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The Fishwrapper

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HUCKLEBERRIES

by Louisa May Alcott

PART 1



There was a great clashing of tin pails, much running to and fro, and frequent demands for something to eat, one August afternoon, for the boys were going huckleberrying and made much stir about it.

"Now, my lads, get off as quietly as you can, for Rob is safely out of the way, and won't see you," said Mrs. Bhaer, as she tied Daisy's broad-brimmed hat, and settled the great, blue pinafore in which she had enveloped Nan.

But the plan did not succeed, for Rob had heard the bustle, decided to go, and prepared himself without a thought of disappointment. The troop was just getting under way when the little man came marching downstairs with his best hat on, a bright tin pail in his hand, and a face beaming with satisfaction.

"Oh, dear! Now we shall have a scene," sighed Mrs. Bhaer, who found her eldest son very hard to manage at times.

"I'm all ready," said Rob, and took his place with such perfect unconsciousness of his mistake that it really was very hard to undeceive him.

"It's too far for you, my love; stay and take care of me, for I shall be all alone," began his mother.

"You've got Teddy. I'm a big boy, so I can go. You

said I might when I was bigger, and I am now," persisted Rob, with a cloud beginning to dim the brightness of his face.

"We are going up to the great pasture, and it's ever so far. We don't want you tagging on," cried Jack, who did not admire the little boys.

"I won't tag. I'll run and keep up. Oh, Mamma, let me go! I want to fill my new pail, and I'll bring 'em all to you. Please, please; I will be good!" prayed Robby, looking up at his mother so grieved and disappointed that her heart began to fail her.

"But, my deary, you'll get so tired and hot you won't have a good time. Wait till I go, and then we will stay all day and pick as many berries as you want."

"You never do go, you are so busy, and I'm tired of waiting. I'd rather go and get the berries for you all myself. I love to pick 'em, and I want to fill my new pail," sobbed Rob.

The pathetic sight of great tears tinkling into the new pail, threatening to fill it with salt water instead of huckleberries, touched all the ladies present. His mother patted the weeper on his back; Daisy offered to stay home with him; and Nan said, in her decided way, "Let him come; I'll take care of him." —cont. pg. 4

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Answers on Page 12

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People ask where we got our name? *The Fishwrapper* gets its name from a practice done long ago. At one time, folks wrapped their fish in newspaper. This term caught on and became a slant at the newspaper itself. When one disagreed with an article, the standard comment was, "Yeah, I saw that in the fish wrapper," indicating that it was all the paper was good for.

We don't expect everyone to agree 100% with *The Fishwrapper*, but we feel certain you will find something beneficial. If you find a little encouragement, an inspiring thought, a little humor, or just some common sense by reading this paper, then our purpose has been achieved.

We encourage you to support the local merchants whose advertising pays the cost of this publication. Let them know you saw their ad in *The Fishwrapper*.

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"Is prayer your steering wheel or your spare tire?"

—Corrie Ten Boom

Ponder the difference, if you will? We use a steering wheel every moment we are on the road to navigate the turns and avoid the potholes. We use the spare tire in emergency situations only. Some of us hardly know where to find it, or how to mount it on the wheel.

What did Billy Graham say about prayer? He repeatedly said that "there are three secrets to my ministry. The first is prayer; the second is prayer; and the third is prayer." He pled with God for the souls of people. In his 2006 book, *The Journey*, Graham gives this advice: "Every man or woman whose life has ever counted for God has been a person of prayer."

Someone has said that engaging in twelve minutes of personal reflection and prayer each day makes a profound impact on our brain. It strengthens a unique neural circuit that specifically enhances our social awareness and empathy and helps us love

our neighbor by developing a heightened sense of compassion and subduing negative emotions.

