

a full and exciting day was planned for these dear little friends. Visits to classrooms, special acts of entertainment, a hot noon meal and souvenir favors were the anticipated joys looked forward to each spring as near to the Easter season as could be incorporated in to the school program. Miner fathers were on hand to help transport those in wheel chairs up and down stairs, mothers assisted those on crutches or in braces wherever help was necessary.

When the day ended and the last little one was helped into a car whisking him away with delightful memories of a very busy day, a veritable tidal wave of emotion swept over those who had been a part of the project. "But for the grace of God..." was the prayer on most lips as we witnessed pure and simple faith in the eyes of the handicapped.

In 1957 the Hanna Homestead School moved into quarters temporarily assigned at the Northcrest School. A year or so later they moved into their own special wing at Brentwood. After they became a part of a regular school, so-to-speak, there no longer seemed to be the need for continuing this annual project at Miner.

After the discontinuance of this event, the Study Group voted to "adopt" two little girls at the Allen County Children's home. Birthday and Christmas joys were extended these little friends, and again, the happiness of others was a shared experience.

For the last two years a new volunteer service, that has brought happy and meaningful hours to hospitalized children and their over-tired, over-anxious mothers, has been the annual project of Study Group. In cooperation with the pediatric ward of the Lutheran Hospital, Study Group mothers have given one afternoon each week to play with children in the hospital playroom, read or entertain children confined to their rooms, or otherwise make the burden a little lighter for the parents of these children by sharing the load.

This is Miner--the real, real deep HEART of Miner. Never have we been too busy to help others, -- never too bound by our own needs to be blind to the needs of others, -- never too poor to share crumbs with our neighbors. This was Miner? No wonder we weep when we think of it coming to an end and know that henceforth everything will be past tense.