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## Narrow-Minded Pam

By Mrs. Paul E. King

From the October 1, 1972 Sunday School Beacon

Pamela Carson walked rapidly down the school hallway to her home room. Her full round lips parted in an instant, sunny smile as she saw her math teacher approaching. "Good morning, Mrs. Binkley," she greeted pleasantly. "Isn't this a beautiful day! A beautiful day to be alive!" she commented sweetly.

"It certainly is, Pamela!" the teacher agreed. "About as sunny and bright outside as your smile is."



Pamela blushed. Thanking the teacher, she hurried to her room.

"See what I mean!" Emily Roscum exclaimed, addressing Judy Kendrix. "She's a square! A real square, is Pam Carson. Whoever heard of addressing a teacher like that! And smiling at her too! She's sickening. Ugh! What with all her out-dated ways! I'm glad I joined the 'now generation'.., the revolutionaries. We'll get things done. Clean up and make good riddance of the 'establishment!' "

Judy was thoughtful for a long time. After awhile she spoke. "Pam's a sweet girl, Emily. A really good one, too. Sometimes I'm truly sorry I ever joined this revolutionary group in our school.

"Judy Kendrix! Do you mean it? Really and truly mean it?"

"I would not have said it if I had not meant it, Emily. I've been to my second meeting of the revolutionaries..., the 'now generation,' and it . . . it's frightening. My parents are a part of the 'establishment' and I love them very dearly."

Emily's face reddened with anger. "Sure. Sure! I know they're a part of the 'establishment'. Mine are too. You'll have to harden yourself. Against your parents even. After awhile you won't care at all about them. Why," and her voice was little more than a whisper now, "I hate my parents. Keep going to the rallies and the group meetings; they'll show you how it's done and before you realize it, your parents nor anybody will matter to you. It's our only way to a better world, Judy. Can't you see this?"

Judy studied her girlfriend thoughtfully. "Sometimes I wonder," she said peremptorily. "Yes, sometimes I wonder."

Emily positioned her hands indignantly on her hips. "A fine one you are for our cause. Wait till I tell the gang! Just wait till the club finds this out!"

"That won't be necessary," a masculine voice interrupted. "If Judy wants out, she shall get out. With no trouble either. Do you hear, Emily?" It was Jonathan Dickinson.

"Well, I... I..." Emily stuttered. "What's happened to you, Jon? Certainly you're not softening too? You're one of us..."

"Let's take that statement out of the present and put it in the past," Jonathan said. "Was one of you, is proper, Emily."

"Wh... why Jonathan, what do you mean?" the bewildered girl asked, studying her favorite male school-mate. "You want freedom, don't you?"

"I thought I did..."

"Thought you did! Thought? Imagine! And you don't now? Is that it?" Emily asked indignantly.

"I've been observing some things, Emily . . ."

"Haven't we all?" The girl questioned bitterly.

"It amounts to this," Jonathan continued. "I don't like what I saw and observed. It's that simple, Emily. It just doesn't add up. That's all."

"And what, may I ask, doesn't add up?"

"So many things. For instance, I thought the 'now generation'... the revolutionaries, wanted peace and freedom..."

"And we do!" Emily interrupted, highly agitated.

"Why all the rioting then?" Jonathan asked simply.

"Because it's the only way toward peace and the fulfillment of our cause. We have no recourse, Jonathan. Can't you see that?"

"No, I can't. The more I studied, and pondered over the dirty underhanded workings of this group, the more aware I became to the fact that they were going against the very things for which they claim they're fighting and longing and wanting. I'll be going to college in another year and I certainly don't wish to be a part of an organized gang that destroys the very ideals and principles upon which many of our colleges and institutions of higher learning were founded and established. In other words, Emily, I'm no longer in the group. Thank God!"

Emily drew her breath in quick-like, her eyes all the while resting on Jonathan enigmatically. "You . . . you traitor!" she hissed.

"Not really," Jonathan said, a faint smile curving his lips. "You see, Emily, I've changed my way of living."

"Very definitely!" Emily snapped. "Anyone who would drop out of the . . ."

Ignoring her sarcasm, Jonathan went on, "I got converted in a little church on Elm St. Saturday night. Last night I went forward and got sanctified wholly. It took all that old nature out of me. Talk about living! I just began to live! And talk about freedom and joy and rest and peace! My heart's bubbling over with it all since I got saved and yielded my heart and life unreservedly to Christ. Why Emily Roscum, I found exactly what it is you and the entire group are searching for. What you and all the 'now generation' need is Jesus Christ the Saviour of the world. It'll fix you up from the inside out. Old things will pass away and behold all things will become new. I'll tell you something, I'm the happiest fellow in all Westwood High!"

Emily looked askance at Jonathan; jealousy filled her heart. "That's the church Pamela Carson attends, is it not?" she asked bitterly.

