

BAPTIST FEATURES

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CHILDREN'S PAGE
July 28, 1955

DIANA GOES TO A PICNIC
BY: Ruby Bradford Murphy

Diana looked out of the window as soon as she was awake. The sun was shining brightly. She clapped her hands, Mother had said she could go on a picnic if the sun was shining!

Diana loved picnics. She hurried to dress, and ran out into the kitchen.

"We can go!" Diana shouted.

Mother was getting Diana's breakfast. She was fixing a picnic lunch, too. She had plates of peanut butter sandwiches and jelly sandwiches. There were hard-cooked eggs and bananas, too.

Diana helped put the sandwiches into the picnic basket. She put in the eggs and the bananas, too. She counted out enough knives and forks and spoons for everyone. She put in the paper napkins and plates.

Soon, Diana and Mother took the basket out to the automobile and lifted it in and were on their way.

Mother stopped at the house where Ellen lived. Diana honked the horn and Ellen came running out.

Soon there was a honk, honk as another car came up behind them .

"It's Bob and Jack, and Bob's mother is driving," said Diana.

The children in the two cars waved and waved to each other.

They went past many houses. They went past fields and gardens. By and by they came to some woods.

"There's a brook, Mother!" said Diana as she pointed to a small stream.

"It's beautiful!" answered Mother. She drove down a side road, and stopped. The automobile with Bob and Jack in it followed. It stopped, too.

"You children run and play until we get the picnic lunch ready," said Diana's mother.

"May we go wading?" asked Diana.

"If you want to," said both mothers.

It was not far to the brook. The children sat down and took off their shoes and socks.

"Whee! The water is cold!" Diana said. The bottom of the stream was sandy in most places. But in spots, there were little stones. Diana tried not to step on the stones.

She waded out to a big rock in the middle of the stream. She sat down on the rock and let her feet hang over the edge.

Ellen, Bob and Jack waded on down the stream.

Diana splashed her feet in the water. A little girl on a big rock seemed to smile back at her. "That's me! The water is like a looking-glass!" Diana laughed aloud.

"What's funny?" the others asked.

"I can see myself in the water."

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Ellen wanted to see herself, too. She climbed up beside Diana. Bob and Jack went on to watch the minnows swimming in the brook.

Soon the boys and girls waded out of the brook. They dried their feet in the grass. They put on their socks and shoes, and ran back to the picnic place.

"When do we eat?" the boys shouted.

There was a white cloth spread beneath the tree. There were many sandwiches, heaped on paper plates. There was a big chocolate cake, too. And piles of fruit! And there was something covered with paper napkins!

"Guess what is under there!" Jack said. "My Mother made them."

Jack took off the napkins.

There were six gingerbread boys--one apiece!

Jack and Bob and Ellen ate theirs. The mothers ate theirs. But Diana saved hers..

Diana ate her peanut butter sandwich. She ate a hard-cooked egg. She drank lemonade. Then she ate cake and fruit. Diana liked the chocolate cake and the bananas best of all!

Ellen ate almost as much as Diana did. Jack and Bob ate more!

"I'm too full to get up," Bob said.

"So am I!" said Jack and Ellen and Diana. But all four of them did get up!

The mothers cleared away the picnic.

The boys and the girls played games. They raced from one tree to another.

On the way home, Diana was too sleepy to care about the cars and houses and trees. She did not even look at the cows and pigs and sheep in the fields. Ellen was wide awake. But Diana's head nodded.

"Diana, why don't you lie down. At first, she heard Ellen and her mother talking. Then she began to think about what she would tell Daddy.

The next thing Diana knew, her mother's voice was saying, "Home again! And just in time!"

Diana looked up.

"It's raining!"

"Sleepy head!" said Ellen. "It began to rain a long time ago!"

"Anyway, we have had our picnic, didn't we?" said Diana, happily.

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Children's Page
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WINGS

There is an old Persian legend that says birds had no wings when they were first created. They could sing sweetly and their soft, colored feathers were beautiful but having no wings, they could only hop about on the ground.

Then one day, so the legend says, God called the animals together and told them that there was work to be done in the world, and burdens to be carried.

The lion stalked away, growling, "I'm too great to carry burdens."

The rabbit jumped out of sight quickly. "I'm too small to carry burdens."

The chipmunk scampered away. "I run too fast to carry burdens."

All the animals made some excuse--all, except the birds.

"We are small," the birds said. "We cannot carry much, but we'll do what we can to help."

So God gave each bird two small burdens to carry on his back. Oh, what heavy weights they seemed! Yet the birds sang sweetly as they staggered under their loads.

Soon they learned to fold the burdens over their hearts, and grew accustomed to carrying them. Somehow the burdens seemed to grow lighter. Then, wonderful to relate, the burdens seemed to be lifting the birds instead of the birds lifting the burdens. And, lo! the burdens grew into wings on which the birds flew heavenward.

Sometimes you think that you just can't bear things, but God wants you to keep trying. Trying makes your wings grow. He will help you to do every hard task or unpleasant duty, and keep you sweet-tempered about it. He will help you to carry your burdens lightly as if they weren't there at all.

And soon your burdens or your troubles will have grown into strong wings that will lift you high above them. You will fly heavenward.

"Wings," is from the book, Shining Armor by Edna Ewing Kelley.

Here is a poem that is like a song. Perhaps you will make up a tune for it.

Tra-la-la IN THE SUMMERTIME
BY: Blossom Bennett

A little bird in the apple tree
Sings all his merry songs to me;
A fat green frog beside the walk
Just croaks because he cannot talk.

The butterflies flit here and there
As light as feathers in the air.
The crickets chirp when stars come out
And fireflies flicker all about.

Oh! Tra-la-la in the summertime;
I love to play and run and climb.
Oh! Tra-la-la--I'm so glad and gay
I can't help singing every day

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THANK YOU, GOD
By: Mary Edna Lloyd

For clouds and the sky
Whether black, white, or blue,
With a promise of rain,
Or of sun shining through;
Thank you, God, our Father.

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