

# The Riverview Messenger



**Sept Oct Nov 2019**  
**Vol. 23 No. 4**  
**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

Riverview Breezes ..... 1  
 Pastor's Message ..... 2  
 A Word In Edgewise ..... 2  
 A Lesson In Trust ..... 3  
 Who Am I? ..... 4  
 Our New Addition ..... 4  
 Hanging Out the Wash ..... 5  
 A Few of My Favorite Things ..... 5  
 My Fall Lament ..... 5  
 Chili Cook-off Recipe ..... 6  
 Hospital Visits ..... 6  
 Favorite Fall Activity ..... 7  
 Letter to Editor ..... 7  
 Answer to Who Am I? ..... 7  
 Psalm 100 ..... 7  
 Children's Page ..... 8



*I LOVE FALL  
 AND THAT'S ALL*

## **RIVERVIEW BREEZES** BY **ELSIE GINGERICH**

~Anne Noel was born to Caleb and Kayla Miller on October 10. Congratulations!

~The first Bible Quiz of the season bagged some trophies for the Riverview Quizzers. There are 30 quizzers this year.

~On September 28, Kervin and Ruth Hershberger moved to their new home built this summer.

~Elwood and Chris Miller attended a wedding in Ohio.

~Larry Mast passed away on Oct 19. Our sympathy to RoxAnne and Gina and their families.

~Praise the Lord for a successful knee replacement surgery for Deb Murphy.

~Ruby Bontrager had several hospital stays this summer and fall and is doing well.

~Todd and Kaitlin Martin went to Mexico on an exploratory trip for Todd's company.

~Our sympathy to Ernie and Ruby Miller and family. Ernie's mother, Edna Miller died on Oct. 30.

~Our Fall Revival Meetings with Dale and Shirley Keffer were well attended and inspirational.

~Eric and Brenda Jones celebrated their 10<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary with a trip to Phoenix AZ. Their agenda included sky diving. Congratulations!

~Riverview hosted a Set Apart Ladies' Conference in October.

~Congratulations to Casey Gingerich who was October Student of the Month at his school, Centreville Elementary.

~New members received on September 22 were: Dan and Carol Miller and Austin Yoder. Welcome.

~DeWayne Miller was commissioned as Deacon on October 27. God bless you and Ruth as you serve in this capacity.

~Final inspection and approval for our new addition was given the last week of October.

~The Kris Reckers family traveled south for a wedding. They also visited family members, including son Noah and his wife Avery.

~Jerry and Ruby Bontrager and Glen and Elsie Gingerich traveled to Alabama after Thanksgiving for a Gingerich family get-together.

~Dean and Lana Miller and daughter Lori and family took the train to Chicago for a vacation together.

~Our condolences to Teresa Johnson whose mother, Marjorie Brown passed away on November 27.

~Jerry Christner headed up a leaf raking crew to rake the leaves of a White Pigeon resident.

~DeWayne and Ruth Miller spent some time in Florida in November.

~Thanks to Kayla Miller who updated our church directory including a mobile directory.

~The Youth enjoyed a lock-in at the church on the Friday after Thanksgiving.

~Kermit and Mary Weaver attended the baptism of their grandson, Josiah Beachy.

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**PASTOR'S MESSAGE . . .**

**FALL REFLECTIONS**

Associate Pastor Glen Gingerich

The rare smell of burning leaves in autumn stirs nostalgic feelings. It takes me back to my bus ride home after a full day at school when the smoke from burning leaves would drift across the streets in Middlebury and find its way into the bus load of tired but happy students.

Our home north of Middlebury on C.R. 8 had several large maple trees. I remember raking leaves with my family for hours into the driveway for burning or the garden for composting. For many years, our Riverview church family would gather at the church to rake and burn piles of leaves.

The crisp fall air is a time of reflection on spring-time planting, long summer days, counting the blessings of harvest while anticipating the cold of winter.

Autumn is the season of my life. The youth of springtime and the mid-life of summer are past. Realistically, the winter of physical death is fast approaching. Nothing is more important to me now than being in Christ and spiritually prepared for that awesome event!

