

# BAPTIST FEATURES

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MOTHER FOR A DAY  
By Vera Dolores Bromley  
(illustration #2)

Ten is pretty old, and I had been thinking about Mother's Day for a long time. I wanted to make it a real day for my Mother.

I knew I could count on Daddy's help. This was Saturday morning, and that meant Daddy would be out in the garage getting ready to wash his car.

As I walked out to the garage I thought about how tired Mother must get of doing all the things she had to do day after day. I knew how tired I got after playing for a few hours.

I heard the noise of Daddy tinkering with the car, he looked up at me and said "Good morning Pumpkin." I smiled at his pet nickname for me since I was in the church play as a pumpkin. "I have a secret I want to tell you about." Daddy put down his tools. "I hope you haven't gotten yourself into trouble." He looked serious at first, but when he broke into his sweet smile I knew he was joking.

"This is a secret, secret," I assured him, "I want you to cross your heart you won't tell." Daddy did, and he raised his hand, and I knew for sure my secret would be safe.

I told Daddy that Mother seemed kind of sad last Mother's Day because Grandmother lives far away and we could not get to see her. Then I took my bank out of the paper bag I had hidden it in. I gave it to Daddy. "It's heavy," he said. "It has five dollars and thirteen cents in it, and I want to spend it all on a special day for Mother. Would you help me, Daddy?"

"What do you want to do?" Daddy asked.

"We can cook breakfast, wash the dishes, take Mother to church and then out to a restaurant to eat dinner, and then maybe go for a walk in the park, or to the zoo, and Daddy, we won't let her do one bit of work."

"That sounds like a wonderful idea," Dad smiled.

"Have I got enough money?"

"I'm sure we can manage fine on this," Daddy took the paper bag from me and wrapped up the bank, and told me to take it back to the house and he would get it the day before Mother's Day.

The next two weeks seemed so long. I prayed every single night for God to make the day nice and warm and sunny.

Daddy woke me early, just like he promised he would, and the sun was shining and I felt as happy as Christmas.

Mother couldn't understand what was going on when she found both Daddy and me up before her. You should have seen the funny look on her face when she saw the table all set pretty with lovely pink carnations as a centerpiece. Daddy pulled out the chair for her, just as if she were a queen, and I brought her gifts to her on a tray, making a little curtsy. Daddy and I had planned everything. But instead of smiling, Mother began to cry, then she hugged me and Daddy.

Later that night Mother sat beside me after my prayers were said, and she hugged and kissed me some more. "Thank you for such a lovely day," she said. "I guess I'm the very luckiest Mother in the whole world to have a girl like you." I kissed her goodnight and snuggled down into my soft bed, very tired and kind of glad to turn the job of being a mother back to Mother.

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## GOD'S WONDROUS WORLD

By Thelma C. Carter

Early day scouts said of the forest: "Nothing ever passes through a forest without leaving its trail! Human beings -- storms, or animals!"

Daniel Boone and Kit Carson depended on their knowledge of woodcraft for survival. Living in a wild land, covered with dense forests and inhabited by wild animals and wilder savages, they never knew what ambush lurked in the nearby bushes.

There was always the lingering animal scent -- and the footprint! Animal footprints identified their owners. The "hooved" footprint meant the moose and the pig. The flat "toe and heel" print -- coon and the o'possum. The "walk on toe" footprint -- the wild cats and dogs!

It was the human footprint that was tricky, for it could be hidden by walking on stones and wading beds of streams. Indian scouts were masters at hiding their trails.

Ofttimes, the deer path or footprint was a "pot of gold" to the scout who followed it to the safety of mountain terrain and the fresh water of the mountain spring!

The way of salvation by faith in Christ is as clear and simple to follow as the deer path to the mountain top. "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." John 14:6.

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(Is there something about God's Wondrous World you would like to see described in this column? If so please send your suggestions to Baptist Press Syndicate, 127 N. Ninth Ave., Nashville 3, Tenn.