

Prayer: Our Heavenly Father, we ask Thee so to bless us all that the message of joyful Christianity may wing its way into our hearts, casting out the darkness and all the dismal things that have frustrated the life in us, to the end that we may live in fullness and that every day with gratitude we may say, "It's good to be alive." And for this we give Thee thanks through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

# It's Good To Be Alive



DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

## MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH

FIFTH AVENUE AT 29th STREET • NEW YORK, N.Y.

*Especially prepared for*  
FOUNDATION FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING  
*New York*

COPYRIGHT 1965  
FOUNDATION FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING

*This is a recorded transcription of a sermon delivered extemporaneously in the Marble Collegiate Church.*

*Distributed by*  
FOUNDATION FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING  
Pawling, New York 12564

THOUSANDS of people around the world receive each month these printed copies of the sermons of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale.

You can receive these messages regularly by merely sending your name and address to the Foundation for Christian Living, Pawling, New York 12564.

If you would like these sermons to go to friends or members of your family you may send their names and addresses also.

This Christian work is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions as no specific charge or subscription price is made for these printed sermons. Your gifts, together with others, make possible the world-wide distribution of Dr. Peale's message of practical Christian living.



just lately come to the community - and he was seeking the wise counsel of his great parishioner. "Mr. Carlyle," he said, "I want to do some good in this community. I want to do something good here in the name of the Lord. What would you think is the most important thing a minister, could do in this community?"

Carlyle was silent for a while, poking the fire. Then he said, "What this community needs more than all else is a man who knows God other than by hearsay. Get to know God and help the people get to know Him."

Robert Browning, the great poet, was once asked what in his opinion was the greatest line he had ever written. And this was quite a question to ask of a man like Browning, for he had written many wonderful lines. But instantly he replied, "The greatest line I ever wrote is this: 'He at least believed in soul; he was very sure of God.' "

God is the Author of Life. God gave us life. God is Himself life. And if you know God then the joyous ecstasy of life will tingle within you. If you want to live not half alive, not three-quarters alive, but fully alive, then get wise, get smart, get sophisticated: know God. The way to know God is through Jesus Christ, for He is the way to God. And when you take Jesus Christ into your life and He takes hold of you, you will have every day of your life the joyous feeling that it's good to be alive! This, my friends, is the truth. I guarantee it.

n

great ditch and piled it to one side - safely, so they thought - there was an earthquake and a landslide and all the dirt went back down into the ditch. The men came to General Goethals and said, "What shall we do? This is terrible! The ditch is filled up again. What shall we do?"

Goethals, they sighted his pipe, blew a couple of rings and said, "Do? Just dig it out again - that's all you do."

Governor Edison of New Jersey told me of the time when his father's whole laboratory at Menlo Park caught fire one night and burned down. The great inventor was sixty-seven years of age at that time, I believe. On this winter night he stood there, with his sparse white hair blowing in the wind, watching years of work go up in flames. "My heart ached for him," Charles Edison said. "He was no longer a young man. But then he spotted me and shouted, 'Charles, go find your mother. Bring her here. She'll never see anything like this as long as she lives!'"

And the next morning Thomas Edison remarked, "There is great value in disaster. All our mistakes are burned up. Thank God we can start anew."

Great people do not allow the vicissitudes of life to defeat them. They have something within them that rises victoriously above the losses and disappointments. "Incline your ear . . . come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live." Whatever comes, life is good. And the thing that makes a person most aware of its goodness is to know God. Leo Tolstoy, one of the greatest men of letters who ever lived, said, "To know God is to live."

It is said that on a winter's Sunday afternoon Thomas Carlyle was sitting by his fire when there came a rap at the door. It was the young parish minister, who had

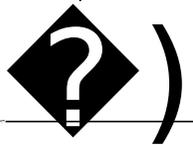
## IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE

Scripture: Isaiah 55:3; John 10:10

It's good to be alive, very, very good indeed. This is the subject that I desire to discuss with you today. It's good to be alive; it's a

It is a strange thing, and a sad one, that many people are much more alive than others. Some have dull their capacity to appreciate the greatness and the vastness and the glorious wonder of this world. But others have developed this capacity and it will continue to grow throughout their entire lifetimes. And these are the people who become geniuses. Did not the great Huxley say the genius is one who carries the spirit of the world into old age?

