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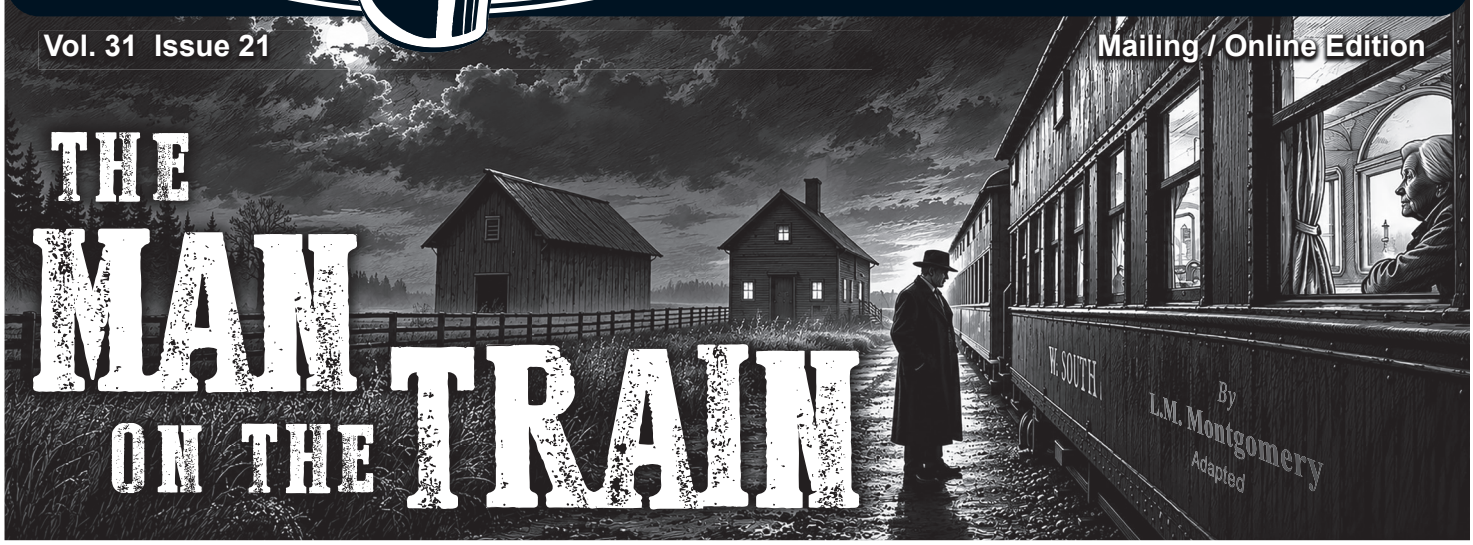
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The Fishwrapper

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Mailing / Online Edition



When the telegram came from William George, Grandma Sheldon was all alone with Cyrus and Louise. And Cyrus and Louise, aged respectively twelve and eleven, were not very much good, Grandma thought, when it came to advising what was to be done. Grandma was "all in a flutter," as she said.

The telegram said that Delia, William George's wife, was seriously ill down at Green Village, and William George wanted Samuel to bring Grandma down immediately. Delia had always thought there was nobody like Grandma when it came to nursing sick folks.

But Samuel and his wife were both away—had been away for two days and intended to be away for five more. They had driven to Sinclair, twenty miles away, to visit with Mrs. Samuel's folks for a week.

"What shall I do?" said Grandma.

"Go right to Green Village on the evening train," said Cyrus briskly.

"And leave you two alone!" cried Grandma.

"Louise and I will do very well until tomorrow," said Cyrus sturdily. "We will send word to Sinclair by today's mail, and Father and Mother will be home by tomorrow night."

"But I never was on the train in my life," protested Grandma nervously. "I'm—I'm so frightened to start alone. And you never know what kind of people you may meet on the train."

"You'll be all right, Grandma. I'll drive you to the station, get you your ticket, and put you on the train. Then you'll have nothing to do until the train gets to Green Village. I'll send a telegram to Uncle William George to meet you."

"I shall fall and break my neck getting off the train," said Grandma pessimistically. But she was wondering at the same time whether she had better take the black valise or the yellow, and whether William George would be likely to have plenty of flaxseed in the house.

It was six miles to the station, and Cyrus drove Grandma over in time to catch a train that reached Green Village at nine o'clock.

"Dear, oh dear," said Grandma, "what if William George's folks ain't there to meet me? It's all very well, Cyrus, to say that they will be there, but you don't know. And it's all very well to say –cont. on page 2

What's Different?



