

SMOKING FLAX: READS AND COMMENTS
John Wright Follette

1. "...and will you come and read over this radio?" "Oh," I said, "Not for me. I'm not going to mess around with that." Mother said, "Why..." I said, "No, I don't want to be all mixed up. I know I'll get down there..." How many know it revives a lot of interests that you might have had that I died to long ago? And there's no need walking through a graveyard. Do you get me or don't you? I died out to that whole field long ago. All of it's possibilities and the money and the whole works; I know it and I died out to it! It's buried; what's the use of going through it again, and stepping around on a lot of old graves? I said, "I'm not going." Mother said, "It's very lovely of them to do this." I said, "I can't do it. I can't do it." So they came twice. So I refused. I said...the Lord gave me a good excuse. Do you know what it was? He gave me a conference for Pentecostal preachers up in Wisconsin! Wasn't that a strange contrast? A little bunch of Pentecostal preachers up in Wisconsin, to go and help them. I said, "I'll do it." Now, that got me out of it; now maybe I'm lazy or spared myself, I don't know. But I didn't feel as if I wanted to get mixed up with it. But I always remembered the opportunity that the Lord let me have. You know, there were people who did value to do it. But I had no occasion for having it at all because I always just WRITE it! "It is something that I have studied and worked upon and tried to get in...." No. How many know, the inspiration would be all off? It would be all off? So...this poor book is getting shattered. So I've had some interesting times and I have a good time, and even with tape, they're using them in school!! So I said, "Alright. And a very good friend of mine that I know is using them. He came and confessed it, he said, "We're using those tapes in my school." Well, I said, "Alright, as long as they remain in the field of poetical...in that field, I don't have to shout, 'Hallelujah!' right in the middle of it and spoil the whole thing. Spoil the whole thing. How many see they have to be coaxed along? That would be my first little step, my first little wedge in. And then later I can deal with them.

2. Now what are we going to have tonight? Have we sung all the hymns? Do you want me to read one? Well, now see, this is the way the evening's going! What shall I read? Oh, that is a long one. I think I'll read about Truth and the price of it. Truth is the most COSTLY thing you will ever have. It's the most costly thing. It's disastrous. It has a strange moving in our spirit with a two-fold reaction. If you really embrace Truth, it will do two things for you. The first is a NEGATIVE thing. It will slay you. Do you know that? How many know the Truth is the thing that has been able to slay us? Do you know something else? Truth will RESURRECT you. Why, because it moves in two diametrically opposing avenues. Truth will SLAY you, but it's the Truth which brings you back again into LIFE AND LIGHT. That's right. And so I saw that. I thought, "Well, that's right, that's what Truth will do." So I had been praying one of those extravagant prayers that all Christians pray in the beginning when we don't know any better. I was praying, "Oh, Lord, I want the Truth!" You know very well that's a very dangerous thing to pray, don't you? He's liable to hear your prayer and start in, and then look out! And I was praying, "Oh, Lord. I want the Truth! I want the Truth!" Well, now, that was prayed honestly from my heart, but I was praying in ignorance, because I didn't know what Truth was really going to do to me. I just knew that there was something in my being that hungered for it and yearned for it. I was restless for it and I said, "Lord, I want the Truth. I want the Truth, Lord." I had had some schooling, but I knew that God had Truth. So I found...this poem was written as an after-math. It is a little summing up of my reaction to it after God began to open Truth to me. So I was riding along, and as I was meditating, this word came to me, so I put it down; I didn't know I'd ever use it again, but it has been used. It's all right. You see, I thought that when Truth would come that I " would reach out and take the lovely Truth, and shut it in my heart, and I would be transformed and changed under it's power," which is true. But I didn't know the disaster that was a consequence of having embraced it. I thought it would come in and "set me free!" Of course, which it did. So I prayed it, I say, in IGNORANCE.

THE POET'S PRICE (page 10)

I caught a flash of Truth one day--
 How daring ignorance can be!--
 And shut it up within my heart,
 A flame that danced and sang for me.

It scorched hypocrisy and sham
 And from earth bondage set me free;
 It's beauty searched my trembling soul
 And bared my inner self to me.

In spite the pain, I loved the flame
 Which woke within my hungry heart
 Ten thousand songs I cannot sing--
 Too subtle for my broken art.

And, wretched I, devoid of shame,
 Reach out my bony hand for toll
 To let the gazing public see
 The fleeting shadows of my soul.

And while they gaze, they call for songs
 I pipe upon a broken reed,
 For I must pipe to earn my bread--
 Mine is a hungry heart to feed.

The alms I gather as I pass
 The flame consumes both night and day,
 My heart gets little for it's song
 But feeds upon the ashes gray.

O flash of Truth, O cleansing flame!
 Thy burning cannot do me ill,
 Though captive to thy mystic power,
 I hold thee as a captive still.

3. Do you like it? Do you like it? How many can follow it? Follow it and follow it. That has been accepted as one of them. How many can see good philosophy back of it? In a picturesque form. Now I want to read another one that she liked very much because of it's simple direct approach. Simple, direct approach. In a nutshell, a philosophy that we could very well carry with us the rest of our lives, but all in epitemy form. Just in a nutshell form. Now, I'll tell you how that one came. We're all acquainted with this fact, that God permits in our experience certain high points in our experience. Do you know what I mean, in life? He lets us build up to a certain point, in which perhaps there is a visitation, or some contact with Him, something that's happened at that high point that modifies us and although it's forgotten, we are never the same afterwards. Do you get me or don't you? Yes. Now, I call those little HIGH POINTS in our experience in which perhaps God may flash a Truth which we embrace and hold, and the thing seems to fade, but it will never fade out of your heart. But sometimes He will let you recapture, recapture, recapture, by suggestion, the impact of that very thing. And how many know, even a word will throw you into a brand new place. How many of you are easily transported? I am, because I'm half here and half there. Yes. A word sometimes! How many can be transported with a certain smell or odor? Easily. Because that's the way we're made. That's why I believe, in the beginning before we came down under the damage which was done to our senses, when they were fresh in their beauty, and in their response, God made them so that we should have much more in life than we have now. We only receive them through broken down, feeble, sick, yes, that right, they are sick and feeble, and broken down, but how many know when the Holy Spirit touches them, how anxious He is to move up through them? Yes, He is; He'll take them. Well, I call those little things, "high points." Now, you learn this. You can't SUSTAIN or hold the wonder, the power, the impact; you can't sustain. But it stays; but we can RECAPTURE it. You can again recapture it. By certain things which God may permit to reproduce it and bring it into consciousness. That's right. But we can't maintain that and hold it. We couldn't live under it. How many know you couldn't? You could live under it, sustaining that. But it's fleeting. And then later God allows something to happen, and the same flash is back again. And you can come in under the wonder of it. Have you ever lived over any emotional time like that? That you recapture it? How many know, sometimes they're very haunting? How many know, they're going to hurt you? How many know there's something strange in you that wants to be hurt? Yes, that's right! I'm terrible on analysis, I know, but I know it! So, when these little touches, high points come, they make this impact and later we recapture what it spelled to us then, and under that recaptured sense of it we venture on. Well, this is a long build up for 8 lines! But you'll find that in the 8 lines that you'll get what I'm after. I was visiting in

