

# SEE THE GLORY

by

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## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### A BIT OF GAUZE

MAMA, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THAT LADY'S FACE?" The child's question rang out in a doctor's waiting room where she sat gazing at the neat bit of gauze on Adelaide's tender cheek. The innocent query was not resented by Adelaide, nor was the jocular "What did you do to the other fellow?" which was unwittingly asked by more than one, after the patch was extended to cover one eye. Strangers did not dream of the hard secrets concealed by that two-inch square, for Adelaide's wholly normal demeanor was misleading. Though she was amused at such *faux pas*, yet it must have been extremely embarrassing, especially to one who had always been a perfectionist about the looks of things.

When visitors called, they found no black crepe atmosphere about the house. Adelaide's smile was genuine, her hand clasp firm, her voice melodic and placed in the major key. While she talked, her noticeably beautiful hands instinctively shielded her right eye or braced her aching head. The sparkle of her mother's diamond ring spotlighted her long fingers, distracting attention from the swollen area around the little gauze dressing. Similarly the brightness of her implicit trust in Christ shone out so predominantly that this held attention rather than her infirmities. Hers was that rarest of all apparel which God Himself regards as costly adornment, even a meek and quiet spirit.

Of course, Adelaide was very conscious of the patch on her cheek. How could she forget it? Aspirin tablets failed to quiet the pain. Next, codeine was added. Toward the end of October she wrote, "I'm getting stronger medicine now, and for a week have been able to sleep quite a little better than before . . . On the whole, it helps quite a bit."

Adelaide had a horror of becoming addicted to drugs. For this reason she deprived herself of much relief she might have had. When Dr. Holt visited her, she assured the suffering girl that it was quite all right to get what help she needed in this way. Why was it not as justifiable as taking an anesthetic on the operating table? Dr. Holt also persuaded her to rest a greater portion of the day and to receive callers in her long satin house-coat rather than expend her strength to dress so carefully.

When she felt it necessary, Adelaide made these concessions, for she valued both the advice and the love that prompted it. Later she wrote Dr. Holt, "The Lord is faithful, and though I have much physical pain and weakness, everything is bright and easy, from a spiritual standpoint."

There were still many days when she felt energetic, however; Thanksgiving Day found her up in a cherry-red suit enjoying a family reunion. When a group picture was proposed, Adelaide, not considering herself very photogenic because of the patch, acted as photographer, lining them all up on the green lawn with garden shrubbery as a background. What a real Thanksgiving Day with Calvin home from the war!

On December 4, 1945, she wrote of another good day:

The eyes are such a limitation, but I walked over to the Bible House alone (several blocks) and bought their very large type New Testament and Psalms for myself as well as one for my grandmother. I enjoy the large print. I'm reading the Testament mornings and the Psalms evenings.

How thankful she was for all those Bible verses she had once worked so hard to memorize! She continued: I'm getting ready to listen to the Church of the Open Door evening service on the little radio. Never have I adequately described the blessing it has brought! Did you hear Dr. Harry Rimmer's message last week on the Shunammite woman, 'It Is Well'? That was my birthday (32nd) and I was deeply thrilled by that precious message so real to me in experience.

By these, her own words, we know that, come patch, come pain, her spirit was being kept "all right." For some good reason of His own, God had performed this wonder of satisfying Adelaide's heart in the midst of her tribulation rather than healing her body. Yet it takes the eyes of faiths keen vision to perceive such miracles. For "**the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God . . . they are spiritually discerned**" (I Corinthians 2:14).

Christmas was approaching and Adelaide wrote, "Guess what! I went clear downtown by myself once last week on the streetcar and did a few errands and a speck of Christmas shopping."

In preparation for another memorable shopping expedition, she had prayed and planned. Purchases completed, she stood waiting in a crowded department store for her delayed escort; probably pain drew her hands up to support her head. It was growing late. Someone in the throng was not too preoccupied to notice her distress, however, for suddenly a young man in uniform stepped up to her. "I'm sure that eye doesn't feel good," he sympathized, and then without further conversation, hurried away.

"Does he understand because he has been wounded, or has he served in a medical corps?" Adelaide wondered.

Just then he reappeared with a paper cup of ice water in his hand. "Please take this," he said. "It will make you feel lots better!"

Amazed, Adelaide scarcely had time to thank him before he bowed and disappeared in the crowd. As she sipped the water gratefully she may have wondered, "Do angels appear in G. I. uniforms?" It surely seemed that the youth was a messenger, doing service for a Greater than his Uncle Sam. A cup of cold water! "**Verily, I say unto you, he shall have his reward!**"

That Christmas one of the presents that Adelaide received was a gift of money earmarked, “For long-distance phone calls to special people.” By notifying friends ahead of time, she made sure that she would hear certain beloved voices on the wire. The call to Bacone thrilled her as much as any other, for hundreds of miles away, many staff members and former students were gathered around the telephone and she said a final word to each of them. Moreover, these conversations had happy repercussions in mail that followed. A whole sheaf came from Bacone.

