

SEE THE GLORY

by

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN

CLOUDS, ROSY TINTED

BEFORE MANY DAYS PASSED, a new crisis arose. Adelaide, still without flutter or frustration, found how remarkably God could sustain her in these circumstances which others would consider extremely adverse.

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Kohler Hospital, Rochester, Minn.
November 30, 1944

I'd been teaching four weeks, but my voice was rather husky all the time and the doctor in Muskogee decided I must return to Rochester.

Therefore I came up yesterday by plane. I saw the surgeon today, and he will operate tomorrow. There is a growth in the larynx which he thinks is nonmalignant because of its position. As before I have great peace about it. Coming up on the plane we were above the clouds, and I saw the sun setting far away to the west. Looking out through the little hole that I had rubbed in the ice on the window pane, I thought with a real thrill of joy.

“Some day when sinks the golden sun
Beneath the rosy-tinted west,
My blessed Lord will say, ‘Well done!’
And I shall enter into rest.
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story
Saved by grace!”

The four weeks spent at Bacone were full of joy, chiefest of which was the opportunity of leading our Christian Science boy to accept the Lord the day before Thanksgiving.

That same day he went to our president, business manager, and high school English teacher and told them each individually that he was ‘a real Christian’ now and that he was never going back to the Christian Scientist Church or to their literature, but that he would just read the Bible!

You can imagine how overjoyed I was when they told me and even much more when during the next church service, Sunday morning, he stepped forward for the altar call to let all the students know of his decision. I surely regretted leaving him when we were just beginning to make a little progress with his physical handicap. But I know now that the Lord will take care of him.

In a later letter she again referred to this lad as “a new creature” in the Lord (II Corinthians 5:17): “**Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new**”). Thank you for suggesting the *Young Believer’s Bible Course* by Keith L. Brooks for him. He was baptized since I returned to the campus; and I had a long “talk” with him one evening (all his “talks” are on paper, hence the quotations!) about Scripture memorizing, why the Lord permits His people to suffer, and other things that were bothering him.

The brightest spot in my situation of not being able to talk came when the boy for whom we had prayed so long and to whom the Lord gave victory over the smoking habit, came to tell me goodbye before leaving for the army. Before I had prayed for him, this time as he was about to leave he said, “Would you like that I should lead us in prayer before I go?” As he did, I thanked the Lord that I hadn’t been able to talk.

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Hotel Brown, Rochester, Minn.
December 6, 1944

The operation last Friday morning revealed that the tumor was of the nonmalignant variety, which means that although it might give me further trouble with my voice in the future, it probably won’t cause my life to end any sooner, as it might have otherwise! I am very grateful to the Lord that once more it seems I am going to be able to return to Bacone.

I can’t talk for two months, but one week of that time will soon be gone and I was released from the hospital today. There is to be one more operation (for the old trouble that brought me up here at first) before I leave this time, and right now I’m hoping it will be soon so that I can really start getting well, but the Lord knows best . . . The only reason there is doubt about the antrum operation is that the doctor may not be willing to proceed so soon after attending to the present condition . . . If I stay right on, it will count as one continuous period of hospitalization, and the insurance company will pay for surgery, room charges, and all similar expenses for both operations, since they are so closely related. A patient is allowed one period of thirty days’ hospitalization per contract year. The old year ended November 1. [She wrote of finances only because she had been questioned specifically on the subject. Being very conscientious, she sometimes asked in letters that no one send her money and returned or set aside gifts if she had no immediate need of them.—C. L. G] I have a month’s salary due from Bacone this week and also the money from the California Teacher’s Retirement Fund which hasn’t been touched yet. The day before hearing the doctor’s verdict I had received a birthday gift which made the plane trip possible—so abundant is the Lord’s provision for every need! “**O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever**” (Psalm 107:1).

Adelaide

To a few of her own that Christmas season, Adelaide sent what she called her “Christmas card”—a small portrait of herself. The sight of her bright smile meant even more to the recipients when she wrote, “I had this picture taken in September up here in Rochester. It was in a moment of desperation, I guess, thinking my family might wish I had done it in case I turned out to be a less fit subject for photography later on.” That was just before her first operation at Mayo’s when she had reason to think she might lose her right eye in a day or two.

