

Carla and the Christmas Bear - #1

"Please Sir", as she held out her soiled empty hand, "Can you spare just a morsel for a cold weak child"?

The over plump man never looking down assumed she was speaking of herself. He stared at her with cold unsympathetic eyes, then grunted, "Off with you", he said. "Do you not know who I am? I own all these buildings, for the next two blocks, and if I had my way, you vagrants would be toted off to oblivion. You hang around here with your hands out expecting my renters to give, give, give...".

Then suddenly he felt this sharp abrupt pain on his old squeaky shinbone, and immediately thought that this frail unkept woman had kicked him, but no, this meek little child's voice erupted from lower down to make herself noticed. "You are a nasty mean spirited old man, and Santa will not be coming to see you this Christmas", she cried with tears rolling from her pale blue eyes.

The man now angry reached for his tiny assailant and slipped and fell with a crash upon the snow and ice. Now he had two new bruises, this would be a meeting that he would not forget for a long, long time.

Finally, he scooted himself over to a street lamp pole and hoisted his heavy body back up straight on his feet. Grumbled and growled from the back of his throat, swearing that this woman and child would pay for what they had done to him. He turned in a flash and headed for his over stretched limo that was waiting by the curbside. The driver opened the door, and after shutting it behind his employer, reached in his pocket and handed the woman ten dollars. "Merry Christmas," he said.

The woman and child both thanked him for his kindness, for they knew that he was only a working man, unlike the man he labored for, but they were grateful for any means that would allow them nourishment, and something warm to drink.

"Mommy, I'm cold, and I'm hungry, Can we get something to eat now"?

"Yes, we'll walk down the street to that all night grocery, and get some fruit and some hot chocolate".

And so off they went. Once inside, the clerk, being told to watch those that lived on the street very closely, for they would 'help themselves' to merchandise, she spoke cautiously, but nicely, as she watched the mother prepare two large cups for their hot treat.

Feeling the woman's eyes on her, the Mother turned and showed the lady her acquired monies, so that she could rest her mind that she wasn't trying to get something for nothing. While she was busy with the chocolate the child's eyes would light up when she noticed a Christmas basket filled with goodies on the shelf above her. "Look, Mommy", she said with excitement in her voice, "There's a Christmas bear, just like the one I had, before Daddy got sick".

It wasn't that she was ignoring her daughter's words, but she knew that any money they had was a must to be used for food, not Christmas bears in a colored cellophane wrap.

She leaned over and very quietly, she tried to explain. "Carla, now you know that Mama can't afford things such as that, maybe Santa will bring it for you".

Even at seven years old, Carla knew in her mind, that Mama was telling her the truth, but she also knew in her heart that she couldn't give up on her dreams, and yes, maybe Santa would bring it to her.

The lady in the store allowed them as paying customers to remain in the warmth of the store and drink their drinks and feast on the large bright shiny red apples. Carla and her Mother talked about Christmas memories that they had shared before Carla's Daddy had passed away, leaving them on their own. It was a happier time, though they still weren't rich, they did have a home and food. They weren't bitter they just knew that this wasn't the life they wanted or needed to be living. After they had finished eating and drinking, they thanked the lady for her generosity, and headed back out into the bite of the ice, snow and darkness.

It was still two weeks before Christmas, and Carla held high hopes of Santa fulfilling her teddybear wish.

The North wind was howling and the snow was getting heavier, as Carla and her Mama crawled into that cardboard box they knew as home. The ends were covered in heavy wool blankets that people from the shelter handed out last winter to those on the streets. No matter how cold it was her Mother always made sure that Carla was as warm as she could possibly keep her under these conditions.

Mama began her nightly ritual, with the singing of the lullabye and season's story, but this night Carla noticed a cough that kept plaguing her Mother's shivering voice.

Finally, Carla broke in and stopped her, by saying, "Mama, can we just go to sleep now, I'm really quite tired". Mama agreed, and Carla rolled over, trying to imagine a warm fireplace and the sound of the crackling it makes as the logs burn to ashes.

A few hours later, the repeated sound of her Mother's hacking cough awoke her. Carla became quite worried for that was the same sound that she remembered about her Daddy just before 'the funeral'.

Carla loved her Mother, and began trying to wake her, but noticed that she was very warm. Warmer even than she should possibly be.

As the daylight appeared, her Mother woke, but in her eyes was the illness that soon would prove to bring many sleepless nights for this seven year old angel. Carla began to pray, to the Jesus that her Mother had always told her about. The Jesus that performed miracles by healing the terminally ill. So at night while her Mother lay coughing, Carla would lay awake and pray. But the only person in Carla's life that she knew would always love her, was growing worse, not better, in spite of all the prayers that she would send.

Then one morning, only three days before Christmas, Hubert, another homeless man, came by to see how Carla and her Mother was fairing, since they had not come to the park in many days. When Hubert raised the wool blanket from the end of the box and saw the condition that her Mother was in, he sat down on the frozen sidewalk and started to talking to Carla about her Mother being sick.

"How long she been this way, Carla", Hubert asked?

"A long time now", she said with doubt in her voice and tears in her eyes. "She hasn't opened her eyes, this makes three days now".

Hubert knew that this was very serious, she probably had pneumonia, and for the homeless, pneumonia usually meant certain death.

By now Carla had basically forgotten about that Christmas bear or any wishes of any kind except those having to do with her Mother getting well.

"She needs medicine", Hubert said. "And she needs it quick". But he knew that without money, they would see her at the local ER but still very few survived.

Carla told Hubert that she had prayed for her, but Jesus didn't hear her, but Hubert tried to assure this sweet innocent child that Jesus hears everybody, but tends to the needs of his children in many different ways. "You just keep a prayin' child, just keep a prayin'".

Suddenly Carla remembered the man that she had kicked that night, that rich man that she felt was being mean and nasty to her Mother. Maybe that is the reason that Jesus hasn't give Mama a miracle, she thought to herself. I need to find him and tell him I'm sorry. Maybe then

Jesus would let Mama be well again. So Carla bundled up like her Mother had always told her to do, and set out to find that man.

It just so happened that very evening, that long black shiny car pulled up just down the street, and Carla noticed it. It was hard to miss actually, so she took off with the good intentions of speaking her apologies for her recent bad manners.

She approached the car just as the owner stepped out, and she cleared her throat to get his attention. "Please, Sir, will you please forgive me, so that Jesus will grant my Mommy a miracle"?

"Uhh, what did you say", asked the man? "Go on little girl, don't bother me, can't you see I'm a busy man"? But Carla just wouldn't, couldn't give up. She had to make this man accept her apology. "Please Sir, Please", Carla began to beg. "You must hear my apology, so Jesus will help Mama!"

Then he realized just who this child was, this was the little girl that had given him that mean little kick on the sidewalk that night. Yes, how could he forget that, after all, he still carried an off colored bruise on his shin.

"Okay, Okay", he gruffly said. "Just get away from me, you little brat"!

Any other time Carla would have taken offense to one calling her such names, but she took that as his acceptance and off she went, with a now consoled look on her numb frozen face.

When she returned to her cardboard home, she found Hubert waiting on her, but she also noticed the back of an ambulance with the lights on, headed down the street in a hurry. She paused and ran to lift the blanket but Hubert stopped her. Fighting his grip, she began yelling at him, "Where's my Mama! Where's my Mama! What have you done to her"?

"She had to go see the Doctor," Hubert said, while trying to console this child that he knew would have to be placed now in the care of the authorities, whether her Mother survived or not.

The word of this child's fate, spread on the streets, like a wild fire in a dry forest.

The only attention that anybody ever paid to the oversized car when it rolled into the neighborhood, was that they knew that the oversized man would soon appear from it's back seat to gather rent from his apartment dwellers. This time, though, it would be different. Not only did he step out, but also a very sweet looking grandmotherly looking woman.

She stood outside the car, looking up at the tall buildings, as though she was making mental notes on their whereabouts for later years. Pointing ever so often and the cheuffer would slightly bow his head.

You could tell that now her attention was being drawn to a more immediate thought, for the look on her face softened even more. She tapped the lady's shoulder, that was telling of Carla and her Mother's problems, "Excuse me,"she said. "Did I hear you say there is a small child that has been left unattended out here on the streets?"

The lady just pointed straight toward where Hubert and Carla were standing.

Carla was busy crying, but Hubert knew what that point was going to lead to. His first reaction was to take Carla and hide her, but he also knew that if he did it would just mean that she would have to stay in the freezing streets another night, and he really didn't want that to be. So he took Carla and moved even closer to the lady that was now keeping her eyes glued on their actions.

It wasn't long after Hubert saw the lady speaking to somebody on the phone that a police car pulled up next to them on the edge of the street.

The first officer that stepped up on the sidewalk, reached for Carla, and she jerked backwards, as to avoid his touch. Hubert bent down on his knees, and started trying to convince Carla that she needed to go with them so that they could take her to see her Mother.

He also knew that probably wasn't going to be where she went but she was already upset and she too needed medical attention.

He heard a woman's voice, and turned to see the lady that was previously standing beside the car. The policemen apparently knew who she was, for they called her by name.

She motioned for them to let her try and get Carla to go with her, and assured them that she was deal with the legal athourities herself.

Hubert gave Carla a hug and then raised up and stepped out of the way as to give Mrs. Winkleman direct access to Carla's attention. He couldn't hear all of what she was saying to her, but very soon the Mrs. stood up, took Carla by the hand, spoke to the policemen, and off they went hand in hand down the sidewalk.

When Mr. Winkleman came from the building, one could see the non-approvalment on his face, but he didn't argue with his misses. All three stepped into the back of that long black car and it sped off down the street.

Carla's Mother didn't make it through the night, and that news too spread through the streets. Although each of them worried about Carla, they were sure that she now was being taken care of. They knew she was not on the streets facing another freezing night. Hubert would never forget the story that Carla's Mother shared with him, before he had called the ambulance to retrieve her from her paper doll home.

After Mrs. Winkleman had left with Carla that day, Hubert had shared the story with the officers that had arrived first. Her Mother had told Hubert Carla's only Christmas wish. The Christmas bear wrapped in colored cellophane.

What they didn't know, was that Carla would again visit them, each time Mr. Winkleman would come into the neighborhood to collect his rent. Yes, Carla was now living with Mr. and Mrs. Winkleman. She never came that she wasn't holding tightly to that Christmas Bear that she had wished for.

On her first visit back, she hunted down Hubert to tell him that she knows now that Jesus did hear her prayers, for she prayed that her Mommy and Daddy would again be together, and now...they were.

Carla and the Christmas Bear.

2Chronicles 16:9 For the eyes of the LORD run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to shew himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him.

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Dec 13

"CARLA'S CRYSTAL PALACE" - #2

She snuggled down beneath the warm soft blankets, with the fireplace glowing through the darkness. It seems almost impossible to believe that one little girl could have traveled such a far distance in only a year. But she did, and she is here, living much like a fairytale princess in what she refers to as her, crystal palace.

Grams and Gramps Winkleman have become the Grandparents she never knew, nor even dreamed of ever having. They give her everything a storybook princess could ever hope of having. Closets filled with the finest of clothing, toys upon tons of toys. Private schools, and dance lessons, music lessons, travels taking her to the furthest tips of the globe.

Carla remembers the bite of Winter in that makeshift cardboard home she slept in, only a year ago. As a matter of fact, she still has the dark wool blankets that covered it's ends, to hold out the snow and ice. She has always kept them folded on the end of her bed. When she is feeling

lonely she holds them in front of the fireplace, and reads from the book that her Mother used to every night, until she would fall asleep.

The next thing she knew, there was a voice as soft as the feather bed she was in, calling her name. "Miss Carla, wake and come see the new snow." It was the voice of Missy, Carla's Nanny. She had opened the long pink drapes, so that the morning light could find the room. Carla stretched her body, and yawned, and stepped out onto the dark marble floors, moving sleepily to her third story window for a look see. The balcony outside her window, was covered in the whitest snow she'd ever saw. Not one footprint or track of any kind had flawed it, and it was a winter wonderland transformed overnight.

Carla's eyes lit up and she sighed from the awesome wintry sight. Brightly colored cardinals caught her attention, in the frozen treetops. They reminded her of Christmas ornaments, swaying in the breeze.

Missy announced that her bath was ready. Reluctantly she pulled herself away from the window, and headed into the bathroom. After her warm bath, she dressed and down to the dining room, she went. Grams and Gramps was already there, having coffee and toast. Gramps was reading the newspaper, as always and Grams had her paper and pencil, checking her daily events calendar.

"Good morning, Princess," they both said at almost the same time. Gramps never lowered his paper when he asked if she would like to take a ride with him downtown this morning. Carla always rode with him, so that she could visit with Hubert. Hubert was now the maintenance man in one of the buildings that Gramps owns. He has an apartment, on the first floor, so Carla visits with him while Gramps goes from door to door gathering the monthly rent.

She stepped out onto the ice covered sidewalk, in almost the exact spot where she had been, the day that she had given Gramps that swift kick in the shin, that sent him to the ground with a bang. She blushes every time she thinks about what she had done, but Gramps just chuckles, and refers to her as, 'Bruiser'.

There was a whole lot of faces that she didn't recognize as the regulars going in and out of the building, and they were carrying lumber and work tools and wearing thick heavy belts that were weighted with smaller tools, screwdrivers, pliers, measuring tapes and such and there were many of them, not just one or two. They all spoke or nodded as Gramps stood in front of the steps leading up to the doorway. He stopped one man, and asked him where he could find the foreman, and the man told him he was on the third floor at the far end of the building.

Gramps leaned down and gave me strict instructions not to leave the first floor for he didn't want me to get hurt in any of the construction. He said if you get hurt the Misses will have my head! He patted me on the back and headed upstairs.

Carla took a stroll down the sidewalk where she knew it would take her to where her Mother and her had stayed just last year. As she rounded the corner, she noticed a box just like the one they had, except a bit smaller, but it too had the ends covered with blankets, dark heavy wool blankets, to keep out the snow and ice.

A woman's voice came from behind her calling her by name. "Carla!" the lady yelled..."How have you been?" Carla immediately turned in her direction to see a smile as big as all the city lights. It was Rita. She remembers Rita helping her Mother learn how to 'make it' on the streets. She taught her how to panhandle money from passersby, and which dumpsters had the 'freshest' scraps, and which stores would sometimes give handouts to the homeless. But what she remembered most about Rita was that she had always referred to me, as Mom's Ace in the hole. She said, that when most wouldn't give anything to a homeless adult, they would nearly always give to a woman with a child. I knew that Rita was always around, somewhere close.

Rita bent down on one knee and hugged me really really tight, and told me how she missed Mom. I too missed Mom, but I also knew that she was with Daddy, and they were happy. Or I wanted to believe that, either way, she was no longer freezing on the streets and having to beg for food and handouts to feed me, and that was worth a whole lot.

We talked for a bit and others that I knew began to gather around the fireplace, which was a .55 gallon barrel with burning garbage in it, to warm their hands, and talk. I stood among them, as they drilled me for information about the reconstruction of the building down the way. I couldn't tell them anything for I was as in the dark as they seemed to be. Just as the conversation went silent, I looked up to see Gramp's car pulling to the curbside, and I bid them all goodbye and gave hugs and into the backseat I climbed.

Gramps took my hand and remarked about how cold I was, and gave directions to the driver to stop and get us some hot

chocolate. As we were waiting on our refreshments, Gramps was on the phone ordering supplies and making arrangements for their delivery. "What are you doing with the building, Gramps?" He just smiled and told me it was a surprise, and that real soon I would see. Adults were so secretive at times, and confusing to kids, so I just sipped on my chocolate and pretty much pushed his answer out of my mind.

Just then Carla glanced out the dark tinted window to see a huge plastic sign with big red bold letters announcing that Santa Claus was arriving that day. "Gramps! Gramps!", Carla squealed.

"Can I go tell Santa my Christmas wishes?" He thought about it for a second, and then again instructed the driver to pull over, and almost in an instant we were standing in a line behind others wanting to make sure this Christmas would bring them their choices of toys and dreams.

As Carla got closer she could hear some of the children, telling their secrets, and Santa's, Ho, Ho, Ho's, as they slid down the slide into a pile of stuffed animals and overstuffed pillows. Then as they left, the elves would hand them peppermint canes and take their pictures if the parents wanted.

Then it was Carla's turn. She proudly walked up and placed herself on his comfortable knee, and before he could ask, Carla had already started. "Santa," she said quite timidly at first, "I'm not here to ask for new toys, or even clothes, for I've plenty, actually more than I could have ever dreamed of asking for. But I do want to thank you for giving me so much last year, and wanted to know if it was okay with you if I donated what I have to boys and girls that were like me before Jesus gave me to Grams and Gramps. You see? Mama always taught me it was rude to get rid of gifts that others had given me, and I didn't want you to think I didn't like them 'er nothin'. They are all still like brand new, and I know that I would have loved to have had them before." Santa's cheery voice, cracked as he assured Carla that he would be proud of her, as she was showing the true spirit of what Christmas was really about.

As Carla started to jump down, she hesitated and then kissed Santa on his rosy cheek, gave him a hug and then whispered something in his ear.

"We'll see what we can do, Carla," said Santa, and down the slide she went. When the elf tried to hand her a candy cane she politely refused it, saying that peppermint really wasn't her favorite.

For the next few weeks leading up to a week before Christmas morning, Carla spent most of her time going through her room full of toys, sorting and wrapping them before placing them in their respective pile. Some toys were okay for either boy or girl, but of course her pile for girls seemed to be stacking higher than the boys', but she seemed to think that was okay too.

