

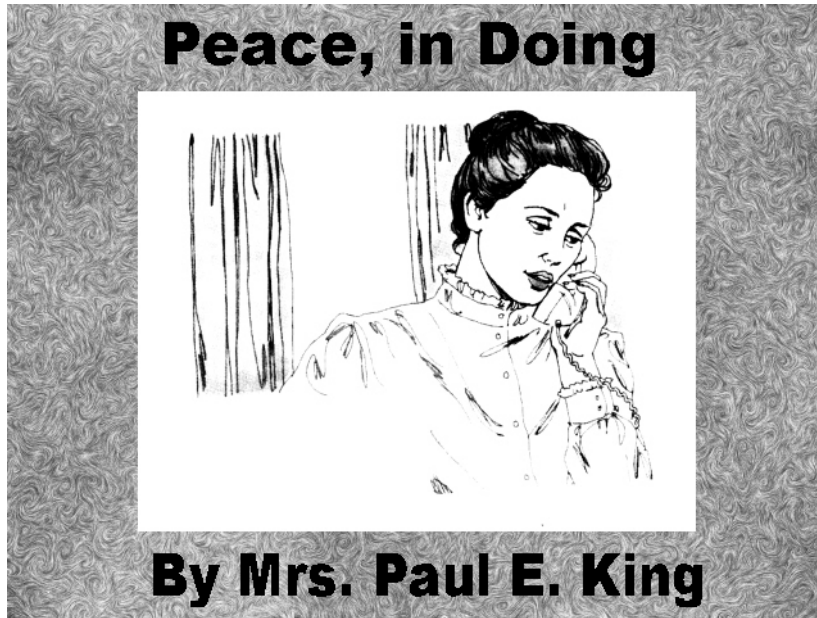
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**PEACE, IN DOING**  
**By Mrs. Paul E. King**

Julie turned the key in the door and let herself into the apartment. Dropping the house and car keys carefully into her purse, she slipped out of her shoes into a pair of house-slippers she kept inside the bedroom closet.

On her way to the living room she took the beautiful white afghan from the foot of her bed where she always kept it, and hurried to the davenport. How weary she felt!

She lay down on the comfortable sofa and drew the afghan about her. She saw the brilliant vivid red roses that Dawn had so painstakingly but lovingly embroidered into the pure white knitted afghan for her and her conscience suddenly smote her. What would her friend think of her if . . . ?

Julie sighed. Her head throbbed and she felt hot and feverish. One thing was sure, now was not the time to be worrying about what anybody thought. She had come home to rest; to try and throw off the "bug" she must have contracted in the office.

She listened to the rain as it hammered the roof and pelted the windows, thankful she had decided upon this apartment rather than the others at which she had looked. Her enclosed garage was situated off the kitchen, the door having been equipped with the ultimate in ease . . . a "magic eye."

The rain, which under ordinary circumstances heretofore always had a soothing, relaxing effect upon her, today irritated her. Like the battle that raged within, it agitated her.

Pushing the afghan aside, she got up and hurried to the kitchen. A cup of stout, hot tea might relax her.

Sipping the tea slowly, her mind went to Jock. His jet-black hair, brown-black eyes, firm, square jaw and handsome face came suddenly into sharp focus. She saw him smiling down upon her like he did the first day they met. A thrill of excitement rushed through her, flushing her cheeks slightly. Synonymous with the happy thrill ran a vein of troubled thought.

Jock's voice came to her just then. "You will go for the interview, Julie?" he pleaded on their fifth date. "You'll make it! I'm sure you will. You are the perfect type and we could be together constantly."

Julie rehearsed Jock's words now, allowing them to go over and over in her mind: "You are the perfect type. . . ."

Why should she be so troubled? she wondered. Did one not have a perfect right to choose one's vocation? And was modeling not a vocation? A special vocation?

Involuntarily, something inside her cringed and cried out against it.

She toyed mechanically with the teacup, turning it round and round in the saucer. The tea grew tepid.

"We shall be praying for you, Julie dear!" The voices of her father and mother cut into her thinking.

Her head dropped onto her hands. Would she always be haunted by the parting words of her parent to her as she drove away that day? "Don't do anything He could not smile upon!" her mother had admonished tearfully.

She saw her mother now as then, standing inside the garden gate, waving her apron and weeping softly. "Good-bye, Julie. Good-bye, dear girl. We will be praying for you constantly."

Her car had sped away but the faces and the parting words had remained to haunt her.

"Don't do anything He could not smile upon. . . ."

Therein was the troubled thought that plagued her. He could not . . . would not . . . smile upon her becoming a model. God, who was of "purer eyes than to behold evil," would hide His face as she exposed and bared, accentuated and flaunted, the very body which He had given her to be the "temple of the Holy Ghost."