I want my life-focus to be like Apostle Paul who says in **Phil 3:13-14, One thing I do: Forgetting what is behind and straining toward what is ahead, I press on toward the goal to win the prize**

**for which God has called me heavenward in Christ Jesus!**

My focus must be fully on the trustworthiness of Jesus and not on my feelings of failure, my sense of unworthiness, or anything else about me. It can only be about trusting Him! As Charles Spurgeon put it in his sermon titled, *Only Trust Him!* *Only Trust Him!* "Can you trust Jesus? For that is what He bids you do. How strange it seems that anyone should raise a question about trusting HIM! How insane and insulting to be willing to trust our feelings and not trust the Savior!"

The Word of God is abundantly clear that God's way of salvation is through faith in His crucified Son, Jesus Christ. He has promised that if I trust His Son, He will save me from sin, make a new man out of me, and heal me of my spiritual diseases! So I trust Him! His Word is true! I receive the testimony of God about His Son! By that simple and deliberate act of faith, I am saved!

**A Word in Edgewise. . .**

**Autumn Musings**  
**Ruby Bontrager**

*"The harvest is past, the summer has ended, and we are not saved" Jeremiah 8:20*

Autumn has arrived, and with it, the glory and splendor of its golden scenes. Time to put away the summer decorations and put the fall ones in place. My spirits brightened a little as I went through this seasonal ritual. Soon Thanksgiving will arrive and I'll add a few more pieces.

This year, however, autumn hasn't brought the same joy to me as usual. I confess to feeling nostalgic and a little older. Time seems to be getting away from me and I can't catch up! The projects I've longed to do for years have been put off too long,

and it's hard to grow enthused about them again.

Harvest joys were slim, but I made use of the warm sunny days of early fall. Though we didn't have much of a garden this year, there were a few tomatoes and peppers to enjoy. I spent a couple of weeks canning my own produce and hunting up more tomatoes out in the country to put up in juice and salsa for the winter days ahead. That done, I looked forward to having our daughter here from Alabama for a couple of days while I underwent surgery.



**Earthly Treasures**  
Photo credit Joyce Weber

My surgery went well and I've recovered well. I've much to be thankful for! It was wonderful having Joyce here those few short days, and I'm so grateful she took the time to come. One thing that transpired with her coming was the continuation of her quest, begun during an earlier summer visit, to help her mom get rid of "stuff." (When you live at one place for 36 years, it tends to accumulate.) I gave up a few "treasures" which Joyce gleefully piled into our Buick Enclave and headed off for the thrift store to donate them. She was doing me a huge favor, but there was a bit of sadness in needing to part with things I had yet hoped to tackle or find a good home for. Reality check—it wasn't going to happen!

And so this lesson sinks in—it's time to complete the projects

I hold in greatest priority. Time to piece those quilts I started making for my grandchildren when they began arriving, but somehow got sidetracked. And that's what my daughter wanted to help me see. If she could get rid of the extra things that held me back, then I would be free to do what I really wanted to do. I seem to hear my mother's voice from the past: The way to get something done is to just do it!

The prophet Jeremiah mourned the falling of the Jewish nation into idolatry and the coming judgment of their being taken into captivity. Horror gripped him as he mourned that the "harvest is past, the summer ended, and we are not saved." Reality sinks into my heart as I realize that my life is quickly passing and some of the things I truly want to do for the Lord remain undone. I want to reach out to those around me who need the Lord and tell them the time is short! I want to let my light shine in my neighborhood.

May we faithfully strive for the kingdom of God, doing those things that matter for Him. Winter is coming!



## **A LESSON IN TRUST**

**Miriam Hochstetler**

**by request of the Editor**

On Thursday, October 17, 2019, my daughter Susie and I went to

the Prison Ministry Banquet at Calvary Chapel. Needless to say my heart was touched. I came home asking God if this is something I could do, even though I am not good at speaking to others. My prayer for the summer has been, "What do I do Lord, where do I go and how do I do it?" So far I don't have an answer. My prayer was the same Thursday night. I was also telling Him I feel so small in my weaknesses. Could I really do something like this, to be a mentor for someone else? The next day I didn't have to go to work, so it was my usual catch up day around the house, laundry etc. My parents were planning to leave at lunch time to get together with my mother's siblings. They wanted to divide my grandparent's last belongings among themselves and then have their bi-monthly ice cream supper. Susie and I were planning to fix supper and then watch a movie. I decided I would do cleaning on Saturday, so I sat down to read a book in the afternoon. Of course I fell asleep after ten minutes! I slept until almost 4:00, then sent Susie to do the chores. I went to get the laundry from the line. I was starting to get a really strong urge to go hunting.. I was folding laundry and this voice in my head kept getting stronger, so I asked Susie if she cared if I went hunting. She said she didn't. I said, "But what about supper?" We decided to order supper from Marathon about three miles away. Susie said, "Sure, but won't it make it too late to go hunting?" I told her I wouldn't have to leave the house until 5:30 and I could get ready while eating, so that's what we did. By the way they have really good cheeseburgers and broccoli peppers! I told Susie I am going to

