

never had the sort of time he thinks he needs to write. The truth is that he is not a good writer (all who read the Weakly and other sorts of material know this already). But now with some real time...the Editor has promised himself he will write at least ten pages of copy per day...it will need several re-writings but tht would seem to be a start. So he spreads the material out. It looks cold and dull. What he has already written seems to have come from the fifth grade composition class..uncorrected. It is a depressing sight and it is not helped by the exclamation.."All is vanity.." Suddenly the Editor remembers that he will have to plan his own lunch and he begins to think of it...but the clock says 9:00.

We will not bore you with the entirety of the day. The Editor did get his ten pages done...read a good bit of literature that made him feel hopelessly ignorant. He made a trip to the lumber yard (Snyder's, no less) and bought a lot of stuff he needs for afew projects at home. He successfully interspersed the doing of a great many little things with the projects at hand and even completed the transplanting of numerous little plants he is growing under flourescent lights in the basement. By four o'clock he felt tired and old. Mrs. Taylor returned from her work at the Seminary and he resumed his reading and making of notes.

After dinner the Taylors went to prayer meeting and eventually completed the evening with ice cream and other suitable goodies earned by the work of the day. And during the night the Editor dreamed that he had finished his book and all his friends were standing around laughing at it. A prophetic dream, no doubt.

It would seem apparent that no books will be written during this period but hopefully I will get a lot of work done. The Editor's church history lectures at Word of Life will be here soon and he will follow this with a week of preaching, etc., in the midwest...as the Lord allows. Hopefully he will go fishing one day also...but when one must live with the conscience of a Taylor, it is pretty heavy stuff. Just know a voice said to me..."Is this what they gave you a sabbatical for...to write this slushy stuff." With a cringing motion I noted that I only had a few lines to do and it would be done.

We hope to see you at the Student Council gathering on the evening of March 21. Since this is Saturday and it is well after the close of the normal working day, surely no time-keeping angel would object. And maybe in the next communique I will tell you of the amazing experience I had recently with an extra-terrestrial sort of experience...something well beyond the normal flying saucer material. But maybe my conscience will say.."Is this how you use a sabbatical?"