New York, and in the home, my hostess, where I was staying, asked me to do an errand. She said, "Follette, will you go up to the Bronx? I (have) an errand, and I want you to take some money up to an old man that lives up there," that she was interested to help. And I said, "Yes." So she gave me the money and the way I went. Well, I went up in the Bronx, and the afternoon was warm, you know, hot, summertime. And I looked and I walked, and I walked, and I walked, and I looked, and I followed this address, and he moved. It was what mother called, "a wild goose chase." Have you ever heard of that? "A fool's errand," central point! So I said, "Surely, this is a fool's errand. Now I've wasted my afternoon, and I couldn't find the man, and there's nothing to it. Now, I'll just have to go back to the city. And I don't like cities." I go through them. I can endure them, but I don't live in one. I couldn't do that. So I thought, "Well, here's this horrible, unreal thing. Great big stone buildings and ohhhh...I don't like them." And so I just thought, "Well...the best thing is to go on home." So I climbed up on one of those big busses, 5th Avenue buses that has a double-decker, and I went up on the top, so I could be near the light and air, not sit in, squeezed in among the down...five six miles of that thing! I thought, "Let me get up on the top of this and get some air!" So I went up there and there I sat. We were rolling on down, and as we rolled down, I looked up, and just this flashing, silver thing, flashing. "Oh," I thought, "What was that out there? Airplane must have dropped pamphlets or something, that they are bringing down for people to use." And I thought, "No, if it were those leaflets, they would never fly up again." And there they were, covorting, flying. "Oh," I thought, "No. Why, that's a flock of lovely doves. White, beautiful, glistning, beautiful things! "Oh," I thought, "Isn't that lovely!" And so I just enjoyed them. How many know, doves in a flock never fly like wild geese do? Have you ever seen wild geese fly? I saw them this fall, I was down in Texas. They hollared, "Oh, Uncle John, Uncle John, come up! Wild geese are going!" And up over head, here were these wild geese. How many see them make their point? Right flat like this and going...well, you never saw a flock of beautiful doves do anything like that. How many know they are much more DETACHED? How many have ever seen them swing? Then how many have seen them sail, how many have seen them tip? And that's what they were doing. "Oh," I thought, "Well, isn't this marvelous! To see these doves covorting and swinging and sailing!" And I had a consciousness of God. Well, I said, "Oh, God...You're just smiling at me, I know You are. You're smiling...I know what You're saying." "You don't like the city..." I said, "I don't." "Well, these birds belong here too, but they don't live under the power of the city. They have learned the art of DETACHMENT." So although they are supposed to have a habitate in the city, how many know they don't go around like a lot of ducks quacking? No, they have learned an art of saying, "Even though I am bound here, I will not be bound under this law. I become DETACHED." And He said, "See. They have learned a secret, and they can SOAR, and they can MOVE." Oh, I said, "I see it, Lord. I see it...I see it...I see it...that's right." How wonderful that is, God SMILES like that. With my little funny heart, He just smiled at me and said, "Well, that's what you can do. Learn to become detached and move and the joy of the liberty, the joy of kicking and swaying and all that is FOR you, but you can't stay up there all the time. You have to go back where...now take that with you. Take that liberty! Take that sense and consciousness that 'that's really where I belong, what I can do!' Now, go back." So I did, and my little messenger's went away, but I found something. I put it back in my heart, and I said, "Thank You, Lord. I've seen you smile today." Don't you know He does? Uh, hum. Yes. So I was cherishing that little thought, God smiles. And that was in my heart, and I went home; of course we had dinner in the evening, and she had a maid who served at the table; she had a wealthy home. And come to the table and dessert was served and all this business. She was very charming, and she said, "Follette..," she said, "What have you seen today?" She thought I was going to say, "Empire State Building! Brooklyn Bridge! And just like a little "ninny" I just spilled it out! She said, "What did you see?" "Well," I said, "I saw God smile today." Well, that was enough. I guess she knew there was something...well, this was enough. She says, "Well, I am sure now." Ha. But you know, I guess God let me do it. And as I said that,

GOD SMILES (page 11)

I saw God smile today (and it came right of itself...)
 In a dash of silver wings,
 Flashing against an azure sky,
 Tipping, swaying, sailing high
 Over noisy city streets
 Crowded with a thousand things.

So may it be some day
 When the changing season brings
 Trouble to my peaceful sky,
 That a song replace the sigh
 While His smile my spirit greets
 In a dash of silver wings.

4. How many like that? Don't you like it? Do you find artistry in it? Well, that's what she said. She said, "That's magnificent. That's so short." But she says, "What a philosophy!" Well, I said, "That's the way it comes." I said, "He smiles." She looked, like that. But I know He smiles. Surely He smiles. And so that's how I wrote that, was only 8 lines or so. "In a dash of silver wings..." Get your "silver wings against the azure sky," in the law of contrast. That's good, that will help you. Shall we read another one? I fell like reading. Oh...here's another one. Talking about having seasons. And having experiences, and those which we recapture and those we hold, some of them we cherish. And some of them rather haunting. Here's one...but I'm not going to interpret it to you. I won't tell you exactly how it came, however how many know everything that I have has it's background? And wouldn't people like to get in there? But I don't think it's really anybody's concern. Now, in this one, you will think, "Oh, uh, hum." I call it "My Star." That has sunk behind a rugged mountain high. And then I go on to tell what the star had done for me, and what it will do. It's published in my book, and some crazy woman wrote a letter, imagine! She says, "Dear Dr. Follette, would you do me a courtesy. I just would like to know, who was the woman in that poem!!" The star I nearly fell over!! Can you imagine anyone being as impudent as that? Well, I want to write and say that there was no woman in this involvement at all! Ha. But that would have spoiled her lovely, picturesque thought of Follette with a star that had gone in his horizon. Ha. So I had quite a good laugh. I said, "Lord, I guess I won't talk on tapes or publish poems, or anything anymore! I'm just going around like that!" But I couldn't. I couldn't. It's out. But this may...you may interpret in from many angles. YOUR star may be a personality, it may be a cause that you have embraced that has infatuated you, and you've given your very life for it. It may be a proposition. It has at least four varieties of interpretation. Anything which has come across your path and has left an impact upon you, then has vanished before it could accomplish what you thought, that you felt secretly in your heart that it might. Do you get me yet, or don't you? It came, and you have interpreted it as such. And it's gone. How many know the "haunting" then? The haunting. And so I call it "My Star." Now, it may be a cause, it may be a person, it may be almost an episode which has DONE this in your spirit, in your heart.

MY STAR

'Tis gone! I saw it drop from out my sky
 Behind that rugged mountain high--
 A star that bloomed for me from out the deep
 And gave fair light to guide my feet.
 Its beams so clear, transcending every light,
 Wrought wonders in my dreary night.
 It called in language never heard before.
 And shall I never hear it more?
 My dreams, long gone to dust, all lived again
 Now freshly washed in April rain.

