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CRAIGVILLE

We take for granted the name which now appears with a red heart on "I Love Craigville" bumper stickers. Beneath the name is a tradition, a legacy, a person, who in so many ways incarnated the vision of those who searched out these acres, purchased them, and sought to settle and develop them to the glory of God.

Austin Craig said once: "names are the great monuments of history. If history was lost, we could tell much of the people who settled a country by the names of places given by them." God willing, such may always be the case in this fragile community of sand and secularity, sea and sacredness.

His roots go back to Scotland, where loyalists to King James I, emigrated to Northern Ireland. His father, Moses, was born in Peapack, N.J. in 1796. In his 70th year, he decided to try his hand at teaching, before dying at a ripe old 80. Austin's mother, Rachel, of spritely wit and reputed beauty, was born in Perryville, N.J. of English ancestry, in 1801. Her mother was a direct descendent of Edward Fuller of the Mayflower's brave company. Austin's home was that of an ecumenical marriage.

The Craig household, into which baby Austin first squealed in 1824, was by location and inclination, a hospitable tarrying place for Presbyterian, Lutheran, Methodist, and Baptist ministers heading West. With no church nearby, God was often praised in a variety of ways, in this cultured home, presided over by a Presbyterian.

Austin was a bookworm and engaged gladly in dialogue with the many visitors. He must have heard a great deal about religion, but took no formal step towards it until college. At 16, he enrolled at Lafayette College in Easton, Pennsylvania, where a trumpet blast at 4:30 a.m. began the day. (Students were expected to do an hour's study, before the 6:00 a.m. breakfast). He wrote home to explain a typical Sabbath: "I rise, dress, wash, make my bed and read until 7:00. I attend prayers in the college hall, eat breakfast, and read until 10:00. I then go to the church again. At 4:30, I attend Bible study, where the Greek scholars give the original meaning of the Scriptures, then have supper, say my prayers, and go to bed."

The Thursday before Christmas 1842, Austin met a converted sailor, who had given up the sea, and was now a fellow college student. He was closely identified with the church by personal choice and read to Austin from the Bible, prayed with him, selected several passages for him to read, and suggested they go together, next Sunday, to church.

For the first time, that Sabbath, Austin claimed he was "not bored" in church, which sets a high standard for Summer Tabernacle services today. Moses and Austin carried on a lively letter exchange, in which the elder church attendee claimed "I heard Hill preach last week. He is a flaming Methodist and says he would rather be a Methodist preacher than president of the U.S. He can be only one of them, for there is no danger of his being the other."

After three years at Lafayette, and lively interest in church, he sensed a burning desire to preach the Gospel and left without a degree, (returning in 1844 to earn his Master's). As an itinerant preacher, he received no wages, and with a smattering of theology and Bible, his chief assets were a powerful voice, commanding eloquence, and clarity of thought. Years later, he would write to his father that some Sundays he picked his text on the way to church. On another occasion, as he preached upon one text, a late arrival left the church doors open to a lovely rural setting, and in mid course, he began talking superlatively on God's world of nature. When the September 20, 1879 "Herald of Christian Liberty" did a sketch on his life, the trustees of the Christian Bible Institute were encouraged to pay a short hand reporter to copy down Craig's stream of verbal consciousness "before it was too late." Unfortunately it was a wild suggestion not heeded so we are fortunate to have in print what we do of this remarkable namesake of our beloved village, beach and retreat center. His students often were heard to say that he spoke spontaneously more easily than he wrote. Once, a student at Antioch asked him to carefully map out a lecture, step by step, on the grace of God. The next day, publicly thanking the student for the idea, he gave a rambling discourse on several subjects at once, only at the close of which did he remind himself and the class "as to God's Grace." Austin's youthful enthusiasm for the faith, intellectual depth, wide

reading, ease with people of various backgrounds, and tolerance for diverse viewpoints made him a popular traveling preacher in small country churches and metropolitan settings. "Elder B.F. Summerbell and I rode from North New Jersey to Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, visiting over 20 churches." What a learning experience this proved to be.

