



Contents

Introduction

ix

UNIT 1: THE SHORT STORY— For the Christ-Filled Life

1

Introduction

1

Mama and the Garfield Boys

Lewis Grizzard

3

The Horse

Marian Hurd McNeely

11

Second Chance

Robert J. Baker

22

SYMBOLISM

32

Shago

James Pooler

35

A Spark Neglected

Leo Tolstoy

43

Cache of Honor

John F. Hayes

55

TONE

64

The Mote and the Beam

Robert J. Baker

67

Where Love Is, There Is God Also

Leo Tolstoy

74

Whom Shall I Fear?

Joseph Stoll

86

UNITY

98

The Great Stone Face

Nathaniel Hawthorne

100

The Doctor of Afternoon Arm

Norman Duncan

118

Too Dark

Ruth Kurtz Hobbs

132

UNIT 2: POETRY— For the Joyful Life

145

<i>Introduction</i>		145
Pippa's Song	Robert Browning	145
Sheer Joy	Ralph Spaulding Cushman	150
A Psalm of Life	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	152
The Pilgrim	John Bunyan	155

POEMS OF A FEATHER— KINDS OF POETRY

157

<i>Blank Verse</i>		158
The Man With the Hoe	Edwin Markham	159
<i>Rhymed and Bound Verse</i>		162
The Jericho Road	Edwin McNeill Poteat	162
<i>Free Verse</i>		164
Lament	Evangeline Paterson	165

THE ANATOMY OF A POEM— FOUR POETIC FORMS

168

<i>The Acrostic</i>		168
Infinity	Viola Jacobson Berg	169
<i>The Triolet</i>		169
The Triolet	Lester E. Showalter	169
The Bible	Lester E. Showalter	170
A Key to Happiness	Lester E. Showalter	170
Winter's Coming	Faustina Martin Garber	171
Spring	Lester E. Showalter	171
<i>The Sonnet</i>		172
Lord, What a Change	Richard Chenevix Trench	173
O God, I Love Thee	Nadejda de Braganca	175
Forgiveness	John Greenleaf Whittier	176
<i>Hebrew Poetry</i>		177
Psalm 1	The Bible	182
Psalm 43	The Bible	183
Psalm 66	The Bible	184
Psalm 119:9-16	The Bible	186
Psalm 126	The Bible	188

**THE HABITAT OF A POEM—
FOUR PURPOSES FOR A POEM**

		190
George Wagner	John Overholt, translator	191
The Fool's Prayer	Edward Rowland Sill	194
The Battle of Blenheim	Robert Southey	196
A Fable	Ralph Waldo Emerson	199
Prayer Answered by Crosses	<i>Brethren Hymnbook</i>	200
The Merchant of Venice	William Shakespeare	204
Macbeth	William Shakespeare	206
Julius Caesar	William Shakespeare	207
What Is So Rare as a Day in June?	James Russell Lowell	209
The Spacious Firmament	Joseph Addison	210
Apostrophe to the Ocean	George Gordon Byron	212
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard	Thomas Gray	215
Bad Times	Joseph Beaumont	223
Building	Author Unknown	224
The Poet	William Cullen Bryant	225

A FLOCK OF POEMS—POEMS TO PONDER **228**

		229
	<i>Joy for the Mounting Character</i>	229
Victory in Defeat	Edwin Markham	229
Conscience and Remorse	Paul Laurence Dunbar	230
No Enemies	Charles Mackay	231
Betrayal	Hester H. Cholmondeley	232
	<i>Joy for the Caged Spirit</i>	234
Blind But Happy	Fanny Crosby	234
On His Blindness	John Milton	236
Sympathy	Paul Laurence Dunbar	238
A Little Bird I Am	Madame Guyon	239
	<i>Joy in the Heights With Christ</i>	241
The Crystal Christ	Sidney Lanier	241
The Boat	George Macdonald	243
Calvary	Edwin Arlington Robinson	244
Good Friday	Christina Rossetti	246
	<i>Joy on the Plains With Others</i>	248
Bigot	Eleanor Slater	248
Conventionality	Eloise Hackett	249
Mending Wall	Robert Frost	250
Thy Brother	Theodore Chickering Williams	252

