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Make It A White Christmas

Angels were saying . . . the Words of beauty were from the chords of heaven, music so beautiful that mortal eye has never seen, nor had ear heard, nor had it entered the heart of man. Notes of human life are written to be read and sung by the human mind. *The song of Christmas* chimes the country-side with the melody of another world. It tells of the trail of the stars, and of the land where dreams come true. It tells of the joyous life, and of Christmas village, of home, where love glows in the soft beauty of heaven's candlelight. It tells of the dream beauty of white Christmas.

Outside of Christmas, it's only dark . . . and the darkness gets darker, till it's all black, with no light, and no hope, and no Christmas. Outside of Christmas it's the cold, dark downpour of sin and a miserable inside of you. And the wind blows big and hard and loud . . . and time's faint flicker tosses about . . . sometimes will go out . . . to some quickly.

On the cold street corners of sin, where the wind blows sharp . . . you sit down. The restless fever has driven you, made you tired, kept you its slave. The pain from yesterday's sin and today's sinning throbs hard. But how beautiful would be the thought, the dream of Christmas peace . . . how inviting would be the thought of Christmas joy, warm and bubbling over with happiness. How lovely glows the friend-

ship of Christmas village, where love shines forth with kindness, and helpfulness, and purity.

Christmas village is the church. ". . . and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts." Here is whispered lovelight in the language of heaven . . . a Christmas wonderland. And all the world's a beauty with the tranquil loveliness of heaven's white Christmas. Peaceful village, calm and contented, amidst the gentle descent of the beautiful, snow-white purity of God. Happy village, where rose-pearled delights of Christmas moments are enjoyed in the glow of hope from eternal life.

A page from real life . . . yesterday's columns were all the same old stuff . . . there was rise and fall of human emotions . . . there was vanity and vexation of spirit . . . vexation of spirit and vanity . . . out on a mad race to pleasure . . . back to a night of despair . . . out to the cares of this world . . . back with nothing that satisfies . . . out to the pursuit of riches . . . back to really nothing at all. Constantly, continuing . . . the nervous shuffle in the dance of sin . . . and back, with the feet of restlessness still tap-toeing . . . oh, the heavy, wearisome load that sin wastes away the hours of the day.

But there is opportunity for real happiness. To you there is an invitation to enjoy the peace of God . . . a way to that dream of white Christmas. Take time now and listen . . . hear the invi-

tation to Christmas peace. Find the starlit way that means joy unspeakable and full of glory. Find the place where every moment may be filled with hope of the dream life . . . where always is beautified with the rainbow of glory. Find the real joy of Him who is God's Christmas gift . . . a heavenly walk in heavenly air . . . and all the heart's aglow with Him and satisfaction is glorious.

Heaven's candlelight bathing the face in a new way . . . Now you were looking for that real joy . . . you would ask . . . a face uplifted toward heaven, hearing the voice of the Saviour, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke *is* easy, and my burden is light."

A window of dreams . . . where every dream would come true. A Star was shining, and you saw the path that would lead to Christmas village. And you were coming to the King. O, marvellous night that looked on that most beautiful of all gifts . . . Oh, precious night, when the gift of gifts, the joy of Christmas, the hope of His own, was born . . . Oh, beautiful of nights, that looked forward with delight, the Christmas night, bringing the splendor of morning to childlike hearts.

It is rays from the Star, His word, that glows in the dark and enables the wise to find the Way. Unseen to you His Hand has bent low, and a touch of His starry power has given you grace. And a miracle is seen. Though days and weeks and months may pass, yet wise men remember the Star they have seen in the heavens. And like Bethlehem's path through Jerusalem, the Light of Christmas village is only entered by the path to Calvary's summit.

"To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." Life may have things that puzzle, and there are untrue things that

cause a swirl and fog of doubt. But there are facts that are real . . . truths that are solid, unshakeable, standing firm and clear. And it is as you turn away from the falsehood that makes you dizzy, and turn unto the Truth, that life has a meaning and a purpose and a worth.

There are things about this moment right now that are clear. There's the fact we are aware of being . . . there is this day . . . the things around you . . . and *much more*. The Moments on Calvary were clear, too . . . *tremendously* real. There were the thoughts He had, pure and love . . . there was the rough wood . . . the nails . . . the pain. There were the soldiers . . . the vinegar . . . and the moments that dragged along . . . Sunlight, and then shadow . . . the darkness of the hill . . . the Valley of the shadow.

