

A few years ago, at the Seattle Special Olympics, nine contestants, all physically or mentally disabled, assembled at the starting line for the 100-yard dash.

At the gun, they all started out, not exactly in a dash, but with a relish to run the race to the finish and win. All, that is, except one little boy who stumbled on the asphalt, tumbled over a couple of times, and began to cry.

The other eight heard the boy cry. They slowed down and looked back. Then they all turned around and went back.....every one of them

One girl with Down's Syndrome bent down and kissed him and said, "This will make it better." Then all nine linked arms and walked together to the finish line.

Everyone in the stadium stood, and the cheering went on for several minutes. People who were there are still telling the story. Why?

Because deep down we know the one thing: that matters in this life is more than winning for ourselves. What matters in this life is helping others win, even if it means slowing down and changing our course.

"A candle loses nothing by lighting another candle"

**Isaiah 45:6** That they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none beside me. I am the LORD, and there is none else.

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oct 8

#### WHO I AM MAKES A DIFFERENCE

A teacher in New York decided to honor each of her seniors in high school by telling them the difference they each made. She called each student to the front of the class, one at a time. First she told each of them how they had made a difference to her and the class. Then she presented each of them with a blue ribbon imprinted with gold letters, which read, "Who I Am Makes a Difference."

Afterwards the teacher decided to do a class project to see what kind of impact recognition would have on a community. She gave each of the students three more ribbons and instructed them to go out and spread this acknowledgment ceremony. Then they were to follow up on the results, see who honored whom and report back to the class in about a week.

One of the boys in the class went to a junior executive in a nearby company and honored him for helping him with his career planning. He gave him a blue ribbon and put it on his shirt. Then he gave him two extra ribbons and said, "We're doing a class project on recognition, and we'd like you to go out find somebody to honor, give them a blue

ribbon, then give them the extra blue ribbon so they can acknowledge a third person to keep this acknowledgment ceremony going. Then please report back to me and tell me what happened."

Later that day the junior executive went in to see his boss, who had been noted, by the way, as being kind of a grouchy fellow. He sat his boss down and he told him that he deeply admired him for being a creative genius.

The boss seemed very surprised. The junior executive asked him if he would accept the gift of the blue ribbon and would he give him permission to put it on him. His surprised boss said, "Well, sure." The junior executive took the blue ribbon and placed it right on his boss's jacket above his heart.

As he gave him the last extra ribbon, he said, "Would you do me a favor? Would you take this extra ribbon and pass it on by honoring somebody else? The young boy who first gave me the ribbons is doing a project in school and we want to keep this recognition ceremony going and find out how it affects people."

That night the boss came home to his 14-year-old son and sat him down. He said, "The most incredible thing happened to me today. I was in my office and one of the junior executives came in and told me he admired me and gave me a blue ribbon for being a creative genius. Imagine. He thinks I'm a creative genius. Then he put this blue ribbon that says "Who I Am Makes a Difference," on my jacket above my heart. He gave me an extra ribbon and asked me to find somebody else to honor. As I was driving home tonight, I started thinking about whom I would honor with this ribbon and I thought about you.

I want to honor you. My days are really hectic and when I come home I don't pay a lot of attention to you. Sometimes I scream at you for not getting good enough grades in school and for your bedroom being a mess, but somehow tonight, I just wanted to sit here and, well, just let you know that you do make a difference to me. Besides your mother, you are the most important person in my life. You're a great kid and I love you!"

The startled boy started to sob and sob, and he couldn't stop crying.

His whole body shook. He looked up at his father and said through his tears, "Dad, earlier tonight I sat in my room and wrote a letter to you and Mom explaining why I had killed myself and asking you to forgive me.

I was going to commit suicide tonight after you were asleep. I just didn't think that you cared at all. The letter is upstairs. I don't think I need it after all."

His father walked upstairs and found a heartfelt letter full of anguish and pain. The envelope was addressed, Mom and Dad."

The boss went back to work a changed man. He was no longer a grouch but made sure to let all his employees know that they made a difference.

The junior executive helped several other young people with career planning and never forgot to let them know that they made a difference in his life...one being the boss's son. And the young boy and his classmates learned a valuable lesson.

Who you are DOES make difference. WE ARE CHILDREN OF GOD.

**Romans 8:17\*** And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

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Oct 15

### **The Humble Servant**

One day a humble servant of the Lord lost a very dear friend to the scourge cancer. The humble servant felt great sorrow and prayed that he would someday see his friend again. After much time in prayer, the humble servant was confronted by a demon. The demon said to him, "Why do you waste your time in prayer? There is no proof that God exists."

The humble servant answered him, "I have faith and that is why I pray."

The demon then said to him with disdain, "Faith is no more than superstition. On what do you base this 'faith?'"

The humble servant answered, "I base this faith on trust."

"Trust in whom?" the demon retorted. "In whom do you have such trust that you would ignore the laws of probability and the laws of science?"

"I trust in Christ," the humble servant replied.

"In Christ!" the demon exclaimed. "In Christ! Name one thing Christ has done to earn your trust. Tell me please, what has He ever done to earn your prayers? I dare you to name one miracle He has ever performed that has been proven by science to be true. Name it! Name it!" he taunted with glee.

The humble servant stood with patience, and then answered with three simple words: "The Church exists."

"What?" the demon declared in confusion. "What!" he said again with vexation. "What do you mean 'the Church exists?' Please tell me how this relates to trust. Please tell me how this justifies your wasted time in prayer?"

The humble servant calmly explained his answer. "Jesus Christ made a promise--the simple promise 'Upon this rock I will build my Church, and the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.' And now after 2000 years the Church still endures. It endures despite a history of heresies and persecutions. It endures despite the tyranny of despots. It endures despite the laws of probability and the laws of science. What greater miracle is there than this—that the son of a simple carpenter, who lived a life of poverty, and dwelled with the lowly, who never ventured more than a hundred miles from the town of his birth, and who died a criminal's death on a cross, would establish a great and holy Church, and that the teachings of this Church would be spread throughout the world by

twelve simple men--men who hid in fear after the crucifixion? Yet in a mere three days after this lowly criminal's death, these twelve sprang forth and proclaimed His word and gave up their lives so that His promise would ring true. And over the centuries thousands of others gave their lives also, so that the Church would go on. The most powerful kings and most menacing armies stood against her, but the Church did not falter. For 2000 years this Church has withstood the test of time, overcoming the greatest of odds again and again. It surmounted the insurmountable. It beat the unbeatable foe. It prevailed through the harshest of storms. I say to you, this Church has shattered the very laws that you exalt. It defied that laws of probability, and it humbled the laws of science."

