

The Masters Handiwork

8) thought only w
mind now. S
Maybe they w
to reach her,
news.

In her car s
hard on the
hands shook on
Buildings, cars
green lights fl
no impression
mind. The ea
was shaking
teeth, disrupti
vous system.
her to her gar
think about w
own, dear Bill
life be without
remember when
on his loving
minute had she
much she depe
much just kno
alive and well.



Game

His love, his
his corny jokes.
gone, she was

clouds floated
rapidly filling sta-
his contrast to a
expanse unfurled
horizon. A brown

She thought
gether. Their
so beautiful in
Connie's birth
mation and aw
kind of a mirac
The way they
brand new ho
that only yeste
with a humiliat
She had said
ing their new
aren't we luck

field had been
a spring green
November classic,
cially tinted with
the sidelines on
right red carpet,
vivid, pranc-
across which the
ers would come
field.

When had
ciate all his fin
When had she
for granted and
to change his
surd whim? H
end, learned
only by losing
refused to accep
could she, aft
"Oh," she brea
one more chang
him. One cha
blind."

oy Scouts observ-
continually wor-
asters by getting
other spectators
the railings, thus
view the playing
of red and white
agged back and
ction of the head
shouted constant-
ing megaphone.
ed, and all the
the concession
hot dogs and
the hundreds.

She began ca
a railroad, the
avail. Then

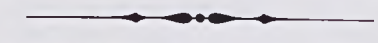
on the field, a
ned up and down,
"Down Mexico

(Cont.

In the physical universe there are continual expressions of God's love. He is seen in the sunlight and the moon, in the trees and the flowers, and in the wind and the rain. These have become everyday expressions, for one sees them very often. However, each season has a particular expression of its own. In winter, for instance, God's love, power, and omnipotence are expressed in the snow.

One Monday morning I awoke unusually early. It had rained the night before, and as I left the room, I dreaded the slushy walk down the hill. Upon opening the dormitory door and descending the steps, I realized that the weather was nothing like I had expected. The rain-soaked ground had frozen, and one could imagine that the Ice Age had just returned to Mars Hill! But this was only the prelude.

Eight o'clock brought huge flakes of snow. For three or four



Way" theme by forming a giant sombrero. The twirling majorettes were followed by two tiny girls who served as mascots and held up the procession down field by dropping their batons and getting out of step.

After an ROTC group had performed in silent unity, and the majestic crowning of the Homecoming Queen had taken place, the battle-worn warriors returned for the second half of the action. A determined scoring bid fell short in the final seconds, and the gun went off, sending innumerable partisan fans away disappointed.

Now a chilling late-afternoon breeze blows hot dog wrappers onto the deserted field, and several small boys linger to gather up forgotten scorecards, as the sun sets blood-red behind the western bleachers.



MORRIS MASON



FAY COKER

hours snow fell without ceasing; and, as the wind blew it into drifts, the whole landscape took on the appearance of a midwestern plain. I am sure no place on earth was more beautiful. The grass was completely hidden, and the trees were massive towers in their blankets of white. Wherever a ray of sunlight touched, the glow was equal to the beauty of a newly discovered diamond. The whole world was glorious. All men surely had to take time for a moment of meditation.

Perhaps a writer should not even attempt to describe such beauty. Truly neither tongue nor pen can muster the words necessary for adequate description. But there is one thing that all men can do if they desire to feel the spirit of power and love within their souls. It is simple: observe the Master's handiwork, "Be still, and know that I am God."

The Returning

Two fingers touched—
and lingered
and cried to part—
for returning
was not to be—
at least
not for a time.
Two eyes met
and lingered—
and understood the tear—
for the parting
was deep enough—
And after the tears had fallen
and the fingers
felt no more.
An anguished cry
left the lips
of the returning—
And the parting
wept alone untouched
but remembering—
knowing of the joy
of the returning.

SANDY RAGSDALE

HILLTOP—PAGE THIRTEEN