

### GOD'S SIGNATURE

God's signature is on the rose,  
It's on the blue jay's back,  
It's in the colors of the sky,  
It's in the wild duck's quack.  
It's on the mountaintop so high  
It's in the smallest stream,  
It's in our hopes, our trust, our  
faith,  
It's in man's every dream.

—MARGARET MOORE  
Weatherford, Texas

### AN EVENING PRAYER

If I have wounded any soul today  
If I have caused one foot to go astray,  
If I have walked in my own willful way  
Dear Lord, forgive.

Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee  
Forgive the secret sins I cannot see,  
Oh guide me, Love me, and my keeper be,  
Dear Lord, Amen.

here

Her precious face I'll always see  
In my deepest memory.

—RICHARD L. CIEZAK  
Muskegon Heights, Mich.

### JUNE

The peace of quiet places,  
Of warm, unselfish love.  
The beauty of a mission bell.  
A softly cooing dove.

Notes of music flowing  
In a soothing melody,  
Lovely flowers blowing.  
All these say "June" to me.

—ROBERTA B. LINDBECK  
Escondido, Calif.

Charlotte, N.C.

### SNAPSHOTS OF SPRING

Forsythia blooming,  
Tulips in flower;  
Robins full-breasted,  
A fresh April shower.

Greening of grasses,  
A child in a swing;  
Drama in pictures —  
Snapshots of spring.

—ELIZABETH D. McCOWAN  
Columbia, Mo.

### MY CREED

"This is my creed for every day,  
To do my best as I go my way,  
To meet what comes with an up-turned face,  
And bring my duty a touch of grace."

"To do what I can to scatter cheer,  
And brighten the lives of my sisters here.  
To speak in kindness, and now and then—  
Give service to Others the best I can."

UNKNOWN

If any little word of mine  
May make a life the brighter,  
If any little song of mine  
May make the heart the lighter,  
God help me speak the little word  
And take my bit of singing,  
And drop it in a lonely vale  
To set the echoes ringing.

And more happiness each year.

—The Eg

Nature gives everybody five senses—touch, taste, sight, smell and hearing. The other two—horse and common—you must acquire.

Those who don't stand for anything may fall for anything. When everybody is somebody then nobody is anybody.

### NATURE'S MELODY *Quil*

How gently the raindrops  
fall to the ground,  
And sprinkle grass and flowers,  
Bushes and trees and all  
living greens,  
Drink deep  
the delicious showers.  
Soft, gentle hands  
caressing the earth,  
Like a mother feeding her young.  
The roots drink in  
the refreshing rain,  
And the echo sounds like a song.  
Enchanting notes  
roll off the leaves,  
Drip, drip they fall to the ground,  
Each little drop a different sound,  
Nature composing,  
sweet melody found.

—ANNELIESE KIEFER  
Edinburg, Va.

### LIKE A TURTLE

The trials and tribulations  
that life presents each day,  
Have given me a driving urge

Her garden is planted with flowers of  
violet and of blue  
For her many hours of service and all  
the friends she knew.  
Orange and yellow ones for her kindness  
and her ability to care.  
Red for her love and vitality; for her  
willingness to share.  
The green of her Faith tells us that  
her spirit is ever near.  
Our world is brighter because she  
once walked here.

If it should happen that your dreams  
are shattered, do not be afraid.  
Have the courage to pick up the  
pieces and smile at the world. For  
dreams that are easily shattered  
can just as easily be rebuilt.

(7)

It isn't just the members  
Nor the words that they may say,  
But the close cooperation  
That makes Rainbow pay.  
It isn't just the Assembly  
Nor the members as a whole,  
But the everlasting teamwork  
Of every living soul.

**CLOSING ODE**  
**God Will Take Care Of You**

Be not dis-mayed what-e'er betide,  
God will take care of you;  
Be-neath His wings of love a-bide,  
God will take care of you.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev-ry day,  
O'er all the way; He will take care of you,  
God will take care of you.

No matter what may be the test,  
God will take care of you;  
Lean, weary one, upon His breast,  
God will take care of you.

God will take care of you; Thro' ev-ry day,  
O'er all the way; He will take care of you,  
God will take care of you.

**I BELIEVE**

I believe for every drop of rain that  
fall a flower grows,  
I believe that somewhere in the dark-  
est night a candle glows,  
I believe for everyone who goes astray  
someone will come to show the way  
I Believe, I Believe.

I believe above the storm the small-  
est prayer will still be heard,  
I believe that someone in the great  
somewhere hears every word,  
Everytime I hear a new born baby cry  
or touch a leaf, or see the sky,  
Then I know why I believe.

