

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

where she was joined by her father and younger sister Teresa. Teresa was going to attend Debbie as maid of honor, and by the way she planned for the wedding anyone would have thought it was hers.

When the strains of the Wedding March began, Debbie and her father followed Teresa down the stairway and into the living room where they were startled by the crowd of friends and relatives that were attending the wedding. The living room had been decorated by the local florists, and as Debbie glanced over the room, she thought that the white chrysanthemums and the potted palm trees gave just the effect that she had hoped that they would. Then her eyes found Stan's. He was standing in front of the altar which had been placed in front of the fireplace, and although he had recently been discharged from the army, one look at his clear complexion, bright eyes, and solid build would tell anyone that army life had agreed with him. To Debbie and most of the other girls in Freeburg, Stan was the handsomest man in town, and Debbie felt a moment of self-satisfaction at having won the prize. As she and her father reached the altar, Debbie noticed a long look pass between Teresa and Bud, Stan's younger brother who was attending Stan as best man, and she silently sent up a little prayer that they too might someday be going through this ceremony together. Suddenly Debbie realized that the music had stopped and the pastor was beginning to speak. As she listened, she had the strange feeling that someone else was speaking her answers, but all at once Stan was kissing her and escorting her up the aisle to the bright strains of the recessional march. In a few seconds the crowd swarmed around them, shouting congratulations and showering them with rice and confetti.

At the buffet supper following the wedding, the guests acted as if they hadn't eaten for weeks. Several of the men filled their plates three and four times, and the cake which was intended to serve one hundred-fifty people was eaten by only eighty people. Someone began to play the piano and four of the men formed a quartet and sang some of the traditional wedding songs. A few of the guests were stationed at the doors so that they would know when Debbie and Stan were ready to leave, but when one of them wasn't watching, Debbie ran up the stairs to her room to change her clothes for the trip to Lake Michigan where she and Stan were going to spend the next two weeks. As soon as she was ready, Debbie met Stan at the foot of the stairs; they sneaked to their car and drove away before they were discovered. At last they were alone and on their way to a wonderful honeymoon.

This was the cue for the alarm clock to make its entrance. There was always another month or week or day to wait. Suddenly Debbie realized that she no longer heard the noise of the alarm. She uncovered her head and looked around.

"Do you always sleep through the alarm like that," Stan laughed, "or is the morning after your wedding an exception?"