When Byron and Miriam Phillips, Ellie MacAlester, Kay and I were in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, just after the Nova Scotia Ashram at Berwick in July of 1974, we found ourselves in one of the most beautiful and quiet places on God's green earth.
It was in Charlottetown that the Dominion of Canada was formulated and approved in 1867. That same sense of awe and God's presence we have felt at Williamstown was present in the Government buildings there. Also, the old Anglican Church was lovely and full of inspiration. Visiting antique shops and looking for special old books occupied several happy hours.

Among books discovered was one entitled Dr. Luke of The Labrador by Norman Duncan. What an enthralling story of a boy in the Labrador—in an era before doctors were readily available! The boy lost his beloved mother, who could have been easily saved with simple medical care. Later he finds a friend, Dr. Luke of the Labrador, a man who devotes his life to the care of the people of rugged and difficult land following the traditions of an all but nonexistent type of medical practitioner, the "Family Doctor".

In an age where some physicians may never make a house call or even dream of doing such a "demeaning" thing as to visit a sick patient in his home, it is well for us to read of a true hero among men, Dr. Luke. Such a reading might serve to reacquaint physicians, nurses and people in general of the true calling which a doctor has when he has the mantle of "physician" placed upon his shoulders.

The book about the Labrador has so much which is lovely and truly inspiring. I'd like to quote one of its passages which tells of a boy's first experience of going out to sea and his return to his beloved mother.

What should she sing? I knew well, at that moment, the assurance my heart wanted it were a God-fearing people, and I was a child of that coast; and I had then first come in from a stormy sea. There is a song—

"Tis, 'Jesus Sayour Pilote Me," I answered,  
"I knew all the time," said she; and,  
"Jesus, Saviour, pilote me,  
Over life's tempestuous sea,"  
she sang, very softly--and for me alone--like a sweet whisper in my ear.  

"Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and compass came from Thee:  
Jesus, Saviour, pilote me!"

"I was thinkin' o' that, mum, when we come through the Gate," said I,  
"Sure, I thought Skipper Tommy might miss the Way, an' get t'other side o' the Tooth, an' get in the Trap, an' go t' wreck on the Murderers, an'--"  
"Hush, dear!" she whispered. "Sure, you've no cause to fear when the pilot knows the way."

The feeling of harbour—of escape and of shelter and brooding peace—was strong upon me while we sat rocking in the falling light. I have never since made harbour—never since come of a sudden from the toil and the frothy rage of the sea by night or day, but my heart has felt again the peace of that quiet hour—never once but blessed memory has given me once again the vision of myself, a little child, lying on my mother's dear breast, gathered close in her arms, while she rocked and softly sang of the tempestuous sea and a Pilot for the sons of men, still rocking, rocking, in the broad window of my father's house. I protest that I love my land, and have from that hour, barren as it is and as bitter the sea that breaks upon it; for I then learned—and still know—that it is as though the dear God Himself made harbours with wise, kind hands for such as have business in the wild waters of that coast. And I love my life—and go glad to the day's work—for I have learned, in the course of it and by the life of the man who came to us, that whatever the stress and fear of the work to be done there is yet for us all a refuge, which, by way of the heart, they find who seek.
When the boy's mother became ill with a sickness which was to cause her death, she had a deep spiritual time with her young son, which was to brand his life for goodness.

She sat me back in her lap. "Look in your mother's eyes, lad," she said, "and say after me this: 'My mother---'"

"My mother---" I repeated, very soberly.

"Looked upon my heart---"

"Looked upon my heart---" said I.

"And found it brave---"

"An' found it brave---"

"And sweet---"

"An' sweet---"

"Willing for the day's work---" said she.

"Willing for the day's work---" I repeated.

"And harbouring no shameful hope."

"An' harbouring--no shameful hope."

Again and again she had me say it--until I knew it every word by heart.

"Ah," said she, at last, "but you'll forget!"

"No, no!" I cried. "I'll not forget. 'My mother looked upon my heart,'" I rattled, "an' found it brave an' sweet, willing for the day's work an' harboring no shameful hope.' I've not forgot! I've not forgot!"

"He'll forget," she whispered, but not to me, "like all children."

But I have not forgotten--I have not forgotten--I have never forgotten--that when I was a child my mother looked upon my heart and found it brave and sweet, willing for the day's work and harbouring no shameful hope.

May it be that we can somehow--through love of parent, wife or husband or perhaps our child--be branded for God through love and hope. How much our lives need the constant touch of God's love upon them! One day it begins for all of us. Cardinal Newman once wrote, "Do not be concerned that your life may soon end; be concerned that it may never have begun." Whether it be the bleakness and cold of the Labrador or through great sorrow or hurt--let us not fail to find the Savior and His love. (Romans 15:13)

WSR

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The 1980 Toronto CMF Conference

Christ'Triumphant! For the second time, this was the theme of the Canadian CMF Conference on The Medicine of The Whole Person, September 12 and 13. Previous conferences had been held in Fredericton, N.B., in 1977 and 1978 where the Canadian work began, following an Anglican diocesan conference at the Villa Madonna--a clergy conference to which Dr. Reed was invited by Bishop Nutter.

The 1980 Conference again showed growth both in numbers and most importantly, in spiritual blessing. After an appearance on 100 Huntley Street in the morning, Dr. Reed spoke to physicians, nurses, clergy and laity concerning the need of wholeness--spirit, soul and body--in today's medical world. The meeting was chaired by CMF of Canada President, Rod Davison of Winnipeg.

Mrs. Kay Reed spoke in the morning of September 12 regarding the need of absolutes in the life of the Christian. The Christian home, and indeed, one's practice and life require "seven godly pillars" outlined in God's Word in Proverbs 9:1-6 and 2Peter 1:5-7.

In the afternoon a discussion group for physicians was chaired by Dr. Davison and one for nurses was chaired by Margaret Perkins, R.N., of Hamilton, Ontario. The input by the doctors was most inspiring, and will become an annual event. One young doctor spoke of his own struggle with cancer and his spiritual victory--as well as physical healing.

The Friday night banquet was very well attended. Dr. Reed spoke on the need of a "New Medicine" and a renewed Christian philosophy of patient care. In contrast to most medical and nursing gatherings, there was singing and, after the message, an opportunity for healing prayers.

Hopefully, 1980 will see the rise of CMF Medical and Nursing fellowship meetings springing up across Canada as is happening in the U.S. Much gratitude for the wonderful job of arrangements and planning must go to Jack Thomson, Bill Walker and Bill and Liz Ferguson. Tapes of the meeting are available from PTL Cassette Ministry, 50 Carden St., Guelph, Ontario, NH 3A2.

Some Comments on Praise from Reflections on the Psalms by C. S. Lewis:

I had not noticed how the humblest, and at the same time most balanced and capable minds praised most, while the cranks, misfits and malcontents, praised least. The good critics found something to praise in many imperfect works: the bad ones continually narrowed the list of books we might be allowed to read. The healthy and unaffected man, even if luxuriously brought up and widely experienced in good cookery, could praise a very modest meal; the dyspeptic and the snob found fault with all. Except where intolerably adverse circumstances interfere, praise almost seems to be inner health made audible (author's italics).