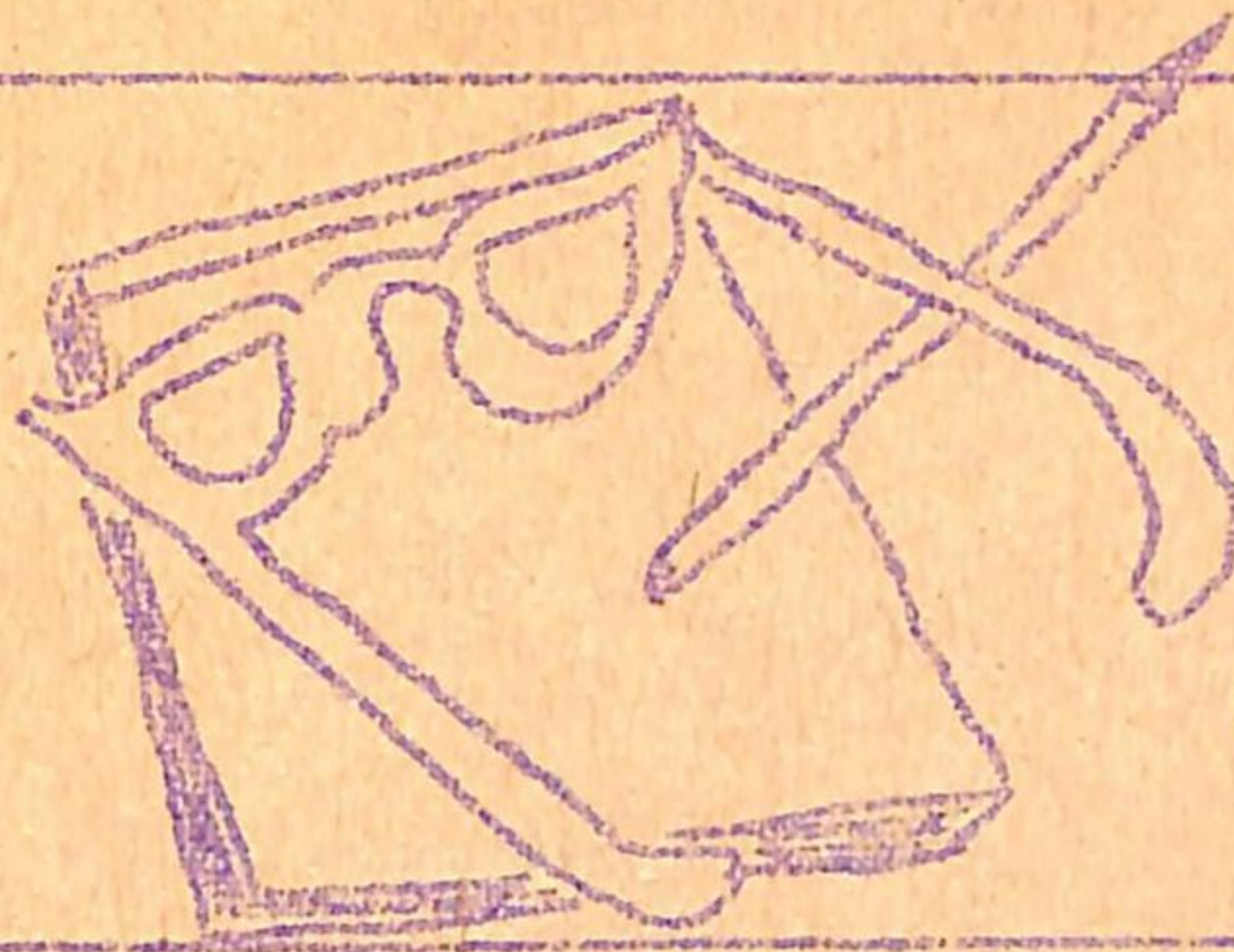


Thurs.
Oct. 10, 1968



Editorial

Editor - G. Helen Wolley
P.F. - Manfred Wolley

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The branches of the apple trees are touching the ground...With their heavy burden of ripe fruit. The cornfield is polka-dotted with shocks of golden grain. The wheatfield is a brown carpet after its yield has been stored. Now here I stand with Thanksgiving in my heart, knowing the apple tree does not yield all its lifetime of fruit in one lone year. The cornfield cannot give us all its bushels in one harvest. The wheatfields keeps the barrels filled year after year in steady rhythm. By the same token I know God will supply my life with His love and grace, not years and years in advance, but moment by moment. I cannot experience all His love in one season, its abundance is too great.

Poetry Corner

FULFILLMENT

Mother Nature's work is complete...
The crops are grown, the harvest replete;
Barns are bursting with summer's hay,
Silos are filled for a winter's day.
Pumpkins are stacked by the garden wall,
Shagberks split outer shells as they fall.
The scarlet leaves have scattered afar,
The door to winter is standing ajar.
Another year has sped away...
soon it will be Thanksgiving Day!



Church News

The Lakeside United Church Women held its monthly meeting on Tuesday afternoon, October 8 in the basement of the Church.
Mrs. James Morrison was hostess Mrs. Bsdon showed pictures of the recent visit to the United Church Publishing House in Toronto.
A delicious lunch was served at the close of the meeting.

There will be several babies baptised on Sunday, October 13, at Lakeside United Church, during the regular service.



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