And where the winter snow had drifted deep
 Fair flowers wakened from their sleep.
 'Twas night. But all the shadows dim and gray
 Were harmless ghosts of yesterday.
 Ten thousand other stars in brightness shone,
 But in my heart one shone alone.
 It traced an arc across my little sky.
 I saw it bloom--I saw it die.
 It is not dead! for still in memory
 Where I may walk in liberty,
 At night I often gaze up in the dark
 And bid my weary spirit hark
 That I might hear that voice again.
 And feel once more the April rain,
 And find the little flower-ghosts that grow
 Where long has lain the winter snow.
 'Tis night again. My thoughts with shadows fill.
 Ten thousand stars are shining still.
 But one has traced an arc across my sky--
 Ten thousand other stars may die.

5. Do you like it? Do you like it? How many can follow it? So I let you see the fleeting shadows of my soul. I want you to. I want you to because I want to help you. I'm extremely human. Do you believe it? You don't mind if I'm human? How many see I have a Spiritual flair also? Yes. Well, don't you think it's right to have a real balance in it? I do. I do. Now maybe we'd better talk. You want another one?...Well, here I'm opening to, "My Dandelion." How many remember that one? Oh, this thing is getting caught around my hind ear...well, this one I wrote in sunny California. It has it's message also. When I was teaching down at the Bible School, before we even moved up on the hill; how many remember my little cabin that I built in the back? Well, that was a good solartary place to be, because I had no room of my own, I slept on the porch. That was the accomidation, I slept almost for two years on a sleeping porch. In the winter it was quite breezy. But we didn't have money enough; Brother Needum did the best he could, but we didn't have money to do things. And I slept on that little, old sleeping porch back there with a screen, and burlap over it. Oh! It was good. It kept me alive anyway. Well, I used to be there a great deal, and take my walks. So one day I was up on the avenue. What was that...no...no...no...double name...no, never mind. It was up. Up. Mar Vista, I guess, maybe. It was an avenue, it was an avenue, just up above. No. I don't need to have to...I know that avenue. But anyway, I was walking up there doing some shopping, and as I was coming down, walking along, to go back to the school, to go back to my cabin, right as I walked along here was a beautiful dandelion. Oh, he was nice and bright and big like that. Singing. I knew he was "singing," so I had to stop to listen. Well, I stood there with bags of stuff, and I looked at him, and he was singing wonderfully; his voice was mellow. Mellow. Do you get me? He was mellow. Yellow and mellow. And he was singing. And I rebuked him, I said, "You crazy, little thing, what are you doing here singing like this? It's November!" And I told him, I said, "It's November! How could you be singing like that in November?" And I just listened and away I went. I didn't know I was going to get a rebuke. And so I went on down to the cabin, and you know, I just felt strange, I felt sort of rebuked. "Why did you speak so to that flower? What do you know about it? What do you know whether it blooms now or yesterday, or anything about it?" And I wanted to go back and "apologize," but of course they would have put in the asylym then! And so I just didn't! If I dared to do all the kinds of things that come into my mind...how many of you know, I live a terrifically, full life? I'm 80 years old and I'm still going! Still going. So I thought, "I won't dare to go back and really do that," but in my heart I apologized. And I thought, "Well, that's all right." And then the Lord began to speak to me. He said, "You don't know anything about that dandelion. Do you see what it's doing?" I said, "Yes, it's Novemeber. It has missed the Sping, and it's all wrapped over, and

yet he persists in singing. And his lovely, mellow voice is lifted up. In November. And it is rich and full and mellow." And instantly, this man that I told you about, some of you, the doctor that...he was an old friend. He helped guide and direct me, he was like a Spiritual father to me, a very fine preacher. Well, a doctor that used to talk to me and advice me, "Now, John, be careful." He knew who I was before I did, you know. He counseled me to move properly. "Do that, don't do that. Watch this." Well, it seems that in his life, his people had died when he was but a young man. And he had ambition because he is a bright man. He has two or three degrees. He was really a brilliant, wonderful man. But you know, he had to give up what his normal pursuits would have been to raise a family. So he sacrificed his Spring season, his love affairs, and the wife, and the home, and all that, which logically belonged to him, he let it go down, so that in that sacrifice, he could build a family. How many see a consecrated spirit in there? Beautiful. And I knew why he never married. A lot of people didn't. They knew I knew him and they would say, "Why don't you suppose the doctor isn't married?" I wanted to say, "It's none of your business." But I didn't dare to. I'd say, "I don't know." How many know, it's none of anybody's business? He had a reason; he knew. God knew. And yet, in spite of the loss of all that, he could direct and bless and bless and bless. And so, this little, old lazy dandelion, which only knew a day. How many have seen them, only a few days later a little ghost standing up? And the lovely mellow thing was all gone. So I dedicate that to this saint who's gone on.

MY DANDELION

Lazy little dandelion,
Lone blooming in November,
With mayflowers gone and birds all flown,
You've nothing to remember.

You missed the pageantry of spring,
And mystery of waking
To life and light when hope and joy
Were busy in it's making.

You never heard the robins sing
Before an April shower;
You never knew the faith one finds
In nest in leafy bower.

Ecstatic joys belong to spring
Ethereal and fleeting--
But never lost to memory,
If granted her a meeting.

In autumn's golden pageantry
Your mellow voice is waking
Sweet songs and flowers when the earth
Her winter bed is making.

How brave to sing without a spring--
And have no note of sorrow,
Contented thus to sing today
And stand a ghost tomorrow!

Royal little dandelion,
Lone blooming in November,
Spring may come and spring may go--
To sing I must remember.

6. Do you like it? How many get the Truth of it? To you get it, yes. And so He rebuked me and talked to me. And gave me a very, very sweet blessing, that was out of Spring. Some of us are denied many things, but take it in stride and be able to sing without a Spring, and have no note of sorrow. Some cannot be trusted with disappointment or sorrow, because it does something to their spirit. That's right. That's right. It should bring something that you can communicate and bless. Not bring you to an introvert, moaning over...how many ever met souls like that? You're only conscious of LOSS. "Loss-conscious." I say, "Well, dear. I've had loss too, but you know, there's a way you can handle that thing." There's a way to handle that thing. Don't let it do you damage. Let it be a means of liberation. And an avenue on which you may ride afresh. Shall I read another one? Oh, for goodness sake. Well, we'll have to have that lesson that I thought I was going to give tomorrow. I don't know what one to read...Oh, dear, that isn't in here. Oh, is it? That's good. (Suggestion of "Old Apple Tree.") Because to me any tree has distinct personality. And you get acquainted with them and they minister to you. Now, I know trees in a radius of two, three, and four miles from where I live. And they are just as real to me and I salute them. There's a certain tree that I salute. Absolutely I do. It pulls it out of you! Because that tree is like a real,

