## Man Needs Mental Gas

"I just ran out of gas — that's all there was to it." He wasn't talking about his automobile, but about his body — about his mental, emotional, spiritual, and physical makeup.

Lying on his hospital bed, he was a physical and emotional wreck. He had fought the pressures and tensions of life as long as he could. He had tried to go it alone. But then day before yesterday, his emotional supports cracked . . and the roof caved in.

HIS PHYSICAL body was a mass of quivering pain. His nerves were shattered. He looked up with eyes bleary with tranquilizers and said, "I just ran out of gas — that's all there was to it." He's just one of hundreds in Brevard County who have run out of power.

The sign over the public service company says, "Light and Power." That's what we all need. Light on the mystery of life and power for the mastery of life.

The phone in my office rang. It was a good friend. His voice was shaking and quivering as he said, "It's Martha. They've just called from the house. A neighbor found her

on the floor of the kitchen — unconscious. She took pills. The doctor says she's dying."

I interrupted, "What about you, Bill? Do you think you can make it?"

"I don't know," he said, and I could hear him sobbing audibly over

## Perspective

By Jamie Buckingham

the phone. "I don't know. It's as much my fault as hers. Is there any strength for me."

Suppose I said to him. "Sure, Bill, there's strength for you. Just reach in close to your heart — or wherever it is that you keep that thing called your soul — and twist it until it comes out. Then walk over to the wall and take the electric bulb out of the socket. Screw your soul into the socket. Then walk to the switch and push the button — and you'll get all the power you need."

But that's foolish. The electric company doesn't supply this kind of power. But there is a power that's

available. Power unlimited. And it's found in God.

Too often we leave that out. We become so preoccupied with Left and Right, that we forget there is an Above and Below. Living so constantly on the horizontal we forget about the vertical. And we try to make the grade under our own steam — and it plays out on us.

And so man looks up from the wreckage of his life and says, "I just ran out of gas — that's all there is to it." And he's right. He ran out because he was continually looking within for his answers — and strength — and the answer and strength do not come from within — but from above.

A character in a novel says to his friend, "I'm not an eight day clock. I run down within 24 hours. Wind me up, won't you please."

That's familiar. I'm like that. I run down — sometimes in less than 24 hours. And unless I get my spiritual battery recharged — I, too, run out of gas.

And so the real question is, "Do I have a faith in God which can save my life when the time comes that I shall need it?" Do you?