UNIT 3: BIOGRAPHY— For the Exemplary Life

257

<i>Introduction</i>		257
Menno Simons, 1496–1561	John C. Wenger	260
Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners	John Bunyan	268
<i>Preconversion Experiences</i>		269
<i>Postconversion Experiences</i>		275
<i>Preaching Experiences</i>		277
<i>Prison Experience</i>		280
True . . . Till Death—		
The Story of Clayton Kratz	Clarence Y. Fretz	286
<i>From Childhood to Manhood</i>		287
<i>Kratz Answers the Call</i>		293
<i>Calm in the Face of Terror</i>		299
<i>To Serve and to Suffer</i>		305
William Carey	F. Deaville Walker	312
<i>Moulton and the Missionary Call</i>		313
<i>The Formation of the Baptist Missionary Society</i>		318
<i>Converts, Trials, and Progress</i>		323

UNIT 4: REFLECTIONS— For the Victorious Life

331

<i>Introduction</i>		331
REFLECTIONS ON DISCIPLINE		333
Discipline	William MacDonald	334
The Chariots of God	Hannah Whitall Smith	339
The Discipline of Deformity	V. Raymond Edman	347
REFLECTIONS ON AMBITION		353
Acres of Diamonds	Russell H. Conwell	354
The Man Who Planted Hope and Grew Happiness	Jean Giono	361
RMS <i>Titanic</i>	Hanson Baldwin	370
Top Man	James Ramsey Ullman	383

REFLECTIONS ON FAITHFUL CHRISTIANS

399

The Testimonies of Two Servants of God		400
Diary of David Brainerd	David Brainerd	401
Letters of Hermann Stohr	Hermann Stohr	407
Though He Slay Me	E. J. Swalm	413

REFLECTIONS ON BIBLE CHARACTERS

423

Last Night of Sodom	Daniel March	424
The Self-made Fool—Saul	Clovis G. Chappell	435
Ruth, the Moabitess	The Bible	445

UNIT 5: THE ALLEGORY— For the Fruitful Life

455

<i>Introduction</i>		455
The Parable of the Ten Virgins	Matthew 25:1-13	459
Wheelbarrows	Don Kraybill	463
A Plea for Fishing	John M. Drescher	467
The Pilgrim's Progress	John Bunyan	472
<i>Chapter 1: Christian Begins His Journey</i>		474
<i>Chapter 2: Christian Falls in the Slough of Despond</i>		479
<i>Chapter 3: Christian Meets Mr. Worldly Wiseman</i>		483
<i>Chapter 4: Christian Passes Through the Wicket-Gate</i>		488
<i>Chapter 5: Christian Visits the Interpreter's House</i>		491
<i>Chapter 6: Christian Reaches the Cross</i>		499
<i>Chapter 7: Christian Climbs the Hill Difficulty</i>		502
<i>Chapter 8: Christian Visits Palace Beautiful</i>		506
<i>Chapter 9: Christian Battles With Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation</i>		514
<i>Chapter 10: Christian Passes Through the Valley of the Shadow</i>		518
<i>Chapter 11: Christian Meets Faithful</i>		523
<i>Chapter 12: Christian and Faithful Meet Talkative</i>		529
<i>Chapter 13: Christian and Faithful Enter the Town of Vanity</i>		536
<i>Chapter 14: Hopeful Joins Christian</i>		546
<i>Chapter 15: Christian and Hopeful Meet Giant Despair at Doubting Castle</i>		554
<i>Chapter 16: Christian and Hopeful Pass Through the Delectable Mountains</i>		560
<i>Chapter 17: Christian and Hopeful Reach the Enchanted Ground</i>		563
<i>Chapter 18: Christian and Hopeful Attempt to Help Ignorance</i>		571

<i>Chapter 19: Christian and Hopeful Enter the Land of Beulah and Cross the River</i>		577
<i>Chapter 20: Christian and Hopeful Reach Zion</i>		581
The Celestial Railroad	Nathaniel Hawthorne	585
<i>Part 1</i>		586
<i>Part 2</i>		591
<i>Part 3</i>		597
<i>Index of Authors, Titles, and First Lines of Poetry</i>		605
<i>Index of Literary Terms</i>		607
<i>Index of Biblical References</i>		608
<i>Acknowledgments</i>		610

