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JOYCE AND THE MISBEHAVING UMBRELLA

By Hazel T. Harston
(with illustration #2)

Joyce sat by the window and sighed, "Guess I'll just have to miss school today and stay inside. 'Rain, rain, go away. Come again another day,'" she chanted. Then louder she said, "The mean old rain anyway."

"These rains don't last long," Mother said. "You have your umbrella, raincoat, and overshoes."

"That's just it!" Joyce exclaimed. "That umbrella gets in my way."

"You'll have to hurry," Mother called, "or you'll be late."

Joyce ran by, picked up her umbrella from the chair and opened it hurriedly. As she ran into her room to get her books, one side of the umbrella hit the door. This threw her back into a small table in the hall, and the table rocked back and forth.

She maneuvered the umbrella inside the door and began to pick her books up from her desk. She shifted the umbrella from one hand to another.

"I'll never make it," she stated.

Then s-l-i-d-e, BAM! Books went everywhere.

Joyce tried quickly to catch them and another bump was heard.

By this time Mother stood in the doorway wiping her hands on a kitchen towel.

"My! I must say you look funny," she laughed. "I think you'd get along better if you would close the umbrella in the house. It hasn't started raining in here yet."

"Guess I'm ready now," Joyce sighed as she closed the umbrella and picked up her books.

As she zig-zagged through the hall, she jabbed the wall with the umbrella on one side and then the other. The handle punched her books and in turn the books hit her in the stomach.

Mother said, "Wait a minute, Joyce. Let me open the door."

She walked through the door slowly, and started down the steps.

"Be sure to keep your feet dry," Mother cautioned her.

As she said that, the open umbrella was lowered and -- s-l-i-p -- she stepped too far on a step and nearly fell.

After gaining her balance, she heard Mother say, "Oh! Dear! I hope she'll make it in one piece."

As she went down the walk, a gust of wind blew the rain harder.

Scrt-ch, scrat-ch, went the umbrella into the tall shrubbery, first on one side of the walk then on the other.

Joyce staggered around and planted one foot on top of Mother's flowers that bordered the flower beds. "Oh! Oh!" she said, "Here I go again."

Joyce walked on to school. As she walked she said to herself, "I wish um-

rellas had windows in them or something. I've hit everything that was anywhere near."

Just then another gust of wind blew the umbrella against Joyce as she stepped off the sidewalk to cross the street.

Scr-e-e-e-ch went the car brakes as a car came to a standstill not far from Joyce.

She lifted the umbrella and quickly backed to the sidewalk as the car slowly went on down the street.

"Whew, that was a narrow escape," Joyce said. "I'll be careful to lift my umbrella and look before crossing any more streets on the way to school."

That afternoon the rain had started again and as she walked home, she was very careful to raise her umbrella and look both ways before crossing the streets.

As soon as she was inside the door, her mother called, "Joyce, come in my room and see what I bought for you."

Joyce ran in and there was a cellophane umbrella opened on the floor.

"Well!" said Joyce. "What a fine surprise! You must have heard the wish I made. I wished for an umbrella with windows in it and now I have one with windows all around. Thank you, Mother!"

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WHAT MAKES A CHURCH?

By Ellen Brown

Your church is made of song;
Your church is made of prayer;
Your church is made of friends,
And God's love everywhere.

Your church is made of sunshine,
Of worship and of cheer,
Of Jesus and his life --
These things you hold so dear.

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