

# SEE THE GLORY

by

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## CHAPTER TEN

### BY PEACE POSSESSED

TO HER DEAR FRIEND, Wilma, Adelaide then wrote: Willie, as I proceed to this next subject, I pray that the Lord may give you grace to see it as He sees it, for I know it will be shock to you as it was to me; yet it need not shock us to the extent of damaging our faith in Him and His good purposes.

This matter of my nose operation and all it involves has gone seemingly from bad to worse, with the result that a week ago today Dr. Holt had to tell me it definitely precludes my going to China. She had feared that right from the day of the operation on, but was more sure of it after the laboratory report on the growth had been received. She did not tell me until the radium X-ray specialist had made his report also, warning her that it would never be safe for me to leave this country because of the possibility of a recurrence which would demand immediate treatment if it were to be other than fatal. They are giving me X-ray and radium treatment for the next four to six weeks. This is supposed to check it for the present.

Adelaide's treatments with the specialist continued until the spring term ended. It was then considered safe for her to leave the doctor's observation for a time. My illness seemed to indicate that there would be mounting expenses for medical services; and since I had planned only to stay in school one more semester at the longest, I felt led to leave Biola at the end of the spring of 1940.

During this last semester while I was recovering my health, the Lord gave me a number of outstanding Christian leaders as friends. Their lives contributed much to my preparation for the return to secular work which seemed necessary at the time. Among these friends were Miss Alverda E. Hertzler, Dean of Girls at San Bernardino High School; Dr. F. Jean Holt, whom I met as examining physician for the China Inland Mission; Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Hooker, whom I had known as teachers at the Bible Institute, but with whom I became better acquainted in the Children's Seaside Mission work; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh C. Waddell, Jr., at that time prominent lay leaders among the young people of Wilshire Boulevard Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, who were most kind to me during my illness; and Dawson E. Trotman, leader of the Navigators, who challenged me to take up a plan of individual Bible study, which I continued as long as my eyesight permitted. The very quietness with which Adelaide relates these chapters in her life is indicative of the peace of God that possessed her, keeping her from being perturbed by either illness or disappointment.

She frankly let it be known to her fellow students at the Bible Institute that she would not be continuing her preparation for missionary service. There was neither dramatization nor concealment of the reason for her changed plans. She explained that, if the doctors fears were established as fact, there was a malignant growth rooted in the nasal cavity and much expense might be involved. She felt this necessitated her going back to school teaching lest she eventually burden others with her care.

A less courageous person would have quietly slipped away from school without ever revealing the reason. This would have been the easy way out. By Adelaide's speaking plainly and at once, however, many who might have wondered at one of Gods plowmen turned back from the field, were caused to marvel, instead, at the great grace God was giving her.

She did not swerve from confidence in her heavenly Fathers ability to provide for her unpredictable future. Nevertheless, her attitude toward finances may be gathered from a letter to one of her close friends:

If I hadn't learned not to be surprised at miracles, Betty, and if I hadn't also learned to take all the beautiful gifts God pours out upon me, without protest, but with a humble "thank you," I'm sure something would have popped when I opened your letter today. I don't deserve anything of what I've received this summer. In fact, I specifically asked the Lord to let me work and earn money I needed rather than to have it come in through gifts of His money as it has all year, but He seems to have other plans for me. I do have two part-time jobs that a little more than take care of my current expenses, and I'm very grateful for these. . .

Already this summer, counting your gift (twenty-five dollars) which is by far the largest, the Lord has given me over sixty dollars—a small fortune at the ordinary rate of pay for students work. Why He has seen fit to work things out this way I just don't know, but I guess it's none of my business.

I can't thank you; there just aren't words for it, but I'll tell you this much: A certain Presbyterian Church had been asking me to come to teach in a Daily Vacation Bible School—junior high girls who need someone to do personal work with them. I'd been refusing. Well, when your gift came, I began to feel a bit ashamed, realizing that the Lord did want me to go there to teach rather than to sit around waiting for a chance to earn dollars and cents. How foolish it was of me to be letting this opportunity slip, whereas I've been longing to go to China to serve Him—and there isn't really very much difference between the two!

Result: I'm going to teach there the next two weeks, D. V., because I want, if possible, that the Lord should have at least one soul saved as a return for this investment of yours and His in me.

In this letter the "certain Presbyterian Church" Adelaide mentioned was probably the Wilshire Boulevard Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles. There Dr. Wright, the pastor, and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Waddell, Jr., as well as the youth group, sincerely appreciated Adelaide, for she had been counselor for some teenagers in one of the young people's societies while she was a student at the Bible Institute.