In the early 1950s, an evangelical movement called for Congress and the President to proclaim a National Day of Prayer. The movement grew, and a young leader, Evangelist Billy Graham, led services for approximately 20,000 on the steps of the —cont. pg. 9

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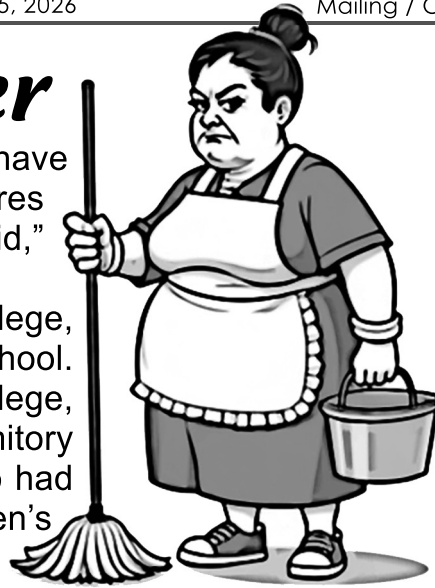
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Maid OR Mother

For all their lives, my three sons have been told they have to do their chores around the house. "I am not your maid," is a phrase they heard many times.

When my oldest went off to college, he called me after one week at school. Among the first words he heard at college, he reported, were those of the dormitory maid, announcing to a student who had not picked up after himself in the men's lavatory, "I am not your mother!"



How do you know when something is officially lost? Mom can't find it.

Huckleberries -cont. from pg. 1

"If Franz was going, I wouldn't mind, for he is very careful, but he is haying with Father, and I'm not sure about the rest of you," began Mrs. Bhaer.

"It's so far," put in Jack.

"I'd carry him if I was going. Oh, how I wish I was," said Dan, with a sigh.

"Thank you, dear, but you must take care of your foot. I wish I could go. Stop a minute; I think I can manage it after all," and Mrs. Bhaer ran out to the steps, waving her apron wildly.

Silas was just driving away in

the hay cart, but turned back, and agreed at once when Mrs. Jo proposed that he should take the whole party to the pasture, and go for them at five o'clock.

"It will delay your work a little, but never mind; we will pay you in huckleberry pies," said Mrs. Jo, knowing Silas's weak point.

His rough, brown face brightened up, and he said, with a cheery, "Haw, haw! Wal now, Mis' Bhaer, if you go to bribin' of me, I shall give in right away."

"Now, boys, I have arranged it so that you can all go," said Mrs. Bhaer, running back again, much

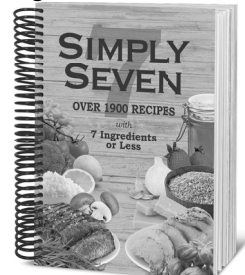
Katie's Kitchen

POOR MAN'S STEAK

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 c. cracker crumbs
- 1 c. milk
- 1/2 c. flour
- 1 10³/₄ oz. can cream of mushroom soup

Combine ground beef, salt, onion, cracker crumbs and milk. Press into a 13x9 baking pan. Chill overnight. Cut into serving-size pieces. Coat with flour and brown in a skillet. Layer the browned meat with cream of mushroom soup in a 1 1/2 quart casserole. Bake at 350° for 1 1/2 hours. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

- from the **Simply Seven** cookbook -
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relieved, for she loved to make them happy, and always felt miserable when she had disturbed the serenity of her little sons; for she believed that the small hopes, plans, and pleasures of children should be tenderly respected by grown-up people.

"Can I go?" said Dan, delighted.

"I thought especially of you. Be careful, and never mind the berries, but sit about and enjoy the lovely things which you know how to find, all about you," answered Mrs. Bhaer, who remembered his kind offer to her boy.

"Me too! Me too!" -cont. page 5

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A mother is NOT the person to lean on, but the person who should make leaning unnecessary.

Huckleberries –cont. from pg. 4
 sung Rob, dancing with joy, and clapping his precious pail and cover like instruments.

“Yes, and Daisy and Nan must take good care of you. Be at the gate at five o’clock, and Silas will come for you all.”

Robby cast himself upon his mother in a burst of gratitude, promising to bring her every berry he picked, and not eat one. Then they were all packed into the hay cart, and went rattling away, the brightest face among the dozen being that of Rob.