Back in 1925 I bought a little book which has been a blessing to me through all these years. It is a book of poetry. I have never been much of a devotee of poetry. Bui: the kind of poetry that is in this book is rugged man poetry, because the men who wrote the poems are men: John Oxenham, Edwin Markham (whom I had the privilege of knowing personally), Rupert Brooke, Robert W. Service. Service published his poems under the title *The Song of the Yukon*. He lived for years in the Yukon region, and his poems there are great dizzy valleys between hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun. There are enormous snow-clad peaks scraping the sky. There is dazzling white snow. There are dog trains moving across the great white wilderness. There are rivers



men set against a rugged landscape. Well, recently I found myself rereading a passage in which Service describes the charm and fascination of our world in summertime:

The summer - no sweeter was ever;  
The sunshiny woods all athrill;  
The grayling aleap in the river,  
The bighorn asleep on the hill.  
The strong life that never knows harness  
The wilds where the caribou call;  
The freshness, the freedom, the farness -  
O God! how I'm stuck on it all.

It is a magnificent expression of a man who found that it is good to be alive.

But some people do not see it so. They see only the difficulty; they see all the problems; they see the pain and the sorrow of human existence. Now we must always be conscious of these. But we must never let them bow us down so completely that the pulsating beauty and wonder of life are lost. Somebody may protest, "You say, 'It's good to be alive!' Apparently you do not see the dark clouds overhanging human life. Some people think it is even trivial to talk about the glory of life when there is so much suffering in the world.

I have even heard preachers of the Gospel insist that no one has the right to talk about joy in a world that is so lacking in joy. I can only say I do not hold with them at all. I consider it a travesty of the lilting Gospel of Jesus Christ to insist that there should be no expression of joy in this world. It was said of the first Christians that they had within them the song of the skylark and the babbling of brooks. The thing that spread Christianity in this world with such indescribable fascination was that it taught peo-

in this country. I'll admit it. I love Christianity, I love the church, and I don't hesitate to criticize it when I think it needs it. But we've also got a great deal of vital, alive, life-changing, vibrant Christianity in this country. And it sets people free from the things that take life out of them. And when they obtain this freedom, life becomes so wonderful that they can hardly contain themselves.

To watch how a lot of people come out of a lot of churches you wouldn't think life was very good. They look as though they had been to an undertaker's parlor. But there are also churches from which people emerge with their shoulders thrown back and their eyes flashing. There was a man who used to escort his girl to Marble Collegiate Church. He himself would not come in. He said, "That's only for women." He would wait outside for her. But he noticed with surprise the enormous number of men pouring out of the Marble Collegiate Church. And each of them had a spring in his step. The man wondered, "What goes on in there?" So finally he accompanied his girl inside. And after a while he got the message. And he got the girl too. And she got something better than she had originally: she got an alive man, not a dead one.

The person who knows that it is good to be alive is also the person best able to take the ups and downs of life as they come. This is a great art. Life will deal you heavy blows at times. To use a colloquial phrase, it will sometimes "throw the whole book at you." But if you have this spirit I am talking about you will be able to take what comes and not let it get you down, not let it defeat you. You will be able to handle it.

It is like General Goethals, the man who directed the digging of the Panama Canal. He was a great Christian man. After they had dug untold tons of dirt out of the

tinsville had only one thing to boast about; it was on theple how to live with a light in their eye and a g  
main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Now theeternity in their mind, no matter if they had to do it m  
greatest train in the country in our boyhood was the Royal trouble, toil and pain. But today that lilt seems, t  
Blue Flyer traveling between Washington and Chicagomostpart, to have gone out of Christian preaching.  
And it came through Martinsville at a high rate of speed. this is a tragedy.

The engine had along, low whistle that reverberated Now, of course, if you see only clouds you naturally  
among the hills. When it hit the crossing in Martinsville he going to say, "It's good to be alive." But believe  
they rang a bell. And in a blaze of glory it went whizzing friends, there is more in this world than clouds. /  
through. My cousin used to sit there as a boy - his father that's all you see, then you should have a change  
was the station agent - and hear the long, low whistle of tage point. Take altitude within yourself. It is a wonder  
the train and feel its mighty surge of power as it passing to have altitude in your thought. You  
In the basement of his home my cousin now has if you will just take it. And altitude of the spirit makes

the whistle of the Royal Blue Flyer. He also has the had difference in the world.

