Our Creed

WE BELIEVE

THAT FAITH IN GOD (AS WE KNOW HIM)
GIVES MEANING AND PURPOSE TO HUMAN LIFE

THAT AS THINKING PEOPLE
WE ARE WORTHY OF BEING LOVED AND ACCEPTED

THAT BY FACING THE TRUTH ABOUT OURSELVES
WE HAVE MADE THE DECISION TO CHANGE

THAT SETTING ATTAINABLE GOALS EACH DAY
WILL BRING DAILY PROGRESS

THAT OUR ABILITIES TO ACCEPT OURSELVES AND RESPECT OTHERS
IS TRULY A PART OF REAL FREEDOM

AND TO MAINTAIN THIS FREEDOM
WE PLEDGE OURSELVES
TO HELP OTHERS
AS WE HAVE BEEN HELPED....

Lifestyle Self Help Group Creed

MC1 Hagerstown Md

sent by DAVID MICHAEL HAMM
The Non-Violent Warrior
(For Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.)

When we keep the legacies
Of Love and Truth alive,
All life’s timeless hopes
And dreams will survive.

Oh, they killed the dreamer,
But the dream still lives on
Of a non-violent soldier who
Tried to right what was wrong.

He was a non-violent warrior
On the battlefield of injustice,
As living proof that his words of wisdom
Were his only weapon of truth.

He was a prophet for peace.
A spiritual keynote from above,
He was a drum major for justice
And a locksmith for love.

Oh, they killed the dreamer,
But the dream still lives on
Of a non-violent soldier who
Tried to right what was wrong.

He tried to unlock the vaults
Of oppression for the family of man
When he put his fate’s destiny
In the Master’s hand.

Thus the melody of brotherhood
Through all struggle and strife
Will someday find perfect harmony
On the keyboard of life.

Sent by
David Michael Hamm
A Synthetic Animal
Glennville Kleiser says a clergyman should have-
The innocence of a lamb,
The wisdom of an owl,
The cheerfulness of a cricket,
The friendliness of a squirrel,
The complacency of a camel,
The diligence of a beaver,
The fleetness of a deer,
The agility of a panther,
The patience of an ox,
The endurance of an elephant,
The tenacity of a bulldog,
The courage of a lion.

Antique - an object that has made a round trip to the attic.

Recruit - there are lots of new turns for a fellow to take when he is in the army. At night he turns in and just about the time he turns over, someone turns up and shouts "Turn out."
Formula for a good speech - A good beginning and a good ending and both close together.

"Pastor," said a young fellow, "I am a spendthrift. I throw my money around right and left. In this morning service I want you to pray that I may be cured of this habit."

"Yes, my boy," agreed the pastor, "the prayer will come right after collection.

A certain congregation noticed their pastor had taken to wearing glasses. Upon inquiry it was found that he had strained his eyes looking for official members at the midweek prayer meeting.
KEEP RIGHT

Keep to the right, as the law directs,
For such is the rule of the road.
Keep to the right, whoever expects
Safely to carry life's load.

Keep to the right with God and His Word,
Nor wander, though folly allure;
Keep to the right, nor ever be turned
From all that is holy and pure.

Keep to the right within and without,
With stranger, or kindred, or friend;
Keep to the right and you need have no doubt
That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right in whatever you do,
Or whomever you meet on the way;
Keep to the right, and hold to the true,
From the morn till the close of the day.
The following items have been submitted by our readers, the Senior Information and Assistance Staff wishes to thank all of you that have contributed to the Keenager.

**THANK THEE, GOD, FOR EVERYTHING** (submitted by Minnie Barnes)
Thank Thee, God, for everything—the big things and the small,
For “every good gift comes from God”—the Giver of them all—
And all too often we accept without any thanks of praise

The gifts God sends as blessings each day in many ways.
And so at this Thanksgiving Time we offer up a prayer
To thank Thee, God, for giving us a lot more than our share....
First, thank Thee for the little things
That often come our way,
The things we take for granted but don’t mention when we pray
The unexpected courtesy, the thoughtful, kindly deed
A hand reached out to help us in the time of sudden need...
Oh, make us more aware, dear God, of little daily graces
That come to us with “sweet surprise” from never-dreamed-of places—
Then, thank Thee for the “Miracles” we are much to blind to see,
And give us new Awareness of our many gifts from Thee
And help us to remember that the key to Life, and Living,
Is to make each Prayer a Prayer of Thanks
And everyday, Thanksgiving

**The World Needs You**
You are not old when your hair is grey.
Nor all washed up when your teeth decay
Tho your teeth are false, if your heart’s true
The world still has great need of you.
More years don’t lead to idle chatter
Greying hair signifies grey matter
When your hair is grey but your thoughts are true
That’s when the world has need of you.
The longer you live the more you know
Then is the time to let your wisdom show
Tho your joints may creak, if your mind is true
The world still needs the likes of you.
You may need glasses as your eyes grow dim
Your body no longer be light and trim
But if your faith looks steadfast and true
The world is in great need of you.
But you sure are ready for that last long sleep
When you hate the world and your grudges keep
If you’re sour and bitter, and to yourself untrue
Only then does the world stop needing you.
So forget your glasses and your store bought teeth
Ignore your greying hair and your joints that creak
Bring to the world all you’ve learned that’s true
And the world will never stop needing you.
Viola ElDon (submitted by Evelyn Baker, Hagerstown)
**Reason**

There's a reason for the sunshine,
There's a reason for the rain,
There's a reason how we feel each day,
But no reason to complain
There's a reason we must do the best we can
and always try to do it right,
There's a reason why I wrote this note,
thought it might help us on our way,
There's a reason why I'm signing off cause'
I have no more to say.
(submitted by Evelyn Hines,
Boonsboro)

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**The Renter**

"There is a man and he pays rent,
and never does he save a cent-
just keeps on digging year by year
moving time's his date To fear.
He has no place To call his own-
all he can do is pay and groan.
The first of every month he's blue-
The notice reads "You rent is due."
Thus all thought life - The renter goes-
and why he does nobody knows."
A Banquet

Someone has defined a banquet as, "an affair where you eat a lot of food you don't want, before talking about something you don't understand to a crowd of people who don't want to hear you.

If a quarter could speak:

I am only Twenty five cents,
I can't buy a box of candy,
Nor a Ticket to the movies,
I can't say it in flowers.
But believe me,
When I go To church
I am considered some money.

Dear Ann Landers: The following is the best advice for keeping friendships intact. I hope you will find room for it in your column:

What you see here
What you hear here
What you say here
Let it stay here
When you leave here.

— A Retired Plumber in Caliente, Calif.
A new pastor in a certain village called on an unchurched family and gave them a cordial invitation to attend his services. For this he was taken to task by the pastor of another church, who said, "Those are our sinners, you let them alone."

The treasurer of the ladies aid society went to the town bank to make a deposit for the society. Handing the money and book to the teller, she said, "Here's the aid money." The teller thought she said, "Egg money" and desiring to be pleasant remarked "Well the old hens certainly were busy last week, weren't they?"
Minister: "I wish to announce that on Wednesday evening the ladies' aid will have a rummage sale. This is a chance for all the women of the congregation to get rid of anything that is not worth keeping, but is too good to throw away. Don't forget to bring your husbands."

"Truth leads to life and God's error to death and destruction."

"Buy the truth at whatever sacrifice or cost, and sell it under no consideration."

"Selfishness must be uprooted from men's hearts before they will recognize the equal rights of their fellow man."

"Satan's methods ever tend to one end—To make men the slaves of men."
The Bible

"When ever I am Tired, The Bible is my bed;
Or in the dark, The Bible is my light.
When I am hungry, it is my vital Bread;
Or fearful, it is armor for the fight.
When I am sick, Tis healing medicine.
Or lonely, good friends I find therein.

Should I be lost, The Bible is my guide;
Or naked, it is cainment rich and warm.
If I imprisoned, it is ranges wide;
Or Tempest-tossed, a shelter from the storm.

Would I adventure, Tis a gallant sea;
Or would I rest, it is a flowery lea."

"Sometimes the people who strengthen us most are the people who have to lean heavily on us. The strength of the strong and the weakness of the weak are both required to make a world full of love and moral purpose."

Dr. Earl L. Douglas
"Even the most humble person in the world today is making some contribution to the richness of your life and mine."

"With all your own cares and anxieties, go out today and find someone who has more than he can bear and carry his load for him. Strangely enough, it will not add to your own."

"Lest we forget."

"Others, Lord, yes others—
Let this my motto be;
Help me to live for others
That I may live for Thee."

"I love to watch the rooster crow,
He's like so many men I know
Who brag and bluster, rant and shout,
And beat their manly beast, without anything at all to crow about.

J.K Bangs"
"I am Somebody because God made no junk.
I am somebody's child-son or daughter,
I am a brother or sister,
I am husband or wife,
father or mother.