He was eventually licensed to preach by the session of the Christian Church of New Jersey, and soon after ordained. Visiting nearly all of the many parishes of that persuasion in the state, Austin confided to his journal that he found them, "densely ignorant, vague in Biblical knowledge, misty in theology, but honest to a degree, shrewd, earnest, and talented." How like many a U.C.C. local church that is today!

But where would Austin begin a more settled ministry? Down a narrow valley, 20 miles from New York City, Feltsville was a little town, begun by a large manufacturer, David Felt. Although a Unitarian himself, the church he built for his workers had visiting clergy from several denominations, all of whom wished to make it one of their own brand names. The parishioners sensed their need for "a man who can unite our diverse faiths and preach the common Gospel of Christ." How fortuitous that one of Austin Craig's stature should respond favorably to their letter of intent: "the residents of this village, composed of persons of different denominations, are desirous of securing the services of a devoted man of God, who is willing to lay aside all sectarianism and come among us on common ground to be a pastor to all. We are anxious to have the Gospel preached, but cannot be united in any one sect."

Austin was installed at Feltsville, June 23, 1850 and preached from a pulpit to which "ministers of all denominations shall have free use." His genuine style, learned in itinerancy, and living room dialogue, quickly won the affection of his people, who attended services that were anything but "boring".

However, by now Craig's travels made him a known quantity and much to the remorse of David Felt, who found him "just the right man for the job," he was called elsewhere within a year. In Orange county, New York, near the Hudson River, Blooming Grove's historical church was founded in 1757. Largely preached to by pastors of the Presbyterian and Congregational persuasion, the well to do farmers, among whom were several college educated squires, raised an inspiring white church and attached academy. It's sanctuary comfortably accomodated 1,000 people. These thinking men and women clung tenaciously to "essential Christianity" but sought an open minded pastor. In Craig, they found one, and he was installed in March of 1851.

Here was a congregation that insisted upon sermons Biblically based, and exhaustively discussed. Their preacher was encouraged to tackle any subject, so long as he gave it Scriptural sanction. The sermon was expected to be delivered in dynamic fashion, with masterful exposition, filled with impressive logic, profound learning and an "all consuming conviction of the priceless value of the truth."

"Like Noah of old, our pastor should pray as one who walks and talks with God."

An elderly deacon recalled one Sunday when Craig read his Scripture, closed the Book, plunged into his sermon and ignored the order of worship. His explanation was, "it was as good a time as any to say what I had to." Another deacon recalled rising early, omitting the usual breakfast, devoting self to prayer and Bible reading before feeling "fit to listen to the sermon."

With but one service a Sunday, Craig left behind willingly the three sermons and a lecture each week, and the more he pursued his studies, the more was he convinced that a 50 sermons a year minister was better than a 200 one. Lectures at the academy were by such guests as Horace Greeley, who later published several of Craig's manuscripts, Horace Mann who found Craig to be as close to Christ as any man he ever met, and Henry Ward Beecher whose abolitionist notions would encourage Craig to reach out to the war wounded in our Civil War. The 120 families, over a 7 mile district, he ministered unto were influential folk, and soon Craig was invited to preach July 4 to the New Jersey legislature.

The student in Craig at such occasions as thrived during these years, and he was widely published in periodicals and journals, absolutely convinced that unless Christianity was reported in the secular press, it's evangelical thrust would be trunkated. Craig loved these years, but resigned in September 1851 to become preacher to the college and professor of logic and rhetoric at Antioch. One year later, the church called him back and found him unchanged. The 30 year old bachelor met, fell in love with, and on August

August 12, 1858 changed his single status with Mary Adelaide Churchill, whose fine mind had been nurtured at Utica's Female Seminary, and the Clinton Liberal Institute, where she taught several years prior to life at Antioch.

While at Blooming Grove and Antioch, Craig lectured at Meadville Theological School in Pennsylvania, an institution founded by the Unitarian and Christian denominations. "Liberality and culture are not confined to the Unitarian Church", Craig chuckled.