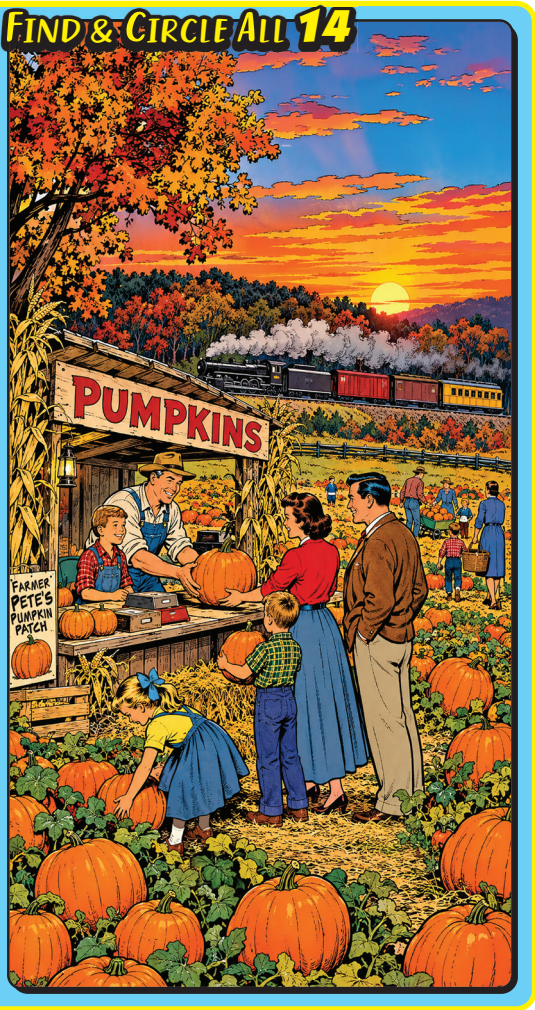
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Answers on Page 12

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The Man on the Train

–cont. from pg. 1

not to be nervous because everything will be all right. If you were seventy-five years old and had never set foot on the train in your life, you'd be nervous, too, and you can't be sure that everything will be all right. You never know what sort of people you'll meet on the train. I may get on the wrong train, or lose my ticket, or get carried past Green Village, or get my pocket picked. Well, no, I won't do that, for not one cent will I carry with me. You shall take back home all the money you don't need to get my ticket. Then I shall be at ease in my mind.

–cont. on page 4

Welcome to *The Fishwrapper* The staff of *The Fishwrapper* would like to welcome you to this most exciting, little, big paper that has become a favorite of young and old, alike. This is a bi-weekly newspaper and our objective is to bring positive news, inspirational articles and information everyone can use. We hope that you will find it refreshing, thought provoking and motivating, as you face the sometimes overwhelming challenges of today's world. We welcome your comments and input as we strive to bring you good reading material.

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.*

The staff of *The Fishwrapper* is the final authority and reserves the right to refuse any and all material, including articles and advertisements that they determine do not fit the objectives of this paper. Enjoy!

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It was during some recent travels that I was made aware again of the vast array of signs along the way. There are signs promoting local produce, such as strawberries and asparagus, corn and beans, and pumpkins and squash. There are signs promoting goods, such as baked items and specialty cheeses, handcrafted furniture and crafts, and quilts and clothing. There are signs promoting services, such as baking and butchering, plumbing and welding, and carpentry and floor coverings.

Signs are everywhere! At the end of a farm lane, painted on the side of a barn, attached to a chain-link fence, plastered on semi-trailers, or elegantly displayed across a storefront. We see hand-painted and rustic signs, neat and modern ones, simple wooden boards, and professional vehicle wraps, in every imaginable shape and size.

Signs giving directions! *Enter. Exit. We're Open. Closed. One Way. No Parking. Low Clearance. For Sale. Restrooms. Welcome. Parking. Office. Please Use Other Door. Wrong Way – Do Not Enter. Yard Sale. No Left Turn. Watch Your Step. Stay on Walkway. Elevator. Order Here. Open House. Private Property. We're Hiring. Caution. Thank You.* Signs providing information and telling you where to go.