The humble servant continued on, "The existence of this Church is not a myth. The existence of this Church is not a legend. That this Church exists is an undeniable fact. That Christ's promise was kept is an undeniable fact. And if He kept this promise, then how can there be any doubt that He will keep His greatest promise—the promise that was central to His ministry, the promise that said 'If you believe in me, and eat of this bread, and drink of this cup, you shall live forever.' So when you ask 'why do I have faith,' I tell you, it is because I have trust, and nothing that your fair science can offer can break that trust. This is why I pray, so that someday I will enjoy that most sacred covenant of all"--the humble servant paused briefly and then added with solemnity and conviction--"together with my friend!" He then looked the demon right in the eye. "What good can your science and probability offer that is greater than this?"

With those words, the demon turned away, never to bother the humble servant again.

**2Timothy 3:8** Now as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth: men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith.

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oct 22

### **Struggle**

A man found a cocoon of a butterfly. One day a small opening appeared. He sat and watched the butterfly for several hours as it struggled to force its body through that little hole.

Then it seemed to stop making any progress. It appeared as if it had gotten as far as it could, and it could go no further.

So the man decided to help the butterfly. He took a pair of scissors and snipped off the remaining bit of the cocoon.

The butterfly then emerged easily. But it had a swollen body and small, shriveled wings.

The man continued to watch the butterfly because he expected that, at any moment, the wings would enlarge and expand to be able to support the body, which would contract in time.

Neither happened! In fact, the butterfly spent the rest of its life crawling around with a swollen body and shriveled wings. It never was able to fly.

What the man, in his kindness and haste, did not understand was that the restricting cocoon and the struggle required for the butterfly to get through the tiny opening were God's way of forcing fluid from the body of the butterfly into its wings so that it would be ready for flight once it achieved its freedom from the cocoon.

Sometimes, God will have us struggle in life. That's because he has a plan for us. **He knows what's best and He knows what he is doing. Just trust him.**

**Proverbs 3:5 Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.**

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Oct 29

I Am a Christian

When I say ... "I am a Christian"

I'm not shouting, "I'm saved"

I'm whispering, "I get lost!"

"That is why I chose this way"

When I say ... "I am a Christian"

I don't speak of this with pride

I'm confessing that I stumble,  
and need someone to be my guide

When I say ... "I am a Christian"

I'm not trying to be strong,

I'm professing that I'm weak,  
and pray for strength to carry on

When I say ... "I am a Christian"

I'm not bragging of success,

I'm admitting that I've failed,  
and cannot ever pay the debt

When I say ... "I am a Christian"

I'm not claiming to be perfect,

my flaws are way too visible  
but God believes I'm worth it

When I say ... "I am a Christian"

I still feel the sting of pain

I have my share of heartaches  
which is why I seek His Name

When I say ... "I am a Christian"

I do not wish to judge

I have no authority,

I only know I'm loved!

**Romans 6:16\*** Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?

I live in northwest Florida and we were hit with a hurricane. Before the storm, I prayed that our family and our home would be safe. As the storm finally passed and we were able to go out to see the damage to our house, we were very lucky that we just had minor damage. We still had a roof over our head and with some repairs it would be as good as new. I thanked God that He answered my prayers.

As the day grew on and over the next day also, I found myself fussing about being hot, bored and ready to get the power, phone, cable, and mail service, etc. back on and back to normal. I knew that the area was hit pretty hard but with no TV or newspaper I did not know just how bad.

I ventured out on Saturday and just about cried.

People had lost everything and here I was fussing about being hot. I stopped right then and asked God to forgive me for being selfish.

You know, we have gotten so wrapped up in ourselves that we do not take the time to put ourselves in other people's shoes.

I pray that God will bless all the people affected by Ivan and that He will show me what I can do to make someone's day

**Hebrews 13:5\*** Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

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Sept 10

I was getting ready for my daughter Patsy's wedding which was taking place in a church about forty miles away, and felt loaded with responsibilities as I watched my budget dwindle..... So many details, so many bills, and so little time.

My son Jack said he would walk his younger sister down the aisle, taking the place of his dad who had died a few years before. He teased Patsy, saying he'd wanted to give her away since she was about three years old!

To save money, I gathered blossoms from several friends who had large magnolia trees. Their luscious, creamy-white blooms and slick green leaves would make beautiful arrangements against the rich dark wood inside the church.

The big day arrived - the busiest day of my life - and while her bridesmaids helped Patsy to dress, her fiance Tim walked with me to the sanctuary to do a final check. When we opened the

door and felt a rush of hot air, I almost fainted; and then I saw them - all the beautiful white flowers were black. Funeral black. An electrical storm during the night had knocked out the air conditioning system, and on that hot summer day, the flowers had wilted and died. I panicked, knowing I didn't have time to drive back to our hometown, gather more flowers, and return in time for the wedding and I certainly didn't have extra money to buy a new set from the florist in town.

Tim turned to me. 'Edna, can you get more flowers?

I'll throw away these dead ones and put fresh flowers in these arrangements.'

I mumbled, 'Sure,' as he be-bopped down the hall to put on his cuff links.

Alone in the large sanctuary, I looked up at the dark wooden beams in the arched ceiling. 'Lord,' I prayed, 'please help me. I don't know anyone in this town. Help me find someone willing to give me flowers - in a hurry!'

I scurried out praying for the blessing of white magnolias.

As I left the church, I saw magnolia trees in the distance. I approached a house.... no dog in sight.... knocked on the door and an older man answered. So far so good. No shotgun. When I stated my plea the man beamed and said..... 'I'd be happy to!'

He climbed a stepladder and cut large boughs and handed them down to me. Minutes later, as I lifted the last armload into my car trunk, I said, 'Sir, you've made the mother of a bride happy today.'

