SUMMER SUNDAY

The most pleasant memories of yesteryear are probably of things which happened on a Sunday, for this was the best day of the week. It seemed one could smell the garden flowers or hear the bluebirds better, laugh the loudest, dance the gayest or love the deepest on a Sunday.

A summer Sunday was peace and contentment and a sonorous nap on the porch swing broken by the shriek of children on the front lawn. Sunday was ice cream wagons, ball games, boat rides, unforgettable picnics and glorious visits to grandmother's.

It was a supreme delight to ride in the country by buggy or in a Model T, over dirt country roads and thru covered bridges which stood proud echoing the tramplings of yesteryear. Time ran slower on those soft reflective old time Sundays.

There was a lot of love in those days; love of family, church, nature, and neighbors whom one needed more. I will always remember the early morning bustle in the house to make church on time, the baths in huge washtubs, the clean white shirts for boys, the crinoline for girls. Maybe Sunday was so memorable because it began with Church.

There was often company for Sunday dinners and big feasts to prepare. From the scrubbed kitchens spicy aromas drifted, fried chicken, baked apple pies, red cabbage, cauliflower and thick bubbling gravy.

Those were the days of the parlor not living room or family room. The parlor was usually furnished with over stuffed pieces and rarely entered on weekdays.

Sunday, too, was a time for a respectful visit to the cemetery. Garden flowers would be cut to "take a bit of home" to the graves, and shears and watering cans were taken along to dress the plots.

There were rushing creeks lined with velvet moss and always swimming holes filled with instant rafts and the perennial fallen tree for a diving board.

Thinking back now you realize you have forgotten that those were days of joy and beauty. There was contentment and happiness in those days, those precious meadow-golden summer Sundays of yesterday.