Grams and Gramps had told her that when she was through, they would see that her donation was delivered to the place where they would be well received. Finally she had reached the bottom, and was tying her last ribbon, when out of the corner of her eye, she noticed her special Christmas Bear, laying on her pillow. She reached and got it, and hugged it tight, assuring her soft stuffed friend that she'd not part with him. Carla knew that Mr. Bear was the last thing she had wished for before her Mother passed away, and she could never ever let him go.

It was Christmas Eve, and the day started out like most any other, but it seemed to have a magic floating in the air. The snow was falling and piling up heavily, and everyone had their colorful array of lights reflecting on Winter's ground cover. Carla knew that evening's time would be filled with many things. Dinner at Auntie's house, and opening gifts. Then all would go downtown and watch the Christmas parade, and the lighting of the tree. Sing Christmas song and then watch as Santa and his reindeer took off to deliver the toys. Or so she thought....

Missy, helped Carla in picking out a special dress, fixed her hair with red and blue ribbons to match, and then escorted her downstairs where the Mr. and Mrs. awaited her.

"Come Carla," said Grams, we have a special night planned just for you. A gift that we believe you will remember forever.

Now Carla being an eight year old, had no idea what a gift such as they were describing could possibly mean, but she was all for learning, and so out the door and down the road they went.

All the time they were in the car, Gramps kept telling Carla that he had talked with Santa, and he knew what she had whispered in his ear that day, and that her wish had been granted.

Carla suddenly became very confused, for what she had whispered was she had told Santa that she just hoped that Mama and Daddy were both warm and happy and of course, together.

The car came to a stop in front of the downtown building, where previously all the construction workers were busily working. This time though, there were no workers, and when she looked up, she saw a new set of steps covered with a bright red carpet, and big beautiful clear windows and doors.

With Gramps on one side and Grams on the other, they took Carla by the hands and led her up the steps. Once inside Carla's eyes begin to fill with tears, for the first thing she noticed was a large painting of her Mother and Father, just like the one that she kept on her bedside table. Beneath it, was a sandstone replica of the cardboard box complete with the wool blankets made of puter. On the side of the stone were these words:

"MAY ALL OF SOCIETY SEE HUMANITY AND GOODNESS

AS THROUGH THE INNOCENT EYE OF A HOMELESS CHILD"

and beneath the inscription was the bronze face of Carla, just as they had found her the day they had rescued her from the streets. As they walked on down the now beautiful hallway lined with many faces that she knew, on the wall beside another entrance way, was yet another plaque that read:

"CARLA'S CRYSTAL PALACE"

"Shelter for the Homeless and Unfortunate"

She stepped inside to find everything in that old run down dingy building wiped completely away. From top to bottom all was new and bright. Huge tall towering Christmas trees with loads of presents and then Carla noticed some that looked very familiar to her. Yes! They were the gifts that she had donated. They too were beneath the tree to be given to the children. She helped serve dinner, beside Grams and Gramps to those that otherwise would be gathered around a barrel just trying to stay warm. But this Christmas they would have a warm shelter, a soft bed, and a hot meal they didn't have to retrieve from a dumpster.

This night Carla would find what the real magic of Christmas really is. The gift of giving, each and every day of the year.

Job 14:15 Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee: thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands.

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dec 20

CARLA'S ANGEL TREE - #3

It was a blustery gray winter's day, and Carla wanted to snuggle by the fire, but she knew there were so many that needed her and she just couldn't let them down.

Even now at the age of twenty-five, this time of year brought back so many memories, of her Mother and that cardboard box, and of course that Christmas Bear that she got as a special gift. Still to this day, it stayed on her bed, and when she felt alone, she would cuddle it close, making her feel as though her Mother was lying next to her. Watching over her, and keeping her safe.

The wind caught the door as she opened it to enter the shelter. Snow came blowing in all over the mat that read; "Welcome to Carla's Chrystal Palace" where everyone is Family.

Her heart would break when she would see children hanging at their Mother's side, as they made their way through the food line. She knew how they felt, living on the streets with no place to call home. It's a feeling that Carla would never forget, and she didn't seem to want to either. In her mind to forget would be stepping past those she vowed long ago to help, and unless she was able to reach out and touch those old feelings, she was sure that she would be abandoning the very ones that needed her most. Carla just couldn't let that happen.

There was not a day went by that she didn't enter the kitchen, and serve the food line, and this time of the year, there were so many more to feed. It seemed as though the number of homeless and hungry would double. Some she already knew by name and the others she made

a conscience effort to get to know. On this day, she looked up and there in the doorway was a man with a bundled up child in his arms. He had even her face covered with a blanket, that Carla was sure was the only one they owned. He stood her on the floor in front of him and began unwrapping this half-frozen blonde haired child. Her unkempt hair was hanging in her face, and when she brushed it back with her hands, from beneath was born the biggest brightest blue eyes, Carla had ever witnessed on a child. Her face was thin, and her bottom lip quivered from the cold, but there was something so warm and so special about those clear and precious blue eyes that Carla just couldn't turn away from. She leaned over and told 'Blue' that she'd be right back, and he knew he was to serve the rolls and drinks as well as the corn and greens.

As she approached her newest guests, the little girl quickly stepped slightly behind her Daddy and clung passionately to his leg just above his knee. Her tiny little hands still bright pink in color.

Carla smiled and said, "Welcome," greeting them as though she'd known them forever. Just as she got close enough she knelt down so that she could try and coax this hidden child from behind her Father. "And who do we have here?" The little girl wouldn't budge though, and not a word did she utter. She didn't want to seem too forward, and she wouldn't question them, but she could tell neither of them had been eating well or resting well either. Carla knew, that even the homeless had a certain amount of self-pride, and they took great exception to someone trying to get too friendly too fast. Carla just couldn't help picking up on the feeling of being very concerned about the welfare of this man and child. She pointed them in the direction of the food line, and told them where the bathrooms were so they could wash up a bit before eating, then she turned and headed back toward her previous position.

It wasn't long before they both passed in front of her, and she gave them an extra large helping of warm nourishment. He carried the tray with both plates, over to one of the least full tables. Since it was warm inside, before they sat down, he removed the ragged and rather thin jacket, he was wearing and then removed the red flannel coat, that was held together in the front with safety pins, and hung them across the back of their chairs. He leaned over as though he was whispering something in her ear, and Carla noticed the little girl bowed her head.

Within just a few moments, her head raised and she immediately took the plastic fork in hand, and began eating. There were many moving about, and the room was filled with chatter and noise. In the winter time, and especially on snowy days, after they ate most would hang inside as long as they could, as though they were trying to store some of the inside warmth, for better times. That didn't bother Carla, she knew they had nowhere to go except back out onto the icy streets and sidewalks. Some of them would start cleaning the dining area, and straightening the chairs, just like they would have, if it would have been in their own homes.

After the line had ended, and the meal had been depleted from the full food bins, Carla made it over to the table where her newest guests were seated. She pulled out a chair and sat down, making small talk. The man pulled his attention away from his daughter to acknowledge Carla's presence. Finally he extended his hand. Carla took it just like she would have had it belonged to a senator or congressman.

This man's living status in her eyes made him no less than if he was the owner of millions. "Terry James and this is my daughter Olivia." Carla smiled at Olivia, and asked her how old she was. Finally this sweet child, broke her silence, and uttered her answer. "Six." Olivia said. "It's really good to meet both of you, and I hope you come back every day to see us." Carla said with a concerned look on her face.

Olivia of course didn't pick up on that as Terry did, but Carla saw the same concern on his. Without much prompting at all, Carla was soon to learn that Terry's wife and Olivia's Mother had taken off to find a new life without them. Not long afterwards, Terry and Olivia moved in with his Mother, that had recently passed away, and because his name wasn't on the lease, the landlord had asked Terry to move. Since he had nowhere to go, he took his child and the streets then became their domain. He had been hoping to find a job before Winter set in, but that had just not happened, and now they are caught like so many others. Carla knew this was a rough and all too real place to be in.

After about an hour, Terry ended their conversation by edging Olivia from her chair, and helping her on with her coat. "We must go now, Olivia, and get out of this nice lady's way." Just before they walked out the door and back into cold, Terry once again wrapped Olivia from head to toe in that old blanket. In just seconds they disappeared from Carla's sight.

Several days had went by and they had not returned to the food line. Carla began asking the others questions about them, and telling them if they happened to run into them, to please ask them to come back.

Much to her surprise, the very next day, she looked up, and there they were before her. TJ, smiled as his eyes met with Carla's. "It's good to see you both," Carla said. "I'm glad you felt comfortable enough to come back and visit with us."

Today was the day that Carla would begin decorating for the holidays, and she knew it wouldn't be too long before the place would turn into, a beautiful job well done. All those that ate would stick around to help. It was just something many of them done each year. They looked forward to it.

Since Mr. and Mrs. Winkleman had both now passed on, and she spent most of her time here at the center anyway, Carla decided to set the large family tree up here this year. Oh what a

wonderful specimen it was too. It was in the corner and it was fully decorated, but the lights wouldn't be turned on until later that night. It had become somewhat of a tradition, for the lighting of the tree, for a late night get together, for all that had helped and all that wanted to attend, for some special sweet treats and egg nog.

There was always somebody that could play the piano, and they would end up gathering 'round and singing Christmas songs. Carla looked forward to it each year. Olivia's eyes lit up even more, as she watched the holidays come to life before her. Carla made it clear to TJ, that he and Olivia were more than welcome to attend. And so they would.

That night, TJ and Olivia were some of the first through the doors. And for the first time, Carla would see a smile on this child's face. It brought tears to her eyes, for a smile on the face of a homeless child was something of a treasure. After just a while the entire center had filled with people. Carla had a special announcement, to make this evening, that she hoped would change the lives of many of them.

Around eight o'clock, Carla took her place in front of the tree. With mic in hand, she called Olivia to stand beside her. After a bit of coaxing from TJ and Carla, Olivia made her debut. Shyly she stood there, while Carla announced that before Christmas, the building next to the center would be opened and available for the homeless to take shelter in, from the bitter cold.

She had not so much as whispered a word of her surprise to anyone! The sighs swept across the room as if somebody had just handed each of them a winning lottery ticket. Immediately, Carla bent down and whispered in Olivia's ear, for her to help her plug the lights in on the tree. As soon as the tree illuminated, the room broke into "Silent Night."

Tears again filled Carla's eyes, and she felt the warmth and the magic of the holidays, that because of the Winklemann's taking her in after her Mother had passed away, she had grown to love and appreciate. It really was the season of miracles and magic.

Over the next few weeks Carla and TJ and Olivia, spent more and more time together. Finally, the day came when Carla asked TJ if it would be okay for her to spend some alone time with Olivia. Carla had some errands to run for the center, and since TJ was now helping with the setting up of the new shelter, she figured it would be the perfect opportunity, for her and Olivia to get better acquainted. "How 'bout it, Olivia, do you want to go with Carla?" TJ asked his daughter.

Olivia took Carla by the hand, and off they went. Grabbing their coats on the way out, they were off on their own. By the time they returned several hours later, Olivia was sporting a new coat, new shoes and several new suits of clothes. Her hair had been cut and fixed, and Carla

had taken her by the house and bathed her. She and her smile was as radiant as those beautiful blue eyes.

On their return, Olivia almost couldn't wait to get to her Father's side, to show off her new look. As she approached her Daddy, tears began to well in his eyes, for this was the first time in months that he'd seen his daughter so happy.

Tomorrow was Christmas Eve, and the grand opening of the new center. Carla would be engrossed in the final details before the ribbon cutting. It was quite late that night before she would be able to return home. As they prepared to leave the center, TJ was bundling Olivia up, and Carla got this sudden urge to ask them if they would like to join her that evening as a guest at her home.

This was not the normal thing that Carla would do, but something inside her told her that she would be safe in this decision. Olivia, began a child's begging. "Please Daddy! Please! Can we go to Carla's?" TJ had a look of not exactly knowing how to answer his daughter, but he knew that the warmth of a home, was so much better than the icy sidewalks they normally resided upon.

TJ and Carla spent most of the way, talking about the center and how she became the owner. Most knew Carla's story, but TJ was one of the very few, that didn't. He felt the genuine humbleness in Carla's voice as she told in detail how she came to live with the Winkleman's.

They pulled into the garage, and all got out and went in. TJ was a bit taken aback by the size of the estate. He had no idea, and felt a bit shy as though he was imposing, but Carla, wouldn't allow those feelings to hang around long. She started flipping on lights and building a fire in the main fireplace. There was of course central heating and she would use that until the fires could warm the place.

Olivia sitting on the edge of the sofa next to Carla, stood up and whispered in her ear. Carla smiled. "Okay, go get them." TJ had a puzzled look on his face, as Olivia left the room and returned carrying several packages. They weren't wrapped in Christmas paper, they were just wrapped. Olivia placed them on the floor at her Daddy's feet, and told him they were from her.

TJ gave Carla a disbelieving look for he knew whatever these boxes contained, they would have had to of been purchased by Carla and not his daughter. Before TJ could say anything, Carla told him not to argue just open them. It would be that very moment when Carla would notice, where Olivia had inherited those blue eyes from.

By the time he was through looking inside the gifts, he would have a full suit of clothes, new shoes, and a watch. Soon they were all feeling the tiredness of the day, and Carla showed them

to the guest rooms and since she had already had the butler build a fire, they were warm enough for them to bathe and ready themselves for bed.

The next morning, Carla met them at the breakfast table. She was almost speechless, at the difference the bath and clothes had made on TJ. "Well," she said with an approving smile, "Aren't you a handsome fellow?"

As their eyes met, Carla for the first time in her life, actually felt the flutter of butterflies in her stomach, but she had a busy and full day ahead of her, and she didn't have time for anything else at the moment.

They ate breakfast, and off to the center they went, but before they would get there, Carla pulled in next to the curb, in front of the barbershop, and had TJ go inside for the final shine on his new look. When he returned, he not only had a haircut, but he was also clean shaven except his full mustache, he had opted to keep. As he got back into the front seat, again their eyes met, and once again there was those butterflies. One more time, Carla would push them out of her mind.

Lots of people would come and go that day from the center, and the food lines seemed endless. They were serving their Christmas dinner, that evening, and then the children would open gifts while talking to Santa. It had become tradition, for the children to write their hopes and gift wishes on a piece of paper and place them on the tree, throughout the weeks leading up to Christmas Eve. That night they would open them and read them for all to hear. Some of the things those kids asked for would break one's heart, and Carla knew this year wouldn't be any different. Or though she thought.

One by one, the children would walk up to the Angel tree, and take off their papers to read. Carla would help those that had difficulty reading, or was just too young for the task. Finally there would only be one left, and Olivia made her way toward the tree. Reluctantly she reached and took it in hand. She stood there looking up at Carla, almost blushing, but Carla knelt down and asked Olivia if she needed help. Olivia then handed her the small envelope. Like all the others, Carla never hesitated to open it. Inside in a child's handwriting was this:

Dear Santa,

My name is Olivia James. I am six years old. I live with my Daddy, and he takes good care of me. He says I'm a good girl. I would leave you some cookies and milk, but I don't know where to leave them. Santa, I don't want any toys this year, but could you help my Daddy find me a new Mommy? My other one, didn't want me and Daddy no more, and Daddy don't laugh now. I hope I been good enough for this gift.

Love you Santa,

Olivia James

ps Could you bring my new friend Carla a special gift too?

By the time Carla finished reading Olivia's request, there wasn't a dry eye in the building, and all of them were fixed on this special new angel and her now embarrassed Father. He didn't let that stop him from sweeping his daughter off her feet and giving her a huge hug, and telling her how much he adored and loved her.

Carla cleared her throat, and done her best to push back the tears, and announced that the ribbon cutting on the new building would be immediately. The entire group followed behind her as Carla went to make her dedication speech, she had an added thought. that She would let Olivia, cut the ribbon just as she had lit the angel tree.

After the ribbon had been cut, all went inside where they would find rows and rows of beds with not one but two new clean blankets, pillows, with locking lockers for their belongings, and adequate restrooms and showers. Several tv rooms with game tables. There were seperate rooms for the men and women, and some family quarters for those like TJ and Olivia, so that they could be together, in one room.

Twice a month, there would be barbers and beauticians visit the shelter, and all that needed to could get their hair cut and fixed. There would be a healthcare nurse on duty at all times, and an employment counselor to help those that were able to find work.

As the crowd began to make their way through the center, Carla had other things now on her mind. Every year she would take the notes from the angel tree and hit the stores, to try and fill as many of the children's requests as possible, so that on Christmas morning, when they arrived at the center they would find that Santa had delivered their gifts.

This year though, she had quite the dilemma to hurdle. What and how would she fill the request for Olivia. By the time she was through with her list, Carla was exhausted and still she had not found one item that she thought was appropriate for this child that wanted nothing but a new Mommy.

She couldn't let her come into the shelter without gifts beneath the tree. Finally, she found a pair of pajamas and a special soft blanket made from pastel colors, but still she knew that wasn't what Olivia had in mind. That would just have to do, Carla thought, after all she couldn't buy her a Mommy.

Carla delivered all the gifts to center and placed them in their respectful places. Then she headed for home, after peeking in on the other center, to make sure all was going smoothly. Most all had already retired, so Carla decided it was time for her to go to go home and to bed.

As tired as she was, she couldn't close her eyes. Still hearing the request of that angel named Olivia. Carla reached and took her own special Christmas Bear in her arms and hugged it tight. Just as she was falling asleep, she had this great idea. That's it! she thought to herself, I know what to give Olivia! Carla turned over and fell fast asleep.

Carla always arrived at the center on Christmas morning even before the sun came up, so that she could make the last minute preparations for the children's arrival. There would be lots of hot coffee, chocolate, fruit cake, and the regular breakfast foods for those that wanted them.