Too Dark

by Ruth Kurtz Hobbs



The fair-weather Christian is so named because he loves Christ only if the sun shines in the experiences of his life. The moment the storm winds of the Christian struggle begin to blow, he cowers and gives up. He has no heart for cloudy weather. Such a “Christian” can no more claim the title Christian than the bridge that collapses under rush-hour traffic can claim the title of bridge. Our truest character is revealed when we are under test. Notice how Jeanie’s true character shows forth when tested in this story.

Defining for Comprehension

1. slicker
2. canter
3. navigate
4. nickered
5. vague
6. petrified
7. idiotic
8. mediocre

Choose the word or phrase which best defines each word at the left as it is used in the story.

- | | | |
|------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| a. boots | b. raincoat | c. hat |
| a. long hook | b. fast trot | c. tall jar |
| a. surround | b. travel through | c. become dizzy |
| a. laughed | b. crawled | c. neighed softly |
| a. feverish | b. indistinct | c. difficult |
| a. fear-stricken | b. angered | c. exhausted |
| a. disorganized | b. foolish | c. amusing |
| a. light yellow | b. average or below average | c. poverty-stricken |

9. blithely
10. moonshiner
11. coxcomb
12. bantering
13. futile
14. illuminated
15. vexation
16. rejoined
17. condescension

- | | | |
|------------------|-------------------|--------------------------|
| a. cheerfully | b. recklessly | c. bending easily |
| a. night prowler | b. stargazer | c. illegal whiskey maker |
| a. red flower | b. rooster | c. roof peak |
| a. sinking | b. flying | c. joking; teasing |
| a. causing death | b. pointless | c. productive |
| a. lighted | b. improved | c. surprised |
| a. irritation | b. exchange | c. falsehood |
| a. met again | b. responded | c. scolded |
| a. climbing down | b. poor condition | c. haughty stooping |

Too Dark

A heaving lid of clouds had closed down on the rim of the mountains. As Sinbad and I topped the ridge, the sky settled even lower and the wind began to whine fretfully. Sinbad quickened his walk unconsciously as the first drops began to spit down.

Suddenly the wind shrieked as if just discovering that it was caged between the mountains and the low-driving clouds. Off to my right, lightning ripped the heaven open from top to bottom, and a moment later, thunder mumbled ominously.

It was a night made for a man and a horse. I loved being out on Sinbad in a storm. From my saddlebag I pulled my **slicker**, and standing up in the stirrups wriggled into it. Then I urged Sinbad into a **canter**, for I was already late.

After that first thunder, there followed a curious quiet. The wind held its breath and so did I. Even the trees were hushed. Then came the sound from behind me. It couldn't be! Yet it was—the distant sound of a car. Who in the world would be foolish enough to attempt bringing a car over this abandoned old logging road?

This trail was a shortcut to the church across the mountain from my home. Around by the road was twenty-three miles; across the mountain, just six. Tonight there was a young people's meeting at the church. We had invited the youth of another congregation to spend the evening with us. They were giving us a program and we were furnishing refreshments.

Late though I was, the sound of that car did arouse my curiosity. Whoever it was would make the first several miles okay. But he would never **navigate** the washout that lay between him and the top of the ridge. It was at least ten feet deep. Even Sinbad and I had detoured around it.

I reined up and listened. From the sound, the car was going slower and slower. Then the motor stopped.

Five long minutes of silence. Sinbad **nickered** restlessly. The wind whinnied lonesomely. Another five minutes. Rain started to patter down gently, then harder. A **vague** uneasiness gripped me. From the sound, the car had stopped at, or nearly at, that deep washout.

I lifted my face in the rain. "What should I do, Lord?"

A moment later, with the answer certain in my heart, I wheeled Sinbad and headed back. It was as dark as only a mountain can be on a stormy night. At the edge of the washout I dismounted. The only light I had was a feeble orange ray from a finger light on my key chain. In its dull brown circle of light I saw the indistinct bulk of a car headfirst down the opposite bank. It was literally standing on its front bumper.