Signs along the highway: *Stop, Yield, Detour, Speed Limit, Under Construction, Dead End, Bump, Slow Down, Work Zone, One Lane Bridge, Railroad Crossing, Right Lane Ends, No Passing Zone, Slippery When Wet, Deer Crossing, Share the Road, Truck Crossing,* –cont. on page 10

Consider how hard it is to change yourself, and you'll understand what little chance you have of trying to change others. *Jacob M. Braude*

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My employer recently told me that even during the snowstorm we got earlier this week, I am not allowed to work from home at all. Even though I work in IT and can do everything remotely, they want me in the office.

So, I deleted Microsoft Teams and my email off my phone. I am no longer available after hours.

My boss tried to call me for something urgent last night and couldn't reach me. Today, he asked why, and I explained to him what I was told...

I am not allowed to work from home.

Thanksgiving Vegan Family FUN FACT:

Pet turkeys know their names, come when you call, and are very affectionate. They're better than teenagers.

The Man on the Train –cont. from pg. 2

Dear, oh dear, if it wasn't that Delia is so seriously ill, I wouldn't go one step."

"Oh, you'll be all right, Grandma," assured Cyrus.

He got Grandma's ticket for her and Grandma tied it up in the corner of her handkerchief. Then the train came in and Grandma, clinging closely to Cyrus, was put on it. Cyrus found a comfortable seat for her and shook hands cheerily.

"Good-bye, Grandma. Don't be frightened. Here's *The Weekly Argus*. I got it at the store. You may like to look over it."

Then Cyrus was gone, and in a minute the station house and platform began to glide away.

Dear, oh dear, what has happened to it? thought Grandma in dismay. The next moment she exclaimed aloud, "Why, it's us that's moving, not it!"

Some of the passengers smiled pleasantly at Grandma. She was the variety of old lady at which people do smile pleasantly; a grandma with round, pink cheeks, soft, brown eyes, and lovely snow-white curls is a nice person to look at wherever she is found.

After a while, Grandma, to her amazement, discovered that she liked riding on the train. It was not at all the disagreeable experience she had expected it to be. Why, she was just as comfortable as if she were in her own rocking chair at home! And there were so many people to look at, and many of the ladies had such beautiful dresses and hats. After all, the people you meet on a train, thought Grandma, are surprisingly like the people you meet off it. If it had not been for wondering how she would get off at Green Village, Grandma would have enjoyed herself thoroughly.

Four or five stations –cont. page 5

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Katie's Kitchen



Grilled Turkey Kabobs

2 lb. Cooked turkey breast, cut into 1-inch cubes
2 Large green peppers, cut into 1-inch cubes
12 Large whole mushrooms
½ Pineapple, cut into ½ x 1-inch wedges
¼ c. French dressing
1 large tomato, cut into 8 wedges

Thread turkey cubes, green pepper, mushrooms and pineapple onto 8 skewers. Brush all sides generously with dressing. Broil or grill, turning and basting often with dressing. Thread tomato wedges onto each skewer during last 5 min. of grilling. Makes 8 servings.

– *from the* **Simply Seven** *cookbook* –



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The Man on the Train –cont. from pg. 4

farther on, the train halted at a lonely-looking place consisting of the station house and a barn, surrounded by scrub woods and blueberry barrens. One passenger got on and, finding only one vacant seat in the crowded car, sat right down beside Grandma Sheldon.

Grandma Sheldon held her breath while she looked him over. Was he a pickpocket? He didn't appear like one, but you can never be sure of the people you meet on the train. Grandma remembered with a sigh of thankfulness that she had no money.

Besides, he seemed really very respectable and harmless. He was quietly dressed in a dark-blue suit with a black overcoat. He wore his hat well down on his forehead and was clean-shaven. His hair was very black, but his eyes were blue—nice eyes, Grandma thought. She always felt great confidence in a man who had bright, open, blue eyes. Grandpa Sheldon, who had died so long ago, four years after their marriage, had had bright blue eyes.

To be sure, Grandpa had fair hair, reflected Grandma. *It's real odd to see such black hair with such light blue eyes. Well, he's real nice looking, and I don't believe there's a mite of harm in him.*

The early autumn night had now fallen, and Grandma could not amuse herself by watching the scenery. She remembered the newspaper Cyrus had given her and took it out of her basket. It was a weekly from a couple of weeks previous. On the first page was a long account of a murder case, and Grandma read the story with both compassion and alarm. Sweet, old Grandma Sheldon, who would not have harmed a fly and hated to see even a mousetrap set, simply took great interest in trying to figure out the senseless motives portrayed in these somber newspaper accounts. She felt compassion for the loss of a man's life and alarm for the ruthless behavior to which evil men would stoop.