Your Calvary . . . Christmas Calvary. And into its cleansing wonder God brings you. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all *men* unto me." The sunset of those long hours Jesus suffered came . . . And after Calvary's twilight, the spear pierces His side . . . and forth came blood and water. Yes, here is where God can give His kiss of Christmas peace on the sinner who comes home. Here is the real meaning of Christmas.

A little child . . . wishing for the snow of heaven to fall and dreaming of a white Christmas. The touch of that starry wand has brought a child-like heart. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us *our* sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." And you find it good to tell all . . . It leads to the miracle the Christmas angels sang about . . . the miracle that gives the dream beauty of a white Christmas.

Now your dream chest of dreams will come true . . . when you told the kind man in Lighted village, God listened, for the Spirit of God dwells within. And God who is just and perfect forgives, for the Saviour's offering has added new notes to Truth. And softly through the peaceful air rests the melodious quietness of Christmas.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Today and the time between . . . the fast-flying moments between . . . you and sunset. They will surely pass, and that day will come when you will be standing before God to be judged. Will you then be a sinner in the hands of a God who is angry, or a child who has come into the everlasting favour of Him?

The beautiful life in Christmas village is myrrh-scented with the sufferings of Calvary. Past forever in the outside darkness of the yesterdays is the lonesome hours away from home. Heaven forever is the gaiety and holiday cheer in Christmas village. And in the soft Starlight of heaven's radiance the church sparkles in dream Christmas.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The Shepherd's Love--Part I

There she is, Christmas village, prettier than anything seen . . . you never saw joy till you know her joy . . . yes, there she is, pure and beautiful, a life of Christmas warmth and peace that is for always. White Christmas and its delight is its real dream life . . . nestled lovely in those wondrous mountains of God's righteousness. Say, if you do not, you should know the cozy warmth and friendliness that glows throughout the house . . . and the thrill and excitement as the children joy with wide-eyed fancy for all the wonders of Christmas morning . . . and its air that's gloriously good with the gay fragrance of the Christmas everseason.

You see, Christmas village is the church beautiful, where all the dreams of heaven's white Christmas come beautifully true. Its peace is a contented dream for always, and its blessings are priceless. There she is in Christmas white beauty, resting softly in the Valley of Silent Night. Dream beauty it is, beyond man's furthest stretch of thought . . . dream beauty, where each glistening heart is aglow from the Star-raptured loveliness from above. Yes, dream on in the reality of truth . . . you've closed your eyes to earth's feverish fiction . . . dream on, for every dream is beautifully true, and all the world's awhite, and young forever.

And, oh, such music, you've never heard until the whispering choirs of the white-garlanded Love-land drift the chords of glorious harmony. Its music

is uttered love, unspeakably sweet and heart-warming. The glory of the wait for morning . . . child-like hearts abeam with delight and rapture and thrill . . . hearts achord to the joy unspeakable and full of glory. Hearts tuned to the Christ and to each other, timed with eternity, fill the air of Christmas eve expectancy with the gladness that radiates from the fireside of home. Love is the glow, and out-of-this-world glorious Christmastide unfolds the sweet bells of Christmas messageing their love-lighted joy in happy children.

"For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, . . . A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

All through the house it is, that mystery "in the midst" that is the joy-filled atmosphere of Christmas. It is the love between friends who share the way. "Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Home for Christmas . . . home with the dear ones of His Body who think as we do and have love, that glowing bond of perfectness, that family-ties in Christmas rapture-light. Home . . . where the familiar things that we share in a mutual kinship have our eternal attachments of love. Home, where there are those who care . . . where the charity eternal has bended low and lifted

joyous children into the real life of the angel's saying. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

There has been seen none the like of this heavenly family. Look at one and you see the marvel of heaven's lamp-light softly gleaming in the white. But look at them all and you lose sight of the one and there glows such a glory from the heavenly Lamp-Lighter that you've seen none the like except where He walks. You must get away from the idea of the one and the other to understand the why of the beauty of this glorious Christmas. From above is the answer . . . it is the love and the power and the grace and the wisdom that aflames each candle into the glory of Him above!

Where He walks is a Love-land of Christmas hearts, busy, happily toiling and preparing those gifts that will bless others. "It is more blessed to give than to receive", and this chorded joy vibrates the workshop. Christmas lists must be filled, stockings of prayer must find faith satisfied, and sparkling child-like hearts must trip down the stairs of delight and find the rapture of a room that displays heaven's surprises and joys. Beyond our fondest wish . . . beyond our most delightful dream . . . our Father gives, and the scene before us is marvellous and wonderful as only He can provide.

