

# ***LIB MOVEMENT***

***GOD'S WAY***

By  
**Mrs. D. L. Holbrook**  
**(Becky Tilotta)**

### **Dedication**

To the fulfillment and glory of womanhood that we may again exalt her role to the throne of God and place her where man once exalted her is my prayer and dedication of this work.

### **Acknowledgement**

I wish to gratefully acknowledge the many who have helped me in so many ways to make this book a better tool for awakening us to our wonderful woman's role. They are Rita Rhodes Ward, Thelma Thuleen, Bobbie Thomas, Rick Drake, D. L. Holbrook, Jean Eary, Brenda Willcutt, Marge Bennett, Andrew Connally and Dr. Davis. May God richly bless each of these for their contribution to this effort.



### **About the Author**

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D. L. and Becky, married December 28, 1974, and are actively teaching men and women the joys and fulfillment of the Christian home. Mr. Holbrook's new book for young husbands and fathers, a companion to the **Lib Movement God's Way** will be printed, Lord willing, in 1976.

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## Chapter 1

### JUST A HOUSEWIFE ??

Since the first printing of Lib Movement-God's Way fifteen months ago much headway in the wrong direction has been made by our unhappy sisters. It was decided to revise and strengthen its content on the second printing with quotes from some of these maneuvering women to try to learn why they are unhappy and to cause us to investigate their demands. We need to try to understand the rationale of their aims and goals for our own self survival. They seem to be bent upon changing the God-given role of womanhood. Amendments have been ratified which has caused much concern to those who understood the smoke-screen wording of the Amendment Seven at the Polls. "Equality of Rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged in the U. S. or by any state on account of race, color, religion or sex". It seemed innocent for no one desires inequality of the other three, but to have sex stand alone would mean to veto the ratification. Let us consider some of the things they stand for in this movement and examine the Divine plan of our Creator and compare the two.

Betty Friedan, author of The Feminine Mystique, who is credited with igniting the women's liberation (front cover) said: (Pages 296-297)

"All this seems (speaking of life in a concentration camp) terribly remote from the easy life of the American suburban housewife. But is her house in reality a comfortable concentration camp? Have not women who live in the image of the feminine mystique trapped themselves within the narrow walls of their homes? They have learned to 'adjust' to their biological role. They have become dependent, passive, childlike; they have given up their adult frame of reference to live at the lower human level of food and things. The work they do does not require adult capabilities; it is endless, monotonous, unrewarding. American women are not, of course, being readied for mass extermination, but they are suffering a slow death of mind and spirit. Just as with the prisoners in the concentration camps, there are American women who have resisted that death, who have managed to retain a core of self, who have not lost touch with the outside world, who use their abilities to some creative purpose. They are women of spirit and intelligence who have refused to 'adjust' as housewives.

". . . The comfortable concentration camp that American women have walked into, or have been talked into by others, is just such a reality, a frame of reference that denies woman's adult human identity. By adjusting to it, a woman stunts her intelligence to become childlike, turns away from individual identity to become an anonymous biological

robot in a docile mass. She becomes less than human, preyed upon by outside pressures, and herself preying upon her husband and children. And the longer she conforms, the less she feels as if she really exists. She looks for her security in things, she hides the fear of losing her human potency by testing her sexual potency, she lives a vicarious life through mass daydreams or through her husband and children. She does not want to be reminded of the outside world; she becomes convinced there is nothing she can do about her own life or the world that would make a difference. But no matter how often she tries to tell herself that this giving up of personal identity is a necessary sacrifice for her children and husband, it serves no real purpose. So the aggressive energy she should be using in the world becomes instead the terrible anger that she dare not turn against her husband, is ashamed of turning against her children, and finally turns against herself, until she feels as if she does not exist. And yet in the comfortable concentration camp as in the real one, something very strong in a woman resists the death of herself."

Of the some 30 books on the shelf of this small establishment in Fort Worth, Texas, only one book opposed the Lib Movement. But, to put it mildly, a book like The Prisoner of Sex by Norman Mailer reminds one of "With friends like THAT, who needs enemies". He degrades, humiliates, and makes the woman seem to be base as the Libbists are accusing the men. It is in reality another Libbist book.

Quoting another noted Libbist, Barbara Seaman, in her book Free and Female - page 287:

"Cooking, sewing and gardening may be fun, but only a mental defective could take genuine pride in Joy-clean dishes and aromatic-blue toilet bowls. There are few jobs as unrewarding as housework, for it is lonely, dirty, repetitive and tiresome, and it immediately gets undone.

"Given our modern technologies and the small size of our average families, there is little question that to serve the interests of women and children better, what we need now is a great increase in part-time jobs - for young mothers, principally, but for young fathers too."

Women's Role in Contemporary Society, by Eleanor Holmes Norton, reports on the New York City Commission on Human Rights held September 21-25, 1970. She quotes Betty Berry: "I am speaking today as a member of the most economically vulnerable and largest group of women in America - the housewives. There are 43 million married women, of whom 60 percent do not work outside the home. Excluded from almost all protective or civil rights legislation, the housewife is sheltered and betrayed by a myth of economic security.

"The discrimination against the housewife has subtle aspects. It

shows in: one, her ignorance about her lack of rights and inferior status; two, the absence of financial recognition for her services; and three, legislation designed to aid the family, but which increases her dependency. We believe a woman is entitled to know her legal rights in marriage . . .”

And a final quotation should set the mood for this entire study from the Descent of Woman, by Elaine Morgan (page 1). “According to the Book of Genesis, God first created man. Woman was not only an afterthought, but an amenity. For close on to two thousand years this holy scripture was believed to justify her subordination and explain her inferiority; for even as a copy she was not a very good copy. There were differences. She was not one of His best efforts . . .

“It might have been expected that when Darwin came along and wrote an entirely different account of The Descent of Man, the assumption would have been eradicated, for Darwin didn’t believe she was an afterthought; he believed her origin was at least contemporaneous with man’s. It should have led to some kind of breakthrough in the relationship between the sexes. But it didn’t.”

The most notorious quotation can be had by making a copy of the 1973 Encyclopedia Britannica book of the year from the shelf of your library of the “Emerging Woman” by Clare Boothe Luce. If these do not make you desire to stop this damnable change in God’s divine plan for man and woman, what will?

The books are being funneled into all libraries. An article in a magazine was accusing a Girl Scout group of performing with a skit which read, or was sung, about a “dirty old man” indicating they are beginning at this tender level to change such attitudes as to turn a child against their own father. Again, how much more could Marx want to add to this trend. Note how many of these books are tainted with Communism. (May I recommend to you that if these books are not available at the library, you might purchase one copy of each and share them. Personally, I hate to see us help them by purchasing them.)

Gibbons “Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire” stated there were seven reasons for the fall of this giant nation. No doubt about it America is the great of this century, but we are losing this respected and coveted position and fast. Review the reasons given and see if America fits into the picture as did Rome.

1. The divorce rate rose.
2. More public money was spent for welfare (less responsibility and self-respect was being taught and practiced).
3. Craving for greater pleasure and leisure increased.
4. Taxes soared higher and higher.



5. Sports appeared to be more exciting, more brutal.
6. Building of gigantic armaments continues.
7. Religion was thought by some to be decaying.

Is this an indictment against America today? Are we so blinded by our Kaleidoscopic world that we cannot see ourselves changing into self-destruction of home, church and nation? Can a group of "suffragettes" have such power as to hold a nation together and make it strong and not realize it? Can one with such power rightly be called a "second class citizen" or be retarded with a "feminine mentality"?

Communists have prophesied for years that they will take America without firing a bullet or dropping a bomb by destroying the hub of the world, the home. One of the fathers of our country, Abraham Lincoln, stated, "The hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world". With books such as those mentioned and Norman Mailer who plays right into the hands of the Libbist, who could deny that they are working harder at it than we are at trying to save our home, our freedom of worship and our beloved America?

Where does this fit into a Bible study for ladies? How can we ascribe this to a weekly Bible study? Jesus often answered a question by asking a question, and I would like to use The Great Teacher's method by asking, "If we as older women were doing our job of teaching the younger to 'love their husbands . . . children . . .' would we be in this present condition?" Unless we take our news media and analyze the things we see and hear and watch our schools, libraries and textbooks for the teachings that reach our offsprings' minds, we may find ourselves in the same position as our Cuban friends.

During the big exodus in 1965-66 a friend of mine was explaining why she and her husband did not have children. She said, "You don't know why I no have child!" (in her broken English). The teachers in Cuba ask the little children to bow their heads and ask God for ice cream. Then the teacher asks them to bow their head and ask Castro for ice cream (as she places a cup in front of each child). Now she says, "Castro is your God. He gives you ice cream! Have you ever seen your God? There is no God."

Jehovah God, our Divine Creator and ruler of all nations, has been left out of the lives of some of these misguided female rebels. Until we stand upon His foundation for the home, the marriage, and life itself, we have no hope for the future of our homes, our nation, and the world. Will it take an overthrow of our government, the driving by of the meeting place where we once worshipped in freedom and seeing the windows and doors martyred from inside and out (as one sees in Communist controlled countries) and finding the family Word of God

hidden or destroyed before we will wake up to the realization of what our fate is to be? God forbid! Are "things" that important to you that you cannot stop your world right now and fall down and ask God to forgive you for being so nearsighted and for not seeing the handwriting on the wall of our future?

Shall you raise a hand to do more than carry a torch for the Libbers by stating, "It is unfair! I do the same work as the man and I am entitled to the same pay!" Look past the paycheck and into the motives of your desires. See if the money is not the root of the entire problem. Most will admit this! But is that paycheck and the things these few are fighting to gain worth losing your soul, your freedom and the glorious privileges of being an American citizen?

Do you carry your banner of "JUST A HOUSEWIFE" with pride, joy and respect? Where do you rate your role? As a sex object - or is it a "queens day every day"? As you use every gadget and trinket that your man can give you to make your life easy and less time consuming and allow you more time to do for him and the children as well as others, where are your thoughts? On SELF? How can a woman who is allowed to spend her time at home to work at her leisure, to use the scores of "silent maids", to drive the children to school in a nice second car, to play bridge, to volunteer to help others, etc., begin to feel so much self-pity that she asks herself, "How did I become a 'second class citizen'?" What more freedom can she need or desire? How sick do we have to become before we seek a doctor?

Where did all this begin to tear down the home? As a child few banners in the little town's one grocery store hailed its specials. Twice a month the housewife and family went into town to stock up for the next few weeks. There was not time for the long journey as time was not kept by punching a clock 40 hours per week. Time was from sun up to sun down. Life was a continual struggle for sheer survival but they were happy. They had self-respect. They were responsible people who gave; gave their all. They would be sorely disappointed in us today who tread under foot in the '70's the very thing they sweated and gave their life blood to protect and cherish. Will we have to shed the blood of our own and lose the ground economically we have gained before we retrace our values and evaluate them with real priorities?

Woman has "come a long, long way, Baby," to a push button world where the indoor flush toilets and electricity are now standard equipment for every home. But because of the whipping cream we possess, have we come to such a degraded self-pity as to ask the men, "What does man now expect women to do with this free time that his technology has given her, and what status is he willing to confer on her

for doing whatever it is that he thinks she should be doing . . . ?”  
Success Unlimited, by Clair Luce Booth.

“To come to the nitty gritty, what does he think about the importance of her motherhood role in our overpopulated world? . . .”

“The time has come when men must care if not for woman’s sake, for man’s.”

“The ‘bright boys’ - that is to say, men who are smart enough to forget their prejudices against women long enough to feed the Woman Problem into the computers - have already gotten some pretty clear answers on why they had better begin caring . . . the underemployment and discrimination are costing him plenty of money. The wages he refuses to pay her for working he must now fork over in taxes to keep her out of the gutter and on relief rolls. The billions he spends on giving her an equal education are wasted when she is not permitted to use her education. She is showing a tendency to become an alcoholic (very expensive habit, for the nation). Her bills for psychiatric treatment and residence in mental institutions are mounting; he has the money; he has to pay them. Worst of all his traditional attitude that he is superior and she the inferior seems to be giving her those very identity crises, hang-ups and neurosis that in his intimate relations with her as wife or lover are now driving him crazy . . .” (Pages 67-89).

Wake up, Christian Sisters, and let us join hands to get out of our microscopic world and call a screeching halt to the downfall of the home. Not once is the welfare of the child and the love for husband or child ever mentioned. Compare these jewels (?) of literary and moral contribution to the following article by Jack Exum, gospel preacher in Canada.

“A 10 year old girl who pleaded with a judge in a letter to please, please, please help a 10 year old girl keep a mom and dad, . . . Superior court Judge Jay Ballantyne said the girl’s parents had reconsidered their plans for a divorce, have agreed to give their 12 year old marriage another try.

“After parents (who were not identified) met briefly in the chambers with the judge, the mother tearfully told newsmen: ‘I didn’t know everyone was so friendly. We are moving back together - it’s so wonderful that people care when they don’t even know you. Maybe this will help a lot of other people. I really hope so.’”

“Ballantyne said his office was ‘flooded’ with letters from concerned persons from all over the country after he made the girl’s letter public.

“She had written: ‘Honorable sire, my mom and dad are getting a divorce . . . Please don’t let them get a divorce. My momma loves my dad; if you put him in the hospital he could quit drinking.’”

“Sir, you are a judge and this is your job, to divorce people. Only where do ones go that still love the husbands? And how do you divorce a 10 year old girl? Can you cut my heart out and stop it from hurting? Please, please, please help a 10 year old keep a mom and dad!”

“Divorce and remarriage? A simple human solution, if we could just find some way to cut out the heart and keep it from hurting, especially when the heart’s only 10 years old.”

Self or Selflessness??? What is your lot? What have you to gain by self? What have you to lose in selflessness?

Please turn and read from Matthew 7:24-27 as Jack suggests! God help us to use our search light on ourselves to save ourselves from ourselves for the sake of our ownelves and our family . . . Titus 2:3-5.

### **DAILY BIBLE STUDY CHART**

1st day	Genesis 2:18-25; Proverbs 18:22; Titus 2:3-5
2nd day	Genesis 1:26-28; 5:1-2; I Cor. 15:45-50
3rd day	2 Cor. 5:1-3; 17-18; Isa. 45:18; Psalms 102:18
4th day	Eph. 2:10; Titus 2:11-14; I Cor. 3:9-16
5th day	Genesis 18:1-22
6th day	Matt. 6: 2 Cor. 2:1-17
7th day	Rom. 1:19-25; 2 Pet. 3:8-10; Rev. 4:11

## Chapter II

### WOMAN'S COMFORTABLE CONCENTRATION CAMP

Soon after television came into homes, a friend of mine made a statement which I feel was rather prophetic. He said, "The commercials show more ingenuity than the shows themselves!" It has been true that we, the weaker sex (yes, we are the weaker sex according to the Divine One who made us, I Peter 3:7) have sat, watched this monster and listened to its ingenuity. We have begun to believe that "Joy-clean dishes (washing diapers) and having aromatic-blue toilet bowls" have become a drudgery. What should be acts of love for those whom we have brought into the world and for those that are flesh and blood of ours become a grind and bore. And the one who helped you to give life to your little one and protected and exalted you, has now made you become the "nigger" or "second class citizen". (I resent anyone being called a nigger for it is degrading, humiliating and unnecessary. Shame on us!) Service to those we love should be a joy! To serve the ones we have given life and the one who has given us protection and the tools of pampered progress is NOT servitude but the greatest experience of life. Yes, we have come a long way, Baby, but we are surely going backwards and traveling fast thanks to the advertisements on TV and everywhere we look. We have become a self-centered unhappy soul of a nation!

The commercials have caused us to lose sight of the true happiness of selflessness. We should have learned by now that "things" (no, not even that extra paycheck) are not the answer to bliss on earth. The news media have also harmed-from some of their vultuous, vulgar programs as well as the vitiate news items. One must commit a crime or bring about a horrible experience to get in the news. Only a murder is lavished and expounded upon in some news sickrooms. Rarely do we ever read of the Good Samaritans or the outstanding youth of the nation and what he has accomplished in our news media anymore. One could almost believe they have a mission for our country!

Yes, these things are rough but sometimes we must get tough and even make some angry to get them to open their eyes to see the truth. "The truth hurts sometimes!"

Every television that I have ever seen has a little button that says "Off" and "On" but few people know what the one "Off" means. One cannot talk while visiting them for constant rattle. Usually apologies are made with, "What did you say? I am sorry I did not understand you for the television!" But, if a child yells a little loudly, they shut him off real quickly . . . Where are our thoughts on the

meaning of life when we let a thing like this rule us beyond control. Cigarettes, liquor nor pot cannot be any more habit forming and damning. It can be used for a good purpose just as dope, cigarettes and liquor. My parents used to use tobacco on a wasp sting to take away the pain. Of course, liquor and narcotics are used for medicinal purposes and prescribed by qualified doctors. These things can be harmful or helpful. A good football game, clean movie and good news, plenty of it, with the bad would never hurt anyone.

What will change this? Just like trashy movies! Quit patronizing the commercials. Let them know why when they advertise with such things as "take the drudgery out of work" or insinuate that housework is for a second class citizen! When you will take the time to write the company a nice, firm letter expressing your desire of the distasteful type of advertisement and to send a copy to the station receiving the ad, more will be done to change the picture. Also, begin to let your station know when things are vulgar and that they will be disbanned in your home if such things are not stopped immediately. Begin to discuss it with others and encourage them to do the same.

What can we do to repair and rebuild the beautiful image of the woman, the wife and mother? Let us consider the following report by the Chase Manhattan Bank of New York City. They stated the housewife must have "the skill of a surgeon, the I. Q. of an Einstein, the energy of a submarine and the drive of an army for her 99 hours per week." Her job was broken down as follows:

Nursemaid	44.5
Housekeeper	17.5
Cook	13.1
Dishwasher	6.2
Laundress	6.9
Food Buyer	3.3
Gardener	2.3
Chauffeur	2.0
Maintenance	1.7
Seamstress	1.3
Dietitian	1.2
Nurse	0.2

Dr. Henrietta Fleck, Dean of NYU School of Home Economics, says, "The housewife needs self-discipline, diplomacy, financial skills, decorating ability, grooming, cooking and many other skills to be a successful one." Further, she states, "She must be aware of the national problems of pollution, cost and weights of products by reading labels and counting costs, plus the ability to watch for health and safety

measures for her family.” No doubt about it, our role is a gigantic challenge, a job for an intelligent person.

