

# SEE THE GLORY

by

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## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### WALKING IN THE LIGHT

WHEN THE FIRST SURGERY had been performed in 1940, Adelaide's personal physician in Southern California was Dr. F. Jean Holt. This beloved woman physician had herself seen service in China and could enter prayerfully into Adelaide's spiritual problems as well as her longing to work in China. Now, in the new testing that arose, Adelaide wrote Dr. Holt a letter that is typical of her attitude and is quoted in full:

Kohler Hospital, Rochester  
January 7, 1945

Dearest Doctor:

Just a wee note, for it's time for me to take that bedtime pill in preparation for the operation tomorrow morning.

I had a good trip up here and had twelve hours' sleep on the train, as it was a very quiet carload of people, and the porter made the berths up early.

I saw the surgeon almost as soon as I arrived and he put me on the Monday operating schedule, and so I had to stay in the hotel only one night.

The throat condition is healed so I can talk now. He thinks the sinus condition looks like a recurrence of the tumor rather than an infection and abscess from dead bone. He says, however, it may possibly be the latter. I know that if it is the Lord's will, it will turn out that way: and if not, He will sustain me through whatever comes.

I think of one of the quotations in the Hudson Taylor volumes:

“The shadow of a cross falls deep and broad;  
With Thee I enter tremblingly, the shade;  
Whence this new light which brightens round me, Lord?  
'The fellowship of suffering,' He said.”

I have felt all along as if I were “walking in the light” in these experiences, for there has been nothing of darkness or depression about it. Much of that is due to the prayers of dear friends like you, I know, Doctor, and Miss Richardson. I love you. Don’t work too hard!

Adelaide

\* \* \*

That night in the hospital, Adelaide’s telephone rang soon after midnight. A voice assured her that she would not need to have the operation the next morning! Feeling they knew that God had healed her, some friends who were influenced by one with “faith healing” views had made this long-distance call.

To have been thus aroused from an induced sleep might have been quite upsetting. Adelaide, however, knew the Source of authoritative guidance since she had been tuning her ear to her Shepherd’s voice over a long period of time. In fact, she had known and followed that voice since her surrender in college days when she had heard a message, already described, which made her feel that she “would do anything” if she could just know that the Lord was guiding her life. So, looking again to the Good Shepherd for His leading and perceiving no change in her bodily pains or her mental peace about the operation, she proceeded according to schedule next morning.

Her deliverance from anxiety and depression was indeed a miracle though not so spectacular as the sort of release sought by the well-meaning friends of faith-healing persuasion.

After the operation, but in lines written the same day, she showed the Lord’s own superhuman working in her spirit:

I am in good condition financially and spiritually, thanks to many dear Christian friends who have given and prayed on my behalf.

This morning as the chimes played “Sun of my Soul! Thou Saviour dear, it is not night if Thou be near,” I said to myself, “Amen!” and marveled—truly He giveth songs in the night!

Miss Buttles is nursing in the room next to mine here in the hospital. That will be nice, I think, as my roommate smokes and swears!

\* \* \*

Telegram.

Rochester, Minn.  
January 9, 1945

Tumor recurrence necessitated removal of nose section. Pain less than before. Probably necessary to use radium causing loss of eye. Under His wings I am abiding.

Adelaide

\* \* \*

Telegram to her family.

January 17, 1945

Feeling better. Had opportunity, so moved. Slightly cheaper room. Excellent view, same care. Everything comfortable. Nice roommate, has radio.

Adelaide

The following is an extract from a letter to Roberta, Adelaide's sister-in-law, who was teaching school while Calvin Locher was still in the service overseas:

My income has been increasing by leaps and bounds; in fact, as my friend Una Winsted insisted last fall, it's probably more profitable to be ill than to teach school! Almost every day lately, it seems I've been receiving a "contribution" from some source or other, and I'm saving them up as a squirrel stores nuts for the winter.

