

SEE THE GLORY

by

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CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

GLORY REVEALED

ADELAIDE HAD BEEN AT FAIR OAKS only a few days when a little niece, Roberta Charleen, was born. Little “Bobbie” embodied God’s comfort to her parents as well as to all the Locher family. They had freely expended themselves and suffered sympathetically with Adelaide. What greater heart’s ease could have been devised than this perfect baby? In Bobbie’s safe arrival many prayers were answered, and warmth seemed to descend on the Locher’s through this rift in the passing clouds.

Ten weeks before the storm was over, Adelaide’s transparent fingers picked up her pen. With even her “good” eye almost swollen shut, she wrote a letter valued by the recipient as a treasure: I love you so and no one can write for me, so I’m going to attempt a few lines piecemeal, sort of blind-flying. I know you’ll excuse everything.

Your letters are a little breath of heaven to me. Also I can get the “Haven of Rest” and “Biola on the Air” through the week, and Dr. Fuller and others on Sundays. What a blessing this dear little radio has been in keeping me in touch with the Lord’s Word and in the fellowship of Christian groups! I hope that others may listen here, too.

Once in a while I risk a glimpse out of the window in daylight, and these little foothills remind me of your beloved (to me) Diamond Spring.

One Sunday morning I was thinking how I wished I could enjoy the spring sun, flowers, etc. instead of being in a darkened room; and right then on the radio I heard:

“Fair are the meadows . . .
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing!”

The Lord has provided abundantly, and I am grateful, though anxious to depart.

My last little “odd-job” (a very sweet one) will be done tomorrow when I get to see my new little niece. Calvin has tentatively promised to bring Roberta and “Bobbie” out if all goes well.

I still take tub baths unassisted and do my own dressings, though both are getting pretty rigorous. (No more shampoos!)

Please forward this to your husband if you think he can read it. It's my only hand-written letter to anyone in months, so I don't know. Her penmanship was legible, though irregular; and the tone throughout the letter showed how remarkably the Fairest was making her woeful heart to sing. Even one of her nurses observed this and exclaimed with amazement: 'Why, you are not unhappy!'

As a young girl living for gaiety, Adelaide had once said that everyone thought she was having a good time, but underneath she was dissatisfied with it all. Now, dying, when everyone thought she was having a frightful time, her lips and life united to say that the Lord Jesus Christ had satisfied her heart. Was not this evidence of the "**glory of God**" which He promised in her chosen Bible text, "**Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?**" (John 11:40).

Living and dying, Adelaide proved to herself, to others, and to her Saviour that she indeed loved Him, not for His gifts, but for Himself alone. Through her brief but full life the Lord Jesus had become just what she had long prayed He might be, "A living, bright reality . . . more dear, more intimately nigh, than e'en the sweetest earthly tie."

On the morning of September 30, 1946, a blaze of God's glory streamed out fairer than the sunshine. The tempest had passed. The deluge was over. The storm-torn garments of her flesh were quietly exchanged for spiritual attire. At last her greatest anticipation was fulfilled:

Adelaide Wilma Locher beheld the glory of God.

She was not quite thirty-three years old, about the age of her Saviour when He was crucified, His vicarious suffering for the sins of the whole world culminated, when He was buried, rose from the dead, and ascended into heaven. It was He who had been her sure shelter through the swift stormy blast. It was His voice that said to Adelaide, "**Well done**"; He the Author and Finisher of her faith!

Regrets that "one so beautiful should have a life so brief" all dissolve in the remembrance of her present joy in His glorious presence.

No great financial legacy was left. For almost two years Adelaide had been without salary or regular income. Yet the Lord had so bountifully provided that her family wanted her modest bank account invested as a memorial to her. Part of this sum went to student work in China, thought by some to be one of the most amazing opportunities for evangelism in the history of Christian missions. The gift was made to the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, now dealing with thousands of alert students newly awakened to interest in the good news of Jesus Christ in spite of great opposition.

Adelaide's greatest legacy, however, was to those who have discernment to receive it.

It was the living testimony of a supreme desire for God's glory, her impartial love for the will of God as expressed by her unforgettable words, "It's all right."

For her sister, Marian Gustafson, Adelaide left a letter of consolation indicating on the envelope that only after her Home call should it be delivered. She knew the acutely sympathetic attitude of her sister and so made this final gesture of love. It was as if they were again little girls and Adelaide once more was slipping her arms around her older sister to protect her from an impending blow.

There was one more exceptional unveiling of Adelaide's heart; it was scribbled on an envelope and found among her papers, certainly revealing some of the secrets of her victorious life and death.

My greatest inspiration: **"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."**

My greatest comfort: **"Jesus doeth all things well."**

My greatest concern: that those to whom I have tried to witness by word and life may receive my Saviour and live for Him.

My greatest sorrow: that those whom I love will be grieved should I leave them.

My greatest joy: the knowledge that there will be some to meet me in heaven who might not have been there had it not been for the opportunities of witnessing and service that the Lord has given.

My greatest anticipation: **"And I shall see Him face to face . . . whom having not seen, I love."**

~ end of book ~

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