First of all we must raise ourselves in our own minds and images to the heights which God, above all, and man have placed us. We must realize that our role is as important, as powerful, as fulfilling and rewarding as any work on earth can be. Concentrate for a few minutes on the following writings of a man whose life had become “less human,” preyed upon by outside pressures . . . His work was lonely, dirty, repetitive, and tiresome. He felt excluded from “all protective or civil rights legislation” for the whole load was upon him. Those taxes, alcoholic and psychiatric treatment bills got to him for he, too, is human. Selfishness works on both sexes . . .

Why Husbands Disappear . . . Some of the reasons given by men interviewed who have walked out on their wives and families after a number of seemingly happy years, might go something like this: “I’ve become a slave to my family because I’m nothing but a paycheck to them”. “My paycheck is more important around my house than I am”. “The same routine each day of competitiveness at work, quarreling at home and a constant ‘give me’ from family, community, church, charity and government combined with the world situation of war and crime make life so hopeless that it isn’t worth the effort”.

These are only a few - and many seek various methods of escape such as alcohol, drugs, extra marital relationships, and suicide. Others have become compliant, spineless, and unrespected fixtures in their homes, rather than standing up like men and demanding the God-given place he is entitled to.

A routine day for a modern day man goes something like this: A quick cup of coffee - while the family sleeps - starts the day. During the drive to work the radio gives him all the sordid news of crime and violence on the local scene and war and turmoil abroad mixed with scandal in national politics. The day at the office is routine and is based on competition from every angle. Competition among employees, contracts, sales and merchandise. In other words “dog eat dog”. Dull repetition!

At lunch time you can hear the problems and experiences of fellow employees along with their complaints about the company, supervisors, etc.

The trip home is the same as the morning trip except that traffic is heavier and it’s a challenge to claim your share of the road.

Home at last! The teen-age son (who is seldom home) greets him at the door with “Hi Pop. Gotta have the car tonight! And Oh yes, I need 10 bucks to take this real neat chick out!” Sounds like the whole

family home for a change. Teen-age daughter "Hi Popsy! Boy you should see this keen guy I got a date with and I haven't a thing to wear - I know you want me to look groovy so about \$15.00 should do."

Wife - "Boy! What a day - everything has gone wrong. I burned your dinner so we are having tuna sandwiches. Hurry because I have a committee meeting. Bla! Bla! Bla!" Grocery bills - dental appointment - braces - shoes for Tommy - Ladies Bazaar - After a hurried dinner - "Gotta go now, you put the dishes away and put Tommy to bed at 9".

Suddenly, all is quiet and there he sits alone - forgotten - trying to figure out where the money will come from to increase the grocery budget, pay the dentist, pay for increased auto insurance for teen-age drivers, etc. etc. etc.

He simply disappears!

But where in the name of all common sense have the children been lost in the shuffle and exalting of self? How have we lost sight of the precious joys of the product of one's own flesh growing, maturing, serving and being served? Man has become so obsessed with the self-glorifying, towering structures, the pride of the mixmasters, the gregarious scientific progress and the ostentatious space explorations that we have lost sight of the enormous delight of life. The time, the efforts and giving of self for the essence of life, of death and of the hereafter, that of rearing a 6 lb. 7 oz. baby boy and making him a giant of an athlete, the pride of the home, church, nation, the brain for betterment of mankind and the development of all that God has given our offspring with which to grow and develop, is lost. Or that 7 lb. 6 oz. girl who has backed her man to heights beyond his every dream, e.g. the Nobel Prize winners, helped him to serve all mankind, encouraged the cure for diseases that mame and destroy young and old and help him to teach and bring Heaven together is missing. Truly Heaven is in woman's hands. What could be more creative, skillful, challenging, rewarding, and powerful? Could that second paycheck? Yes, it takes time but most of all it takes forgetting self, but this is what living is all about. I pity these women for they have not learned this! Will your child live a lifetime without having learned the way of happiness here nor that coveted home of the soul either? They go hand in hand! Christians should and must be the happiest folks on earth. Maybe we have set such a poor example as Christians that the world cannot see that we are truly happy, truly different.

God made woman in His own way, in His own time. I, for one, am thankful that he made me! I have no desire for the role of manhood. I am very grateful that I have the life of a woman. After almost 25 years



of living alone in this man's world, rearing two children and seeing the pressures of the unbearable daily challenges and rivalries for a better life for the family, I thank God I am of the "afterthought" of Jehovah God, our Creator! His afterthoughts are so far above our forethoughts or daydreams that we cannot comprehend His ways. He said, (Genesis 2:18) "that it was not good for man to live alone so He made Him (man) a help meet for Him"! Does that sound as if God (or man) made his a "male establishment"? If I understand my Bible, God made it so and man had nothing to do with it. Credit cannot be given to some Amazon heathen man. It was destined that from the beginning.

Let us recall again a Liberated Woman in our mother Eve. She saw freedom! Wisdom! Things! And she persuaded her man to follow. Things will be better . . . Money, wisdom talked! Eve lost then and woman will lose again for one never wins against the Divine Creator.

Come with me to a story copyrighted in 1932 which shows what can become of us if we try to crash into the realm of manhood. I want no part of it. I like my world as it is and I want the Libbist to leave my world alone. I have my rights too! Let them crunch, crash and pitch a selfish fit and demand and yell but I have rights, too. I do not want to pitch sacks of potatoes or throw a bundle of shingles on the roof. I like the pampered queenly life.

"Reprinted with permission of Baker's Plays @ 1932, 1960 by Walter H. Baker Co."

#### WHEN QUEENS RIDE BY

"John and Jennie Musgrave had eager plans when they married and took over the old farm - laden with its heavy lien - that had been John's father's. But their great faith dwindled as the first years passed. John worked later and later in the evenings. Jennie took more and more of the heavy tasks upon her own shoulders and had no time for her home and children. They were no further on and life had degenerated into a straining, hopeless struggle.

One hot afternoon Jennie was loading baskets of tomatoes to take to town when the children came running to tell her there was a dressed-up lady at the kitchen door. Wearily she followed the children back and saw a woman in a gray tweed coat that seemed somehow to be a part of her straight, slim body. A small gray hat with a rose quill was drawn low over her brownish hair. She was not young, but she was beautiful! An aura of eager youth clung to her, a clean and exquisite freshness.

The stranger in turn saw a young woman, haggard and weary. Her eyes looked hard and hunted. Her calico dress was shapeless and

begrimed from her work.

Stranger. (Smiling) How do you do? We ran our car into the shade of your lane to have our lunch and rest for a while. And I walked up to buy a few apples, if you have them.

Jennie. (Grudgingly) Won't you go in and sit down? I'll go and pick the apples. Would you prefer rambos?

Stranger. I don't know what they are; but they sound delicious. May I go with you? I'd love to help pick them.

Jennie. Why, I s'pose so. If you can get out here through the dirt. (She led the way along the unkept path toward the orchard. She had never been so acutely conscious of the disorder about her. She reached the orchard and began to drag a long ladder from the fence to the rambo tree.)

Stranger. (Crying Out) Oh, but you can't do that! It's too heavy. Please let me pick a few from the ground.

Jennie. Heavy? This ladder? I wish I didn't ever lift anything heavier than this. After hoistin' bushel baskets of tomatoes onto a wagon, this feels light to me.

Stranger. But, do you think you should? Do you think it's right . . . Why, that's a man's work!

Jennie. (Furiously) Right! Who are you to be askin' me whether I'm right or not? A person like you don't know what work is!

Stranger. (Soothingly) I'm sorry I annoyed you by saying that. If you were to tell me all about it - because I'm only a stranger - perhaps it would help. Why can't we sit down here and rest a minute?

Jennie. Rest? Me sit down to rest, an' the wagon loaded to go to town? It'll hurry me now to get back before dark.

Stranger. Just take the time you would have spent picking the apples. I wish I could help you. Won't you tell me why you have to work so hard?

Jennie. (Half silently) There ain't much to tell, only that we ain't gettin' ahead. Henry Davis is talkin' about foreclosin' on us if we don't soon pay some principal. The time of the mortgage is out this year, and 'mebbe he won't renew it. An' it ain't that I haven't done my part. I'm bare thirty, and I might be fifty, I'm so weatherbeaten. That's the way I've worked!

Stranger. And you think that has helped your husband?

Jennie. (Sharply) Helped him? Why wouldn't it help him?

Stranger. Men are such queer things, husbands especially. For instance, they want us to be economical, and yet they love to see us in pretty clothes. They need our work, and yet they want us to keep our youth and beauty. And sometimes they don't know themselves which

they really want most. So we have to choose. That's what makes it so hard. Just after we were married, my husband decided to have his own business, so he started a very tiny one. He wanted me to stay in the office while he did the outside selling. And I refused, even though it hurt him. But I knew how it would be. We would both have come back each night, tired out, to a dark, cheerless house and a picked-up dinner. And a year of that might have taken something away from us; something precious. I couldn't risk it. And then I worked in my house to make it a clean, shining, happy place. And as the months went on I knew I had done right. My husband would come home dead tired and discouraged, ready to give up the whole thing. But after he had eaten and sat in our bright little living-room, and I had told him all the funny things I could invent about my day, I could see him change. By bed-time he had his courage back, and by morning he was all ready to go out and fight again. And at last he won, and he won his success alone, as a man loves to do. (Jennie did not speak. She only regarded her guest with a half-resentful understanding.) There was a queen once, who reigned in troublous days. And every time the country was on the brink of war and the people ready to fly into a panic, she would put on her showiest dress and take her court with her, and go hunting. And when the people would see her riding by, they were sure all was well with the government. So she tided over many a danger. And I've tried to be like her. Whenever a big crisis comes in my husband's business, or when he's discouraged, I put on my prettiest dress and get the best dinner I know how, or give a party! And somehow it seems to work. That's the woman's part, you know. To play the queen . . .

(A faint "honk-honk" came from the lane. The Stranger started to her feet.) That's my husband. I must go. Please don't bother about the apples. I'll just take a few from under the tree. (Taking some coins from her purse.) And give these to the children.

(Jennie's thoughts were too confused for speech, but, as she watched the stranger's erect figure hurrying toward the lane, she remembered her words with the pain of anger.)

Jennie. Easy enough for her to sit talkin' about queens! She never felt the work at her throat like a wolf. Talk about choosin'! I haven't got no choice. I just got to keep on goin', like I always have . . .

(She stopped suddenly and picked up a fairy-like square of white linen that the stranger had dropped. Its faint, delicious fragrance made her think wistfully of strange, sweet things. Of gardens in the early summer dusk; of wide, fair rooms with the moonlight shining in them; of pretty women in beautiful dresses dancing, and men admiring them.

She, Jennie, had nothing of that. Everything about their lives, hers

and John's, was coarsened, soiled somehow by the dragging, endless labor of the days. Suppose . . . suppose . . . suppose she were to try doing what the stranger had said. Suppose she spent her time on the house and let the outside work go.)

Jennie. (With sudden resolution) Mebbe I'm crazy, but I'm goin' to do it! (Jennie brushed her hair, changed her shoes, and put on her one good dress. Then with something of the burning zeal of a fanatic she attacked the confusion in the kitchen. By half past four the room was clean. Now for supper! She decided upon fried ham and browned potatoes and apple sauce with hot biscuits, and pie. With a spirit of daring recklessness she spread the one white tablecloth on the table.)

The first pan of flaky brown mounds had been withdrawn from the oven when Henry Davis' car came up the lane. Cold fear struck Jennie. He would be coming for only one thing. As she stood shaken, wondering how she could live through what the next hour would bring, she heard the words again, "There was a queen once . . ."

She opened the screen door before Henry Davis had time to knock.)

Jennie. (Cordially) Well, how'd you do, Mr. Davis? Come right in. I'm real glad to see you. Been quite a while since you was over.

Henry. (Embarrassed) Why, no, now, I won't go in. I just stopped to see John on a little matter of business. I'll just --

Jennie. You'll just come right in. John will be in from milkin' in a few minutes and you can talk while you eat, both of you. I've supper just ready.

Henry. Why, now, I lowed I'd just speak to John, an' then be gettin' on.

Jennie. They'll see you at home when you get there. You never tasted my hot biscuit with butter an' quince honey or you wouldn't take so much coaxin'.

(Henry Davis came in and sat down in the big, clean kitchen. His eyes took in every homely detail of the orderly room.) An' how are things goin' with you, Mr. Davis?

Henry. Oh, so-so. How are they with you?

Jennie. Why, just fine, Mr. Davis! It's been hard sleddin'; but I sort of think the worst is over. We'll be 'round to pay that mortgage so fast come another year that you'll be surprised.

Henry. Well, now that's fine. I always wanted to see John make a success of the old place, but a man has to sort of watch his investments . . . Well, now, I'm glad things are pickin' up a little.

(Jennie felt as though a tight hand at her throat had relaxed.)

At the kitchen door John stepped, staring blankly at the scene before

him. At Jennie moving about the bright table, chatting happily with Henry Davis! At Henry himself, his sharp features softened by an air of great satisfaction. At the sixth plate on the white cloth. Henry was staying for supper!

But the silent depths of John's nature served him well. He made no comment. Merely shook hands with Henry Davis and then washed his face at the sink.

Jennie arranged the savory dishes, and they sat down to supper. Henry seemed to grow more and more genial and expansive as he ate. So did John. By the time pie was set before them they were laughing over a joke Henry had heard at Grange meeting. As they rose from the table Henry brought the conversation awkwardly around to his errand.

Jennie. (Quickly) I told him, John, that the worst's over now, and we're gettin' on fine! I told him we'd be swampin' him pretty soon with payments. Ain't that right, John?

(John's mind was not analytical. He had been host at a delicious supper with his ancient adversary, whose sharp face was marvelously softened. Jennie's eyes were shining with a new and amazing confidence. It was a natural moment for unreasoning optimism.)

John. Why that's right, Mr. Davis. I believe we can start clearin' this off now pretty soon. If you could just see your way clear to renew the term mebbe . . .

(It was done. The papers were back in Davis's pocket. They had bid him a cordial good-bye from the door. Jennie cleared off the table and began to wash the dishes. John was fumbling through the papers on a hanging shelf. He finally sat down with an old tablet and pencil.)

John. I believe I'll do a little figurin' since I've got time tonight. It just struck me if I used my head a little more, I'd get on faster.

Jennie. Well, now, you might. (She polished two big rambo apples and placed them on a saucer beside him.)

John. (Pleased) Now, that's what I like. Say, you look sort of pretty tonight.

Jennie. (Smiling) Go along with you. (But a wave of color swept up in her sallow cheeks. John had looked more grateful over her setting those two apples beside him now than he had the day last fall when she had lifted all the potatoes herself! Maybe even John had been needing something else more than he had needed the hard, back-breaking work she had been giving him!

Jennie walked to the doorway and stood looking off through the darkness. A thin haunting breath of sweetness rose from the bosom of her dress where she had tucked the scrap of white linen. She wished that she could somehow tell the beautiful Stranger that her words had

been true; that she, Jennie, was going to fulfill her woman's part. She had read the real needs of John's soul from his eyes that evening. Yes, wives had to choose for their husbands sometimes.

At that very moment, speeding along the sleek macadam highway, a woman in a gray coat with a soft gray hat and a rose quill, leaned suddenly close to her husband.)

Husband. Tired?

Stranger. I'm all right. Only - only I can't get that poor woman at the farm out of my mind. It - it was so hopeless.

Husband. (Smiling tenderly) Well, I'm sorry, too, but you mustn't worry. Good gracious, darling, you're not weeping over it, I hope!

Stranger. No, truly, just two little tears. I know it's silly, but I did so want to help her, and I know now that what I said sounded insane. She wouldn't know what I was talking about. She just looked up with that blank, tired face. And it all seemed so impossible. No . . . I'm not going to cry. Of course I'm not . . . but . . . lend me your handkerchief, will you, dear? I've lost mine somehow!"

More blame must be placed upon man than upon woman at this point for if man were the he-man, the leader, the solecistic breadwinner, the kind but firm head of his household, women would be happier and children would be more secure, responsible beings. Man and woman have let Satan tempt us with "We can't make it on one salary!" Or, "We needed thus to educate the children, she had to go to work!" Satan is talking to us today, too, you know. And we are still buying his rationale and, in so doing, we are trading the souls of our children and using them as our crutch! We steal from our Maker and make our Heaven only this short life for our Heaven will more than likely be here only.

No, I do not like enemies any more than you do but do I become your enemy when I try to save you? For your own sake take the time to find for yourself just where we stand on the threshold of destruction and let us take a strong foothold and stronghold for the Lord and the family and begin to build. Turn off that TV and let others know why! Recently, I came upon a party of older women and a few men whose conversation was "As the World Turns". I learned it was only a television soap opera and they had more to say about it than the sick of the congregation or the nation. Nixon's grenade of "Watergate" was a classified ad section by this fictitious life. How large is your world? Is it in the confines of your home via the television? Or, have you gotten out of self and those concentration camp soap operas and commercials and made your life living, vivacious, full and rewarding? If not, now is the time to begin . . .

God, help us to find the joys, the real joys of living. Give us strength to forge forth to serve you by serving our fellow man. Make us realize that self is not in our vocabulary as a Christian. And forgive our apathy! Please help those poor, unhappy sisters who need you so badly. Please give them someone to love that they may learn what love and true happiness really is in their lifetime. Help husbands and men to use their backbone for the accomplishment of the role you assigned them. In Jesus name,

#### **DAILY BIBLE STUDY**

- 1st day Psa. 16; Phil. 45th chapter
- 2nd day Luke 3:3-14; I Tim. 6:1-14; Heb. 13:4-9
- 3rd day Rom. 14:17; Psa. 78:1-72 \*vs. 55-59
- 4th day Genesis chapter 37 \*vs. 27
- 5th day Ecc. Chapter 5:15
- 6th day I Cor. 4:9-21; II Cor. Chapter 6
- 7th day II Cor. 12:1-11; Matt. 6:24-34; Jer. 3:20-25; Rev. 2:10; 3:14-20

## Chapter III

### GOD'S CROWNING GLORY OF MAN OR A NEW KIND OF WOMAN

God's provision was for man to care for the universe but as God had no one to love, to think and to worship Him, man had no one who could communicate, love and help him. Every woman should be thankful to God for womanhood. Had God not seen fit for this, womanhood would not be in existence. Woman was the final production, the crowning glory of the entire creation. He saved the lovely, the delicate, the lacy, the fair, the feminine and the ladylike for the last, the final touch.