This story was particularly captivating from Grandma's point of view, because it held so many unanswered questions. A man had lost his life, and his supposed assassin was still at large and had eluded all the efforts of justice to capture him. His name was Mark Hartwell, and he was described as a tall, fair man, with a full auburn beard and curly, light hair.

"What a shocking thing!" said Grandma aloud.

Her companion looked at her with a kindly, amused smile.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Why, this murder at Charlotteville," answered Grandma, forgetting, in her excitement, that it was not safe to talk to people you meet on the train. "It just makes my blood run cold to read about it. And to think that the man who did it is still around the country somewhere—plotting more harm, –cont. page 6

NEW AXIOMS OF THE NINETIES

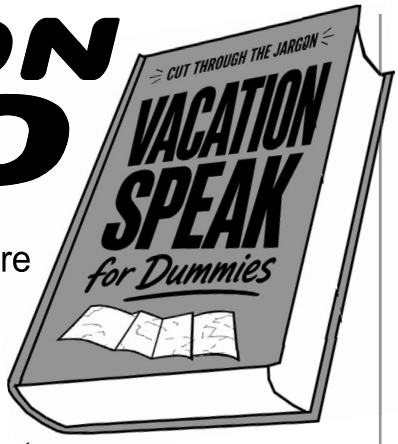
A Blast From The Dial-Up Past!

Editor's Note: *This list circulated in the mid-1990s, when "going online" meant tying up the phone line. We're reprinting it here as a snapshot of a world just learning to click.*

1. Home is where you hang your @.
2. The e-mail of the species is more deadly than the mail.
3. A journey of a thousand sites begins with a single click.
4. You can't teach a new mouse old clicks.
5. Great groups from little icons grow.
6. Speak softly and carry a cellular phone.
7. C:\ is the root of all directories.
8. Pentium wise; pen and paper foolish.
9. Don't put all your hypes in one home page.
10. Too many clicks spoil the browse.
11. A chat has nine lives.
12. Don't byte off more than you can view.
13. Fax is stranger than fiction.
14. What boots up must come down.
15. Virtual reality is its own reward.
16. Modulation in all things.
17. A user and his leisure time are soon parted.
18. Know what to expect before you connect.
19. Oh, what a tangled website we weave when first we practice.
20. Speed thrills.

Computers will never replace man entirely until they learn to laugh at the boss's jokes.

VACATION LINGO



In case any of you are still thinking about picking a vacation spot, be aware of the following advertising lingo:

Old World Charm = No bath

Tropical = Rainy

Majestic Setting = A long way from town

Options Galore = Nothing is included in the itinerary

Secluded Hideaway = Impossible to find or get to

Pre-Registered Rooms = Already occupied

Explore On Your Own = Pay for it yourself

Knowledgeable Trip Hosts = They've flown in an airplane before

No Extra Fees = No extras

There's a book that tells you where you should go on your vacation. It's called your checkbook.

The Man on the Train –cont. from pg. 5

I haven't a doubt. What is the good of the police?"

"They're dull fellows," agreed the man.

"But I don't envy that man his conscience," said Grandma solemnly. "What must a man feel like who has done such a horrible thing? Depend upon it, his punishment has begun already, caught or not."

"That is true," said the man quietly.

"Such a good-looking man too," said Grandma, looking at the picture again. "It doesn't seem possible. But the paper says there isn't a doubt."

"He is probably guilty," said the man, "but nothing is known of his provocation. The affair may not have been so cold-blooded as the accounts state. Those newspaper fellows never err on the side of caution."

"I really think," said Grandma slowly, "that I would like to see a real criminal—just one. Whenever I say anything like that, Adelaide (Adelaide is Samuel's wife) looks at me as if she thought there was something wrong about me. And perhaps there is, but I do, all the same. When I was a little girl, there was a man in our settlement who was suspected of poisoning his wife. She died very suddenly. I used to look at him with such interest. But it wasn't satisfactory, because you could never be sure whether he was really guilty or not. I never could believe that he was, because he was such a nice man in some ways and so good and kind to children. I don't believe a man who was bad enough to carry out such a deed could have any good in him."

"Perhaps not," agreed the man. He had absent-mindedly folded up Grandma's copy of the newspaper and put it in his pocket. Grandma did not like to ask him for it, although she would have liked to see if there were any more stories in it. Besides, just at that moment the conductor came around for tickets.

Grandma looked in the basket for her handkerchief. It was not there. She looked on the floor, and on the seat, and under the seat. It was not there. She stood up and shook herself—still no handkerchief.