The center didn't normally serve breakfast but after all, this was a special day. This year was even more special, just because of Olivia and TJ. Soon the center was filled with children and their parents, streaming in from the building next door.

Carla was on her third cup of coffee when in through the door came Olivia holding tight to her Daddy's hand. Carla and TJ exchanged greetings, while she handed him his first cup of coffee. He took it to his lips and sipped it carefully while the steam flowed up and over his head. Carla then turned all her attention toward Olivia. She took her hand in hers and guided her toward the tree. Reaching in the back, she pulled three presents and laid them at Olivia's feet. First she handed her the pajamas, and this bright eyed child snuggled their warm feel. Then came the blanket, and she wrapped it around her shoulders, but then, then there was this next box, that none in the building was prepared for. As Olivia unwrapped it slowly, being very careful not rush through the excitement, finally as she reached in beneath the tissue paper, she pulled out Carla's very own Christmas Bear. Olivia looked at Carla as she hugged up to that bear, for Carla had told Olivia the story behind it, the day that she had taken her home with her to bathe her before they went shopping.

Even at six years old, Olivia knew just how special that bear was to Carla. It was the last Christmas gift her Mother had given her, and now she was gifting it to her. Carla told Olivia, that now every time she needed a Mommy hug, all she would have to do is hug the bear. Then she told Olivia, as she looked up at TJ, "Look Angel, and it also makes your Daddy smile."

From then on, everywhere Olivia was seen, she had that special Christmas Bear in her arms, and every time TJ saw Carla, he would get a smile on his face.

Carla? Well...she's still trying to figure out how to deal with those butterflies!

Jerimiah 31:3 The LORD hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.

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dec 27

We were the only family with children in the restaurant. I sat Erik in a high chair and noticed everyone was quietly sitting and talking. Suddenly, Erik squealed with glee and said, 'Hi.' He pounded his fat baby hands on the high chair tray. His eyes were crinkled in laughter and his mouth was bared in a toothless grin, as he wriggled and giggled with merriment.

I looked around and saw the source of his merriment. It was a man whose pants were baggy with a zipper at half-mast and his toes poked out of would-be shoes. His shirt was dirty and his hair was uncombed and unwashed. His whiskers were too short to be called a beard and his nose was so varicose it looked like a road map.

We were too far from him to smell, but I was sure he smelled.. His hands waved and flapped on loose wrists.. 'Hi there, baby; hi there, big boy. I see ya, buster,' the man said to Erik.

My husband and I exchanged looks,

'What do we do?'

Erik continued to laugh and answer, 'Hi.'

Everyone in the restaurant noticed and looked at us and then at the man. The old geezer was creating a nuisance with my beautiful baby. Our meal came and the man began shouting from across the room, 'Do ya patty cake? Do you know peek-a-boo? Hey, look, he knows peek- a-boo.'

Nobody thought the old man was cute. He was obviously drunk.

My husband and I were embarrassed. We ate in silence; all except for Erik, who was running through his repertoire for the admiring skid-row bum, who in turn, reciprocated with his cute comments.

We finally got through the meal and headed for the door. My husband went to pay the check and told me to meet him in the parking lot. The old man sat poised between me and the door. 'Lord, just let me out of here before he speaks to me or Erik,' I prayed. As I drew closer to the

man, I turned my back trying to sidestep him and avoid any air he might be breathing. As I did, Erik leaned over my arm, reaching with both arms in a baby's 'pick-me-up' position. Before I could stop him, Erik had propelled himself from my arms to the man.

Suddenly a very old smelly man and a very young baby consummated their love and kinship. Erik in an act of total trust, love, and submission laid his tiny head upon the man's ragged shoulder. The man's eyes closed, and I saw tears hover beneath his lashes. His aged hands full of grime, pain, and hard labor, cradled my baby's bottom and stroked his back. No two beings have ever loved so deeply for so short a time.

I stood awestruck. The old man rocked and cradled Erik in his arms and his eyes opened and set squarely on mine. He said in a firm commanding voice, 'You take care of this baby.'

Somehow I managed, 'I will,' from a throat that contained a stone.

He pried Erik from his chest, lovingly and longingly, as though he were in pain. I received my baby, and the man said, 'God bless you, ma'am, you've given me my Christmas gift.'

I said nothing more than a muttered thanks. With Erik in my arms, I ran for the car. My husband was wondering why I was crying and holding Erik so tightly, and why I was saying, 'My God, my God, forgive me.'

I had just witnessed Christ's love shown through the innocence of a tiny child who saw no sin, who made no judgment; a child who saw a soul, and a mother who saw a suit of clothes. I was a Christian who was blind, holding a child who was not.. I felt it was God asking, 'Are you willing to share your son for a moment?' when He shared His for all eternity. How did God feel when he put his baby in our arms 2000 years ago.

The ragged old man, unwittingly, had reminded me, 'To enter the Kingdom of God , we must become as little children.'

If this has blessed you, please bless others by sending it on. Sometimes, it takes a child to remind us of what is really important. We must always remember who we are, where we came from and, most importantly, how we feel about others. The clothes on your back or the car that you drive or the house that you live in does not define you at all; it is how you treat your fellow man that identifies who you are.

This one is a keeper.

'It is better to be liked for the true you, than to be loved for who people think you are.....'(Amen!)

I believe we could all take lessons from God's little

Luke 18:17 Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter

This was written by a 21 yr. old female from Saskatchewan who gets it.

She's worried about the future and this is how she feels about the social welfare system that she's being forced to live in! These solutions are just common sense in her opinion.

"The problems we face today are there because the people who work for a living are outnumbered by those who vote for a living".

Saskatchewan population is 48% native..

Put me in charge of food grants. I'd get rid of cash for potato chips or chocolate, just money for 50kg bags of rice and beans, blocks of cheese and all the powdered milk you can haul away. If you want steak and frozen pizza, then get a job.

Put me in charge of Healthcare. The first thing I'd do is to get women Norplant birth control implants or tubal ligation. Then, we'll test recipients for drugs, alcohol, and nicotine and document all tattoos and piercings. If you want to reproduce or use drugs, alcohol, smoke or get tattoos and piercings, then get a job.

Put me in charge of government housing. Ever live in a military barracks? You WILL maintain our property in a clean and good state of repair. Your "home" will be subject to inspections anytime and possessions will be inventoried. If you want a plasma TV or Xbox 360, then get a job and your own place.

Put me in charge of compulsory job search. In addition, you will either present a cheque stub from a job each week or you will report to a "government" job. It may be cleaning the roadways of trash, painting and repairing public housing, whatever we find for you. We will sell your 22 inch rims and low profile tires and your blasting stereo and speakers and put that money toward the "common good.."

Before you write that I've violated someone's rights, realize that all of the above is voluntary. If you want our money, accept our rules.

Before you say that this would be "demeaning" and ruin their "self-esteem," consider that it wasn't that long ago that taking someone else's money for doing absolutely nothing was demeaning and lowered self-esteem.

If we are expected to pay for other people's mistakes we should at least attempt to make them learn from their bad choices. The current system rewards them for continuing to make bad choices.

AND while you are on Govt subsistence, you no longer can VOTE! Yes that is correct. For you to vote would be a conflict of interest.....You will most likely vote for a 'welfare' government, so you must voluntarily remove yourself from voting while you are receiving a government welfare cheque. If you want to vote, then get a job.

2Thessalonians 3:10 For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat.

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Nov 8

What if life had a snooze button?

It does.

It is labeled procrastination.

A snooze button simply allows you to stay where you are a little while longer instead of getting up and going.

That's exactly what procrastination is.

There is a funny thing about sleeping after you hit the snooze button on an alarm clock; it seems like that sleep is more precious. Not only is it more precious, it seems like time

speeds up approximately three fold. Fifteen minutes becomes five minutes, ten minutes seem like three minutes.

Why do we hit the snooze button?

Because we can.

Imagine if you hit the lotto and you have to be there by 8 A.M. to pickup your check or it is forfeited; the alarm goes off and you look at the clock and it is 7 A.M. No matter how sleepy you are, do you think you would even consider hitting the snooze button?

Some people are just not good in math in school, but it seems like those same people become math geniuses when it comes to calculating the absolute latest time they can get up, get ready and make it to work or school, even with a foggy waking brain. In life the snooze button is not usually in minutes.

We may know we need to go back to school and hit snooze for two years later.

We may know we need to start exercising; we hit snooze for next year.

We may know we want to travel and see some place in the world; we hit snooze for five years later.

We may know we have an idea for a business; we hit snooze for ten years later.

The other thing about the snooze button is that you can hit it more than once to get a longer delay of getting moving.

Have you ever hit the snooze button while still asleep and didn't remember hitting it?

Have you ever meant to do something in your life and didn't realize it had been so long since you were supposed to get started on it?

The two hardest things about doing something is getting started and getting finished. ~A MountainWings Original

Judges 18:9 And they said, Arise, that we may go up against them: for we have seen the land, and, behold, it is very good: and are ye still? be not slothful to go, and to enter to possess the land.

Nov 15

AND THEN IT IS WINTER..

THIS IS RIGHT ON THE NOSE.READ IT SLOWLY... I DON'T KNOW WHO WROTE IT, BUT I AM GUESSING IT WAS A SENIOR!!! I FIRST STARTED READING THIS EMAIL & WAS READING FAST UNTIL I REACHED THE THIRD SENTENCE. I STOPPED AND STARTED OVER READING SLOWER AND THINKING ABOUT EVERY WORD. THIS EMAIL IS VERY THOUGHT-PROVOKING. MAKES YOU STOP AND THINK.

AND THEN IT IS WINTER You know. . . time has a way of moving quickly and catching you unaware of the passing years.

It seems just yesterday that I was young, just married and embarking on my new life with my mate. Yet in a way, it seems like eons ago, and I wonder where all the years went. I know that I lived them all. I have glimpses of how it was back then and of all my hopes and dreams. But, here it is... the winter of my life and it catches me by surprise...How did I get here so fast? Where did the years go and where did my youth go?

I remember well seeing older people through the years and thinking that those older people were years away from me and that winter was so far off that I could not fathom it or imagine fully what it would be

like. But, here it is...my friends are retired and getting grey...they move slower and I see an older person now. Some are in better and some worse shape than me...but, I see the great change....Not like the ones that I remember who were young and vibrant...but, like me, their age is beginning to show and we are now those older folks that we used to see and never thought we'd be.

Each day now, I find that just getting a shower is a real target for the day! And taking a nap is not a treat anymore... it's mandatory! Cause if I don't on my own free will... I just fall asleep where I sit!

And so...now I enter into this new season of my life unprepared for all the aches and pains and the loss of strength and ability to go and do things that I wish I had done but never did!

But, at least I know, that though the winter has come, and I'm not sure how long it will last...this I know, that when it's over on this earth...it's NOT over. A new adventure will begin!

Yes, I have regrets. There are things I wish I hadn't done...things I should have done, but indeed, there are many things I'm happy to have done. It's all in a lifetime.

So, if you're not in your winter yet...let me remind you, that it will be here faster than you think. So, whatever you would like to accomplish in your life please do it quickly! Don't put things off too long!

Life goes by quickly. So, do what you can today, as you can never be sure whether this is your winter or not! You have no promise that you will see all the seasons of your life...so, live for today and say all the things that you want your loved ones to remember...and hope that they appreciate and love you for all the things that you have done for them in all the years past!

"Life" is a gift to you. The way you live your life is your gift to those who come after. Make it a fantastic one.

LIVE IT WELL! ENJOY TODAY! DO SOMETHING FUN! BE HAPPY! HAVE A GREAT DAY! REMEMBER:....

"It is health that is real wealth and not pieces of gold and silver.

"LIVE HAPPY IN THIS YEAR AND EVERY YEAR!

LASTLY, CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING:

TODAY IS THE OLDEST YOU'VE EVER BEEN, YET THE YOUNGEST YOU'LL EVER BE SO - ENJOY THIS DAY WHILE IT LASTS.

~Your kids are becoming you.....

~Going out is good.. Coming home is better!

~You forget names.... But it's OK because other people forgot they even knew you!!!

~You realize you're never going to be really good at anything...

~The things you used to care to do, you no longer care to do, but you really do care that you don't care to do them anymore.

~You sleep better on a lounge chair with the TV blaring than in bed. It's called "pre-sleep".

~You miss the days when everything worked with just an "ON" and "OFF" switch..

~You tend to use more 4 letter words ... "what?"..."when?"... "what?" . ???

~Now that you can afford expensive jewelry, it's not safe to wear it anywhere.

~You notice everything they sell in stores is "sleeveless"?!?!

~What used to be freckles are now liver spots.

~Everybody whispers.

~You have 3 sizes of clothes in your closet.... 2 of which you will never wear.

~But Old is good in some things: Old Songs, Old movies, and best of all, **OLD FRIENDS!!**

It's Not What You Gather, But What You Scatter That Tells What Kind Of
Life You Have Lived.

If you have put on Jesus, then you're laughing all the way to eternity.

If you haven't then you have the lake of fire to look forward too.

Revelation 20:15 And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.

Matthew 25:46 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

nov 22

didn't hear any tribute given to this wonderful creature when the credits were given out during the
televised launching of the 911 museum in New York.

James Crane worked on the 101st floor of Tower 1 of the World Trade Center ..

He is blind so he has a golden retriever named Daisy.

After the plane hit 20 stories below, James knew that he was doomed, so he let

Daisy go, out of an act of love. She darted away into the darkened hallway.

Choking on the fumes of the jet fuel and the smoke James was just waiting to die.

About 30 minutes later, Daisy comes back along with James' boss, who Daisy just
happened to pick up on floor 112.

On her first run of the building, she leads James, James' boss, and about 300 more
people out of the doomed building. But she wasn't through yet, she knew there
were others who were trapped. So, highly against James' wishes she ran back in the building.

On her second run, she saved 392 lives. Again she went back in. During this run,
the building collapses. James hears about this and falls on his knees into tears.

Against all known odds, Daisy makes it out alive, but this time she is carried by a firefighter.

"She led us right to the people, before she got injured" the fireman explained.

Her final run saved another 273 lives. She suffered acute smoke inhalation,
severe burns on all four paws, and a broken leg, but she saved 967 lives.

Daisy is the first civilian Canine to win the Medal of Honor of New York City.

Revelation 14:7 Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment
is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters.

In other words you can honor the created, but Worship the creator.

nov 30

It was hard to watch her fail. Physically she was growing
thinner and more stooped. Mentally she was losing her ability
to sort out reality. Initially, my grandmother had railed
angrily against the symptoms of Alzheimer's disease that were
eroding who she had always been.

Eventually, the anger gave way to frustration and then
resignation. My grandmother had always been a strong woman.

She had a career before it was common for women to have careers.

She was independent. In her eighties, she was still dragging
out her stepladder every spring to wash all the windows in her
house. She was also a woman with a deep faith in God.

As my grandmother lost her ability to live alone, my father
moved her into his home. Grandchildren and great-grandchildren
were often in the house. She seemed to enjoy being surrounded
by the noise and activity of a large, extended family.

As she slipped further away from us mentally, my grandmother
would occasionally have moments of lucidity when she knew where
she was and recognized everyone around her. We never knew what
prompted those moments, when they would occur or how long they
would last.

Toward the end of her life she became convinced that her mother
had knit everything she owned. "Mama knit my boots," she would
tell strangers, holding up a foot clad in galoshes. "Mama knit
my coat," she would say with a vacant smile as she zipped up her

raincoat. Soon we were putting on her boots for her and helping her zip up her coat.

During my grandmother's last autumn with us, we decided to take a family outing. We packed up the cars and went to a local fair for a day of caramel apples, craft booths and carnival rides.

Grandma loved flowers, so my dad bought her a rose. She carried it proudly through the fair, stopping often to breathe in its fragrance.

Grandma couldn't go on the carnival rides, of course, so she sat on a bench close by and waited while the rest of the family rode. Her moments of lucidity were now a thing of the past having eluded her for months, but she seemed content to sit and watch as life unfolded around her.

While the youngest members of the family ran, laughing to get in line at the next ride, my father took my grandmother to the nearest bench. A sullen-looking young woman already occupied the bench but said she wouldn't mind sharing the bench.

"Mama knit my coat," my grandmother told the young woman as she sat down.

We didn't let my grandmother out of our sight, and when we came back to the bench to get her, the young woman was holding the rose. She looked as though she had been crying. "Thank you for sharing your grandmother with me," she said. Then she told us her story. She had decided that day was to be her last on Earth. In deep despair and feeling she had nothing to live for, she was planning to go home and commit suicide.

While she sat on that bench with Grandma as the carnival noises swirled around them, she found herself pouring out her troubles. "Your grandmother listened to me," the young woman informed us. "She told me about a time in her own life, during the Depression, when she had lost hope. She told me that God loved me and that He would watch over me and would help me make it through my problems. She gave me this rose. She told me that my life would unfold just like this rose and that I would be surprised by its beauty. She told me my life was a gift. She said she would be praying for me."

We stood, dumbfounded, as she hugged my grandmother and thanked her for saving her life. Grandma just smiled a vacant smile and patted her arm. As the young woman turned to leave, she waved good-bye to us. Grandma waved back and then turned to look at us, still standing in amazement.

"Mama knit my hat," she said. ~By Sara L. Henderson

Mark 13:11 But when they shall lead you, and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate: but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye: for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost.

Oct 4/15

The next time you start to feel sorry for yourself watch this; truly inspirational...

I think you will enjoy this clip – if your time permits take the 5 plus minutes to watch.

His name is Chris Koch and he is from Nanton, Alberta. He spends his spring, summer and fall working on a farm near Torquay, Saskatchewan.

Chris runs the planter & sprayer in the spring, and then a combine in the fall.

During the winter he does some public speaking with a theme call "If I Can".

