

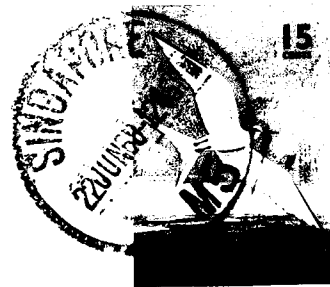
MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS
ROYAL CONSULATE GENERAL
OF SAUDI ARABIA
SINGAPORE

Cons Sec
Mr. Baker

His Excellency Francis G. Galbraith Esq.,
Ambassador,
The American Embassy,
30 Hill Street,
Singapore-6.

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JUN 24 1968
SINGAPORE

وزارة الخارجية
سُفَارَةُ
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● من حق العمال ان يطلبوا المزيد في تحسين أمورهم ، وأن يتنادوا الى رفع كل اجحاف ولكن العمال ليسوا وحدهم لسوء الحظ ، فلا يكاد بعضهم يشكو علة ، حتى تتدخل الاصابع المغرضة لاستثمار الشكوى وتضخيمها ، تحويلها الى أزمة تطعن في الاستقرار والنمو الطبيعي .

مقتطفات من كلمات كامل مروه



العدد ٦٧٩٨

الحياة

ات الحياة عشيدة وجهاد



الستة الثالثة والثلاثون

مقتطفات من كلمات كامل مروه

● ان ما حدث في لبنان ليس فريدا من نوعه ، فالانصار الذي يتعم به تحده متعلما في كل بلد حر النظام، مدفوعا في الانظمة المقيدة . واذا كان اللبنانيون قد احسنوا الاختيار ، فالجمال مفتوح امام سواهم ، للرجوع عن الالتواءات العقائدية التي تلف اقتصادهم وتعصرهم عصرا ، فلا يبقى لهم في النهاية غير الضيق والاستبداد ؟

الجمعة في ٧ حزيران ١٩٦٨ • الموافق ١١ ربيع الاول ١٣٨٨ • Le ٢ juin • AL-HAYAT • Beyrouth (Liban)

دلائل مؤامرة وراء اغتيال روبرت كندي

رئيس بلدية لوس انجيليس يتهم الشيوعيين بالتحريض والدسرحان: لا بد أن إحدى الجهات دفعت له مبالغ كبيرة البحث عن المرأة الفامضة ذات الانف المضحك



Bishara Salamah Shirhan

السيد بشارة سلامة سرحان والد المتهم باغتيال



الحزن مخيم على افراد الجمهور الواقفين امام مستشفى «السامري الطيب» في لوس انجيلوس ، وقد انخرط اكثرهم في



والدة روبرت كندي وقد بدا على وجهها الحزن العميق .

واثارة قاتل السناتور كندي !
لن المرأة المرافقة !
وقد عزز هذا الاعتقاد المتكررة التي وجهها بوليس لوس انجيلوس الى جميع النقاط لاعتقال امرأة تذكر أنه قد تكون لها علاقة بالاغتيال . وقال متحدث بلسان البوليس ان سرحان شوهه بصحب امرأة قبل الحادث بقليل ووصفت هذه المرأة بأنها بيضاء يتراوح عمرها بين الثالثة والعشرين والسياسة والعشرين ويبلغ طولها ١٦٧ سنتيمترا . وكانت ترتدي ثوبا ابيض اللون عليه نقط سوداء وحذاء اسود .

وكانت امرأة من مرافقي السناتور كندي قد ذكرت انها شاهدت فتاة ذات « انف مضحك » وهي تتدفع باتجاه المخرج بعد ان هتفت « لقد اطلقنا النار عليه » وعندما سئلت عن الشخص المقصود قالت « السناتور كندي » ثم اندفع رجل عبر ممر في فندق

