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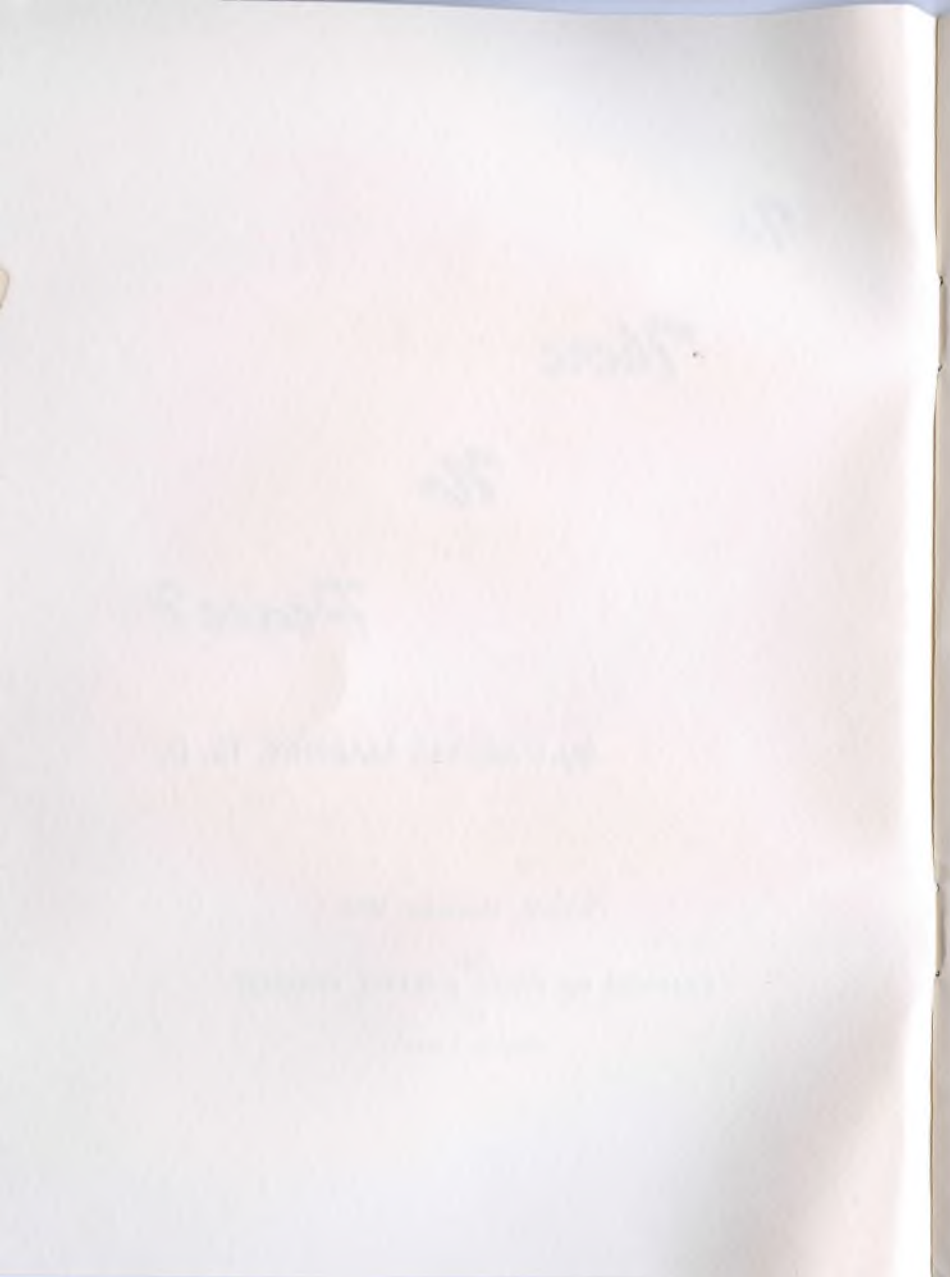
No

Peace?

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IS THERE NO PEACE?

Christmas 1950 A. D.

Mankind's sprawling procession
of good, bad, learned, ignorant,
plenty-laden, and poverty-ridden.
plods down a long road with no visible turning. Long cen-
turies trailing their ghost processions behind; new centuries,
clamoring in the distance for their birth.
. . . The little fat boys
grown up to clutch their useless hoardings.
the self-centered little girls
made mothers, only to twist their real life
baby dolls out of form and shape;
the broken and mangled,
the maimed and woebgone,
begrimed by their journey . . .
These sear the seeing heart at Christmas time.
It was not meant so to be!