Then, as if too exhausted to meet the challenge, the light wavered a moment and went black.

Then I heard a cautious rolling down of a car window. A girl's voice quavered out, "Who are you?"

Talk about a scared voice! This one was absolutely **petrified!**

"I'm Bert Gardiner, at your service. Six feet, three-quarters of an inch in my socks. Black hair and eyes. One hundred sixty-eight pounds without my shoes. Also at your service is Sinbad, a Palomino, three years and seven months old with five gaits and a black saddle."

Something very like a giggle came from the car.

"I'm on my way to a young people's social at my church over the mountain and . . ."

"You are! Well, thank the Lord! Did you hear that, Amy?"

"Yes, I heard it," rejoiced another voice in immense relief. "And it's the best sound I've heard since a good while before you made the **idiotic** suggestion to drive over this mountain!"

"We are on our way to that social too," continued the first voice, ignoring the unveiled slander in the other's remark.

"Are you—?" I ventured with dawning conviction.

"Yes, we are part of that young people's group from Butler's church that is going to give you a program tonight."

"You mean that *was* going to give you a

program," corrected the Amy voice. "Just try to recall your present situation long enough, my dear Jeanie, to realize that there won't be any mixed quartet; nor will there be a certain **mediocre** reading; nor will there be any ladies' chorus songs with the fair director standing on her nose in a mudhole at five minutes before the program is to start."

The Jeanie voice laughed without regret. "That quartet wasn't too good anyway," she confided. "And the chorus can sing better when I don't direct them. But I am sorry they will miss your reading."

"I'm not. I wouldn't have missed this for anything. I've gotten into a lot of crazy situations with you, Jeanie, but this tops them all," observed Amy dryly.

"You thought it was a good idea yourself," defended Jeanie. "Look where we'd be if we had driven all the way around the mountain—about fifteen miles away from the church and the program starting right now."

Amy groaned at that illogical "logic." "Where we'd *be!*" she repeated. "Just look where we *are!* Please list the overwhelming advantages of being *here!*"

"Well, for one thing," Jeanie began **blithely**, "We are not far from the church. Secondly, we have been found by a Christian gentleman instead of a drunken **moonshiner** as I was expecting. Thirdly, my car has only two smashed headlights and a crumpled grill. And fourthly . . ."

"All right, all right," interrupted Amy hastily. "I realize now that this is the most ideal spot to be in at the present. I just hate to think of leaving."

During this exchange of friendly verbal blows, I was trying to decide what to do. There was no chance of their walking out the ends of the washout, because one end was nearly straight up and the other a drop of almost thirty feet to the river.

The girls were not dismayed when I informed them of these things and warned them not to get out of the car on the river side.

“All right then, we’ll crawl up to the road, worm fashion,” Jeanie assured me promptly. “Come on, Amy, let’s give it a try.”

Never have I felt so helpless. Those sides were as slippery as soapy glass. I listened to the girls’ voices as they inched nearer to the top. There they halted, groping for a fingerhold.

I blundered off into the bushes hoping to find a stick or branch which I could hold down to them. Did you ever hunt for a **coxcorn** seed in a barrel of soot on the dark of the moon with your eyes shut? Well, you know what chance I had of finding a stick.

The girls were still **bantering** back and forth when I returned, but their joking had a forced note in it. Muddy, soaked to the bone, and weary with trying, they clung to the side of that steep bank.

“I’ll see if I can dig out a step with my pocket knife,” I decided. “Then I can come down at least that far and may be able to reach you from there.”

Lying on my stomach at the edge of the hole, I reached down and began stabbing my knife into the bank. Under that slimy top, the clay was almost as hard as concrete. I couldn’t see a thing. All I could do was jab around a while, then feel what I had done. Jab and feel; jab and feel.

Finally I wormed back from the edge and snapped my knife shut. “Well, here goes! Watch out down there! If I slip—”

“Lord, please help me now,” I prayed as I eased one foot over the edge. A little exploring and I found the step and tested my weight on it. It seemed secure enough. I leaned down.

“Now here’s my hand. Grab hold.”

