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COVER: It's Mother's Day, Summer's coming, and life is pretty wonderful—our two cover girls certainly prove that. A child's gift of flowers is one of Mother's most cherished memories—and this one even has a butterfly! (Photo by John Mechling from FPG.)

FAMILY WEEKLY

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AS YOU WERE SAYING...

How to Describe a Vacation



THERE is an old saying that a vacation is the time sandwiched between anticipation and recuperation. I had always agreed with that idea until I visited one of our national parks last Summer. There, absorbing a little of nature's calmness and tranquility, I also found time to meet God's most wondrous creation—our neighbors from all over the U.S.A.

Now I think the word "serendipity" better describes a vacation. It was coined by Walpole in one of his stories and means to find valuable or agreeable things not anticipated.—Mrs. J. K. Howard, Forsan, Tex.

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE. Troubles often can be an opportunity to learn new things. A few years ago my husband's pay was cut in half and, with five children, we barely eked out a living. But by the time his work improved, we had learned to do much more with our money than we could before.

And when our five-year-old was seriously ill, I regretted not having taken more time from household chores to be with my children. Since those trying days, we do more things together as a family while housework takes a back seat. Our

house will be here long after our children are gone from it. Then there will be plenty of time to scour, scrub, and polish! —Mrs. Paul Smith, Columbia, Pa.

OLD-FASHIONED TRANQUILIZER. I've discovered something that my mother and grandmother undoubtedly knew very well—the real value of a lullaby. One night I first had trouble getting my two-year-old to bed, then the eight-month-old baby started putting up a fuss. After much pacing and patting, I finally began to sing a lullaby.

It didn't take long to realize I was relaxing and calming down, which had a wonderful effect on the children; they went peacefully to sleep. Now, when I am upset and tense, I take time out and sing a lullaby—not only for the children, but for myself, too!—Mrs. Ellis Johnson, Marion, Ind.

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I was just thinking...



Patty Johnson

... WHEN my old friend came home, 15 years had taken the easy laughter from us.

He was as I remembered him and he gallantly claimed I had not changed. But we were strangers. A scientist and a dreamer are more than a world apart.

When I speak of the things which move me, I talk of light and shadow and the emotions of the human heart. But when he spoke, it was of cyclotrons and control systems.

And when I looked into his eyes, I saw none of the care-free happiness I had assigned to him, but the calculating mind. I felt old and tired, a graying Alice in a wonderland whose beloved mad hatter was merely a symbol of the chromosomes gone wrong.

What can the color of the sky matter to a man who has penetrated the explosion of its least component part? Perhaps I have lived too long in childlike rapture as the wise earth turned for him.

He began to talk of the mind and the chemistry of the brain. And I longed to close my ears to all his words, lest he destroy my magic with his logic and shred my faith to

blasphemous bits. But he said, "I believe that the good Lord controls the chemistry of man. One day we will understand that better."

Suddenly I found myself remembering the scientist in New Jersey who had written to me that he felt the mystery of humanity itself far more moving than the test tube's knowledge. I had thought him a renegade.

Perhaps a true scientist is a man who has been granted the privilege to see a little beyond my shadows and be far more humble than I in the face of what, even with his superior knowledge, he can never reduce to a formula.

Then my old friend looked out the window at the meadow where birds sang in the oak trees and his eyes were shining behind his glasses.

"I think the greatest things in the world are love and the joy of doing a job which needs to be done," he said. And then, a little self-consciously, he added: "It's good to be home again."

Perhaps he might have understood if I had told him I knew at last that he had never gone away.