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Professor And Son In Church

Fondly Dedicated To Dr. Mohler and Edwin

Last Sunday I had the unusual privilege of sitting by young Edwin Mohler in church. He was busily chewing his gum when I entered the pew, but looked up long enough to greet me with a warm smile. His pa, sitting on the other side of him, was busy with pen and paper . . . but he stopped and very courteously removed Edwin's coat, mittens, scarf, cap, and snow pants from the seat to make room for the others in the party.

The rising of the congregation for the invocation held interest for Edwin, and he stood on the seat . . . holding onto Daddy with one hand and steadying himself with the other hand upon my sleeve. From this advantageous position he viewed the neighboring worshippers . . . during the choir response.

As the congregation sat down Daddy produced a fascinating little glass tank, which was thoroughly examined for the next few moments. Satisfied, Edwin turned around on the seat and proceeded to drive the tank from Daddy's side to mine. He soon discovered however that the seat had a slope and that if he let go of the tank at the edge it would rattle to the bottom with quite a delightful sound. This discovery was made during the pastoral prayer, much to the chagrin of Daddy who desperately tried to rescue the tank but did not succeed before several rather audible trips had been taken.

Edwin received this hasty change in a calm and placid frame of mind and climbed upon the seat again to sit quietly. On the way up he happened to glance at the interesting roll on the row behind, and after a few moments of meditation, he turned and viewed the interesting folk (who by the way, were from the college) from a comfortable position that consisted of crouching on his haunches.

Tired of that, he turned to Daddy who produced a pair of blunt end scissors and a Christmas card. The result was quite wonderful indeed . . . and a fine coating of confetti soon enveloped Edwin and part of my shirt. He paused in his pensive cutting only long enough to put his envelope in the collection plate as it went by. When nothing was left of the first card that was worth cutting up, Daddy handed him a second one . . . on the back of which he had printed 'I know what my first job after church will be' for the advantage of my amused eyes. The end of the second card found the little cutter-upper tired and drowsy . . . so he brushed away the scattered cuttings and clambered upon Daddy's lap . . . to turn around two times before settling down, like a tired kitten would.

He relaxed, and for the first time glanced at the preacher . . . who was beginning his sermon. After a short rest he turned and sat up and proceeded to methodically search Daddy's familiar pockets and tie. The serious, faintly bored expression of the child contrasted delightfully with the resigned but amused countenance of the parent. To quench the wandering and exploring fingers, daddy brought forth

his closed penknife . . . dangling on the end of a chain. Small discoveries and much meditation of the object in hand lasted to the end of the sermon.

When the congregation stood for the closing hymn Edwin stood as before . . . this time waiting for the end of the service.

And so ends a church service by Edwin . . . and I commend him on the fact that not once did he open his mouth to talk or disturb the preacher or the folks around him . . . his mouth was full of gum!



From The Library

New Books In The Library

A HISTORY OF SCIENCE by Sir William Dampier.

Modern science is perhaps the greatest triumph of the human mind, but the story of its origin and development is one of the least known parts of history. Sir William Dampier's book is a wide ranging, impressive account of scientific knowledge from ancient times down to recent developments and showing various ways in which religion and philosophy may differ from or be linked with science.

LIVING LIGHT by E. Newton Harvey.

Animal light has intrigued man through the ages, and many people have tried to explain its mystery. Mr. Harvey has roamed the world a search of the facts presented in his book. The result is the most complete and up-to-date account of everything that man knows on the subject.

SQUADRON 303 by Arkady Fiedler.

This story of the Polish Fighter Squadron with the R. A. F. was presented to the library by the Polish Information Center in New York. "Twelve minutes past six. A voice roars in the earphones. It is an order from the ground. Squadron 303, Flight A, course 90 degrees!" This was the beginning of the action of Squadron 303.

THE PINNS ON THE DELAWARE by John H. Wuorinen.

On a day in May in the year 1638, two ships carrying a flag strange to American Waters sailed up the Delaware River. The ships hailed from far away Sweden-Finland. This book is a history of the background, events, and significance of New Sweden, and pays particular attention to the part the Pinn play in the development of the colony.

The President's Corner

I am certain I speak for the entire faculty when I say to the new Editor of the Spectator "Best Wishes to you, Ernest. We are confident and may you enjoy your new experience." We are confident you will keep the paper on a high level of efficiency and that it will continue to be representative of the life and purposes of McPherson College.

In these days of "confused thinking" and consequently "disturbed living" we need to exercise care in both what we say and what we write. The advice for the spoken word could appropriately be applied to the written word by saying "A word fitly written is like an apple of silver in a picture of gold."

In the above statement, I am writing to myself more than to anyone else.



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McPHERSON REPUBLICAN

Where Is God?

Looking on into the coming semester, I am prone to cry along with the rest of the world, "Where is God?" The world seems to be immersing into another period of Dark Ages. It seems wrong that a just and truly Loving Heavenly Father would permit such conditions to exist. Even the path of the Spectator seems strewn with thorns. Priorities, deadlines, and shortages seem to paramount themselves into an awful heap.

Yet is it God whom we should question? Is not the more important question to ask ourselves, as Cicero did, "Where are we?" Too-often we find ourselves nowhere, headed nowhere, looking toward nothing. Like the men in Hoffman's picture of Christ knocking at the gate, we are unseen within. We pull the latch string in and shut our ears. He is there, He has always been and will always be there, waiting for us to let Him in. As in the picture, the handle to open the gate is on the inside. He will not come in unless we let Him in. We turn our backs and march into trouble. When the way becomes black and we grope around in the hell we have made for ourselves, we cry, "Where is God? Why has He forsaken Us?" We wonder if He is on our side, when we should be asking ourselves if we are on His side.



The past semester is over. Some will rejoice in their victories; others will lick their wounds and prepare for coming battles ahead. To some the way is clear; to others the way is hazy. Yet there is one thought that ought to bring consolation and hope to all. What is past is over, gone forever. That fact we must all admit, but there is tomorrow ahead. A new day, a new week, a new semester. What we make of it depends on us. Have you ever ridden a bicycle in new fallen snow? It does not hinder your progress; but as you look over your shoulder, you can see a written report of your progress. The tracks may be rather crooked. There may even be a few falls. The past successes will be forgotten along with the failures, but the way ahead is unmarred. The pure new snow lies clear and white ahead.

The path ahead this next semester will be new for all of us, especially will this be true. I appreciate the confidence expressed by your gracious editor of the last semester. It is a new adventure to which I am looking forward, but with much fear and trembling.

This has been rather a serious beginning, but find ourselves in a rather serious world. We must face it, recognize it, and make the best of it. It is a changing world. Some add that it is going from bad to worse, but if we look at it honestly, we can see that although we go up and down, each time we reach a higher level.

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