from the B. and O.'s old engine 899. He has the telegraph Recently with Mrs. Peale I revisited some of my  
keys formerly used in the Martinsville station. And he everhood haunts. I was born in an Ohio town called B

went so far as to remove from the station the sign MARI. It had a population of around three hundred  
TINSVILLE, which he has in his basement also. But that's I was born. Now the population is a little over four

not all. On his lawn he has a miniature narrow-gauge dred, an astonishing growth across the years! It is ne  
railroad, with a fifteen-hundred-pound steam engine which little town called Xenia, which in turn is not far f

he built in his own shop. It smells like a railroad engine; Dayton. After I had made two speeches at Dayton  
it sounds like a railroad engine; it is a railroad engine. proceeded to Columbus, where Mrs. Peale made a s

And when he blows the whistle all the kids in the neighborand I merely waited- and a rather long wait, I must say  
hood come running to climb aboard. He let me run the We had a wonderful time in these two cities, and

thing a time or two, after getting me dressed in an engine seemed just as it was when I was a boy.  
neer's cap, overalls and gauntlets. And he said afterwards The spring rains were on. There was in the air an ex

that I had one of the best whistle fingers he'd ever seen. a combination of wild swirling snow and she  
The neighbors complained until I left town! rain, with great billowing clouds adown the sky. S

My cousin is ageless because at the center of his life is people don't like billowing clouds adown the sky.  
cleanness and goodness and a love of Jesus and a humblere is majesty, there is indescribable power in the

faith in God. So he thrills to life as he did as a boy. He of the heavens all roiled up. And that is the way  
hasn't lost his enthusiasm and become blase. He cant say, day. The rivers were full: the Big Miami and

"It's good to be alive," because he is alive all the way. Little Miami and the old Ohio River, cresting at sixty-t  
We have a lot of very different, apathetic Christianity feet. I remember in, my boyhood there never was a s

when the water at Cincinnati didn't rise as high as Fourth Street, so that people went around in boats. It caused some people trouble, as is always the case. But we live amidst the elements and I feel sorry for some soft people who would wish the elements away. God put them here and here they are to stay.

Then we went to the Columbus airport to take a plane back to New York. And it was about the lowest ceiling I've ever seen. A man asked me, "You don't think they'll take off in this, do you?"

"Oh," I said, "I'm sure they'll take off. The question is how it will be in New York when they have to land. That's the problem. They don't mind taking off, but landing is something else again."

At any rate, we boarded a big jet plane. Nobody was disturbed about the clouds overhead. Why? Because they knew that the capacity for altitude was built into the plane. We took off. A half minute after the plane left the ground it was enveloped in impenetrable soup. And we continued in the soup for three or four minutes. Then came that marvelous drama when the sharp, upthrust nose of the plane emerges from the trailing clouds into a scene of indescribable wonder. The sun, which my wife and I hadn't seen for three whole days, was still there. It was setting in great splendor, sending long shafts of light, making the clouds look pinkish and tufted like a great carpet. And above in the heavens, clear and blue, were the eternal stars. Most everyone has witnessed this phenomenon. But to me it is always thrilling because I see in it a symbol of man's victory over depression.

It is a great thing to have altitude built into an aircraft, but it is a greater thing to have altitude built into the heart and the mind and the soul of a human being, so that

he is not the victim of cloud and gloom and darkness. And it is this which enables him to say, "It's good to be alive." "Incline your ear, and come unto me," says the Lord in the 55th chapter of Isaiah, "hear, and your soul shall live." Now we live in a day and age when many people are trying to find the "good life." And there are certain sophisticated, cynical people who teach that the good life is to be found in casting religious standards to the winds and just generally kicking over the traces. These teachings are false guides. They lead people only to misery and degradation. Jesus Christ says, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." And He makes good on His promise because people who incline their ear and come to Him develop one of the basic qualities needed for being able all their lives to say, "How good life is!" He builds into them a continuing sensitivity. He builds into them an ageless quality, so that they never grow old in their minds, but have what the child has: a sense of wonder.

Have you grown dull and dopey? Have you ceased to be thrilled as you were when you were fifteen? Make a list of things that thrilled you when you were fifteen. See how many of them still thrill you. That will give you a good indication of how alive you are today.

I have a cousin, a man in his sixties, who is now retired and lives in a suburb of Chicago, where I recently stayed overnight with him. He was a banker for many years, but never let the banking business "get him." When I look at him I marvel, saying to myself, "I know he's past sixty-five, but he certainly doesn't act it." I've seldom seen a man so thrilled in his whole attitude toward life.

