

Evening At Juniper Knoll

LOIS JEAN SHIPLEY

Oh, the glory of it all! The sun was a magnificent ball of flame as it descended low in the heavens. Small fluffy clouds of gold floated around the huge flaming ball, but kept their distance as though there was some fear of it. Occasionally, a graceful swallow flew across, lending his profile to the glory of the heavens, and the cry of night birds as they took to flight gave the woods that necessary note of evening time.

As I strolled through the woods, the sticks crackled beneath my feet and one little squirrel in the tree top took aim and fired his walnut at my head, which, in his estimation, made a very superior target.

The greenery around me was becoming wet with dew and as I neared the knoll, which was the most beautiful spot in that section of the woods, the sun had almost crept behind the farthest hill.

The lake was almost as smooth as glass and reflected the light blue of the heavens

beyond the sunset. One lone sailboat was enjoying the peace and quiet of eventime, taking one last at its exquisite environment before it went to dock for the night. The stately fir trees lined the lake reflecting their cone shapes in the crystal water and swaying contentedly with the sweet breath of the lake breeze.

By the time I had reached the knoll, the sun was behind that farthest hill and it was not long till all the hills about me took on a deep purple that the familiar shadows of evening bring. The sky became dark blue, the lake a still deeper blue, and the birds appeared no more, for they were at rest.

One lone star twinkled majestically over the tallest pine tree on the bank across the lake. The end of a perfect day had come, and God had again blessed us with the cool peacefullness of a summer evening.

Heaven, Hell, or Earth

MARY ELIZABETH DONNELL

Since my first days in the Cradle Roll Department of Sunday School, the merits of the bad place against the good place have been impounded upon my mind. In my childish fancy heaven represented a place where everyone wore water wings, balanced embroidery hoops on their heads, and sat all day on cloud tufts eating water melons. This connotation was no doubt derived from the picture *Green Pastures*. One of my first thoughts about heaven was that it would be very boring with everyone so good. I had never heard of night in heaven and wondered if the angels ever

became sleepy. My grandfather once remarked facetiously that he didn't want to go to heaven because none of his friends would be there.

When I was very young, any mention of the word "Hell" was frowned upon as being something nice people just didn't talk about. Being very curious, I soon found out from the colored maid that hell was full of fire and a curious kind of stone called "brim". Again, at Sunday School I was told that whenever I told a lie a spot in my heart would become black, and that as soon as my entire heart became black