

We are told that in every tremendous experience when life commenced to overflow that it was the custom of Jesus to retire to a mountain top, there to come closer to the heart of God. I am inclined to believe that those of us who have made our way here this evening have had enough of the exalted revelry and jubilation which have overflowed because of the end of this war. It strikes me that we have come here now to seek a kind of perspective, a vantage point from which we view the events of these past days and years. It is as though we are drawn here by the words of the old psalmist who said: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them who bring glad tidings."

Shortly after the death of President Roosevelt in April of this year I was impressed deeply by an account of one of his last days which I found in a newspaper. It said that President Roosevelt has spent two hours in solitary meditation atop a hill overlooking the Warm Spring Infantile Paralysis Foundation two days before his death. The one reporting the incident said that Mr. Roosevelt drove to the top of Pine Mountain with four secret service guards who were told to leave him alone until he signalled for them with the car horn. The reporter said that Mr. Roosevelt sat "humbly alone" overlooking the green valley below. It was a scene of perfect peace, a peace that must have suggested itself to him as the symbol of the peace he hoped and dreamed would come to the world."

I have been fascinated with that account ever since I read it because I have tried to imagine what Franklin Roosevelt was thinking when on that day he surveyed the world from a height. And in these past few days that reported incident has burned ever more brightly in my imagination because it brings us so close to this very hour. Certainly Franklin Roosevelt contemplated the peace of the world that day, and that is what we contemplate tonight. I wonder if we could



put ourselves in his place tonight and imagine those ~~thought~~ thoughts which were in his mind.

1. Did he not, for instance, with one sweep of his eye survey all of the kingdoms of the world, and feel that it was within his power as a ruler to rule over them all? But did he not, too, feel the swift censure of the holy spirit saying, "The earth is the Lord's and all that there is therein; thou shalt serve only the Lord".
2. Did he not recognize himself as the living human symbol of 130,000,000 of his countrymen - that all of their hopes and all of their fears were contained in him?
3. Did he not with sharp pain realize that it was he who sent forth the armies of his nation into the uttermost parts of the earth, charging millions of young men with the awful task of preserving the nations' welfare even at the risk of life and limb?
4. As he looked deeply into his own soul, did his heart not sob with the suffering which he shared with so many millions of people whose travail was wrought out of a scorched earth?
5. Did he not realize that after the glory and honor of his own name had faded away that it <sup>would be</sup> ~~was~~ really these common folk who were the bearers of the tragedy and the <sup>hope</sup> ~~clay~~ of the future?
6. Did he not sense the fact that after all he was but a mortal man, made of flesh and blood, subject to failure and the inadequacies of human life?
7. Did this not lead him really to seek the ~~help~~ help of the Almighty Sovereign?
8. Did he not wish, then, that he need not go down into the dusty world of bleeding men and mangled machines?



It was so peaceful and beautiful and hushed up there.

If we could but put ourselves in that place of Franklin Roosevelt I have an idea that we would then ~~have~~ know what it means to be drawn more closely to God. Up there on a mountain top in that kind of an exalted experience where the human soul is apart from its fellows, there <sup>and</sup> ~~is~~ no such things as arrogance and pride.

We, too may, find God there. We may find Him as Moses did centuries ago when he heard God speaking: "Put thy shoes from off thy feet, and draw nearer, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Imagine Jesus looking down into our world tonight. "O Jerusalem Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered thee together as a hen gathers her chicks under her wing, but ye would not."

And then, we shall hear God speaking through the million valiant souls who have paid the full measure of devotion:

"The First on Anzio"

And from this mountain top we should be able to look out and seeing the world before us say,

"Who goes there?"



J. E. Day;

Never has the world witnessed such an overpowering demonstration of the scriptures, "God's judgements are sure", and "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," as seen in the speedy collapse of Japan!

America bows in a sober mood. We have been saved by the discovery of the power of the essence of matter. Never was so much power placed in the hands of a nation!

America is again hearing the words, "Where much is given much shall be required." Our homes are untouched while Japanese & German cities lie in ruins! Millions of youth have been offered on the altar of wars! Millions more will soon be returned to their homes & Churches.

We must all dedicate ourselves afresh to God to the end that cost what it may, we will lift the levels of life for the least youth in our land. America will gladly, generously and sacrificially, help relieve suffering & starving countries. We have a supreme chance to be a friend to dazed and impoverished lands. The name of America can be a new symbol of hope to oppressed peoples.

The Church faces her most critical and testing opportunity. Broken lives must be restored. Bereaved souls need the comfort and hope Christ alone can bring. Nothing less than the Kingdom of God reborn in individuals and nations can create the blue prints of a work for abundant living. Only the courage of Christ is daring enough to furnish the spirit which can bind up wounds, affect reconciliation and build a fellowship in which God's Atom will serve instead of destroying our world.



"THE FIRST AT ANZIO"

Written by: Lt. Robert Cromwell  
The Stars and Stripes

I do not pray, O Lord,  
For mankind's tears  
Or songs of praise for duty done  
Nor please, dear God  
For sacred shrines to honored dead.  
But rather do I pray  
For open eyes that men might see  
The infamous wrong of a world gone mad.  
For open hearts that men might feel  
The peaceful solitude of love  
And for open minds that they might know  
Compassion toward their fellow men.  
And free the world from senseless strife  
For this dear Lord, I gave my life.

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