A typical letter was from a teacher:

It meant a great deal to each of us to hear your voice the other night. You will never know how much you have meant in the lives of the students and faculty members at Bacone. Your life has been such a wonderful witness to the Lord. After hearing you the other night, we are more concerned than ever that our witness to the Lord should be consistent and true. We have seen how He has used you, and we want to dedicate our lives anew to Him that He might use us to meet the needs of the Indian young people . . . No one can ever take your place here, Adelaide, but we want the Lord to use us as He has used you. The influence of your life is living on at Bacone . . .

In early spring Adelaide went for a two-week’s visit to friends in El Dorado County, fifty miles from Sacramento in the Sierra Nevada foothills. Many there remembered her from the time, a few years before, when she had taught daily vacation Bible school in that vicinity. It was only about thirty miles from Auburn, where Adelaide was born, so she felt immediately at home and for a few days felt better in the light, pine-perfumed air.

A number of the invalid’s indispensables had to accompany her, of course. Her illness involved her in more and more inconveniences and limitations. These must have been extremely irksome, even as trying as the great pain that pounded out the hours, day and night.

“Redeeming love has been my theme and shall be till I die.” Adelaide was quietly singing these words one day as she pursued the endless task of keeping the gauze dressing fresh. On her cheek the slight incision made at Mayo’s was growing into a cavernous wound. It took over an hour each time she renewed the inner packs, and she did this two or three times a day. She had just finished this tedious process one day when a corner of the dressing over her nose slipped into her cup while she was drinking, absorbing enough liquid to necessitate a repetition of much of the work. No show of frustration followed. In addition to the dressings there was also another hard feat for one in her condition—a shampoo; yet she doggedly drove herself to it every week, until it became a positive impossibility. Others might have assisted in both dressings and shampoos; but inexperience makes clumsy the most willing hands, and even skilled technicians caused more pain than when she did these things for herself. So she persisted, not relaxing the firm self-discipline that for years had been the regular pattern of her life.

Such self-control is mentioned as fruit of the Holy Spirit in Galatians 5:22, along with love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, and meekness. What rare fruit, although possible of production without an iota of physical strength!

Adelaide's life was yielding a large crop. In this God was glorified, for Jesus said so: "**Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit**" (John 15:8).

At the home where she was visiting, some high-school boys stopped for supper one evening. She helped to prepare the meal. Then by request as they were eating, Adelaide told how the Lord Jesus had brought her to Himself. Although she spoke sitting with her head in her hands, she gave a graphic and inspiring testimony. As she talked, the boys were noticeably quiet.

Supper over, they climbed into the car to go to a distant city, where they were to hear a young radio evangelist, nationally known. Returning late that night, they were asked how they liked the speaker. One boy spoke up quickly, voicing the other boys' feelings, "The sermon was good, but I got much more out of what Miss Locher said."

Still loving to sing, Adelaide found this another way to glorify the Lord, for "whoso offereth praise glorifieth me" (Psalm 50:23).

Sometimes with painful eyes closed she would sit at the piano playing her own accompaniment. Only occasionally did she venture a glance at the notes in the hymnbook. She sang one night to two wondering listeners, "I'd Rather Have Jesus than Anything." A stanza she had scribbled down and kept among her clippings was from this song:

He's fairer than lilies of rarest bloom,  
He's sweeter than honey from out the comb,  
He's all that my hungering spirit needs,  
I'd rather have Jesus and let Him lead.

Another particularly happy evening was spent around an open fire, with Adelaide playing and singing a little. One of the songs included the words:

The love of God is greater far  
Than tongue or pen can ever tell;  
It goes beyond the highest star,  
And reaches to the lowest hell.  
The guilty pair, bowed down with care,  
God gave His Son to win;  
His erring child He reconciled,  
And pardoned from his sin.  
Oh, love of God, how rich and pure!  
How measureless and strong!  
It shall forevermore endure—  
The saints' and angels' song.

That night as she prepared to retire, she had a slight hemorrhage. It had happened before in Sacramento, so caused her no alarm. But to satisfy her friends she agreed to go to the local sanatorium for a checkup.

For the appointment she was attractive as ever in a navy blue suit and fresh blouse, scarlet gloves and chic hat. There was just one disfiguring feature, the square of white cloth covering one eye, part of cheek and nose. She smiled at the nurse as she was ushered into the doctor s presence. At once, friendly office banter began but ceased abruptly.

The venerable doctor and his nursing supervisor, though their war and peace time experience was very extensive, fell quite silent and shook their professional heads as they lifted the bit of gauze and removed the inner dressings. The awful depths of hidden suffering were all too apparent!

At the conclusion of the visit the question was asked the doctor, “Could it be that the vibration of singing induced the hemorrhage?” Astonishment and almost incredulity were in the quick retort: “She was singing?”

**~ end of chapter 18 ~**

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