

The Secret to Power in Business

by Glenn Clark

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V. Keeping in the Flow

During the depression of 1932, a man came to see me. He had no job, and was trying to support his family by working out some inventions. None of them seemed to click. I told him the parable of the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. Both are fed by the same water, the only difference is that one has an outlet and the other doesn't. The surest way of getting a job where you can put your energies to work, that will bring an inflow of good to you, is to find some outlet where you can put your energies to work in giving out good to others without expectation of reward. I asked him if he knew of anyone that needed help that he could serve in this way. After days had gone by and he found no avenues where he could give out or bring in, I finally offered him an extraordinary suggestion.

"Due to retrenchment our college is without a debate coach, and two afternoons a week I shall have to undertake this job, using time that I ordinarily use in helping people who come to me for prayer. In the past you have coached debating teams, and it is a job that you love. Could you spare those afternoons from your inventing activities and be willing to do it for love, without pay?"

"I would do it gladly!" he replied. "And would consider it a very small return for what your prayers have done for me in restoring my efficiency and peace of mind."

He did this job so well that to our mutual surprise the college paid him, and not only re-engaged him for the following year at increased salary, but gave his wife a temporary position in the language department besides. But the interesting thing is that the law of the Sea of Galilee began to operate at once, and his inventions, which he worked on in the morning hours, began to click.

I could cite scores of examples of the working out of this law, but the best example I know of is that of Vash Young. He decided to give one-half his time to serving others without expectation of reward, and reserved the other half-time for selling life insurance. As a result he sold more life insurance than any man in America.

This same law works out in the handling of money as well as in the rendering of service. A friend of mine borrowed \$300.00 from me and, after five years had elapsed and he had not paid a cent on his debt, I told him the parable of the Sea of Galilee, and offered him the suggestion that he start making a \$5.00 payment a month for three months, and see if it wouldn't open a sluice gate for money to come pouring in to him. He said that a man owed him \$500.00 and that he was going to law to get it, and as soon as he received that he would pay me. I suggested that if he would follow my plan the money might come to him without starting a suit. He couldn't see any logic in what I said and proceeded to bring a suit, which he lost. And to this day he has never paid me what he owes. It was not the \$300.00 that I wanted for myself, but to liberate him from a bondage that was likely to hold him in economic servitude as long as he lived.

I went to another friend who had owed \$5,000.00 to a number of creditors for almost twenty years, with the suggestion that a small amount be paid each month to create a living stream. My suggestion was acted upon at once, and immediately the money began to flow in fast enough to erase the entire indebtedness within a few years, to the amazement of all the creditors who had long since written this off their accounts.

A letter came from a woman in Chicago saying that her husband was out of work, that she was taking a course in Religious Education, trying to prepare herself for a job that would help to support the family. She ended her letter by asking me if I would be willing to send her a complete set of my books gratis, as she had no money to pay for them.

Usually I respond to requests like this, but this time something within me made me hesitate. After waiting several days for clearer guidance, I told my secretary that in case of doubt I would say go ahead; so I gave her the letter and told her to tie up the bundle of books, which totaled in value considerably over \$5.00.

The following day my secretary asked me for the letter containing the address. I reminded her that I had given it to her the preceding day.

"I thought you did," she replied, "but I can't find anywhere. I feel so conscience-stricken I don't know what to do."

"Don't let that worry you," I replied. "This is the way God often steps in to lay His hand upon something that I am not supposed to do. I want to help every earnest, seeking soul where there is sincerity and faith. But I cannot make a move to help beggars or skeptics."

A few months later I was visiting Glenn Harding in Chicago, and he offered to take me down to meet Thornton Wilder, when suddenly his wife reminded him that he had made an appointment for me to meet Emma that morning. Emma wanted me to pray for her husband, who was out of work. I told her the parable of the Sea of Galilee and asked if there was anyone in their neighborhood that they could help.

"Yes," she replied, "there are two old ladies in the house next door to us who find it awfully hard to shovel the snow off their sidewalk. But my husband is very cynical about such things, and doesn't believe in helping anyone who doesn't help him. If you told him this law he would immediately scoff at it. By the way," she added, "he is very cynical toward religious men generally. He thinks they are all very selfish and only look out for themselves. He told me to write you asking you to send me free copies of all your books and that I would find you would not do it. And now can you tell me why you didn't send me those books I asked for?"

"Are you the person that wrote me that letter!" I exclaimed. "The books are all tied up and your name is written on them, but in a mysterious way the Lord concealed your address. And now I am going to tell you why. The negative spirit of your husband furnished a locked door, an absolute wall against which every effort that I made, or anyone else probably made to furnish him either goods or work, has knocked in vain. Had he shoveled the snow of those dear old ladies' sidewalk, after three snowfalls I feel absolutely sure he would have received a call to some job. And as for the books, I find myself absolutely powerless to comply with such requests as you sent when it is done in the spirit in which you sent it."