Eve was not strong with biceps and muscles as was Adam. She was to supplement, to help, assist, aid and supply what is needed for man. She is to enhance, improve and make better. THIS IS GOD'S PLAN, not man's nor woman's choice.

In studying the writings and proposals of the Libbist Movement, one is made vividly aware of the unhappiness in their lives. Love is rarely ever noticed for their children, husband or home. It is sad for women to go through life without love! EVERYONE NEEDS LOVE! The words "those bright boys", "political system with a sacred ego" and "low mentality of womanhood" bespeaks the needs of these women. The "bright boys" are loving workmanship of some fine exalted mother and the husband of a dedicated respectable wife. Without either, the man could not reach his fullest. The insinuations are indications of the problems within self.

The Nobel Prize winners have been influenced by women throughout their lives and by (Bible teachers, professors in school for 12 or more years, nurses, doctors) women on every hand to help them to achieve a better life for those around them. A tribute is made because of their contribution and not their sex. Most likely they would be the first to give their appreciation and recognition to such women who have influenced them to achieve these heights. The power that woman has over her man is overwhelming. When we lose sight of this power and begin to think of "Woman Power" and "Self Power" we have lost indeed!

In Born Free by Caroline Bird page 222 we read, "On November 24, 1969, more than 500 women representing Women's Lib groups attended a Congress to Unite Women in New York and agreed on the following demands:

1. Nationwide, free 24-hour child care centers for all, staffed equally by men and women, with immediate income tax deductions for child-care expenses until they are in operation.
2. Opening of all courses of study to boys and girls without pressure



to elect on the basis of sex.

3. Programs of women's study similar to black studies in all colleges.
4. Flexible working hours for both men and women, and part-time employment for women who want it.
5. Investigation of the percentage of women hired in each job category of big companies.
6. Abolition of the resumption that sex roles are biologically determined. Children should be given HUMAN models to emulate, not just male and female roles.
7. Penalties for violation of discrimination on the basis of sex in employment prohibited under Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964.
8. Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution of the United States striking down all laws that classify citizens on the basis of sex.
9. Legal recognition of the right of every woman to determine whether she shall bear a child by the repeal of all laws against abortion, birth control and sterilization; and free birth control to all women who want it.
10. Protest against the generally derogatory image of women presented by the media and specifically the misrepresentation of the movement for women's liberation to the women of America.

"Women's Liberation is no longer an arm of the radical movement. It has grown much bigger and stronger than its parent that the New Left now accuses the women of betraying the ultimate revolution by divisive tactics. Liberated radical women say no, it's sexism that delays the revolution: In a time when nearly every American male is economically capable of possessing a household slave, a pretty toy, which nullifies his class consciousness, we consider women to be the proletariat, retorts Roxanne Dunbar of Boston who regards herself as a Marxist. In her views sexism is the opiate of the American people.

"Most liberated women aren't Marxist and never were but the rhetoric of revolution fits their mood. There is a well of anger hidden somewhere inside the gentlest woman. Consciousness raising lets the genie out of the bottle. Once a woman admits to herself how she has been victimized, she can never go back to the Garden of Eden. She gets angrier and angrier and she infects the women around her. Every woman who admits she is a victim makes it that much harder for the next woman to pretend she isn't a victim. The anger feeds on itself, and it is contagious. That's what Women's Lib is all about. It's a revolutionary state of mind, all right, but is it a revolution?"

In 1951 my husband became ill and was hospitalized most of four years when he died. I became the sole support of our two children.

Many times I have felt the unfairness of the male scale salary and the female salary, but there are so many other whipping cream advantages that are given to me that I would not trade places with man for anything. While driving from Houston to my home one day, I passed a man who had a flat tire. It had never occurred to me to stop and help that man. But a few yards down the road sat a pretty young blonde coed with clothing hanging in the back seat of her pint sized car. I stopped the car although I have never changed a flat tire in my life, and I have had a number of them on the highways and streets. We were reading the directions on how to place the jack into the side of the car and had the car lifted when it rolled off as the wheels were not scotched. By this time this fair complexioned little beauty was quite pink from frustrations and anger that no man had stopped to help her. She yelled, "let them go on! I'll do it!" About this time a pickup truck stopped and began to back to our cars. A broad-shouldered short haired young man crawled out of his truck and without a word but with a broad smile began to professionally take care of the problem. I saw she was in good hands so I told them I was leaving.

As I left, I placed my hand on his broad shoulders and said, "Son, I am thankful there are still gentlemen left in this world and for your sake, let me tell you that I am doing all within my power to fight the Lib Movement". He still never uttered a sound, just sat there smiling, even broader. But the little coed shouted at me, "YOU ARE? WHY?" I said, "Honey, if this is not a prime example, I do not know what it would take to make you understand!" As I drove off peering through my rear view mirror, she still was standing in the same forward position, half bent over the back of the car with the tire tool in her hand looking at me in a shocked state. Oh, how I hope it got through to her. Think how we must look to the men.

Which issue would you take with these women who were making demands upon our world in 1969? Or would you take any? It is evident that they not only have a tinge of Communism but might be the right arm of the left wing of such an organization, and they cannot get along themselves for SELF is the picture of them in its naked, vulgar, vulturous idolatry of self. Men and women are guilty of the same position but I challenge you to begin now to spend the time you can find at home forming the lives of your sons and daughters to help them realize that happiness is only when one gets out of self and into loving and serving, thinking of others, be it family, friends and even enemies.

"Man was not made to live by bread alone but by every word of God." Luke 4:1-4 This was Jesus' answer to Satan upon his temptation.

Are you trying to live by bread alone? There is a happier way, a sure way that leads us to life with our Creator that lasts not for 24 hours, a week or even millions, but forever and ever. Its joys are unthinkable, uncomprehensible, unchanging for they are filled with love, joy, peace, happiness. There are no tears there, no sorrows, no selfishness, pain, sickness for God, OUR FATHER and His precious son, JESUS CHRIST, our older brother, will be there. Because of the shedding of His precious blood we can share in this bliss throughout eternity.

Oh, Father, help us to get out of self and to learn a taste of that heavenly home by sharing, giving, really living and teaching our children the same! Help each father to become the man his maker made him and to demand in his firm kind mannerism the role which God so plainly endowed him to fill. Help each woman to try God's Way at least a year and see if she cannot find Heaven on Earth. Help her to be loyal to her husband, to encourage and exalt him to heights beyond their imagination, taking joy in each tiny step. Father, help us to catch a glimpse of thy Son's selflessness. In His praised name . . .

## Chapter IV

### HEAVEN ON EARTH

In the past year we read or heard of scores of marriages "on the rocks" among Christian couples who seemed to have blissful happiness in their lives. It is shocking to hear the reason for the split but more alarming to note some considering remarriage without a spiritual reason or freedom to do so. Some of these men and women have been "rocks of strength" in the Lord's body in the past. What is wrong? Do they not realize that to change partners one has to build a good foundation for marriage which takes up to 10 years for some. Many go from one marriage to another seeking the dreamland, television or screen "live happily ever after" life. This is not happenstance, but instead it is made by two people working, planning and thinking of each other as one. When a couple begins their lives with this, they think the honeymoon is the perfect bliss, but ask them ten years or 50 years later if they really understood what true happiness and love were on that wedding year! This is a growing as one as God planned; growing in richness that counts.

"The casting couch" may be working in some offices as standard equipment as Ms. Luce suggests in her Emerging Woman, but the man who comes home at night to a loving wife who has worked and planned her day so she can give to her husband will not find him fondling the fair female of his office. He has no reason to stray. He knows his smart wife loves him and lets him know it in many little selfless ways. With the aids he has given her to make her work easier, she is able to give herself more to his pleasures which in turn makes for heaven on earth for both of them.

Some of the terms used by Ms. Luce such as "Man speaks with his \_\_\_\_\_ and woman with her \_\_\_\_\_", is spoken like the true contemporary American degenerate. Look at our nation's morality and see leaders of our nation making such "lofty" statements as this and we do not wonder at America crumbling from within. This is blind patriotism and blindness, misdirected or undirected, leads to destruction. Those sufferagettes need to get back to more Girl Scout teachings if they hope to save their own necks and the world. The Girl Scout teaching of principles are needed today. Those women must have failed in Girl Scouts or else were deprived of this fundamental and necessary learning of how to be happy.

Because of degraded humanity, sex life has been dragged into the dirt and mire of sin. Beauty of its God-given origin has been completely lost to most. Yes, we do have an over populated world but Ms. Luce

blames it on the men. I place the blame on the parents, especially the mothers who have forgotten their beautiful and rewarding place as God ordained it. She leaves the nest long before the child is able to fly alone in this world, and lets the television train (?) him or her. He is not taught these fine qualities of respect, responsibility, and religion. He has nothing to do but to seek time fillers. Each experiment leads to another, a little more daring, and who is there or even cares to tell him or her it is wrong and harmful to self and others?

Who really cares for the youth enough to help him to know the difference? In the experimentation of his feeling, aroused by the burning box that burns day and night, he and she find themselves parents of a child unplanned, unwanted and unloved! A baby out of wedlock. WHO IS TO BLAME? Viva la difference for it is God's ecstatic plan for a depth of happiness that one can only know from obeying and working at His plan. Sex is beautiful, rewarding, fulfilling - but only - ONLY as God planned.

America has forced its doctors and youth to meet another experimentation - of abortion. No one is horrified today from this and even murder of any age of every day acceptance. Mandatory vasectomy is being considered. Unisex is playing a fatal spot in our society. Roman Empire or Sodom or Gomorrah, which shall we choose? Echa destroyed self by disobedience to the Most High God and His Way.

God said, "They were to be ONE" and that seems to have caused more problems than all others of the world. Because of its beauty and satisfaction to each other, man has made it god, indeed. And women have helped to line the gutter with her life of sex. Please take time to read Phillip's translation of I Corinthians 13. It is beautifully arranged around the marriage, the oneness of husband and wife. In Genesis 2:18 we find our real purpose in life(our husband). In I Cor. 6:15-20, we find we were bought with a price (by our Savior) and our bodies are a temple of God. We are not our own but they belong to God first and to each other secondly. I Pet. 3:1; Titus 2:3-5; Col. 3:18-25; Eph. 5:22, 31.

Women scream adultery as they lock their bedroom doors or refuse to go to bed! They watch television and stay awake half the night to keep from giving self. They can tell dirty jokes about this intimate and precious relationship that is so sacred between two who have become one. She may become a paid prostitute to her own husband. Or use sex to punish him! Or, she may go to bed early with a "faked headache" to escape the joys and fulfillment that can be hers. And then screams "unfaithfulness" to her friends and his when she awakens to find him in bed with another woman. All the man had

wanted was to love her and to be loved. Oversexed is another accusation! When a man is fed lettuce only he is hungry soon, but given meat and potatoes, he is filled and will not be hungry again soon. These are satisfying. When a man is fed this diet in his sex life, he is never completely satisfied. Tranquilizers (that she eats for her nerves) can be thrown away for the best repose for the nerves is giving of self, wholly to your husband.

Some women have problems because of their mother's lack of knowledge of this God-given role and feel that to enjoy sex is a sin. They cannot give themselves totally for they feel as if they were prostitutes. Again, God's psychiatry is always the best. Study your duty that is demanded by God of you from the beginning and you will find you are sinning by NOT giving of self. Learn to enjoy it to the fullest for it is God's plan. Some couples live a lifetime cheating and being cheated for this misguided, erroneous attitude toward such a sweet divine act of love. Others are using crutches such as fear of pregnancy, too tired and other manufactured excuses that cause them to sin against their husband and maybe make him sin against self, their wife and God. Ladies, you hold the key to your husband's ecstatic happiness which is impossible to fulfill without being fulfilled. Saddle that power and enjoy it to the fullest. Mind over body seems to be needed in the matter of fulfilling and being fulfilled. Begin as soon as you arise to think of husband and not self, and defeat that urge to stay in bed and let him leave for work without breakfast or a good wish for a wonderful day from the one who loves him most. A wife who gives her husband a long lingering kiss and who has gotten out of bed early enough to comb through her hair, take out those outer space looking rollers, wash her face, spray on sweet fragrance and make sure her robe is clean and fresh, fix him a good breakfast and share a time of spiritual depth of Bible study and prayer, has a deep rich life. All day her thoughts can turn to "when he comes home". And upon his arrival she can be pretty as a picture with clean fresh clothes, smelling like a young tender rosebud and looking like the fresh drink of cool water on a hot parching desert even though she might not be a raving beauty at all. She greets him with an undivided question of how his day went and a kiss that is meaningful; she has his dinner ready and she is setting the stage for about anything she wants for the evening. She has him intoxicated with her feminine freshness and he feels he is the most blessed man on God's top side of earth. BUT it also prepares her for giving of herself for his needs and hers. Little is spent in doctor bills when nothing can be found wrong except "nerves". This is Heaven on earth. This makes a man almost break the speed limit to get home!

Get organized and plan your day for time for him alone with you, be it watching a GOOD show on TV, planning that home you wish to build or just sitting next to him as Janet Holt Giles in From Voyage to Santa Fe. Page 325-326

“They did not speak together now. There was no need. They knew each other well, Judith sighed, restingly, contentedly. This was so much her place, so much her home, here beside her husband. She had a queer moment of remembering . . . some blathering nonsense when they first left Three Forks about what a husband was and how a woman should know him. It was so simple. A husband was the man you married and lived with and you knew him just as simply.

You began to know him at once, with the most elemental things. You learned that he wanted his coffee very hot, that he likes milk very cold, that he liked meat of all kinds, cooked any way but couldn't stand vegetables; that, like a child, he had a sweet tooth for pies and puddings but had no special fondness for one against another. You learned that he was the most disorderly man that ever entered the door of the house, but that he never saw your own disorder either. You learned that he rarely praised you, but that neither was he often cross with you. He didn't talk much, but his hand, touching quickly said all you wanted him to say in tenderness and concern. You learned that your own hand could make him tremble and that your eyes, troubled, could trouble him deeply.

And because you loved him, you slowly changed your own ways. You'd always liked the covers tucked firmly about your feet, but now you kicked them loose yourself. You'd grown to like them easy. You'd never wanted your coffee boiling but you couldn't abide it tepid any more. You'd always liked garden-fresh vegetables better than meat, but they were bland and insipid to you now. His slipshod speech, no better than his neighbors', had grated on you at first. But you picked it up and not only talked it now but thought it.

You grinned. You just made yourself over, to know a man. You just grew into his ways. You just lost yourself in him, and found yourself WHOLE. You were hurt by him and you hurt him. You went through things together and you stood by him and he stood by you. You just slowly, without thinking much about it, began to talk like him and act a little like him, until before you knew it you were thinking like him and you had his same pride and most of his same wants and purposes and you couldn't remember when you hadn't. “Once your name was Lowell. Now it was Fowler. It was that simple . . . and it was that profound.”

And that Heavenly? Dead spirit, second class citizen? Maybe so,

but who wants anything any more beautiful? A paycheck? Prestige of being his equal??? Heaven on earth is yours, wives, but you must work for it just as he must work for his. Reach out to husband. At first it might seem saccharine or artificial, maybe even syrupy, but the habit of selflessness grows. Sincerity will follow and with it that ecstatic, celestial happiness - GOD'S WAY.

To the older women may I say, please do your God-given command to teach the younger woman to love her husband . . . Titus 2:3-5. This is a command from God just as much as to hear, believe, repent, confess his name and be baptized. And unless we spend time with such things rather than so much of "As the World Turns", we might miss that celestial city ourselves . . . Think about it! Your help might make the difference between divorce and divine happiness . . .

### DAILY BIBLE STUDY

- 1st day Genesis 2 - entire chapter especially verses 18-24
- 2nd day I Cor. 13: entire chapter and I Cor. 14:1
- 3rd day Titus 2:3-5, Col. 3:18-25 especially verse 18
- 4th day Eph. 5:22-23, 31; Matt. 5:27-30
- 5th day Ecc. 12:13
- 6th day I Cor. 7:1-7, 36 (entire chapter for reading)
- 7th day I Pet. 3:1

Note these are not new scriptures. But these are loaded with demands and commands which are not man's but God's for us to live by. Each one is relevant today, yesterday and as long as time shall be on this earth for us.



## Chapter V

### GOD'S GLORIFIED WOMAN AND HER GLORY

There are two ways we shall attempt to build and reconstruct what has been destroyed. First of all is to begin at home by building a castle for self, self-esteem and self-respect for family and its welfare. The other is to prevent further decay and destruction of our rights and joys from these unhappy women.

First, let us give some definite ways to stop the decay! With the help of Bess Stinson, State Senator of Arizona and fellow Christian whom I love and respect highly, the following was compiled to try to gain a foothold and begin to reconstruct our comfortable castle, not concentration camp.

1. Write a personal kind note to your senators and representatives to bring the equal Rights Amendment before the house again. Start a campaign to fight this movement.
2. Get to know your Senators and Representatives and what they stand for in laws regarding women as well as other self preservation subjects for you and yours.
3. Keep up with the movements of the bills and write the departments that are involved in the laws stating your concern and wishes.
4. Do not send in petitions. Ask for personal letters.
5. Use well informed, well respected persons in trying to push your platform.
6. Resolve to spend time at home when needed to make a better, happier home for self and family. Note (Gary Beauchamp - young gospel preacher declined presidency of a Christian college because of his fear of neglecting his family responsibility, a tremendous example.)
7. Go to your school libraries of all educational levels and check out books on the pros and cons of the problem and learn what is being fed your child (ren). Read their issued textbooks to find what they are being taught.
8. Resolve to turn the "OFF" Button on the TV and quit listening to Lib Propaganda. Write a protest, in kindness, to the station (s) and ask for less and less of this destructive information and more of constructive programs. STOP THE ERA!
9. Resolve to turn off the "advertisements" on TV by writing both stations and companies or factories that promote the downgrading of the role of motherhood and homekeeper. Explain that they are deteriorating the home.