living person. He has ministered to me so many times. Many times. And so, I always think of trees...now for instance, I have here...these are old, apple trees which I long to see because they are in New York state in the apple belt, and I was born where we had apple trees. Now apple trees mean more to me than an orange tree. Or a lemon tree. Or any of the rest of them. Because of the long association of my... even childhood. They did things for me. And so I wrote this in ?, that is, my heart was in New York state, visiting the old, apple orchards, when my body was in Colorado. But how many know, it can transport you, move, and I loved those trees because they are knarled. Have you ever seen an apple tree that was perfectly straight and perfectly balanced? No, you never have, because it's against the nature of the tree. How many know, as they mature, they obtain a certain slant? Yes, they do. It's a part of their nature. A certain slant, then they put out their arms this way, and this way. And every tree is beautiful to me. It's artistic...the manner of it's branches. And I like them in every season. I see them now, right in my mind, easily recaptured. We lived on a farm; we had the apple orchards. And in the winter, when we have a certain snow, and then it melts, and then it freezes, how many know the glare of ice, and crust, we call it? And how many know it's power to reflect? And shadows that it will hold? And nothing pleased me more than to see these old apple trees after a storm when the crust was right, and that great, big sheet was just like a great, big looking glass, and you'd see the trees all again. And that charmed me; I remember that as a child. It was good, I enjoyed it. And of course I enjoyed them in the spring. So I found that after all, the personalities, they serve me in their beauty of spring as much as in the winter when their true character is portrayed, because all the artificial trappings of coverings are taken off. And the tree itself is exposed. How many know, there's a camoflaugue in the summer? They are more or less masked. I call it a camoflaugue. But how many know you love them? But isn't it lovely when they dare to say, "This is the way I really am. I'm going to let you see."? And the WIND BLOWS...did you ever have the SPIRIT to blow any of your camoflaugue off? Yes, it BLOWS it off, and you're scared to death to see your naked arms of the true person protruding, coming up. Don't we all know it. Nobody said, "Amen!" Ha. Oh, no. I know you're real with me.

OLD APPLE TREES

I love old apple trees in bloom,
 Old trees aslant and bent,
 Replete with strength from every storm
 The many years have sent.

It matters not how very gnarled
 Each branch and limb may be,
 It is the place that spring loves best
 It always seems to me.

She hangs her softest colors there,
 Pale green and pink and white,
 A mist of floating loveliness
 Baptized in golden light.

Their beauty is so delicate,
 And yet so wondrous strong
 It binds and holds my trembling heart
 As with a magic thong.

And oh, that sweetest, liquid note
 That only robins bring
 When to the apple trees they come
 To mate and build and sing!

Dear apple trees, abloom with life,
 You make my heart to break.
 For you have caused another spring
 Within my heart to wake.

I love old apple trees in bloom
 When songsters all have fled,
 Abloom in white on winter nights
 When spring lies cold and dead.

The ghostly moon makes shadows then
 Across the crusted snow,
 And nestling in the branches bare
 The restless wind signs low.

I love old apple trees in bloom
 With every blossom gone.
 Then, when my heart is nearest them,
 They sing their sweetest song.

Old apple trees abloom, you know,
 Not only bloom, but sing.
 The flowers and birds may come and go,
 Theirs is eternal spring!

7. You like that one, too? That's a country boy's idea of apple trees. Let me read one of my Christmas one's that I think is good. I think you'll enter in with me. For these 44 years, I've written a Christmas poem every Christmas. Of course there's a variety in them. The first one I wrote was in Rochester, way, way, way back, and every year since, excepting one year I was in Australia and I couldn't get my work done. Every year I have written them. Forty-four. So I have approach the incarnation from 44 angles. The wise men, the gifts, the manger, the stable, Mary, the Christ child, sheep, every angle that you could almost think of, 44 angles to get at it. But this time I always write because I feel and see the thing. This came because in imagination; I guess it's imagination because mother always said, "Well, dear, you've got an awful imagination." I guess I have. You have to have to do anything it seems to me. But I remember when this first came, I was "transported," and I said, "I'm going to that stable." Just untutored. I just want to move and see my reactions as I come to the stable. And this was my reaction, and this is what I discovered as I went into this stable where this little Christ child is.

PASCHAL LAMBS

Hark! the herald angels singing,
 Sweet the music, loud and clear.
 Cease, O earth, thy tumult raging,
 God to earth is bending near.
 Once again the heavens open,
 And transcendent is the light.
 Shine! O shine in greater measure,
 Scatter all this earth-born night!

As I seek the lowly stable
 And my heart as gift I bring,
 Lo! the manger shines with glory
 And I hear the angles sing.
 In a corner of the stable,
 Near the patient oxen's stall,
 Rests a mother sheep and lambkin
 Where the deepest shadows fall.

Though the glory shines in splendor
 Making all a blaze of light,
 I am mindful of the corner
 And the little lamb and night.
 Though the music loud is ringing,
 Coming to us from on high,
 In a corner by it's mother,
 I can hear a lambkin cry.

Lamb of God, in lowly manger,
 Do you hear the lambkin bleat?
 Does the cry mean something deeper
 Than the angel's music sweet?
 Little Paschal lamb, I hear thee--
 I am in the shadows too.
 Hark! I hear the angels singing,
 "Christ the Lamb is born for you."

8. Do you like that one? How many get the Truth, the real aspect of it? There might very well have been a mother sheep with a little lamb. We don't know. It possibly could be. I like to think so. And when you think in decent thoughts like that, He doesn't condemn you either. How many are glad? Yes, yes. Oh, I have a wonderful time imagining things. Mercy! I can go all over...it's just wonderful. It's rather expensive at times, because you suffer as much as you rejoice. And that's the toll you pay. So this is my "Paschal Lambs." Oh, I want to talk to you about my bird's nest! This is what I want to tell you about this bird's nest. And it also has a ministry. At home at Christmas time I always go out to the woods and fields and get my greens, a good, big arm. Well, you know, some can't have a green in the house, it "relates to the heathen!" How many have heard that funny thing going? Well, what funny folks we are! How many know, some won't even have a Christmas tree? No. It relates someway back in mythology? Well, supposing it does!? We don't have to drag THAT into OUR thought about the "greens." No. But people are funny. They surely are. These strange ideas that they have today of "being holy or spiritual," it doesn't rest within the realm of this at all. That's not the gage of it at all! So I have Christmas greens if I want to. I can do a lot of things and the Lord never says beans about them. All He says is, "Do you like it?" And I said, "Yes, Lord." "Well go along with it." Ha. Isn't that nice? Well, how many know, My liberty is MINE, and YOURS is YOURS? They always say, "Well, watch out!" Because you have to be watching for the "weaker brother." No, it says, "Strengthen your weaker brother," so that he can buy a Christmas tree. Ha. Don't you know that's right? You know that's right? But strengthen him so that he can buy a tree and enjoy it. Don't cut your tree down to get level with his ignorance! Oh, they don't seem to interpret the