what we call the 'Buck Stand' and asked her to check the direction of the wind. It was supposed to be several different directions, but end up south/southeast, which was actually not the best to be using that stand, but that was the stand that something was telling me to use. On the way back to the stand I had this thought: "I am going to this stand and then shooting my buck," and I just laughed at myself. When I got back there I remembered my Mom telling me that they didn't check the stand or do anything to get it ready for hunting season because hardly anyone uses it. Oh well! I thought, that's where I'm supposed to go. When I got there, I found a branch growing up through the seat so that I had to break it off. Then I had to climb part of the way down the ladder to pull it the rest of the way out. I also had to break a few other branches so I could sit comfortably. I then looked for openings to shoot out into the field. I had two big ones and a small one to my east and two to the west, but that was it. My thought was, "Well this is where I am supposed to be!" So I settled down to enjoy being outside in the beautiful weather. I was there probably a half hour, just relaxing, praying and reading my pocket Bible. I also texted Susie to make sure everything was okay at the house. I looked over my shoulder and saw that some deer had come out into a small field to the east of me. They were just does and fawns, I thought. I decided to turn around so I could watch them better, also was too far to shoot anyway. I then discovered a nice buck was also out there so now it was getting really interesting! They were grazing between 60-70 yards away which is too far for bow

shooting, so I was just enjoying watching them. A deer started snorting and blowing a little south of me. I thought, "Oh no! I'm busted. They are all going to run away!" Instead they all headed in that direction. "Oh no! That's even worse, now they are going to smell me! I should have gone to the other tree stand maybe 50 yards away from me, and I would have had a beautiful shot at that buck! Oh, why didn't I?" And then, what did the deer do? They all came back out in the field and started grazing again! They all headed out into the big field grazing as they went. All too far out to shoot of course, but I was only interested in the buck by this time! I thought they were all gone except a couple that I could see through some branches. Then from the big field came a small buck and some does and headed into the trees south of me, and the bigger buck was following them. "Oh no!" I was still worried that they were going to smell me in that direction, but they were gone. A little later I caught movement behind a bunch of wild grape leaves about fifteen yards away! "I wonder? Yep it is!" I caught a glimpse of the bigger buck's white horns! So now I get excited! He was hiding behind there maybe 10-15 minutes. I think he was eating wild grapes. Then some does and fawns came running in from the other field and the buck came out from behind the leaves and started to go after them, right into my opening! I brought my bow up to shoot but I couldn't see the red dot in my scope. The buck even stopped walking and was just standing there. I took my bow down to check it, but it's on. So I brought the bow up again and it isn't on! I can't see where to shoot! So I took

my bow down again and turned the light off and on again, then brought it back up. The light is on but the buck is out of range! My prayer, "Lord, why?" The answer came, "Good things come to those who wait." The words were plain as day. Hupf! But the buck is gone. All the deer had run out into the big field except a doe and her two fawns. They came into my other opening that I had to the east. But I know if I try to turn, they will see me, so I didn't even try. Then I noticed a deer on my other side in the west field, coming up from the south and it didn't even smell me. Wow! That one was close enough to shoot, but it was behind a large tree branch. So I just sat there very still, knowing that there were deer all around me. It was surprising that none of them smelled anything strange and took off. I kept hearing something and I thought it was maybe some deer coming up behind me. All at once this beautiful eight-point buck walked out from behind some brush straight west of me. I don't know where he had come from, but I know who sent him! After I shot him, I just sat there kind of stunned, thinking about what had just happened. I texted Susie to bring the tractor and then my parents called, wanting me to come pick them up. I told Susie to call them and tell them we will be there as soon as we can. As I was waiting, I think, "What an amazing God!" He showed me in a way I will never forget, that I just need to trust! He will tell me what I should do and where I need to go. I just need to trust Him and listen even when I don't think everything is perfect. He will work it all out the way it is supposed to be. I also think of the light on my scope

working when it was supposed to. Wow! Thank you Lord!

