



"I planted all my garden seeds
Here in a nice, straight row;
And then I settled down to wait,
To watch my garden grow.

"I planted them at ten o'clock,
And now it's nearly three.
Those must have been bad garden seeds
My brother gave to me."

Yes, Spring is here. We know because we have felt its balmy breezes, seen folk out working in their gardens, and heard -- the most welcome sound of all -- the song of the birds. And, by the way, the study of birds is recognized by many well-known educators as a very valuable training. Go out by yourself and sit down quietly on some hillside. Take along a pair of binoculars if you have them, and a bird book. You will be surprised at the number of birds that live in your neighborhood, and you will be delighted as your eyes are opened to realize that you, too, are acquainted with the birds. At this time of the year a large number are back from their winter homes in the south. A Sabbath afternoon spent near a stream or a pleasant meadow will be a most fascinating experience. -- Alice La Bonte, Nature.

"If radio's slim fingers can pluck a melody
From night--and toss it over a continent or sea;
If the petaled white notes of a violin
Are blown across the mountains or the city din;
If songs, like crimsoned roses, are culled from
thin blue air--

"Why should mortals wonder if God hears prayer?"

* * * * *

And in these days we are finding that the radio can pluck more than melodies and prayers from the air; it can pluck, or snatch from the ether the news of devastated areas, of men killed, of treachery, of bravery. It can take all these from the mouths of men and send them hurling out through space on powerful waves that can be deterred by nothing.

The other evening while listening to the radio at 6 o'clock, I heard the most unusual service. I hadn't been aware of it before, and I don't know how long it has been held on the air. On the radio schedule it is called simply "Prayer." It reminded me of what we've always heard about men turning to God at death or trouble, but it was a lovely service. There was organ music and a prayer offered for those defending our country and our ideals.

If the world senses a need for such a service enough to take fifteen minutes out of the schedule of one of the greatest businesses of the country, it is very certain that we who possess the greatest Truth, the Truth for all people, must take time for prayer.

We are busy, no mistaking that. We rush all the while we're working, and we rush more when we get finished at the office. It is a busy world. But if we take time to talk with God, He will listen.

"Keep your wants, your joys, your sorrows, your cares, and your fears, before God. You cannot burden Him; you cannot weary Him."

"If radio's slim fingers can pluck a melody
From night--and toss it over a continent or sea;

* * * * *

"Why should mortals wonder if God hears prayer?"

W E D D I N G E L L S



"Happy is the bride on whom the sun smiles," and so the skies cleared and the sun shone for our Millie on Sunday afternoon, March 15, as the wedding guests were making their way to Fort Lincoln Chapel. Entering the tiny, dimly-lighted chapel they took their places quietly and waited. Tall baskets of white gladiolus stood on either side of the altar to form a background for the bridal party at the front. Soon the room was filled with the music of the organ, and a lovely soprano voice was singing "At Dawning" and then "Oh Promise Me," with the song of the canaries joining in while the organ continued to play softly. At last! The familiar strains of "Lohengrin" greeted our ears, and Elder Froom reverently took his place; then came Gordon Butts, looking very trim in his uniform. The best man followed (in civilian clothes). Then we were aware that a bit of the blue of the sky had slipped into the chapel, reflected in the simple, floor-length taffeta gown and wisp of veil that golden-haired June was wearing as she slowly made her way up the aisle to the waiting group at the front,--

Tum--tum--te--tum; Tum--tum--te--tum!

Ah! Here came the bride! How beautiful she was in her veil and her gown of white satin. She was escorted to the altar steps by Elder Hanna, an old friend of the family, who gave her away. Elder Froom began the solemn marriage ceremony, and soon Millie and Gordon had each said "I do," and following the prayer, turned to be introduced to us as Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Butts. The organ filled the room with notes of rejoicing and the wedding party left immediately for the reception. As the guests filed out quietly one was heard to remark confidentially, "I cried twice! So disgusted with myself," and a voice replied, "Say, that's nothing to be ashamed of. Wasn't it a lovely wedding!" And we all agree that it really was!



Miss Bragan's friend, Christine Dyer from New York City visited her last week. . . Mrs. Bankie Linebarger's son arrived Friday, March 20, to visit her for about two months.

Thelma Wellman is feeling "all pepped up" from a week's vacation, which, she says, was spent doing the things she has wanted to do for a long time but just could not get done.

Mabel Hinkhouse was the guest speaker recently of the Advanced Bible Worker's Class that is being conducted by Miss Louise Kleuser at the Seminary.

Some people get two birthday parties! Jewel Hatcher's boss and associates sang Happy Birthday to her and ate ice cream with her in the morning, and in the evening a waffle and ice cream and cake supper closed the day at Jewel's residence. Jewel says she is somewhere between 20 and 40. You guess.

Some of the Keepers were very thrilled to sing in Constitution Hall with the A Cappella choir the night the Voice of Prophecy was there.

The Seminary Keepers had a few gadabouts these last weeks: Eunice spent the weekend of Feb. 27 to March 1 at St. Georges, Delaware, with friends. Mrs. Yost spent March 2 in Philadelphia at her home. Mary Jane spent a weekend with her sister who is affiliating at Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore.

Hazel Shadel has a new "pal," and is looking forward to the pleasure of his refreshing companionship during the hot summer days. The name is Norge. How about an introduction, Hazel?

