



# A Time to Write... ...And a Time to Read

Fall Issue: October/November/  
December

## A Letter from the Editor

Greetings!

I wonder how many of you actually read letters from the editor? I can just see some of you smirking if I've gotten you to read this far.

Okay, now that I've got your attention, we'll move on. I'm not planning on giving a lecture on reading editorials. Welcome to the Fall Issue of a Time to Write! We hope it will be an inspiration to you in this season! Be sure to take a peek at the topics in this issue- the children will love their story and we've got some thought-provoking poems, besides articles.

Now that canning is mostly over and school has started, life is probably settling into a routine. It's getting dark sooner which makes the evenings seem longer which is a

great time for renewing friendships.

At least for me, summer is so busy you don't have much time to just talk to your friends. With it soon getting cooler outside, it'll be easier to just sit and chat. Can you guess what the theme is?

So this fall, invite some friends over. Sit around the fire, sing, talk, laugh, and of course, snack on marshmallows ☺ Maybe even have a hotdog roast. Oh, and don't forget the apple cider and popcorn! Make new friends, renew acquaintances, and strengthen old friendships. So together, let's have a Friendtastic Fall!

*By Elizabeth Klassen*



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Autumn  
is the season  
to find contentment  
at home  
by paying attention  
to what we already have.



## Children's Corner: Neighbors and the Fish Pond

"Mom! Guess what?" Ryan said, coming up beside Mom as she was kneading the bread dough.

"What? Did you catch some fish?" Mom asked. She could hear the excitement in his voice, even though it was low.

"Please be quiet. I just put Jaycee down for her nap."

"No. When I was coming home from the pond, I saw that someone is moving into the brown house down the street." He exclaimed.

"Really?" Mom asked. She suddenly didn't look quite so tired.

Ryan and his family lived in the center of a small town. Both sides of the quiet street were lined with houses. On the edge of the town there was a woods. In the woods was a small pond, where Ryan loved to wade, fish, watch birds and butterflies, and pick flowers. No one knew who the woods and pond belonged to, so everyone enjoyed it whenever they wanted to.

In the summer, he would go very often. Sometimes, there were other people there. He didn't like that, because then he had to share the fish, and sometimes the children were so loud he couldn't get any fish at all, and the birds

were all scared and wouldn't sing their beautiful songs. But there were not many children in the town, so most often, he could be there by himself.

On his way to the pond, Ryan passed the brown, brick house. The flower beds were always beautiful there, and often he saw an old man working in a large garden. Sometimes the man would wave, and Ryan waved back. But then one day, when he passed the little brown house, he didn't see anyone there. There was a sign at the road that said "FOR SALE".

Today, there was people there again. There was a big truck, and several men were carrying things into the house. He saw a short woman, holding a baby, watching the men. Ryan ran home to tell his mother.

"Maybe, we should go over and welcome them into the neighborhood," Mom said. "I wonder who they are."

"The lady looked like you. She was wearing a dress, and she has a baby."

"Now I'm really curious," Mom replied, as she deftly shaped loaves and plopped them into the greased pans. "When these are baked, we'll bring a loaf to them," she

decided. "And Ryan, please go sweep the porch. After that, you can take a shower."

An hour and a half later, Mom, Ryan and his sisters were on their way to the brown house down the street.

"I hope," Ryan said under his breath, "that they don't have anymore children than that baby."

"What did you say?" Mom asked.

Ryan blushed. He hadn't meant for her to hear that. "Uhhh, I just said that I hoped they didn't have more children than that baby."

"Why do you say that?" Mom asked quietly.

"Because, then I'll have to share the pond. I don't like when there's a bunch of little children there, because then the fish don't bite and the birds don't sing and I can't even have fun!" His last words ended in a wail.

"But Ryan, the pond is not just yours. Dad and I want you to share with everyone," Mom explained. "Do you understand?"

"Yes," he mumbled, kicking at a stone.