البقية على الصفحة ٧ -

اخذ الغموض يكتنف قضية اغتيال السناتور الأميركي روبرت كندي بعد مرور ساعات قليلة فقط من اعلان وفاته . فقد أبدت عدة جهات شكها في ان يكون القاتل الذي ذكر انه يدعى « سرحان بشارة سرحان » من مواليد قرية الطيبة القريبة من القدس المحتلة قد اقدم على فعلته بمفرده بل ان اقرباء المتهم ومعارفه اكسوا انه لا بد ان يكون قد دفعه احد الى القتل او ان جهة ما دفعت له مبالغ كبيرة ليقوم بجريمته ، وقد اتجهت عدة اصابع اتهام نحو المنظمات الصهيونية « الشهيرة » بعملياتها المماثلة . واكد رئيس بلدية لوس انجيلوس ان « هناك مؤامرة مدبرة لاغتيال كندي » واتهم الشيوعيين بتحريض سرحان على القتل ، وقال ان للمتهم اتصالات مع الحزب الشيوعي ومنظمات اخرى بتسلل اليها الشيوعيون او يسيطرون عليها » .

وقال ان سيارة المتهم شوهدت مرة خارج مبنى كانت تعقد فيه جمعية « و.ي.ب. دويوا » اجتماعا . وهي جمعية شيوعية واضاف : « هذه الجمعية الشريرة لعبت دورا في تحريض



السناتور روبرت كندي يحيى الجماهير المتفاجئة لمصالحته في احد المهرجانات الانتخابية .

الدول العربية تستنكر اغتيال كندي
سفيرا الاردن يقدم اسف حكومته
برقيات حسين والحسن وبورقية الى جونسون
الامم المتحدة - ٦ - اقليمية - والى السيدة اثيل كندي ارملة
اب - استنكرت الدول العربية
حدث اغتيال روبرت كندي ويبحث
ملوكها ورؤساؤها ببرقيات تعزية
الى الرئيس الأميركي جونسون - البقية على الصفحة ٧ -
قال كندي قبل اسبوعين :

Singapore
June 12, 1968

Dear Molly:

Martha and I were touched by your eloquent note of condolences on the death of Senator Kennedy and by your support of our efforts to memorize the occasion with the condolence book and the church services.

Your note will be forwarded to the Kennedy family through the Department of State and I know they will appreciate it as much as we do.

Sincerely,

Francis J. Galbraith
Ambassador

Mrs. James H. Weir
28 Queen Astrid Park
Singapore 10

(FROM MRS. WEIR, WIFE OF
NEW ZEALAND'S HIGH COMMISSIONER
TO SINGAPORE)

28 Queen Aetrid Pk
Singapore '0.

Thursday, 6th.

Dear Martha,

Just wanted to say
how sick Jim & I feel over
this dreadful news about Sen.
Robert Kennedy. Having lived
in the 'Capitol city' we feel
that we can share something
of the horror & shock you must
be feeling at the wilful and
entirely senseless destruction of
this vigorous young American.

Know that we are thinking
of you, all American friends with
appreciate Sympathy.

Sincerely,
Aelie.

Singapore

June 17, 1968

Mrs. Jacqueline Ann Thompson
& Miss Magdalene Lee
c/o Union Carbide (s) Ltd.
P. O. Box 42
Bukit Panjang Post Office
Singapore 23

Dear Mrs. Thompson & Miss Lee:

I write to express my sincere thanks for your card and your letter of condolence over the death of Senator Robert F. Kennedy. An event such as this, the more tragic for being the second assassination of a Kennedy in public life, is indeed a source of shock and grief for all of us.

I am forwarding your letter and the card to Washington where they may join the many other expressions of sympathy from all around the world. I know that it will be a source of comfort to the Kennedy family to know that their profound grief is shared by so many others.

I know that I speak for the Kennedy family as well as for this Embassy and the Government of the United States in stating how deeply all of us appreciate your thoughts and sympathy at this time of sorrow and difficulty.

Sincerely,

Francis J. Galbraith
Ambassador

Thinking Of You In Your Sorrow



A
*little
book of
Comfort*



Dear Ethel

God Bless you and
your Dear little ones.

May this little book bring comfort,
May it help in some small way
To ease the grief and sorrow
Within your heart today...
May you find consolation
In its messages for you,
And may it help to show that
Many thoughts are with you, too.

Frederine Ann Thompson (Mrs.)
Margaret Lee (Miss)



A

*little
book of
Comfort*

**Little Book
of
Comfort**

David C. Cook Publishing Co.
Elgin, Illinois
Printed in the U. S. A.



