



On The Main Street

And her historic time in life, Easter time, has "come and gone" and probably many a man, in reflecting on the past, inwardly breathed "Backward, turn backward Oh Time in Thy Flight", for once again it has been strikingly evident that time marches on "Today we may tread on the flowery medes of prosperity but tomorrow totter on the brink of the grave."

It used to be that everybody appeared to go to church on Easter Sunday, that countless lillies adorned the sanctuary, the choir sang that difficult but exalting anthem, the Hallelujah chorus, generally the closing hymn of the service and the congregation stood up to drink in the words and sing along under its breath, with the choir. . .

How many grown ups remember when they were very small and it was the custom on Easter Sunday, to eat one, two or three eggs — sometimes more? If pancakes were piled on the platter — great, The bread seemed to be best when fresh from the oven, the syrup was more "maple sugary" and the milk from the old fashioned white pitcher was cool and palatable.

Easter Sunday was "Go-To-Church Sunday" and parents were proud to see the family pew filled. When it was time for prayer, every head was bowed and no one sat up boldly in the pew and at times an audible "Amen" was heard.

The choir seemed to be at its best, following many nights of rehearsals and when the songsters in fear and trem-

bling tackled the Hallelujah Chorus, it was thrilling to see the congregation rise and reverently remain standing until the last note was sounded on the organ. Furthermore there was no big push at the close of the service for hats and coats and many in the congregation waited to shake the hand of a friend and to extend the hand of Christian fellowship to others in the congregation, particularly visitors. Those were in "the good old days." Remember?