Christmas 1950 A. D.

This "so-called" Twentieth Century —
All the ghosts of man's glory and degradation calling out to
the seeing heart —

"There is no Automatic Progress".

It is not enough to walk in the procession. Human Personality was meant to be *well*, but it must earn its *wellness*.

Christmas 1950 A. D.

"Only historians make divisions,
Time never does."

It's all the same line of march—but not to Automatic Victory.
Man was meant to walk like man and never to sprawl.

Yet,

only Divine Personality can lead Human Personality into the road that needs no turning place.

The victory of Peace can never be an automatic accomplishment for the race of persons; and yet. Personality itself can never be utterly routed. Only the Man-Personality can triumph and he only as he follows the will of the Divine Personality.

Christmas 1950 A. D.

And there is no Peace on this long road . . .

It was not meant so to be!

For they called Him "Prince of Peace!"

I. THERE IS NO PEACE!

Eighteen centuries later a distinguished Briton began his now classic rebuttal in the Parliament by crying,

"The gentleman's cry is for peace, but there is no Peace,"

There is no peace!

Still later by a hundred years in a special school for refugee children a fourteen year old girl was asked to draw a picture of her earlier home as she remembered it. She drew a better picture than she knew when on the board she scrawled a hopelessly confused disconcatenation of meaningless strokings. She had no home.

There had been for her no home!

There was no peace for her!

There had been no peace for her land!

There is no peace!

There never has been peace! Not in two thousand years of Christian history has there been peace!

Even *while the angels sang their "Laudamus Te" to the New-born Prince of Peace . . .*

even then,

a German war-lord was sending a word to Caesar . . .

"Send your vaunted Roman legions against me if you dare; I shall teach them what my axe-man (Ger-men) who have not slept under roof for fourteen years can do."

*Not far from the day of the Resurrection of that Prince
of Peace, just thirty years later,*

Even then,
a Roman Emperor, the great one, Augustus Imperator, was running insanely around the balustrade of his palace crying as he ran, "O Varus, Varus! Give me back my legions." But the legions of Varus never came home. The bones of forty thousand crack legionnaires bleached in Teutobergen forest along with the bones of their general, Varus. They had met those axe-men close to where other legions would meet them twenty centuries later in still another "Battle of the Bulge."

*Almost before the Gospel of Peace had time to cross the
Dardanelles to Europe,*

even then, as Jesus had prophesied,
the blood of dead Jews was hock deep on Roman horses in Jerusalem's gutters, for Titus had taken her. Taken Jerusalem "like a hut in a cucumber field" as a coronation present for his former commander, the new Emperor, Vespasian, his father.

*While Leo, greatest of the Roman bishops, was preaching
universal peace, peace for all men in the world,*

even while he preached, Attila and his 750,000 hungry Huns stormed the gates of Rome, that city Eternal, Capital of Empire.

Across the Mediterranean Sea a man was forging out some mighty spiritual weapons for his generation and those to follow. He spoke of the *City of God* and made a book

called *Confession*. But even as Augustine was writing "*O Lord Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless until they find their rest in Thee.*"

Even then—

while Augustine was writing—The Vandal hordes of Genseric, conquerors of Spain and North Africa, were beating down the gates of Hippo where Augustine was writing.

There is no Peace!

The generation that began when Gregory the Great sent his first missioner to the wilds of Angleland saw, before its close, the release of a wild torrent of slaughter in the East— hundreds of thousands of insanely religious sons of Islam, screaming their *Lo'Allah Il Allah*, while burning and raping and converting.

While Alcuin, princely Prince of Education in the court of Charlemagne was making Aachen the center of learning and preaching, compiling his great collection of sermons for ignorant priests to use, even then,

with priests at his side, Charlemagne was sending fifty-five major military expeditions out of that same Aachen, and,

at the same spot where his priests baptized four thousand Saxons at the Weber River, the great Charlemagne cut off four thousand Saxon heads,

on his way home.

In the early years of the twelfth century the saintly Bernard sang,

*"Jesus the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far thy face to see
And in thy presence rest."*

Even then,

three-hundred thousand men and ten thousand children died in empty crusade; Norsemen, Magyars, and the wolves that came out of Asia ravaged all of France; and, William the Conqueror, falling in the mud as he landed at Hastings, had put his muddy hands on England's throat, fifty years before.

While Dante, immortal peace-maker, wrote of the best possible condition of man—a people's peace, it was not a long generation away that John Huss, Bohemian, would back up to his stake in Constance for the sake of the Name — and,

already,

German gates were shuddering at the blows of Mohammedan hammers,
Spain was in her eternal, internal turmoil, Constantinople was falling, the Crusades had failed and Britain was still seven tribes, hardly a nation.

