

Hand thing on it of  
month -  
mothers 350  
fathers 900  
Example of pure religion  
FATHER'S DAY 1941 Example of pure religion  
Gen. 18 19 "am father who  
out in heaven"  
Day have mother worship fathers

We come again to Father's Day. Neck ties will be scarce in the stores next week. On Mother's Day there is always a big candy business, not that mothers need to be sweeter but it is emblematic of mother...this candy sweetness. Now I do not know if there is anything emblematic or not about giving dad something with which to tie a knot around his neck. But here we are at another Fathers Day. Mother's Day was not so long ago. That was the day when our church fell in. I hope that the attendance of fathers here to day will mean the strengthening of the walls of Zion in our community. (Wlen Allan June 16, 63 Q 14)

I speak the sentiment of the fathers here to day when I say that we do not want our day to take any thing away from Mothers Day for we all know that our day can not compare to Mother's Day. But it was kind of some one to suggest Father's Day. Many a father has had his emotions stirred as a result of Father Day messages and neck ties, that would have never been stirred without it. Many a horny handed father has turned away and shed a tear when he got a little tender attention. It was really nice of God to place in Holy Writ these words.. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God hath given thee." This means honor fatherhood.

We fathers present here and in the other churches throughout the land do not come desiring that attention be focussed on us for if all of them feel as I do, we have done very little that would call for much attention. But we do want you to honor our fathers and grandfathers and on back as far as they go. Some of you have your fathers yet with you. Mine lives in my memory. I can hear him now telling about having measles as he came home from the Confederate Army and how he had to swim the Tombigbe River and took Pneumonia and all that. Then after that he helped to build up a New South. He farmed, taught school, practiced medicine, and made lay speeches before the Laymans movement was ever heard of, in country churches. Yes stooped from heavy toil as were the fathers of many of you I give to him and to your fathers all the honor at my command.

Our forefathers were pioneers. They hughed homes out of woods..then built churches and schools. Truly we drink, as were, from wells we did not dig, eat fruit from orchards we did not plant, and live in houses we did not build because of their pioneering spirit.

They suffered untold hardships, faced savage tribes, became victims of disease. But building on the foundation laid by them we have the greatest nation in the world...without exception.

L Mothers 350 - Fathers 950

## #2...Fathers Day 41.

They craved religious freedom and worked hard to get it. They were pioneers. (AS WAS CIRCUIT RIDER) *Care Catcher*

Fathers of all ages past, present, and the future, I believe have been, are, and will be protectors of the home. He is the strong man of the house who has to be bound before the family is injured. You saw where a mother jumped in a well that had eleven feet of water to rescue her baby that fell in. That was protective and rescue love... I feel that that pictures also what true fathers will do to protect the home.

Along with being pioneers and protectors fathers are normally providers for the home. No normal father wants to sit around and let the wife make the living. Some have to because of circumstances but they do not want to. Every father wants to provide. In most instances the whole family joins him in that desire that he provide. It has become the sweet fact that Mothers Day is remembered with flowers. The rose usually is the flower used on Mothers Day. The white if mother is gone and red if she is a live... some white or red flower is emblematic of the day. Now if Fathers Day ever grows until it has an emblem there is a question as to what the emblem would be. It be fitting to use a miniature check book. *poets - architects -*

*They want to be understood. Dead wife. Husband went 15 years ago. 12 kids*  
The true picture of a father is not a pale faced, lazy  
some body sitting on the porch with feet on the banister but a horney hanned farmer in hickory shirt coming from the field, the man in overalls coming from the shop, the man with tired form or wrinkled brow coming from office, store, or school room.

*need - Calm - not all bad news*

I read to you to day about a great father. God talked about that father and said, "For I know him that he will command his children and household after him and they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgement." Other men turned and went toward Sodom, but this good father... Abraham stood yet before the Lord... this was fine example of a father who when others were leaving the Lord for Sodom he still stayed with Lord.

Good fathers can be a great power for good. A father has an intense love for young people because he is a father. Men not yet fathers can not feel as deeply for young people as fathers do. Good wives and respectful children can help to make good fathers.. If there is any man better than a good man it is a good father.

Old Mr. Fosdick said, "I have never done anything yet I am a success." He had two boys and two girls. Harry Emerson. The first girl was a teacher... second boy prominent in politics second girl the mother of several children and a specialist on motherhood. "I have never done anything yet I am a success"

*See last page time CC - letter page*

### #3..Fathers Day 4I.

But on Father's Day we must come to honor as we honor none other...our Heavenly Father who has imparted to our fathers every good trait they had.

By enough - apologize

we pray that we may be worthy fathers to-day and tomorrow.

with such a heritage comes a great responsibility. - Examples -

1. In prayer
2. In support of the church
3. In support of good citizenship

"Just a little Boy"

Alan Allan June 16-1963 AM



thers and mothers should:

Systemitize their time

Visualize opportunities for ther offspring

3. Spirtualize their environment.

### JUST A LITTLE BOY

LISTEN, son; I am saying this to you as you lie asleep; one little paw pampled under your cheek and the blond is stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. At a few moments ago, as I sat reading paper in the library, a hot, stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could resist it. Guiltily I came to your bed-

These are the things I was thinking, I had been cross to you. I scolded as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not lacing your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of our things on the floor.

At breakfast I found fault too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, "Good-by, daddy," and I frowned, and said in reply, "Hold your shoulders back."

Then it began all over again the late afternoon. As I came up the hill-road, I nudged you, down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house.

Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library how you came in with a sort of hurt look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, you hesitated at the door.

You said nothing, but you ran and in one tempestuous charge you threw your arms around my neck and kissed me and your little hands fastened with affection that God had set blooming on your heart and which even need never not wither. And then you were pattering up the stairs.

Well, son, it was shortly after that a terrible fear came over me.

What had habit been doing to me?

There was so much that was good, fine, and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you. The little heart of you was as big as dawn itself over the wide hills. All was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good-night.

I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours.

To-morrow I will be a real daddy and will keep saying as if it were ritual, "This is nothing but a little boy."

Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I asked too much.

Dear little son. A penitent kneels before your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers, and the soft forehead, and the yellow curls; and if I were not for waking you, I would snuggle you up and crush you to my breast.

Tears came, and heartache, and remorse, and—I think a greater, deeper love, when you ran through the library door and wanted to kiss me.

been unable, unfortunately, to discover