Amy was light as girls go, but it took all I had to straighten up from that awkward position and haul her to the top.

Jeanie moved to the spot where Amy had

been. Guided by her voice, I again reached down in the blackness. After a few **futile** swings her cold wet hand went into mine.

“I’ll never forget what you’ve done for us tonight,” she chattered, partly from cold; partly in the intensity of her relief at being on the way out of that hole.

At that moment right above us, the sky opened and bright blue-white lightning flickered for several seconds. The washout, the car, and Jeanie’s face were for an instant clearly **illuminated**. Thunder clapped above us. Then darkness closed in, blacker than before. But it had been enough.

“Oh-h-h.” The cry she gave was half revulsion, half fear. She jerked her hand from mine as if she were stung. “I’d rather try some other way,” she stammered agitatedly.

Bitterness rose in a slow scalding wave within me. The intensity of it almost choked me. Then the Lord laid a cool hand of peace and love upon my heart, and as I straightened up, the resentment drained from me like the raindrops that were running off my nose.

“What’s wrong?” shivered Amy from behind me. “Can’t you get her up?”

“Not that way,” I answered briefly.

Regaining the top of the bank, I stripped off my slicker and leaning over, dangled it down. “Here’s my slicker. Grab hold if you can.”

Jeanie’s hand finally contacted the swinging raincoat and after a desperate but brief struggle, we three stood together under the weeping trees.

The storm was grumbling its way over the mountain, but it continued to rain. The girls’ teeth were chattering like jackhammers.

“We have four miles to the church and the minister’s home where you will be able to get warm and dry. If you’d like me to, I can stop at a garage and have them send a wrecker after your car.”

“Dad will look after it, thank you,” Jeanie stated as stiffly as her quivering jaw would allow.

I smiled serenely to myself. For one moment back there, my own feelings had almost gotten the upper hand, but my Lord was back at the controls and nothing could touch me.

I handed my slicker to Amy. “Here, put this on. It isn’t very warm, but will keep you from getting wetter.

“And you take this.” I skinned out of my jacket and handed it to Jeanie.

“N-n-no, th-th-th-thank you. I-I-I’m not very c-c-c-cold.”

“Put it on and don’t be so s-s-s-silly,” I mocked her with a dry laugh, leaving it in her hands. She put it on.

In another moment, after Jeanie had almost cried with **vexation** because she had to let me help her into the saddle, we were off, both girls on Sinbad and I walking at his head. Sinbad could see, and I relied on him to get us off that mountain.

Amy talked. Jeanie didn’t.

“What is the matter with you?” Amy burst out at last. “You’ve acted so standoffish ever since you got out of that hole. You’d think Bert threw you in instead of pulling you out. You haven’t said a word this whole time!”

“One doesn’t have to talk all the time,” Jeanie **rejoined** curtly.

“I know, but this is the first time I can remember that you acted as if you believed it. What do you think’s the matter with her, Bert? Could she be getting sick?”

“Could be.” I knew well enough what was wrong with her, but naturally I wouldn’t say.

After a long while, lights gleamed through the darkness below us and Amy spoke again. “Bert, what you’ve done for us tonight reminds me of what Christ did for all of us. You know that verse about taking us out of the pit and the miry clay and setting our feet upon a rock and establishing our going? Tonight has been a beautiful illustration of that. ‘Thank you’ is such an inadequate thing to say to someone who has

About the Author

Ruth Kurtz Hobbs (b. 1924) was born and raised in Harrisonburg, Virginia. After studying elementary education at Eastern Mennonite College, she taught seven years in public and parochial schools of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Kentucky. Miss Kurtz then married and moved to North Carolina as Mrs. Hobbs. During her early married life and after her family of six children were grown, she again taught elementary school for several years. Mrs. Hobbs has now returned to Harrisonburg. She has written short stories as well as *The Christian Short Story* and *The Master Teacher*.

been as wonderful as you have been tonight.”

“I did no more than anyone else would have done. Don’t you think Christians should always remind others of Christ? If He really lives in us it’s natural that others will see Him, isn’t it?”