Mrs. Grace Mace is attending Dorcas Federation meetings in Winston-Salem and Hendersonville, North Carolina.

MORE NEWS

Mrs. Yost entertained a group at her home the evening of March 7, to meet her niece, Dorothy Becker, from Philadelphia. Among those present were Keepers Eunice Rozema and Mary Jane Dybdahl.

Helen Porter was a recent "flu" victim. Glad you are able to be back, Helen.

It will be moving day for Mrs. Freeman soon. But who would not be glad to move to a pleasant house overlooking the beautiful Sligo, what with a Washington summer in the offing?

If Genevieve holds her head extra high these days just remember she may be in communication with the top of our General Conference world--via the telephone in the penthouse on the roof.

When Miss Fleisher has much work and doesn't have time to listen to you, just call out the steam shovel--it has a peculiar fascination for her and is guaranteed to make her stop, look, and listen!

Elizabeth Zeidler, D. Lois Burnette, Katie Farney, Hazel Shadel, Marie Mooney and Edna Edeburn will be going to New York for work during the Spring Meeting of the General Conference Committee, April 3-8. They will be busy, but we hope they will have a few minutes to enjoy the Easter parade of new spring fashions.

Mary Paul is taking yeast--two cakes a day! She's little now, but watch her grow!

Edith Geymet and some friends attempted a picnic at Great Falls one afternoon recently. They found the place under military guard, however, so returned to Rock Creek Park where they greatly enjoyed preparing over a camp fire a special Swiss dish called "fondue," which is a sort of melted cheese eaten with bread. They came home during the blackout, which made them feel that they were having a "war-time" picnic.

Signe Nelson is all alone these days. The folk with whom she lives have all gone away for a couple of months.

WE ASKED FOR POETRY - - -

and we got an admission:

The pages lie scattered around me,
You'd think I was writing a book.
Don't laugh when I tell you I tried to write verse
But by rhymes I'm completely forsook.

and juicy scandal:

I wish you'd look at that full moon tonight--
Such sober dignity--
So staid--
Almost matronly.

As if the whole neighborhood hadn't seen her
Last night,
Chasing a star pell-mell across the sky
For hours!

and a presidential command:

Look at that suspended key!
Air raid practice sign--
President's command--you see,
Stenogs have to mind!

and an observation on inconsistency:

Did you ever ride a full bus
And seek to find a place?
Your shoes and hair become a muss
In crowded standing space!

"Go back as far as you can, please,"
The driver e'er implores--
Then soon's he has you packed at ease,
He opens wide the doors!

and a woeful situation:

The busy stenog's a-hurryin'
She's tapping loud and long
Now hands are through with scurryin'
But--the carbon's been in wrong!

and charity:

He wears each day his cap and bells,
The laughing mask conceals his pride,
His friends condemn, his foes deride,
His careless air annoys, repels.

But once I saw this laughing Pan,
Whose mask no friend had sought to lift,
And anguish tore a jagged rift
That bared the heart of suff'ring man.

Now when the chorus lifts and swells,
I jeer no more at cap and bells.

and a reasonable question asked a wild rose:

Languishing beside a log
In your pale fragility,
Exquisitely scented with
Essence of tranquillity,

Lovely rose, you seem to me
So gentle and so mild.
Come, dear, tell me who it is
That simply drives you wild.

and current events:

Said blustering March Wind to mild April Shower,
"I hear Spring's coming in--do you know about when?"
Said Shower, "Very soon--may arrive any hour,
Bluebird and Robin told me!--Has that Jenny Wren?"
"They're cherry trees ready to burst into flower,
Around Tidal Basin, and out Kenwood way.
And, blustering March Wind, you gain naught by your glower,
Your time's fully up now; my turn--so, Good day!"

A HEALTH SUGGESTION

Spring is the season when we think of doing more things out of doors. We have been under roofs all winter and now we need to GET OUT in the sun and wind, OUT in the park, OUT in the country. Spring sunshine and outdoor activities help to clear your skin, brighten your hair and build up your pep and vitality for the coming year. GET OUT OF DOORS FOR A GOOD BRISK WALK EACH DAY.

* * * *

Footsteps were heard coming down the hall (can't say they were exactly stealthy)--they stopped at the door--a moment of silence--then a key turned in the lock. But nothing daunted, the brave souls waiting within the library did not try to escape--they sang "Happy Birthday, dear T. Rose." And was she surprised! The Keepers gathered there were glad to have an extra guest, too--Mrs. George W. Greer.

THE KEY NOTE

Issued Monthly by the Keepers of the Keys
General Conference Office, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

Editors:	Carol Crabtree	Typists:	Ellen Franklin
Associate:	Mary Jane Bydahl		Lucy Ramsay
		Printers:	Pauline Kiady
Artist:	Edith Geymet		Esther Kivison

OFFICERS OF THE KEEPERS OF THE KEYS

President:	Elsie Minesinger	Sponsors:	Music	Viola Wilkins
Vice-Pres:	Edith Geymet		Health	Lillian Bragan
Secretary:	Jewel Watcher		Literary	Esther Benton
Treasurer:	Bethel Rice		Nature	Alice Laconie
			Spiritual	Louise Kiedor
Social			Household Arts	Margaret Jay
Committee:	Hazel Peter		Sports	Helen Porter
	Junice Rozema			Dorothy Ford
	Nora Buckman			Edna Helms