No, Ma'am,' he said. 'You don't understand what's happening here.'

'What?' I asked.

'You see, my wife of sixty-seven years died on Monday. On Tuesday I received friends at the funeral home, and on Wednesday..... He paused. I saw tears welling up in his eyes. 'On Wednesday I buried her.' He looked away. 'On Thursday most of my out-of-town relatives went back home, and on Friday - yesterday - my children left.'

I nodded.

'This morning,' he continued, 'I was sitting in my den crying out loud. I miss her so much. For the last sixteen years, as her health got worse, she needed me. But now nobody needs me. This morning I cried, 'Who needs an eighty-six-year-old wore-out man? Nobody!' I began to cry louder. 'Nobody needs me!'

About that time, you knocked, and said, 'Sir, I need you.'

I stood with my mouth open. He asked, 'Are you an angel? I assured him I was no angel.

He smiled. 'Do you know what I was thinking when I handed you those magnolias?'

'No.'

'I decided I'm needed. My flowers are needed. Why, I might have a flower ministry! I could give them to everyone! Some caskets at the funeral home have no flowers. People need flowers at times like that and I have lots of them.. They're all over the backyard! I can give them to hospitals, churches - all sorts of places. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to serve the Lord until the day He calls me home!'

I drove back to the church, filled with wonder. On Patsy's wedding day, if anyone had asked me to encourage someone who was hurting, I would have said, 'Forget it! It's my only daughter's wedding, for goodness' sake! There is no way I can minister to anyone today.'

But God found a way. Through dead flowers. 'Life is not the way it's supposed to be. It's the way it is. The way you cope with it is what makes the difference.'

If you have missed knowing me, you have missed nothing.

If you have missed some of my emails, you may have missed a laugh.  
But, if you have missed knowing God you have missed everything in the world!! He can be your everything. May God's blessings be upon you.

THIS IS SO TRUE.... BEING NEEDED IS SO UPLIFTING TO EACH OF US.

This story is too beautiful not to share.

**Acts 17:24-25.** God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands;

Neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things;

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Sep 17

I was on my usual run. The mercury hovered above 90 degrees.  
It was hot.

Sweat poured into my face stinging my eyes as my feet pounded the pavement in a steady rhythm. I saw a man standing in a doorway and then heard a shout,

“That will either kill you or make you strong!”

Both halves of the statement were true.

Such heat combined with the exertion could surely kill you.

It's always an elevated risk exercising in extreme temperatures.

I waved and kept moving. Heat kills a few but inactivity kills a thousand times more. His statement applied to more than just running in the heat. It applies to all tough situations.

When tough things come, it will either strengthen you or break you down. It will make you better or bitter. It will make you an over comer or overwhelm you.

Tough things can kill.

They kill the spirit, hopes, dreams, visions and even desire.

Excessive pressure can make you explode

or make you learn new ways to constructively vent.

Spirit is very much like the physical; you can't build muscle without weight or put another way,

“Smooth seas never make good sailors.”

Heat, pressure, weight on your shoulders, and the constant demands of life can make you strong. They build your faith.

After six miles, I finished my run, exhausted but feeling better. I went inside, showered, and took a nap.

I ran hard for the six and then rested.

There are keys to improving your odds that the pressure makes you stronger.

Run hard for the six then rest, is one of those

**Exodus 20:9** Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:

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Sep 24

Good morning said a woman as she walked up to the man sitting on ground.

The man slowly looked up.



This was a woman clearly accustomed to the finer things of life. Her coat was new. She looked like she had never missed a meal in her life.

His first thought was that she wanted to make fun of him, like so many others had done before..

"Leave me alone," he growled....

To his amazement, the woman continued standing. She was smiling -- her even white teeth displayed in dazzling rows. "Are you hungry?" she asked.

"No," he answered sarcastically. "I've just come from dining with the president. Now go away."

The woman's smile became even broader. Suddenly the man felt a gentle hand under his arm.

"What are you doing, lady?" the man asked angrily. "I said to leave me alone.

Just then a policeman came up. "Is there any problem, ma'am?" he asked.

"No problem here, officer," the woman answered. "I'm just trying to get this man to his feet. Will you help me?"

The officer scratched his head. "That's old Jack. He's been a fixture around here for a couple of years. What do you want with him?"

"See that cafeteria over there?" she asked. "I'm going to get him something to eat and get him out of the cold for awhile."

"Are you crazy, lady?" the homeless man resisted. "I don't want to go in there!" Then he felt strong hands grab his other arm and lift him up. "Let me go, officer. I didn't do anything."

"This is a good deal for you, Jack" the officer answered. "Don't blow it."

Finally, and with some difficulty, the woman and the police officer got Jack into the cafeteria and sat him at a table in a remote corner. It was the middle of the morning, so most of the breakfast crowd had already left and the lunch bunch had not yet arrived.

The manager strode across the cafeteria and stood by his table. "What's going on here, officer?" he asked. "What is all this, is this man in trouble?"

"This lady brought this man in here to be fed," the policeman answered.

"Not in here!" the manager replied angrily. "Having a person like that here is bad for business.."

Old Jack smiled a toothless grin. "See, lady. I told you so. Now if you'll let me go. I didn't want to come here in the first place."

The woman turned to the cafeteria manager and smiled. "Sir, are you familiar with Eddy and Associates, the banking firm down the street?"

"Of course I am," the manager answered impatiently. "They hold their weekly meetings in one of my banquet rooms."

"And do you make a goodly amount of money providing food at these weekly meetings?"

"What business is that of yours?"

I, sir, am Penelope Eddy, president and CEO of the company."

"Oh."

The woman smiled again. "I thought that might make a difference." She glanced at the cop who was busy stifling a giggle. "Would you like to join us in a cup of coffee and a meal, officer?"

"No thanks, ma'am," the officer replied. "I'm on duty."

"Then, perhaps, a cup of coffee to go?"

"Yes, ma'am. That would be very nice."

The cafeteria manager turned on his heel, "I'll get your coffee for you right away, officer."

The officer watched him walk away. "You certainly put him in his place," he said.

"That was not my intent. Believe it or not, I have a reason for all this."

She sat down at the table across from her amazed dinner guest. She stared at him intently. "Jack, do you remember me?"

