

Reflection

Louise Haney

As I sat on the top of the sandy hill soaking up the warmth of the sun, the small lake below me seemed to gaze back at me and say "Yes, I, too, am living." White cottages, green corn fields, tall trees full of summer, and my own beach surrounded the lake, casting reflections into the waters. The reflections of the vibrant blue sky, white clouds, and dark trees, along with the secondary images of grass and cat-tails, shimmered restlessly and lazily as the water gently pulsated to the shore, retreated, and once again enveloped the shore for a moment only to retreat. A sudden splash in the center of the lake announced that one big bass was darting through his morning exercises. The ripples caused by the splash radiated into the nearby water. As the circles became larger and larger, they also grew weaker and weaker until the ripples melted into the continuous and gentle motion of the entire lake, declaring to every observer that here was life.

My Home Education

Tai Kynn Shin

THE scope of my thought had never been beyond myself and my home until I realized that God's creations are broad and infinite. Then I started to think of my friends, my neighbors, my town, and my country. Christianity gave me knowledge to understand the people and things around me. It helped me to feel responsibility for my people and country. When my father's faith in Christ influenced me wholly, I passed through a distinctive period. Father's Christian life started after he suffered from severe pneumonia, which took many young people's lives. Also, it caused him to leave his occupation in the bank. My family seemed desperately falling down. The house was sold and the family had to move from an urban to a rural region. The back-country to which we moved was my native village, where most people had never seen an auto or a train in their lives. They cultivated soil from dawn to sunset. Therefore, my grade school education was interrupted for a year. I remember that my mother had much difficulty in living and in taking care of her three children. However, since Father had been converted to Christianity, his physical health had at last been completely restored. These things happened when I was seven. There was great enjoyment in our family because of Father's healing. This enjoyment was not to be for long. A most difficult situa-

tion grew up between Father and Grandfather. The peaceful family life of our home was rudely broken. Originally, the tradition which my family and all my relatives had kept was the worshipping of ancestors. My grandfather, most strictly educated in the ideas of Confucius, taught Chinese poetry and moral ethics. Since Father had started to attend the Christian church, Grandfather was afraid that the tradition of worshipping ancestors, which had been the most important heritage of his family for centuries, would be broken down. He thought of Christianity as a western religion. There were ardent arguments between my father and grandfather. No agreements seemed possible; it seemed that we were approaching a family revolution. However, Father's honest faith in Christ had never been shaken. He endured this difficulty sorrowfully and continued to testify to Christianity as the only religion which gives men life. He did not neglect the strict education which he had received from his father. His education of his children was as strict as his father's education had been for him. I had been taught that I should always obey my parents, and that although parents would ask something wrong of their children, the children ought to obey them without any question. Even after I started to attend school, I learned more in my home than at school. When I recall the past years of my childhood, I cannot see any freedom under my parents. I do not regret my parents' strict education of me, but sometimes I envy the free education which many parents give to their children. I do not mean a non-restricted education which would lead children to immoral ways, but a free education which would encourage children to make their own right judgments and to have their own strong independent life developing a sense of responsibility toward others. As I mentioned, I have been raised under strict family circumstances. One thing I am so grateful to my parents for is their honesty and zeal for their children's good education. They have sacrificed themselves greatly. During the period of the Japanese government's persecution of Korean Christianity, my parents kept their children in school in spite of many difficulties. Unfortunately, the Korean War caused many families to be separated. My father has taken care of his two sons and, despite his unhappiness, he has done his best for their education. Now both of us are in college, one at the finest Christian university of my home country and one in America.

One thing my father found out from the hardships due to his early marriage is that his own education was unsatisfactory. He was married at thirteen, while Mother was sixteen. At that time, early marriage among the people was very popular. There was only his parents' decision to force their son to marry through a go-between. During his school life he already had three children. As soon as he finished high school he had to find his occupation, although he had desired to go to advanced school. After that, his main task was to emphasize his children's education. He never thought then that his son could go to a foreign country for educa-

tion. Now he is very proud of his two sons, who would be his large enjoyment next to his largest one in Christ. Unfortunately, my family is separated, but this circumstance rather gives me encouragement to conquer hard problems.

I have felt much responsibility for the people of my country since I have decided to work for the cause of Christianity. I have never thought that Koreans are inferior to other people. They have some natural abilities. They have built their own culture and have developed their own language, and they are very religious. The great reason why Korea was occupied by the Japanese, who were known as an insular people, was the corruption among Korean governmental officials; the Korean government started to decline five centuries ago. However, the people have not lost their own nationalism, and at last they have found the right of their nation's sovereignty since World War II. The people who had been persecuted so long have begun to shake themselves. They are aware of modern civilization. My responsibility is to help them to help themselves in this nation which has abundant natural resources and is surrounded by beautiful environments, bright pleasurable climates, and beautiful mountains, rivers, fields, and seas. In their present desperate situation, they need many men and women who understand the nature of democracy.

Debbie's Dream

Lynne Stephens

ALTHOUGH the alarm clock was screaming at her, Debbie snuggled down into the covers to enjoy the last moments of her dream. She had been having the same dream every night for the past few weeks, and the alarm always called her back to reality too soon. This morning was no different, but Debbie decided that she would try to relive the dream.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon and Debbie was dressing for her wedding. Everyone was scurrying around her trying to be helpful but succeeding only in adding to the confusion. Her dress, yards and yards of billowing white chiffon and lace, was pulled and yanked on over her many stiff petticoats. The hairdresser who had been hired to arrange Debbie's tresses was trying to do a good job despite the interruptions, and when she did finish, she placed the pearl tiara and the lace veil on Debbie's head. Someone else slipped the tiny satin slippers onto her feet, and at last she was dressed. Her friends and relatives moved away from the mirror to give her an unrestricted view of the results. While her aunt went to notify the organist that the bride was ready, Debbie gathered up her Bible and white orchid and paused nervously at the head of the stairway