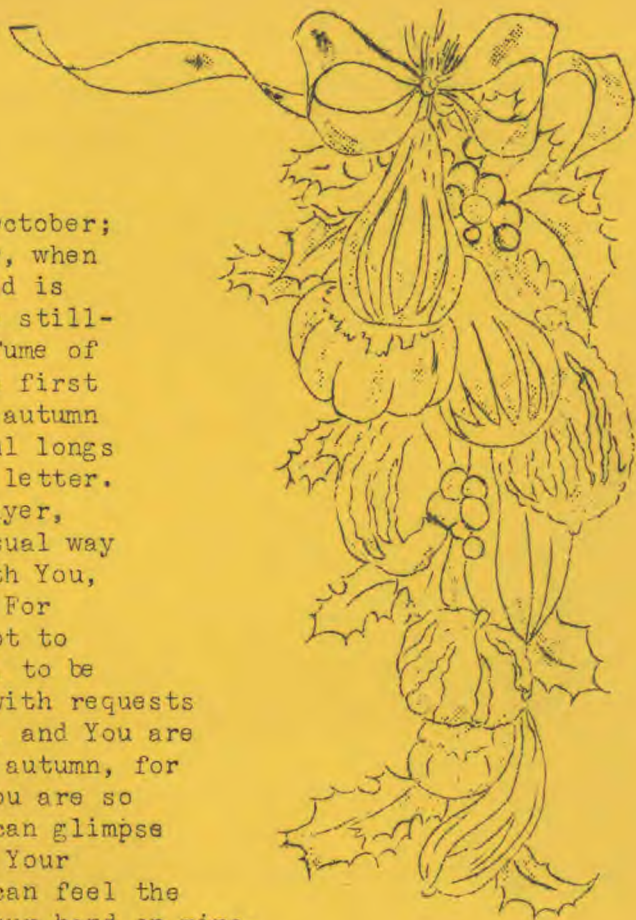


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Dear God:

It is October;
and in October, when
the whole world is
sweet with the still-
lingering perfume of
summer and the first
intimation of autumn
frosts, my soul longs
to send you a letter.
Somehow, a prayer,
which is my usual way
of talking with You,
will not do. For
prayers are apt to
become formal, to be
overburdened with requests
and gratitude, and You are
too close, in autumn, for
formality. You are so
close that I can glimpse
the shadow of Your
presence and can feel the
pressure of Your hand on mine.
And so I want to write to You as
I would to any other friend, in simple phrases.



Today I came upon some sprays of
tiny crimson fern. They were hidden
beneath a drift of gaudily painted

KEYNOTE

OCTOBER

1946

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leaves, and I almost passed them by, unknowingly. It was only because I stumbled, because my foot brushed aside the dry leaves, that I caught sight of them. But I didn't pick them to carry home; I wanted them to stay there, whole and untransplanted, in the natural setting that You, God, had given them..

Sometimes we are too hurried, I think, to be aware of the beauty and tenderness that are very near. Sometimes we must stumble or we would pass by the beauty of life, because that beauty, through Your great wisdom, is often hidden from the casual passer-by.

I have carried with me at times a burden of care and sadness, but never have I done this in October. For it is a vivid month--a month of sublime madness, when color is thrown to the four winds, and each evening sunset eclipses in beauty the previous one. Is it any wonder that at such a time of miracles my heart should beat to the rhythm of the season?

Sometimes it has seemed almost that I must kneel beneath my load, that I could not reach the destination ahead, but when I had nearly reached the breaking point, You lighted the eternal fires of autumn. And I, with those others who had bowed beneath the burden of pain, lifted my face to the sky and turned my eyes to the mountains, whence cometh my strength.

Thank you, God, for beauty, and especially today for the faith that sings a new song in me--at the flight of the birds and the proud lift of bare boughs.

I am sure I shall love You forever, God, for the wonderful autumn You have sent me this year.