While the great Cardinal Zimines was reforming Spanish Catholicism and blessing all mankind with his reconstruction of the Greek New Testament,

Pizarro and Cortez were converting Indians to the faith by choking their kings to death,
and the Emperor of the Germans was fighting three wars at the same time.

Man is a Contradiction! There is no peace!

For Luther, whose *Ninety Theses* gave Mankind a freedom he had never known,

wrote also

"Against the Murderous and Thieving Rabble of the Peasants."

The Calvin who gave us "*The Commentaries*" had most to do with the burning of Servetus, who as a physician had traced the course of blood in the human body, but who, as an amateur theologian, had his blood turned to steam in his veins,

for denying the Trinity right in Calvin's Geneva.

And the same age saw the shed blood of fifty thousand Huguenots in one bloody St. Bartholemew's Day, sang the terrible Sicilian Vespers, watched the drowning of ten thousand Ana-Baptists and Menmonites, and smelt the smoke of a million death fires within a hundred years.

There isn't any peace!

But the story is different now, you say. Look at the great and peaceful expansion of Christianity in modern times. The age of William Carey and Adoniram Judson. Hudson, Yates, and Duff.

And there is no peace! for within the hundred years,

Great Britain fought Germany, France, Spain, and
the Thirteen Colonies twice; Napoleon ravaged Europe;
and the Germans captured Paris.

*In that decade when China was just beginning to open
to Christianity,*

Great Britain was wrestling a Bear for the Crimea,
and my people were fighting my people at Shiloh and
Murfreesboro, Franklin and Chattanooga.

In 1914 the Kingdom of God was just around the corner,
men said, but in the heat of war the Calvinist Presbyterian
head of one great nation had to send a million men into the
heart of another nation headed by a Kaiser just as Calvinist
(Reformed) as he. It was a war to end war. But men had
never heard then of

Wake and Tarawa and Okinawa,
Dunkirk, and the hedgerows and
Teutobergen Forest,
where we came in!

The show never changes!

Only the actors change!

Even the scenery is the same!

Bloody Teutobergen!

Varus is dead!. Augustus.

And Patton, the brilliant, too.

But there is no peace.

This morning I learned to spell new words.

Pyongyang,

Yangdok,

Wonsan — Strange sounding foreign words

And while this message goes on paper they tell me
they have buried in the Orient a kid I married in my
parlor not two months ago. And the Seventh Ma-
rines, with the Twenty-Fourth, Second, and Twenty-
fifth Divisions of the Eighth Army, won't know it's
Christmas

for, though Man is where Nature and Spirit meet.
There is trouble in Korea.

Thus far in man's rapid run the wild turbulence of
nature's raw torrents has completely swallowed the deeper
tranquility of the Spirit and its dream.

For man,
cruel, heartless, empty,
strips to the barbaric,
strips his boasted civilization like a shell.

every time a brass horn blows.

Masfield saw it—during the day when men learned to
spell Meuse-Argonne, St. Mihiel, Chateau-Thierry—and wrote.

The Wild Geese

* * * * *

They have no masses, no classes,
No wars, no poison-gasses,
They are geese, they are asses.

O, it must be absurd
To be a goose of a bird
And salute no general spurred.

Civilization rots,
When men aren't killed with shots.
Souls grow rustic and mothic
Unless kept cut-throat and gothic;

.
If we could put goose-brain
In airship or aeroplane,
We could drop bombs like rain.
Make such holes in the mud,
Fill them full with such blood,
Give God Thanks for Security,
Practice Racial Purity,
And be (if God should please),
Almost as wise as geese.

There is No Peace!

*"And in despair, I bowed my head,
There is No Peace on Earth, I said
For Hate is strong, and mocks the song,
Of Peace on Earth, good-will to Men."*

II. THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN PEACE.

*"Then pealed the bells more loud and deep
God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"*

In this din of war a-borning, I say it, there has always
been peace!

There is peace now—

in the face of broken pacts, and disrupted conferences,
in the face of new draft quotas and U. N. vetoes,
in the face of those who remember dead Arabs
and Jews,
the bodies of guerrillas without heads.

There is peace Now—

with blazing red banners in Milan and Paris,
Rome and China,
All Asia gone Red — even before the pitiable
Banzai!, uttered by miserable Togo from his lit-
tle Buddhist chapel enroute to gallows, has died
away.

