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**SMALL CORNER**  
**By Mrs. Paul E. King**

I sat in the big thickly-cushioned Boston rocker in the bedroom I shared with Ginny, my two-and-a-half-years younger-than-I-sister, feeling a bit morose and just a trifle "down in the dumps."

Now I know that's no place for anyone to be (the "dumps," I mean). Why, I even learned a little chorus in Sunday school about the hated place

when I was I forget how old. What's more, I sang the little chorus lustily then, declaring in no uncertain tone of voice that it was absolutely and positively one place I'd never allow myself to go down to or get into, because "that's where the devil brings you low," the writer informed us -- and truthfully so. But in spite of my earlier resolve when I was just a tiny tot sitting on an equally tiny chair in Mrs. Spiffington's attractive Sunday school room and singing the chorus with great fervency of spirit, I now found myself suddenly in "the dumps." Just a trifle, mind you, but it was enough to cause me alarm.

Now that I think of it, doldrums would be a more fitting word, especially since I'm in the 16-17-year-olds' class and have long since graduated from Mrs. Spiffington's Sunday school room. According to my dictionary, doldrums, in the nautical sense, are the tropical zones of calms and variable winds; hence, dullness, depression of spirits.

At thought of the meaning my head dropped into the open palms of my hands and I sighed a great, long, deep sigh, feeling assured that for the present time at least, my doldrums could be classified under the latter meaning: depression of spirits.

Rarely ever do the loathsome doldrums linger with me. With God's help I have always been more than conqueror over them, being able to drive them far from me by prayer and song and praise. But this time . . . well. . . .

You see, my Sunday school teacher and the young people's president in our church urged us to become active in doing something for God and for His cause. I mean, ACTIVE!

Now I believe in this with all there is within me and I really do want to accept their challenge and become involved, but . . . well . . . I'm not just one bit like Ginny and Bill and Barb (my older brother and another sister older than Ginny and I). They're outgoing and easy to get acquainted with. Me? I'm shy and timid and, much as I hate to tell it, I blush easily. According to Jeremiah's writings, I should be thankful that I can blush. At least I'm still sensitive to certain things that should not be going on or be said or done.

But back to this business of involvement, of becoming active for God. I sat there, wondering what I could do. Praying, too. In comparison to the other members of the family, my talents seem so limited, so small and very insignificant. Yet I knew I must do something. God had saved and sanctified

me for a purpose, as well as for readying me for His Eternal City. Salvation and Holiness of heart were imparted to me so that I might be an effective witness for Christ. I must do and give or I would shrivel up and die on the inside.

It was a staggering thought and suddenly I groaned aloud: "O Lord, help me! Help me, please! I will become active for You, if I die (literally) in the process!"

Ginny came bounding up the stairs just then, singing lustily and fervently, "Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light . . . you in your small corner, and I in mine."

Small corner? Small corner. That was it! I had the answer to my prayer. I could, and I would, shine for the Lord in my small corner.

"Oh, hi, Glenna," Ginny said, coming into the room and kicking her loafers off and slipping into a pair of house slippers.

"Hi, Ginny," I replied softly, getting to my feet and hugging my pretty sister soundly, the doldrums so far away and utterly removed from me that I marveled.

"Whew! My feet!" Ginny exclaimed, dropping suddenly on the edge of the bed. "I really walked today -- active and busy for Jesus, you know. And honestly, Glenna, it's been one of the most wonderful days of my entire life. I prayed with and testified to at least a dozen families, and I have four promises of new people who'll be coming to church on Sunday, the Lord willing. Talk about exciting and rewarding! I never knew anything could be so glorious. I feel as if I've grown six feet today; spiritually, I mean."

"No doubt you have, dear," I said, starting for the door. "What Brother Dohrn and Chuck Simmons have said and challenged us with is about the greatest thing that's happened for us young folks. Unless we do become active for the Lord and get involved in His cause, we'll dry up and wither and die in the inner man. So, until later, Ginny, bye. I mean to accept their challenge."

Hurrying down the stairs and pausing in the kitchen long enough to inform Mother of my mission, I walked briskly out the door and down the street to the Maple Lyne Nursing Manor.

Trembling with fear and trepidation, I stepped up to the desk.

"May I help you?" the rather heavy-set, impersonal sounding lady asked with little more than a hurried glance in my direction.

I opened my mouth to speak but my voice seemed to have taken wings and fled from sheer fright.

Still looking at the chart before her, the woman repeated her question: "May I help you?"

Sending a silent prayer heavenward for help, I said quickly, "I would like to volunteer my service in any capacity needed here at the manor."

Immediately the woman jerked to attention. She lifted her head; her blue eyes met mine. (Was there a flicker of delight in them?) "How wonderful!" she exclaimed. "We're in desperate need of someone pleasant and cheerful to read letters to the residents who can't see well enough to read any longer -- and to write letters, also.

"And there's always a pressing need for someone who'll talk with our residents; some have few visitors or no visitors, even. In many cases, all you'll need to be is a good listener," the woman said with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

Good listener, I thought, smiling inwardly. If there was one thing I could do, and do well, it was listen.

Could this be a talent? I questioned silently. If so, it was a small one in comparison to most of my peers, I reasoned. On second thought, dare I consider -- or call -- any talent small, I wondered suddenly, remembering that a talent was a talent, given by God to be used for His glory.

"If you would like to," the woman was saying, "you may begin right now by reading letters."

"Oh, I would!" I exclaimed quickly, following the smiling woman, whose name I learned was Mrs. Joseph, down a long hallway into the room of a Mrs. Sunderstrum -- a room filled with sunshine and flowers, all of which were

unseen by the bedfast, pleasant faced resident whose eyesight had long since been gone.

Taking her small hand in mine after introductions were made and when Mrs. Joseph had left the room, I unfolded the letter and began reading, my heart pounding for joy. After the letters, I would read Scripture and pray, I purposed. And who could tell, but when I finally entered my Eternal Home, there may be someone there whom I had helped to win!

This was merely the beginning, I told my happy heart; the beginning of a candle shining, not under a bushel, but burning brightly in a candlestick -- active, effective, busy, and causing something to be done -- for Christ.