“Yes, but so often we say we have Christ living in us, and yet in trying situations we act just the opposite of the way He would. We fog things up so much with our own unsanctified feelings that the life of the Lord Jesus can’t shine through, don’t you think?”

“I guess you are right,” I admitted as gently as I could because of Jeanie.

It had stopped raining by the time we got off the mountain. At the minister’s driveway, the girls insisted on dismounting.

“You don’t need to go to the house with us,” said Amy. “If you’ll just run over to the church and let the rest of the group know where we are. Then please come over and warm up good before you start home—or are you going to stay for the rest of the social?”

I heard Jeanie catch and hold her breath until

I answered. “No, I am not fit to be seen. I’ll borrow a flashlight from one of the fellows. Sinbad and I will take our usual detour around that hole and be home in an hour.”

Ten minutes later Sinbad and I were headed back up the mountain. I laughed without bitterness as I recalled Jeanie’s aloof little

statement of thanks as she returned my jacket. “She could hardly keep the **condescension** out of her voice,” I remarked to the Lord, who was shoving back the clouds and sprinkling stars over the sky. “But that Amy—she seemed different. I wonder how she’d have acted if she had known I’m black.”

Testing for Understanding



- The first two paragraphs make the storm sound as though it were
 - a freight train.
 - a person.
 - an animal.
 - a tornado.
- It was foolish to travel across the mountain in a car because
 - it was dark.
 - the road was not kept up.
 - it was raining.
 - there may have been robbers hiding out.
- From the time that Bert first heard the car to the time that he turned back to investigate,
 - about ten minutes had elapsed.
 - about an hour had elapsed.
 - it had stopped raining.
 - Bert could hear the car constantly.
- The girls’ parts in the program were to be
 - refreshment servers.
 - Jeanie, choir director and Amy, reader.
 - Amy, choir director and Jeanie, reader.
 - registrars.
- In the exchange between the two girls, Jeanie might best be described as
 - silly.
 - optimistic.
 - contrary.
 - having poor judgment.
- In this exchange, Amy’s response might best be described as
 - encouragement.
 - poor logic.
 - humor tinged with sarcasm.
 - inconsideration.
- Bert insisted that Jeanie put on his jacket because
 - he was determined to show her that her fears were ungrounded.
 - he was concerned for her physical welfare in spite of her aversion.
 - he felt spite in his heart.
 - he didn’t want Amy to become suspicious too.
- Bert only rather weakly agreed with Amy’s discourse about the love of Christ shining through us because
 - it was difficult to agree after having been mistreated by Jeanie.
 - he knew she was being insincere.
 - he didn’t want Jeanie to be embarrassed or to interpret his agreement as a return of spite.
 - these were new concepts to him.

9. Bert did not go to the social because
 - a. he could not face the people after such an insult.
 - b. he felt he was too dirty.
 - c. it was too late.
 - d. he wanted to spare the girls any further embarrassment.
10. The happenings of this story are most like those of
 - a. the story of the Good Samaritan.
 - b. Naaman and Gehazi.
 - c. the Ethiopian eunuch and Philip.
 - d. the parable of the unmerciful servant (Matthew 18:23-35).

Reading for Understanding



1. *It was a night made for a man and a horse. I loved being out on Sinbad in a storm.*
From this we gather that
 - a. Bert had a questionable character which made him prefer darkness.
 - b. Bert had a clear conscience which allowed him to be fearless of the dark and storm.
 - c. Bert was a daring fellow who took unnecessary risks.
 - d. Bert had chosen the mountain route when he saw the likelihood of a storm.
2. *I lifted my face in the rain. "What should I do, Lord?" A moment later, with the answer certain in my heart, I wheeled Sinbad and headed back.*
Bert prayed to God for help because
 - a. he feared that those in the car might be evil men.
 - b. he was reluctant to be late to the meeting.
 - c. he felt such foolhardy actions didn't deserve help.
 - d. he wondered if it was the Lord's will for him to help.
3. *Then I heard a cautious rolling down of a car window. A girl's voice quavered out, "Who are you?" Talk about a scared voice! This one was absolutely petrified.*
The girl was scared because
 - a. the accident had frightened her.
 - b. she had been afraid no one would find them.
 - c. she feared that the voice may have belonged to an evil person.
 - d. she was embarrassed.
4. *Thunder clapped above us. Then darkness closed in blacker than before. But it had been enough.*
The phrase *it had been enough* means that
 - a. there had been enough light for Jeanie to see Bert's skin color.
 - b. the thunder was sufficient to frighten Jeanie.
 - c. there had been enough light for Jeanie to see the slipperiness of the slope.
 - d. Bert was glad the storm was no worse.