There is peace Now—

with the wounded streaming by air and by ship into
stateside hospitals . . .
with a thinning circle of glorious Marines holding their
perimeter against the Asian flood, red flood, even with them

There is peace—

a strange kind of peace that comes and makes a garrison out of a man's heart.

Six months after the shattering of Rommel's Desert Corps I got it. It had started its way to me from an ordinary fox-hole on a desert hillside where a division of scared, marvelously brave kids from Indiana and Texas, Kansas and Alabama, were pinned down by German fire. Their pitifully thin armor not built for the fire of 87 millimeter guns, they had lain there all day taking the first real blasting of their lives. As a chaplain crawled along the line of holes a long-jawed boy from a Northern state flipped it to him crying.

"Hey, Chappie, mail that for me will ya." And months later I got it. Sacred to the memory of a kid I had seen find his Christ, I keep it with my best-loved things to make me remember—with the dirt of Africa smeared—my name crudely mis-spelled—

but the message was plain enough.

*"I want to trust Him again and let you know I've
lived for Him and will some more if I get a chance."
and a Name.*

There has always been peace. Peace that comes and makes a garrison out of a Man's heart!

*Put Peace has never been National
Peace has never been External,
Peace has never been Act or Deed,
Peace is not even a Goal,
Peace is never Achievement,
Peace is not even a Contracted Agreement.*

For Peace is Individual—not national.
Peace is Internal—not external.
Peace is Attitude—not act.
Peace is Result—not goal.
Peace is Inheritance—not achievement.
Peace is a Spiritual Operation —
not a condition.
Peace is a Way of Life —
not a contracted agreement.

Peace, I say, is Individual.

To make the rain fall in times of drought some primitive peoples used to send their magicians up in trees with buckets of water. Their function was to pray, with incant and descant, wildly and loudly and long, while between cries they tipped their buckets to spill a little water down

to prime the pumps of heaven
and make it rain.

But rain doesn't come that way —
And neither does peace.

Though our magicians have met from Dumbarton Oaks to Paris, from San Francisco to London to Potsdam, the buckets have been thoroughly tipped—*are well-nigh empty*—but peace doesn't come that way and
neither does rain.

Rain comes up from the earth in droplets, individual droplets drawn by a warming sun, before the drops descend to earth as rain.

And so does peace. The waters of peace come up like the dew from the ground where even the grains of sand are individual.

Peace is a matter for individuals. It has always been a matter for individuals. It can become a matter for nations only as it becomes a reality for individuals.

How can there be peace between nations when there is no peace in the *state*, and

how can there be peace in a *state*
before there is peace in the *county*, and
how a peaceful *county* without a
peaceful *town*, and
how peace in my *town* until
there is peace in My *Church*.

And, how, pray, is there to be peace in My *Church* until there is peace in *Me*?

And how can there be peace in Me until I have gone to the Source of Peace?

Peace, I said, is *Internal Attitude*, not external act.

Peace has never been external. In spite of *Pax Romana*,
and *Pax Britannia*
it is inside.

or it *isn't!*

Peace is internal. No society can survive the chaos within that is produced when its members treat each other as they treat other groups. The trick is to learn to treat other groups like we must treat each other in a peaceful society. But it begins *within*.

A man wouldn't survive five minutes in some sections of our society if he acted as an individual toward his neighbors as some of us have acted toward other denominations and nations. And who could survive if he treated his next door neighbor as he was taught to behave towards Germans and Japanese?

Hear me! *What we call holy will not survive another fifty years of our treating each other as nations treat other nations.* Peace must come from inside.

Peace is Internal, not external; and, therefore, is a thing of *Attitude*,
and not *Act*.

A man can *do* peace while his inner spirit is treachery, but he cannot *do* treachery while his inner spirit is peace.

One day a man approached his Emperor—*Ave! Imperator!* And that was an act of peace and a sign of peace—
but the inner attitude was not peace
and the next act was a knife in the corpse of
Caius Julius Caesar.

The act of peace for Japan was to keep her emissaries dealing with Secretary Cordell Hull in Washington. But there was no peace in spite of acts of peace—
for *attitude* had already determined Pearl Harbor.

How easily man is fooled by act! Have you heard what color the atmosphere turned around Cordell Hull's desk that morning in Washington?

Peace is internal
before external;
attitude.
before act.

*Peace, I say, is Resultant Inheritance, Not Achieved Goal;
a Spiritual Operation, not a Contracted Agreement.*

Peace is result. never goal. An incidental result of a way of life, not a deliberately-to-be-sought goal.

Peace is inheritance — gift; not achievement — goal.