Irritated by the thought, she left the kitchen, her pulse racing rapidly. She would have to decide. She must! Jock had made an appointment for her to be interviewed . . . and viewed, in bathing suits, formals, sportswear, etc., etc., etc. . . . the very next day. She was positive she would get the job: Jock's father ran and managed the agency. Jock was a "scout," in obtaining the "right type" for his father's thriving business.

Her mind was in a turmoil of confusion. The one part of her longed passionately to become a model . . . a high-salaried model; while her early

home training and the memory of that "better way," which she had traveled in bygone days, pleaded to be heard and heeded.

Without warning, and for the first time since she had left home for the city to be on her own, Julie longed and yearned for her parents and the farm. Never, while she was at home and still in good victory, had she had such turmoil and unrest of soul.

She longed for the meadow where, when June arrived, the sun spread warmth and color and flowers through the weeds and the thinning hay. Ah, those were the days! She had spent hours in the fields, deep in the waving grasses and weeds. The sun browned her arms but she loved the feel of its warmth.

With her father and mother, she watched the barn swallows in their swift flight over the flats; she heard the bubbling song of the bobolink over the high fields, as well as the cricket and the oriole and the field sparrow.

She remembered watching the rhythmic undulation of the ripening grain and hay across the farm and she longed for it all now. The city's hustle and bustle and din would never be able to compensate for a single moment of all she had known and seen and felt and, yes, loved and left!

How she longed for a single hour beside the silent pool where dappled sunbeams played. This, so long ago, was her place of prayer. Here it was that while in fervent prayer one day so long ago, she had seen dozens of childish hands reaching out to her.

"Be still!" she said aloud, rebuking her conscience and pacing the floor. "I came home to try and rest!"

At length she lay down on the sofa to rest. She felt exhausted. She needed rest and sleep but her conscience dictated otherwise. Jock's father would never hire her if she looked "wilted" and wore dark circles beneath her eyes. She must look vibrant and alive.

A hard thud against the front door caused her to jump.

"Now who, or what, could that be?" she scolded aloud, her voice registering deep agitation.

As she opened the door, a frail little waif of a girl looked pleadingly into her eyes. For a brief moment Julie felt like scolding the child but a second look told her that the girl was wet to the skin. Soaked, in fact.

"Come inside," she said softly, drawing the slim child in with her and closing the door. "You look like a drowned rat!" she exclaimed. "And your poor old teddy bear looks even worse. What brings a little lady with enormous big brown eyes out on a day like this? Where do you live?" Julie asked suddenly, her swift, deft hands already unfastening the buttons and removing the dripping wet dress.

The little girl laughed a soft, sweet, musical laugh.

Before she could answer, Julie continued, "We must phone your mommie," she said, wrapping the child in a warm sheet blanket from the closet. "She'll be worried sick. Now, what is your name and where do you live?"

The child hesitated for a brief moment; then her laughter filled the room again. "I'm Cristy Golden and I don't have a mommie."

"But you must have a mommie," Julie exclaimed.

"Every child has a mother."

Cristy's eyes grew big and expressive looking. "I know lots of boys and girls who don't got no mommies!" she affirmed soundly, her tiny pug nose and big brown eyes turned soulfully up toward Julie.

"Where are you from? I mean, where do you live? Surely you have a house."

"A big, big-g-g house!" Cristy's arms opened wide in an effort to display how big. "Oh, dear," she lamented suddenly, "maybe I shouldn't have come out like this! Mrs. Fairchild will be worried. . . ."

"Who is Mrs. Fairchild?" Julie countered. "We must get in touch with her immediately."

"She's the matron at the big house where I live." Cristy's eyes became misty with tears now. "I don't mean to worry her. I don't! She's the bestest matron in the world and she loves us."

"Where does this Mrs. Fairchild live, dear?"

Dragging the soft warm blanket behind her, Cristy started for the door. "Come," she said, "I will show you."

"We must dry your clothes first," Julie reminded. "You can't go back to this Mrs. Fairchild with dripping wet clothes. What kind of person would she think I am!"

Cristy laughed softly. "Oh, Mrs. Fairchild would love-e you! I know she would! I love you!" With that she stretched her little arms outward and wrapped them tightly about Julie's legs. "Mrs. Fairchild and Miss Ward and Uncle Bob are praying for more help. And I'm praying too. I . . . wish you could be my mommie!"

The words, spoken so impulsively but frankly and forthrightly, took Julie by surprise. A half-stifled moan and gasp came from her lips.

"I love you!" Cristy crooned, still hugging Julie. "And someday Jesus will send me a mommie all my own."

