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EDITORIAL COMMENT

By Margaret B. Laughon

Recently in a series of articles under this column, I have attempted to share some of the wonderful lessons taught by people with whom I have been in every-day contact since my child-hood.

On April 10th it was my opportunity in Kingsport, Tenn. to hear a nurse who had been a prisoner, in a modest, quiet manner give a witness with such a challenge, that I would like to attempt to paint a word picture of her message. I feel that her message had "universal appeal" for though most of us have never been behind bars, we are all prisoners of a sort. Prisoners of time, habit, worry, doubt, sin.

Miss Sarah Perkins, a native of Charleston, South Carolina, has in the past few months received quite a bit of publicity, having been released after 4 1/2 years spent in Communist Prison in China where she was taken from her nursing duties in a Mission operated hospital and imprisoned mainly because she was a Christian.

One would have to see her refined, sensitive face, which has a look of serenity as well as the marks of deep emotion from her experience in prison, and the intertwining of her small nervous fingers as she told her story, to get the picture. Occasionally her emotions would overcome her and she would have to pause for a while until she could regain control. It was not self-pity for her hardship, but rather praise for God, who became so real to her during the endless months in prison, that made her voice tremble and her eyes fill with tears of gratitude until she would have to cease talking and wait for the control of her voice.

As the basis of her talk she used the Lord's Prayer, and she wove her story on this frame as one would weave a piece of cloth. In attempting to repeat the weaving of this story, I do so with the knowledge that to do justice by it, one would of necessity have to live it as did Miss Perkins.

When she was first imprisoned her Bible was taken away from her. Later someone managed to get by the guards with a copy of the New Testament, which all Christian prisoners shared until they had it memorized. However, for a long period all the scripture Miss Perkins had was what she remembered. Having been a nurse and very busy tending the sick and wounded Chinese people she had not read and committed to memory as much as she would have. She began repeating slowly to herself those verses and psalms she had in her heart, and now with time on her hands she began to search for the meaning. For days she thought of the Lord's Prayer how many times she had repeated it thoughtlessly! Feeling the beauty of it, but not getting the real meaning at all. Now she fully realized the meaning and she said as a preface to her story, "Surely, no one but Jesus Christ could ever have framed

such a prayer."

"OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN"

Here in the dark, bare, cold prison cell alone, (no one, not even the Church which sent her to the Mission Field knew where she was) these words came alive. With no hope of getting out, all contact with family and friends cut off, terrified of what each day would bring, here was a Father she could pray to, commune with and trust. The Communists so strong and powerful in that City could not alter the fact that truly He was in Heaven as well as with any one who will trust Him.

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

How often had she repeated these words! How often have we too mumbled them while our thoughts were miles away? Now, with the Communist guards cursing and blaspheming God with every breath, she knew "How Holy Thy Name."

"THY KINGDOM COME"

Here with no company but the huge rats which shared her cell until she finally worked out pieces of brick out of the walls and stopped up their entrances, she knew that in spite of all the Communists in the world all the evil, destruction and want, His Kingdom Will Come. Just as surely as the sun shone! And she could see the rays slanting through the tiny high window in her cell.

"THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN"

She who had lived such a hurried, busy life, now realized that time really matters very little in God's Great Plan. Eventually His will shall be done "in earth as it is in heaven." Nothing can stop it or prevent it. She began to feel such courage as she had never known before.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD"

How many times had she prayed this while living in the luxury of her colonial Charleston home, with all the rich, southern-cooked food one could desire? Here, not being sure she would get any food at all, and even in her extreme hunger, not knowing if she could possibly eat the sort of food brought, this sentence became vital. Sometimes they served dog meat (a delicacy to some of her Chinese friends) but not to her taste at all. Once on some strange looking vegetables that she feared for fear it might be poison, was a large, boiled spider of the tarantula family, (her meat portion for the day). To make it worse a Communist regulation that all food must be eaten. Now she prayed with an earnestness she had never dreamed possible, "GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

"AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US"

She had never had a real enemy in her life. Of course she had said these words without too much thought. Now in order to share this wonderful fellowship with her

VIOLET RAYS ON OUR WAYS
BY H. M. ALLEY

Note: This column is written in a matter toward none, but with common good of all in mind.

It is generally supposed that if all workers in every sphere of activity who go to sleep on the job, were laid end to end on Beauty Rest Mattresses, they would be much more refreshed upon awaking.

