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THE COOKIE PARTY By Grayce Krogh Boller

Bobby and Beth looked at the rain coming down so fast. It pattered hard on the windows. It splashed into the puddles in the yard. The whole sky was gray and dark, so that Mother had to put on the electric light in the kitchen at breakfast.

"The birds will be glad of the rain," Beth smiled. "They'll have plenty of water to drink."

"And puddles for baths," Bobby added. "Just the same, we can't go out to play."

"Then who wants to help make cookies?" Mother asked, and a whole chorus of "I do's" answered her. Even Daddy grinned and chanted, "I do, I do!"

As soon as the breakfast dishes were done, Mother got out cookie things. Beth ran for the fancy cutters, round ones, square ones, squirrel shaped ones, and horse shaped ones. Bobby got out the big mixing bowl. Daddy brought out the cookie pans. Soon everyone was busily at work.

Mother had rolled the first batch out when the doorbell rang. It was Sammy, the new boy next door. He had come to play.

"We're making cookies," Bobby told him.

"You may help cut them out," Beth offered. "We all take turns."

The different cookie cutters lay on the table where Mother had the dough rolled out. Each one picked a cutter and taking turns, cut three cookies each. When each one had a turn, they started all over again.

By the time the first cookies were cut, Betsy Parker from across the street had run through the raindrops to play with Beth. She joined in the cutting, too. What fun it was! How they laughed when Daddy's finger pushed the horse's head so that it somehow looked more like a goat than a horse!

Mother carefully put the cookies on the cookie tin and popped it into the oven. Beth got out a big platter and the spatula to take the cookies from the pan to the plat when they were baked.

"Hmmm!" Daddy sniffed eagerly a few minutes later, as a lovely cinnamon-spicy fragrance crept out of the oven and went about the cozy kitchen.

"Cookies smell good," Betsy beamed.

Bobby and Sammy kept watch on the oven so the cookies would not burn. As soon as they were ready, Baddy took a pot holder and whisked the pan out of the oven. How good they smelled! Bobby and Sammy looked at them hungrily, but of course they were too hot to eat.

Now everyone lined up again to cut more cookies. Sammy pinched up a bit of dough on his squirrel cookie. It looked as if Mr. Squirrel were eating a peanut!

"There will be a great many cookies, won't there?" Betsy asked, looking at the platter which was beginning to pile high with the treats as more and more came from the oven.

"Oh, plenty of cooki s!" Mother laughed. "Just listen to that rain. It is drenching. You two had better stay for lunch. I'll call your mothers!"

"Goody! Goody!" They jumped up and down in glee. It was fun to have company or to be company for lunch.

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Before long, all the cookies were baked. Mother prepared tomato soup for lunch. There were crackers to float in it. There were sandwiches and milk. Best of all, there were fresh, crisp sugar cookies for dessert.

"It's a party!" they said. When Daddy had asked the blessing, they began to eat.

"Then there must be something to take home," Mother smiled. "We will make up packages of cookies to take home before we fill the cookie jar."

"We shared the fun," Beth cried happily. "We shared the work. We shared the cookies. It is a happy day, even with all the rain."

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SOMETHING FOR DAD
By Enola Chamberlin

Hurrah for June,
What barrels of fun!
We're hunting a gift
For a certain someone.

We're hunting a gift
Which will give great joy
When we say, "This is from
Your girl and your boy."

We're hunting a gift
To make someone glad,
And that someone is
Our own dear Dad.

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GOD'S WONDROUS WORLD
By Thelma C. Carter
(illustration #2)
deer

Nature has given us many measuring sticks. How many times have you heard the words "quiet as a mouse" or "busy as a bee?" Seldom does a day pass that we don't use at least one of nature's measuring-stick expressions.

Using nature in our vocabulary is a simple and clear way to express our sense of beauty, character, size, speed, or force.

Nature's measuring sticks are as old as the first people who lived upon the earth. We can imagine them pointing to treetops for safety and refuge, to clear streams for drinking water, and to fire for warmth and light in their cave and treetop dwellings. Nature's objects became their symbols of communication and later a part of their speech.

Our Bible contains countless references to nature. "He only is my rock." (Psalm 62:2) "Shall. . . blossom as the rose" (Isaiah 35:1) Jesus used the world of nature in expressing himself many times. "Be therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." (Matthew 10:16)

Indian people used many of nature's measuring sticks in picture writing and speech. "Swift as the deer," "soft as a fawn," and "dark as the raven" are among the many Indian nature expressions.

Today nature's animal, insect, bird, and plant life are heard and seen on television and radio and in our talk every day. "Growing like a weed," "helpless as a baby bird," "big as an elephant," and "blind as a bat" are familiar to all of us.

Strange, isn't it, to think that nature is not only the designer of our beautiful world, but the architect of our speech!"

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