"Dear, oh dear," exclaimed Grandma wildly, "I've lost my ticket—I always knew I would—I told Cyrus I would! Oh, where can it be?"

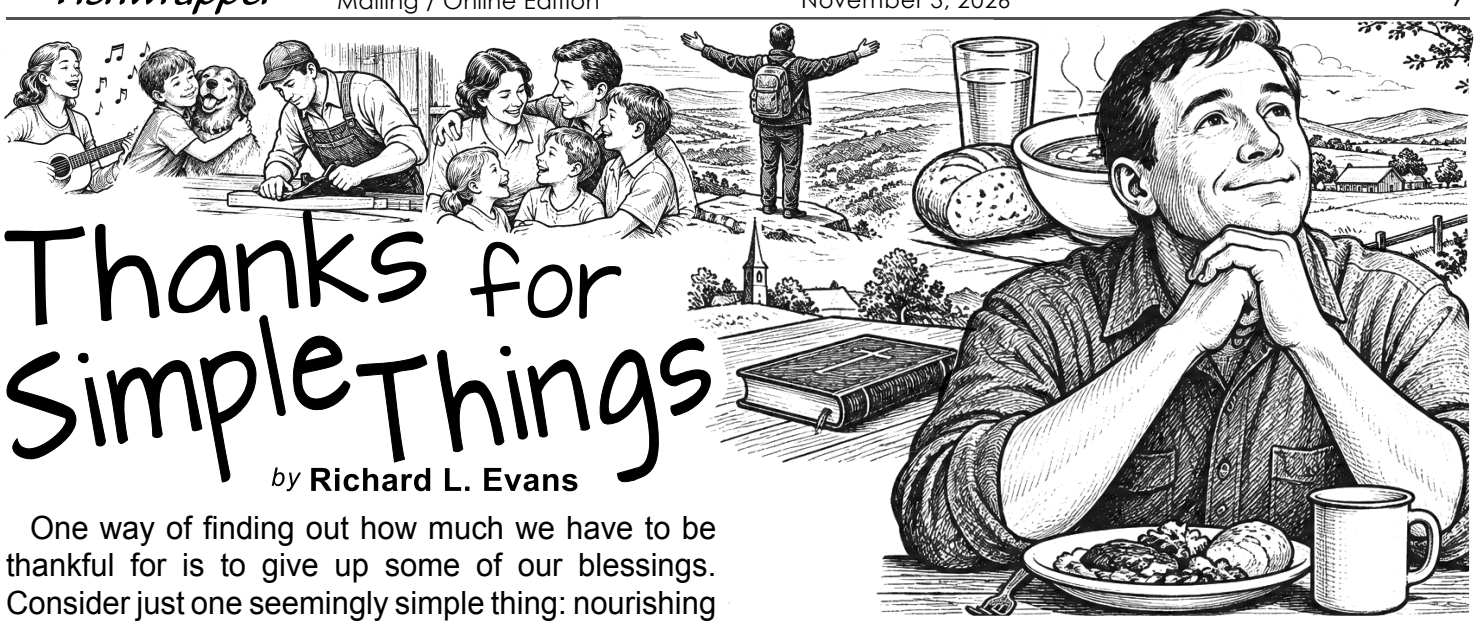
The conductor scowled unsympathetically. The man got up and helped Grandma search, but no ticket was to be found.

"You'll have to pay the money then, and something extra," said the conductor gruffly.

"I can't—I haven't a cent of money," wailed Grandma. "I gave it all to Cyrus because I was afraid my pocket would be picked. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Don't worry. I'll make it all right," said the man. He took out his pocketbook and handed the conductor a bill. The conductor grumblingly made the change and marched onward, while Grandma, pale with excitement and relief, sank back into her seat.

"I can't tell you how much I am obliged to you, sir," she said tremulously. "I don't know what I should have done. Would he have put me off right out here in the dark?" –cont. on page 7



Thanks for Simple Things

by **Richard L. Evans**

One way of finding out how much we have to be thankful for is to give up some of our blessings. Consider just one seemingly simple thing: nourishing food—not fancy foods, not the trimmings, but merely simple, strength-sustaining food. We may have come to consider it as commonplace, but let it be taken from us for only a few days and see how abundantly blessed we would feel to have it back.

Let's look at health—just ordinary, reasonably good health, just the feeling that it's good to be alive. Let us once stop feeling like a functioning, hearty human being, and we quickly come to learn the surpassing blessing of having health.