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Introduction

The needs of human hearts are basically the same. It makes no difference if its owner lives in a Park Avenue apartment and drives a Cadillac or whether he dwells in a cottage and walks to work — his heart yearns to know God.

But the necessity of earning one's daily bread seems to consume most of our daylight hours. We go to the office or punch a time clock or clean the house . . . while relentless time marches on. Before we realize it, we have spent our lives as a tale that is told or as a watch in the night . . . and our never-dying souls have not been fed.

We know that we should take more time for communion with

God; but somehow the rugged realities of life demand our time to the point that we almost forget that "the grave is not the goal" of life.

If you find yourself pictured somewhere in the above description then this "Little Book of Comfort" is for you. No matter who you are or what your mission in life may be, God is the answer to the seeming jig-saw of your life.

Take up and read and God will give you life . . . eternal life. Read and believe, for "all things are possible (if we) only believe."

Sunrise with God

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth (Psalm 121:1, 2).

Whether it be the rolling hills of Kansas or the steep majesty of the Rockies, to look up is inspiring.

But to catch a glimpse of the sun breaking across the rugged beauty of the land seems easily to turn one's mind toward God. It did for David ... it can for each of us.

David must have been up before the sun many times as he herded his sheep. And often must have met his Lord just as streamers of gold and silver spoke of a new day.

Try lifting up your eyes to the hills as David did, in the early morning hour, and you, too, will find the help that he spoke of.

Bishop Ralph Cushman emphasized this thought in his poem:

God's Presence

*I met God in the morning
When my day was at its best,
And His presence came like
sunrise—*

Like a glory in my breast.

*All day long this Presence
lingered,*

*All day long He stayed with me,
And we sailed in perfect calmness
O'er a very troubled sea.*

*Other ships were torn and battered,
Other ships were sore distressed,*

*But the winds that seemed to drive
them*

Brought to me a peace and rest.

*Then I thought of other mornings
With a keen remorse of mind,
When I, too, had loosed the moorings
With this Presence left behind.*

*So I think I've learned the secret
Learned through many a troubled
way,*

*You must meet God in the morning
If you want Him through the day.*

It isn't easy to do . . . I know. But, to take a few moments with Him just as the sun comes up — when the house is still, and just the birds are peeping — is a blessed time. You may not be able to do it every morning, just occasionally. But, if you

meet Him in the morning often you'll find that the day is empty when you forget.

Such was the case with the disciples of our Lord who had spent the night fishing, in vain . . .

*But when the morning was now
come, Jesus stood on the shore . . .
Then Jesus saith unto them, Chil-
dren, have ye any meat? They an-
swered him, No.*

*And he said unto them, Cast the
net on the right side of the ship,
and ye shall find. They cast there-
fore, and now they were not able
to draw it for the multitude of
fishes . . .*

*As soon then as they were come to
land, they saw a fire of coals there,
and fish laid thereon, and bread . . .*

Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine . . . (John 21:4-12).

God bids us through His Son, Jesus, to meet Him in the morning . . . if you want Him through the day.

Abide in Him

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler (Psalm 91-1-4).

All of us have known fear. Fear of hunger . . . fear of want . . . fear of death. Everyone — regardless of race or creed — has been afraid.

And it's mighty comforting to know that when moments of fear

and insecurity come . . . we have God to turn to. David found Him in his lonely shepherd days. He found Him to be his refuge against fear and danger.

Now God's Son speaks to us in like manner and calls us unto Himself saying:

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light (Matthew 11:28-30).

"Dwell in the secret place," and He will deliver us. Come unto Him and He will give us rest. He promised to lift the heavy load of sin

and frustration from our shoulders and bear it Himself.

This, then, is the secret of it all—abiding in Him. Dwelling in Him and allowing Him to dwell in us. Allowing His presence to fill us and permeate us and fill our entire being. And, if we do this . . . abide in Him, He has promised:

Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you (John 15:7).

He is saying: If you have sought Me and accepted Me and have become vitally united with Me you are so much a part of Me that we are one. Because of that fact you can ask anything you wish and I will do it.

Think what that means. No more need to fear anything! David said it rightly when he said, "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and

under his wings shalt thou trust."

