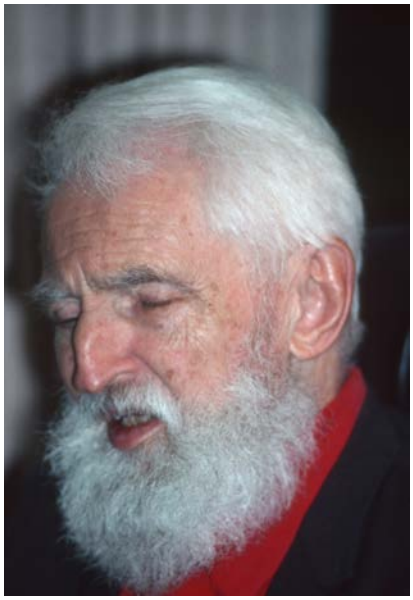
Seeing the Glory

Emmet Russell's Life

Eunice Russell Schatz

Dad at 54 and me at 16

Dad and I—
each at age 80



two marriages

A daughter's reweaving

As a 16-year old, I chose my "life verse"— attracted to the possibility of change:

We all, beholding as in a mirror
the glory of the Lord
are changed into God's image
from one degree of glory to another.
II Corinthians 3:18

the tapestry of her father's story

My father's story — *Going Up To God* — recounts Emmet Russell's birth as a partially blind person in an era when there were few societal structures to compensate for this defect. He details his journey up to the revelatory moment when he sees purpose "in his *light affliction for a moment,"* and looks forward to the reward of the "*weight of glory*" promised in his newfound faith. Now the focus would be not so much on *"what is seen"—the temporal, but on "the unseen—the eternal."*

This light affliction
is but for a moment
and prepares for us an eternal weight of glory,
because we look not at what is seen,
but at what is unseen,
for the things that are seen at temporal,
but the things that are not seen are eternal.
II Corinthians 4:17-18

OUTLINE

Foreword

The room is full of my father's voice. It speaks through the hardbound black tome on my bookshelf, titled "The Finished Work of God," his doctoral thesis. Beside it are his three published novels in their green and black bindings, and a few compilations of some of his poetry. If I reach back into a file drawer, I can hardly get my fingers between the tightly packed folders of his manuscripts, including his journals and his version of his life story, *Going Up To God.*

A flick of one finger can bring most of these works to my computer screen, for I have painstakingly copied his work onto my hard disk. There are his letters written to me over the years—letters I always saved because someone once advised me to only save what was of intrinsic value, and my father's letters were more than accounts of his daily doings. Most often they were responses to books he was reading and the ideas of their authors.

In the closet another dusty box lies at rest—unpublished manuscripts of novels he wrote intended for a Christian audience. Their cries are faint to me, for they reflect a time long gone. Although his first three novels with their come-out-all-right plots gained a sympathetic ear, by the late sixties and early seventies, even a conservative Christian audience yearned for more complexity.

The room is full of his voice, but so is my heart. I feel the stream within, coursing its way through my consciousness—sometimes limpid and all encompassing, sometimes tumbling like a cataract. So much of who I am was formed by this voice. It is this voice that I am giving to others by the audacious act of telling my father's story—adding to his own voice my own interpretation.

It was easier for me to write of my mother, as I did in *Still Woman Moving*. In fact, she dominated my story to a certain extent, because of our conflicts and differences that I had to resolve. And she left few artifacts behind; not being a writer, she did not see herself self-consciously. So I was free to observe and remember and draw my own conclusions, creating a reality of my own. Writing the story of my intertwined life with my mother freed me to see her in new ways, to value and embrace the Mother I had introjected despite my fierce efforts to fight her influence. It was something I needed to do as I matured in my own ministry as a counselor, being asked to nurture others.

It is different with my father, whom I adored unquestioningly. I strongly identified with him from childhood, absorbing his influence easily because our temperaments were alike. In addition, his writings left an indelible mark, where he could give himself the advantage of presenting himself as he wanted to be seen.

The task of writing his autobiography proved formidable to my father. In a letter to me he wrote:

> *The first draft is like collecting maple sap: thirty gallons make one gallon of syrup standard, eleven pounds to the gallon weight. Page-wise, word-wise, this brew should boil down proportionately to make a possibly publishable book. Fortunately, literary sap can be stored a long time before being boiled down. Instead of fermenting, it grows mellower, boils more compactly, after being kept a long time.*

Then, in a prescient afterthought, he added:

> *If I should never do more than gather the sap, you could do the boiling and make the book, no doubt better than I.*

At the time, I resisted this implicit plea to complete his work. I was not sure I wanted to gather the sap, still less sure I could do the boiling. And I had little idea of how much there was to gather. It would require psychic distance to write about my father fairly. I could not simply leave the view of his own life as he wrote it because I quickly recognized that there were angles of view that he did not permit himself to take which are essential in getting a grasp of the man in his fullness.

It takes a certain hubris to be the one to interpret the story of someone as loved and revered as my father was by others. But I stand in a growing tradition of women who write as daughters. Usually the father is famous; in my case, I write of an unknown man in order to make him known. In the process, I will be uncovering the peculiarly special father-daughter link which every woman knows, however dimly, but often cannot articulate. But I shall also try to stand at a respectful distance and let him speak for himself so that others can take their own angle of viewing and find their own place in the story.

As intimately as I may have thought that I knew this person, I now feel the resonances of what I did not know, of the many things left unsaid. It is to peer beyond the known, the recorded, that I come to these pages now.

On the wall hangs a picture of my father, taken a year or two before he died. His snowy white hair is luminous, haloing his face. He looks angelic, like a saint, emitting an aura that was lifelong. As a child in the church pew, I remember gazing up at him in the pulpit above me, his head tilted upward as he spoke without reference to his notes, his voice resonant with feeling. At home, as I passed by his study door, I could glimpse him within sitting in his rocking chair wrapped in silence, his thumb tucked under his chin, a finger on his cheek, a man full of thoughts and prayers—it did not matter which. This was my father, and he represented God to me.

It is small wonder that the concept of God as Father was utterly natural and comforting to me. I did not grow up with either the terror of too much father presence, or the haunting

cry of absence that many of my contemporaries have struggled to analyze. Modern female writers have spoken of "the terror of analyzing one's relation to the father," and the necessity of confronting that relationship as "the only way to female self-realization." This was not my experience. If anything, it was my relationship to my father that fostered my growth as a woman and my sense of self. It was only in the area of preparation for marriage that I felt held back because of my idolization of this good father and unwillingness to surrender to the inevitably flawed examples of manhood that present themselves to us when we are young.

Deeper than that, although I have spent half a lifetime examining the alternately thorny and rose-bowered road to self-realization, it was my father's influence which forced me to a more profound acknowledgment—that I am not my own. In the words of Scripture, I have been "bought with a price, crucified with Christ, and the life that I now live, I live by the faith of the son of God who loved me and gave himself for me"—my father's life verse from Galatians 2:20. It was my father who deliberately placed me in the arms of a Father more loving than he could be.

In the writing of his story, I see how I have been marked by this father, and what he has all the time been pointing me toward—not himself as ideal father, but my Father in heaven. This is the person I share with you, the reader.

Born the Special One

I search my grandmother's diary for vital information about what I know to be the tragic circumstances of my father's birth. His mother left cryptic notes penned in her refined script, not the overflowing self-revealing sentiments of a twentieth century woman. I search the lines eagerly for the person behind the pen. Instead I find prosaic dates and times of events carefully recorded without the hint of any emotion.

I find the absence of her recorded reactions to the birth of her only son frustrating, particularly because she entwined her life so totally with his from that day forward. And it is the birth that announced in unmistakably clear tones that this child would be special. In the manner of the times, her diary states the facts baldly, without embellishment or histrionics:

> *Saturday, October 8, 1892. Baby born 9 a.m. Nine and a half pounds. A perfect baby in shape. Papa named his boy after the two grandfathers—Henry Emmet Russell. Lock of hair cut first week.*
>
> *Third day left eye got sore. Sunday next: right eye sore. Doctor says he could cure them. Two and a half weeks the oculist was called. He said only best care would cure them. The eyes were carefully tended night and day for over three months.*

That is all, starkly all. She could not bring herself to write the truth: her son had no sight in one eye, and limited sight in the other. There were no euphemisms to describe his condition in those days: "legally blind" and "visually challenged." His parents did not even employ the now-discredited term "handicapped." But all their efforts from that day on were concentrated on providing their son with every advantage possible to help him achieve a noble destiny.

My father gives a few more details:

> *Nine o-clock Saturday morning, October 8, 1892, I discovered America. My father and both grandmothers assisted the physician in bringing me into the world, laying me on a feather pillow in a wicker clothes basket, in a flat near the High Bridge in St. Paul.*
>
> *Joy over a "perfect baby" was soon clouded by the discovery of sore eyes, the total loss of the left, and of most of the sight of the right, in spite of daily visits from eye specialist Dr. Wood for three months.*

This accounting does not square with vague hints dropped over the years as to the true cause of Emmet's eye problem. There were whispered remarks about the attending doctor being drunk, and dropping an instrument into the one good eye while putting in the customary silver nitrate drops, so that Emmet was left with only the right eye with a roving pupil.

When I questioned my father about this, he was hesitant to speak of anything out of order done

by the physicians. It seemed that he either did not know exactly what occurred, or did not want to know. I accepted this as a closed book that he was unwilling to open.

Would my forebears have survived the current litigious age? I ponder their philosophical acceptance of being wronged; no one took any legal recourse for possible maltreatment by the attending doctor, causing injury to his sight.

I search his mother's diary in vain for some word that will confirm my suspicions about the nature of the injury. Nothing. I look for the anguish, the railing at God for giving her a partially blind baby, the harrowing anxiety when the treatments did not have their intended effect. Her lips are sealed. Later she would turn her bitterness at the act of God in giving her a son with poor eyesight by opposing her son's conversion to evangelical Christianity and his choice of a ministerial vocation. But until that time, she kept her own counsel and devoted her extraordinary intellect to fostering Emmet's growth into maturity, working to ameliorate the effects of his visual limits as much as possible.

My father understood and appreciated her efforts. He commented:

> *Slow physical development; only fifteen pounds at one year. All hope lay in a devoted mother's care, a far-sighted father's protection; their indomitable determination that this helpless, nearly blind baby, with his satiny skin, ready laughter, frequent tears, unintelligible prattle, shall have his chance at success in life.*

When I was growing up with my father, my brother and I found the condition of his eyes unremarkable. He was "fully compensated"—in the parlance of our day—and seemed competent to engage in our play, to read us stories, to provide for the family and make his way in the world. Likewise, as a child, Emmet, sheltered within his mother's protective care, was not aware of his differences or limitations and he eagerly reached out to learn and to experiment as naturally as his sighted neighbor friends.

Motherly protection could go only so far. As Emmet grew older, his mother could not protect her son from the taunts of his classmates. He tells this story from fifth grade:

> *The first crisis, the first deep heartbreak of my life, came when children on the playground indicated that they did not want a nearly blind boy to play with them. I was a nuisance.*
>
> *So I entered the schoolroom downcast, fighting back the tears. Taking my seat, I could keep back the tears no longer. Gently, with an infinite sweetness vivid to me after more than sixty years, Miss Moore asked, "What is the matter, Emmet?"*
>
> *"Nothing," I answered, in a voice that plainly said, "Everything." She paid no further obvious attention to me, yet from that moment I felt that she understood and cared. Her so delicate, so casually given, moral support in this first major crisis of life, meant everything to me.*
>
> *Of all this I told my parents nothing.*

The extent to which my father had to learn to cover up his deficit in seeing extended to his sense of his own masculinity in the culture of his times. My father had no defense. He thought that his gender complicated his situation because of societal expectations in that era that as a boy he should be athletic.

> *There are more normal girl interests that a girl with poor sight can pursue competitively with success than there are for a young boy. A girl who cannot catch a ball may lead a happy, normal life. A boy who cannot is shut up to precocious intellectual interests in solitude, until he reaches the age when normal boys—a few of them—acquire intellectual interests.*

My father wrote these comments after I had asked him to write an article about his boyhood for a girls' magazine with which I was involved. He refused, saying that "interesting girls in a boy who cannot play ball and won't play dolls would be difficult." I might go further and ask, "How many girls would be interested in the story of a boy who read Dante and Rasselas at eleven, wrote poetry, and took long walks in which he lived with his far-away thoughts?"

Was it significant that after his fifth grade experience of rejection, Emmet's eyes troubled him so much that he had to stay at home in a darkened room for the remainder of the school term? I find no evidence that Emmet's parents prepared their son for the harsh world of peer play, which can be brutal. It is perhaps unfair to expect that they would be able to soften the inevitable blows that would come to their son.

Marshall McLuhan has a saying, "In the world of the blind, all things are sudden." It is this quality of suddenness which I imagine to be present on the playground of Emmet's boyhood. The rest of us are equipped with vision to catch the first glimmerings of rejection and scorn. We can tense our muscles, bite our lips, corral an inner defense.

Emmet must have had a premonition even then that his failed eyesight was a source of deep bitterness and unresolved anger, carefully veiled but lingering in the hollows of the valley of life like some early morning fog. So the firstborn and only son who was king in his domain at home with two loving and attentive parents, must develop a new strength in order to deal with a sighted world. And some inner wisdom told him that he must do this without confiding in his parents. Emmet was to be considered as normal in every way. He determined to become independent in the world—physically and emotionally.

There were sometimes peculiar gestures to foster Emmet's normalcy on the part of his parents, such as his father buying him a Daisy Air rifle. It was Emmet who put the implement away as too dangerous for his poor sight. Later on, his father bought him a violin, a typewriter, and a rowing machine to strengthen his body. Even more startling is the reference to his father offering to buy Emmet a car, the summer he spent in rural New Hampshire after college! Thankfully, Emmet had the presence of mind to refuse, knowing

the danger of trying to maneuver a car with limited eyesight, even in those days of slow speeds and sparse traffic in country settings.

Since talking about his eyesight was verboten in the family, Emmet sometimes found outlets outside the home for processing his situation. He needed to be more open about his situation than the reserve and defensiveness of his family allowed. When he was in college, he appreciated receiving a letter from one of his high school teachers, asking about his eyes:

> *Have they become any stronger or is the darkness increasing? I certainly hope, for your sake, and for the sake of the many who know and love you that you are able to see the beautiful things around you and which would give such a sweet soul as yours so much pleasure. But whatever comes, I know that you will be ready for it and accept it in a manly way, and go forward making the very best of the privileges which are still allowed you.*

Emmet's poignant reaction spoke volumes: *"The ominous shadow of the possible loss of sight was never far from me."* Looking back from the vantage point of the end of Emmet's life, and knowing that he was able to read (with the assistance of modern technology) right up to the very end of his life, I am touched that he had to live with this fear.

One time a friend came to visit me, and is sometimes the case, she exacted more information from my father about his eyesight than he had shared with me or my brother. My friend had a son who was born with defective eyesight, too, so they spoke openly of the concerns involved. My father revealed a secret burden he had carried by telling my friend this story about himself at age fourteen:

> *One day the minister who married my parents, visited us, with his family. That evening at dusk I lay in the hammock on our front porch, Mrs. Vail seated beside me. She placed her warm hand over my eyes and forehead. The dull headache, which was my constant companion, vanished. I lay still, content.*

That was how he discovered that the dull pain he constantly experienced was not normal. He had never spoken of any pain in my presence. When my friend told me this story, I was moved that he had concealed this from our family. I did not feel his limitation, but I now know he was keenly aware of the possible hindrance his eyesight might be on his role as provider for our family and the resulting effect on all our futures. But he would not burden his children with such concerns.

My brother and I were unaware of the fear that clutched my father's heart as a young person. "The ominous shadow of the possible total loss of sight was never far from me," he wrote, "an affliction which could open his spiritual eyes to the "weight of glory"—God's purposes for his life allowed by God so that his spiritual eyes could be opened to the glory of Jesus Christ that "came into my heart and showed me that I was born blind that the works of God should be manifested in me."

Much later, when he was preparing to enter the ministry, his mentor—the president of Gordon Bible College—sent him to an oculist in hopes that glasses might obscure the appearance of his eyes, even if there were no possibility of improving his eyesight. Emmet refused the eyeglass prescription, knowing that wearing glasses would mean even less sight out of the fraction he retained in one eye.

His journal indicates that some time after this, he began to be able to read signs in the Boston subway for the first time in his life. He was preparing for a career in the ministry and felt that he needed to be able to read those signs for himself in order to go about freely on occasional preaching engagements. He prayed, then went into the subway, and read the signs, an ability that continued throughout his stay in Boston. In later years, he could not do so, perhaps in part because by then he had become dependent on his wife for eyes.

Twice in his life, others tried to proffer cures. When Emmet was a teenager, Joe, a zealous Christian Scientist classmate tried to persuade him to receive treatment for his eyes.

> *Knowing that my Christian Scientist Omaha principal continued to give me absent treatments, with no result, and having read Mark Twain's book, I declined. Joe was kind; but since Christianity did not appeal to me, why should this vagrant variant? Yet I appreciated Joe's interest; I wanted nothing so much as two good eyes. Perhaps like Faust I would have sold my soul to the devil in order to get them. But the devil has no eye-bank—and I did not believe in his existence.*

A more serious attempt was made when he was in his late forties, attending College Church in Wheaton, Illinois, between pastorates. The elders paid for extensive medical tests and a specially made pair of glasses with very thick lenses. By that time, he was used to gauging distances by instinct, and the glasses proved a hazard more than a help.

He had learned a variety of ingenious ways to avoid needing to see distances. As a teenager, when he got up the courage to ask a young girl to an end-of-the-year orchestra party, he was relieved that she lived in an area where he was familiar and would not have to read streetcar signs; he would be deeply embarrassed to ask her to read them for him, lest she feel insecure with Emmet as escort; or worse, pity him. He later remarked:

> *Only maturity understands with what casual comradeship such a girl would have helped me, and made me feel comfortable—more comfortable than I then was in my sensitiveness over inadequacy and incompetence to care for a young lady as I should. Nineteenth century—almost medieval—notions of chivalry dominated my outlook.*

I recall a trip we once took years later as a family from Gardner, Massachusetts, to Hillsboro, New Hampshire. My parents took this trip often, but this time I was driving. Dad sat in the passenger seat and quietly remarked at one point in the journey, "We should

be in Jaffrey now, and there should be a sharp left, then right turn ahead near the church." I marveled at his accuracy. His geographic instincts were as good as the map on which I relied.

Over time, my father identified his poor eyesight as a "light affliction", knowing that the real suffering lies deeper. He wrote this poem:

Thorn

A thorn in the flesh?
Not that they see,
Not that for which they pity me:
Mine deeper lies.
A star-beam, where I sought a star;
A voice I cannot follow, from afar,
Not aching eyes.

In the end, it was his "affliction" which would move him toward a deep spiritual conversion at age twenty-two, and dramatically alter the course of his life. What would his affliction mean in the ministerial career he chose to follow, where much of life is lived on a stage—the pulpit. How would those in the pew see this man with the wandering right eye? He said he could not see anyone beyond the first few rows. I also pondered how this man who could not see people's faces, could see the intricate coloring of sunsets and describe them graphically. He poured his sense of sight into his poetry, and into hundreds of detailed descriptions of sunsets. I hypothesize that the quality of light was more easily taken in by his eye than the details of facial contours and expression.

I do know that his eyesight simply did not matter to me most of the time. It was a part of him as much as his Roman nose and his prematurely silver-white hair. What mattered was the way in which he loved my mother, my brother and me. It was a love that penetrated deeply, and altered the way I saw myself, life, and God.

Son of the Prairie

Iola Brown Russell: Mothering the Frail Child

Emmet was a frail child. It took his mother's constant care to assure his survival. Her influence on him was determinative. So I turn my attention to Iola Brown Russell. Certainly this is not because her presence dominates my consciousness, for I never knew her. Our one visit to Kansas City as a family was in the August before I was born. A picture taken at the time shows my mother, her belly mounded with the growing life inside. When I was born, my father named me Eunice Iola for his grandmother and mother. I did not like the name "Iola" and chose never to use it.

My mother felt unaccepted by my father's mother, perhaps intimidated by a subtle difference of class. Mother was the daughter of a Maine potato farmer and lacked familiarity with urbane sophistication—little touches of refinement that came from Iola's exposure to intellectual and cultural society. My mother once admitted to me that she had kept a certain distance from this fine and worthy woman who had given Emmet life.

I must taste my grandmother's influence mediated through my father, where it had its most profound impact. He wrote:

> *I have a curious portrait of her, on two pieces of glass, giving a three-dimensional effect, showing her at about twelve. Her dress is heavy and stiff; a bit of lace at the neck peeps out above the jacket; sleeves reach to the wrists. One finger of a firm hand wears a gold ring. There are pearl earrings in her pierced ears. The mouth is full, the nose straight, forehead high, eyes hazel. Medium brown hair is combed severely back, no lock straying. She leans forward, as if asking life what it held for her.*

When I hold that same portrait in my hands, I agree with my father's description, except that I might describe her pose not as asking a question of life, but as self-assured about what she wants from life. Iola Brown was often dignified and contained, but hers was a strong will—a quality which I recognize in myself as well.

Although her diary jottings do not reflect the enormity of her trauma in discovering her new born baby's eye condition would permanently alter the course of her life, she turned resolutely to her mothering task without a murmur of complaint. Iola's was a unique situation from that moment forward. I can only assume that she and Lacey decided not to have more children to protect her own health. I have also wondered if she perhaps was afraid to bear another child. They must also have considered the financial burden. Whatever the reasons, Emmet became an only child upon whom all of their hopes and dreams rested.

It is Emmet's mother who will hover most closely over his growth in the early years—introducing him first to the domestic competencies she knew best. She instinctively taught

Emmet to do the things she did as a child—making a nine-patch quilt, playing with dolls. He grew accustomed to the kitchen, learning to sew and bake bread. He stood beside his mother, kneading bread dough with smudgy child-fingers turning the white dough black. She often took him on walks in the countryside around their St. Paul, Minnesota, home, where wild things grew in profusion. Emmet records his memories of these woodland walks:

> *We were near a grove with ferns, mosses, ladyslipper, Jack-in-the-pulpit, Solomon's seal, bleeding heart, and several colors of violets. There were roadside roses, goldenrod spread out over the prairies, and feathered milkweed pods. My mother brought back wild plants, succeeded in making them feel at home in our garden. We would take our lunch, spread a comforter under the trees, and picnic there, amid bird songs and the busy hum of bees.*

He wore dresses until he turned four—not unusual in the late nineteenth century—until one day his father cut his curls, remarking, "Our little girl is gone and our boy has come." The feminizing influence of such a mother was counterbalanced by Lacey Russell, a very masculine father, but also by the unusually well developed cultural and intellectual sensibilities of his mother. She would enrich his experience with trips to the library and museums, introduction to civic occasions, botany, history, art and literature.

Much of Emmet's education was undertaken by his mother in early years—later by his own prodigious reading. Iola was not just conventionally domestic. She was a civic-minded woman, as evidenced by her participation in various public events and institutions. She introduced Emmet to the library as a matter of course.

Iola had been educated as a young woman, attending Buchtel College in Akron, Ohio, a Universalist school that later became the secular University of Akron. Hers was an education more extensive than usual in her day—especially the strong emphasis on Natural Science, and the inclusion of German, as well as the history of England and France, Botany, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy (Physics). After two years, she had to abandon college due to frail health. She took up oil painting, learned "hairwork" from her mother, a craft which she later used in making a watch chain of her own hair for her husband—a highly esteemed token of affection in those days. Her interest in literary and artistic matters continued after she took on her role as mother.

The fabric of daily life for this tiny family already takes on a two-fold character: the first in the constant presence and care of Emmet's mother—in the garden, in the kitchen, in the woods, and the second in the more intermittent but equally powerful contributions of his father. But overwhelmingly, Iola's greatest gift to Emmet was reading to him. He was able to read on his own too, but she took upon herself the task of lightening the load of his studies all through school, up until the point of his completion of Law School at age twenty-six. Although my father was reserved, I am sure he partook of her intellectual and artistic interests and was influenced by her in these areas.

His mother's dominance in his life was acceptable during his childhood, but when he entered puberty, his yearning for independence asserted itself. He began a journal, and poured into its pages his deep intimate wonderings interspersed with poetry. The life of the mind was focal for Emmet, compensating for his social awkwardness.

Iola wanted more than merely an intellectual influence on her son, more than guiding him into a career that would enable him to support himself. She knew his life would not be complete without wife and family—and she must have guessed the difficulties that might lie in store in "arranging" a suitable marriage. We gather clues of her subtle—and sometimes not so subtle—maneuvering on the social front. It would not be easy, Emmet himself realized:

> *Friday, June 10, 1911, the Senior Dance. I played in the orchestra for the class play; a professional orchestra played for the dance. I went home early; I did not dance; took no girl; was not on the committee. My mother would have had it otherwise, but I kept aloof from dances and dates.*
> *June 15, a party for the orchestra at my house; my mother's invitation. A happy time. We were well and tastefully fed.*

She even engineered contacts that generated a date or two. At times her efforts were appreciated—"*My mother had a genius for making ill-assorted people have a good time together*"—but Emmet resented some of this assistance. "*My mother was too eager to know and to manage*," he wrote of her intrusions into his contacts with the opposite sex.

By the time the family moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, in order for Emmet to enter Harvard University, Iola's father. James Emmet Brown, was living with them after the death of his wife, Eunice. This meant that Iola was the lone feminine presence among three men—her husband, her son, and her father. She picked up the strands of her life with energy, keeping house, reading textbooks to Emmet, and taking part in the community. Cambridge was an environment where she continued to thrive intellectually.

Wherever she had lived during her marriage, she attended book readings (one by Kate Douglas Wiggins) and lectures by famous people, took part in liberal causes, spoke once on her "Patchwork Philosophy" at a church, and took part in a play. She joined the Athenaeum Club (where she attended a series of lectures on Browning), and the "Harvard Dames." Through her social contacts in Cambridge, she introduced Emmet to a variety of intellectually stimulating persons. He speaks of their attending opera together, with enjoyment. She also took guided tours of New England historical sites with Emmet. Her historical interest was also personal, and she assembled a genealogy of the family's forebears—something undoubtedly made easier by her location in New England where ancestors had lived.

There is a hint of nineteenth century feminism arising in some of her activities. Iola was very much at home taking part in church and civic affairs conducted by women. When Emmet was five, she took him with her to hear a speech by Susan B. Anthony. When he was a little older, they went to hear Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," speak on "Power." To Emmet, Howe was a "rustling silk gown and a firm, sweet voice."

Iola's religious sentiments were aligned with the liberalism of the Universalist (now Unitarian) Church. In Cambridge, she attached herself to the Waltham Universalist Church as her social milieu. Hers was a refined liberalism, expressing the sympathies of the respectable class for the downtrodden, but primarily engaged in discussions and literature about current problems, rather than in activism. It consisted of a high moral sense, carefully protected from the crass licentiousness of the common horde. She embraced the liberal theology of the church as a cultural matter, and became strangely antagonistic to any hint of evangelical warmth and experiential faith.

Exposure to a warmer evangelical religion was almost accidental, as he records in his journal:

> *The Christian church close by my school held revival services that spring of 1907. My mother, grandfather and I attended one evening. The evangelist spoke on hell, to which he consigned all such as we were. Grandfather's quiet Quaker faith kept him from being disturbed, but my Universalist mother was furious. As for me, the possible existence of hell was not in all my thoughts. I dismissed sermon, minister, and church as irrelevant to my world.*

A fragment from his mother's diary hints at her strong antagonism to any hint of evangelical faith:

> *Went to hear Robert G. Ingersoll on "Some Mistakes of Moses." He is a wonderful smart man, has a good voice, uses the best of language, and is said to be a good man. I went to hear Sam Jones the evangelist. Did not think much of him.*

It was natural that her son would absorb his mother's liberal intellectual elitism in his own way, assimilating her Victorian sense of Puritanism as a moral guide for his life. It would take an immense jolt to shake him loose from this sensibility—a personal encounter of faith when he was twenty-six.

It was a radical break, allowing him to break free of his mother's dominance in his life. It was an essential development for someone who had been strongly under her sway for two decades. But her feminist influence may have seeped through this son of hers, my father, for my own journey much later through the 1960s totally prepared me for taking my place as an independent woman alongside men in an era where my peers were just awakening to their position in our male-dominated society, whereas I took it in stride—secure in having an equal voice in the world I inhabited professionally.

The Father: Westward Seeking Pioneer—Lacey Herman Russell

The influence of Emmet's energetic father served as a counterpoint to the sheltered domesticity of Emmet's life with his mother at home. Lacey Herman Russell was a strong man, born the second son of ten children to an eighteen-year-old mother on a farm in Oconto, Wisconsin, in 1861.

Emmet writes of his father:

> *My father became a man of the frontier, learning to work early, to use the axe at the age of five. When farm chores did not appeal to him, as boy or man, he sought escape by tallying lumber in a sawmill. A young lad with a quick mind on figures and a keen eye, he could do this as well as a grown man.*
>
> *Father put himself through Oshkosh Normal School, acquired a small, select library. Among his books were Milton's poems, Macauley's essays, Bacon's essays, a set of small books about the Greek and Latin classics, and a chronology of American history, bound in tree calf, which credited the Chinese with the discovery of America in 432 A.D. Lacey knew Shakespeare well, and was inclined to the Bacon side of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.*

Lacey's work history is intriguing. Though born on the farm, he is not inclined to the physical—"farm chores did not appeal to him"—but gravitated to the more interesting mental activity of tallying lumber. This focus on the intellectual side is underscored in the mention of his extensive library, and a fling at teaching school.

He taught school at fifteen, the traditional type where the big boys had a habit of throwing out teachers. Lacey kept his post all year. But teaching was not what he wanted. He tried the University of Wisconsin; left in his freshman year. That was not what he wanted either.

Lacey embodied the spirit of the midwestern frontier. He put his hand to a number of speculative ventures before he took on the mantle of marital responsibility. One is struck by the ease with which Lacey made and lost money, took in land on a trade that later proved worthless, made cavalier investments in ventures in remote areas. One could not call him reckless or imprudent, but neither would one term him cautious or retentive.

His restless spirit drove him to the Dakotas, to Manitoba, probably to California and to New England. Indications are slight but precise; he was reticent about his experiences. He tried storekeeping, surveying, whatever came his way; he dabbled in real estate speculations. Before he was thirty, he amassed a stake of $10,000, which he invested in "city lots" around Fargo, North Dakota. When Fargo refused to become a metropolis, he lost it all.

Then he met Iola Brown and swept her off her feet with his romantic gallantry. They settled down together in St. Paul. They were to enjoy fifty-seven years together, by all accounts very much in love. Like moderns with "commuter marriages," Lacey and Iola's devotion to each other would help them endure the long separations necessitated by Lacey's travel in a career lucrative enough to support the family and Emmet's Harvard education.

At the time of his marriage, Lacey was serving a stint as a bookkeeper for Standard Oil, where he distinguished himself by straightening out the tangled finances of their St. Paul office. Though John D. Rockefeller personally presented him with the gold case watch that he wore till his death, nevertheless Lacey fell victim to nepotism, losing his job when hard times struck the country in 1893. Emmet writes:

> *It was an unfortunate moment, since my arrival in 1892 brought heavy medical expenses. Somewhere along the way my father had acquired an ambition to study law. This ambition he could not now realize for himself. He concentrated hope on me.*

The Entrepreneur

Lacey was probably as ill-suited to the law as Emmet later found himself to be. Lacey was a born entrepreneur, enticed–like his brothers and sisters—by the lure of land out west. Most of his siblings followed the late nineteenth century rush to occupy the untamed open lands and expansive opportunities of Idaho, Washington, and California.

Eventually, Lacey bought a grocery store in Omaha and moved the family there. He put the proceeds from the sale of their St. Paul house into a business partnership with an acquaintance. At the age of eight, Emmet seems to have delighted in this exposure to the mercantile world—riding around with his father on delivery rounds, selling candy to his school mates, setting up his own lemonade stand, learning to set aside his earnings in a bank account.

> *I must be in business like my father. In summer I operated a lemonade stand. Buying lemons and sugar wholesale, I could sell lemonade at two cents a glass, while my competitors had to charge five cents. In season, I sold marbles. An allowance of one silver dollar a week, for taking orders, delivering, waiting on children at recess, I invested in a savings account. Vaguely I knew I was going to college.*

These delivery rounds with his father atop the horse, Pat, meant comradeship for Emmet.

> *At noon my father would unhitch the horse, leave the wagon in front of the store, and take the horse to the barn a block away. He would hoist me up on Pat's ample back. One day Pat must have been dreaming, for he did not notice that my father had left, until the rattle of the oat pail aroused him, and old Pat proved that he could run. All I could do was cling to his collar and mane.*

Companionship with his father had been established early in Emmet's life. His father once took him to his Odd Fellows Lodge meeting; Emmet dressed in his first suit, a blue sailor style with open collar. Using a set of rubber stamps, with which Lacey made up cards of

words and sentences, he taught Emmet to read before he started school. He accompanied his son on long walks on which he would buy Emmet a banana or other treats. His father had a tender side as well, and could comfort Emmet when he awoke in the night from a frightening dream.

The comradeship would deepen in teen years. As a young adult, Emmet records the experience of going to a concert together with his father, and passing by a ballpark on the way. He felt his father might have preferred the game, but "went where I wanted to go."

Seeking Stability

Early in 1904, it became evident that, in spite of the efforts of the entire family, the retail grocery did not pay. Various difficulties confronted Lacey—an unsatisfactory and dishonest partner, and ultimately the failure of the store to thrive. Lacey had put everything he had into the store, and when his partner became dissatisfied, they decided to separate and divide the assets. Lacey remarked at the noon lunch table that his partner might have him in jail before night. In the end the difficult division was accomplished; he got the scales and the old horse; his partner the safe and the wagon. As always, Lacey was philosophical about the loss.

Emmet was relatively untouched by his family's precarious financial situation. He wrote fifty years later:

> *When I was a child I didn't know how precarious was my father's financial situation at several different crises. He knew, and he took care of it without troubling me. Since I have been on my own, my own financial situation has never been anything but hazardous from the world's point of view. Yet there has been a constant and growing sense of security as miracle after miracle has come to pass at one crisis after another.*

I pause as I read these lines, aware of my own entrepreneurial bent, and cavalier attitude toward money much of the time all my life. Perhaps some of this is inherited from my paternal links—mediated through my father who knew financial uncertainty from his own parental situation, as well as his own tenuous hold on a secure professional life as a person with a disability. For me, certainly my maternal is rooted in rural poverty characteristic of the early 20th century in rural Maine.

Lacey sought and obtained a position as bookkeeper with a coal firm in Minneapolis for a salary of eighty-five dollars a month. He left for Minneapolis, while the rest of the family stayed behind to finish up loose ends, including accounts due them. Some paid promptly and cheerfully; a few acted shamefully. A year later Emmet watched as his father tossed a bundle of old accounts into the Franklin stove. He took his loss philosophically. Once again Lacey was starting over, and in the same city where he had lived more than a decade earlier.

Emmet reports:

> *My father was getting nowhere as bookkeeper for a coal company in Minneapolis in 1906. A friend, Leo Henschel, persuaded him to go into a company selling land in Texas, and within a few months my father was selling 20,000 acres a month on his own account, besides managing a force of agents. He should have stopped at the Mexican border, for Mexico was ripe for a generation of revolutions. He could have retired in 1908 with at least $200,000 cash. After the Mexico fiasco, there was only a string of farms left worth about $50,000.*

Real Estate Provides Support

My father once said to me, "My father was not successful until age 45." Only real estate proved lucrative enough to support the family and Emmet's Harvard education. And it was real estate that necessitated Lacey's continual long absences from home, on the road to Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and as far as Mexico, taking part in the land boom of that era. There is a certain poignancy in Emmet's comment: *My father was so busy in Mexico that he could be little more than a visitor, wherever we lived.*

Each member of the tiny family was affected differently by Emmet's need for special support. For Iola, it meant the extension of her natural proclivity for educating a child beyond the early years, for she continued to read his books to him through college and even into law school.

In a way, it was Lacey whose life was most profoundly altered by Emmet's birth. He seems more rough-hewn and used to poverty and the struggle to make ends meet. Yet what happened to his ambition for the law, and his intellectual interests?

Achieving Independence

For Emmet, the result of this familial concentration on an only child must have been overwhelming in the love and care received, yet full of silent pressures alongside. He must not disappoint those who sacrificed so much. He wrote, "*I felt a debt of honor to my father who gave up his ambition in order to care for me."* He often struggled with his dependency. "*I fiercely desired to make my own way, not be dependent on my father."*

His father was similarly determined to help Emmet achieve independence. This encouragement toward independence began in Emmet's toddler days. Once when he fell as a child, his father—standing nearby—looked over kindly, said, "Come here, son and I'll pick you up!" but did not move to assist him. My father took this as an early sign that he was have to "pick himself up" in his life. And Lacey bought Emmet his typewriter, his violin, and a rowing machine to strengthen his sometimes-frail body. Emmet once wrote about the differing legacies he received from his two parents:

> *On balance I see clearly that the effect of my parents' solicitude was far more beneficial than harmful. The letters my father wrote me while I was in college are filled with so much good sense, discernment, and manly love, that I begin to see how certain standards came to be deeply implanted in my life and character. My mother's influence was more powerful in my*

early childhood; and she found it impossible to give me up to manhood. My father was always willing that I should grow up. He would not push me out of the nest, but he was proud when I flew out, and proved that I could fly, though in a course so different from what he would have chosen for me.

Emmet retained his independence even while young by cherishing privacy in his soul where no one else could intrude:

I never talked over the things that really mattered to me with my parents. The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, and they are, and ought to be, his own private possession. It is part of being an Individual, part of growing up.

A series of letters written by Lacey to his son during college years highlights the dual relationship he wished to have: one of comradeship, and one of fostering independence. Those letters began a companionship deep and strong, accentuated on his visits home, when father and son went about together and talked—man-to-man, give and take.

Emmet, true men are very, very scarce in this world, when measured by the standard of what they think to be right, and it takes all the training and the vital force within to keep a man always doing what he knows to be right. A man who could always act what he knew to be right would be almost a stranger in a strange land.

Son, if a person sets his mark and goes to it in any line, he can win, and enjoy the climb, even though the road is rough; and your school experience will give you a foundation that the world will later round out; and watching and grasping opportunities as they pass, helps along nicely in this life.

The streak of Puritanism so evident in my father was also apparent in his father. The letters sometimes contained advice about not "running around like other men do"; one cannot help but wonder how well his father knew Emmet, for "running around" was most unlikely for this shy bookish aesthete intellectual! Perhaps Lacey was unconsciously alluding to his own younger years, when he had tried his hand at many ventures—some of them risky before settling down.

Trip Companion

The relationship between father and son was strongly cemented during Emmet's college years when he and his father took trips together which Emmet cherished. One particular trip to Cape Cod and Long Island reveals his father's cavalier style, his courteous and curious way of exploring new territory. For anyone familiar with twenty-first century Cape Cod or Long Island, it is also a trip backward in time:

A visit from my father was an occasion to drop ordinary pursuits and enjoy his companionship. On an August morning, my father and I took the train to Provincetown, at the tip of Cape Cod. The Cape Cod Canal was under construction. What better way to see it than to tramp through it! We walked in the dry bed, shoes full of sand, to Bourne. The sun set. At twilight we walked into Bourne, in search of bed and board. A woman on a hotel porch called to another across the street, "Come over and have a drink with me." We decided this was no place for us,

walked on out into the country, not too hopefully.

Soon we saw a neat cottage with a sign inviting tourists. A lady answered our knock, fed us supper, showed us to a quaint "Early American" room, complete with four-poster bed, marble-topped bureau, flowered chintz, china wash bowl and pitcher, doilies, mottoes, samplers, patchwork quilts. Only weariness from a long walk in deep sand induced us to let sleep overcome us as we sank into the downy featherbed. The price was so modest we could not suppress surprise.

We had no thought of going elsewhere for breakfast. Still, we were on our way early enough to reach the Gray Gables railroad station by eight o'clock. The station agent, sound asleep, lay stretched on his chair, feet on his desk. We woke him and inquired the way to President Cleveland's old home. "I can't tell ye the way down there," the Cape Codder replied, "but I can tell ye the way back." For good measure, he added, "They say that Mrs. Cleveland is married again, but 'tain't so." This was some time after the president's widow became Mrs. Wells. Rumor traveled fast, news slowly, on the Cape in 1913.

We tried to reverse his directions for the way back, but it would not work. By much questioning we found the place. We rambled about the house, sat on the pier where Mr. Cleveland used to fish, admired the gray, gabled mansion.

Back where interurban trolleys ran, we boarded one going to New Bedford and Fall River. A network of trolleys overspread New England then. With a plentiful supply of nickels one could travel in the six states. The conductor barely finished collecting nickels for one section of the line when he started collecting for the next section. From Fall River we returned to Boston by train late Friday. How much two days could hold!

A few days later, my father and I set out by rail for New York City. My father had a business appointment at the Waldorf-Astoria, where we were entertained at dinner. I remember the dishes, silver and napery rather than the food. The business conference over, we were free; but my father thought it best to stay at the Waldorf-Astoria for the night. We had a stuffy back room on an airshaft for six dollars, slept in a heavy mahogany bed.

We took the Long Island Railroad to Port Jefferson. My father owned a lot on Long Island, which came as a premium with a set of books on world history. He thought the books would benefit me. As a real estate man, a small flyer in New York property was an inexpensive speculation. In a real estate office we found our lot on a local map, 25' by 100' of Long Island brush. "A good piece out," the real estate broker thought.

His opinion was an understatement. We walked south across the island; cheerful at first, then more leisurely, realizing that a few inches on a map could mean many miles on foot. Noon past, it was scorching hot, no shade trees. We knew our lot was not Atlantic shore property, yet it seemed we must be nearly across the island. Long Island is wide—for pedestrians—as well as long. We gave up, returned to Port Jefferson without seeing our lot, but certain it resembled those miles of scrubby wilderness.

My father continued to pay a few cents taxes on the lot for a quarter century, plus a larger number of cents to the official who recorded the payments. After title passed to me, in a few years I abandoned the claim to this 2500 square feet of New York. Megalopolis will not overtake it in my time.