I am a resident of Hagerstown Md,
a citizen of The United States,
a member of a church, club
or organization, capable of
being liked, loved or hated, educated.
Believe me, I am somebody
aren't I.
Woman

Poem found on business card of Isaac Doelman- (Hauling)

Woman She's a angel in truth, a demon in fiction.
A woman's-The greatest of all contradiction;
She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse.
But tackle a husband as long as a house.
She'll take him for better,
She'll take him for worse.
She'll split his head open and then be his nurse.
And when he is well she can get out of bed.
She will pick up a Teapot and throw at his head.
She's faithful, deceitful, keen-sighted and blind.
She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind.
She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down.
She'll make him her hero, her ruler, her clown.
You fancy she's this, but find that she's that.
For she'll play like a kitten and fight like a cat.
In the morning she will, in the evening she won't.
And you're always expecting, she will but she won't.
God is like Coke. He's the real thing. God is like Pan Am. He makes the going great.
God is like General Electric. He lights your path.
God is like Bayer Aspirin. He works wonders.
God is like Hallmark Cards. He cares enough to send the very best.
God is like Tide. He gets the stains out that others leave behind.
God is like VO5 Hair Spray. He holds through all kinds of weather.
God is like Dial Soap. Aren't you glad you know him? Don't you wish everyone did?
God is like Sears. He has everything.
God is like Alka-Seltzer. Try him; you'll like him.
God is like Scotch Tape. You can't see him, but you know he's there.
If you don't find one on a T-shirt—
Heaven's Grocery Store

I was walking down life's highway a long time ago. One day I saw a sign that read, "Heaven's Grocery Store.

As I got a little closer, the door came open wide; and when I came to myself I was standing inside.

I saw a host of angels. They were standing everywhere, one handed me a basket and said, "Child shop care" Everything a believer needed was in that grocery store, and all you couldn't carry you could come back the next day for more.

First, I got some patience. Love was in the same row, further down was understanding. You need that everywhere you go.

I got a box or two of wisdom. A bag or two of faith I just could miss the Holy Spirit for it was all over the place.

I stopped to get some strength and courage to help me run this race.

By then my basket was getting full, but I remembered I needed some grace.
Heaven Grocery Store

I didn't forget salvation for salvation was free.
I tried to get enough to save both you and me.
Then I started up to the counter to pay the grocery bill.
For I thought I had everything to do my master's will.

As I went up the aisle saw a prayer, And I just had to put that in.
For I knew when I stepped outside, I would run right into sin.
Peace and joy were plentiful.
They were on the last shelf.
Song and praises were hanging so high.
I just helped myself.

Then I said to The angel,
"Now how much do I owe?"
He just smiled and said,
"Just take them everywhere you go."
Again I smiled at him and said,
"How much now do I owe?"
He smiled again and said,
"My child, The Prophets paid your bill a long time ago."
Collection of Poems by Minnie Compton

Each day I pray, God give me strength anew,

To do the task I do not wish to do;

To yield obedience not asking why,

To love and own the truth and scorn the lie.

To look a cold world in the face;

To cheer for those who pass me in the race;

To bear my burdens game and unafraid;

To lend a hand to those who need my aid;

To measure what I am by what I give—

God, give me strength that I may live.

by Mrs. Minnie Compton
School Teacher
"Some little hope,
Some little light along the way,
Some pleasant words;
To some one every day;
Some warmth of heart
To drive away the cold.
A cherry smile
God's goodness To unfold.
It's all I have
for those I chance To meet.
These treasures are gifts
for the pilgrims I pass in the street"

by Mrs. Minnie
Compton died Mar. 9, 1974
Take what God gives,
O heart of mine
And build your house of happiness,
Perchance some have been given more,
But many have been given less.
The Treasure lying at your feet,
Whose value you best faintly guess
Another builder looking on would
barter heaven to
Mrs. Minnie Compton
Minnie Compton

Minnie Compton was born May 19, 1912, first black child born in Funkstown. Was one of first graduates North Street High School, Hagerstown. Went to Bowie State Teachers College, taught school in Red Hill, Md. Then taught at North Street school. Was first secretary for the North Street YMCA and was secretary of Committee of Management NSYMCA. She was past District Deputy Grand Worthy Matron of Eastern Star, was past President of Missionary Society Zion Baptist Church, church clerk and secretary of Washington Co. Church Women United, and wife of Myers Compton for 41 years. June 18, 1933, collected ceramic elephants and had a collection of over 150. Husband donated to Somereman Black Heritage Museum after her death.
The Bible and a Deck of Cards

Ace - One God

Queen - Two sections of Bible

Old and New Testament

Three - Father, Son and Holy Ghost

Four - 4 weeks to month

Four - Seasons of year

Summer, Fall, Winter, Spring

Five - Virgins - 5 Wise - 5 Foolish

Six - Six days Thou shall labor

Seven - Days of week

Eight -

Nine -

Ten - Virgins - 5 Wise - 5 Foolishs

Eleven

Twelve - Months in year

Fifty cards in deck - 52 Weeks in year

365 spots on deck of cards

365 days in year

King - Jesus

Queen - Mary

Joker - Devil

Diamonds - Money

Spades -
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I saw a host of Angels, they were standing everywhere, one handed me a basket and said, "Child, shop with Care." Everything a believer needed was in that grocery store, and all you couldn't carry, you could come back the next date for more.

First, I got some PATIENCE, Love was in the same row, further down was UNDERSTANDING, you need that everywhere you go. I got a box or two of WISDOM, a bag or two of FAITH, I just couldn't miss the HOly SPIRIT, for it was all over the place.

I stopped to get some STRENGTH and COURAGE to help me run this row, by then my basket was getting full, but I remembered I needed some GRACE.

I didn't forget SALVATION, for salvation was that free, also I tried to get enough to save both you and me. Then I started up to the counter to pay my grocery bill. For I thought I had everything to do my Master's will.
As I went up the aisle saw a PRAYER, and I just had to put that in, for I knew when I stepped outside, I would run right into sin. PEACE and PRAISE were plentiful; they were on the last shelf. SONG and PRAISES were hanging so near, I just helped myself.

Then I said to the Angel, "Now how much do I owe?" He just smiled and said, "Just take them everywhere you go." Again I smiled at him and said, "How much do I owe?"

He smiled again and said, "My child, the Prophets paid your bill a long time ago."
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First, I got some patience, love was in the same row, further down was understanding, you need that everywhere you go. I got a box or two of wisdom, a bag or two of faith, I just couldn't miss the Holy Spirit, for it was all over the place.
I stopped to get some strength and courage to help me run this race, by then my basket was getting full. I remembered I needed some grace.

I didn't forget Salvation for salvation was that free, also I tried to get enough to save both you and me. Then I started up to the counter to pay my grocery bill, for I thought I had everything to do my master's will.

As I went up the aisle saw a prayer and I just had to put that in, for Amen when I stepped outside I could run right into Sin. Peace and joy were plentiful, they were on the last shelf. Songs and praises were hanging so near, I just helped myself.

Then I said to the angel, "How much do I owe? He just smiled and said, just take them everywhere you go. Again I smiled at him and said "How much do I owe?" over
He smiled again and said, "My child, the prophet's paid your bill a long time ago."
DEATH AND TAXES

Tax his cow,
tax his goat,
Tax his pants,
tax his coat.
Tax his crops,
tax his work,
Tax his tie,
tax his shirt,
Tax his chew,
tax his smoke;
Teach him taxes
are no joke.
Tax his tractor,
tax his mule,
Teach him taxes
are a rule.
Tax his oil,
tax his gas,
Tax his notes,
tax his cash;

Tax him good
and let him know—
After taxes
he has no dough.
If he hollers,
tax him more;
Tax him 'til
he's good and sore.
Tax his coffin,
tax his grave,
Tax the sod
in which he lays.
Put these words
upon his tomb:
"Taxes drove me
to my doom."
And after he's gone
he can't relax;
They'll still be after
Inheritance Tax!

Time is the essence
Least that people say.
So why do we put off until tomorrow
What could have been done today?
It's and it's today.
To let is tomorrow
because we're not tomorrow.
Because of these we're here.

SHER Biddy BEAR
Little girl dedicated heart.
How she held him tight.
He's her best love in the morning.
The last one of night.
Her love is his place.
Her comfort and delight.
Other girl would never do.
Her lullaby's always right.

Shoes walking early hours.
Crying over miles he runs.
Teaching patience on the conveyor.
For her heart's the best one.

DEATH

I gave my attention all my heart
To those I don't forget.
To those I have not met.
To those I have not met.

The future is not mine to know,
I cannot change the past.
But I love my home and hearth.
Your love will be constant.

Give me the strength to carry on
That ravages the state.
Let me sit in solitude once,
May my heart be content.

Give me the strength to carry on
That ravages the state.
Let me sit in solitude once,
May my heart be content.

DEATH

The future is not mine to know
I cannot change the past.
But I love my home and hearth.
Your love will be constant.
A Fir Tree Prays

Dear God, I am not wise, I’d rather be
For one bright day of shining ecstasy
A Christmas Tree,
Than left forever on this quiet hill
With naught but sun and starlight to fulfill
My destiny

I am not wise, dear God, for I would wear
A thousand tapers lit to make me fair,
And in radiance bear
Rejoicing—one frail harvest of delight,
My robe of tinsel marvelously white,
Bright toys and glittering angels bending me
A Christmas Tree.

Lord God, forgiveness! Yet I ask to be
This fragile thing of mortal revelry,
For merriment and laughing children’s glee—
To lose the gracious heritage I know,
The strength of winds, the gentle ways of snow,
Rain-scent, and robins, and the stir of dawn,
Aeons of solemn loveliness forgiven,
My birthright lost, please God—a Christmas Tree!
And only death for immortality.

