Charlene raised her head from the pillow, dried her tears, and looked around the room. The only familiar things she saw were those things which she had brought from home—the spread on her bed, the trunk at the foot end of the bed and the curtains at the windows. But even the curtains weren't on a truly "familiar" par, since she had bought them new just before leaving. True, they had come from her home town but that was the extent of it. Oh
yes, there was the motto on the wall. That was familiar, too. Her mother had insisted that she bring it.

She felt fresh tears sting and burn her eyes. She must not cry. She must not! Already, she was half sick. Her head ached and thumped and her heart felt, well, strange.

"Oh Char, you're not at it again! Please! And Marilyn Hood stood in the open doorway, hands on hips, looking like she wanted to run.

"I can't help it, Marilyn," Charlene cried, bursting out into another spasm of sobbing.

"Are you trying, Charlene? Really trying? You're a young woman now."

"I know. I know. But I believe I'll die. I can't stand this. I... I miss..."

"Don't say it, Charlene. Don't!" Marilyn exclaimed. "You must learn to adjust. And what about that motto; are you forgetting where your strength comes from? Read it, Char."

"I don't have to read it, Marilyn; I know it by heart. Mother had each of us to memorize that when we were very small."

"Then believe it, Charlene. You are overreacting. Homesickness comes to most of us when we first leave the nest."

Charlene burst out in another spell of sobbing. "I miss my folks so much," she remarked, when she was finally able to speak. "Oh, if only I could see them! I feel like they're at the other end of the world."

"Fourteen hundred miles isn't all that far," Marilyn declared cheerfully. "At least not with today's jets and automobiles. Now dry your tears, wash your face, and come outside. You need exercise, girl. And please don't let Patti see you looking all teary eyed. It's bad enough having one weeper in our room; two I could not stand."

"I'm sorry, Marilyn; I really am. But I just cannot go out and join in your fun. I feel sick."
"Okay, Char, suit yourself. I was only trying to help you. But if you don't want help, and if you won't help yourself, no one else can. If you'd rely upon Philippians 4:13 and trust it completely, you'd get over this quicker. Well, enjoy yourself. Too bad there aren't any pills for homesickness, but there are none."

Marilyn turned and hurried down the hallway of the dorm, leaving Charlene alone in her misery.

She heard the squeals of fun and laughter floating through the open windows into her room and she felt more lonely and homesick than ever. Her eyes, red and swollen from crying, fell upon the motto: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" Phil. 4:13.

She raised her head, then finally sat on the edge of the bed. She wanted to take the very-familiar motto down and pack it, along with all her other belongings, inside the trunk at the foot of her bed and head for home. She could go to a college nearer home, she reasoned. True, it wasn't a Christian college; but at least she would be among those whom she loved so dearly. She could drive each day to the college and be home each late afternoon.

The thought filled her heart with excitement. Why not? she thought, as she reached up to take the motto down and begin packing.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

The motto's words seemed to speak audibly to her soul. It was as tough it was inviting her to throw her full weight upon the changeless, supporting, unfailing promise. Too, she had felt a definite leading to the Bible college. Could she exchange a Christian education for the secular and still maintain God's smile and His approval upon her life?

She stood as one in shock. She knew the answer. God didn't change; He was not like man: His directives were flawlessly perfect and perfectly flawless. With Him there was no varibleness neither shadow of turning, or change.
"Help me, dear Lord!" she cried. "I've never gone through anything like this. I . . . I feel I'm going to die, unless You help me. I've lost my appetite and . . . ."

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

The motto again seemed to challenge Charlene. "Try me," it seemed to say. "Trust me. . . ."

"'I can do all things . . .' "Charlene said aloud. "'I can do all things through Christ . . .' "she quoted again.

Loud squeals of laughter floated up to her room. How nice to be able to enjoy instead of endure one's surroundings! she thought silently. Her friends, and her roommates, Marilyn and Patti, had triumphed over their bouts with homesickness; why couldn't she?

She thought, then, of the little first aid kit which her mother had tucked so lovingly and thoughtfully inside one of her three pieces of luggage.

"You'll find everything you need in here, Charlene," her mother had said, "except homesick pills. You'll find those in the Bible."

"Oh Mother! Mother!" she cried, as she buried her face in the palms of her hands. "You knew. Yes, you knew. Forgive me. I haven't even tried your 'prescription.' But I'm going to. Right now, too!"

Wiping her tears, Charlene straightened her shoulders and looked at the motto. "'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me,' "she declared and exclaimed with upraised face and hands. "I claim this promise today, through Christ."

She felt a beautiful calm come over her being. Taking her much-read Bible from the stand beside the bed, she pulled it close to her bosom, feeling the comfort of the sweet Holy Ghost as she did so. Then she sat down and began reading from the sacred pages, recalling her mother's timely words, "You'll find those (homesick pills) in the Bible."

She was amazed how comforted and calmed down she felt, as she read chapter after chapter from the precious Book. It was as though God had
been there talking to her and with her face to face. How precious were the words, and how comforting!

"Charlene, come out and join us, please."

Patti stood inside the door, her face flushed a pretty pink from running and her eyes sparkling with pure enjoyment.

"Oh Char, I'm so glad I didn't go home when I thought I couldn't stand another day away from my folks. The young people here are great. Come join us.

Why, Char, I believe . . . I believe. . . . Yes. Yes, I know it; you're over the hardest part!"

Patti was jubilantly happy. Tears ran down her cheeks. Running to Charlene, she threw her arms around her neck and cried for joy. "You're going to make it!" she exclaimed joyously. "Oh, Char, Marilyn and I have prayed so earnestly for you. And now it's time that we praise the Lord. He is answering our prayers."

"Has answered, Patti. Through Christ, I can do all things; even stay here where God told me to come. And enjoy my stay, too. Bless His holy name forever and forever."

"I'm so happy I can scarcely contain myself," Patti remarked.

"I found all the 'homesick pills' I need in my Bible, Patti. Mother told me they were there. She knew me well enough to know that I'd go through this horribly upsetting phase of my first-ever long stay away from home. Bless Mother! oh, I love her so much. We are so close to each other."

"So am I to my mother, Charlene. But this is good for both of us. Even the birds of the air have to leave the nest. It's about time we did what we did, and came here. I just love it. And the teachers are wonderful, and so kind and patient with us 'fledglings.' Are you coming out with us? This is the 'funnest' picnic I believe I ever attended. And I'm getting to know so many more of the students here. Coming?"
"As soon as I can wash these tell-tale tears off my face, Patti. And remember, 'funnest' isn't a word. Thanks for your love, your concern and your understanding, but mostly, for your prayers."

"I must tell Marilyn. See you," Patti said, hurrying away and laughingly saying, "'Funnest' is too a word; mine."

"You're great," Charlene called as she hurried into the bathroom for a washcloth and some cold water. She would have more periods of homesickness, no doubt, but she had found the perfect antidote and help in the Word of God -- the Bible.