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Lenten Guideposts

Personal Messages of Inspiration and Faith

Edited by Norman Vincent Peale

HE LET THE FACE OF GOD SHINE THROUGH

By William L. Stidger

Walt Whitman, Buffalo Bill, Theodore Roosevelt and Will Rogers all rolled into one is the way Dr. William L. Stidger has been characterized. It isn't often that a theological professor is thus described, but Dr. Stidger has the human touch.

I found God through my father. The first memory I have of my saintly father was on an unforgettable spring Sunday when he took me by the hand and walked me up to the top of a West Virginia hill. It was a stiff hard climb, and my legs ached before we got to the top.

Toward the end of the climb my father, who was walking out ahead, kept yelling back at me: "Come a little higher, son! Come a little higher." Finally, I caught up with him, and we stopped and turned. Miles and miles of dazzling terrain stretched out before our eyes. My father pointed out the winding curve of the beautiful Ohio River, the hills of Ohio beyond the river. "The higher you climb, the more beautiful it becomes," he said. "The farther up you get, the wider your vision and the more you can see. It's a great and glorious world, son."

A Flash of Color

Just then a red cardinal flashed past us and alighted on a mountain laurel twig. The laurel was a pinkish white and the leaves a deep green. That crimson cardinal was such a flash of color against that green background that I have never forgotten it.

"That's a cardinal bird, son. We call it a red bird, but bird experts call it a cardinal. God made the cardinals, the Baltimore Orioles, the red-winged blackbird, the scarlet tanager, the eagle and the wren. God did a beautiful thing when He made the birds, didn't He?"

And somehow on that immortal morning, my father introduced me to God in a simple, convincing fashion, which made Him seem very real to me.

On another memorable Sunday afternoon my father and I sitting on our front porch when Max Bachensheimer, our town's only Jew, walked by. He smiled at father greeted him.

Then my father told me what a fine, generous family man Max was. He told me how hard Max worked and what a good citizen he was; how faithful he was to his duties.

That same afternoon one of our town Negroes also passed by. He was a simple, faithful soul, worked hard, took good care of his large family, always attended church and tithed his small income. All of this my father told me simply and naturally, and I drank it in.

"The Way God Does"

Then my father said to me: "Max is a good father, son. He loves his family and looks after them like a father should. That is the way God does. He is the Father of the whole human family, and we are all a part of that family. That's why we pray 'Our Father' in 'The Lord's Prayer'." Through that simple explanation I came to look upon men of all colors, creeds and nations as a part of the Human Family. It is a simple formula—but it works.

My father had another simple way of teaching us to see God. He conducted family worship each morning. All five of us children knelt down on our knees at the breakfast table and father prayed for each one of us by name, starting with the youngest and going to the oldest.

"God bless, be with and care for, May, Reed, Anna Nona and

Willie." Then each of us went out into the day's activities, adventures and problems with the memory of father taking each of our names to God.

A dramatic, tender and unforgettable experience which illustrates my father's devotion to the religious life of his children is the one I like to think of as "The Night of the Little Stockings". It happened this way:

Since my mother died when she was in her early thirties, my father had always felt a very deep and definite sense of responsibility for our religious development. There was no sacrifice that he would not make to see that the five of us got to Sunday school and church each Sunday. We always sat in the same pew, and my father always sat there with us. He did not send us; he took us.

Worked Late

Since my father kept a little confectionery store, he had to work until around midnight on Saturdays. We children always went to sleep around 9 o'clock and never knew when he got home from the store. But one Saturday night I found out, for I was restless. Shortly after midnight I was awakened by something dropping on the floor.

I looked up out of sleepy eyes, and my father, noticing that I was awake, said to me: "Sorry I awakened you, Willie. I dropped

my darned egg."

Then he got down on his weary knees (he had worked from six that morning to midnight) and crawled halfway under my bed to retrieve his ivory darned egg. Watching him from sleep filled eyes, I saw him take that round smooth darned egg, settled himself into the rocking chair, insert the egg in the heel of a little stocking, stretch the wool heel of that stocking and clumsily, laboriously, but fairly accurately, darn the last little hole in it.

Asleep at Dawn

I dropped off to sleep again, but sometime later I was awakened by the light shining in my eyes. I yawned, stretched my arms, rubbed my eyes, then looked across the room.

There sat my father sound asleep, with the darned egg dangling from his hand, his head slumped on his chest, but his task completed. Five pairs of little stockings lay in a neat row on the dresser.

I climbed out of bed, walked over to him, and shook him gently by the shoulder. "Father, you'd better get into bed to sleep."

He opened his eyes, then smiled a rueful smile. "Thank you, son. I was pretty tired tonight." He took me in his arms and kissed me. "Back to bed, Willie—and—God keep you."

"God keep you" was a favourite

phrase of his. He never said, "God bless you" but always "God keep you."

TOMORROW — The inspiring story of how a group of Louisville, Ky., churchmen translated their religious energy into practical community service to make a better city.

(From the magazine "Guideposts" and the book of the same name Copyright 1950 by Guideposts Associates Inc., Pawling, New York).

Bowling

Druggists Bowling League  
\*Hughes—3128; 3 points.  
Jenkins—2986; 2 points.  
High single, A. Jewell, 286.  
High three, A. Jewell, 650.  
\*Winner of semi-final.

Reddins—2779; 1/2 point.  
\*Johnson's—3362; 4 1/2 points.  
High single, D. MacKenzie, 245.  
High three, L. Doucette, 658.  
\*Winner of semi-final.

\*Worthy's—2919; 4 1/2 points.  
Worth-Foster—2738; 1/2 point.  
High single, H. Larter, 277.  
High three, Mary Burke, 608.  
\*Winner of semi-final.

French Boxer Wins By Kayo

PITTSBURGH, April 4 (AP)—Laurent Dauthuille, 157 1/2, Paris, knocked out Pittsburgh's Charley (Zivic) Affit, 160, in the ninth

HISTORIC DUTY

The rights and duties of conservation of the River Thames were held by Lord Mayors of London from 1487 to 1857.

round of their scheduled 10-round fight in the Gardens before a near-capacity crowd tonight.

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ATTENTION

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Signed:

CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

STALLION ENROLMENT

According to the provisions of the Stallion Enrolment Act all stallions two years old and over, standing for service in this Province, must be enrolled in the records of the Department of Agriculture. Horses offering for service must be inspected and graded and carry an inspection certificate. Applications for enrolment and inspection should be made immediately.

Applications for enrolment should be accompanied with the required fee of Two Dollars (\$2.00) and should include name of horse, breed, age, colour description and registration number, if horse is registered.

Stallion owners who use horses for service not enrolled or inspected, or in grades not authorized by the Act will be subject to the penalty provisions of the Act. Only horses enrolled, graded and authorized by the Department of Agriculture will be permitted to travel for public service. All horses that have graded "out" will not be permitted to stand or travel for service.

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