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Most of us act like parrots when we visit a friend whose home has been touched by the hand of grief. Always we repeat the same words—"Let me know if there is anything I can do."

Saying as much salves our conscience to some extent, and more or less takes us off the hook. We have made our offer, and having made it we walk away, with never so much as a backward look.

God bless the exceptions to the rule. They are the friends who ask nothing and offer nothing. They know there are things that need to be done, and they do them, quietly and efficiently.

There's a phone to be answered, and long distance calls that must be made. There are telegrams to send, and a front door to be answered. Beds must be made, rooms swept, and meals prepared. Errands must be run for bereaved people; who are emotionally upset.

At such a time the grief stricken won't call upon you for help. The help they get will hurry to them, or they will go wanting. Make a self case of it. Do you recollect from your own hours of sorrow a time that you picked up a phone, dialed a number, and let a friend know what they could do for you?

Yet, over and over again, we say the same ineffectual words—foolish words that are better left unsaid. Resolve, as we have resolved, never to repeat them again. It may take you some time to get out of the habit, but the cure will come.

Be like the little old lady who once brought us a bowl of homemade vegetable soup when we were ill. She knew how fond we were of soup, so she did something about it to perk up our lagging appetite and speed us on the road to recovery.

So far as we know, she didn't go to church, at least not regularly. In all frankness, we doubt that she sat down at home, folded her hands and prayed a prayer for us. What she did, and what we appreciated, was make a pot of soup.

Those of us who frequent the church of our choice, and sing hymns real loud, are supposed to have something in our hearts and souls that this old lady didn't have.

But verily, she had compassion for others, and with or without religion she was following in the footsteps of One called Jesus of Nazareth. He too went about doing good, teaching others that words without deeds are meaningless.

If you're like us, you've spent your life neglecting those around you. You've said to yourself that you were too busy, and admittedly most people actually are fairly busy. Even so, we usually manage to do the things we want to do.

There's nothing we can do to erase the negligence of the past, but the present and what we have remaining of the future is ours to use. Somewhere in the Bible we are admonished to number our days so that we may apply our hearts into wisdom.

Helping others, out of the goodness of our hearts, is the essence of wisdom, whatever our faith may be. Not only is it the essence of wisdom, but the very roots of all of the world's great religions. Practicing the Golden Rule isn't confined to

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IT'S YOU—Florence Pollock, editor of New Bern High School's yearbook, *The Bruin*, shows Will Pittman, the director of athletics, printed evidence that the 1963 edition of an always excellent annual is dedicated to

him. Smiling is a habit with Pittman, but on this occasion the smile was broader than ever. He has been a member of the faculty for the past 13 years.—Photo by Billy Pierce.



SIGNATURE SESSION—Everybody, as you can readily see, attended the delightfully informal autograph party that NBHS students staged in the gym when their yearbooks were finally passed out. Sweetly sentimental were the messages inscribed on countless pages. Sen-

iors were close to tears, realizing that this would be one of the last occasions they would have to get together for a happy gathering with the campus crowd.—Photo by Billy Pierce.