We reached Port Jefferson in time for the ferry to New Haven. Reaching Connecticut at precisely seven p.m., we walked to the Yale Campus, where my father read the Latin inscriptions and I translated—my Latin being thirty years more recent than his. There was a Shore Line Express for Boston at 7:25. By running, we made it. Father and son went through Yale in 25 minutes.

There were other visits and trips. Lacey traveled with flair. As his success in real estate grew, his life style took on occasional flamboyance, something Emmet regarded with bemusement. Once when Emmet was in his early twenties, his father came by with business associates in a Locomobile, to take him to one of their summer homes on Grand Isle in Lake Champlain.

The luxurious house—a roof of tiles imported from Mexico—impressed me. My feet sank in piled carpet; a butler behind my chair made me nervous; so did the array of silver—at which end do you begin? We ate well; our host dined on a bowl of milk with crackers. I agreed with my father that it is better to be poor and in good health, than to be rich and miserable.

By that time, Lacey had been careful to encourage Emmet's well being in both health and financial stability—a wise legacy which Emmet sought to pass on later through years of plenty and poverty. Once he could say with assurance, "The Lord is my Shepherd," he could also embrace the affirmation that followed: "I shall not want." This he carefully recorded without confiding in his parents.

The Grandfather Heritage: James Emmet Brown

When Emmet was born, he was given the names of his two grandfathers—Henry for his paternal grandfather, and Emmet, for his maternal grandfather. Emmet did not like the "Henry" and dropped it legally when he came to maturity.

James Emmet Brown was an unusual man with a life trajectory that began with peace-loving Quaker roots, and who also served in the military and later in governmental posts. He married Mary Eunice Upham (I am named for her) and after her death, James moved in with Emmet's family—becoming a strong influence on my father. The stories James told my father about his life were indelibly etched on Emmet's memory.

Here is my father's tale of his grandfather:

> *James' father was a Friend who was put out of Friends' Meeting for marrying a Presbyterian. Some of the children went the Presbyterian way, but with James the Quaker influence predominated, though he did not use the "plain speech."*
>
> *James was born on a frontier farm near Elmira, New York, in 1833. The farm was nearly self-sufficient. All food was raised. The orchard knew no insect pests. One could bite into an apple without fear of disturbing a worm. Crows still feared scarecrows in the cornfield. Flax and wool were carded, spun and woven. Hides were home-tanned; a journeyman shoemaker came once a year. Left and right shoes were not differentiated; shoes exchanged feet each day, to wear down the heels evenly. Mutton tallow made the stiff leather pliable and waterproof.*
>
> *James was not quite five when the first railroad train chugged into Elmira in 1838. James was left to hold the horses while his elders observed proceedings from nearer the tracks. The horses plunged and reared at the unwonted sight and sound, but James held the reins tightly so that the horses did not run away.*
>
> *When the new invention, the telegraph, was adopted by the railroads, young James learned the Morse code and worked for the Erie.*
>
> *James attended Elmira Academy, still coeducational. He read aloud to our family, with clear enunciation and expressive voice, from Dickens' novels. A special treat was to hear him recite the poems of Robert Burns. Here the Quaker hid beneath a Scotch accent, heritage of his Presbyterian mother. He loved the Friends' poet Whittier too.*
>
> *In 1857, James went to Minnesota Territory, served as Indian Agent for the Government, at Clearwater on the Minnesota River. Here, impelled by the militancy in Friend Whittier's poems on slavery, James responded to the call of Abraham Lincoln for volunteers to save the Union, enlisting in the Third Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, Company 4, on September 25, 1861. He rose to be orderly sergeant.*
>
> *Saturday, November 17, under clear skies and a bright sun, the men embarked on boats down the Minnesota River to the Mississippi. Held several hours on a sandbar, they reached St. Paul*

in the afternoon, paraded, and re-embarked on three steamboats for LaCrosse, Wisconsin, which they reached at 7 a.m. Sunday. Here they entrained in twenty-five railroad cars. At Portage, Wisconsin, local ladies tendered them a "generous supper." The regiment left Chicago Monday noon, reached Jeffersonville, Indiana, Tuesday morning, crossed the Ohio River to Louisville, Kentucky, where Union people served a "fine lunch."

After lunch, the men marched to Camp Jenkins, five miles out of Louisville. Sent south to guard the railroad from Nashville, Tennessee, to Chattanooga, the regiment was encamped at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, on July 13, 1862, when Colonel Forrest, the famed Confederate cavalry commander, attacked early in the morning. A body of the Ninth Michigan was defeated in a bloody battle, and the town fell to the rebels by noon. The colonel commanding the Third Minnesota was taken under flag of truce to see the captured Federal commander, who persuaded him that his troops must surrender.

To this surrender it may well be that I owe the fact that I have a grandfather James Emmet Brown. What if they had continued to fight? Once I asked my grandfather if he ever shot anybody in the war. Slowly he replied, "I aimed at a man once, but I think I aimed too high." The Quaker triumphed over the soldier.

The surrendered regiment was marched rapidly to McMinnville. The non-commissioned officers and men were paroled and marched back to Murfreesboro, under a Confederate officer. Murfreesboro was already occupied by Federal troops. Finally exchanged and released from their parole, the men were used in the Indian campaign. The Sioux were on the warpath in August, 1862.

Minnesota people had taken refuge in stockades. Long, hard wilderness marches were marked with Indian slaughter. The regiment took part in the battle of Wood Lake against a larger body of Indians, who had massacred a thousand white prisoners on the frontier. The Third prided itself on acquitting itself well. (sic—that line shocks me in year 2020)

Before the Third was sent south again, my grandfather was discharged in October, 1862. Long marches brought on varicose veins, requiring treatment the rest of his life. In 1898 he began to receive a pension, which later reached $25 a month, paid quarterly.

James became a sutler (a man who follows an Army and sells provisions to the soldiers), and was with the Third at Vicksburg when General Grant captured the city on July 4, 1863, while the battle of Gettysburg was being fought in the east.

August 2, 1863, James was in Metamora, Illinois, being married to Mary Eunice Upham. They lived for a time in Vicksburg, but the southern climate did not agree with Mary. They were in Minneapolis in 1865, when my mother was born.

In 1868, they moved to Braceville, Ohio, where my grandfather was postmaster. "Confiding in the integrity, ability and punctuality of the said James E. Brown," as the commission quaintly recites, James was appointed "at the pleasure of the Postmaster General." The pleasure was political. Being a veteran gave a certain preference.

In 1875 the young family moved to Warren, Ohio. James became agent of the Erie Railroad. The telegraph key, the ticket window and the freight house kept him busy. James invented a letter-slot with a spring to keep it closed, such as is widely used in doors. Lacking funds to develop the idea, he shared his secret with a man who patented it and pocketed whatever profit there was. To my Grandfather it was not worth going to law about, nor was he bitter about it.

Trusting the integrity of others too far, James bought a "farm" in Iowa, sight unseen, for $1,200, and moved there about 1887. James and Mary and their now grown-up daughter Iola found 23 run-down acres, a dilapidated house and farm buildings, on a rough road six miles from West Union, Fayette County.

For a grove on the place, Mary named it Timberland View. James' skill soon made the buildings sound, while Mary's homemaking energy transformed the interior, and brought the garden to productiveness, with a berry patch and orchard. A few acres of grain, the meadow for pasture, with a few cows, pigs, chickens and one or two horses, plus the wood lot, enabled them to live well and happy.

When they drove to town for church or shopping, there were buffalo robes lined with James' army blankets, and soapstones, to keep them warm in the sleigh in the cold winters. The few bags of home-grown grain were taken to a grist mill at Auburn, to come home as flour, middlings and bran.

As a young boy, Emmet's contacts with his maternal grandparents came through enticing packages at Christmas time, or in his visits to their farm in Iowa:

My grandparents sent us wooden boxes at Christmas—a turkey, stuffed, oven-ready; pumpkin prepared for pies; candy and nuts; home knit stockings and mittens; and "lots of love things only grandma can think of," mother wrote.

One year, seeing the big box standing on the floor, lid pried off; the kerosene lamp on a shelf above the black iron sink; window shade up, showing a dark night sky over snowy ground; mother and father stood near. I found a round box inside on which I pounced. I opened the fateful box—and sneezed! Home ground pepper! Grandmother ground spices in a hand mill.

In grandmother's garden were red, white and black raspberries, currants and gooseberries. Old-fashioned flowers; lemon lilies, tiger lilies, cannas, bachelor buttons, pinks, nasturtiums, pansies, geraniums. The gnarled cedar tree in the yard bore berries. A swing and striped hammock hung from its low branches.

I slept on a walnut double spool bed, on a cornhusk mattress over coil springs fastened to slats. On my bureau was a yellow china rooster trimmed in gold. The sun shone in an east window, through which came, early in the morning, the crow of a live rooster. In the playroom was a box full of spools of many colors and sizes.

I would follow Grandfather to the barn at milking-time, silver cup in hand, the cats and kittens running ahead to watch Grandpa on his three-legged stool, milking. The cats had their pan of warm milk, and I my silver mug. Grandfather's quiet ways, speaking soothingly to temperamental cows, urging them into position with a friendly pat, made them yield their milk willingly.

Grandfather operated the dasher churn, though when butter failed to come, Grandmother took a hand. She gathered the butter, lifted the golden lump from the churn, molded it into prints, or pressed it into earthenware jars.

This was before the days of separators. Grandma set the milk in shallow pans, covering them with cheesecloth. Next day she skimmed the cream into an earthenware crock, until churning day. Buttermilk rich with flecks of butter in it, no water added, was a treat.

Cats solved the mice population explosion problem. One day in the meadow I found a nest of baby mice. I put the squirming, squeaking semi-transparent pink mice into my overalls pocket. Back at the house, I placed them in a pan and called the kittens. They sniffed, pawed the small creatures, looked puzzled. The mother cat strolled over and gave her kittens a demonstration on what to do with mice. I felt no remorse, no pity, merely boyish curiosity.

In the woods across the meadow, limestone cliffs with caves; a balanced rock, its base eroded to a pillar. I caught a minnow in the brook with my hands. A clear stream that ran over rocks. My Vermont grandmother said it was a brook; Iowa neighbors said it was a "crick."

The woods—a cool place for picnics; to pick flowers, ferns and mosses; to dream in. When later I learned Greek mythology, for me Theseus hid his sandals under Balance Rock. The Cretan labyrinth of the Minotaur was there; the spool of silk thread by which the hero found his way, was plainly marked "Coats Thread." Childhood knows no anachronisms.

Little journeys with the horses, in the fringed-top, two-seated carriage. Grandpa carried a whip on the dashboard, but rarely used it.

I have a piquant memory of picking my first wild strawberry, among the rocks at the edge of Grandfather's woods. I looked down from the hillside over green meadow and fields, looked around at a sunny cloud-flecked sky, up toward the woods. There, between outcroppings of limestone, I spied one coral berry, whose flavor I can taste today.

When Mary died in 1902, James came to live with his daughter, my mother, and family, following our fortunes until, eighteen years later, shortly before his eighty-seventh birthday, he died. When rarely the name of Mary fell from his lips, there was tenderness and a world of memory in the sound. Unobtrusively he entered into the life of the family. The garden was his care. Small repairs around the house were promptly made. Annually the wash boiler, carefully scrubbed, brimmed with apple butter that he stirred with a hand-carved wooden spoon.

He made work mittens of heavy cloth, by his own pattern, and sewed the braids together to make rugs with skill that made the rugs lie permanently flat. He brought his homemade anvil from the farm, on which he cracked butternuts. Thus he kept alive in our home the old ways of American life to the infinite enrichment of my experience.

It was Grandpa Brown who taught me Civil War songs: "Tenting Tonight," "Marching Through Georgia," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Swanee River," "Old Black Joe," "Faithful Old Dog Tray," also a few hymns: "I am so glad that our Father in Heaven," "When He Cometh to Make up His Jewels," "Come to the Savior, Make No Delay."

I remember once when there was a relative's wedding at our house, my grandfather, taking the privilege of a great-uncle of the bride, rushed outdoors at the sound of a hurdy-gurdy in the street, and hired man, monkey and organ to perform on our lawn until the couple left for their train. Neighborhood children flocked around.

Grandpa was the only member of the family who smoked. He learned in the army; would go out on the woodpile after supper to have one cigar. He was fastidious about not allowing his clothes to become saturated with the odor. He decided to quit—for a good example to me. Purchasing poorer and poorer cigars, at last he had a box of stogies so vile he could not finish them. He never smoked again.

Grandfather Brown was often taken for a minister, because of his dignified bearing, his neat navy blue suits, his stiff-bosomed white shirts and narrow black tie. In Kansas City we knew it was hot weather when Grandfather took off his coat. I never saw him without the vest, stiff shirt and high collar. Six feet two, 125 pounds, he walked militarily erect, with slight help from a cane.

There is a connection between Emmet's maternal and paternal line related to the wars of America: Grandfather Brown served in the Civil War, and Jason Russell—nine generations preceding Lacey Russell—became a civilian casualty at the onset of the Revolutionary War. On April 19, 1775, Jason Russell, fifty-eight, lame, was shot in the back as he reached the doorstep of his house in Arlington, Massachusetts. He was herding his family into his house for safety as shots were fired by British soldiers retreating from Lexington and Concord. Eleven other Minutemen, hemmed in by the flank and main force of the Redcoats, were killed. The Jason Russell House, built in 1680, is now a museum.

These were the ancestral shaping forces in Emmet's character as he entered the world. They gave him not only his biological genes, but their values inculcated not only through their presence in his life, and also in the stories told about those who had gone before.

This ancestral line ground to a halt in Emmet as an only child of Lacey and Iola. The line remained thin in my generation and the generation following. It would be left to Emmet's granddaughter Jane Russell Douglas to produce a brood of four who have been busy birthing a new generation and seeing them into maturity.

Opening to the World of Ideas and Art

"The Thirsty teenage Student"

Of the many moves Emmet's family made in his childhood, none was more momentous than the move to Kansas City in January of 1907. Emmet was fourteen, and midway through his freshman year of high school. He would grow to love this bustling city with its commerce and manufacturing, as well as its museums and libraries and concert halls.

He stood on the threshold of a new stage of life—his adolescence. He bought a journal and began recording his thoughts, allowing us to find the boy's journey into manhood conveyed in his own words. Heretofore, the story line of his life had been triggered to a great extent by reference to his mother's diary, which he amplified by isolated distinct memories. Now his story rests on the patiently recorded entries into his journal. The prolific and impassioned writer emerges—both in his internal musings and in the meticulous jottings of external events—every book or musical composition that he purchased or lecture or concert he attended monotonously detailed. The welling up of his strong emotional nature flowed out in bursts of poetry, which he had been writing since he was seven years old.

The setting for Emmet's coming into his own was Manual Training High School, located near his home. Manual was not a trade school, but a conventional high school with the addition of studies meant to educate the hands under the direction of a trained mind. Emmet enrolled at Manual for the spring semester. The building was light and airy, with broad halls and large classrooms. The school catalog stressed high educational standards: "to produce a self-educating, self-sustaining individual, based upon a harmonious and capable evolution of all his desirable human powers."

The atmosphere of an early twentieth century high school was more formal than city schools today. Dress was more conventional then. Boys wore suits with matching pants, often with vests, shirts with torturously high, stiff colors, and ties, mostly bow, a few four-in-hands. Girls wore voluminous dresses, reaching nearly to the shoe-tops. Long hair, never cut, was coiled around "rats," piled high on top of the head. Some wore a big ribbon tied at the back.

It was Emmet's first occasion to wear long pants. Boys who have always worn them cannot understand the thrill—"like a Roman boy wearing his first toga *virilis*." The first Sunday, to avoid embarrassment and become accustomed to them, he did not go to the Unitarian Church, but walked to one where he would be unknown. He had not gone far when he met a bevy of girls from high school, strung across the sidewalk. "Hello, Emmet," they chorused. "Fortunately, embarrassment is not fatal."

Several months later, when the family moved to a cottage near Central High School, Emmet toyed with transferring to Central so that he could take Greek, a subject he had long wanted to take. But he was now used to Manual, having made friends of his teachers and beginning to become acquainted with fellow students; he did not want to change.

The school administration was adamant that Emmet must take courses in manual training in order to graduate. Remarkably, in the days before mandated "Special Education"— Emmet's mother appealed to the school board, taking her son along as Exhibit A! The school board pondered, and relented provided Emmet took as many hours of academic subjects as other students, plus enough hours to make up for the manual training subjects he would not be taking. This meant that he never was exposed to some of the more physical and practical activities that would have given his life balance.

This meant twenty-four courses instead of sixteen. The board thought they had settled the matter; that he would go to Central, where he could graduate with only sixteen courses. Not so: Emmet was delighted with the prospect of having room for courses in language and science that would not fit into a sixteen-course curriculum. By taking five or six courses a year instead of four, he would graduate almost as soon as he could at Central.

Emmet settled in at Manual, an ideal setting for his development because of the dedicated teachers who took a special interest in him. Emmet's growth radiated outward along several distinct pathways—foreign languages, literature, music, science, philosophy, and oratory. He was a thirsty student, coming alive to the world presented through books and the classroom.

Language Lover

The study of languages was especially conducive to developing strong relationship with his teachers. Not only did Emmet love languages, and thus become an apt pupil; it also turned out that individual tutoring was necessary for his continuance in Latin, since he was entering mid-year. The teacher volunteered to tutor Emmet free of charge in the first half year's work, while he pursued the second half in class. He walked to her home for study of the first two books of the Gallic War.

> *At home I created a crude model of the Roman Forum, never shown to teacher or fellow-students. I lived and breathed Cicero, despised Catiline, loved the poet Archias, whose oration merged with the tenth chapter of Johnson's Rasselas to form my theory of poetry.*
>
> *I bought Harper's Latin Dictionary. I aspired to become a classical scholar. Vergil's hexameters sang themselves into mind and memory. Modern European literature beckoned too.*

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Another new world opened when he entered Mary Fisher's airy French classroom, as distinct and as pleasant a shock as entering Miss Julia's Latin classroom in Minneapolis. Mary Fisher was different; not fluffy and pink, yet equally dainty and feminine, with flowers on her desk. Her voice was vigorous, but pleasing. She had a warm heart and a rapier-keen mind. Intellectually she was the most brilliant member of the faculty.

Mary Fisher offered a voluntary class in German for a few "eager beavers" at 7:45 a.m. He saw no point in waiting till fall to begin another modern language, since Mary Fisher was eager to help. In the fall, he joined her first year German class. Her books and objets d'art stimulated Emmet to intellectual pursuits. This was the beginning of Emmet's lifelong fascination with languages.

One day in class, as students were declining ein (one) in all three genders, four cases, after finishing the singular, Emmet went on, declining a plural of his own devising, until the laughter of class and teacher roused him. He contended that the philosophical Germans should ponder the use of English "ones," with a meaning different from "two" or "three."

In French he read George Sand's *Le Mare au Diable* (the devil's pool). From the opening quatrain in Old French onward, he identified with clumsy, honest Germain, fell in love with Marie. The purity of their love, the chivalry of Germain, his solicitude for his motherless son, caused Emmet to read the book over and over.

Of all his teachers, it was Mary Fisher who stood out as a worthy mentor throughout Emmet's high school days, providing him with fresh literary inspiration and fostering his interests, even in science. Only music was out of her orbit. After he graduated and went to Harvard, she continued her association through their voluminous correspondence, responding to discussions of ideas he encountered in his studies, and solicitous about his frequently frail health. A mark of her influence on him is the inclusion of quotations from many of her letters to Emmet in college as he wrestled with literary and philosophical issues. Only in the area of religion did he make an eventual radical departure from her skeptical humanistic approach.

The Literature Lover—Who Wanted to Learn

Emmet continued to love books, and to find refuge for his loneliness in the tales of persons in other places and times. Literature fed his hungry longing for attachment without the pain of face-to-face encounters with unresponsive peers. Unlike others of his age, Emmet had a few friends, but was not part of a "crowd" that hung out together. Much of the time he walked alone. This may have accentuated his longing for a romantic attachment—something that consistently eluded him for many years. This deprivation made his romanticism stand out in bold relief, for it had to develop without an object to ground it in concrete experience.

I read David Copperfield, laughed and cried over Peggoty, Ham, little Emily, Dora; learned from the adventures and misadventures of David; looked up in adoration to Agnes. She became my ideal of womanhood. Over and over I read the last paragraph, tears filling my eyes:

> *Oh, Agnes, oh my soul, so may thy face be by me when I close my life indeed; so may I, when realities are melting from me like the shadows which I now dismiss, still find thee near me, pointing upward.*

No longer would a sister satisfy Emmet; he must find his Agnes. David's Agnes saved Emmet from premature infatuation with any childish Dora, however sweet and flower-like. Only someone to point him upward would meet the hunger of his heart.

When I began reading American Literature, Hawthorne's Gentle Boy prepared me to appreciate the Great Stone Face in New Hampshire. Hawthorne's rich fancy drew me, while his melancholy moods disturbed me, perhaps warned me against allowing my own dark moods to grow.

I wanted life to be all sunshine. This could not be. I learned that if one lives at the edge of his somber grove, there will be a pleasant play of light and shadow among the trees and over the grassy slopes beyond.

So when, like Dante, "I found myself in the midst of life's road in a dark wood," his Vergil, or any of my favorite poets, could lead me safely out into the sunlight.

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Emmet was not content simply to read the work of others. He began to write extensively. He was going to be a "serious author," though it was fiction that first held his interest—David Copperfield, Shakespeare's plays, even lighter fiction-fare. He was writing his first million words that every writer is supposed to get off his chest before he is ready to begin publication.

The Musician—Who Wanted to Listen

Emmet found music to be a similar solace and inspiration and he turned to it for the expression of his strong emotions. He attended a concert by pianist Ignace Jan Paderewski in the huge, drafty Convention Hall where he heard Schubert's Erlkönig, strongly moved by the eerie whispers of the Erlking, the plaintive cries of the child, groans of the father, the crashing thunders, galloping hooves of the horse, to the dread end where "in his arms the child lay dead."

But he must make his own music. He had made his first tentative steps while still in Minneapolis, taking violin lessons from an accomplished teacher, Miss Magdalen.

> *I was awkward, tense and stiff. She insisted sweetly and patiently until I learned to loosen my muscles and hold violin and bow "naturally"—anything but natural to me at first! She was so cheerful and kind that I forgot to be my usual awkward*

self. Those first notes must have been torture to all who heard them; to me they were the music of the spheres.

In Kansas City, his father bought him a twelve-dollar violin, sufficient to use until Emmet would demonstrate aptitude for the instrument. The teacher chosen proved a waste of time, rarely correcting Emmet's mistakes, putting him through all seven positions before he mastered the first. Emmet acquired slovenly habits, yet retained a love for the weird sounds he produced. When later he visited his old teacher, Miss Magdalen, she saw the havoc slipshod teaching had wrought, but said nothing, reluctant to criticize a fellow-teacher.

Emmet's interest in the violin accelerated dramatically when he changed violin teachers, going to the Conservatory for lessons from Mr. François Boucher, accomplished violinist and excellent teacher. Emmet tried out two violins, one new, one old. The new was American made, an amber finish, Stradivarius lines. Prejudiced against new violins, he chose the old, a dark, discolored Amati model. At $200, the Amati label was not genuine. But he could dream!

First tentative notes were so different from the scratching of my factory fiddle—I was in ecstasy. At last I had a real violin! I would never tire of practicing on this instrument; nor did I, until life gave me responsibilities that left scant time for music.

This was the violin that I remember. The sound of my father playing certain well-loved and practiced pieces from his repertoire never failed to touch me. I remember with what respect he would place the violin back in its velvet covering and lined case. Gradually his ability weakened, and his grip on the bow became less sure. But I always loved to hear him play, felt the pathos and passion with which he drew sound from that instrument.

When a school orchestra was formed at Manual, Emmet was admitted to the second violin section. Unable to read scores from a music stand, he memorized everything, including the repetitive second parts that are hard to remember. In the fall he was put in the first section, whose melodious parts are easier.

Teamwork, subordinating myself to the whole, awakened new passion. The loneliness of my life was absorbed in being an indistinguishable member of a whole. Moreover, the orchestra gave me a new friend, director Bertrand Riggs, whose influence shaped my character and career.

The piano was also an instrument that attracted Emmet. He received three weeks of careful instruction in piano from a concert pianist, while he was visiting St. Paul one

summer. Later, in Kansas City, he found Moses Boguslawski, pupil of Busoni, to be the right teacher for him.

> *He grasped my situation at once: no obvious musical talent, but a passionate love for music; almost eighteen, and I had to memorize everything I played. He cut technics to the minimum, gave me self-memorizing scales and arpeggios, introduced me to Isidor Philipp's "School of Technic."*
> *He gave me technically simple selections from classical piano literature: Chopin Preludes, the slow movement of Beethoven's Fourth Concerto, a Bach Gavotte and Prelude, Schumann's "Warum," a Mendelssohn Song Without Words, MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose." Widely read in German and French literature, he was more concerned with the breadth and depth of my musical education than with technical achievement.*

These selections are familiar to me, for when I began piano lessons as a pre-teen, Dad dragged out his old piano books, encouraging me to try these simple tunes. Perhaps he sensed that my ears were better equipped than my fingers, for it was always easier for me to play the songs I had heard him play than it was to learn from the books my piano teacher provided.

After his first few months of learning these pieces, my father began to hope that he could compose music. He longed to make permanent those fleeting impressions crowding upon him in blissful confusion.

> *I learned balance between the intellectual and emotional aspects of music, the value of the restraints of form. I came to see that form is not a stiff trellis over which the rosebush of expression may wander whimsically. Form in art is rather the skeleton and ligaments of a living thing, the freedom of whose muscles and nerves is made possible by definiteness of form.*
>
> *I began to see music as language, not mere emotion. I wanted to become a musician; wrote scraps of melody that haunted me. After I finished high school, Mr. Riggs gave me informal instruction in musical composition. I bought Goetschius' Lessons in Melody Writing, walked home by the Paseo, sat in the Pergola to begin reading. To write music; put on paper sounds which coursed through my mind, filled me with excitement, then stilled into peace.*

Emmet took advantage of the considerable musical culture present in the Kansas City of that day. He heard his first symphony, Dvorak's New World, when the Minneapolis Symphony came to town with a chorus conducted by Carl Busch, Kansas City composer who arranged the concerts. Emmet was transported as the sun shone in softly from windows high in the Convention Hall, scraps of blue sky opposite. A harpist's solo completed the illusion of paradise.

He began attending Opera occasionally, and saw Gounod's Faust and La Bohéme, both performed by a New Orleans company. One musical moment in La Boheme when two violins sang together moved him to tears.

> *I heard Sarah Bernhardt in Rostand's L'Aiglon. The supporting cast were so many stammering ninepins; I understood nearly every word the unforgettable Sarah spoke. Then there was Wagner, by Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony.*

This passionate attraction to music and other arts continued to be nourished throughout college and law school in Cambridge, where he delighted in the Boston Symphony, and the many recitals offered around Harvard. Much later, he passed on his love of music to me. It was perhaps the strongest unspoken bond between us, though his knowledge of classical music went far deeper than my own. He loved the Bach string quartets, whereas my taste was more plebeian, attuned to the more accessible "program music."

The Scientist—Who Wanted to See

Although literature and music always took prominence—he aspired to a career in either or both for a long time—a strong streak of scientific inquiry stirred Emmet, and school encouraged this interest. It came first in the form of Botany, featuring field trips where students identified trees and flowers; touched on anthropology when they came upon an Indian battleground of long ago.

Emmet discovered a new world under the compound microscope. Looking around the scar on his eye, which always appeared in the field, he was thrilled with a stained slide of a section of a plant stem. "It looked like a city map! My mind leaped; my heart beat faster."

> *A new world, the microscopic, so resembled the larger world that my mind went on a speculative journey. The idea struck me when I was walking to church: what if the microscopic world is to our world as our world is to our galaxy?*
>
> *No stopping there; what if there are worlds so vast that to them this greater universe is microscopic? An infinite series of worlds. Or down from the microscopic to worlds smaller yet…*
>
> *My pace quickened. I walked on and on, church forgotten. I reached home in time for dinner.*

I muse now in the twenty-first century how attuned my father would be to the cosmology of scientific findings about the universe even very recently, since his death in 1978. (Space X just launched this week, heading for our Space Station.)

Emmet's scientific interest found practical expression in the school's Edisonian Society, where he was thrown with other young men seriously interested in science and engineering. Sometimes he could only watch and admire their activities, but he always shared in theoretical discussions. Science opened a wide window; a new dimension in living.

The Edisonian meetings threw sidelights on Physics. His teacher introduced him to new developments in physical theory, though it was Mary Fisher who led him to read Gustave Le Bon's books on the evolution of matter and energy. This produced a revolution in his scientific thinking making him ponder: if matter is concentrated energy; what and where is energy?

> *I read Tyndall's On Sound, which led me to speculate in a rambling essay about applying wave motion to literary history—classic and romantic periods. After reading Heat, a Mode of Motion, I experimented with sprinkling sand on brass plates, drawing my violin bow across the edge to produce patterns in the sand.*
>
> *In Optics I made an opaque projector of a wooden box, a magnifying lens and a light bulb. Grandpa made the track to slide pictures in and out. When Halley's comet burst on the scene, I was disappointed to find that even at its brightest, it was not visible to my naked eye; I did not have access to a telescope.*
>
> *On April Fool's Day, the Edisonians presented a program whimsically called "Our Chance." Imagination ran wild; this was science to my taste. My part was to dress in the Prince Albert suit and plug hat in which my father was married, and introduce my invention, the Funnygraft, a huge packing case in which the smallest of our members was stowed, to produce the voice. An open-mouthed freshman asked how we did* it.

In May the Edisonians gave a scientific exhibition, with a wireless station—new in 1910—in the school corridor. Two boys spent the winter winding the induction coil. Emmet had a part in the project, providing the touch of humor: a "scientific tour" of Kansas City by stereopticon. Using seven slides four times each, repeating the lecture for three hours to a constantly changing audience, he exhausted his voice—but the presentation was received enthusiastically.

The Orator—Who Wanted to Have an Equal Say

My father was an accomplished public speaker. He spoke naturally, with resonant voice, using subtly dramatic inflections and pauses in ways that carried his message

effectively. Throughout his life Emmet pursued opportunities to practice public speaking every chance he got, beginning with his performance on Children's Day as a very young child, and continuing in his success at debate as a high school freshman, and culminating in his participation in oratorical contests at Manual. He later took voice lessons as a young man for the express purpose of developing his speaking voice when he entered the ministry.
Debate took on particular significance in that it permitted Emmet's highly developed intellectual side to have full play, and allowed him to compete on a equal level with his peers for the first time in school. I am astounded that my partially blind father explored the world creatively, using fairly sophisticated visual means of his era. Lack of full sight was no hindrance here.

> *The debating society invited me to join. The big boys wanted me, on the basis of mental ability. At last I was living in a world where I could compete.*

A course in Elocution opened a new world for him. The only boy among twenty-nine girls, he struggled to conquer self-conscious embarrassment. One day in an oratorical contest, one of the "big girls" bent over Emmet's desk to whisper, "I hope you win." Emmet declared that "her wish did more good than a gold medal."

He bought a book on Vocal Expression that taught him to abandon himself to his own thought, to stand on his feet and express it. He spent a summer term in the Dillenbeck School of Oratory, then competed in oratorical contests at high school. He used off-beat subjects for orations, a nonconformity he claimed Emerson taught him. "I reveled in it."

One flowery oration defended "The Scientific Spirit."

> *The scientific spirit comprehends the search for the truth by the light of the intellect. This light must be pure and white and steady, or the world we look upon will appear discolored and distorted…Leaving the prejudices of earth behind us, let us press on, beyond the clouds of doubt and unrest, upon the rugged mountains, among the primeval snows, where none but the persevering may penetrate; and there let us consecrate ourselves to the spirit of seeking after truth—the Scientific Spirit.*

Another, "Our Debt to the Commercial Spirit", became an opportunity to vent his ideas about laissez-faire capitalism, free enterprise as he understood it and in which he believed. He thought his father was wrong in thinking that socialism would play an increasing part in the future. "Nothing must hinder the capitalistic progress of man." Emmet knew only the good side of the economic system— his comfortable home, his privileges of education and culture. He was ignorant of its abuses. He was grateful, without realizing how the underprivileged and the unprivileged felt about their plight, or about his privileged, protected position. The address was intended to be a tribute to

his father, whose business practices were above reproach. "No system of economics is safe in the hands of less honorable men."

The Philosopher—Who Wanted To Know Life's Meaning

In developing a philosophy of life, Emmet took Ralph Waldo Emerson as one of his models. Emerson's passionate love of nature, his craving for direct immediate experience, resonated with Emmet's emotional sensibilities. He began rising at six to sit before a wide window facing the sunrise, reading over and over the stirring words from Emerson's essays and poems. His morning devotions began with a prayer:

> *Bright spirit of the morning, enter thou,*
> *And gladden all the day.*

Looking out at the night sky before retiring, he prayed:

> *Calm spirit of the evening, enter thou,*
> *Give peace to all the night.*

> *"A pagan, I built my own religion: Self-Reliance was my Bible; Nature, my goddess. I was her priest, my twin altars sunrise and sunset."*

For Emmet to call himself a pagan distorts the modern meaning of the word, for his language is full of archaisms redolent with pious thought. Yet he contends he is but a hairline away from atheism! That his twin altars were sunrise and sunset is clear, for his story is filled with descriptions of these daily events.

Why this worship of the dawn and dusk? Was it an opportunity to extend the limits of his visual sense to their utmost by describing the nuances of color? He gloried in this never-ending God-given display in the skies, seemingly for his personal benefit.

> *Watching a storm to the east one day; lightning split the clouds; thunder rolled about their dark masses. Wild beauty, crashing music, uninhibited display of naked force. No fear; I was part of nature, my soul akin to this tempest. It was my storm; why fear it?*
>
> *Lightning's fearful sheets of fire ceased as light from the setting sun tinged the eastern sky with color. Thunder went out in murmurs farther and farther away. Pale gold and vermilion, silver and opal, fleecy white and crumpled rose; clouds melted away in over-hanging splendor, subdued indeed, but all the more appealing to a fancy intent upon finding fair forms among their shifting masses. The reflecting east was so lovely that I did not walk around the house to see what the western sky offered.*

Not only nature, but music symbolized his search for meaning on an emotional level. When he started writing his poetry in a journal, one poem embodied his philosophy of life, using a symphony as structure. He titled it *Sursum Corda*:

I will show to others what I am,
No more of pride, no less of worth, that they
May know that I walk upright through the world.
Before me lies the symphony of life
Unwritten. Only the lines are there, the laws
Of life, the concrete wisdom of the past.
On these I'll build. But I can add to them
The leger lines; and writing down the sign
Octava bassa, plunge the melody
Deep down into the heart of things; or else
Write down the other sign, and make it rise
Above the common chords of daily thought
And dull discords of care. I'll use the tools
I find at hand; for if I can but put
New meaning into what was known before,
It shall suffice…
But what shall be the key
Of this my symphony's allegro movement?
…It shall be the key of Greatness,
Goodness, Gentleness and Genius, the great key
Whose dominant is noble, high resolve—
Determination. With the key set down
The rest is easy; all about me weaves
Its music into mine, as when I stood
Upon the shore of a great lake at sunrise,
A radiant mist upon the water:
All around the pines were whispering
Their wisdom to me. So through life I'll go,
Learning of all things, till the last great chord
Inverted on the fifth shall sound, in Death:—
And then may those bright middle octaves rise
In triumph over all—Goodness, Gentleness:—
…It is my thought and deed, and not myself,
That I would have immortal through the years.
I will show to others what I am,
No more of pride, no less of worth, that they
May know that I walk upright through the world.

The hint of Stoicism contained in these lines appeared not only in poems such as this one, but also in journal entries. He turned to Marcus Aurelius' Thoughts, finding his Stoic philosophy satisfying.

His hostility to Christianity had my sympathy—I was ignorant of true Christianity. I underscored, wrote marginal notes. It never became the Bible that Emerson's Self-Reliance was to me, unless as a sort of Old Testament to it.

Emmet's connection to the institutional church was tenuous, at best, his theology liberal. When the Universalist Church disbanded, he went to the Unitarian Church where literature and philosophy, often Oriental, filled the pulpit. But Emerson's voice continued to be the loudest and clearest influence. In the summer of 1908, coexistence was still possible for Universalism and Transcendentalism, with the outlook of science beginning to assert its claim.

Fragments of inchoate, incoherent philosophy kept the three in dialogue. In my unclear dialectic—thesis, liberal religion; antithesis, scientific theory; synthesis, philosophy—the three chased one another around like three squirrels in a cage, my mind in hopeful confusion.

He delivered a thesis in Public Speaking class on "Repetition of History," a wide-ranging essay covering most of his intellectual interests, except music.

Hundreds of thousands of years ago man was only potentially higher than other animals. Gradually he began to relish his powers and to exercise them. Then began the second epoch. It has not yet ended.

I might recount how the religions of the world have progressed from the crude, elemental forms which we now call mythology, to the higher and purer systems of the present (which will one day be treated as mythology). . .

The response of his teacher surprised him. "Some might consider it blasphemous to say that Christianity would one day be thought of as mythology," he remarked.

Such comments stayed in Emmet's consciousness while he puzzled about the meaning of his life. Would my father understand, perhaps embrace, my own growing realization that the truth that cannot be adequately expressed in any other way than through myth? I continue to be amazed at how strongly he was inclined toward a basically practical view. Only in his emotional life, did he entertain more expansive possibilities—often wistful ones. Did his blindness limit him in this way?

Self Reliance in the World of Time and Sense

Emmet began assuming responsibility for himself in practical ways, taking care of himself as well as standing in for his father when he was away on his frequent business trips. His parents gave him an allowance of $20 a month, he kept his own accounts, bought his clothing, except for suits, bought books, music and sundries, and saved five or six dollars a month in a savings account. He was given the right to draw on his father's checking account, so that he could draw cash for his mother who was increasingly not well. It meant much to him to be trusted with such responsibility.

But there were hazards to negotiate. He got a scare on the day he went to town to draw money for a trip he and his mother were to begin that evening to the Twin Cities. Stowing the money in my wallet in an inside coat pocket, he took an unusual route home, through a disreputable neighborhood. Passing a vacant lot covered with man-high weeds, he met two men, one tall, lean, unshaven, unpleasant looking; the other fat and jolly. The fat man accosted him, invited him to have a drink in a nearby saloon.

Alcohol was a danger signal to Emmet. He looked for a way to escape. The fat man did not seem so dangerous as the lean one, recalling Shakespeare's lines in Julius Caesar:

> Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look:
> He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Keeping my eye on the worse-favored man, I edged off the sidewalk into the middle of the street, walked slowly at first, soon quickened my pace until I was running. When I reached a more respectable neighborhood I slowed down.

Had these two men followed me from the bank? Or did I simply look like easy picking? Thereafter when I had much money on me, I took a streetcar.

Another misadventure occurred on the respectable Cliff Drive, not frequented by pedestrians. A policeman stopped him, looking for a young man in a gray suit and brown hat, who had relieved someone of his valuables. Emmet was young—fifteen—wore a gray suit and brown hat. The policeman asked what he was doing. Walking for fun made less sense to the policeman than to Emmet.

He inquired as to my identity. I produced my father's business card. Incautiously he said that he had gone on one of my father's excursions to Texas. Had he bought land? No. I began a sales talk. He became uneasy. Advising me to walk in more conventional places, he left my company to seek another youth in gray suit and brown hat.

On another afternoon he took a walk out Southwest Boulevard into Kansas; decided instead of returning by the same route, to cut due east toward Missouri. Mid-afternoon sun shone. The streets did not run through as he expected. He became confused when fog settled, the sun disappeared. There was no one around of whom to ask questions. Fog thickened, enveloped him so that he could scarcely see. On and on he walked.

At last he heard a streetcar and walked toward the sound. Climbing a slope, he found the car tracks, followed them to an intersection. "Where was I? What car line? Which direction should I take?" Darkness was now complete.

A light appeared down the track, drawing nearer till he heard the hum of the motor, the grinding of iron wheels on rails. He waved frantically, not sure he was at a proper stop, in this uninhabited spot. "Would the motorman see me?"

Lights from the headlight flooded over him as the car came to a stop. He got on, paid his fare, accepted the transfer—he would not ask the conductor where he was going—the transfer would tell him all he needed to know.

He was on a Roanoke car, going north; how far out he did not know. But he knew the route. When he reached Twelfth Street the fog lifted. He saw a knot of people waiting for a car. At last he inquired if a Twelfth Street car was approaching—he could not read the sign. Reassured, he settled down on the straw-covered seat, watched for Brooklyn Avenue. Familiar ground; home at last He could only say that he had walked farther than he intended; nothing of his adventure and fright.

Another day, he decided to check out the new Union Station being built, intent on seeing what was going on. Walking out on the site, he came to warning red flags. With indifference, he vaulted the barriers, passed more barriers and red flags, until he stood on the edge of a yawning abyss. No one was around. Steam shovels such as dug the Panama Canal churned the ground below.

Suddenly an inner voice warned him to go back. He walked, then ran. When he crossed the last barrier, he turned to look, heard a roar, saw the place where he had been standing go up in a cloud of dust and rock fragments. He was convinced that he had a guardian spirit. "A Socratic daemon, not an angel!"

Attending to the Body

Ill health dogged Emmet's steps during his senior year, forcing him to drop two courses. This still left him a heavy load in Spanish, English Literature, second year German, and College Algebra, plus violin and piano lessons, orchestra and staying active in the Edisonian Society. Small wonder his health threatened to collapse. Still this schedule did not keep him from taking extension courses offered by Missouri University—a course in American Government with Professor Isidor Loeb, and an audited course in Sociology that he found boring.

One day he fainted—which happened occasionally at this period. Vice principal Bainter came to his rescue, placing books under my head, loosening collar and tie, and giving me water. Casually he told students who gathered around how when he was my age, he used to faint. Some sudden effort, a rush of blood to the brain, where it congregates anyway, and he would go down. Nothing serious; it would pass, leave no ill effects. Merely nature’s way of restoring balance.

