

SEE THE GLORY

by

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CHAPTER TWELVE

HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS

Only one life; 'twill soon be past;
Only what's done for Christ will last.

THAT LITTLE COUPLET Adelaide clipped from a magazine, but from the words she cut a pattern for her life as well. At Bacone, as previously, she spent long hours working quickly and packing time with things she believed essential in her position.

- There was the personal and indispensable food for life—worship, prayer, and Bible study.
- There was her teaching responsibility—Junior College English, speech classes, editing the school newspaper, directing some school plays, etc.
- There were the things related to God's calling—teaching a Sunday school class, advising a youth group, leading a girls' prayer circle in the dormitory,
- And always, at all times, there was purposefully counseling and seeking to win individuals for Christ.

She still took time for exercise and recreation but necessarily had to relinquish many tempting pastimes which she found were, like candy, toothsome in small quantities, but injurious if taken self-indulgently. That her bicycle and her sense of humor were still intact is evident, for she wrote a friend:

A week ago I got out my bike and took a good ride out to the Arkansas River and back and really enjoyed it. It was a lovely autumn day, and among other things I ran into a bunch of little pigs, which were much terrified over the appearance of a woman on a bicycle! They ran squealing off up the road, and I felt guilty for making them lose weight in this time of meat shortage!

The assurance that at Bacone she was really helping gave her much inspiration in her work. The missionary in her was challenged by daily contacts with Indian children as well as with the high school and college students. She felt that she was reaching many people in both North and Central America through her contacts with representative students from twenty-six tribes. She wrote:

The students often come purely for the secular training we offer or because some missionary has influenced them to come. We must make the most of our opportunity while they are here.

It is a great responsibility, for many of them are in the position that one teacher aptly described as “here today and eighteen tomorrow!”

The spring of 1944 came. Adelaide was bothered by nasal trouble. Her Los Angeles doctors, when she consulted them by long distance telephone, thought her condition nothing alarming. In June, at the close of school, she returned to California to work at her alma mater in Berkeley for her master’s degree. This she needed if she were to continue teaching at Bacone.

On her way she stopped in Los Angeles for a physical examination. She was pronounced cured and in excellent health; in fact, she was encouraged to feel that she could go to China without risk! Since the war was in progress, however, nothing then could be done about her application to go out. She was advised by the China Inland Mission to continue her work at Bacone, since it provided experience in Christian service essential in the preparation of every prospective missionary candidate.

Work on her Master of Arts degree proved particularly stimulating to Adelaide, for she chose a thesis pertaining to the Indians of North America. Altogether, that summer was a profitable one of studying, seeing old friends, and participating in Christian activities around San Francisco Bay.

She lived just across the university campus in Horton Hall. The director, the late Reverend V. V. Morgan, and his wife, were her friends. There she had very agreeable fellowship with the many like-minded students she met who were also “set for the defense and advancement of Christianity in the student world.”

When asked to talk to this keen group, she made an attractive speaker in more than one way. They saw her standing before them dressed trimly. Her well-planned material was presented in a full-flavored way, as she seasoned the substantial facts about the work at Bacone with Indian stories and pictures. Her work in linguistics enabled her to add a rather amazing *piece de resistance* — Indian melodies which she sang in the Cherokee, Creek, and Kiowa languages!

While Adelaide was visiting her sister Marian early in that summer of 1944, she had contracted a cold. This cold, like a stray dog, had persistently followed her, refusing to be driven away. Back at Bacone in September, just before school started, she consulted a doctor in Muskogee. In spite of all the encouragement she had received early in the season, the symptoms she was experiencing were an unpleasant reminder of the original serious trouble in Los Angeles.

“The first day of the second year that I returned to teach at Bacone,” wrote Adelaide, “was the day the doctor told me I would have to go to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester for treatment.”