I got up for the first time Sunday, had solid foods for the first time in two weeks on Monday, and yesterday got a fresh smaller dressing on my face, which made me feel lots better. This morning I was so sleepy that I crawled in bed right after my bed was made, and I had my back-rub about 9:00 A.M. and slept until 11:00. I'll bet there are many tired school teachers who would like to trade places with me on that score! The doctors and nurses attribute all my aches and pains, at this stage, to radium reaction. They say they gave me a very heavy dose. At least I'm glad they're giving me plenty of time to get over it.

I'm writing every fourth day now to you, Marian, Gran, and Daddy. I write "one a day" and keep rotating them, with a few to other people thrown in.

Adelaide

\* \* \*

January 28, 1945

Dearest Roberta,

Just a line tonight, as this is Sunday and what with going to the clinic to have my dressing changed, going to Sunday school and church, morning and evening, calling on a couple of my former hospital roommates, and taking my regular afternoon nap, the day is practically used up.

I guess I wrote you last just before I left the hospital.

I was dismissed Thursday and I have been able to see out of both eyes again since Friday night, for which I do truly thank the Lord. It was harder than I'd realized to make out with one good eye, when that was a near-sighted one.

The doctor says it will be ten months or a year before they can begin plastic surgery. This seems a long time, but I know it will pass quickly. I feel sure that, if there are no complications, I shall be working within a month or two. I have plenty of money for the present with over two hundred dollars coming in from income-tax refund and hospitalization insurance.

There is a possibility of my staying in the nice new little home of a Christian couple who have several other girls (teachers, etc.) staying there. The room is small but is only eleven dollars a month (a price almost unheard of in Rochester). I do like the general atmosphere of the home.

Adelaide

In this letter Adelaide reports having secured the room and comments further.

Rochester  
January 29, 1945

I'll have to go out for meals, which is the chief disadvantage; but I find that on account of rationing the few boarding houses seem much less desirable than this place, and I guess the "fresh" air will do me good if I can keep the icicles off my nose!

Adelaide

Two weeks after Adelaide's operation, the surgeon wrote the following to Mrs. Calvin Locher in answer to a letter of inquiry she had written him:

Rochester, Minn.  
February 2, 1945

Miss Locher was in for an examination yesterday and in a general way she is doing quite well . . . It may be that we will have to use further radium . . . So at present, I would not make any plans about coming here to take her home. The question is whether we are going to be able to stop the growth by any means, because of its extent.

\* \* \*

Rochester, Minn.  
February 5, 1945

Dearest Roberta:

Things are going along much as usual . . . seeing the doctor every day. This morning I “accidentally” slept until 11:30. If rest will make me well, I should get there fast!

I’m going shopping this afternoon for valentines for Ruby, Esther, Carleen, and the Lewis grandchildren.

Adelaide

Rochester, Minn.  
February 12, 1945

(To her friend, Dr. F. Jean Holt of Los Angeles).

In this place of busy specialists, how I’d enjoy just once in awhile sitting down in your office for a good helpful talk, even though the outer office might be full of patients! I appreciated the time you spent always, but more than ever now, when one practically has to grab a doctor by the coat tail to get to ask him anything. There appears to be no time for general consultation about minor ailments which seem to follow in the wake of the more important ones! I’m sure it’s not this way in normal times, but at present both the surgeon and his assistant, who is a very kind and capable young doctor, are very much overworked and they are doing the best they can to help everyone.

Adelaide

To a former Sunday school pupil:

Rochester, Minn.  
February 15, 1945

Dearest Helen,

Thank you for the verse you sent on your valentine. I’ve thought of those words since I’ve been ill: “He sees the upper and we the underside.” I’ve heard the poem read somewhere and sometime, though I don’t have it. [Adelaide saved the copy of the verse Helen sent her, and it is here quoted.—C. L. C]

**“Then shall I know even as also I am known”** (I Corinthians 13:12)

“My life is but a weaving  
Between my Lord and me;  
I cannot choose the colors,  
He worketh steadily;  
Ofttimes He weaveth sorrow,  
And I in foolish pride  
Forget He sees the upper,  
And I, the underside.

