

15-10
m12

"LEADINGS"

In lead Oct 5th

This evening has been one of the happiest I have ever spent since coming to Moscow. Mrs. Robinson is Worthy Matron of the local Chapter of the O.E.S. and is at the Temple this evening. Alfred, the 16 year old two-letter football player is making an address on "The place of religion in our Government" before the Kiwanis Club, Alfie is evidently going to follow in his Dad's footsteps, for public speaking comes natural to him and he is very talented at it.

This left little 8 year old Florence and myself alone in the home tonight, and we had a very wonderful time. Florence is developing a beautiful voice, and, as we usually do, I turned on the organ and that sweet little thing climbed up on the bench beside me and sang her favorite songs. The one she sings sweetest is "He leadeth Me". As the beautiful organ tones rolled out, and as little Florence sang, in her sweet little voice;

15-8

He leadeth me, oh blessed thought;
Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do; where'er I be;
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

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I was drawn very close to the Kingdom of God. Then the inspiration for this article came to me. I don't believe God was ever more in a home anywhere than He was in this home tonight. There are two things I love. I love God, and I love little children. I see God in them, perhaps a bit more than I see in some things around me. At any rate, I love them. Then my thoughts dwelt on the way God leads us if we let Him. As this great Movement of the Spirit of God moves forward, certainly the hand of God has been very evident in our every move. And the hand of God should be evident in every move you make, too. It will be if you let it.

There is no sentiment or emotion in the realm of the Spirit of God--there is a still, quiet peace there. Emotion, sentiment, well, perhaps they are all right in their place, but for me, well--give me the peace which passeth all understanding. Give me the consciousness of the presence of God in my life, manifesting not as emotion or sentiment, but manifesting as Power which enables me to overcome all of life's obstacles. It's a spiritual peace. And spiritual peace cannot be defined in terms of sentiment or emotion. For when one serves God, he or she is perfectly satisfied to live, just serving.

What it really amounts to is walking with God. Dr. Washington Gladden, who, by the way, was ousted from the Presbyterian church for this hymn, knew what I am talking about. Listen to it:

15-8

"Oh, Master, let me walk with Thee,
In lowly paths of service free.
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear,
The strain of toil, the fret of care."

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience, still with Thee
In closer, dearer company.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray,
Far down the future's broadening way.
In peace that only Thou canst give.
With Thee, oh Master, let me live."

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This beautiful hyman has lived and will still live, long after the deacons or elders or whatever they were who ousted him, have been forgotten. There is no talk of "bloody crucifixions" in that hymn, is there? No talk about "hell-fire" or "damnation" or "judgment-bars". Nothing on that order whatsoever. Just simply "walking with God". And by the way that's all there ever was to true religion. Let them prate of "blood atonements" who will. As for me and mine, we are content just to know and walk with God. Content to let Him ledd us wheresoever this Great Spirit chooses to lead.

And the mechanic in the workshop can do this. And the housewife can do this. And the railroad engineer can do this--yes--all can do this. No outward show of sanctimonious piety is necessary at all. No church membership is needed. Just plain walking and talking with God. Mrs. Robinson has a favorite hymn which I play for her every so often. It goes something like this:-

15-8
"And He walks with me, and He talks with me;
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joys we share, as we tarry there;
None other has ever known.

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And all this was in a garden, not in a church. I have nothing whatsoever against a church except as that church teaches what is foreign to God. As this Movement grows though, I am of the opinion that as the Power of the Spirit of God becomes more and more known, these chucches will get rid of everything which is not of God, and in the place of these things, I expect them to be replaced with the plain simple truths of God, which truths can, and will revolutionize this world, bringing peace to it instead of chaos. In the meantime, in the garden, in the shop, in the busy world, you and I may know the fullness of the Power of the Great Spirit--God. It can be and should be the main portion of your life. It will be if you will ponder on the closeness of God. Not alone near you, or round you, but IN you.

So then, at the close of every day, wont you spend a few moments alone with God. Get in a mood in which the flesh, the world, and everything material is forgotten. Be abstract. Then, as you sink into yourself, there, at the very center of your being, you will find God. And finding God, you will allow Him to LEAD. And then, being led by this invisible Power which is God, your life will change from the material to the spiritual. God will be reflected in you. And this world will know through you just what PSYCHIANA means. For it means the Spirit of God. As this day closes, I'm going to play a few melodies on the organ. God will speak to me through those lovely melodies. And, through this simple little habit of waiting on God, I shall receive strength for the morrow. You may too---will you?