In 1868, Craig was called to the North Christian Church of New Bedford, considered the most influential church of it's denomination in the country. Yankee magazine compared the New Bedford of Craig's day to the Dallas of our's, with oil (whale) selling even then for \$1.00 a gallon. Industrialist wealth and sea faring expansiveness sought spiritual vision each Sabbath, and the pews were thronged Sunday's for the best year the church ever had. Newspapers greedily repeated Sunday's textual proclamation and Craig became a well known public figure. It must have been during this season that Craig came in close contact with the Fall River and Providence Christian connection which founded our beloved Craigville. (Later, North Christian emerged with it's old rival North Congregational now the United Church of New Bedford).

On October 3, 1869, the Christian Bible Institute opened it's doors in Lakemont, New York with three professors. Dr. Warren Hathaway's name rings Craigville chimes. C.B.I. was the culmination of one of Craig's fondest dreams that clergy could be trained in an ecumenically oriented, deeply intellectual atmosphere of socratic dialogue and personal investigation. No administrator, (he hated the details of being Antioch's president for a spell), Craig personified in the classroom, his contention that "the Bible is not sufficient without notes or comments - no book in the world requires for it's full unfolding a wider range of learning. The deep student of the Bible needs to become a Chaldean, a Hebrew, an Egyptian, an Arabian, a Persian, a Greek, a Roman, a geographer, historian, linguist, ethnologist, metaphysician and a saint through the sanctifying spirit of the Son of God."

The student body, though never large, was housed in a commodious victorian house, and gladly sat at the feet of Craig, who combined homoletics, systematic theology, practical ministry, and ethics in one chair.

He would remark "we are not prophets, but teachers. We do not speak of visions that we have seen, but of those that others have seen. We can preach of our own experiences as that which we have felt."

He himself felt "too much of our prize beef is nothing but veal. The churches should consult their own welfare by discriminating against such as go to the pulpit prematurely or immaturely."

People were not welcome at C.B.I. who "put the Bible under their pillows to keep away the witches and yet would not put it's principles in their heart to keep away the devil." Moreover, "the Bible is our rule to the exclusion of all creeds, covenants, disciplines and articles of faith. Christian character is our only test of fellowship and communion, to the exclusion of all the shibboleths of party and tests of bigotry ever urged upon the humble followers of Christ."

An experienced based teaching claimed "intellect will make the minister shine, but love will make him burn." "The minister must engrave his name on the hearts of his people, or it will perish."

However, "political duties of citizens, of rulers, of one class of people to another, are insufficiently preached in our pulpits. Our ministers rebux our nation for her sins all too feebly."

Furthermore, "preaching is good so far as it inspires people to action, but it may become a mere pleasure or entertainment for the people." Yet, "the pulpit will not so often become flighty and erratic if the pew contains more who love to study the deep things of God."

Sensing, "we are all related to the past. No one can understand self without knowing something of the history of the world. History tells the story of God's dealing with humanity."

His was the light that enlightens still: "Bread, rather than Bibles and tracts,

is needed by those who are in the condition of destitution. The church of the future will make provision for the employment of the poor, will teach them the laws of health, will elevate people socially and thus prepare them to receive spiritual regeneration. The church must interest herself in these things or else the masses will cease to regard her as their friend and will bestow their affections in some other quarters. "

The Bible was to Craig the great textbook of life - divine and human. All that he knew and all that he was were concentrated in finding out God's meaning. So he encouraged the learning of his students. Feeling that theology was often too cut and dried, his lectures were devotional, doctrinal, homiletical, and practical. His great intuitive powers seemed to inspire aspirations for lifelong learning on the part of his students. He urged them to visit mental institutions and prisons before studying what we might call "the social gospel." To listen and observe was as important as to read. He who often studied all night urged his students "not to study at night". A vacation trip to New Orleans was the longest trip he ever made and Ohio as far West as he ever got, yet he devoured Biblical geography and insisted upon students seeking the latest archeological evidence,

Psychology and theology were sisters in his mind, one student said of him, "silk and steel wire entered his composition, for he could stretch and bend, but never break."