> *How wise he was to say these things to others in my hearing, instead of to me! I could accept it as his experience, not suspect he was trying to reassure me.*

> *For a long time afterward, I toyed with the thought that when I fainted, I died, and entered upon a different life, though continuous with the former one. When I fainted again, I fancied myself restored to my former life.*

To strengthen his body, his father installed a punching bag and rowing machine in the basement. Remembering how Longfellow chalked the figure of a man on his college room door to practice pugilism, Emmet attacked the punching bag with intermittent zest. The rowing machine invited imaginary journeys to adventure.

What Shall I Do When I Grow Up?

Emmet's parents may have prematurely come to the conclusion that his range of opportunity in a career would be severely limited. Their concerted efforts were steadily directed toward one uncompromising goal: a liberal arts college education, followed by preparation for Law. Conversations in the family unit would have centered around such issues as whether he could find the kind of position which would require minimum contact with the public (assuming his handicap would be offensive to the general public), if he could earn enough to hire an assistant to read to him, the possibility that he could give much of his leisure time to music and literature, and the question of his ability to manage any property his father might leave him. A debt of honor to his father who gave up his ambition in order to care for him weighed heavily on Emmet.

Yet he fiercely desired independence; to make his own way, not be dependent on his father. He had an emotional aversion to law; distaste for its technical language. The thought of law gave him mental claustrophobia.

> *I loved music, even the drudgery of practice. I began too late to become a concert violinist or pianist. Could I not be a teacher of music, a critic, a composer? I would write my own words to my songs, write essays, poetry. I would be articulate in words as well as in the wordless language of music.*

All this he carefully kept to himself. His parents were so sure about law; he could not discuss it with them. It seemed disloyal to talk with others.

Mary Fisher, who detested teaching, knew from experience that to make a living from writing was impossible. She added her voice to that of his parents, urging him toward a career in law leading to leisure, a course of action that appeared ideal to her who had only the prospect of retirement after long years of drudgery in the classroom.

Choosing a College

The choice of college was left to him. He considered Minnesota—his native state; the Twin Cities with their Indian Mounds, Minnehaha Falls, lakes, old friends and relatives. His mother and grandfather would go with him, establish a home there. His father often long away on business, could see as much of the family there as anywhere.

He considered Kansas University, forty miles west, where he could commute home on weekends, maintaining ties with the city. Leland Stanford was another attractive option. To go west, grow with a rapidly developing country. Chicago University's quarter system interested him, enabling him to get a degree in three years. Chicago was only a night's journey from Kansas City. To be fair, he investigated Yale.

All these choices had one fatal defect. They required either military training, or a gymnasium class. Emmet could not meet physical requirements for military training, so he would be stuck with compulsory Gym, which he detested. Emmet pored over catalogs from Princeton, Columbia, Wisconsin, St. Lawrence, and others.

He had to look up Harvard in Chambers' Encyclopedia to learn where to send for information. Harvard's catalog offered rich fare: Sanskrit, Egyptian, Assyrian, Old Irish; great names on the faculty. New England's literary past beckoned. American composer MacDowell still lived there. His Upham and Russell ancestors were New Englanders. "I would be going home! Harvard was the place for me to go!"

Emmet took the entrance examinations for Harvard College in Kansas City in June. His good Jewish friend, Walter Berkowitz, was successful, went to Cambridge in the fall. Emmet failed in Algebra and Physics. The emphasis at Manual was on laboratory experiment; the Harvard exam was all mathematical problems. Mathematics was his undoing. He was admitted to Harvard College conditioned in Algebra and Physics.

At this point, Emmet's flagging health posed another obstacle to entering college. His parents, the family physician and Mary Fisher all advised a year out of school. Emmet was not averse; he could devote himself to music, continue in the school orchestra, and be tutored by a Harvard man familiar with the requirements for exams next year. By preparing to take examinations in college French and Spanish for credit at Harvard, and by taking two summer courses, he could graduate with the class of 1914 along with his friend Walter Berkowitz, as if he had entered in 1910.

"Stop Out and Learn"

Emmet's decision—made with pressure from parents and friends due to his frail health—proved to be a maturing experience for him. He called it his "Freedom Year," which meant immersion in poetry, music, and literature, as well as an opportunity to shore up his often weak physical condition.

Emmet's salutary decision was one with which I have special sympathies. Like young people of two generations later, when college age young people in the 1970s were rebelling against the strictures of higher education as it was then conceived and threatening to drop out. Ivan Illich's book on *Deschooling Society* was then in vogue, and it became fashionable to define leaving school as "stopping out to learn." This

meant numbers of young people embarked on a year abroad, or work in a kibbutz, or a year of service in Appalachia, before returning to the sometimes stifling environment of academia. (My participation in Urban Life Center in Chicago served that group of self-directed learners in 1970.) Before his time, then, Emmet also experienced genuine release by seizing a year of freedom in order to learn from life.

The year had an auspicious beginning—a month-long trip to Mexico in the summer of 1910. He wrote a travelogue as a way of recording his experience. After returning, Emmet found creative ways to continue developing his love of language. He had four years of Latin, French, German, and Spanish under his belt, making him feel at home in other cultures, and finding book-friends in many lands.

> *I bought a Latin New Testament and a Roman Catholic version in Spanish containing copious notes to combat Protestantism. I was following Francis Bacon's advice, to read the New Testament in languages one wishes to learn. I already had a German Bible, and a French New Testament whose clarity and beauty thrilled me. My interest was literary; but one cannot read the Bible without being influenced by it.*

Emmet stayed in touch with his high school orchestra and friends during this interim year. When an announcement was made of an end-of-the-year party at Mr. Riggs' home, Emmet decided to attend and to invite a girl.

> *I was determined not to be late with my invitation, so, long ahead of time, with heart thumping, I asked Eliza to accompany me to the party. She said "yes" so happily that it took my breath away. I could only smile in answer. Eliza was a beautiful violinist, pianist and singer, a home girl of quietly impressive, lovely character, whom I admired. Secretly longing for her friendship, I was shamefully shy.*
>
> *When the day arrived, I was grateful that going for Eliza did not involve having to read streetcar signs—I would be deeply embarrassed to ask her to read them for me, lest she feel insecure with me as escort; or worse, pity me.*
>
> *We chatted happily of this and that—school, our music. The journey was far too short. At the party I read two poems. The orchestra played some of the pieces we liked best. Mr. Riggs talked to us in his inimitable style; we remembered the man rather than his words. Mrs. Riggs fed us amply and delectably. I managed to bring Eliza her tray without accident—a big boost to my morale.*
>
> *We bid goodbye; we would play together but once more, at Commencement. Taking her home, I asked if I might call some time. Her answer, a quiet "yes." I did not call all summer, or even telephone. Engulfing shyness, a suffocating cloud whenever I thought of making the attempt.*

Emmet's journal records a tender image typical of his experience in this year of freedom and growing independence.

> *I sat alone in the living room one evening. My mother was in the hospital, my father away on business, my grandfather asleep. I sat at my study table, beneath a green-shaded lamp, piano and violin beside me, familiar books and pictures around me. What a magical night I had—free to play, read, meditate—then write*!

It was a last sweet taste of freedom before the looming constraints of others' expectations that would dictate his activities for nearly a decade in school.

The summer drew inexorably to its end. Emmet began to experience the painful uprooting which this move would require.

> *Our house was being sold; we would no longer have a home in beloved Kansas City. Life—all that mattered of it to me—was a trunkful of mental and emotional memories. I was old enough to cling to what had so enriched my life, young enough to fear that leaving it behind meant irreparable loss.*
>
> *Yet I must go. My mother would go with me, to read for me, to watch over me. Grandfather was content to go with us; my father was so busy in Mexico that he could be little more than a visitor, wherever we lived.*

Emmet always expected to return after college. The selling of their home in Kansas City seemed to imply a more final break. He had longed to burrow deep in Missouri soil; to go on with the life auspiciously begun. It was not merely the house and friends; it was the whole atmosphere of the aggressive city.

He would become a New Englander slowly, a gradual metamorphosis that he resisted strongly at first, haranguing against the superficialities of proper Boston. Something of the prairie would always remain.

He would go on to live out much of his career in New England. There were to be long and warm sojourns elsewhere—a decade in Wheaton, Illinois, where he tasted the vibrancy of that college community, and two pastorates in Colorado that made him think seriously of retiring there. But he was deeply influenced by Emerson and other New England authors, and he spent most of his retirement in the countryside of New Hampshire dear to him. My father's legacy to me is that of an American—combining the homespun wisdom of the midwestern prairies with the alternately brash and cultured Yankee spirit bred in New England.

Harvard—Unlikely Crucible for Faith

The train from Kansas City hurtled across the landscape until on Friday morning August 25, Emmet awoke in a strange land—New England.

Why was it strange? I ask—a New Englander from birth. I abruptly encounter my father's inborn midwestern sense of spaciousness as he travels east. And to Harvard! How would Harvard alter his interior sensibilities, cramp his natural proclivity for the particular character of the western terrain? I too carry a little of the "architecture of environment" in both realms—having spent half my life in each geographic area.

> *A tunnel introduced us to the Berkshires, lying in low mountains above narrow valleys. Ferns and mosses, birches, maples, pines and spruce trees. Everything seemed more compact than on the prairies. Voices were sharper, speech clipped, laconic. My cheerful "Good morning" to a man shaving in the Pullman washroom brought no reply; he stared at me as if I were a zoölogical specimen. Speaking to strangers, common in the midwest, was not universal in New England. Though I did not like this reserve, it was easy for me to learn to conform to it..*
>
> *The following afternoon my father and I rode a diminutive dilapidated streetcar across the Charles River to Cambridge. The tunnel to Harvard Square was under construction; a temporary plank was a morass of mud. Weird mutterings and rumblings came from underneath. The sun was not shining, nor was it raining, but the weather resembled rain more than sunshine, as we trudged under wet elms, over gravel paths in the "Yard" to gray ivy-clad University Hall, a century-old "modern" contrast to older brick buildings.*
>
> *My parents leased a first floor apartment in a three-decker at 47 Wendell Street, a few blocks north of the college, at thirty-six dollars a month. There was a living room with fireplace in which we could burn wood and coal; a novelty to me, who had seen only gas fireplaces. A dining room, kitchen, bedrooms for my parents and grandfather; last of all the maid's room, whose detached privacy suited me. Neighboring houses were close; but the moon shone on my bed at certain times. Then I could not sleep, but I could write poetry! Lying in my black walnut spool bed, it was a place to dream in.*
>
> *Everything was subordinated to my success in college; I studied in the living room, crowded with my specially crafted Mexican table constructed at a height enabling me to study without bending my back painfully, leaning close to the books in order to see fine print. And there was my typewriter desk, bookcases, piano and chairs. Grandfather usually sat at the bay window. Our fine rugs from the Kansas City home were out of place in a three-decker, but we did not mind. It was home, made so by well-worn furniture and well-loved books. Two weeks later, my father returned to his business; the household settled into our new* life.

Boston's subway system in 1911 was in the process of being constructed. But the surface trolley lines stretched in a spidery web across much of eastern Massachusetts,

enabling Emmet to travel to beloved haunts in the Blue Hills, to within walking distance of Walden Pond and Concord, and even as far as the Cape. On his first Sunday in Boston, Emmet boarded a streetcar near his home in Cambridge and sallied forth on an adventure.

> *I had a vague notion of going to church in Boston. I never arrived! My car went into labyrinthine Dudley Street station of the Elevated system. If I went through the turnstiles, I would have to spend another nickel to get back in. I avoided turnstiles, wandered through passageways from platform to platform, from train to train, getting off where I pleased, investigating more passageways.*
>
> *Some of the signs were low and in large enough type for me to read; others too high for me. The succession of rides, on the surface, on the Elevated, and underground, became fascinating. I decided to see how long I could keep going to new places for five cents. The surprise ending came four hours later, when I recognized Harvard Square and alighted at Wendell Street where I got on! All this education for five cents!*

The MBTA's idiosyncracies were later chronicled in a 70s folk song about "Charlie" who, like my father, became absorbed in the possibilities of an "endless ride" on the Boston subway grid.

> *"Oh, he'll ride forever on the streets of Boston;*
> *he's a man who'll never return."*

Emmet's reactions were not all optimistic. Soon after arriving, he grew increasingly aware of a giant rift between East and West in the United States and in his own psyche as well.

> *For seven years I would not admit that there was any sight in contemporary New England so fine as a westbound railroad train! New England's literary and historic past I loved; Dean Castle's "bigger, better and busier" Boston, with which he greeted us as freshmen, was alliterative anathema to me.*
>
> *Homesick, I revolted against the Harvard accent, proper Bostonians, Anglophiles, the provincialism which saw no civilization west of the Hudson River*
> *.*
> *The stern seventeenth century root, and sturdy eighteenth century trunk of Puritan New England flowered and bore literary fruit in the nineteenth century, but, as I saw it, left husks in the twentieth century.*
>
> *Mine was an odd mixture; the breezy Westerner of pioneer days, lingering at the turn of the century; a nostalgic nineteenth century New Englander; and an eighteenth century European music lover!*

He eventually lodged "The Westerner's Complaint" in a few lines of verse.

O turn me out to pasture on some far off mountain slope
Where the name of quaint old Cambridge shall be never, never heard,
Where the name and fame of Cambridge is a dead, dust-covered word,
And the Yankees out of Boston are considered quite absurd:
O plant me in the Rockies; that's my farthest aim and hope. . . .

From the cedars on the mountains, where the poet's lore is taught,
Where Olympian fruit abundant feeds the fancy of a boy—
Not the super-saturated, hyper-civilized alloy
Of the Cynics of the cities, Cyrenaic seekers after joy:
O plant me in the Rockies, on the hills of silent thought.

O turn me out to pasture on some far off mountain slope
Where the earth is filled with sunshine, and the heart is full of hope.

The Education of a Harvard Gentleman

The Harvard of 1911 was in many ways different from the Harvard of the twenty-first century. Emmet found it to be more respectful of religion than he was; even persons like President Lowell helped interest him in Christ.

My studies at Harvard, provided varied intellectual fare. Two foreign languages, German and Italian; a music course in Harmony; Government; a half course in Logic followed by a semester in Psychology. The normal load was four courses. I carried five courses five times a week in high school: surely I could carry five, three times a week, in college. There were so many things I wanted to know immediately! My schedule embraced only a fraction of my interests. I could do no less.

There was a practical reason too. My parents were under heavy expenses for my education. By taking extra courses and passing examinations giving me credit for a year's college work in French and Spanish, I could receive my bachelor's degree in three years instead of four.

My interest in taking Italian was in part to fulfill a memory of my experience as a boy of eleven lying on the floor reading the heavy volumes of Cary's translation of Dante, with Doré's illustrations. I now must read the original. I fell in love with the musical Italian language. I wanted to take courses in Latin and Greek literature, but the influence of Mary Fisher had drawn me away from the classics to modern European literature.

In the Government course we spent a half year on England, the rest of the time on Bryce's American Commonwealth and continental Europe, with various professors lecturing. When President Lowell lectured, he paced back and forth, hands in his pockets, speaking rapidly, reminding me of Theodore Roosevelt.

The music course teacher was Professor Spalding, co-author of our text on Modern Harmony—a conservative nineteenth century modernity. Professor Spalding was also

my faculty advisor, since one of the interests indicated on my entrance application was music. There being few who expressed such an interest, I was assigned to him. I never asked nor received advice from him regarding my choice of studies or anything else. Each semester I presented a list which he okayed with some such remark as, "Well, what are you taking this time?"

I needed advice; it was to be had for the asking; perhaps Professor Spalding saw quickly that I was no musician, that my interests mainly lay elsewhere. So I was satisfied with a "B" in Harmony. I listened to many a concert, played at pieces not too difficult utterly to discourage me, bought scores I would never be able to play.

Josiah Royce taught Logic; a dry course, a necessary evil. One had to study logic in order to learn to think. Professor Royce did not awaken my enthusiasm until the year I studied metaphysics under his recreation of the Socratic method—so much praised, so little practiced. A great, a magnificent teacher!

William James' text served for the introductory course in Psychology. The teacher, Hugo Münsterberg, lectured to four hundred sports-minded young men in the afternoon, never losing their attention. Once when his control slipped, and there was sound of shuffling feet, noisy tongues, he said in his German brogue, "Now, shildren!" Laughter, then silence. He never had to repeat the rebuke implied in the change from his customary, "Now, shentlemen!"

In the spring recess he traveled to Europe, taking a further week of term time. Two weeks; the fastest ships required five days for the crossing. When Professor Münsterberg returned, he walked into the lecture room amid applause, removed his gloves, and without preamble began his lecture: "Now as I vass saying before I vent to Europe…"

Because of my accelerated pace, I was never a Sophomore. In high school, moving from Minneapolis to Kansas City meant that I was not classified until I had credits enough to be a Junior. It gave me a foolish pleasure to do likewise in college.

During my Junior year, I took courses in music, Spanish and Greek Philosophy, an introductory course in Economics, one in Genetics and Eugenics for Biology credit, and one in Animal and Child Psychology, neither of which involved laboratory work. I found everything except Economics thrilling!

I changed my major from Romance Languages to Philosophy, for I discovered that philosophy courses were small, under the personal teaching of some of Harvard's greatest teachers in small-sized classes providing intimate exchange between teachers and students. I found that I could count a variety of courses for distinction in this field, including Genetics and a course in Roman Law the next year. Psychology seemed to offer me intellectual freedom. The mind—science wedded to philosophy—could find answers to my questions; was it not the adequate religion? For historical reasons psychology was bracketed with philosophy at Harvard. Both had to do with the mind!

My studies for my senior year included Roman Law, followed by English Common Law, Greek Philosophy. Beginnings interested me; therefore the pre-Socratics; all the more because we have only fragments of them, to tease one in attempts to see the whole. I studied Metaphysics under Josiah Royce, a truly Socratic teacher; Ethics under Ralph Barton Perry; History of Religions with George Foote Moore in the Divinity School; and in the spring, Epistemology under Bertrand Russell.

My grades were good enough during my last term to spare me from all examinations except History of Religions and Metaphysics. The night before my Metaphysics exam, I picked up an illustrated copy of Alice in Wonderland we had bought to give to a young friend. Fascinated by the illustrations, I turned to the text, read on to the end. I found it an excellent preparation for the Metaphysics exam.

At the end of his senior year, Emmet was elected to membership in Phi Beta Kappa on the basis of a degree *magna cum laude*. The degree was awarded at first without the magna. On further examination of his record, the faculty decided that he deserved the adjective. In a gesture of personal interest, Professor Perry sent Emmet a note, special delivery, with the good news, and apologies.

In Praise of Famous Men

Harvard drew distinguished persons to its faculty and its lecture halls. Emmet took advantage of the opportunity to mingle with such men and women around the edges of his course work. A sampling of journal entries indicates a few of these encounters with persons whose names we recognize as authorities in their fields.

--In January I heard both Mr. Justice Brandeis, with whose views I agreed, and Governor Woodrow Wilson, who failed to convince me.
--I heard Congressman Victor Berger, Wisconsin Socialist, who did not impress me, and Mr. Justice Swayze of the New Jersey Supreme Court, who did. If I could attain such a position on the bench as he had, perhaps I would like to be a lawyer.
--Classicist Paul Shorey spoke on "The Case of Euripides." Whatever he talked about he illumined with brilliant scholarship. He renewed my interest in Greek.
--I attended a lecture by William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas, who incarnated the spirit of the midwest, and one by Major General Leonard Wood, a convincing public servant whose character called forth respect.
--At the Philosophical Club, psychologist G. Stanley Hall spoke. His two volumes on Adolescence had evoked my enthusiasm.
--Former Harvard President Eliot was part of a forum one day. His special ability was to sum up the remarks of previous speakers, saying in few words more—and more clearly—what they said at length.
--Spring brought a parade of famous men: Sir Rabindranaith Tagore, Indian poet-philosopher, who spoke on "The Problem of Self;" F. R. Martin of the Associated Press; Rudolf Ganz, pianist; the Argentine minister, Mr. Noan; and Sir William Osler, surgeon, speaking on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Oxford Press.--
--I attended a Philosophical Club meeting led by the Hon. Bertrand Russell, of whose class in Epistemology I was a member. Bertrand Russell had an amusing way of

disposing of a student suggestion by saying, in his clipped British accent, "Oh, but that won't do!

Emmet enjoyed the visits from famous artists and musicians as well—Fritz Kreisler, Mrs. Edward MacDowell, widow of the composer, Alfred Noyes reading his poems: "The Highwayman," "Come Down to Kew in Lilac Time."

At that era, the President of Harvard mingled with students informally.

President Lowell's receptions, including distinguished guests, were a treat, offering stimulating conversation on a high plane. I went as often as I dared, often taking a Chinese friend who was too shy to go alone, as an excuse for my own pleasure. The president could be informal on occasion. One day, having received a watch with luminous dial, then a novelty, he took us boys into the hall closet to display the luminosity. I owe as much to him as to my classroom teachers.

Emmet took in the entire college experience in all its variety, tasting the diverse opportunities presented by the stimulating environment. His journal records a typical day beginning with a Philosophy Club lecture on Epistemology and Neo-Realism, an early afternoon University Tea, followed by a trip to Peabody Museum for a presentation on "Color Vision in Bees." Emmet drank it all in thirstily. However, musing on his experience there later, he saw how estranged from Harvard life and thought he had been, and decided he had never thoroughly assimilated to it. He called his absorption of Harvard "superficial" and temporary.

The Intellectual and Emotional Roller Coaster

College has always been the time when young people experiment with new ways of thinking, solidify their values, making decisions as to what extent they will continue to embrace those of their parents. It is a time of emotional shifts, as they sort out their place in the world of relationships and beliefs. It all adds up to turmoil for the least sensitive of them. For Emmet, it became a cauldron of tumult on both intellectual and emotional planes.

It makes a difference for a student to leave home and settle on a campus far distant from previous influences. In Emmet's case, he brought his home with him. But his characteristic reserve and privacy meant that much of his ponderings were poured out in the pages of his journal, and did not become fodder for supper time conversation with his mother and grandfather. There is some indication that when his father visited, and they took trips together, he may have felt freer to share, but that is only speculation. Certainly his father was not intrusive by nature, whereas his mother had knit her son's life into her own and was less willing for him to depart from her wishes.

Emmet's primary influences came from his reading. Both authors and protagonists leaped off the pages for him, imprinting their words and actions on his impressionable character. He lacked the counterweight of a close knit body of peers which might have offset the intensity of his introspection. He immersed himself in books.

The vortex of Emmet's inner tumult swirled around three figures. One was Dante, swathed in the rosy glow of romantic idealism in the treasured book he discovered, *The New Life*, and which he purchased again in Italian, *La Vita Nuova*. Another was Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, a distinctly gloomy portrait that made Emmet wish he had never decided to take German. A third, Emerson, whose essay on "Self Reliance" had been formative for Emmet since high school.

> *Dante: The discovery of Dante's The New Life marked an epoch in my life. Here was no transient passion, but ideal love—chaste, pure, unchanging, intellectual—a love which motivated the poet throughout life. This deeper meaning of Dante's book I expressed by quoting on the flyleaf Horace's ode, "Integer Vitae"; and a Spanish quatrain which I found in Romain Holland's "Jean Christophe":*
>
> > *I would be the sepulchre*
> > *In which they are going to bury thee,*
> > *To hold thee in my arms*
> > *Through all eternity.*
>
> *Like Dante, I longed to begin a great poem, but felt kinship with his hesitation:*
>
> > *And thinking on this, I seemed to myself to have undertaken a theme too lofty for me, so that I dared not to begin; and thus I tarried some days with desire to speak, and with fear of beginning.*
>
> *Dante's resolve became mine:*
>
> > *And to attain to this, I study to the utmost of my power, as she truly knows. So that, if it shall please Him through whom all things live, that my life be prolonged for some years, I hope to say of her what was never said of any women.*

There follows a half-formed outline for an autobiography, featuring his violin as stand-in for Dante's beloved Beatrice.

> *In my seventeenth year the glorious instrument of the soul, which is called music by many who know not what to call her, first appeared before my eyes. She appeared in the form of a violin, which had already been in this world so long that in the course of the heavens five times the great (Halley's) comet moved within the sight of men; so that three hundred and seventy-five years had it been played upon. I saw it encased in a most noble color, a modest and becoming crimson.*
>
> *Sometimes I speak to my violin, and tell it all manner of things so that with its voice—"I sing with a voice of the past a song of tomorrow"—I express my own thoughts.*
>
> *Sometimes it seems that my fingers are moved by some other power, and my violin talks thus to me.*

The efforts at outlining dwindled until he appended a few lines written in French:

> *The natural sphere of man is action. While he is doing something, he is happy; but when he attempts speculation, the expression of his interior states, ill understood by himself, he scarcely succeeds except in repeating what is. I do not know well whether it is the divinity of our world which carries us. In two words, I am young. I would like to do more than I will be able to.*

At that point he abandoned the project of writing his own Vita Nuova, though the idea died slowly. Whereas Dante had the genius to write his while young, Emmet felt that his new life must be lived before he could write it.

> *I had not yet found my ineffable "she" in the flesh; my allegiance was still to the dream-girl. Like Dante, I used a defense to hide my meaning; my violin substituted for "her."*
>
> *I had no idea who "she" might be: heaven still bent low; Beatrice and Dante spoke to me; I would be true to my vision as Dante was to his.*

Emmet's longing for a female soul mate was accentuated by the absence of readily available social contacts, sending him into an abstract romanticism. He later came upon a book that profoundly modified his views on marriage and romance: George Herbert Palmer's Life of Alice Freeman Palmer.

> *Henceforth I would search for a girl like her, of my own generation. At first I wanted to find her in order to help me achieve in my career. Slowly I began to see that an Alice Freeman Palmer lived a life of her own, while sharing that of her husband. So I must respect my wife, when I found her, to live a life of her own, and not to be merely subservient to my life plans. Only by being herself can a woman be in the highest sense her husband's helpmeet.*

Perhaps this sentiment helps explain both his choice of a wife—my mother, who combined her sense of an individual vocation with the 19th century traditional role of supporting the man, who in this case needed her strength in practical ways—and also. prefigured the way he would nurture my independence as his daughter.

Goethe: Dante was an ascendant force, speaking to Emmet's romanticism and idealism. Goethe's influence was a descendant force, pulling Emmet downward during his second year at Harvard as a Junior.

> *I bought a twenty-five cent copy of Goethe's* The Sorrows of Young Werther *for German class. It took until Christmas to finish it; I disliked Werther, thought him a fool to become involved with a married woman, yet his sentimental romanticism influenced me more than I admitted. He made me want to read Ossian; why I did not is a mystery, except*

that I always wanted to do more things than there was time for. When Werther shot himself, I was disgusted; my sympathies were with Albert; secondarily with Lotte; none to spare for Werther. The emotional virus remained. Thirty-eight years later I laid down the book after rereading, with no further comment. The spell had long since been broken, the sorrows of young Werther moved me no longer. But the fact that I reread it speaks eloquently of the effect it once had, and of curiosity as to why it moved me so.

My diary for that year reveals an upset life; incomplete and scratched out entries, more than in previous or subsequent years. I wrote opposite some chaotic remarks in my Journal, in German: "Werther, you are written over everything. I despised you, yet your soul blew through me. Child, child, have you not yet become a man?" Dante's The New Life was my cure.

Emerson: When still in high school, Emmet latched onto Emerson as a champion of self reliance, the ultimate reliance on one's own mind.

When I was fifteen, I used to rise at six, look out the eastward window and pray, "Bright spirit of the morning, enter thou, and gladden all the day." Then I would read Emerson's "Self Reliance" as my Bible, and write poetry.

Emerson's journal writing became a model for Emmet. Robert Richardson, Jr., writes in Emerson, *The Mind on Fire:*

Emerson's organized, persistent, purposeful journal keeping is one of the most striking aspects of his early intellectual life. He wrote constantly, he wrote about everything, he covered hundreds of pages. When he had nothing to say, he wrote about having nothing to say. He read and indexed and reread what he had written.

Emerson's powerful craving for direct immediate experience, and especially his passionate love of nature may have been an attraction for Emmet. He bought a volume containing Emerson's addresses on "Nature," the "American Scholar," and one given to the Harvard Divinity School. He enjoyed the way Emerson was willing to shock proper Bostonians, not being averse to shocking people himself.

Emerson's religious struggle moved him toward Universalist/Unitarian sympathies. The emphasis on the moral teachings of Jesus, the insistence on a religion that embraced modern science, and the rejection of elements of Calvinism's roots in fear and terror of damnation and hellfire—all these illuminate Emmet's moral sense, his later conflict over the deity of Jesus Christ, and his Universalist mother's repugnance at evangelists who preached hellfire.

The Passion for Beauty

Emmet's search was Platonic in nature—hungering for Beauty, which he found in music and the other arts and in nature; for Truth, which proved elusive in his readings in Philosophy; and for Goodness, in his search for moral perfection.

In the Arts: Beauty was always to be found foremost in music—his own playing of violin and piano, or listening to music performed by others. He was interested in composing, and borrowed from the library of musical scores for the joy of reading the notes and imagining how an orchestra would interpret them.

> *Classmate Edward Moses, who could play anything on sight, would visit our apartment, sit down at the piano and play scores I could not. I chafed at certain limitations in musical composition; brought every example of consecutive fourths or fifths that I found in the works of great composers to my music professor, Professor Spalding. He would shake his head and intimate that Beethoven and Brahms could do things that I had best avoid.*

His ecstasy knew no bounds when he attended his first Boston Symphony concert performed at Sanders Theater in Cambridge.

> *Students lined up for seats in the balcony over the stage, at twenty-five cents. Looking down on the players, I was near enough to watch the concertmaster's bowing. Ah, to play like him—or to conduct! The program: Tchaikovsky, Sixth Symphony; Rudolf Ganz playing the A major Liszt concerto; ending with Liszt's Tasso. In the intermission, there was the Cambridge audience to watch; expanse of men's stiff white shirt bosoms; women's gowns scantier than I was used to seeing. I was more Puritan than Boston.*
>
> *The moment the conductor raised his baton I had ears and eyes for the orchestra alone. Some seventy men playing just for me! And all this for a quarter! Not only did I hear and see; I ate, drank and savored the music—I was the music, in the hall and long after. I left, clutching my program, to walk in the October night until excitement died down enough so that I could go to bed. Then the Boston Symphony played it again in my dreams! Music kept me from yielding to temptations of college life that might otherwise have appealed to me; I breathed pure music rather than air!*

His own playing brought a different kind of clarity and joy.

> *At sunrise on a November day I sat down at the piano and played, as I do once in a while, when clearer understanding of the music comes to me. This spirit is a curious thing; when I have been thinking for a long time, my mind flows on and carries me with it whether I will or no.*
>
> *The mind works unconsciously. When I have been thinking of the past for a long time, I can play on my violin for hours the pieces I once knew, but thought I had forgotten.*

Page after page my unused fingers draw from the strings. The scenes amid which I played them before rise before me, and my thoughts are of a thousand things.

So last night I began the half-forgotten slow movement of Beethoven's G major piano and orchestra concerto. (When shall I ever read those magic pages of the Rondo?) Full, soft and clear, the notes dropped from my fingers, as I never before played it.

How could any man imagine that first theme! It is—I cannot say what it is or is not. It is too holy for a choir of angels, too sublime for the famed music of the spheres—where on earth has such sweetness been heard? I always associate Andante with Vergil's lines, "Now moist night falls from heaven and declining stars persuade to sleep."

They are as musical lines as I have ever read, and with the same flowing character as this movement. Now the high C sings above the accompaniment, and descends to that ringing passage in altered chords! Note the skill with which Beethoven maintains the chord in the trill, both above and below the trill note. I cannot write of the chord that follow the cadenza—they are music. that is all—no words can paint what only the music gives us.

The other arts nourished his spirit. He continued writing poetry, once compiled a few in a tiny hand-wrought volume.

I "baled" certain of my writings in a volume I called "Leaves of Alfalfa," a dig at Whitman's Leaves of Grass, *which I found unpalatable. I liked regular rhythms and rhyme in my poetry.*

He saw some theater in Harvard Yard—a Greek tragedy, *Iphigenia* in Tauris, and read with delight Shelley's translation of the *Cyclops*.

The arts would always speak to Emmet's soul, and he did not forsake them.

The value of art is not in the work itself. Life makes art worthwhile. Only life furnishes the ideals, the values. In art we say in absolute and perfect terms what we only hint at in practical life; what we only dream in science; and vainly hope in religion—it would all be hints and dreams and vanity if art did not remind us always of the external truth and reality within us.

In Nature: The beauty of nature brought Emmet the reprieve he sought from his studies. Long walks in the countryside were a healing balm for the turmoil of his thoughts.

October, my birth month, has always been special. Its bright weather, cool nights, warm days, give me a new lease on life. Add the scarlet and gold of a New England autumn! Every afternoon after study, I walked, often to Brattle Street, to Longfellow Park, along

the Charles River to the supposed site of Leif Erikson's 1000 A.D. home in Vineland, sometimes to Mt. Auburn Cemetery, to meditate near the grave of Longfellow.

I often walked around Fresh Pond, finding a favorite knoll to muse beneath three oak trees. I discovered the reservoir above Tufts College, and made a visit to poor, dead Jumbo, P.T. Barnum's elephant, in the college museum.

For Saturdays and holidays there were the Blue Hills, Lexington and Concord, or just Boston. My courses did not absorb all my energies; the total environment was my classroom, all nature and history my teachers.

I walked to Concord from the end of the nickel streetcar line in Arlington Heights; I wanted to live at Walden, have for my daily walk the slopes of Sleepy Hollow. After one visit, I pressed a wild rose from Walden Pond and a sprig of pine from Emerson's grave inside my copy of Emerson's "Self Reliance."

One spring day, I walked from Cambridge to Concord by way of Lexington, walking home through Lincoln and Waltham (a 15 mile trip!). *Dew sparkled on the grass. I stopped often to rest and enjoy—Sleepy Hollow, Walden Pond. Flowers were blooming, birds singing. My heart sang with them for joy of being alive.*

The countryside was alive with spring, green and growing, everything touched gold by sunshine. A breeze made the day cool enough for comfort. I do not know whether I ate anything or not; food for the soul was my felt need. I came home to sleep soundly, and in the morning to write.

These long pilgrimages evoked deep ponderings about the mysteries of nature, of time and space, and the meaning of life and art.

I have been out through the superb New England autumn…What does it all mean—this world of beauty and majesty, the harmony and uplifting influence of it all? But what is it that we, who are leaves in the path of today, should have this thing, a mind, this power to understand, to be thrilled by the beauty of nature? Understand!—what is it to understand? A little while to move in a life we cannot understand—while the sovereign universe goes on over and through and all about us. . .That we call life.

What life means to me—all that it holds of nobility and inspiration and satisfaction and aspiration and fulfillment—that I try to say with art. I do not know what time is, but I can paint sunrise and sunset so that others can see in them what I see—and that is all I ask. I could not define life for you, but I can tell you what it brings to me, so life can mean more than it did before. That is art.

. . .The sunrise again! It shines down upon me with a world of gold, filling all with its radiance. Like a burst of pure music—a great chord growing and rising, fixing the tonality of day, sweeping this wondrous thing Light into our presence.

What power has distance over nearness? Is not the wonder and beauty of our sun the greater. . .for its being near us, than the beauty of the cold stars, which are suns to those near them?

Why should we long for what is beyond our reach? There is the philosophical view. To the intellect there is a broader vision than to the senses. The mind makes time and space nothing. The age of Herodotus or Plato or Juvenal is as real to us as today, if I will it so. Or tomorrow, and the ages after that are also real. So too I can stand on the peaks of the Rockies or in the forests of Amazon at will. What are time and space then? They are realities in one world, and nominally and really nonexistent in another. Enough of such philosophy for the moment.

The warm sunlight comes and goes about me, as a great black mass of water vapor up there moves back and forth over the sun. And all that, then, happened some minutes ago. We say that on our planet light and heat and electricity take no time in transit, yet out there in space we can measure that which we cannot detect here. Perhaps if we knew other standards, our eternities would be instants too. What a life that would be, to see in each moment the history of a universe, and to outlive millions of systems which would seem so many grains of sand in the path of the greater forces! But would we see the import of the momentary happenings any more than we do now? Would we not pass over the rise and fall of universes with less concern than we do now the lives of insects?

Or if we could see the little things magnified a million times, every day; if each second stretched itself to an eternity, then we, living for but a few years—though it be a thousand eternities—would we see more of the plan of the whole, seeing the history of the little units of which it grows?

Such reflections might make us a little more thoughtful of the real things of life. We have no time? What then would we do with more time, with more than twenty-four hours in a day, but to spend it as we do the little space we have?

To learn from what we have; to work with what we have; to succeed with it; and to be content with it—that is the triumph of a philosopher, a scholar and an artist.

Reading this again in 2020, I marvel at the soaring spirit of this 20-year old disabled man awash in wonder at the artless simplicity of nature. My father's optimistic spirit stands as symbolic of the strength of the young "to overcome."

The Search for Truth

Throughout his college years, Emmet attempted to articulate his evolving philosophy of life. He actively struggled to find faith and meaning. He had embraced Enlightenment thinking, rationality of intellect crowning all. Sometimes he succeeded in suppressing any wisp of religious faith. At other times, his incurably religious nature toppled his tower of reason.

Characteristically, much of his thinking developed through poetry, walks in nature, not in the classroom.

Yesterday to the Blue Hills again. The sun shone in a misty sky. There, on a great table-like rock among the oaks and the granite and moss, I wrote—how little can I express all that came to me—

I Believe

O faith of mine, uphold me,
Keep me true and keep me pure;
Be the sunrise still my prayer,
Still my strength which shall endure.

And when the day sinks downward
To the flaming western sea,—
Calm of night descending,
Bring the peace of life to me!

Then I tried to put the dawning idea into words:

O life, keep all thy meaning,
Keep thy fragrance through the years;—
For I have seen the vision—

But what shall I say of it? Truly we have only—

Pictures of parts of things, and words unspoken;
Thoughts half-formed, and strains of music without key or cadence.

Credo

I believe in my own life,
In the worth of my inspiration;
My life is whole and sweet;
So shall I ever keep it.
Though I stand at the crossing of a hundred roads,
There is but one I can tread in.
I will turn my face toward the star,
Which alone shall light me and guide me.
Not to the south, as the rivers flow,
In the way that is easiest:
Hard is the road, and cold,
To the north over desolate mountains.
I believe in life and its work:
My labor is one among many.

Finally, he comes down to basic values—specifically those countering the American ideal of "the dream" that so often comes down to a limited concept of well-being that does not "disturb" innate selfishness based on ecobnomic security. He wrote that it was the simple life that beckoned—Walden Pond, and Emerson's "Self Reliance."

What should I want of great wealth? Why should I spend the best years of my life trying to get that which will not help me to live any more successfully? I could not think more thoughtfully in a fine house, or rolling around in a Locomobile than in more quiet surroundings. Twenty courses at dinner won't make me any happier than three—and the rarest things to eat, to wear, to recline in, to look at, wouldn't please me half so much as a few simple things which people would not envy me, because everyone can have them. No, they can't!

It's simply a practical question with me, of what I would be better satisfied with; simplicity and influence, or exuberance and power. It is fine to be able to take pleasure in simple things, and to live with them always in contentment!

At this stage of his life, Emmet was not hungry for wealth; his core passion was for knowledge.

I bought Aristotle's Metaphysics in translation; thrilled to the opening sentence: "All men by nature desire to know."

Why do I seek for knowledge which must always be incomplete yet I call it satisfaction? But no, I must leave the easy path, and justify everything to my intellectual satisfaction. I see everywhere destruction, yet I believe in progress. That is faith, surely—but perhaps it is only the terms about which I differ. I will not call progress God. I cannot see that men get anything out of their faith in God that I do not get from my intellectual curiosity.

No, I am right, according to my own nature, and on my own high ideals will I work it out. What a fine thing is intellectual power! To think and not grow weary, to think and grow strong!

During the months of his turbulent junior year, beset by the *Sorrows of Young Werther*, rational thinking provided little solace.

Continued review of past experiences and writings saved me from a dangerous detachment with reality, kept my life one. I could not give up poetry and music. No materialistic philosophy would leave my soul entirely. The head might turn atheist; my heart was incurably religious. I had a cathedral; and in it was a Poets' Corner.

Slowly he began to face a seemingly inexorable question: Would Harvard force him toward a heart belief in Jesus Christ? He had not expected to find Harvard more religious than himself. Few, like him, wrote "none" in answer to the registration question, "Religious preference?" He congratulated himself on his emancipation.

His biology course in Genetics shocked him. High school science courses convinced him of the factual certainty of evolution. But in his first week in Genetics, taught by three outstanding research authorities in the problems of evolution, they successively

demolished Darwin, Lamarck and Weizman. Had he no alternative to the question of origins but faith? "Give me science or I will suffer intellectual death," he wrote.

The climax came with George Herbert Palmer's last lecture in Ancient Philosophy. He startled Emmet by presenting Greek philosophy as part of God's preparation of the world to receive the Gospel of Christ.

> *I rejected the idea, but not so violently as I would have if the idea had come from a less respected scholar. Attendance at a seminar on Ethics in his home, clinched my reverence for the man.*
>
> *After Professor Palmer's last lecture in Greek philosophy, I wrote: We believe through philosophy, finally in God because we have seen his saints in the flesh.*

In his senior year, Emmet took Barton Lloyd Perry's course on Present Philosophical Tendencies. He wrote a paper on Idealism where he set forth his opinion that Idealism had been embraced by the Christian Church.