Bible right to me. No, no, no. STRENGTHEN your weaker brother. And he says, "They have no right to judge you in your strength, anymore than you have to condemn their weakness." That's right. He has no more business to annoy me with my liberty. No, he hasn't. So, I had gone out...this has the idea of transporting, sounds, smells, odors, and many of these things have power to transport you. In psychology, we took a course with experimental psychology, and our reactions in that field. In was very interesting; I'm glad we had it. Do you know in our senses, our five senses, which of these senses are most acute, which will call most perfectly to you a past experience? Which one? Something you see? No. Smell. That's right. Your sense of smell is the... of the five, that will call more perfectly a recapturing of an emotion more than any of the rest of them. Now when you think of it, how many know that's true? How many know just a whiph of something and you're gone. Sure. Now psychologically that's right and that's true. Now for instance, if I'm riding out in the country and I just get a... just a smoke from some farm house, oh, I'm in my grandmother's kitchen just as quick as that! I'm right in the kitchen and I see everything in the kitchen. The mantle piece, the ? , the clock. And that's true. Oh, I travel around a lot. It beats jet travel. Yes, it does, because that's true. Sound will do it. Certain sounds with the law of association, how many know you can be transported easily? Quickly. The sense of smell is the chief one in our psychological analysis. We analysis specimens and oh, dear, but it was awfully good fun. I enjoyed it. Psychology was never hard for me. When I got in psychology I ate it right up. Why? Don't you know I would? Well, of course. I'm in my real natural habitate when I get in a field like that. So I had gone out to get my greens. And I got a whole arm full in the woods, and the snow up to my knees, and I was climbing over a old stone wall, and we had those beautiful, old rugged stone walls laid a hundred and two hundred years. Those stone walls have been built and they are gray and beautiful. And I just love them. And I had climbed down over one, and as I came across the field in the snow, up to my knees, I came to a briar patch. Now we have running blackberries, and standing blackberries, the wild ones. We have the running ones that are full of thorns, but they have delicious berries; they are running blackberries. We have another kind that grow up on stalks, you know, like this. We call them canes. And here I came to this briar patch. And a miserable old briar cane with thorns and thistles, it was waving like that. Bent. Had a beautiful curve to it; came up right out of the snow. And oh, on the end of it was a little warbler's nest, about as big as that. Fastened to it, swinging, swinging. How many know I heard a bird sing out of it? Of course, I couldn't help it. So I had quite a little ceremony. Oh, I just stopped, and I heard a spring bird sing. And then I commenced to see things. And I was blessed. And it blessed me. Some of you knew my little mother. She was a real philosopher. Not much of her, but plenty. About this tall, but plenty. She was from a Quaker stock. This is dad. This is mother, you know. I'm a strange, unique combination. And people who know us say, "You're your dad, but you're your mother." And I said, "That's the combination." Any philosophic sense of interior things, that's my mother. But this explosivething that's babbling around, and reaching and talking, that's dad. He's the teacher. Mother wouldn't do that. No. She would know ten times as much as that, but she wouldn't tell it, you see. So she says, "Uh, hum."

9. So I went in and decorated it, in my home. And I had put this...I had done a picture; guess some of you had seen a picture where I come out of the darkness of the woods? It's done in chalk and pastel, oh, about as big as that. That's another story. I had done that, and I had it framed and put over here. I thought, "That's a good association. That's woods; that's country." I just stuck it up like that over it, and it was artistic and pretty. But it was a bramble, just a bramble thing! Thorns on it, but that exquisite little nest. That's what charmed me. And I guess I had three or four years before I let it go. It began to disinergrate and crackle down. So I put it up there, and to me it was always just a little souveneir of my time at the bramble bush, when I had found it. Well, then one day the head of the English department at the college came over to make me a call. He said, "Follette, what's that? Looks like a bird's nest." Well, I said, "It is, but it's a poem. I told my mother it's a poem but it hasn't been sung yet. But that's..." "Oh, sing it then!" "Oh..." I thought. "Yes," he said,

"Sing it. Sing it!" I thought, "That's a funny thing. Maybe there IS something in that." So one time when I was quiet in my room, that kept coming, "Sing it." So I thought, "Well, Lord, tell me how to put this thing in shape." And He gave me this poem. Now I want you to see two things scientifically truth, but I tucked it away. How many ever watched a bird make a nest? How many watched perhaps a robin? When he comes with his mouth, just a big hunk of clay. Just mud. You'd think the mud would over balance the bird, but it doesn't. He can hold a hunk of mud that big. He places it in. How many can see him with a little tender grass? Not stiff hay, but little fibery grass? Now how many ever watched him shape the nest? Yes. He gets in and throws his breast against it like that. Goes, "Bump, bump, bump, bump, bump, bump, bump," all around. That's how he SHAPES the nest. He shapes it. I have binoculars, and a year ago, I had an exquisite time from my window. And I brought the bird right up where I can see him. And called one of the young ones right off the street to see it. "Do you want to see something, dear? Something beautiful." "Yeah." Well I said, "Well just look and watch my bird." It's nice to share things. And so I watched that bird build a nest, then I found out that a bird doesn't LEARN to build a nest. The first nest that it makes is just as perfect as the last one. Because he is following and INSTINCT, a LAW of construction and building which is already inate in him. Nobody ever tells him how. No other bird every says, "Build it this way..." NO one. How many see he is following an INSTINCT within? That builds him a perfect nest. That charmed me, I thought, "That's right. Whoever told that little bunch of feathers what to do? Whoever told him that?" The other thing is it's special note. How many know the chirp and the warble of a robin? If you hear one you'll never forget it because it's specifically HIS. My great, great, great grandmother, if she'd rise up and hear one of them what would she say? "Robin." Why? Because in all the great, great, great, great, great years that have gone on, all the hundreds of years he has never changed it. That's his own particular tone. That's the tone, the sound, the voice that belongs to him. There are many sounds, the scripture says, meaning voice, in the world. Not one without significance. And I believe it. And so I thought, "Well, that's true too." But the thing that I thought was so wonderful is that bird should...it's such an impossible situation to make a nest. Do you get me? Why didn't he go where there was something pleasing and beautiful to make his home? No, he made it on an impossible situation. That he turned into his HOME. Into his DWELLING PLACE. Did he go up in the pine tree somewhere to...No. He took an IMPOSSIBLE situation. Do you get me or don't you get me? The bramble spray. Well, that's what I say, and I thought, "Well, Lord, that bird is certainly preaching to me." And he just preached and preached and preached.

TO A BIRD'S NEST ON MY WALL

A poem that I cannot write,
A frail, exquisite thing,
I found one day in snow-blown field,
And heard a spring bird sing.

It was a simple, little nest
Upon a bramble spray,
A home some happy bird had built
In joyous, sunny May.

Who taught him how to build his nest?
Who gave to him his song?
Who kept these arts preserved for us
The many ages long?

This was his home, here sat his mate,
The nest was blest with young,
This bramble was a holy place,
And love the song he sung.

O could I tell in simple words
What mysteries you wake,
That flood my heart with ecstasy
And leave a strange, dull ache.

Upon the wall of memory
I hung the bramble spray
With nest of subtle artistry,
A gem I prize today.

O could I make my life a gem
Upon a bramble spray
That I might leave to sing for me
When I have gone away.

The winter snow has drifted deep.
My heart, where is the spring?
I see a nest upon my wall,
And hear a spring bird sing.