Look at such things as countryside scenes—and eyesight to see them; as music and voices—and ears to hear them; as friends and family—and having them near, to see and enjoy them. How casually we accept them. But once let us lose them, and we should soon see how abundantly blessed we were when we had them.

Sometimes children are troublesome, and sometimes they are looked upon as being a burden; but let one of them be in danger, let one of them be seriously stricken, let one of them be lost, and the surpassing blessing of having them will soon be in abject evidence.

Let's look at work: sometimes we complain of it. But let someone take from us the right to work, or let some illness prevent us from the privilege of work, and we should soon see what a blessing it would be to have our work back.

Let's look at freedom: we have come to accept it casually—freedom to live where we want, to worship as we want, to work at what we want, freedom from the intrusion upon the privacy of our homes, freedom to read and think as we wish. Once let it be lost—as it has been by so many men—and we should soon see how unspeakably thankful we would be for freedom.

If we need any added evidence of what we have to be thankful for, let there be taken from us even the least of the seemingly simple things that make life livable, and we should soon feel unbelievably blessed to have back what we may now have come to consider as commonplace.

It isn't what you have in your pocket that makes you thankful, but what you have in your heart.

The Man on the Train –cont. from pg. 6

"I hardly think he would have gone to such lengths," said the man with a smile. "But he's a cranky, disagreeable fellow enough—I know him of old. And you must not feel overly grateful to me. I am glad of the opportunity to help you. I had an old grandmother myself once," he added with a sigh.

"You must give me your name and address, of course," said Grandma, "and my son, Samuel Sheldon of Midverne, will see that the money is returned to you. Well, this is a lesson to me! I'll never trust myself on a train again, and all I wish is that I was safely off this one. This fuss has worked my nerves all up again."

"Don't worry, Grandma. I'll see you safely off the train when we get to Green Village."

"Will you, though? Will you, now?" said Grandma eagerly. "I'll be real easy in my –cont. page 8

SHARP WIT: MIND THE EDGE

Of course I talk to myself. I like a good speaker, and I appreciate an intelligent audience.

The cure for boredom is curiosity. There is no cure for curiosity.

The first thing I do in the morning is brush my teeth and sharpen my tongue.

The only dependable law of life: Everything is always worse than you thought it was going to be.

Honesty means nothing until you are tested under circumstances where you are sure you could get away with dishonesty.

Time may be a great healer, but it's a lousy beautician.

Genius can write on the back of old envelopes, but mere talent requires the finest stationery available.

The two most beautiful words in the English language are: "Check enclosed."



I was standing at the checkout with my two-year-old son. There was a heavyset man in line ahead of us. As the cashier scanned the man's items, the barcode reader gave off a continuous beeping sound. All of a sudden, my son said loudly, "Mommy, watch out! He's going to back up!" Talk about wanting to crawl into a hole!

The Man on the Train –cont. from pg. 7

mind, then," she added with a returning smile. "I feel as if I could trust you for anything—and I'm a real suspicious person too."

They had a long talk after that—or, rather, Grandma talked, and the man just listened and smiled. She told him all about William George and Delia and their baby and about Samuel and Adelaide and Cyrus and Louise and the three cats and the parrot. He seemed to enjoy her accounts of them too.

When they reached the Green Village station, he gathered up Grandma's parcels and helped her get off the train.

"Anybody here to meet Mrs. Sheldon?" he asked of the stationmaster.

The latter shook his head. "Don't think so. Haven't seen anybody here to meet anybody tonight."

"Dear, oh dear," said poor Grandma. "This is just what I expected. They've never got Cyrus's telegram. Well, I might have known it. What shall I do?"

"How far is it to your son's?" asked the man.

"Only half a mile—just over the hill there. But I'll never get there alone this dark night."

"Of course not. But I'll go with you. The road is good—we'll do just fine."

"But that train won't wait for you," gasped Grandma, half in protest.

"It doesn't matter. The Starmont freight passes here in half an hour, and I'll go on her. Come along, Grandma."

"Oh, but you're good," said Grandma. "Some woman is proud to have you for a son."

The man did not answer. He had not answered any of the personal remarks Grandma had made to him in her conversation.

They were not long in reaching William George Sheldon's house, for the village road was good and Grandma was smart on her feet. She was welcomed with eagerness and surprise.

"To think that there was no one to meet you!" exclaimed William George. "But I never dreamed of your coming by train, knowing how you were set against it. Telegram? No, I got no telegram. S'pose Cyrus forgot to send it. I'm most heartily obliged to you, sir, for looking after my mother so kindly."