10. Resolve to spend idle time thinking of others and what we can do for them, not self.
11. Resolve to spend more time in preparation for husband and his few hours at home with you to make them truly blissful daily.
12. Resolve that you will give time to volunteer work IF there is time left over from the family. Have less "playtime for self" and more "service to others" time.
13. Resolve to get out of self and let more of the Lord and husband be your supreme thoughts and deeds.

Relief payrolls and gutter living will stop when American women begin to think of others and teach her children the same way of life, God's way. She will also raise her self-image and self-respect to the honored position that God gave us from the beginning. Her life will be filled with happiness and love. Attitude is the key! Self-pity will disappear when desires for richer appetites are not entertained.

Let us look now at the home ground, which is Holy indeed for that saintly woman whose life is to create the beauty of a peaceful home, the castle, the building ground for the greatest structure ever (of rearing children). She is happy in so doing. I am a grandmother. My role DID NOT end with the nursery NOR did my intelligence reach its capacity at the nursery level! I am still learning and I am still needed to help my children in rearing theirs and many others around me that fills my life to a full and running over capacity. No, it is not easy but it is certainly the most rewarding and fulfilling. That is what makes my life worth living.

What other trend could have caused the disloyalty to the breadwinner, the protector and oneness of our very soul? Could it be that we have let ourselves make sport or pastime of making fun of him, his old jokes, his stringing clothes from the living room to the bedroom, of leaving the bathroom untidy from his shave, shower, etc. . .? Have you been flying his flag with praise, honor and sweet tender backing that only you can give? A good example again of the thoughts of these women comes from Free and Female, Barbara Seaman page 224, footnote 16.

"A recent study of aging people in Kansas City provides, I think, a most eloquent testimonial to the effects of marriage, as it has been constituted, on women. The wives over sixty-five, who were not widowed envied the widows for their freedom, independence and fun in life. They were inclined to feel that they were unfortunate, in contrast with the widows, in being stuck in the house at the beck and call of a usually temperamental and demanding retired husband. The widows, they pointed out, were free to socialize, have fun and travel at

their will.”

I would like to ask some questions of these self-centered Narcissists! Where did the money come from to help them travel and socialize? How are they able to stay home and covet this widow's role? It was not in working and retiring self, was it? It was through a devoted, dedicated selfless man who gave this luxury to her. Narcissist is personified in these miserably selfish women.

Belittling husband is a chronic disease. Study Proverbs 31:10-31 and the first thing that is mentioned in this account of the Virtuous Woman is that “her husband can safely trust in her.” A friend of mine lost his job because of his inability to handle it. Think of the hurt to this man who had several children and a fine extravagant home where his wife reigned as queen. She stated, “Well, if your husband is as frustrated as mine, I feel sorry for you!” Embarrassed laughter burst forth from the two women! Hot water on lettuce would describe this crushed wilted man. When things are going great for him, he needs you for your own self more than anything. BUT when things are going rough and he is discouraged, he MUST have that help-meet. This brings the ties closer and more of the oneness of the Divine origin of man and woman. Blessed is the man whose wife pictures him a success and never leaves a doubt in his mind or their closest friends' that she feels he is not one step behind the best in this world. He will attain just that . . . Happy is the woman who can believe this for she will find herself to be virtuous, the essence of womanhood.

Holding his confidence is a must. One man once told me “I cannot tell my wife anything for she cannot keep a secret! I miss having someone I can confide in so much!” Again the strength of the “one bond” is broken.

Indifference to his world, his ideas and goals crush him and keep some men down and from reaching their potential so that he and she might travel together and do things together when time and money is available. How does daddy feel when he comes in from work and she yells at the front door from the kitchen, “Hi, honey, how was your day?” (instead of greeting him at the door with a sweet embrace, a kiss and a genuine question). And while he is telling of the day, you interrupt with, “Excuse me a moment Honey, KIDS, GET YOUR HANDS WASHED AND GET READY FOR DINNER! Now what were you saying?” as she turns to her own business. No wonder the television and couch are more appealing to him!

On another occasion a wife stated, “Well, if my husband made enough money, WE COULD . . .” and again the injury to pride and confidence was very evident. At this point it would be good to obtain a

recording by Ira North of Madison church of Christ in Tennessee, called, "If I were a Woman . . ." The other side can be played to the men. This is rich in helping each sex obtain the most from the celestial relationship.

Wife helps the man to feel that though he is graying, bulging, balding or whatever, he is by far the "greatest man in the world to her". The dividends are enormous. The returns are bountiful. While placing him in the adored, honored, respected and exalted superior place, she is placing herself in the capsuled castle (not concentration camp) of protection, supported from the hard work and he will give his very life for her love and devotion. Second class citizen???

But there are other ways she can be loyal or disloyal. Many women feel compelled to go to work to make ends meet when being loyal to his paycheck is all that is needed at this point to make the earnings stretch.

A wild duck flying over a farmhouse in the fall, swooped down from its formation and courted a female duck grazing in the barnyard. Seeing the available grain, the abundance of protective places from the winter's gripping cold and having an eye for a soft life, he made friends and stayed for the winter. It was a boring life with not having anything to do, to seek food, shelter, etc. In the spring when his flock returned, soaring high over him this fat old bird began to join them again. But his soft life had made him unfit to join the formation for he could not fly higher than the rooftop. Due to lack of ambition and laziness he was ruined for life of self-aggressiveness, ambition and in turn was unhappy with his life.

American women's roles are coveted by women of other nations whose job it is to do the male work. Look at the African woman as she is on the equal with men when it comes to work. We have had our protection, our food, our shelter, our lavished cosmetics and bubble baths, the latest in fashions and even our food is "instant this, pre-pared that" until we are unhappy with our life. WE have not carried our load to help the men. We throw away more through the disposal by the teaspoon than he can bring in by a full wheelbarrow. "A penny saved is a penny earned". And "Pennies make thousands" make for a good beginning of our being loyal to his paycheck. Are lights left on when not needed, heat and air cooling left going in empty rooms, is food that is left over thrown down the garbage, and tops from onions and celery dumped; do you jump into the car for a half block jaunt when a good brisk walk would help the physical condition? Or, do you write a letter instead of making that long overdue contact by phone. When Jesus fed the five thousand he had his followers to pick up the litter. He gave us

another vivid lesson when he fed four thousand.

Stews and soups can be made from the little dabs of left overs, celery and onion tops, even meats, to make a very nutritious and delightful dish on a cold day. Wads of paper towels wasted when a wet mop or dish cloth is near or a hand towel to dry hands. Newspaper on the platter and then one paper towel placed top of the newspaper make a great draining container for fried foods. Newspapers are usually discarded into trash anyway. Begin a war on waste. Write daily the money you have saved on foods, utilities, etc., and fine yourself for wasteful times you found lights on, etc. At the end of a week, then a month, notice the change in your bills. This cultivates a habit of being frugal, Proverbs 31:10-31. Readers Digest, November, 1973, carried an article "Cut your Household Fuel Bills", by Davidyne Mayleas (page 225). Such articles explain how one can save and give valuable help for stretching the paycheck.

Yet another loyalty to husband is the good use of time. This, however, is the most self-esteeming activity we can possess. A woman who values each minute of the day and night and squanders little of this precious commodity given equally to all, male and female, is a talented woman indeed. Just as it takes a talent to manage a household on less money, it is even more important that one develop the talent of using time well. Some have said of friends, "I do not know how she gets so much done! She just does so much!" And you can rest assured that woman values, plans and organizes her time to be able to do as she desires. Many more souls could be saved from eternal destruction IF we organized our time well. Proverbs 6:6 urges us to "Consider the ant and her ways and be wise!" This social colony of insects at times seems like the chaotic bedlam in some of our homes but they always find their tunnel like homes filled before winter with needed food by working together, caring and nourishing each other. Proverbs calls us "Sluggards" in the King James version.

Is it because of mentality, ability or organization that some accomplish more than others. Idleness and idle talk make for unhappiness in women. When the TV has nothing which appeals to them, the phone buddy is not home, the car in the shop and no money for shopping, some have nothing left to do but hit the bottle or hunt a psychiatrist. "Idleness is the devil's workshop!" And "Idleness rusts the mind" both teach today as when I was a child. Samuel Johnson once said, "To be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches, and therefore, every man endeavors with his utmost to care to hide his poverty from others and his idleness from himself." Herein lies the length, breath and depth of woman's unhappiness. She cannot handle idleness. Self pity sets in

when she is not being entertained or lavished with things and things.

For the final study today turn to Proverbs 31 and assign each one in the class, at least 15 of them, the following verses with the subjects to be discussed:

- Verse 13 Cheerful worker
- 14 Looks far and near for her needs
- 15 Resourceful and good organizer (Plans her day early and works her plan)
- 16 Careful with her money (Remember your fines and savings)
- 17 Healthy (no time for petty, self-pity neurotic excuses)
- 18 Crafty and skillful
- 19 Creative
- 20 Benevolent toward those less fortunate; big hearted; more of selflessness.
- 21 Prepared and bold, self-confident, ready
- 22 Seamstress (dressed well with little)
- 24 Merchandiser
- 25 Strong character (above challenges develop strong character)
- 27 Energetic, enthusiastic attitude toward her "all important" role
- 29-30 Outward and Inward Beauty
- 31 Makes worthy works her goal. Her praise follows her.

Note time, money, organization and selflessness is the essence of her life. Her family does well, she carries her end of the load and all are happy. Virtuous woman, how I need thy strength and guidance from Jehovah God. Please help me Father to be that woman to help my husband to be the respected one by all. Help me that I shall always be loyal to him in every way.

## DAILY BIBLE STUDY

- 1st day Hosea 10:12-15; John 12:35
- 2nd day Ecc. 3:1-22 Note v. 17
- 3rd day Ecc. 4:1-16
- 4th day I John Chapter 2
- 5th day II Cor. 5:10; Rom. 14:7-13; Gal. 6:6-10
- 6th day Col. Chapter 3
- 7th day Heb. 2:1-11; Gal. 3:28; 4:16; Col. 4:5; Heb. 9:27; Rev. 22:12

## Chapter VI

### ARE YOU A SARAH?

Adjustment to life is the greatest bridge to happiness for the Virtuous Woman. Turn back the pages of time and read from Divine History of Sarah who left her homeland to go to a land never seen by anyone she knew, probably. They had no encyclopedias, Atlases, maps, colored photos or slides of the land where they were going. Their road map was God's "showing them". By faith they went and if Sarah had problems adjusting to her new home, nothing is said to suggest it. Could you imagine Sarah writing her parents back home this letter?

Dearest Mother:

I am so homesick I could die. I long to see those traders who used to call on us when I was home. The materials made here are so cheap and the colors are horrible. And the way these women keep house is terrible. I hope my servants will not take up any of the bad habits of these people.

I cry myself to sleep almost every night. Abraham is good to me, but I want to come home so badly. I may ask him to let me catch a flight of caravans coming home and stay a few weeks or months. Maybe I could find another camel caravan back to this horrible place. Why did I ever let Abraham talk me into coming here?

Would you believe there are no modern appliances here! The very sight of my maid's new pottery dishes made these ladies act so foolishly. They had never seen anything like it. These women wash on rocks in the streams, beating out their clothes and rinsing them in the same water! They have never heard of a wash pan. I am so glad I brought mine with me. And their modes of travel are so far behind our methods. My how do they ever go anywhere?

Well, mother and father, I will be home as soon as I can. I hope Abraham gets fed up with this filthy place and heads home shortly. It can't be too soon for me. He stays gone most of the time and I am alone. It is a miserable life. What joy he gets out of this is beyond me. I certainly hope we do not have any children in this place. I would not think of giving birth to a baby here.

The people speak such an odd language. I cannot understand them and I don't try. They should learn to speak with me in my language if they want to know me. But they are so ignorant and untaught, they are probably not capable of understanding anyway. Their children stare at us, and I am embarrassed. They have no manners. I just stare back at them, but it does no good.

Well, mother, I must fix dinner for Abraham. It is almost time for him to come home. I doubt that he will be on time. If anyone, just any-

one, comes along and wants to know about God, he forgets me, food and everything else. How can I ever make him remember that I must be considered also. It is dreadful to prepare a meal here. The meat is so tough, the vegetables are not fresh like at home and a variety of food is impossible. How I wish I were home.

Write when you can and encourage Abraham to come home, will you? I must say I never knew I could miss anyone or any place so much as I do you at home. All my love.

Your loving daughter,  
Sarah

One wife has found her husband to be one who is transferred every two to three years from one place in the USA, the Caribbean or South America. She is hardly acquainted with her neighbors and accustomed to the new environment when he is shipped to a new location miles from any place they have ever lived. After the first few months of exploring the territory and seeing the new sights, her world becomes stagnant, old and "home" looks so good to her. She is miserable and makes everyone else the same.

Yet each place they have lived they have always left behind lifetime friendships that are cherished and have gained much knowledge from the experience. His salary and expenses compensate greatly and his work is "classified" work for our government. This means he is playing a vital role in the security of our country. Instead of adjusting and enjoying this adventurous living, she is living in perennial self pity. Her husband has learned to turn a deaf ear to her cries.

Some of the happiest and yet unhappiest women in the world are women whose military husbands have taken the family to Japan, Okinawa, Thailand or the like. They have made unequalled and priceless contributions to the work of the Lord in those countries. Yet there are those whose families are miserable from "homesickness" and "self pity".

Many women find more time for leisure than they ever had in the States. Some use this to teach, to help the missionary families and to get to know their host country. Others spend time by the hours in flower arranging, bowling and anything that can fill their day as the "maid and babysitter" service is so reasonable. These simply shift boredom for there is no self-image building in this type of escape. At each "mail call" gripes and complaints about this "rotten country" are screamed to any and all who will listen. Everything "back home" is so much bigger, better, cheaper, nicer, more durable . . . . What a waste! What a pity!

At the same time there are ones who have thrown themselves into the work as did Sarah and Abram. By staying busy with things that



count, they find their cup of joy is full and overflowing. Doing for others is a guaranteed cure for loneliness, boredom and whatever ails your mental condition. Compare this letter which might have been one that Sarah would have most likely written. Which one fits you when transfers and loyalty to your man's work is challenged?

Dear Mother and Father:

Abraham and I arrived in this beautiful place a few days ago and we are still looking at God's gift of beauty. The Jordan River winds from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea, and its waters make a fertile valley which produces most everything. It is true their foods are not like ours, but it is exciting to try new foods, to see new ways of doing housework, and to plan menus around produce and meats. I do believe our meats excel the meats here, but with our servants there are no problems. Pioneering work for God, our Father, is very rewarding.

Abraham is busy every day and never misses an opportunity to tell others of God. He enjoys his work so much. He is a fine man, and I am so blessed to be his wife. I hope I can bless and make his heavy load lighter.

The language here is so strange. They must think I am a deaf mute as I have difficulty shopping in their language. To get to know them better I am working hard to learn their language as quickly as I can. It is such a chore to communicate with them, but each time that I am able to make one of these people understand me I feel so good. It is discouraging at times, but when I manage to get one point over, I am encouraged to study more and work harder. I am determined to be a good worker, to learn all I can, and to be a good helper to my dear Abraham.

The people are as interested in me and how we do things as I am in them and their ways. I am as strange to them as they are to me. They stand and watch every move, nodding, talking and smiling with amusement at times at some of the things I brought with me from Ur. It is really a wonderful way of life. I miss all of you, but I would not trade it for anything. It has helped me to grow to know others of other lands and to understand the great creation God has given to us. Each day brings new experiences, new friends, new hope and a new way of life. I love it.

When you write, be sure to encourage Abraham. He needs all the encouragement he can get. He works so hard. Please tell him you are proud of him. I am. And ask God to bless and help him. He is such a great man. He is loved and respected by every one who knows him.

I hope to be able to teach some of the children in the mornings as the mothers are busy with daily chores of cooking and cleaning their tents. This would give me an opportunity to teach them about God, and give

mothers time to do their work without the children under foot. We do have one nice olive tree near our tent that would be a lovely place to teach. We could tell of all God's created things for us and how wonderful our Father is to us. I feel much good could be accomplished by this method of teaching.

Abraham and Lot have had some problems. Lot is somewhat immature. Ask God to take care of him also. Perhaps Abraham has not been as firm with helping him to assume responsibility as he should, but he knows best. We are glad to have him, and we hope that he does not leave God but that he will serve our Father no matter where he lives. Abraham is very unselfish and patient in his dealing with him.

We are concerned about you and our family back there, but we know the God who made us will not put us here and forget us, and we must not forget Him either. So I know He will care for you as He is for us. We will long for a son. I do not feel I can ever be the wife that I should to Abraham unless I can bear him a son, but my prayers have not been answered as yet. At times I have doubts, and my faith is weak; but Abraham's faith is so great I am strengthened by it. Having a son here would be somewhat different from having a child there with you, Mother, but again, God will take care of all of us. I am sure you have the same feeling.

A few days ago some strange men came to the tent and Abraham, as usual, asked them to stay and have dinner with us. We felt so blessed, as if it were direct from God to have these men. I cannot begin to tell you the joy of having them. We have many guests and this is a joy. I am glad Abraham feels free to invite others into our home. I can spend the time with Abraham when he is having others in this way. I feel closer to him and to his work and can be a better helper for him. We live some distance from the river and carrying our water is somewhat of a problem, but we manage quite well and have enjoyed the walk in the cool of the evening.

I get hungry to see you, to eat some of the good mutton that you prepare so well, Mother, and to smell the air of the climate there, but I am so happy here. I would not think of returning unless it is Abraham's decision. Write as soon as you can.

Love,

Your daughter, Sarah

Today, Sarah's daughters are scattered to the circumference of this globe. Their influence is reaching women throughout the world for good. Sarah is a great example for the world today. Her unselfishness exemplifies the modern day missionary. Many women today are able

to take with them many unpaid servants into the field (washer, dryer, dishwashers, mixers, refrigerators, etc. . . .) Many of these things would have made Sarah's eyes pop out. Yet, many women today go in and use the treadle machine, oil lamps, and the bush for a bathroom.

The little woman can make or break the work of her husband. She can encourage and stimulate him to great heights for his livelihood and for the Lord or she can hamper and harm his work, burden his overtaxed load, and cause added heartaches, work and problems. Are you a Sarah?