Just then, they arrived at the brown house. The truck was gone now, and no one was outside, so they went to the door.

"When they come to the door, you give them the bread," Mom instructed seven-year-old Kylie. She had begged to carry it, so Mom decided that Ryan would carry it and Kylie could give it to the new neighbors.

"Okay, I will," Kylie agreed quickly, her eyes sparkling. Ryan handed her the loaf, and helped Bethany, who was four, reach the doorbell. Mom was holding Jaycee.

Inside, they heard the chime of the doorbell, and footsteps approaching. Then

the door swung open and a woman's smiling face appeared. A girl of about three clung to her skirt and a boy near Ryan's size peered shyly around the kitchen doorway. The boy had black hair and was wearing glasses, and the girl had curly blonde hair and blue eyes.

Ryan sighed. They did have children, and probably ones his age too. Then he would for sure have to play with them. He sighed again, but Mom was already talking.

"We're the Diller's from the yellow house down the street," Mom introduced. "Welcome to the neighborhood."

"Why, thank you!" The woman said, taking the loaf that Kylie offered. "I'm Emily Smith, and these are my children. Why don't you come in and sit down for a bit?"

And so they did. Kylie and Bethany soon were playing with the girl, who had dug three dolls from a box nearby.

Emily was a friendly woman, and she had no problem talking to her new neighbors. Ryan listened quietly, and soon learned that the three-year-old was actually four and her name was Shayla. The boy was indeed ten, and his name was Todd. The baby, whom he had seen before, was David.

"Todd," Emily called. "Come here." He came, although it was slow. "Look here's a boy about your age. Don't just hide in the kitchen. Why don't you show him your rabbits?" Then looking at Ryan she asked, "What's your name?"

"Ryan," he said quickly. He would have much rather gone home than play with Todd, but Mom had told him to be friendly so he decided he would just look at the rabbits and then go back inside.

“The rabbits are right over here,” Todd said, leading the way around the house. They watched the rabbits for awhile and fed them the weeds they found along the fence. All the while, Todd asked questions about Ryan and his family and told him about their old house.

*He’s not that bad after all, Ryan decided. Maybe we can be friends. But then he remembered, The pond! I don’t want Todd to come there. That would ruin my fun. I guess I just won’t tell him there is a pond in the woods,* Ryan finally concluded.

Several minutes later, Mom and the girls came out of the house. “Ryan, it’s time to go,” Kylie called.

“Go!” Jaycee echoed happily.

“I hope we can play together more often,” Todd said, smiling shyly.

Ryan nodded, “Yes, hopefully soon.” But deep down he felt guilty. He knew the pond wasn’t just his, and he was supposed to share, but he didn’t want to. He tried to forget about Todd and the pond.

“Shayla is really nice,” Kylie told Mom.

“We should go there again tomorrow!” Bethany agreed.

“I’m sure we’ll go there again, but probably not tomorrow. How was your time, Ryan?” Mom asked.

“It was fine. Todd is a nice boy,” He admitted.

“I thought so,” Mom smiled. “I’m sure you’ll have fun fishing at the pond too, sometime.

Ryan didn’t say anything. He didn’t want Mom to know that he wasn’t going to tell Todd about the pond. He wanted to keep his fish, and not share them with Todd.

The next day it rained, so there was no

going to the pond that day. Ryan set up his barn and animals, and tried to play, but he kept thinking about Todd. *Maybe it would be fun to take Todd there, and go fishing together,* Ryan thought. *But no, I want to keep my fish. I won’t tell him.*

Jaycee came into the playroom, just then, and toddled over to the toy farm. She sat down right on the fence, and several of the cows fell over.

Ryan got up. He didn’t feel like playing anyway, so he just let Jaycee destroy the farm. He went to the window and looked out. The sky was now blue, and specked with wispy, white clouds. He hurried over to where Mom was sewing.

“Mom, can I go to the pond after lunch? The rain stopped.”

