

# An Experience of Reverence

Barbara Bugg

**I** was spending part of my summer vacation at a small church camp situated in a scenic spot by a beautiful lake in northern Indiana. Being quite young, I readily absorbed everything new and different, and I was easily impressed with even the most trivial aspects of church camp living. It was the night before my departure from camp, and we were assembled on a

high hill above the lake. I was witnessing my first mass baptismal service, and it was an inspired sight to behold.

A full moon rose just above the water's edge to the east, and it cast a shimmering soft glow across the lake. The water seemed peaceful despite a breeze which slowly increased its velocity, and silently began tossing the pine boughs above our heads. The unusual tranquility of the night made the insects and commonplace night-noises sound like a rising chorus, and far down the lake a faint singing was barely audible as it intermingled with the rustle of the water. God himself must have witnessed this diminutive service, because I have yet to see an equal to this night. After the closing prayer, the confessors emerged from the water. They fell in with the silent procession leading back to camp. I knew I had experienced a feeling of great exaltation, for I was appreciative of my entire surroundings. The ceremony was peaceful and simple, but I was all afire inside. I saw the trees, and they were no longer trees. They were living things with long-reaching arms beckoning us to God; the water was no longer a lake surrounded by greenery, but a deep blue carpet leading from earth to heaven. A child's imagination is a marvelous thing!

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## My High School Dance

Gene Mangin

It was a clear chilly night, as I recall, clear with the freshness of late fall. The moon shone ever so brightly as I approached the long, low brick building which housed the school cafeteria. It was late in October of my junior year, and I, at the age of sixteen, was still slightly shy around girls but even more daring—to compensate for this shyness—with the group of boys with which I associated. It was the night of the annual Freshman Mixer, and I, as a worker in the cafeteria, had been asked to assist in the serving of refreshments to the even more shy freshmen and their guests.

The boys—what more can be said of them—and I were jokingly anxious to see if there were any “frosh” girls at which we would bother to look. Could we, of such superior intelligence and “know-how”, and we of the finer techniques, possibly stoop to such a low level as to give a young, still-growing, freshman girl a second look? Ah, Fate!