> *Idealism is generally reached by the road of faith. It is because men believe in the immediacies of their experience of God, and in the mediacy of all knowledge of external experience, that they posit the priority of consciousness. They seek to justify their faith in an active God and a freely acting man. . .and the most plausible justification of this faith is a vision of the world which makes, if not man, at any rate the central hopes he cherishes, the dominant factor. . .The notion of an Absolute is anthropocentric in whatever sense it may be explained. . .*
>
> *Besides appropriating the history of European philosophy, it (idealism) basks in the favor of the Christian Church. There is no inherent reason why a religion should lean on one philosophy more than on another; they are all alike indifferent to its motive, and incapable of affecting its success. There is merely the need of some kind of philosophy, the truer the better, to furnish the basis of religious faith. Idealism has taken the presumptive place. The Absolute is transmuted into God, and the priority of his omniscient will into the Logos…*
>
> *It is one thing to live according to the Beatitudes, and quite a different thing to believe that the knowledge-relation conditions being—"Cogito, ergo sum"—I think, therefore I am. In the first case, you need know nothing of philosophy; in the second, you are trying to find out why you should do the things conformable to the Beatitudes.*
>
> *…If people really believe in the idealistic Absolute, the ever-individual Will, they cannot thereafter know good from evil. Perhaps it is something of this notion which makes Milton construct for us his psychologically impossible Adam, who should be theoretically incapable of action, because he is perfectly ignorant of all certifiable cases of knowledge, in the fullness of his absolute knowledge.*
> the mediacy of all

When I was a naïve idealist, four or five years ago, I recognized the impossibility of conceiving the existence, much less the reality, of evil, according to the principles of romanticist philosophy. Yet although I was satisfied to admit evil into the body of the good, as a necessary and harmonious part thereof, I could not so dispose of the conception of "resistance" as it is known in physical science. I did not then see the confusion which was involved in the universal term "resistance." I did not recognize that if considered in the light of the moral purposes of man, i.e., anthropomorphically, resistance is only another name for "evil," whereas if limited to the neutral significance it bears in physics, cleansed of every hint of anthropomorphism, or animism, resistance is not conceptually antagonistic to the idea of motion…

Though Idealism asserts the powerlessness of death to affect the life of the over-individual Will, it does not substantiate the claims of religion; it does not say definitely to the human soul, representative though it be of the Absolute, "mors initium vitae" (death is the beginning of life). Admitting the reality of its claims—their validity—Idealism does not justify philosophically these hopes which lead men to work out its system. Its God is not even such a compromise of easy indulgence and complacent indifference as Milton paints for us; its God is a timeless Absolute which never takes the trouble to agree with us, but which we must accept willingly as though it fulfilled every wish. This is indeed disillusionment from the animistic dream of a god with whom bargains could be made; bargains like those between fur-traders and Indians. . .

Professor Perry took the trouble to comment in six pages. No Idealist himself, but a New Realist, as I fancied myself to be, he ably defended Idealism against my attacks. He took my brash statements seriously, and dealt with the points which I carelessly made, with thoughtful criticism. At the close he coupled words of appreciation with his major criticism:

I like your playful attitude. It is refreshing. It is good for one taking up philosophy to cultivate the not too serious bearing. It saves breakdowns. It cultivates mastery too, for only the master can ridicule successfully.

But I would register a warning. . .One should not ridicule till one has felt himself what was the actuating motive of the man he ridicules. Unless you can see from the inner side you have not yet reached the point of such criticism.

I would never have a breakdown studying Philosophy! I would never work hard enough at it to shatter my nerves. The question remained: would I work hard enough at anything to achieve excellence? A breakdown is not the worst misfortune.

Emmet decided to write his own Scriptures:

My first text of metaphysics was the first five verses of the first chapter of the Fourth Gospel. I gave it a scientific cast: "In the beginning there was natural law…and God was the law…In order of nature was life, and life was as light to men."

I did not deify this conception of the Logos. I preferred to call it by some name other than God. This came from believing that there was something wrong in a god being anthropomorphic.

Before graduating, Emmet wrote a thesis for distinction, "Law and Morals," which won honorable mention for the Bowdoin Prize in English. It was also important toward securing the A.B. magna cum laude. It was his most mature and disciplined writing. In it he put forth his view of Christianity as primarily great moral teaching.

This essay deals mainly with the relations of law and morals, and of ethics and jurisprudence in the Roman world between the age of Cicero and the reign of Diocletian. . .Morality is, in early societies, a synonym for civilization. . .

He drew heavily on his course in Roman Law and Greek Philosophy:

Christianity was. . .a moral revolution, on behalf of the unfortunate classes. How far it actually influenced the law. . .apart from the growing humanity of moral sentiment among the pagan. . .population, is uncertain. A more certain but wholly artificial Christian influence is seen in the opening title of Justinian's Code, which deals with the Trinity, and in the second title, treating of the Holy Church. . .But Jurisprudence was too ripe a science to accept radical organic change, or serious amendment; and its morality was too high to need revision. The influence of peculiarly Christian morals was rather on the personal life, the accounting of man with himself, than on his legal morality.

The church, instead of altering the system of morality enjoined by the law added further duties toward self and toward fellow men, and moreover added a further sanction of all standards of right living. The problem of the relation of law and morals in Roman jurisprudence was worked out under influences exclusively pagan. . .

His journal records a "final conclusion"—skepticism and an injunction to continue his quest for knowledge through the "cold road to the north over desolate mountains."

My final conclusion—final for the moment—is skeptical. As a medieval thinker said of the proofs of immortality in Plato, when I have the book open before me it seems convincing; when I close the book, the arguments no longer have weight with me.…I cannot be a partisan. I hope to be a thinker. But there is a fine persuasiveness about any philosophy which has been sincerely worked out of the experiences of life, which has gone,

Not to the south, as the rivers flow,
In the way that is easiest:
Hard is the road, and cold,
To the north over desolate mountains.

Not only to feel the hardness and the chill wind of a lonely way, but to have won, through the tribulations of a self-imposed task, through the sharp pains of a burden lightly lifted in the enthusiastic dawn, heavily borne till the evening,—to have learned

the untaught lesson, and won the knowledge of moral harmony with the meaning of life. Eternity? Once in the Wotan of the Saxon kings a wise and noble lord spoke after this wise: "What is the life of man? We sat feasting in the great hall when a flock of sparrows on a gust of wind flew through the hall, coming out of the winter storm, and flying out the farther door into the storm again. Such is the life of man.". . .

What can our words tell of the eternal order more than the chirruping of sparrows? Here knowledge ends; here remain hope, faith, charity. . .Is not art applied metaphysics?. . .That a vision of the internal meaning of some fragment of existence should have given to the richness of our complex lives the splendid memorials of art, is enough to satisfy us of the nobility of the theoretical undertaking which both underlies and outruns art.

Pictures of parts of things, and words unspoken:
Thoughts half-formed, and strains of music
without key or cadence.

These are the tragedies, the unfinished purposes, the buds that never become fruit. All the world is darkness save a few human beings who think themselves in the light. . .

I quoted Marcus Aurelius, and closed with:
Who would not be Antiochus Epiphanes if he were quite sure place and power would hold out?…In the hazard of reaching the homeland, lies the philosophy that "crowns life by quickening it into intelligence." Better with Orestes to be tossed in an open boat on the unfriendly sea, than to remain an honored prophetess of a barbarous and fearful rite in Tauris.

Psychology was included in the Philosophy Department at Harvard. Although treated at Harvard as a science, and majoring on the experimental aspect, Emmet found his interest in psychology, as well as in other spheres, was primarily humanistic.

My interests are centered around the problem of human culture. It is from this side that I am interested in psychology, not from the scientific side. I am interested in the history of culture in general: in philosophy as it illustrates the development of ideas; in literature as it illumines the path of human progress and links us with the past; in music and the other arts as remainders of the fore-world, as the perpetual renewal of the creative power of the human will. I am interested in the present problems of civilization, industry, growth of science, dilemma of religion, all the varied kaleidoscope of interests; but always externally, never for themselves alone, since my central interest is "anthropos panta metron" (man the measure of all things); the history of culture. Plato and Goethe, these have been my prophets.

Honoring Goodness: The Religious Instinct

The undercurrent of religious sentiment is never absent from Emmet's college writings. On the surface of life, he followed the lead of his mother who selected a church shortly after they arrived in Cambridge, participating in its rituals as a matter of course.

> *Our family sampled the Universalist Church in Cambridge; then discovered that the Rev. Joseph K. Mason, who had occupied the pulpit of the Church of the Redeemer in Minneapolis during the pastor's absence, now served the Waltham Universalist Church. It was a long streetcar ride, changing at Watertown. But when we walked from Waltham Square along a tree-shaded street, past pleasant homes of what was then a village rather than a city, to the church, we felt at home.*
>
> *Joseph Mason was a kindly man with understanding of youth. I became attached to him, and he had a beneficial influence on my life, keeping me morally steady, and respectful of religion, though in the sentimental manner of the liberalism of the period.*
>
> *Once he told me of meeting a Presbyterian minister on a sea voyage, with whom he discussed the doctrine of eternal punishment. The Presbyterian objected to Dr. Mason's exposition of universal salvation, "But that isn't Scriptural!" Dr. Mason found this amusing.*
>
> *The trips to Waltham were one of the few interests my mother, grandfather and I had in common. Making friends in the congregation led to social visits. The religion there was human, full of caring for one another's burdens, sharing mutual joys. One hymn I learned there became a talisman; two lines cling, which in dark days kept me from despair, set me singing:*
>
> *Who trusts in God's unchanging love,*
> *Builds on a Rock that cannot move.*
>
> *I never became so complete an atheist that I could erase those lines from memory. The heart clings to what the head denies.*

Later, he began his own forays into the remnants of religious life extant on campus. He became a member of the Phillips Brooks House Association. The house named in honor of Phillips Brooks was the center of religious activities in the university. Brooks' influence permeated the life of the University, and Emmet considered the occasional use of the Association's facilities well worth the dollar it cost.

He joined a Bible Class his freshman year, and attended regularly throughout his years in college.

> *Professor Albert Parker Fitch, head of Andover Theological Seminary, taught the Bible, not theories; yet he was not dogmatic, but understanding of young men's problems. He thought the Bible was a book we ought to know. In his home was a picture of Christ being tempted in the wilderness. It was painted by a Russian artist—my favorite of all*

artistic conceptions of how Jesus may have looked; at once human, majestic and inescapable. Although I respected the teacher, I rejected his Christian teaching, though I had not turned my back on the man and teacher Jesus.

Perhaps more surprising, Emmet assumed a leadership role in trying to organize a Universalist Club, since other denominations had clubs among university students.

Dr. Frederick Bisbee, editor of The Universalist Leader, who encouraged me by publishing some of my poems, and Dr. Joseph K. Mason of the Waltham Church helped, but the twenty-nine students registered as Universalists did not respond; indeed, my own heart was not in it. Why get excited about Universalism? The very existence of a Father-God was evaporating into an amorphous force which held the universe precariously together.

When his professor of Comparative Religions at the Divinity School, George Foote Moore, gave the Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality, Emmet noted:

He praised the doctrine of Metempsychosis as superior to the Christian doctrine of Immortality, then subtly disposed of Metempsychosis! Good riddance to both, I thought.

Brashly, he went on to write about the unheralded potential of science, long before the mapping of the genome, before animal cloning became an actuality, or the cloning of a human deemed remotely possible:

Now if scientific laboratories should some fine day actually create a living organism, I should say, in view of present physical research, that the construction of life was not a sign of the mechanical nature of the world, but that science was carrying out the will, the purposes, of God.

Whence came this thought of God? God was to me then very vague; the governing principle, first cause, unmoved mover of all.

A man digging up a little water in the hollow of his hand, and saying, "Lo, here is the ocean. It is only more and more of this." Or, a man dipping into life, who picks up a few joys and a few sorrows in his hand, saying, "Lo, here is life and its meaning. It is only more and more of this." No, if we are to accept the dictum of Marcus Aurelius that a man who has lived forty years in the world has seen all of life, it must be in the sense that he who has seen the fulfillment of a meaning, whole in a conscious moment, has known in a small and transient way what God is eternally.

The Writer

Emmet used journal writing as his way of clarifying his thinking about his life. Since he refrained from confiding his thoughts to his family, the journal became an essential repository of his feelings.

Emerson, Longfellow, all writers, kept journals. One feels bound to write in a diary every day, whether one has anything to say or not. The penalty for not doing so is a twinge of conscience. Repeated failures beget guilt.

A Journal—though the name means the same—does not exert the same compulsion; neglect brings no inward pain; long abstention only mild reproof of oneself. One writes in his Journal when one feels like it, when one has something to say.

I write down sundry things without regard for continuity, as they occur to me. What was written the last time, I may not agree with today, but it helps me to see clearly what I am thinking, just to write it.

Reading what I wrote long ago, I wonder at the prophetic vision with which some of it was written. I wrote more than I knew; the truth which I spoke I did not understand. It seems sometimes that some other was writing through me. It was a great conviction, a mission that illumined my words.

Looking over my past activities, how clearly everything connects—my experiences and my work! Also how I go from day to day, forgetting the connection! In some ways that is best, for it is good to wake up with yesterday in the past, tomorrow never entering the mind, and only today to live as if it were all the ages!

A characteristic entry focused on single personal experiences and his reflection on them. The one quoted here contains the touch of humor which lightens the nostalgia and pathos which were sometimes present.

It was dusk in a gray autumn afternoon. I looked from a high bluff into a broad chasm filled with a fog so dense that no object could be seen below me. In this great gulf lay the railroad yards of Kansas City. The short puffing of switch-engines, the grinding of wheels on the rails, the steady pull of long trains, all these noises reached me only as a vague murmur of confusion through the dense fog. Not a single brightly painted car, not a puff of smoke, penetrated the mist. The mighty contentions of a world's commerce were a harmonious rumbling like single-voiced thunder. No longer an intricate mass of scurrying trains; the mystic standing in the clearer air above the blanket of mist, saw the diverse purposes of men wrapped in the mantle of sheltering love, carried forward in the one great purpose of God. He sees in imagination the diversity of products, the men of many lands, but the overmastering picture of God holding the strife in the hollow of His hand, is the abiding impression. The world is one, and to be is to feel the oneness.

A mosquito restored the Many to the world by burrowing into the mystic's neck.

Exaltation has a value of its own, but it does not afford evidence for any scientific doctrine. I accept the exaltation as such, and its values for practical life are greater than the value of scientific reflection.

The journal had another function: by recording the events of his life as well as ideas associated with them, he was maintaining the continuity of his life by reviewing what he had written, thinking over past experiences. One example:

> *A long time ago I was looking at an old copy of the Manual Training High School Nautilus, the 1908 Annual. In the picture of my Edisonians I noticed a little face with a striking expression, and said to myself, "Who is that little fellow with a face like an angel, there in the corner?" Upon examination, imagine my surprise, to discover the face was my own! It was at the time I was thinking the thoughts of an angel, if ever, for my mind had just awakened, and I was passing through ages of evolution in an hour of thought. I can look back on my past life as not my own, but as another's—indeed, I see behind me a series of selves, each a stage in my growth.*
>
> *First I see the child of six or seven rolling about in the tall grass, or under the scented bushes, among nasturtiums and poppies and sweet peas, in the lazy afternoon; where cool water trickled through striped grass among yellow iris lilies.*

In the back of his mind, he always nurtured the possibility of weaving his past experiences and writings into an artistic form, some kind of a book. He once filled many pages with the sketch of a story, obviously an emotional autobiography. He quickly realized his mistake, appending a criticism: "It peters out."

His psychology course in college prompted him to write a report on his psychological development. He attacked the task with relish, receiving plaudits from his professor:

> *This is the most interesting report of individual development that I have ever read, and I greatly appreciate the privilege of being allowed to enter into your life in this way. It has often struck me that an important way for those of us who are fitted to do it, to help our fellows, would be to write perfectly honest and detailed accounts of our lives. Some years ago the story writer — (he named him)—took a course in Comparative Psychology with me. His was quite as unusual a mind as yours, but less well disciplined and not at all controlled. I shall expect your power of expression with the abundance of your materials for presentation to yield us great works in the future.*

I have not often consciously remembered his words, but in the back of my mind they have helped encourage me to persist in putting the materials into a book. I have often been reminded of the man of whom Emerson said that in youth he gathered materials to build a palace, while in middle life he erected only a woodshed. Will there be time and strength to build a palace, or will these materials remain a lumber pile only?

Concern Over Vocation

Anxiety over his vocation never left Emmet. His parents assumed a future career in the Law. His high school French teacher, Mary Fisher, recommended Literature as better suiting Emmet's temperament and abilities.

> *So you are going to study law? You are like all the intellectual men with literary tastes: you will find it dry fodder, I fear. And you must continue to have a margin to your life which you can devote to Literature. You have an unusual mind, and when you have sufficiently browsed in various literatures to know what men have already said, you will, I feel sure, find that you have something to say yourself. You have a good style too; your wide reading has given you ideas and words, and life will add to both.*

Law was more prosaic in the early twentieth century, before Americans became so litigious in every sphere. This was not yet the era of prosecuting Enron-sized corporate scandals, defending high profile criminal clients, providing tax evasion maneuvers, gathering class action suits against corporate giants, and assessing multi-million dollar punitive damages in malpractice suits.

Despite his skill in public oratory, and ability to argue controversial points, the province of law my father was likely to enter might consist of real estate transactions, probating wills, settling estates; in short, the life of a country gentleman, with esquire written after his name. In one journal entry, he mused about becoming a "man of leisure—if that can, by good fortune, come to pass."

These are all conjectures. We only hear Emmet's increasingly urgent voice protesting against the boredom of the law and reiterating his continuing attraction to the life of the mind applied to great ideas and creative expression. As a counselor who has given more than two decades to my profession in assisting others to find their vocational direction, I find it incredible to ask why "teacher" or "minister" was never proposed by those who knew him best. I can only conclude that they did not know him well, for he chose not to reveal the inner tumult of his heart.

At one point, he sampled a course in the new Graduate School of Business Administration, to see if this might be a more agreeable and equally effective substitute for Law School, in preparation for entering business with his father. This particular class seemed too elementary to Emmet, since none of the students could answer the professor’s question as to the difference between a bond and a share of stock. Conversation with his father had made him familiar with this long since. Emmet decided that Law School would be less elementary.

By the time he graduated, the matter appeared to be decided for him. He applied to Harvard Law School without enthusiasm. The final year ground to a halt.

The Year Winds Down

A swirl of activities brought Emmet's college years to a close. For the first time, he participated in end-of-the-year activities with classmates, and felt caught up in collegian exhilaration.

> *The last day of April, the Senior County Fair in the baseball cage. To my surprise I won a rubber pig—'14 marked on its side—at "roulette." I was not aware that I had won, until a classmate handed me the pig. We snake-danced back to the Square. For once I was part of a crowd. I would have done anything the rest did that night. It was all innocent fun. Being a Senior was fun!*
>
> *Yet there was always the real me in the background, ready to take his "Day in the Country," to listen to the Fifth Symphony, or to dash into verse!*
>
> *Tuesday June 16, morning prayers in Sanders Theatre at 11; Class Day merrymaking in the Yard afterward, when humorous gifts were presented. Someone tossed Junius Spencer Morgan a melon. Quick as a flash, he whipped out his knife, cut the melon, tossed part back, saying, "I'll cut it with you." A modest fellow, young Morgan was liked by all. One of my friends sat beside him in class all year without learning that he belonged to the banking family.*
>
> *My two closest friends in the class remained Walter Berkowitz of Kansas City, and F. Y. Chang of Chefoo, China, who later lived in San Francisco. In the afternoon, confetti-spattered exercises in the Stadium. Evening, the Spread, in the Yard, enlivened by music from the Glee Club and an orchestra. My table was near Phillips Brooks House. I was a nervous host, but my mother graciously did the honors of hospitality. My father could not arrive till the next day, but my grandfather was there, and my mother's first school teacher, Mrs. Mansfield from Ohio; and my special guest, Miss Alice Armstrong, Wellesley 1915. My quiet Quaker grandfather, at eighty-one, enjoyed the occasion.*

The Body Breaks Down

A single line in his journal tells it all: "And the string broke with the strain."

> *Eyes, teeth, general health gave way. Emotional? I believe so. Afraid of life; I wanted to devote myself to pursuits which would not bring in the money I would need to live on. I did not want to continue dependent on my parents. If I did not go into law, I would disappoint them.*
>
> *A literary career might be possible, if I devoted weary hours to college teaching. I did not want to teach; I had been in school too long. Mary Fisher's frustration after years in the schoolroom deterred me. What students would care for the things which thrilled me?*
>
> *June 1, a morning appointment with my dentist; afternoon appointments with two other physicians warned me.*

Between dentist and physicians the month was peppered with appointments. A cumbersome brace for my weak back; exercises to strengthen the muscles; the brace felt like a straitjacket; I felt crazy.

Doctor and dentist appointments continued till Commencement Week. That I was able to participate in these festivities convinces me that my problem was largely emotional. Cavities in my teeth were real enough.

Pursuit of physical health took precedence over other activities. I could not plan beyond that barrier.

It was decided. Emmet would not go directly on to Law School, but would take another interim year off to regain his health, as he had done after high school. A summer stay in Goshen, Hampshire, was suggested. Emmet leaped at the chance, unaware that experiences there would begin an inexorable journey to the culmination of his intellectual and emotional wanderings.

Was Emmet simply in poor physical health? He referred once to the emotional character of his frailty. Would a twenty-first century psychotherapist diagnose him with some nervous disorder? It is hard to detect the nature of the strains he endured. He would not be the first college student to suffer a near breakdown. By his own acknowledgment, he refrained from confiding in either parent. He may have conjectured his mother would worry and hover too closely. His father, who would have responded with objective caring, was absent. On his father's rare visits, Emmet cherished the contact, but more as an adoring son, not a needy one. His overwhelmingly introspective nature assured that he would turn to his journal, his violin, and his solitary walks for consolation.

Being an only child exacerbated his labile emotional state. He spoke often about his longing for brothers and sisters, for a feeling of family that he observed or imagined others enjoyed.

The year to come would address his situation more powerfully than he could have anticipated. It held the unspoken promise of "coming home" to himself and others whom he loved. Most of all it drew him to a spiritual encounter that would change everything forever. It began in the land of Goshen, New Hampshire, continued in northern Idaho, and culminated on the prairies of the midwest.

Finding Home and Family

Goshen

Emmet's frail health required spending time in the country. Fortunately there were contacts pointing him in the direction of Goshen, New Hampshire—a place that would later become his "home away from home" as well as an introduction to a new flavor of home laced with godly contentment. He records his summer:

> *Saturday June 27, my father and I, with the Rev. William Wilson, his wife and baby boy, took the noon train to New Hampshire. Winding through the woods and along Lake Sunapee, we alighted at Newport.*
>
> *A horse-drawn stage took us to Goshen Corners. Across the intervale between green and blue hills to Mill Village beside rock-filled Sugar River, then a steep climb on a dirt road through dense woods. As the stage came abreast of a giant boulder cleft by frost, the eighty-year-old stage driver was singing "Rock of ages, cleft for me." A sermon in stone, on the security and serenity of God.*
>
> *Why was I going to Goshen? Mr. Wilson was to be pastor of the Congregational Church for the summer. Knowing that a summer in the country was prescribed for my health, he suggested that I go with him. My parents thought well of the idea. I was at an apathetic stage where I wanted to get away from everything.*
>
> *This quiet hill town under the shadow of Mount Sunapee soothed me. It was a new world, different from the country around my grandfather's Iowa farm. I responded with eager eyes to fresh surroundings. I settled into a boarding house, where informality ruled. A genial host and hostess made me feel at home.*
>
> *My father stayed a few days to see me settled. We tramped the hills together. He surprised me by asking if I would like to have a Ford car to drive around the countryside. Driver's licenses were not then required, but I realized that it would not be safe for me, and regretfully declined. Even a bicycle would not be safe—and would have to be walked up hill half the time! A horse might be safe, but I chose to walk. I soon abandoned my back brace—and the calisthenics. I walked; sat by the roadside in the sun; I breathed pine-scented air—and lived!*
>
> *One day, in neighboring Lempster, noon caught my father and me far from our boardinghouse. We were hungry; restaurants miles away. We came to a farmhouse, shaded by maples and evergreens. My father suggested that we ask if we could buy dinner there.*

An old lady, white-haired, in house dress and apron, answered our knock, hesitantly answered my father's question:

"Why yes, I guess I could find you a bite to eat."

We sat in the parlor, in view of the adjoining dining room The table was covered with a white cloth. Smells of baking came from the kitchen. The lady bustled in and out, bringing jellies, preserves, pickles, relishes, milk, a "print" of homemade butter. Soon hot rolls, potatoes, meat, vegetables appeared.

With a smile, she said, "I hope you will like it." We did. Pie followed the hearty meal. As we prepared to leave, my father asked, "How much?"

Timidly the lady asked, "Would a quarter be too much?"

My father handed her a half dollar.

"I—I don't have any change."

She meant a quarter for the two of us! My father assured her that twenty-five cents was not exorbitant for each of us, and we left her embarrassed at such munificent reward for her dinner. In 1914, a quarter was worth working for, besides providing food.

I enjoyed going swimming with the young minister. A wide place in a brook, secluded by alder and willow bushes, was so hidden from the road that we ventured to bathe à la primitive. We built a dam of stones and brush, forming a pool in which we could take three strokes. Later a storm washed away our dam.

I argued religion with Mr. Wilson, for I found he believed no more than I.

How could he preach what he did not believe? Finally he took refuge in his superior age: "Someday you will discover," he pontificated, "that a man reaches an age when he finds that he must have settled convictions." I let the matter rest. He was four years my senior.

I was asked to teach a Sunday School class of young men from fifteen to thirty years. What more could they ask for qualifications, than a Harvard diploma? I hope that my metaphysical language was so far above the heads of my pupils that it did them no harm.

Hearing me play the piano at the boardinghouse, the waitress, who was church organist, asked me to play when Sunday dinner preparations kept her from

church. The first Sunday, I sat down at the reed organ, and suddenly remembered the pedals. Pumping frantically, the bellows filled and sound poured forth. The stops!—which ones? I tried a geometrical pattern; the resulting sound was not unpleasing. I sweat it out that Sunday. During the week I got the church key, opened the window beside the organ to let me enjoy July sunshine, and practiced—straight through the hymnbook, to be prepared for anything. I analyzed the values of the stops, wrote out registrations of piano pieces, suitable for preludes, offertories and postludes.

My friend Chang from Harvard came to visit me in Goshen. We strolled in the woods and sat in the new-mown hayfields, eating Red Astrakhân apples. Chang asked me, "Russell, what is life?" I had no answer for him or for myself. He bothered me inquiring about Christianity; I brushed off the question.

One day Mr. Wilson handed me Moffett's newly published translation of the New Testament, saying he thought it might interest me. I sat down in the living room to read, somehow got past the hard names in the genealogy in the first chapter of Matthew, read on till supper time.

After supper I took the book to my room, and by the light of a kerosene lamp read on into the night, until I finished. I could not stop. This was not the Bible I knew, in stilted sixteenth century language. This language was modern, relevant to my life. The book itself was like other books, type running clear across the page, plain cloth binding.

I had read in my grandfather's family Bible; lying on the floor with the unwieldy volume open before me, always beginning Genesis, never getting out of it. In high school I had bought a large print German Bible, then French, Latin, and Spanish Testaments. Limpid French fascinated; august Latin filled my mind with sonorous phrases. All this was shadowy, unreal, a bookish thing apart from life. Now I faced reality in English that spoke to my heart for the first time.

An interruption to Emmet's irenic solitude came with the news of the outbreak of World War I in Europe.

Chang had the New York Times follow him to Goshen. One day we read, "Viscount Grey sends ultimatum to Kaiser." Then, "Germany invades Belgium." War! My plans for a year in Europe went out the window.

President Lowell wrote me, pursuant to a request for a letter of introduction to the Amerika Institut in Berlin, "…I do not know what American students will be in Berlin this winter. If the war comes on, there will probably be none…"

Would the war develop into full-scale hostilities? The impossible happened. We who trusted in the Peace Palace at the Hague, in international arbitration, in the innate decency of western man, in culture as a substitute for military rivalry—we had grown too civilized to embark on a major war. How blind we were!

Besides, I was a midwestern isolationist who resented the New England eagerness to help the Allies. The glamour of Europe was gone forever. Only the fascination of the Greek isles remained.

Life in Goshen went on peacefully that August; a choir at prayer meeting; a church sale and entertainment, with a mock wedding. The young people decorated the church with ropes of goldenrod; the bride carried a heavy bouquet of them. So we fiddled while Belgium burned.

Emmet made friends with the Draper family, whose cottage was a century-old rambling house with a wide porch overlooking the intervale, blue hills north and west, Mount Sunapee eastward.

Mr. Draper was Episcopalian. An agnostic at Brown University, he was so impressed by Phillips Brooks' preaching that he wrote him a long letter exposing his doubts and questions. Busy Bishop Brooks replied in a longhand letter of three crowded pages—I saw the letter—carefully answering the questions, concluding, "It is not a question of what you must believe in order to be a Christian; it is a privilege to be a Christian; you may believe in Jesus Christ." Mr. Draper's simple piety impressed me.
September brought a feeling of well-being and strength. Since my boardinghouse closed Labor Day, I was referred to the Nelson family for board and room. I walked over to their square century-old house on a hill looking off to Mount Sunapee.

The lady who opened the door reminded me of the one who fed my father and me the twenty-five cent dinner. Hesitant, she said that she would board me. The price?

"Would five dollars be right?" I was paying seven. I was learning New England caution; I assented.

The waitress-organist brought me and my baggage over by horse and buggy. I was installed in a southeast chamber with three windows. The walls were stenciled with green oak leaves and red hearts on a pink background, done for a bride and groom about 1810. The house had been the home of Captain Gunnison, whose name is splashed generously over the map of Colorado.

> I had read all the books I brought with me, devoured the boardinghouse library, including seven volumes of an encyclopedia of carpentering. Now at the Nelsons' I read their son Ernest's textbooks in agriculture from the University of New Hampshire. I had vague dreams of becoming a farmer. I loved the open country.
>
> It was my horror to learn that Hial Nelson and his sons were loyal Democrats! I grew up believing that the Democratic Party was the party of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Now I met obviously good men who were Democrats! My political self was shaken to its foundations. Political distinctions are not as devastating as I supposed.
>
> The deepest experience was being present at family prayers with the Nelsons.
>
> Without apology, they invited me to join them. Father, mother and four grown sons gathered in the living room after breakfast. Mr. Nelson read from the family Bible. Each person took audible part in prayer, praying for me by name. I could not resent it, though I sat, instead of kneeling with them. A Harvard man could not be undignified, or pretend to a piety he did not feel. The only God I thought possible was a philosophical Absolute, an impersonal power.
>
> The attrition of honest prayer, the sight of four strong men kneeling, conditioned me for further revelations of God in the lives of people. There was security in knowing that these people cared enough to pray for me.

Emmet stayed at the Nelson's through most of October, then returned to Kansas City. The plan was to visit loved relatives on his father's side in the west before returning to Cambridge for his first year of Law School.

Emmet had little idea of the significance of the trip before him, nor did he fully realize how much his Goshen experience, especially at the Nelson's, had softened the religious yearnings of his heart. The objective scientific façade of the Harvard intellectual establishment loosened its grip during his summer of walks by woodland brooks, playing his violin for friends in New Hampshire sunsets. The communal peace of the Nelson home had seeped into his spirit, soothing the loneliness. He felt loved and cared for—prayed for.

Going West

In mid-November, Emmet boarded a west-bound train. The hunger of his heart for family life like that he had known in Goshen was met again on his arrival in Sandpoint, Idaho, where he joined his Aunt Gertrude and Uncle Harry Schedler and their brood of four children for the winter.

My Uncle Harry was one of three men of German descent who married sisters of my father. He was a man of many talents, artistic penmanship, making ink sketches of birds. He rigged a system of pulleys for leverage in pulling stumps; devised a threshing machine for shelling peas and beans.
I was there when Uncle put the homemade threshing machine together, connected it to his engine, stationed me where the straw stack was to be formed. I was to pitch straw away from moving parts of the machine. The engine started; immediately I was assailed with a machine-gun fire of peas. The trouble was simple: the contraption was hooked up wrong end to. Properly assembled, it shot peas into the right receptacle, kept me busy pitching straw away—instead of dodging peas!

I leaned how to clean bricks with a chisel. Of old bricks and galvanized iron Uncle built a feeder to heat food in the trough and serve it hot to the pigs. The animals had enough sense not to touch it until it cooled. Such activities were valuable supplements to my Harvard education.

Aunt Gertrude was as Irish as Uncle Harry was German; a perfect combination for a harmonious home. My cousins were four: Mildred, now 12; Merle, 8; Fred, almost 7; and Helen, 5. Helen was a little lame from spinal meningitis, which also had left Aunt Gertrude subject to severe headaches. She suffered, but never complained. Nor did Helen.

Their house was small; four rooms and an alcove, but with hospitality they took me in. I had never lived with other children; all the adjusting was theirs. They were so loving to me, that I lost my heart to them all. This was paradise beyond anything I ever dreamed. The old longing for brothers and sisters came back. I would gladly have given my life for any of them.
Fred's seventh birthday came Friday, November 20. I gave him a silver dollar. In the family speculation over how he should spend it, someone suggested that he start a savings account. The idea appealed to Fred, so we walked down town to the bank Saturday morning.

When I saw Fred's silver dollar disappear over the counter into the cashier's till, and saw Fred receive only a passbook in return, chills ran up and down my back. Would a seven-year-old boy think he had his money's worth? Fred looked grown up, not at all disappointed. Years later I found that this began a regular habit of saving for Fred, which led to his ability to give his wife and children the best in care and education; and that he never regretted his first investment.

Sometimes we took rides in the wagon—or with runners replacing wheels, the sleigh—warm in a hay-filled wagon box, cuddled close to one another. Uncle

helped me select suitable ranch clothing; a wool shirt, "elephant" wool pants, wool socks and "pacs" for the feet, and a wool jumper.

Deer season, uncle and I went hunting. We drove the pair of cayuses out past the lumber yards, through stump land to the logging road into the foothills. There we encountered difficulties. The road had been full of snow, which melted and left a river instead of a road. We waded up by a detour through the woods, avoiding stumps, till the water was nearly to the top of the wagon box, and the cayuses had to raise their heads to keep their noses out of water.

We left our horses while we carried the grub to Bill Stevenson's ranch house across a meadow. Leaving our food we went back to town with the horses and wagon. Next morning we rode the Canadian Pacific to Pack Spur, through the Kootenai country. From the Spur we walked over cutover land to the logging railroad and so to the ranch.

Uncle shouldered his uncomfortable pack of canned goods, and I the carrots and potatoes. We climbed steadily a thousand feet in nine miles. At first it was logged land, but soon we came into tall timber where no axe had ever been. The whole northwest between the mountains was burned over about four hundred years ago; these forests were young. Vista of perfect columns, not a branch till fifty feet or more. Nature is an architect with her columns and arches. On the mountainside all trees lean slightly toward the mass of the mountain.

We stayed at a homesteader's shack; logs stuffed with moss, cedar floors, roof of cedar shakes. A tar paper ceiling was being installed by degrees.
The bunk, attached to the wall, had cord "springs," a mattress and sougans. One uncanny peculiarity: the house was neatly balanced on a 45° slope, down which it had begun to slide. One had to grip something to stay in bed. Dishes stayed on the table by friction, but the cook stove always posed a problem.

We lived high—uncle baked bread twice. Dry yeast, the color of dynamite, was so called. Mulligan stew, Idaho baked potatoes, "logging" berries, cranberry stew rounded out the menu.

We got no deer, but saw so many tracks we could not follow them. Deer were neighborly enough to come within 75 rods of our cabin. As cook, I roused the men at 3:30 a.m.—the best time for deer—also to sleep! I went out and washed in the snow, looked up at silent aisles of white pine, ablaze with moonlight from the zenith. Far down, a coyote howled. No fairer sight than those slender trees topped with a mass of dark and light, and the sheen of the moon; silent as no place I ever felt—air laden with the fragrance of pine and hemlock and spruce.

We saw the cabin where my uncle and family lived while they proved up on their homestead—better built, more comfortable than others, for he knew how, and cared for these things. Beds and kitchen furniture still there, and the little room apart where the children used to play.

After eating our grub and wasting the ammunition, we came down light. From Bill's ranch we rode the pilot of the logging engine—an iron bar meant to protect the engine if it hit anything. It was a front end observation car. Unevenly spaced ties and badly matched rails sped under us on a fast ride down Pack River to Kootenai, whence we hiked the Northern Pacific tracks home.

By late November, it was time for Emmet to proceed to Seattle to visit his relatives. He pulled away from the happy household in Idaho reluctantly, growing more and more homesick as the train wound its way through the Cascade Mountains, down into Seattle out of the snow, and into the fog and rain of Puget Sound.

In Seattle I went to my Uncle Peter Woeck's office in the Arcade Building. He was the most outspokenly German of my German uncles. Born in the Rhineland, he came to America at the age of twelve, already imbued with German ideals of fine workmanship and with a talent for things mechanical. Now a contractor, specializing in the renovation of old buildings, his current job was adding a story to the Arcade Building. He took me to the Rathskeller, considering me an excuse for indulging in good German cooking. Uncle Peter was a hearty man who liked people—which meant that people liked him.

Aunt May was dignified, yet warm, with red hair, blue Irish eyes—and immense ability, fully appreciated by her husband, whom she aided in business by handling the accounting. My uncle owned a launch, the Loveday, on which we had rides up and down the Sound. Aunt May, sitting in the stern, red hair streaming in the wind, looked like the Norse goddess Freya.

After Christmas I traveled by boat up the Sound to Silverdale, where I met my third German uncle, George, and my father's sister Harriet and my two cousins, Louis, 12, and George, 10. By his father's German standards, Louis was old enough to do a man's work after school hours, so that I saw less of him.

George and I roamed the madrone woods on weekends. Once we went salmon-spearing. It was not the right season, but we found a salmon which George speared easily—it was dead! I dissuaded him from bringing the malodorous fish home. George was disappointed.

Constant wet weather brought out rheumatic pains. Many days were too inclement for me to go out of doors. When I did, I came in soaked, chilled, unhappy.

I was supposed to go on to my father's only living brother George Russell in Oregon, and thence to Uncle Charles Rice in California, and my Aunt Grace. California sunshine should have been a potent lure.

Emmet's homesickness for his Sandpoint family grew intolerable. The family had twined themselves about his heart in a way he had never experienced before. He wrote them a letter asking to return. Aunt Gertrude answered: "You needn't wait to write, but just come."

I came. What else could I do, with such an invitation? One dark morning at four, having sent my baggage to the boat landing the day before, I walked from Uncle George's to the dock. The night was filled with stars, above a light ground fog.

My boat reached Seattle in time for an early train, so that I arrived in Sandpoint late at night, gladly exchanging the wet coast climate for dry cold air of the Inland Empire. My uncle and aunt did not expect me on the night train; they were out when I arrived. I remembered the barn, crept into the mow and lay down on the hay. Cattle below made it warm; the horses stamping shook the building. I was too happy to sleep yet, and soon heard the family returning. I was home—the longed-for home of childhood dreams, now an incredible reality!

Emmet's journal records a new spirit of lightness:

I have outgrown despair. Life is beautiful. Life is good. I have come to feel an independence of spirit.

Emmet set about the work of the farm, helping in any way he could.

My uncle began pulling stumps to add a field to his ranch. He would dig a hole at the base of a stump, insert a stick of dynamite, attach a cap and generous length of fuse. When ready, he had me give the warning cry, "Fire!" from my station beside the road. Then he lit the fuse and ran to join me. We watched the stump move upward with the blast, thud to earth a few feet away. Then uncle brought the horses and hauled the dislodged stumps away, one at a time. Every day of this activity was Fourth of July for me.

Plowing too. Uncle Harry asked if I would like to try a furrow. It looked easy—the horses did all the work. Reins around my neck, I grasped the plow handles. Uncle spoke to the horses; they started on the run. I had all I could do to hold the plow handles, bearing down on them enough to keep the share in the soil part of the time. The horses stopped at the fence!
One day I traveled to Post Falls, Idaho, to inspect 46 acres of to-be-irrigated land which my father took in on a business deal, and had never seen. I snapped pictures of land and surroundings, of signs which a promoter erected on our land: "Sixth Ave." and "Lincoln St."

Uncle Harry, knowing that I wanted to spend the summer out of doors, suggested that I tent out on the forty-six acres, plant oats, which he thought would grow without irrigation. He would help me get outfitted, drive down with my equipment, bring plow and harrow, prepare the soil, help me seed it by hand.

I need not stay on the project; I could stay in Sandpoint, going down occasionally to watch progress, until harvest, when I could get one of the neighbors with equipment to harvest it, on shares or for a price, haul the oats to market. Or uncle would come down and haul the oats back for his own use.

The venture appealed to Emmet, but his father said no. Emmet was disappointed, for he saw it as an opportunity for independence, for improvement in his health, and a valuable work experience. Perhaps he also hoped for a way out of Law School.

Soon it came time to head east.

The day of my departure was at hand; it looked like the Day of Doom. I was going eastward toward Cambridge and Law School.

The children kissed me tearfully goodbye and went to bed. Toward midnight Uncle Harry and Aunt Gertrude prepared to take me to the train. I stole in and kissed each sleeping dear one. Many a night I had listened to their whispered prayers, always naming me with some special petition. Tears often filled my eyes as I heard them. Tonight my throat hurt and my heart ached.

At the railroad station—a gloomy place at any hour, dreary at midnight—we heard the train coming, shattering night with its roar and whistle. There is something inexorable about an approaching train, when it is to carry you away from home and love and happiness. Uncle Harry gripped my hand, with a hearty invitation to come back soon. Aunt Gertrude threw her arms around me, kissed me warmly, tears glistening under the dim light in the station. She understood how much the months spent in their home meant to me.

This Light Affliction

Emmet called his journey toward faith in Christ an ascent—"Going Up To God." Goshen was a beginning. The months in Sandpoint built on that foundation by providing the warmth of human connection and a motive to make his life count for something.

As the comforting clack of train wheels moved him steadily toward Montana, he felt calmed. The love of his family of cousins were a soothing memory. He must make the best of what lay ahead. He turned his attention to the next step of this pilgrimage—the humble ranch home of his mother's cousin Mary, north of Missoula.