“I think that should be okay,” Mom said slowly. “But before you go, your room needs to be cleaned up. And maybe you should invite Todd to go along.”

“I’ll clean my room right now,” Ryan said quickly. He didn’t want Mom to say anything more about Todd.

After lunch clean-up was finished, Ryan packed a snack and hurried to the shed to find his fishing pole and a bucket. The worms had been easy to find, since it had just rained. He started down the street to the pond. His feet dragged.

*I know I should be kind to Todd. He admitted to himself. But I want the fish to be mine, not his.* Just then he was passing the brown house. He looked up quickly, hoping that Todd would not be there and want to follow him. He didn’t see anyone but he quickened his pace anyway.

Soon he reached the pond. Ryan set the bucket down, and quickly baited his hook. With a toss, his hook sank into the clear water. He waited and waited but no fish came. He leaned against a tree, and gazed into the sky. A monarch butterfly sailed by. Somehow, they didn't look as pretty as they usually did. He looked around and half hoped someone would join him. Usually he like to be alone, but suddenly he felt very lonely. He wasn't even hungry, even though he had his favorite cookies in the bag beside him.



Suddenly he stood up. *I will tell Todd to come join me. I won't be selfish any longer. What good is a friend if you're too selfish to be*

*friendly?* And he resolutely picked up his line, bait, and bucket and headed back towards the road.

By Valerie Dyck

# Family Fun Night

*What you need:*

- Open pinecones
- String
- Peanut butter/suet/vegetable shortening
- Oatmeal or cornmeal
- Birdseed mix from the store (can add some extra sunflower seeds or chopped nuts)
- Plate or pie tin

1. Tie a string around the pinecone
2. Mix  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup peanut butter/suet/



- shortening with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup oats/ cornmeal
3. Use a spoon (or fingers!) to spread the mixture onto the pinecone. Make sure to get the mixture into the open areas of the pinecone. It's easier if the mixture is warm.
4. Place birdseed in pie tin. Roll and press seed onto pinecone until well covered.
5. Hang up for the birds to enjoy!



True friendship isn't about being there when it's convenient. It's about being there when it's not.



## Pumpkin Roll

Submitted by Megan Fehr

**E**

Cake Roll:

2/3 cup pureed pumpkin

3 eggs

1 cup sugar

1 tsp cinnamon

1 tsp ginger

Dash of salt

1 tsp baking powder

¾ cup flour

**P**

Filling:

1 cup icing sugar

2 packages (8oz each) cream cheese

3 tsp vanilla

**C**

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Beat sugar and eggs. Add pumpkin, salt, and spices. Stir in flour and baking powder.

**E**

Thoroughly grease a 10" x 15" pan, and line it with parchment paper, to prevent sticking. Pour batter into the pan and smooth it out evenly. Bake for 10-15 minutes or until an inserted tooth-pick comes out clean.

**R**

After cooling for 5 minutes, transport your cake onto a towel sprinkled with icing sugar.



## Rumours

They're old and forsaken yet still they stand

No soul is hasting nor dares to draw near  
To behold cobwebs and dust and concrete sand ,

Nor blackened windows and towers austere.

The walls they speak if someone to heed  
Came to call in chambers long forlorn.

If truth was found; on rumours to feed-  
Between tales and truth, the people are torn

Footstep after footstep, steady yet unsure;  
Doors left and right, all threat'ning to confine

"Open," came the call, the fright'ning lure  
The footsteps continued, to turn with time,  
Behind the pursuer, abandoned in error  
The halls to remain tunnels of terror.

By Tina Fehr

Peel off the parchment paper and roll the cake up in the towel. Let it cool completely.

Whip cream cheese, icing sugar, and vanilla together. Unroll the cake, ice with frosting, and roll back up. (This time without the towel.) Allow your pumpkin roll to set by putting it in the fridge for a few hours. (If you want to wait that long to try it...)

Dust with icing sugar. Slice and serve. Enjoy!