## WHO AM I?



Find out on page 7



## OUR NEW ADDITION Jerry Bontrager

Early this spring you could see some construction going on to the north side of the church. And as the walls and roof were going up, you could hear the many questions being asked: "What are you adding on?"

As time went on, this last month our dream finally came to reality as the last of the barricades were removed and we could see our newly expanded fellowship hall; and through the barn doors, a much larger storage area for tables and chairs. The barn doors seem to be a hit for everyone.

To the left is a large youth room which almost doubled in size for our growing youth group and an

extra classroom. There is also a new sewing room and another utility room. Now we can boast of having all of our Sunday school classes in a classroom!

We thank all those who helped bring this to reality, both through physical labor and financially. We will enjoy this for many years!



## HANGING OUT THE WASH

*Elsie Gingerich*

Hanging out the wash is a rewarding experience for me. A sunny summer day is a good time to hang out the laundry, but the cool, crisp weather of autumn gives the laundry a fresh smell that only occurs when the weather is cold. I love to put sheets on the bed that have been on the wash line all day. I think I sleep better on those nights.

If your whites are looking dingy, try hanging them out in the sun to dry. The sun will bleach them without the use of Clorox.

There is the benefit of saving electricity or gas in using the wash line instead of the dryer. Every home we've moved to, Glen has put up a wash line for me.

Hanging out the wash becomes a spiritual experience for me. I love to carry out a basket of laundry, look up into the blue October sky and sing, "What a Beautiful Day for the Lord to Come Again."

I do admit that I am more than glad to use the dryer on the cold, snowy days of winter.

**eagley road chronicles . . .**

## A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

**Jon Gingerich**

Corn pickers and pumpkins  
And Thanksgiving dinners  
Watching some football with  
losers and winners  
Dash to be first when mom's  
dinner bell rings  
These are a few of my favorite  
things

Reading a tale to a cute ankle-  
biter  
Blue skies and cream pies  
And donuts with cider  
Thirty point buck ducking arrow  
that zings  
These are a few of my favorite  
things

Lounging by campfires and  
nursing a S'more burn  
Watching the wifey cranking the  
butter churn  
Searching the leaves for my lost  
wedding ring  
These are a few of my favorite  
things

When the frost bites  
When the back stings  
When Ohio makes me mad  
I simply think of my favorite  
things  
And cannot forget the great  
times that we've had

## SIGNS AND WONDERS

*Sign outside Calvary Assembly of God,  
Dexter IA.*

**"We don't trust in the elephant or the  
donkey. We trust in the Lamb."**

*-via Rev. Dale Schoening, Madrid IA  
with permission from The Joyful Noiseletter*

## MY FALL LAMENT

Dot Chupp  
October 2019

The woods are turning golden,  
It's beautiful I know.  
But one sad thought forbodin',  
It's a harbinger of snow.

My sister said this morning,  
The juncos have returned!  
And while they are dark eyed  
beauties,  
The summer they have spurned.

I really love the colors,  
But with each passing day  
It is a grim reminder,  
That summer's gone away.

You know you can't deny it.  
Bright colors bring you cheer.  
So how can I look forward,  
To winter's cold and drear?

I hope dear friend, you'll  
understand  
It's not your fault you see.  
I'm pining for the surf and  
sand  
The cold is not for me.

So this is my sad jingle,  
It's sorrowful I know.  
Fall's beauty is a swindle,  
And I truly dislike snow.



# CHILI COOK-OFF RECIPE

Winner Donna Jones



It's a chilly kind of night! A couple weeks ago I came across this chili recipe. What caught my attention was that it fit my cooking style....you purchase the ingredients and put it in the crock pot. I can come home from work and voila, dinner is being served!

When I heard about the Chili Cook-off night I told Alan that I was going to try this new recipe. When I come home from work and taste it we will go only if we think it's good enough to share. If not, we will stay at home and try to eat it! I certainly wasn't sure about a pound of cream cheese in a chicken chili!

Well, we went to the Cook-off, had a good time and ate lots of great chili. Try it, it's just this easy!