> *Cousin Mary met me with her thirty-two-year-old horse, somewhat younger buggy. The superannuated draft animal had the largest feet I ever saw on any creature but an elephant. He put them down deliberately, one by one. Cousin Mary could go to sleep driving, the reins lying idly in her lap. Old Kit went on, keeping the buggy out of the irrigation ditches.*
>
> *Childhood memories of Cousin Mary's farm home near Minneapolis haunted me. She had been beguiled into buying, sight unseen, a ranch on bench land in the foothills of the Bitter Root Range. The ranch disappointed; buildings falling apart, never enough water for irrigation, marketing a problem. Her daughter Carrie became a substantial breadwinner. Cousin Mary was left alone except for Kitty, a family dependent, a woman of greater physical than mental powers. Kitty did farm work like a man. Carrie came home weekends, did a woman's and a man's work combined.*
>
> *There was little about the ranch which Cousin Mary and Kitty could not do faster and better than I—except churning! They worked all one forenoon over the barrel churn. The butter would not come. Finally I persuaded them to let me try.*
>
> *It was plain that Kitty did not expect me to succeed. Was it a new hand, a new rhythm? Butter came in seconds. I could have that job for the rest of my stay. My luck held for the month—it would not be honest to call it skill.*
>
> *Cousin Mary belonged to the Society of Friends, for she was of my grandfather Brown's family. In contrast to my father's Irish sisters, she was undemonstrative. But she was loyal, and she received me as peculiarly dear because of blood relationship. Without saying anything to me about my relation to Christ, she spoke often of Him. Quietly, her life spoke eloquently of peace in the midst of*

hardship. There were Christian books in the home; its atmosphere was sacred. I could not mistake the Power that sustained her.

A month in her home prepared me for the ascent up to God. I wandered over the bench meadows, amazed at the variety of wild flowers; alone beneath a cloudless sky with myself—and with the Unknown God. At the end of the month I seemed to have made no progress; it was a physical and mental plateau; my forces were gathering, and I caught my breath for a rapid climb.

The climb would begin on a physical plane before it transformed into a spiritual ascent. In May, Emmet proceeded to Colorado Springs where he climbed Williams Canyon to the Cave of the Winds at 7500 ft. level, visited the Garden of the Gods, and took the cog railway as far as Windy Point, 12,000 feet above sea level on Pikes Peak. He continued east away from the Rockies, across flat eastern Colorado, the sand hills of western Nebraska, cottonwood fringed creeks, Lombardy poplar windbreaks, little towns with grain elevators and water tanks, to Omaha.

In Omaha, Emmet's intent was to seek out old haunts from his childhood years. He was especially curious to look for Zoe, the dark-haired young girl he had idolized in grade school. He must find out if the young woman she must have now become would match the secretly prized idyllic vision he had retained all these years. After seeing the old school and the store where he used to live, he turned the corner to the house where Zoe Olga Estey lived.

Zoe's father, whom I had never met, came to the door. Zoe was home, dressing to go out for the evening. While I waited, an elder sister entertained me. Sister, a schoolteacher, spent the preceding summer at Harvard Summer School. We did not meet, but we had something to talk about.

Then Zoe came down, lovely in party clothes—yet she was not the Zoe I had idealized. Very dark, aloof, she greeted me coolly, and I responded with equal coolness. All the old charm was gone. The cherished dream fell apart in irreparable fragments.

Besides, sister had already told me that Mr. Waldvogel was expected momentarily, to escort them to a May festival at the University of Omaha. Mr. Waldvogel was definitely coming for Zoe; older sister would be a third party. I was welcome to her. My arrival was opportune. Deeply disappointed in Zoe, I was a listless escort for her sister. We had a pleasant enough evening, and Mr. Waldvogel obligingly drove his Ford around by my hotel afterward.
Thus the door closed forever on a chapter in my life, on sheer romance made of a pretty face, a smile, and an intriguing name.

That Friday night Emmet read in the Gideon Bible in his hotel room, as he had begun doing in other cities in his travels. The heavy suitcase of books he carried with him no longer gave satisfaction. He was making uncomfortable discoveries as he read. There was the day he read Psalm 14—"The fool hath said in his heart, ''There is no God.'" Another day he reached Psalm 53, again read, "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'" Twice was too much for Emmet.

It was not so bad to be called a sinner—a respectable one, of course—but to be called a fool was intolerable for a man with a Harvard education. Simply because he does not believe in God! Absurd. Yet—what if the psalmist was right?

Saturday morning I read again in the Gideon Bible, then walked to the Public Library to revel once more in the Children's Room. This was the same; many books that charmed my boyhood; Greek mythology, the Henty books, Ernest Thompson-Seton. But the tables were now too low, the chairs too small. Had they ever been right for me? Or had they, in Alice in Wonderland fashion, grown smaller in eleven years? The Children's Room was not a disappointment; but now it was for other boys and girls. A new life lay before me.

I walked past the places where I once lived, the old schools, took pictures, then went to call on my chum Ed. I found him sitting on his front porch, tilted back, feet on the porch railing, a cigarette drooping from his mouth.

Ed greeted me lazily, answered my questions about his work and what he had been doing briefly, received with apathy facts I offered about my own life, but asked no questions. I saw that we belonged to two different worlds. I left disappointed.

That night in his hotel room Emmet again read in the Gideon Bible. After a good night's rest, he awoke Sunday morning to a startling discovery in that Bible. He had reached II Corinthians 4, and a single verse stopped him, verse 17:

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment,
worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

I stopped. The words held me. I walked to the Burlington Railroad Station, checked my baggage, and sat down to wait for train time. My thoughts busy, nine o'clock—train time—came and went. I did not hear my train called.

Suddenly aware of the time, I rushed to the gate. "Where is the nine o'clock Burlington for Villisca?"

"Just ready to pull out—over there." The gateman called to a brakeman, "Put this young man on his train."

This time I did not resent the proffered help, as I was pulled up the steps of the last car as it began to move. The kindness was repeated at Villisca and at Red Oak, where I must change trains, on the way to Tarkio, Missouri.

As I sat in a dingy plush coach seat, about nine-thirty Central Standard Time, that Sunday morning, May 16, 1915, I understood the words I had read.

My affliction, which appeared to me great, was now revealed as light, and only for the moment. Abundant human kindness was available to meet my need. As I was dependent on others for physical guidance, which I must accept as an expression of human compassion, so I was under obligation to make return to others for the help which I needed from them.

What could I do? I had a well-educated mind. Others might lead my body; I must guide their thoughts. How? God would reveal this to me.

Yes, God! Moreover, God in Jesus Christ. My opposition melted before a simple act of kindness—and before the Word of God. For in that luminous moment, God—the same God who at the creation "commanded light to shine out of darkness, shined in my heart, to give me the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

I knew that at that moment I met Christ. I knew that henceforth I belonged to Him, that I would follow Him all my life; that whatever He showed me that He believed and taught, I would believe and do. An unconventional conversion in theological terms, it has stood the test of time. This was reality: I knew that I passed from the death of hopelessness into life in Christ.

My simple failure to make a train unaided was a symbol of the futility of my life as it had been. My suitcase of books by the wisest of men contrasted with the one Book in which God spoke to me. All the joys of books, of music, of friends, of meditation and writing poetry; what were they? An unreal world. Everything I wanted called for a Center, a purpose—a Redeemer. Now I had found Him!

The blessed life of a home in which love dwelt—and included me—this too had vanished as a dream on awakening. I would recover from the disappointment of Zoe in Omaha; but would not deeper disappointments follow, engulfing life in ruin?

No! For now I knew the One who could put me on the train of life, help me at its changes, be my traveling companion forever. The inner, spiritual blindness was gone like a mist from the eyes of my spirit. The world my intellect built up through study of the wisdom of men vanished: a world without God, without hope, without purpose, a world in which one could only try to please himself as best he might; a world in which what one wanted to do to make a life was walled off by what one had to do to make a living—a worthless world!

But God! My thoughts went back to the August evening in 1906 when, not a hundred miles away in Kansas, God tried first to get hold of my life, through the hymn, "He leadeth me." The same Christ led me through those nine years, until I turned and met Him. I have lived in the glow of this May morning ever since:

Heaven above is brighter blue,
Earth beneath is richer green, . . .
Since I know as now I know,
I am Christ's and He is mine.

When the train stopped at prairie towns, the birds sang more sweetly than I ever heard them before. Tears in my eyes were a wellspring of joy, washing my soul clean. I had a smile for my fellow travelers; a cheery "Thank you" for the trainmen who helped me from train to train. I was not alone; I joined the human race.

A new life more wonderful than Dante's was mine. So, late Sunday afternoon, I came to Tarkio and to my friend J. Vallance Brown, Greek Professor at the college, who welcomed me to his home. We attended "Kirk" in the evening—Professor Brown was head of the Session—singing psalms instead of hymns; a strange but welcome experience, for now I belonged.

Emmet spent ten days in Tarkio, taking long walks with his professor friend, talking about their common love for all things Greek, most of all for the New Testament in Greek. Emmet would later confess that the one thing he would most have liked to do in life besides ministry, would have been to teach New Testament Greek. During his days in Tarkio, he was attracted to the life of the small college; wished that he might be a part of it, to have the guidance of such men as friends.

Emmet was too shy to share his new experience on the train of meeting Christ. Perhaps this premature new birth could not be exposed even to sympathetic eyes; it must be incubated within his heart for a time. He confided in his journal,

Incipit vita nova. New life begins. II Cor. 4:17. And in Italian, "The new life of charity and piety."

The divide was crossed. The tiny stream which flowed toward the sun rising, clear and musical, with the joy of a fresh beginning, a new song bubbling over the stones on life's pathway. Many a bank of sand, and rocky boulder, would shape its downward course in the valley where work waited to be done. The new life would never forget the heights whence it came. Ten days in Tarkio gave the plant which the heavenly Father planted time to root itself in congenial soil, before being exposed to the winds of the world.

At home, I tried to tell my mother the wonderful experience of meeting Jesus Christ. She stood in our kitchen, frying potatoes for supper on the gas plate. Afternoon sunlight gilded the wall. I had barely reached the edge of my subject, when she said something—I do not remember what—which showed her bitterness toward any but the vaguest religious expression. I froze. I could say no more. She had nursed her grudge against God for permitting the ruin of my eyes too long. It was the one bitterness in an otherwise sympathetic nature. She would not share me with God, with Jesus Christ.

I was too new a friend of God to know how to help. Silence was my only recourse. How could I make clear to her that it was physical blindness itself that opened my eyes of the spirit to God? That because I was nearly blind, now I saw? Indeed, men were "as trees walking" to me yet; clearer vision must wait the healing of time and experience.

First Love

My father once remarked that very often a person's falling in love coincides with a religious conversion. It was something he said he had observed. I see now that he may have been speaking from his own experience.

But we are not prepared for the precipitousness of this development. There has been no hint of a smoldering flame of feeling in exchanged correspondence. Nor has he mentioned the periodic visits of family friends from St. Louis, their daughter Marcia included.

When Emmet returned to Kansas City from Tarkio in the late spring of 1915, he chanced upon a recent photograph of the now mature young woman, Marcia. He was instantly smitten. His imagination soared and he began to envision scenarios of romance. These visions must not stagnate in the mind. His newfound optimism about life propelled him into action.

He elicited an invitation to attend Marcia's graduation that was taking place in June, and made hotel reservations to allow for a more extended visit. Full of hope, he arrived at Marcia's doorstep. His language in recounting his experience is bald, not sparing his pride.

> *My personal world came to a crisis when I stood in the doorway and faced the girl whose photograph wakened intense admiration, fed by memory of visits over the years. She was lovelier than any photograph, a face vivacious, intelligent, spiritual, framed by golden curls, glowing in the sunlight. Her hand trembled as she took mine in greeting, took the roses Î brought.*
>
> *We went to her college baccalaureate service in the evening. Marcia did not march with her class, but sat beside me out of deference for my coming so far to see her graduate. All I remember of that service was a golden head beside me, one tendril of a curl on her neck.*
>
> *I was head over heels in love. Was I in love with her? Or with myself? Or with love itself? Patience; time will tell. I could make out a reasonable case for the genuineness of feeling toward her; friendship of our parents; contacts through the years keeping alive friendship between us; she was younger, shorter than I; we both had college experience. I could have been attracted to her for her gifts of mind and skill, had she been less beautiful. I was sure that I had found the ineffable "She."*
>
> *I saw her every day. We went to park concerts together. There was little else going on in summer for which we—at least I—cared. I meant to consider her*

desires, but followed my own. The books, the music I brought her, were those I liked. I had scarce a thought for her preferences, her tastes, her thoughts about the life she wanted to live.

I took Marcia to visit cousins of mine, and was encouraged by their approval of her. I knew they would, yet waited breathlessly for some expression of their feelings. It was given with more enthusiasm than these quiet people usually permitted themselves.

One trivial incident enhanced my admiration for Marcia. We were walking across the lawn, thick with clover. I asked Marcia, "Did you ever find a four leaf clover?" "Yes," she said, and stooped to pick one. "Can you find another?" I asked mischievously. "Yes," she smiled, and plucked one which she handed me. Sharp eyes that found a rare four-leaved clover effortlessly were a miracle to me.

I moved from a hotel to a room nearer Marcia's home. One day an expected remittance from my father failed to come. I was so low in funds that I resorted to the expedient of spending a nickel for a telephone call to friends, sure that in the course of conversation they would invite me to dinner. With one good meal a day, I could manage on crumbs. The check came at last; I ate once more, and regained my self-respect.

I was leaving soon. I must tell Marcia my heart. I had to know whether she felt toward me as I did toward her. How could it be otherwise? And yet, she was far beyond me. How could she have more than a compassionate friendship for me?

So I took her rose buds, and trembling and pale, I told her in broken phrases, intense and eager, all my heart. She said she had not guessed—she thought my "gallant speeches" were just that. We were old friends, that was all.

My world crashed about me. For her I could do anything. For her I could study and practice law, go into business, anything to make a home for her, give her the things she ought to have. The prospect of law school began to look attractive; a means to enable me home, to make everything all right.

With Marcia gone from my life—her refusal was genuine and unalterable—there was not even an empty shell left. I walked long that night, down by the Mississippi River, across a familiar bridge. The dark river, glints of street lights in it, invited. If I only dared! But to be found so, to disgrace my family; to give Marcia such pain—I walked rapidly away from temptation, until, exhausted, I came back to my room, crept into bed, and waited for the morning, wide awake.

I had told my mother of my love, and my mother jumped to the conclusion that Marcia could not possibly refuse me. My mother wanted me to bring Marcia home with me; when we were settled in Cambridge, my mother and grandfather would go back to Kansas City, or perhaps to Minneapolis, to live. My father would see me through Law School, married.

By the time I received my mother's letter, it was too late. Marcia had spoken. The offer repelled me; I did not want to marry until I could support my wife by my own efforts. Independence was in my blood. But it did not matter now…

I saw Marcia a few more times. She was subdued now, the vivacity gone. She left town for a week. I stayed on, without hope, equally without power to give up. This was worse than death; if Marcia had died, she would have become my Beatrice, to inspire whatever life I lived, to say of her what was never said of any woman. But Marcia lived; she would never be mine; I had no right to hold her, even in my thoughts.

I went to see her mother who consoled me. "Wait, perhaps in a few years…" She gave me a picture to carry in my pocket. Then she said to me, quietly, firmly: "Emmet, you belong in the ministry."

Astonished, I replied lamely, "Oh no, I could not be fit for the ministry until I would be seventy."

Was she prophetic? She and Marcia belonged to an evangelical church. But Marcia and I never discussed religion. We did not go to church together. Surely if I truly loved Marcia, I would have spoken of my new experience of Jesus Christ. Why so shy about a thing so near my heart? No, I did not tell Marcia quite all my heart to take care of Marcia. She would justify everything, simply by being there when I came.

When Marcia returned, I saw her again. She was more like her former self. I did not realize the suffering I had caused her. I thought only of my own. When I said goodbye, I lingered so long that when I reached the railroad station I had to run in order to swing up the steps of the last car of the train that was already moving silently out of the station.

I wrote to Marcia, frequently at first. She replied in friendly letters. Feeling her lack of response, I wrote less, and she waited to answer, until our correspondence ended when I made known my decision to enter the ministry—the "most wonderful work in the world," she congratulated.

Yet I felt her aloofness; even had she known at the beginning that I would enter the ministry, and that I was an evangelical Christian, still, in the mystery of human relationships, she did not love me.

Slowly I came to see that I had not been in love with Marcia, but with love itself, and with myself, desiring her as a possession to minister supremely to my self-love. It was well for Marcia that she did not yield to my pleading. I was not ready for marriage.

The disappointment carved a deep hollow in his heart. "I had been so sure," he wrote me three decades later in response to a similar disappointment in love I experienced. "There was never any bitterness," he wrote. "Only an aching void left by the fading of earthly joy." By the time he wrote these lines, God had filled that void "to overflowing," he said.

There was a little more road ahead before he would find the woman of his dreams, and he had little idea of how much he would be shaped by that finding.

The Decision about Vocation

The matter of calling now asserted itself with new force. He made his reluctant way to Cambridge, as though he were on a moving train and could not disembark. He felt oppressed by the ominous approach of Law School. Panic seized him; he could not breathe in the humid atmosphere. So off to New Hampshire hills he went to be with friends in Goshen. He penned these lines:

O ye small New England brooks,
With your stones and mossy nooks,
How I like your dainty looks
Better than my college books!

As he walked the woodland roads and sat by his favorite brook, he continued the urgent struggle over his vocation.

Hours were spent by his woodland brook, in long walks, or at the home of friends.

Inwardly turbulent, I wrestled inconclusively with my problem: how to live the life I longed for, devoted to art, music, poetry, and supremely to Christ.

Am I long in coming to God's service? Not till I can lift the rock of my own unbelief, and gird on the sword of faith, can I enter the combat. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Proverbs 4:23

My road ran downhill to a brook, and up again. I sat on a grassy hillside, on a rock, beside a line of maples; before me the valley, above, blue sky. It was Sunday.

That evening, I attended Christian Endeavor in the Baptist Church in Mill Village, conducted by the young people. The responsive reading was the same as a year ago—the 27th Psalm. The fourth verse had fastened itself in memory: just what I wanted "the beauty of the Lord; and to inquire"—to ask ever so many questions—"in His temple".

At the close of the evening service, Walter Nelson spoke to me. "Emmet, I have often wondered if you are a Christian?"

That question ended my hesitation. I had been a believer in Christ for more than a year, yet even so close a friend as Walter did not know it. It was time I took my stand openly. I answered, "Yes, I am; and I want to give my life to His service."

As I walked from the church up the road in moonlight, the call came in the Latin words from Matthew 25: "Venite, benedicti Patris mei." Come, ye blessed of My Father. I knew that my life belonged to Christ. I must serve Him in the ministry.

That night I made an entry in my notebook: "Venite, benedicti Patris Mei. I learned for the first time, I am a Christian."

Dealing with Law

In a last effort to escape Law School he made out a plan for a year's work for an M.A. in philosophy, on the History of Religions, George Foote Moore; The Philosophy of India, James Haughton Woods; Theism, Edward C. Moore; and either a seminar in Theology or the History of Christian Thought since Kant.

> *It was no use; where would such a course lead me? I did not know my way, nor where to turn for the advice I needed. I did not know God well enough yet to ask Him intelligent questions. There was no escape; I registered for Law School. My Wanderjahr was over; a dark and uncertain way waited to engulf me.*

Emmet took Law School in stride, though his heart was not in it. He found frequent escapes through immersion in music and literature, walking in nature, retreating to Goshen.

> *Law left no traces on the literary snow of my December; lectures and concerts dotted the month like trees in a landscape; and the purchase of books. Joseph Pennell's Pictures in the Land of Temples, lithographs from Italy and Sicily to Asia, sent mind and heart to the Greek lands, with longing and a poignant, piercing joy; longing for the Mediterranean world.*
>
> *In February, lectures and concerts swallowed up law school for me. I lived in the margins of my life. Professor Paul Shorey of Chicago began a series on "Platonism in European Literature" which punctuated the month with exclamation points, stirred my longing to learn Greek.*
>
> *Criminal Law obsessed me; the most nauseating part of the law, bringing me in touch with phases of life of which I was ignorant. Often I thought I could endure no more, that I must quit. What else could I do? I went on, miserably, except for those wide margins of my life.*
>
> *I would never be reconciled to the practice of law. Yet I lacked the courage to drop it. Where could I turn? Was there any more congenial occupation by which I could earn a living?*

Summer School was a time when Emmet could explore his own interests. One summer he enrolled in a Beginners' Course in Greek given by Professor Clifford H. Moore.

He could no longer keep away from Greek. Added to his interest in classical literature, art and life, was eagerness to know the New Testament—which profoundly moved him in English, in other modern languages, and in Latin—in the original also. The class was small: a few undergraduates who failed the course during the winter, a young Irish Roman Catholic priest, and one woman.

Greek thrilled me. The half-familiar form of the letters, clear Porson type, the charm of Greek taste, the power of the Greek intellect enslaved me.
Had I possessed courage to begin over, I would have become a **Greek scholar,** *even if it meant teaching.* **College teaching***; a subject few but the ablest chose. Summers in the Mediterranean, among the Greek islands, study in Athens! To read Greek authors in the original, to write books about them, to share my enthusiasm with those who knew no Greek! Above all, to read the very words of Paul; perhaps even of Jesus! Summer School passed all too soon.*

Occasionally, subjects in Law School would interest him—Constitutional Law and International Law in particular. He purchased the three volumes of Yale Professor Farrand's Records of the Constitution of the United States, giving the proceedings of the convention that framed the Constitution. He also had a ten volume set of United States diplomatic correspondence in connection with International Law the previous year. "If I could be an **ambassador**," Emmet thought.

A stray entry in his journal indicates that some courses precipitated some thinking about economic theory. His political sentiments were distinctly Republican. Yet he asserted that there would never be industrial peace until labor had a share in establishing and directing the policy of industry. Management would always be in the hands of capital and enterprise, but policy should be the concern of all interests.

At the same time he knew that State ownership was no cure, throwing control into the hands of one element as much as does laissez-faire capitalism. Whatever the ownership, there must be coordinate control, no matter how different the practical working out may be.

Writing from the standpoint of the 21st century now, and in an extremely polarized society about the economic inequality produce by capitalism run amok, I wish for my father's degree of moderation about economic theory to be exemplified in our country at this critical juncture.

Called To Write

Writing continued to be important to Emmet. In May of his first year in Law School, Emmet bought a new journal, of the substantially bound sort for taking notes in Law School. Tucking it under his arm he walked to Longfellow Park, sat on a bench looking up at the marble relief of six of the poet's characters. He inscribed the date and place on the flyleaf, and Longfellow's lines:

Look then into thine heart and write,
Yea, into life's deep stream;
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn voices of the night,
Be these henceforth thy theme.

Writing would become a lifelong focus for him. His underlying conviction was that writing was part of his calling. He always considered his best writing to be his poetry. On his visits to Goshen, out in the woods, or by a quiet roadside, he worked on poems.

> *It is easy to write words without ideas. Prose slips off the pen almost without effort. But when I try to put it into poetry, then I feel more responsibility for my words. Every syllable gets its share of reflective care. Even so, much that ought not to be written slips by. Poetry is like fishing; I can only set my line of thought and wait for a verse to nibble. They bite most freely in early morning or late in the evening.*
>
> *My "studio" was a secluded spot on a brook. Here I bathed in a shallow pool, read and wrote sitting on a rock beside the stream, through summer hours; a time of release, of renewal, lightly touched by the certainty that this time would pass swiftly, and that Law School awaited me in September. I would be a poet while I could. So July melted into the mellow August of a redeeming summer.*

His frequent visits to spots of natural beauty precipitated much of his writing. He made his way to Marblehead on the North Shore, walked around the Neck and the harbor. The beach became a favorite haunt that would later become enshrined in memory as the site of a romantic tryst.

> *Rocks of brown, orange, red, yellow, purple, gray, surf whitening at their feet and up into the Churn, that cleft in the rocks where near high tide the waters surge up, and fall back through echoing, hollow passages.*
>
> *July mist on the sea, pearl between gray ocean and blue above. O beautiful work of the love of God, which I have found! "Who trusts in God's unchanging love, builds on a rock that shall not move." I stand and look out to sea, the surge of life whitening at my feet. Life making smooth the way by the beach. I would have the outward view, out to sea, the mysteries of life, of the world, of God. I am but kelp on the crest of a wave. I can but live till the sea of life itself shall leave me on the pebbly beach, and the tide go out—to take me nevermore.*
>
> *Look out to sea; look out toward the living, moving waters of life, from the Rock of God's love, from the shore of the homeland. How should I will other than God's will? His alone, Kingdom, glory and power. Ocean, mother of life—the body of kelp and crab come in on shore, the abounding life goes out upon the ebbing tide—spore and spawn are carried back to sea.*
>
> *Life begins anew. "That which came from out the boundless deep, turns again home." Aye, under the sea as on the land, the Rock of love—the everlasting arms are spread. Look out to sea: the open way, the far sunset, the prayer of earth and sea and sky together at eventide.*

His poetry writing, normally a salve to his wounded spirit, sometimes raised new questions of worthiness. In a particularly depressed mood, he wrote:

> *I have written but little worthy of me—lines here and there, good in themselves, but very few poems. If I am to write a really worthy life, it will take all my strength to learn, to perfect, to make it complete.*
>
> *A few fragile poems are not such a work as would satisfy me. But enough of them; that would bring enough happiness into the world to be worthwhile. Can I turn them out daily, by practice? Am I an artist? Or am I all dependent on winds and moods?*
>
> *My good poems seem to me to come out of nowhere! It is a sacred ministry I take up, if I devote myself without reserve to poetry. It is an old voice, as old as the priesthood, and as capable of bringing men into the Kingdom of God.*

The Poet
I am a star that falls
In a flash through the August night,
I burn 'ere I touch the earth,
But I startle men with my light.

You ask, are there more like me,
When I am spent with the flame?
Aye, God has star-stuff yet
That shall bear the poet name.

An Obstacle

"In the world of the blind, all things are sudden, wrote Marshal McLuhan. But also, not all things are possible, Emmet would have added. His limited eyesight loomed as a possible obstacle to a meaningful vocation. He called it his "thorn in the flesh" in a few lines of poetry, acknowledging that the surface issue masked a deeper agony:

A thorn in the flesh?
Not that they see,
Not that for which they pity me;
Mine deeper lies.
A star-beam, where I sought a star;
A voice I cannot follow, from afar;
Not aching eyes.

Would his eyes hold him back from what he most wanted to achieve in life? Or was it the attitude of others toward his sight that would be the hindrance? "If they would only treat me as a normal human being! But my real trouble is the inability to follow the life I most desire."

Sonnetto

Why do they taunt me with the lack of that
Which God alone can give, and God withhold?
With scornful jest and glances overbold
Why am I singled out and pointed at
As one less fortunate than they that scoff,
Fit subject for but pity and for mirth,
Devoid of a diviner human worth
Than to learn clever tricks and show them off?
It is my own fault if they use me so,
For I have shown them but remorseless pride
In place of kindly human brotherhood.
Nay more, no Christian ever did I know
Who by a scornful pity Christ denied:
His followers find in all men good.

Emmet decided to join the Masonic Temple in Cambridge. Even here he was reminded again of the limitations his eye sight put on his full functioning in society.

> *My grandfather Brown was a Mason, a high priest of the Royal Arch Chapter. My mother was an ardent member of the Eastern Star. My father had recently joined the Masons for business reasons, gone up the Scottish Rite to the 33rd degree, and belonged to the Shrine. In Mexico it was helpful in his business connections.*
>
> *At the last minute I came near withdrawing my application. The secretary of Charity Lodge asked me if my father would be able to support me in case I could not make my own living. I was incensed, yet went ahead, though I felt that I should have withdrawn, unless they were willing to receive me for myself, without depending on my father. After all, I was nearly through Harvard Law School: blind lawyers do make a living. Their attitude sobered me, until, six years later, out in China, I severed my connection with all Masonic bodies—leaving behind an investment of several hundred dollars in life memberships. Charity Lodge, indeed!*

A World At War

The concerns of the world nearing war also pressed upon him. In April, 1917, the United States entered into war against Germany and Italy.

> *The war did not come home to me yet. I took the noon train for New Hampshire, to spend the April recess at the Hial Nelson home in Goshen. There were walks around old haunts, visits to friends, meditation in the fields, services at the Baptist Church, visits to business establishments of the Nelson men, and a bit of writing.*
>
> *In May I took the daughter of our Chelsea friends to see the Harvard ROTC reviewed by Marshals Joffre and Viviani. On the one side crowd upon me memories of golden days and gentle faces; on the other, the grim sacrifice of young men who go out to die within a month.*

My sacrifice is to be of life, of long years, not of death, nor the hazard of death. We are so eager to make the sacrifice of war for the safety of political institutions and of the social system—how much more ready should we be to make the sacrifice of the Christian life for the sake of the Kingdom of God which alone can make lasting the peace we long for.

Memorial Day was more meaningful that year, with our nation at war. A year later would find Emmet registering for the draft at Cambridge City Hall. He anticipated the rejection that came, but wanted to play his patriotic part. Three decades later, in World War II, he would try again —this time volunteering to serve as chaplain. He was rejected again. The Quaker heritage in him helped his constitution and heart battle with a patriotism that nowadays often turns militant.

The War Within

Emmet began to examine his newfound faith in a variety of ways—reading the Scriptures, listening to lectures, talking with friends. One evening, he went to hear Billy Sunday in his Boston campaign. His inner turmoil intensified. Sunday's preaching produced a jolt to his sensibilities—his liberalism, his sophistication, his natural reserve. He wrote in his journal at great length and with passion.

On conversion by intimidation, not persuasion. You can scare a man into parting with his property by poking a gun in his face, but you can't frighten a man into religious convictions by poking hell in his face.

Most men are religious not because of hell but because the experiences of life make religion the necessary power behind life. A hot religion is apt to be vaporous. Our human melting point is pretty low. We must melt the glue, but let's have something solid to stick together with it.

We who believe in a liberal theology must remember that while we guard our spiritual freedom against the tyranny of forms and beliefs inconsistent with the truth, we must also recognize that it is not freedom first and theology afterward, but theology the foundation on which our freedom is erected.

We believe in a God consistent with the principles on which we are coming to see the universe is founded. We believe in a God who works through the laws of the physical elements toward a world stable enough for life; through life till it has brought forth mind in it; toward that mind which has developed a moral consciousness, until finally man, an immortal spirit, born of God and His creation of the infinite past, proves himself what God willed from the beginning, a spirit able to help in the creation of His Kingdom.

Billy Sunday doesn't believe in the brotherhood of man. I do. Jesus treated men as brothers—His brothers—and brothers one to another—when He talked to them. He

said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do/"—is this the speech of a sacrificial Lamb about to be slaughtered by alien enemies? He didn't say, "Send the gospel to them and let them be converted." He said, "Forgive them." He meant it.

Was the Lord's Prayer only for professed Christians? Is it not of virtue in the mouth of one who is afar off and looking toward the light? His prayer too shall be answered. It begins, Our Father which art in heaven. The Kingdom is figurative, after the fashion of those times. Fatherhood is not time limited. God gave them a king in His wrath: how about fathers? His wrath shall pass away, but His mercy endureth forever.

People are always doing me little kindnesses; people upon whom I have no other claim than that of common humanity. They are of all colors, races and shades of belief. Some of them of something more substantial than shades of belief. The Good Samaritan doesn't go very deep in most of us, but we all have a touch of it in the blood. We are the sons of God; His little children, Peter tells us. By and by we shall grow up and put on the whole armor of God. Even now we recognize the primitive duty: "I am my brother's keeper." The brotherhood of man is the cornerstone of my faith. The stone rejected by Billy Sunday.

About the blood of the Lamb. Jesus lived to save men. How trivial a sacrifice His death beside those years of suffering and serving! Great as that last terrible penalty was; much as it taught us; dear as the memory of it is to us; "His life means more to us. Suppose Jesus had gone up from John's baptism to Jerusalem and died there; how much we would have lost—how hollow Christianity would be without the life of Jesus!

There is no salvation other than to be like Jesus. The new law, the commandment of Jesus, is the salvation He brought us. In life, or beyond the grave, we must become like Him before we shall enter the Kingdom, His Father's house. This is salvation by character, by a whole life, which is more than a simple act of faith, more than any amount of good works. Salvation by living in Christ is the only way to get rid of sin. Jesus did not "pay it all." You and I must pay our share, and all of us together help our brothers to pay their share.

Herein we too share in the progress of mankind onward and upward forever, here and hereafter. Also the spiritual authority and leadership of that full-grown Son of God, Jesus Christ. Also the certainty of just retribution for sin—not expiation through Jesus—just plain retribution, giving back, by each and every one. Here also is the trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation of the character of God and of the interest, duty and final destination of mankind.

Don't trust Adam and Moses more than you trust Jesus. Jesus is our ideal, our standard, our Savior, through first, faith that his life can save us; then, living it every day a little nearer. The final harmony of all souls with God? I only ask, who will stay out when he believes that the arms of love are open for him?

Emmet heard Billy Sunday with his father. He said, "He's logical, if you start with his premises." His father's reply conveyed to Emmet the startling impression that his father did *start with Billy Sunday's premises, and that he found no fault with the conclusion. He said that if Mr. Sunday's converts lasted only twenty minutes, it would be worthwhile.*

Emmet reacted violently against Billy Sunday's message as well the manner of its presentation. It made Emmet retreat into the teachings of the Universalist and Unitarian creeds quoted, but mixed with evangelical love for the person and character of Jesus. Emmet had really met Jesus; but was not clear as what Jesus himself believed and taught, so Emmet rejected it out of hand. In his words:

> *The impact of Billy Sunday's homely—I called them crude—phrases was too much for me. I could not run away from Christ, but I ran blindly away from orthodox theology.*
>
> *A gentler exponent of evangelical doctrine might have reached me. But this was the way it happened to me; first a surge of love from and for Jesus Christ, bursting into experience that Sunday morning, May 16, 1915, nurtured by private study of the Bible, by scraps of evangelical truth heard here and there, then by friends like the Nelson's and the Draper's, held me. Then this blast of evangelical fury drove me back to my liberal heritage.*
>
> *It was painful, but educative. Billy Sunday reached multitudes who would never listen to me. Fewer ears are attuned to a gentler approach, but I was one of these. I knew the sincerity of their seeking, the depth of their need. Somebody ought to care for gentle souls who have never known sordid, outbreaking sin, but whose need of a Savior is equally great. To be the kind of Christian who could reach them, I had much to learn.*
>
> *On the surface, 1916 undermined what 1915 wrought; but underneath there was a seeking that would not be denied access to God in the person of His Son.*

Emmet commented that he had been writing as a new convert, doing a great deal of "reinterpretation of Christian history, and reconstruction of theology, proudly laying ignorant hands on the new enthusiasm, which should have made him humble instead."

Emmet was every inch an American and his liberalism was uniquely tied to his concept of the American idea.

> *Much as Unitarian and Universalist theologians may delight to trace their peculiar tenets back to the primitive church, or to find them held today by ancient organizations, yet, like the English sparrow, the liberal church first found a congenial home in America.*
>
> *It is the destiny of America to work out a new phase of human development—civilization through liberty. Liberty isn't the whole story; there's much else to our national character—but it is the keynote of our life.*

I did not yet see my way through. My intellect clung to liberalism; my whole being responded to the love of God as expressed in the Nelson family. They were real. I spent my Easter recess in Goshen, walking through patches of snow here and there; deep snow in the woods. April sunshine filtered through the trees; growing things were springing up everywhere. I felt sweet peace, in an eddy far from the river of blood that flowed in Europe. When I was shut in by rain, I did not mind, for it meant going deeper into the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, and of the dear grandchildren, Doris, five, and Ruth, two; the compelling power of a Christian home. I could argue for liberalism, but I could not escape the living Christ.

He tried to express his deep admiration for Jesus the man, still clinging to the insistence that "there was nothing supernatural about him."

The life of Jesus is the crowning, unique life of the world. He dealt with the greatest concerns of man, his religion, his relation to the ultimate nature of the world and its supreme Ruler. He taught that this relation was not complex and obscure, but simple and pure. Jesus simplified all the relations of life, and purified the world as no other influence ever could. Why could he do this? Jesus was the Son of God, the only man who ever lived, who was truly that. In the nature of things he could be no other. There is nothing supernatural about him. Jesus was the representative of the divine life wholly and perfectly. No other was ever that. To be like him, to put on the whole armor of God, is our whole duty.

After Prometheus lit the first fire, every man has found a way to do it. In the steps of the Master, then, in the infinitely difficult life of every day we can strive to follow him. His was a life which living and dying he gave for us.

The death of Jesus saves.

Of the resurrection, Emmet was silent—until he went with Chang Fu-yin and a Harvard group to a Y.M.C.A. student conference at Northfield, Massachusetts, where he was confronted with a frontal assault on his liberal theology.

The days offered spiritual motivation; a missions class under Charles Hurlburt of the Africa Inland Mission; Bible studies; lectures by Dean Brown of Yale, one of which disturbed Emmet, because Brown affirmed the physical resurrection of Jesus as a fact.

I expressed my doubts in an evening meeting of our group. No one replied; our leader, a pastor, said nothing.

I went out and walked by the brook that bordered the Northfield campus. I had to be alone. Could I be a Christian without believing doctrines my reason repudiated? Sitting on a stone beside the brook, I wept. I did love Jesus. I could believe anything He showed me that He believed and taught. This doctrine of the physical resurrection I could not accept until Jesus Himself showed me. God, are You there? Jesus, are You real?

The moon shone down, not unfriendly, upon the brook in the woods as it murmured over the stones. One star I saw. And God came down and lifted me again.

Back in my room I wrote: "I will never leave Thee nor forsake thee." Again God was leading me–letting me find out for myself. I thought I was returning to Universalism, rejecting evangelical Christianity. I needed once more to go to my Arabia—my Goshen—to find myself? No; that there God might find me.

Returning from Northfield, Emmet began attending Unitarian churches around Boston. His reaction to Northfield was bitter. He poured out his scornful critique in pages of his journal:

Northfield—the "good" association with other men of all nations, under conditions more favorable for drawing out the best in each; but little spiritual life; prayers that sink like lead to earth; no winged speech; prayers no Christian ever ought to pray, for unworthy objects, vanity, pride of institutions.

Addresses full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. A hymnbook worse than Billy Sunday uses. They used mostly the cheap hymns in "God in three persons" to the great three in one. Dean Brown's cheap arguments for the physical resurrection, following his brilliant analysis of the Bible—the only spiritual message of the conference.

The theology was of the confused type that worships Jesus, prays to him as a person of the Godhead. Precisely the point of Jesus' life work was that he showed to what heights of purity human life could rise. If he was divine, it is no credit to him to have lived a pure life on earth, not even to have been willing to come to earth at all.

Jesus was certainly human; was He anything else? By his unique life he demonstrated that a man can live wholly for God, doing his will in every act of life. Man was made in the image of God, and was intended to become like him. Jesus Christ fulfilled that goal.

Jesus is the perfect Son of God on this earth. But he commanded us: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." If another should attain that perfection, would he therefore become divine? Only in the sense of being like God, not in the sense of being God. No man can be God while he is man—but he can have the divine nature within him.

See how the evangelical idea of the divinity of Jesus stunts spiritual growth. Man cannot attain the pure heights of Jesus' life. Redemption was finished 1900 years ago. Man has only to accept his slice of the salvation Jesus meant for him.

Thus man is limited in at least three ways: first, he cannot become perfect in life; nothing remains to be done about salvation; no man has power to work out his own salvation.

Whereas I believe that man can and sometimes does become perfect in life like Jesus. I have known such people—a few. Jesus did not cease to be human by being perfect; witness the temptations, the times he wept, became angry, almost gave up in Gethsemane, but everything he did or felt he used for bringing in the Kingdom.

Second, we know very little about the plan of salvation. The fact that the universe is larger than the Ptolemaic cage points to the possibility that God is not going to save us earth by earth, but that all the planets shall work together for salvation. Evolution, which evangelicals say has no new spiritual contribution, ought to warn us that we should be modest. Perhaps man is not after all God's last word in the creation of life. Perhaps he has a better instrument coming.

Third, man must work out his own salvation. Jesus helps us to do it by showing us the way. He was the Way, because his life showed the truth about man's destiny. Salvation is by character, by all that a man can make of himself. He is redeemed in the measure of his achievement, as God measures achievement.

The first test of religion is truth. Truth is measured in all the ways man can devise, whether of reason or of experience.

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There is one God, and conscience is his prophet.

On a weekend visit to Goshen at the end of the summer, he skipped church, choosing instead to walk the eight miles over Lempster mountain to Washington, New Hampshire, and back, to stretch his legs and mind and heart, clear out academic fog, see straight, think straight. Toward evening he called on the Nelson's, whose gracious welcome moved him, in spite of his revived interest in liberal religion. He spent daytime by the brook in his studio, walked over familiar roads, saw a brilliant display of Northern Lights.

The following Sunday, back in Cambridge, he took another long walk instead of going to church. He felt disturbed, needing to be alone and walk off his turbulent thoughts. He was still wrestling with the conflict posed at the Northfield Conference about the claim of Christ's deity.

"Who sayest thou that I am?" "Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." Jesus—all that God means to me. Without Him, I would not know God. He manifested that person truth declares is God. I cannot deny Him. This is but intellectual recognition: I await the Spirit's fire.

The whole impression that Jesus makes is one of manhood, not that of God.
If traditional theology means to thinkers who claim to believe it, only that Jesus manifested God, why should we keep the doctrine of the trinity? The trinity, the incarnation, the atonement, are occasions of stumbling to every straightforward thinker. Christ as God manifest is no more than many men and women are in some degree.

If we knew Jesus as intimately as we know others about us, would we find Him unique in quality, or only in the superlative concentration of His life? The Gospels paint that concentration, that perfect absorption in His mission. Were there struggles, before He attained maturity?

Unless it is the truth honestly told, the age of traditional theology and the sacred associations about it, ought not to justify its continued acceptance. It is not enough to have convictions that are substantially true; we ought to express them unmistakably, honestly, directly, not in mystery.

Then the Spirit's fire fell. In a special Quadricentenary celebration of the Lutheran Reformation at Tremont Temple, Dean Brown of Yale spoke on "The Lure of Goodness." In spite of Emmet's strong reactions against Brown's arguments at Northfield for the physical resurrection of Christ, Emmet retained admiration for him. The sermon was an exposition of the life of Christ and how he "went about doing good—and found it an adventure.

Brown's address settled once for all Emmet's doubts as to the deity of Christ.
I could not escape Jesus. He was my Truth, as well as my Way and my Life. I knew now that He meant what He said when He claimed equality with the Father.