William Cullen Bryant pictured this thought in the poem:

To a Waterfowl

*Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to
do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the
crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along...
There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that
pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost...
He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky
thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.*

So, there's no need to fear...
Because in the midst of life He will
stand by our side, saying:

*Fear thou not; for I am with thee;
be not dismayed; for I am thy God;
I will strengthen thee; yea, I will
help thee; yea, I will uphold thee
with the right hand of my right-
eousness (Isaiah 41:10).*

Prayer for Today

Dear Lord, teach us today the
simple yet profound secret of abid-
ing in Thee. Help us to see that in
all of life we need not fear because
Thou dost see us... and will over-
shadow us... and will be our refuge,
if we will only come to Thee. In
Jesus' name we pray. Amen.

Strength from Above

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding.

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint (Isaiah 40:28-31).

Most of us have admired the

muscles of a strong man with envious eyes. One such young man sidled up to a heavily muscled giant and sighed until his attention was attracted.

"Mister, do you know what I'd do if I had muscles like you?"

"No, what would you do?"

"Why, sir, I'd go out into the woods and catch me the biggest bear I could find."

The big man looked down upon the other for a moment, then replied, "Son, there are just lots of little bears out there."

Most of us have been guilty of listening to a saint of God pray and wish that we could pray like that. Or have wished for more strength or time with which to serve God.

But, the truth of the matter is...

we have failed to use the resources at hand. We seem to act as if God might tire of our prayers . . . so we fail to pray. Or act as if He didn't have enough grace or strength to go around, so we don't ask Him for any.

Read this verse again: *The Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary . . .*

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

Think of it. We aren't dealing with man . . . but with God! The One who made all things . . . even us. The One who understands our needs much better than we understand them ourselves.

That includes you and me. "He giveth power to the faint." Power

to live for Him. Power to be used by Him. Power to be real witnesses for Him.

All of us get tired, even the young; but this good news includes both the young and old. However, there is an "if" involved. This promised power is only for those who will wait upon the Lord.

Await or stay until power comes. Then wait on Him in service.

Listen to Longfellow:

*Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.*

A verse to hide in our hearts:

In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul (Psalm 138:3).

Peace Like a River

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid...

These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace (John 14:27, 16:33).

In a world beset by the constant specter of war, these words of Jesus are as meaningful today as in the day in which they were spoken. Peace—the very word brings to mind a gentle dove with an olive branch.

Peace. But notice Jesus said that He is the giver of peace. No war can make the world a peaceful place. Real peace must spring from the hearth . . . "not as the world

giveth," saith Jesus. It must come from Him.

In 1914 our young men sailed to France to fight a war to make the world safe for democracy. Many of those boys are buried in Flanders Field. "Lest we forget" became America's watchword.

But, we did forget. Oh, not the slogan, but what it stood for. And since then we've been engulfed in yet another world war! The result: many more boys gave their all . . . And still the world does not have or know peace.

It is clear, then, that Jesus wasn't speaking of world peace, . . . not as the world giveth . . . But He went on to say these words of comfort: "...in me ye... have peace."



*Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways,
Reclothe us in our rightful mind.
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise.*

*Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease.
Take from our souls the strain
and stress*

*And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.*

—Author Unknown

A Scripture for today:

*Great peace have they which love
thy law (Psalm 119:165).*

Prayer for today:

Dear Lord, teach us to allow Thee
to fill us with Thy peace that we
in turn might be called the peace-
makers. In Thy name, Amen.

Why Worry?... Pray

Ask, and it shall be given you: seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened (Matthew 7:7, 8).

Jesus spoke these words to a large crowd including His disciples. He spoke with sincerity the message that the world needed then... and needs now.

He knew that many in that crowd had been guilty (as we are) of carrying their own burdens. But He wants to carry the load with us... to share our load.

Today we are concerned about many things. But, actually they are

more than just concerns. They are just out and out worries! Let's face it. That's what they are!

But, why shouldn't we worry? There's a car payment about due. Grocery money is shrinking... with no relief in sight. The old winter coat just won't last another season. No wonder we worry!

So it was with the crowd who must have looked at Jesus strangely, because He told them not to worry. He said: *Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?*

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your

heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? . . .

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . .

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself (Matthew 6:25-34).

One day Jesus' disciples came to Him with a request similar to one often heard today . . . teach us to pray . . . Not how to pray. Not the form nor the method nor the style of praying. But, rather, their request was . . . teach us to pray.