"Rejoice, the Father loves us here,
In sympathy remembers,
And all the gifts we need to cheer
So graciously He renders."

He gives a wonder array of gifts. He fashions the designs that bring warmth to the heart and upbuilding in love. It is the secret hidden away in the mystery of His church. His workshop is the model of busy and joyful activity in the beauty of heavenly togetherness. And such out-of-this-world tools and knowledge that is the invaluable property gifted to His own! Its secret of success is with its Creator. Prayer turns the key to the treasures of His plans. Patience finds the award of creating beauty, the lovely handiwork of His spiritual cre-

ation, and receiving His approval.

Still shines the glory that shone that first star-lit night . . . it was then a dividing point in time, and now the love of eternal dimensions has kissed the trembling creatures that dared believe the true and the beautiful. The song that once gently wafted through the open Judaeen country-side somehow set the beautiful chords of white Christmas vibrating now in soft, melodious heavenliness. . . . Ah, in the midst of the busy season, in hearts that put themselves out in search for happiness for others . . . who trod in snow-laned beauty till they find the how of the gift of giving . . . and all the while are jubilant with Christmas joy . . . these are the faces radiant in Christmas eve's lovelight . . . contented forever in the warmth and peace of home.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant *it is* for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Those are the people! There's a lighted window sending a friendly warmth of the love inside. We read together . . . and enjoy together. We breathe together . . . and we strive aright together. In each beautiful heart is that tender depth of feeling and that fragrant desire for the fellowship of Him who is love. Together we find the delights of hearing the greetings and messages our God personally wrote to and for us. And together we dream in His truth of white Christmas, on and on in the riches of His grace . . . now and forever living at home in the village of happiness. At evening His blessings are as rich and real as ever . . . and for always.

He chose twelve and called them apostles. Eleven were faithful and one was added to fill the number. They were sent out to fulfill the plan of creation for Christmas church. Each candle brightly beamed its warmth and light. The Lord Himself set each in splendor in his bishoprick. He placed each according to his ability where he would attractively give glory to God, a worthy ornament of beauty to the riches of His grace. Each mirrored the wondrous reflection from the heavenly glory, picturing a beauty never caught

in earth-wise circles.

No artists ever caught the picturesque beauty aglow in the village of Christmas love . . . no eye ever fathomed the depth of loveliness of the dream-lived life of white Christmas. Heavenly wisdom placed in creative realness the church with such wondrous gifts that all must be understood somewhere above the range of regular understanding. Somewhere beyond, the Creator of every good and perfect gift has spoke, and it was done . . . and does yet speak, and His marvellous work continues.

"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." Of His own possessions have we received, and to Him through grace do we yet bring of His own. It was the grace of God with Peter that turned the key for the multitude on the day of Pentecost and pointed to the opened door to everlasting Christmas blessings. It was that same colorful grace that went with Peter and took him in all quarters and cared for the Shepherd's sheep. Yet it was the same grace that thunder-struck the ailing heart of Simon, and with its words of sharpness yet was a gift of love, timed to eternity for a fading and transgressing human. And it was the grace of God that gifted the conference of Acts 15 with invaluable directional words, pointing to sure success.

"And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues." The people who live in holiday house are provided with a full array of everything that is designed to build the wonders He planned. The smallest gem is a work of exquisite beauty, a marvel that emits the glow and color warmth of the wondrous dream Christmas. Surely His grace with it should awaken our Ohs! and Ahs!, for in that we view the marvellous work of God.

What He gives is the perfect, most

giftable line . . . each is hued in some way to the future, made to benefit in His most enduring way. Its enjoyment and convenience to you is dependent on your following of instructions and putting to use. It blended in beautifully with His holiday house, and would enable you to better and more successfully live this life worth living. In it the grace of God with you will, if you let Him, forge the key to your dream castle of dreams. Would you continue to learn the ways of His harmony house, the art of His love, and successfully achieve the highest honor and prize?

The melody of the keys is still in the hand of His church. It is Christ that actually moves, for He is in His church, and the church is His, and without His grace we would be helpless. With the press for entrance comes the carol of the bells, joy chiming for another soul approaching our Father's welcoming arms. We have seen the wisdom and skill from above that enabled the turning of the glory key, and we knew that this was none other than the hand of God.