A feature video was recently done on Chris's life and farming. This video was shown on the Oprah Winfrey show. I'm sure you will enjoy his story.

https://www.youtube.com/embed/H9S3n_tILKo

Psalms 121:1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

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oct 11/15

It was 10:55 on a Sunday night and rather quiet as I waited for my shift behind a cash register at Wal-Mart to be over at 11:00. I was merely patiently waiting for the next five minutes to go away. Then came the exchange that I will remember for quite awhile.

A woman showed up at my register with a cart full of things. I scanned and processed her order and she paid for it. All seemed routine enough. Then she looked at me...

"I need to tell you something".

"Yes, ma'am. How can I help you?"

"I don't know if you remember me. I came through your line a couple of days ago. I was quite snippy and grouchy with you. You had done nothing wrong and didn't deserve that. You see, I had found out earlier that night that my sister-in-law had passed away, and I wasn't in a good mood. I just want to apologize for the way I acted."

I honestly did not remember the supposed incident from a couple of days prior. Since dealing with at least one or two grouchy people per day in this job seems to be the norm, I had become better at just blowing things off. For a moment, I was taken aback. Mine is a job where my customers take it for granted when things go as they are supposed to. Generally, no one has any kind of feedback unless it is to complain about something. I learned to understand that no feedback at all meant I was doing something right.

She continued, "You just kind of stood there and took my wrath, and remained patient and friendly. I want to thank you for that". By now my eyes were welling up. How humbling it felt that in this woman's time of grief, she was taking time to think of the Wal-Mart cashier whom she felt she had offended. I said something about that we try to help in any way we can, that I accepted her apology and appreciated her kind words. Then I offered a handshake, which she accepted, and I told her I was sorry for her loss.

With that, she was on her way. I looked at my watch.....10:59. It was time to call it a night. I left my register, clocked out for the day and wept to myself as I walked to my car. I realized that this woman had reminded me of some life lessons that I hope stay with me for awhile.

I was reminded of the fact that when people act grouchy toward me, it usually isn't because of anything I did. More often, their actions are because of something going on with them that have

little or nothing to do with me. I was reminded that when people act in such ways, those actions are not necessarily indicative of their character or worth as a person. This woman chose to offset her earlier actions (and then some) with a clearly heartfelt apology and kind words.

I was reminded -- perhaps most importantly of all -- that in all my actions with people, to the best of my ability, just how important the virtues of kindness, patience and understanding can be; that the people who seem at the time to deserve it the least often are the ones who need it the most. You just never know what difficulties life has thrown at them, or what demons they are battling or have battled. Jackie Robinson once said that "A life is unimportant except in the impact it has on other lives," and this encounter showed me that the opportunity to offer a positive impact is always there. by Donald French, Knoxville, Iowa

Galatians 5:22-23 But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, Meekness, temperance:

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oct 18.15

The Eagle

This is Amazing. It is no wonder there are Scriptural references to the eagle!

Isaiah 40:31 But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount

up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

Psalms 103:5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

And there is no wonder the bald eagle has such a significant symbolism to our country. When it rains, most birds head for shelter. The eagle is the only bird that, in order to avoid

the rain, starts flying above the clouds.

An amazing tidbit about the Eagle's eyesight: The eagle can probably identify a rabbit moving almost a mile away.

Meaning, an eagle flying at an altitude of 1000 feet over open country could spot prey over

an area of almost 3 square miles from a fixed position.

No wonder God wants us to spread our wings and soar with eagles.

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Oct 25 *Why Politics and Religion are like it is today* I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I did.

If you start with a cage containing five monkeys and inside the cage, hang a banana on a string from the top and then you place a set of stairs under the banana, before long a monkey will go to the stairs and climb toward the banana.

As soon as he touches the stairs, you spray all the other monkeys with cold water. After a

while another monkey makes an attempt with same result ... all the other monkeys are sprayed with cold water. Pretty soon, when another monkey tries to climb the stairs the other monkeys will try to prevent it.

Now, put the cold water away. Remove one monkey from the cage and replace it with a new one. The new monkey sees the banana and attempts to climb the stairs. To his shock, all of the other monkeys beat the crap out of him. After another attempt and attack, he knows that if he tries to climb the stairs he will be assaulted.

Next, remove another of the original five monkeys, replacing it with a new one.

The newcomer goes to the stairs and is attacked. The previous newcomer takes part in the punishment... with enthusiasm.

Then, replace a third original monkey with a new one, followed by a fourth, then the fifth. Every time the newest monkey takes to the stairs he is attacked. Most of the monkeys that are beating him have no idea why they were not permitted to climb the stairs. Neither do they know why they are participating in the beating of the newest monkey.

Finally, having replaced all of the original monkeys, none of the remaining monkeys will have ever been sprayed with cold water. Nevertheless, none of the monkeys will try to climb the stairway for the banana.

Why, you ask?

Because in their minds... that is the way it has always been!

This, my friends, is how Politics and organized religion operates... and is why, from time to time, all of the monkeys need to be **REPLACED AT THE SAME TIME**

Or in the case of organized Religion, each member needs their own Damascus Road experience, or in other words, be truly Born Again.

2Timothy 4:3 For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears;

GOD LIVES UNDER THE BED

I envy Kevin. My brother, Kevin, thinks God lives under his bed. At least that's what I heard him say one night.

He was praying out loud in his dark bedroom, and I stopped to listen, 'Are you there, God?' he said. 'Where are you? Oh, I see. Under the bed...'

I giggled softly and tiptoed off to my own room. Kevin's unique perspectives are often a source of amusement. But that night something else lingered long after the humor. I realized for the first time the very different world Kevin lives in.

He was born 30 years ago, mentally disabled as a result of difficulties during labor. Apart from his size (he's 6-foot-2), there are few ways in which he is an adult.

He reasons and communicates with the capabilities of a 7-year-old, and he always will. He will probably always believe that God lives under his bed, that Santa Claus is the one who fills the space under our tree every Christmas and that airplanes stay up in the sky because angels carry them.

I remember wondering if Kevin realizes he is different. Is he ever dissatisfied with his monotonous life?

Up before dawn each day, off to work at a workshop for the disabled, home to walk our cocker spaniel, return to eat his favorite macaroni-and-cheese for dinner, and later to bed. The only variation in the entire scheme is laundry, when he hovers excitedly over the washing machine like a mother with her newborn child.

He does not seem dissatisfied.

He lopes out to the bus every morning at 7:05, eager for a day of simple work.

He wrings his hands excitedly while the water boils on the stove before dinner, and he stays up late twice a week to gather our dirty laundry for his next day's laundry chores.

And Saturdays - oh, the bliss of Saturdays! That's the day my Dad takes Kevin to the airport to have a soft drink, watch the planes land, and speculate loudly on the destination of each passenger inside. 'That one's goin' to Chi-car-go!' Kevin shouts as he claps his hands.

His anticipation is so great he can hardly sleep on Friday nights.

And so goes his world of daily rituals and weekend field trips.

He doesn't know what it means to be discontent.

His life is simple.

He will never know the entanglements of wealth or power, and he does not care what brand of clothing he wears or what kind of food he eats. His needs have always been met, and he never worries that one day they may not be.

His hands are diligent. Kevin is never so happy as when he is working. When he unloads the dishwasher or vacuums the carpet, his heart is completely in it.

He does not shrink from a job when it is begun, and he does not leave a job until it is finished. But when his tasks are done, Kevin knows how to relax.

He is not obsessed with his work or the work of others. His heart is pure.

He still believes everyone tells the truth, promises must be kept, and when you are wrong, you apologize instead of argue.

Free from pride and unconcerned with appearances, Kevin is not afraid to cry when he is hurt, angry or sorry. He is always transparent, always sincere. And he trusts God.

Not confined by intellectual reasoning, when he comes to Christ, he comes as a child. Kevin seems to know God - to really be friends with Him in a way that is difficult for an 'educated' person to grasp. God seems like his closest companion.

In my moments of doubt and frustrations with my Christianity, I envy the security Kevin has in his simple faith.

It is then that I am most willing to admit that he has some divine knowledge that rises above my mortal questions.

It is then I realize that perhaps he is not the one with the handicap. I am. My obligations, my fear, my pride, my circumstances - they all become disabilities when I do not trust them to God's care.

Who knows if Kevin comprehends things I can never learn? After all, he has spent his whole life in that kind of innocence, praying after dark and soaking up the goodness and love of God.

And one day, when the mysteries of heaven are opened, and we are all amazed at how close God really is to our hearts, I'll realize that God heard the simple prayers of a boy who believed that God lived under his bed.

Kevin won't be surprised at all !

CHAPTER 1

I walk down the street.

There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.

I fall in.

I am lost... I am hopeless.

It isn't my fault.
It takes forever to find a way out.

CHAPTER 2

I walk down the same street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I pretend I don't see it.
I fall in again.
I can't believe I am in the same place.
But... it isn't my fault.

CHAPTER 3

I walk down the same street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I see it is there.
I still fall in. It's a habit.
My eyes are open.
I know where I am.
It is my fault.
I get out immediately.

CHAPTER 4

I walk down the same street.
There is a deep hole in the sidewalk.
I walk around it.

CHAPTER 5

I walk down another street.

By: Portia Nelson

Proverbs 1:7 The fear of the LORD is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction

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Aug 9/15

Last week, I took my grandchildren to a restaurant.
My eight-year-old grandson asked if he could say grace.
As we bowed our heads he said, "God is good, God is great.
Thank you for
the food, and I would thank you even more if Grandpa gets
us
ice cream for
dessert. And liberty and justice for all! Amen!"

Along with the laughter from the other customers nearby,
I
heard a woman
remark, "That's what's wrong with this country. Kids today
don't even know
how to pray. Asking God for ice cream! Why I never!"
Hearing this, my grandson burst into tears and asked me,
"Did I do it wrong? Is God mad at me?"
So after I assured him that he had done a terrific job and
that
God was certainly
not mad at him, an elderly gentleman approached the
table.
He winked at my grandson and said, "I happen to know
that
God thought that
was a great prayer."
"Really?" my grandson asked.
"Cross my heart," the man replied.
Then, in a theatrical whisper, he added (indicating the
woman
whose remark
had started this whole thing), "Too bad she never asks God
for
ice cream.
A little ice cream is sometimes good for the soul."
Naturally, I bought my grandchildren ice cream at the end
of
the meal. My

grandson stared at his ice cream for a moment, and then he did something I will remember the rest of my life. He picked up his sundae and, without a word, walked over and placed it in front of the woman. With a big smile he told her: "Here, this is for you.

Joel 2:13 And rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the LORD your God: for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil.

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Aug 16

Beth was sitting at an airport terminal waiting to board a plane. She was sitting there with several other people whom she did not know who were also waiting.

As she waited, she pulled out her Bible and started to read. All of a sudden, she felt as if the people sitting there around her were looking at her. She looked up but realized that they were looking just over her head, in the direction right behind her.

She turned to see what everyone was looking at and when she did, she saw a flight attendant pushing a wheelchair with the ugliest old man sitting in it. It was the ugliest man she ever saw. He had this long white hair that was all tangled and such a mess. His face was really wrinkled, and he didn't look friendly at all.

She didn't know why, but she felt drawn to the man and thought at first that God wanted her to witness to him. In her mind she said she was thinking, "Oh God, please not now, not here." No matter what she did, she couldn't get the man off her mind,

and all of a sudden she knew what God wanted her to do. She was supposed to brush this man's hair.

She went and knelt down in front of the old man and said, "Sir may I have the honor of brushing your hair for you?" He said "What?" She thought, "Oh great, he's hard of hearing."

Again, a little louder she said, "Sir, May I have the honor of brushing your hair for you?" He answered, "If you are going to talk to me, you are going to have to speak up; I am practically deaf."

So this time, she was almost yelling, "Sir, May I please have the honor of brushing your hair for you?" Everyone was watching to see what his response would be.

The old man just looked at her confused and said, "Well, I guess if you really want too." She said, "I don't even have a brush, but I thought I would ask anyway." He said, "Look in the bag hanging on the back of my chair, there is a brush in there."

So she got the brush out and started brushing his hair.

(She has a little girl with long hair, so she has lots of practice getting tangles out and knew how to be gentle with him.) She worked for a long time, until every last tangle was out.

Just as she was finishing up, she heard the old man crying. She went and put her hands on his knees, kneeling in front of him again looking directly into his eyes and said, "Sir, do you know Jesus?" He answered, "Yes, of course I know Jesus. You see, my bride told me she couldn't marry me unless I knew Jesus, so I learned all about Jesus, and asked Him to come into my heart many years ago, before I married my bride."

He continued, "You know, I am on my way home to go and see my wife. I have been in the hospital for a long time and had to have a special surgery in this town far from my home. My wife couldn't come with me because she is so frail herself.

He said, "I was so worried about how terrible my hair looked, and I didn't want her to see me looking so awful, but I couldn't brush my hair all by myself."

Tears were rolling down his cheeks as he thanked Beth for brushing his hair. He thanked her over and over again. She was crying, people all around witnessing this were crying, and as they were all boarding the plane, the flight attendant who was also crying, stopped her and asked, "Why did you do that?" And right there was the opportunity, the door that had been

opened to share with someone else the love of God.

"We don't always understand God's ways, but be ready, He may use us to meet the need of someone else like He met the need of this old man, and in a moment, also calling out to a lost soul who needed to know His love."

by Beth

2Samual 2:6 And now the LORD shew kindness and truth unto you: and I also will requite you this kindness, because ye have done this thing.

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Aug 23

How Can You Mend A Broken Heart?

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How do you mend a broken heart?

We get a lot of prayer requests asking to simply pray for their broken heart.

So what do you do when you've got a broken heart?

Here are four steps that will help you get up and over that mountain.

1. Occupy 2. Gratify 3. Sanctify 4. Glorify.

Occupy:

Occupy your time, don't sit around moping.

Do something.

Idleness is the soil of self-pity and depression. Get busy.

The best thing that you can do is to do something that helps others. It's a universal principle that when you start focusing on helping others, your own problems are diminished.

Don't just stand there, DO SOMETHING!

Gratify:

Write a list of the things you like, then pick three of those things and put those things in your life - now.

Make sure you can afford them and that they aren't harmful.

When our hearts are broken, we often deprive ourselves of the things we enjoy. Make an effort to put enjoyment in your life.

Sanctify:

Do good. Don't return evil for evil, hurt for hurt, pain for pain. Don't wish something horrible would happen to the other person. Hope for their good fortune in your spirit, and it just may release your good fortune in your world.

The easiest way to forget someone, is to truly wish them well.

Glorify:

Life is not over. You can live without them. Not only can you live without them, you can live even happier without them.

It is a matter of perspective. Even with the negative in your world at the moment, there is something to be thankful for. There is plenty to be thankful for actually.

Give God the glory for what you have.

You can't be sad and thankful at the same time.

Tell heartbreak to move over.

~A MountainWings Original~

Matthew 11:28-30 Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

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Aug 30

Class war at its best.

The folks who are getting the **free stuff** don't like

The folks who are paying for the **free stuff** , because

The folks who are paying for the **free stuff** can no longer

Afford to pay for both the **free stuff** and their own stuff.

And the folks who are paying for the **free stuff**

Want the **free stuff** to stop.

And the folks who are getting the **free stuff** want even more

Free stuff on top of the **free stuff** they are already getting!

Now... The people who are forcing the people who pay

For the **free stuff** have told the people who are RECEIVING

The **free stuff** that the people who are PAYING for the

Free stuff are being mean, prejudiced, and racist.

So... The people who are GETTING the **free stuff** have been

Convinced they need to hate who are paying for the **Free stuff** by the

people who are forcing some people to pay

For their **free stuff** and giving them the **free stuff** in the first place.

We have let the **free stuff** giving go on for so long that there

Are now more people getting **free stuff** than paying for the

Free stuff .

Now understand this.

All great democracies have committed financial suicide somewhere

Between **200** and **250** being founded.

The reason?

The voters figured out they could vote themselves money

From the treasury by electing people who promised to give

Them money from the treasury in exchange for electing them.

The United States officially became a Republic in **1776** ,

238 years ago.

The number of people now getting **free stuff**

Outnumbers the people paying for the **free stuff** .

Failure to change that, spells the end of the United States and Canada as we know it.

Romans 5:15 But not as the offence, so also is the free gift. For if through the offence of one many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many.

July 5/15

Different TYPES OF LIES

1. **1) Bad faith – lying to oneself**
2. **2) Barefaced or Baldfaced – told with a straight face knowing it's untrue**
3. **3) Big lie – to trick someone into believing something**
4. **4) Bluffing – such as in playing poker, a pretend lie**
5. **5) Bullshit – offered by someone who doesn't care what is said**
6. **6) Butler lie – a lie to save face, gotta go someone at the door etc**
7. **7) Contextual lie – gives a false impression sometimes using sarcasm,
yeah I
ate it all**
8. **8) Economical – holding back the full truth**
9. **9) Emergency – when harm may come to another party should the
truth be
told?**
10. **10) Exaggeration – stretching the truth**
11. **11) Fabrication – not based on fact, could be gossip enhanced**
12. **12) Fib – a lie told with no malicious intent**
13. **13) Half truth – deceptive statement that includes some truth**
14. **14) Haystack lie – false information containing a true fact**
15. **15) Honest lie – no intent to misinform, usually verbal**
16. **16) Jocular lie – are meant in jest, teasing**
17. **17) Lie to Children – the stork brought you, Santa Claus, tooth fairy**
18. **18) Omission – misrepresentation, when an important truth is left out**
19. **19) Lying in Trade – false advertising**
20. **20) Minimisation – complete denial in truth**
21. **21) Misleading – getting someone to believe in an untruth**
22. **22) Noble – beneficial to others but still a lie**

- 23. 23) Pathological – mostly fantasies to impress others
 - 24. 24) Pergury – lying under oath
 - 25. 25) Polite – lie that both parties know are not true, sorry can't attend
I'm
busy etc
 - 26. 26) Puffery – exaggerated claim usually in advertising, lowest price,
last one
left
 - 27. 27) Forked Tongue – say one thing and mean another
 - 28. 28) View from No Where – refers to journalism.....sells news
 - 29. 29) Weasel Word – a phrase that creates an impression that's not true
 - 30. 30) White lie – usually harmless, no you don't look fat etc
- Revelation 21:8 But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and
all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and
brimstone: which is the second death.