Some men would say they do not know how to pray. But, could that be so? Prayer is really just a needy heart communing with a great all-sufficient God.

Across the top of a church in California someone saw a sign, "Why pray when you can worry?" Jesus comes to us with the good news that we need not worry . . . we can pray.

John Greenleaf Whittier must have been inspired to write the following lines:

The Eternal Goodness

*I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.*

*And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.*

*No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love...*

*I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care...*

*And thou, O Lord! by whom are
seen*

*Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!*

There really is no reason to worry when such a God is looking down upon us . . . in compassion and love. So, let's not worry—let's pray.

A Scripture for Today: *Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full (John 16:24).*

God Has the Answer

So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown (Job 2:7).

All this trouble beside the death of his sons and his daughters, his possessions taken by force—and his wife's bitter demand for him to . . . *curse God, and die.*

Yet Job had the simple trust in God to cling to Him. A lesser person might have turned upon his Maker and cursed Him. Maybe even you or I. But, not Job. Instead, he reverently spoke . . . *the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord (Job 1:21).*

A young couple lost their only

child. They demanded an answer of God and when none came they turned away from Him. A very promising Christian young person, —planning to enter the ministry, was killed in an auto accident.

Why? Why couldn't it have been different? We cannot know, but God has the answer. We see just a tiny segment of life at a time. He sees the end from the beginning. We live mainly for the present . . . not thinking of what eternity might hold. God is eternity.

A consecrated couple became parents of a little girl . . . only to discover she was afflicted and could not live. Why did it happen to them? They never knew, but God has the answer.

Perhaps you have been troubled

with a problem that has bowed your head with anxiety . . . with no answer in sight. Perhaps you've reached the end of your finances. Maybe you've come to the place where you are ready to question God's wisdom and judgment. What should you do?

What did Job say to that one? Listen: *What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?* Yet his anguish was so severe that when his friends came to comfort him they . . . *knew him not . . . So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him: for they saw that his grief was very great (Job 2:10, 12, 13)*

David found the answer too. He didn't demand an answer, but God gave it in the notes of a psalm:

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble . . .

Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee . . .

Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel . . .

Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed; he will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God (Psalm 20:1-7).

That is the answer . . . it must be. Trust in God. Some trust in bank accounts and others in real estate, but in the words of David:

We will remember the name of the Lord our God.

A Psalm of Life

*Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.*

*Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout
and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.*

*In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!*

*Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead...*

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

We do not know the answers . . . only God does. We cannot know the future . . . only God can. But, we can trust in Him so explicitly that no matter what comes or goes, no matter how life treats us, we will do as Job did and say as he said, . . . *the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.*

A Verse to Remember: *Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths (Proverbs 3:5, 6).*

God's Loving Care

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;

These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble...

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men (Psalm 107:23-31).

Only one who has seen and felt the terrifying power of a mighty storm can appreciate one. Green and white combers curling across a ship's decks have caused more than one man to call on God.

Most sailors believe in God. They have seen the peaceful lapping of wavelets along a sandy beach. They have seen those same wavelets, churned to a frenzy by the wind, tear steel plates from a ship. They can see and appreciate the hand of God over His creation.

But, it isn't just the sailors that God is interested in. He loves the farmer... and causes His rain to

fall and His sun to shine upon their crops.

He loves the mother and declares that even in the pain and fear of bringing a new life into the world—His hand is upon her, and He loves her.

In fact, any one of God's creatures who has seen or felt the works of His hands — He loves. David cried out in sheer wonder of it all: *When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;*

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet (Psalm 8:3-6).

Jesus spoke words of comfort to His disciples one day, just before He sent them out to tell others the good news of salvation:

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.

But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows (Matthew 10:29-31).

Do you catch the implication? God, the Creator of the ends of the earth is interested in you and me, He actually cares for us! Isaiah saw

the Lord sitting upon a throne,
high and lifted up. High above us,
so high that our minds can never
reach His.

Yet He sent His Son Jesus to
reach down beneath us and lift us
up to heaven.

God loves us . . . and understands.
He hears us . . . when we lift our
hands, and call His name.

