HOW DO YOU WISH TO PRAY?

Without a doubt all have some light on the subject of prayer, and the saved, surrendered soul pleads, "Father give me grace that I might walk in the light."

The inquiring disciple, yes the earnest believer petitions, "Lord teach me to pray."

Perhaps we find ourselves promising: "We'll walk in the light—beautiful light, come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright; shine all around us by day and by night—Jesus the light of the world." But we must admit that many prayers go unanswered—humiliating isn't it? Nevertheless it is true. Our sons and daughters are not saved, our neighbors and friends are not saved, workers are not thrust forth into the whitened harvest field, God is not magnified.

Do you interrogate; if we admit that many of our prayers go unanswered the agnostic, the anti-Christian will take great delight in saying that we are unbelieving. Well that hurts; yes it does, and what they say and think has a tendency to erect a handicap that's mighty hard to hurdle. But I'm not afraid to say, "Lord teach me to pray."

Again I ask the question, "How do you wish to pray; as a religious exercise?" That is alright, for what systematic exercise is to the body—systematic prayer is to the soul. Do you wish to pray as a duty? That is alright, for there are many requests for friends, for loved ones, for missionaries, for the church, and for ourselves. But if we see prayer only as a duty we'll be asking, asking, and our asking might be mingled with praises. Thank God for any kind of a prayer life but let us advance. This leads me to say, "Let us get out of the circle of fear." What is the circle of fear, It is: I must pray or I'll backslide. You will backslide unless you pray; but prayer must have a higher aim. What is the circle of fear? I must pray or something terrible will happen. I must—I must—I must,

and so the dark horse of fear charges up and down our soul. But there is help. Here it is. I desire to pray according to the will of God. That isn't difficult. The Bible states, "And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, HE HEARETH US; and if we know that he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, We know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him."

How can I secure this confidence? Become acquainted with God's Book It will disclose to you His revealed will. You can't read the word of God in streaks and spots. Oh no, you must read it as a whole. Study it with greater determination than you did your ABC's or your algebra, or your chemistry lessons. Suppose you are praying for the conversion of a friend. What does the Word of God say? Here is the promise: "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slowness; but is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

Does someone say, I don't have time, the Bible is a big book. I'm in a hurry. Well of course if you are in a hurry—see Prov. 19:2 and Isa. 28:16. How do you wish to pray? Humbly say, "Lord teach me to pray" and mean it.

Paul L. Beck

A JOYFUL THANKSGIVING OF THE FAITHFUL FOR THE MERCIES OF GOD

1. And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me.

2. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid: for the Lord JE-HO-VAH is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.

3. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

4. And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon his name.
declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted.

5. Sing unto the Lord, for he hath done excellent things: let this be known in all the earth.

6. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.—Isaiah Chapt. 12.

BIBLE STUDY LESSON
Aug. 26
Jacob Adjusts Personal Relationships

Golden Text—Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace. Rom. 14:19.

As advised by the Lord, Jacob returned to his homeland after 20 years. During this time he was blessed with children and possessions but his life was made unpleasant by the deceit and double dealing of the uncle for whom he worked.

As he neared home he became afraid to meet Esau, the brother he had wronged, and prayed that he might be delivered from his anger. When he learned Esau was coming to meet him with 400 men his concern increased. Jacob separated his people into two companies, thinking one might escape if the other were attacked. He arranged his children and wives in the order most dear to him, Rachel and Joseph being the last for greatest safety.

Now Jacob had God's promise of preservation and prosperity; he need not have been so fearful of the danger ahead. He was like so many Christians who scheme and plan and worry trying to meet trouble by their own resourcefulness before turning to God. After everything possible has been done God's help is sought. They seem to imply that He could not be trusted to handle the situation by Himself.

The Lord graciously answered Jacob's prayer and all his elaborate preparations were found unnecessary. Esau met him on a friendly basis, accepting the gifts offered although protesting that he had enough of his own. When we think how God honors prayer made in such weak faith it is easier to understand how a bold faith can remove mountains.

Jacob was so relieved to find

We have earned the commendations that have come to us. In every way, at all times, we are faithful to our trust and we are studiously capable.