That summer also Adelaide joined a group of Biola students who worked with Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Hooker in the Children's Seaside Mission at Manhattan Beach, twenty miles from Los Angeles. Those were two happy weeks. Informal vacation classes met under bright beach umbrellas right on the shore. Children, idly playing on the fringe of the waves, were allured by the novelty and charm of the purposeful games, singing, and Bible stories. Some of them clearly became personally acquainted with the Saviour as a result of those classes. While living in a comfortable beach house, the student-teachers had good times together. Every day at luncheon Adelaide entertained them by reading her clever collection of the humorous incidents of the day under the caption, "Rumors Recorded by a Rubbish-Rat." No scrap of good fun should be wasted, Adelaide thought; and where she was concerned, fun and serious work for God were always happily teamed.

How could Adelaide be so blithe in spirit? Did she bury her heart's burden under a cheerful exterior, concealing it like an aching tooth in a smiling mouth? It rather seemed that she had no heart burden. She was simply continuing to cast her burden on the Lord as He had told her, and He was definitely continuing to sustain as He promised. In Christ her heart was resting. She was certainly quite all right.

Of subsequent opportunities for service, Adelaide wrote:

"The Lord now opened a new and better position for me back at Chaffey High School in Ontario. That was the same school system in which I had formerly taught. I was able to live in the same pleasant home I had enjoyed before. So far as physical surroundings and material situation were concerned, those three years were very happy ones.

"My health cleared up entirely."

"I bought a bicycle and began enjoying frequent short trips with other teachers."

It was one of her pupils who proudly taught her to ride the bicycle. The girl said of Adelaide, "During that year of school I grew to feel that I had a sister who meant everything to me."

After pedaling and puffing up "Red Hill" in the early evening, the two liked to sit at its top while the cool air fanned their flushed faces. Adelaide had learned by experience that informal conversations may be employed to draw out confidences as sugar is used to draw juice from fruit in the process of making preserves. For that reason she took even her recreation in a form in which she could best work with the Preserver of souls.

So, on that hilltop with mockingbirds and moonlight sometimes adding their varied enchantments, the Lord's name drifted naturally into the conversation. Adelaide was full of purpose and that purpose was always directed toward Christ.

Beginning in the fall of 1940, Adelaide taught journalism and English. She was also adviser for the high school section of the Chaffey Press.

When the war began, the junior college journalism teacher who worked with Adelaide suggested that the journalism group encourage the other high school classes to start Victory gardens.

Adelaide agreed and told her students to talk it up in all their classes because there must be a victory garden story in the school paper. The time came for the story. No garden had materialized. Thereupon Adelaide bought seed, assembled hoes and rakes, and put all of her journalism students in a field by the tennis courts. She herself got out in slacks and worked with the rest in the hard clay. The seeds were planted, the garden grew, and that story got in with many more, too, about Chaffey's Victory Garden!

Adelaide was intensely interested in everything that went on at school, enthusiastic about the ball games, in fact "tops with the students" as they themselves said and no wonder! She lived among them on comradely terms and was the kind of teacher who, at the close of the school year, would write them such intriguing jingles as the following:

Classes come and classes go—  
And all have funny quirks, you know;  
But one such as you seldom see  
Consists of all this company,  
(Except the teacher)!

There's Stanton now, who'd start a row  
With anyone—over word-count  
And Anthony, who smiles with glee  
As toward the top his grades mount.  
(Or did they descend?)

and so through several more rollicking rhymes which included the names of Frances, Nadine, Edmund, Mary, Leona, Jeannes, Avolou, Paul, Janet, Ray, Virginia, and Georgia.

Then she concluded:

Well, well! Parting is such sweet sorrow,  
We hope you don't come back tomorrow  
To do some time in Mr. Delhauers jail—  
And when upon the stage, you receive that little page  
That says at last a sure escape you've won—  
Don't forget to take a bow, as your teacher does just now.  
God bless you, and I love you, every one!

—Adelaide Locher

That was just it! She did love them. This fact, together with her supreme love for Christ, caused her to desire nothing more than to be the means of leading them to the Friend of friends and locking their hands in His.

Better to accomplish this, as she relates,

“I had a Sunday school class and a young people’s missionary society in the church and a Bible Club for junior college students meeting weekly in my room on the campus.”

Though the club’s assembling in her classroom was extraordinary, special permission had been gained for this because the students themselves organized the club and chose her as their adviser.

Later one of the students said, “Everyone who attended that club valued every minute of it.”

**~ end of chapter 10 ~**

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