also in Me.
3. I will COME again.
4. The Father that DWELLETH in me, he DOETH the work.
5. We are EXCEEDINGLY filled.
6. Receive FORGIVENESS.

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8. He GIVETH GRACE.
9. HIM I declare unto you.
10. I am the way, the truth, and the life.
11. Have a prosperous JOURNEY.
12. I KEPT silence.
13. LOOK unto the heavens, and see.

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15. He is the MEDIATOR.
16. NOW say, Peace by within thee.
17. ORDER my steps in Thy word.
18. The Lord PRESERVETH the simple.
19. He giveth QUIETNESS.
20. If ye loved Me, ye would REJOICE.

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22. In the SIGHT of God SPEAK we.
23. He shall TEACH you all THINGS.
24. Not as the world giveth, give I UNTO you.
25. The VOICE which came from heaven was heard.
26. The host of heaven WORSHIPPED Thee.
27. Whither I go YE know.

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29. ZEAL hath provoked very many.
30. Come into My house and abide.
31. The goodness of God leadeth thee.

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Please join us in DAILY MEDITATION. It is a most profitable practice and you will rejoice in its spiritual benefits.

Take time to work,
Foresee your goal,
Let God walk with you
Along your way.