10. Do you like that one? Do you like it? Do you get the drift of it? Now, that can come out of a little bird's nest. On a bramble. It's real exquisite, isn't it? There's a delicacy. but how many get PROFOUND feeling in it? Well, I suppose that's what makes the poetry. And that has been chosen several times. Several times. Because it has a message. Some of us feel we've struck pretty rough bramble spray in life, but how many know, we can turn it into a very cheerful habitate? Yes. It's all how we INTERPRET it. He was able to take an IMPOSSIBLE bramble spray, and make it a HOME for himself, which in later days ministered to me and is now ministering to you. How many of you get a benefit of that bird's nest? The little bird didn't know it but God did. That little bird is ministering; he's ministering right now. If he hadn't done that we wouldn't have it. Now tell me when to stop because I can go on here. Do you want another one? Oh, yes, but that's pretty tragic. This is one that they had selected to be read. I call it, "The Red Man's Return." I wrote it at the period of this awful depression. Remember when that awful depression struck? And we had the bread lines lined up on the street, in New York; went like a "Q" for two blocks. A bread line. And that year...we kept track of it because I had word from Washington because I wanted the statistics to prove the message that I have here, and I had them. How many schools were closed at that season because of lack of funds that they could not even take the little children into their schools. In the Southwest there were any number of schools were closed because of the lack of funds because they needed it. The depression was so terrifying, so horrible. It was reflected in every field. And I was disturbed about it. And I'm sort of a coward and I wouldn't come out and express myself too openly. I chose this old indian as my mouth piece. And I let vent of my sarcasm. And I gave vent to it through the vehicle of this old indian who has long gone to the "happy hunting ground." He's left the order of life that he knew in it's order and simplicity. And it was near to God and without too much sophistication. But the "wise" white man has come in with all his "order" and pushed the poor indians way back. Do you remember it? ROBBED them. Pushed them way back, and back, and back, and back, and back, to what we would call almost impossible land. But the irony of it is this. The government has a few bad pages in history. Yes, they had. Our republican government is wonderful,...but you know she isn't perfect. No. She has bad blots, and one of them is the treatment of the indian, which has always irked me. Always. I have a great affinity for them. I love them. I have great affinity for them. Feeling for them. So they pushed them back and back. And do you remember down in the southwest, they put them on that awful desert? It's turned out to be the most incredible oil field that we have in America! Now they're having an awful time trying to get it back from the poor indian. I said, "You miserable government..." I think if I ever got down there I'd be worse than tarnation with a hatchet. Ha. I certainly would, I'd want to get in there and tear the thing loose because it's all wrong. Well all of that, it hurt me so. And I thought, "Well, look at the poor, ? indian. But even though he is a heathen, in the sense that he has no sense of our Christian faith at all; but he has a sense of a God. Yes, he did, he had a sense...he knew that there was something otherwise than this. And he knew to give thanks to it. How many ever seen them do the corn dance? Yes. Yes. Well, what is that? That's their "thanksgiving service" that we have. Only we stand in a church and say, "Praise God from whom all blessings..." We sing that. The indian turns around and holds the corn in his hand and goes, "Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo..." And he's having what? Thanksgiving to God for the CORN. I think God sees that. Do you think He does or don't you? I think he does. It is an expression from a darkened heart, but feebly reaching out toward the source that gave them the corn. He doesn't know the technical name. I love them for it. I do, always have. But all of that was irking me, when I saw the government doing these wild, fantastic things with money that has no sense, and robbing the legitimate things. And pushing it away. So I thought, "I'll let that old indian come back from the happy hunting ground and step into America today with all the situations they had. And so that's what I'm writing. So I am in this old indian, venting my wrath. But they selected it and desired it to be read.

THE RED MAN'S RETURN

Pale Face is in need. Pale Face is troubled.

My ear is quick, long have I heard a cry
From hearts of men denied the right to live,
From children robbed of childhood's happy days,
And from the land itself slain and plundered.

The cry has reached the Happy Hunting ground--
So, Pale Face, I have come. I cannot rest.

Have you no shame? Has culture lost the word?
Not only would you drive me from my home,

Wipe from the face of earth those of my race,
Insult the land, but haunt me still in death.

I am the spirit of the Red Man's race.

I am spirit, do not try to see me--

Too long your eyes have looked upon things seen,
The glint of gold and flash of sword make blind.

I am spirit, do not try to hold me--

Your selfish grasp already holds my land,

Be satisfied to hold the things of earth.

I am spirit, pray do not deny me.

To say I do not live, deceives your heart,
Long has it fed upon deception's bread.

The Red Man did not bid you come to us.

But you had dreams and sought to make them true.

It mattered not that you should crush my race
To build one of your own of greater worth.

Your cities gleam in splendor on my blood,
Your buildings stand in arrogance and pride.

Why count how many stories high they rise
While in the street below a bread line waits

Unfed, in rags--a contradiction bold

To wisdom that can build a city strong

And cannot lift her fellow man from need?

Our father's dwelt in wigwams and tepees,

They did not pride themselves on buildings tall,

But they had food to eat, and that for all.

Our fair prairie land has long been plowed,
Deep furrows have you torn upon my back,

And rich the yield of corn and golden wheat.

The Mother Earth has given of her wealth

That all her children might be clothed and fed.

And, thankless, you insult her and would tear

Her wounds afresh and burn her wheat and corn,

A wilful waste of food and wherewithal. (Do you remember how they burned up the wheat

While ragged men by thousands starve for food. and killed all the pigs? I got the
What strange philosophy of life is this? number from Washington, how many bushels

Our children played in happy childhood sports, and how many pigs were slaughtered. I
They fished the streams and knew the forest's lore wanted to get that thing because it was

While young we trained them to be stalwart so vile and so horrible.)

braves,

And taught them truth and honesty of heart.

So busy you have been in making things--
Machines and impliments of war to kill,

That you have made no men to carry on.

Men are of greater worth than many things.

By thousands do your children stand and wait
Before your schools all closed for lack of funds.

While millions are poured out in sacrifice
Before the gods of war. A god we hate.

You call us savages uncivilized,
 Because in self-defense we dared to fight
 To save our land, our homes and very life.
 Our children and our squaws are dear to us,
 You forced us to a fight to save their lives.
 The many years have passed, and in that time
 Our land has given you it's richest store
 Of power, food, and blessings manifold
 It is not that you need more of it's wealth;
 Your eyes are blind; your foolish hearts are drunk;
 Too deeply have you slaked your thirst for power,
 The things that you could do and make and build
 Have run ahead of what you should have been.
 A schoolboy now you stand, all hedged about
 With all the million things which you have made,
 Your body overgrown and mind untrained.
 You have not fed your heart on bread of truth.
 Pale Face is troubled. Pale Face must be brave.
 Brave, not to fight and kill his fellow men,
 But brave to look within his needy heart.
 He must be strong and learn to love the truth.
 The best of plans and schemes but only fail
 If honesty and truth are set aside.
 Pale Face is blind. The splendor of his work
 Has dimmed his eyes to beauty of the stars,
 The changing lights upon the distant hills,
 The mystery and glory of earth's face
 Where Red Men's hearts could trace a thousand joys.
 Pale Face is deaf. The noise of many wheels
 Has dulled his ears to sounds the Red Man heard.
 He could not hear the music of the streams,
 He never knew the song of rain and wind,
 He did not hear the cry of agony
 The forests made when Pale Face struck them down,
 He did not hear the prairie sign and moan
 When plowed and torn to yield her corn and wheat.
 He did not hear the groans from ancient hills
 When drilled and blasted to the heart for gold.
 Pale Face must make him men who hear and see,
 Who value truth and honesty above
 All things his wisdom makes with skillful hands.
 Pale Face must make him men to carry on.

