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Grief is a deep rooted thing, and yet the kind hands of relentless time will transform into lovely flowers the blooms that budded in the midst of heartbreak.

Tears, even as April rain, serve their purpose in God's great eternal plan, and only those who suffer the anguish of bereavement can hope to see the glory of a spiritual dawn that follows the darkest night.

God hangs a merciful curtain in front of tomorrow's trials and tribulations, and, in retrospect, He heals the wounds of yesterday. Even the death of a loved one seems less tragic, in the far-off panorama of days that are no more.

So weep not, gentle heart, life is for the living, and life must go on. Such is our destiny, and our obligation to the loved ones for whom we mourn. God, in His wisdom, brings us into the world, and in His wisdom He opens the door that takes us out of it.

Have faith in the Creator of all things lovely. Faith that can say in humble submission, "God is good, His mercy is everlasting, and God knows what is best."

Because we're in a mood to count our blessings on this November morning, we'd like to share with you a prayer that someone has passed along to us. We don't know the author, but it is called "a prayer for the middle-aged."

"Lord, Thou knowest better than I that I am growing old and will some day be OLD. Keep me from getting loquacious, and particularly from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject, and on every occasion.

"Release me from the craving to try to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody; helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom it seems a pity not to use it all — but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

"Keep my tongue free from the recital of endless details; give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing and my love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains, but help me to endure them with patience.

"Nor do I ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the recollections of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be wrong.

"Keep me reasonably sweet. I do not want to be a saint — some of them are so hard to live with — but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the Devil.

"Give me the capacity of seeing good things in unexpected places, and talents in unexpected people. And give me the grace to tell them so. Amen."

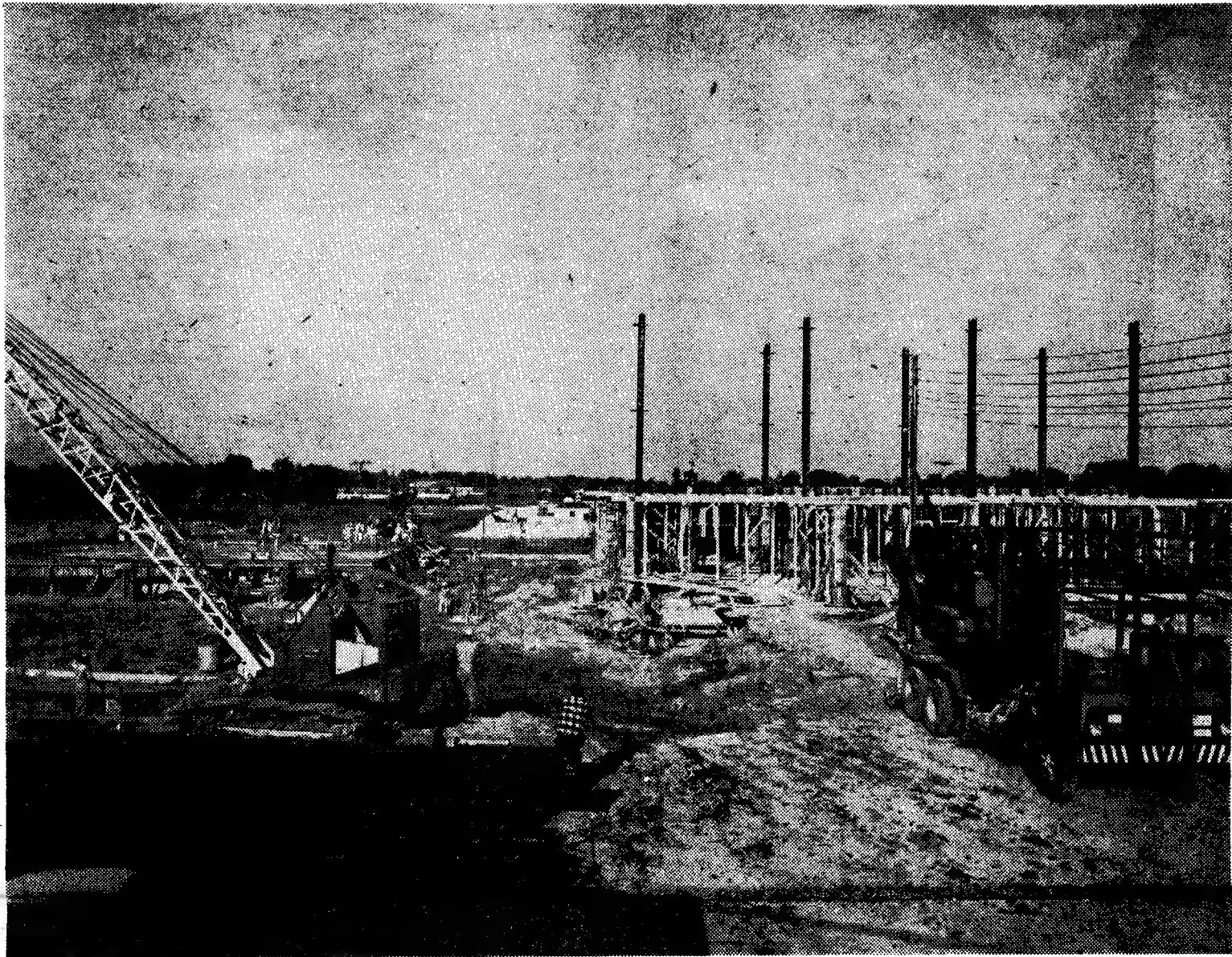
Maybe the crankiness of advancing years is blinding us to the finer qualities of the younger generation, but it seems to us that kids of today are less enterprising than their counterparts in past generations.

