

TITLE

Alumni Banquet - G.H.S.

475

PREACHED

Glenasmole June 1935

G.H.S. ALUMNI BANQUET 475

I. Point of contact

A. That's a deuced of a honk
for such a little animal.

B. I was in a quandry tonight.
There were so many things
which I felt ought to be
said.

C. I felt like A.A. Milne's
Sailor

A builder builded a temple,
He wrought it with grace and skill
Pillars and groins and arches
All fashioned to work his will.
Men said, as they saw its beauty,
It shall never know decay.
Great is thy skill, O builder;
Thy fame shall endure for aye.

A teacher builded a temple
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing efforts
None knew of her wondrous plan;
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumbled into the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Is a child's immortal soul.

And in the words of the wise man
of old:

"Many daughters have done vir-
tuously, but thou excellest them
all. Favour is deceitful, and
beauty is vain; but a woman that
feareth the Lord, she shall be
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of her hands; and let her own
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"There was once an old sailor
my grandfather knew
Who had so many things which
he wanted to do
That whenever he thought it
was time to begin,
He couldn't because of the
state he was in.

He was shipwrecked, and lived
on an island for weeks,
And he want a hat, and he
wanted some breeks;
And he wanted some nets of a
line and some hooks
For the turtles and things
which you read of in books.

He was making the hat with some
leaves from a tree,
When he thought, I'm as hot as a
body can be,
And I've nothing to take for my
terrible thirst;
So I'll look for a spring,
and I'll look for it first.

Then he thought as he started,
Oh, dear and oh, dear!
I'll be lonely to-morrow with
nobody here!
So he made in his note-book a
couple of notes;
I must first find some chickens
and, no, I mean goats.

So he thought of his hut. . .
And he thought of his boat,
And his hat and his breeks,
and his chickens and goat,
And the hooks for his food
and the spring (for his thirst)
But he never could think which
he ought to do first.

And so in the end he did nothing
at all,
But basked on the shingle
'wrapped up in a shawl.
And I think it was dreadful
the way he behaved--
He did nothing but basking until
he was saved!

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III. But there is still another
difficulty which Milne's sailor
suggests, and that is that too
many of us are forever getting
ready to do something, but never
get around to do it.

- A. My garden--
- B. Turn the dial on your
radio from station to
station and find what you
hear.
- C. Story of Bud--more public
spirited citizens--more
patriots--more pedestrians
- D. My first game of golf--
hummm Rock-a-bye and point
your chin!
- E. It is not that we lack
the power to see the fine
things to be done; it is
rather that we lack the
ability to focus our lives
on one worthy ideal.

IV. One of the most splendid
experiences is to see people who
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In youth my wings were strong
and tireless,
But I did not know the mountains
In age I knew the mountains
But my weary wings could not
follow my vision--
Genius is wisdom and youth

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experiences is to see people who
are ready to meet life's call.

- A. I see Babe Ruth strike
out.
- B. Stunned on the front wall
team.

- IV. Brouns' comment on Richard
B. Harrison
- A. The first night of
Green Pastures
 - B. The tense moment when
Gabriel shouts, Gangway
for the Lord God Jehovah.
 - C. How would the audience
react? Would they catch
the change in mood.
 - D. Let me read what Broun
said:

Richard B. Harrison walked out
upon that stage and into a hush
as deep as the morning of creation
day. Before he uttered a single
line he had already given a great
performance. He did it with the
carriage of his head, the set of
his back and shoulders and the
glow of the spirit which was
within him.

The play went on to win its
triumph and acclaim. It was not
a particularly smooth first night
performance. A few cues were
muffed. Gabriel went dry in the
middle of a long speech, and
Harrison himself made a few minor
slips. But this was all tolerably
unimportant. WHEN GABRIEL
CALLED THERE WAS A MAN IN THE
WINGS WHO HAD IN HIS OWN PERSON
SOME OF THE ASPECTS OF DEITY.

VI. There are people like that.
People who stand in the wings
until life calls and then who are
ready to do the thing which must
be done. They do not disappoint
us. They are willing, and they
are able.

I am glad that we do not
have to go back to our history
books to find these folks.

One of my first memories of
High School is that of seeing a
head bob down the hall way. It
didn't hurry, but it seemed to get
where it was going with remarkable
precision.

Then as the days went on that
bobbing head became a person. She
always seemed to know where she
was going.

She was not like one of the
principals whom some of us had
in trig, who came in the class
rather late one day. He was
carrying an amful of books and he
looked rather ruffled. He came in
the room and said, Gentlemen, you
nearly had to finish this course
with another instructor! I just
came out of "61" and started UP
the stairs! No one said anything
until he shouted. Don't you know
that the stairs do not go up
around the corner of "61" THEY GO
DOWN!! It always seemed a shame
to me that there was no audience.

Miss Bullard always seemed to
know which way the stairs went.

I can see her standing at
the top of those stairs. She
never shouted, but somehow with-
out obtruding herself at all she
obtained our respect and our obedi-
ence.

There have been many times
when I have been tempted to
rave and tear my hair to get
something done that she thought
her ~~was~~ and her ability to
quietly carry on her work have
helped me.

It seemed to me that she
was already ready to do the thing
that had to be done. The High
School of this city has been a
better High School because she
has been here.