Anne Page Johns
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Sunday School

Jan. 31, 1971

Joint Class
6 scholars
1 teacher
$1.50
Jan. 13, 1971
Sunday school

Joint Class
8:30 1975
Teacher
35¢
Jan 10, 1920

Junior Class Joint
Teacher: Miss Curtis

Total registrations 3
Offering 3 30
Nov. 8, 1970

Jr. Boys 5 - $1.20
Jr. Girls 5 - $1.65

2 teachers

Total $3.35

Nov. 15, 1970

Jr. Boys - 5 scholars
2 teachers $1.20
Jr. Girls - 5 scholars
1 visitor
1 teacher $1.00

Total 8 scholars
1 visitor
2 teachers
$2.20
2 26
3 35
2 67
93

\[ 848 \]

25

28.46
3.40
28.85

23.55
12 10
5.5

12.73
Nov. 22, 1970

Jr. Boys 4. scholars
1 teacher $1.04
Visitor

Jr. Girls 4 scholars
1 teacher $1.00

Total 8 scholars
2 teachers
Visitor $2.04

Dec. 7, 1970

Joint Class 4 scholars
1 teacher
6 visitors $1.25
If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.
—JOHN 8:31-32, KJV

You spoke of truth.
To break the chains
of bondage and
the whips of fear
within, I had
to come to You
in honesty.
And when I came,
You blessed me with
Your grace,
and set me free.¹

—EDA LASSETTER
Sun City West, Arizona

Often Christian liberty is spoken of as freedom
from restraint in sacrificing our will or the
enjoyment of the world. Its real meaning is the
opposite. True love asks to be free from self and
the world to bring its all to God. The truly free
spirit asks, “How far am I free to follow Christ
to the uttermost?”²

—ANDREW MURRAY

Unbound,
Set loose
from Satan’s
Clawing grasp,
I’m safely bound
for heaven.
At last
I’m free within
the loving clasp
Of Christ’s
Unbounded love.³

—NANCY SPIEGELBERG
Elm Springs, Arkansas

Help us, we pray Thee, to be free from all . . .
fear today. Be Thou our refuge from whatever
may threaten us, either without or within.
Deliver us from faintheartedness and enable us
to stand fast in the glorious liberty of those who
fear nothing but to offend against Thee and to
wrong their own immortal souls. We ask it as
disciples of Christ. Amen.⁴

—EDWIN C. SWEETSER

It is hard to comprehend
That he left heaven’s portals
And pillars of love and peace
To trek through our mountains.
It is difficult to fathom
How he journeyed on roadsides
And traversed along seashores
Just so he could carry a cross
On a long road to Golgotha.
But that was his longing:
To lead captives home
And turn sinners’ slave-trains
Into wonderful, glorious
Processions of freedom.⁵

—PEGGY COLLAR
Parma, Ohio

Optimist’s Good Morning,” compiled by Florence Hobart Perin, ©1907 Little,
Brown, and Company, Boston, Massachusetts, 1931. Selections are used by
permission.

Photo: © Bob Fair/Fair Photos
Preparation for the Day

Jeanmarie DiTarlo

This is chosen carefully,
ritual is set in place.
Prayer is greeted daily
for a calculated face.

If aging youth becomes my quest
As time passes and years begin to toll,
I spent an equal time
in strengthening my soul?

If of common vanity
I am left ignored,
In am I my spirit meet as well
What will be my thinking from the Lord?

If of the public eye
I am spent in vast amount,
Will the Lord approve today
Some will demand account?

Preparation for the day
I have been made a part?
May my judge appearances,
In what does on my heart.

DiTarlo is a homemaker living in Essex, New Jersey. She and her husband, William, are the parents of two boys. 1992 Jeanmarie DiTarlo.
In the twinkling of an eye

Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.
—1 CORINTHIANS 15:51-52, KJV

Do you hear it?
The whispering of his Coming in the wind . . .
Rhythmically it softly sings, “Be ready! Be ready!”

Do you see it?
The sunset glow that beckons wistful glances heavenward . . .
As a magnet we are drawn, Watching with expectancy.

Do you feel it?
The hush before the bugle blast heralding his Return . . .
The “Victory Celebration” At last! At last!
—GERALDINE NICHOLAS
Edmonton, Alberta

Lord,
I’m looking forward to seeing You face to face,
when what the world has dismissed as myth is revealed as the truest Truth,
when the sky will be Your platform,
when unbelieving ears, eyes and minds will be offended by the alarm that peals as the first note of our wedding procession.
—RAMON L. PRESSON
West Palm Beach, Florida

wedding in Cana*
have been
a festivity!
used up the wine
try
the solution.
the problem
is.
don't try to
what to do,
to do it,
when to do it.
told him there was no
wine.

him alone.
't cajole, or cry,
, or whine.
'dn't even lord
motherhood" over him.
left him alone.
hy can't I do that?
't I leave
blem with Jesus
giving him
vice and expertise,
ning him how to solve?
learn from Mary
leave
blem
' feet
k away,
it,
tch him work.

Aspelund, Elaine R. "Let Me Learn From Mary" in Poulso. ©1992 Elaine R. Aspelund, BGEA
[God] has saved us and called us to a holy life—not because of anything we have done but because of his own purpose and grace. This grace was given us in Christ Jesus before the beginning of time. 1

—2 TIMOTHY 1:8-9, NIV

Grace is something measureless expanding from God's measure—exploding, and engulfing our inconsequential treasure, treating us to fragile whiffs of Heaven's secret scent . . . awakening our hunger for essential Nourishment. 2

—JUDITH DEEM DUPREE
La Mesa, California

Long ago I was guilty of kindness blindness but today my heart sings for I see, dear Lord, I see Your love, Your wisdom in all things.
I look inside and find the kind of peace Your mercy and Your grace bring. 3

—PHYLLIS C. MICHAEL
Shickshinny, Pennsylvania

We must be steadfast in the enjoyment of our own redemption. There must not merely be the remembrance of forgiveness and grace experienced at an earlier stage; there must be every day anew the divine assurance that we ourselves are redeemed by God. 4

—ANDREW MURRAY

When crises form like thunderclouds and terror sharp as lightning crowds out faith in God's control, I hear his gentle voice, "My precious child, rejoice. And trust the jagged parts to make a whole.

"You cannot see My sovereign grace arranging everything in place. My plan cannot be understood by analyzing, so you must have faith, rejoice and trust everything is working out for good." 5

—HELENE STALLCUP
Conway, Arkansas

This is what the Bible is all about: purposeful grace. Throughout it is the story of God reaching out in love to people who do not deserve his love. Christ loved Peter, even after Peter had denied him. As Judas Iscariot walked out from the Upper Room into the dark of the night to betray his Lord, Christ's love sought him to the very last minute. God's love seeks us, though we are by nature sinful and impure. Although, against our better knowledge, we daily and deliberately disobey God, still he loves us. 6

—OSWALD C. J. HOFFMANN

O God, who hast given us minds to know Thee, hearts to love Thee, and voices to show forth Thy praise: Give us grace, we beseech Thee, to dedicate ourselves freely to Thy service . . . through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. 7

—THE BOOK OF COMMON WORSHIP

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RESPONSIVE READING*

Leader: The psalmist of old prayed that God would be merciful and gracious to us.

PEOPLE: WE, TOO, PRAY THAT GOD WOULD BE MERCIFUL AND GRACIOUS TO US.

Leader: The psalmist asked for mercy and grace for a reason: That God's way might be known upon earth.

PEOPLE: WE OFTEN ASK FOR MERCY AND GRACE FOR OURSELVES. TODAY WE ASK FOR MERCY AND GRACE THAT GOD MIGHT BE GLORIFIED.

Leader: The psalmist asked, too, that God's saving power might be made known among all nations.

PEOPLE: WE, TOO, WANT GOD'S SAVING POWER TO BE KNOWN AMONG ALL NATIONS.

Leader: It was 175 years ago that Ann and Adoniram Judson, our spiritual forebears in modern mission, responded to God's call to be instruments of making God's way known among all people.

PEOPLE: WE REMEMBER AND GIVE THANKS FOR THE JUDSONS WHO LED AMERICAN BAPTISTS INTO A WORLD-WIDE WITNESS.

Leader: Thousands have followed the steps of the Judsons in overseas witness in Christ's name and on our behalf.

PEOPLE: WE PRAY THAT THOUSANDS MORE—OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS AND DAUGHTERS AND SONS IN MANY LANDS—WILL HEAR THE CALL AND RESPOND.

Leader: The Judsons were enabled to minister because American Baptists, scattered throughout a yet new nation, came together to support them in prayer and with funds.

PEOPLE: WE, TOO, WILL PRAY AND GIVE OF OUR SUBSTANCE THAT THOSE WHO GO FORTH TODAY MAY BE ENABLED IN THEIR MINISTRIES.

Leader: The psalmist said "Let the people praise God...and give thanks to God."

PEOPLE: PRAISE BE TO GOD! THANKS BE TO GOD! MAY GOD'S WAY BE MADE KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE EARTH! AMEN!

*Based on Psalm 67, the sermon text at Judson's ordination in 1812.
entirety to support our American Baptist Overseas Mission over 40 countries. Your prayer and financial support are vital in the following two support areas:

which we have helped establish need our continued assistance. For example, in Hong Kong, American Baptist missionaries work with sixteen Swatow Chinese Baptist churches. From these churches there are now twenty-three young people studying at seminary. As you praise God for their faith, pray and give toward the continued growth of these national churches. In addition, a large number of schools, hospitals, and other Christian service programs benefit from this support.

, our American Baptist missionaries need encouragement and support as they evangelize, teach and provide a medical witness. In addition to annual salaries, their support needs include travel, housing, insurance, medical care, pension plan and children’s education. Another example of need was expressed by Ed and Norma Lee Hudspath, who are hoping for another Apple computer as they continue Bible translation among the Karen people of Thailand. Our modern technology provides all kinds of equipment which would be invaluable for mission work, yet too often our missionaries struggle under difficult conditions with poor and limited supplies and equipment.