He who loses money loses much;  
Me who loses a friend loses more;  
But he who loses faith loses all.

### TOP O' THE MORNING

THE top o' the mornin' to ye,  
Sure, and I'm feelin' fine,  
And if, perchance, ye're Irish  
Be gorra, ye're friends o' mine.

The likes of ye might be thinkin'  
I'm using a bit o' the blarney,  
Well, that I am—and proud of it,  
And proud o' me native Killarney.

The shamrock, it is me own flower,  
And a prettier one was ne'er seen;  
And as for me favorite color,  
The likes o' me caters ter green.

I have me times when I'm lucky,  
And I have me troubles galore—  
I lay it to banshees and fairies  
A-placin' their rings 'round me door.

'Tis jest that me heart moves so easy,  
Me tears lay so close to me laughte  
But may the good Saints preserve us—  
'Tis a happy St. Patrick's I'm after!  
—M. KATHLEEN HALEY

SADBY

### TOGETHER

By Dorothy Pierson

Together we grow,  
Not separate, divided,  
Alone, or in isolation.  
We grow best  
When we come to know  
That at the core of being,  
We are so much more!  
We are one with every living soul,  
Every atom, every cell,  
Every living, moving thing,  
As well as so-called static form...  
All a part of us and we of them!  
For we are born and grow  
In a wholeness we come to know  
As love.  
And in that love  
God holds us all,  
Together.

### THAT I MAY LIVE THE WAY I PRAY

"I knelt to pray when day was done, and  
prayed, 'O Lord bless everyone;  
Lift from each saddened heart the pain,  
and let the sick be well again."  
and then I woke another day and care-  
lessly went on my way.  
The whole day long I did not try to wipe  
a tear from any eye;  
I did not try to share the load of any  
brother on my road.  
I did not even go to see the sick man  
just next door to me.  
Yet once again when day was done I  
prayed, 'O Lord, bless everyone.  
But as I prayed, into my ear there came  
a voice that whispered clear:  
'Pause, hypocrite, before you pray. Whom  
have you tried to bless today?  
God's sweetest blessing always go by  
hands that serve Him here below.'  
And then I hid my face and cried, "Forgive  
me, God, for I have lied;  
Let me but see another day and I will  
live the way I pray!"

A good thing to remember  
And a better thing to do  
To work with the construction gang  
And not the wrecking crew.

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.

To be a little kindlier with the passing of each day  
To leave but happy memories as I go along my way  
To use possessions that are mine in service free and full  
To sacrifice the trivial things for a larger good to be  
To give of love in lavish way, that friendship true may live  
To be less quick to criticize, more ready to forgive  
To use such talents as I have that happiness may grow  
To take the bitter with the sweet; assured 'tis better so  
To be quite free from self-intent, Whate'er the task I do  
To help the World's faith stronger grow, in all that's good and true  
To keep my faith in God and right, no matter how things run  
To work and play and pray and trust until the journey's done  
God grant to me the strength of heart, of motive, and of will  
To do my part and falter not; His purpose to fulfil.

God, bless this house  
And those herein;  
Our family,  
Our friends and kin.

Bless floors below,  
And roof above;  
And fill the house  
With peace and love.

May friends who visit  
Linger long,  
And share our warmth  
And food and song;

May laughter often  
Make it gay  
And pleasant while  
We work and play.

Please help us keep it  
Clean and bright;  
And stay to bless us  
Day and night.<sup>15</sup>

—Nona Keen Duffy

Association:

### GOD'S WAY

He came to my desk with quivering lip;  
His lesson was done.  
"Have you a new leaf for me, dear teacher?  
I have spoiled this one."  
I took his leaf, all soiled and blotted.  
Gave him a new one, all unspotted.  
And into his tired face smiled,  
"Do better now, my child."  
I went to the throne with trembling heart;  
This year was done.  
"Have you a new year for me, dear Master?  
I have spoiled this one."  
He took my year, all soiled and blotted,  
Gave me a new one, all unspotted.  
And into my tired heart smiled,  
"Do better now, my child."

Kathryn E. Griffith  
Supreme Deputy

Let me be a little kinder  
Let me be a little blinder  
To the faults of those about me;  
Let me praise a little more  
Let me be when I am weary  
A little bit more cheery,  
Let me serve a little better  
Those whom I am striving for.  
Let me be a little braver  
When temptation bids me waver  
Let me try a little harder  
To be all that I should be,  
Let me be a little meeker  
With a sister that is weaker;  
Let me think more of my neighbor  
And a little less of me.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father who is in heaven.

The eye is the lamp of the body. So, if your eye is sound, your whole body will be full of light.

He who loses money loses much;  
Me who loses a friend loses more;  
But he who loses faith loses all.

## THE FAITHFUL FEW

When the meeting's called to order  
And you look about the room  
You're sure to see some faces  
That from out the shadows loom.  
They are always at the meeting,  
And stay till it is through  
The ones that I would mention  
Are the always faithful few.

They fill the vacant offices  
As they're always on the spot  
No matter what's the weather,  
Though it may be awfully hot;  
It may be dark and rainy,  
But they are tried and true,  
The ones that you rely on  
Are the always faithful few.

There's lots of worthy members  
Who will come when in the mood,  
When everything's convenient  
They can do a little good;  
They're a factor in the circle  
And are necessary too,  
But the ones who never fail us  
Are the always faithful few.

If it were not for these faithful  
Whose shoulders at the wheel  
Keep the circle moving onward  
Without a halt or reel,  
What would be the fate of meetings  
Who claim so much to do?  
They surely would go under  
But for the faithful few.

## OLD FASHIONED MOTHER

She may be old fashioned and perhaps not  
as gay  
As some of the mothers I meet on the way.  
But the smile on her lips, the light in her  
eyes  
Show there's love in her soul, till the day  
that she dies.  
Her frilly white bonnet, edged with ribbon  
and lace,  
Reflects godliness in that beautiful face.  
She lives for me, prays for me, both night  
and day  
E'en tho her foot-steps may falter along the  
way.  
So, till the end, when life's shadows fall  
She'll be to me, the dearest Mother of all.  
And I know that in all the world  
There can be no other,  
Who will e'er compare with my  
Old Fashioned Mother.

with the household duties, no harsh words to make her sad, more, "I will's" and less "I don't want to's." Yes, if you have been lax in showing your love for your Mother, why not start today and make each day of the year, Mother's Day.

To Mother, I say—

"I know 'tis not without distress  
You've kept your light before my feet;  
Oft times I've followed errant bent  
And brought you grief and sore defeat,  
But your true life and patient love  
Have e'er kept plain the surer way,  
Though I fall short, you have not failed;  
For this I honor you today:  
Star of my life—My Mother."

—Unknown Author

### FRIENDS

Of all the many Blessings that our  
gracious Father sends  
I thank Him most for of all today for  
loyal hearted friends.  
Friends who know about my faults and  
keep on loving still  
Friends whose friendship changes not  
with happy days or ill.  
Friends to whom my inmost secrets  
safely I confide  
Friends who make me happy just to have  
them at my side  
Yes, Friends. Of all the many blessings that  
our Gracious Father sends.  
I thank Him most of all today for loyal  
hearted friends.  
I like my friends to meet each other, those  
for whom I care.  
I feel like friendship's worth so much  
I want the rest to share.  
Friendship's like a miracle of loaves in  
Galilee, though shared by many  
There's none the less for me, I've always  
thought of you, dear friend.  
God grant me the Serenity to accept the  
things I cannot change,  
Courage to change the things I can, And  
Wisdom to know the difference.  
The Ivy Vine of Friendship, is a lovely thing  
to share  
Planted with affection, it will flourish any-  
where;  
Each year it grows in quiet strength.  
And nothing can destroy the twining  
warmth deep in the hearts of those  
who know its joy.

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But for the faithful few.

Soft, shiny yellow hair, textured smooth as  
cornsilk in the sun,  
Crisp, jetty black hair, that bounces when  
she runs,  
Buttery brown hair, with lovely glints of  
Gold and red,  
Bright, saucy red hair, spun like a Halo  
'round her head.  
Brown, Red, Black or Yellow, all are  
wonderful and fun,  
These are the colors in *my* Rainbow,  
And they are beautiful, and I love them,  
every one!

Green eyes, that sparkle like the Sea—  
Blue eyes, with dreams built in, and  
Brown eyes, that hide secret jokes and merry  
glee.  
Gray and laughing eyes, and serious, and  
shy,  
Flirting eyes, and wide eyes, and eyes that  
question, "why?"  
Would not these colors challenge *any*  
Rainbow, seen by anyone?  
These are the colors of *my* Rainbow,  
And they are beautiful! And I love them,  
every one!

Tall ones and small ones, and some in-  
between,  
Bubbling ones, and quiet ones, and some  
who move like Queens.  
Soft spoken ones and gay ones, and all  
with hearts of Gold.  
Chatty ones, yes—and even Catty ones—  
who we sometimes scold.  
But—as I look them over, one by one—  
These are my Rainbow Girls—and *they* are  
Beautiful!!  
And I love them— EVERY ONE!!!!

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