11. You like that one? Well, that's been selected to be read. I think it should have been, I suppose. Well, I can't be bothered with it. (request from group) Oh, dear, don't you get tired? Could you follow me in this? Yes. Yes. It's so true. It's really the Truth. I know God poured it through me. And I had it a long time, shut in my desk. Till my sister came up from New York and she knew I did things, she said, "Johnny, have you done anything lately?" I said, "Oh, ?, I've got a poem, but I've only read it to mom. I don't know..." She said it was alright. She said, "Read it." So I said, "I never read it," but I said, "I felt terrific when I wrote it." She said, "Well, read it dear." And I read it. She said, "Dear, that has real value. That had real value." Well, she sensed, I supposed, what I tried to drive at. You know, Pentecost, you get real wild, don't you, occasionally? Well, I'm "wild" in somebody else. I get wild in this man. This old indian, but I could feel with him. Deeply. Little boy, little boy. I call it, "Discovery in the Life of a Little Boy." I love the innocency, and they are so guileless and sweet; beautiful little children, you know, their responses. And this

little boy has discovered that trees can TALK. If you could imagine it. But he has reason for it. You see, he had been taken with his parents on a visit and they were talking to a deaf and dumb person like this, you know. And he thought that was amazing. The fact that that would mean something and could talk. Well, it just got him and he made this discovery.

TALKING TREES

I'm sure I know that trees can talk,
 Although they never run or walk.
 For there are some that I have seen
 That turn and bend and even lean
 Together like old women do
 When one has found some gossip new.
 Now, deaf and dumbfolks talk, I know,
 By making finger signs--just so.
 And trees can talk that very way,
 I stopped and watched them most all day.
 Their slender hands they gently swayed

Then folded still--I think they prayed.
 Their finger twigs then made such signs
 'Twas hard to follow out their lines
 They talked so fast. Their fingers flew
 When happy, singing breezes blew.
 At times I understood quite well,
 But I shall never, never tell
 Just what the trees told me that day,
 With words like our 'tis hard to say.
 So trees can talk, if we could hear,
 But we must listen right in here. (pointing
 to his heart.)

And he held his heart. How many know that's where you listen? But he must listen right in HERE. How many know that's the child of us? So he heard. I was quite patient with him.

12. Now, I'll read here, two that goes companion. This one...oh, I wrote one for one, and then I wrote the other as a compliment to it. One's complimentary to the other. They both have to do with my HEART. And with yours too. This one I call, "Confession." "Confession." Now, I hope you're with me. How many know, even though we are saved and sanctified terrifically, that our heart remains a normal, natural feature in our make-up? It still remains. Now, it's my privilege to recognize it or I may ignore it. God doesn't take it out and drown it in the Pacific Ocean. It's still left there. And so this one I write; I call it "Confession." Because in my heart I have all these strange experiences.

CONFESSION

All silently he paces back and forth
 Within the narrow confines of his cell--
 A hungry panther hidden in my heart.
 I do not hear his steps, but, then, full well
 I know he's there, for many, many times
 I feel his cushioned feet upon the floor
 As wearily he makes his endless round
 And sometimes puts his paws against the door.
 At night when shadows lurk within his cage,
 Two strange lights gleam and glow like balls of fire--
 His eyes in fruitless searching penetrate
 The darkness with their hunger and desire.
 Well-trained, he does not vent his passions fierce
 When thoughts of broken dreams would haunt him sore,
 His rage is spent; a captive he is held:
 To gain his freedom now he tries no more.
 This panther is a phantom in my heart,
 And knows no life apart from that I give.
 'Tis only as I loose the chains of thought
 That he has any power thus to live.

Do you like that one? How many know that's real? That's real. So I thought that was

real. Anybody that's honest knows that. You have a phantom that must haunt you. "Sanctified wholly, brother! Glory to God!" Well, I am too. But it didn't kill my phantom. He still lives. He still comes haunting. So I thought, "That poor heart of mine, oh, Lord, is there any rest? Is there any hope for me, Lord? I'm given to You, I'm saved, sanctified, blessed, baptised, all that. But my heart, Lord. My heart. My heart." So a little while later He gave me this one. I hope this one is more encouraging. Cause this one is just as real as the other.

PRISONERS OF HOPE

While dwelling in this prison-house of flesh,
 And bound by limitations of it's clay,
 My longing spirit waits to take it's flight
 To realms beyond this little life and day.
 My spirit used to beat against the bars
 And long for freedom from this dreary cell,
 Until one day a tender dove found room
 Within my heart and settled there to dwell.
 This Guest who shares this prison-house with me
 Has come to tell me of a home above,
 And daily makes me ready for that place,
 And tells me secret things of One I love.
 He is so very quiet in His ways,
 By gentle wooing He has won my heart.
 My lonely cell would be a cheerless place
 Had He not liberty in every part.
 And when the prison-door shall open swing,
 He will not flee and leave me here to roam,
 For I could never find my Father's house--
 Together we shall make the flight back home.

13. Do you like that one? Don't you think that's real, too? (What was the name of it?) Oh, "Prisoners of Hope." Yeah, "Prisoners of Hope." We are both in there. HE is in my heart waiting to go, and I am there waiting to go. We're both waiting, and so He says, "Now don't be afraid." When the door swings open, I won't go on and leave you because you'll never get there. But together we'll go. "So when the door swings open, He will not leave me here to roam, for I could never find my Father's house, together we shall make the flight back home." Read another one? Aren't you getting tired? What time is it? Ten or eleven? Oh, "Informal Ways." Is that here? It's rather on the mundane level of earth; it's on the mundane level. It has Spiritual value, but I'm not in the "clouds," just now with this one, looking at the pearly gates. I haven't got as far as that, I'm still looking at things here. And I'm glad I still do. I never get tired of it. And so I call this, "informal Ways." You see, God makes His approach to us through Truth, and often times it's so heavy. It's so heavy. It's real, genuine. But it's heavy. And then He wants to make Himself known to us in a revelation of things very much nearer than that, so I always keep my heart open when I walk, wherever I go. I keep it open for Him. We talk together, we live together, and it's wonderful. And so, if He has an occasion to say something to me, He may do it in most INFORMAL WAYS, rather than the staid, accepted style or fashion. Our definition of God, for instance, in schools, dear me...I remember teaching systematic theology. Isn't it good I don't have to teach all that stuff any more? I'm so glad I'm out of that. I had to suffer it for years and years and years. It was all right; it was all right. But you see, there is no definition that will really define it. How many think you could bring a definition of God down into words? You can't. Because you're trying to put infinite, infinite concepts into finite language, and you can't do it. And so I knew that, and so I kept open that I could see Him in something besides a schoolbook.