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July 12/15

Depressing.... U.S.A. Stats.

DID THIS HAPPEN IN JUST 6 SHORT YEARS??

"There are none so blind as those who will not see."

When you read this you will understand why Obama refuses to

say the words "radical Islam."..

Did you know that we now have a Muslim government?

John Brennan, current head of the CIA converted to Islam while

stationed in Saudi Arabia .

Obama's top advisor, Valerie Jarrett, is a Muslim who was born

in Iran where her parents still live.

Hillary Clinton's top advisor, Huma Abedin is a Muslim, whose

mother and brother are involved in

The now outlawed Muslim Brotherhood in Egypt .

Assistant Secretary for Policy Development for Homeland Security, Arif Aikhan, is a Muslim.

Homeland Security Advisor, Mohammed Elibiary, is a Muslim.

Obama advisor and founder of the Muslim Public Affairs Council,

Salam al-Marayati, is a Muslim.

Obama's Sharia Czar, Imam Mohamed Magid, of the Islamic

Society of North America is a Muslim.

Advisory Council on Faith-Based Neighborhood Partnerships,

Eboo Patel, is a Muslim.

And last but not least, our closet Muslim himself, Barack Hussein

Obama.

It's questionable if Obama ever officially took the oath of office

when he was Sworn in. He didn't repeat the oath properly to defend our nation and our

Constitution. Later the Democrats claimed he was given the oath

again in private?

CIA director John Brennan took his oath on a copy of the Constitution, not a Bible.

Congressman, Keith Ellison took his oath on a copy of the Qur'an.

Congresswoman Michele Bachman was vilified and almost tarred

**and feathered by Democrats when
She voiced her concern about Muslims taking over our
government.
Considering all these appointments, it would explain why
Obama
and his minions are systematically
Destroying our nation, supporting radical Muslim groups
worldwide, opening our southern border,
And turning a blind eye to the genocide being perpetrated on
Christians all over Africa and the Middle East.
The more damage Obama does, the more arrogant he's
become!
Our nation and our government has been infiltrated by
people**

**who want to destroy us. It can only get worse!
2Peter 3:3 Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days
scoffers, walking after their own lusts,
2Thessalonians 2:11 And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion,
that they should believe a lie:
Luke 6:39 And he spake a parable unto them, Can the blind lead the
blind? shall they not both fall into the ditch?**

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July 19/15

The Cab Ride

I arrived at the address and honked the horn.
after waiting a few minutes
I walked to the
door and knocked. 'Just a minute', answered a
frail, elderly voice. I could hear something
being dragged across the floor..
After a long pause, the door opened.
A small woman in her 90's stood before me.
She was wearing a print dress

and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned on it, like somebody out of a 1940's movie. By her side was a small nylon suitcase. The apartment looked as if no one had lived in it for years. All the furniture was covered with sheets.

There were no clocks on the walls, no knickknacks or utensils on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard box filled with photos and glassware.

'Would you carry my bag out to the car?' she said. I took the suitcase to the cab, then returned to assist the woman.

She took my arm and we walked slowly toward the curb.

She kept thanking me for my kindness.

'It's nothing', I told her.. 'I just try to treat my passengers the way I would want my mother to be treated.'

'Oh, you're such a good boy, she said. When we got in the cab, she gave me an address and then asked, 'Could you drive through downtown?'

'It's not the shortest way,' I answered quickly..

'Oh, I don't mind,' she said.

'I'm in no hurry. I'm on my way to a hospice. '
I looked in the rear-view mirror.

Her eyes were glistening. 'I don't have
any family left,' she continued in a soft
voice.. 'The doctor says I don't have very
long.' I quietly reached over and
shut off the meter.

'What route would you like me
to take?' I asked.

For the next two
hours, we drove through the city.
She showed me the building where
she had once worked as an
elevator operator.

We drove through the neighborhood
where she and her husband had lived
when they were newlyweds She had me
pull up in front of a furniture warehouse
that had once been a ballroom where she
had gone dancing as a girl.

Sometimes she'd ask me to slow
in front of a particular building or corner and
would sit staring into the darkness, saying
nothing.

As the first hint of sun was
creasing the horizon, she suddenly said,
'I'm tired. Let's go now'.

We drove in
silence to the address she had given me. It was
a low building, like a small convalescent home,

with a driveway that passed under a portico.

Two orderlies came out to the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were solicitous and intent, watching her every move. They must have been expecting her.

I opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to the door. The woman was already seated in a wheelchair.

'How much do I owe you?' She asked, reaching into her purse.

'Nothing,' I said
'You have to make a living,' she answered.

'There are other passengers,' I responded.
Almost without thinking, I bent and gave her a hug.

She held onto me tightly.
'You gave an old woman a little moment of joy,' she said.

'Thank you.'
I squeezed her hand, and then walked into the dim morning light..
Behind me, a door shut. It was the sound of the closing of a life...

I didn't pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove aimlessly lost in thought.

For the rest of that day, I could hardly talk.
What if that woman had gotten an angry
driver, or one who was impatient
to end his shift?

What if I had refused to take the run,
or had honked once, then driven away?

On a quick review,
I don't think that I have done anything
more important in my life.

We're conditioned to think
that our lives revolve
around great moments.

But great moments often catch us
unaware beautifully
wrapped in what others
may consider a small one.

PEOPLE MAY NOT REMEMBER EXACTLY
WHAT YOU DID, OR WHAT YOU SAID
~BUT~THEY

WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER HOW YOU MADE
THEM
FEEL.

Very often it is the random acts of
kindness, that is most beneficial to all of us.

Thank you, my
friend...

Life

**may not be the party we hoped for, but while we
are here we might as well dance**

**Psalms 149:3 Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises
unto
him with the timbrel and harp.**

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July 26/15

Here's a very interesting vision that happened in 1968

Recorded by: The evangelist Emanuel Minos.

An old woman of 90 from Valdres in Norway had a vision from God in 1968. This evangelist Emanuel Minos had meetings (services) where she lived. I had the opportunity to meet her, and she

told me what she had seen. I wrote it down, but thought it to be so unintelligible that I put it in a

drawer. Now, over 40 years later, I understand I have to share the vision with others.

The woman from Valdres was a very alert, reliable, awake and credible Christian, with a good

reputation among all who knew her. This is what she saw:

"I saw the time just before the coming of Jesus and the outbreak of the Third World War. I saw the

events with my natural eyes. I saw the world like a kind of a globe and saw Europe, land by land. I

saw Scandinavia. I saw Norway. I saw certain things that would take place just before the return of

Jesus, and just before the last calamity happens, a calamity the likes of which we have never before

experienced.

She mentioned four waves:

1. "First before Jesus comes and before the Third World War breaks out, there will be a 'détente' like

we have never had before. There will be peace between the super powers in the east and the west,

and there will be a long peace. (Remember, that this was in 1968 when the cold war was at its

highest.) In this period of peace there will be disarmament in many countries, also in Norway and we

are not prepared when it (the war) comes. The Third World War will begin in a way no one would

have anticipated—and from an unexpected place.

2. "A lukewarmness without parallel will take hold of the Christians, a falling away from true, living

Christianity. Christians will not be open for penetrating preaching. They will not, like in earlier times,

want to hear of sin and grace, law and gospel,

repentance and restoration. There will come a substitute instead: prosperity (happiness)

Christianity.

"The important thing will be to have success, to be something; to have material things, things that

God never promised us in this way. Churches and prayer houses will be emptier and emptier.

Instead of the preaching we have been used to for generations—like, to take your cross up and

follow Jesus—entertainment, art and culture will invade the churches where there should have been

gatherings for repentance and revival. This will increase markedly just before the return of Jesus.

3. "There will be a moral disintegration that old Norway has never experienced the likes of.

People

will live together like married without being married. (I do not believe the concept 'co-habitor'?

existed in 1968.) Much uncleanness before marriage, and much infidelity in marriage will become

the natural (the common), and it will be justified from every angle. It will even enter Christian circles

and we pet it—even sin against nature. Just before Jesus' return there will be TV programs like we

have never experienced. (TV had just arrived in Norway in 1968.)

"TV will be filled with such horrible violence that it teaches people to murder and destroy each other,

and it will be unsafe in our streets. People will copy what they see. There will not be only one 'station' on TV, it will be filled with 'stations.' (She did not know the word 'channel' which we use

today. Therefore she called them stations.) TV will be just like the radio where we have many 'stations,' and it will be filled with violence. People will use it for entertainment. We will see terrible

scenes of murder and destruction one of the other, and this will spread in society. Sex scenes will

also be shown on the screen, the most intimate things that takes place in a marriage." (I protested

and said, "We have a paragraph that forbids this kind of thing.") It will happen, and you will see it. All

we have had before will be broken down, and the most indecent things will pass before our eyes.

4. "People from poor countries will stream to Europe. (In 1968

there was no such thing as immigration.) They will also come to Scandinavia and Norway.

There will

be so many of them that people will begin to dislike them and become hard with them. They will be

treated like the Jews before the Second World War. Then the full measure of our sins will have been

reached (I protested at the issue of immigration. I did not understand it at the time.)

The tears streamed from the old woman's eyes down her cheeks. "I will not see it, but you will. Then

suddenly, Jesus will come and the Third World War breaks out. It will be a short war." (She saw it in

the vision.)

"All that I have seen of war before is only child's play compared to this one, and it will be ended with

a nuclear atom bomb. The air will be so polluted that one cannot draw one's breath. It will cover

several continents, America, Japan, Australia and the wealthy nations. The water will be ruined

(contaminated?). We can no longer till the soil. The result will be that only a remnant will remain. The

remnant in the wealthy countries will try to flee to the poor countries, but they will be as hard on us

as we were on them.

"I am so glad that I will not see it, but when the time draws near, you must take courage and tell this.

I have received it from God, and nothing of it goes against what the Bible tells.

"The one who has his sin forgiven and has his mind set on Jesus our Savior and Lord, is safe."

Emanuel Minos

2Timothy 4:3 For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after

their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears;

June 7

This made such an impression on me, I had to share it!

MY COMMITMENT AS A CHRISTIAN!

I'm part of the fellowship of the unashamed. I have Holy Spirit power. The die has been cast. I have stepped over the line. The decision has been made. I'm a disciple of His. **I won't look back, let up,**

slow down, back away or be still.

My past is redeemed, my present makes sense, my future is secure. **I'm finished and done with** low

living, **sight walking**, small planning, smooth knees, colorless dreams. tamed visions, mundane talking,

cheap living **and dwarfed goals.**

I no longer need pre-eminence, prosperity, **position**, promotions, plaudits or **popularity.** I don't

have **to be right, first, tops, recognized, praised, regarded or rewarded.** I now live by faith,

lean on His presence, walk by patience, **lift up by prayer and labour by power.**

My face is set, my gait is fast, my goal is Heaven, **my road narrow, my way rough, my companions**

few, my guide reliable, my mission clear. **I cannot be bought, compromised, detoured, lured**

away, turned back, deluded or delayed. I will not flinch in the face of sacrifice, hesitate in the presence of

the adversary, **negotiate** at the table of the enemy, ponder at the pool of popularity or meander in the maze of

mediocrity.

I won't give up, shut up, let up, until I have stayed up, stored up, prayed up, paid up, preached up for the cause of Christ. **'s commitment,** preach till all know and work till He stops me. And

when He comes for His own, He will have no problem recognizing me - my banner will be clear.

~ **Written by a young African pastor and tacked on the wall of his house.**

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Jun 14

Sack Lunches

I put my carry-on in the luggage compartment and sat down in my assigned seat. It was going to be a long flight. 'I'm glad I have a good book to read. Perhaps I will get a short nap,' I thought.

Just before take-off, a line of soldiers came down the aisle and

filled all the vacant seats, totally surrounding me. I decided to start a conversation.

'Where are you headed?' I asked the soldier seated nearest to me. 'Petawawa. We'll be there for two weeks for special training, and then we're being deployed to Afghanistan

After flying for about an hour, an announcement was made that sack lunches were available for five dollars. It would be several hours before we reached the east, and I quickly decided a lunch would help pass the time...

As I reached for my wallet, I overheard a soldier ask his buddy if

he planned to buy lunch. 'No, that seems like a lot of money for just a sack lunch. Probably wouldn't be worth five bucks.

'I'll wait till we get to base.'

His friend agreed.

I looked around at the other soldiers. None were buying lunch. I walked to the back of the plane and handed the flight attendant a fifty dollar bill. 'Take a lunch to all those soldiers.' She grabbed my arms and squeezed tightly. Her eyes wet with tears, she thanked me. 'My son was a soldier in Iraq ; it's almost like you are doing it for him.'

Picking up ten sacks, she headed up the aisle to where the soldiers were seated. She stopped at my seat and asked, 'Which do you like best - beef or chicken?' 'Chicken,' I replied, wondering why she asked. She turned and went to the front of plane, returning a minute later with a dinner plate from first class.

'This is your thanks.'

After we finished eating, I went again to the back of the plane, heading for the rest room.

A man stopped me. 'I saw what you did. I want to be part of it. Here, take this.' He handed me twenty-five dollars.

Soon after I returned to my seat, I saw the Flight Captain coming down the aisle, looking at the aisle numbers as he walked, I hoped he was not looking for me, but noticed he was looking at the numbers only on my side of the plane. When he got to my row he stopped, smiled, held out his hand and said, 'I want to shake your hand.' Quickly unfastening my seatbelt I stood and took the Captain's hand. With a booming voice he said, 'I was a soldier and I was a military pilot. Once, someone bought me a lunch. It was an act of kindness I never forgot.' I was embarrassed when applause was heard from all of the passengers. Later I walked to the front of the plane so I could stretch my legs.

A man who was seated about six rows in front of me reached out his hand, wanting to shake mine. He left another twenty-five dollars in my palm.

When we landed I gathered my belongings and started to deplane. Waiting just inside the airplane door was a man who stopped me, put something in my shirt pocket, turned, and walked away without saying a word. Another twenty-five dollars!

Upon entering the terminal, I saw the soldiers gathering for their trip to the base.

I walked over to them and handed them seventy-five dollars. 'It will take you some time to reach the base.

It will be about time for a sandwich.

God Bless You.'

Ten young men left that flight feeling the love and respect of their fellow travelers.

As I walked briskly to my car, I whispered a prayer for their

safe

return. These soldiers were giving their all for our country. I could only give them a couple of meals. It seemed so little...

A veteran is someone who, at one point in his life, wrote a blank

check made payable to 'citizens of United States / Canada ' for an amount of 'up to and including my life.'

That is Honour, and there are way too many people in this country

who no longer understand

2Samual 2:5 And David sent messengers unto the men of Jabeshgilead,

and said unto them, Blessed be ye of the LORD, that ye have shewed

this kindness unto your lord, even unto Saul, and have buried him.

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Jun 21

2Peter 3:3 Knowing this first, that there shall come in the

last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts,

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June28

A thought to remember, Carl Marx said, "Remove one freedom per generation and soon you will

have no freedom and no one would have noticed."

This is a word to the wise, if you can understand what's going on around you *

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There was a chemistry professor in a large college that had some exchange students in the class.

One day, the professor noticed one young man, an exchange student, who kept rubbing his back

and stretching as if his back hurt. The professor asked the young man what was the matter.

The student told him he had a bullet lodged in his back. He had been shot while fighting communists in his native country who were trying to overthrow his country's government and install a new communist regime. In the midst of his story, he looked at the professor and asked a

strange question.

He asked: "Do you know how to catch wild pigs?"

The professor thought it was a joke and asked for the punch line. The young man said that it was

no joke.

"You catch wild pigs by finding a suitable place in the woods and putting corn on the ground. The pigs find it and begin to come every day to eat the free corn.

"When they are used to coming every day, you put a fence down one side of the place where they are used to coming. When they get used to the fence, they begin to eat the corn again and

you put up another side of the fence.

"They get used to that and start to eat again. You continue until you have all four sides of the fence up with a gate in the last side.

"The pigs, which are used to the free corn, start to come through the gate to eat that free corn again. You then slam the gate on them and catch the whole herd.

"Suddenly the wild pigs have lost their freedom. They run around and around inside the fence,

but they are caught. Soon they go back to eating the free corn. They are so used to it that they have forgotten how to forage in the woods for themselves, so they accept their captivity."

The young man then told the professor that is exactly what he sees happening in North America .

The government keeps pushing us toward Communism/Socialism and keeps spreading the free

corn out in the form of programs such as supplemental income, tax credit for unearned income,

tax

exemptions, tobacco subsidies, welfare entitlements, medicine, drugs, etc., while we continually

lose our freedoms, just a little at a time.

One should always remember two truths: There is no such thing as a free lunch, and you can never hire someone to provide a service for you cheaper than you can do it yourself.

If you see that all of this wonderful government "help" is a problem confronting the future of democracy in North America , you might want to share this with your friends.

If you think the free ride is essential to your way of life, then you will probably not share this. BUT, God help us all when the gate slams shut Quote for today: "The problems we face

today

are there because the people who work for a living are now outnumbered."