THE McGOWAN FUNERAL HOME
Esau gracious and forgiving that he said, "I have seen thy face, as though I had seen the face of God, and thou wast pleased with me." Surely God had an important part in this beautiful reconciliation.

Hazel Gillam

DADDY KILLED IN FRANCE BEFORE HIS DAUGHTER IS BORN

SUSAN DIANE COOK

Susan Diane is the baby girl that her father, Lieutenant William E. Cook, never saw for she was born on February 11 of this year, almost two months after her father's death.

The lieutenant, a pilot on a B-26 bomber, went overseas last November and was killed on December 18th in northern France, probably on his second mission. He was buried in Belgium.

Lieut. Cook was a graduate of Stow High School, class of 1941. He received his wings at Ellington Field, Texas in April 1944.

Susan has light hair and blue eyes and resembles her father. The mother and baby live with Lt. Cook's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cook, 2574 Front St., Cuyahoga Falls.

The cut for this little girl's picture was obtained thru the courtesy of the "Wingfoot Clan", Good-year publication.

STOW PUBLIC LIBRARY
Book Review

Korson—At his side

Mr. Korson tells the intimate overseas story of the American Red Cross and its work with the Armed Forces. Coming from all walks of life and from all parts of the United States, Red Cross girls ease the lot of the G.I.'s in every theatre of war operations. In Red Cross clubs all over the world they make a "home away from home" for G.I.'s; they meet returning bombing missions with refreshing lemonade in the tropics and steaming coffee in cold climates; they are at the side of the wounded and sick heroes in Army and Navy hospitals, and on hospital ships, trains and planes. And the Red Cross field directors go in with invasion forces on D-Day or soon after, giving constant service to the combat units in the front lines. Here are glimpses of all the battle theatres and of some of the great leaders as they come in contact with Red Cross activities. This book is written with warmth and sincerity, and carries the reader along like a good novel.

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ISALY'S In Stow
Surprise! No doubt these two good looking ladies will be surprised to see their smiling faces—here. But in looking over pictures with photographer Ray Hosfield we decided this one was too good to omit. And just in case you don't know, the lady in the wicker chair is Mrs. Iru Palmer and to the right, Mrs. Ray Hosfield.
NO! This is not an advertisement for one of the local Dairy companies but merely a picture which Mr. Ray Hosfield took one time at the foot of Peck's Hill (Rt. 91) in the pasture land just east of the road. A peaceful scene such as this, when considered carefully, will help us to forget Atomic Bombs and suchlike. One wonders, if the picture were a little larger, would not daisies, buttercups, violets or other wild flowers show their faces.

PERSONALS

Shirley Ann Hoffman, 218 N. Sanford spent the second period at the Y. W. C. A. Camp at Conneaut. She was one of the four that were chosen out of approximately 120 for “Best Camper”. She was also one of the 18 that were chosen for Health Shields, and she was also on the staff of the camp paper which the camp puts out each period.

Sewing Machines: all makes repaired, cleaned and serviced. Reasonable prices. Prompt service. E. W. Poling, 20 King Drive, Stow. OV-8840. (adv.)

For Sale: Electric Stove, also single size Metal Bed. Call 151 East Arndale Rd., Stow. (adv.)

GARDEN PLOWING and FITTING—Mowing. Good work. Louis Griggy, Ritchie Rd. Tel. OV-8407. (adv.)

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OV-3462
LETTER
July 31, 1945
Dear Mr. Stockman:

Have been getting the C. C. News regularly, possibly a little late . . . once in a while, but I can blame only myself for that as I should have given you my new address before.

I enjoy reading all the letters, although I don't see many familiar names anymore. If it is possible, I would like to get Lloyd Williams' address. I haven't seen him for a long time, and would like to write him if I can find out where he is stationed.

Due to the fact that it is time for lights out, I guess I will have to close now and hit the sack. Thanks a million for the fine paper and I hope it continues to arrive as regularly as it has in the past.

Sincerely,
Pfc. William Morris, NSMC
H&S Btry. 2nd Bn, 10th Marines
c/o Fleet P. O.
San Francisco, Calif.

