Countryplace, Scrapbook

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COUNTRY VOICES.

Juicy Find In a Peach Orchard

As Lem walked through his pick-your-own peach orchard, he came upon his dog barking furiously at something.

When he spotted the object of the canine's wrath, he laughed, picked it up, and walked over to his roadside market. Handing the lost item to Pam, one of the sales clerks, he said, "Put this in a bag. Somebody is sure to come looking for it."

After a while, Pam decided to take the object to its owner in the orchard. There, she found a distressed lady walking up and down the peach row, diligently searching the ground and scrutinizing the tree limbs.

"Have you lost something?" Pam asked kindly. With an embarrassed smile, the woman nodded.

"Maybe this is it," Pam said, handing her the bag.

The woman peered inside, then sighed with relief. "Thank you, honey, thank you," she said.

In the bag was . . . a wig. Constance H. Dillard, Greer, S.C.

Our Maker's World

Men with sunburned necks stiffly held in ties and coarsely starched collars sit beside ladies in dresses the color of peacocks that rival brilliant stained-glass images.

Squeaks of protest from tight patent leather shoes puncture the sanctuary's silence, coupled with the lazy swoosh of hand-held fans sending cooling wind to flushed faces.

Hymns and chirping birds harmonize, while bellies rumbling in anticipation of fried chicken soon to come add baritone.

A lone voice chants of virtues and vices.

The simpleness of its structure belies the glory of its purpose. But from baptism to burial, the church holds a special place in our Maker's world.

Indy Hickson, Hoover, Ala.

Summertime - And the Living Is Not So Easy

It's time for gardens to fill stomachs and freezers;

Summer is the time for growing.

It's time for spending our days out of doors;

Summer is the time for weeding and mowing.

It's time for renewing old friendships Summer is growing, mowing,

through visits;

Summer is the time for coming and going.

It's time for church camps and retreats;

Summer is the time for spiritual sowing.

going, sowing,

Until our spirits are replenished and fired.

Thank goodness, the end of summer means slowing;

Am I ready for Autumn — I'm tired!

Doris Davis, Decatur, Ark