Old Jack searched her face with his old, rheumy eyes. "I think so -- I mean you do look familiar." "I'm a little older perhaps," she said. "Maybe I've even filled out more than in my younger days when you worked here, and I came through that very door, cold and hungry."

"Ma'am?" the officer said questioningly. He couldn't believe that such a magnificently turned out woman could ever have been hungry.

"I was just out of college," the woman began. "I had come to the city looking for a job, but I couldn't find anything. Finally I was down to my last few cents and had been kicked out of my apartment. I walked the streets for days. It was February and I was cold and nearly starving. I saw this place and walked in on the off chance that I could get something to eat."

Jack lit up with a smile. "Now I remember," he said. "I was behind the serving counter. You came up and asked me if you could work for something to eat. I said that it was against company policy."

"I know," the woman continued. "Then you made me the biggest roast beef sandwich that I had ever seen, gave me a cup of coffee, and told me to go over to a corner table and enjoy it. I was afraid that you would get into trouble. Then, when I looked over and saw you put the price of my food in the cash register, I knew then that everything would be all right."

"So you started your own business?" Old Jack said.

"I got a job that very afternoon. I worked my way up. Eventually I started my own business that, with the help of God, prospered." She opened her purse and pulled out a business card. "When you are finished here, I want you to pay a visit to a Mr. Lyons. He's the personnel director of my company. I'll go talk to him now and I'm certain he'll find something for you to do around the office." She smiled. "I think he might even find the funds to give you a little advance so that you can buy some clothes and get a place to live until you get on your feet. If you ever need anything, my door is always opened to you."

There were tears in the old man's eyes. "How can I ever thank you?" he said.

"Don't thank me," the woman answered. "To God goes the glory. Thank God. He led me to you." Outside the cafeteria, the officer and the woman paused at the entrance before going their separate ways.

"Thank you for all your help, officer," she said.

"On the contrary, Ms. Eddy," he answered. "Thank you. I saw a miracle today, something that I will never forget. And, and thank you for the coffee."

**Revelation 3:8\*** I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name.

As a police officer moonlighting as security for a popular nightspot, I stood at the front entrance.

As it happens on weekends, the crowd inside grew larger than the square footage could accommodate.

Seeing the longer forming line to enter, the owner told the doorman, "Just let in the people we know, not the idiots."

Tommy, the burly doorman turned to the owner with a helpless expression and said,

"But Angello, those are the people we know!"

**Revelation 18:4** And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.

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Aug 13

This issue covers so well one of the biggest ills of our country. The human body NEEDS time to stop, hold still, and recover from all the activity that it's been up to!

It's the greed factor that drives us; not only us Americans as consumers, but as a government as well. It's time to sit down and shut up (as my Mother used to so eloquently put it) and take a priority re-evaluation!

Killing ourselves for that "almighty dollar" just ain't cutting it anymore, 'cause all we're doing is letting it slip back out of our grubby little fingers into some psycho-analysts' hands.

Sounds pretty stupid, if ya ask me. It's a lose-lose situation.

Money would be much better spent if we'd make less of it and use it instead. And take the family out on a no-phones, TV, no-video game, no-laptop camping/fishing trip instead.

from a MountainWings

**1Timothy 6:10\*** For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.

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Aug 20

**Elbert Hubbard's business "Creed":** (1856-1915)

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I believe in myself.

I believe in the goods I sell.

I believe in the firm for whom I work.

I believe in my colleagues and helpers.

I believe in American business methods.

I believe in producers, creators, manufacturers, distributors, and in all industrial workers of the world who have a job, and hold it down.

I believe that Truth is an asset.

I believe in good cheer and in good health, and I recognize the fact that the first requisite in success is not to achieve the dollar, but to confer a benefit, and that the reward will come automatically, and usually as a matter of course.

I believe in sunshine, fresh air, spinach, applesauce, laughter, buttermilk, babies, bombazine and chiffon, always remembering that the greatest word in the English language is "Sufficiency."

I believe that when I make a sale I make a friend.

And I believe that when I part with a man I must do it in such a way that when he sees me again he will be glad - and so will I.

I believe in the hands that work, in the brains that think, and in the hearts that love.

A good natural mans creed, but there is no mention of faith in Jesus

**Luke 12:20\*** But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall

be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

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aug 27

.I am one of the survivors of the recent hurricane.

As the storm approached, I prayed that God would steer it in another direction because I live in a mobile home as do my parents. But God did not honor that request and set it on a path straight to us.

My father is dying of cancer and could not possibly go to a shelter so we opted to ride out the storm all together in my mobile home.

As the winds blew, I sat and prayed and wondered if God knew what He was doing? He kept firmly in my mind that if He brings me to it, He will surly bring me thru it.

The most we suffered was a blown out screen on a porch enclosure. As thousands were without power, we never lost ours which was a TRUE blessing as my father would not have survived the heat.

My mother who was in need of a new roof on her home (but unable to afford it) was blessed (yes blessed) to have come through her roof. Now insurance will provide the new roof.

The moral of this story?

When you think God does not hear let me assure you that He does. ...maybe just not the way you want.

by Beth Dewey

**Jerimiah 33:3** Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.

I'm only 15 and don't know much but I hope this story can help someone like it did for me.

I went vacationing in Florida. I was staying in a rented house in Clermont for about a week, and I was there during Hurricane Charley. Luckily, no one I knew was killed or injured, but I am sorry for those who were.

I remember the next morning, going outside and seeing everything the hurricane had destroyed. There were trees that had been torn out from the ground; some even were turned upside down.

Some cars, houses, and trailers had been dented and smashed.

Even billboards and signs were laying in the middle of the road.

But there was one thing that I thought was weird.

Almost everyone in Florida has a pool, with a screen-like thing around it, to keep out bugs I'm guessing. These screens look pretty flimsy and like they would fall down in an instant, yet none of them were messed up at all.

I thought it was weird how this level four hurricane could destroy huge things like trees, cars, and houses, yet these little screens around the pool could stay up.

I later asked my dad how could they stand the hurricane while the big things couldn't, and he said it was because they basically let the air through them, since there are many holes. What my dad told me also relates in the real world too. If people won't budge at all (like the cars and trees), then they'll get blown away and destroyed. But if people would act more like the pool-screens, they could survive the "hurricane" of life.