My cousin was born in Ohio in a little town called Martinsville, population about seven hundred. And Ma

when the water at Cincinnati didn't rise as high as Fourth Street, so that people went around in boats. It caused some people trouble, as is always the case. But we live amidst the elements and I feel sorry for some soft people who would wish the elements away. God put them here and here they are to stay.

Then we went to the Columbus airport to take a plane back to New York. And it was about the lowest ceiling I've ever seen. A man asked me, "You don't think they'll take off in this, do you?"

"Oh," I said, "I'm sure they'll take off. The question is how it will be in New York when they have to land. That's the problem. They don't mind taking off, but landing is something else again."

At any rate, we boarded a big jet plane. Nobody was disturbed about the clouds overhead. Why? Because they knew that the capacity for altitude was built into the plane. We took off. A half minute after the plane left the ground it was enveloped in impenetrable soup. And we continued in the soup for three or four minutes. Then came that marvelous drama when the sharp, upthrust nose of the plane emerges from the trailing clouds into a scene of indescribable wonder. The sun, which my wife and I hadn't seen for three whole days, was still there. It was setting in great splendor, sending long shafts of light, making the clouds look pinkish and tufted like a great carpet. And above in the heavens, clear and blue, were the eternal stars. Most everyone has witnessed this phenomenon. But to me it is always thrilling because I see in it a symbol of man's victory over depression.

It is a great thing to have altitude built into an aircraft, but it is a greater thing to have altitude built into the heart and the mind and the soul of a human being, so that

he is not the victim of cloud and gloom and darkness. And it is this which enables him to say, "It's good to be alive." Incline your ear, and come unto me," says the Lord in the 55th chapter of Isaiah, "hear, and your soul shall live." Now we live in a day and age when many people are trying to find the "good life." And there are certain sophisticated, cynical people who teach that the good life is to be found in casting religious standards to the winds and just generally kicking over the traces. These teachings are false guides. They lead people only to misery and degradation. Jesus Christ says, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." And He makes good on His promise because people who incline their ear and come to Him develop one of the basic qualities needed for being able all their lives to say, "How good life is!" He builds into them a continuing sensitivity. He builds into them an ageless quality, so that they never grow old in their minds, but have what the child has: a sense of wonder.

Have you grown dull and dopey? Have you ceased to be thrilled as you were when you were fifteen? Make a list of things that thrilled you when you were fifteen. See how many of them still thrill you. That will give you a good indication of how alive you are today.

I have a cousin, a man in his sixties, who is now retired and lives in a suburb of Chicago, where I recently stayed overnight with him. He was a banker for many years, but never let the banking business "get him." When I look at him I marvel, saying to myself, "I know he's past sixty-five, but he certainly doesn't act it." I've seldom seen a man so thrilled in his whole attitude toward life.

My cousin was born in Ohio in a little town called Martinsville, population about seven hundred. And Ma

tinsville had only one thing to boast about; it was on theple how to live with a light in their eye and a g  
main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Now theeternity in their mind, no matter if they had to do it m  
greatest train in the country in our boyhood was the Royal trouble, toil and pain. But today that lilt seems, t  
Blue Flyer traveling between Washington and Chicagomostpart, to have gone out of Christian preaching.  
And it came through Martinsville at a high rate of speed. this is a tragedy.

The enginead along, low whistlethat reverberated Now, of course, if you see only clouds you naturally  
among the hills. When it hit the crossing in Martinsvilleot going to say, "It's good to be alive." But believe  
they rang a bell. And in a blaze of glory it went whizzing friends, there is more in this world than clouds. /  
through. My cousin used to sit there as a boy - his father that's all you see, then you should have a change  
was the station agent - and hear the long, low whistle of tage point. Take altitude within yourself. It is a wonder  
the train and feel its mighty surge of power as it passing to have altitude in your thoughtshave it

In the basementof his homemy cousinnow has if you will just take it. And altitude of the spirit makes  
the whistle of the Royal Blue Flyer. He also has the bed difference in the world.

from the B. and O.'s old engine 899. He has the telegraph Recently with Mrs. Peale I revisited some of my  
keys formerly used in the Martinsville station. And he everhood haunts. I was born in an Ohio town called B  
went so far as to remove from the station the sign MARIe. It had a population of around three hundred  
TINSVILLE, which he has in his basement also. But that's I was born. Now the population is a little over four  
not all. On his lawn he has a miniature narrow-gauge dred, an astonishing growth across the years! It is ne

railroad, with a fifteen-hundred-pound steam engine which little town called Xenia, which in turn is not far f  
he built in his own shop. It smells like a railroad engine; Dayton. After I had made two speeches at Dayton  
it sounds like a railroad engine; it is a railroad engine. proceeded to Columbus, where Mrs. Peale made a s  
And when he blows the whistle all the kids in the neighborand I merely waited- and a rather long wait, I must say  
hood come running to climb aboard. He let me run the We had a wonderful time in these two cities, and  
thing a time or two, after getting me dressed in an enging seemed just as it was when I was a boy.