When a reporter in a recent news conference asked the president if he had any comment to make about the avowed purpose of Democratic campaign strategists to make him target of all their attacks instead of members of his cabinet, Mr. Eisenhower promptly replied: "Well, I think

Lord, she must forgive the atrocities of her captors who had deprived her of all earthly possessions, exiled her from her people. She must also forgive them the cruelty she had seen done to the Chinese soldiers and women and children. Yes, she must completely forgive them before she could ask God to forgive her. Suddenly she realized how much she too needed forgiveness for sins she had not felt she had. A life time of saying the Lord's Prayer as a pretty poem, but without meaning it; the failure to read and know God's Word, so that it could never be taken away from her. Yes, she needed to be forgiven too, and she worked on this sentence until she could pray it with all the meaning it implies. **FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US.**

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION"

How very lightly she had said this. True she had met the usual temptations a normal girl meets, but this sentence never weighed heavily on her. Now she was faced with "the temptation to end all temptations". If she would declare she was not a Christian, renounce Christ completely, she stood a good chance to be released. Many of her friends weakened and when she said grace over her meals, they who were in hearing would say, for benefit of the guards, "What Nonsense!" (Not that they meant this, but just in the hope they would gain favor). Now she must pray out of her own need, fervently "LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION." One day she realized that her liberty meant nothing in comparison with the loyalty she owed her Saviour, and she thanked God for "leading her not into temptation."

"AND DELIVER US FROM EVIL"

She had some knowledge of evil. We all do. But here she was surrounded and enclosed by evil of the most cruel and destructive nature on earth. Now she fairly cried out the words "DELIVER US FROM EVIL". We who sat listening to her, knew that after 4 1/2 years she is truly delivered from evil, for nothing can ever harm her soul, refined by the furnace of her imprisonment.

"FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER AND THE GLORY FOREVER, AMEN"

Could any one ever doubt it? Can we leave our Bible's dusty on the table? Can we ever again mumble over the Lord's Prayer without really meaning it?

POETRY CORNER

Conducted By Edith Deaderick Erskine SALT

All my life, and it seems ages, I have but barely tasted this. Hungered, for this is common wisdom. That brings one—palate-bias. Wanted "more", a fault as human As all who crave—get less— Though in my case is substituted With true-heart happiness.

Lena Mearle Shull, Asheville

***** it is perfectly correct. I am the head of the Administration, and I have been shot at before." There you have it, -the proper attitude and answer of a great soldier, a great statesman, and a great president.

So, let the Democrats fire away. The target is ready. But watch out for the recoils and the backfire!

Speaking of politics on the national front makes us wonder about the riflemen and the targets on the local level. (Yancey County.) What, no fireworks, -not even any sniping? What can be done to inject a little fire and toe spirit into the political scene on the home front? If things continue moving as quietly as at present, half the voters in Yancey County won't wake up in time to get to the polls. Even the "good old days" we have heard some of the older citizens speak of, when rocks, brought to town by the pocketful, would be left scattered over the Burnsville Square following political rallies, -even that kept the citizens awake, and ready to contend for "principles"???

Uncle Josh says: "Bust my galses gentlemen, come 'lection time down to Cedar Crick in the old days, th boys'd get ther gander up a sight in this world. Both Donkeycrats and Ellyphants would go on the warpath, an sech kickin an sportin ye all never seed nor heered in all yer life. Fer weeks ahead both sides would be workin like killin snakes fer to round up the strays. An a heap of stealin an bribing an biddin agin one another went along on the side. Some deadbeats would hold out to the last to see if t'other side would raise the bid fer ther votes, an some of 'em made more on ther votes than they'd earned by honest work in three months. Leaders on both sides would give sugartits to the risky 'uns, an study up some job, just to keep 'em away from t'other side. They'd even sleep with the lousey critters a few nights afore the Big Day, to keep 'em safe. Then on 'lection mornin, they'd march 'em in and vote 'em ther way. Course aforehand they'd would preach party platforms an principles to these sell-outers, tryin to convert 'em. But shucks! I figure a fellar who'd sell his vote wouldn't know a principle, ifter he met hit a-coming down the big road."

Asked to name the greatest dangers of flying, a clever airlines pilot replied, "there are two, equally dangerous: riding in your own car or a taxi to and from the airport!"

Saw in Asheville papers recently where four of our local fellows had entered their prized Sport Cars in supervised Highway Speed contests, taking place in another County. And here we had been thinking that all the Burnsville and Yancey County Speed Fan-s (atics) had been using Main Street, and other local routes for race courses, right in the midst of other traffic. Pardon me, pardners . . . Nuff Sed.

"For truly, the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, but the responsibility for its stewardship is vested in man."



STEWARDSHIP OF THE SOIL

By Rev. Warren S. Reeve

"The Stewardship of Our Soil is the subject to be stressed in some of the churches of Yancey County on Sunday, May 6. At the last meeting of the Yancey Ministerial Association, it was agreed that the churches there represented would join with the Yancey Soil Conservation District in sponsoring this observance.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," wrote the Psalmist. Therefore no man is ever the absolute owner of his property, but everyone is a tenant of God's and

WORDS & THOUGHTS

ANYTHING YOU MIGHT WANT WHILE I'M DOWNTOWN?



BUT LET'S FACE IT...

Besides Supper?



Ohio Edison Company recently disclosed plans for "electronic brain" supervision of 35 steam generators in nine plants across Ohio, including automatic determination of the heat content of the coal.

Indian painting, done on rock, bone, hides, wood, pottery and cotton cloth, was already an ancient art when Spanish Conquistadors forded the Rio Grande and moved into the American Southwest.

Looking back on what we have done, will declare that we were faithful and worthy stewards of the trust imposed upon us.

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