The candle glow from the office of bishop softly radiated the elder's part in the keeping of the key. Its formula was also partly contributed by the gift of the ministering brothers. Again, there were quiet gems, and perhaps long before, who softly glowed the Father's love, and gifted with their talent. Yes, there was the membership of church beautiful, keyed to heaven's combination, together inspired in proving with the unseen beam that has tripped the lock and opened the door.

"And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." It is the activity on this earthly sphere that forms the material for the chronicles of heaven. The righteousness and holiness of God must shun the unclean that feigns a clamour for entrance and the once-saved that now continues to grovel in dirtiness. The hum and clang of a thousand and more yesterdays in no wise can ever fit

in with the snow-white glorious kingdom. And to God's servants is gifted the enormous duty of the "receive him not into *your* house, neither bid him God speed".

This is the house where love dwelleth. Its actions every moment are timed to eternity's reachlesses. There is a gold-tone radiance to its "no's," an originality beautiful in its depth of *quality love*. It is timed to keep the holiday sparkle in child-like eyes . . . to bend away from the wounds and tragedy that would gloom the joyous Christmas atmosphere. The bosom that beats in love eternal has the desire for all to be always walking in the truth. Again, the hand of firmness, the action of godly sharpness, is none other than the hand of God, urging that the straight and narrow ahead only is life eternal. It lays aside the temporary outlook for the scenic far-off view, and the hope of precious jewels shining as the stars of heaven, for ever and ever.

It is a gift fashioned in its own star-sparkled beauty that would admonish another of some deadly peril. "And I myself also am persuaded of you, my brethren, that ye also are full of goodness, filled with all knowledge, able also to admonish one another." Gifts of precious value to eternity-timed souls are expressions of concern and care from our elders, "for they watch for your souls". Sharp reprimand and loss of privilege is love reaching to the need of another, timed to keep in eternity's lovelight. Loss of the heavenly greeting and precious communion is aimed to bring the tender state of being ashamed with godly tears to clear. "And if any man obey not our word by this epistle, note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed. Yet count *him* not as an enemy, but admonish *him* as a brother." Yes, even severance from fellowship keeps an eye of hope with the future, that the spirit may be saved at the day of Christ.

Not so the cinder-sorrowed path of the world. It is far away from the brightness and glory of Christmas. Satan has erected his barricade of adver-

tisement directly in the short view of any who would look behind to the way of the world. Deadly deceiving faces hide attractions pulsating to the wild beat of the flesh. Strange delusions falsely called religions play havoc with sight and plague with an irrational sense of balance. Foreign mazes of fascination paints the name of doctrine on the front and shrewdly tries to smoke-cloak the inner absence of the beauty of obedience to our Lord's doctrine. Pleasures of nonsense, flights away from life real, go round and round in the same shallow, comet-dying flickers. For your own success . . . for your own Christmas eve happiness . . . test the places you may go, the words you may read, the radio program you may hear, the TV program you may see. Keep away from the dark . . . do not enter the gigantic barrel-rolls of hilarity and fun-clapping, where humanity tumbles and jostles in vain, vain emptiness. Keep away from the burn that would pain with the emotion beat of the flesh.

Only God has knowledge and skill to direct the pages and pages of acts of His people. He knows the plan, and acts with His ways and His thoughts. If we would beautifully decorate our lives with lovely acts, we must do it so it attaches directly according to the contour of His planning. Admiration for the Creator's skill and love of beauty increases with wise experience in the ways of God. They may not always be seen, but lines of governing vibrate with heavenly beauty through the halls of the church. It is a key note, and to every lovely carol of real life, it beautifully harmonizes in the rapturous melody of peace.

"Let all things be done decently and in order." Heaven's creative symphony is the Christmas pastorage, the soft, lovely movement of the Spirit of God. It is the chorale of grace, with a new creation displaying the mighty wonders of God. This instrument of His adds its starlit melody according to the talent given from above; again, another adds a gem distinctive in its originality, imparting beauty from the

Hand of God. From the movements of our heavenly choir leader . . . from His marvellous sense of rhythm . . . each is placed in its star-lit place, together they are joined in love divine, softly rapturing the unspeakable beauty of heaven's white Christmas.

But how do we know the peculiarly beautiful acts of love we are directed to contribute in heaven's creation anthem? The music is written in His own masterpiece of wonder, the holy scriptures. With His wonderful wand of appointment, the Spirit touches, and jewels of Christmas are set in place to glow in sparkling beauty. It is through the concerted action of His body, the harmony of the friendliness and warmth of Christmas everseason, that reveals or brings revelation of our Lord's wishes. He reserves to Himself the right of choosing how and when. Some selections in His gift plan are an after-thought of revealing, where His own may approve the Spirit's selection. Some are placed through the Spirit's approval and selection by the united action of ballot. And many, many valuable talents are distributed through the wise direction of the Spirit in a divine method that clearly reveals His will.

The jubiliant warmness of the glorious Silent Night, this Christmas eve of preparation, rewards us even now with its sparkling lustre of heavenly happy times. To the busily-obedient hands, difficulties and hard work bring the blessed thoughts that we know our Father's skill is fashioning eternal beauty. In it all is the hope that shines so quietly beautiful and wonderful of Christmas morning. Far, far the better is yet to bless the children of Christmas light. The glory shines around . . . and your heart is radiantly brilliant in the splendor of Christmas blessings. Oh, marvellous One who chose you . . . and set you in His grace. Oh, the riches, the unsearchable love and beauty that glows in your heart in this Christmas eve's lovelight! Oh, the joy to know He can keep and present you in glory with exceeding great joy . . . the eternal joy of home for Christmas!

Design is creatively beautiful in this

wondrous village of Dream white Christmas. You just can not find anything so marvellously wonderful. People who appreciate the beautiful know the riches of His Presence. And the charm . . . the warm loveliness . . . the beauty of His eve . . . Christmas eve . . . is told in the adorable heavenly creations, styled in the beauty of the Master's touch. There should be no untidiness or clutter here . . . for He has starlighted each room with the elegance of simplicity. The love of pleasure and lust . . . no matter in what cultivated or drama-coated form—is known and scorned by those who grow in true intelligence. The star-glow whispers its deep secrets and you follow on, rich in resplendent and keen awareness of the beautiful.

A person is born into the dreamlighted wonderland . . . but must grow into fully enjoying its delightful surprises and majestic love. Its students who progress in this School of stardom learn to turn aside from the flimsy, pulp ideas of human imagination and comedy. Heavenly genius may be evident in each learner, keyed to the everlovely subjects in Christmas love. The depth of quality of its colorful curriculum strikes the heavenly notes of the eternal scale. They major fully and partake in that divine nature so glorious from Him who rules in wisdom and understanding.

"Charity suffereth long, *and* is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: . . ."

A graduate worthy of honor for eternity must have found through-out his studies on earth that secret in practice of successful studentship . . . service in the clearness of humility, a true attachment to his brother.

Christmas love is in tranquil loveliness. In this wonder-land of majestic love, there is an ecstasy of the beauty of

Christmas eve. We may keep ourself somewhat from this happy, jubilant rapture if we do not fully perceive how to live His togetherness. In fact, we can and do make our own clouds . . . hiding somewhat the full, colorful heart warmth of Christmas blessings. We are born into His glory, but we must learn how to appreciate its loveliness. There are marvellous surprises of heaven's gift that wait for us to receive. Love frees us from the depressions that spring from the crudities and weights of selfish motive. Everywhere, everywhere in love's own world its voice teaches and reveals its life supernal in this heavenly Christmas eve.

In this New Beautiful, glorious new vistas of experience can be surprisingly yours. When you ask for the creative might of the Father, glorious gifts are placed in the fragrance of the everseason. We must get away from the barriers of the own thought and ways, though . . . when hemmed in to human views and plans that limit. God can take shut-ins, and make the place they dwell in an even more astonishing picture of His creative beauty. He can take you or me shut in or not . . . if we limber ourselves to His hand directing ours, and direct us fully into creation dreams that glisten beautifully with His heavenly thought.

Yes . . . He has plans for you . . . He knows your name . . . your character . . . your potentialities. He's weighed your circumstances . . . and has the knowledge of the ahead. Weighed in the vastness of His power, the fabulous capacity to plan and design in His dream Christmas life soars into the marvellous wonders of His own dreams of white Christmas village. And it's all done around the bright, Yuletide fire-bright, warm with humble friendship. They take a day at a time, and at evening still . . . the peace and joy bless in unspeakable riches, content . . . adream in heavenly splendor.

However, it should be expected that the adversary of the church will try to peddle his evil thoughts spawned from a heart of hatred. It is his subtle germ-leprosy that he throws around to cre-

ate confusion and many lesser evils and errors. The enemy tries to seep in with his quick-sand and unsettle the foundations. Or he attacks the solidness in the love of God, and attempts to unsettle the anchors of unity and stability. There are rumbles from inside that can be discerned by members of His body, giving concern, for they speak of quakes and disaster that could come.

Christmas lights that flicker spasmodically are the special object of the One who has made the beautiful. These members have loveable qualities, too. Yes, to those who love, this one in danger of confusion is specially noticed in its beautiful part; we can realize the goodness we might lose. We have room in our love for all, even if they only bring us a part of His love they could be bringing. When tremors occur, the sensitive ear of our Shepherd hears, and His desire and concern reverberates in His body. What is visible is a warning that puts a finger of love on the heart in danger. That is a gift from Him who gives that that endures.

Words and fidgetings of dissatisfaction rob from that deep contentedness in the blessing of Christmas peace. It is the night before Christmas that must wait before the delight and glory of Christmas morning is revealed to joyful eyes. If we get discontented and angry at the humble opportunities to beautify in His work or at a brother or sister, we have gloomy moments. Though we have argued our thoughts into the idea of rebuking the loving brother charged with the love of the Shepherd for His flock, yet the compensating after-thoughts and feeling prove the movement of joy is not thus. There can be joy—the delight of white Christmas—in life's most trying moment . . . if we have found that heavenly secret of how to stay our minds on God.

There is a priceless value in abiding on the basic foundational truths in the teaching of Christ. It is comforting and heart-warming to know that the description of the scripture of truth of repentance, faith, baptism, and laying on

of the hands is the picture in practice of the church in which we live. Their timeless beauty need nothing additional, and the One who has wrought such work is worthy of our fervent admiration. To waver and flicker from the place where the fingers of God have skillfully placed His ornament to His glory is to yield to the temptation of natural curiosity blown by the enemy. It's to fail to add to His symphony of simplicity when one takes part in the loud and harsh music of "to and fro," when the stability is drifting. No distance of miles can ever separate, but distance of heart puts the one in touching-reach far away. Let us, in the glowing warmth of eternal friendship, ever abide in the colorful festivities of the lovely holiday eternal. Let us prove our way, creating the marvels and miracles now drawn up in eternal wisdom. . . . Together in the forever of His love.

We may have and enjoy the rich sugar plum of temporal feasting in joyous holiday fashion on Christmas day. We may enjoy the sweet strains of the ever beautiful "Silent Night." We may have all the many trimmings that make this season so plentiful with delights our God provides. Yet let us remember our beloved brother or sister whose thoughts may be remembering a gracious echo of yesteryear, when a precious jewel yet livened their temporal life. Let us steal away into their thoughts, and have common feeling in their remembrances, walking in fellowship in sorrow together. Oh, say not for whom the bells tolls . . . learn how to weep with the brother and sister who weeps in heart-broken sorrow. Together the flower-remembranced time is sweeter still, fragrant in the fellowship of His suffering.

Fellowship in the sunset of temporal life is rapturously beautiful in the white-garlanded beauty of Christmas village. There is a rhapsody of love softly echoing when we sigh together in one another's tears. Together we may find a distinctive sweetness in friendship, as together in hope we find the heart-moistened tear-trail rainbowed with the glory of morning. It takes sorrow

to bring out certain radiances of this jewel-like fellowship. Together we feel the gentle hand of Him who was called "a man of sorrows" and was acquainted with grief. He felt the deepening throes of sorrow, and with an understanding heart flung a string of star-lit hope that joy-lit the deepening sorrow.

The deep, real blessings and joys of heaven's white Christmas are forever in rich, beautiful loveliness. Death cannot abbreviate this dream season of everlasting holiday beauty. Beyond the temporal, even when the Christmas blossoms have fallen asleep, there is that unspeakably beautiful and friendly home. By faith we have become familiar with our Father's house, where dream-lovely heavenly carols are chorded from happy hearts. One who walks down the sunset trail finds in charity he is one with Him, and in heaven are the "at home" scenes he has become so warmly attached to, so lovingly acquainted with on earth. Holiday morning, where the wish for our thoughts and expectations is gloriously surprised and outshone by the Father's *above all that we could ask or think* — the dream-fulfilled . . . without sorrow.

There is no death . . . "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." A child of His who will can always have his thoughts in that far-off, but closer than near, world, where the common-place becomes lost and His world of wondrous joy is adream in the Christmas blessings of home. The candle-light mellow-glow the room in heaven's loveable friendship and unbroken home circle. The easy chair of His comfort amid the mellow sweetness of Christmas eve is heart-warming and delightful. And there are voices . . . the ones whom we love . . . forever beyond separation. Absent? yes, we're absent in the body from home, but our life's there, our hope's there, and our heart can rest in its loveable family life.