Revelation 17:17 For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil his will, and to agree, and give their kingdom unto the beast, until the words of God shall be fulfilled.

May3

To Remember Me

The day will come when my body will lie upon a white sheet neatly tucked under four corners of a mattress located in a hospital busily occupied with the living and the dying.

At a certain moment a doctor will determine that my brain has ceased to function and that, for all intents and purposes, my life has stopped.

When that happens, do not attempt to instill artificial life into my body by the use of a machine. And don't call this my deathbed. Let it be called the Bed of Life, and let my body be taken from it to help others lead fuller lives.

Give my sight to the man who has never seen a sunrise, a baby's face or love in the eyes of a woman. Give my heart

to a person whose own heart has caused nothing but endless days of pain. Give my blood to the teenager who was pulled from the wreckage of his car, so that he might live to see his grandchildren play. Give my kidneys to one who depends on a machine to exist from week to week. Take my bones, every muscle, every fiber and nerve in my body and find a way to make a crippled child walk.

Explore every corner of my brain. Take my cells, if necessary, and let them grow so that someday, a speechless boy will shout at the crack of a bat and a deaf girl will hear the sound of rain against her window.

Burn what is left of me and scatter the ashes to the winds to help the flowers grow.

If you must bury something, let it be my faults, my weaknesses and all prejudice against my fellow man.

Give my sins to the devil. Give my soul to God.

If, by chance, you wish to remember me, do it with a kind deed or word to someone who needs you. If you do all I have asked, I will live forever.

Romans 6:4 Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as

Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

This is the first death

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May 10

Happy Mothers day

http://www.godtube.com/watch/?v=02JC9FNU&utm_source=GodTube%20Must-See%20Video&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=11/06/2014

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May 17

Appointment with Love

Six minutes to six, said the great round clock over the Information booth in Grand Central Station. The tall young Army lieutenant who had just come from the direction of the tracks lifted his sunburned face, and his eyes narrowed to note the exact time. His heart was pounding with a beat that shocked him because he could not control it. In six minutes, he would see the woman who had filled such a special place in his life for the past 13 months, the woman he had never seen, yet whose written words had been with him and sustained him unfailingly.

He placed himself as close as he could to the information booth, just beyond the ring of people besieging the clerks...

Lieutenant Blandford remembered one night in particular, the worst of the fighting, when his plane had been caught in the midst of a pack of Zeros. He had seen the grinning face of one of the enemy pilots.

In one of his letters, he had confessed to her that he often

felt fear, and only a few days before this battle, he had received her answer: "Of course you fear...all brave men do. Didn't King David know fear? That's why he wrote the 23rd Psalm. Next time you doubt yourself, I want you to hear my voice reciting to you: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, for Thou art with me.'" And he had remembered; he had heard her imagined voice, and it had renewed his strength and skill.

Now he was going to hear her real voice. Four minutes to six. His face grew sharp.

Under the immense, starred roof, people were walking fast, like threads of color being woven into a gray web. A girl passed close to him, and Lieutenant Blandford started. She was wearing a red flower in her suit lapel, but it was a crimson sweet pea, not the little red rose they had agreed upon. Besides, this girl was too young, about 18, whereas Hollis Meynell had frankly told him she was 30. "Well, what of it?" he had answered. "I'm 32." He was 29.

His mind went back to that book - the book the Lord Himself must have put into his hands out of the hundreds of Army library books sent to the Florida training camp. Of Human Bondage, it was; and throughout the book were notes in a woman's writing. He had always hated that writing-in-habit, but these remarks were different. He had never believed that a woman could see into a man's heart so tenderly, so understandingly. Her name was on the bookplate: Hollis Meynell. He had got hold of a New York City telephone book and found her address. He had written, she had answered. Next day he had been shipped out, but they had gone on writing.

For 13 months, she had faithfully replied, and more than replied. When his letters did not arrive she wrote anyway, and now he believed he loved her, and she loved him.

But she had refused all his pleas to send him her photograph. That seemed rather bad, of course. But she had explained: "If your feeling for me has any reality, any honest basis, what I look like won't matter. Suppose I'm beautiful. I'd always be haunted by the feeling that you had been taking a chance on just that, and that kind of love would disgust me. Suppose I'm plain (and you must admit that this is more likely). Then I'd always fear that you were going on writing to me only because you were lonely and had no one else. No, don't ask for my picture. When you come to New York, you shall see me and then you shall make your decision. Remember, both of us are free to stop or to go on after that - whichever we choose..."

One minute to six - he pulled hard on a cigarette.

Then Lieutenant Blandford's heart leaped higher than his plane had ever done.

A young woman was coming toward him. Her figure was long and slim; her blond hair lay back in curls from her delicate ears.

Her eyes were blue as flowers, her lips and chin had a gentle firmness. In her pale green suit, she was like springtime come alive.

He started toward her, entirely forgetting to notice that she was wearing no rose, and as he moved, a small, provocative smile curved her lips.

"Going my way, soldier?" she murmured.

Uncontrollably, he made one step closer to her. Then he saw Hollis Meynell.

She was standing almost directly behind the girl, a woman well past 40, her graying hair tucked under a worn hat. She was more than plump; her thick-ankled feet were thrust into lowheeled shoes. But she wore a red rose in the rumpled lapel of her brown coat.

The girl in the green suit was walking quickly away.

Blandford felt as though he were being split in two, so keen was his desire to follow the girl, yet so deep was his longing for the woman whose spirit had truly companioned and upheld his own; and there she stood. Her pale, plump face was gentle and sensible; he could see that now. Her gray eyes had a warm, kindly twinkle.

Lieutenant Blandford did not hesitate. His fingers gripped the small worn, blue leather copy of *Of Human Bondage*, which was to identify him to her. This would not be love, but it would be something precious, something perhaps even rarer than love - a friendship for which he had been and must ever be grateful.

He squared his broad shoulders, saluted and held the book out toward the woman, although even while he spoke he felt shocked by the bitterness of his disappointment.

"I'm Lieutenant John Blandford, and you - you are miss Meynell. I'm so glad you could meet me. May...may I take you to dinner?"

The woman's face broadened in a tolerant smile. "I don't know what this is all about, son," she answered. "That young lady in the green suit - the one who just went by - begged me to wear this rose on my coat. And she said that if you asked me to go out with you, I should tell you that she's waiting for you in that big restaurant across the street. She said it was some kind of a test. I've got two boys with Uncle Sam myself, so I didn't mind to oblige you."

Psalms 37:5 Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

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May 24

Good Morning, this is GOD I will be handling ALL your problems today.

Please remember ... I WILL NOT NEED YOUR HELP!!!

If life happens to deliver a situation to you that you cannot handle, do not attempt to

resolve it. Kindly put it in the SFGTD Box (something for God to do). It will be addressed in My time, not yours. Once the matter is placed into the box, do not hold onto it.

Holding on or removal will delay the resolution of your problem. If it is a situation that you think you are capable of handling, please consult me in prayer to be sure that it is the proper resolution.

If you find yourself stuck in traffic, don't despair. There are people in this world for whom driving is an unheard of privilege.

Should you have a bad day at work, think of the man who has been out of work for years.

Should you despair over a relationship gone bad, think of the person who has never known what it's like to love and be loved in return.

Should you grieve the passing of another weekend, think of the woman in dire straits, working twelve hours a day, seven days a week to feed her children.

Should your car break down, leaving you miles away from assistance, think of the paraplegic who would love the opportunity to take that walk.

Should you notice a new gray hair in the mirror, think of the cancer patient in chemo who wishes she had hair to examine.

Should you find yourself at a loss and pondering what is life all about, asking what is my purpose? Be thankful! There are those who didn't live long enough to get the opportunity.

Should you find yourself the victim of other people's bitterness, ignorance, smallness or insecurities, remember ... things could be worse. You could be them!!!

Because I do not sleep nor do I slumber, there is no need for you to lose any sleep. Rest, my child.

If you need to contact me, I am only a prayer away.

Love Eternally, The Lord your God

Matthew 11:28-30 Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

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May 31

Clean Blood

The day is over. You are driving home. You tune in your radio. You hear a little blurb about a little village in India where some villagers have died suddenly, strangely, of a flu that has never been seen before. It's not influenza, but three or four fellows are dead, and it's kind of interesting. They're sending some doctors over there to investigate it.

You don't think much about it, but on Sunday, coming home from church, you hear another radio spot. Only they say it's not three villagers, it's 30,000 villagers in the back hills of this particular area of India, and it's on TV that night. CNN runs a little blurb; people are heading there from the disease center in Atlanta because this disease strain has never been seen before.

By Monday morning when you get up, it's the lead story. For it's not just India; it's Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, and before you know it, you're hearing this story everywhere and they have coined it now as "the mystery flu". The President has made some comment that he and everyone are praying and hoping that all will go well over there. But everyone is wondering, "How are we going to contain it?"

That's when the President of France makes an announcement that shocks Europe. He is closing their borders. No flights from India, Pakistan, or any of the countries where this thing has been seen. That night you are watching a little bit of CNN before going to bed. Your jaw hits your chest when a weeping woman is translated from a French news program into English: "There's a man lying in a hospital in Paris dying of the mystery flu." It has come to Europe. Panic strikes. As best they can tell, once you get it, you have it for a week and you don't know it. Then you have four days of unbelievably, brutal symptoms. Then you die.

Britain closes its borders, but it's too late. South Hampton, Liverpool, North Hampton, and its Tuesday morning when the President of the United States makes the following announcement: "Due to a national security risk, all flights to and from Europe and Asia have been canceled. If your loved ones are overseas, I'm sorry. They cannot come back until we find a cure for this thing."

Within four days our nation has been lunged into unbelievable fear. People are selling little masks for your face. People are talking about what if it comes to this country, and preachers on Tuesday are saying, "It's the scourge of God."

It's Wednesday night and you are at a church prayer meeting when somebody runs in from the parking lot and says, "Turn on a radio, turn on a radio." While the church listens to a little transistor radio with a microphone stuck up to it, the announcement is made, "Two women are lying in a Long Island hospital dying from the mystery flu."

Within hours it seems, this thing just sweeps across the country. People are working around the clock trying to find an antidote. Nothing is working. California, Oregon, Arizona, Florida, Massachusetts. It's as though it's just sweeping in from the borders. Then, all of a sudden the news comes out. The code has been broken. A cure can be found. A vaccine can be made. It's going to take the blood of somebody who hasn't been infected, and so, sure enough, all through the Midwest, through all those channels of emergency broadcasting, everyone is asked to do one simple thing: "Go to your downtown hospital and have your blood type taken. That's all we ask of you. When you hear the sirens go off in your neighborhood, please make your way quickly, quietly, and safely to the hospitals."

When you and your family get down there late on that Friday night, there is a long line, and they've got nurses and doctors coming out and pricking fingers and taking blood and putting labels on it. Your wife and your kids are out there, and they take your blood type and they say, "Wait here in the parking lot and if we call your name, you can be dismissed and go home." You stand around scared with your neighbors, wondering what in the world is going on, and thinking this must be the end of the world. Suddenly a young man comes running out of the hospital screaming. He's yelling a name and waving a clipboard. What? He yells it again! And your son tugs on your jacket and says, "Daddy, that's me."

Before you know it, they have grabbed your boy. "Wait a minute, hold it!" And they say, "It's okay, his blood is clean. His blood is pure. He doesn't have the disease. We just want to make sure he has got the right type." Five tense minutes later out come the doctors and nurses, crying and hugging one another--some are even laughing. It's the first time you have seen anybody laugh in a week, and an old doctor walks up to you and says, "Thank you, sir. Your son's blood type is perfect. It's clean, it is pure, and we can make the vaccine." As the word begins to spread all across that parking lot full of folks, people are screaming and praying and laughing and crying.

But then the gray-haired doctor pulls you and your wife aside and says, "May we see

you for a moment? We didn't realize that the donor would be a minor and we need. . . we need you to sign a consent form." You begin to sign and then you see that the number of pints of blood to be taken is empty. "H-h-h-how many pints?" And that is when the old doctor's smile fades and he says, "We had no idea it would be a little child. We weren't prepared. We need it all!" "But - but!" "You don't understand. We are talking about the world here... Please sign. We - we need it all - we need it all!" "But can't you give him a transfusion?" "If we had clean blood, his type, we would. Can you sign? Would you sign?"

In numb silence you sign. Then they say, "Would you like to have a moment with him before we begin?" Can you walk back? Can you walk back to that room where he sits on a table saying, "Daddy? Mommy? What's going on?" Can you take his hands and say, "Son, your mommy and I love you, and we would never ever let anything happen to you that didn't just have to be. Do you understand that?" And when that old doctor comes back in and says, "I'm sorry, we've - we've got to get started. People all over the world are dying." Can you leave? Can you walk out while he is saying, "Dad? Mom? Dad? Why - why have you forsaken me?"

And then next week, when they have the ceremony to honor your son, and some folks sleep through it, and some folks don't even come because they go to the lake, and some folks come with a retentious smile and just pretend to care. Would you want to jump up and say, "MY SON DIED! DON'T YOU CARE?"

Is that what God is saying? "MY SON DIED. DON'T YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I CARE?" Father, seeing it from your eyes breaks our hearts. Maybe now we begin to comprehend the great love you have for us. Amen.

Colossians 1:14 In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins:

Apr 5

Happy Easter

Jeremy was born with a twisted body and a slow mind. At the age of 12 he was still in second grade, seemingly unable to learn. His teacher, Doris Miller, often became exasperated with him. He would squirm in his seat, drool, and make grunting noises. At other times, he spoke clearly and distinctly, as if a spot of light had penetrated the darkness of his brain.

Most of the time, however, Jeremy just irritated his teacher. One day she called his parents and asked them to come in for a consultation. As the Forresters entered the empty classroom, Doris said to them, "Jeremy really belongs in a special school. It isn't fair to him to be with younger children who don't have learning problems. Why, there is a fiive year gap between his age and that of the other students."

Mrs. Forrester cried softly into a tissue, while her husband spoke. "Miss Miller," he said, "there is no school of that kind nearby. It would be a terrible shock for Jeremy if we had to take him out of this school. We know he really likes it here." Doris sat for a long time after they had left, staring at the snow outside the window. Its coldness seemed to seep into her soul. She wanted to sympathize with the Forresters. After all, their only child had a terminal illness. But it wasn't fair to keep

him in her class. She had 18 other youngsters to teach, and Jeremy was a distraction.

Furthermore, he would never learn to read and write. Why waste any more time trying?

As she pondered the situation, guilt washed over her. Here I am complaining when my problems are nothing compared to that poor family, she thought. Lord, please help me to be more patient with Jeremy. From that day on, she tried hard to ignore Jeremy's noises and his blank stares. Then one day, he limped to her desk, dragging his bad leg behind him.

"I love you, Miss Miller," he exclaimed, loud enough for the whole class to hear. The other students snickered, and Doris' face turned red.

She stammered, "Wh-why that's very nice, Jeremy. N-now please, take your seat."

Spring came, and the children talked excitedly about the coming of Easter.

Doris told them the story of Jesus, and then to emphasize the idea of new life springing forth, she gave each of the children a large plastic egg.

"Now," she said to them, "I want you to take this home and bring it back tomorrow with something inside that shows new life. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Miller," the children responded enthusiastically--all except for Jeremy. He listened intently; his eyes never left her face. He did not even make his usual noises. Had he understood what she said about Jesus' death and resurrection? Did he understand the assignment? Perhaps she should call his parents and explain the project to them.

That evening, Doris' kitchen sink stopped up. She called the landlord and waited an hour for him to come by and unclog it. After that, she still had to shop for groceries, iron a blouse, and prepare a vocabulary test for the next day. She completely forgot about phoning Jeremy's parents.

The next morning, 19 children came to school, laughing and talking as they placed their eggs in the large wicker basket on Miss Miller's desk. After they completed their math lesson, it was time to open the eggs. In the first egg, Doris found a flower. "Oh yes, a flower is certainly a sign of new life," she said. "When plants peek through the ground, we know that spring is here." A small girl in the first row waved her arm.

"That's my egg, Miss Miller," she called out. The next egg contained a plastic

butterfly, which looked very real. Doris held it up. "We all know that a caterpillar changes and grows into a beautiful butterfly. Yes, that's new life, too." Little Judy smiled proudly and said, "Miss Miller, that one is mine." Next, Doris found a rock with moss on it. She explained that moss, too, showed life. Billy spoke up from the back of the classroom, "My daddy helped

me," he beamed.

Then Doris opened the fourth egg. She gasped. The egg was empty. Then Doris opened the fourth egg.

She gasped. The egg was empty. Surely it must be Jeremy's she thought, and of course, he did not understand her instructions. If only she had not forgotten to phone his parents.

Because she did not want to embarrass him, she quietly set the egg aside and reached for another. Suddenly, Jeremy spoke up. "Miss Miller, aren't you going to talk about my egg?"

Flustered, Doris replied, "But Jeremy, your egg is empty." He looked into her eyes and said softly, "Yes, but Jesus' tomb was empty, too."

Time stopped. When she could speak again, Doris asked him, "Do you know why the tomb was empty?" "Oh, yes," Jeremy said, "Jesus was killed and put in there. Then His Father raised Him up."

The recess bell rang. While the children excitedly ran out to the school yard, Doris cried. The cold inside her melted completely away.

Three months later, Jeremy died. Those who paid their respects at the mortuary were surprised to see 19 eggs on top of his casket, all of them empty.

If this blesses you, pass it on. Happy Easter

Isaiah 11:6 The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

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Ephesians 1:17 That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him:

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Apr 19

DO YOU BELIEVE IN EASTER ?

Edith Burns was a wonderful Christian who lived in San Antonio, Texas.