The news of Adelaide’s serious predicament shocked her many friends to their knees. It seemed unthinkable that God was planning anything but a miracle: but what kind of miracle? One of physical healing? That was all many of her friends would ask. They prayed repeatedly and importunately, unwilling to accept anything else.

One of those nearest to her, however, suggested that the greater miracle would be effected by God's keeping her spirit in quiet submission to Himself, whatever the storm might bring.

Was her body to be delivered from suffering or her spirit to remain perfect in the midst of it? Superhuman power would be indispensable for either of these miracles. Which, then, did the Almighty God purpose to perform?

It was at this point that the incident concerning her little Indian friend, Wanda, related in the first chapter, prompted Adelaide to think about God's umbrella.

Great rumblings of a tempest of trials filled the air. At this extremity a Hand was extended to the young woman. It was the same Hand that had once reached down during a literal storm to pull a sinking fisherman from the roaring Sea of Galilee. Perceiving that Hand, Adelaide's faith reached up to lay hold on the Lord Jesus Christ, and she found herself lifted out of the turbulent waves of thought, miraculously quieted and at rest. With His everlasting arms around her, confidently she stepped out into the storm.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS

Art thou sunk in depth of sorrow where no arm can reach so low?
There is One whose arms almighty reach beyond the deepest woe.
God the Eternal is thy Refuge; let it still thy wild alarms;
Underneath thy deepest sorrow are the Everlasting Arms.

Other arms grow faint and weary; these can never faint or fail;
Others reach our mounts of blessing, these our lowest, loneliest vale.
Oh, that all might know His friendship; oh, that all might see His charms!
Oh, that all might have beneath them Jesus Everlasting Arms!

—A. B. Simpson, found among Adelaide Locher's clippings Deuteronomy 33:27

Then letters and telegrams from Adelaide to various friends and her family began to tell their story:

Rochester, Minn. September 21, 1944

The old nose condition has apparently come back with more force than ever, and I am here at the Mayo Clinic after teaching only one week in the semester at Bacone. The doctor in Muskogee thinks there is a tumor on the bone and in the antrum. He sent me to a doctor here who has had a lot of experience with such operations.

The Lord has prepared me in a wonderful way for all this and has taken away all the dread and fear that I might have expected to accompany this experience. It's really wonderful, isn't it, to have His comfort? Don't think I'm pessimistic, because I really have confidence in the doctors here and I know the Lord is able to bring me through this illness even as He did before; but if it should be in His plan to take me Home as a result of it . . .

I've been thinking of the sort of memorial service I'd like. Do you think that's permissible? I shouldn't want the Eastern Star—I'd like to have Dr. Canfield take charge—the songs I'd want are "His Love Is Wonderful To Me" ['Glad Gospel Songs'] and "I Will Praise Him" [Tabernacle Hymns No. 2]. This would be the kind of service I would enjoy attending myself; wouldn't you? The verses the Lord has given me are John 13:7: "**What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter,**" and I Thessalonians 5:18: "**In everything give thanks**"; also II Corinthians 5:18a: "**And all things are of God.**"

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TELEGRAM

Rochester, Minn.
September 28, 1944

Doctor much pleased. Believes got all tumor and saved eye. No outward incision. Not sick from ether. Pain moderate. Good hospital. Exceeding abundantly (Ephesians 3:20). Much love.

Adelaide

* * *

Rochester, Minn.
October 5, 1944

I have to write rapidly in order to get anything written before my eye gets tired . . . You have not heard about the details of the operation. The tumor was right up beside the corner of my eye down the side of the nose and in the antrum. The doctor is so confident that they got the whole thing that he doesn't plan to give radium and X-ray.

At Bacone they are expecting to find substitutes and will get along until I can return . . . I'm so thankful I can still go back to the Indians, though I know now I can't go to China. The Indians, young and old, were very dear in expressing their love and sympathy when I left Bacone this fall, and I know there will be much joy in serving among them.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Adelaide

~ end of chapter 12 ~

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