This endeared Tremont Temple to me. In 1916 I had attended a Laymen's Convention there. In August I had worshipped there with my cousin. Soon I would return, and to stay. I could no longer remain a Universalist or Unitarian, or be a "liberal" in any other denomination, or go to Roman Catholicism. I knew myself at last for an evangelical Christian—a believer in Jesus the Son of God.

A few days later, he walked alone on Hemlock Hill in the Arnold Arboretum. The skies were of autumn leaf clouds. Here was Dante's dark wood, a vale of thought. Emmet grew calm, saw clearly, and now at last rested completely in the love of God revealed in Jesus Christ.

Autumn leaves carpeting the brown earth of Hemlock Hill with richer browns, yellows and reds. Dark green hemlocks; a few bright oak leaves clinging to their trees; vista of blue, here and there a leaf-colored cloud. And the brook running through it all; faery sound and dancing light.

Coming out on the train I began to think how I no longer feel the loss of a happy period of youth, as I did at the end of college life. I do not seem to think about happiness now. I have been taken up into a larger life, wherein is a joy that sustains every trial and suffering. All things are mine, for I am Christ's, and Christ is God's.

I see more beauty in this scene now than I ever did before. The sensitiveness of the artist cannot give the abundant joy in life that is in Jesus Christ. "To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple."

A month later Emmet attended Shepard Memorial Congregational Church in Cambridge to see his friend F. Chang baptized and join the church. Emmet longed to stand beside him and follow his example. But Emmet had become accustomed to keeping silent about his faith, ever since he had encountered his mother's opposition to evangelical Christianity. He had not told Chang all his heart yet.

> *One afternoon I asked him why he did it. His answer: "I used to think that Christianity was a set of doctrines which you could either believe or not. I have found that Christianity is an affair of the heart; and I have given my heart to Jesus Christ."*

Time for Decision

Certainty about his calling was coalescing for Emmet, gathering strength and certainty.

> *I am through with doubts and hesitations. I have known for more than a year, with all the certainty that belongs to any knowledge I possess, that I belong in the Christian ministry. My only question is, how best to prepare for it. No wealth, position, good deeds, enjoyment, or family aims fulfilled could alter the fact that my life is wasted outside of the immediate service of Christ in the one calling that bears His name.*
>
> *My literary powers are vain without the coal from the altar on my lips. I do not belong to institutions of law, of art, or of church. I am a servant of Jesus Christ, of the Kingdom, that supreme institution, the only just one among men, not yet manifest. Let me educate my will to work in the mind of Christ.*

Thanksgiving that fall was spent in Goshen. He took an evening walk by moonlight, saw friends, felt release from the tensions of Cambridge, of Law School, of the opposition he knew lurked ready to break forth if he let his mother know of his determined faith in Christ.

> *Thanksgiving morning I saw the sunrise, walked in deep snow, visited friends, reveled in tramping across the fields. Here was freedom to be myself without restraint. I ate three Thanksgiving dinners along the way—hungrily, with the abandon of youth. I was welcome everywhere.*
>
> *Friday, dinner and supper at the Nelson's again; snow was falling when I returned to my boarding house. More snow fell overnight; on Saturday I walked by my swimming hole, on old woods roads—a network of snowy lines on branches of deciduous trees, masses of snow on evergreens.*
>
> *Sunday I was driven to Newport by sleigh, and then came home by train. I wrote: "The end of a time of decision for me." I was now established in faith in Christ.*

Emmet continued to make forays into churches nearby in an effort to be part of a Christian community.

> *I visited a Baptist Church close to Harvard Yard. I was not favorably impressed; no one spoke to me, though I lingered in hope that someone would. The sparsely peopled*

room made me feel physically as well as spiritually chilly. I was disappointed, for I hoped to find a congenial place to worship close to the University.

Emmet was not ready yet to align himself with an explicitly evangelical Christian community. His mother's stubborn objections to his chosen spiritual path were a stranglehold restraining Emmet from acting freely. It would take his failure in law, and freeing himself of his family for him to follow the course he ardently desired and which he felt was God's calling for him.

Failure Of Law

Law School drew fatefully to a close. Because Emmet failed a few crucial courses, he could not get his law degree. In some senses the failure was not crushing; he had not devoted his full powers of concentration on the law; he had spent his energies on attending concerts, walking to the arboretum, engaging with friends in conversation, and always—in his consciousness—was his growing desire to follow his heart into some form of religious vocation and his tentative reaching out for fellowship.

I find myself in dismay at the absence of vocational discernment available to my father at this critical juncture in his life. I have devoted much of my last forty years in helping others find their "life/work direction". His mother had latched onto the idea of law as being the only career that would support him, and therefore had devoted many hours of reading thousands of pages of law books to him over the past three years to compensate for his limited eyesight. Her disappointment over his failure was greater than his own and added to his distress. Why had she herself been blind to the clear evidence of his absorption in attending concerts, walking in nature? And he had purposely not shared with her his religious aspirations—the tentative seeking out of connections that could lead him into another field-that of ministry, fearing her disapproval.

He considered returning home to pass the Missouri Bar exams, and practice without a degree there. Going home would mean facing his mother's disappointment along with his own. But facing this failure raised the deeper fear of future failures. He would reluctantly return from exile in New England to his home in Kansas City, though with qualms. The future was uncertain and foreboding.

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As the train carried Emmet and his family westward, Emmet took care to chronicle his last impressions of the New England where he had spent the last seven years. In contrast to his revulsion at Boston and Harvard's pretensions when he arrived, he now tenderly records his feelings with a hint of nostalgia.

The last glimpse of Cambridge; the Radio School with guns on their shoulders, marching out of the Palfrey Estate; the beautiful yard of the Museum with morning sunlight through the leaves; Quincy Street, the Sever Quadrangle, and George H. Palmer's house for a farewell.

Then over the Charles by the same bridge by which we first entered Cambridge, the new Technology buildings below in the shining haze of the eastern sun; above, a misty reach of water touched here and there with light. Down Beacon Street, the lovely shades of the Public Garden, a glimpse of Commonwealth Avenue's parkway; under Elevated trestles to South Station.

After quiet fields around Worcester, the Deerfield Valley and the Connecticut River, the lovely Berkshires, desolate back country down to the blue Hudson and Albany, then Schenectady.

Evening. Sunset after heavy rain, between Utica and Rochester. Fiery clouds burned slowly, then died away in ashes and peaceful night.

Now late at night near Buffalo I am writing. That sunset flames up in my heart like a sacrifice of fragrant incense for my new life. May it be a sacrifice acceptable to my Savior, full of beauty like the clouds after rain that shone above the moist landscape tonight.

By the time the train crossed the Ohio line, Emmet's descriptions change to reflect his undying attachment to the midwestern "prairie sensibility."

Out of Toledo into Indiana—gray and cool, growing warm and sunny. Wheat turning golden, corn a few inches high, oats green and flourishing—level land to the horizon, groves of trees here and there—how good the prairies look—how good to be back upon them once more!

So we came to Chicago, jolted across the Loop to Dearborn Street for the Santa Fe to Kansas City.

Out of Altamont, Missouri, on the observation platform of a California train—I heard a meadowlark—the western kind with the cheery song—quite near the track. How fair the broad fields of corn and wheat, broken by occasional trees, shine under a gray-blue sky, fresh in the cool of morning.

Kansas City was still the repository for good memories that came flooding back.

Sunday evening we reached Kansas City. How many memories of my boyhood come back for the first time in years as I go about Kansas City—the houses I admired for some fanciful reason; wove stories about—the blue and red flagstone sidewalks, blue street signs set in boulevard walks, the pergola on the Paseo—every corner crowded with happy memories. Mr. Riggs' house; the orchestra party; Troost Park and my fairy play! I scarcely knew I was so attached to things. I fit in here. It is home already, though I can call no house my own.

Tonight I read Revelation 17 to the end. God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes—the splendid vision—my dream is to put in words that vision as it comes to me

in the world today out of my own experience. What the Kingdom of God means to me, the glory of God and of His Son replacing sun and moon, the stars His saints and angels—the Lamb upon the throne, the Bride—and God the Comforter shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Back in Kansas City, the family was ensconced in a home his father at acquired in a real estate trade, and on the same street where they had lived seven years earlier. It did not take Emmet's father long to establish a business partnership with his wife and son—the Russell Investment Company, with an office in the Victor Building. Emmet did the typing, and looked up matters that he could handle; sometimes went on business trips with his father through Kansas, kept the office while he was gone.
Yet he was instantly restless.

I must get back to church work as soon as I am settled. I will not be so uneasy if I am doing something along the line I want to work in. Someday, somehow I shall have my chance to get into the ministry. God is measuring the temple and them that worship therein. If I make myself pure and good and strong, He will use me, for He knows how "one thing I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, to behold the beauty of the Lord. and to inquire in His temple."

The smallest, weakest country parish, on a starvation wage, would be better than this horrible uneasiness. O teach me patience and give me strength, to use for the Kingdom, my Jesus, I will try hard to be good and put up with every hindrance until I can feel honestly free to do what I know I ought. Do not abuse the temple of God, which temple ye are.

Emmet did not then foresee that often his ministry would indeed take place in small out-of-the-way places where his intellectual stimulation would come from books, even from radio and other technical devices suited for someone with limited sight.

But right now, he felt suddenly adrift without the intellectual stimulation of Cambridge, making life look incredibly bleak. His entry also leaks his growing hunger for human companionship—what Christians called fellowship.

The enthusiasm for ideas begins to surge back in me. I long for intellectual companionship, people who know ideas and care for them. Reading over the pieces in my Journal, I long to talk over these ideas with someone who can appreciate them. Oh, where are such people? Solitary, with voices all about me. I must work out that book of youth—how a poet grows—there are people who care. I must reach them, share with others the joy I have in ideas.

I care more for ideas after all than for poems. The world lives by ideas, though it takes its leisure with music. I like my good prose as well as my lovely poems—there's more of it, too, and it's sturdier and fuller of thoughts. I want wings or an airplane! I want to talk to somebody who can talk back.

The truth of the matter was that Emmet had failed to achieve his law degree because of having failed a few courses. Now he was in the prison of an environment where he was not adequately prepared for a career in the law, where his cherished religious values and aspirations were not acknowledged, but even scorned, and where he felt he could not live as a free human being. His journal burns with his anguished outcries as he felt himself a prisoner in his own home. He thrashes it all out repetitively in his journal:

> *How brave I was in September 1915, when I thought if I didn't like Law School, I could quit. The horrible mesh caught me and held me. Nobody cared—nobody who could say the word that would pull me out of it. I am grateful to all those who sustained me, believed in me, knew there was something in me worth saving—and I did live on for that thing. But it's hard. I didn't care about an easy life. I expected hardship—all the time—but not this. Not to be able to say openly what I believe, not to dare to pray openly, to read my Bible, to take part in work that is called Christ's. This is too much; I've got to find a way out.*
>
> *I know something about the Pilgrims—and freedom to worship God after my own conscience. It isn't an empty phrase to me any more. There is flesh and blood in it. I love the Lord, for He has heard my prayer. Since God is for me, what matter who can be against me? It is hard to keep cheerful, but when I raise my eyes to Christ who goes before me, I am glad to the depths of my life.*

The lines become torturous to read at this remove. My respect for therapeutic help makes me cringe at the absence of its existence in either that era or in his social class and awareness. It is painful to hear his cries for help, knowing how quickly modern parents of a disabled son would have sought support, whether from caring elders or from professionals.

> *It is hard to keep cheery and brave when I can't see my way out. If I am any good, I know I will get into the ministry somehow. If I'm not, I'll find my service elsewhere. Only it is hard to live on this thought. I long to be what I know I can be. I want to—but I must keep cheery and go on no matter what happens. I must! I must think of good and pure and high things and keep the heart with all diligence, for I know that out of it are the issues of life.*
>
> *I must not think how lonely I am, how I long to give expression to the things I really care for, not have to repress them and pretend to be what I am not. I must be true yet cheery and considerate. Not what I think; that doesn't matter! "Strengthen me, Lord Jesus". Just a little real companionship, somebody who thinks as I do, that I dare to talk with.*
>
> *I try to put on a cheerful face, I don't succeed a great deal of the time. I've got to get out, some way, sometime. But—I will be brave!*
>
> *Later: Still happy tonight. May I keep so. Some way God will open a way for me—soon. Meanwhile, cheer and courage! I will try.*

I like to do a little carpentering to put in the time, and because Jesus worked in a carpenter shop. Tonight I wondered what sort of tools He used; what sort of things He made.

I might as well be happy till my happiness comes,
I might as well be cheery till my cheerfulness arrives,
For if we wait for joy, and sit and suck our thumbs,
We'll likely be a-waiting the remainder of our lives.

However, I hope there'll be something beside intermediate happiness for me soon—some solid prospect of getting into my work. I mustn't rust out, or hang on; I must be everything that is in me.

In desperation, Emmet took an oral exam for Civil Service. He had already taken written exams for doing translation of French, Spanish, Italian and German. He passed all the language courses and most of the clerical tests with grades in the 90's, got by with typing. In time, he was offered three jobs in Washington.

If an offer had come while the war was on, he would have accepted. Since he could not get into the armed forces, he would serve in a civilian capacity. How different his life would have been! But no offer came till after the armistice, when Emmet no longer felt it his patriotic duty to accept. He considered Y.M.C.A. service, was offered a position at a Missouri camp, but his father did not like the idea, so he dropped it. He was not eager, and perhaps because he was still dependent on his father's financial support, he chose not to question his father's advice.

None of these alternatives ameliorated the shame Emmet carried over his failure to obtain a law degree. In late September, he boarded the Santa Fe Railroad train east, moving across the city in quiet twilight, crossing the Missouri River to Marceline, where darkness overtook him.

I decided that I must get my law degree, must finish what I began, before I could do anything else. Otherwise my life would always be shadowed by the recollection of a great failure. My parents were happy to have me go. I was content. At last:

Peace, perfect peace; the future all unknown:
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

My Law School courses would be limited to those few I needed in order to receive my degree. I did not strive for excellence. One course from the first year must be repeated: "Bull" Warren's formidable Property I. There would be ample margins around my life this year.

Returning to Cambridge, traveling through the Berkshires with their frequent tunnels, the maples in autumn glory, Emmet reveled in the quiet Massachusetts countryside, his

spirit of independence at last returned. He went immediately to Cambridge, registered and found a room in Conant Hal for a modest $48 for the year. He describes it:

> *Ample for my needs; a window looking eastward across an expanse of shaded lawn to the Museum; on the left, the Naval Radio School, whose cheerful bugle waked me at the early hour I wished for, that I might commune with my Lord in His Word at sunrise.*
>
> *I bought the former occupant's furniture for $10; sold it for the same price when I left. At the "Coop" I bought two dark gray army blankets and was all set.*
>
> *I would eat at Foxcroft, a cafeteria-type University dining hall. I did not have to take all my meals there; indeed, I acquired meal tickets for all the restaurants around Harvard Square. No one place was tolerable continuously; by going the rounds their deficiencies canceled out. Each had specialties on certain days, some less delectable than others.*
>
> *Breakfast at Foxcroft was on my way to class; I need not leave my room early. When in Boston I ate where chance or fancy dictated—always with an eye for prices. There was an obscure place behind the State House where I could buy an endurable Sunday dinner for 30¢—incredible today.*

His journal records his introspective observations, letting his loneliness leak out, his temptation to self-pity, and his need to rebuild his lost self-confidence.

> *I bought tickets for the Saturday evening Symphony concerts in Boston, an expense I justified because of my bargain room rent. My seat in the second balcony, center, was an advantageous place from which both to see and hear the orchestra. To my left sat a young lady to whom I never ventured to speak all winter, but whose eager responsiveness to the music I delighted to watch. When occasionally she did not appear, or someone else used her ticket, I was lonely.*
>
> *It would have been a joy to take with me someone who enjoyed music as I did, to share our pleasure in it during intermissions. Everybody got up then; I wandered the corridors alone, watching the people, longing for companionship—lack of it the only flaw in my enjoyment of the concerts.*
>
> *I almost ran to Chapel each evening, so happy in the sudden thought that once more I could go, could express my real feelings. I had lost most of my strength, most of my Christian self. I was slipping back into the old animal. I cannot stand alone. I need continual prodding, daily encouragement.¡ I need contact with strong men, to grow under the guidance of those who care for me, and who keep me pure.*
>
> *Last night at Chapel a strong talk on self-pity. That has been my great danger. I think I am beyond it now. I really try to be. There are those who care and who have real sympathy for me and for the things I am interested in. Let my sympathy go out to*

others. For myself I ask not even a fair chance. I am determined to overcome all obstacles. I am strong. I will preach the Gospel of Christ no matter what hinders. "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure."

I have always held up to myself the loftiest ideals, and measured my attainments by the severest standards. This has often meant discouragement for me. I felt I did so little. I have been generous with others. They seemed to do so much. But the last three years have nearly wrecked that strong criticism of myself, nearly lost my confidence in myself.

Now I must look outward at the task to be done, and at others. I must no longer look in at myself. I am strong for my duties; that is enough. In myself I am of no importance; my work is everything.

Emmet now felt free to pursue his calling in ministry. He took a first step in October, interviewing Mr. Sherwood Eddy about the possibility of serving God in China as a missionary. Eddy told him that because of the condition of his eyes, Emmet would not "represent the fullness of American manhood" to the Chinese, and therefore he should not go.

Emmet was convinced that Eddy was wrong, yet this brief contact discouraged Emmet from pursuing the avenue further. His friendship with Chang, and other Chinese friends, had let him know that they did not look on him as inferior.

A day spent in Concord, and a walk by Walden Pond, stirred thoughts about the possibility of serving a pastorate in the countryside. Surely a partly blind person would be received in such simple surroundings. His imagination soared.

I walked out through fields of shocked corn, frosty gardens and pastures. A cluster of tansy flowers; dewy diamonds glistening upon them. My mother used to put a tansy leaf in a baking pan beneath a cake, to flavor it. A sky of blue with plumes of white. Now I sit on a white boulder of feldspar and quartz on a sunny slope overlooking a road bordered with pine and spruce, and beyond, a farm where they are beginning the day's work. Nothing but their distant voices, the creaking of wagons and the bleating of sheep, insects chirping, and a crow far off.

What must one be to become pastor of a folk like this—are there enough folk of the New England pattern to become such a pastor? This is the life I long for. I read William Penn's Fruits of Solitude (rediscovered by R. L. Stevenson) on a country life. I want to live in the country, among men who produce things for use, not ostentation; not among producers of delicacies for the epicure—in the open country, where the staples of life are grown.

But how can I make myself fit to be a leader among these self-reliant people? I who demand support for every good thought and action? All I can trust is what Moses heard in the bush: "Who made man's mouth?" And Christ has promised to all who seek Him, "Lo, I am with you alway."

The lamb in the pasture below bleats. A train goes by to Boston. I think of Thoreau as I hear it.

I am reminded of Orford as I sit here and think of the ministry. Are those days when there were Christian communities gone forever? Can a resolute man gather people together and make one of them now? Can he keep it together for a lifetime? I cannot believe that the Church is hopeless and that it is vain to go into the ministry.

He wrote a defense of his choice of a vocation to the ministry, still painfully aware of the deficits society still held for the disabled.

I know in my heart that I have chosen well, in choosing the ministry. I have lost my last bit of pride, in learning that I would not be a desirable professor of theology in China, because I would not express the fullness of American Christian life. I am only a part of a human being. Yet I believe there is a place for that part in the Christian ministry. Now having abandoned the plan which I took up through pride, I am ready to do anything that comes to me, even law, but I believe I belong in the ministry, that I can be more useful there.

I would never make a good lawyer for ordinary people and their problems. In court work and personal dealings I could not see well enough to serve my clients. It is in research and preparation of cases that I could succeed. I don't want to help privileged people enforce their rights—and then turn around to give free help to the people who are oppressed by the privileged few.

Home in Church

Emmet was beginning to find a home at Tremont Temple. While there one Sunday, he heard Dr. Cortland Myers preach on the Second Coming of Christ–a doctrine he was not yet prepared to believe. Impressed, he returned in the evening, when he preached again on the Return of Christ. Emmet's difficulties with the doctrine disappeared. Once he saw that Jesus himself believed and taught the doctrine, it was enough for him.

I am going to be a Christian. If I cannot keep pure and simple in the big things all this week, every minute, I am going back next Sunday evening to Tremont Temple and hold up my hand when those who want the prayers of Christian people are asked for, and I am going after the service into the little room to get the help of Christian encouragement from them. If I cannot keep good by my own effort, I am going to seek help, because I am going to be a Christian. It is part of my promise to hunt them up if they do not seek me.

This I promised myself on the train coming out, solemnly; and I write it down as a witness. The devil built a network of strategic railroads in me before I acknowledged Christ as my Savior. I have got to reorganize my communications, tear up the old tracks, lay new ones that will serve the purposes of God.

Emmet demonstrated his seriousness about his calling to preach by taking vocal lessons at the New England Conservatory; not with a view to becoming a singer, but for the improvement of his speaking voice as a minister. Meanwhile, he had determined to join the church and was simply looking for the right opportunity to present himself, though he kept finding hindrances.

Steady series of steps followed, leading Emmet into the warmth and fellowship of a body of believers—the church. His first step was the choice o Tremont Baptist Church in downtown Boston. He reasoned, "I have Baptist friends and relatives; and I admire Adoniram Judson. It is a thoroughly Christian church; that is what I seek."

Deciding to join a church meant to Emmet "*trying to be good to everybody; considerate, thoughtful, kind—everything I ought to be. I'm going to be human to people I meet, try to interest myself in them. I'm going to read a great deal about Jesus and try to be like Him—to have a healthy, kindly, strong, helpful attitude toward everybody all the time.*"

He began looking for a formal invitation to join, but he became very shy about any public declaration. When no invitation was given on a night when he was there, he wrote, "I allowed the omission to deter me from seeking someone to help me."

But happily, there was a Young Peoples' Hour he could attend and find welcome.

> *I was not sure I dared to go. I felt pride holding me back. But I went, and I am glad. A young sailor—the moment he began to sing I knew he was an earnest Christian. He told of the things he found that Christ wanted done and that he could do.*
>
> *I didn't get up and testify to what the Bible has meant to me—I who owe my life to the Bible; my heart was thumping in my throat, but I did not get up and say a word¡ Later the sailor, Charles Shipherd Brown, became my friend. We would go back to Cambridge together from services at the Temple, talk in my room till he had to return to quarters in the Naval Radio School. He looked splendid in his Navy uniform; broad-shouldered, vigorous and alert.*

Next came a chance to meet with "the Prudential Committee" of the church. Emmet felt desperate enough to face a group of elderly men and women, instead of merely raising his hand in a public meeting and going with others into an inquiry room. Here Emmet stood alone

Following that, the pastor, Dr. Myers heard my request for membership, and approached me.

> *He asked me kindly, "Emmet, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Oh, yes," I blurted out, my heart in my voice. "And will you follow Him all your life?" he continued. "Yes, I will," I answered eagerly. This was the longing of my whole being. Now I wanted help*

to do it—human help, Christian fellowship.

The Committee voted to accept me for membership after baptism. That was all. They did not—as I expected—ask me to take a course in Baptist doctrine. That I loved the Lord, purposed to follow Him, was enough for this great-hearted pastor and people.

I went back to my room, thrilled, wrote these words:

I this night agreed and was accepted to be baptized into the body of Christ at Tremont Temple, next Sunday evening.

Jesus, Thou hadst faith in me
Before I ever came to Thee:
Thy hand has led me to this hour
When I surrender all to Thee.

A week intervened before Emmet's baptism was to take place. So he holed away in his dormitory room, cherishing silence, and guarding his wait time.

My college dormitory seemed incongruous with this experience. Even when I locked my door, there were disturbing noises. I stayed there as little as possible until after my baptism. I felt that this would seal my life in a special way.

Saturday I called on friends recently made, went with their Christian daughter when she baby-sat for neighbors, spent the evening in happy conversation about Christ and the Christian life. Back in my room, I avoided seeing anyone, went to sleep deep in God's peace.

When Sunday arrived, Emmet went to Tremont Temple with great eagerness.

In the evening I was baptized. Ignorant of Baptist ways still, I had undressed when I joined the Masons. Now I gladly donned the baptismal garments provided me.

My inward eye saw heaven opened; my heart felt the descent of the Holy Spirit. After I was dressed, the deacons greeted me. I was pleased to receive the Masonic grip from most of them. I felt then that Christianity and Masonry belonged together.

There were little rituals to follow to help him mark the day and be a visible sign of the promises he had made—signing a pledge card, receiving offering envelopes. A deacon asked Emmet to sign a Pocket Testament League card requiring him to always carry a little New Testament with him everywhere.

This is the greatest day of my life, for it was crowned with my confession of faith in Christ, and my baptism into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Jesus had faith in me, long before I had faith in Him. Jesus believes in me, Jesus is calling me, Jesus can save. I give my whole life to Him.

These three days I have felt Jesus by my side. Tonight as I came out on the trolley cars I

missed Him. I looked to see where He had gone, and after a little I found Him. He is in my heart now. Jesus came into my heart. I shall never be lonely again!

The secret disciple had become an open follower. There was no turning back now. His coming to Christ was an unconventional Pilgrim's Progress; almost a haphazard one. Emmet was now publicly enrolled as a member of Christ's church. It remained to implement these decisions.

On New Years' Eve, Emmet attended Watch Night services at Phillips Brooks' old church, Trinity, in Copley Square, then walked to St. Paul's Cathedral to bring in the new year. Emmet was launched on no mere eddy of the Christian life, but on the mainstreams of its onward current. A New Year opened for him.

His weeks were suddenly full. He was invited to join the Tremont Temple Choir, which rehearsed Wednesday evenings; Friday was prayer meeting; Tuesday, Young People's. Three of Emmet's Masonic bodies did not see him again. The church Brotherhood had supper one Monday a month; Thursdays something at church often interfered with Royal Arch Chapter; church was supplanting Masonry in his life. Emmet sometimes played the portable organ for a Gospel meeting of Tremont Temple men on Boston Common. He began to feel he was in ministry already.

The Lawyer's Short Career

Emmet studied for the Massachusetts Bar exam, took the exam, was successful, and was admitted to practice the following March 11, 1919. He describes the occasion:

> *Court was opened with Justice Braley presiding; Mr. Bailey, chairman of the board of examiners, moved the admission of those present, whereupon we were called by name inside the bar and sworn to the state and federal attorney's oaths.*
>
> *Then Justice Braley said, in substance, "It's all over," and made a little speech, reminding us that by becoming attorneys we did not cease to be citizens, but must share the responsibilities of these turbulent times, from which all would seek relief if they could, but there is no relief, and we must help maintain those personal rights and property rights without which there can be no orderly government.*

He could write the news to his mother with pride:

> *Now I can practice law—if I can find clients! I was sworn in as an attorney and counselor of the Supreme Judicial Court. Pleasant affair. About one-third of those who took the exam passed it..*

Emmet's knowledge of the law sputtered to an early gradual stop. He did file the will of a retired Methodist minister in the Middlesex County Probate Court. And he went through the motions of seeking a job by interviewing for a position as an attorney at

the Automobile Cooperative, more for the experience of applying than because he had any interest in the job.

The Missionary

Emmet looked for a compromise between the ministry and law. He went to talk with Mr. Edmunds of Canton Christian College, China, about going there to teach. He had not given up hope of serving in China. His parents would be satisfied to have him teaching in a college.

When he sought advice from the assistant pastor of his church, as to his future, he was told, "Go home after Law School; go into business with your father. Wait for God to bring them to Himself."

Emmet was stunned, walked along Bowdoin Street on his way back to Cambridge, turning over the options in his mind. He wrote in humility:

> *I got my answer to my prayers of four years. I must go back to my family and work with them faithfully—and wait till they come to Jesus Christ. Then we can all work together, and do more than I could alone. God has promised me that they will turn to Him, and He always performs what He promises.*
>
> *I reconsecrate myself to Jesus Christ my Savior. I want to stand in the shadow of the Cross. I want only to do His will.*

He came upon Paul's hard saying in Romans 10:1-4: "I am willing to be accursed from Christ for the sake of my kinsmen." Was this what God was asking of him? To be "accursed from Christ" for his parents' sake? Just as Paul could not win his fellow Jews to Christ by such sacrifice, but must turn to the Gentiles, even so he could not win his parents to Christ by forsaking the call of God to the ministry.
A poem expressed his surrender.

Jesus

Thou who from faith to faith hast led me on
From boyish loyalty to manhood's trust,
O Thou who with me all the way hast gone,
My life I give to Thee, because I must.
Thou art the granite Rock that strengthened me,
And whence I draw the courage of a man;
Since all I am I only owe to Thee,
I give Thee all I have, because I can.
Thou art the Light of Life, the Way of Truth,
The dawn within me of God's perfect day,
My life and love I give, because I may.
Since by Thy grace I may, by strength divine
I can, for mercy shown I must, be Thine.

A more mature wisdom guided Emmet in deciding not to return home and work with his parents. He came to realize that God was only waiting for him to be willing to do this; that a door to the ministry would open in time.

> *The door opened in a strange way. At Tremont Temple I met Mr.MacKenzie and his sister Alice. One Sunday afternoon I visited them in their apartment on Beacon Hill. Though they only knew me slightly, MacKenzie suggested that I apply to the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, which sent students to the Prairie Provinces for the summer, and gave me an application blank. I thought, "It will do no harm to apply. Surely they will not want a man with no Bible training, fresh out of Law School." I sent the form to Toronto, with letters of recommendation from my pastor and from President Lowell.*
>
> *The Mission accepted me promptly. Then I asked my pastor what I should do about it. "Accept. Buy yourself a Scofield Reference Bible and a Walker's Complete Concordance; use them; and I think you'll get by!*
>
> *I bought the books, began serious Bible study, with a view to profiting my prospective hearers, and looked forward with joy to the summer. This was the Lord's doing; my part was merely to express my desire; the swiftness of answered prayer was marvelous in my eyes.*

Emmet had not told his parents of his earlier decision to return to them; there would be no additional disappointment for them. In fact, they probably felt that the rough life of the frontier would knock sense into him. And he did learn a lot; the rude life of a new country was to his midwestern taste a pleasant contrast to the formal life of Boston.

A new life began; Emmet was on his own, independent of the support of his father.

Saskatchewanderings

His first impressions of this prairie province recorded in his journal are starstruck:

> *A sky lit with clear-cut stars grows luminous with a web of gold and silver, on which angels' wings float from the arch in the north to the zenith, over a vault of beauty. Will it not be like this when Jesus comes again?*
>
> *Or, some frosty October night, watch surge after surge of weaving light come up from the north, pass trembling, quivering, advancing, receding, over the zenith into the south, like waves of the sea, driven by the wind, and tossed.*
>
> *Almost nightly you may see in the north a bridge flaming from east to west. Is there a way from earth to heaven; from man to God? The finger of God writes a bridge of mediation across the north, even as the Cross shines in jeweled splendor in the southern sky.*

Stars grow pale; the moon is dull; we see an image of that time when we shall not need light of sun or moon or stars; when the Lamb is all our light, shining with the glory of the only-begotten of the Father.

By day the commonplace, the indifferent, God all but forgotten. At night God has all the glory. No human light can pierce the darkness of a northern winter; the glory of God must light its hopelessness.

This was the country to which Emmet came: traveling from Toronto through the Ontario wilderness north of Lake Superior while his classmates were receiving their diplomas on Friday. As the sun cast shadows across limitless Manitoba prairies, Emmet sat on the steps of the platform of the last car of his train—homesick!

Homesick for Tremont Temple, where I knew they would remember to pray for me at that very hour on Saturday.

Emmet preached his first sermon on Sunday—an experience that marked the precise way he would have to become a preacher with his poor eyesight.

I took full notes into the pulpit, found them unmanageable, resolved never to preach from notes again. If I could not remember my sermon long enough to preach it, how could I expect people to remember it long enough to practice it? It was a store-front church; my other two points were schoolhouses.

What might seem a deficit—going without notes—for my father only added oratorical power, one learned back in his class on oratory as an adolescent. He stood tall in the pulpit, and spoke simply with authority in his resonant baritone voice, a gift also cultivated in high school days.

Pastoral calling would be another avenue of ministry Emmet could exploit effectively wherever he went. This Saskatchewan "summer internship" honed that skill in beautiful and humbling ways as he walked from village to village.

Monday I set out to make pastoral calls; Tuesday I made Mennonite friends; a warm Christian home never failed to excite me. A horse to ride enabled me to cover my large field. One more Sunday at Stenen and outstations; July 2 a letter from the Presbyterian Mission; I was transferred to a more isolated district off the railroad. Thursday morning by train to Largo, whence I rode some twenty miles north into the bush country with the mailman. He left me at the Oxford Centre post office and trading post. I slept that night on a pile of hams, sides of bacon, sacks of grain and other lumpy groceries, in a loft above the store, with the trader's big boys, who had little if any better accommodations.

I celebrated my native country's Independence Day walking across the prairie, making calls, to the log house of an Orangeman with whom I was to board. They had Arno Gabelein's magazine Our Hope on the living room table. I was given a whitewashed room with a real bed, washstand, pitcher and basin. The outer door of the cabin was open; flies buzzed busily about, chickens wandered in and out, the pig came in sociably, dogs were taken for granted. I shooed the chickens out of my room when I went to bed; my room had a door.

I looked for a way of escape. Every place I called, I eyed to see if it would be a preferable abode, plus some reasonable excuse, such as a more central location, to justify moving.

Throughout his life as a pastor, he would often walk in order to care for parishioners. Wherever our family moved, and even after we owned a car that only Mother could drive, my father would walk miles to attend to those in his care. Saskatchewan made walking a part of his pastoral life, keeping him intimately in touch with those he served whose station in life was humble and poor.

One line Emmet wrote below says it all: *"This pastoral call was a benediction and an encouragement."*

At first I had services at three schoolhouses. I walked some thirty miles, stayed overnight with a hospitable family, walked back on Monday, making calls, ate dinner where invited. Pioneer hospitality was generous and ungrudging; I felt small and mean when an elderly couple gave me their one bed, slept on the floor, but there was no refusing; I was their minister. These people came from all over the world, London, other British cities, South Africa, Australia, Germany, Russia, Scandinavia, bringing their breeding and pride to this raw land.

Saturday July 12 I was invited to address an Orangeman's picnic. Dean Brown's Quadricentenary Reformation address came in handy as outline. I felt at home; my grandmother was Protestant Irish. God answered my prayer for a new home; July 17 I came to the Gray's. My room was spotless. It was central to my field, for now I had three more schoolhouses in which to preach, half of the six on alternate Sundays. This childless couple gave me a real home.

I met Ed Eakins, who lived alone in a log cabin, unplastered walls, open rafters, a mouse-eaten heap of rags for a bed; a rickety table, two chairs without backs. His one treasure was a family Bible, wrapped in a clean cloth, kept on a beam overhead. He would lift it down reverently, carefully unwrap it, place the gold-edged volume on the table before me. One chapter was never enough; he listened spellbound, face aglow. With dimming sight, reading was painful for him. He was in the early chapters of Isaiah when I first visited him; we were far along in Jeremiah when I left in the fall. This pastoral call was a benediction and an encouragement. He had affluent sons in a distant city; they never came near him.

I was given an Indian pony, which looked a hundred years old; would not do more than walk for me. People suggested spurs; foolishly I tried them. The horse did not rebel, neither did it move faster. It had patience, would stand still anywhere. This helped on numerous occasions when the saddle, held together with rope and haywire, gave way, let me down gently. When I left the field, a Cree Indian, waiting to receive it, leaped on board bareback, dug his heels into the pony's flanks, galloped off across the prairie. The horse knew his master.

One chill autumn day I called at a home where the lady noticed that my mittens, needed for horseback riding, had holes in them. She mended them expertly. As I mounted my horse to leave, I thanked her again. She looked across the monotonous bush, poplar leaves yellowing, falling with every gust, reminding us that winter, long, cold and drear, was almost upon us. Shading her eyes with her hand, she saw beyond the bush horizon, across Canada, across the Atlantic, wistfully said, "Remember that a Bristol woman mended them for you." She would never see her Bristol home again; "A Bristol woman," that was all.

The mittens are long since gone; the last time I saw them they were on the hands of a ricksha puller in Tientsin, to whom I gave them, and who mended them with a piece of cloth.

Mid-October visits to say farewell to people who had become friends, long to be remembered, in one brief summer; then homeward bound. The train ran through a forest fire in eastern Saskatchewan. Flaming treetops hurtled through the air; fire raced along the ground. The cleared right-of-way protected our train. It was a fearful sight. Again I traversed the desolate country north of Lake Superior. Back in Boston, I went to Goshen at once. I was home! The Nelson's welcomed me. Leaving Goshen the last day of October, we saw five deer on the road. Then through the New Hampshire hills and woods to Boston again, and into another new life, at Gordon.

Finding the Beloved

Emmet had been introduced to Gordon College while at Tremont Temple. Its president, Dr. Wood, was at prayer meeting one evening in the spring, and fell into step beside Emmet as they walked down Tremont Street. He steered Emmet into a drug store and treated him to a "lime freeze!"--delightful on a Boston spring evening. President Wood captivated Emmet: here was the Christian teacher and Christlike example for whom he had longed.

> *Gordon was small in those days. My first visit impressed me with the atmosphere of a Christian family. What if it had no accreditation, no reputation, its degrees no standing in the academic world? My Savior too was of no reputation.*

There was a warm welcome for Emmet at Gordon, dinner with President Wood and the students. Letters from the president had kept him in touch through the summer, made him feel that he belonged. With $100 from translating a French book, and $150 saved from the summer's earnings, he had the $250 needed for a year's expenses at Gordon—room, board, books, incidentals—there was no tuition. "God knew that I lacked robust faith to trust Him to supply my needs from day to day; He supplied them in advance."

Emmet took his place in the Dining Club, dormitory life, fellowship and classroom work with trepidation. He pinched himself; he rubbed his eyes. It was no dream. He thought he had been caught up into paradise. Soon he was sure of it.

> *Life has three great decisions for youth. First, to choose or to refuse Jesus Christ as Lord of life. Second, to choose a career. These decisions I had made. I chose to follow Christ, and I chose His ministry for my career. The third decision remained; who will be your life partner in Christ and in your career? I had not found her yet. Her portrait had been growing in the camera of my mind for a decade. My dream woman was a composite of many women of high character whom I knew, always, even before my conversion, Christian women. Into this portrait went David Copperfield's Agnes, and Alice Freeman Palmer, both as her husband portrayed her, and as she revealed herself in her poems. The portrait became clear as to her inner being; her outward appearance remained undefined.*

Amy Enters the Picture

At his first Student Volunteer meeting at Gordon, he was introduced to Amy Dyer, a tall, queenly woman. Was this my dream woman? he asked himself. Amy Dyer told the Student Volunteers her experiences on a mission field in Manitoba during the summer. She had been about a hundred miles from Emmet in Saskatchewan; they did not meet, were unaware of each other's existence. As she told of harnessing and driving a horse about her field, Emmet saw how competent she was in things he could not do, as well

as in things he could. He wondered how this woman whose voice spoke of rich interior life, could look at a half blind boy with more than pity.

I must repress my feelings; to disclose them to her, I would only be hurt. I could not bear a second rebuff, like that which brought my summer symphony of 1915 to an end with a crashing discord.

In November, Tremont Temple licensed Emmet to preach. It was a move toward eventual ordination in the Baptist denomination. He made a statement about his life and Christian experience, and went on to give his beliefs. Dr. Myers commented that Emmet's statement was sufficient for an ordination council; more than necessary for mere licensing.

Emmet took another important step of faith in preparing for his future: he took out a life insurance policy, considering it a Christian duty to begin to provide for the family he fully expected to have. He was to pay the premium in quarterly installments; he gave his note to the agent for the first installment. It was a wee venture of faith. When the note fell due, he had the money with which to pay it.

Emmet began to stay in the college library evenings, because Amy was there. Sometimes they out-stayed all others. He quotes Wordsworth's simple classic:

She dwelt among untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

> *My Amy was no Lucy: there were many to praise, many to love her. But she came from a small town; she was a modest violet, a lonely star, and if she were not there, my life would be empty without her.*

Emmet returned home for Christmas, not having seen his parents since before his summer mission assignment. The trip west provided a convenient way to include attendance at the International Student Volunteer Convention in DesMoines, a forerunner of the great Urbana Conventions of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship familiar to me now.

> *At the convention, I found—or was found—by my fellow Gordon students; how good they looked to me! I prayed in the 1920 New Year with Arthur Matheson, my roommate for the convention; a deeply spiritual of man, he went to India for a lifetime of service. His influence, like that of other students, was as great as that of my teachers.*

Emmet was warmly welcomed back at Gordon. "The most wonderful handshake I ever had was just the encouragement I needed from Amy." His reaction was a prescient

one: "Maybe the girl who could harness a horse was not out of reach," and I would add, very prudent someone with limited physical capacities.

How might he court this woman? As a man independent of family finances, his pocketbook was slim. Then a windfall arrived: a part of the French translation manuscript he had done for hire was lost, and he must retype it from his longhand manuscript, for which he received a welcome $60.

> *Life was going to be more expensive for me now, and $60 would pay a lot of carfare, buy a lot of ice cream for two. The library was a nice place to sit; but one had to be quiet. I grew bolder; we began to go places. We went to Ruggles Street Church where Amy was a church visitor; to the Art Museum; to concerts.*
>
> *I was seeing much of Amy now, taking her to places of interest she had not seen, like Concord. We both accepted appointments to the Canadian West for the summer. Hesitation was over. I knew now that she cared. I had only to wait for the right time and place.*
>
> *It came on May 15, at my beloved Marblehead where we found a cave by the sea, waves washing over the gravel; friendly stars winking out as the sun set. We settled the question. Amy was already a Christian from childhood, dedicated to the service of Christ, even if it meant foreign service; now we gave ourselves to one another.*

I reflect on this moment now. I remember how, as a young girl, I used to ask my mother how she and my father fell in love. I wondered how my father detected her growing interest in him, and how she felt. I knew there must have been little gestures that passed between them. It could not have been visual responses on which lovers so often rely. It might have been her tone of voice, even the thermal reactions that bespeak developing passion.