5. *I heard Jeanie catch and hold her breath until I answered, "No, I am not fit to be seen."*

Jeanie caught and held her breath because

- a. she was still chattering from cold.
- b. she was afraid the young people would discover that a black man had helped her.
- c. she was embarrassed to have the young people see how muddy Bert had gotten on their account.
- d. she was embarrassed to have done such a foolish thing.

Meditating for Meaning



1. This story shows the correct course to take when facing indecision.
 - a. What did Bert do in the story when he was uncertain as to whether he should stop for the stranded vehicle?
 - b. Explain why this was a wise action.
 - c. What must accompany such an action to guarantee its full value to a person?
2. Amy and Jeanie bantered back and forth in "fun," as friends often do.
 - a. Find proof from the story that Jeanie did not consider the bantering totally "fun."
 - b. Why is such bantering dangerous in spite of the fact that it is between friends?
3. Explain how each of the following aspects of the weather figure symbolically in the story.
 - a. the storm at the beginning
 - b. the lightning that lit up Bert's face and the thunder following
 - c. the darkness that closed in after the lightning, "blacker than before"
 - d. the clouds shoving back, being replaced by stars at the end of the story
4. Explain how the title fits this story symbolically.
5. The flimsiness of prejudice, particularly of racial prejudice, exposes itself when we consider the little things it hinges on.
 - a. What made both girls at first (and Amy throughout the story) think that Bert was so wonderful?
 - b. At what point did Jeanie's feeling change?
 - c. Which standard of judgment was most valid?
 - d. What does this show about the reasons for and wrongness of racial prejudice?
 - e. What Biblical principle do people forget when they harbor racial prejudice?
6. Amy aptly explained the analogy between Christ's provision of salvation to man and Bert's help to the girls.
 - a. Explain the irony of Amy's words about how we "fog things up with our own unsanctified feelings."
 - b. How was Jeanie's refusal of Bert's help like men's refusal to accept Christ's help?
 - c. How was Bert's response to Jeanie's refusal Christlike?
 - d. How does Christ's response to men's refusal differ from Bert's?
7. How do you think Amy would have acted if she had known Bert was black?

Looking for Literary Technique



You have already seen how mention of weather throughout the story contributed to its unity. The storm rages and subsides to correspond to the rise and fall of conflict. A good author carefully plans these details of setting to unify his story.

A well-unified story should not include too many characters and should have a reason for each one.

1. List the three characters in this story and explain the importance of each to the story.

In a well-unified story the characters should also remain consistent throughout.

2. Explain how Bert maintains a consistent character throughout the story.

Writing for Skill



Write a story with a well-organized plot including three characters. Keep your characters consistent throughout. Also try to unify your story by matching a varying aspect of setting to the rise and fall of the plot. Mention this aspect at the beginning of the story and again at the end, symbolizing a resolution of conflict by the change in setting. Following are several possible settings for your story:

- a family gathering
- the school playground
- a school bus ride
- a family trip
- a crew on a roofing job

Unit 1 Review

Getting the Point



Match the following statements with the short stories in which they were major themes. Select the statement that best matches each story.