Such a happy afternoon as they had, in spite of the mishaps which usually occur on such expeditions. Tommy tumbled upon a hornet’s nest and got stung; but being used to woe, he bore the smart manfully, till Dan suggested the application of damp earth. Daisy saw a snake, and, flying from it, lost half her berries, but Demi helped her to fill it up again, and discussed reptiles most learnedly. Ned fell out of a tree and split his jacket down the back, but suffered no fracture. Emil and Jack established rival claims to a certain thick patch, and while they were squabbling about it, Stuffy quickly and quietly stripped the bushes and fled to the protection of Dan, who was enjoying himself immensely. The crutch was no longer necessary, and he was delighted to see how strong his foot felt as he roamed about the pasture, full of interesting rocks and stumps, with familiar little creatures in the grass and well-known insects dancing in the air.

But of all the adventures that happened on this afternoon, that which befell Nan and Rob was the most exciting, and it long remained one of the favorite histories of the household. Having explored the country pretty generally, –cont. pg. 6

THE COW’S CREED

Wake up in a happy mooood.

Don’t cry over spilled milk.

When chewing your cud, remember: there’s no fat, no calories, no cholesterol, and no taste!

The grass is green on the udder side of the fence.

It’s better to be seen and not herd.

Seize every opportunity and milk it for all its worth!

Turn the udder cheek and mooove on.

Honor your fodder and mudder and all your udder elders.

Never take any bull from anybody.

Always let them know who’s the bossy.

Black and white is always an appropriate fashion statement.

Don’t forget to cownt your blessings every day.



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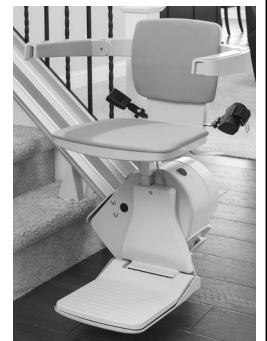


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How many people were there in the twenty-one generations before you were born? If it is considered that a new generation starts every thirty years, this chart would cover 630 years of history.

YOU

1	2	parents
2	4	grandparents
3	8	great grandparents
4	16	gg grandparents
5	32	ggg grandparents
6	64	gggg grandparents
7	128	ggggg grandparents
8	256	gggggg grandparents
9	512	ggggggg grandparents
10	1,024	gggggggg grandparents
11	2,048	ggggggggg grandparents
12	4,096	gggggggggg grandparents
13	8,192	ggggggggggg grandparents
14	16,384	gggggggggggg grandparents
15	32,768	ggggggggggggg grandparents
16	65,536	gggggggggggggg grandparents
17	131,072	ggggggggggggggg grandparents
18	262,144	gggggggggggggggg grandparents
19	524,288	ggggggggggggggggg grandparents
20	1,048,576	ggggggggggggggggg grandparents
21	2,097,152	ggggggggggggggggg grandparents

Huckleberries

—cont. from pg. 5

torn three rents in her dress, and scratched her face in a barberry bush, Nan began to pick the berries that shone like big, black beads on the low, green bushes. Her nimble fingers flew, but still her basket did not fill up as rapidly as she desired. So, she kept wandering here and there to search for better places, instead of pick-

ing contentedly and steadily as Daisy did. Rob followed Nan, for her energy suited him better than his cousin's patience, and he, too, was anxious to have the biggest and best berries for Marmar.

"I keep putting 'em in, but it don't fill up, and I'm so tired," said Rob, pausing a moment to rest his short legs, and beginning to think huckleberrying was not all his fancy

painted it; for the sun blazed, Nan skipped hither and thither, and the berries fell out of his pail almost as fast as he put them in, because, in his struggles with the bushes, it was often upside down.

"Last time we came, they were ever so much thicker over that wall, and there is a cave there where the boys made a fire. Let's go and fill our things quick, and then hide in the cave and let the others find us," proposed Nan.

Rob consented, and away they went, scrambling over the wall and running down the sloping fields till they were hidden among the rocks and underbrush. The berries were thick, and at last the pails were actually full. It was shady and cool down there, and a little spring gave the thirsty children a refreshing drink out of its mossy cup.

"Now we will go and rest in the cave, and eat our lunch," said Nan, well satisfied with her success so far.

"Do you know the way?" asked Rob.

"Course I do; I've been there once, and I always remember."