Togetherness . . . He who love-lined eternity's Christmas letter spoke about it, and its real-for-sure fact is the Fa-

ther's answer to our Lord's Christmas prayer. "... for them also which shall believe on me through their word; That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: . . ." The sun is setting always on our temporal house, but our eyes have been accustomed to faith-sight on another plane, our ears have become acquainted with the laughter of home, our thoughts and longings have become attached to the love and peace of His family and home. We as children listen for and live with joy-bells that come across His snow, and in that joyous-house we find in resplendent smiles and beautiful fellowship faces in the glorious present forever.

In Him the wall of distance and time vanishes, and we dwell in sweet oneness. "Rejoice evermore." There is no separation in the happy hours that glow with home. Our Lord "died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him." That is why that in all our sorrow we may have joy in the timeless softness and loveliness of lighted village, beautiful and in the glow that thrills of Christmas eve. "Pray without ceasing." Yes, in prayer we come to Him who enfolds in arms of love His own, both absent as pilgrims and those at home. We cross the miles and reach to home, our message borne by wings of flight to our Saviour and our loved ones.

He's coming again, and that will certainly unfold a splendor of gift-surprises, now awaiting the wide-eyed sparkle of those who have become as little ones. He didn't tell us the minute, nor the hour, nor the day. That is a carefully kept secret of the Father alone. In fact, He told us to be ready and watch. "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." All through the night we wait . . . the moments continue to tick away . . . we wait, while midnight is so near. All of a sudden, He will come . . . and the glory of morning will burst with its Christmas array of joy and satisfaction and endless life and pleasure. It will be here . . . the dawn of Christmas forever

. . . the rapture of His Presence . . . the transfiguration into future perfect.

He is glorious! Oh, the gifts that He has given—life and joy and peace and rest! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed *them* unto us by his Spirit:"

Life in the beauty of white Christmas is beyond compare.

HEAVENLY CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS

The touch of the Master's Hand gives a distinctive and dream-creating loveliness to His dwelling-places. It gives the Creator's touch of holiday beauty. It is a master-piece of shimmering jewels, star-lighted to the realm that is not of this world. Here is the work of One who knew the principles by heart, and put the riches of His vast knowledge into His work. Here is the touch of One who has the skill of perfection, One who carefully gives the touch of His artist's fingers to the most minute details.

A plan for His own: "But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, *even* Christ: From whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."

In the sweet-scented rooms that glow in His love-light, all is important. He builds His towers above the stars, and weaves His starry lace-work in the movements of eternal orbits. Our small observatories of our own thoughts and ways can only gaze imperfectly and from an under-sided point. Our human calculations can only sum up to something less than His order, design, and consistency. We view things from His heavenly places if we train our sights into the panorama of His holy scriptures. In the heavenly-inspired balance of golden spirals, there is a secret value

that enters in to the success of understanding heaven's movements: the lowliness of mind that esteems others better than self.

"For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office: So we, *being* many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

Heavenly dimensions add and multiply in mysterious ways to produce the marvellous work of our heavenly Father. We live in a new approach when we live in His holiday beauty. Eternal golden-solar spheres emit rays in the order of His scriptural balance. We solve heaven's equations if we have become well versed in doing His word. We hold our Father's view-point and attain new heights of wisdom, if we evaluate in practice the love that joins bright garlands of Christmas beauty forever.

SILENT NIGHT

Thoughts and activities of Christmas can be gloriously happy in the rosy dream of the melody-lit rhapsody of Heaven's radiant delight. Its luxury is dream-soft. Its contentment is in the quality of the sweetness and innocence of childhood's Lullaby Lane. It's told in the beauty of golden curls, in the uplift and dream-light of the charm of childhood's wonderful fragrance. In the soft pink glow of this wonderful newness of the new, Christmas is forever, while carefree rapture is adrift in the fleecy-white beauty of Jesus.

It's a dream of joy only to reach up and touch this Star. But now He lives forever in the heart of His own. God's children are dressed in white, and the gold from within matches beautifully with the white. The children of the Father's dreams have the beam-glow that wonder-lit round about where the shepherds were . . . in the fields. Now where His flock is, that is where His heavenly fields shine with His glory. He cares for His lambs . . . He watches over His sheep . . . He is wherever His dream of truth glows the hill-side of life into the peace and beauty of won-

derful Silent Night.