*A Verse to Remember: Humble
yourselves therefore under the mighty
hand of God . . . Casting all your
care upon him; for he careth for
you (1 Peter 5:6, 7).*



Gathering Clouds

(Elijah) . . . went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life . . .

And he came thither unto a cave, and lodged there; and, behold, the word of the Lord came to him, and he said unto him, What doest thou here, Elijah?

And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away . . .

And the Lord said unto him . . .

Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal (1 Kings 19:4-18).

Even one of God's chosen, even after a "mountaintop" experience, can get discouraged. Elijah had just challenged and won a great victory over the priests of Baal.

Now . . . utter despondence. Why? Who knows? It makes about as much sense as one of our own trips into the "valley."

One day that dynamic preacher, Martin Luther, was despondent and showed it. Soon he became aware that his wife was clad completely in black—for mourning.

"Why do you wear black?" he asked in amazement. "For whom do you mourn?"

"For God," she replied. "You act as if He were dead."

He realized how silly it all was and changed his attitude.

But, we all do it... get discouraged. It seems that friends are not friendly... nobody understands our problems... heartaches come. Our love grows cold and it almost seems that God has died.

At such a time, why not do as David did? He praised the Lord. It may seem that you do not have much to praise Him for... but you do. We all do. Try it just the same. Soon you will feel your heart grow warm.

Share with him his praises to God in Psalm 138.

I will praise thee with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy lovingkindness and for thy truth: for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.

Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly: but the proud he knoweth afar off.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine ene-

mies, and thy right hand shall save me.

It seems that we are so alone at times . . . even in the midst of a crowd . . . we feel alone. Elijah felt it, so did David . . . so have most of us.

But, remember what God said to Elijah? Elijah claimed that he alone stood for good and God. But the Lord spoke to him and wiped the doubts away, *Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel.*

He wasn't alone. Neither are you and I. God knows the heavy load we carry, that was one reason He sent His Son, Jesus. For, one day as Jesus realized the heartaches of the people He spoke to meet their need. He said, *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light (Matthew 11:28-30).

So when the clouds begin to gather and lie dark and black upon the horizon . . . just turn to Him in prayer.

Prayer for today:

Our heavenly Father, forgive us when we sometimes forget that Thou hast come to bear our burdens and bring forgiveness and peace to our hearts. Grant to us the sense of Thy nearness during even the darkest of days. And, most of all . . . help us to allow Thee to help carry our loads. In Jesus' name, Amen.

In the Shadows

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:

and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever (Psalm 23:1-6).

Anguish grips your soul, fear fills your heart. God has seen fit to take that loved one home. The family circle is broken tonight. There is nowhere to turn.

But, wait, there is hope. David experienced very deep sorrow; yet in the midst of it all God came very near. Listen to him:

Why art thou cast down. O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God (Psalm 42:5).

Hope thou in God. He is our hope . . . and when all else has failed . . . our only hope.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil . . . But there is

more: *In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock (Psalm 27:5).*

But, you say, I wasn't ready to let him go. I still needed him and depended upon him. I can't understand why . . . I know not what to do. Yes, it is dark—and lonely. And you must feel weak and alone. But, in the midst of those shadows there is One who cares and understands, for:

*God is our refuge and strength,
a very present help in trouble.*

*Therefore will not we fear, though
the earth be removed, and though
the mountains be carried into the
midst of the sea;*

Though the waters thereof roar

and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof . . .

*The Lord of hosts is with us; the
God of Jacob is our refuge . . .*

*Be still, and know that I am God
(Psalm 46:1-10).*

This, then is the secret: Turn to God. Lean upon Him. Place your trembling hand in His. Let His strength become your strength. Let Him breathe to you the reality of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem:

The Sleep

*Of all the thoughts of God that are
Born inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this;
"He giveth His beloved—sleep."*

*"Sleep soft," beloved! we
sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the
eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved—sleep.
Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But Angels say, and through the
word
I think their happy smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved—sleep..."*

You may have been there when those trusting eyes looked up and smiled into yours, then closed... to open in Paradise. And with his trust in God, and in the Living

Christ... perhaps at this moment he has transferred the grip of his fingers to the hand of the One who tasted death for every man.

