

Treasures Found In Church Basement

There are buried treasures in the basement of Indianola Church. All one needs to uncover these treasures is to pay a visit to the church's library. Here, by opening the covers of many books, the products of the minds of great people, you can draw heavily from these treasures. Dig for these treasures and increase your wealth of knowledge and understanding.

The library, located on the ground floor adjacent to the church office, is open each Sunday morning from 9 a.m. until noon. It is open each weekday from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m.

Recent additions to the library include:
In His Image by Hart

How to Work with Groups by Trecker
Group Leadership and Democratic Action by Haiman

Teaching Adults in Informal Groups by Knowles

Group Workshop Way in the Church by Douglas

The Church Redemptive by Grimes

Young Adults in the Church by Robert Clemmons

Youth at Prayer by Harold and Dorothy Ewing, editors

Books for children include:

Everybody Eats by Mary McBurny Green

What Do They Say? by Grace Skarr

Summer is Here by Bertha Parker

The library will welcome any suggestions for possible additions to the current collection.

A selection of pamphlets are on display in the church library. They are free for your taking.

An interpreter's Bible and other aids are available in the library to further your understanding of the Scriptures.

Lucas' Honored With New Plaque

A new plaque has been mounted on the south wall just inside the entrance to the new Educational Building of Indianola Methodist Church. The inscription on the plaque reads:

"In recognition of their Christian stewardship and without whose devotion this educational unit would not have become a reality the Official Board of Indianola Methodist Church herewith honors Mr. and Mrs. Ralph M. Lucas as donors of substantial gifts in the erection of this edifice."

FROM THE MINISTER'S STUDY

A common and quite legitimate charge made against the minister is that he does not spend enough time with his family. Not a few parsonage kids grow up to testify that while pop preaches persistently about the virtues of a Christian home he is too seldom at home to practice the same with his own family. I want to report to you how I tried to face up to this charge this summer.

Having heard a great deal lately about "togetherness," and after having read for some time the Methodist family magazine called "Together," our family set out to learn what it is all about. Our "togetherness" was tested in a most practical way. Usually we have taken a summer cottage somewhere which, though not the size of a barrack, has been sufficiently spacious for six. This summer we tried a slightly smaller abode. It measured about fourteen feet one way and seven feet the other way. Since none of us is very tall the height of this one, multi-purpose room was adequate, though Wilt the Stilt could not have been invited over for the evening unless he came crawling into us. We had plenty of bed room and could sleep six easily as long as only three wanted to sleep at one time. Of course all six could sleep at the same time by rearranging the dining room so as to destroy it. Hence, the normal uses of the dining room table — sewing, card-playing, reading, and midnight snacking — had to be given up. One of the requirements of "togetherness," we quickly learned, was that everyone had to go to bed at the same time. Besides the lack of space, it was for this reason that we had no use for television during the summer. "Togetherness," in this sense, makes television unnecessary and absolutely impossible.

Our little summer house was very well equipped. We had a gas stove, an ice box, a sink, sometimes running water, and if that failed, our own tank. There was a large closet and fairly good cupboard space. If the local power system failed we had a gas light in addition to a gas heater. Of course

the floor space was rather restricted and we had to take up a good bit of it with boxes, suitcases, buckets, brooms, and a chair. Still there was room for all to stand — when four of the family were outside.

You could say that our summer home had a lovely little dining room, especially if you emphasize the word "little." Here we passed the stage of mere "togetherness" and reached a stage where things got quite dense. It was in fact quite crowded. Can you imagine six healthy, energetic, hungry people slurping soup together in a phone booth? Now you get it, and I do not exaggerate when I use the term "slurp." Under these conditions eating became something of a hazard: reach for the sugar bowl at a given moment and you are likely to get your arm broken. And you can imagine what effect an unruly person would have in such a setting. We had several of them.

The sleeping conditions of the most crowded army barracks could not approximate our "togetherness" at night. Though going to bed became a somewhat neurotic way of escaping from the "crowd," one could not quite sink into the utter aloneness of his dreams. Frequently one had to contend with a stray arm or leg hanging annoyingly from the bunk exactly two feet above. And every time someone in the household decided during the night to turn over, the whole house shook as though it had been struck by a storm.

But despite the tightness of our togetherness we loved our little summer home. We drove over 3800 miles this summer and never really left it. It was a lot of fun driving through mountains, across bridges and into valleys, over plains and into the driving rain, knowing always that we had our little home with us. You see, because we are a minister's family, this may be the only home we shall ever own.

Oh yes, our little home is on wheels; it is a little travel trailer. Now it is parked snugly in the garage, awaiting our call next summer for another adventure together.

— Lee C. Moorehead