That convinced Rob, and he followed blindly as Nan led him, after much meandering, to a small recess in the rock, where the blackened stones showed that fires had been made.

"Now, isn't it nice?" asked Nan, as she took out a bit of bread-and-butter, rather damaged by being mixed up with nails, fishhooks, stones, and other substances in the young lady's pocket.

"Yes; do you think they will find us soon?" asked Rob, who found the shadowy glen rather dull.

"No, I don't, because —cont. page 7

I was trying to grow strawberries, and asked my farmer friend a question in passing, "Hey Tom, would you use manure on your strawberries?" He replied, "Um, no, I either eat them plain or just add a little sugar."

Huckleberries —cont. from pg. 6
if I hear them, I shall hide and have fun making them find me.”

“P’raps they won’t come.”

“Don’t care; I can get home myself.”

“Is it a great way?” asked Rob, looking at his little stubby boots, scratched and wet with his long wandering.

“It’s six miles, I guess.” Nan’s ideas of distance were vague, but her faith in her own powers great.

“I think we better go now,” suggested Rob, presently.

“I shan’t till I have picked over my berries,” and Nan began what seemed to Rob an endless task.

“Oh, dear! You said you’d take good care of me,” he sighed, as the sun seemed to drop behind the hill all of a sudden.

“Well, I am taking good care of you as hard as I can. Don’t be cross, child; I’ll go in a minute,” said Nan, who considered five-year-old Robby a mere infant compared to herself.

So little Rob sat waiting patiently, for, in spite of some misgivings, he felt great confidence in Nan.

“I guess it’s going to be night pretty soon,” he observed as a mosquito bit him, and the frogs in a neighboring marsh began to pipe up for the evening concert.

“Oh my! So, it is. Come right away this minute, or they will be gone,” cried Nan, looking up from her work, and suddenly perceiving that the sun was down.

“I heard a horn about an hour ago; maybe they were blowing for us,” said Rob, trudging after his guide as she scrambled up the steep hill.

“Where was it?” asked Nan, stopping short.

“Over that way.” He pointed with a dirty little finger in an entirely

Expiration Date

A senior citizen phoned her doctor’s office. “Is it true,” she wanted to know, “that the medication you prescribed has to be taken for the rest of my life?”

“Yes, I’m afraid so,” the doctor told her.

There was a moment of silence before the lady replied, “I’m wondering, then, just how serious my condition is. This prescription is marked NO REFILLS.”



wrong direction.

“Let’s go that way and meet them,” and Nan wheeled about, and began to trot through the bushes, feeling a trifle anxious, for there were so many cow paths all about she could not remember which way they came.

On they went, pausing now and then to listen for the horn, which did not blow any more, for it was only the moo of a cow on her way home.

“I don’t remember seeing that pile of stones, do you?” asked

Nan, as she sat on a wall to rest a moment and take an observation.

“I don’t remember anything, but I want to go home,” and Rob’s voice had a little tremble in it that made Nan put her arms round him and lift him gently down, saying, “I’m going just as fast as I can, dear. Don’t cry, and when we come to the road, I’ll carry you.”

“Where is the road?” and Robby wiped his eyes to look for it.

“Over by that big tree. Don’t you know that’s the one Ned tumbled out of?”

—cont. page 8

Tycoon Banter

A Texas oil tycoon and an Alaska oil tycoon were debating which state had the most oil.

The Alaskan said, “Listen, there is so much oil in Alaska that I could buy enough gold to build a wall of solid gold 100-feet tall and 100-feet wide all the way around the state of Texas.”

The Texan scratched his chin, adjusted his cowboy hat, and replied, “Well, boy, I’ll tell you what. You just go ahead and build that wall, and if I like it, I’ll buy it.”



Pride flees when we compare ourselves to God instead of other people.