neer's cap, overalls and gauntlets. And he said afterwards The spring rains were on. There was in the air an ex  
that I had one of the best whistle fingers he'd ever seen. aerting combination of wild swirling snow and she  
The neighbors complained until I left town! rain, with great billowing clouds adown the sky. S

My cousin is ageless because at the center of his life is people don'tlike billowing clouds\_ adown the sky.  
cleanness and goodness and a love of Jesus and a humblere is majesty, there is indescribable power in the  
faith in God. So he thrills to life as he did as a boy. Heof the heavens all roiled up. And that is the way  
hasn't lost his enthusiasm and become blase. He cant say, day. The rivers were full: the Big Miami and  
"It's good to be alive," because he is alive all the way. Little Miami and the old Ohio River, cresting at sixty-t  
We have a lot of very diffeless, apathetic Christianity feet. I remember in, my boyhood there never was a s

men set against a rugged landscape. Well, recently I found myself rereading a passage in which Service describes the charm and fascination of our world in summertime:

The summer - no sweeter was ever;  
The sunshiny woods all athrill;  
The grayling aleap in the river,  
The bighorn asleep on the hill.  
The strong life that never knows harness  
The wilds where the caribou call;  
The freshness, the freedom, the farness -  
O God! how I'm stuck on it all.

It is a magnificent expression of a man who found that it is good to be alive.

But some people do not see it so. They see only the difficulty; they see all the problems; they see the pain and the sorrow of human existence. Now we must always be conscious of these. But we must never let them bow us down so completely that the pulsating beauty and wonder of life are lost. Somebody may protest, "You say, 'It's good to be alive!' Apparently you do not see the dark clouds overhanging human life. Some people think it is even trivial to talk about the glory of life when there is so much suffering in the world."

I have even heard preachers of the Gospel insist that no one has the right to talk about joy in a world that is so lacking in joy. I can only say I do not hold with them at all. I consider it a travesty of the lilting Gospel of Jesus Christ to insist that there should be no expression of joy in this world. It was said of the first Christians that they had within them the song of the skylark and the babbling of brooks. The thing that spread Christianity in this world with such indescribable fascination was that it taught peo-

in this country. I'll admit it. I love Christianity, I love the church, and I don't hesitate to criticize it when I think it needs it. But we've also got a great deal of vital, alive, life-changing, vibrant Christianity in this country. And it sets people free from the things that take life out of them. And when they obtain this freedom, life becomes so wonderful that they can hardly contain themselves.

To watch how a lot of people come out of a lot of churches you wouldn't think life was very good. They look as though they had been to an undertaker's parlor. But there are also churches from which people emerge with their shoulders thrown back and their eyes flashing. There was a man who used to escort his girl to Marble Collegiate Church. He himself would not come in. He said, "That's only for women." He would wait outside for her. But he noticed with surprise the enormous number of men pouring out of the Marble Collegiate Church. And each of them had a spring in his step. The man wondered, "What goes on in there?" So finally he accompanied his girl inside. And after a while he got the message. And he got the girl too. And she got something better than she had originally: she got an alive man, not a dead one.

The person who knows that it is good to be alive is also the person best able to take the ups and downs of life as they come. This is a great art. Life will deal you heavy blows at times. To use a colloquial phrase, it will sometimes "throw the whole book at you." But if you have this spirit I am talking about you will be able to take what comes and not let it get you down, not let it defeat you. You will be able to handle it.

It is like General Goethals, the man who directed the digging of the Panama Canal. He was a great Christian man. After they had dug untold tons of dirt out of the

great ditch and piled it to one side - safely, so they thought - there was an earthquake and a landslide and all the dirt went back down into the ditch. The men came to General Goethals and said, "What shall we do? This is terrible! The ditch is filled up again. What shall we do?"

Goethals, they sighted his pipe, blew a couple of rings and said, "Do? Just dig it out again - that's all you do."

