

SEE THE GLORY

by

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CHAPTER NINE

ITS ALL RIGHT

Adelaide's capacity for work as well as her bright and uncomplaining spirit belied her physical condition. Probably no one but her physician suspected that she was in constant distress.

One night as I lay in bed, I heard the chimes of the First Methodist Church playing "Nearer My God to Thee." The words which the Lord gave me from the song were:

"There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given."

During the time that I was ill I had occasionally wondered whether my going to China might be prevented or delayed for health reasons. Often I had wondered which I loved more, the Lord Himself or the call which He had given me to China. I used to think that perhaps it was the call to China, and yet I knew it should not be preeminent.

In these days I used to pray:

"Lord Jesus, make Thyself to me
A living, bright reality;
More present to faith's vision keen
Than any outward object seen;
More dear, more intimately nigh
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie."

A group of us were to meet the China Inland Mission secretary one evening to discuss possibilities of applying to the mission that year in spite of threatening war conditions. I was in charge of assembling the group, but that very day the mission doctor had told me it would never be safe for me to go to the foreign field. The meeting was held, but I did not feel able to attend. The shock was too great for the moment, although I had tried to be prepared for anything. I guess that I had never honestly believed that I would be prevented from getting to China. I was thankful, however, that now my family would not have the disappointment of seeing me leave, and I knew at last that the Lord Himself meant more to me than did His call to China.

Romans 8:28 with its wonderful assurance that “**we know that all things work together for good to them that love God**” was still in the Bible, I knew. Likewise, there was my life verse, John 11:40, and though I was not any longer quite so sure that seeing “**the glory of God**” was to mean the opening of the door of China in spite of many obstacles, I still believed that He knew and would work out everything in His own time.

The “**glory of God**” was very evident to Adelaide Locher’s friends those days, although it was not revealed in the way she had imagined but rather in her remarkable response to God’s dealings with her.

Not until she had partly recovered did the doctor tell her the possibly grave nature of the surgery performed. An extensive growth, apparently cancerous, had been removed! Up to that time she had believed she was experiencing a bit of complication in a simple nasal operation. This new information, therefore, came as a terrific shock.

Being an unusually thoughtful person, she could not but foresee the implications of such a prognosis. She was but twenty-six years of age, and cancer infrequently strikes so young a woman. Yet she was faced with the ominous fact; it had struck. And the specialist warned that she must be continuously within the reach of prompt, skilled treatment in case the dread symptoms were to recur.

After prayer-consultation with the Great Physician, she summoned a friend from her beloved China Inland Mission for a heart-to-heart talk. The two gazed deeply into each other’s eyes. Adelaide spoke: “It’s all right.” The words were not lightly uttered but with quiet sincerity that further emphasized them: “It’s all right.”

Tears wet the face of her friend, but Adelaide’s cheeks were dry. Her keen brown eyes were pained but unflinching. Occasional deep sobs rose to her throat. Otherwise her emotional control was perfect.

Her friend wondered how Adelaide could possibly say, “It’s all right.” Was even the uncertainty of the verdict “all right?” What about her cherished plans to be a missionary? For years she had been working and praying with China in view! How could the relinquishment of this noble ambition be “all right”?

Another might raise these questions, but they were dissolved for Adelaide in the potent alchemy of “an impartial love for the will of God.” Ever since she had surrendered to Christ that last bauble, her love for dancing, she had been constantly offering herself as a living sacrifice to Him. Now under this great stress, she again yielded to the One she knew to be the Lover of her soul. *Habitual* glad submission to God’s will must have been Adelaide’s secret of victory when this sudden testing presented itself.

It was not in vain that she been rising an hour earlier every day to pray and meditate on God’s Word. She had been making it her invariable practice to seek God’s pleasure and to choose it above her own desire. In so doing, her spiritual muscles had been developing.

Under strain, then, there was no collapse, but instead, surpassing strength of faith. It was as when a runner breaks a record: a few seconds of sprinting cannot account for the triumph. Long hours of unspectacular training have processed a brain and body for that moment.

Furthermore, Adelaide knew it was not Satan but her Lord who was permitting this circumstance; and although she did not understand what He had in mind, she simply accepted it as an athlete takes hard conditioning orders from his coach.

~ end of chapter 9 ~

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