"Now the Lord of peace himself give you peace always by all means. The Lord *be* with you all." "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ *be* with you all. Amen."

Oh, wonderful Christmas! From the heavenly music box, the soft, melodic notes of Silent Night tinkle in heaven-lit glory. Earthly delights rise and fall . . . quickly they pass to nothing. But our Lord gives His colorful, joy-lit, pleasant always. Sheer delight, in the realms of the forever-lovely blossom in the children of His Father. Songs of sweetest praise burst from hearts in the dream garden of melodious happiness. The luxury of His unending blessings keep the heart snug in the warmth of beauty, in the dream loveliness of Silent Night. Today . . . and tonight still . . . on through the drift of time . . . always and always . . . the riches of His peace rest the heart in the heavenly bliss of raptured contentment.

"For God . . . hath shined in our hearts, to *give* the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

The unsearchable riches of His love is written in the hearts of the Father's children. His Christmas message was sent long ago. The background beauty of its cover was the deep blue of Silent Night. The message was the wonder-lit words that included and followed the "Fear not". It contained the real notes the song the angels said. There's a glory that glows from that message that has come to the hearts of those who listen to heavenly wave lengths. Its a picture real, a message in life eternal. Its words are fragranced love, glowed unspeakable beauty, eternal gold. Today . . . tonight . . . and always, its loveliness is the candle-glow in the heavenly dream . . .

"To the only wise God our Saviour, *be* glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

There is a Star-lit path glowed where His own walk. It is in the wondrous Valley of Silent Night, where righteousness is adrift in the loveliness of His

white. Heaven's deep-settled peace rests this beauty sweetly. Golden bells swing always, pealing their glorious message of joy unending.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

WOLCOTT NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Widmer are the parents of a daughter, Laurel Beth, born August 30.

On October 16, we had "Homecoming" with many present from various places who had in the past lived here. Bro. Henry Dotterer from Bluffton was our visiting minister. Supper was served at church and song service enjoyed in the evening.

Recent visiting ministers were Bro. Joe Waibel from Bay City, for evening services on October 30, and on November 13, Brothers Simon Waggonbach and August Bolliger from Tremont.

Baptismal services were conducted on November 27 for Gene Lehman and Richard and Viola Stoller. Brother Henry Kilgus assisted Brother Geo. Yergler with provings on Saturday evening. Such is indeed a blessing to us and our prayer is that our congregation will continue to grow and prosper in the Lord until He comes again.

PEORIA NEWS

The following were taken into church on October 23: Walter Schwind, Howard Herman, Robert Waibel, Melvin Hohulin, Marie Stickling, Jim Hohulin, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Plattner, Marie Schafer, Don Wagenbach, Wayne Unsicker, Edith Hohulin, and Vera Staub. Joe Getz, Morton, Dave Mangold, Roanoke, and Joe Wittmer, Sabetha, Kan., were elders in this work of the Lord.

VISITORS IN PEORIA

On October 16: Ben Maibach of Detroit, Michigan.

On November 20: Herman Heuni and Henry Souder of Bremen, Indiana, Gus Sinn of Fort Scott, Kansas.

On October 20: Ed Gudeman and Albert Kellenberger of Elgin, Illinois.

Ben Heiniger of Morton had German services at Apostolic Christian Home on Wednesday, November 2.

On November 6: Henry Wackerle of Bay City, Michigan, George Gramm of Gridley, Illinois and the Koehl brothers of Fairbury, Illinois.

On September 11: Joe Rocke of Roanoke, Illinois.

There were wonderful blessings from these ministers.

To Mr. and Mrs. Morris Barth a girl was born September 11.

A girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Unsicker on October 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Unsicker are the parents of a baby since Oct. 30.

Brother George Welk died on September 9. Brief services were held at the residence then services were held at the Morton church.

Sister Rose Kibler was buried October 10.

The funeral of Sister Susie Graff was October 5.

Mrs. Anna Silber of here died, but funeral was at Gridley on October 1.

We have our regular singing at the church for everyone on the first Sunday of every month. There is also a program and group singing.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Weyeneth and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Zimmerman of Roanoke, and many others from Peoria visited the Gridley Church on October 30. They were guests of Mrs. Rose Schlipf

Roy Sauder with many others from Peoria spent Sunday, November 13, at Chicago.