She was the patient of doctor by the name of Will Phillips. Dr. Phillips was a gentle doctor who saw patients as people.

His favorite patient was Edith Burns. One morning he went to his office with a heavy heart and it was because of Edith Burns. When he walked into that waiting room, there sat Edith with her big black Bible in her lap earnestly talking to a young mother sitting beside her.

Edith Burns had a habit of introducing herself in this way: "Hello, my name is Edith Burns. Do you believe in Easter?" Then she would explain the meaning of Easter, and many times people would be saved.

Dr. Phillips walked into that office and there he saw the head nurse, Beverly. Beverly had first met Edith when she was taking her blood pressure. Edith began by saying, "My name is Edith Burns. Do you

believe in Easter?"

Beverly said, "Why yes I do." Edith said, "Well, what do you believe about Easter?" Beverly said, "Well, it's all about egg hunts, going to church, and dressing up."

Edith kept pressing her about the real meaning of Easter, and finally led her to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Dr. Phillips said, "Beverly, don't call Edith into the office quite yet.

I believe there is another delivery taking place in the waiting room.

After being called back in the doctor's office, Edith sat down and when

she took a look at the doctor she said, "Dr. Will, why are you so sad?

Are you reading your Bible? Are you praying?"

Dr. Phillips said gently, "Edith, I'm the doctor and you're the patient."

With a heavy heart he said, "Your lab report came back and it says you have cancer, and Edith, you're not going to live very long."

Edith said, "Why Will Phillips, shame on you. Why are you so sad? Do you think God makes mistakes? You have just told me I'm going to see my precious Lord Jesus, my husband, and my friends. You have just told me that I am going to celebrate Easter forever, and here you are having difficulty giving me my ticket!"

Dr. Phillips thought to himself, "What a magnificent woman this Edith Burns is!"

Edith continued coming to Dr. Phillips. Christmas came and the office was closed through January 3rd. On the day the office opened, Edith did not show up. Later that afternoon, Edith called Dr. Phillips and said she would have to be moving her story to the hospital and said, "Will, I'm very near home, so would you make sure that they put women in here next to me in my room who need to know about Easter."

Well, they did just that and women began to come in and share that room with Edith. Many women were saved. Everybody on that floor from staff to patients were so excited about Edith, that they started calling her Edith Easter; that is everyone except Phyllis Cross, the head nurse.

Phyllis made it plain that she wanted nothing to do with Edith because she was a "religious nut". She had been a nurse in an army hospital.

She had seen it all and heard it all. She was the original G.I. Jane.

She had been married three times, she was hard, cold, and did everything by the book.

One morning the two nurses who were to attend to Edith were sick.

Edith had the flu and Phyllis Cross had to go in and give her a shot.

When she walked in, Edith had a big smile on her face and said, "Phyllis, God loves you and I love you, and I have been praying for you."

Phyllis Cross said, "Well, you can quit praying for me, it won't work.

I'm not interested." Edith said, "Well, I will pray and I have asked

God not to let me go home until you come into the family."

Phyllis Cross said, "Then you will never die because that will never happen," and curtly walked out of the room.

Every day Phyllis Cross would walk into the room and Edith would say,

"God loves you Phyllis and I love you, and I'm praying for you." One day

Phyllis Cross said she was literally drawn to Edith's room like a magnet

would draw iron. She sat down on the bed and Edith said, "I'm so glad you have come,

because

God told me that today is your special day."

Phyllis Cross said, "Edith, you have asked everybody here the question, 'Do you believe in Easter?' but you have never asked me." Edith said, "Phyllis, I wanted to many times, but God told me to wait until you asked, and now that you have asked..."

Edith Burns took her Bible and shared with Phyllis Cross the Easter Story of the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Edith said, "Phyllis, do you believe in Easter? Do you believe that Jesus Christ is alive and that He wants to live in your heart?" Phyllis Cross said, "Oh I want to believe that with all of my heart, and I do want Jesus in my life." Right there, Phyllis Cross prayed and invited Jesus Christ into her heart. For the first time Phyllis Cross did not walk out of a hospital room, she was carried out on the wings of angels.

Two days later, Phyllis Cross came in and Edith said, "Do you know what day it is?" Phyllis Cross said, "Why Edith, it's Good Friday." Edith said, "Oh, no, for you every day is Easter. Happy Easter Phyllis!"

Two days later, on Easter Sunday, Phyllis Cross came into work, did some of her duties and then went down to the flower shop and got some Easter lilies because she wanted to go up to see Edith and give her some Easter lilies and wish her a Happy Easter. When she walked into Edith's room, Edith was in bed. That big black Bible was on her lap. Her hands were in that Bible. There was a sweet smile on her face.

When Phyllis Cross went to pick up Edith's hand, she realized Edith was dead.

Her left hand was on John 14: "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to Myself, that where I am, there you may be also."

Her right hand was on Revelation 21:4, " And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes, there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying; and there shall be no more pain, for the former things have passed away."

Phyllis Cross took one look at that dead body, and then lifted her face toward heaven, and with tears streaming down here cheeks, said, "Happy Easter, Edith - Happy Easter!"

Phyllis Cross left Edith's body, walked out of the room, and over to a table where two student nurses were sitting. She said, "My name is Phyllis Cross. Do you believe in Easter?"

John 10:10 *The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.*

Apr 26

In an effort to be cordial, I asked a certain young man how he was doing one day. Instead of hearing the common curt response of "Fine," he said, "I feel like I have dug myself in a hole."

My response to him was, "The only place you start out on top is when you are digging a hole!" Immediately he retorted, "I didn't think I was digging a hole; I thought I was laying a foundation!"

Well, the truth of the matter is that everything is a matter of perception. Your outlook determines your outcome!

It's better to be in a hole than in a rut.

A rut is simply a grave with both ends kicked out! The hole that this young man dug for himself was his foundation.

This is a process of life.

You lose before you gain.

You give before you get.

You follow before you lead.

You establish a solid foundation before you build.

Before a farmer sows his fields, he first digs holes.

Every beautiful flower starts out as a seed in a hole.

Every fruit-bearing tree gets its start in a hole.

Most of us are in a hole of debt before we can graduate from college, but we don't have to stay there!

While digging a hole is dirty work and frustrating at times, it is necessary. Thomas Edison aptly stated, "Restlessness and discontent are the first necessities of progress."

So although being in a hole is confining and irritating, just hang on and learn to bloom where you are planted!

A pearl is formed in an oyster because of an irritant that enters. That irritant causes a secretion to be released, which actually forms the pearl. So, while you are irritated, realize that a valuable pearl is being formed deep within you.

Just keep your mouth closed, and bloom where you are planted!

Bishop Dale C. Bronner, D.

Matthew 16:25 For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.

From a FFT subscriber

I have never been a big tither ~ oh sure,

when God has blessed me I felt

compelled

to give back - and sharing has always

been

second nature to me....but tithing? I pay

taxes upon taxes, I give offerings to

shelter

and feed the homeless, giving is not a problem. Tithing? What's the difference between giving an offering and tithing? I have rent, electricity, heat, TV, phone, car insurance, gas, food, not to mention the myriad of surprising bills that seem to pop up every other month, medical for myself, the odd vet bill, the ever currant car tuneup.... and of course, I'm 'supposed' to put money into a savings account???? Really? How???

Then I asked God one evening. I was putting my 'tithes' in an envelope, and I was talking to God, and said "What good is this really going to do God? You ask me to tithe,

but I never see what good it does!

What's

the point? I could use this money for myself."

He SHOWED me!!!!!!

You've probably seen the picture on TV of

the starving children in foreign lands, with

their bellies swollen from

starvation.....***GOD TOOK ME THERE!***

I saw first hand how God uses the smallest

amount of tithe to do the greatest good!

He showed me how the children grew healthier, happier and into adulthood. I

watched as the grounds grew green, and

hills grew lush with vegetation. I saw a patch of mangy,starving animals

multiply

into acres and acres of healthy food sources....the flashes were

continuous....I
cannot recall every detail....I saw beauty
where there was desolation, joy where
there was no hope, the glowing smiles
of
fed and healthy children as they raised
their
heads to the sky.
The entire 'episode' lasted only 30
seconds
or so, and I found myself sitting on my
sofa,
tears running down my face, in gratitude
and abashment, for what I had just
witnessed. How dare I diminish the
works of
my Holy Father? He who created this
world,
and He who loves each and every one
of
His creations....and I doubted that by
simply
following His direction and instructions I

could help.

God doesn't demand our money....He really

doesn't need our money. He's God!!!

God

asks of us that we be willing to part with some of our money to prove as witness that

we love Him! In doing so...He takes whatever amount we can offer, and multiplies it to fit wherever it needs to go!!!

It's not the money, it's our willingness!!!

Render unto God what is God's.....our willingness to love Him.....our willingness to

be faithful and obedient to God renders the

greatest amount of good.

1Corinthians 9:17 For if I do this thing willingly, I

have a reward: but if against my will, a dispensation of the gospel is committed

unto
me.

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A Boy Singing to his little sister.....
You are My Sunshine, My only Sunshine'
(Be prepared to get watery eyes!)
Like any good mother, when Karen found out that
another
baby was on the way, she did what she could to help
her
3-year-old son, Michael, prepare for a new sibling.
They found out that the new baby was going be a girl,
And day after day, night after night, Michael sang to
his
sister in mommy's tummy.
He was building a bond of love with his little sister
Before he even met her.
The pregnancy progressed normally for Karen,
An active member of the Panther Creek United
Methodist
Church in Morristown , Tennessee
In time, the labor pains came. Soon it was every five
minutes, every three, every minute. But serious
complications arose during delivery and Karen found
herself in hours of labor.
Would a C-section be required? Finally, after a long
struggle, Michael's little sister was born. But she was

in
very serious condition. With a siren howling in the
night,
the ambulance rushed the infant to the neonatal
intensive
care unit at St. Mary's Hospital, Knoxville , Tennessee
The days inched by. The little girl got worse. The
pediatrician had to tell the parents there is very little
hope.

Be prepared for the worst.

Karen and her husband contacted a local cemetery
about
a burial plot. They had fixed up a special room in their
house for their new baby but now they found
themselves
having to plan for a funeral.

Michael however, kept begging his parents to let him
see

his sister. I want to sing to her, he kept saying.

Week two in intensive care looked as if a funeral
would

come before the week was over.

Michael kept nagging about singing to his sister, but
kids

are never allowed in Intensive Care. Karen decided to
take

Michael whether they liked it or not.

If he didn't see his sister right then, he may never see
her

alive. She dressed him in an oversized scrub suit and
marched him into ICU. He looked like a walking

laundry
basket.

The head nurse recognized him as a child and
bellowed,
'Get that kid out of here now. No children are allowed!'
The mother rose up strong in Karen, and the usually
mildmannered
lady glared steel-eyed right into the head
nurse's face, her lips a firm line.
He is not leaving until he sings to his sister' she
stated.

Then Karen towed Michael to his sister's bedside.
He gazed at the tiny infant losing the battle to live.
After a moment, he began to sing.
In the pure-hearted voice of a 3-year-old, Michael
sang:

'You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,
You make me happy when skies are gray.'
Instantly the baby girl seemed to respond.

The pulse rate began to calm down and become
steady.

'Keep on singing, Michael,' encouraged Karen with
tears in
her eyes.

'You never know, dear, how much I love you,
Please don't take my sunshine away.'

As Michael sang to his sister, the baby's ragged,
strained

breathing became as smooth as a kitten's purr

'Keep on singing, sweetheart.'

'The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping,

I dreamed I held you in my arms'
Michael's little sister began to relax as rest,
Healing rest, seemed to sweep over her.
'Keep on singing, Michael.'
Tears had now conquered the face of the bossy head
nurse.
Karen glowed.
'You are my sunshine, my only sunshine.
Please don't take my sunshine away.'
The next day...the very next day.
The little girl was well enough to go home
Woman's Day Magazine called it
The Miracle of a Brother's Song.
The medical staff just called it a miracle.
Karen called it a miracle of God's love.
NEVER GIVE UP ON THE PEOPLE YOU LOVE.
LOVE IS SO INCREDIBLY POWERFUL.
John 10:27 My sheep hear my voice, and I know
them,
and they follow me:
'The evidence of God's presence far outweighs the proof
of His
absence.'

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For Only A Dollar

===== MtnWings Moment
Today I went to Wendy's, the restaurant, which was one of
those rare occasions I get to treat myself. I had it all
planned out. I had been thinking about it all day.
I was going to have my Wendy's usual, a chicken sandwich,
small fry and small drink, which were all off the dollar menu.

However, while placing my order, I had a change of heart. You see I live in Phoenix Arizona, and its 110 degrees today. So I decided to have the dollar frosty instead of the small drink.

I decided to wait to order it until I finished my meal so that I could have it on the walk back to the bus stop. By the way, I was telling all this to the young guy who was taking my order. It makes me laugh at myself now. But he politely smiled, nodded and offered me a cup of ice water.

I took my tray and sat down to enjoy my meal. As I was sitting there eating and listening to 3 unruly, crying kids and noticing 2 parents who think they are acting normal, an older gentleman came into the restaurant. He appeared to be in his seventies, very tall, very skinny, and a few days unshaven and very white hair. His clothes were clean but didn't fit right. He was carrying 2 backpacks, several newspapers folded neatly under his arm, and a large Igloo(r) water cooler. He placed his things in the booth next to mine and proceeded to the counter to order. At that time, I noticed how quiet the restaurant had become. No one was staring at the gentleman because they didn't want to make eye contact with him. Even the unconcerned parents were forcing their children to be quite and not look at him.

I continued to watch everyone's reactions towards him, and I knew exactly what it felt like to be in his position. You see for the most part of the past 2 years, I have been homeless and it's hard to hide that fact. People don't know how to respond to you. They want to help, they know they should help, but for whatever their reasons are at the time they don't. So what do they do...?

They get quiet and for God's sake don't make eye contact. As long as they don't make eye contact with you, they think you don't know that they know. However, we know and feel it more than you will ever know.

I watched him order; he asked the young guy for ice for his cooler, then he ordered a large drink without ice. He paid with pennies. I noticed the look on the young guy's face. I recognized that look, he was nervous that the gentleman would not have enough money to pay. He then would have to make a decision on what to do; call a manager, put in some change of
They get quiet and for God's sake don't make eye contact. As long as they don't make eye contact with you, they think you don't know that they know. However, we know and feel it more than you will ever know.

I watched him order; he asked the young guy for ice for his cooler, then he ordered a large drink without ice. He paid with pennies. I noticed the look on the young guy's face. I recognized that look, he was nervous that the gentleman would not have enough money to pay. He then would have to make a decision on what to do; call a manager, put in some change of his own or tell the man to buzz off.

The man had just enough to pay. He too had been planning his

treat at Wendy's all day, he had counted that change over and over again to be sure he had enough before ever entering the restaurant.

He didn't want anyone to know and it was embarrassing enough to have to pay with a handful of 'found' pennies; but to do so and find you don't have enough is an even a bigger fear. So he paid and at that moment, he was rich. He was able to go into a cool place, order something, pay for it, read his paper and for a brief moment, feel normal.

I continued to watch him and the others, not knowing exactly what to do myself. Sometimes we just want to pretend that no one knows. I watched him organize his things and he sat down next to me. He faced the window and his back was towards me. He didn't make eye contact. I watched him wipe the table and seat down before he sat down to read his paper. He took the drink without ice and poured it into the cooler; he stretched his dollar. I continued to enjoy my meal and tried not to feel sad for him, myself or those watching.

Then I remembered my decision not to order the drink and to get a frosty instead. It all became clear. If I had ordered the drink, I would not have had the dollar in my pocket waiting on that frosty. I smiled at myself and said, "I get it God". I knew why you made me act a fool at the counter when ordering; I was suppose to have the dollar in my pocket at that moment. So I got up and walked up to the counter. The young guy said, "Ready for your frosty", and I said, "no, I think I need another chicken sandwich". He said, "Still hungry?" I replied "something like that".

I took the chicken sandwich, sat back down at my booth, waited a couple of minutes and spoke to the gentleman. I told him I had an extra chicken sandwich and asked would he like it. He nodded his head yes, took the sandwich and began to eat it before he could unwrap it completely. I then noticed a strange reaction in the restaurant. It was no longer quiet. There was a buzz, but I wasn't sure why. Feeling good about what I had done and how much better that felt than the brain freeze I would have gotten from the frosty, I finished my meal.

As I was gathering my trash, there was a rush to the counter. 3 people from 3 different tables, including one of the parents a couple of minutes and spoke to the gentleman. I told him I had an extra chicken sandwich and asked would he like it. He nodded his head yes, took the sandwich and began to eat it before he could unwrap it completely. I then noticed a strange reaction in the restaurant. It was no longer quiet. There was a buzz, but I wasn't sure why. Feeling good about what I had done and how much better that felt than the brain freeze I would have gotten from the frosty, I finished my meal.

As I was gathering my trash, there was a rush to the counter. 3 people from 3 different tables, including one of the parents from the unruly kid's table all headed to the counter.

I sat back down to watch. One by one, they all brought him

something over; first a fry, then a small salad and then a bowl of chili. All 3 saying the same thing I had said, I have an extra item, would you like it. He never said a word; he just reached out to take it and nodded yes to each. I watched for a minute longer as he arranged his banquet; he bowed his head for a moment and then continued on with his feast. I watched the others begin to leave the restaurant. They were walking very tall, big smiles and feeling pretty good. They got that feeling "For only a Dollar".

I think sometimes we just don't know what to do, and we're just waiting for someone to show us. Today, God showed me what I needed to do. When I listened, look what happened. When we do something small it makes a world of difference. As I was leaving, the guy at the counter called his manager up and they both smiled at me as I left. I smiled with my big "Dollar" smile back and I felt seven feet tall.