1. ___ If we fear God, our souls may be free though our bodies suffer imprisonment and death.
 2. ___ One small act of ill will if not curbed, can grow to uncontrollable and devastating proportions.
 3. ___ Peace with God is far more important than success in temporal things.
 4. ___ Children who appear to be impossible to manage often simply lack parental love and attention.
 5. ___ There is far more fulfillment in meeting the needs of others than in selfishly looking out for our own needs.
 6. ___ The object of our heart's affection and focus has a slow but steady shaping effect upon our character.
 7. ___ More important than physical perfection is perfection of character that enables us to accept disappointments calmly.
 8. ___ Thoughtless cruelty often irreparably bruises the life of its victim.
 9. ___ Those who sacrifice for the cause of right and the good of their fellow man frequently reap rewards that outweigh the sacrifice.
 10. ___ Our true character is revealed by how we respond under test.
 11. ___ He who serves the least of God's people serves Christ.
 12. ___ Before we can influence a sinner's life we must first remove hypocrisy from our own.
-
- a. "Mama and the Garfield Boys" (Grizzard)
 - b. "The Horse" (McNeely)
 - c. "Second Chance" (Baker)
 - d. "Shago" (Pooler)
 - e. "A Spark Neglected" (Tolstoy)
 - f. "Cache of Honor" (Hayes)
 - g. "The Mote and the Beam" (Baker)
 - h. "Where Love Is, There Is God Also" (Tolstoy)
 - i. "Whom Shall I Fear?" (Stoll)
 - j. "The Great Stone Face" (Hawthorne)
 - k. "The Doctor of Afternoon Arm" (Duncan)
 - l. "Too Dark" (Hobbs)

Taking Stock of Techniques



Place the letter of the correct answer on the blank beside the number.

1. ___ The plainest statement of a story theme usually appears
 - a. in the title.
 - b. in the last paragraph.
 - c. near the beginning of the story.
 - d. near the end of the story.
2. ___ The action in a short story
 - a. is more important than the character.
 - b. reveals and forms character.
 - c. determines the setting.
 - d. is handled indirectly.
3. ___ The conflict in a story
 - a. is most often one of man versus man.
 - b. is more often man versus his surroundings than man versus himself.
 - c. rarely involves more than one type of conflict.
 - d. may include all three types of conflict.
4. ___ The difference between a complication plot and a loose plot is
 - a. a complication plot story is longer than a loose plot story.
 - b. a complication plot is harder to understand than a loose plot.
 - c. a complication plot is more real to life than a loose plot.
 - d. a complication plot involves a succession of crises mounting to a climax, while a loose plot is merely a succession of incidents.
5. ___ Flashback is the method by which an author
 - a. starts a story at an interesting or exciting point and fills in previous details later.
 - b. hints at what will happen later in the story.
 - c. says one thing and means another.
 - d. uses an object to stand for a concept.
6. ___ The author uses the setting of a story to affect the reader in all of the following ways except to
 - a. reinforce feelings and ideas in the story experience.
 - b. sharpen the reader's awareness of his own surroundings.
 - c. highlight or influence character by contrast or similarity.
 - d. provide symbols for the story.
7. ___ A figure of speech which compares two unlike things using *like* or *as* is
 - a. a simile.
 - b. a metaphor.
 - c. personification.
 - d. onomatopoeia.
8. ___ A figure of speech which gives human qualities to a nonliving thing is
 - a. a simile.
 - b. a metaphor.
 - c. personification.
 - d. irony.
9. ___ A figure of speech which implies a comparison between two unlike things is
 - a. a simile.
 - b. a metaphor.
 - c. personification.
 - d. onomatopoeia.
10. ___ Connotation is
 - a. a word which sounds like its meaning.
 - b. the real meaning of a word.
 - c. the acquired meaning of a word through association.
 - d. an outcome of a situation different from what is expected.

11. ___ The feelings produced in a reader by words and expression used to describe the setting are the story's
- a. connotation.
 - b. point of view.
 - c. symbolism.
 - d. tone.
12. ___ The eyes through which an author tells a story is the
- a. connotation.
 - b. point of view.
 - c. symbolism.
 - d. tone.
13. ___ An author has the most free rein in describing his characters with the
- a. first person point of view.
 - b. third person point of view.
 - c. all-knowing point of view.
 - d. objective point of view.
14. ___ The two points of view which are most nearly alike are
- a. first person subjective and third person subjective.
 - b. first person objective and third person subjective.
 - c. third person objective and all-knowing objective.
 - d. first person subjective and all-knowing objective.
15. ___ Unity is achieved by all the following methods except
- a. story details emphasizing one theme.
 - b. characters remaining consistent.
 - c. similarities between the different crises of a plot.
 - d. careful avoidance of any repetition.