I see how my father made his plans carefully—that picnic on Marblehead Beach where he had explored years before. Now he could be the one to lead her to the cave he had found by the sea.

Emmet moved closer to Amy as they sat together watching the waves, but very conscious of one another. "I wish you weren't going away this summer," he began. Her simple reply, "Why?" was it contrived? elicited his proposal that poured out in a moment of ardent passion.

What went through her mind as she said "yes" to my father? Did she question, even for a moment, her ability to shoulder the tasks that would fall to her to compensate for things his partial sight would find difficult? I think not. She was used to hard work, and

was his equal, and more, physically. It would be in the intellectual arena where she would defer to him. He would be the one to ask the questions, to search out the nuances of truth and wisdom. My mother wanted her theology straight and simple, and as near to Scripturally literal as she could find. It would be years before she became willing to question, and even then on a limited plane. I remember her reaction to my question near the time of her death as to whether or not she was willing to be cremated. She looked at me quizzically, puzzling the question out. "What about the resurrection?" She was concerned about God's ability to put her back together into a new heavenly body if it were only ashes that remained.

In 1920, on the beach at Marblehead, no such intricate questions stood between them. A deep love had begun which would last the decades.

Amy's graduation came soon after, and together she and Emmet went to her home in Charleston, Maine, before taking off to different fields of mission in Sasketchewan. With a little finagling, they managed to be assigned fields contiguous to each other. Emmet describes how he managed it:

> *I moved from one side of my field to the other, had only to walk a mile across fields, wade the Red River of the North to the bank where Amy waited for me. It was less romantic than when young Lochinvar "swam the Esk River, where ford there was none;" but it was our bit of chivalrous romance.*

Fall came, and Emmet received a telegram announcing the death of his Grandfather Brown. He went to Kansas City for a sad visit, the funeral conducted by a Unitarian minister; no hint of Christ for the man who taught Emmet to sing, "Come to the Savior, make no delay." His mother pressured Emmet to abandon the ministry, bring Amy back to live with them. His father wanted this too, but he said nothing; he wanted his son to live his own life. Once he wrote a friend, "I glory in his independence."

> *Back at Gordon, I was teaching history earning $44 a month, plus occasional pulpit supply fees. We decided not to postpone the wedding any longer, picked March 4, the presidential inauguration date—easy to remember.*

So after a Hebrew exam, the wedding party gathered at the home of President Wood in Arlington for the ceremony, at one o'clock March 4, 1921.

Shortly after the wedding, Emmet received an invitation to teach at Nan Kai University in Tientsin, China. June marked Emmet's graduation from Gordon Divinity School. They paid farewell visits to both families, and in August boarded the Empress of Japan at Vancouver for a new life together. Amy was three months pregnant.

China Years

For Emmet as a young boy full of dreams, the up-tilted expanse of a big geography book was a refuge and a studious pretext after finishing his lessons. Its pages were often open at a two-page spread of the Great Wall of China. "I'll see that someday," he said to himself; "I'll climb all over it. "

Emmet's interest in China deepened in high school days, when he found a translation of the Confucian classics in the Public Library. In an adult discussion group which he attended, the leader pontificated that there is a vast, unbridgeable gulf between the mind of the Orient and that of the Occident. With the brashness of a sixteen-year-old, Emmet asked, "In precisely what does this gulf consist?" Astonished silence answered this youthful impertinence. Emmet never ceased his exploration of that question.

When he entered college in 1911, he became acquainted with Chinese students, and found among them his best friend, Chang Fu-yün. "What is life? What is Christianity?" they debated inconclusively. When Emmet came to personal faith in Christ and felt a call to ministry, it was natural for him to consider a career as a missionary in China.

Mission boards said "no" to his application. Then, during his last year at Gordon, one of his teachers opened a door: "How would you like to teach in China? I have a letter from the president of a college that may need a teacher of English."

This conversation with Professor Edward Payson Drew led to correspondence with Dr. Chang Po-ling, President of Nan K'ai University, in Tientsin, (Tianjin). He offered Emmet a position teaching English.

The story of these important experiences to follow was taken from my father's writing in *China's Awakening Dream.* We begin with Emmet and his pregnant wife making the three-week trans-Pacific journey, winding up in Tientsin (now named Tienjing) in North China.

Once arrived, they nestled into an oddly arranged house designed like a series of railroad box cars. "The architect's inspiration," Emmet commented, "seems to have been from looking down at an egg crate with its partitions." They set about to make it home, using a few familiar objects they brought from America. They would need a number of furnishings peculiar to Western ways—boiling drinking water, taking baths. Happily, they discovered a marvelous thing about China: what they could not buy, they could have made on the basis of a crude picture of the object. Emmet promptly went into commercial art; one of his students went

with him to the open roadside shops, to explain his drawings to the craftsman, and to bargain for him. He describes their ingenious efforts to create order.

> *We had an ice-box made of galvanized iron, with a shelf. Put ice on the bottom, at a cost of eight coppers a day; place food on the shelf, boiled water in bottles around the ice. A clothes-boiler to fit the top of our oil stove succeeded so well that I tried wash tubs. These came out truncated cones, sturdy, but flaring from a very small bottom.*
>
> *My ideas for a bathtub proved grandiose. Fifty-four inches long, twenty wide, fifteen deep, of galvanized iron, painted white, it held an enormous quantity of water. Since the servant carried the water and dumped the tub, it was manageable. I suspect it was a conversation piece for the neighbors and their servants.*
>
> *Tables, cupboards, chairs; how many newlyweds in American could afford custom-made hand-crafted furniture? The College lent us many pieces; foreign furniture could be bought at stores in the foreign concessions—at a price. It was cheaper—and fun—to have things made. The discrepancy between our inch and the Chinese inch interfered with the execution of our plans, and Chinese craftsmen introduced original variations. The kitchen table legs were provided with wooden collars a few inches from the floor, to discourage insects from crawling up the legs.*

The human dimension proved more complex than the physical adjustments. In particular, the training of servants challenged their ingenuity and skill. Amy was the one most concerned with the kitchen, the servants' primary domain, and the least prepared to manage the young men who applied for the position. Her provincial upbringing was more unsettled by foreign ways. She wrote her first impressions of Tientsin in her journal:

> *"Muddy, dirty, filthy streets, and shops just as filthy! Narrow byways where two rickshas could not pass each other. Children in rags and filth! And oh! the odors! I had to make good use of my handkerchief. My heart cried out in despair. Could I ever endure living in such surroundings."*
>
> *She could, and did. A few weeks later, she wrote, "These are happy, happy days now. How good God is to us. He is continually blessing us with untold joys, taking care of us all the time." A Maine farm woman could be resilient.*
>
> *Eventually they found bright country lads who caught on quickly to such complicated processes as foreign bread-making, more slowly and superficially to our strange notions of hygiene. It was American asepticism that was most apt to suffer at their hands—why must different, clean cloths be employed for washing, drying dishes, dusting, and wiping off the shoes? "We made life too complicated."*

Every motion we made in showing them some odd foreign way would be meticulously repeated ever afterward. They dared not alter anything, where they did not understand the process, and could not discriminate between the important and insignificant. If we made a mistake in teaching, it was imitated along with the rest.

Any servant who could write was at an advantage. One man took the directions we gave him and made his own cookbook in Chinese. He could acquire modern ideas from books, newspapers and the ubiquitous bulletin board. We could give him a Chinese Gospel to read. Sometimes one of them attended a Chinese church with us.

For the next three years, a succession of country boys served the Russell household with varying degrees of competence and satisfactoriness. Awkwardness in managing the servants created alternately distressing and hilarious events. They never completely aced the problem.

Emmet admitted that he and Amy had a hard time getting away from the idea that their ways were superior. "Was not hygiene, as we understood it, one of the great advances of Western science?" The simple fact that they gave orders, kept the sense of superiority alive. Emmet eventually won the struggle to see his fellow Chinese as his equals, partly out of his deep desire to show them Christ's compassion. It was hard won, for it went against the grain of his cloistered upbringing, his Harvard education, as well as the subtle sense that the Christian faith had something valuable to offer to people of a country steeped in thousands of years of rich religious tradition. "Ah, but we had a lot to learn! Three years would not suffice for such dull scholars as we."

Civil War

Emmet had barely arrived in Tientsin when fighting broke out in the Yangtze Valley, several hundred miles south. The U. S. Fifteenth Infantry stationed in Tientsin gave some sense of safety. Troubles in Siberia and the Maritime Provinces of the Soviet Union looked ominous. Mongolia was in turmoil, between Bolsheviks and bandit "generals."

Emmet wrote that Japan was quietly absorbing Manchuria. Modern historians differ about the "quiet" and reveal the horrible massacres of many Chinese. I recall that 1921 was a time when news came in print—not by video and camera footage that tells the truer "back story." Emmet regarded the Russians as looking on in benevolent neutrality, as the price of being let alone farther north. Tientsin, the safest place in China because of foreign garrisons, became the center for political refugees from all quarters.

Chaos erupted in banks in Peking and Tientsin. Unpaid troops nearby threatened to mutiny. There were tense moments in downtown Tientsin.

> *A run on a bank is always exciting to witness, nor did I fail to take in this one, with all its human drama of angry faces, desperate, greedy, hopeless and weeping faces. My own funds were in notes of foreign banks, British and American, for the college paid its teachers in such. My Chinese colleagues, patriotically paid in the notes of Chinese banks, were temporarily embarrassed, though helped by the fact that their credit was better than that of the government.*

Meanwhile the Disarmament Conference on Pacific Affairs was going on in Washington; a peace conference which sowed the seeds of America's war with Japan by condemning Japan to a status inferior to her growing power and ambitions. Emmet argued that the basic fault of the treaty which grew out of the Conference was that it sought to curb Japan without strengthening China, that Japan was bound to become a great power; peace in the Pacific depended on having a strong China west of her, as well as a strong America east of her. Emmet felt that America lost the position of moral leadership in Asia which such acts as John Hay's Open Door Policy had provided.

> *America has now the opportunity to hasten the unification of China by a generation. Are we going to use this opportunity? Or lose it if we ratify this treaty?*
> *I believe it will hasten the war between China and Japan, and force us to play a shameful part of benevolent neutrality for the benefit of Japan.*

In time, this prediction proved accurate, for America sent scrap iron and military stores to Japan in the 1930's, which were used against China, later against the United States.

Emmet engaged his students in discussion about the national situation. Most students believed that war with Japan would be the quickest way to arouse dormant patriotism. Emmet felt that slower methods would work better in the end, that Japan would have to get out of Manchuria if China really insisted, and the insistence could be by pacific means, more in harmony with China's traditional policies. However, he predicted that the next few years might see great changes in the character of the people.

I now read these remarks with recognition, as I see our United State realignment in the Pacific—with both Japan and China. We learn slowly and poorly from history.

Birth and Death

Another drama was unfolding under the surface. The newlyweds were expecting the birth of their first child. As a woman, I am amazed at my mother's courage. On the one hand, her Maine farm background prepared her for primitive living conditions and meager furnishings. But it had not prepared her for the chaos of city life, the necessity of bargaining whenever she shopped for food and fabric, for having to depend on servants for transport and carrying out domestic tasks.

Perhaps life in Maine had prepared her for the birth of a child. After all, her mother had birthed all four daughters at home and she had been present at the birth of her youngest sister. She was familiar with animal births in the barn. But what would it be like to deliver her own firstborn in a foreign land, without maternal relatives hovering near?

Gratefully, they accepted the invitation of the Rowlands, friends from the nearby Methodist Mission, to have Amy spend the last weeks before her due date with them. Emmet wrote the story of the anxious hours before birth:

> *Sunday, February 26, 1922, a dust storm roared out of the Gobi desert. It was dark as twilight, a yellow, frightening darkness reminding one of the darkness descended upon Calvary. But the fine sand did not seep through around the well-fitted windows of the Rowland home. The birth pains had begun around 9 Saturday evening. With recurrent pains every five minutes, we did not sleep. Between three and four they became severe. The doctor was in and out four times before Howard Dyer Russell made his appearance at 1:39 p.m.*
>
> *Straight, strong-looking, well-shaped head, forehead, beautiful eyes—looking healthy and handsome. The doctor was conscientiously careful with attentions to both mother and baby after the birth.*
>
> *All this sounds so cozy and normal. But they knew from the first few days that Howard had a condition known as spina bifida, for which there was no known cure at that time. He would not live; but if he did, he would be helpless. The curtain came down early on their happiness.*

Emmet was revisiting the circumstances of his own birth, now from the perspective of a parent. Similar dire predictions had been made about him, though his disability was much less severe and not life-threatening. So Emmet, the father, did not lose hope. "God gave him to us; we gave him back to God."

The baby lived on until summer. In July the temperature in Tientsin soared to 113 degrees. Emmet would walk up and down through the house, the baby in his arms, to soothe his restlessness, stirring memories of his own father's comforting

embrace. The sultry weather was oppressive, adding to the feeling of impending doom and grief.

In August, an invitation from the Rowlands' to their cottage by the sea at Peitaiho was irresistible. Even under the shadow of death, they felt relief from the heat, walked by the cooling sea.

> *There was a physician at Peitaiho, a pediatrician, who did the little that could be done to make the wee fellow comfortable.. ..Only a few more days.*
>
> *On August 17, we woke at five, baby was so weak that we called the doctor. Our little boy was unconscious all day, gradually slipping away. Strange how his heart and lungs kept going.*
>
> *Darkness came down, bleak, unseeing darkness, without stars, without moon. The sea washed up over the gravelly shore in long, unfeeling moans. No comfort there. His mother took him in her arms. One last, slow breath, one last quiver of the frail body, and arms stronger than any human arms took him from his mother's arms. The Great Physician was there. We understood.*
>
> *His mother laid the wee body gently down, his hands held one on his heart, the other bent upward, as he liked to lie. By and by we slept. Next morning there would be much to do.*

They decided on burial in the foreign cemetery at Peitaiho. A Chinese carpenter made a neat wooden box. Kind missionary friends lined it with white silk, covered the outside with white flannel. American and Chinese friends conducted the simple service. A mournful procession of rickshas, with my father carrying the small white box on his lap, made its way through the quiet countryside to the cemetery on a hillside overlooking the distant ocean. It was the first interment there.

My parents sometimes spoke of this first child with muted sorrow. I could not fully grasp then why their sadness lingered. Perhaps my father remembered his high school teacher Mary Fisher's shrill criticism that he would never understand parental love until he had his own child. The current of his love never wavered, and it always included this first child whom he had given to his heavenly Father to raise. That is the sense of Howard they gave to me—that he was being brought up elsewhere by a loving Father. Recently, I have wondered if it would ever be possible for me to find the grave of my brother if I were to travel to Petaiho, now the well-known Beidaihe resort area for rich Chinese. I would like to honor his memory.

College Life

Nan K'ai was the only endowed college in China. It was looked on as the most progressive school north of the Yangtze, in English and Western learning rivaled only by Canton Christian College (later Lingnan University). The College had 300 students, twenty-five of them women. Two government middle schools were affiliated with the college.

The president, Dr. Chang Po-ling, became a Christian in 1908. He was one of the founders of the Independent Church of Tientsin in 1911. He made no effort to introduce Christian propaganda into the school, but trusted to his own quiet influence and example, and that of other Christian teachers and students. Dr. Chang traveled widely in China, attending educational conferences, and was always in demand as a speaker. Few men in China had such influence on educational policies.

The old General Li, whose Napoleonic statue adorned the campus, and who gave the two million dollar endowment, stipulated that no religious propaganda should be permitted in the classrooms. Emmet was free to hold Bible classes in his home after hours, and to work with the student Y.M.C.A., which had the use of classrooms for Sunday services.

Stepping into his classroom that first morning, Emmet found a large airy, well-lighted room, not different from an American schoolroom. When he appeared in the doorway, the students rose, and remained standing for a moment. In course of time this gesture of respect weakened. Many continued to stand; others half-rose, in the shape of question marks, as though held by elastic cords to their chairs.

> *Four women occupied the center of the first row. All wore skirts and Chinese blouses; a compromise between West and East. Two wore foreign shoes, and arranged their hair in the western fashion of 1921. Two were in Chinese cloth shoes. With either type of shoes, one could tell whether the woman's feet had been bound in childhood. Ashamed of the "lily feet" now, she would wear shoes of normal size, which her tiny feet did not fill out plumply. One girl wore her hair combed straight back, with a part in the middle, and coiled in a knot behind. One added the straight line of bangs over the forehead, which in Chinese custom used to mark the unmarried girl.*
>
> *Around the women on all sides were men in long gowns, with collars close-fitted about the neck, cuffless sleeves, the skirt of the gown slit at the sides much like an old-fashioned American nightshirt. The gowns were white, pongee, light blue, here and there a dark blue or brown one. The Chinese teachers, and for dress occasions the boys also, wore a dark, close-fitting short jacket over the gown.*

Except for Chinese subjects, these students had done all of their studies in the English language since higher primary school. To enter college, they must pass entrance examinations in Chinese language, English, Algebra, Plane and Solid Geometry, Trigonometry, Chinese History, Chinese Geography, Western History, World Geography, Physics and Chemistry.

Emmet was assigned to teach several sections of English Composition at sophomore, junior, and senior levels; he also taught Sociology, English Literature, and American Literature, Biblical Literature and Public Speaking at various times. There was talk of his offering courses in International Law, Political Science, and History of Philosophy, but in every case he was supplanted by a Chinese teacher who became available.

They had English-speaking tables in the dining hall, English bull sessions in the dormitories. Such a thirst for education banished discipline problems from the classroom. There were occasions when the dean of students had problems, but the professors were spared. It was necessary only to restrain the students from doing too much.

Most of the young people had no contact with Christianity. With the help of a Christian student, Emmet held an outside Bible class which was well attended. A series of evangelistic meetings with outside speakers culminated with the College president speaking on the subject, "Who is Jesus Christ?" The messages were distinctly on the college level, were well attended and evoked interest.

The second summer, the college moved to its new campus in Pah Li T'ai, a more suburban setting. Chinese love of beauty expressed itself in a lotus pond made on the new campus before the buildings were finished. It was already in bloom when college opened, the hollyhocks glowing white and pink and rose and scarlet beside the walks. Reeds whispered across wide stretches of marsh beyond the campus. A boat moved stately as a swan along the canal, to the lazy splashing of an oar. The plain brick lines of the new buildings stood out sharply against a cloudless sky.

A new house was provided near campus for Emmet and Amy. Since they had servants, Amy decided she did not want to be around the house all day, and began teaching in the Middle School.

Chinese Sociology

Emmet's account of his freshman Sociology course interests me. Like my father, I never studied the subject in college, so my pursuit of a Master's degree in the subject was out of character. My father was widely read, and as an American

abroad, was supposed to know everything, so he bowed to the inevitable and tried to keep one lesson ahead of the class.

He tried to relate the work to Chinese conditions, encouraging the students to investigate, and to write up their findings, hoping that some of them might prepare a textbook from a Chinese point of view.

> *They did fine work in a field so new to them. The pilot project was an investigation into the living and work conditions of the reportedly 150,000 ricksha pullers in Tientsin. Questions the students asked when the assignment was given, reveal how new this sort of research was to them.*
>
> *"Must we actually ask questions of those ricksha men? What if they do not like to answer the questions? Must we talk to fifteen of them? It is very hard for a girl to talk to those men. May we not write about the condition of those poor people out of our general knowledge, without asking questions?"*
>
> *In the spring term, various topics in Chinese social and technological development were taken up, stressing the advance made by Chinese inventiveness in ancient times, the reasons for decline, and means of arousing the people to greater advance in the future.*

One day he asked the students what Buddhism had done for China. The question was serious; he supposed they would feel that Buddhism had contributed substantially to the development of Chinese civilization. The class burst out laughing. When they quieted down, one of the students rose to say, "Why, Mr. Russell, Buddhism has done nothing but keep China in ignorance and superstition for two thousand years."

While they were considering "The Development of Religion," one young man asked, "Mr. Russell, how can we find God?" Knowing that he was not supposed to allow "Christian propaganda" in the classroom, Emmet invited the student to come to see him outside of class. But no, he wanted to know right now, and he was seconded by others, until the entire class insisted on an answer. So he told them as best and simply as he could, that the way to find God is to let God find us; that the God whom Christians worship has been seeking men all along, and we need only to turn from every known sin to find God in our hearts, our Savior to give victory over sin, and our Lord to direct our lives into fruitful service.

The final assignment for the year was to write an essay on "What I intend to do for the social welfare of my native town." Emmet kept the entire stack of these essays, and they have now been put into an archive at Wheaton College in Illinois at the Chinese Institute archive at the Billy Graham Evangelism Center on campus so that graduate students interested in China may get a glimpse of the thinking

of Chinese students in the 1920s. Their content is varied. The essays portray a tendency to favor governmental action, social controls, a philosophy of collectivism. Already the leaven of Socialism, of Communism, was working.

Any reader of these essays quickly appreciates the difficulty these students were under, of getting their education in a foreign language, with no reference books in their own. Their selfless dedication to promote the welfare of their country and people was genuine, deep and built-in. They saw the difficulties, but they were undiscouraged. Emmet felt that their hope to save China was reasonable, that the vast amorphous mass of the common people would follow, as it always had, the leadership of its scholars. Now scholarship was fired by a desire to see the benefits of education shared by all the people.

> *What could not these young people have done, if the policy of other nations had not thwarted the development of modern China at every step? The forces of evil within China they understood and could in time have overcome. They should have been able to count on the sympathetic cooperation and goodwill of all other nations in their struggle to adapt from each the best it had to offer. Too often their only apparent friend was Russia, whose mammoth betrayal of their confidence led to the burial of all that is truly Chinese in their culture. Shall the resurrection of the true China occur in our time, or must it await the slow process of history?*
>
> *The students of the 1920's were indeed fortunate people; and they knew it. A dozen equally well prepared candidates were eager to push into any vacant place left by a dropout from the student body. There were few dropouts; none voluntary.*

By the time Emmet's three-year contract expired, nationalist feeling demanded that no more foreign teachers be engaged. Indeed, the need for them was diminishing; returned students with excellent command of English were becoming available in greater numbers—and their salaries would be half of what Emmet received.

The Citizen Advocate

Buried within the records of Emmet's classes and student essays, is another stream of experience revealing a part of this man's character as an American citizen. Perhaps it also exposes the latent lawyer in him, as he champions causes with persons in positions of power in the United States government. The times were less cynical in the 1920s, particularly in regard to government and politicians. Today we can be surprised at the almost intimate access an ordinary American might have to the corridors of power. Emmet found opportunities to exercise his rights as a citizen on several occasions.

A matter arose in the summer of 1923 which required Emmet's advocacy on the international level. Chinese students wanting to study in the United States had to compete for scholarships offered by taking examinations in English and Sociology at Tsing Hua College in Peking (Beijing). The date set was for Sunday, July 8. Emmet and his fellow Christian teachers from America decided to protest this use of the Lord's Day which infringed on the religious principles of Christian Chinese students. Emmet took up their cause—a cause that would wind all the way up the ladder of governmental authority—both in China and the United States. In the end, of course, political intervention was involved. .

He first wrote to the President of Tsing Hua College, site where the examinations were to take place, then appealed to the Bible Union of China to substantiate the case he was making about the sacrality of the Lord's Day. Emmet then contacted Edward Bell, Counsellor of the American Embassy, who replied: "The American Minister has taken the matter up with the authorities of Tsing Hua College."

The diplomatic, but bureaucratic, reply came from Tsing Hua's president:

> *"I beg to say that for the benefit of the students concerned, we cannot afford any delay in view of the fact that it takes time to send the examination papers to the teachers many of whom are now away from the College, and that our students would have sailed for America on August 6 had not a subsequent change postponed it to August 17. These and other obvious reasons make it impossible for us to cause any change of the schedule prepared long ago."*

After the examination day had passed, another letter came from the President of Tsing Hua College indicating that "personally I am not in favor of holding examinations on Sunday" and that in the future "we shall try our best not to arrange any examinations on Sunday," and that he had notified the Board of Examinations accordingly.

The matter was more complicated on a political level. Now, things begin to sound eerily familiar to our times—as true in 1922 as 2020. As a result of the Boxer Rebellion, an Indemnity fund had been established which China owed to the United States. Enter Henry Cabot Lodge, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, who had proposed legislation which permitted these funds to be returned to China, but specifically in the form of scholarships permitting Chinese students to study in the United States. His reply clarifies this basis for the Scholarship fund, and also kicks the problem one notch higher—to the Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes.

> *I am personally very familiar with the matter of the Chinese indemnity, because I introduced, reported, and carried through the Senate the first bill for the return of*

the indemnity, which afterwards passed the House and became Law. It had of course the approval of Mr. Hay, who was then Secretary of State. I also, within the past year, on the recommendation of Secretary Hughes, reported and secured the passage of the bill relieving China from any further payment of interest in the indemnity fund. The only limit that was placed on the original return of the indemnity was that China agreed it should be used for the education of Chinese students in this country, as I remember. The matter, therefore, of the dealings with the indemnity which we returned would be a question for the State Department to settle with China, and I will write to the Secretary of State and call his attention to what you say in your letter to me.

Very truly yours,
H. C. Lodge

Along the way, Emmet contacted William Jennings Bryan about the matter. Bryan replied that he would "at once take the matter up with the State Department. I think your protest is justifiable. Surely Christian youths ought not to be discriminated against."

Bryan could not resist adding, "I greatly appreciate what you say in regard to the usefulness of my book *In His Image*, and enclose a later speech that may interest you." Charles Evans Hughes wrote a diplomatic reply:

The Department of State is authorizing the American Minister at Peking, in his discretion, to mention the subject to the Chinese Foreign Office. It is being suggested that emphasis be laid upon the interest which the United States has in the selection of the students to be supported by the Indemnity Funds remitted by the United States to China, and that the hope be expressed that Christian Chinese candidates may be relieved of the necessity of taking their examinations on Sunday when such action would be contrary to their religious principles.

Several months later, Hughes informed Lodge that the American Minister at Peking had indicated that the authorities of Tsing Hua College would not hold the examinations on Sunday in the future.

As a climax to the matter, Emmet wrote a letter of appreciation to the Massachusetts Senator, emphasizing the added benefit to his Chinese students and fellow teachers of this example of democracy in action. *"It has been an impressive lesson in the meaning of democracy, to see the officers of a powerful government take up a relatively insignificant matter of principle merely on the initiative of a private citizen."* In 2020, I ponder the designation of "insignificant matters of principle." What would an American citizen today be able to accomplish on "significant matters of principle."

As always, his letters closed with his signature and his life verse, Galatians 2:20.

Emmet continued his keen interest in Chinese affairs after his return to the States, through newspaper accounts and correspondence with Chinese colleagues. In a letter to one of these, P. Ling, Dean of Nan K'ai College, later the Chinese Ambassador to Cuba, after the Japanese invasion of China in 1932, Emmet wrote expressing his concern. Ling had seen a harsh attitude toward China expressed in the New York Times, and was upset, and wrote an immediate reply to Emmet from Cuba:

> *I am glad to know that you still continue your interest in what is happening in China, and have shown your special sympathy toward our country concerning the Japanese invasion. I imagine that the sympathies of the American people as a whole are for China, but I am afraid that the American press has shown just the contrary. I receive The New York Times in my Legation and the articles printed in that paper so far have been trying to justify the Japanese invasion and uphold the principle that might makes right. I cannot understand such an attitude. I suppose Japanese gold has had an overwhelming influence. I understand the Hearst papers also have been doing the same thing. I have unverified information to the effect that the correspondent of The New York Times in Japan receives half a million dollar a month from the Japanese government. This may not be true but the cables sent by that correspondent from Japan to his paper certainly look suspicious.*

He went on to deplore conditions in the world in general and his country in particular, adding an ominous and prescient warning: "We may be compelled to become communistic, if our reliance placed upon world public opinion and the sanctity of international treaties fails us." He had already noted signs of such a tendency in China in recent weeks.

Discrimination against Jews at Harvard

Emmet's penchant for advocacy of minorities extended beyond his concerns for his Christian Chinese students. He kept apprised of events in his homeland, which included news from his alma mater, Harvard University. He became disturbed about reports in the press which implied that Harvard maintained a quota for the admission of Jews. He wrote the Law School Dean. The reply was typically evasive and defensive. It could have been written in our current affirmative action conscious times.

> *December 29, 1922*
> *I am sorry that such exaggerated reports have gone out concerning the treatment of Jews at Harvard. Reports such as this always become exaggerated the farther they spread, and I have no doubt that the stories attained goodly proportion by the time they reached China. So far as the truth of the matter is concerned, I*

cannot give you first hand information, inasmuch as we, of the Law School faculty, do not sit with the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, upon whom rests the responsibility for deciding this matter. So far as I have been able to learn, the truth of the matter is that there is a movement afoot, not to exclude Jews from the University, but to adopt some measure which will have the practical effect of limiting the number of Jews entering Harvard to some such figure as, say 15% of the total enrollment. I believe that no final decision has yet been reached and that a committee is considering what steps should be taken; but so far as I have been able to gather, the intention of the Committee is to follow out some such line as I have suggested.

In later life, my father continued this habit of staying in touch with the political, cultural and theological currents of his day. And he was an activist citizen: he wrote letters to comment, to question, or to protest.

Contact with Vice President Calvin Coolidge

In our family archives lies one document that has a modest claim to historic newsworthiness. It is a letter Emmet received in China from Calvin Coolidge, then Vice President of the United States. Emmet, whose concerns went beyond political matters, retained his interest in literary culture while teaching at Nan K'ai. Shortly after he arrived in China, he read an address given by Calvin Coolidge on "The Classics." Emmet spontaneously wrote a letter of appreciation, which elicited a personal reply signed in Coolidge's own hand:

The Vice President's Chamber
Washington
March 6, 1922

My dear Mr. Russell:
I am very much obliged to you for taking the trouble to write to me regarding my address on The Classics. It is a real pleasure to receive such a message of approval and I sincerely appreciate all that you are kind enough to say.
I have been much interested in what you tell me of the decline of the classics in China, and the application which the address has to the problems of that country.

Very truly yours,

Calvin Coolidge (hand signature)

Masonry

Another significant connection to his homeland came about because he began questioning his membership in the Masons. He received some literature protesting the evils of secret societies for Christians. He first wrote the President of Gordon College in Massachusetts. Nathan Wood's reply was indulgently amused and tolerant, pointing Emmet to the larger concerns. He himself was a Mason, and claimed he had never listened to the ignorant clamor against secret societies and was not prejudiced against them. He was simply amused at the spectacle of sober and grown up fellow citizens waving feathers, dangling a sword, and a uniform, playing soldier like little boys. "But I have only laughed over it. There is no sin it. Brotherhood is a very sacred thing to me and I find it only in the Christian fellowship."

One of the persons spearheading the protest against secret societies was Charles Blanchard, President of Wheaton College in Wheaton, Illinois, a small Christian liberal arts institution. Blanchard's view was sharply critical and impassioned. Emmet wrote to President Blanchard, asking for advice. There followed an exchange of letters in which Blanchard made his case personally to Emmet. After giving examples of the horrific oaths required of members, and the absence of the mention of Christ or the Holy Spirit in prayers of confession, he concluded by saying,

> *I am sure that if you will be led by the Spirit you will be out of Masonry long before you read this letter. I feel sure that you are coming out, yet I hope that you will make haste. My Christian friends are coming out all the time; two in one day in Milwaukee recently, one a thirty-second degree Scottish Rite Mason, the other a Blue Lodge Mason; both glad to get out and be free. It will be so with you if you are as good a Christian as I rather think you are.*

Apparently Emmet's response pleased Blanchard, for the second letter from him was jubilant.

> *I thank you more than I can tell for your good letter which I have just received. I have reason to believe that many men have done all that you have done except make a public statement of what the Spirit of God has required of them. I believe that Masonic preachers and church officials are a great curse to the church of this country.*

Emmet resigned his membership, taking a loss of several hundred dollars in the process. Another result was his intention to some day send any of his children born to him to Wheaton for their college education.

This sealed my own destiny, for I attended Wheaton College in is many forms under its control, beginning with its Junior academy, graduating in 1942, its prep school Academy, 1946, the College, class of 1950, and Graduate School for my M. A. in 1958.

Going Home to America

The years in China drew to a close. In June of 1924, my parents returned home to America to pick up the strands of their life. No longer would it center around school, as it had for a quarter of a century—as students or teachers—but would find a home in the pastorates in small communities across New England, the suburban midwest, and the western slopes of the Rockies.

My parents talked of China often in the home. There were curios in a cabinet—a stone from the Great Wall of China, a quill for writing Chinese characters, an embroidered cap, an embroidered gown, the painting of a giant carp. My father considered pursuing a doctorate in Chinese languages and literature at Harvard at one point when he was feeling beleaguered and discouraged in a difficult pastorate and longed for reprieve within ivy-covered walls of academia. I pause now in the twenty-first century to think of how involved my father would be in our world today where China is indeed "rising as a great power" as my father intuited it would. He appreciated the finer points of the Chinese mind, and was perhaps less discouraged by the tendency toward authoritarian rule. He had young sensitive students eager to "make a difference" in their world.

For the next quarter century, my father would find his ground of ministry in the life he had long desired. He would be a pastor. He would think and pray and preach and call on parishioners in the old fashioned way typical in rural parishes. He would father a family, and make a home. He would read, and he would write.

My Father's Fiction—And Mine

My Father the Writer

Thus far I have leaned on my father's autobiographical writing to tell his story. But this record ended with his China years. At thirty-two years of age, he returned to America to fulfill his vocation as a pastor for the next half century, and to raise a family.

I reluctantly pull from the files the fat folders containing the original copy of his autobiography, *Going Up To God*. I have not dared to throw these papers away, though I have many years ago copied their contents onto my computer. He wrote the story, using a special typewriter with giant type, making it easier for him to read and check his work. But the task was far from easy in those pre-computer days, for he made three carbon copies as he typed. Frugal always, he kept these copies on the backs of his "scratch paper"—letters from missionaries, appeal letters from the many Christian organizations in which he took an interest, form letters from governmental and commercial sources, and always the rejection letters from publishers for his poetry, articles and books. These backsides give me another picture of his life, giving obscure hints about the places the tentacles of his life embraced.

After he retired, he made a helpful discovery. His recently acquired legal status as "blind" meant that there were certain perquisites available to him when he retired. He wrote me:

> *Father is being vocationally rehabilitated, meaning that the Granite state is buying him a new typewriter so he can keep on writing books, since that is my present means of livelihood. This entailed a complete physical examination, at state expense, the most complete I ever had. Verdict: disgustingly healthy for 74. Typewriter is a special order. Nice big type I can read.*
>
> *I am impressed and intrigued by the Vocational Rehabilitation worker, Mr. Killelea, whose attitude is most courteous, kind and understanding, with his professional competence kept invisible. He knew how to study me without giving any sign that he was so doing. Was I as successful in concealing my studious frame of mind from him? Sociology on the hoof. I enjoyed it.*
>
> *I went to the Blind Services for information, without any thought of having a typewriter given me. Commercial deals did not give me the information I wanted. I assumed, correctly, the State office would have the knowledge. But apparently they are eager to find people on which to spend the money in their budget.*
>
> *The new machine will write only English, so I shall keep my present electric for those rare occasions when I have occasion to write in French, Spanish, German, Italian. "Two typewriters on every desk," you know.*

His retirement took him first to his beloved Goshen, New Hampshire, where he purchased a tiny cottage in the midst of pastureland, brook, and forest. He began writing those stories that had been simmering in the corners of his mind for several years—perhaps all of his life. I think he wanted to fictionalize his life as a way of capturing the intensity of his experience and projecting it onto a protagonist whom he could shape in the godlike capacity of a novelist. It is this fiction that may yield a clue about these generative middle years in his life.

His first attempt—*North Road*— interests me as being the most clearly autobiographical. Into it he poured his life experiences, his spiritual journey. Its title and theme derive from a refrain from a poem he wrote in college, "Credo":

> *Though I stand at the crossing of a hundred roads,*
> *There is but one I can tread in.*
> *I will turn my face toward the Star,*
> *Which alone shall light me and guide me.*
> *Not to the south, as the rivers flow*
> *In the way that is easiest:*
> *Hard is the road, and cold,*
> *To the north over desolate mountains. . .*

He is at his best in delineating the character of the male protagonist, Art, who transparently lives a version of my father's life—born in Minnesota, studying at Harvard, a father away on business much of the time, a mother who fostered intellectual and artistic development. He comes to religious faith through painful deliberation and finally through the influence of his childhood sweetheart, Sigrid, a flutist and lover of music. Emmet goes beyond his own actual experience, but not beyond his fantasy, when he weaves in a shadow woman figure, Alta, who tempts Art with her agnostic sophistication and her contempt of simplicity. Their friendship reaches a negative climax in Mexico—the road south—where they meet during travels one summer. After intense conflict in heart, mind and soul, Art turns to Sigrid, who epitomizes the road north, and to Christ, and to the ministry.

The plot dominates, pushing the characters into words and behaviors that will move the action forward toward the destined denouement. Conversions are frequent and sometimes seem forced, lacking full development. Conversations are laden with Scripture that supports a point; they do not reflect ordinary speech.

I am bothered by this artificiality of dialogue. An example, when Art's brother Don is talking to Sigrid:

> *"Say, Sigrid, what if I should become a preacher?"*
> *"You?"*

"Yes, me. All you have to do is talk interestingly and draw the crowds, keep people happy and see that the money comes in. And of course be comforting and kind when people are in trouble. You work with nice people, travel and enjoy life. That is, if you're a big church preacher. That's all you have to do in order to preach."

"How shall they preach except they be sent?"

"Sent? Of, I see, you mean, sent to divinity school. Sure. Free scholarships, pleasant three years of not too serious graduate study."

"No, I mean, sent by God. Jesus said, 'As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you.'"

"Well, don't you think God would be glad to send any young man who was sort of decent, and from a good family, and who had a good education, to preach for Him? There aren't so many men entering the ministry nowadays. At Harvard, they put Art in Divinity Hall because they didn't have enough theological students to fill it."

"No, Don. 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty.'"

"Sounds like the Bible. Say, Sigrid, are all those hard speeches you have been firing at me out of the Bible?"

"The Bible is pretty good authority for what preachers ought to be."

"Don't you think times change? Shouldn't we conform to the spirit of our age?"

"Don, 'the friendship of the world is enmity with God.'"

To me, Sigrid's responses, chiefly using quotations from Scripture, sound preachy, unnatural. On the morning when I wrote this section, I was on my customary walk around Jamaica Pond when I saw two women approaching, engaged in animated conversation. One woman was gesturing broadly to the other as she talked. As we passed, I caught a fragment of the conversation. *"The Word says in John 15:16, 'You did not choose. . .'"*

I began rethinking my criticism. Apparently for some people, the use of Scripture in conversation is utterly natural.

Later, musing on these things, I had to admit that I myself am so saturated with Scriptural language that it oozes out of my exchanges in my work as a counselor. It always fits, in my view, and has a peculiar power when used appropriately. It turns out that early monastic writers so absorbed Scripture that they did their thinking in the very terms of the prophets and evangelists. As Esther De Waal writes in *The Way of Simplicity: The Cistercian Tradition:*

> *It is as though they wrote with pens dipped in the ink of Scripture, and they produced meditative passages totally woven from scriptural phrases, although the meaning remains entirely their own. (p. 59)*

This immersion in Scripture is something I am sure I absorbed from my Father who loved it, spoke it easily, used it in ordinary conversation, sometimes with humor. He allowed his fictional characters to do the same. It doesn't read easily in the twenty-first century, but Dad's novel was set in his own time, early twentieth century. I allow him some slack on that

score. He sometimes jested that he was basically a "nineteenth century man." His writing bears that out.

Where I am most appalled in the manuscript is in his portrayal of Sigrid, the female lead. It is not just his romantic iteration of her "flaxen hair," but the purity of soul he imagines behind the physical reality.

> *Sigrid, sitting at the organ, her flaxen hair burning pale gold in the sunset, her eyes deep wells of peace, her lips apart in song, breathing a glory not of earth, Sigrid's hands in the shadows, coaxing beauty from the reluctant organ, Sigrid poised, controlled, ethereal strength in every graceful line and motion. . .*

And again, seen through Art's eyes:

> *Sigrid, flaxen hair, a smooth high forehead over deep brown eyes, lively, questioning, defending eyes—asserting the purity of the soul behind them, questioning whoever looked into them, twinkling with fun, yet capable of sympathetic tears. A girl's dreams and a woman's hopes sang in their dawn-rich depths. This morning September sunlight streamed through the flaxen waves above them, waves gently restrained by a broad brown bow resting lightly like a mammoth butterfly caught in the skein of flaxen hair on her neck.*

In the manuscript, Sigrid claims to have a rebellious heart in her youth, but the Sigrid on the pages of the novel conveys only saintly purity. My father's ideal of womanhood was deeply ingrained. I am a little shocked. I wonder how my mother bore this burden of being the object of his uncritical admiration. She knew better than to believe herself a saint. Yet I know my father persisted in putting her on this pedestal all his life. I must have drunk of that stream of adoration too.

Even when, in my late thirties, I went through a transformation in therapy which forced me to deal with the effects of my particular upbringing, and I wrote my parents a letter which spoke of how hard it was to be raised by such good parents on the one hand, and how hard it had been to feel accepted as my true self, and that now I must go my own way a little divergent from theirs, my father's response was totally affirming, referring to "your bright spirit of independence."

No Christian publisher would accept *North Road*. Instead, they took three of his simpler formulaic novels where the obstacles to resolution were contrived to turn out happily. The Christian world of the 1950s was not yet ready for complexity of plot, even the limited complexity of *North Road*. In a decade, he succeeded in having three novels published: *Gold of Her Glory*, *Homespun*, and *Lilac Time*. Dad kept writing novels like the ones that sold, but by the 1960s times changed and the Christian public demanded more nuance, more surprise. My closet contains a box of these rejected manuscripts.

My Father, the Pastor—Telling The Story in Fiction

My father, whose self-identity as a writer was always strong, left no intact narrative of this fruitful span of time as a pastor, the years that marked him for success and failure, for despair and hope, defeat and triumph. He would turn to writing the story of pastoring in fiction instead.