*Surely goodness and mercy shall
follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the
Lord for ever (Psalm 23:6).*

Prayer for today:

Dear Lord, Thou dost see the falling tear and feel the breaking heart. Come close right now and fill the empty spot left by this departed one... with Thy love. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Through the Veil

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former

things are passed away (Revelation 21:1-4).

There is life after death! Jesus Himself told about it . . . and made the way. One day as He spoke to His disciples; they were puzzled, and fearful as He began to tell them that one day soon He would have to leave them. He tried to calm their fears:

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also (John 14:1-3).

Some think of heaven as a place of eternal freedom from work. Others, as a place where there will never be any shortages... or wars... or economic problems. No one knows for sure what it will be like on the other side of that veil... but someday, if we live close to Him... we will find out.

But we do know a little about heaven. Good things. No tears, or death, or sorrow, or pain. God shall be there to personally wipe away tears. And Jesus will be there. He's there now, sitting at the right hand of God, interceding for you and me... waiting.

And the city will be wondrous to behold. Twelve gates made of twelve pearls! Streets of pure gold,

clear as glass! But, there is more, Listen:

And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there...

And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth...

And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the

Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever (Revelation 21:22-25, 27; 22:3-5).

It's worth waiting for and working for and living for... in fact, to get to heaven will be worth it all. All we've ever gone through. Pain, persecution, long lonely nights... it'll be worth it all when we get to heaven!

Verse to Remember: *Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life (John 14:6).*

Sunset Musings

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened...

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it (Ecclesiastes 12:1-7).

This precious spark God has given us is unique—it cannot be reproduced in a test tube or in any

laboratory. It is God's to give . . . and His to take away.

Life, as serious as it becomes at times, has its lighter moments . . . but when consideration is given to life itself—its real meaning and purpose—then we realize that it is merely a dressing room for eternity.

Longfellow phrases this very well.

Psalm of Life

*Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.*

*Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.*

As a child we all remember how endless the weeks could become. And the years . . . they never would pass. But, now, already too many have slipped by . . .

For some it is still early morning. With others the bright noonday with its still-high hopes has been reached. For others the "three score and ten" are nearly used up. The years have drawn nigh . . . there is no more pleasure in them. The light is becoming dim and the nights are long.

Sunset is not far away . . .

But, wait! Don't become panicky, Hope thou in God. *Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.*

Across the years you may have grown consciously closer to Him . . . now you are about to meet Him *face to face*. Glorious thought!

But, perchance, the years have slipped by too quickly, leaving you yet unprepared for the loosing of "the silver cord." But, take heart . . . and call upon Him. If you do, He has pledged Himself to answer you. For Jesus said . . . *him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out* (John 6:37).

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life (John 5:24).

Sunsets can be beautiful. Even gray, forbidding clouds reflect the luster of their Maker and bring forth in profusion colors that have remained hidden throughout the daytime.

Don't be fearful, don't give place to that ominous chill that begins to slip up your spine. But, rather, take the advice of William Cullen Bryant in his poem.

Thanatopsis

*So live, that when thy summons
comes to join
The innumerable caravan that
moves
To that mysterious realm, where
each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls
of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave
at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but,
sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach
thy grave*

*Like one who wraps the drapery of
his couch
About him, and lies down to
pleasant dreams.*

A verse for the Sunset Hour: *The
Lord is my shepherd . . . Yea, though
I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me (Psalm 23:1, 4).*

Prayer for today:

Dear God, sunrise was a long time ago and nearly forgotten. Even high noon and its pleasant memories sometimes escapes me. Lone shadows and sunset come nigh. Simply, as You told us to do, I trust my soul into Thy care. In Jesus' name, Amen.

J. Thompson (Mrs)

4 Union Carbide (S) Ltd

PO Box 42

Bukit Panjang Post Office
Singapore 23

Dear Ethel,

we are 2 girls living in Singapore. you do not know us but we know you and we would like you to know, we also share your grief at this time

we have always admired your husband the late Senator R. Kennedy, and also not forgetting the late President J. Kennedy your beloved brother-in-law. we were shocked beyond words when we heard the news that he was shot over the air. The only thing we could do was to pray for his recovery, but sad to say that our prayers were answered in the way Our Lord thought best. We console ourselves with the thought that Our Lord works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform; and that a day will come when the entire family will be reunited in Heaven to sing forever his glories and mercies.

