

April 19, 1930 (continued)

Fellowship with God is something one dare not cover, for it smothers to death. It is like a tender infant or a delicate little plant, for a long nurturing is the price of having it, while it vanishes in a second of time, the very moment one's eye ceases to be 'single.' One cannot worship God and Mammon for the reason that God slips out and is gone as soon as we try to seat some other unworthy affection beside Him. The other idol stays and God vanishes. Not because God is 'a jealous God' but because sincerity and insincerity are contradictions and cannot both exist at the same time in the same place.

April 22, 1930

The 'experiment' is interesting, although I am not very successful, thus far. The idea of God slips out of my sight for I suppose two thirds of every day, thus far. This morning I started out fresh, by finding a rich experience of

God in the sunrise: Then I tried to let Him control my hands while I was shaving and dressing and eating breakfast. Now I am trying to let God control my hands as I pound the typewriter keys. (If I could keep this morning up I should have a far higher average today than I have had for some time.)