Instead of always having it your way, and be steeped in your traditions, let the word of God like the wind, sift through you.

That way you'll stay standing in Gods guidance and blessings.

**Philippians 3:21** Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself.

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July 9

### **Learning to Fly**

My neighbor has a number of mature spruce trees in his back yard and every year a family of magpies nests in one of them. We are blessed that our back yard often becomes the place for magpie flight school. The young birds work their way to the end of a branch, and sit there squawking for a while. Mother magpie is never far away, encouraging the young ones to try again. A nest of magpies can make a lot of noise when it is time to learn to fly.

After working up enough nerve and making a suitable amount of noise the young birds jump, spread their wings and drop to the ground. Squawking some more, they eventually jump up from branch to branch to climb back up the tree, and repeat the process.

The young one goes back to the end of the branch, makes enough noise to work up its nerve and tries it again. Sometime during the process, they actually get airborne and soar a bit. The first time they soar, it frightens them and they land quickly, unsure of what just happened. Eventually though, they get the idea and fly and soar at will.

As Christians we are often like those young magpies, we stay near the nest and make a lot of noise. Sometimes we take a brief leap, then make a lot of noise over the attempt and head for home. Other times we actually get to fly a bit, and it surprises and frightens us. We knew it was possible, but we didn't really think it could happen to us and we stop in disbelief.

Now and then though, we get the idea and actually begin to do what we are called to do and fly. To soar,

empowered by Holy Spirit. We begin to become the people of God that we are called to be.

Other people see us

soaring and the sight turns their mind towards God.

Each of us is called to work in different ministries. Each of us is at a different point in our faith walk.

Perhaps you haven't yet broken out of the egg or left the nest. Perhaps you are standing on the edge of the branch

squawking in excitement and fear preparing to jump. Maybe you have just soared and it surprised you. Perhaps

you are like the mother magpie, knowing you can soar and that it is your duty to encourage others.

Where ever you are in your walk, know that we are called to soar and are empowered to soar, all for the glory of

God.

"But those who hope in the LORD will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run

and not grow weary, they will walk and not be faint." - Isaiah 40:31

Do not grow tired of the attempt -- know that the Father has prepared a ministry for you to excel at; to soar and

bring Him glory. May you find that ministry and soar in His presence, as He intended, according to his plan. God

bles.

**Romans 2:20** An instructor of the foolish, a teacher of babes, which hast the form of knowledge and of the truth

in the law.

=====

july 16

A girl went to her friends house and she ended up staying longer than planned, and had to walk home alone. She

wasn't afraid because it was a small community and she lived only a few blocks away. As she walked along

under the bike trail Diane asked God to keep her safe from harm and danger. When she reached the alley, which

was a shortcut to her house, she decided to take it. However, halfway down the alley she noticed a man standing

at the end as though he were waiting for her.

She became uneasy and began to pray, asking for God's protection. Instantly a comforting feeling of quietness

and security wrapped round her, she felt as though someone was walking with her. When she reached the end of

the alley, she walked right past the man and arrived home safely.

The following day, she read in the newspaper that a young girl had been raped in the same alley just twenty

minutes after she had been there. Feeling overwhelmed by this tragedy and the fact that it could have been her,

she began to weep. Thanking the Lord for her safety and to help this young woman, she decided

to go to the police station. She felt she could recognize the man, so she told them her story. The police asked her if she would be willing to look at a lineup to see if she could identify him. She agreed and immediately pointed out the man she had seen in the alley the night before. When the man was told he had been identified, he immediately broke down and confessed. The officer thanked Diane for her bravery and asked if there was anything they could do for her. She asked if they would ask the man one question. Diane was curious as to why he had not attacked her. When the policeman asked him, he answered, "Because she wasn't alone. She had two tall men walking on either side of her".

Amazingly, whether you believe or not, you're not alone, a lot of people will not stand up for God.

Luke 4:10\* For it is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee:

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july 23

**They lie on the table side by side;  
the Holy Bible and the TV Guide,  
One is well worn and cherished with pride,  
not the Bible, but the TV Guide,  
One is used daily to help folks decide,  
no, not the Bible but the TV Guide,  
As pages are turned, what shall they see,  
oh what does it matter, just turn on the TV,  
Then confusion reigns, oh, they can not agree,  
on what they should watch on the old TV,  
So they open the book, in which they confide,  
no, not the Bible but the TV Guide,  
The Word of God is seldom read,  
maybe a verse or two before they fall into bed,  
Exhausted and sleepy, as tired as can be,  
not from reading the Bible, but from watching TV,  
So then back to the table side by side,  
lie the Holy Bible and the TV Guide,  
No time for prayer, no time for the Word,  
the plan of Salvation is seldom heard,  
But forgiveness and sin, so full and free,  
is found in the Bible, not on the TV.**

**Deuteronomy 30:19** I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live:

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July 30.

From Katherine Hepburn

Once when I was a teenager, my father and I were standing in line to buy tickets for the circus. Finally, there was only one other family between us and the ticket counter. This family made a big impression on me.

There were eight children, all probably under the age of 12. The way they were dressed, you could tell they didn't have a lot of money, but their clothes were neat and clean.

The children were well-behaved, all of them standing in line, two-by-two behind their parents, holding hands. They were excitedly jabbering about the clowns, animals, and all the acts they would be seeing that night. By their excitement, you could sense they had never been to the circus before. It would be a highlight of their lives.

The father and mother were at the head of the pack standing proud as could be. The mother was holding her husband's hand, looking up at him as if to say, "You're my knight in shining armor." He was smiling and enjoying seeing his family happy.

The ticket lady asked the man how many tickets he wanted? He proudly responded, "I'd like to buy eight children's tickets and two adult tickets, so I can take my family to the circus." The ticket lady stated the price.

The man's wife let go of his hand, her head dropped, the man's lip began to quiver. Then he leaned a little closer and asked, "How much did you say?" The ticket lady again stated the price. The man didn't have enough money. How was he supposed to turn and tell his eight kids that he didn't have enough money to take them to the circus?

