

An Evening Prelude

By

Emma Carol Gandy

'Tis twilight, and I am all alone with God in this, His wooded garden. I love this quiet place, especially when the sun is sliding out of sight beyond the western horizon. Somehow, I have a special feeling in my heart for this peaceful, tranquil spot. I have always liked to sit, just as I'm doing now, under the gentle, outspread arms of this bent and aged oak, and look out and behold the world in its richest, most glorious hours.

How many times before I have sat here in this place and have turned my eyes to first one scene and then another, rejoicing in my heart that I have eyes to view the unsurpassable beauty of the world! But lately, things seem different, somehow. I feel that I must look, as well as listen, so very closely, lest I fail to see some budding flower, some growing plant, some flying bird, or tiny blade of grass. Often, I stand beneath an old familiar pine and listen, as the wind, softly weaving in and out among the slender needles of the highest branches, creates a stirring bit of music which penetrates my very soul. Each little thing I see seems to register itself in my mind, as if to say, "You may not walk this quiet path again."

You see, there is a Stranger who is on His way to make His home with me. We two have never met before. Suppose He comes tonight! I do not know just when He will arrive; I only know I must prepare for Him and bid Him welcome when that inevitable time of meeting *does* come. Yes, I must smile and bid Him welcome, that He may know I want to be His friend and not just His abode.

I love the earth and all the beauties that it holds for mortal eyes to see. Each little leaf seems so complete to look upon; each grain of sand feels sleek and gleams so bright; and, as always, my fading vision catches the beauty of the radiantly-burning sunset in the sky. Tonight, I *feel* this beauty even more than I see it. I'm glad I've stored and kept these scenes, that they may hang upon the wall of my disquieted heart like vivid miniatures of God's great masterpiece, the world. Now, when my Stranger friend shall come, I can amuse Him with my vast collection—the collection no person or thing can take from me.

There will be days and weeks when my whole world will seem cold, and strange, and dark; but we shall sit, my friend and I, and I shall reminisce aloud to Him.



Thoughts are the birthplaces of future memories.

—Charles E. Wilfong.

Then, if we should tire of that, I shall gently take Him by the hand, and we shall walk down the enchanted passageway that leads to my treasure-hall of hanging pictures—my memories. We shall see, in one sweet memory-painted picture, an old, familiar sunset—golden, red, alive; in another we shall look upon a quiet, shady woodland scene—a scene which seems to breathe a spirit of calm repose; then, past that, we shall see a small, but beautiful picture of a bed of fragile violets lifting their smooth, exquisite cheeks to the morning sun.

Ah! With such rich treasures as I have, how can those future hours be dark or sad! When my days of darkness come, as I know they must, all the beauty I have seen will be stored within my heart and soul and mind for me to draw upon, indeed! the new-born eyes of my soul may see these things even more clearly than I have seen them today in these last hours of evening.

Even now, shadows — strange, dark, and many—flit back and forth before my eyes. That Stranger I await can not be far away. I seem to feel His presence drawing nigh me in this very hour. Look! Is that He who has just stepped from yonder shadows and is slowly walking up to me? Ah, yes . . .

Well, now that that Stranger, Blindness, has come to completely envelop my eyes in darkness, I must quiet the strains of my prelude to Him. From this hour on I must have a new song upon my lips—a song of hope and faith to sing to Him as we tread the path of life together.

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partment presented Jeanne Generalstedt, violinist, in her sophomore recital. She was accompanied by Anne Morgan. The program consisted of Sonata IV in D Major by Handel: Concerto in A Major by

as Mistress and Master of Ceremonies for the occasion were Marie Smithwick and Ed Stokes. Toasts were proposed by Charlie Wilson, Katherine

ter of the Delta Psi Omega, national honorary fraternity. Those who will be initiates

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