

BAPTIST FEATURES

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GOD'S WONDERFUL WORLD (with mat # 4)

Men at the controls of ships observe many nautical signs and lights that help them bring their ships safely in from the sea. Among these warnings are lighthouse signals, radio beacons, fog signals, and buoys.

There are more than 15,000 buoys on America's coast lines. A buoy (pronounced like "boy") is a floating object moored to the bottom of the sea to mark a channel for a ship to pass through, or to point out the position of something dangerous beneath the surface of the water.

Some buoys blink lights that can be seen at night. Others sound bells or whistles that may be heard in a fog. Men who navigate ships know at first sight or sound what a buoy means. For instance, a red buoy indicates the right-hand side of a channel, coming in from the sea. A black buoy marks the left. Vertical black and white striped buoys indicate clear channels. Horizontal red and black banded buoys point out shoals or danger.

These nautical traffic signs and lights are very important to navigation. Without them, ships would flounder on rocks and shoals and be lost!

Our Bible is a lighthouse whose signal warnings are valuable and precious to our Christian lives. It is truly "a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our paths."

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THANKS FOR-SEPTEMBER By Enola Chamberlin

Thank you for September,
For winds that rush and roar,
That pile the red and brown leaves
In windrows at our door.

Thank you for the rain drops
That tumble from the sky,
That spat against my forehead,
Kiss my cheek as they run by.

Thank you for September,
For its reds and golds and grays.
Thank you for September
And all its happy ways.

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THE ROADRUNNER
By Enola Chamberlin

It was early morning on the desert.

"Watch, here he comes," Eric whispered as he and Helen crouched down in the shelter of a brush.

Helen looked and saw the roadrunner, a clown-like bird, pecking at the piece of cloth on the end of the string that Eric held.

Mother and Father and Eric and Helen had come to the desert in a trailer house for a few days. Father had told the children how the roadrunner would race a horse, and run after wind-blown leaves. So Eric decided he would see if the long-tailed, long-beaked bird would chase a piece of cloth on a string.

And sure enough as Eric pulled on the string the bird, his stiff top-knot moving up and down, followed after it.

"Let's run with it," Helen said.

She and Eric got slowly to their feet so as not to frighten the roadrunner. They began to walk, the string and cloth trailing away behind them. The roadrunner followed, flipping his tail straight up in the air when he came to a stop.

"I wish we could catch him and take him home," Helen said.

"What would we do with him?" Eric asked.

"Father said people tame them," Helen answered.

"Yes," Eric answered, "but they never shut them up, remember. They leave them loose to come and go as they want to. I think he'd just die if we put him in a pen."

"I suppose," Helen said, "but isn't he cute the way he chases that cloth. Just like a kitten."

The children began to run. The roadrunner ran too. He stuck his head out far in front. He stuck his tail out behind.

"He looks like a big arrow," Eric panted.

A big grasshopper flew up from the children's feet. It sailed through the air behind them to land off to one side. Instantly the roadrunner forsook the string. He darted after the grasshopper. It rose to fly. But too late. The bird's beak came down on it with a snap.

"Sounded like a mouse trap going off," Eric said.

"Jiggle the string quick," Helen said.

But the roadrunner had lost interest. Waiting only to flip his tail up and down a time or two, he took off across the desert.

Eric pulled in his string. "That was fun while it lasted," he said.

Helen sniffed. "Breakfast cooking," she said.

"Beat you to the trailer," Eric said.

And both children took off across the desert much as the roadrunner had a few minutes earlier.