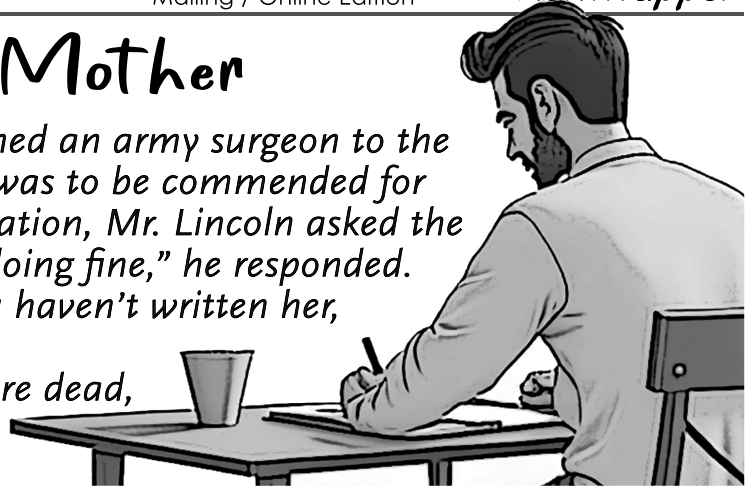
Write YOUR Mother

President Abraham Lincoln once summoned an army surgeon to the White House. The major assumed that he was to be commended for some exceptional work. During the conversation, Mr. Lincoln asked the major about his widowed mother. "She is doing fine," he responded.

"How do you know?" asked Lincoln. "You haven't written her, but she has written me."

Lincoln continued, "She thinks that you are dead, and she is asking that a special effort be made to return your body."

At that, the commander-in-chief placed a pen in the young doctor's hand and ordered him to write a letter, letting his mother know that he was alive and well.



Huckleberries

—cont. from pg. 7

"Maybe they waited for us. I'd like to ride home, wouldn't you?" and Robby brightened up as he plodded along toward the end of the great pasture.

"No, I'd rather walk," answered Nan, feeling quite sure that she would be obliged to do so, and preparing her mind for it.

Another long trudge through the fast-deepening twilight, and another disappointment, for when they reached the tree, they found to their dismay that it was not the one Ned climbed, and no road anywhere appeared.

"Are we lost?" quavered Rob, clasping his pail in despair.

"Not much. I don't just see which way to go, and I guess we'd better call."

So, they both shouted till they were hoarse, yet nothing answered but the frogs.

"There is another tall tree over there, perhaps that's the one," said Nan, whose heart sunk within her, though she still spoke bravely.

"I don't think I can go any more; my boots are so heavy I can't pull 'em," and Robby sat down on a stone, quite worn out.

"Then we must stay here all night. I don't care much, if snakes don't come."

"I'm frightened of snakes. I can't stay all night. Oh, dear! I don't like to be lost," and Rob puckered up his face to cry, when suddenly a thought occurred to him, and he said, in a tone of perfect confidence, "Marmar will come and find me; she always does. I ain't afraid now."

"She won't know where we are."

"She didn't know I was shut up in the icehouse, but she found me. I know she'll come," returned Robby, so trustfully that Nan felt relieved, and sat down by him, saying with a remorseful sigh, "I wish we hadn't run away."

"You made me, but I don't mind much. Marmar will love me just the same," answered Rob, clinging to his anchor when all other hope was gone.

"I'm so hungry. Let's eat our berries," proposed Nan, after a pause during which Rob began to nod.

"So am I, but I can't eat mine, cause I told Marmar I'd keep them all for her."

"You'll have to eat them if no one comes for us," said Nan, who

felt like contradicting everything just then. "If we stay here a great many days, we shall eat up all the berries in the field, and then we shall starve."

"I shall eat sassafras. I know a big tree of it, and Dan told me how squirrels dig up the roots and eat them, and I love to dig," returned Rob, undaunted by the prospect of starvation.

"Yes, and we can catch frogs and cook them. My father ate some once, and he said they were nice," put in Nan, beginning to find a spice of romance in being lost in a huckleberry pasture.

"How could we cook frogs? We haven't got any fire."

"I don't know; next time I'll have matches in my pocket," said Nan, rather depressed by this obstacle to the experiment in frog cookery.

"Couldn't we light a fire with a firefly?" asked Rob, as he watched them flitting to and fro like winged sparks.

"Let's try," and several minutes were pleasantly spent in catching the flies and trying to make them kindle a green twig or two. "It's a lie to call them fireflies when there isn't a fire in them,"

—cont. page 11

If a man does not know what port he is steering for, no wind is favorable to him.

