

BAPTIST FEATURES

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CHILDREN'S PAGE
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OWLS

By Gladys Cleone Carpenter

Mention of owls in fiction seems to make stories more thrilling. But perhaps the call of the screech owl is more welcome in literature than in life, for it is a cry to make one shiver. It is the smallest owl that has the ear tufts called "horns."

The great horned owl is the only large owl with "horns." He is a handsome bird but vicious looking. As he eats a greater variety of food than some owls, he is more disliked for he sometimes helps himself to chickens and rabbits.

The barn owl is much more helpful to the farmer for he likes to catch the barn mice and rats. He is easily recognized by his white heart-shaped face.

Belonging to this family of birds who sleep daytimes and fly about noiselessly at night are the snowy owl, the hawk owl, barred, spotted, and a number of others.

Owls are mentioned several times in the Bible. In Psalms 102:6, it reads: "I'm like an owl of the desert." This shows that God knows about owls. He certainly should because he made them.

He made them all even the desert owl, called elf owl which is the smallest one and just about as big as a sparrow. This tiny creature nests in the giant cactus plants usually using holes made by woodpeckers. Just think how God plans things out.

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THE NEAL FAMILY'S SPECIAL BOX

By Carrie Lou Goddard

It was Sunday morning. Marilyn Neal skipped down the hall to the second-grade room at church.

One boy was reading a story from a book on the library table. Other children were finishing the drawings they had started last Sunday.

Marilyn stopped to look at pictures of Indian Americans on the wall. Then she remembered that this was the day her group was to share their play.

"Oh, dear," she thought, "I must hurry."

"Here's Marilyn," she heard Tom say to the others. "Now we can practice our play before we share."

Quickly Marilyn slipped on her costume. With her dark hair and eyes she really looked like the little Navaho girl whose part she was taking in the play.

The play told the story of a little Indian girl who was quite ill and who needed to go to the hospital for medicine and proper care. Her parents did not have enough money to pay for her stay in the hospital and were very anxious. They heard there was a hospital where she could go and it would not cost very much. Over the door of this building were the words "Baptist Hospital." The doctors and nurses were very kind and helpful. They not only helped the little girl to be well again but also showed her happier ways of living and working with others. She loved the stories they told her of a man named Jesus who went about doing good.

Marilyn practiced with the other boys and girls in the play. They were a little excited when it was time to share with the others. Soon, however, each one took his place and the play began.

Near the end of the play Marilyn stood straight and tall. She looked like an Indian girl as she said her last lines, "I am glad for my church. It is their money that builds hospitals like this and pays the doctors and nurses."

The other boys and girls liked the play. It showed them another way their church was helping others. Marilyn was very thoughtful during the remainder of the Sunday school session. She had not thought much about the work of her church.

That afternoon Marilyn's family was gathered in the living room. Brother David was working with a new puzzle and Daddy was watching. Mother sat by Marilyn on the divan. Marilyn was thinking about the play that morning and remembering the last words of the little Indian girl.

"Daddy," she asked, "how does our church get money to build hospitals and pay doctors and nurses?"

"That's easy," said David before Daddy could answer. "People give it."

"What people?" Marilyn asked.

"People like you and me and Mother and David," Daddy answered. "We know the story of Jesus. We want others to know about Jesus, too."

"We cannot go all over the world to tell the story of Jesus and to help people as he did," Mother added, "but through the Cooperative Program we can share our money so others can go."

"Then money from the people of our church really did help the little Indian girl be well again," Marilyn exclaimed.

"Sure it did," said David. "It probably helped build a school, too. We had a story today about an Indian boy who went to a Baptist school."

Marilyn's eyes began to shine. A very happy thought had just come to her mind.

"Mother! Daddy!" She cried. "Could we give the money in our special box for the Indians?"

Mother and Daddy looked at each other. David came a little closer. Each week the Neal family divided its money as it was needed. There was some for the groceryman, some for the electric company, some for clothing, and one-tenth for the church. Every Sunday the family gave this money when the offering plate was passed. The "special box" was placed in a little box in one of Mother's desk drawers.

It was fun deciding what to do with this money in the "special box." Sometimes it was given for something exciting like the beautiful new window in the church. Sometimes it was given for something not very exciting but greatly needed like the new boiler for the furnace last winter. Now Marilyn listened eagerly for the answer to her question.

"That is a very good idea!" Mother exclaimed.

"Sounds fine to me," added Daddy. "How about you, David?"

"Sure," David nodded, "we've been learning about Indian Americans, too. I'd like to help that school we heard about this morning."

Marilyn ran quickly and brought the little box from Mother's desk. She emptied its contents onto the living-room table and they all began to count.

"Here is a large envelope," said Mother. "David can do the writing on the outside and Marilyn can take it to church."

David wrote these words in big letters across the envelope: "To the Cooperative Program to tell the story of Jesus to our Indian American friends."

Soon it was Sunday again. Marilyn walked down the hall to her class. She held tightly to the big white envelope in her hand. She opened the door and walked straight over to the table where the offering basket was setting. Very happily she dropped in the big white envelope with the money from the Neal family's special box.

"This will help my church tell the story of Jesus," she said softly. Then she began humming a happy tune as she went busily about her work in the room.

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YOU AND YOUR NEIGHBOR

By Edith Kent Battle

Your neighbor may be someone near,
Or far across the sea.
A neighbor's one you think about,
Wherever he may be.

Good neighbors learn each other's ways,
And share their treasures, too.
Around the world, in friendly thoughts,
Their hopes and plans come true.

A neighbor shares the things you know---
Clear skies, or storm winds whirling,
The birds that fly about and sing,
Gay summer flowers uncurling.

And neighbors who share friendship's gifts,
Have happy times together.
They help each other have good days
In any kind of weather.

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