Visiting the Connecticut State legislature, he was referred to as having a "two story brain". His large president's home became the site of visiting lecturers and impromptu student dialogue. His wife, who had managed the details of raising 6 children, was at ease with the vast entertaining and stimulation which energized their last years. When she died, he claimed "the light of my life hath clean gone out". In 1880, he married a second, but alas short time.

Only a few years later, having played with his grandchildren and tended his garden flowers, this man died to belong now to the ages. He had written once: "I have had daily opportunity to look upon the universe from under the sweated brow. I always feel well when I can freely hold the hoe. I take pleasure in working in the ground, and for most of the ordinary ailments, an hour in the garden is an easy cure.

Those who were grief stricken at the loss clung to his words. "God first dwelt with his chosen people in a tent, then in a permanent building. So God dwells in the fleshly house of humanity here but will dwell in a heavenly body hereafter. "

One of his testimonials read, "Craig was a great man whom God gave us for a season, a man of the sweetest and gentlest nature, and yet of far sighted and well-balanced vision. The influence which he wrought in the church, and will continue through the coming years.

At the dedication of a monument to him in Stanfordville, New York, it was said, "he differed from all other men I knew. It would seem that nature and grace contributed liberally to his makeup. His tall, angular form seemed designed for Western frontier life, yet the spirit in the man fitted him to be an angel. He was large hearted and generous, even tempered and kind, tender and loving as a woman."

How Craig might well have liked that appellation. He had advocated equality for women and certainly their ordination. He had preached on Mary's gifts compared to societies dependence upon Martha's servant type second class citizenship:

"Mary hath done what she could" our Lord said. My mind rests on Theresa of Spain, seraph soul who blends the virtues of Martha and Mary, who rises daily to heaven to sit at the feet of Christ so as to strengthen her soul for the arduous labors which she performs for society; Ann Haseltine Judson leaving her native land, in the bloom of youth, to traverse oceans and bear the word of life to heathen, the first of her sex to do for Christ what she could, in the field of foreign mission. I see Elizabeth Fry, who in the love of Christ, devoted herself to visit the "spirits in prison." "I see Mary Lyons who struggled upon from poverty and seclusion to eminent usefulness as the Christian instructress of thousands of her sex, I see Dorothea L. Dix going forth noiselessly through our land, pleading the cause of the feeble minded, and by the magic of her benevolence causing stately asylums to arise for those afflicted ones. Honor to her the apostle of

Jesus to the insane."

"Women", he had expounded at an ecclesiastical convention, "had the gift of prophesy in the old covenant." Against the heathenish notion of the spiritual inferiority of women, "the spirit of God rises in full protest."

More modestly, Craig would probably urge us to look to our own lives. "Christ is in us, the living, enlightening, rebuking, cheering Word of God, preparing the way for the indwelling of God in our soul."

However it is in Austin Craig's vision of unity that Craigville today stands best as a living heritage to his life.

A tract still surviving at the Congregational Library 14 Beacon Street, Boston, entitled "The Uniting Faith of the Christian Church" was preached by the 23 year old Craig, at the dedication of a new hall, the gift of two wealthy benefactors, for a Christian congregation located once at 23rd and 8th Avenue in New York City. Here he claimed that God had but one church to which all who have submitted to God belong. There was but one faith. Each religious sect (denominations) had a code of ethics, but not the one faith of Christ's church. The church was one, not many, united not divided, harmonious not discordant! By one Spirit, all were baptized into one body, which being mystical had but one head, Christ. He humorously referred to a late, distinguished Bishop of the established church, who had said "our church does not believe that the makers of it's creed were infallible. She does not say they could not err, only that they did not err."

Craig went on to warn that an army stood arrayed against "us." The worshippers of the past, he epitomized as the enemies of free thought and religious progress. "Turning back their eyes to the good old times, when hierarchies held supreme dominion over the minds of their unquestioning votaries," he claimed, "they desire the return to those palmy days."

