

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

from repeated lies there would be no heaven for me. This thought frightened me into becoming quite a George Washington ,until I read the poem *Gunga Din*. The last line, "We'll all take a swig in Hell, Gunga Din," made me think that perhaps it wasn't such a very bad place after all. At the Slangy age I learned one disadvantage of Hell, namely, "People in Hell can't have ice water." At Hallowe'en I invariably shocked my grandmother by always wanting to masquerade as the Devil. An Abbott and Costello version of Hell, as a good place to be in a blizzard, fascinated me.

I hold a realistic and analytical view on life. I have always tried to make this

life I am now living on earth the one that counts. I hold with Bryant's Unitarian views, as expressed in *Thanitopsis*, that the life that counts is the life present and that death is merely rest. Vividly painted pictures of Heaven and Hell are to me the epitome of asininity, useful only as an incentive to make the stupid behave. It has often been said that persons believing in no hereafter have no purpose in living. I believe that if they have the right ideals they will have the purpose of Edward Bok, "to leave the world more beautiful than they found it". I think there is a Heaven and there is a Hell for the spirit, but in most cases it is experienced on earth.

How To Amuse A Younger Sister

DON GRIFFIN

Amusement for a younger sister depends upon her age. Suppose she is just ten months. There's not much to do for her when she cries except carry her about the house and change her diaper. But that isn't very amusing.

A few months later she will be delighted to yank on your hair, poke your eyes, or grab for your spectacles.

When she begins to walk, she will find many things to be amused with around the house. There will probably be broken lamps, torn clothing and paper, and many things damaged. You will not be required to do more than keep her little head and hands out of mischief and to keep them occupied in something that is entertaining but not destructive. This will prove to be very difficult because clay sticks to rugs, sand is never swept away to the last grain, and a toy will always be bumped into the furniture.

She will enjoy her first piggy-back ride. If you are in good health, you will probably recover quickly from the slashing

blows of the imaginary spurs. Also, a peculiar buzzing will remain in your ears for some time because of her joyous shouts and over-enthusiastic commands.

After this stage has passed, she will amuse herself peaceably by playing with dolls or looking at pictures. You won't be required to do much except to cut the paper dolls and to rumage through all the back issues for the pretty pictures.

After several years of this, you will be relieved to see her happily on her way to school. But the amusing doesn't end there. You will still have to read the funnies aloud and take her along to the Saturday afternoon show.

You will be more than delighted when she finally tires of you as a playmate and decides she would rather have a friend over for the afternoon or evening; or better still, her friend would like your sister to come to her house. But you still have to take her and return for her.

When she finally has her first date, your amusing will be over.