## SLOW COOKER CREAM CHEESE CRACK CHICKEN CHILI

Ingredients:

- 4 boneless, skinless chicken breast
- 2 (11 or 15-oz) can of corn, drained
- 2 (15 oz) can black beans, drained and rinsed
- 2 (10 oz) can diced tomatoes and green chilies, undrained
- 4 cups of chicken broth

- 2 cups cooked, chopped bacon
  - 2 (1 oz) packet of Hidden Valley Ranch Original seasoning & salad dressing mix
  - 2 tsp cumin
  - 2 TBLS chili powder
  - 2 tsp onion powder
  - 1 (8oz) package cream cheese
  - 2 cups shredded cheddar cheese
- Instructions:

1. Place raw chicken at bottom of slow cooker
2. Add corn, black beans, diced tomatoes w/green chilies, chicken broth, cumin, chili powder, onion powder, ranch seasoning & bacon. Stir and add cream cheese.
3. Cover with lid and cook on LOW for 6-8 hours
4. Remove chicken and shred with 2 forks. Return to slow cooker. Stir in cheddar cheese
5. Enjoy

I wasn't sure I'd like that much corn so I only used 1 can. No worries if you forgot to get the chicken out of the freezer, it'll be ready to shred at the end of the day! Also who has time to fry that much bacon and clean up the mess! E&S sells precooked bacon all chopped and ready for you.



## RULES FOR HOSPITAL VISITS

Permission granted by  
Mennonite Weekly Review  
Written by John Esau

One hundred fifty senior citizens were invited to make written responses to the following: "When I am hospitalized and someone visits me I wish they would or would not do ..."

### Do:

- ~Make the visit short. Five minutes is a call. Ten minutes is a visit. More than 10 minutes is too long.
- ~Relate in a natural, authentic way.
- ~Be truly interested, eye contact, caring.
- ~Talk about what's going on with me.
- ~Be calm and compassionate, not overly talkative.
- ~Let me set the tone and share whatever I am comfortable with.
- ~Use your eyes, your ears and then use your feet.
- ~Pray a short prayer asking God's care of us.

### Don't:

- ~Talk about your surgeries and illnesses.
- ~Try to be unnaturally cheerful.
- ~Just talk about yourself.
- ~Try to talk me into reading a certain thing.
- ~Sit on the bed.
- ~Visit if I am in a lot of pain or nauseated.
- ~Share your hospital horror stories.
- ~Be too full of suggestions.
- ~Ask too personal questions.
- ~Tell of someone who had a situation like mine and took a turn for the worse.
- ~Visit the day of surgery.
- ~Say you know how I feel.
- ~Play doctor.

The purpose of visiting sick people is to be helpful. Esau

reports that “Don’t stay too long” was listed 37 times. Sensitivity and good manners are needful. Sometimes not to visit is the better option.



## MY FAVORITE FALL ACTIVITY

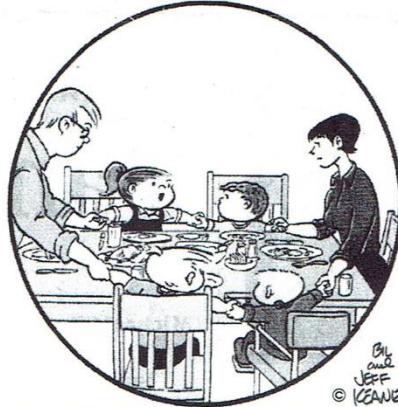
Darrin Miller

Each year, when the air becomes crisp and the leaves begin to turn, an excitement stirs inside me. While summer has brought warm weather, long sunny days, and a nice green lawn, it also carries a sense of boredom. I call it the Summer Sports Doldrums. After the first weekend in April, when the Men’s NCAA Tournament has ended (without an IU championship), the doldrums begin to creep in. In June when the NBA Finals conclude, they flare up in full force. All I am left with is an extended, boring baseball season. Don’t get me wrong, I appreciate America’s pastime, but there are only so many foul tips and sunflower-seed spitting a man can take!