- * - * - * - * - *

I said in my heart, "I am sick of four
walls and a ceiling,
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass."
--Bliss Carmen.

Louise Meyer spent several days in Baltimore attending a Child Evangelism Institute.

Hazel Shadel has at last been favored by the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company with the installation of a phone in her apartment. The number is Sligo 6090.

Verna Slate spent a week-end at the Carolina camp meeting "in the beautiful hills of southern Carolina--the paradise of America." She reports meeting another keeper there--Hazel Peter.

Zippie and Clell Franklin while on vacation went to one of the New Jersey beaches, but the weather and water proved too cold for swimming.

Mintie Truitt had surgery a couple of weeks ago. She is now at home convalescing and "doing nicely, thank you!"

Elaine Shull has moved recently to 903 Maple Avenue where she has a small apartment. She is enjoying very much having Ora Williams (who lives just across the hall) for a neighbor.

Dorothy Ninaj enjoyed a week at home with her sister and brother-in-law, who have just returned from India.

Agnes Woodgate planned a surprise party for Katie Farney on her birthday, and the surprise was turned on Agnes at the end when a group of her friends presented her with a warm robe to be of comfort to her in the Canadian winters to which she has returned.

Ruth Williams went to New York with her sister and brother-in-law on Labor Day. They spent Tuesday shopping and came back in the evening.

Have you heard a typewriter going full speed in the Auditing office and wondered who was working there now? It is Nell Hunter.

Mrs. Hazel Peter, on doctor's orders, has dropped the cares and perplexities of office work for three months. We are looking for great benefits to accrue to Hazel from this restful interlude.

Mrs. L. L. Moffitt is one of the newer workers in the Purchasing Department, where she gives assistance part time.

During vacation time Jean Chappell and her husband journeyed to Mississippi to visit his family.

The Caslow sisters--Louise, Irene, and Vera--have established themselves in an apartment at 7000 Woodland Avenue. They are making themselves quite at home there since the arrival of their cooking utensils from Indiana.

Florence Rebok accompanied her husband to Philadelphia for the week-end of September 26-28 where Elder Rebok cared for Seminary business and spoke Sabbath at the West Philadelphia and Chester churches.

In a letter LaVerne Case had from Mrs. Thompson recently she said that Carolyn, whom you will remember as our genial messenger one summer, is entering her first year of college at the American University in Berlin. She is also studying voice under a noted German professor.

Grace Johnson, Barbara Britton, and Mary Sachs are working part time and going to school this year.

Alice Fagerstrom and her husband recently spent a few days in Virginia visiting Williamsburg, Monticello, and Natural Bridge. They returned via Skyline Drive. This trip was made in company with a former Keeper, Mildred Butts and her husband. By the way, the Butts were initiating a NEW car!

The Radio Department is glad to have a new member, Villa Staley, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Her favorite sport is ice skating. She has been an Adventist about three years. She was baptized by Andrew Fearing.

Another new secretary is Mrs. Pauline Vaughan from Parkersburg, West Virginia, where she worked in the conference office. Her husband is attending Washington Missionary College.

A former Keeper, Yvonne Olsen, stopped in for a brief visit the other day. She is vacationing here with her parents. She will return to her work at the White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles via Miami where she will visit her sister, Alice Olsen-Roth.

Room 306 in the Annex is a busy place these days. T. Rose has really been holding "open house." And the variety of things that have found their way there! By September 29 she had received 197 cards and 40 letters, to say nothing of the many beautiful flowers and the radio! (For those of you that are away, the girls at the General Conference bought T. Rose a small R.C.A. radio which, as she says, "flabbergasted" her as it was the very model she was planning to buy.) She is doing some weaving and embroidery now. She is so cheerful--as we've always known her to be--that everyone loves to visit her. We hope that bone heals quickly, T. Rose, for we are anxious for you to return!

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A GOOD PRAYER:

Keep me, O God
My boat is so small
And Thy ocean so wide!

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THE KEYNOTE

Issued Monthly by the Keepers of the Keys
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