

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: GARDEN: The Bible resembles an extensive and highly cultivated flower garden, where there is a vast variety and profusion of fruits and flowers, some which are more essential or more splendid than others; but there is not a blade suffered to grow in it which has not its use and beauty in the system.

Salvation for sinners is the grand truth presented everywhere, and in all points of light; but the pure in heart see a thousand traits of the Divine character, of himself, and of the world; some striking and bold~others cast as it were into the shade, and designed to be searched for and examined; some direct, others by way of intimation or inference.
~Cecil.

DAYS GONE BY... GRANDMA'S APRON

The article, *Grandma's Apron*, was in our Mobile Park Newsletter last month and it stirred my heart as forgotten memories of days gone by came flooding back. Born in the 1900s, many of us can remember grandma's apron. I had forgotten the various uses it fulfilled until I read this article. Isn't it amazing what a simple little piece of clothing could achieve, and how it would resurrect fond memories of our grandmas? I can even remember as a young mother making, wearing and using my apron in similar ways.

Rummaging through an old box in the spare bedroom one afternoon, my daughter pulled out old dollies, flour sacks embroidered dishtowels (days of the week with various designs), homemade dishrags and hot pad sets, and various kitchen nick-knacks. I had collected salt and pepper shakers for years and what fun we had rediscovering them. But it was the aprons that caught little three-year-old Mira's attention. She didn't have a clue what they were, but she squealed with delight as we placed them in a pile on the floor in front of her; the questions poured forth! *What is this Nanny? Who made it? Where's the other half? How does it work? Can I have one? What do I do with it? Which one is yours, Grandma?* Yet, sadly, in this day and age, an apron is almost a thing of the past. My great grandchildren didn't even know what an apron was; let alone its purpose. Little Mira would soon find out though.

It was a wonderful fun filled afternoon as item after item was taken out the box to be examined. Wonderful, heartfelt memories flooded our minds and were mingled with lots of "OH's and AH's." This was a special box filled with homemade treasures from three generations. I had forgotten the various treasures it contained. My daughter, decided that she would give one of the smaller aprons to little Mira, her granddaughter. She tied it around Mira's waist, handed her the play broom and dust pan and Mira started sweeping the floor. Later that evening, Great Grandma (Nanny) and Mira made cookies, each wearing their aprons. Lessons were taught that day and memories were made.



As you read this article, may you also recall "Days gone by" and may your heart be filled with loving memories.

GRANDMA'S APRON

The principal use of Grandma's apron was to protect her dress, but the apron did so much more. It served as a pot holder for removing hot pans from the oven, and to wipe her brow when the weather was almost as hot as that old woodstove. When the weather was cold, Grandma wrapped the apron around her arms. It was wonderful for drying children's tears and, on occasion, was even used for cleaning out dirty ears.

From the chicken coop, the apron was used for carrying eggs, fuzzy chicks and sometimes half-hatched eggs to be finished in the warming oven. Wood chips and kindling were brought into the kitchen in an apron.

From the garden, it carried all sorts of vegetables. After the peas had been shelled, it carried out the hulls. In the fall, it was used to bring in apples that had fallen from the trees.

When unexpected company drove up the road, it was surprising how much furniture that old apron could dust in a matter of seconds. And aprons were ideal hiding places for shy kids. When dinner was ready, Grandma waved her apron from the porch, and the men knew it was time to come in from the fields to eat.

It will be a long time before someone invents something as useful and versatile as the old-fashioned apron.

TOUCHING WORDS ON WHAT LOVE MEANS.

Love is what makes you smile when you're tired.

When someone loves you, the way they say your name is different. You just know your name is safe in their mouth.

Upon seeing an elderly neighbor man who had just lost his wife crying, four-year-old Mikey went into the old gentleman's yard, climbed onto his lap, and just sat there. Later, when his Mother asked what he had said to the neighbor, the little boy said, "Nothing, I just helped him cry."