What puts us in mind of this observation is the recollection of five small youngsters we once saw in front of the New Bern Morris Plan Bank (now the Bank of New Bern) several decades ago.

One of the five discovered a quarter reposing beneath an iron grating on the sidewalk in front of the bank. With considerable speed they rounded up a long stick and some soft, goeey tar.

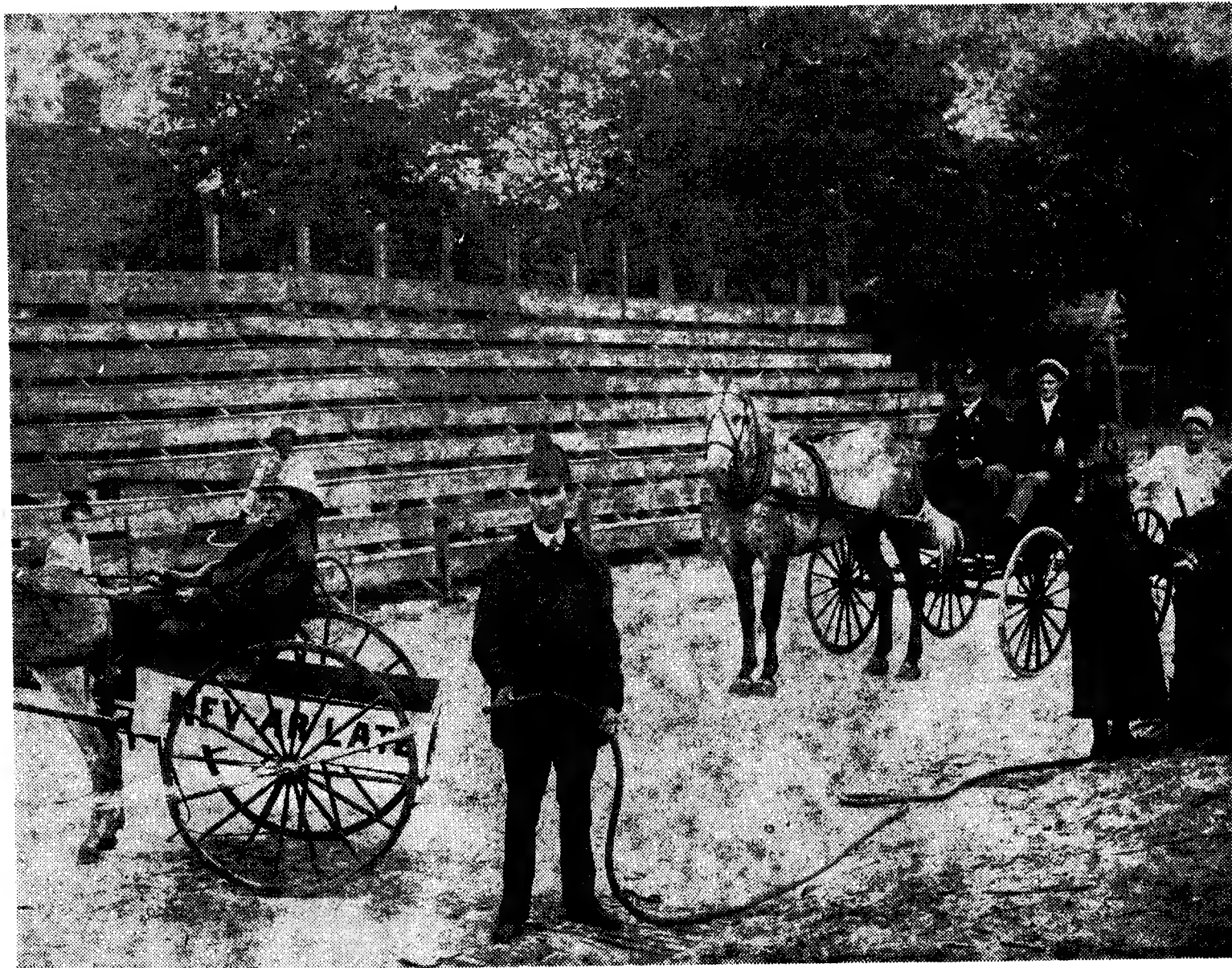
They put some of the tar on one end of the stick, poked it through the grating, and after painstaking maneuvering came up with the coin. Then they discovered a dime down

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A DREAM TAKES SHAPE—It's only the beginning, but activity at the site of the planned Craven County Hospital gives an indication of things to come. Construction is under way, and an institution that citizens voted a bond issue

for will eventually serve the needs of many who require hospitalization. It will be a happy day when the structure is completed.—Photo by Billy Benners.



OUT OF THE PAST—Here is another of those ancient photographs that seem to delight readers of The Mirror, but frankly we don't know who these men and beasts are. In fact, we can't even identify the location. The gents are evi-

dently local firemen and it's obviously a gag picture at some tournament. Put your specs on, Grandpa, and set us straight.