

# SEE THE GLORY

by

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## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### ONLY PHYSICAL

It was less than two months after the gala Fourth of July when tremendous disappointment poured upon Adelaide as if she herself had been at the bottom of a real waterfall. The doctor sent her home to California. He considered her case hopeless. Once again Adelaide drew heavily on her resources in Christ. Once again she found in Him a “never-failing treasury filled with boundless stores of grace.”

One of her letters tells the story:

Rochester, Minn.  
August 20, 1945

My sister and I are leaving Rochester today for California, the doctor having finally decided that further treatments or operations would be useless. He is not predicting what may happen from here on. I only know that the tumor was fourth-grade malignancy and that the pain seems to have increased a little all along, though now it is somewhat better because of the recent X-rays.

The Lord has provided a compartment from Chicago to Sacramento, which will be a real blessing, though I didn't want to spend so much money. It will make it possible for me to apply hot packs and dressings in private and to rest during the day, both of which are definite advantages.

Of course, you know this verdict of the doctor is no shock to me, though I am very sorry for the grief and trouble it is causing my family.

My brother has arrived home from the Army at last, so I'll get to see him, for which I'm very thankful.

Just last Sunday in church as we sang:

“Majestic sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon the Saviour's brow;  
His head with radiant glories crowned,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.

“To Him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
And saves me from the grave;”

I seemed to have a new vision of His loveliness and a desire to be with Him where I shall be like Him. Perhaps He may heal me yet; but if not, I am ready to go.

Adelaide was always ready for anything the Lord had for her.

If she were now to turn from the world He created to the House where He lived, why should there be any reluctance in her spirit? But perhaps there was still some special assignment her Master had for her here.

Somewhere she had found two little stanzas:

“I do not ask a truce  
With Life’s incessant pain;  
But school my lips,  
O Lord, Not to complain.

“I do not ask for peace  
From life’s eternal sorrow;  
But give me courage, Lord,  
To fight tomorrow.”

—Author unknown

Her life continued to evidence the Lord’s answer to this prayer. No complaining, much courage, lots of fight!

The departure from the city under such circumstances might have been dampened with tears had not the Lord both strengthened Adelaide’s own spirit and given her an extra supply of cheer to encourage her friends. She had been making many friends during that year in Rochester. Of this period and the leave-taking, her sister, Marian, wrote:

During that time in Rochester, Adelaide had taken an active part in the work of the First Baptist Church. When she herself was not in the Kohler Hospital, she visited others who were still there and also some in the various other hospitals. She was instrumental in organizing a group of young business and professional women in the church. The night we left, several of them came to the station to see her off: and while we waited for a train that was an hour late, she entertained them all with some of her best stories lest there should be any feeling of depression among them.

When Adelaide and Marian arrived from Rochester, there was a real reunion of the family in Sacramento. Adelaide described her homecoming as follows:

My Dad has been down, and my brother Calvin and Roberta, his wife, were here for the weekend, as well as my sister's husband. It has been good to see all of them. My grandmother has a room nearby and comes over every evening. Betty is located here now, too, working for the State Department of Social Welfare, and came in to see us the very first night.

There is a slight possibility that I might go to Berkeley for some further treatment if the doctor here would approve. A friend of ours, worse off than I, has been greatly helped even after the doctors who had been treating him gave him up. It's nothing but a "last straw" so far as I know at present.

For myself it makes little difference, but because of my family and the work at Bacone especially, and because I know the Lord may yet heal me, I do not want to seem to "give up" too soon.

After his four years in the service, we all think Calvin looks just about the same as he did before. He has been through much. Surely we can praise the Lord for His goodness in sparing our only brother, especially in view of my present situation. It would be much harder on my family but for the joy we have all had in his return.

Adelaide

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Berkeley, California,  
October 7, 1945

I'm at the Arnold's home now but cannot write much. A college friend and Grace Arnold took me over to San Francisco two days in succession this week, and I saw three main doctors involved at the University of California hospital. Their conclusion was that "humanly speaking" nothing could be done . . .

I am practically with Paul, "**For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you**" (Philippians 1:23, 24).

We attended Bible League yesterday noon and heard Peter Stam III and Lois Uhlinger, new missionaries to Africa and both friends of mine from Wycliffe and Biola days. Friends come in quite often, and so far I have stood it pretty well . . . The pain is not much worse, but the eye still begs to be humored.