Seneca the Elder

Some Great Advice

Don't date because you are desperate.

Don't marry because you are miserable.

Don't have children because you think your genes are superior.

Don't philander because you think you are irresistible.

Don't associate with people you can't trust.

Don't cheat. Don't lie. Don't pretend.

Don't dictate because you are smarter.

Don't demand because you are stronger.

Don't hurt your children because loving them is harder.

Don't sell yourself, your family, or your ideals.

Don't stagnate.

Don't regress.

Don't live in the past. Time can't bring anything or anyone back.

Don't put your life on hold for possibly Mr. or Miss Right.

Don't throw your life away on absolutely Mr. Wrong because your biological clock is ticking.

Learn a new skill.

Find a new friend.

Start a new career.

Sometimes, there is no race to be won. Only a price to be paid for some of life's hasty decisions.

To terminate your loneliness, reach out to the homeless.

To feed your nurturing instincts, care for the needy.

To make yourself happy, pursue your passions and be the best of what you can be.

Simplify your life. Take away the clutter.

Get rid of destructive elements: abusive friends, nasty habits, and dangerous liaisons.

Don't abandon your responsibilities but don't overdose on duty.

Don't live life recklessly without thought and feeling for your family.

Be true to yourself.

Don't commit when you are not ready.

Don't keep others waiting needlessly.

Go on that trip. Don't postpone it.

Say those words. Don't let the moment pass.

Write poetry.

Love deeply.

Walk barefoot.

Cry sometimes. Grief needs to vent itself.

Take care of yourself. Don't wait for someone to take care of you.

It is true that life does not get easier with age. It only gets more challenging.

Don't be afraid.

Don't lose your capacity to love.

Pursue your passions.

Live your dreams.

Don't lose faith in Jesus.

Don't grow old.

Just grow YOU!

Steering Wheel

—cont. from pg. 3

Capitol on February 3, 1952. Later that year, Congress proclaimed a joint resolution for a National Day of Prayer. This day of observance asks people "to turn to God in prayer and meditation."

President Harry S. Truman proclaimed a National Day of Prayer to be observed on July 4, 1952. The observance was moved to the first Thursday in May by President Ronald Reagan and has been proclaimed each year since.

That day this year is May 7, 2026. With all that is taking place in our world the need for prayer is greater than ever. May we offer to God our praise and adoration and lay before Him our requests, not only on this day, but each and every day.

As a nation, presidents and gov-

ernment officials have called for national days of prayer or thanksgiving. Several of note include:

- On July 20, 1775, the Continental Congress issued a proclamation recommending that "a day of public humiliation, fasting, and prayer" be observed.

- In 1795, George Washington proclaimed a day of public thanksgiving and prayer.

- May 9, 1798; John Adams declared this day as "a day of solemn humility, fasting, and prayer."

- On March 3, 1863, Abraham Lincoln signed a Congressional resolution, during the Civil War, which called for April 30, 1863, as a day of fasting and prayer.

As I engaged in some research for this editorial, I decided that perhaps the best way to draw our minds to this need is to share some

sayings or quotes about prayer that carry a lot of weight for each of us to consider. Think about the power, the purpose, the privilege, the blessing, and the change that can take place in our world, beginning with ourselves, as the Master molds us and shapes us in the way that He desires. Then decide if you are the steering wheel or the spare tire.

1. Never forget that nothing is more powerful than prayer, nothing is stronger than faith, and nothing is greater than God.

2. Prayer is aligning ourselves with the purposes of God.

3. Prayer should not be regarded as a duty which must be performed, but rather as a privilege to be enjoyed, a rare delight that is always revealing some new beauty. —E. M. Bounds —cont. pg. 10

5 Finger Prayer Method

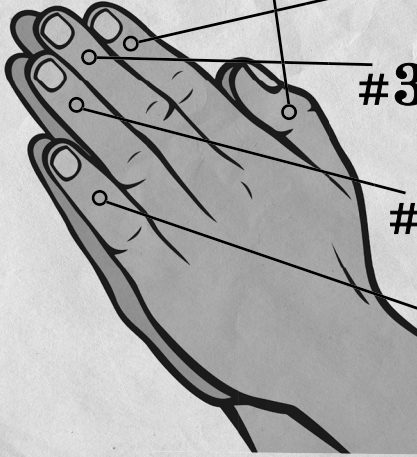
#1 The **THUMB** is closest to you; so pray for friends and family!

