

## I LIKE THE ROLE OF PREACHER'S WIFE

By Mrs. Dorothea S. Pfautz

Yes, I like the role of being a preacher's wife. God has favored me with that responsibility—even with its trials. I am making no sacrifice. I do not seek pity or sympathy from anyone, for who has more opportunities for happiness than the parsonage lady?

No attempt will be made to give the qualities of an ideal minister's wife, because I do not know them. I married a preacher more than ten years ago, having no idea what the future held in store for me. For awhile it was difficult for me to adjust myself to the parsonage. Christian training in a religious school proved very insufficient and, consequently, I am learning the hard way. How much I owe to our members for their patience and their help! Here are a few reasons why I like my position in life.

### Reasons for This Satisfaction

In the heart of almost every woman lies a longing to be helpful, to be someone of importance; yet many will sacrifice this ambition for a nobler vocation, that of a wife and a mother. The minister's wife, as a rule, may excel in both, if she desires.

It is my privilege to visit quite extensively with my husband. Yes, many times—when there is work to be done at home. But I am thankful, because the Lord enables me to help a few people along life's varied way and to encourage them to follow the narrow path the Master trod. And not the least, the fellowship of my husband in visiting and in prayer adds no small pleasure to my life.

Again, because I chose to be a preacher's wife I have given my children a great heritage in a godly father. True, there is much expected from the minister's family; but does not even this give them a lofty ambition to live noble Christian lives?

I have more than average opportunity to attend conferences and camp meetings. To me, this offers marvelous privileges. Again and again I have thanked God for them.

We have entertained many of our evangelists. It may mean extra work to some, but it has been a joy to me. These men of God have often been a greater blessing to us in our home than in the pulpit. They have enriched my life and made me want to be a holy woman.

Many instances could be enumerated which have gladdened my heart, such as: that surprise handkerchief shower on my birthday; or the lovely corsage of white rose buds on Mother's Day; my silverware; and other numerous gifts. These are surely tokens of love.

Two members were once looking for a gift for me, and by chance I learned that one asked the clerk in the store: "Is this a good article? We are buying it for our minister's wife and we want only the best." I do not feel that I deserve the best, but I shall never forget that attitude of respect and regard.

### When Others Offer Aid

In one parsonage I had quite a large number of windows and stretching curtains was a task I dreaded. One day, I suppose I had been complaining, for a member with four small children offered to help me, and she meant it, too. I was humiliated because she had far more work to do than I, yet she wanted to do something for the preacher's wife. Many, many times someone has come in and helped with the work—from a bit of mending to painting my kitchen.

Do you not think I should appreciate my lot in life? Of course, I've had the clothes line break on wash day! What woman hasn't? And I've fixed meals by the score for unexpected company. This is no task because we are glad folks think enough of us to stop. It is a pleasure to fix a bite and have fellowship over the table with them. I guess by now you know I was raised in the country. Anyway our "latch-string" is always out.

Members in most places have constantly come in and out; but I'm pretty sure it is because they love us. I want them to feel it is their parsonage. After all, is it not their hard-earned money paying for it and giving us many of the comforts of life? Besides this, someone is always bringing a chicken, a glass of jelly, some garden produce, ice cream, a jar of olives; or maybe candy for the children, home made bread, a cake, a dozen eggs, or a side of pork; and many times money, and you know, those things you take to your pastor's home.

I have not meant to leave the impression that our life is a "Utopia;" but I believe my sisters of the parsonage appreciate their home, their position in the church, and their status in the community. Surely, there have been many trials and trying times, undesirable circumstances, just and unjust criticism, and other numerous petty annoyances; but are these not common to mankind? Is it not our attitude toward life rather than our position in life which determines our individual happiness? Are not compensations manifold? I still like the role of the preacher's wife!—Wesleyan Methodist.

## THIS IS THE ZERO HOUR

By Paul W. Rood

### IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK

A prophet must have a message from the Lord and it must be a message of his own age. Is there any passage in the Bible that is pertinent in this crucial hour of world history? We can think of several such passages and one of them is 1 Thess. 5:3: "For when they shall say, Peace and safety: then sudden destruction cometh upon them as travail upon a woman with child: and they shall not escape".

### God's Judgments Coming

When the ungodly are talking about peace and security "then sudden destruction cometh upon them." We can now understand the meaning of the expression "sudden destruction". We didn't know the meaning of that term before Hiroshima. The judgments of God are coming upon sinning humanity. God is forgotten. Christ is rejected and the Bible is spurned. This coming judgment is described in the book of Revelation from chapter six to nineteen. This judgment is inevitable and it will come suddenly. As we prayerfully ponder our text and consider world conditions today does it not become increasingly clear that we must be very near to the end of this age?

What effect should this text have upon us? To the unsaved it speaks of the necessary preparation for an inevitable meeting with God. "Prepare to meet thy God." There is only one way to prepare and that is to flee to the ark of safety which is Christ. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thou shalt have life and peace." Acts 16:31.

## Our Last Chance to Wake Up

To the believer the challenge of our text is tremendous. A well-known business man recently gave the writer the most stirring message he has heard for some time. We were standing on a street corner discussing present day conditions when suddenly this Christian layman cried out: "This is the zero hour. I heard a scientist last night lecture on 'The Atomic Bomb.' He told us that in two years the secret of the atomic bomb would be known to the nations of the earth. This is the lull before the storm. This is our last chance to wake up and finish our task of evangelizing the world. When things start popping, we will be too distracted to accomplish anything. Whatever we are going to do for our city, our country and the world, we will have to do now. Time is running out on us!" This layman talked like a prophet of God. It is later than you think. The time is short and Christ

## WANTED

God give us men! A time like this demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor—men who will not lie.  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And condemn their treacherous flatteries  
without winking;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty and in private thinking;  
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,

Their large profession and their little deeds,  
Mingle in their selfish strife, Lo! Freedom weeps.

Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

is coming! —The Christian Fundamentalist.

## OBITUARY

Death came instantly to **Bernard Lee**, of Milltown, Maine, when the truck he was driving was struck by a train at a blind crossing in Charlotte, Me., on Thursday morning, July 24th.

The funeral was held from the home of his aunt, Mrs. Harvey Getchell, Union St., Calais, Maine, Sunday, July 27th, Rev. P. J. Trafton officiating. Interment was in Calais cemetery.

Our sympathy goes out to these sorrowing ones.

**Cecil Good**, son of Mrs. Clara Good of Moncton, and the late A. G. Good, died very suddenly at his home early Wednesday morning, August 6th. Suffering a stroke in July, Mr. Good seemed to be improving and just before his passing talked with his loved ones, appearing to be feeling well. His death came as a severe shock to the family.

Left to mourn are the mother, and two sisters, Nellie, at home and Mrs. Henry MacRae, also of Moncton. Mrs. H. C. Archer is an aunt of the deceased.

The funeral service was held from the home on Friday, August 8th, and was conducted by Rev. G. A. Forsey, assisted by Rev. B. C. Cochrane.

To those who mourn we extend our sincere and prayerful sympathy.