Note\*\*if your pumpkin cake sticks on the parchment paper, or falls apart. Don't worry, just slice the cake into cubes and transform it into a trifle. ☺



## TEENS TOPICS for YOUNG MEN: When God Chooses Your Friends

The first time after I was converted (at the age of nineteen) I went to visit my old friends and I noticed a huge difference in my interests. I told my friends that I had become a Christian. A deathly silence filled the room. I knew immediately that my friends and I were no longer comrades. We no longer shared the same vision. Our world views were completely different. I realized my friendships would drastically change. I felt as if God was asking me if I loved Him more than my friends, and if I was willing to forsake my friends. "If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." (Luke 14:26) I said "yes" to that calling and found a new group of Christian friends

God moves in mysterious ways. Over the next ten years, I watched as God brought many of my old friends to salvation and our friendship were re-united. How glorious to follow God's ways and to be faithful and true to Him.

By Jake Fehr

## Fellowship

A mutual, sharing, hearts;  
Companionship through trials  
E'en when we are apart.

This is Fellowship.

~

An understanding mind  
When feelings are diverse.  
Commitment to be kind.

This is Fellowship.

~

Unwavering support  
And humble serving hands.  
A loving, caring heart.

This is Fellowship.

~

Willingly, freely give  
When brothers are in need.  
For Christ your whole life live.

This is Fellowship.

~

Sharing of burdens, joys  
Forgiveness when we're  
wronged.

Service for all employs.

This is Fellowship.

~

The world watches when  
God's servants live in love.

Truly they will see then  
What is Fellowship.

~

By Melodie Dyck





# Encouragement for Fathers

## Meditations for Mothers

You may have already noticed something different in this issue. You got it! The *Encouragement for Fathers* and *Meditations for Mothers* are combined. We decided to put a different twist to it. With Thanksgiving coming up most of this will be geared to thanking the parents who read this. You do a major work in your children's lives and don't get "thanked" enough. And probably not about the subject we will discuss, unless you have married children who are teaching their children. ☺ Hopefully you can feel inspired to keep teaching. To begin are three tips for teaching children how to make new friends.

1. Study the life of Jesus to learn ways that He is a good Friend.
2. Encourage children to greet visitors at church. Practice several conversation starters beforehand, so they will know what to say.
3. Making new friends is a way to influence others for the kingdom of God. Teach a lesson on the power of influence and the importance of BEING a good, Biblical influence on others. Discuss ways we can guard against unbiblical influences.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6

What a true verse. I wonder what we don't learn from our parents! I want to take time to thank my parents who taught me to make friends. You've had a difficult time teaching me I know but you didn't give up. You came with me and helped us start a conversation until I wasn't so nervous. From you I learned some interesting topics to discuss as you took time to let me state my fears. You taught me

that a friend needs to be sensitive to others feelings, that I have one mouth and two ears for a reason. You taught me to see everyone as a friend and neighbour- not just the ones I knew and were close to my age.

"A friend loveth at all times...." Prov. 17:17a

Thank you for showing me what it means to be a true friend. Trustworthy. Faithful. Encouraging. Loving. You are my friend. You are an example. Even when people are complete strangers, and I would rather withdraw and hide, you show me how to be a friend. And I am blessed. I realize that as I give of myself and be friendly to someone else I receive a new friend. Even when people are familiar, you show me how to accept and love them as they are. And I am blessed. I realize that only as I look past the things that are hard to love, then I can have a friendship with them. You show me how to cultivate a friendship with God himself. And I am blessed. I realize that only when I am in fellowship with my Creator and realize His love for me and for all of mankind, can I have any true, loving friendships with people around me.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." John 15:13

~The Writer's Group

# BIBLE TIME



- What was the name of the high priest who plotted to have Jesus arrested?  
 What was the 3<sup>rd</sup> animal in Daniel's dream of the 4 beasts?  
 Which is the biggest chapter in the Bible?  
 Name Samson's Philistine girlfriend.  
 How many verses does the shortest chapter have?  
 How many tablets in total did Moses bring down from Mt. Sinai?

