

The Lighthouse

MAX OWENS

Oh, the weak feeling I had in the pit of my stomach that first Sunday as my car came to a stop in front of Blue Lodge, a place I had rented for the purpose of a community church. Most of the dwellings in this section were given some sort of name; this one suggested the owner's name.

It was painted a pale blue which had almost faded to white from the sun and weather. A two-story house with a full-length screened-in porch, it did not have any of the characteristics that usually are associated with a church. Two cement steps in the center led onto the porch, not much of a vestibule, except, perhaps, for the abandoned town fire bell that rolled out the call of worship. It was understood that the mode of the clanging would determine whether the people were to bring buckets or Bibles, that is, if they had a Bible.

A door from the porch opened into a large room that smelled of scrub water, for the floors were still damp. The only protection from the cold February winds was the outside weatherboarding, but an old, freshly blackened parlor stove radiated

a friendly glow. An adjoining room, that had served as the kitchen, and which still had the gas range and pitcher pump as evidence, was separated by an enclosed stairway. The large opening between the two rooms made it possible to arrange the folding chairs, that had been borrowed from an abandoned tavern, in a semi-circular fashion. At the east end of the large room, in the corner, stood a well seasoned jardiniere stand that had become feeble from the years of service and now was to serve as a rostrum, not very substantial for a young minister who was to deliver his first sermon. The music was supplied by an old upright piano; it was as temperamental to the weather as are some folks' aches and pains. A swivel stool that had at one time been painted green was of little assurance to the pianist.

To complete the setting for our first service, Tabernacle Hymn books with new green binding tape on the backs were distributed among the seats. To us and the humble worshippers it was a cathedral; God was there.

Retrogression

CAROLINE PRESSEL

Suppose that you were suddenly to find yourself twenty-five miles from the nearest town in a cabin on Bay Talaunch in the Alabama forests. How would you manage in this modern day if you were that far from civilization? After having all of the conveniences of modern life as a part of

one's heritage, it is a real art to be able to live happily and comfortably in such an environment.

A trip to the grocery store to purchase heaping quantities of staples is one of the first essential requirements in preparation for this experiment. One must include in