Governor Edison of New Jersey told me of the time when his father's whole laboratory at Menlo Park caught fire one night and burned down. The great inventor was sixty-seven years of age at that time, I believe. On this winter night he stood there, with his sparse white hair blowing in the wind, watching years of work go up in flames. "My heart ached for him," Charles Edison said. "He was no longer a young man. But then he spotted me and shouted, 'Charles, go find your mother. Bring her here. She'll never see anything like this as long as she lives!'"

And the next morning Thomas Edison remarked, "There is great value in disaster. All our mistakes are burned up. Thank God we can start anew."

Great people do not allow the vicissitudes of life to defeat them. They have something within them that rises victoriously above the losses and disappointments. "Incline your ear . . . come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live." Whatever comes, life is good. And the thing that makes a person most aware of its goodness is to know God. Leo Tolstoy, one of the greatest men of letters who ever lived, said, "To know God is to live."

It is said that on a winter's Sunday afternoon Thomas Carlyle was sitting by his fire when there came a rap at the door. It was the young parish minister, who had

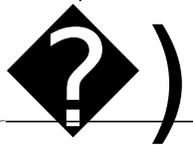
## IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE

Scripture: Isaiah 55:3; John 10:10

It's good to be alive, very, very good indeed. This is the subject that I desire to discuss with you today. It's good to be alive; it's a

It is a strange thing, and a sad one, that many people are much more alive than others. Some have dull their capacity to appreciate the greatness and the vastness and the glorious wonder of this world. But others have developed this capacity and it will continue to grow throughout their entire lifetimes. And these are the people who become geniuses. Did not the great Huxley say the genius is one who carries the spirit of the world into old age?

Back in 1925 I bought a little book which has been a blessing to me through all these years. It is a book of poetry. I have never been much of a devotee of poetry. Bui: the kind of poetry that is in this book is rugged man poetry, because the men who wrote the poems are men: John Oxenham, Edwin Markham (whom I had the privilege of knowing personally), Rupert Brooke, Robert W. Service. Service published his poems under the title *The Song of the Yukon*. He lived for years in the Yukon region, and his poems there are great dizzy valleys between hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun. There are enormous snow-clad peaks scraping the sky. There is dazzling white snow. There are dog trains moving across the great white wilderness. There are rivers



COPYRIGHT 1965  
FOUNDATION FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING

*This is a recorded transcription of a sermon delivered extemporaneously in the Marble Collegiate Church.*

*Distributed by*  
FOUNDATION FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING  
Pawling, New York 12564

THOUSANDS of people around the world receive each month these printed copies of the sermons of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale.

You can receive these messages regularly by merely sending your name and address to the Foundation for Christian Living, Pawling, New York 12564.

If you would like these sermons to go to friends or members of your family you may send their names and addresses also.

This Christian work is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions as no specific charge or subscription price is made for these printed sermons. Your gifts, together with others, make possible the world-wide distribution of Dr. Peale's message of practical Christian living.



just lately come to the community - and he was seeking the wise counsel of his great parishioner. "Mr. Carlyle," he said, "I want to do some good in this community. I want to do something good here in the name of the Lord. What would you think is the most important thing a minister, could do in this community?"

Carlyle was silent for a while, poking the fire. Then he said, "What this community needs more than all else is a man who knows God other than by hearsay. Get to know God and help the people get to know Him."

Robert Browning, the great poet, was once asked what in his opinion was the greatest line he had ever written. And this was quite a question to ask of a man like Browning, for he had written many wonderful lines. But instantly he replied, "The greatest line I ever wrote is this: 'He at least believed in soul; he was very sure of God.' "

God is the Author of Life. God gave us life. God is Himself life. And if you know God then the joyous ecstasy of life will tingle within you. If you want to live not half alive, not three-quarters alive, but fully alive, then get wise, get smart, get sophisticated: know God. The way to know God is through Jesus Christ, for He is the way to God. And when you take Jesus Christ into your life and He takes hold of you, you will have every day of your life the joyous feeling that it's good to be alive! This, my friends, is the truth. I guarantee it.

n

Prayer: Our Heavenly Father, we ask Thee so to bless us all that the message of joyful Christianity may wing its way into our hearts, casting out the darkness and all the dismal things that have frustrated the life in us, to the end that we may live in fullness and that every day with gratitude we may say, "It's good to be alive." And for this we give Thee thanks through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

# It's Good To Be Alive



DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

## MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH

FIFTH AVENUE AT 29th STREET • NEW YORK, N.Y.

*Especially prepared for*  
FOUNDATION FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING  
*New York*