Join American Baptist International Ministries as we serve in the nations of Asia, Africa, Latin America, and Europe. Your generous gift to the World Fellowship Offering is a vital part of reaching a lost and dying world with the saving grace of Jesus Christ.

Making known God’s ways
And discovered myself on familiar ground.
The tree was trimmed high from the floor to
the rafter,
The star watched the candles which bubbled
with laughter.
The stockings were hung by the chimney
with care,
And I noticed a new one since I had
been there.
I filled them to bursting with goodies
and toys,
And sewed up a hole in one little boy's.
But as I proceeded, I sensed in the gloom
That someone had stealthily entered
the room.
I turned and I saw that the man of the house
Was observing my actions as still as a mouse.
His eyes were like saucers! his nostrils
were flared!
His teeth clung together as if they
were scared!
He was shaken to see me put gifts on
his shelf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite
of myself.
I winked and I nodded to speak for my cause,
But he seemed to believe there was no
Santa Claus!

When he spoke not a word, I went on with
my plan
To fill all the stockings, then turned to
the man.
He had just reappeared with an armload
of meat
And potatoes and gravy, and offered a seat.
I took it with "Thanks" for the
confidence shown,
And said, "Merry Christmas" in words of
my own.
He laid out the food, with a plate and a cup,
And we sat down together and cleaned it
all up!
I waved him aside when offered still more,
And walked by the fireplace and went out
the door!
My reindeer came down from the roof with
a clatter,
Pretending they didn't know that
I was
much fatter!
I crawled to the sleigh, to the team
gave a cry,
And we flew like a rocket across the dark sky.
And my host, who had kindly refueled this
long flight,
Shouted "Thank you!" so loudly I heard it
all night!
Some of the teachers were chipping their teeth because they never could find a place to park.

Tremont JC is where I pass several of my daylight hours. Most of the guys call it Workville, but it isn't really that wasted. We just don't dig football too much, that's all. I know because I play in the band and have suffered through all of our miserable games. It is a good deal that the coach is the brother-in-law of the dean else he'd be on relief, that's for sure. Of course, there were times when I think the team misunderstood him, like when he told them to take five laps around the field. I don't think he meant in their cars.

That p.m. I had just finished dumbbell English class. This is a real square pastime, and I tuned in on the news with my transistor radio while I looked for my heap in the parking area. There were only two other "woodies" on the campus and I felt pretty casual about it, although trying to help a twenty-two-year-old station wagon survive on no income is a neat trick and sometimes I wonder whether it is worth the prestige. Keeping an old bucket of bolts off the sick list is a panic all right, but with a station wagon you also have to worry about termites and dry rot.

I had already crossed the wires and started
"Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the shop
Every hammer and needle had come to a stop
The toys were all piled on the sleigh in a heap
To be left in those places where good children sleep.
And then Mrs. Nicholas, wrapped up in her flannels,
Called “Wear your galoshes! and take your longhandles!”
So I pulled down my earflaps, adjusted my belt,
And whistled a bit of the joy that I felt.
When quicker than lightning my eight reindeer came,
I leaped to the sleigh and I called them by name:
“Go, Dasher! go, Dancer! move, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! scat, Donder and Blitzen!”
Down the face of the world they preceded my sleigh
With its wide-track suspension installed just that day.
From the dizzying height of a B-59
I took note of the earth with its dazzle and shine;
And I thought to myself that in spite of the fuss
That goes into this night, it is worth it to us.
Then, spying a cottage below in the dark,
I dipped the sleigh down, but my deer missed the mark.
I sprawled in the yard full of snow like a dunce,
And I shouted, “Let’s try for the rooftop just once!”
So the team scurried up and we got to the top,
And the bags full of toys never spilled, not a drop.
(But I noted, in passing, a face through the sash
Astonished to see our disorganized dash!)
While my reindeer were catching their breath from the sprint,
I hefted a bag, to the chimney I went;
I threw down the toys, and pulled in my belly—
And plopped in the fireplace like a dollop of jelly.
My whiskers were singed and my fur was a mess,
My boots filled with ashes and I with distress.
But my troubles were gone when I ogled around...
whistles. However, so many people were reduced to nervous prostration at hearing a steamboat whistle miles from the nearest water, that a locomotive whistle took its place. A favorite Stanley owner’s trick of the times was to cross a railroad track and give a mighty blast. The crossing watchman rushed from his shack, slammed down the barriers and waited for the train to come thundering by. And he waited . . . and waited . . . and waited . . .

Talk to anyone familiar with the Stanley legend and you are apt to hear a number of fanciful tales. “Hold the throttle wide open for three minutes and the Stanley people would give you $1,000,” goes one of the stories. Baloney! F. E. and F. O. didn’t care a rap if you held the throttle open all day. It was your neck, not theirs.

Another mistaken idea is that the “gas interests” put the steamers out of business. The truth is that many things combined to ring the death knell for the steam automobile. One of the biggest things was the self-starter.

Many motorists preferred a steamer’s prolonged firing-up time to cranking the gas buggy. But by removing the risk of a broken arm, the self-starter appealed to the impatient, and they promptly deserted steam for the in-
I was the first to arrive at the base. I
interpreted the situation as:
more than a
landing. I believe that
there was something
else. An event in my life that
wasn't about
finding the place that
wasn't me.

The room was empty, with
a few books on the shelf.
I heard someone
whispering:
"I don't think it's
true."

I was the one who
thought:
"It's true."

And then:
"All is well with
the world."

I didn't
understand.

I was
confused.
After careful consideration of the proposals and in accordance with the guidelines of the committee, we hereby authorize the distribution of the funds as follows: 

[Note: The text is not entirely clear due to handwriting style.]
Dear Hank,

I was thinking of you today. I hope you're doing well. I wanted to check in and see if you're still interested in the wine bar I mentioned in my last letter. I've been thinking about it a lot and I think it could be a great addition to the town. I know you always have a good eye for such things.

Anyway, I hope all is well with you. Please write me back soon.

Best,

[Signature]

P.S. I also wanted to thank you for the book you lent me. I've just finished it and it was really good. I've been meaning to read it for a long time and now that I've finally done it, I'm glad I did. It was exactly what I was looking for.

[Signature]
Know Thyself
Control Thyself
Give Thyself,
One most understand the three selves which make up each person. The person as seen by God, the person as seen by himself, the person as seen by others. Only when a person understands himself can he fulfill his purpose in life, that of giving himself in service to others.
"Truth leads to life and God; error to death and destruction."

"Buy the Truth at whatever sacrifice or cost, and sell it under no consideration"

"Selfishness must be uprooted from men's hearts before they will recognize the equals rights of their fellow men"

"Satan's methods ever tend to one end--To make men the slaves of men."

"Pity, they say, is misunderstood, And often it does more harm than good."

"The lip of truth shall be established forever But the lying tongue is but for a moment."

Prov. 12:19

"A man's deed's good or evil, usually re- Turn to bless or curse him."

"O God, help us to be master of ourselves, That we may be the servants of others..."
"With all your cares and anxieties, go out today and find some one who has more than he can bear, and carry his load for him. Strangely enough, it will not add to your own."

"lest we forget"

"I love to watch the rooster crow, He's like so many men I know, Who brag and bluster, rant and shout And beat their manly breasts, without anything at all to crow about." J.K. Bangs

"O Thers, Lord, yes others—Let this my motto be; Help me to live for others, That I may live like Thee."

"Draw your salary before you spend it. George Ade"
The Bible

When I am tired, The bible is my bed;
Or in the dark, """" light.
When I am hungry, it is my vital bread;
Or fearful, it is armor for the fight,
When I am sick, Tis healing medicine
Or lonely, good friends I find Them.

Should I be lost, The bible is my guide
Or naked, it is raiment, rich and warm
Am I imprisoned, it is ranges wide;
Or Tempest-Tossed, a shelter from the storm
Would I adventure, it is a gallant sea
Or would I rest, it is a flowery lea.

"Sometimes the people who strengthen us most,
Are the people who have to lean heavily upon us.
The strength of the strong and the weakness of
The weak are both required To make a world
full of love and moral purpose." Dr. Earl K. Douglas

"Even the most humble person in the world
Today is making some contribution in the
richness of your life and mine."
I’m Not Old.... Just Mature

By E. C. Stangland

Today at the drug store, the clerk was a gent
From my purchase, this chap...took off ten percent
I asked for the cause of a lesser amount
And he answered, “Because of the Seniors Discount,”
I went to McDonalds for a burger and fries
And there, once, again, got quite a surprise
The clerk poured some coffee which he handed to me
He said, “For you Seniors, the coffee is free.”
Understand - I’m not old - I’m merely mature
But some things are changing, temporarily I’m sure.
The newspaper prints gets smaller each day
And people speak softer... can’t hear what they say.
My teeth are my own... (I have the receipt)
And my glasses identify people I meet
Oh, I’ve slowed down a bit... not a lot, I am sure
You see, I’m not old... I’m only mature.
The gold in my hair has been bleached by the sun
You should see all the damage that chlorine has done
Washing my hair has turned it all white
But don’t call it gray... saying “blond” is just right.
My car is all paid for... not a nickel is owed
Yet, a kid yells “Old duffer... get off the road!”
My car has no scratches... not even a dent
Still I get all that guff from a punk who’s “Hell bent.”
My friends all get older... much faster than me
They seem much more wrinkled, from what I can see
I’ve got “character lines,” not wrinkles...for sure
But don’t call me old... just call me mature.
The steps in the houses they’re building today
Are so high that they take... your breath all away
And the streets are much steeper than ten years ago
That should explain why my walking is slow.
But I’m keeping up on what’s hip and what’s new
And I think I can still dance a mean boogaloo
I’m still in the running... in this I’m sure
I’m not really old... I’m only mature.

