

BAPTIST FEATURES

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CHILDREN'S PAGE
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"THANKS" FOR A PICNIC
BY: Helen Houston Boileau

While Mother unpacked the picnic, Susan, Jimmy, and their father spread the blanket out on the ground beside the stream.

"My, isn't it pretty here?" smiled Mother.

"And that chicken sure does look good!" sighed Jimmy.

"Can't we eat now?" asked Susan.

"Yes," laughed Mother. "We'll have our picnic now, but before we eat, we want to say thanks."

"Do we have to say thanks even on a picnic?" Jimmy asked.

It was his father who answered. "We never have to say thanks," he said. "We say thanks because we want to. When we have such fine food, a nice home, and are so happy, we feel thankful, and we want to let God know how grateful we are for all these blessings."

"But at a picnic----," Susan started, but Mother spoke up quietly.

"There is a story in the Bible that tells about a time Jesus fed nearly 5,000 people at a picnic, and he gave thanks before they ate. Why don't you tell us that story, dear?" she said to her husband.

"It was after Jesus had crossed the Sea of Tiberius," Father started. "A great multitude of people had followed him, but no one had brought any food, except one young boy, and five loaves of barley bread and two fish were all that he had. However, the lad gladly gave his bread and fish to Jesus. Many people wondered what possible good this small amount of food would be when there were so many people to feed. Jesus, however, took the food from the boy and thanked him for it. Then he gave thanks to God. After this, he had everyone sit down in the grass and he divided up the bread and fish. Everyone had plenty to eat, and there was even some left over."

"But how could five loaves and two fish feed all those people?" Jimmy asked. "Jesus' faith and gratitude made this possible," Father explained.

Susan and Jimmy were quiet for a moment, then Susan spoke. "May I say our thanks this time?"

Mother and Father nodded. They all bowed their heads while Susan spoke. "Dear Jesus, we want to say thank you to God for this wonderful picnic and for our having such a nice home and being so happy. Amen."

It wasn't the family's usual thanks, but it was what they all felt in their hearts.

After they had finished eating their picnic, right down to the last crumb of chocolate cake, Jimmy said, "I think this was the best picnic we have ever had."

"Yes," Susan agreed, "and it makes picnics seem especially nice after hearing the story of Jesus' picnic."

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SUMMER RAIN
By: Elsie Simon

The summer rain falls gently down
to give the earth a drink,
It brings a sweet perfume with it
which angels make, I think.

It gives a fragrance to the air
of flowers, grass and trees,
I love the summer rain that brings
The smell of all of these.

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WHAT AM I?
By: Ellen Brown

I hold things yet
I have no hands;
I'm paper, cloth,
Or leather tanned.

I help with loads
Yet have no wheels;
From grocery stores
I hold your meal.

Ans. sack
Note to editors: In setting type, please
turn the line of answers upside down.