

Sisters All!

Dear Martha,

We are still talking about the good time we had with you and the family during your visit with us last week. Your children are growing so very fast. There is Freddie, your baby, beginning school this fall, and little Patty in the sixth grade! And now pretty, vivacious Dorothy has become a teen-ager. I can understand your qualms about having two "teeners" in your family, although Gordon, of course, is very different from Dorothy. He is more like our Grace was—quiet, studious, reflective, lost in a world of his own.

Sometimes I used to wonder if Grace knew what was going on around her at all. She would sit in her impossibly untidy room, totally oblivious of everything but her radio, writing for hours in her diary. And yet I have missed her a great deal this year since she's been married. She has a quiet strength and comradely understanding that can't be replaced.

Lately I have become rather fed-up with all the knowing authors and lecturers who sigh and expostulate over today's young people. True, they are often difficult to understand. Their secretiveness, their irritability, and their everlasting urge to rebel are all characteristics hard for a family to take. And some, beyond doubt, are real problems to society and even more, to themselves.

But with all their failings, I like teen-agers. They have a refreshingly wide-eyed view of life, reminiscent of the three or four year old who craves to see and touch everything. Teen-agers are so eager to learn, so anxious to make good, so keen to become adults in every sense.

I like their idealism, their exalted sense of honor, devotion, and integrity. They may not always live up to their own lofty standards (do any of us?), but they demand the highest from their heroes. No matter how complex and unpromising the future looks, they forge ahead with unquenched hope and ambition to right all the wrongs in the world.

I appreciate their honesty, even when it is harsh. They have a courageous willingness to face the truth without veneer or varnish, even in themselves. In fact, their disposition to know themselves amounts almost to a passion. Probably, never again in their lives will they be as open to light and so ready to walk in it.

I love their gaiety. A crowd of teen-agers is sure to be a lively affair—well, yes, raucous at times, too. They can temporarily shake off all their problems and just be silly together, without need of stimulant, elaborate program, or expensive entertainment.

Perhaps most of all I value their potential. Abruptly they are no longer children, wrapped up in a child-world of self-interest. Awkwardly at first, but with increasing firmness, they are taking steps in a world of grown-ups. There is new patience with a younger sister, and mature interest in a future occupation. Sudden glimpses of enlarged understanding and sophistication reveal the adult that is to be.

There is excitement in the air with teen-agers around. Something's going on; something's going to happen. Their eagerness, enthusiasm, and will to succeed give me confidence that they'll go farther than their parents have toward self-knowledge, efficiency and smoothness in their work, and sounder and better relations with others—perhaps even toward peaceful and constructive dealings between nations.

Yes, I really like teen-agers. Yours and mine have the powerful advantage of Christian character and vision. They give me hope for the future.

Your loving sister,
Mary

AFRICAN DIARY

(Continued from Page 5)

the country is untouched except for the dirt roads which cross it. The animals soon learn that they are safe here. Cars are allowed through, but it is against the law to get out of the car except at designated rest camps. This is for the protection of the people, not the animals!

At Acornhoek I had the privilege of a conducted tour through the Nazarene hospital where Dr. Merki is on the staff. We also visited an outstation where they were getting ready for a campmeeting. Later we took a drive up into the mountains where the scenery was delightful and refreshingly cool after a hot day.

From Acornhoek the Merkis drove me to Endingeni Mission station in Swaziland. My old class mates, Rev. and Mrs. Paul Hetrick, are in charge of the mission there. A campmeeting was in progress, with Rev. Harmon Schmelzenbach, and one of the old original African Nazarenes sharing the preaching. I was asked to bring greetings at the evening service.

I find Swaziland quite different from the other side of the border. There is no official apartheid in Swaziland, so it was almost a "strange" experience for me to go to the Post Office and be waited on by an African man. Europeans and Africans had to take their turn at the service window, and both could go in and out the same door.

I moved on to Manzini (formerly Bremersdorp), Swaziland, thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Karker who had come over to meet me. The Karkers are E.N.C. alumni. He helps to run the printing press for the Nazarene work in South Africa. They are in the process of moving the establishment to Johannesburg. I was graciously entertained in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Hynd who are in charge of the mission station here. Mrs. Hynd is an E.N.C. alumna, as is Dr. Evelyn Ramsay who is on the staff here. This is a large mission station with hospital, nursing school, high-school, teacher training school, primary school, orphanage, and, of course, a large church.

Yesterday, the Karkers drove me over to Stegi, about 40 miles, where the Nazarenes have a Bible Training School. E.N.C. graduates are on the staff there, though now on vacation or furlough.

I am writing this at Manzini. My next stop is Altona, I think! At any rate, Brother Glendon is coming over to meet me in a day or so and I will be in Reformed Baptist territory for the rest of my stay in Africa.

This phase of my visit to Africa has been very rewarding in the great number of new things I have seen and done. Actually, I have almost reached the saturation point. This is not to say that there is no more to learn, it is just that I have been receiving everything in such concentrated portions. I really need some time now to think over what I have seen and heard.

One of my biggest personal impressions is the kindness with which I have been received everywhere, beginning with my very first stop at Ermelo. My Nazarene friends have also been very gracious, and, of course, I have especially enjoyed observing how E.N.C. graduates, some of them my own former students, have been doing on the mission field.

DR. EMMETT UNDERGOES SURGERY

Word has been received that Dr. Emmett was operated on, July 25. Special prayer is requested.

Cards and letters should be addressed to: Dr. Storer Emmett, P.O. 447, Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, South Africa.

The King's Highway