

MAGAZINE SECTIONDevotional by (R. Odeudahl)

On one occasion our Lord said "I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without Me ye can do nothing. Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit. "He also said "By their fruits ye shall know them." Clearly, the proof of a Christian is that he produces fruit acceptable to God. And the fruit He spoke of is a blameless character and a kindly, helpful attitude toward all others. Good works by themselves are not enough - the good works must be the natural result of love for God, a love that fulfils His first Commandment, and for that reason obeys the second. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind and with all thy strength." and "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Only the obedience to both Commandments can produce the motive and the good works which are the fruit our Lord mentioned.

JUST FOR TODAY

Just for today I will try to strengthen my mind
I will learn something useful
I will read something that requires effort,
Thought and concentration, like a verse of Scripture.

Just for today I will Exercise my soul three ways. First I will do something
Good for someone, and get found out,
I will do at least
Two things I don't want to do, just for exercise,
And today if my feelings are hurt I will not show it to anyone.

Just for today I will look as well as I can, by dressing becomingly,
Talk low, act courteous, criticize not one bit, not trying to improve
Anyone except myself.

Just for today I will have a program;
I may not follow it exactly, but I will have it,
I will save myself from two pests Hurry and Indecision.

MAY GOD HELP ME
(by Mrs. Van Every)

FOR YOUR FUNNY BONE

Overheard: "After 25 years of marriage, they're taking a second honeymoon - he's going in July and she's going in August."

Fresh out of College and seeking his first job the young man wrote this question on his application blank: "Are the salary raises here automatic or do you have to work to earn them?"

THE VISITOR (By Cathy Porter)

The night was peaceful. All was quiet, suddenly there was a weird metallic sound that echoed in the still, dark shadows. A glowing, luminous object with a belt of twinkling blue and red lights sped across the star studded heavens, leaving behind a trail of glittering streaks.

Slowly it began to descend. As it came closer I noticed its strange, spherical shape. My heart leaped up into my mouth. I stood paralyzed, unable to move. My mouth opened to scream but no sound came out. The need to scream overcame me. I yelled as loud as I could but it was no use. My legs, as heavy as lead, dragged me behind as I began to run.

Stumbling over rocks and tripping on sticks I staggered forward. By now my knees were shredded and bloody. It hovered above me emanating a weird yellowish light that made long, grotesque, shadows flicker on the country road. The only thought in my mind was survival.

The blistering heat of the illuminated object cracked the skin on my body and parched my lips. Still, I staggered onwards, never stopping. My legs ached with fatigue. It came close and closer.