Julie's eyes filled with tears. They spilled down her cheeks unceremoniously. Quickly she wiped them away.

"You must be hungry," she said, hurrying Cristy into the kitchen where she gave her milk and a peanut butter sandwich while she tossed the wet clothes into the dryer.

A quick look in the telephone directory showed her the names of dozens of Fairchilds. How, unless she simply called each name and asked did they have a little girl missing from their home, would she ever locate the right Fairchild? she wondered. Then a new thought struck her; she would call the Fairchild names of the street nearest her own. The child couldn't have wandered too far in such foul weather.

She dialed a Mrs. Benjamin Fairchild on her own street and was assured instantly, upon inquiry, that a little girl had indeed been missing from Fair Havens Home. Could Julie please inform them where the child was? "She's sitting in my kitchen eating a peanut butter sandwich," Julie answered, overjoyed at having dialed the proper Mrs. Fairchild.

"Thank God she's safe!" Mrs. Fairchild exclaimed. "Where do you live? Miss Ward will come by after Cristy immediately." A note of sweet relief sounded in the pleasant voice over the phone.

"Cristy's clothes were soaked," Julie explained. "They're drying now. I'll have her ready as soon as the garments are dry. I live in the corner apartment of 1894 Hyacinth... just down the street from you, according to the listing in the directory."

The apartment was lonely and empty after Miss Ward took Cristy, and Julie felt restless. She had forgotten all about her illness and her forthcoming interview with Jock's father while Cristy was there, but now that the little girl was gone it all rolled back on her like a great tidal wave.

She stood, looking down the street whence the sweet child had disappeared in Miss Ward's car. It was then that she saw those childish hands beckon to her as in the vision so long ago.

She turned abruptly from the window and there, staring at her from his seat on the kitchen chair with great imploring eyes, was Cristy's well-worn, wet and bedraggled looking teddy bear. Chipper, Cristy had called the beloved little fellow.

"Well, Chipper," Julie said, picking the bear up and looking into his eyes, "it looks as if you and I will be taking a ride. A certain little girl will be dreadfully lonesome without you."

Donning a light all-weather coat, she hurried to the garage and her car, then sped quickly toward the Fair Haven Home.

Clutching the teddy bear in her arms, she made her way up the few steps to the front entrance of the Home and was soon surrounded by dozens of small children.

"There she is!" Cristy exclaimed to the children as Julie entered the main part of the building "That's her! Isn't she sweet? Oh, I love you!" she exclaimed, rushing up to Julie and entwining her arms about her. "I told Sarah an' Missy an' Bobby an' Marry an' . . . and everybody that you'd come to see me. I did! And, oh, you brought my dear, dear Chipper! I couldn't go to sleep without Chipper!"

"Chipper looked so dreadfully lonely without you, Cristy dear," Julie said softly, smiling "And now that I've delivered him, I'd better be going home"

"Tell us a story. Will you, please?" Cristy begged "The one about Mary and Martha . . . where Lazarus died and Jesus brought him back to life and he lived all over again"

Julie's face flushed hot with shame. It had been years since she read the Bible but there was no way out and before she realized it almost, she was seated in the middle of the large room with the eager children all seated around her like a brood of chicks gathered round an old mother hen, she thought. She told the wonderful story of the raising of Lazarus, the healing of Jairus' daughter and the pardoning of the woman at the well.

It was when the frail-looking Johnny looked at her with great round eyes of love and adoration and asked for the story of Christ's trial and crucifixion that her heart smote her. How could she ever tell it? It had never ceased to break her heart and melt her into nothingness. And wasn't this the very thing she had been trying to forget?

"I . . . don't believe I can tell it, Johnny," she replied, rising and starting toward the door. "I really must go. . . ."

"Just this one more!" the children chorused.

Julie took a deep breath and sat down in the chair "I . . . I'll try," she said weakly. She began slowly, starting with the last supper.

It was while she related Peter's denial of Christ that she broke down. Burying her face in her hands, she wept bitterly. Great sobs shook her body. "I . . . I can't finish. I . . . I'm guilty . . . like Peter. Oh-h-h!"

"Would you like to have your guilt removed and your sentence changed, my dear?" a soft voice asked close to her ear.

Julie recognized the voice as that of Mrs. Fairchild . . . from her telephone conversation with the woman.

"Why not come home to Father's house, dear?" the woman encouraged persuasively. "He's waited a long time for you."

Julie opened her eyes. "Oh, would you be so kind as to help me back?" she asked. "The backslider is a most miserable person. I'm miserable!" It was a sort of lamentation.

"I will be happy to pray for you, dear girl."

Without further coaxing, Julie fell to her knees, weeping brokenly and praying penitently.