(from Generations, November 1992, by The Alzheimer’s Association, Frederick Co./Western MD)
A LOVE LETTER FROM JESUS

How are you? I just had to send you this letter to tell you how much I love you and care about you. I saw you yesterday as you were walking with your friends. I waited all day, hoping you would walk and talk with me also. As evening drew near, I gave you a sunset to close your day, and a cool breeze to rest you. Then I waited, but you never came. Yes, it hurt me, but I still love you because I am your friend.

I saw you fall asleep last night, and I longed to touch your brow, so I spilled moonlight upon your pillow and your face... Again I waited, wanting to rush down so we could talk. I have so many gifts for you.

You awakened late this morning and rushed off for the day. My tears were in the rain. Today you looked so sad, so alone. It makes my heart ache because I understand. My friends let me down and hurt me many times, but I love you. I try to tell you in the quiet green grass. I whisper it in the leaves and trees, and breathe it in the color of the flowers. I shout it to you in the mountain streams, and give the birds love songs to sing. I clothe you with warm sunshine and perfume the air. My love for you is deeper than the oceans and bigger than the biggest want or need you could ever have.

We will spend eternity together in heaven. I know how hard it is on earth. I really know, because I was there, and I want to help you. My Father wants to help you, too. He's that way, you know. Just call me, ask me, talk to me. It is your decision... I have chosen you, and because of this I will wait... Because I love you.

Your Friend,

JESUS
A Christmas prayer

To the editor:

Dear Lord:
- We thank Thee for the Christmas season. We thank Thee for all the happiness and joy the holidays bring.
- We thank Thee for the true spirit of Christmas — that it is more blessed to give than receive.
- We thank Thee for the birth of the Christ Child and the hope it brought to the world.
- We thank Thee for smiling children, Santa Claus, decorations, Christmas cards and fond remembrances.
- Be especially with those who are having a hard time making a living and those who are hungry.
- Be with all of those who are ill and those who have difficulty getting around.
- Be with all of those who are alone and all of those who are in nursing homes.
- Be with all of those who have lost loved ones since last Christmas.
- Be with all of those animals that are homeless. We pray that they might find a loving, warm home.
- We thank Thee for a loving family, kind neighbors, and wonderful friends.
- Be with all of those who do Thy work — all of those who minister, teach and participate in church activities.
- Be with all of those in our fire departments, law enforcement agencies, and public service. Be with all of those in military service.
- We thank You for freedom. We pray that You will be with our country during this present crisis.
- We thank You for all of Your many blessings and ask that You continue to be with us. Amen.

Gerald C. Hicks
Funkstown

"Batter up!" The batter stands at the plate with the ball speeding toward him at the rate of 150 miles per hour. In a third of a second he must size up the throw and decide what to do about it.

No wonder batters in baseball fail to hit more often than they succeed. Even the best hitters in baseball, with batting averages of 300 to 400, hit safely only three or four times out of every ten times at bat. Time after time they step up to the plate and hit a grounder to an infielder, fly out to an outfielder, or strike out. They are great batters because their averages are high.

Life often throws tough problems at us. We have to make lightning-fast decisions. Many of us lose interest in the game of life because we fail so often. Think what would happen if a batter became discouraged and quit when the ball came sizzling toward the plate!

The great batters will help to give us courage. Although they fail more often than they hit, they always come to bat with determination to knock the ball over the fence.

If we meet our problems with courage and determination, our averages will break pretty well, too.

Remember that great inventors have dozens of failures before they perfect their inventions. Great ball-carriers in football often are stopped for no gain. Great chemists try hundreds of experiments for each important discovery. The great records are made only by those who never stop trying.

Our average is what really counts in the long run — Sunshine.
Valentine Greetings To The Brave Firefighters

by Hildegard Weber

Those brave firefighters just couldn't be beat
In their brave performance on E. Washington Street,
Where with courage and strength and expertise
They caused the furious flames to cease.

In the Emerson House the fire began,
Used as haven of refuge by some homeless men;
But commanders and fighters would fervantly strive
For minimum damage, and not ONE loss of life.
From the occupied building, number thirty-nine
Six tenants were rescued - they're doing just fine;
Though some structural damage - it's still in one piece
Except for some minor injuries.
As the fire swept over to the Autopart Shop
A hole in the roof top the fellows must chop

To release the flames that were trapped inside
And the orange flow burst through the blackness of night,
Said Patrolman Wood of the City Police,
Who discovered the smoke in the 2 a.m. breeze;
"The gentlemen's skill and bravery Prevented a major catastrophe.
At the right moment they did the right thing.
By keeping those flammable paints from igniting."
"Thanks, boys," said the folks from Elizabeth Court,
"You incredible heroes of noblest sort;
You kept the angry fire from spreading and let us return to our own warm bedding!"
They gulped water from Issy and Sandy;
Oh, how that wet stuff came in handy!
It was just 4 months since the flames did emerge
From the roof of the Seventh Day Adventist Church,
When the sirens shrieked through the stillness of night,
And the fellows were ready the blazes to fight.
Those loveable men with their charm and good looks
Rescued all 400 gospel song books,
Then fireproof blankets they cleverly threw
Over the piano and pipe organ, too.
Tho the altar was scorched and chances were slim,
They fetched the big Bible for young Pastor Tim,
Who expressed his sincerest gratitude
For heroic acts of such magnitude.
And, now, my personal thanks to you;
Without you dolls, what would we do?
I'd love to hug you right down the line -
But I'm an old lady of 69
And better leave the hugs and kisses
To the young and gorgeous Hagerstown misses,
But I'm sending prayers in your direction
And ask for your Divine protection, and, now, you courageous friends of mine,
"Wouldn't you be my Valentine?"
Here are some of the things that have kept me going through a lifetime of arthritis:

1. Having the love of my family.
2. Having friends with shoulders to cry on, celebrations to share, open arms, ever-listening ears, and on and on …
3. Having faith, which is hard to describe because it is a faith of the heart … in love, in a God, in the spirit and soul, in the wonder of nature, in the awe of wonder, in the blessings of every day. It is a very powerful force and a source of comfort in my life; it is why I believe in me!
4. Crying – allowing tears to flow whenever they need to.
5. Meditating – at least 15 minutes of quiet, positive thought each day … a time to relax and travel to happy places in my thoughts.
6. Reading – books that boost self-enrichment. (I especially like Leo Buscaglia.)
7. Listening to music, whether it’s to enhance an “up” mood or to lift me out of a “down” mood.
8. Journal writing – Since I was 10 years old, I have written in a journal, and it is an experience that is both healing and educational in terms of helping me understand myself. When my fingers became too painful, I began to use a tape recorder to compile my thoughts, which is certainly easier on the joints.
10. Watching the sunset until I feel as though I melt right into it.

11. Gazing at any of the wonders of nature.
12. Remembering to laugh! Laughter is not only fun but healing … and more often than not, I am my own source of laughs.
13. Learning … everything and anything, including getting my hands on as much information about arthritis as I can, so I can make informed decisions about the course of my treatment. For me, knowledge truly is power over “Arthur.”
15. Watching plants grow – and talking to them.
16. Having a wonderful dog … my healer and my friend!
17. Singing (and on occasion, dancing) in the shower.
18. Having a celebrational party for any reason I choose … anything from an “It’s Thursday” party to a National Ice Cream Week celebration. When I seize a moment to celebrate, the smiles go on forever … inside and out!
20. Holding my breath and walking through a fear I didn’t think I could walk through.
21. Frolicking in a summer rain.
22. Realizing that doing the best I can, one day at a time, is A-OK!
23. Making snow forts.
24. Singing as loudly as I can with the car radio.
25. Etc. … etc. … etc!
"PRAYER OF A STRAY"

Dear God Please Send Me Somebody Who'll Care!
I'm Tired Of Running, I'm Sick With Despair.

My Body Is Aching, It's So Racked With Pain,
And Dear God I Pray As I Run In The Rain.

That Someone Will Love Me And Give Me A Home.
A Warm Cozy Bed And A Big Juicy Bone.

My Last Owner Tied Me All Day In The Yard
Sometimes With No Water And God That Was Hard!

So I Chewed My Leash And I Ran Away
To Rummage In Garbage And Live As A Stray.

But Now God I'm Tired And Hungry And Cold.
And I'm So Afraid That I'll Never Grow Old.

They've Chased Me With Sticks And Hit Me With Stones
While I Run The Streets Just Looking For Bones!

I'm Not Really Bad God, Please Help If You Can,
For I Have Become Just A "Victim Of Man!"

I'm Wormy Dear God And I'm Ridden With Flees And
All That I Want Is An Owner To Please!

If You Find One For Me God, I'll Try To Be Good
And I Won't Chew Their Shoes, But I'll Do As I Should.

I'll Love Them, Protect Them And Try To Obey
When They Tell Me To Sit, To Lie Down Or To Stay!

I Don't Think I'll Make It Too Long On My Own,
'Cause I'm Getting So Weak And I'm So All Alone.

Each Night As I Sleep In The Bushes I Cry,
'Cause I'm So Afraid God, That I'm Gonna Die!

And I've Got So Much Love And Devotion To Give,
That I Should Be Given A New Chance To Give,

So Dear God Please, Please Answer My Prayer And
Send Me Somebody Who Will Really Care...
That Is, Dear God, If You're Really There!