"Being content in whatsoever state we are in" makes for true happiness. The ability to adjust will develop one immeasurably in education, emotions, spirit and society. Adjustment makes bridges or ladders to success. They become stepping stones or they can become stumbling blocks and the wife is the key joy or joykiller in this capacity. Even if the husband does not relish the idea of adjustment, the wife can pick up the spirit and help him to recoil and release for greater work and service. In the end they usually become blessings in disguise. Then, why are we, as women, so unadjustable and unwilling to harmonize, equalize, compensate and regulate to fit the situation?

Can any of us know the adjustment of leaving "THE FATHER'S HOME" (that "celestial city" where Love abounds and the beauties are such that man cannot begin to comprehend) and going to a world of hatred, bitterness, and strife and not even have a bed to be born upon. He had no place to lay His sweet head. Can any of us realize the change that He had to make? Yet, He made this move (for 33 years) and never once did He complain of "back home" for He loved us so much. He was spat upon, scourged, ridiculed and nailed to the cruel cross with hardly a friend by His side. Can we not learn from this example of true love? Are you able to make adjustments, whether bitty or astronomical? If God felt you and I were worth it, is not the husband and his work worth it? Herein lies true love. And after all **WHOM DOES IT PROFIT MOST?**

In your group work this time assign some of the following scriptures from their daily Bible study to discuss in class. The aim for the discussion is ones inability to adjust. Try to make this a true confession time for betterment of the future of all.

Monday	Genesis 11:31-32; Phil. 4:11-12; I Cor. 7:17
Tuesday	Genesis 12; Eccl. 2:24; 3:12, 13; 8:15; 4:6
Wed.	Genesis 13; Eccl. 5:12; 6:9; 9:7-9
Thursday	Genesis 15; Luke 3:14; I Tim. 6:6-8; Heb. 13:5
Friday	Genesis 16 and 17
Saturday	Genesis 16 and 17
Sunday	I Peter 3:1-6; Psa. 37:7; Prov. 14:14; 15:13, 15, 30; 16:8; 17:1, 30:8.

## Chapter VII

### STUDY TO BE QUIET

Quietness is a strange atmosphere in many homes today. When husband enters his sanctuary, his peaceful and serene castle, often he is hit with sounds like a giant machine roaring, the rattle of walls from the blaring TV and his yelling, squalling, running offspring. The dishwasher is clanging, the clothes washer rattling, the dog is barking and mama is yelling "at the kids." The entire household is nothing short of bedlam. What a place to come to after a hectic day at work! What peace can be found in such confusion and uproar?

"He leadeth me beside still waters . . ." Psa. 23: "Be still and know that I am God." 46:10 ". . . we exhort you, brethren . . . to study to be quiet . . ." I Thess. 4:11; "Better is a handful of quietness than two hands full of toil and striving after the wind." Ecc. 4:6.

Have you noticed the events of Jesus' life on this earth and how he fasted and prayed for forty days and nights? Soon after he was tempted by Satan and later gave the outstanding address known as "The Sermon on the Mount." Crowds followed him into Capernaum, to Peter's home, as he entered a boat and everywhere he went. Yet, our Lord said, "Foxes have holes, birds have nests but the Son of man has nowhere to lay his head." So He sought the sea, desert and mountains for the still waters and quietness.

Is your home chaotic to the point that your husband spends his time hunting, fishing, bowling and going to sports events to get his quiet place of peace? Our Lord often found the only time for such serenity was during the wee hours of the morning when most people were asleep. The stillness of the dark skies in the middle of the Sea of Galilee was His retreat. And often today the "king" of our home must hunt the woods and water for such. The woman has the power to change the home to an aesthetic sanctuary.

The atmosphere of the home is known by the silence which the woman keeps. Quietness of spirit is an earmark of good breeding, organization, meekness, stability, durability, strength, dignity, compassion and security. Is your coat of arms loaded with the above strength and tranquility?

The young mother of three young teens was overheard advising a new mother-to-be, "whatever you name him, name him something that will be easy to yell!" Laughter followed, but tears would have been more in order for to enter this home was like entering a house of a dozen wild squawking parrots. Each was trying to out-yell the other. "Study to be quiet!"

There are times for laughter and boisterous noise, but the home that has the perennial problem of noise is a home where little peace can be found.

### I NEEDED THE QUIET

I needed the quiet so He drew me aside,  
Into the shadows where we could confide.  
Away from the bustle where all the day long  
I hurried and worried when active and strong.  
I needed the quiet tho' at first I rebelled.  
But gently, so gently my cross He upheld.  
And whispered so sweetly of spiritual things  
Tho' weakened in body, my spirit took wings  
To heights never dreamed of when active and gay.  
He loved so greatly He drew me away.  
I needed the quiet. No prison for my bed  
But a beautiful valley of blessings instead  
A place to grow richer in Jesus to hide  
I needed the quiet so He drew me aside.

— Alice Hansche Mortenson

Toyohiko Kagawa once said, "In times of quietness our hearts should be like trees, lifting their branches to the sky to draw down strength which they will need to face the storm that will surely come." Our Lord needed the quiet to fill his reservoir for what was ahead. And the head of the house and his queen need this also. If Christ knocked at your door, could you hear his sweet voice and His peaceable message for the serenity of your soul (s)? Would you not like to make your home a place of refuge?, of still waters?, a retreat?, an anchor?, the sanctuary?, your hideaway? or/and garden? Is the queen in your home filling her bucket with resources that will carry the family through the stormy times? Have you noticed that the women who seem to withstand the greatest storms of loss and life are those whose roots are firmly held in the Lord?

Study the life of Christ, the apostles and early Christians to see the times of fasting and prayer for every crossroad undertaking. Have you fasted while you pray? Study the scriptures to see if maybe the practice might not be a forgotten art of mastering self. Could it be this "cup filling" experience is needed today? Fasting should be for a purpose, need and/or desire. It is not to show off or boast (Matt. 6:16-18). With each hunger pain one's thoughts go to God and to the things for which you are seeking God's help, guidance or relief. It is a time to gain closeness to God, an understanding to your problem, a time to "be quiet and know that He is God." Fasting and quietness go together like faith and

baptism; love and peace; forgiveness and kindness. "Let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price . . ." I Peter 3:1-6.

For thirty-eight years the man had lay trying to move his paralyzed body into the pools when the angel stirred it. Almost forty years he had lived in hope that one day, maybe next time, he would be the one to walk out, to stand up on his own feet. Then a man came who quietly commanded, "Rise, take up your bed and walk!" Simply, quietly and surely he was able to walk, to run . . . to be whole, BUT, it was the wrong day! The Jews began to complain of the work upon the Sabbath. For hours, days and weeks they pounced upon the one who was to be their Saviour. Tired, beaten, humiliated and unappreciated, Jesus went on and on. Finally he went to the Sea of Galilee where the mobs followed. As He watched, the thousands approaching, his bones aching from fatigue and his heart breaking for their inability to understand OR their lack of desire to accept the Father and His Son, He kept control of self.

Many had traveled miles from home with no thought of food to hear this one who had spoken with such authority. He made the lame, blind, deaf and ill whole and Jesus followers placed other burdens upon his taxed mind and body. How shall we buy bread that these shall eat? Andrew, have the 5,000 men to sit on the grass. Bring me the loaves and fishes . . . Some time later, much more fatigued, our Lord had the men to gather the left overs filling twelve baskets of food. With this last miracle, Jesus learned that they planned to take Him and force Him to become their King. Again He escaped for the quiet solitude of His Father's world to talk and gain strength from Him. But alas as the night cast its darkness upon the sea, the disciples began to row to Capernaum. Storm clouds formed and the little fishing boat was in trouble. Jesus, still tired from the exhausting days of turmoil, approached the men in the boat by walking on water. Their disbelief, shock and lack of faith again was discouraging but if He lost patience, one never sensed it.

After seeing the miracle performed, and the Son of God not on that side of the Sea, the crowd deduced Jesus was at Capernaum so they followed by boats. And again pressures were upon our Master as he was questioned with a "third degree" badgering from the Scribes and Pharisees while still the Jews were building more animosity against Him.

As the day approached for the feast of the Jews, Jesus made his way, not via taxi, jet nor boat but as far as we know by foot, across the hot dry dusty high hills of His homeland to the Mount of Olives and the temple where again He taught the people. The Scribes and Pharisees brought to Him a woman caught in the very act of adultery. They quoted

the letter of the law to Jesus of the command to stone the guilty one, but Jesus quietly said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her!" as he continued writing on the dirt beneath their feet. The silence was deafening. The accusers were gone, lost in their own guilty thoughts. His quiet spirit turned to the woman and kindly commanded, "Go, and SIN NO MORE!"

The badgering began again and again until most of us would have shouted, used our fists and yelled, "Unfair! Inhuman!" But He, using every opportunity to prepare for the coming death, burial and resurrection, kept trying to reach the hearts of those within his influence. Perspiration, tears, prayers, and feelings of frustration and defeat mingled with the love of his own heartbeat kept him going, serene and confident in His Father. His love for them and His desire to teach the people only gave them opportunity to turn further from Him. They picked up stones to cast at Him. He did Himself and passed right by the ones who were so angry they could not recognize this One sent from God. But as he passed by He saw a man blind from his birth . . . He spat upon the clay after he explained that no one had sinned to cause this blindness. He sent the man to wash in the pool. "I must work the works of Him that sent me . . ."

His secret for His serenity, patience and calmness was relying upon His Father. His compelling love for the very ones who sought to destroy Him was His goal in life. Is it any wonder we cannot have that peace that passeth all understanding. In John, chapters 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 we take only a sample of his daily routine to see how he lived the example of peace and strength. In chapter 5, verse 30 He said, "I can of mine own self do nothing; as I hear I judge and my judgment is just because I seek not mine own will but the will of the Father which hath sent me . . ." and turning to chapter 6:38 again He testifies "For I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me". During this time some of his faithful followers left him. To skip thousands of like events in His life, even His cruel trial and death did not cause Him to turn on his heels and lose his temper and to scream at the folks he loved so much nor lose patience. His meek and quiet spirit is the coveted atmosphere that we should seek now.

Man builds his strength and houses his frustrations within self and woman usually lets them loose. She will cry and pressures escape more readily. Neither is ideal but a bit of both is needed. When a man can come home to an organized home where love, peace, calmness and serenity hovers in its walls, he has found a wise woman. She may "blow her top" now and then and so might he, BUT the man and woman who is able to keep most of their homelife in this tranquil state is a home that

is usually at peace with God and their fellow man and they are truly happy. (This is not always true for sometimes a volcano is erupting inside but the ability to keep this atmosphere is simply a mastery of self control.)

How is your home? Would Jesus seek the lake, mountains and desert for a place of rest with your beloved? God please help us to create within self that "meek and quiet spirit" so that our homes will be a retreat for all who enter its doors especially your breadwinner.

Think on this by Don Gardner "A friend sought my counsel not long ago about a perplexing problem. The question was knotty and did not lend itself to easy unraveling. After some discussion which didn't yield much practical guidance I promised, I will pray for you. At least I can do that for you.

"As I turned the problem over in my mind, I came to see that my promise betrayed a faulty view of prayer. The Christian is not to view prayer with an 'at least' attitude, but rather he is to seize it as an 'at most' approach."

"When I pray for a friend who is desperately ill, it is not 'the least I can do for him but 'the most'. The prayers of the righteous have a powerful effect (James 5:16 Moffatt) because they tap the power of God. You can soothe the fevered brow and speak reassuring words but don't forget (the MOST) you can do is invoke God's help."

## DAILY BIBLE STUDY

- 1st day Psalms 23; 35:13; 46:10; I Thess. 4:11; Ecc. 4:6; Matt. 5
- 2nd day Jer. 36:6; I Kings 14:6; 21:9; Matt. 6
- 3rd day Ezra 8:21; Isa. 58:3-5; Matt. 4:2; Psalms 23:46; Matt. 7
- 4th day Matt. 6:16-18; Luke 5:33; 18:12; Matt. 8; Luke 10:38-42
- 5th day Acts 27:9; 13:2; 14:23; I Cor. 7:5; Matt. 9
- 6th day II Cor. 11:27; I Peter 3:1-6; Prov. 15:1; Matt. 26
- 7th day Examples In Old Testament-Hannah; I Sam. 1:7; II Sam. 1:12; 12:16, 23; Matt. 26, 27



## Chapter VIII

### ILL NEVER FORGET

While sitting in a Bible class with Pat and Shirley Boone one summer, someone suggested that it was not only difficult but almost impossible for one to forget a wrong done to them though it could be forgiven. After much discussion it seemed we were all getting away from the fact that forgiveness is forgetting as well. Just at the tone of the bell when class was to dismiss, Pat (who had sat silently but intent upon the subject without a comment) came up with this golden parable. He likened unforgiveness and not forgetting to a malignancy. It will eat as a cancer and it must either be cut or burned out and become dormant else it will destroy and kill one. Brooding over such memories can only bring one low and going lower unless the power to rise above it is exercised.

Recently a 75 year old woman said, "I will never forget what she did to me nor can I ever forgive her. Every time I look at her, I think of this and I just can't forget it as long as I live." What a sad condition for one who is more apt to lose the opportunity of getting ready to meet God, much sooner than others, to make such a statement. What will we bury with us or take to our Judgment Day when we leave this world? Everything but those things that keep us from the throne of God will go with us to the Judgment. Have you the ability to forgive AND FORGET?

From the beginning of man he has had a soul, a mind to think and store up the history of his boundless file of experiences both good and bad. But from Cain and Abel it has been a difficult task to forgive and forget. Brothers and sisters in both the blood of the Lamb and of the flesh find this difficult to overcome even as King Saul who was shackled with the inability to forgive and forget concerning David. His unforgiving spirit led him to seek to kill this valiant young leader. Forgiveness is the tranquilizer that brings peace that passes all understanding. Christ taught that if you have something against your brother, go to him before you go to worship God. Clear this and take your gift of love to God. He will meet you then at the altar.

Sometimes forgiving self is more difficult than forgiving others. Inability to forget is the reason guilt and hatred is carried from day to day and it will destroy and kill if it is not cut out from the core.

The proprietor of a lovely glass building kept complaining to the cleaning team that the windows of the offices were dirty, but the cleaner kept insisting he cleaned them every time. Finally, the owner watched him cleaning and learned he was wiping the outside to a glistening shine but the inside was harboring the filth and clinging skum. For-

giveness on the outside and lack of forgetting on the inside is the same problem. It leaves us no choice if we expect to hold the hand of our God and let His Spirit lead us.

Let us take our minds back to the Old Rugged Cross. Let this scene from a medical doctor's knowledge picture to you the depth of love, the complete forgiveness and the horrible experience of one and let it deeply stir you to a renewed faith and ability to forgive and forget as His great example sets for us. At the height of the climactical time of hatred and His own death, He could still whisper "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." C. Truman Davis, MD, M. S. wrote the Passion of Christ from a Medical Point of View, published in the Arizona Medical, March, 1965.

". . . The infinite psychic and spiritual suffering of the Incarnate God in atonement for the sins of fallen man I have no competence to discuss; however, the physiological and anatomical aspects of our Lord's passion we can examine in some detail . . . What did the body of Jesus of Nazareth actually endure during those hours of torture?

"This led me first to a study of the practice of crucifixion itself; that is, the torture and execution of a person by fixation to a cross. Apparently, the first known practice of crucifixion was by the Persians. Alexander and his generals brought back to the Mediterranean world (to Egypt and Carthage.) The Romans apparently learned the practice from the Carthaginian and (as with almost everything the Romans did) rapidly developed a high degree of efficiency and skill in carrying it out. A number of Roman authors (Livey, Cicero, Tacitus) comment on it. Several innovations and modifications are described in the ancient literature. I'll mention only a few which may have some bearing here. The upright position of the cross (could have the cross-arm attached two or three feet below its top) this is what we commonly think of today as the classical form of the cross (the one which we have later named the Latin cross); however, the common form used in our Lord's day was the Tau cross (shaped like the Greek letter Tau or like our T) . . . There is fairly over-whelming archeological evidence that it was on this type of cross that Jesus was crucified.

"The upright post, or stripes, was generally permanently fixed in the ground at the site of execution and condemned man was forced to carry the patibulum (cross arm), apparently weighing about 110 pounds, from the prison to the place of execution. Without any historical or biblical proof, medieval and Renaissance painters have given us our picture of Christ carrying the entire cross. Many of these painters and most of the sculptors of crucifixes today show the nails through the palms. Roman historical accounts and experimentals

work have shown that the nails were driven between the small bones of the wrists and not through the palms. Nails driven through the palms will strip out between the fingers when they support the weight of a human body. The misconception may have come about through a misunderstanding of Jesus' words to Thomas, 'Observe my hands'. Anatomists, both modern and ancient, have always considered the wrists as part of the hands.

"A titulus, or small sign, stating the victim's crime was usually carried at the front of the procession and later nailed to the cross above the head. The sign with its staff nailed to the cross would have given it somewhat the characteristic form of the Latis cross.

"The physical passion of the Christ begins in Gethsemane. Of the many aspects of his initial suffering, I shall only discuss the one of physiological interest, the bloody sweat. It is interesting that the physician of the group, St. Luke, is the only one to mention this. He says, 'And being in agony, He prayed the longer. And his sweat became as drops of blood, trickling down upon the ground.'

"Every attempt imaginable has been used by modern scholars to explain away this phase, apparently under the mistaken impression that this just doesn't happen.

"A great deal of effort could be saved by consulting the medical literature. Though very rare, the phenomenon of Hematidrosis, or bloody sweat, is well documented. Under great emotional stress, tiny capillaries in the sweat glands can break, thus mixing blood with sweat. This process alone could have produced marked weakness and possible shock.

"We shall move rapidly through the betrayal and arrest; I must stress again that important portions of the Passion story are missing from this account. This may be frustrating to you, but in order to adhere to our purpose of discussing only the purely physical aspects of the Passion, this is necessary. After the arrest in the middle of the night, Jesus was brought before the Sanhedrin and Caiphas, the High Priest; it is here that the first physical trauma was inflicted. A soldier struck Jesus across the face for remaining silent when questioned by Caiphas. The palace guards then blindfolded Him and mockingly taunted Him to identify them as they each passed by, spat on Him, and struck Him in the face.