Seeing what was going on, my dad reached into his pocket, pulled out a \$20 bill, and then dropped it on the ground. (We were not wealthy in any sense of the word!) My father bent down, picked up the \$20 bill, tapped the man on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me, sir, this fell out of your pocket."

The man understood what was going on. He wasn't begging for a handout but certainly appreciated the help in a desperate, heartbreaking and embarrassing situation.

He looked straight into my dad's eyes, took my dad's hand in both of his, squeezed tightly onto the \$20 bill, and with his lip quivering and a tear streaming down his cheek, he replied; "Thank you, thank you, sir. This really means a lot to me and my family."

My father and I went back to our car and drove home. The \$20 that my dad gave away is what we were going to buy our own tickets with.

Although we didn't get to see the circus that night, we both felt a joy inside us that was far greater than seeing the circus could ever provide.

\*That day I learnt the value to Give.\*

\*The Giver is bigger than the Receiver.\*

\*If you want to be large, larger than the life, learn to Give.\*

\*Only if you Give can you Receive more. The Givers heart becomes the Ocean, in tune with the Almighty - The Source\*

\*Love has nothing to do with what you are expecting to get - only with what you are expecting to give - which is everything.\*

**1John 3:17\***. But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?

Jun 4

Our Treasures & God's Treasures

The cheerful little girl with bouncy golden curls was almost five. Waiting with her mother at the checkout stand, she saw them, a circle of glistening white pearls in a pink foil box. "Oh please, Mommy. Can I have them? Please, Mommy, please?" Quickly the mother checked the back of the little foil box



and then looked back into the pleading blue eyes of her little girl's upturned face. "A dollar ninety-five. That's almost \$2.00. If you really want them, I'll think of some extra chores for you and in no time you can save enough money to buy them for yourself. Your birthday's only a week away and you might get another crisp dollar bill from Grandma."

As soon as Jenny got home, she emptied her penny bank and counted out 17 pennies. After dinner, she did more than her share of chores and she went to the neighbor and asked Mrs. McJames if she could pick dandelions for ten cents. On her birthday, Grandma did give her another new dollar bill and at last she had enough money to buy the necklace. Jenny loved her pearls. They made her feel dressed up and grown up. She wore them everywhere, Sunday school, kindergarten, even to bed. The only time she took them off was when she went swimming or had a bubble bath. Mother said if they got wet, they might turn her neck green.

Jenny had a very loving daddy and every night when she was ready for bed, he would stop whatever he was doing and come upstairs to read her a story. One night as he finished the story, he asked Jenny, "Do you love me?" "Oh yes, daddy. You know that I love you." "Then give me your pearls." "Oh, daddy, not my pearls. But you can have Princess, the white horse from my collection, the one with the pink tail. Remember daddy? The one you gave me. She's my very favorite." "That's okay, Honey, daddy loves you. Good night." And he brushed her cheek with a kiss.

About a week later, after the story time, Jenny's daddy asked again, "Do you love me?" "Daddy, you know I love you." "Then give me your pearls." "Oh Daddy, not my pearls. But you can have my baby doll. The brand new one I got for my birthday. She is beautiful and you can have the yellow blanket that matches her sleeper." "That's okay. Sleep well. God bless you, little one. Daddy loves you." And as always, he brushed her cheek with a gentle kiss.

A few nights later when her daddy came in, Jenny was sitting on her bed with her legs crossed Indianstyle.

As he came close, he noticed her chin was trembling and one silent tear rolled down her cheek.

"What is it, Jenny? What's the matter?" Jenny didn't say anything but lifted her little hand up to her daddy. And when she opened it, there was her little pearl necklace. With a little quiver, she finally said, "Here, daddy, this is for you." With tears gathering in his own eyes, Jenny's daddy reached out with one hand to take the dime-store necklace, and with the other hand he reached into his pocket and pulled out a blue velvet case with a strand of genuine pearls and gave them to Jenny. He had them all the time. He was just waiting for her to give up the dime-store stuff so he could give her the genuine treasure.

This story is so much like our Heavenly Father. He wants us to give up the cheap (sin) things of this world that hinder us from serving him, so that he can bless us with his great blessings. But so many miss the blessings of God because they are not willing to give up the things in their lives that hinder them from God's blessings. Most of the time the things that rob us of God's treasure are things that really do not amount to a lot. So many are afraid of what they may have to give up.

Matthew 25:34 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

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jun 11

Being Kind Makes All the Difference

A trucker relates that he was traveling through rural North Carolina on I-95 when a brown sedan merged onto the highway. It weaved back and forth between lanes, causing the driver of the truck to shift into a lower gear. At first he thought the driver was drunk, but when he came closer, the trucker saw an old man shaking uncontrollably behind the wheel. He noticed a Citizen's Band aerial whipping to and fro as the car jerked between lanes, so he called on the radio: "You in the brown Chevy, if you can hear me, pull over. Pull off the road!"

Amazingly, he did! The trucker pulled up behind the car and climbed from his cab. The elderly man

staggered from his auto and fell into the trucker's arms. He poured out a story of months of fear and pain that accompanied the illness of his only daughter.

Now he was returning from the hospital where it was decided that she would cease any further treatment. In the hospital he remained "strong" and stoic for his daughter, but out on the road he fell apart.

The two men talked for the good part of an hour. The father eventually decided to share his pain with his daughter and said he felt good enough to drive home. The men embraced and the trucker followed him for 50 miles. As they drove along, the two talked together on the radio.

The older man finally acknowledged that his exit was ahead and thanked his new friend again for the help. The trucker asked if he could make it home all right and, suddenly, a third voice broke in on the conversation: "Breaker 19, don't worry, good buddy. Go your way. I'll see him home!"

Glancing in his rear view mirror, he saw a livestock truck move into the exit lane behind the brown sedan.

There are good people the world over. Some may be strangers to you, some as close as your own family. It helps to know that the world is full of people who will gladly give that caring touch, a needed warm embrace or a patient and listening ear. They are like angels who lift us to our feet when our wings have trouble remembering how to fly. Look around, for they are everywhere. And quite likely, you will even spot one in the mirror!

Hebrews 13:2 - "Do not forget to entertain strangers, for by doing so some people have entertained Angels without even knowing it."