It is the inheritance of the people of the Kingdom. It is NOT the achievement on earth of a unity of worship and dogma. One of the greatest strengths of the Christian frame is that it has been able to develop in so many directions, and to appeal to so varied a list of personalities.

Peace never was a matter of getting all the Methodists to unite with all the Baptists.

Even before the Nicene Council in 325 A. D., already,

Christianity had ninety different frames,

Each of which was heresy to the remaining
majority,

And,

All of which had some grasp of Jesus at the heart.

Peace is a Spiritual Operation, not a Condition of Unity.

It is an "act of faith" says the Chinaman, Lin Yutang,

but it so happens that we are a

generation almost without faith,

and, without faith,

who can be saved?

Peace is not something I agree to keep by contract; it is a way to live as the result of something I have received. It is the spiritual operation of faith, not a condition or state.

It is not national,

nor external,

nor act,

nor achievement,

nor condition.

Peace is Individual,

Internal,

Attitude,

Inheritance.

A Lived Way.

It is something that happens to you as the result of receiving its Source.

It is so wonderful a thing that it is understandable that those who do not have it should seek it, and that those who will not receive it, should be forced to go without it.

Christianity, according to the teachings of Jesus, has never promised world peace except as peace comes from the grass roots up. The world order has never been such that it could be called Christian. The Powers that be have never belonged to Him. Always He has worked in spite of them, on the individual grains of sand.

Christianity has never been responsible for producing world peace —

for Christianity is War —

God *versus* Mammon

Alter *versus* Ego

I *versus* Me

Good *versus* Ill

The Man that could be

versus

The Man I am.

Christianity is war!

War that produces peace the only way war can ever produce peace —

By surrender!

Christianity is *divisive* —

The claims of Christ set a man against
himself. Once he faces up to the claims of Christ
..... he is torn, divided,
at *War*,
until *Surrender*.

Man can never be justified by his products,
new gadgets,
nursery-rhyme creeds,
one-eyed philosophies,
mud-pie civilization,
kindergarten-councils,
like little boys, agreeing
to freeze no more snow balls,
and throw no mud.

Man can only be justified in himself, and his justification
begins only when he is a Man of Peace —

And his peace comes only with *Surrender to the Source
of Peace*
against which he fights.

Jesus deals with individuals, and this is the key to His
peace — giving . . .

He searches for the point in every man upon which
He may lay hold and begin leading him to the
Kingdom of God.

He lays hold of him at the
point of his greatest need,
dominion of demons,
fear of death,
fear of life,
error,
night,
sin,
perversion,
emptiness.

Beginning with a man's lack of peace,
beginning where a man is,
He leads into the available peace,
the kind that passes understanding,
that makes a garrison of a Man's heart.

Strange—in this warring world—
and the most beautiful thing in it—
how important this peace is to God!

It is in the advent—

"Peace Among Men of Good-Will"
God re-enunciates an ageless principle,
there has always been peace among men
whose hearts are right to each other.

It is in the teaching—

"Blessed are the Makers of Peace"
Happy are those who have begun to reproduce
the peace that garrisons a Man's heart.

I find thirty-one forms of the word in the Scriptures —
I have counted three-hundred ninety-three verses where
the word is central —

Peace — it is awfully important to Him!

It is in the Death — Ascension

“Peace I leave with thee, my peace I give
unto thee; not as the world giveth
give I unto thee . . .”

But it is in accord with the mind of Jesus, and at the same time a fact of history that the Gospel peace comes only in connection with a believing surrender to the person of Christ. The Father has promised His peace to such sons — and “because ye are sons” you are above life’s disastrous days.

“O well for him whose feet have trod
The weary road of toil and strife
Yet from the sorrow of his life
Builds ladders to be nearer God.”

Sons of the Father are beyond disaster —

Carlyle tells Hugo’s story of a little bird sitting on the limb of a tree until some stroke of lightning cuts the supporting limb from under.

The song stopped for the moment,
but the bird was unhurt
it had wings,
wings to put it above disaster.

But a man has to surrender to get his wings. A man has to surrender as simply as did old Simeon the day he met the parents of Jesus dedicating the child in the temple —

when —

taking the child in his arms,
surrendering to the message he received,
he sang the immortal "Nunc Dimittis"
for all believing hearts,

"Lord, now permit Thou thy servant
to go away in peace,
like you said,
for these eyes of mine
have seen
Thy Salvation."

Christmas 1950 A. D.

and there is No Peace on this long road?

Untrue! Untrue!

There has always been peace for the believing
heart —

"He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master."

Is There No Peace?

BY
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