INFORMAL WAYS

God comes to me in such informal ways.

Not always does He wear a priestly robe
With trappings of ecclesiastic art.

I do not always find Him in a creed
So tight in definition and in form

There is no place for His creative life.
The nicely chosen words which seek to tell

The mystery and wonder of His name
Distract me and I lose the One I seek

In mazes of sheer rhetoric and words. (How many see that? It's true. You lose
How wonderful that He should seek to come, Him in that. You've got your definition,
Not in some worn out creed and church's lore, and God's out of it. You thought you'd
Nor at a certain altar fixed by man, captured Him. Oh no, He's made His escape.

Nor in the patterns that I make myself.

He suddenly appears along the way

In subtle breath of apple blossoms fair;
In shining swords of grass which push their way
Through unresponsive clods of silent earth.

How can I see creation in such mood

And not feel God and see Him very near?

I wonder at the mystery of life.

And as I see a helpless, little babe
With hands upon the circle of the breast

And mouth pressed close for this it's very life,
More eloquent no sermon e'er could be.

God comes and stands close by my very side
And something of this mystery I see.

A single leaf all ripe and falling from a tree
Now finds a quiet resting place in earth.

My heart is hushed, my spirit bows to God.

For lo! I find Him even here to show

In simple form the ministry of death.

Sometimes He comes in such delightful moods.

I saw Him smile in dash of silver wings
Against an azure sky one day in June.

And often when I'm worn and tired in mind
I feel Him move like music in the trees,
And see Him in the shadows of the clouds
Against the distant hills and o'er the fields.

And when I view the wonders spread abroad--
The rugged heights and painted chasms deep,
The crashing waterfalls and deserts calm,
It is not these alone that I behold.

My God is very present in the scheme.
And silently in awe and reverence

My soul bows down in worship at His feet.
He does not speak in words for outer ear,

His presence is too subtle for my eyes.
It is with heart I ever feel Him near

And trace with inner sense His fleeting form.

His revelation seeks a thousand ways
Articulate and clear to outer sense.

But deeper is the vision that I see

When unannounced He comes to me
And meets me in such sweet, informal ways.

14. Isn't that so? How many have had Him to do that in spite of ?, with point four? Then you go home. How many have taken a walk and received five times as much in just a gust like that? I'm glad you do. (Man in group makes request) Oh, that's very, very human. I'll read it, Bill. This is...I wasn't going to read it, but if you like it...this is from my very HUMAN side. It deals with another little body. These children, I never get tired of them. I think they are the most amazing. I love to watch them in their reactions, in their simplicity, and their little outreaches. I'm going to have an orphanage in the next age with a thousand children in it. Wouldn't that be lovely? I am. I just love them. I love them. It seems that in the last three years, or two years, I have been burdened for children. I don't know why in the world; here I am at this age, 80 years old, loving little children. I feel like...I just love them; I want to be with them, I want to help them. I can't help it! I want...opened to two places where I thought maybe I could get in with them. Make a home with them. I really do! There's something about the possibilities of a child that I feel should be sheltered and released and covered and cultured and then released. And so these children are wonderful to me. And this is a little body, who of course has gone to Sunday School and heard about all the good things in angels and heaven and everything. And he had a DOG. And every body should have a dog as much as a girl ever had a doll. I believe that. Don't you think so? Sure. I had my dog. He was the best dog, too. Because you know, they don't seem to know pedigree. Each dog is the best dog in the world, because it's HIS. And so this little boy had this wonderful dog, and he DIED, and that was a tragedy. And so I want...I wrote this to tell his reaction. And I wasn't going to put it in the book at all, but I prayed about it and the Lord said to do it. So this isn't "holy, religious," this isn't on this "terrible" religion, it's something out of my heart. So this is read by people who don't know anything about God at all, and yet they get HELPED. So I wrote this tragedy in the life of a little boy. It's his tragedy.

MY DOG IS DEAD

My dog is dead, the best dog in the world,
 And I shall never say again, "Come, Ned,"
 And see him jump and wag his tail and grin
 And blink his eyes--he knew just what I said.
 I found him in the grass behind the barn
 And thought he was asleep, he was so still.
 And when he didn't answer to my call
 I ran and called for Jim up on the hill.
 Jim works for us and always liked Ned too.
 He laid him in a box and dug a grave;
 And put his arm around me when I cried,
 And said, "Why, Ned's all right--you just be brave."
 I tried to be real brave and not to cry;
 I guess Jim knew just how I felt inside.
 He didn't say so much but held me tight
 And stroked my head until my tears were dried.
 But when the sun went down and it was dusk
 I thought of Ned and went back by his grave.
 And then a lump got swelling in my throat
 And I felt awful, trying to be brave.
 If being brave is holding back my tears
 And having feelings that I have to hide,
 Then I don't always want to be so brave--
 And so I crawled up by his grave and cried.
 I didn't feel the lump so after that;
 It melted into tears and ran away.
 And then I thought of when I first found Ned,
 I'm sure I never shall forget that day.
 I looked at him, and then he looked at me

And wagged his tail and then began to smile--
 We just belonged together, that was all,
 Since then we've been together all the while.
 And then I got to wond'ring where he'd gone
 And how he liked it up there all alone,
 For he has gone to heaven I am sure--
 I wonder if he tried to come back home.
 And then I said a little prayer for him
 And told the Lord just what was on my mind--
 That if He had a little boy up there
 Who wanted Ned and would be very kind,
 Why, he could borrow him just for a while
 With him to play there on the golden street.
 For he would surely want a dog like Ned
 If paradise for him were real complete.
 I wonder if we have to play on harps,
 For I could never learn to play I know,
 And flying round a throne forevermore
 And wearing crowns of gold would tire me so.
 I wonder if the Lord would really mind
 If I had Ned and not the other things?
 I'm sure that we would both be very glad
 And God could keep the harp, and crown, and wings.
 I told Him I would only lend my dog--
 I really think that way is only fair,
 The other little boy could borrow him,
 But give him back to me when I get there.

15. How do you like that one? That's so very, very human. Very, very human. God bless you! See kind of a reaction? Even with poetry? Sure. That's real. I don't sit down and make ? . I sit down and write because it releases me and let's me "out." And I want to get out on every angle that's possible. I think we ought to go because it's late. Shall we sing a chorus?

We thank Thee for this little, informal evening, in which we have been able to share some of the things which you have made rich and real to me. And I don't want to be selfish to enjoy them myself because you've helped me with them. But I want to pass them along that any heart that can be instructed or illuminated or helped. Everyone may share, why? Because these things belong to Thee. Now dismiss with Thy blessing. Give us rest tonite, and if it be Thy pleasure tomorrow, let us gather again in Thy name to look upon Thy word. We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen.