

JUDGMENT DAY

When summer sun arose to chase the
 night,
To burn the sky with flames of fiery
 pink,
I watched the stars as they began to
 blink
And fade away in flutt'ring spurts of
 light;
While fish, in frantic rushing little
 bands,
Too late began to work to get their
 fill;
And as I gazed, the mist in milky
 veil
From off the lake was raised by silent
 hands.
Then, when the Lord returns to us
 again,
Shall we, like stars whose light too
 long has shone,
Just fade away with nothing but our
 fame,
Or, fishlike, wait too long to win
 the throne?
Or shall we stand with honor to our
 name,
And like the mist be raised to heights
 unknown?

(Used by Nowell Didear
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WHEAT and TARES

I pondered Life's eternal truths,
and proudly set my virtues out,
But leering Error marked my pride,
And mockingly sowed seeds of doubt.

Inez Marshall

THE ONLY PEACE

"No peace can be of much avail
Save one that lasts, and cannot fail."
Inez Marshall

OLD MAN

By Laurence Miner

Old Man, do now they relegate
To slippers and a chair
You who are yet so much alive,
And bid you die right there?

What fools, who cannot know how young
The heart within your breast
Or how your soul, untouched by years,
Recoils at thoughts of rest!

Such seedlings, planted in the shade
Need not look far to see,
For all his gnarled and weathered coat,
Their younger parent tree.

(This was used for the words of a folk
song that Bob Jordahl wrote when
attending Texas University and was
played and sung in an annual concert
for composers that the University has
every year.)

OBSERVATION

Though you may be a stranger
 To my eyes,
You will ever be a comrade
 To my loving heart.

Lucille Sahakian

JUST A HINT

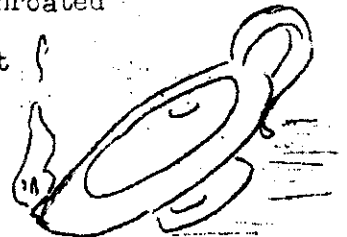
Do you tell folks your heartaches?
 They have their troubles too.
God cares for the little sparrow
 Trust Him, and He'll care for you.

Lucille Sahakian

PEACE

Peace is a silver-throated
 bird,
Within whose breast
 Bright Truth
has stirred.

--Inez Marshall



THANKS FOR FRIENDS

We sometimes take life for granted
 And forget to give God praise,
 When many small chores and burdens
 Crowd into our busy days;
 But our hearts are truly thankful
 For the blessings which God sends,
 And we never shall forget
 The true value of our
 FRIENDS!

"Ointment and perfume rejoice the
 heart: so doth the sweetness of a
 man's friend." --Proverbs 27:9

PSALM OF LIFE

Henry W. Longfellow

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal,
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each tomorrow
 Finds us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, tho stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust the Future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act--act in the living Present!
 Heart within and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solem main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

(next column)

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate,
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

"Cheerfulness and content are great
 beautifiers, and are famous preservers
 of youthful looks."--Charles Dickens

"There is no personal charm so great
 as the charm of a cheerful and happy
 temperament."--Henry Van Dyke

"Those who bring sunshine into the
 lives of others, cannot keep it from
 themselves." -- J. M. Barrie

"See how the mass of men worry them-
 selves into nameless graves, while
 here and there a great unselfish love
 forgets himself into immortality."
 ---Emerson

PARADISE

It's everybody's business
 In this old world of ours,
 To root up all the weeds we find
 And make room for the flowers,
 So that every little garden,
 No matter where it lies,
 May look like one God made
 And called it Paradise. --Selected

It was only a glad "Good morning!"
 As she passed along the way,
 But it spread the morning's glory
 Over the living day.

The unhappy are always wrong; wrong
 in being so, wrong in saying so, wrong
 in needing help of others.

I am only one,
 But still I am one.
 I cannot do everything,
 But still I can do something;
 And because I can not do everything,
 I will not refuse to do the something
 that I can do. --Edw. Everett Hale

"So when a great man dies
 For years beyond our ken,
 The light he leaves behind him lies
 Upon the paths of me.--Longfellow

STEADY

Speak no evil, and cause no ache;
Utter no jest that can pain awake;
Guard your actions, and bridle your tongue;
Words are adders when hearts are stung!
Help whoever, whenever you can;
Man forever needs aid from man;
Let never a day die in the west
That you have not comforted some sad
breast.

---Selected

Great men are they who see that spiritual
stronger than any material force; that
thoughts rule the world. --Emerson

Every day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care;
Meekly bear thine own full measure
And thy brother's share.

Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove;
God shall fill thy heart with gladness,
And thy mouth with love.

Labor! wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee, lowering,
Fill thy heart with fear.

Wait in hope! The morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When they work is done."

Author Unknown

I have learned, as days have passed me
Fretting never lifts the load;
And worry, much or little,
Never smooths an irksome road;
For do you know that somehow, always,
Doors are opened, ways are made;
When we work and live in patience
Under all the cross that's laid.

--Unknown

Educate children without religion and
you make a race of clever devils.
Duke of Wellington.

THE REASON WHY

Not until each loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Will God unroll the pattern
And explain the reason why
The dark threads are as needful
in the Weaver's skilful hand,
As the threads of gold and silver
For the pattern which He planned.

--Selected

Many of our troubles are God
dragging us, and they would end if we
would stand upon our feet and go
whither He would have us.--H.W. Beecher

It is my joy in life to find
At every turning of the road,
The strong arm of a comrade kind
To help me onward with my load.
And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live,
God make me worthy of my friends.

--Anon.

WATCHMAN, TELL US

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory beaming star!

Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet the star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beam alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

--Sir J. Baring

OUR PROTESTANT HERITAGE

Protestantism as we know it was more than a rebellion against Roman Catholicism. As it began, it was a genuine revival of New Testament teachings and belief in gospel promises. These are its Characteristics today, just as in the 16th Century.

The Protestant concept of intellectual and spiritual freedom gives courage and hope. Out of that concept have developed certain basic convictions that have laid a firm foundation for the faith we declare.

Protestants believe:

That God is the Lord of history, and he controls his creation in accordance with a significant purpose for men's lives.

That Christ redeems men and is essential to their salvation.

That the Holy Spirit enables men to witness effectively to the redemptive love of Christ.

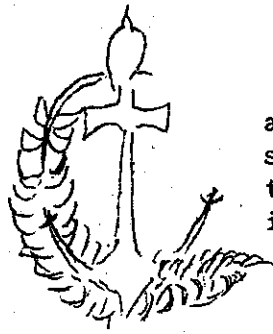
That no person is beyond God's reach and that no circumstance is too desperate to be changed through God's power.

That a person's present experience of Christ's love requires him to continue his own advance in faith through a constantly widening and deepening sense of responsibility for others.

That God has other revelations yet to make and that he is prepared to make them to minds open to new ideas and to hearts ready for new experiences.

That Christian love is a dynamic force and that its convictions must find positive expression in thought, word and deed.

Thus, the Protestant heritage is a springboard to a greater Christian experience. We must know Christ for ourselves if we are to lay hold of a faith with the power to redeem men and society.



The combination of the anchor and palm leaf symbolizes the hope and the victory to be found in Jesus Christ.

--From a Religious Bulletin

"Time's scythe has swept another year
And bound it in its sheaf,
In all our lives God's hand
Folds down another leaf."

--Reprint from Texas Gr.Chap.
Proceedings 1937

"The books of life for them are closed
And on the pages fair
We'll find a record just and true,
For love has penned it there."

Texas Proceedings 1937

"I could sail the waters of all the
world,
Bitter and wild and blue,
And never find such friends to love,
As the friends I've found in you.
I could walk down all the roads in
the world,
And knock at their doors forever,
And never find such Past Grands to
love,

Never, Never, Never!"

Texas Proceed. 37

"To Him who has kept me day by day,
To Him who has led me all the way,
To Him who has shared my every care,
To Him who has heard my every prayer,
To Him who has silvered every cloud,
My thanks, dear Lord, to Thee!

Texas Proceedings 37

"Thoughts are the flowers of the mind
That bud and blossom
And at last
Drift downward one by one
To Earth's warm breast.
Their beauty comforts for a while
The tired earth-bound heart of man
Then withers and is past."

by Fran Millburg