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A service held on Main Street, in the largest church in town, is something less than perfect if the music lets you down....Regardless of the organist, regardless of the choir, a singing congregation can lift religion higher.

Folks who stand with song books, yet never lend a voice, are not the sort of worshipers to make the soul rejoice....A sermon's more convincing when you've had a hymn or two that rattles on the rafters, as the notes ring strong and true.

It's convincing 'cause the parson feels a brighter spark inside, he warms up to his message and gives his thoughts a ride....As for his listeners in the pews, they'll have an open heart, knowing that their singing plays a most important part.

"Make a joyful noise," the Good Book says, you'll find it in the Psalms, so why stand silent, looking glum, with primly folded arms....Give your lungs a workout, in thankfulness and praise, you'll learn to love the Sabbath as the grandest day of days.

Don't hesitate, explaining that your bass or baritone is apt to come out like a grunt, or sound more like a groan...Or, if your gender's feminine, and your alto has a squeak, if switching to soprano makes your high notes awfully weak.... just do the very best you can, you'll probably be surprised, discovering that you're better than you ever realized.

A church house may be worse for wear, a tiny wildwood spot, but people in the country seem to like to sing a lot...And countless city folks like us, who think that we are wise, may often miss the very things our hearts should learn to prize.

Somehow, I feel that angels, with great big shiny wings, are hovering over churches where the congregation sings.

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Neither violence nor scandal, and Washington has plenty of both, tarnishes the Nation's Capital as a tourist attraction. During the month of July alone, four million visitors have braved the heat to see the White House, Capitol, Lincoln Memorial, and other noteworthy landmarks.

The city has much to offer, at any time of year. One could spend a week in the Smithsonian Institution. No matter what your interests are, you'll find something there to intrigue you.

Our two year old grandson prefers the Washington zoo above all else, and proudly boasts, "The monkey talked to me." Who are we to argue that he didn't, since children are equipped with communication superior to ours?

In Alexandria, Va., John Dean, a Watergate principal, and his wife Maureen are neighbors of this editor's daughter and son in-law, the J. Carter Willsons. The two families reside in what is known as Old Town.

A baby sitter, knowing this, mentioned Dean to our six

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A quiet stream
on a summer day,
So many thoughts
but so little to say.

—Photo by Jack Layne
Chick and Jack's Studio