"It was a pleasure," said the man courteously. He had taken off his hat, and they saw a curious scar, shaped like a large, red butterfly, high up on his forehead under his hair. "I am delighted to have been of any assistance to her."

He would not wait for supper—the next train would be in, and he must not miss it.

"There are people looking for me," he said with his curious smile. "They will be much disappointed if they do not find me."

He had gone, and –cont. on page 9

The Man on the Train –cont. from pg. 8

the whistle of the Starmont freight had blown before Grandma remembered that he had not given her his name and address.

"Oh dear, how are we ever going to send that money to him?" she exclaimed. "And he, so nice and goodhearted!"

Grandma worried over this for a week in the intervals of looking after Delia. One day William George came in with a large city daily in his hands. He looked curiously at Grandma and then showed her the front-page picture of a man, clean-shaven, with an oddly shaped scar high up on his forehead.

"Did you ever see that man, Mother?" he asked.

"Of course I did," said Grandma excitedly. "Why, it's the man I met on the train. Who is he? What is his name? Now, we'll know where to send the money."

"That is Mark Hartwell, the man responsible for the killing at Charlotteville three weeks ago," said William George quietly.

Grandma looked at him blankly for a moment.

"It couldn't be," she gasped at last. "That man is responsible for the crime? I'll never believe it!"

"It's true enough, Mother. The whole story is here. He had shaved his beard and dyed his hair and came near getting clear out of the country. They were on his trail the day he came down in the train with you and lost it because of his getting off to bring you here. His disguise was so perfect that there was little fear of his being recognized so long as he hid that scar. But it was seen in Montreal, and he was run to earth there. He has made a full confession." –cont. on page 10

Tell the Secret



A woman named Vicki once knew a young person at church named Betty.

Betty always seemed enthusiastic and happy, although Vicki knew she had faced struggles in her life. Her long-awaited marriage had ended tragically when her husband was killed in a freak accident. She had struggled to get a grip on life without the one with whom she had shared all her hopes and dreams. She hadn't chosen the circumstances of her life, but she decided she would live it with utmost enjoyment and satisfaction. Betty was active in Sunday school, in the choir, as a leader of the junior high girls' group, and in the church renewal movement. Her whole face seemed to smile. Vicki enjoyed knowing Betty.

One day Vicki asked Betty, "How is it that you are always so happy, you have so much energy, and you never seem to get down?"

With her eyes smiling, Betty said, "I know the Secret!"

"What secret is that? What are you talking about?" Vicki asked.

Betty replied, "I'll tell you all about it, but you have to promise to share the Secret with others."

Vicki agreed, "Okay, now what is it?"

The Secret is this: "I have learned there is little I can do in my life that will make me truly happy. I must depend on God to make me happy and meet my needs. When a need arises in my life, I have to trust God to supply according to HIS riches. I have learned that most of the time I don't need half of what I think I do. HE has never let me down. Since I learned that Secret, I am happy."

Vicki's first thought was, "That's too simple!" But upon reflecting over her own life, she recalled how she thought a bigger house would make her happy, but it didn't! She thought a better-paying job would make her happy, but it hadn't. When did she realize her greatest happiness? Sitting on the floor with her grandchildren, playing games, eating pizza, or reading a story—simple gifts from God.

Betty knew the Secret, Vicki learned the Secret, and now you know it too! We can't depend on people to make us happy. Only GOD, in His wisdom, can do that. Trust HIM!

And now the Secret has been passed to you.

The Man on the Train –cont. from pg. 9

"I don't care," cried Grandma valiantly. "I'll never believe he was all bad—a man who would do what he did for a poor old woman like me, when he was running for his life too. No, no, there was good in him even if he did kill that man. And I'm sure he must feel terrible over it."

In this view, Grandma persisted. She never would say or listen to a word against Mark Hartwell, and she had only pity for him whom everyone else condemned. With her own trembling hands, she wrote him a letter to accompany the money Samuel sent before Hartwell was taken to the penitentiary for life. She thanked him again for his kindness to her and assured him that she knew he was sorry for what he had done and that she would pray for him every night of her life. Mark Hartwell had been hard and defiant enough, but the prison officials said that he cried like a child over Grandma Sheldon's little letter.