Would that he had been more accurate in hoping "they desire in vain."

As a 26 year old minister, he addressed the annual meeting of Christian ministers and churches, held May 18, 1850 at Camptown (now Irvington) New Jersey. Having published widely upon belonging to the church of Jesus Christ, not the church of Wesley, Calvin, or Luther, his "Declaration of Independence" spoke to the organizing of Christian Churches at Marion, that Fall as the Church of God. He first reviewed their principles of one church established by Christ, the New Testament as the rule of faith and life, members made "believers" by spiritual regeneration, the church as repentant towards God whose love leads to the duties of life. Then he warned, a conflict of dogmas was not intended but people should beware of a factitious and forced union. For Him to be Christians to the fullest extent of the Word and to love one another was Christianity. Support of one another was tolerance. Respect for one another was the right of liberty. Assisting one another was the well understood interest of everyone. The whole Gospel of Luke was the true Apostle's Creed.

That same year, going to his first parish, he immediately befriended the young Catholic priest with Communicants in the same village, and on several occasions shared the Protestant service with him. One can only wonder what a difference those months made in the future of Father Bernard John McQuaid, who was later elevated to be Bishop of Rochester, N.Y. Such behavior was nearly unheard of in the anti catholic Protestant establishment of that day.

Born into a period when a bitter strife of sectarianism was culminating in revolt against a commanding and formidable orthodoxy, Craig was possessed by a spirit of religious freedom, grounded in the vital integrity of the Word of God.

Martin Summerbell in "Writings and Addresses of Austin Craig" claimed Craig was always friendly to all denominations, never speaking disrespectfully of any, yet in fellowship with his "own people." Faithful in attendance at General Conventions and Conference meetings of his small denomination, he was forever reminding his hearers, "the sheep of all folds are to become one flock."

He did not simply gain this attitude from his early home life, nor from the enlightened three parishes and three institutions of higher learning he was attracted to. His study and prayer life led him to such profound thoughts as, "the human spirit was made for God's

spirit. In being made in the image of God, we were made for the inspiration of God. The greatest gift to the world is the inspired soul. The gift of the Holy Spirit is that we may live in holy relationship."

Watch how you say "church" around the friendly ghost of Austin Craig who remarked once: "what then is the church? The church is the assembly of the good, both in heaven and on earth. The church is the spiritual family of God. Jesus Christ is the elder brother of that family. He is the head of the church and all who participate in His spirit, whether they are in the spiritual or the natural world, whether they belong to a sect or stand aloof from all, are joined to Christ and belong to His church.

How impressive that the U.C.C., into which Craig's Christian denomination merged, should have as its motto "that all may be one;" but how unimpressive, that this one great church of which Craig dreamed, is still so obviously fractured and divided, that the U.C.C. is a 1.7 million minority yet.

Craig chided once, "those churches that expend their force in government, though they may exhibit an outward unity, must be lean in spiritual fullness." Elsewhere, he suggested there were two ways of holding people together: "by outward force, as a barrel is held by hoops, and by the attractive force of love, as the life of a tree."

He believed that in the early history of almost every Christian "sect" there was a history of faithfulness, of devotion to truth, piety, and love. But a gradual transition occurred from simplicity to a conformity to the world. "My eyes have been dazzled by the popular religion. Slowly, my eyes were opened and I saw the interior light at last, and rejoiced in its glory."

He was filled with sadness when he "considered the condition and attitude of the churches of Christendom, with capabilities of influence so good and great were they only united, and with so little power for good because of their waste of strength, growing out of their sectarian divisions".

"In almost every village which dots this country", he pined, "you may find two and sometimes three churches or more, where the population does not require more than one. If piety and morality were ever multiplied in the ratio of the church (buildings) it would be a matter of rejoicing."

Optimistic to the core, he felt in America "may Shem, Ham, and Japbreth Unite. To rebuild the crumbling altar of Noah, stand brothers under the rainbow of God and all the sundered family of our Lord Jesus Christ; there may we all, Catholic and Protestant, Calvinist and Armenian, Trinitarian and Unitarian, forgiving each other in the forgiveness of heaven, merge all our differences in their higher oneness, and so make it possible for the world to believe in the adoreable Son of God."

