

GIANTS INSPIRATION IN PALESTINE VISIT

Pastor Writes Descriptive Letter to Former Parishoner in This City

The following letter from a Chicago clergyman traveling in Palestine was written to a former parishoner of his who is now a resident of Highland Park, and has been transmitted to the Press with suggestion that others might enjoy it. The interested par-

ties have requested that their names be not used in connection. The letter:

The Letter

Jerusalem, Feb. 15, 1930

"Some times I shut my eyes and pinch myself to see if I am really myself here in this strange land. And it is strange; strange scenery, strange buildings, some of them old, ages old, strange people and still stranger customs. I go to these strange buildings and they tell me that Jesus was here or someone else was here and I get no thrill. But I go out to the hills; here He walked

or sat and talked and I am thrilled through and through.

"The hills and fields of Bethlehem challenged my imagination. I cared nothing for their grotto with its traditions, but somewhere over these fields the angels sang and simple wondering shepherds went to the village, somewhere, and found the child. That lays hold on my soul. I have walked to Bethlehem over the age old road that Mary and Joseph probably took. To the left is the Jordan and the Dead sea; blue in the distance are the mountains of Moab and close at hand the hills, the ever present

hills, now just beginning to be flower-decked with lillies of the field—the flowers that Jesus loved. I walk and think and pray.

Garden of Gethsemane

"I love to go to Gethsemane, just east of the city on the slope of the Mount of Olives. They have built a church over a part of the garden; that spoils it. Part of it is in the open. It may be the exact spot; I do not know. It doesn't matter. Somewhere between the Golden Gate up yonder and Bethany around the brow of the hill. He was here. I can visualize that and I came near to Him. It is quiet here under these great old olive trees. I do not wonder He came here to pray.

"Again I climb to the top of the Mount of Olives. Like a panorama, across the valley, the city is spread out before me. He loved the city and wept over it. It wasn't this city that He wept over for that lies buried neath the ruins of a half a dozen cities, since built and destroyed. The city was here—that old Jerusalem. And the hills—the hillwalls round about Jerusalem—they are here today. They challenge my imagination; they call to my spirit. Jesus saw them, loved them and talked about them.

"I went down to Jericho over the fine new automobile road. Some times we caught glimpses of the old Roman road which was probably the one Jesus used when He travelled between Jerusalem and Jericho. Always the hills. They shone on the hills and the hills on Jesus as He walked. I walked with Him that day as I went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. I too love the hills. Maybe that is one reason why they speak to me of Him in this land where He lived and which He loved.

"Out 10 miles to the north of Jerusalem is a little village called Ramala. They say that this is the place where Joseph and Mary, returning from Jerusalem missed their 12-year-old boy. We came to the village near the close of the day. Boys were playing in an open field with all the vigor of young life. This too made me think of Him. How natural! He is no cloistered monk. I find Him in no musty cave where candles must be lighted to reveal the tawdry trappings of superstition, but I find Him where life flows natural, free and strong. He was on the soccer field that evening with the boys of the village where His parents brought Him as a boy of 12 so long ago.

"Next week I am going up to His old home at Nazareth and to the lake that saw so much of His life and ministry. I think the lake will tell me much about Him and maybe I'll tell you about it when I come home. It makes me a better man to walk and talk with Him here, and I hope it will make me a better pastor."

Scarlet Ibis Specimen Exhibited in Museum

The scarlet ibis, in color one of the most brilliant and beautiful of birds, is represented by several specimens in a habitat group at Field Museum of Natural History. The group represents a scene on Lake Maracaibo in Venezuela. Shown also in the same setting are specimens of the horned screamer and the common screamer of northern South America.

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