#2 The **POINTER** finger points the way; so pray for those who point you in the right direction!

#3 The **MIDDLE** finger is the tallest; so pray for those in positions of power and leadership.

#4 The **RING** finger is the weakest; so pray for the sick, hurting or suffering.

#5 The **PINKY** finger is the smallest and last finger; since others have been prayed for, you can now pray for yourself.



Steering Wheel

—cont. from pg. 9

4. Prayer is the key to heaven, but time and faith open the door.

5. Prayer does not equip us for the greater work. Prayer is the greater work. —Oswald Chambers

6. Four things let us ever keep in mind: God hears prayer, God heeds prayer, God answers prayer, and God delivers by prayer.

—E. M. Bounds

7. In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart. —John Bunyan

8. Some people think God does not like to be troubled with our constant coming and asking. The way to trouble God is not to come at all. —D. L. Moody

9. I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had absolutely no other place to go. —Abraham Lincoln

10. Prayer is God's plan to supply man's great and continuous need with God's great and continuous abundance. —E. M. Bounds

11. Wishing will never be a substitute for prayer. —Ed Cole

12. Holy living is essential preparation for prayer. —E. M. Bounds

13. Pray often, for prayer is a

shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge for Satan.

—John Bunyan

14. When a Christian shuns fellowship with other Christians, the devil smiles. When he stops studying the Bible, the devil laughs. When he stops praying, the devil shouts for joy. —Corrie Ten Boom

15. Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers, pray for powers equal to your task. —Phillips Brooks

16. Giving thanks is the very life of prayer. —E. M. Bounds

17. Let the fires go out in the boiler room of the church and the place will still look smart and clean, but it will be cold. The Prayer Room is the boiler room for its spiritual life. —Leonard Ravenhill

18. I have held many things in my hands, and have lost them all; but whatever I have placed in God's hands, that I still possess. —Martin Luther

19. If you read history, you will find out that the Christians who did most for the present world were precisely those who thought most of the next. —C. S. Lewis

Thoughts TO PONDER



Prayer will become effective when we stop using it as a substitute for obedience.

A. W. Tozer

We invite you to join us!

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Lebanon Valley Mennonite Church

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(717) 949-2610

Sharon Mennonite Fellowship

Corner of Union & Greble Rd., Mt. Zion
(717) 926-8808

20. Our ordinary views of prayer are not found in the New Testament. We look upon prayer as a means for getting something for ourselves; the Bible idea of prayer is that we may get to know God Himself. —Oswald Chambers

21. You know the value of prayer: it is precious beyond all price. —E. M. Bounds

22. Notice, we never pray for folks we gossip about, and we never gossip about the folks for whom we pray! For prayer is a great deterrent. —Leonard Ravenhill

23. God never gives —cont. pg. 11

Huckleberries -cont. from pg. 8

Nan said, throwing one unhappy insect away with scorn, though it shone its best, and obligingly walked up and down the twigs to please the innocent experimenters.

"Marmar's a good while coming," said Rob, after another pause, during which they watched the stars overhead, smelt the sweet fern crushed underfoot, and listened to the crickets' serenade.

"I don't see why God made any night; day is so much pleasanter," said Nan, thoughtfully.

"It's to sleep in," answered Rob, with a yawn.

"Then do go to sleep," said Nan, pettishly.

"I want my own bed. Oh, I wish I could see Teddy!" cried Rob, painfully reminded of home by the soft chirp of birds in their nests.

"I don't believe your mother will ever find us," said Nan, who was becoming desperate, for she hated patient waiting of any sort.