Defying labels, Craig disliked even the phrase liberal Christianity, "for Christianity was never meant to be otherwise than liberal. The Apostles Creed is the best human creed. Do not despair of your usefulness nor of the world's redemption."

As if this were not melody enough to his symphony of unity, Craig added "from my hearts bottom, I hate restrictions upon free enquiry and free discussion. I have no spark of sympathy with that spirit which seeks to screen any truth from any onslaught of its questioners and opposers."

A believer in "Christian progress", the privilege of "one generation to be wiser and better than their predecessor," he was representative of his age, but an ecumenical beacon! "I want to feel I am the property of Christ, not of the Christian denomination, nor any other human organization." He was a visionary "desirous of cultivating fraternal relations with all the followers of Christ."

He disliked "above all things to be misapprehended and suspected" by those he wished to regard as bretheren avowing his convictions of "truth and right" he signed, "let who will approve, let who will condemn."

How is it possible to encapsalate such a free spirit? Every mold seems to crack as the plaster of paris of Craig's life refuses to set.

Pastor, Professor and prophet he reminds us today that "humans are capable of goodness and wickedness but endowed with the faculty of choice." Should we be tempted to become exasperated by those in this village or small planet, who seem to make selfish, uncaring choices, he would caution us that "the constituents of a denomination are its members rather than its professed principles." "The generous spirit must guard itself against the indifference manifested by those from whom the well doer has the right to expect aid and encouragement. It is a dagger to the heart when the generous soul meets coldness or suspicion from those who should have given appreciation and family support."

With his diaconate at Blooming Grove composed at such an early date of 7 men and 7 women, he would caution our C.C.M.A. Board of Directors that "against the heathenish notion of the spiritual inferiority of women, the Spirit of God rises in full protest.

To the Annual Music Camp held on these grounds, Craig would muse "anything melodious takes deep hold upon us. I wish that we all might be able to use music and song in our ministry. It is a great thing to be able to take the truth of God and sing it into the hearts of people. All the great epochs in the history of God's people were ushered in by song. How much singing there is of God's truth in the Bible."

To the successful perennial Writers Conference, Craig would pen "the Providence of God is seen in inventions. People of all good callings are inspired. The first book printed was the Bible. The discovery of printing was providential. There are different degrees of inspiration, but the highest is that of Christ in us." God's book of life is being continually written in our natures. It is like sympathetic ink. When it is cold, it is invisible, but when you warm it, it becomes plain. So a person's life when we come into the inner presence of God's love will be seen by ourselves as it is. It will all come out plain and draw us to God or repel us from God."

To a Craigville committee struggling with promise and reality, he would advise "the sifting of Satan is to find chaff; the sifting of Christ is to save the wheat."

To some youth sent to this place by his or her church budget, Craig would challenge "compared with our grandparents, we have less muscle and sinew, more brain and nervous fibre, less hardihood and more sensibility, less self control and more weakness of self indulgence. Our "flesh" is keener in its susceptibilities and stronger in its appetites. The mischief of our wealth and self indulged condition of society is that along with the removal of that harsh necessity which forced our grandparents into their physical hardihood and constrained them to self control, there have come to us such multitudes of bodily comforts and luxuries that we have such fullness of bread and abundance of idleness now many of our youth come prematurely to the period of puberty, ungovernable in appetite, rickety in moral will, in flesh an adult, in spirit the merest child.

To this youths adult role models, Craig might murmur, "There is today a tendency among people of this country to seek for immediate results. We are unable to wait. We desire to accomplish everything in the speediest manner. Faith says, let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not now."