Adelaide

Family and friends were so thankful to have her accessible again and in California that they were all much inclined to feel it was indeed very "**needful**" that she "**abide in the flesh.**"

Leona, who had been one of Adelaide's pupils in Chaffey, by this time was a student at the University of California. She went up about one o'clock one afternoon to see Adelaide at the Arnolds' home. Of this visit Leona wrote:

When I went up to see her, I took her a corsage of sweet peas, rang the door bell, and she answered. I said, "Flowers for my favorite teacher," about ready to bawl my head off (only I didn't). We embraced; then we sat down for the most wonderful chat I have had with her. It lasted until about five o'clock. The thing that kept going through my head was her constant, never wavering faith that what had happened to her was "the Lord's will."

After Adelaide had spent the first two weeks of October in Berkeley, Calvin and his wife brought her back to Sacramento to their apartment. The housing shortage made the couple feel thankful to have an apartment not too small to share with her, and there they gave her the best they had.

This living arrangement was a great boon to Adelaide. She was near a good doctor who could be consulted as necessity arose, and she was not far from the other members of the family. They loved her and wanted to do all in their power to help. How she appreciated being able to have Calvin's good counsel after years of separation from him! He still held his special place in her affection. His wife, Roberta, a warmhearted, placid, and understanding girl, had been Adelaide's good friend since school days. She had chosen Adelaide as her maid of honor and only attendant at her wedding, years previously.

That Calvin had been released from the service just as Adelaide had had to return from Mayo's seemed to her another evidence of God's perfect timing.

Living with her own people also had the advantage of restraining Adelaide when she was tempted to venture beyond her strength. She was accustomed to being independent, however; and when her bicycle was sent from Rochester, she herself went to get it and rode it home through the city streets in spite of family protests.

Flowers, gifts, letters, callers came in a stream sometimes more than the invalid could cope with. Betty came in almost every evening to help answer letters, read aloud, pray with her, or be a friend to her in any possible way. They had always been friends since Adelaide had prayed her through pangs to new birth in Christ, and Betty had been showing her generous appreciation during all the succeeding years.

One evening Adelaide said to her friend, "You know, Betty, my trouble is not mental or spiritual: it is only physical." It was the reality of this fact that made her condition far less distressing to herself and others than might have been the case. The ordinary invalid's mental quirks were lacking in this girl. But how was this possible? By nature she was not phlegmatic, but a person with keen sensibilities, one who would be more irked by pain than the average sufferer.

Even in the natural world, a stream that flows quietly on a fine day grows violent when roiled by a storm from the mountains. Roaring, it tears at its bed and only becomes still again sometime after the tempest has passed.

So it is with the natural man, good-tempered until a life storm hits him and dislodges much debris of character. One almost assumes that severe trial will expose pettiness, irritability, complaint, and morbidity; questioning God's dealings or worrying about the doctor's selfishness, restlessness, fears, and tears. These things, and more, tend to pile up into an unhappy fight against circumstances. They are temptations to everyone, but especially to those who are too ill to resist. Sins of the spirit usually are self-excused, **"for all have sinned."**

It would present less than a true picture if the mention of Adelaide's tears were withheld. There were such times, especially when the effects of sedatives were wearing off. Then sobs and moans of deep misery proceeded from her room. Yet the wonder was that her great distress did not call forth more violent emotional reactions.

In a remarkable way she proved that there is a higher-than-natural law in operation. **"For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death"** (Romans 8:2).

Availing herself of this blood-bought freedom, she walked daily in the Spirit, Christ Jesus living His life in her stricken body, putting to death the unworthy words, moods, and impulses. She was in actual possession of a great promise, **"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee"** (Isaiah 26:3). She also fell heir to an inexhaustible legacy, **"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you"** (John 14:27).

That dear saint of old time, Samuel Rutherford, comments from his prison, "I hope ye are not ignorant that if peace was left to you in Christ's testament, so the other half of the testament was a legacy of Christ's sufferings."

Peace without suffering, that broad-road gospel of many false teachers, leads astray the unwary who, not very familiar with Christ's own words, are attracted by the softness of easy creeds!

While struggling to avoid suffering, their very efforts defeat their purpose and the sought-for peace escapes them.

When Adelaide said that her trouble was not mental or spiritual, only physical, she revealed one of the great victories of her life; although she was distressed in body, the peace of God that passeth understanding was keeping her heart and mind in Christ Jesus (Philippians 4:6, 7).

~ end of chapter 17 ~

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