

Archeology and the Christian

The question may very well be asked, "Just what interest does the Christian have in Archeology?" "Why ~~would~~ should it be of any particular importance to one who is trying to serve the Lord and to study the Bible?"

In answer to this question, perhaps it might be useful to tell of an experience which I had a few years ago. On the day before Thanksgiving, as it happened, I went and purchased a new pair of shoes. I had not purchased a new pair of shoes recently before that time. The shoes which I got did not fit me very well. They hurt my feet.

On that same day, I went out to the university and did some errands in that neighborhood. After that I did not intend to return to my home as usual, but rather to take the train from the 30th Street Station in order to go out to Germantown to have dinner at the home of a doctor, who had invited me there for Thanksgiving dinner. As it happened, I was to have three Thanksgiving dinners that time, one the night before Thanksgiving, ~~one~~ one on Thanks giving Day, and a belated one on the day following. It is easily seen that this was quite an unusual situation.

When the time came for me to go to the station, I started to rush down the street towards the 30th Street Station. I came to the corner and there I made a great ~~big~~ mistake. Looking to the right I saw a great number of cars coming, and I waited impatiently for them to pass. When there came a lull between the cars, I rushed forward to make my way across the street without thinking to look around to the left to see whether or not a car might be coming around the corner from that direction. Thus it happened that I did not at all see an auto coming from the left, which hit me with its fender right above the hip. It hit me so hard that it tore a hole right through my overcoat and into my clothes underneath the overcoat. Had it hit me a little nearer the back, it would have thrown me in front of the car and, doubtless, would have passed over me. As it happened, however, it threw me away from the car, and I landed on the ground and my head was hurt a bit, and I was bruised all over. I got up and sat on the curb. A man came up to me and said, "I noticed the number of that car. Here it is."

I said, "Don't bother. It wasn't his fault; it was mine."

I sat there a few minutes and tried to get my strength together, and then started down for the 30th Street Station. After I had gone two or three blocks, I guess the