“Not till the loom is silent  
And the shuttles cease to fly  
Shall God unroll the canvas  
And explain the reason why  
The dark threads are as needful  
In the Weaver’s skillful hand  
As the threads of gold and silver  
In the pattern He has planned.”

—Author unknown

I believe I can honestly say that I do thank the Lord for the dark threads as much as for the brighter ones, for I know that He allows them and I truly believe that “**He doeth all things well!**”

I am so thankful that He hasn’t allowed me to feel depressed or self-conscious or sorry for myself and that He has given me the privilege of fellowship with Him and with Christian friends. It’s a little taste of heaven here on earth. In a recent letter I learned of the death of two wonderful Christians I’ve known, and I thought how precious it is that we’re going to meet again. Oh, if only all whom we’ve known and loved here might be there with us!

I am getting along quite well, Helen, though I’m still content to live a fairly lazy life. I see the doctor every afternoon and write letters while I wait as I’m doing now. Adelaide

Dearest Roberta:  
February 14, 1945

Thank you for the nice valentine and for sending the snapshot. It’s surely a treat to see Calvin looking so natural . . .

Thank you for offering to come if I should need you, however, . . . it seems that I’ll be staying here and that even if I had to travel, I could make it alone . . .

The surgeon is a man of few words when one sees him here, but for all that he’s very nice. I am expecting to start . . . at the Little Green House [occupational therapy department of the clinic] . . . For the present I’m going to make a leather cover for my little black notebook, which is wearing out. I hated not to make anything after the doctor was kind enough to suggest that I might enjoy going over there, and it is a rather nice way to get acquainted with other convalescent patients . . .

Tonight Vivian and I are invited out to dinner at the home of a lady from the First Baptist Church who called on me every time I was in the hospital.

Adelaide

\* \* \*

Rochester, Minn.  
February 21, 1945

I'm sleeping much better than I did and I am gaining a little weight, so that is encouraging. I'm not allowing myself to become unduly optimistic, but neither am I depressed about the situation . . . The eventual outcome is in God's hands, and He is able to make His will come to pass.

In a recent letter that came from Dr. and Mrs. John A. Hubbard were these words which were a blessing:

“So I go on, not knowing;  
I would not if I might.  
I'd rather walk in the dark with God  
Than walk alone in the light;  
I'd rather walk with Him by faith  
Than walk alone by sight.”

- Mary G. Brainerd

There are many needy, suffering people here, most of them, of course, unsaved . . . I've had some opportunities to witness for the Lord, but pray that I may find more and use them better than I have thus far, (You know, even a “patch” on the face may be a real advantage, because it helps one to be remembered and recognized in a crowd of strangers and makes it fairly easy to get acquainted!)

We're having a beautiful snowstorm today . . . I still keep wondering whether I'll get to see a real blizzard. Since this is supposed to be a particularly mild winter, I guess there isn't much hope. It has been only eighteen degrees below so far! Adelaide

\* \* \*

Rochester, Minn.  
March 1, 1945

Thank you for the lovely cuttings of flowers and shrubs! I appreciated each one.

The bay leaves and acacia were as lively as if they had been just picked, and the manzanita leaves were lovely, though the little blossoms were about gone. About five blossoms of the Japanese quince were in good condition . . . I wrapped them carefully in a piece of waxed paper and took them to my doctor to show him what California could produce in the middle of winter and in the mountains at that. He was pleased and showed it to the nurse and office girls. It really did look like the essence of spring here in this country that is still “enjoying” zero weather every few days!

I can't write a long letter, as I owe several more "thank-you" notes, and I am not in very good letter-writing condition lately. For some reason my eye is swollen and seems to be reacting to any strain.

There is much more pain in my face the past week. Although I'm trying not to be unduly pessimistic, it seems to me to be pretty much the same as what happened to me during Christmas vacation.

The surgeon is away and his assistant keeps trying to think of encouraging things to say . . . If it gets better, I'll send you a card within the next week. If anything really serious develops, I'll send you a night-letter. **"God is our [my] refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we [I] fear"** (Psalm 46:1, 2).

~ end of chapter 15 ~

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