I pull one of his rejected novels out of my files: *The Unexpected*. On the surface, it appears to be one of his worst. I persist in examining it, however, because it is the tale of a pastor, Charles Lamb, and his wife, Mary Lyon, and their twin daughters Mary (Lamb!) and Miriam in their experiences through a succession of pastorates in small semi-rural communities. Perhaps this was my father's way of narrating his own history of pastoring four churches in New England, a fifth in the Midwest, and finally in two Colorado communities, before his retirement. He would tell it in his fiction!

In *The Unexpected*, he uses a literary device that must be seen as tongue-in-cheek: he names all the towns flowers. In Marigold, the last names of congregants are birds—Junco, Snipe, Heron, Crane, Wren, Lark, Bunting. In the next parish, named Mayflower, the surnames are grains—Wheat, Beane, Barlow, Ryan. In Iris, they are fish—Bass, Carp, Pike, Sturgeon. He then proceeds to dissect each pastorate's disparate challenges and joys.

As I read, I detect glimpses of my father's experience as a minister, especially in his first thirteen years spent in New England. He started in Monroe, Maine, where son Philip was born, then Epsom, New Hampshire, where I appeared. Details about Monroe are scant; it was his first position, and apparently not one that captivated his attention, for it is the only church he served where lifelong friends were not made.

Epsom was a different story. It figured in the life of our family for the rest of the century. The congregation responded to Dad with loving devotion. Several members became close friends. We vacationed there many times throughout my childhood, and eventually my parents spent twelve years of their retirement there, making Epsom a constant in my life from birth. It then became my mother's last home before she died in 1991 at the age of 95.

Yet, the time in Epsom was cut short because of my arrival in 1929 on the heels of the Great Depression. This put a strain on the meager household budget, causing Dad to feel he had to accept a call from Ashland, a city church that could afford a higher salary. That move to Ashland became a hallmark ever after—a warning that one should never make a major decision on the basis of finances alone. Ashland proved miserable for all of us. The congregation posed opposition to some of my father's initiatives and emphases; my brother's grade school experience turned dismal and devoid of challenge to his quick mind. I have a string of terror-laden memories—frightening encounters with drunken men across the street, the cries of a child being beaten on a neighbor’s back

door step, watching helplessly while another child next door who had polio fell in the sandbox and had to wait and cry for her father in order to be lifted up. There were other haunting moments—getting childhood diseases, being rescued by my father from wasp stings as I played unaware in the garden and screamed for help.

Emmet recorded some of his despondency in his journal:

> *I feel an unaccountable longing to revisit the Twin Cities, my birthplace. I feel a vivid yearning for Minnehaha, the Lakes, the Mississippi, yes, the city, old friends, while they still live. I wonder if no other place will quite fill that of my birthplace. The prairies of Minnesota haunt me tonight.*
>
> *I am so tired. Ambition all gone. I want to get out of it all. Just rest. God help and care for me, and all of us.*

Religious doubts began to haunt my father, and he confided these in two good friends from Epsom who came to visit the family in Ashland.

> *In the afternoon I asked Mabel how she believed, whether she ever had doubts. "No," she said, in great surprise. "I have never doubted." She went into more detail. Then expressed surprise that I had doubts. We talked, all of us, much of this. Mabel was the only one of us who had always been free from doubt. She really could not believe mine were as serious as I thought.*

After giving the matter further thought on her return home, Mabel decided to set my father straight about handling his doubts. She had great affection for my father and revered him as a spiritual leader. She was troubled that he would entertain doubts about his faith, so she spoke to him, giving him advice.

> *She said that if she had such doubts as I have, she would not dare to read books that would make her doubt. I have done a lot of that, thinking I ought to know what others are thinking, so that I could help others. But I see that I shall be far more help to them, if I have a sure message from God's Word. I am looking over my books, to cast out any that have tempted me to doubt. I will not get such books any more. If they come to hand, I shall not read them, as soon as I discover their character. I shall study my Bible more, and read books that strengthen faith. That is not a bit narrow. It is just common sense. I will not eat or drink poison for body, mind or spirit.*

Reading this now, I am appalled by his being swayed by Mabel's advice to the point of getting rid of books! I am relived that there are some indications in later life that my father changed his attitude toward the matter of doubt, and deliberately exposed himself to more challenging theological material, some coming from my urgings to consider ideas coming from my generation who were gradually moving away from a narrow view of theology and ideas I was attracted to. He actually remained widely read all his life—in seminal thinkers in various fields. He imparted to me a serene confidence that God is able

to keep secure those who belong to him. This encouraged me to embrace my own doubts, for they are what convinced me of the necessity of faith, rather than needing sure knowledge of sound doctrine. Eventually I would find a deeper and wider way to embrace faith, and I like to think that my father, now dead for fifty years, would understand from a perspective that is mysteriously open to the God we both worship.

Finding Ashland distasteful, my father looked for a way out and beyond the limits of his unrewarding pastoral experience there. He even applied for a fellowship in the Harvard-Yenching program for Chinese studies, but was not chosen.

But then a call came from the Baptist Church in Northwood, New Hampshire, and with relief, the family moved to Northwood in 1935. I turned six that year, started school, and in the spring of 1936, made the decision to follow Christ and be baptized. Now I was aware of the pastoral role my father fulfilled and which included me and my brother as a part of his family and subject to the "inspection" of congregants.

My father once told me that the experience of moving to Northwood released him powerfully from the bondage he felt in Ashland, the self-doubt and torment of continual opposition from some members of the congregation. The relief of a quiet, old-fashioned country church with uncomplicated people, was restful. Most of all he felt blessed by a warm-hearted group of young people. One of them, Donald Macomber, became a kind of protégé of his and eventually entered the ministry.

This pastorate was cut short by the death of my father's parents. We moved to Kansas City in 1937 to settle the estate, before moving to Wheaton, Illinois, in 1938. For the following three years of unemployment, we lived on the meager income coming from the farms my father had inherited. He tried to sell them, as he did not wish to become a farm manager, but it was during the Depression and the market was not favorable until World War II. He reasoned that this income would enable him to serve churches that could not afford to pay a pastor a living wage.

During this time, Dad toyed with the idea of seeking a doctorate in Greek at the University of Chicago, but let expense deter him. Instead he decided to pursue a doctorate in Sacred Theology from Gordon Divinity School. For that purpose, he registered for a seminar in eschatology with Dr. James Oliver Buswell, who was president of Wheaton College at that time. My father turned out to be the sole student signing up, but Dr. Buswell met with my father faithfully every week all semester, granting him the same respect as if the room had been filled. He wrote:

> *I gained at least one formative philosophical idea from him—about eternity being qualitatively different from time. He said that was all nonsense. Eternity is simply more and more time forever. The other idea is Greek and Oriental paganism.*

In 1941, Dad completed his work for the doctorate and traveled to Boston for his oral exams and for the awarding of the degree. While there waiting for commencement day, he decided to while away the time by finding temporary work. Spying an ad in the paper for a job at the Harvard Coop Bookstore, he took the subway to Cambridge and applied for what he thought would be a respectable position for a doctoral degree candidate. However, the job turned out to be wearing a sandwich board around Harvard Square advertising the bookstore! The idea intrigued.

"Why not?" he decided. He was hired, and got perverse pleasure out of parading about the familiar streets near Harvard Yard. One day he bumped into his former paleontology professor who looked over his glasses at my father with some disbelief.
"Mr. Russell?" he inquired. My father was pleased at such juxtapositions.

There were a few rainy days, when the store manager allowed my father to sit in a corner and read medieval Latin and ancient Greek texts. Evenings, he spent attending university lectures and concerts. What he secretly hoped was to be allowed to walk down the aisle at commencement, held in Park Street Church, wearing his sandwich board over his academic gown!

A few months later, in the fall of 1941, a Baptist congregation in Glen Ellyn, two miles from Wheaton, called him to be their pastor. The Baptist met in a Free Methodist building, still occupied by two remaining elderly members. Fortunately these two issued their own "call" to Dad as pastor—completing the necessary unified body.

Glen Ellyn was the church to which I felt the strongest attachment and was most formative for me. I was twelve when we began there, sixteen when we left. A Wheaton College student, Peter Bakker, assisted my father in his work. He was a winsome fellow who enlivened the youth group with his leadership. Other college students came and went, some taught Sunday school. The onset of World War II brought a special sense of togetherness and urgency to the ministry.

Dad warmed to the midwestern spirit, so familiar to him from his childhood. He took part in the beginning days of the formation of the National Association of Evangelicals, just as he had earlier taken part in the New England Fellowship headquartered in conference grounds in Rumney, New Hampshire, during his New England years. Seeking out colleagues and community was natural to him—and often was accomplished through his extensive correspondence—including with leaders in a field. His letters got entrance and response readily, and undergirded personal contact.

The Glen Ellyn Church is where I remember most vividly the "preacher father"—the way he stood erect in the pulpit, holding his Bible limply in one outstretched hand, speaking almost entirely without reference to his cryptic notes, carefully interleaved between pages of his Bible. His voice was full-throated, strong. He could tell a story, using

pauses and intonation to highlight a point. One had the sense of a unified whole, beginning, middle and end. He did not ramble past the twenty minutes he felt the congregation could absorb.

This pastorate was an association we all cherished as a family. In 1943, it was his son, Phil, whom he sent off to war, as others had gone from the congregation. He stood facing his son in the farewell service, Philip already towering more than six feet tall over my father's five foot eight frame. "Son, remember Jesus Christ," was my father's simple admonition.

Three years later, a few new members of the congregation grew restive, incited others to make a change in pastor. One of the deacons told Dad that there was concern about his ability to draw in new members. We were shocked and heartbroken. Dad presented his resignation immediately. He did not want to cause dissension.

I think he also needed to act boldly to protect his own sense of self. He may have sensed that a congregation may humor a man with partial sight for a time, but eventually will feel uncomfortable with the visual aspect of a sightless eye and another with roving pupil. It was a shock to me to begin seeing my father as others may have seen him—the initial discomfort, sometimes pity, occasionally revulsion. I now know it is frequently the experience of the disabled, aware that the visual image may be a barrier for others to seeing the treasures hidden within the person.

Many years later, some members confessed to my parents that they regretted the hastiness of their actions. My father also came to question his own too-quick response, recognizing that his offer to relinquish his post may have looked noble on the surface; it also may have contained elements of cowardice on his part to stay and process the event with his parishioners.

I think that this experience lay behind my father's teaching me that the church is always more important than the pastor. He wrote:

> Even where a pastor builds a church from nothing to numbers, the church soon becomes relatively independent of him. Pastors have influence, more than any other one member of a church, but they do not, in our time, have permanence. How they go away, be it sad or glad—shortly it becomes unimportant that they went.

We continued to live in Wheaton where my father taught a few Philosophy courses at Wheaton College in 1947, which provided me a break in tuition as a freshman and sophomore. He hoped for intellectual stimulation with colleagues, but found the climate was not conducive to the kind of informal conversation he would have relished. In his long life in ministry he never had any substantial intellectual companionship, though there were four or five men with whom he had deep friendships and some exchange of

ideas on occasion. These were never sustained in one place for any length of time, and it left him hungry for that kind of interchange.

Then came an opportunity to serve a new church in Pagosa Springs, Colorado, and a year later a move to Grand Junction, Colorado, where he served his last church before deciding that he could at last retire and devote himself to writing. He had not guessed how much “pastoring” was still latent inside him.

My Fiction About My Father

My parents' move to Colorado in 1948 impacted me. It meant that I had moved away from home for the first time, to the dorm where I was a junior at Wheaton. From this point on to the end of his life, I have his letters to mark our father-daughter relationship. He wrote often, and at some length.

So I have my own "fiction" about my father. The letters are my supporting evidence, but my description of this man who was my father is definitely my take on him, and emerges from the indefinable bond that developed early in my life and persisted with power to this day.

I have always felt that I was ordained—whether or not any bishop laid his or her hands on me. I am my father's daughter, and am carrying on what he began. He would be both proud and thankful. It is the God whom he showed me every day that smiles on me now when I tend to be self-deprecating or unsure. It was my father who taught me the "abundant joy" of the Christian path.

His four-line poem says it best.

The will of God is not a path
Whereon one walketh dangerous;
Nay, 'tis a life, sweet, rested land;
A land of glad feet and free.

As he once wrote to me, "God loves you and wants you to be happy, with that fullness of joy which is found in living close, close to him." *A goodly heritage*, as the psalmist said.

I am so grateful.

Retirement—Finding Home in Stages

Retirement is not a one-move-and-forever step for many of us. Rather it often evolves in stages. It was to Goshen that my parents first went in 1951 to settle in retirement. This had been his "home away from home" during his college years, and still retained that familiar sense, as well as the memory of his turning to faith because of the influence of these dear friends.

My father imagined a quiet life of study and writing, but he was not done yet with his vocation as a pastor. The next twenty years involved three changes of geographic location and was interspersed with interim pastorates—some of them difficult, requiring patience and exertion, others crowning his life with blessing and fruitfulness. Also his wisdom was sought by young persons in ministry or by those preparing to serve.

During his years in the midwest, my father had discovered a new pastoral affiliation that felt closer to his heart than his Baptist connection. The Evangelical Free Church would become his church home until death. This was a denomination adapted from its roots in Scandinavian countries and brought here by immigrants, many of whom settled in Minnesota, an area familiar to my father from his birth. The characteristic Swedish warmth instantly extended to him by the Free Church community attracted my father. In New England, the Free Church was new, so my father became a trusted familiar presence and someone to be tapped for interim positions when vacancies appeared.

The first was his most unusual pastorate—a city mission in Gardner, Massachusetts, just across the New Hampshire border. It was populated with families living in the dregs of poverty. He commented wryly that this was the first congregation he served where one of the members was an alumnus of Harvard, and ironically one who had been living on the streets and struggling with alcoholism.

This post led to my parents' decision to move to Hillsboro, New Hampshire to live—a commutable distance from Gardner. But Hillsboro was not yet "home" in its earthiest sense. The continuing urge to move closer to warm-hearted friends, likeminded in faith, became important for my parents' future. Both my brother and I lived a continent away and were engrossed in our own concerns. Dad began eying possible locations in Epsom where a cluster of these lifelong friends had remained.

The Epsom Twenty-Year Sojourn—Still Pastoring

After a few years, as he was ending his time in the Gardner church, an opening to buy a home in Epsom came up, and my father seized on it, for Epsom had always felt like home to them and my parents felt that this was a move that would allow them to retire from full-time pastoring. He wrote passionately about this return to a loved environment:

> *In the Sunday evening service every hymn glowed with the blessedness I knew here in Epsom thirty-five years ago—no mere futile memory, a present vital experience. Somehow it is easy for me to worship in the Epsom church, hard to do anything else. It is partly that the building itself conduces to worship, either by daylight or artificial light. Partly the people who are there. Partly the folks with whom memory peoples the vacant pews. Partly the knowledge of what the church has stood for through the nearly hundred years that building has stood at the parting of the ways, reminding folks that when they face the church of Jesus Christ, they must make a choice.*

Settling in Epsom, the idea of retirement from the full-time pastorate raised questions for my father. He would have his writing, which had been nurtured all along in a sort of hothouse annexed to his ministry. He knew his identity would be secure, but he wondered how my mother would adjust. Her call to ministry had been as strong as his when they met in Gordon in their twenties.

He need not have worried; the strong young woman he courted in 1919—mentioning his admiration for both her faith and her ability to saddle a horse in the two years she spent a summer riding around the Sasketchewan outback as a traveling preacher. As it turned out, his interim work—which began appearing year by year—simultaneously gave mother a natural area to serve with women and children; plus, she was the one who could drive them to the remote semi-rural locations where their services were needed!

Since I was at the time on the staff of Pioneer Girls, an organization sponsoring weekday clubs and summer camps, my parents had taken an interest in this as an adjunct to local church programs. It filled the need for my mother to continue feeling useful. She got a club started in the Epsom church which they attended and where they spent many years of retirement.

> *It was uphill business, the church took it on simply because we wanted it, and they had a certain confidence in us. If it were to bust up, it would be very, very rough on Mother. Nothing would really take its place, and few other things would be adequate for her energy and interest. And now, for this small church to have three groups is simply something out of this world. The Barrington church, where I am interim, has one group starting this fall, and will simply have to have a second next fall, and that is largely due to Mother's promotion over there.*

As a matter of fact, Mother went the second mile. At the age of seventy, she volunteered to serve as camp counselor in the Maine camp operated by Pioneer Girls. She managed well with the help of a junior counselor who took over responsibilities requiring more physical energy than Mother had. She was game like that to the end of her life. Perhaps my own sense of "ordination" was inherited from my mother, who continuously looked for opportunities to be of service wherever they were located. It was in our blood!

Retirement for my father did not mean seclusion. Although he loved to write, this was not sufficient to sustain his hunger for meaningful exchange with others—in person and on the printed page by his typewriter. In addition to keeping up with a lively correspondence across the country with the variety of persons he had come to know, he responded willingly to requests for his services.

Therefore, all during this retirement phase, my father could not resist requests for part-time pastoral work that called him to serve. Often this was limited to the aspect of pastoring in which he was especially gifted—the preaching of sermons. These part-time opportunities were also another way for him to provide financial support for him and his wife—and in a way that also involved her in ministry often characteristic of a "pastor's wife" in the culture of those times

His first part-time assignment was to a church in Maine. He described what he found:

> *This is a church as full of problems as an algebra book, with more unknown quantities. There won't be a dull moment for the next six months. The people are warmhearted and friendly, but have been allowed to go in so many different directions that the resulting chaos poses a problem in quantum mechanics. It makes one think of the atomic turbulence that to the naked eye of man looks like a solid object.*

The problems in another parish were more obscure, but "inherently more serious." The long commute to the far northeastern tip of Maine in winter was foreboding. Mother was increasingly reluctant to drive. They kept the pastoral engagement short.

His affiliation with the Evangelical Free Church denomination made that more natural and likely than his earlier experience among Baptists. There had been one aberration from the pattern after the Gardner post—a highly disappointing short-term stint he accepted with a nondenominational Shore Beach, Connecticut, congregation. It was a poor match, and mercifully short-lived.

Barrington Evangelical Free Church—was his first official interim, and he actually served there twice in the next ten years, an experience crowning his life with blessing and fruitfulness. His letters to me were almost ecstatic.

> *I love the little church in Barrington. From the smell of new pine that greets one's nostrils upon entering, till the last goodbyes on the lawn outside, it is a delightful experience. In more than two months I haven't found more than a smidgen of differences among the people. Such unity and harmony I have never seen, not even in Glen Ellyn in its best days.*

When he left, he commented:

> *Another lively chapter in our lives ended last Sunday in a sunset glow of appreciation, no less welcome because undeserved. We left before the honeymoon stage ended, for sure. I am not looking for another, just keeping quiet until the Lord opens the next chapter.*

There was another six-month interim in Charlotte, Maine, which affected my father in important ways in his private spiritual life. Over time, he began feeling stronger than for many months, really enjoying "life on the farm." He had ideas gestating in his brain for more books to write than he had years to live.

Retirement Side Trips

I was involved in some of the away-from-home trips that my parents took during retirement. These were not the usual "cruises" modern seniors anticipate filling their time. But two of them taking place in the early 1960s were adventures, and I was part of both of them.

In my job at Pioneer Girls, I was especially happy when directing camp, and my favorite site was the one in the mountains of Colorado. My parents had lived in southwest Colorado during my college years, so they responded eagerly to my invitation to ride to the West Coast with me; we could combine a sightseeing trip with a visit to my brother and his young family in San Diego. They flew to Colorado in June of 1960 and joined me at the camp I was conducting.

After enjoying camp for a few days, we said our goodbyes and headed southwest over Wolf Creek pass—known to be one of the most beautiful—and familiar, because it led to Pagosa Springs, where my parents had lived 12 years earlier. Our destination that night was Mesa Verde National Monument, where we explored the ancient cliff dwellings. Then came the descent of the setting sun over the mountains—indescribable and awesome. We pulled over to the side of the road to locate a spot where my Dad and I could put down two sleeping bags. Dad was game to try one. But where would my mother sleep?

In 1960, I had purchased a new car—a red Rambler, known for its capacity to convert the front seat into a horizontal surface to make a bed We could pull down the front seat and make a nest for my mother to stretch out for the night. In my old age now, I marvel that my parents could take it in the rough like that. We continued on our westward trip the next day—heading toward our destination—San Diego where my brother and family lived.

Our trip home would continue adventurously—including Mt. Zion National Monument and Bryce Canyon in Utah. I have a picture of my mother feeding squirrels in Bryce Canyon. It was a memorable adventure for us all, and it gave me pleasure to provide transportation for them. I do not remember now the rest of this trip, riding across the Utah and Nevada deserts and the Western plains until we reached Chicago, where my parents would fly home.

Two years later, my work had transitioned to some participation in a Leadership Training Center located in a camp-like setting in Northern Peninsula of Michigan. It came to be named North Star, and combined its offerings of training for cross-cultural leadership of girls' work and boys' work as demand arose from contacts in other countries around the world.

In 1962 Joe Coughlin, the charismatic leader of Christian Service Brigade's work overseas, invited Dad to come to their leadership training center as an assistant. My mother expressed eager interest in taking part in the training provided by North Star, Pioneer Girls' leadership training center, since she herself was active as a local volunteer leader—both in leading her own club and as a camp counselor.

By this surprising confluence of circumstances, both my parents arrived in the summer of 1962 —Dad assisting Joe, Mother participating in North Star's program, while I was leading a cohort of six young interns attuned to entering cross-cultural work in this line of service in the future.

Punctuations in Retirement Bliss: The House is On Fire

This story would not be complete if we omitted the major catastrophe that came to my parents one March day in 1968. My mother was in the kitchen, and noticed a sudden spurt of flame above the stove along the wall somewhere among the fixtures, and called my father for help. He came down from his upstairs perch and immediately recognized they were in deep trouble, so called the fire department. At that time, Epsom's only fire fighters were volunteers, so the first man to arrive on the scene was a neighbor who rolled up in his station wagon and attached a garden hose to the outside faucet. My father gathered as many of his manuscripts and papers as he could, and he and my mother went outside so as to stay safe. They stood helplessly watching as the fire completely demolished their home before their eyes. Eventually some help came, but not enough to prevent the total destruction of the house.

The community gathered around—the word spread quickly—and my Mom and Dad spent the night elsewhere. In the next few weeks, men from the Barrington church Dad pastored, came to assess the damage and to do most of the rebuilding at minimum cost. My parents took this opportunity to add a fireplace (without irony, I mention this), and enlarge the main living room.

Back in Chicago, I got word of the fire, but took no action at first. I was in a very new chapter of my life, having undergone therapy that had changed the way I saw myself and the world. I was immersed in a new way of going on with my life. I had distanced myself to some degree from my parents, having gotten in touch with some of the ways in which I had needed to separate myself from some of the assumptions they carried about life; my mother, especially, had questioned the value of my therapy. My father

managed to stay neutral as far as possible. So it was challenging now for me to respond in the way they and others might have expected me to. I froze in place, until a good friend chided me and told me to get going and be with them in this devastating crisis. I flew east to be with them.

I should not have been so torn. As I read now some of my fathers writing at that period in their lives, I see their resilience.

> *I am surprised how fit I feel. Still need physical rest; merely puttering around so far as work and study are concerned. But hopeful and assured. The future assured—eternity, of course; on earth, whether one day or twenty years, now I can say, equally of course. That six months in Charlotte brought me closer, far closer to Christ than I ever realized was possible.*
>
> *The Bible is a new book now. No other ancient literature shows such intimacy with the living God as the choicest (the remnant) of the people had: Abraham, friend of God, Isaiah, identifying with the Suffering Servant, Jesus teaching us what the prophets merely hinted at, that God is our Father and Paul, identifying with Christ, John intimate with him.*
>
> *My department of the interior is so altered during the past year or two that I am sure my 1965 insides would not recognize my 1968 inside if we met in a strange place. Two influences have done it: working on my autobiography, and certain portions of the Word of God. Understanding my past, and glimpsing the future God meant for me.*
>
> *I got to thinking about those three true fundamentals of the new world, I John 2:15-17. How the* lust of the flesh *shades into love, the* lust of the eyes *into love of beauty; the* pride of life *into right ambition. So much of life is borderline—a wide no man's land indeed. But the world—half of each of those antimonies—passes away, while he who has chosen to follow Christ, lives forever in love and beauty of holiness and absorption in the glory of God.*

The Final Chapter

In 1972, my parents were feeling their aging, and decided it was time to sell their remodeled house and move closer to family. Perhaps it was a time to be close to their son—the one farthest removed geographically and perhaps also differing in over-all life attitudes and experience. It was a courageous decision; the sale of their remodeled home at $5000 more than they had paid for it earlier made it both possible and beneficial. They found a friendly Evangelical Free Church in Camarillo, California, and settled into a life with year-round 80 degree temperature, and the comforting closeness of two grandchildren—Jane and Ted—and four great grandchildren over time—Gina, Jon, Kim, and Ted.

In 1974, he was diagnosed with diabetes, which severely limited his physical activity. Shortly after, he was able to buy a new invention, a closed circuit television system, enabling him to read more easily than ever before in his life. "The diabetic 'thorn'

arrived in time to keep me from being exalted overmuch by the new ability to read," he said. The device opened up a new world and life to him. "Talking books are fine," he wrote, "but there is no substitute for sight.

From the moment he met Jesus as a young man, he felt that God had allowed his blindness—his "thorn in the flesh"— so that he would come to realize that in return for his physical dependency on others, he was to impart to them spiritual sight, but like Paul, "not to be exalted overmuch." He realized that his impassioned efforts as a young person to overcome his disability had developed in him an intense pride in his achievements.

My father slowly declined, his diabetes worsening. This was before the medical establishment had developed strong effective treatment for this disease. My mother had controlled the disease as much as is possible through a very strict diet.

New friendships were formed at the church and some came to visit him in his home.

> *I am able to endure less and less excitement. When one or two come in, it is very nice. Who knows I am live another 15 or 20 years longer and have another undreamed of career. God is letting me learn so much. Surely he means for me to use this knowledge—here, or hereafter.*
>
> *The joy of the Lord is my strength, though mixed with pain.*
>
> *Slowly, hesitantly, I am coming to accept my limitations—as a call of God to an antechamber of a glorious unimaginable eternity. The Rose of Sharon blooms best on the thorn bush of flesh. (Words to be whispered in loving ears—not shouted from rooftops.)*
>
> *My whole life could be looked at as a series of failures, but I know that the worthwhile things have been the small successes of personal contact with individuals. Thank God for people whose lives we touch.*

Anticipating a visit from my husband and me in the spring of 1978, and perhaps intuiting that his life was slowly ebbing out, Dad wrote:

> *We thank God for your love, and look forward to your coming to see us in May. You will brighten the 80s for us. As He has been with us in the long past, Jesus is in our hearts today, and he will care for us all the way home to his Father's house in heaven, our happy home for all eternity, where we shall serve him forever.*
>
> *Yes, come, and brighten our May days with your love.*

Don and I were preparing to leave Chicago, and our work there, and move to Boston to begin another chapter of our lives. We drove East, beginning a three-month

experimental sabbatical leave with a "working vacation"—writing my memoirs by the sea in Rockport, Massachusetts, staying with a college friend and colleague.

As soon as we arrived, a phone message awaited us. My father was dying. I flew to California immediately, and went to his side in the hospital. I do not remember the details of that visit. I only knew it was near the end, but he was to be brought home, so in the uncertainty, I flew back to Massachusetts. I have since learned to read the signs of impending end of life more accurately.

A month passed, and one morning I awoke to the call—that he had died. I flew West again.

Requiem

My mourning was intense for a time. I had moved into a whole new life in Boston where Don and I joined with Richard Faxon to develop what became my vocation for the rest of my life—Life/Work Direction. This vocation would draw on the resources God provided in the parents given me. I honor Amy Dyer Russell, the woman God gave my father to be my mother, for without her support he could not have lived his long and fruitful life in the ministry.

My mother lived thirteen more years, and it was as her life came to a close that I began putting together the materials to tell my father's story. And it was in accomplishing this task that allowed me to put my father to rest.

Afterword

It is time to put this story of my father to rest now. I am into the final chapter of my life, sitting in the middle of a colossal pandemic of cataclysmic proportions. My own vulnerability as a member of the endangered elderly segment of the population brings my own (uncertainty about living) vividly into focus. Having no direct heirs, I could disappear without a trace.

Living in the midst of this world-shaking pandemic, I am acutely conscious of the heart-breaking way interment is being postponed indefinitely—or accomplished crudely, and without ceremony. So what is inter-ment for me in relationship to my father? Does it involve inter-preting—putting the story of my father's life to rest, along with seeing its relationship to me?

When I began writing three decades ago, I was seeing what every daughter sees—the father as god—a weight too heavy for me to carry. I wrote in order to exorcize that weight. I needed to see each of us as both connected, and distinct.

"Seeing the Glory" was the right title for this book—based on a striking similarity between the verse my father discovered as a young college graduate seeking his way in the world, afflicted with partial blindness, and the imagery contained in the life verse I chose as a teenager and turned to ever since. *"This light affliction. . ."*

My father welcomed the "weight of glory" because he saw his affliction as slight and momentary and a preparation for something eternal that cannot be seen. For me, "seeing the glory of the Lord as though reflected in a mirror" acted as a gravitational pull toward being changed into God's likeness a change taking place *"by degrees"* and accomplished *"by the Spirit"*— and *"where the Spirit is, there is freedom."*

I pause to wonder—what is my lifelong attraction to mirrors? On one level it may related to my persistent desire "to be seen" by others. Was this partly because my father only saw dimly? How could our gaze lock together in a moment of recognition of connection and at the same time, distinctness?

I see a primal element here. Neurological science tells us that the gaze that passes between the infant and parent in the early days of life is an important part of healthy development. It is a mysterious unspoken moment when both are "locked into one another." Brain scans show that the same area in each brain lights up simultaneously, forming "mirror neurons" in the child, enabling her to freely develop separate from the parent, while retaining the capacity for empathy with others. It is a necessary and God-ordained condition for developing a separate self, stemming from the security of primal consciousness.

By telling my version of my father' story in these pages, I am honoring both our deep connection, and the way he left me free to grow into God's likeness and not his. It would take a lifetime for me to look into that mirror of God's glory and the "image" that would replace my father as god, for I would "see" the God who loved me *as I was,* and who also offered me the freedom to change, to become.

So how were my father and I different? We were formed in different eras of history. But I now wonder if his limited eyesight wasn't more of a factor in his choices and way of solving problems. I was blind to this growing up, but now I see it changed absolutely everything about his options and solutions to ordinary problems.

I can pinpoint differences in three important arenas: Sociology, Psychology, and Spiritual Life and Growth. And in each arena, although we interacted with ideas in each area, I pioneered beyond ideas taking action on them as part of my calling.

Let me start with the Sociology of the *rural-urban continuum*. My father was a son of the prairies with a rural mindset bred in the Midwest where he grew up, and continued in his pastoral ministry in New England villages. I gravitated to cities, first Chicago where I introduced college students to its distinctive history and culture, and in the second half of life, Boston, teeming with students similarly attracted to its intellectual dominance in modern science and culture.

My father's identity as a blind person cast a shadow over our family's life and *social standing.* In today's world, special attention is given to integrate a person with disabilities into the main stream of the culture. This societal integration was left to his mother, in my father's case, and lacked the kind of supports or perspective offered now. I grew up unaware of the significance of our family's relationship to society—I wasn't called a "p.k." (preacher's kid). But I wonder now if some of my teenage social ineptness was not partly an unrealized result of my father's making peace with this factor in his own life. Thus it might not have occurred to him that my brother and I needed help in self-presentation in daily life. We both suffered delayed social development as a result.

When it came to choice of *vocation*, his mother's classic viewpoint of three choices was dominant at first. Of the three, she looked to law—a partially blind person could not go into medicine, nor did she consider the clergy. So when law did not appeal to my father, her advice and control had to be set aside. But perhaps not completely, for my father's concept of the clergy was somewhat classic in terms of role: preacher and student of Scripture. For these he was well prepared. Only in theology did he depart from his mother's liberalism. For the other roles, he was well served for preaching by his high school class in Oratory" as well as being tutored in music to improve his speaking voice. And as for student, he was totally at home endlessly poring over Scriptural texts and commentaries.

But his two summers "pioneering" in Saskatchewan as a "circuit rider" added a relational skill—building him into a more personal role, and that persisted all his life with his frequent walks of long distances to pay visits to parishioners.

Choosing a vocation became central, first for me, and then helping others the rest of my life. There was so much to explore and learn about vocational discernment. I could develop workshops and exercises to stimulate others and help them find their calling to "do what you love; the work will follow." Or, quoting Frederich Buechner,
"Let your soul's deep gladness and the world's deep hunger meet."

I wonder—to what extent did my father find deep gladness in his profession? There are hints of the way he felt limited in his options, made choices he regretted. Could he have sought wise counsel that would have steered him differently at critical points in his life? The story I told hints at such points where I feel the loss. I see now how my father needed to allow himself a more wholistic role—let more of himself leak through to others than could come in Sunday sermons. My mother was often the one to humanize his vocation by exercising her own gifts to supplement his. I see this now and pay tribute to her. (She gets bad press in my earlier writings. I want to make amends here.) After all, she was his choice—and a wise one!

The psychological arena is equally influential, with powerful consequences. On the surface, scorn is perhaps not too strong a word to describe the way my father viewed the psychotherapeutic profession in his day. He was taught by both parents to take care of himself; independence was prized. And a good thing—and something he passed on to his children, but sometimes by not intervening, and by withholding opinions or feelings. He was highly introverted, contained, silent. Yet his journal writing and poetry overflowed with passion and sentiment. He channeled his feelings on another plane. So where was his true feeling? One heard it in sighs that came when he was deeply moved—perhaps by music, or by words. I can interpret this as healthy containment. Or did he sometimes withhold out of fear? Neither of his parents encouraged a range of feeling.

Whereas—for me—emotions are my *home.* And it was in my reluctant, hesitant, suspicion-fraught entry into Freudian therapy at the age of 37, that the sky opened and the light dawned—and I came home one April day totally freed, looked in the mirror and suddenly *saw* a face I did not recognize. I have never been the same since. It was the fulfillment of my life verse promising change. . .total dynamic *change.* I walked out of my room that day a different person. My father and I had our own distinct and necessary "conversions."

This experience sent me exploring the rich terrain of the inner world inhabiting each of us, using an immense variety of psychological tools. At this remove, I cannot be sure that my father had no access to this inner world; it is likely that he did, but it was not where he lived and what he spoke about. He simply applauded my journey inward, even when it meant I had to confront him with ways in which I felt he had failed to provide a counter to my

mother's ultra-strict approach with my brother and me growing up. I felt she should not take all the blame.

This deep inner journey of the psyche is to me an essentially spiritual journey. Therefore my present calling into "Spiritual Companionship" weaves together psyche and soul. I realize now that people in parishes served by my father often conceived of both my mother and father as "wise persons" whose counsel they sought. But my parents had no way to hold that as an identity; their humility is touching, and also I have a little catch in my throat, realizing that they might have experienced more validation if they had been comfortable with acknowledging these gifts as a call of God. They could have explored some of the dimensions we term psychological included in training now. My parents' mode was simpler: they just "gave advice."

The third area, the Spiritual Life and Growth, is more diffuse and tender. Can I pull it apart gently to see where it takes me? It is where I feel most drawn, but also is most daring. And it was central to my father, though couched differently. I come down to a crux of the matter: the kinds of lines drawn that fence in "correctness of belief and practice"—and is correctness the same as truth or wisdom?

I go back to a puzzling moment recorded in his story—the time in Ashland, New Hampshire, a parish where my father felt he was "fought" by the vestry (or whatever it was called in Baptist churches) on issues of importance to him. Friends from his beloved Epsom pastorate came to see him one day and they fell into conversation where he "confessed to" the rising of religious doubts within.

I cringe at what happened. A few days later, the person to whom he confessed these doubts wrote a very strong letter telling him (a) she never doubted, (b) he should not doubt and (c) he should stop reading books that made him doubt.

My thought now is that the deepest doubt should have been his decision to take that pastorate in the first place! I was to blame. Our family lived happily in Epsom when I was born November 25, 1929—one month after the banks failed and the country went into the Great Depression. My father panicked; my arrival cost them more money now. The Epsom Church salary was too low to support the growing family. The city Ashland Church paid more. So he applied, was accepted and we moved. Big mistake—he said this all his life. I agree; my childhood years in Ashland were terrible for me as well.

He decided to "will away" doubt, not read "those books" any more. While he did stay in a safer zone in his peer relationships, associating with persons and groups that were conservative by today's standards. They took him in eagerly, admiring his intellect, and honoring his humility about his disability

But did he limit his voracious reading? Years later when writing about books he was reading, he included names I now associate with unorthodox views. Prominent among these names of prominent thinkers in a wide field is his reference to Teilhard du Chardin and his book *Phenomenon of Man*. Teilhard's interweaving of Christianity and the cosmic story then unfolding by scientific research drew my father's attention. He wondered aloud in letters to me whether this unorthodox view unifying evolution and the Christian tradition might not be unveiling a deeper truth.

I discern that Teilhard's scientific focus on nature was not quite like my father's. It went beyond the contemplation of nature expressed in the New England poets my father read and in his solitary contemplative walks around Walden Pond. And it was too soon for my father's ecological awareness to surface, something focal and dominant now as our planet totters on the brink of disaster, if not extinction.

There is also the matter of *evangelism*—seeking to convert others to belief. While my father always offered an invitation at every service for people to come forward and seek prayer (that was the custom then), it was not a strong emphasis; he did not plead or try to convince. I like to think that his attitude was similar to my own—that more is accomplished by "contagion" than instruction or pressure, and that the appeal of turning one's life over to God came through the powerful example of the life lived by persons of faith. "We are the only Bible the world ever reads," and if the message is tainted or mixed, it will be ignored or forgotten.

One question remains, however. It concerns my observation of the way my father appeared so saintly in others' eyes; I muse that his blindness cast an aura about him that put people in awe of him. He was more transparently himself and approachable up close where he revealed more of himself in direct contact. People came to ask him questions, drew him out. He was not as talkative and eager to expound as I am.

I remember the way he listened to my chatter as a child, coming home from school at day's end. He would cock his head, listening appreciatively to every detail as Mother was busy in the kitchen preparing a meal; he took time to simply receive me. Then there were the little moments when he shared some simple story or beloved artifact he kept in the study and wanted me to appreciate. I sensed that this sharing was special for us both.

Another arena that has enveloped me in the past quarter century is that of the *contemplative journey* as it intersects with life in the world, exhibiting the marriage of inner and outer life. It was when we moved to Boston, with its strong Catholic influence, that I went on my first silent retreat and slowly learned to revel in the beauty of quiet—especially in nature. I began reading the ancient mystics, focused on Thomas Merton because he was not quite as ancient and therefore more accessible. He recognized in his own life and times the interplay necessary between the inner life and what was happening in the outer world.

You could say that my father was a "natural contemplative," though it might be thought of simply as extreme introversion. What I remember from childhood days were outward expressions of his faith: steady adherence to keeping the Sabbath with its prohibitions about activities permitted that day; family prayers in the morning; grace at meals. But I also knew he treasured his time each morning alone in his chair in the study, and was touched to see him kneeling there.

He did not talk about prayer; his diaries contain hints that portrayed prayer as exterior; one prayed for *outcomes, specific requests that were measurable.* He kept a prayer list, and meticulously noted answers when they arrived, whether the request had been granted or not. So the "geography of the spiritual journey" was marked with clear signs; you had either arrived or not. This kind of clarity surely did not demarcate the circumference of his life with God; his converse with God must have been much more intimate and unbounded.

I count on the story he left—and that I embellished in these pages—to convey a more wholistic sense of his wholehearted devotion to God. Although spiritual intimacy with God is something one sees only by the intangibles that come through presence, I alone knew that actual presence. But for my readers, we have his words—and as a writer, I appreciate the power of words.

Perhaps, after all, this is why I wrote this book by including some of his words as well as my description. We are both on these pages thereby creating a composite picture. *Seeing Glory* becomes part of my legacy as well as a tribute to my father.

Eunice Russell Schatz

Photos from the Past

Emmet as a boy
(photographs were always posed)
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Emmet's mother Iola Brown as a twelve-year old

Emmet as a graduate from Harvard Law School. 1919

1942 - photo for the newspaper to announce his Glen Ellyn pastorate

March 4 1921 wedding to Amy Dyer

Firstborn son Howard, born in China 1922—would only live six months. Emmet took the photo.

Amy holding newborn Eunice - 1929

The Russell family of four 1942

Father and son Philip, on Navy leave

Brother-sister relationship

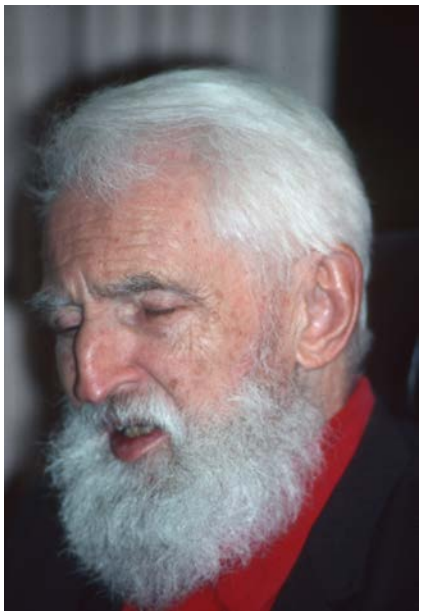
Emmet and Amy at my wedding
to Don Schatz 1969

Four generations: Emmet and Amy,
Grandmother Bessie Dyer, Phil and
granddaughter Jane Ann Russell

Philip with daughter Jane and some
and her eight grandchildren

Emmet's grandson Ted

Retirement in California
1972 till 1978 for Emmet
and 1985 for Amy.



Emmet in his final days

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www.donschatz.com - website for writings by Don and Eunice

See "Prose" section for writings by Eunice
on Marriage, The Inner Journey, Church and Religion,
Vocation, Women, Aging, Money, Father

See "Poems" section for Don's poetry

Books published:
The Slender thread: Pioneer Girls' First 25 Years
Still Woman Moving—A Lifetime of Change (memoir)
Intricately Woven: Life Work Direction's Story