"In the early morning hours Jesus battered and bruised, dehydrated and exhausted from a sleepless night, is taken across Jerusalem to the Praetorium of the Fortress Antonia, the seat of government of the Procurator of Judea, Pontius Pilate. You are, of course familiar with Pilate's action in attempting to pass responsibility to Herod Antipas,

the Tetrarch of Judea. Jesus apparently suffered no physical mistreatment at the hands of Herod and was returned to Pilate. It was then, in response to the cries of the mob, that Pilate ordered Barabbas released and condemned Jesus to scourging and crucifixion. There is much disagreement among authorities about scourging as a prelude to crucifixion. Most Roman writers from this period do not associate the two. Many scholars believe that Pilate originally ordered Jesus scourged as his full punishment and that the death sentence by crucifixion came only in response to the taunt by the mob that the Procurator was not properly defending Caesar against this pretender who claimed to be King of the Jews.

“Preparations for the scourging are carried out. The prisoner is stripped of His clothing and His hands tied to a post above His head. It is doubtful whether the Romans made any attempt to follow the Jewish law in this manner of scourging. The Jews had an ancient law prohibiting more than forty lashes. The Pharisees, always making sure that the law was strictly kept, insisted that only thirty-nine lashes be given (in case of a miscount, they were sure of remaining within the law). The Roman legionnaire steps forward with the flagrum in his hand. This is a short whip consisting of several heavy, leather thongs with two small balls of lead attached near the ends of each.

“The heavy whip is brought down with full force again and again across Jesus’ shoulders, back and legs. At first the heavy thongs cut through the skin only. Then, as the blows continue, they cut deeper into the subcutaneous tissues, producing first an oozing of blood from the capillaries and veins of the skin, and finally spurting arterial bleeding from vessels in the underlying muscles. The small balls of lead first produce large, deep bruises which are broken upon by subsequent blows. Finally the skin of the back is hanging in long ribbons and the entire area is an unrecognizable mass of torn, bleeding tissue. When it is determined by the centurion in charge that the prisoner is near death, the beating is finally stopped.

“The half fainting Jesus is then untied and allowed to slump to the stone pavement, wet with His own blood. The Roman soldiers see a great joke in the provincial Jew claiming to be a king. They throw a robe across His shoulders and place a stick in His hand for a scepter. They still need a crown to make their travesty complete. A small bundle of flexible branches covered with long thorns (commonly used for firewood) are plaited into the shape of a crown and this is pressed into His scalp. Again there is copious bleeding (the scalp being one of the most vascular areas of the body). After mocking Him and striking Him across the face, the soldiers take the stick from His hand and

strike Him across the head, driving the thorns deeper into His scalp. Finally they tire of this sadistic sport and the robe is torn from His back. This had already become adherent to the clots of blood and serum in the wounds, and its removal just as the careless removal of a surgical bandage, causes excruciating pain . . . Almost as though He were again being whipped - and the wounds again began to bleed.

“In deference to Jewish custom, the Romans return His garments. The heavy patibulum (cross bars) of the cross is tied across His shoulders, and the procession of the condemned Christ, two thieves and the execution detail of Roman soldiers, headed by a centurian, begins its slow journey along the Via Dolorosa. In spite of His efforts to walk erect, the weight of the heavy wooden beam, together with the shock produced by copious blood loss is too much. He stumbles and falls. The rough wood of the beam gouges into the lacerated skin and muscles of the shoulders. He tries to rise, but human muscles have been pushed beyond their endurance. The centurian, anxious to get on with the crucifixion, selects a stalwarth North African onlooker, Simon of Cyrene, to carry the cross. Jesus follows, still bleeding and sweating the cold clammy sweat of shock. The 650 yards journey from the fortress Antonia to Golgotha is finally completed. The prisoner is again stripped of His clothes except for a loin cloth which is allowed by the Jews.

“The crucifixion begins. Jesus is offered wine mixed with Myrrh, a mild analgesic mixture. He refuses to drink. Simon is ordered to place the patibulum on the ground and Jesus is quickly thrown backward with His shoulders against the wood. The legionnaire feels for the depression at the front of the wrist. He drives a heavy, square wrought iron nail through the wrist and deep into the wood. Quickly, he moves to the other side and repeats the action, being careful not to pull the arms too tightly, but to allow some flexion and movement. The cross bar is then lifted in place at the top of the stipes and the titulus reading. “Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews” is nailed in place.

“The left foot is pressed backward against the right foot, and with both feet extended, toe down, a nail is driven through the arch of each, leaving the knees moderately flexed. The Victim is now crucified. As He slowly sags down with more weight on the nails in the wrists, excruciating fiery pain shoots along the fingers and up the arms to explode in the brain -- the nails in the wrists are putting pressure on the median nerves. As He pushes upward to avoid this stretching torment, He places His full weight on the nail through the nerves between the metatarsal bones of the feet.

“At this point another phenomenon occurs. As the arms fatigue,

great waves of cramps sweep over the muscles, knotting them in deep, relentless, throbbing pain. With these cramps comes the inability to push Himself upward. Hanging by His arms, the pectoral muscles are paralyzed and the intercostal muscles are unable to act. Air can be drawn into the lungs, but cannot be exhaled. Jesus fights to raise Himself in order to get even one short breath. Finally, carbon dioxide builds up in the lungs and in the blood stream and the cramps partially subside. Spasmodically, He is able to push Himself upward to exhale and bring in the life-giving oxygen. It was undoubtedly during these periods that He uttered the seven short sentences which are recorded.

“The first, looking down at the Roman soldier throwing dice for His seamless garment, ‘FATHER FORGIVE THEM FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.’

“The second to the penitent thief, ‘Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise.’

“The third, looking down at the terrified, grief stricken, adolescent John (The beloved Apostle), he said ‘Behold thy mother.’ And looking to Mary, his mother, ‘Woman behold thy son.’

“The fourth cry is from the beginning of 22nd Psalms, ‘My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?’

“Hours of this limitless pain, cycles of twisting, joint-rending cramps, intermittent partial asphyxiation, searing pain as tissue is torn from His lacerated back as He moves up and down against the rough timber: Then another agony begins. A deep crushing pain deep in the chest as the pericardium slowly fills with serum and begins to compress the heart.

“Let us remember again the 22nd Psalm (14th verse). ‘I poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels.’

“It is now almost over -- the loss of tissue fluids has reached a critical level -- the compressed heart is struggling to pump heavy, thick, sluggish blood into the tissues -- the tortured lungs are making a frantic effort to gasp in small gulps of air. The markedly dehydrated tissues send in their flood of stimuli to the brain.

“Jesus gasps His fifth cry, ‘I thirst’!

“Let us remember another verse from the prophetic 22nd Psalms: ‘My strength is dried up like potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death.’

“A sponge soaked in Posea, the cheap, sour wine which is the staple drink of the Roman Legionnaires, is lifted to His lips. He apparently doesn't take any of the liquid. The body of Jesus is now extremis, and He can feel the chill of death creeping through his tissues. This

realization brings out His sixth words -- possibly little more than a tortured whisper.

“ ‘It is finished.’

“His mission of atonement has been completed. Finally He can allow His body to die.

“With one last surge of strength, He once again presses His torn feet against the nail, straightens His legs, takes a deeper breath, and utters His seventh and last cry, ‘Father into thy hands I commit my spirit.’

“The rest you know. In order that the Sabbath not be profaned, the Jews asked that the condemned men be dispatched and removed from the crosses. The common method of ending a crucifixion was by crurifracture; the breaking of the bones of the legs. This prevented the victim from pushing himself upward; the tension could not be relieved from the muscles of the chest, and rapid suffocation occurred. The legs of the two thieves were broken, but when they came to Jesus they saw that this was unnecessary.

“Apparently to make doubly sure of death, the legionnaire drove his lance through the fifth interspace between the ribs, upward through the pericardium and into the heart. The 34th verse of the 19th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John: ‘And immediately there came out blood and water.’ Thus there was an escape of watery fluid from the sac surrounding the heart and blood from the interior of the heart. We, therefore, have rather conclusive post-mortem evidence that our Lord died, not the usual crucifixion death by suffocation, but of heart failure due to shock and constriction of the heart by fluid in the pericardium.

“Thus we have seen a glimpse of the epitome of evil which man can exhibit toward man and toward God. This is not a pretty sight and is apt to leave us despondent and depressed. How grateful we can be that we have a sequel: A glimpse of the infinite mercy of God toward man - the miracle of the atonement and the expectation of that resurrection morning!” -- Adapted

And we might add that forgiving spirit which He exemplified in the face of injustice, mental and physical cruelty and excruciating pain. Never has there been such love and forgiving spirit recorded for man than this one. How can we say, “I’ll never forget . . .” Ask self, “Who am I to hold a grudge?”

It is not easy  
To Apologize  
To begin over  
To be unselfish  
To take advice

To admit error  
To face sneer  
To be charitable  
To keep on trying  
To be considerate  
To avoid mistakes  
To endure success  
To keep out of the rut  
To profit by mistakes  
To think and then act  
To forgive and forget  
To make the best of little  
To subdue an unruly temper  
To maintain a high standard  
To shoulder a deserved blame  
To recognize the silver lining

Those of the Liberationist Movement have not learned this indispensable lesson on happy living.

### **BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS**

Confession and talking to each other and God is recommended daily. Try it! The Savior likes it and you will also.

Monday I John 2:7 - 11; Eph. 4:32; Gen. 50:16-21  
Tuesday 2 Cor. 2:5-11; Matt. 5:38-48; 9:6, Luke 22:34  
Wednesday Matt. 6:12, Phil. 2:1-18  
Thursday Matt. 18:21-35; Rom. 12:9-21  
Friday 2 Cor. 13:12; Jer. 16:9-10  
Saturday I Cor. 10:31-33; Psa. 51:1-15  
Sunday Psa. 77:6; 139:23-24



## Chapter IX

### GRANDMOTHER, ARE YOU MATURE?

PATIENCE, LONG SUFFERING AND SELF CONTROL are used over 50 times in the Bible and this seems to be the most difficult part of living a "virtuous woman's life." Demands upon our time, our talents and our energies plus the frustrations of this fast pace of life we have made for ourselves have caused a chaotic life. We sleep as late as we can, rush to the kitchen, put on the coffee while screaming at the family to get up and get dressed or they will be late. We would feel we were watching a mad woman if we saw a re-run of ourselves on the screen some mornings. Then we wonder why we are completely exhausted by the time the children are off to school and the husband is on his way to work.

The wise old writer said in Ecc. 3, "there is a time . . . (for everything) . . ." and there should be a time to rise up early, to study, to be quiet, patient, longsuffering and to be able to control oneself. One needs to be prepared for the mighty force of demands upon the contemporary woman. We, as the weaker sex, need strength from God to begin our day. Every action, work, and encounter with family, friends and salesmen (whether by phone or at the house) is a drain and strain upon the nervous system. A large bundle of extra energy spiced with a generous coating of self-control and patience is a must.

One young wife's long chestnut hair glistened to her waist, her robe was crisp and fresh, her face shined with love, admiration and joys in living. Her devoted husband was on his way to work and it was time to awake the children. She and her husband had awakened early, studied and prayed together to begin a day of serenity known only to those who tap that source of power. As she climbed the stairways of their modest home in Italy she was singing "Soldiers of Christ, arise and put your armour on. Strong in the strength which God supplies . . ." Five minutes later the four children could be heard singing, whistling and laughing as they methodically dressed for a day of school and activity. What a different beginning than the one I usually began. "Hurry up and get out of bed and get dressed. It is almost time for the bus. Do you hear me, I am not going to call you again . . ." (Older women, can you not see how you failed me and others like me? Why did you not teach me and others like me of this great characteristic?) Patience seems to beget patience and self-control seems to beget self-control. The woman who practices it around the home is usually repaid with the same environment.

What is the cause for impatience? Think back for a few moments of

the last time (s) you have lost your cool and lashed out at the family! What motivated it? PRIDE! That big "ME, MYSELF AND I!!! Could it have been my little ole pride was hurt, my plan was hampered or myself was out in front? Prov. 15:18

In studying Mr. Job we find his wife was the impatient one, proving herself to be a very unworthy and not too helpful companion for her husband. "Curse God and die" she screamed as she saw him suffering. When the boss has been unfair to your loved one, who is usually the one who rants and raves about the injustice of the whole thing? Is it the "little wife"? How mature are you in the Lord? Modern day psychologists seem to all agree that maturity is based upon our ability to think of others. Whom does it profit most of all, my Christian lady, when we use our self-control? and Whom DOES IT PROFIT WHEN WE DO NOT USE SELF-CONTROL?

A great grandmother was one known all her life never to harness her emotions. In her early childhood to faint or throw up her hands and scream when a clear mind meant the difference between life and death of the very one she loved, was her reaction of any accident or mishap. She was known to drag her young child from the chilly waters of death and begin to throw it into the air, screaming hysterically. If a snake crossed the road in front of her car or wagon, she threw down the reins (or turned loose the wheel) and screamed, letting the speeding auto go any direction that fate would have it.

Self-control was seldom used to minimize an already hazardous and dangerous situation. Emotional moods, be it jealousy over another woman or one who crossed her, were harbored and never to be forgotten. Consequently, in old age she is alone, frustrated and literally begs her children to visit her. She has no recollections of all the heartaches upon her husband and the haunting of griping and arguing that was the heritage of her children. She cannot see where the lack of control of her emotions have caused her to be a miserable old woman whom those that should love her the most tend to stay from her lashing tongue and poisoned mind which have ruined her. Her husband has gone where self-control is a pre-requisite. There is no one she can hurt anymore! Embarrass, yet, but not hurt!

Ladies, this is a hypothetical case but visit a rest home and you will find one or more. She (or he) did not get in that condition at old age. Lack of self-control, selfishness and harboring ill thoughts caused this misery. Note also at the rest home those who spend their last days (all of them) in thoughts of others. Each hour is used to make others comfortable and happy. In return they are loved and many visit them. Yet those in misery love to share their fun of misery with others. NOW

IS NEVER TOO LATE. Which category do you desire to be in when you reach the grandmother or great grandmother stage? Your plot is set and your road is paved in the direction of self-control. Your mind is at the control center. Where will it end up for you? Self-control is yours for the mastering. With the help of God it can be subdued.

#### NEVER PROMISED

God never promised me everything should be as I desire,  
That all my days should be easy and that my heart should never tire.  
God never promised me that I need only lift my voice and pray  
And every care would flee and gold and honour would adorn my way.  
BUT God did promise me that though I meet storms fierce as ever swept,  
His love and power would be above me and that promise has been kept.  
— Author unknown

Let us again turn to those who want Liberation. They dwell upon those past men and women whose lives have been of the most sensual nature and sex has been their God in life and not upon the true lovers such as Browning, Abram and Sarah, etc. They turn the pages of recorded history in their own computers and dwell upon them. As you read their inward thoughts, can you not see a miserable old person who is left alone in a rest home being cared for by the money they sought passionately to obtain? Would you trade your love for your children or the real concern from your loved ones for that paycheck? By working and becoming “equal” to the breadwinner, can it in any way help you to be a true person inside and save your family hurt from an ill temper and short patience because you have fought for such freedoms. If Jennie had kept loading potatoes and tomatoes, could she have given to her family what was needed? AND could she have helped herself, her own disposition or her future one ounce by thinking of herself as a help-meet by equality? Please, ladies, begin to fight this damnable trend and let us remember that money is not that important. Dollars will not buy happiness when we are old and have no one to care if we rot in a rest home. If you want to see yourself twenty, thirty, forty years from now frequent the old folks home and see yourself magnified many times by noting those who have built their lives around self . . . and not self-control.

#### NEVER FAIL RECIPE FOR A HAPPY DAY

1 cup FRIENDLY WORDS  
2 heaping cups UNDERSTANDING  
4 more than full teaspoons of TIME and Patience  
Pinch of WARM PERSONALITY  
Dash of HUMOR

**Instructions for mixing:**

Measure WORDS carefully. Add heaping cups of UNDERSTANDING. Use generously full amounts of TIME and PATIENCE. Keep temperature low. DO NOT BOIL. Add dash of HUMOR and a pinch of WARM PERSONALITY. Season to taste with SPICE OF LIFE. Serve in individual molds. It never fails. Share this with many that adorn your home, your shopping friends and neighbors.

- 1st day James 1:3; Rom. 8:18; Job 1 and 2; Matt. 18:26  
2nd day Job 3 and 4; James 5:10-10; Rom. 5:3-4; Prov. 10:12  
3rd day Job 5 & 6; I Pet. 2:20; Psa. 37-7; Ecc. 7:8-9  
4th day Job 7 and 8; Rev. 2:2; II Thess. 1:4; II Pet. 1:5-8; Heb. 10:36; Psa. 12:3-4  
5th day Job 9 and 10; I Tim. 6:11; I Cor. 13:4,5,7; Heb. 12:1-2; James 5:7-8; Prov. 16:18  
6th day Job 11 and 12, 37, 38; Prov. 8:13; 29:28  
7th day Job 39, 40 and 41; Prov. 28:25

**Suggested Reading:** Release from Phoniness by Arnold Prater, Word Books, Waco, Texas

## Chapter X

### PASS NOT AWAY, I PRAY THEE

One Lord's day a guest speaker poured his heart out to a new challenge. He led the singing, preached, shook hands, listened to the praises of his youthful wisdom and soon took his hat, Bible and family to the local hamburger place to eat. Where was the hospitality of Abraham when he said to the three strangers, "Pass not away, I pray thee!"

A family was traveling on the icy streets and highways to a daughter in need. Their car hit an icy overpass, swerved and careened out of control. Both the parents were thrown from the car onto the icy overpass. The father was slammed against the cold steel rail and rammed with the careening automobile which crushed him to death. The mother was bruised, cut and fractured. They were two hundred miles from home, a hundred miles from their daughter in need, and there was not a person in this Texas city that she knew. She only listed her church preference as the church of Christ. A minister was called. Another Christian sitting with another patient in the same hospital read in the newspaper of the accident and went to see if there might be something she could do. Soon the victim had many Christians helping with every need. The light of Christ was shining in the lives of some who were alert to the needs of others in a time when they were unable to think and do for themselves. Is this not what Lydia was doing when she said, "If you have judged me to be faithful, come into my house and abide there." Acts 16

Still in another part of the state a multi-storied hospital was filled with occupants from all over the world. These patients had been sent to this particular hospital because their qualified physicians had diagnosed them as terminal cancer. Most were from backgrounds which left an insufficient reservoir of funds for such extravagant expenses as hotel or motel bills, restaurant meals, commuting and/or communication by phone with loved ones back home. They were taken into a city of over a million persons and not a soul who cared.

