

Has Anyone Seen Miss Modesty Recently?

by Wendell K. Grout
from *Sparks From the Fire*

I miss her charm and winsome ways very much. I wonder where she is. I seldom see her on the streets and her visits to our church are becoming more infrequent. I know that others miss her, too. Just the other day, Hal Wholesome and Calvin Cleanmind were asking about her. They liked Miss Modesty's company because she always put them at ease. That certainly isn't the case with Evelyn Exposed and Hilary Highhem who constantly embarrass them. These girls don't seem to care though, because they are quite popular with Larry Lear, Frank Foul, and Sam Smut. I understand that they are dating these fellows quite frequently now. Someone said that they

felt that one of the reasons why Miss Modesty is staying away is because many of our young ladies offended her by just ignoring her. When I made an inquiry, I was told by Mrs. Naive and Mrs. Indifferent that they just assumed that their daughters would get to know her. It never occurred to them that you should have to introduce anyone to Miss Modesty.

There is someone in our church who frankly told me that she is glad that Miss Modesty doesn't come around much anymore. Apparently she never did care for her. I speak of Felicia Fashion. She considers Miss Modesty to be entirely too conservative and old fashioned. 'After all,' she said, 'how

are we going to attract the world to the church if we have unfashionable members like Miss Modesty around?' I've heard that there are others, such as Beverly Brazen and Francine Flirtation, who feel the same way.

One thing that does concern me greatly is that two of Miss Modesty's close friends, Pauline Purity, and Virginia Virtue are thinking of leaving our church also. What a loss that would be!

Well, if you see Miss Modesty, will you please tell her that the pastor misses her? And will you help bring her back to our fellowship? She is our friend, and oh how we need her!

The thing that makes men and rivers crooked
is following the line of least resistance.

Blessed By The Trumpet

by Sis. Helen S. Davis
Booneville, Mississippi

Dear Editor,

I have been reading, 'The Trumpet of Truth' for several months now, ever since I ran across them at the library. I just felt moved to write and let you know, that I enjoy reading them and share a lot of the views expressed. I truly enjoy the poems also and the sharing of experiences in these times! The stories have helped give me encouragement, as do a lot of the poems too.

I wasn't "brought up" in any church but I was taught respect and compassion for others. The "Golden Rule" was definitely practiced during my childhood. It didn't matter what color skin

a person had, where they were from, religion, rich or poor, friend, family or stranger, if they needed help, we helped them! This is all I know to do in life. If we can't help somebody, then why are we here?! God does tell us to "do unto others as we'd have them do unto us, and to love thy neighbor as thyself."

When I look back on my crazy life, I can "see" where God has always provided, even before I was born! He truly is our "Heavenly Father," and if we just stop and think, we all have been blessed and He is All we need! I do have to "remind" myself of these things too at times, when the "storms, trials

and tribulations" of life come at me full force! God has taught me so much of His love for us all and He has been the one that has "shown" me things. I don't take people's words for the complete truth, when it comes to God's Word, because people have lied to me so much in my life about my life. God and His Word have truly been the comfort I've needed and yearned for!

I'm not perfect by any means, none are, but I do know with God's grace, help, love and strength, we can endure.

Thank you for allowing me to share these thoughts with you and thanks to all those who write for the magazine.

Another Year

by Sis. Sue Perry
Rockledge, Florida

As I write this, another Christmas and New Year has come and gone. I have always dreaded January. The sparkle and splendor of Christmas, when God gave mankind His greatest gift, and angels lit the sky for shepherds on lonely hillsides, will become only a faded tableau in the coming, mostly uninspired days of winter.

On a personal level, sense an uncertain year ahead. Will our grandson with a learning disability pass enough classes? Will another who has just left the nest make it on his own in far-away, cold Kentucky? Can my husband and

I depend on our investments? Will our assets, acquired by long, hard years of sacrifice, "...all fly away like the down of a thistle?" It could happen, and even if it doesn't, higher taxes seem a certainty!

So, January brings out the worst in me, and I wonder: Who am I now, after seventy-one Christmases? A forgetful grandmother with grown grandchildren and a bad leg; an ex-teacher with no classes to tend; a once would be song-writer with old age creeping up; and a prospect of diminishing returns.

So I write it all out....and am ap-

palled! I have so much to be thankful for! I live in what is still the best country in the world! Well housed, well clothed, and too well fed, I have leisure to enjoy, quiet winter landscapes with sunsets to die for, and the joy that comes from giving to others. I have a family that puts up with me, kindly neighbors, and a few friends. But most important, I am the recipient of a Christian Heritage that assures me I am loved in spite of my shortcomings, and that God, Alpha and Omega, is today, tomorrow, and forever in charge.

So I say, "May God's Peace and Love be ever present in our hearts."



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