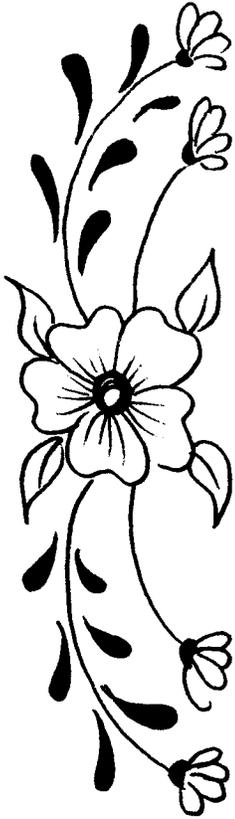


Words of Life

Piecemakers Country Store
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(714) 641-3112
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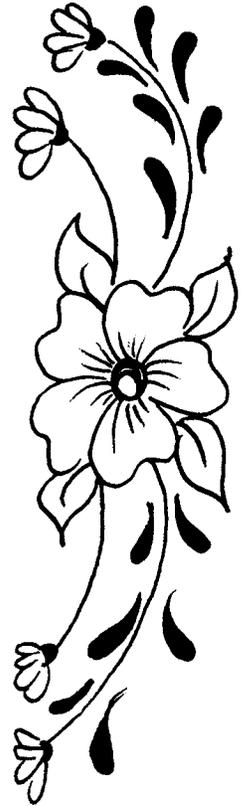
March — May 1985 Word



***"THIS IS THE DAY that the LORD hath
made —
LET US REJOICE and be glad in it."
(Psalms 118:24)***

***"THOUGH THE DAY of the LORD
comes as ruin" (Joel 1:15), don't despair,
for out of the ashes of our old life
of pride and selfishness
comes a fresh new LIFE of humility.***

***CHOOSE LIFE. Rise up for the LORD
shall be your LIFE.***



WOW! The new move was a tremendous leap of faith. We have just begun putting together what we feel God wants for this community. We also are praying that we yield to the nudging of the Holy Spirit to make Piecemakers not only God's house but also meet the needs of His children.

Only a dedicated group of people who will work and serve for little or nothing could keep a place like Piecemakers existing. The overhead sometimes seems to swallow us up. Let it be known to all of our faithful customers that if the time comes that we make a profit, it will always be put back into the store for all — lower

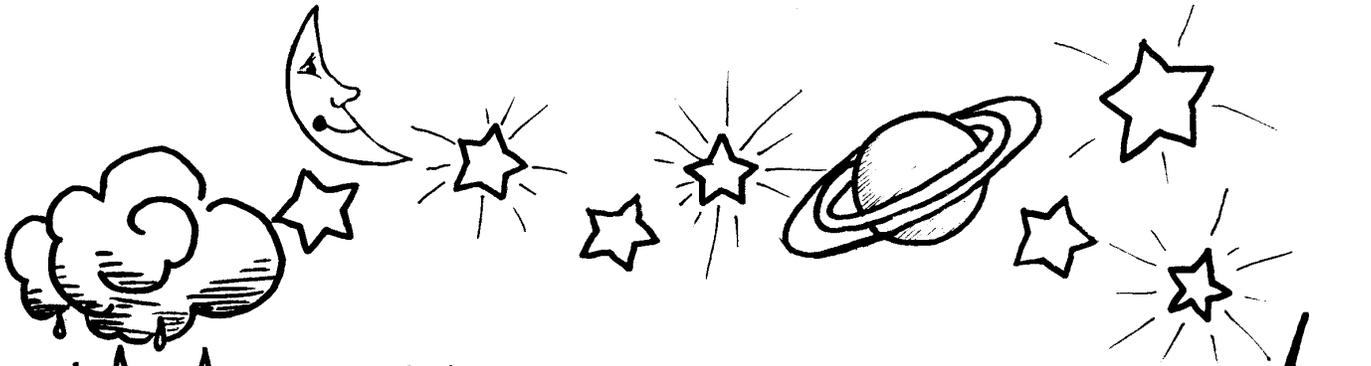
prices on merchandise — aid to those in need — etc., etc. As is, we try to carry top quality and keep our prices competitive with others in the market place.

We appreciate the "complainers" who have found us falling short of what Piecemakers stand for. At least we know where we're "falling short" and can make amends. We also appreciate the many who feel gratitude for our effort and service.

Many thanks to all of you, and may God's favor rest upon us all.

Marie

Marie Kolasinski



Dear God,

I thought about You once today
Wondering, "Are You really with me to stay?"
The thought of You makes me warm inside,
I daydream and wonder why You hide.
At night when I look up in the sky
And see the stars — not one awry —
I wonder, LORD — how great You Are,
Numbering and knowing every star.

And just today I watched a bee
And wondered how You made them see
I wonder — how did You make the birds to sing
And color the flowers — I wonder such things!
How did You make each breath of air,
Our nose to breathe, our ears to hear?
And then I wonder what's beyond our Earth
And are there other planets on which there is birth
And death and sadness and sorrow —
And hopes that seem to live in the morrow.

Oh, dear LORD — there's so much more
I wonder about — sometimes my head gets sore.
So I'll leave it all to You to go and play,
Goodbye, dear LORD, we'll meet some day.
And then I'll tell You the biggest wonder
Is You, dear LORD — I ponder and ponder —
Do You have a white beard and long white hair?
Do You think and laugh and breathe our air?

After seeing all the wonder of Your MIGHT,
I love You, dear LORD — and now Good Night.

Marie Kolasinski
— 1985 —

