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Turning the Joke

LAST WINTER, as we shoveled snow from walks and driveways, rode over slippery highways, tried to content ourselves with indoor play when everything in us was crying to be outdoors, we wondered if March and spring would ever really come. Now when the sun is moving northward and winds are fresh and invigorating, but not so bitter, we wonder why we ever questioned. As I took a favorite walk along a little winding road this morning the willows overhanging a brook covered with a thin film of ice were so yellow and full of new life that they looked as if they might burst into leaf any moment and a cardinal kept calling from the topmost branch of an old sycamore tree. I thought, how patient and confident everything in nature seems to be, that is, everything but ourselves.

That set me thinking, thinking how foolish it is to fret and grumble at the weather. I know that winter brings cold and ice and snow here in Missouri, just as I know that July and August will bring heat. Right there I decided to take a lesson in patience and learn to laugh at such

things as the weather.

Perhaps you would like to take the lesson with me. If you would, we shall begin with the March winds, and in place of fretting at them we shall just run with them and laugh when they snatch papers out of our hands and pull and tug at our coats or skirts, and take hats and caps flying through the air. We know that we cannot change the winds, so let's turn the joke on them—if we laugh at their blustering, they cannot hurt or fret us.

This way of handling March winds works with many other problems too. For more than a year now your copies of WEE WISDOM have been coming to you without being wrapped, and perhaps you have been impatient and tretful, just as I have, because sometimes the bright covers were soiled or torn. We talked with God about this problem, and then waited patiently and happily for Him to show us how to solve it. Now the way has opened for us to get new, costly machinery, and your magazines will soon be coming to you in a nice, clean wrapper, perhaps next month.

We are thankful for the new machinery that will help us to get your magazines to you unsoiled and untorn. Shall we all say, "Thank You, God, for helping us to laugh and be happy as we waited."

Jane Palmer Editor.









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