## Teens Topic for GIRLS: *Expectations*

Expectations! We all have them. We especially have expectations of our friends. We expect our friends to chat with us, update us on the latest, give a listening ear, keep a secret, etc.

And sometimes our friends (being humans) don't meet our expectations. They're talking to another friend and don't have a chance to say more than 'hi' and 'bye'. They might forget to tell us the latest. They don't have time to listen when we really want to talk. And they might just *have* to tell another friend your secret.

When my expectations don't get met, I try to 'take it as it comes' and not let it bother me. Sometimes

I feel frustrated, especially if it was a bigger issue. It always helps to pray about it, talk to Mom a bit, and then, Let It Go!

I was reading Psalms one evening. The word 'expectation' caught my eye. "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my **expectation** is from Him." (Psalm 62:5)

That's a new thought: "Expect things from God." Instead of expecting things from our friends, expect things from God! He won't let us down. 'He is able to do exceedingly abundantly **above all that we ask or think**, according to the power that worketh in us.' (Ephesians 3:20)

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find it."

(Matthew 7:7a.) "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do that the Father may be glorified in the Son." (John 14:13) Ask, seek, find, knock....and it will be given you. Ask God.

Ask and expect God to help you cultivate good relationship with your friends. Expect God to help you be a good friend.

One of my favourite verses in the Bible says this, "For I know the plans I have for you, declares the Lord, plans to **prosper you** and not to harm you, plans to **give you hope** and **a future**." (Jeremiah 29:11). Expect great things from God! He'll never let you down!

*By Megan Fehr*

# Book Review: Training Man's Best Friend

The author, Tom Dokken, is a professional dog trainer with 30 years' experience. He has trained dogs for field trial competitions and hunting upland game and waterfowl. He founded Dokken's Oak Ridge Kennels in Northfield, MN., which is a popular all-breed dog training facility.

The book is a hands-on practical approach to dog training. He provides tips such as: Training at the puppy stage shouldn't be formal, but fun and entertaining with frequent play breaks. Standard obedience commands are the base for everything else. Come, sit, down, stay, place, and kennel are mandatory. Also during this time, he recommends to get some fresh pheasant wings and get the dog into chasing them. Once he grows up, a choke collar is introduced to reinforce the commands.

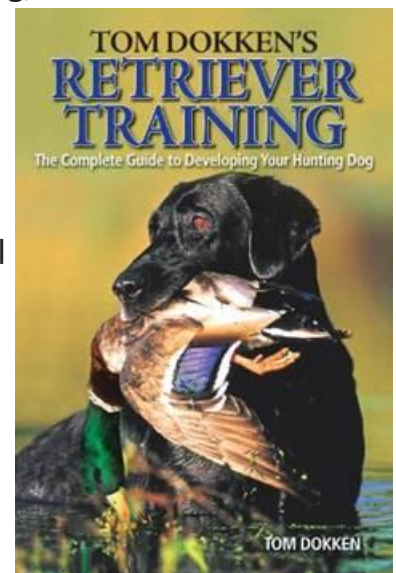
After the dog responds well you can move on to birds—usually around the six-month mark. This is a crucial step because the puppy can easily be

frightened by the birds flapping and the guns. The best way is to get him confident with a dead bird. Then live birds are introduced starting with a clipped wing pigeon. The idea is to get your dog confident so he can catch a bird every time.

The book has many informative photographs, and the text is well explained. It has methods on socializing your dog and how to consistently teach obedience, so even a person who isn't planning to train their dog for hunting, will find the book helpful.

A dog is often called man's best friend. But only a well-trained dog can truly be a good friend, and this book will help you achieve that.

By Andrew Fehr



- Bible Time:
1. Caiaphas
  2. The leopard
  3. Ps. 119
  4. Delilah
  5. 2
  6. 4<sup>11</sup>