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jun 18

Faith Moment

Costly Grace

In his book Turning Points, Robert Beringer shares an amazing story of grace told by novelist A.J. Cronin from his own experience.

At the close of the Second World War, a family by the name of Adams decided to open their home to a little refugee boy with the outlandish name of Paul Piotrostanalzi. The Adams had two daughters and a son named Sammy. Sammy and Paul became inseparable friends, but little Paul was a difficult child, and he often disobeyed Mr. and Mrs. Adams.

One day, little Paul went swimming in some contaminated water. He became very ill with a high fever, and the doctor suggested he sleep in an attic bedroom. But little Sammy missed his friend Paul so much that one night he crept up the attic stairs and into bed with Paul. Paul's hot breath fell on Sammy's neck all night. In the morning, Sammy, who had never been a strong child, became deathly ill. Paul recovered his health, but Sammy died within three days. It was a terrible tragedy.

A year later, Dr. Cronin decided to pay a call on the Adams family. As he pulled into their driveway, he was amazed and then angry as he saw Paul, the refugee boy, working in the garden with Mr. Adams. He got out of his car and angrily approached Mr. Adams. "What's this Paul Pio ...whatever his name is, doing here after what he did to your family?" Mr. Adams looked at the doctor and then said quietly, "Dr. Cronin, you won't have any more trouble with Paul's name. You see, he's Paul Adams now. We've adopted him."

What a wonderful story of costly grace! Amazingly, the same thing happened to us. Our illness cost God's Son his life. Instead of resenting us, God has adopted us to be His own. That is an even more wonderful story of costly grace.

Jude 4 For there are certain men crept in unawares, who were before of old ordained to this condemnation, ungodly men, turning the grace of our God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ.

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## A Well Planned Life?

Two women met for the first time since graduating from high school.

One asked the other, "You were always so organized in school. Did you manage to live a well planned life?"

"Yes," said her friend,

"My first marriage was to a millionaire;  
my second marriage was to an actor;  
my third marriage was to a preacher;  
and now I'm married to an undertaker."

Her friend asked,

"What do those marriages have to do with a well planned life?"

"One for the money,  
two for the show,  
three to get ready,  
and four to

Psalms 126:2 Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The LORD hath done great things for them.

## Jasper and the Unbaked Yeast Rolls

We have a fox terrier by the name of Jasper. He came to us in the summer three years ago from the fox terrier rescue program. For those of you, who are unfamiliar with this type of adoption, imagine taking in a 10 year old child whom you know nothing about and committing to doing your best to be a good parent. Like a child, the dog came with his own idiosyncrasies. He will only sleep on the bed, on top of the covers, nuzzled as close to my face as he can get without actually performing a French kiss on me. Lest you think this is a bad case of 'no discipline,' I should tell you that Perry and I tried every means to break him of this habit including locking him in a separate bedroom for several nights. The new door cost over \$200. But I digress.

Five weeks ago we began remodeling our house. Although the cost of the project is downright obnoxious, it was overdue AND it got me out of cooking Thanksgiving for family, extended family, and a lot of friends that I like more family most of the time. I was assigned the task of preparing 124 of my famous yeast dinner rolls for the two Thanksgiving feasts we did attend.

I am still cursing the electrician for getting the new oven hooked up so quickly. It was the only appliance in the whole darn house that worked, thus the assignment. I made the decision to cook the rolls on Wed evening to reheat Thurs am. Since the kitchen was freshly painted, you can imagine the odor. Not wanting the rolls to smell like Sherwin Williams latex paint #586, I put the rolls on baking sheets and set them in the

living room to rise for 5 hours. After 3 hours, Perry and I decided to go out to eat, returning in about an hour. An hour later the rolls were ready to go in the oven.

It was 8:30 PM. When I went to the living room to retrieve the pans, much to my shock one whole pan of 12 rolls was empty. I called out to Jasper and my worst nightmare became a reality. He literally wobbled over to me. He looked like a combination of the Pillsbury dough boy and the Michelin Tire man wrapped up in fur. He groaned when he walked. I swear even his cheeks were bloated.

I ran to the phone and called our vet. After a few seconds of uproarious laughter, he told me the dog would probably be OK, however, I needed to give him Pepto Bismol every 2 hours for the rest of the night. God only knows why I thought a dog would like Pepto Bismol any more than my kids did when they were sick. Suffice it to say that by the time we went to bed the dog was black, white and pink. He was so bloated we had to lift him onto the bed for the night. Naively thinking the dog would be all better by morning was very stupid on my part.

We arose at 7:30 and as we always do first thing; put the dog out to relieve himself. Well, the darn dog was as drunk as a sailor on his first leave. He was running into walls, falling flat on his butt and most of the time when he was walking his front half was going one direction and the other half was either dragging the grass or headed 90 degrees in another direction. He couldn't lift his leg to pee, so he would just walk and pee at the same time. When he ran down the small incline in our back yard he couldn't stop himself and nearly ended up running into the fence. His pupils were dilated and he was as dizzy as a loon. I endured another few seconds of laughter from the vet (second call within 12 hours) before he explained that the yeast had fermented in his belly and that he was indeed drunk. He assured me that, not unlike most binges we humans go through, it would wear off after about 4 or 5 hours and to giving him

Pepto Bismol.

Afraid to leave him by himself in the house, Perry and I loaded him up and took him with us to my sister's house for the first Thanksgiving meal of the day. My sister lives outside of Muskogee on a ranch, (10 to 15 minute drive). Rolls firmly secured in the trunk (124 less 12) and drunk dog leaning from the back seat onto the console of the car between Perry and I, we took off. Now I know you probably don't believe that dogs burp, but believe me when I say that after eating a tray of risen unbaked yeast rolls, DOGS WILL BURP. These burps were pure Old Charter. They would have matched or beat any smell in a drunk tank at the police station. But that's not the worst of

it. Now he was beginning to fart and they smelled like baked rolls. God strike me dead if I am not telling the truth! We endured this for the entire trip to Karen's, thankful she didn't live any further away than she did.