From Mom to One of Her Children

- I gave you life*, but I cannot live it for you.
- I can give you directions*, but I cannot always be there to lead you.
- I can take you to church*, but I cannot make you believe.
- I can buy you beautiful clothes*, but I cannot make you beautiful inside.
- I can give you love*, but I cannot force it upon you to love others.
- I can teach you to share*, but I cannot make you unselfish.
- I can teach you respect*, but I cannot force you to show honor.
- I can advise you about friends*, but I cannot choose them for you.
- I can tell you about lofty goals*, but I cannot achieve them for you.
- I can teach you about kindness*, but I cannot force you to be gracious.
- I can pray for you*, but I cannot make you walk with God.
- I can tell you how to live*, but I cannot give you eternal life.
- I can love you with unconditional love all of my life ... and I will.*

"It's so dark she won't see us."

"It was all black in the icehouse, and I was so scared I didn't call her, but she saw me, and she will see me now, no matter how dark

it is," returned Rob, standing up to peer into the gloom for the help which never failed him. *To be continued*

Adapted from Chapter XII of Little Men, by Louisa May Alcott. Public domain.

I pray because I can't help myself. It doesn't change God. It changes me.

C. S. Lewis

Steering Wheel -cont. from pg. 10

us discernment in order that we may criticize, but that we may intercede. -Oswald Chambers

24. There is nothing that makes us love a man so much as praying for him. -William Law

25. Every great movement of God can be traced to a kneeling figure. -D. L. Moody

26. Prayer is not so much an act as it is an attitude—an attitude of dependency, dependency upon God. -Arthur W. Pink

27. The only reason we don't have revival is because we are willing to live without it! -Leonard Ravenhill

28. Nothing is clearer than that prayer has its only worth and

significance in the great fact that God hears and answers prayer.

-E. M. Bounds

29. Prayer is exhaling the spirit of man, and inhaling the spirit of God. -Edwin Keith

30. Prayer makes a godly man,

and puts within him the mind of Christ, the mind of humility, of self-surrender, of service, of pity, and of prayer. If we really pray, we will become more like God, or else we will quit praying. -E. M. Bounds

-M. Gingrich

Answers on Page 12

WORD SEARCH

Spring Fruit!

- APPLES APRICOT AVOCADO
- CHERRIES GRAPEFRUIT
- HONEYDEW LEMONS LIMES
- ORANGES PINEAPPLE MANGO

MYSTERY WORD: _____

Y	A	Y	S	R	O	E	O	D	S	I	E
I	S	E	E	V	T	I	N	S	E	R	G
E	E	O	G	N	A	M	F	E	L	D	R
L	M	A	N	O	E	P	E	I	P	P	A
P	I	A	A	T	O	C	I	R	P	A	P
P	L	N	R	C	R	L	R	R	A	E	
A	E	H	O	N	E	Y	D	E	W	T	F
E	I	I	S	M	E	G	A	H	O	S	R
N	N	R	O	N	P	I	N	C	R	C	U
I	M	N	S	E	I	R	R	E	B	I	
P	S	A	O	D	A	C	O	V	A	A	T

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FRIENDLY GOLF RIVALRY



Two old friends, Mike and Justin, were beginning a round of golf. Justin steps up to the tee, swings and hits the ball perfectly, scoring an amazing hole-in-one!

Mike responds, "Now I'll take *my* practice swing, and *then* we'll start the game."

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Wayne Gretsky

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PUZZLE ANSWERS

7	2	4	5	1	8	9	6	3
5	6	9	7	3	4	2	1	8
3	1	8	2	9	6	5	7	4
4	5	6	3	2	9	1	8	7
8	7	3	1	6	5	4	2	9
1	9	2	8	4	7	6	3	5
2	4	1	9	7	3	8	6	5
9	8	7	6	5	2	3	4	1
6	3	5	4	8	1	7	9	2

MYSTERY WORD: BERRIES

Y	A	V	R	O	O	D	I	E
I	B	E	V	I	N	G	E	L
L	M	A	N	O	N	A	D	I
L	A	N	O	E	R	L	I	P
P	A	A	C	O	S	T	R	A
K	E	R	O	Z	E	B	E	A
F	E	N	E	N	C	E	S	S
H	A	N	D	R	O	S	E	S
N	M	A	S	E	R	E	R	S
Y	O	A	S	C	O	V	A	A