As I walked by the window, the gentleman waved at me and mouthed the words, "God bless you". I think I saw him wipe a tear from his eye. At that moment I felt pretty blessed and I definitely had to wipe a tear from my eye. And I got all this "For only a Dollar".

2Thessalonians 1:11 Wherefore also we pray always for you, that our God would count you worthy of this calling, and fulfill all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power:

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You should know that by today's standards none of us were supposed to ever make it.

HIGH SCHOOL -- 1957 vs. 2014

Scenario 1:

Jack goes quail hunting before school and then pulls into the school parking lot with his shotgun in his truck's gun rack..

1957 - Vice Principal comes over, looks at Jack's shotgun, goes to his car and gets his shotgun to show Jack.

2014 - School goes into lock down, FBI called, Jack hauled off to jail and never sees his truck or gun again. Counselors called in for traumatized students and teachers.

Scenario 2:

Scenario 1:

Jack goes quail hunting before school and then pulls into the school parking lot with his shotgun in his truck's gun rack..

1957 - Vice Principal comes over, looks at Jack's shotgun, goes to his car and gets his shotgun to show Jack.

2014 - School goes into lock down, FBI called, Jack hauled off to jail and never sees his truck or gun again. Counselors called in for traumatized students and teachers.

Scenario 2:

Johnny and Mark get into a fist fight after school.

1957 - Crowd gathers. Mark wins. Johnny and Mark shake hands and end up buddies.

2014 - Police called and SWAT team arrives -- they arrest both Johnny and

Mark. They are both charged with assault and both expelled even though Johnny started it.

Scenario 3:

Jeffrey will not be still in class, he disrupts other students.

1957 - Jeffrey sent to the Principal's office and given a good paddling by the Principal. He then returns to class, sits still and does not disrupt class again.

2014 - Jeffrey is given huge doses of Ritalin. He becomes a zombie. He is then tested for ADD. The family gets extra money (SSI) from the government because Jeffrey has a disability.

Scenario 4:

Billy breaks a window in his neighbor's car and his Dad gives him a whipping with his belt.

1957 - Billy is more careful next time, grows up normal, goes to college and becomes a successful businessman..

2014 - Billy's dad is arrested for child abuse, Billy is removed to foster care and joins a gang. The state psychologist is told by Billy's sister that she remembers being abused herself and their dad goes to prison. Billy's mom has an affair with the psychologist.

Scenario 5:

Mark gets a headache and takes some aspirin to school.

1957 - Mark shares his aspirin with a friend who also has a headache.

2014 - The police are called and Mark is expelled from school for drug violations. His car is then searched for drugs and weapons.

Scenario 6:

Pedro fails high school English.

1957 - Pedro goes to summer school, passes English and goes to college.

2014 - Pedro's cause is taken up by state. Newspaper articles appear nationally explaining that teaching English as a requirement for graduation is racist. ACLU files class action lawsuit against the state school system and Pedro's English teacher. English is then banned from core curriculum.. Pedro is given his diploma anyway but ends up mowing lawns for a living because he cannot speak English. His car is then searched for drugs and weapons.

Scenario 6:

Pedro fails high school English.

1957 - Pedro goes to summer school, passes English and goes to college.

2014 - Pedro's cause is taken up by state. Newspaper articles appear nationally explaining that teaching English as a requirement for graduation is racist. ACLU files class action lawsuit against the state school system and Pedro's English teacher. English is then banned from core curriculum.. Pedro is given his diploma anyway but ends up mowing lawns for a living because he cannot speak English.

Scenario 7:

Johnny takes apart leftover firecrackers from the Fourth of July, puts them in a model airplane paint bottle and blows up a red ant bed.

1957 - Ants die.

2014 - ATF, Homeland Security and the FBI are all called. Johnny is charged with domestic terrorism. The FBI investigates his parents - and all siblings are removed from their home and all computers are confiscated. Johnny's dad is placed on a terror watch list and is never allowed to fly again.

Scenario 8:

Johnny falls while running during recess and scrapes his knee. He is

found crying by his teacher, Mary. Mary hugs him to comfort him.

1957 - In a short time, Johnny feels better and goes on playing.

2014 - Mary is accused of being a sexual predator and loses her job. She faces 3 years in State Prison. Johnny undergoes 5 years of therapy.

Deuteronomy 31:16 And the LORD said unto Moses, Behold, thou shalt sleep with thy fathers; and this people will rise up, and go a whoring after the gods of the strangers of the land, whither they go to be among them, and will forsake me, and break my covenant which I have made with them.

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Lizards, Spiders and Snakes have something in common with every born again Christian. They must lose their skin.

Let me explain using the lizard.

As a lizard eats and grows it will eventually molt and shed its skin to walk in new skin.

With the new skin the lizard can grow into all it is meant to be. But becoming a fully fledged adult lizard does not come without trials and tribulations. The lizard must constantly be on the lookout for its natural enemies and be prepared to fight.

When a person becomes a Christian the old passes away and the new ushered in. With the new comes the opportunity to become all God intended a person to be. As a Christian we grow through the trials and tribulations in our life. Each event is an opportunity to grow closer to God while strengthening us for battle.

God will place the desires in your heart to stop doing the things you shouldn't or the things you should, but you can choose to ignore these desires and drag part of your old sinful nature along.

2Corinthians 5:17 Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.

A lizard, spider or snake would be a sitting duck for its natural enemies if only half of its skin was removed. Dragging around half of its old skin would leave it defenseless and at the mercy of its attackers.

So it is with each new Christian, if he/she drags along half of their old nature and attempts to walk in the Christian life .

Satan has a field day. As our enemy he attacks us constantly as we drag half of our old nature along leaving us utterly defenseless.

Romans 6:4 Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

Lizards, Spiders and Snakes depend on completely removing their old skin for survival. In a Christian's walk, completely removing our old nature and walking completely in our new nature prepares us for growth and fends off the attacks of our enemy.

Romans 6:2 God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?

Our Father helps us to completely shed our old nature and embrace all He has for us IF we will let go of the old dead skin that holds us back from the growth He has for us.

Zechariah 9:12 (Niv:) Return to your fortress, O prisoners of hope; even now I announce that I will restore twice as much to you.

=====

The light turned yellow, just in front of him. He did the right thing, stopping at the crosswalk, even

though he could have beaten the red light by accelerating through the intersection. The

tailgating

woman was furious and honked her horn, screaming in frustration, as she missed her chance to get

through the intersection, dropping her cell phone and makeup. As she was still in mid-rant, she heard a

tap on her window and looked up into the face of a very serious police officer. The officer ordered her to

exit her car with her hands up.

He took her to the police station where she was searched, fingerprinted, photographed, and placed in a

holding cell. After a couple of hours, a policeman approached the cell and opened the door. She was

escorted back to the booking desk where the arresting officer was waiting with her personal effects. He

said, "I'm very sorry for this mistake. You see, I pulled up behind your car while you were blowing your

horn, flipping off the guy in front of you and cussing a blue streak at him. I noticed the 'What Would

Jesus Do' bumper sticker, the 'Choose Life' license Plate holder, the 'Follow Me to Sunday---School'

bumper sticker, and the chrome---plated Christian fish emblem on the trunk, so naturally....I assumed

you had stolen the car."

Matthew 5:16 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

NEW

School

prayer:

~~~~~

Now I sit me down in school

Where praying is against the rule

For this great nation under God

Finds mention of Him very odd.

If scripture now the class recites,

It violates the Bill of Rights.

And anytime my head I bow

Becomes a Federal matter now.

Our hair can be purple, orange or green,

That's no offense; it's a freedom scene..

The law is specific, the law is precise.

Prayers spoken aloud are a serious vice.

For praying in a public hall

Might offend someone with no faith at all..

In silence alone we must meditate,

God's name is prohibited by the Province.

We're allowed to cuss and dress like freaks,  
And pierce our noses, tongues and cheeks...  
They've outlawed guns, but FIRST the Bible.  
To quote the Good Book makes me liable.  
We can elect a pregnant Senior Queen,  
And the 'unwed daddy,' our Senior King.  
It's 'inappropriate' to teach right from wrong,  
We're taught that such 'judgments' do not belong..  
We can get our condoms and birth controls,  
**Study witchcraft, vampires and totem poles...**  
**But the Ten Commandments are not allowed,**  
No word of God must reach this crowd.  
It's scary here I must confess,  
When chaos reigns the school's a mess.  
So, Lord, this silent plea I make:  
Should I be shot; My soul please take!

Amen

2Peter 3:3 Knowing this first,  
that there shall come in the last  
days scoffers, walking after their  
own lusts,

2Timothy 3:4 Traitors, heady,  
When chaos reigns the school's a mess.  
So, Lord, this silent plea I make:  
Should I be shot; My soul please take!

Amen

2Peter 3:3 Knowing this first,  
that there shall come in the last  
days scoffers, walking after their  
own lusts,

2Timothy 3:4 Traitors, heady,  
highminded, lovers of pleasures  
more than lovers of God;

=====

What a beautiful prayer and so true indeed. But the sketch outlined in this prayer does not picture the present mentality

of the American people alone but all through the western world so it's also applicable to us here. Thanks for sharing this,

daily prayers never cease because we do live in dire straits. Love and warm regards.

**We have lost our spiritual equilibrium and reversed  
Our values.**

**We have exploited the poor and called it  
The lottery.**

**We have rewarded laziness and called it  
Welfare.**

We have killed our unborn and called it  
Choice.  
We have shot abortionists and called it  
Justifiable.  
We have neglected to discipline our  
Children and called it building self-esteem.  
We have abused power and called it  
Politics.  
We have coveted our neighbor's possessions  
And called it ambition.  
We have polluted the air with profanity and  
Pornography and called it freedom of expression.  
We have ridiculed the time-honored values  
Of our forefathers and called it enlightenment.  
Search us, Oh, God, and know our hearts  
Today; cleanse us from every sin and set us free.  
Amen!

The response was immediate. A number of  
Legislators walked out during the prayer in  
Protest. In 6 short weeks, Central Christian  
Church, where Rev. Wright is pastor, logged more than  
5,000 phone calls with only 47 of those calls  
Responding negatively. The church is now receiving  
International requests for copies of this prayer  
From India, Africa and Korea.

With the Lord's help, may this prayer sweep  
Over our nation and wholeheartedly become our  
Desire so that we again can be called  
'one nation under God.'

If possible, please pass this prayer on to  
Your friends.

"If you don't stand for something,  
You will fall for anything."

With the Lord's help, may this prayer sweep  
Over our nation and wholeheartedly become our  
Desire so that we again can be called  
'one nation under God.'

If possible, please pass this prayer on to  
Your friends.

"If you don't stand for something,  
You will fall for anything."

=====

DIVORCE AGREEMENT- -

WRITTEN BY YOUNG COLLEGE STUDENT

The person who wrote this is a college (law) student. Perhaps there is hope for us after all.

DIVORCE AGREEMENT

Dear American liberals, leftists, social progressives, socialists, Marxists and Obama supporters, et al: We have stuck together since the late 1950's for the sake of the kids, but the whole of this latest election process has made me realize that I want a divorce. I know we tolerated each other for many years for the sake of future generations, but sadly, this

relationship has clearly run its course.

Our two ideological sides of America cannot and will not ever agree on what is right for us all, so let's just end it on friendly terms. We can smile and chalk it up to irreconcilable differences and go our own way.

Here is a our separation agreement:

--Our two groups can equitably divide up the country by landmass each taking a similar portion. That will be the difficult part, but I am sure our two sides can come to a friendly agreement. After that, it should be relatively easy! Our respective representatives can effortlessly divide other assets since both sides have such distinct and disparate tastes.

--We don't like redistributive taxes so you can keep them.

--You are welcome to the liberal judges and the ACLU.

--Since you hate guns and war, we'll take our firearms, the cops, the NRA and the military.

--We'll take the nasty, smelly oil industry and the coal mines, and you can go with wind, solar and biodiesel.

--You can keep Oprah, Michael Moore and Rosie O'Donnell. You are, however, responsible for finding a bio-diesel vehicle big enough to move all three of them.

--We'll keep capitalism, greedy corporations, pharmaceutical companies, Wal-Mart and Wall Street.

--You can have your beloved lifelong welfare dwellers, food stamps, homeless, homeboys, hippies, druggies and illegal aliens.

--We'll keep the hot Alaskan hockey moms, greedy CEO's and rednecks.

--We'll keep Bill O ' Reilly, and Bibles and give you NBC and Hollywood .

--You can make nice with Iran and Palestine and we'll retain the right to invade and hammer places that threaten us.

--You can have the peaceniks and war protesters. When our allies or our way of life are under assault, we'll help provide them security.

--We'll keep our Judeo-Christian values.

--You are welcome to Islam, Scientology, Humanism, political correctness and Shirley McClain. You can also have the U.N. but we will no longer be paying the bill.

--We'll keep the SUV's, pickup trucks and oversized luxury cars. You can take every Volt and Leaf you can find.

--You can give everyone healthcare if you can find any practicing doctors.

--We'll keep "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "The National Anthem."

--I'm sure you'll be happy to substitute "Imagine", "I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing", "Kum Ba Ya" or "We Are the World".

--We'll practice trickle-down economics and you can continue to give trickle up poverty your best shot.

--Since it often so offends you, we'll keep our history, our name and our flag.

Would you agree to this? If so, please pass it along to other like-minded liberal and conservative patriots and if you do not agree, just hit delete. In the spirit of friendly parting, I'll bet you might think about which one of us will need whose help in 15 years.

Sincerely,

John J. Wall

Law Student and an American

P.S. Also, please take Ted Turner, Sean Penn, Martin & Charlie Sheen, Barbara Streisand, ( Hanoi ) Jane Fonda with you.

P.S.S. And you won't have to press 1 for English when you call our country.

Romans 3:4 God forbid: yea, let God be true, but every man a liar; as it is written, That thou mightest be justified in thy sayings, and mightest overcome when thou art judged.

=====

## **I Was A Police Officer**

Today, I will not answer the radio call that your boyfriend has come home drunk and is beating you again.

Today I will not answer the radio call that your 16 year old daughter, who is very responsible, is four hours late coming

home from school.

Today I will not answer the radio call that your store has been robbed or your house has been burglarized.

Today I will not stop a drunk driver from killing someone. I will not catch a rapist or a murderer or a car thief.

Today I will not answer the radio call that a man has a gun or tried to abduct a child or that someone has been stabbed or has been in a terrible accident.

Today I will not save your child that you locked in a car or the child you were to busy to watch who went outside and fell into the swimming pool, but that I revived. No, today I will not do that.

Why?

Today, I was suspended from duty for doing my job, because the media, liberals, a community organizer, a lawyer who formally represented terrorists and a mayor who ran on an into the swimming pool, but that I revived. No, today I will not do that.

Why?

Today, I was suspended from duty for doing my job, because the media, liberals, a community organizer, a lawyer who formally represented terrorists and a mayor who ran on an anti-police agenda, who are all advised by a drug dealer, liar and income tax cheat. AND, all who know nothing about Policing, have vilified my profession.

Because –

Today I was killed by a drunk driver while I was helping push a disabled car off the highway.

Today I was shot and killed during a routine traffic stop to simply tell someone that they had a taillight out.

Today I was killed in a traffic accident rushing to help a citizen. Today I was shot and killed serving a warrant on a known drug dealer.

Today I was killed by a man when I came by to do a welfare check because his family was too busy.

Today I was killed trying to stop a bank robbery or a grocery store robbery.

Today I was killed doing my job.

A chaplain and an officer will go to a house and tell a mom and dad or a wife or husband or a child that their son or daughter or husband or wife or father or mother won't be coming home today.

A chaplain and an officer will go to a house and tell a mom and dad or a wife or husband or a child that their son or daughter or husband or wife or father or mother won't be coming home today.

The flags at many police stations were flown at half-mast today but most people won't know why.

There will be a funeral and my fellow officers will come, many a prayer will be said on my behalf, and music will be

played as the funeral proceeds to my final resting.  
My name will be put on a plaque, on a wall, in a building, in a city somewhere.

A folded flag will be placed on a mantel or a bookcase in a home somewhere and a family will mourn.  
city somewhere.

A folded flag will be placed on a mantel or a bookcase in a home somewhere and a family will mourn.

There will be no cries for justice. There will be no riots in the streets. There will be no officers marching, screaming 'no justice, no peace.' No citizens will scream that something must be done. No windows will be smashed, no cars burned, no stones thrown, no names called. Only someone crying themselves to sleep tonight will be the only sign that I was cared about.

**I was a police officer**

**NASB**

*Romans 13:1-5 Let every person be in subjection to the governing authorities. For there is no authority except from God, and those which exist are established by God.*

*Therefore he who resists authority has opposed the ordinance of God; and they who have opposed will receive condemnation upon themselves. For rulers are not a cause of fear for good behavior, but for evil. Do you want to have no fear of authority? Do what is good, and you will have praise from the same; for it is a minister of God to you for good. But if you do what is evil, be afraid; for it does not bear the sword for*

**NASB**

*Romans 13:1-5 Let every person be in subjection to the governing authorities. For there is no authority except from God, and those which exist are established by God.*

*Therefore he who resists authority has opposed the ordinance of God; and they who have opposed will receive condemnation upon themselves. For rulers are not a cause of fear for good behavior, but for evil. Do you want to have no fear of authority? Do what is good, and you will have praise from the same; for it is a minister of God to you for good. But if you do what is evil, be afraid; for it does not bear the sword for nothing; for it is a minister of God, an avenger who brings wrath upon the one who practices evil. Wherefore it is necessary to be in subjection, not only because of wrath, but also for conscience' sake.*

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