Hospital regulations forbade strangers entering the rooms of the patients except "ordained ministers". Sometimes it was weeks before someone learned of the family's condition. How lonely must these have been (Like out in the middle of the ocean and "water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink" for there were people everywhere but who cared? Psalms 142:4).

Young folks at college have a rough time adjusting to the new life of trying their wings. The worst cases are those children of missionaries who are across the ocean spans from their immediate family. Consider the foreign exchange students with no home during the holidays when

the school dormitories and cafeteria are closed.

Add to your list those service men such as are at Camp Wolters Air Force Base in Mineral Wells, Texas. Young Vietnam airmen were flown into this area for training. While there Christians in the area took them into their homes, given the finest hospitality and converted many who have gone home to try to teach their Buddhist families. They not only learned the protection of their nation but the protection against Hell's gates for their soul and their fellow men.

Little Reggie from Cyprus, who had heart surgery in Houston, Texas, received world-wide recognition due to those who cared and Christ's body received credit on earth as well as in Heaven. But, for every case where recognition has been small or great, there are thousands of cases that are not known. When have you opened your lovely home to those who need help around you?

A fellow Christian in St. Vincent (Sister Elsie Gellizeau) wrote recently that Soufriar, their raging volcano, was spitting and attempting to erupt. She welcomed 28 persons into her home. Two sisters slept on straw mats under her house. Having seen her tiny, humble home, I wondered how she managed to get 30 persons reclining into her house. She truly had wall-to-wall people (The men tied her furniture to the exposed ceiling rafters.) This gave all floor space to the occupants. Most of us will not give up our king, queen or normal sized bed for a friend or relative much less a stranger. Most guests today are placed on the couch.

Someone has said, "A lovely home is like a peacock whose feathers are fanned out." They are lovely but not much to use in the wind. When the wind of hospitality is blowing your way, is your home too lovely to enjoy? If it is, do you feel God is going to continue to bless you forever in your "self" world.

Can you imagine the selfish protest of the Libber today as Abraham ran to the home and said to Sarah, "hurry up and make a feast for these men of God . . ." Or could you imagine their thoughts glare through the tender plead to Paul as Lydia begged, ". . . if you have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there?" As far as we know Lydia was unmarried and successful as a business woman. Yet, Godly hospitality was first in her life. It took a lot of courage to bravely beg these men of God to enter her home and bless her life with their presence. Paul and Silas went to her home from prison. Most of us would fear the mobs or "what others would think" if we allowed some prisoner to enter our house.

Because of the hospitality of this lone woman and her helpers, the church was begun in Philippi. Many could be taught today and their

hearts converted if we would jumble up our homes with a little living. The myths of lack of size, organization, finery or any excuse is only saying "when Lord did we see you a stranger . . ." Many elders serve their roles well except they cannot be hospitable. The wife will not co-operate. Rare is the man today who can say to the strangers at church, 'Come home with us for lunch or dinner. I am sure the wife has something fixed. We'd love to have you;' and rushes to ask his Sarah to prepare a feast for the strangers. How many opportunities are lost due to lack of opening our homes and of thinking of others.

Matt. 25:31 begins with "I was a stranger . . . , naked . . . , hungry . . . , in prison, etc., and we will be red faced when our Lord and master tells us, "in as much as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto me." Heb. 13:3

Some say, "with groceries so high . . . well, we can't afford it!" But note when it is their family or someone they really love or that clique . . . funds are always available.

"When Lord, did we see you???" Pancakes made from scratch and beans and cornbread with fresh garden green onions make a feast any day and 25 can be fed for what most spend on being hospitable. Fine linens, china, crystal and silver do not make hospitality but the sharing of what one has with those who need the love, the caring and the association of others. This is what it is all about . . .

Are you a Sarah? Lydia? It takes time, effort and true love. Maybe this is specified in Heaven's Road Map because if we expect our Lord and Savior to show us hospitality in His Home of the Soul, He might well make this a part of the pass-key to His Celestial City. The beauty of it is that you are always the winner. It returns 100 fold. Try it! You will love it!

## DAILY BIBLE READING

- 1st day Gen. 18:1-15; Exo. 22:21
- 2nd day Lev. 24:22; Acts 16:11-15; 16:40; I Tim. 3:1-7
- 3rd day Lev. 19:10; Deut. 10:18; Joshua 2:1-16
- 4th day Heb. 13:1-3; Deut. 26:12-13; Titus 1:7; II Sam. 9:7-13
- 5th day Exo. 23:9; Prov. 23:6; Rom. 16:1-2; I King 17:10-24;  
II Kings 4:8
- 6th day Job 31:32; Matt. 22:2-10; Lk. 14:12; Rom. 12:13
- 7th day Matt. 25:31-46; Heb. 13:1-3; I Pet. 4:9-11; I Tim. 3:1-7;  
I Tim. 5:10; 3 Jno. 5:8

## Chapter XI

### NEGLECTED AND ABUSED CHILDREN

His body bore marks of severe and savage beatings and his arms and legs were caloused from the rubbing ropes around them and connected to the bed. His eyes resembled a wolf which my father caught once in the woods and brought to the cellar to try to tame. Sallow cheeks and emaciated frame indicated starvation and imbalanced nutrition. When the authorities found the child, his 11 years of solitary confinement had brought more than a physical stunting. It had also brought a severe emotional dwarfed condition. Months and years later the young man was still working to become a tamed normal human being. Neglected and abused children are common today and if the news media learned of the conditions of some that are found daily in our nation, they would relish upon this sordid true story.

A father drove into Dallas late at night a few months ago. Being afraid of falling asleep at the wheel, he decided to pick up a long haired young hitchhiker. Upon entrance into his pick-up he learned to his sorrow that the boy had not had a bath in some time. He asked the young man, "Where do you live and where do you work?" Hesitantly he answered, "Oh, I just go hither and yon and don't really work anywhere!" His father was a physician. Neglected and abused children!

Two fifteen year old boys dragged two small girls into the home of one of the boys this past Sunday and raped them. The parents were at the neighborhood pub drinking their fill of the conscience killer and escaping from responsibility and respect to self and their children. Abused and neglected children!

The courtroom was packed with late teen and early twenty hippie youths as they put every ounce of pressure they could upon the courts of justice of our land to try to gain their will in the trial no matter what justice said. Their only thoughts were to gain their own way whether it be right or not. They had hitched rides to make it to the trial. Their one goal in life was to change the way of living. But their lack of experience and wisdom could not tell them what they really needed. Their hearts rang out to their parents to give them time, love and training.

In 1964, when I left Korea, the Holt Orphanage had over 800 unwanted, starving babies and little children. No, they were not honestly orphans for many had prostitute mothers and the fathers were GIs based there or irresponsible Korean men. Rarely were they true orphans. But while walking through the bare rooms of these red brick buildings which we would call a nursery, one could see babies (up to 8 months or more) who lay on pallets of quilt, pillow, cushion, baby carrier and



rarely a tiny crib. Glancing at their balloon bellies, their gaunt legs and arms and balding hair gave you nights filled with tossing and turning of nightmare experiences. Their haunted eyes fixed upon you were begging for love and for someone to care. Only twice a day at the most were these little ones picked up and fed a watered down milk or rice soup and changed. Diarrhea, whooping cough, measles, chicken pox and multiple epidemics spread like wild fire on a dry parched prairie. Colds, pneumonia and tuberculosis joined the melee and a large percentage died of the complications.

The thing that made me break into a cold sweat during the middle of the night was the pleading eyes of a six months old baby who was so starved for love. We do not learn of these things happening in the States as the packs of wild newsmen laden with their loaded cameras are kept from such conditions for the child's well being. For this we can be thankful because of the added problems this would bring upon the child's condition. Their little rawboned faces plead with me to pick them up, to give them love. Their little eyes indicated this starvation of love resulted in a tendency to be retarded. If I gave them all the ten pounds of dry milk that was sent me from Christians in Tachikawa, Tokyo, Japan, it would not fill the need for one day for that many. So, I went home and slept restlessly, fitfully, dreaming the night through. If love had been present, their lives could have been more bearable but there was not enough Staff to go around and every one was too busy to try to make enough money for rice for their own and honestly had no time to help in this situation. Neglected and abused children! Children of some irresponsible (boy and girl) man and woman.

Let us picture another condition that is prevalent in our society. Children come home from school to an empty house, turn on the TV and raid the refrigerator. Having nothing to do they run the gamut of the neighborhood finding whomever they can to spend time with while both parents, who should care enough to at least give responsibility and guidelines, are away making that gold dollar to give the children "things" such as an education. All the while that child is getting a real education of what life really is all about. By the time college is in clear focus he could care less if he went to college. But that was the reason mother went to work, to educate her offspring. And soon he joins a hippie movement and just goes "hither and yon, not doing anything much". Abused and neglected children! Can you cast a stone at the GI who has left his seed in an orphanage for the starvation of body and soul when your motives are just as raw and selfish?

When the occasion comes to gripes and the youth find the causes of their trips on pot, the blowing of their minds with drug abuse and the

drowning of troubles in other escapes, nearly always one hears, "Who would care?" As he sat at the kitchen table or stood at mother's apron strings or daddy's hobby shop of activity, he was yelled at, "GO WATCH TV!" (Get out of my way. I don't have time for you!) And so who cared! Abused and neglected children! How we scream when we hear of beating and abuse but I beg you to look at your own children and see if they could not yell back at you to "Give me time, give me your love, take the opportunities to teach me right from wrong! Care enough to help me to grow up to be a responsible person!" Oh, God, help us before it is too late to see that the television, good as some of the programs are, is killing America, the home and the life of freedom we love so dearly.

In the Christian Bible Teacher magazine, November, 1973, issue (Box 1060, Abilene, Texas 79604) an article by John Niestadt appears which gives some rich insight to much of our problems today. The title, TEACHING THE YOUNG THE DIGNITY OF LABOR states, "Part of all the ills in our world today stem from those who refuse to work when they are capable of it. Certainly many crimes are committed by those who do work. Yet there must be a correlation between those who do not work and those who commit crimes. People are happier when they are being useful, productive and are less apt to take out their frustrations on others."

Mr. Niestadt has worked several years in directing inner-city, ghetto work in the east. His words of wisdom are timely. "Today as with Adam and Eve, man is content until Satan enters the scene." He suggests that to combat the desire of some to steal rather than to work:

- A. Parents and teachers join hands to train the child(ren) early in life:
  - 1. the joys of small useful tasks both at home and in school
  - 2. refrain from "looking down" upon any work that is honest
  - 3. develop habits of responsibility
  - 4. (Ed. addition) It will take time to do the above but set this as your ultimate goal for your child(ren)
- B. To parents he suggested the following to teach
  - 1. No home work is to be looked down upon
  - 2. To earn your pay
  - 3. To be willing to do a little extra (VERY IMPORTANT THIS DAY)
  - 4. To help those who are in real need (Include the children when needs arise, needs are met)
  - 5. To find what you can do and do it well.
  - 6. Prepare EARLY FOR LATER LIFE.

Although I cannot document this the Watts Riots of the Sixties were stemmed from a lack of self-respect and self-responsibility. It was not lack of food and bare necessities of life but lack of self-respect. The way our government is approaching the racial situation is not building self-respect for the blacks or other minority groups. Nay, indeed it tears down that self-respect and instead builds animosity. Movies are forced into our middle and high schools with Bill Cosby telling the dirt of the decades past, while seething young blacks build up hatred for their white school mates. Yet, tearing down the one thing they desire and need most. At the beginning Black History told of the greats among our unsung heroes of blacks. Their gallant deeds were sung but leave it to Marx to defile the works and soon the ones who felt their side needed to be crammed down the whites throats began to change the picture. And now black and white children who had no reason for racial prejudices have been forced to take a stand through no fault of their own. Again we have neglected and abused children! While some mothers scream, "I am a second class citizen, an under-developed human!"

Last week three black youths grabbed a white girl's purse and fled. As she ran in another direction screaming, she ran smack into the football team. They took after the youths, cornered and collared them, took them to the principal and they were charged and jailed. It could have easily been whites. Color did not make it because some of the football team (probably the best players) were blacks, but the cause is the neglect of teaching and training of our children to be responsible, law abiding citizens who will make a better world for all of us.

A squawking, uncontrolled television is death to the youth. It takes time to prune and train a rose bush to give beauty for years. How we cherish that little thorny bush, pamper and pet it, feed it and are careful to not let it get diseased so we can enjoy its beauty.

Hattie Crutchfield, a dear friend of mine of Lebanon, Tennessee, told of a farmer who was asked, "Mr. Farmer, where is your cattle?" He replied, "Oh, they are in the cow lot!" "Where are your horses?" "They are in the fenced pasture!" "Well, where are your pigs?" "Why, they are pinned up in the pig pen." "Now where are those fryers?" Again, he replied, "In the chicken pen!" Last he was asked, "Where are your children?" His reply, "I don't know!" This precious elderly lady made her point well. We care more for the automobile than our children. If there is an accident in the car, which question do you ask first, "Was the car hurt?" or "Was ANYONE hurt?"

Betty Rollin, Look Senior Editor (LOOK magazine, September 22, 1970) edited MOTHERHOOD MYTH, WHO NEEDS IT? Quoting

“Some women consider birth the biggest accomplishment of their lives, which may be interpreted as saying not much for the rest of their lives. As Dr. Goode says, ‘It’s like a gambler who may know the roulette wheel is crooked, but it’s the game in town. Also, with motherhood, the feeling of accomplishment is immediate. It is really much faster and easier to make a baby than to paint a painting or write a book or get to the point of accomplishment in a job. It is also easier in a way to shift focus from self-development to child development particularly; since, for women self-development is considered selfish. Even unwed mothers may achieve a feeling of this kind. (As we have seen, little thought is given to the aftermath). And, again, since so many women are underdeveloped as people, they feel that, besides children, they have little else to give - to themselves, their husbands, to their world.”

“Father, forgive these women for taking a precious soul so lightly”. If one does not wish to marry and bear children, that is certainly her prerogative. Paul said in I Cor. 7:8-9, “To the unmarried and the widows I say that it is well for them to remain single as I do. BUT, if they cannot exercise self-control, they should marry. For it is better to marry than to be aflame with passion.” RSV He tells the Ephesians chapter 6 verses 1-5 to “bring your children up in the discipline and instruction of the Lord.” This means to take time to train, prune, guide, feed, motivate and develop them in God’s Way. The TV can NEVER get the job done! Please mothers and fathers, cut that thing OFF and begin to teach and train YOUR responsibility.

I would like to say again, “How sick are we going to become before we seek a doctor!” If your child is at death’s door in a hospital, both parents, even those estranged or divorced, usually are at the bedside, tearfully and prayerfully watching and hovering over them. Love is lavished upon the child. That is fine and good, but when the soul is sick unto death and destruction, we holler, “Go watch TV. Get out of my way!”

Role confusion is one of the greatest problems of today. With both sexes wearing pony tails tied with ribbons, if the fellow is clean shaven it is difficult to tell. No wonder Sodom and Gomorrah are being relived in America now. Fathers are not setting a God given role example for his son and mother is living in pants trying to swing a bail of shingles over her shoulder onto the roof. How can they know what God given role is with parents who have no concept of their own role OR COULD CARE LESS ABOUT IT.

Douglas F. Parsons, Overland Park, Kansas, wrote in his weekly bulletin an article entitled FROM GOLD OR GOD? "A writer for a great newspaper once visited India. While there he met a missionary nurse who lived among the lepers and ministered to their needs. He noticed how tender and loving she was to those poor souls. Looking at her in amazement, the reporter commented, "I wouldn't wash their wounds for a million dollars!" "Neither would I," said the worker, "but I gladly do it for my Savior! The only reward I am looking for is His smile of approval!"

So goes my challenge and your of this decade. Who are you working for SELF (GOLD) OR GOD? Where is the future, here and hereafter, of your children because of your love? This is the testing ground of our lives NOW? The choice is ours! The pity of our neglected and abused children still stands. Where religion, responsibility and respect are NOT taught, riots, robbery and rapes roves our world. For a further study of this topic, read GIVE THEM - GOD'S WAY by Becky Tilotta at your favorite bookstore or from the editor.

Depriving our children of some of this "whipped cream life" does not harm or hurt, but helps them become responsible adult humans with adult actions and decisions, standing by their own decisions, be it good or bad. Are you neglecting and abusing yours? You can't fool God or your children about this!

Is it any wonder we have such problems with youth not understanding the role of the God-given sex and how it can be used to perfection of happiness. Dignity of working, earning and making one's own way has be enlost in the soft, punchy life that we indulge our children. We forget that we learned to appreciate an education because we worked for it. Life is what we make it, not what others make it. It cannot be built around self and expect the ultimate in happiness.

#### **DAILY BIBLE READING:**

1st day Prov. 18:9; I Kings 2:1-4; I Chro. 22:1-13

2nd day Exo. 13:8-16; Deut. 4:9-10; 6:6-9; 11:19-20; Eph. 4:28

3rd day Deut. 21:12-13; Josh. 8:35; Psa. 34:11; 78:1-8; I Thess. 4:11-12

4th day I Tim. 5:8; Prov. 1:1-4; 22:6; Isa. 28:9-10

5th day Joel 1:3; John 21:15; Acts 22:3; Eph. 6:1-5; I Cor. 7:8-9

6th day I Cor. 4:12; Prov. 3:12; 13:22, 24; 19:18; 22:6; 23:13-14; 27:11; 29:15-17; 31:28

7th day Rom. 12:11; I Cor. 7:8-9; Isa. 38:19; 49:15; Mal. 4:6; Matt. 10:37; Luke 11:11; Col. 3:21; Titus 2:3-4; Heb. 12:7

Now look for the definition of discipline, train and rear in your dictionary.