Source Unknown
Homes? There are plenty of them. Up this street, and down the next. Yet how few of them are truly happy!

Take the first house at the beginning of the street. There is constant friction between husband and wife, quarreling and faultfinding.

Next door lives a widow. She has had a sign, “Housekeeping Rooms,” in her window for months, but no one inquires. Why? She is a shrew. The meanest words, and the bitterest philosophies form the lion’s share of her speech. Neighbors stay shy of her; children fear her. Poor old lady! She needs to rent her rooms, and wonders why no one will rent them.

Folks in the next house are quiet. Not much racket there. They set out the milk bottle and bring in the paper; that’s about all the neighbors see of them. “Ashamed of a prison sentence,” it is said.

Alas, how much sadness, dissatisfaction, and disloyalty mar the happiness of homes everywhere!

What is the cause?

In the first place, many marriages are contracted where homes and families have never been as an objective. Herein lies the seed of divorce. A young coed said, “Oh, I couldn’t stand to live with one man for ten years! It would grow so monotonous, you know!”

Then the facility with which a divorce can be obtained contributes to the wrecking of many homes. At the very first quarrel both parties are surprised and pained, and the thought of separation is entertained. “Is this the woman I married?” asks the man. “Is this the man I promised to love and obey?” says the woman to herself.

Judge Joseph Sabath, who has had a great deal of experience in adjusting or attempting to adjust, wrecked homes, has laid down ten rules — a kind of “Ten Commandments” — for a happy home:
1. Have patience with each other.
3. In all disputes avoid excited talk.
4. Do not conceal little differences until they accumulate to the breaking point. Discuss them calmly.
5. Be frank with each other.
6. Sympathy and mutual understanding are the pillars of the home.
7. Good humor in parting in the morning, and a cheerful greeting at night.
8. Share responsibilities.
9. Establish a home of your own.
10. Make bedtime prayers a review of the day, and never go to sleep without a clean slate.

These excellent rules may be summed up in the one word, Love. Long years ago similar counsel was given in the Bible. Read in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians what the apostle Paul said of the qualities that make for happiness in our hearts and homes.

“Love suffereth long,” he said, and that means patience.
“Love is kind.”
“Love envieth not,” which is generosity.
“Love vaunteth not itself,” and that is humility.
“Love doth not behave itself unseemly,” which is courtesy.
“Seeketh not her own,” and is unselfish.
“Is not easily provoked,” which means being good-tempered.
“Thinketh no evil,” and is guileless.
“Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth,” which is sincerity.

Where can the world, seeking happiness find a love that will embody all these beautiful attributes? Only in Jesus. He is love.

Jesus in the heart of the homemaker will make all the difference. Love such as this will bear its fruit in patience, kindness, unselfishness, courtesy, and in all the virtues that make for peace and happiness. This love — the love of Christ — is the key to a happy home.
Dear Ann Landers: This little verse appeared in our Sunday bulletin recently and I thought you might enjoy sharing it with your readers.

If “No Excuse Sunday” wakes up some of the fallen-away churchgoers, it will have made a valuable contribution.

— A.L., Oak Lawn, Ill.

Dear Oak Lawn: Thank you for thinking of me, but I have already shared this piece with my readers. The date was April 6, 1991.

It’s good enough to run a second time, however, so here it is:

No Excuse Sunday

In order to make it possible for everyone to attend church next week, we are planning a special no-excuse Sunday.

1. Cots will be placed in the vestibule for those who say, “Sunday is my only day for sleeping in.”

2. Eye drops will be available for those whose eyes are tired from watching TV too late on Saturday night.

3. We will have steel helmets for those who believe the roof will cave in if they show up for church.

4. Blankets will be furnished for those who complain that the church is too cold. Fans will be on hand for those who say the church is too hot.

5. We will have hearing aids for the parishioners who say, “The pastor doesn’t talk loud enough.” There will be cotton for those who say, “The pastor talks too loud.”

6. Score cards will be available for those who wish to count the hypocrites.

7. We guarantee that some relatives will be present for those who like to go visiting on Sunday.

8. There will be TV dinners available for those who claim they can’t go to church and cook dinner, too.

9. One section of the church will have some trees and grass for those who see God in nature, especially on the golf course.

10. The sanctuary will be decorated with both Christmas poinsettias and Easter lilies to create a familiar environment for those who have never seen the church without them.
By Dan Gaeng

We are not machines you know; we are not made of steel.
Blood runs through our veins, not oil; we think, and breathe, and feel.
We’re the ones who make the wealth for those who do not earn it.
But when production’s wheel gets jammed, it’s us they ask to turn it.
We do the work and try our best to live within our means.
But after all is said and done, we are not machines.
In some ways though, we’re like machines; we work until we break.
There is one major difference though, we buy the things we make!
Behind our backs the bosses stand, shout orders like Marines.
And though I’m sure they wish we were, we are not machines.
We have our highs, we have our lows, we have our in-betweens.
We’re young, we’re old, we’re black, we’re white—but we are not machines!
We build the cars, the trucks, the planes, the missiles and the tanks.
And then they close the factories down — that’s how they tell us THANKS!
They bolt the doors and chain the gates and say we have to go.
They say we’re not competitive, then move to Mexico.
They dismantle every robot, pack the parts in Cosmoline.
But us? — They send us to the streets; to them we’re worth less than a machine.
We laugh, we love, we pray, we try, and when we hurt we sometimes cry.
We’re friends, we’re foes, we’re lovers too. You’re just like me, I’m just like you.
We work the line by day and night. For Labor’s cause we’ll stand and fight.
We’re Union Proud and Union Strong. We try our best to get along.
We help each other when we can, at home and all across the land.
Brothers and sisters, we’re many things; but one thing we’re not — we’re not machines!

Dan Gaeng is a UAW Local 2250 member, an alternate committeeman in the body shop at the GM BOC plant in Wentzville, Missouri, and on the editorial board of Local 2250’s Newsline.
IN AN AVERAGE LIFETIME,
THE AVERAGE AMERICAN...

- Spends 3 years in business meetings
- Spends 13 years watching TV
- Spends $89,281 on food
- Consumes 109,354 pounds of food
- Makes 1,811 trips to McDonald's
- Spends $6,881 in vending machines
- Eats 35,138 cookies and 1,483 pounds of candy
- Catches 304 colds

- Is involved in 6 motor vehicle accidents
- Is hospitalized 8 times (men) or 12 times (women)
- Spends 24 years sleeping

Source: In an Average Lifetime
by Tom Heymann

DEAR ANN LANDERS: A while back I read a verse or a poem in your column about a father who was passing his good name on to his son. He hoped the boy would take good care of it so when he passed it on to his son the name would be unsullied. I hope you can find it, because I have a special reason for wanting to see it in print again. Thank you, Ann.

— A FAITHFUL NEBRASKA READER

DEAR FAITHFUL: The poem you want appeared in my column on May 20, 1978, and I am pleased to run it again. The author — Edgar A. Guest.

YOUR NAME

You got it from your father, 'twas the best he had to give.

And right gladly he bestowed it. It's yours, the while you live.
You may lose the watch he gave you and another you may claim,
But remember, when you're tempted, to be careful of his name.
It was fair the day you got it, and a worthy name to bear,
When he took it from his father, there was no dishonor there.
Through the years he proudly wore it, to his father he was true,
And that name was clean and spotless when he passed it on to you.
Oh, there's much that he has given that he values not at all.
He has watched you break your playthings in the days when you were small.
You have lost the knife he gave you and you've scattered many a game,
But you'll never hurt your father if you're careful with his name.
It is yours to wear forever, yours to wear the while you live,
'Yours, perhaps, some distant morning, to another boy to give.
And you'll smile as did your father — with a smile that all can share,
If a clean name and a good name you are giving him to wear.
As I looked out the window of an airplane recently, I could see only clouds and water below. I had to trust the pilot to guide the plane safely to my destination. So life is for a child born into this world. A child must trust the father and mother to guide him safely to adulthood.

A mother's task is full time. She is with the child more than anyone else during the first few years of life. Who can comfort like a mother? The hurts of childhood are forgotten when mother says a word of comfort. A child needs a mother at all times.

Because of the cost of living, we find more and more mothers working full time and placing their children in day-care centers. Oh, how much that child misses.

The evils that threaten the moral welfare of our boys and girls cannot be fought to any great extent in anyplace but home. Many a child has been turned from evil-doing because they knew of the love and confidence in the hearts of their parents.

Sometimes we read in the newspaper about some mother who abandoned her child. However, for every case of neglect there are thousands of stories of mothers who worked and sacrificed for their children.

Such mothers deserve all our love and respect. Washington Irving wrote, "The love of a mother is never exhausted. It never changes — it never tires — it endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother's love still lives on."

A mother has a power to live on in the hearts of her children. Because of this power she should at all times set the right example. A mother's influence is a powerful weapon. We hear very little about the mothers of great leaders, yet we know they must have had strong influence on those leaders as they were growing up.

A small boy asked his mother the definition of an angel. The mother explained that an angel was a being sent from God to minister to people in need. Later the child was very sick with a fever. His mother seldom left his side while he was so very ill. When he became better he looked up at his mother and said, "Mommy, you are an angel."

A mother doesn't like having her children sick, muddy feet, temper tantrums, loud noise, or bad report cards. She can read a thermometer (much in the amazement of Daddy) and, like magic, can kiss a hurt away. She can also bake good cakes and pies but she likes to see her children eat vegetables.

A mother can stuff a fat baby into a snowsuit in seconds and can kiss little faces and make them smile. She is underpaid, has long hours, and gets very little rest. She worries too much about her children. And no matter how old they are, she still likes to think of them as her little babies.