Ed. Note: The address which you request is
Pfc. Lloyd E. Williams 35046633
Service Co., 36th Arm'd Inf. Regt.
APO No. 253 c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

His folks say that as of July 1st, the last they heard from him, Lloyd was in Germany. We are glad to hear from you and now that the Japs are licked, maybe you will get to come home before long. Write again.—H. J. S.

LETTER
Friday, Aug. 3
Dear Mr. Stockman:

This might be titled, "Occupation—Occupation" or something of the sort. If I can collect my thoughts in this bedlam of a day room, I'll try to go sketchily (you know me) through an abnormally normal week as a jeep jockey whose foremost occupation is oc-
Let's start with last Sunday, what do you say? Well, I had my plans set for church and they were squelched by having to drive guard jeep for another company. So I grabbed my camera and a can of gas and was off. (The last sentence has only one meaning, please!)

The guard posts are scattered all over creation, on roads that only a bicycling (or bicycling as the more intellectual ones say) Kraut would attempt, guard posts in factories that couldn't make a good collapsible smudge pot, guards on lonely power plants stuck up on mountains. The main idea is to see that the guards do just that rather than what I do, go sightseeing. I feel like a heel but officers seem to be less feeling that the average run of persons. I'm only a Pfc. so I'm not worried about any retaliation from my remarks.

Al 1 day Sunday I batted up mountain trail and through sunsodden valley checking guards and every once in a while taking time off to climb up and snap a picture of some ancient ruin. From one old castle here (2300 feet above sea level) you can see The Swiss Alps, Heilbronn, The Black Forrest, (and the Pepsi Cola sign in Akron).

Everyday in the week I happen on some relic of some tempestous feudal time or some natural beauty crammed away among the hills. You can't get away from them. Germany is as old as man and as modern as the next soldier's death, it seems.

Monday I drove the jeep for the kitchen. Hauling supplies and water are the main jobs there. The water point is sandwiched in between an eighteenth century Anglican church and the home of the Duke of Heilbronn. How an Anglican church survived I can't imagine. The Duke's home houses Polish Displaced Personnel. From riches to rags, more or less.

That evening I drove out two or three towns to get spuds from the civilians. One of the guys wanted a chicken so I jockeyed one off a civilian who couldn't talk as bad English as I could German. When we got back the fellow wasn't around and I didn't want the chicken to get cold so I put it in his bed. Besides spuds we had a jug of cider, a peck of apples, a flat tire and a German nurse who was on her knees trying to pedal up a mountain to her home. In my brilliant German I tried to tell her she should build up a business in the valley but I found that people get sick on mountains too.

Wednesday and Thursday found me (but not very easily) on a screening patrol. That goes like this. You rattle into a town and up to the mayor's house. He's generally out fertilizing his fields. Exclusive mayors in this neck of the woods. He comes in and de-natures himself long enough to give us all the latest dope on doings in his thriving little burg and we check up to see if there are any weapons hanging around that might influence some future Hitler to go duck hunting. So far the confiscated weapons make swell souvenirs and are about as potent as the effectiveness of a pre-war girdle.

Today being Friday, I'll round out my tale with a splash. I washed my jeep. Besides that there was a trip to Stuttgart, a huge old city divided into four sections. Each section is cut by a forest ribboned with roads and an ale house here and there. The town itself is a congestion of old and new interwoven with buildings remodeled and renamed by the wacky G.I.'s. The one time feudal home is renamed Duffy's Tavern, Where the Deplete Rest Their Feet. It's a P. X. now. The main street has been dubbed Fifth Avenue, with signs pointing to New York, Chicago and Pine Ridge.

So round and round I go and where I'll stop is determined by how long my chariot holds together.

So long, for now—
It's rough all over,

Lloyd Chipps

P. S. Anytime this guy writes for Reader's Digest at 200 bucks a paragraph you will notice a new title — Reader's Indigestion — and people will fall back exclusively on funny books and The Perils of Pauline.

Ed. Note: We regard this as a most interesting letter. Send us more.—H. J. S.
TOM—Before making contact with a big Buick, this pleasant look animal was a pet belonging to Mr. Ray Hosfield who took the picture.