Cristy was the first to rush into her arms when she prayed through. "Now you belong to us!" the little girl cried happily. "And oh-h-h the angels in Heaven are so happy."

"I'm glad you left Chipper," Julie said. "That way I had an excuse to come here. And just look what happened to me! Oh, I'm so happy in Jesus! But now I must be going"

"You'll come back?" Cristy's eyes were big and round and pleading as she searched Julie's face.

"I'll be back," Julie promised. "Thank you, everyone, for praying for me and for helping me back to God. I'll be back. Maybe for full time!" she said.

She turned to go and bumped into a young man carrying an armful of clothes through the lobby en route to the boys' dorm. The clothing flew and scattered in all directions.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Julie apologized, stooping and helping to collect the scattered garments. "Accept my apology!" she begged. "I didn't see you. I just prayed through and got back to God and I was so happy that I wasn't watching where I was going."

"That's quite all right," the young man said, smiling. "You must be Julie. Cristy has a very special talent for describing people. I'd know you anywhere. That child's taken a special liking to you."

"She's quite a little charmer," Julie answered, "and I'm so glad God sent her to my door today. You must be 'Uncle Bob.' Cristy made mention of you."

The young man laughed heartily. "The children all call me that; and while I'm no blood relation whatever to any one of them, I like the appellation. God laid the Home on my heart while I was still in Bible School. So I'm here."

"What are your duties?" Julie asked, more out of amazement than really wanting to know. This young man was wholly dedicated to God and His cause, she knew, to be giving his time and his talents and abilities to something so unglamorous as the Home.

Bob's laughter rang down the hallway in a light but uplifting way as, turning and looking into Julie's eyes, he exclaimed, "Duties? Why, Julie, they're as varied and almost as numerous as the sand upon the sea shore. I'm anything and everything from boys' overseer to milk boy and supply man. But I love my work. I'm in God's will and that is always satisfying and rewarding. We really do need help around here though; and we're all praying for God to send it to us."

Something hit Julie then. Something very urgent. "Excuse me," she said hastily, "I must be going."

"You'll come back soon?" Bob asked. "The children all love you."

"I . . . I'll be back," Julie stammered as she rushed out the door.

She had barely gotten home when Jock presented himself at the door. "Julie!" he exclaimed. "Julie! I have great news. Great news! My father wishes to see you today. This very hour. Brush that beautiful long hair and let's be on our way."

"I'll not be going, Jock," she said, her voice calm and collected and her face shining. "I'm not going to be a model. I've found something better."

Jock stared at her, a look of shock and anger and incredulity registering on his dark handsome face. "You're kidding!" he exploded.

"Have I ever told you an untruth before, Jock?"

"N . . . no. But you can't be serious, Julie! This is a once in a lifetime opportunity. You can't mean that you're going to throw it away!"

"I got saved, Jock. I one time had known God but I forsook Him. Today, through a little girl, I found my way back into the Shepherd's fold. Jesus Christ is my Savior now. I wish you would open your heart to Him, too. It's a wonderful life, Jock . . . the Christian life."

Jock's face turned white with rage. Voicing his disgust and displeasure loudly, he slammed the door and was gone.

A wave of relief swept over Julie. Peace flooded her soul. She had a call to answer; a mission to fulfill.

Reaching for the telephone, she dialed Mrs. Fairchild's number. Bob answered.

"This is Julie, Bob. May I speak with Mrs. Fairchild, please?"

"She isn't here, Julie. She went uptown on an errand of mercy. She's a Florence Nightingale if ever I saw one," Bob said. "Could I take the message or have her return your call when she returns?"

Julie was silent for awhile, then suddenly she asked, "what must one do to be able to work at the Home, Bob? I mean. . . ."

Bob's voice was excited when he interrupted her. "Do you mean what I hope you mean, Julie? We've prayed and fasted and. . . ."

"Well, you've prayed one in. For years I've known what my field of labor was to be, but I had no idea it would be on my doorstep, practically. If I hadn't gone back on God I'd have been in this work for several years already. Do you think Mrs. Fairchild would want me and could use me, after I'm wholly sanctified?"

"Use you? Oh-h Julie, you're an answer to prayer. I'll tell Mrs. Fairchild as soon as she returns."

"Please do. Tell her, though, that I'll not begin work until I am entirely sanctified, so I can be a fit and proper example to the children."

"Thank God! I'll be praying for you, Julie. You're not far from getting sanctified with an attitude and determination like that."

Placing the receiver back in place, Julie hurried to the bedroom where she waited upon God for the sanctifying power. When she emerged sometime later, it was with full assurance within her heart that she was fully cleansed. Now she was a fit vessel for the Master's use! Now, too, she knew unbounded peace and joy . . . in doing.