The holidays found Adelaide back in Oklahoma hard at work and glad to have the Bacone administration insist that she return, “voice or no voice.”

Bacone College Bacone, Oklahoma
December 24, 1944

I have had to spend every waking moment the first week working on the December issue of the Bacone paper, which was finished and mailed last Thursday. I had to forego all letter-writing with the exception of a telegram to my grandmother. Then when things did slow down, like Job, I developed another “ailment.” Really, one might almost think I did it purposely, because I have received so many letters all the time I’ve been ill and there have been many pleasant features along with the unpleasant ones. I assure you, it was unpremeditated!

A little piece of bone dislodged itself from the nasal passage a week ago. It was preceded and followed by much soreness in the sinus. Long before the dislodgment my nose, eye, and cheek became red and swollen . . . I’m having to stay in bed most of the time. Christmas Eve, therefore, finds me looking like some poor old inebriate, who had his holiday “cheer” a little too early! I’ve been able to attend one Christmas dinner and family Christmas tree already, however. I am to be present for another similar event tomorrow. The people here on the campus know I must not stay long, and they are very gracious about overlooking my battered appearance. One of the other single teachers is with me. We have a nice warm apartment, and so were comfortable and nothing is lacking.

Did you ever know a Reverend and Mrs. Otto Kliever at Biola or anywhere in Southern California? He was pastor in Coalinga before they came here last fall as our business manager and assistant pastor. We’ve had some good fellowship, and I surely did enjoy being present at their family Christmas tree. The Lord has given us some truly self-sacrificing and deeply spiritual people this year; and the Klievers are just about tops among them, I think.

I still have a hard time reconciling myself to the fact that I who am virtually laid aside from any useful service for the time being am to use the Lord’s money which might have been sent for workers on the foreign field or for many other worthy causes.

The doctor here told me yesterday that when I am well enough, I must go back to Rochester and that I must stay this time, even after they may dismiss me. He seems unwilling to take the responsibility of any further complications . . . That will, of course, mean additional expense, at

least until I am able to work up there, as living conditions in Rochester are geared to suit a transient population and are therefore quite expensive. For this reason I am accepting your gift with others that have come in, believing that this must be the Lord's will, and trusting that He has yet some service for me to render which will make this investment of His money worth while. His thoughts are higher than my thoughts, I know; therefore, I thank Him and you and wait to see the unfolding of His plan.

* * *

Bacone
December 31, 1944

I have been washing, ironing and mending to be ready for this next trip to Rochester. The infection has now been localized; and the doctor here seems to think that, although an abscess is forming, it may not have to be opened until I can get to Rochester. I have applied for a Pullman reservation for Friday which would get me into Rochester in time to see the surgeon Saturday morning, and be put on the Monday operating schedule if he should think it necessary. If I need a Pullman, I feel sure that a reservation will be available; and if one is not available, due to wartime shortages, I shall take it as the Lord's indication that I should make the trip by bus, which is, of course, less expensive. At any rate I'll write you from Rochester so you'll know how I'm spending my "vacation" in the frozen northland!

One very bright spot, just a little thing, but one which cheers me a great deal as I prepare to leave this work that I love for an indefinite period of time, stands out in my thoughts tonight and I want to share it with you . . .

Then follow several pages of the Lords triumph in an influential life, that of a friend for whose spiritual growth Adelaide had been working and praying. After relating this good news, she quoted Psalm 55:22, "**Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee! He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved,**" adding in parentheses, "A command and a wonderful promise." With this spirit of firm faith and obedience, she closed her letter, concluded her work at Bacone College, and also finished the year of 1944, since the letter was dated December 31. The year 1944 was for her a turbulent year, one of peculiar trials, severe disappointments, illnesses, broken plans, hurried journeys, loneliness, and expenses!

Not that she ever enumerated these difficulties! One by one as the burdens of that year had threatened to overwhelm her, she had cast them upon the Lord, in obedience to the command. Day after troubled day, the Lord kept His promise, wonderfully sustaining her. Praise God! Adelaide was still "all right."

~ end of chapter 14 ~

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