You are one of the very few who could look up to your late husband as an instrument of Our Lord's peace. He tried to sow love where there was hatred. He understood the feelings of people who felt cheated and troubled in life. we are sure that had he lived he would

have been a shining example of real love
for one and all.

Please take care of yourself especially
in your present condition. For I am sure that
your late husband would like you to go on
in life as usual, and there will be another
Kennedy added to the family next year.
We know that you are faced with a big
trial at the moment but remember, that
when Our Lord ^{sends} ~~gives~~ us crosses, He and Our
Blessed Lady are with us to bear it.

We end this letter wishing you
and your dear ones all the best. God
Bless all of you.

Love,

Magdalene Lee (Miss)
Jacqueline Ann Thompson (Mrs.)

Singapore

June 20, 1968

Mr. K. Vamen
86-B Lerong Marsiling
Singapore 25

Dear Mr. Vamen:

I write to express my sincere thanks for your letter of condolence over the death of Senator Robert F. Kennedy.

I know that I speak for the Kennedy family as well as for this Embassy and the Government of the United States in stating how deeply all of us appreciate your thoughts and sympathy at this time of sorrow and difficulty.

Sincerely,

Francis J. Galbraith
Ambassador

K. Vamen,

86-B Lorong-
Marsiling.

Singapore 25,
16-6-1968.

Mrs. Ethel Kennedy,

I was shocked to hear the news
of the assassination of your husband, Mr. Robert
Kennedy. My heart felt condolences to you and
to your family.

Senator Robert Kennedy was a
great American. I liked Senator Kennedy
very much.

Yours Sincerely,

K. Vamen

Singapore

June 19, 1968

Miss Sandra Lee Sow Ruan
47-A Tiong Bahru Road
Singapore 3

Dear Miss Lee:

I write to express my sincere thanks for your letter of condolence over the death of Senator Robert F. Kennedy.

I know that I speak for the Kennedy family as well as for this Embassy and the Government of the United States in stating how deeply all of us appreciate your thoughts and sympathy at this time of sorrow and difficulty.

Sincerely,

Francis J. Galbraith
Ambassador

47-A Tiong Bahru road
Singapore (3)

This Letter is for Mrs Robert Kennedy

I ~~am~~ ^{am} very sad because Robert Kennedy has died and his brother too. Only one brother left. I cannot sleep every night, because of this cruel ac't. And I will pray for him and your family. I love Robert Kennedy and his whole family very much and I will always remember them in my prayers.

To Mrs. F. Robert Kennedy.

From:
Sandra Lee Sow Kwan.
8 years old

Singapore

June 19, 1968

Mr. K. V. Devan
P. O. Box 52
Singapore 9

Dear Mr. Devan:

I write to express my sincere thanks for your letter of condolence over the death of Senator Robert F. Kennedy and for your memorial verse.

I am forwarding your letter and poem to Washington where they may join the many other expressions of sympathy from all around the world. I know that it will be a source of comfort to the Kennedy family to know that their profound grief is shared by so many others.

I know that I speak for the Kennedy family as well as for this Embassy and the Government of the United States in stating how deeply all of us appreciate your thoughts and sympathy at this time of sorrow and difficulty.

Sincerely,

Francis J. Galbraith
Ambassador

K. V. Devan,
P. O. Box 52,
Singapore - 9.

12th June, 1968.

Francis Galbraith, Esq.,
The U. S. Ambassador,
17, Swettenham Road,
Singapore.

Sir,

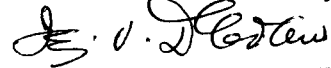
To introduce myself,

I am neither a poet nor a scholar; only a humble citizen of the world, watching the daily events. Together with the shocking news of the assassination of Senator Robert Kennedy I saw the picture of the Mother Rose Kennedy in mourning dress. This gave rise to the thoughts of a bereaved mother whose sons met with similar tragedy, which made the world cry. I wanted expression of my feelings and hence I composed the enclosed simple verses; which bear no relation to any politics. It is only an expression of human feelings said in a layman's language, to console a bereaved mother.

If acceptable, please acknowledge.

Thanking you,

Most humble citizen,



kvd/lh.