

The evening sun was sinking lower and lower, and as Mariann Kirby watched it, with a far away look in her clear blue eyes, she could feel her heart sinking, too.

This morning she had awokened with a strong sense of foreboding. She had had a longing to see her husband, Bob, and a loneliness had seized her, a loneliness so deep and gripping that it left her weak and shaky.

She had gone on to the plant as usual, but with each passing hour her anxiety had increased. It had been

almost as if something dreadful were about to happen. She scolded herself inwardly, "It may be just my own imagination. I guess I'm a little nervous; after all, it's been a long time since I've heard from Bob. But I shan't let it get me down. There's probably been some delay. It's happened before."

But, now, standing at the window, she watched the bright orange rays of the sun splashing their color against the blue of the sky. "How beautiful," she thought, as she saw the last visible hue fade. It was like a huge ball of fire that seemed to be slowly, but surely, dissolving into nothingness. She shivered slightly and turned from the window.

In deep meditation she walked over to the desk, and stood looking at her husband's photograph. She kept it on the desk, where she could always see it. When she wrote him a letter, she would glance at the picture and it made him seem closer, as if she were talking to him face to face. Now, as so many times before, she caught the picture up in her hands and whispered a prayer: "Dear God, keep him safe. In thee, O Lord, my God, I put my trust." With a wistful, tender look in her eyes, she carefully placed it back on the desk. But, try as she might, she couldn't shake off the feeling of apprehension.

She had felt this way only once before. It was just a few days before

Peace I Give

Now, as so many times before, she caught the picture up in her hands and whispered a prayer.



"Missing in action"—those were the words that she read, the words that put a world of hopelessness between Mariann and her faith

in the fact that the man she loved would come back