

SEE THE GLORY

by

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CHAPTER FOUR

THRILL OF JOY

ADELAIDE HAD NO ANSWER TO HER QUESTIONS. Always full of vivacity at high school, she took part in many outside activities, acting in school plays and editing the yearbook in her senior year. At church she became an officer in the young people's group. Outside interests, however, did not keep her from making excellent grades in her school work—grades high enough to give her membership in the California Scholarship Federation. She was further honored with the American Legion award as the outstanding girl in her graduating class.

Through all these years she worked for part or all of her room and board. Each summer she earned money for clothes and school incidentals. When she was eighteen, she enrolled at Sacramento Junior College, where she took history as a major and English as a minor. Her scholarship was very high—almost a straight “A” average, in spite of the fact that she was working in a doctor's home while attending school. She sang with the college choir.

In her second year of the school's two-year course, she edited the yearbook and was graduated with honors. Again, in the junior college as in high school, she received the award given to the outstanding woman of the class. She was also awarded a scholarship to the University of California. During her last year her especially good friend was the president of the student body, who won the award given the outstanding man of the same class with which Adelaide was graduated.

As the girl herself tells the story:

“At Sacramento Junior College I lived in the home of a doctor, working for board and room, and I attended a very formal Methodist church in the mornings only. During my senior year in high school and these two years in junior college, social affairs such as dances and parties were my chief interest. On one occasion when I was attending a hotel dance in Sacramento, our entire party had gone into one of the hotel rooms, where liquor was provided. My escort, seeing a Gideon Bible on the dresser, picked it up and began to read from it in a loud and mocking voice. I wanted to say something, but was convicted of the fact that I was in the wrong place and company for my influence to have any effect.”

While in my last year at Junior college, I recall that I often came home late at night and sat on my bed for an hour or so before I would undress, thinking about the events of the evening.

The thought always uppermost in my mind was: "I'm young and everybody thinks I'm having a good time, but I wonder if this is the best time I'm ever going to have." Underneath I was dissatisfied with it all.

Near the close of the year, I prayed for three things, among them a scholarship to the University of California. In the end I received them all. I was surprised that the Lord gave me the scholarship to the University of California because quite a few people had told me that I would "lose my religion" if I went there. At graduation my best friend and I were chosen as outstanding man and woman student of the class. This was the answer to another of three prayers. (The third had to do with the return of some money which had been lost).

Entering the University of California, I was separated from my former associates by the fact that most of them joined sororities and fraternities, while I had no money to do so; and the friend who had been my constant escort at junior college attended another university. In this extremity I remembered the Hodgson's suggesting that I attend what was then the Southern Methodist Church, Epworth Church, in Berkeley. I went there on my first Sunday, thinking that later on I might not have time, but I found such a warm welcome in their young people's group that I began to attend regularly.

Loneliness was not her whole reason for venturing to the church, Adelaide confessed later with a smile. She had tailored a beautiful white coat and assembled a particularly smart outfit. Proudly self-conscious she was all eagerness to display these pretty clothes.

One of the students whom Adelaide met at church was Wilma Bose Mitchell. Adelaide next encountered her at a college employment office, where they both were applying for work. The two girls were equally amazed, each thinking of the other as in circumstances comfortably removed from the necessity of self-support.

Of her new friend Adelaide said, "Wilma Bose took an interest in me, as we had one class together on the campus. We used to eat lunch at the 'Y' and then walk to class together; and upon those occasions she was always doing a little personal evangelism, though I did not realize it. One day the subject of dancing came up, and I asked what she thought about it. She said she thought it was all right for the average person, but that those of us who are saved just ought to be a little different. The word 'saved' was like dynamite to me. I quickly changed the subject for fear she might ask if that word applied to me."

I recall two definite experiences during my first semester at Berkeley. At University Bible League (now Horton Hall) where Wilma had taken me, Pastor Kirk of Melrose Baptist Church in Oakland gave three messages on the subject, "How I May Know That I am Saved."

From these I emerged with the assurance of my salvation based on John 5:24— **"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life"**—and the first stanza of the hymn, "My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

I remember the thrill of joy that came over me that day coming out of the “Y,” looking up at the Campanile clock, as we always did to see if it was time for class, to think that at last I was really saved.

The other experience is that of hearing a young missionary from Korea, Victor Peters, speak, giving his personal testimony based on the text John 7:17: “**If any man will do his will, he shall know . . .**”

I had been praying that the Lord would give me an experience like that of the other Berkeley young people so that I could testify concerning it; but when I prayed, the problem of dancing always rose up like a sore thumb. I wasn’t really willing to give it up until I heard this message, which made me feel that I would do anything if I could just know that the Lord was guiding my life.

After this meeting I sought my friend, Wilma, and told her my decision, and from that time until the present I have been rejoicing in the Lord. Various points of surrender came gradually; but from then on I was never conscious of desiring anything above God’s will, and I have always felt definitely guided when a decision of any importance has had to be made.

With Christ as the real center of her affections, all the circumference of Adelaide Locher’s life came into perfect adjustment. Indeed, she at last knew things to be as she had long desired them to be, right—all right!

~ end of chapter 4 ~

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