"There's nobody all bad," says Grandma when she relates the story. "I used to believe a murderer must be, but I know better now. I think of that poor man often. He was so kind and gentle to me—he must have been a good boy once. I write him a letter every Christmas, and I send him tracts and papers. He's my own little charity. But I've never been on the train since, and I never will be again. You never can tell what will happen to you or what sort of people you'll meet if you trust yourself on a train."

Let us make war, not with other people, but with our own unbelief. It is the root of anxiety, which, in turn, is the root of so many other sins.

John Piper

Signs Along The Way –cont. from pg. 3

and *Be Prepared to Stop,* to name a few. Many more messages are communicated without text, relying on pictures alone. A sign with a deer on it is a prime example.

Signs providing instructions to children, to adults, and to everyone in between: *Please Do Not Touch! Unsupervised Play Area – Use Play Area at Own Risk. Please Do Not Leave Children or Pets Unattended. Danger – High Voltage. Children Left Unattended Will Be Towed Away at Owner's Expense.* Just kidding!

What would we do without signs? Things would probably be more confusing than we care to imagine. Signs point us in the right direction. Signs keep us unified and organized. Think about the flow of traffic on the highway. When the light turns red, we stop. At least most of us do; a few try to challenge the limits. There are rules in place for who goes first and who needs to yield. A green arrow gives time and space for those turning across traffic, while a red light holds back traffic coming from the opposite direction, creating a safe environment for everyone. If we ignore the rules, chaos ensues.

God used signs in Scripture as well. He used natural elements as signs of His promises—such as the rainbow after the flood or the lights in the heavens to mark the seasons and the days. Throughout the Old and New Testaments, God used miraculous acts, like the burning bush or Jesus turning water into wine, to display His authority, authenticate His messengers, and point people to spiritual truth. Jesus spoke of future global events, natural disasters, and moral decline as indicators of His return, while warning believers to stay alert against spiritual deception. These are all signs to guide us and point us in the right direction. –cont. page 11

Thoughts TO PONDER

Surround yourself with friends *who will* **tear a hole in the roof,** *lift you up, and carry you* **to the feet of Jesus.**

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Signs Along The Way –cont. from pg. 10

In Matthew 16, Jesus confronted the Pharisees and Sadducees about their interpretation of the sky. He said to them, "When the sky is red in the evening, you say it will be fair weather, but when the sky is red in the morning you say it will be foul weather."

He called them hypocrites because they could discern the face of the sky correctly but were unable—or perhaps more accurately, unwilling—to accept the signs of the times that Jesus had already outlined for them. Instead of recognizing their own faults and inconsistencies, they were focused on trying to trip up Jesus.

Those signs are there for us as well, and if we fail to heed them, we are just as guilty. Look at the words of 2 Timothy 3:1–5: *"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away."*

Is that not a vivid picture of the world we live in today? Calling good bad and bad good. Proclaiming godliness while living a life that is the total opposite of what God calls us to live. These are signs that tell a horrible and devastating story. But that isn't the end.

God also told the story of His redeeming grace. He sent His Son to die for the sins of all humanity. John 3:16 says, *"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."*

Many of the signs we see in life are signs of warning, signs to prevent us from taking the wrong direction, signs that keep us from harm. The signs of Scripture are no different. God seeks our good. He has done everything possible to steer us in the right direction, but the choice is ours. If we are unwilling to heed the warning signs He has provided, there are dire consequences in store. The challenge for each of us is to take heed, follow the instructions, and follow the signs along the way, which will lead us to eternal life with God.

— Merle Gingrich

Word Search – Vined Items!

PUMPKIN CUSHAW
BUTTERNUT GOURD
ZUCCHINI ZEPHYR
CALABASH ACORN

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

MYSTERY WORD: _ _ _ _ _ _

Answers on Page 12

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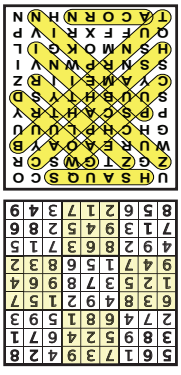
Been renovating my place. When I knocked down a wall, I found a secret, fully furnished room! Then I remembered... we live in a duplex.

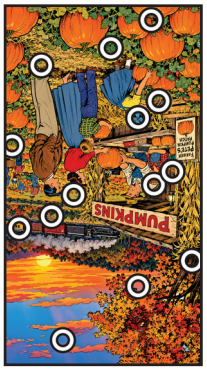
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ARRIVAL SHOULD BE WITHIN TWO WEEKS AFTER ISSUE DATE

MYSTERY WORD: SQUASH





PUZZLE ANSWERS