So as the summer proceeds, amidst the barbecues and beautiful sunsets, I secretly pine for the first signs of fall. On those 100 degree days I find myself looking beyond, to the time when I know the excitement will return and the doldrums will subside. In the latter half of August, I begin to sense the first signs. Driving down a country road, I see young men in helmets and pads running drills and sweating in the hot sun. A tinge of excitement. In the local papers, articles begin to appear previewing the season that is to come. The excitement grows. ESPN talking-heads start the ritual of their endless prognostications of who will win it all. The excitement begins to bubble over. Finally, around the first

weekend of September, it happens. College football season descends like a firework display, jolting so many sports fans out of their summer stupor and awakening them to the gladiatorial games of the gridiron. I smile knowing that from that day until the turn of the calendar, I will no longer need to peer into the gaping expanse of the Summer Sports Doldrums. Instead I can soak every Saturday in the joy of once again waking up the echoes in South Bend. In Bloomington, Hep’s Rock watches over the field at Memorial Stadium as the games begin. Is this the year? Maybe! After all, between the lines hope springs eternal (Side Note: My Hoosiers are in the midst of one of their greatest seasons in the past quarter century). Either way, the excitement has returned and banished the Summer Sports Doldrums once again. Football is back!

## THE FAMILY CIRCUS By Bil and Jeff Keane



"We hafta hold hands while we say grace so nobody gets a head start eating. Right, Mommy?"

from [JoyfulNoiseletter.com](http://JoyfulNoiseletter.com)  
© Bil & Jeff Keane  
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“Use you smile to change the world. Don’t let the world change your smile.”

~via Risa Samra, Saginaw, MI

with permission from *The Joyful Noiseletter*

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

“Thanks so much for having The Riverview Messenger sent to us! It’s interesting to read the various articles/stories. Of course some of the names are new to us. That’s good! It means the church continues to grow. I believe the newsletter must generate a feeling of community and it demonstrates that members of the group have real talent. We enjoyed Jon’s article in this newsletter as well as the one you gave us. He’s a good writer! So are you all! I enjoyed reading about Ruby’s experience at Aldi. I like to shop at Aldi, but I haven’t had anyone urge me to buy--and eat--sardines!”

~sent by Mabel Knicely



## Answer to ‘Who Am I?’

*Deb Murphy is the cute little girl enjoying winter weather.*

## PSALM 100

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.  
Serve the Lord with gladness;  
come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and bless this name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

# The Children's Page

by Brent Hershberger

In autumn, leaves change colors and fall from the trees. Color the picture.



**In November we celebrate Thanksgiving. Many families celebrate by having a feast. Look up these verses that talk about feasts and fill in the blanks... (verses in NIV)**

- All the days of the \_\_\_\_\_ are wretched, but the \_\_\_\_\_ has a continual feast. – Proverbs 15:15
- When someone invites you to a \_\_\_\_\_ feast, do not take the \_\_\_\_\_ of honor, for a person more \_\_\_\_\_ than you may have been invited. – Luke 14:8
- Bring the fattened \_\_\_\_\_ and kill it. Let's have a feast and \_\_\_\_\_. For this \_\_\_\_\_ of mine was dead and is alive again; he was \_\_\_\_\_ and is \_\_\_\_\_. So they began to celebrate. – Luke 15:23-24
- People will come from \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_, and will take their \_\_\_\_\_ at the feast in the \_\_\_\_\_ of God. - Luke 13:29

## “What do you like to do in the fall?”

**Casey Gingerich** – Hunt with dad, play in leaf piles, and drink cider.

**Zach Jones** – Play in the piles of leaves.

**Paul Hershberger** – Help mom and dad throw leaves on piles

**Bria and Andre Martin** – Jump in leaves

**Emma Miller** – Play outside



### Autumn Word Search

Can you find the Autumn words in the puzzle below?

h	t	b	x	t	n	y	e	l	l	o	w
b	r	o	w	n	s	e	j	j	s	l	s
g	b	h	v	t	t	p	y	u	q	i	c
c	q	q	z	f	x	a	e	j	u	c	a
m	l	e	a	v	e	s	c	a	i	w	r
c	j	s	y	i	l	g	b	o	r	k	e
h	a	r	v	e	s	t	o	d	r	i	c
f	s	e	u	o	r	a	n	g	e	n	r
w	a	d	k	l	a	p	f	q	l	r	o
s	s	l	d	q	f	x	i	g	x	a	w
k	b	m	l	y	l	h	r	c	x	k	p
a	p	p	l	e	b	h	e	y	c	e	h

rake            scarecrow            brown            yellow

squirrel            leaves            apple            red

bonfire            harvest            fall            pear

orange            acom            