Revelation

The sun has gone just now, and pulled his piercing beams 
from o'er the fields,
The light that stays behind is humble in reflection of its fires. 
There lingers here a lessening glow without a source that 
fades unseen, 
And close above the gravel roads and farms a haze autumunal 
rises. 
No sound intrudes, for those the ear can sense belong ineffably, 
And even these are silence sounds — the far-off tinkling of a 
lead cow’s bell, 
The rustling of the horse’s hay, the beat of wings to chicken 
roost — 
All these are only part of this great overwhelming calm of 
nature’s being.

I stand, and hold a can of feed, 
And think some Power has just decreed 
That I should look on this land, 
From which the raucous world is banned, 
And feel in this one swift release 
The awesome majesty of peace. 

—Nancy Hendricks

A Pioneer Home

Lois Esther Littler

Several clues indicated that a house was there before it 
became visible to the approaching visitor, for pioneer 
homes were located, not because of nearness to a road, but 
because of proximity to a spring and a stream; the former saved 
time and labor in digging a well for the household and the latter 
promised a supply of water for the livestock. It nestled, this 
home of my great-grandparents, half-secluded among huge 
trees and smaller shrubs on the crown of a knoll overlooking 
a meandering stream. As one followed the short stretch of 
road between the school building and the Quaker meeting-
house, a winding lane diverged to the left where the highway 
and the drive to the meetinghouse met. The lane paralleled 
the south boundary of the meetinghouse grounds, and at its