



November is here. With it comes the feeling of security; the knowledge that again a successful planting, frowing and harvesting season is now behind us; deep freezers are jammed with fruits, vegetables and pickels are stored in the basement; The cows rest comfortably in the barns, contentedly chewing their cuds, and overhead is stored their tons meals.

As one looks out and sees the leaves being hurried off the trees and scattered across the yard, pushed by the wind; and as the wind whistles around the corner of the house, a feeling of warmth, security, love and knowledge that God is in his Heaven above and all is well, comes over us.

November Eleventh, is a day set aside, to remind us that our secure feeling is a feeling that has been bought with a very high price tag.

On this day, we remember those whose lives were taken on the Battle fields and in Action to protect and ensure our safety. So often we forget however, those men who were able to return home, scarred for life, physically and mentally, the tortures they endured returning to civiliam life, the patience to learn the awkward swing of a wooden leg, the incessant repeating of picking up objects with mechanical hands replacing the mangled hands beyond repair. The mental agony in trying to close doors on memories of cruelty, put upon men in prison camps, starvation, work, and the slow passing of time, as they waited for the great day of liberation.

How great their trust in God must have been tried, indeed, no doubt many times theyu doubted such a thing as a "GOD OF LOVE"

It was no fun for Mothers, Wives and children at home. To-day we still know of the effects created, when little children come home from school, to an empty house, because their Mother was working at some ammunition plant, and without supervision of Mother for those few hours, and from a Dad, as he battled for freedom, children felt insecure, leading to unsavory ways of living. Certainly such was far from the case in all homes, especially where there was constant faith in God, their home was a happy home.

And so we consider all these things, our own life, our family life, our community life, our responsibility in the Dominion of Canada, and even further afield, let us remind ourselves that as individuals we form the masses of the world, and if you and I are God fearing people, if we are not guilty of "stirring up trouble" but have only pleasantness surrounding us, it may be a thread picked up here and there and the continuation of this quality may begin a chain of happiness, which will banish unrest, that we may never again need a "Remembrance Day" to pay tribute to those who gave us freedom. Let us now begin the task of forgetting and forgiving our petty arguments and grievences, and begin creating a chain of golden links.

Perhaps our chain will be a small one, yes, but with Faith, and Devotion and Love in our hearts, it can grow and grow and grow.

How nice it would be, if peace was spread far and wide, through this earth, that God gave us. "Yes", it can be done, but only with Faith in God.

"Remembrance Day"; We thank those who gave us freedom. Oh'Lord, May they have  
ETERNAL REST.

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