A mother is the guardian angel of the family, the queen, the tender hand of love. She is the best friend anyone ever has.

A mother is love. — Selected

Portrait of a Mother

A mother can be almost any size or age, but she won't admit to anything over 30. She has soft hands and smells good. A mother likes new dresses, music, a clean house, her children's kisses, an automatic washer, and Daddy.
I gave you life
but cannot live it for you.
I can teach you things
but I cannot make you learn.
I can give you directions
but I cannot always be there
to lead you.
I can allow you freedom
but cannot account for it.
I can take you to church
but I cannot make you believe.
I can teach you right from
wrong
but I cannot always decide for
you.
I can buy you beautiful clothes
but I cannot make you lovely
inside.
I can offer you advice
but I cannot accept it for you.
I can give you love
but I cannot force it upon you.
I can teach you to be a friend
but I cannot make you one.
I can teach you to share
but I cannot make you
unselfish.
I can teach you respect
but I cannot force you to show
honor.
I can grieve about your report
card
but I cannot doubt your
teachers.
I can advise you about friends
but I cannot choose them for
you.

I can teach you about sex
but I cannot keep you pure.
I can tell you the facts of life
but I cannot build your
reputation.
I can tell you about drink
but I cannot say no for you.
I can warn you about drugs
but I cannot prevent you from
using them.
I can tell you about lofty goals
but I cannot achieve them for
you.
I can let you babysit
but I cannot be responsible
for your actions.
I can teach you kindness
but I cannot force you to be
graceful.
I can warn you about sin
but I cannot make your morals.
I can love you as a daughter
but I cannot place you in
God's Family.
I can pray for you
but I cannot make you walk
with God.
I can teach you about Jesus
but I cannot make Him your
Savior.
I can teach you to obey
but I cannot make Jesus Your
Lord.
I can tell you how to live
but I cannot give you Eternal
Life.

Thanks for listening,

Mother
In the Bible we read, from First John 3:2: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

How wonderful to know that we are the children of God! Even more wonderful to know that the best is yet to come!

The Bible promises, in the Gospel of John the 10th Chapter and the latter portion of the 10th verse: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it (life) more abundantly."

We become His children, and thus have life and that more abundantly when we put our faith and trust in Him. Jesus is the Savior of all of those who, in simple childlike faith trust Him!

One day our heartaches will be over; Today God comforts me!
One day there will be no more pain; Today we have God's Grace!
One day we will understand; Today we trust His will!
One day we'll enter Heaven-land; Today we walk with Him!
One day we'll be free of temptation; Today He forgives when we yield!
One day we'll be pure within; Today He cleanses us!
One day we'll be burden free; Today we have His strength!
One day our Savior's rest we'll share; Today we rest in Him!
One day we'll see Him face to face; Today we live by faith!
One day we'll feel no loneliness; Today Christ walks with us!
One day we'll bless Him face to face; Today He blesses us!
One day our worldly cares will cease; Today He cares and keeps!

Do you enjoy, today, the abundant life? If not, why not give Christ His rightful place in your life and then you too can claim this life more abundant!

A.J. Vander Meulen, P.O. Box 906, Pinellas Park, FL 34664.
North End
Senior Citizens’ Club

Our club continues to meet the second Wednesday of each month.
Our president, Alice Moses, was recently honored for providing 9,836 volunteer hours through the Retired Senior Volunteer Program.
The club made a generous donation of food to St. Marks Church for the Food Bank.
During the month of December, our club enjoyed the art exhibit from the Bookmobile and in celebration of Christmas we spent an evening at the Washington County Playhouse where we enjoyed a delightful meal and a play entitled, “Little Shop of Horrors.”
The membership in our club has increased. We’ve had a good year!

A New Year’s Prayer
Dear Lord, please give me
A few friends who understand me
And remain my friends;
A work to do which has real value, without which
the world would be poorer;
A mind unafraid to travel, even though the
trail be not blazed;
An understanding heart,

The Keenager

A sense of humor;
Time for quiet, silent meditation;
A feeling of the presence of God.
The patience to wait for the coming of these things,
With the wisdom to recognize them when they come.

Minnie Barnes, Reporter

Thought you might enjoy this poem written by a member of the Mechanicsburg, PA area Senior Adult Center.
I could not wait when just a tot
To go to school. I would learn a lot.
I could not wait when yet a boy
To go a hunting. It would be a joy.
I could not wait when still a teen
To drive a car - it was my dream.
I could not wait when we went to war
To do my bit on a distant shore.
I could not wait to get back home.
From there I vowed I’d never roam.
I could not wait to be a man
To wed my sweetheart was my plan.
I could not wait for our children dear,
They would fill our home with lots of cheer.
I could not wait till the kids were grown
And my wife and I would be alone.
I could not wait for my retirement date.
No more work, I could sleep in late.
I could not wait for Medicare
With someone else my bills to share.
I guess that leaves only one important date.
But - no hurry, Lord
for - I CAN wait!

Miriam Somerlade, Reporter
Count your gardens by the flowers. Never by the leaves that fell.  
Count your days by golden hours.  
Don't remember beds at all.  
Count your nights by stars not shadows;  
Count your life by smiles, not tears.  
And with joy on this your birthday,  
Count your age by friends, not years.

"There are many paths to the Top of the Mountain, but the view is always the same."

A MOTHER'S BEATITUDES

Blessed is the mother who understands her child, for she shall inherit a kingdom of memories.
Blessed is the mother who knows how to comfort, for she shall possess a child's devotion.
Blessed is the mother who guides by the path of righteousness, for she shall be proud of her children.
Blessed is the mother who is never shocked, for she shall receive and know confidence and security.
Blessed is the mother who teaches respect, for she shall be respected.
Blessed is the mother who emphasizes the good and minimizes the bad, for her children shall follow her example.
Blessed is the mother who answers questions honestly, for she shall always be trusted.
Blessed is the mother who treats her children as she would like to be treated, for her home shall always be filled with happiness.

There is a poem which says:

"There are loyal hearts; there are spirits brave,
There are souls which are tried and true.

Then give to the world the best that you have,
And the best will come back to you;

Give love and love to your heart will flow.

A strength in your utmost need
Have faith, and a score of hearts will share
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is a mirror of King and slave.
It's just what you are and do.
Then give to the world the best that you have,
And the best will come back to you."
‘The human contribution is the essential ingredient. It is only in the giving of oneself to others that we truly live.’

Dr. Ethel Percy Andrus

MY BIBLE AND I

We’ve traveled together, my Bible and I

When life had grown weary and death e’en was nigh!
But all through the darkness of mist or of wrong,
I found solace, a prayer and a song.

—Author Unknown

LET ME GO GENTLY

Let me go gently through life, Lord, so much more gently. Please calm my exasperation as I try now for the third time to get that telephone operator to respond. Let me sit gently, think gently, speak gently when the connection is made. (It may not be her fault; she may be young and new to the job . . . or older and troubled by the very same problems I have.)

Smooth my sharp edges of person and temper and tongue. Give me gentleness in dealing with people—including strangers who are human, too, and subject to error and hurt. And give me gentleness with my family, not softness. No—keep me firm—but let my voice be gentle instead of shrill. Help me to be gentle of movement and manner and touch.

When life frustrates and delays me, I want to grab it and shake it and rush it on. When it comes bashing and battering at me, every impulse yells, “Fight back!” But all this is so destructive; it only wastes more time and burns up precious energy. Remind me that true strength lies in gentleness.

Help me to practice gentleness in small inconveniences as well as in large problems with those close to me. If I can just remain gentle—firm but gentle—I’ll be better able to meet life’s major crises with dignity and strength.

Thank you for giving me gentleness, God.

—By Marjorie Holmes

The Time Is Now

If you are ever going to love me, Love me now, while I can know The sweet and tender feelings Which from true affection flow. Love me now While I am living. Do not wait until I am gone And then have it chiseled in marble, Sweet words on ice-cold stone.

If you have tender thoughts of me, Please tell me now. If you wait until I am sleeping, Never to awaken, There will be death between us, And I won’t hear you then.

So, if you love me, even a little bit, Let me know it while I am living So I can treasure it.

—Author Unknown
Sometimes when you're feeling important
Sometimes when your ego's in bloom
Sometimes when you take it for granted
You're the best qualified in the room.

Sometimes when you feel that your going
Would leave an unfillable hole
Just follow this simple instruction
And see how it humbles your soul.

Take a bucket and fill it with water,
Put your hand in it up to your wrist,
Pull it out and the hole that's remaining
Is the measure of how you'll be missed.

You may splash all you please when you enter
You can stir up the water galore
But stop, and you'll find in a minute
That it looks quite the same as before.

The moral in this present example
Is to do the best that you can,
Be proud of yourself, but remember
There's no indispensable man.

Author Unknown
written by Minnie Barnes
Refrain
In your chain of friendship, let me be a link,
sister and brother, we're closer than you think, so
In your chain of friendship, let me be a link.
(1) You may be Italian, maybe even Dutch,
You may be from Africa, it doesn't matter much.
(2) You may be Israeli, you may be Chinese
You may be Irish or even Portuguese
Sister and brother, we're closer than you think, so
In your chain of friendship, let me be a link.
(3) You may be Chicano, Polish, Greek or Greek.
It doesn't matter how you look or how your
friends may speak.

