## SUSQUEHANNA BULLETIN

Susquehanna Times & The Mount Joy Bulletin

VOL Vol. 75 No. 11 - March 19, 1975

MARIETTA & MOUNT JOY, PA.

**Ten Cents** 



Lovers

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig tree ripeneth her green figs,
And the vines are in blossom,
They give forth their fragrance.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
The Song of Songs.

## Springtime...New Life

Human love knows no season, but perhaps we think more about love in the spring than during other season.

Certainly, with new life springing up all around us, we are led to think more about new human life.

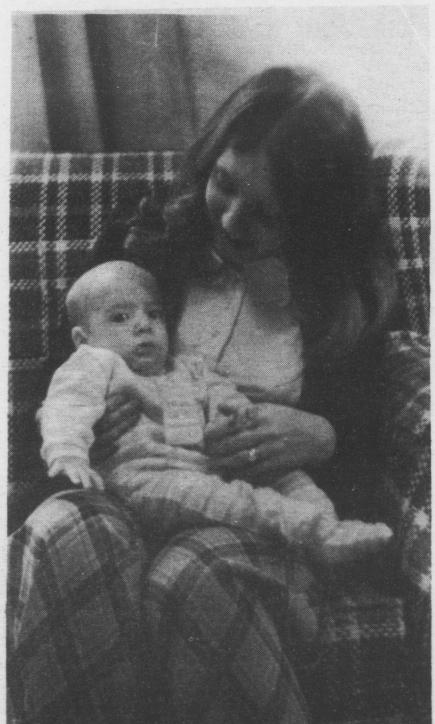
And it is true that new human life is the product of human love. Not only is new human life created by human love, but, more important, it is nurtured by human love so that it may grow.

The love of a man and woman that creates a new human life can create a home in which the new life they created can mature.

Human love knows no season; it knows no age, either. It can go on and on.



Thinking of new life



Douglas & his mother, Mrs. Wm. Bower, Mount Joy



Sonnie & Grace Hoffman, Bainbridge

Spring is the time of the planting of seeds with hope that they will mature into fruit-bearing crops.

In every society there are religious ceremonies that go back to unknown antiquity, all with the purpose of celebrating the new life and the new hopes of spring.

There are fertility rites joyously observed with faith that they will help the crops and livestock to grow.

Every society has its rites of spring.

In our own Christian rite of spring, Easter, to be celebrated next week, there are vestiges of early European fertility rites: the rabbit and the eggs.

The main message of Easter, however, is broader and more personal than a hope for good crops. It is an assurance every spring of new life for each of us.