## Chapter XII

### TIMES CHANGED, HAVE YOU?

In 1876, the Encyclopedia Britannica had 4 lines on atom and 5 pages on love. In the latest edition eight pages are on atom and not one entry on love. Times have changed!!! Do you recall the old rub-board? the horse and buggy days? the circuit riding preacher who was paid in chickens, eggs and smoked or salt ham for his "preaching"? camp meetings and dinner on the ground? the pot bellied stove? the churn of butter and buttermilk? bringing in the cows? walking to school for miles in snow, sleet, hail and storm? the featherbed? flat irons? the fireplace as the only means of heat in the drafty house? the outdoor john? Times have changed! Have you seen the blessings of living today over 30 years ago? Why did He not bless the African, Asian or European woman and her family this way? Why Lord you do love me and mine so much?

Can each one truthfully say she has done with her material, physical and spiritual blessings all that she might have done with them? Have you given your all to your family and especially the king of your castle the best and most? Have you helped to save in every way to make your nest cozy, comfortable and without a strain on his paycheck? Have you been loyal to him and built him to heights beyond his own concept of his abilities? Have you refused his sexual desires or sold yourself as a paid prostitute to your own husband? Have you shared with others the happiness and blessings of your home?

Have, you created such a meek and quiet spirit around the throne that your home is a sanctuary for those that enter, especially the king? Has your patience and self-control been mastered? Are you living with eagles of life today and soaring with the joyous life of being "just a housewife"?

Or have you changed as the encyclopedias on love? If not, you are like the flagman on the highway who waves his lantern though his light has gone out. You are making motions and pretending to self that you are doing your job but in reality you are sitting with the buzzards and vultures picking at the dead, giving little and expecting little from life. Your life is dull, unexciting and probably selfish and unhappy.

Our Father has brought us, as American women, a long way from that old washtub and coal oil stove age. He has blessed us beyond what our hearts and minds could dream that He could or would. Christ always lifts the "little woman" when He is brought into the life of a nation.

But He chose us, the Americans, and not the Asian, African or

European.

Look to the woman of some countries where your husband might have several wives. You spend one or two nights a week in his hut and the balance of time is shared with his other wives. You sleep on the cold damp earth floor with nothing more than a straw mat between your thinly clad body and your bed. You pull the babies close and cover them with thin dirty rags that are cherished. You rise early taking with you the baby that is nursing every few minutes at your flat breasts. You sing out at each house you pass your message of wanting work (that equal status with man)! Walking block after block with no response, you push on into the countryside barking and bargaining for your day's work and pay. Finally, as the dew begins to dry and the tiny sparkles of diamonds melt with the heat of God's sunshine, you have found yourself a job.

Piling weeds from the rich white woman's garden is your job. Her home is white with paint and surrounded with a strong wooden picket fence. As you pick, sitting on your feet, using your hands, the baby frets and cries from the heat of the sun and weariness of this life. He tugs as a young pup trying to stay with mother as you work in the flowers.

Some of the weeds are piled in a nice neat stack for this will be your evening meal for yourself and your children. The other leaves and weeds will be stacked carelessly for burning when dried. After a couple of hours of working hard, the lady comes to the door and hands you food for tea. You sit on the grass in the shade of a large banyon tree with nice lawn chairs near but you cannot sit in white woman's chairs. You eat plain bread with jam between the slices. Some you wrap in newspaper and tuck it safely in the back of your clothes for the children. The hot tea diluted with milk gives nourishment and energy for the long hours ahead.

Finally, after many hours of tedious work your labors are finished. The lady of the house comes out to inspect and if she is pleased, you will be paid 50 cents to 75 cents for the days work. You walk wearily home, hand over the money to your husband and take the bread, jelly and grass to the children who have waited all day for this feast.

Stirring the coals from the morning fire, you begin to gather wood to build another to cook the evening meal. Water must be brought from the stream a mile away. As the sun is sitting in the west, you gather your children close and maybe you share with their father or maybe you do not. Your day is done. Again, you cling to each other as the hyenas laugh, the lions roar and the reptiles and snakes slither quietly nearby. You close your eyes in deep, tired sleep. Your conscience does

not bother you for you have no light to guide you along this life. When asked if you know Jesus Christ, your answer is, "No, he does not live around here!" Your children grow into the same life with no hope for a better life here or the hereafter. Why, oh WHY Lord, have you blessed the American woman so abundantly?

Now go with me to a dream world and let this be your last day to serve your God, your husband, your children and those around you. Write down on paper what you will do this last day for each of them? Would you have regrets? This could well be your last day to serve all of them? Could you then spend each day as if it were the last day to do so? What would you change?

God bless you and help you to make your every day as if it were your last in service to them and to Him! Above all, make your world larger than self.

### **DAILY BIBLE READING**

- 1st day Matt. chapter 5; Deut. 6:10; 8:10-18
- 2nd day Matt. chapter 6; Deut. 31:20; I Sam. 2:7; Psa. 37:16
- 3rd day Matt. chapter 7; Prov. 10:2; 11:4; 13:7
- 4th day Acts 5; Prov. 13:7; Ecc. 6:1,2
- 5th day Matt. 19:16-30; Prov. 15:16; 17,6;
- 6th day Matt. 28:19-20; Prov. 16:8; I Tim. 6:4-19
- 7th day Ecc. 12:14-16; 5:7; Jas. 2:6; 5:1-5; I John 3:17



## Chapter XIII

### LEAVE MY WORLD ALONE!

While researching this topic to strengthen and document this book, I found myself fearful, frustrated and furious at some of the teachings and the lude references to such holy things as husband and wife relationships. The women and men who have written for these causes, I am sure, are very sincere, but their end results are damnable, both to our world and to our future in the world to come. We are assuring that destiny now. We have such a soft life that it is hard to realize that this world for us will end and eternity will begin. I do not want to miss that "Home Of The Soul," nor do I want anyone else to miss it. Like Paul, Philippians 1:21, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain . . . My desire is to depart and be with Christ, for that is far better. But to remain in the flesh is more necessary on your account. RSV

When our son was 12 and our daughter 10, their father died. The friends who sang at his funeral asked if the family had a request for songs. Our son, tender in years, requested with tear stained cheeks,"

"Earth holds no treasures but perish with using,  
However precious they be . .  
Yet there's a country to which I am going:  
Heaven holds all to me.

Out on the hills of that wonderful country  
Happy contented and free  
Loved ones are waiting and watching my coming  
Heaven holds all to me.

Why should I long for the world with its sorrows  
When in that home o'er the sea  
Millions are singing the wonderful story  
HEAVEN HOLDS ALL TO ME . .

Heaven holds all to me . .  
Brighter its glory will be  
Joy without measure will be my treasure  
Heaven holds all to me."

How I wish I could recall some of those years, to teach more and give more training to my children. They are fine in spite of my short-comings and weaknesses. But how much richer their lives would be today if some older woman had cared enough for me and mine to encourage me to spend more time with my family. My desire in this revision is to make each of us aware of our responsibility and of the ways and means of

protecting our freedom we all enjoy from our unhappy Libbist sisters who are trying to change it.

There are several means which will help us to examine the Libbers' arguments and rationale so we can see the end results. This chapter is dedicated to the many ways we can improve on our role and help our world by fighting this movement. First and foremost, GOD'S WAY is the only way. These folks have degraded the God given blessing and bliss to the works of the flesh which is of Satan. They are living by and for the flesh. They live for here and now yet it does not bring happiness even now. This is evident in their attitudes. II Tim. 2:15 tells us to "study to show ourselves approved unto God, a workman that needeth not be ashamed but rightly dividing the truth." Turn to Proverbs 11:7-8

"When the wicked dies, his hope perishes, and the expectation of the godless come to naught.

The righteous is delivered from trouble and the wicked gets into it instead." RSV

God's Way is the ONLY way for true happiness. If, as a Christian, you do not find happiness in your life, look inside and learn the reasons for this for He wants us to be happy. Possibly you are listening to too much of the pressures of the media which state that doing for those you love is a prison, a concentration camp for you. Break down this door to your mind and learn the true joys of serving others, be it family, friends or strangers. Learn what it is like to live happily. Their works are from Satan, the father of sin and destruction.

In Texas, there is an organization called YOUNG HOMEMAKERS OF TEXAS, sponsored by the Texas Education Agency, (Mrs. Nell L. Smith, State YHT Advisor, Homemaking Education Division, Texas Education Agency, Capitol Station, Austin, Texas 78711).

I heard my daughter talk of her chapter many times but never gave much thought to its strength and purpose in a world where the home is being attacked savagely. I had a request to speak to one of the area groups. Thinking probably 30-40 persons would be present but that this would be an opportunity to talk to the young housewife and mother, I accepted the challenge to speak in Abilene, Texas. When I arrived, I was delightfully surprised to learn they had over 6,000 members in Texas (Oct. 1973) and gaining members fast. Two hundred ladies crammed into the meeting room and a lovelier group of females one could not find. None of the harshness, coarseness and domineering manners prevailed. They were some of the loveliest, charming and feminine of God's creation. They had the full backing of the town's news media in full array. My hopes soared as I thought what an organization such as this could do for our nation if it could go nationwide. God is

a part of their lives. Most there were from their section of West Texas and represented many doctrinal backgrounds of beliefs. But to help the home to survive and to learn respect and fulfillment for self and family, they were giving their all. It was a delightful day and I sighed relief that they were probably stronger in number than the nation's entire group of Libbist, but in their own sphere of world they were quietly living and letting live, making happiness happen. By writing to the above address, one can obtain the purposes, goals, and joys. Their brochure entitled, "CREATIVE OPPORTUNITIES For Young Homemakers of Texas" is rich. This might help you to either join an existing chapter or ask for their booklet on **FACTS ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION AND STEPS IN ORGANIZING CHAPTERS.**

Another organization which deserves merit is a spin off of the great book **FASCINATING WOMANHOOD** By Helen B. Andelin. (Pacific Press, Box 3738, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105). The book is so practical and fundamental that the so-called "Brain Girls" make fun of it. It is loaded with tons of ammunition to make life wonderful and joyously happy. With so many requests coming to Mrs. Andelin, Jacquie Davison, wife of a chiropractor, (4517 Mt. Hubbard, San Diego, Calif. 92117) began an organization called **HOW (Happiness of Womanhood, Inc.)**. It's "dedicated to preservation of the family, preservation of the masculine role as guide, protector and provider and preservation of the feminine role, wife, mother and homemaker." In a zerox copy of their publications (not dated) they quote Abraham Lincoln, "It is a sin to be silent when it is your duty to protest".

"March 22, 1972, was a black day for the women of America. Their destiny is being determined by women's lib, representative of 3% of the women in this country. The Equal Rights Amendment was passed in the Senate with only 8 opposing votes. I was on the phone with Senator Sam Ervin's office when the final votes came in. I couldn't believe my ears! **ONLY 8 SENATORS WERE MAN ENOUGH TO STAND UP FOR THE WOMEN OF AMERICA!**

Sen. Ervin, Jr. of N.C. said, his voice breaking with emotion that his colleague would 'repeal the handiwork of God.'

As he said, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do' Women's Libbers hissed from the gallery."

Jacquie suggests, as president of the HOW group, that you work fast with the 5 points of action below.

1. Send a letter to your state, Senate Equal Rights Amendment Committee.

2. Send a letter to your state, House of Representatives ERA Committee.
3. Send a letter to your governor.
4. Copy this letter or have it copied and give it to all your news medias.
5. Call everyone you know and tell them to send letters. Tell them to call their friends.

She urged all to do it that day. Time has passed, and in Texas, the law has been passed. Thirty-eight states are needed to change the federal laws. Twenty-two have already at this time approved, but many did get busy and it is no longer winning. We can start over and ask for another change and if we put enough pressure by personal letters on our state officials, it can come to vote again without the smoke screened, deceptive wording.

Let me share with you the TEN POINT PLATFORM OF HOW, INC.

“Preservation of the family: If there is righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in character. If there is beauty in character, there will be harmony in the home. If there is harmony in the home, there will be peace in the world.” (Chinese proverb.)

- “1. ACHIEVE A MEMBERSHIP OF 10,000,000: We must have the power of numbers to carry out the points of our platform. We know the majority of the housewives in the Country believe in God, Family and Country. We have a grave responsibility to impart to them the importance of standing up to be counted.
2. INSURE RESPECT FOR GOD’S DIVINE PLAN, THE FAMILY STRUCTURE: We want to insure respect for human life, whether it be age three months prenatal or age 103. We want to insure respect for every human being and to remember that regardless of color, race or creed, every human being is a little bit of God and should be respected as such. You cannot legislate people’s feelings. These things must be taught in the family with love.
3. REMOVE COMMUNIST AND SOCIALIST TEACHING FROM OUR SCHOOLS: And teach our young people the glory of the Freedom they enjoy in America. They must learn that freedom is not something to take for granted. It is something to fight for and die for and we should not rest until all the people in the world can enjoy liberty and justice for all.
4. REMOVE WOMEN’S LIBERATION MOVEMENT TEACHING FROM OUR SCHOOLS: Our tax dollars are paying teachers whose intent is to destroy the family structure (Remove their propaganda from our libraries).
5. TEACH OUR YOUNG DAUGHTERS THE JOYS OF

**WOMANHOOD:** And teach them to take the role of a housewife with the pride and dignity it deserves (and our sons pride in manhood, etc.)

6. **PRESERVE FEMININITY:** We realize that there is a distinct difference in male and female. A true lady will delight in accentuating the difference, and through the art of Femininity she will inspire masculinity and chivalry in her man.
7. **RESTORE MORALITY:** We want to wipe out pornography and return dignity and respect to sex in marriage. We will teach our sons and daughters to be morally clean. Our children will learn by example; a Lady's reputation is impeccable.
8. **ELIMINATE DRUG ABUSE:** As housewives, we want to get to the cause of one of the major problems in America today, that of Drug Abuse. We start by being good housewives, and by teaching our young people to turn on to God and themselves, rather than to a pill or a shot in the arm. (Adapted)
9. **RETURN TO PATRIOTISM:** We want our children to be taught love and respect for their Nation where they are born free.
10. **ELECT GOVERNMENTAL OFFICE MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE DEDICATED TO GOD, FAMILY AND COUNTRY:** We have the right to poll the candidates and find out their stand on God, Family and Country."

Lastly, another brave soul is Phyllis Schlafly, a writer, author, lecturer and leader in the politics of women. She publishes the Phyllis Schlafly Report, Box 618, Alton, Ill. 62002. I suppose she has done more to make us realize the dangers and what to do to stop this trend than anyone else in our nation. A few weeks ago she and hundreds met in Washington to discuss the pros and cons of the issue. It was a heated battle and both came out a little stronger on their feelings and decisions, it seemed to me. It forced the Libbist to become more selfish, if my evaluation is of any value. It helped all to see just how ill the entire movement is from the individual and also the group. Phyllis is a Commentator on CBS "Spectrum". This show should be backed by letters, comments and encouragement from all of us. And we should encourage use of her regular newspaper column, "P. S., TO THE NEWS" daily.

You can help! You must help IF we save our world from Satan and continue to enjoy the FREEDOM (Yes, we are already free) that we now enjoy. You can do other things also. When you hear and see lude, trashy language and actions on the TV or when a Libbist begins her propaganda, call everyone you can and begin a campaign to flood the station with verbal and written protests loud, clear, firm, but kind.

Write your Congressmen and Senators personal letters regularly with kind but firm conviction of your feelings. We can turn off the television, call or write the station and tell them we did and why. Ask them to be more discrete about their selection of programs for the sale of America. Some newsmen fight like a pack of wild animals for a sordid story to print or to televise and if we show them we want more of the beauties and less of the dirties of this world, they will find their lives to be more civil also. Stop supporting products whose advertisement degrades the role of the housewife. Inform them you are doing so and why.

Girls, if we do all this, study our Bible to learn how to be pleasing to our Maker and His Son, our Savior, love our husband, and teach this to our children, there will be NO TIME for psychiatrist and the bottle. Our cup will truly run over. Relief payrolls and gutter living will stop for wife, mother and womanhood has attained its status which God intended and that isn't "second class citizenship". Sisters, IT'S QUEENLY LIVING. Girls, let us put on our showiest dress and ride.

Love and selflessness is the answer. Attitude is the key! Self-pity will disappear when woman's desires for more and richer "wants" are not entertained.

Libbist, Feminist and Equal Rights for Women groups, leave my world alone! I like it as it is! You have no right to trespass on my world! If you are dissatisfied with yours, I am sorry! But please leave mine alone. I have rights too and so do my children and my grandchildren! Please do not take our rights away. May God help you to see what you are doing to yourself for selfish motives. Look past your own nose! Do not eat of the forbidden fruit! Else your garden and mine will be taken from us, and soon.

## DAILY BIBLE READING

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|---------|---|
| 1st day | 2 Tim. 2:15; Matt. 6:19-21; I Tim. 6:10-21                              |
| 2nd day | Prov. 17; Gen 4:9; Numbers 32:6; Proverbs 18:17                         |
| 3rd day | Prov. 18; 28:27; Matt. 19:21-22   |
| 4th day | Prov. 19; Luke 6:32-34; Rom. 14:15; Luke 15:11-32                       |
| 5th day | Prov. 20; I Tim. chapter 6, Rom. 15:1; Phil. 2:4; 20; 2 Tim. 3:2-3      |
| 6th day | Prov. 21; I Tim. 6:6; I Cor. 10:24; Gal. 6:2; Jas. 2:15-16; I Jno. 3:17 |
| 7th day | Phil. 2:14-18; 3:1-3; 3:13-21; 4:1, 20; I Tim. 6:10-21; 2 Cor. 5:15     |

Please add extra studies this week on RIOTS. What does our guide

say about it? Prov. 23:20; 28:7; Titus 1:6; I Pet. 4:4; Luke 15:13;  
Rom. 13:13; 2 Pet. 2:13.

### **A PRESCRIPTION FOR EVERY ILL**

- If you are impatient, sit down quietly and talk with Job.
- If you are just strongheaded, go see Moses.
- If you are getting weak-kneed, take a good look at Elijah.
- If you are a policy man, read Daniel.
- If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.
- If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah.
- If you are getting chilly, get the beloved disciple, John, to put his arms  
around you.
- If your faith is below par, read Paul.
- If you are getting lazy, take a lesson from James.
- If you are thinking of self and feeling self-pity, go to the cross.
- If you are losing sight of the future, climb up the stairs of Revelation  
and get a glimpse of the promised land . . . from Unknown Author