4. Truth is very easy, look why you will find,
each and everyone of us is part of all mankind,
Sisters and brothers, we're closer than you think, so
In your chain of friendship let me be a link,
Worry

Worry never climbed a hill,
Worry never paid a bill,
Worry never dried a tear,
Worry never calmed a fear,
Worry never darned a heal,
Worry never cooked a meal,
Worry never led a horse. To worry
Worry never done a thing you'd
Think it oughta
Author unknown
This Week’s Poem

I met God in the evening
When the day was all at rest,
Wave on wave, His Holy Spirit,
Like a flood tide, filled my breast.
Open lay His word before me,
Peace He whispered to my heart
And the fears which had beset me
From His presence did depart.
Oh, the many heavy burdens
I had carried through the day
Seemed to feel the Master’s presence
And like shadows fled away.
Then I thought of other evenings
When I’d weary gone to bed,
Stopping not to read my Bible,
Nor in prayer to bow my head.
So I think I’ve learned the secret
Whether life be dark or bright,
I must meet God in the evening
If I want Him through the night.

A Penny Worth $90!

On one of my 1972 pennies, under the “God,”
there’s another “o” directly under the first one. I like to know if this coin is valuable. — M. N., Waynesboro, Pa. Daily Mail Oct. 3, 1972.

No one can say for sure until he examines the coin.
A spokeswoman for the Mason-Dixon Coin Exchange in Baltimore said there were all kinds of mistrikes on the ’72 penny. The die shifted slightly to the left during the minting process. There are three recognized variations. The most valuable is the penny on which the entire inscription and date has been double-struck or repeated. This is worth around $90, according to its condition. Two other variations have the inscription and date slightly double-struck. Even though yours is not one of these variations, it might be of value. You should take it to a coin dealer. William Porter, who has a wholesale tobacco store at 216 W. Franklin St. in Hagerstown, also appraises coins. He said he’d be glad to look at yours, but cautions you not to get your hopes up.
If I can stop one heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain
If I can ease one life the aching
Or cool one pain
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again
I shall not live in vain.

The bread that strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live.

I want to help the fainting
Day by day,
In pure I shall not pass again This way.

A hundred noble wishes fill my heart;
I long to help each
Soul in need of aid;
In all good works, my zeal
Would have a part.

I ex you right of this,
it stands afraid.

My life shall touch a million lives in some way
etc I go,
From this dear world of struggle To the land I do not
Know.
So this The wish I always wish I prayer I ever pray;
let my life help the other lives it touches by
The way.

- Strickland Gillilan
Dear God, our Heavenly Father,

We come to Thee today
with hearts full of thankfulness. Thou hast brought us to this beautiful day from a night filled with darkness and toil. Many new opportunities confront us --

Here we are thankful.

Bless us and guide us in our attempts here at this home. May this service be of great benefit to those who attend it,

Bless the past and bless those who listen to His message. Amen, Lord. Thank Senior Citizens and the poor in Jesus name.

Amen

Written by
Ruth Chapman
I am the silent sentinel of Freedom.
I have led your sons into battle ... 
I walk ... with each of your Honored Dead, to their final resting place beneath the White Crosses, row upon row.
I have flown through Peace and War, Strife and Prosperity, ...
My Red Stripes ... symbolize the blood spilled in defense of this glorious nation.
My White Stripes ... signify the burning tears shed by Americans who lost their sons....
Honor me, respect me, defend me with your lives and fortunes.

—Excerpts from "I Am Your Flag."
Famous Men Give Tribute To Their Mothers:

Andrew Jackson: “The memory of my mother and her teachings were the only capital I had to start life with, and on that capital I have made my way.”

John Wanamaker, famous businessman: “My first love was my mother, and my first home was on her breast. My first bed was her bosom. Leaning little arms upon her knees, I learned my first prayers. A bright lamp she lit in my soul that never dies down nor goes out, though the winds and waves of fourscore years have swept over me. Sitting in my mother’s old armchair I (seem to) feel the touch of her little hand on my brow and I hear her voice as she smooths my hair and calls me her boy, her very own boy.”

D. L. Moody, famous preacher: “My mother! All that is good in my life, I think has come from her; and I have never come near Northfield (where his mother lived) that I have not gotten anxious to reach home, that I might see my mother.”

Henry Ward Beecher, famous preacher: “The babe who at first feeds upon his mother’s bosom is always on her heart.”

Washington Irving: “A mother’s love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world’s condemnation, a mother still loves on.”

God Bless Our Godly Mothers!

MOTHER’S DAY

SEVEN HELPFUL HINTS TO SHOW YOUR MOTHER YOUR APPRECIATION ON MOTHER’S DAY

1. Wake your mom up after you get home Saturday night and ask her to wake you early enough in the morning so that you can fix her breakfast in bed before church.

2. Invite two of your best friends to Sunday dinner to celebrate Mother’s Day. Ask your mom to cook something special. Be sure your friends tell your mom, “Thanks for having us over. We would have had to fix our own dinners because our moms wanted to have the day off.”

3. After dinner, clear the table and put all the dishes in the sink so it is easier for your mom to wash them.

4. Offer to change the vacuum cleaner bag after she finishes vacuuming your room.

5. Gift wrap and give your mom your clothes hangers, since you never hang up your clothes anyway.

6. Remove all the “things” growing under your bed. When planted in flower pots, they make excellent Mother’s Day gifts.

7. Change the sheets you put on your bed for Easter and take down the Christmas wreath from your bedroom door.

—Faith Lutheran Church
Dunedin, FL
If I had to live my life over again,  
I'd dare to make more mistakes next time.  
I'd relax.  
I would limber up.  
I would be sillier that I have been this trip.  
I would take fewer things seriously.  
I would take more chances.  
I would take more trips. I would climb more mountains,  
swim more rivers.  
I would eat more ice cream and less beans.  
I would perhaps have more actual troubles, but I'd have  
fewer imaginary ones.  
You see, I'm one of those people who live seriously and  
sanely, hour after hour, day after day.  
Oh, I've had my moments. And if I had it to do over again,  
I'd have more of them.  
In fact, I'd try to have nothing else, just moments, one after  
another, instead of living so many years ahead of each day.  
I've been one of those persons who never goes anywhere  
without a thermometer, a hot water bottle, a raincoat, and a  
parachute.  
If I had it to do again, I would travel lighter than I have.  
If I had to live my life over, I would start barefoot earlier in  
the spring and stay that way later in the fall.  
I would go to more dances.  
I would ride more merry-go-rounds.  
I would pick more daisies.

Tidings of Joy

People say that getting a daughter-in-law  
is just like having a daughter.  
Is it really? I'm not so sure.

I've been thinking . . .  
I didn't hold out my arms toward her first step.  
I wasn't there to hear her babbled words.  
I didn't pin pink ribbons in her hair.  
I didn't teach her anything she does so well today.

It's kinda' scary, really,  
this venture into the realm  
of mother-in-lawdom.

I've been praying . . .  
Please help us, Lord,  
to take steps toward each other  
to interpret each other's language  
to pin blue ribbons of encouragement  
to teach each other how to love.

Joy Jacobs / P.O. Box 68 / Dillsburg PA 17019
How Mother’s Day Began

Anna M. Jarvis (1864-1948) first suggested the national observance of an annual day honoring all mothers, because she loved her own mother so dearly. At a memorial service for her mother on May 10, 1906, Miss Jarvis gave a carnation (her mother’s favorite flower) to each person who attended. Within the next few years, the idea of a day to honor mothers gained popularity, and Mother’s Day was observed in a number of large cities in the United States.

On May 9, 1914, by an act of Congress, President Woodrow Wilson proclaimed the second Sunday in May as Mother’s Day. He established the day as a time for “public expression of our love and reverence for the mothers of our country.” By then, it had become customary to wear white carnations to honor departed mothers and red to honor the living, a custom that continues to this day.

Tidings of Joy

So you’re a mother-in-law!
Welcome to the group!
The word takes on a different perspective
doesn’t it
now that you are one?
All those mother-in-law jokes
don’t seem so funny anymore.

And now we face the question:
how do you mother
a person you didn’t raise?
how do you mother-in-law
a person from a different culture
with different beliefs
customs

You don’t.
You mother-in-love them

It works.

Joy Jacobs / P.O. Box 68 / Dillsburg PA 17019
A Mother's Paraphrase of I Corinthians
Chapter 13

Though I speak with the language of the educators and the psychiatrists and have not love, I am become as blaring brass or a crashing cymbal.

And if I have the gift of planning my child’s future and understanding all the mysteries of the child’s mind and have ample knowledge of teen-agers, and though I have all faith in my children, so that I could remove their mountains of doubts and fears and have not love, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed and nourish them properly (vitamins and all), and though I give my body to back-breaking housework and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love is patient with the naughty child and is kind to him. Love does not envy when he wants to move to Grandma’s house because “she is nice.”

Love is not anxious to impress a teen-ager with our superior knowledge.

Love has good manners in the home, does not act selfishly or with a martyr complex, is not easily provoked by normal childish actions.

Love does not remember the naughtiness of yesterday and love thinks no evil; it gives the child the benefit of the doubt.

Love does not make light of sin in the child’s life (or in her own, either), but rejoices when he comes to a knowledge of the truth.

Love does not fail. Whether there be comfortable surroundings, they shall fail, whether there be total communication between parents and children, it will cease, whether there be a good education, it shall vanish away.

When we were children, we spoke and acted and understood as children, but now that we have become parents, we must act maturely.

Now abides faith, hope, love—these three are needed in the home. Faith in Jesus Christ, eternal hope for the future of the child, and God’s love shed abroad in our hearts, but the greatest of these is love.

Mrs. Merwin Seashore
in The Evangelical Beacon