Mottoed invisibly in our facilities are the spiritual insights of our brother Austin:

*"Evil always reacts on him who entertains it, and thus, it becomes the weight that crushes the evil doer."*

*"God's silence is the best answer to some of our impudent questions. Let us be thankful that some times the heavens are dumb."*

*"Repose and peace in God are opposed to the hurrying worrying spirit of the world."*

*"When God comes to visit, it is to benefit and not get what God can."*

*"We are too impatient. The trials of patience release us from the bondage of time. Is it thus that God means to prepare us for eternity?"*

*"The greatest secret of life is the secret of our own human soul and the misery of this life is that many never find themselves."*

*"The Comforter is the 'cheer-urger', Would there were more sons of comfort. They are more needed than the sons of thunder."*

To those who would compartmentalize life, Craig would ask:

*"What is the connection between matter and spirit? The outward world is the image of God's thoughts, the spiritual of God's affections."*

To those who have no confidence in scientific views, Craig might remark:

*"Darwin's development theory should be reversed. Sin makes us more like animals."*

To those anxious to keep religion etherial and disengaged from life, Craig would thunder:

*"The Bible is political and contains those principles to which we are going back after ages of false and injurious systems."*

To many a present world leader, Austin's brilliance would cry:

*"Ruling with Christ is serving in love."*

*"Despotism everywhere has the same line of policy. They are all imitators of Nebuchadnezzar."*

*"Politics, as a science, is next in importance to religion. The word 'politics' is of the Greek for the 'city'."*

Craig would be quite at home with 'liberation' theology as experienced in Latin America today.

*"Who would see Jesus must look for Him in duty, Seek him where, in humble hearts, he dwells in poverty and nakedness, in sickness and oppression we can now see Christ's flesh only when we look upon His suffering bretheren. If with pity and help we thus look upon Him in his affliction, we shall hereafter with joy behold his face in glory." Face to face with the divine presence, with yearning prayer in the inner sanctuary of our being, we must come to hear our call to the duties which Providence assigns us."*

Craig might well be an uncomfortable guest at many a present ecclesiastical gathering.

*"Multitudes in the Church are excusing their spiritual lassitude by saying that their condition in life is humble, their talents inferior and their influence on society scarcely felt. The answer to this is that every Christian, however simple his talents and condition possesses the Spirit of God. We are a medium through which the Spirit of God operates upon this world."*

*"The Holy Spirit is a Spirit of power. All things are possible to it. Perhaps no one is so depraved they may not be reclaimed. Persons are lost because the church does not extend its sympathy to them in the full measure of the spirit of Christ."*



"The marks of the church are unity, holy, catholic and apostolic. I have calm assurance that the day is not far distant, when the church shall again be visibly one, holy, Catholic and apostolic. The signs of the times are cheering. Sectarianism is declining and holiness is increasing. Good people in all sects are forgetting their fictitious common center. The tribes of Israel are still in the wilderness, but there is a Canaan of Promise before them, where there shall be one fold and one shepherd forever."

To the threat of medical malpractice and the escalating costs of remaining healthy, Craig would caution

"We need health. There is a shocking degree of ill health among Christians of today. There is a shocking degree of premature death. This should not be. We should save the bodies of people as well as their souls. We should teach the people science and the laws of health and save them from crass materialism."

Whenever Craigville wanders far from its visionary roots and the routes its founders charted for generations yet to come, we shall be renewed by our namesake, pastor, professor and prophets.

"The true patriot is the person whose love for country is not blind or selfish, but intelligent and well guarded. The true American is independent. The American citizen is a thinker."

"Salvation is deliverance from perdition. It is the continual putting on of the character of Christ by the human soul."

"Getting religion is not Biblical. Religion according to the Bible is something to do, not anything to get."

"Our fathers and mothers were saved not because they enjoyed either more or less light, but because they were faithful in learning what God communicated."

Above the beach, on the bluff, our prayers of silent gratitude rise to join the indefatigable pastor, professor and prophet whose name graces this place. Did he not benedict us by a life that proclaimed:

"Christianity first took root on the sea coast of the Mediterranean. Maritime people naturally have breadth of human knowledge and more readily receive new truth than the people of the interior."

No wonder we love to be a part of Craigville. Little wonder we never wish to leave. Small wonder part of Craigville and us are wed forever.