"Indeed it is. You should go there sometime. Pam's been witnessing to me ever since our Freshman year here and, well, something about her life got hold of me. I knew I wasn't satisfied living like I was and I decided it wouldn't hurt me to see what her side of the world looked like. So, I attended the revival they're having at the church

and today you're looking at a new man -- made new through the blood of Jesus Christ. Oh, my peace and joy and inner soul rest is beyond any describing. I found something so satisfying and real ...."

"O Jonathan, do you think...?" Judy's voice was a plea for help. "I have been watching and observing Pam too and . . . and I have frequently longed (secretly, of course) to have whatever she has."

"She's a narrow-minded square and as old fashioned as they can be made. In my book, she's considered a part of the 'establishment.' A dangerous part to our cause, really," Emily burst out.

Again Jonathan's lips parted in a half-smile. "She's quite a wonderful piece of the establishment then," he said. "Through her, I have been led out of darkness into the glorious light of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

"She's narrow-minded! A square!" the girl retorted sarcastically. "And you're a square too, Jonathan Dickinson!"

"Call it what you will, Emily. To me, it's salvation and Holiness of heart and life, and I'm completely happy and satisfied."

"Square! Narrow-minded!" Emily hissed again.

Jonathan faced the irate girl with a quiet, gentle and peaceable spirit. "Emily," he said, "will you calm yourself and listen to me for awhile? Long enough to really hear what it is I'm trying to tell you?"

"What is it?" she asked, a bit abashed at her outburst of anger and jealousy.

"It's simply this," Jonathan began, "all of life is, in a truthful way, narrow."

"And how does that figure?" she asked.

"Well, take success, Emily; it is to be found only by passing through the narrow gate and down the straight way.

"There is no room for broadmindedness in the chemical laboratory. Water is composed of two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen. The slightest deviation from the formula is forbidden.

"Neither is there room for broad-mindedness in music. There can be but eight steps in an octave. The skilled director will not permit his first violin to play even so much as one-half step off the written note, chord, and key."

"The analogy doesn't apply," Emily interposed.

"Ah, but that's where you're wrong, Emily. It does apply; and you know it," Jonathan said. "But allow me to finish, please. By the same token, there is no room for broad-mindedness in mathematics. Neither geometry, trigonometry nor calculus allows any variation from exact accuracy .... even for old time's sake! The solution to the problem is either right, or it is wrong.., no tolerance there.

"Take biology as another example. No broad-mindedness here. One varying result out of a thousand experiments will invalidate an entire theory. I could go on and on, Emily. Athletics even -- the game must be played according to the rules, with no favors shown for charity's sake. The garage the same: each piece and part of the motor must fit into its proper place if the motor is to run.

"So you can see that you are paying Pam and me a compliment of the highest kind by saying we're 'narrow-minded.' Indeed, the way of salvation and sanctification is a very narrow way; and few are willing to take this way. I'm extremely thankful that God led me out of the devil's trap, on to the way that is narrow and straight.., the right road -- God's Highway. The Highway of Holiness. Thanks for listening so attentively, Emily," he said as he finished.

"Thanks! Ugh! You sicken me. You and Pamela Carson. You're real squares!" With that, she stomped down the hallway.

"Jonathan," Judy began when Emily had gone, "what must I do to get . . . saved? Like you, I'm not satisfied with my way of life. My way of living." Tears were spilling down her cheeks.

"Here. Read this," Jonathan said, giving her a gospel tract. "Pam gave me this months ago. Read it. It will show you the way to salvation. I'll be praying for you, Judy. We'd better hurry or we'll both be late for class. Come out to the revival meeting tonight, Lord willing. I'll look for you there."

As he hurried to his first class, Jonathan smiled to himself. A square? Indeed! It was a distinguished title these days. He knew the type person his 'old gang' labeled a square: He was someone who gets all choked up when he hears children singing, "My Country Tis of Thee," and "God Bless America."

Why, a square even believes in God -- and says so in public!

Some of the old squares were Nathan Hale, Patrick Henry, George Washington, Ben Franklin, he thought silently.

A square is a fellow who lives within his means whether the Joneses do or not, and thinks Uncle Sam should too.

A square gets his books out of the library instead of the drug store.

A square tells his son it's more important to play fair than to win. Imagine!

He's a fellow who reads his Bible and prays often.

He believes in honoring father and mother and "do unto others as ye would have them do unto you" and that kind of thing.

Thinking, Jonathan laughed softly to himself. Yes, Emily had paid Pam and him a real compliment. What's more, Judy would soon be joining their ranks and number. That meant two saved out of the revolutionary gang.

"Thank You, Lord, for narrow-minded Pam!" he said softly heavenward, entering the class-room.

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**THE END**