Once Jasper was firmly placed in my sister's garage with the door locked, we finally sat down to enjoy our first Thanksgiving meal of the day. The dog was the topic of conversation all morning long and everyone made trips to the garage to witness my drunken dog, each returning with a tale of Jasper's

latest

endeavor to walk without running into something. Of course, as the old adage goes, "what goes in must come out" and Jasper was no exception. Granted if it had been me that had 12

risen, unbaked yeast rolls, you might as well have put a concrete block up my behind, but alas a dog's digestive system is quite different from yours or mine. I discovered this was a mixed blessing when we prepared to leave Karen's house. Having discovered his "packages" on the garage floor, loaded him up in the car so we could hose down the floor.

This was another naive decision on our part. The blast of water from the hose hit the poop on the floor and the poop on the floor withstood the blast from the hose. It was like Portland cement beginning to set up and cure. We finally tried to remove it with a shovel. I (obviously no one else was going to offer their services) had to get on my hands and knees with a coarse brush to get the remnants off of the floor. And as if this wasn't degrading enough, the darn dog in his drunken state had walked through the poop and left paw prints all over the garage floor that had to be brushed too.

Well, by this time the dog was sobering up nicely so we took him home and dropped him off before we left for our second Thanksgiving dinner at Perry's sister's house. I am happy to report that as of today (Monday) the dog is back to normal both in size and temperament. He has had a bath and is no longer tricolor. None the worse for wear I presume. I am also happy to report that just this evening I found 2 risen unbaked yeast rolls hidden inside my closet door.

It appears he must have come to his senses after eating 10 of them but decided hiding 2 of them for later would not be a bad idea. Now, I'm doing research on the computer as to:

"How to clean unbaked dough from the Carpet."

And how was your day?

**The only scripture I could think of for this story, is**

**1Thessalonians 5:18** In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

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may 14

## **Job Position**

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**POSITION:** Mother, Mom, Mama

**JOB DESCRIPTION:**

Long-term team players needed for challenging permanent work in an often chaotic environment.

Candidates must possess excellent communication and organizational skills and be willing to work variable hours, which will include evenings and weekends and frequent 24 hour shifts on call.

Some overnight travel required, including trips to primitive camping sites on rainy weekends and endless sports tournaments in far away cities. Travel expenses not reimbursed.

Extensive courier duties also required.

**RESPONSIBILITIES:**

The rest of your life. Must be willing to be hated, at least temporarily, until someone needs \$5. Must be willing to bite tongue repeatedly. Also, must possess the physical stamina of a pack mule and be able to go from zero to 60 mph in three seconds flat in case, this time, the screams from the backyard. Must be willing to face stimulating technical challenges such as small gadget repair, mysteriously sluggish toilets, and stuck zippers.

Must screen phone calls, maintain calendars and coordinate production of multiple homework projects. Must have ability to plan and organize social gatherings for clients of all ages and mental outlooks. Must be willing to be indispensable one minute, an embarrassment the next.

Must handle assembly and product safety testing of a half million cheap plastic toys and battery-operated devices.

Must always hope for the best but be prepared for the worst.

Must assume final, complete accountability for the quality of the end product.

Responsibilities also include floor maintenance and janitorial work throughout the facility.

**POSSIBILITY FOR ADVANCEMENT AND PROMOTION:**

Virtually none. Your job is to remain in the same position for years, without complaining, constantly retraining and updating your skills, so that those in your charge can ultimately surpass you.

**PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE:**

None required unfortunately.

On-the-job training offered on a continually exhausting basis.

**WAGES AND COMPENSATION:**

Get this -- you pay them!

Offering frequent raises and bonuses. A balloon payment is due when they turn 18 because of the assumption that college will

help them become financially independent.

When you die, you give them whatever is left.

The oddest thing about this reverse-salary scheme is that you actually enjoy it and wish you could only do more.

**BENEFITS:**

While no health or dental insurance, no pension, no tuition reimbursement, no paid holidays and no stock options are offered, this job supplies limitless opportunities for personal growth and free hugs for life if you play your cards right.

Author unknown

**Psalms 113:9** He maketh the barren woman to keep house, and to be a joyful mother of children. Praise ye the LORD.

=====  
may 21

"My marriage broke up through no fault of my own."

I was very interested in this statement.

Twenty years ago, my marriage broke up after my spouse had several affairs. I prayed nightly for nothing and no-one to come between us. After my spouse left, he said he knew he would have to be the one to go because I was committed regardless. Actually it was the fear of failure and

loneliness that kept me bound as a martyr. It hurt my pride that someone else could make him happier than I could.

After the breakup, I committed my life to the Lord in a deeper way. I was praying (probably complaining to the Lord) about my spouse's infidelity. The Lord told me, lovingly but firmly, that my mistrust and jealousy (He named several other negative characteristics of mine) were as much sin to Him as my spouse's infidelity. "Sin is sin!" He said. It made it very easy to forgive my spouse after I examined my contribution to the situation.

A friend recently said that she had never heard me say anything negative about my ex-spouse. I'm glad because we had good times as well as bad times. When he left, I lost my best friend. We seldom contact each other but when we do, we are comfortable with each other. More people may be in this position. Too often, the good someone has done is totally forgotten or destroyed by back-biting, hatred and greed. This is the case even among Christians. The Lord can turn any situation around and use it for the good while bringing glory to Himself at the same time. That is my "Joseph Prayer", which I use often and the Lord always answers.

A couple whom we were friends with went through a similar scenario. However, the wife's attitude was to make her life interesting and ignore his behavior. He eventually realized that his lifestyle was not productive, changed his ways and

their relationship came back together. 20 years later, they are still together.

Another thing the Lord showed me at that time was to see people the way He wants us to see them. This helped enormously with my situation and has helped others. It doesn't just apply to just marriage, friendships and work situations; it applies anywhere.

Does attitude count? I believe it does even if it is to make our lives happier in difficult circumstances. Would my situation end differently if my attitude had been different? We can never know but it certainly makes a difference in our happiness. It makes it easier to be less judgmental and more compassionate when we realize that our behavior is not hidden from God. In fact, the hidden flaws are the most dangerous because they are a weakness that we don't know about or won't admit to. They will slowly erode any relationship we enter into.

Afterwards, I hid behind a wall and was afraid to commit to another person; I didn't want to get hurt again. Lately, I recognized it through the caring Christian men the Lord has brought across my path. I have a heart for older singles and part of my ministry is to help them in the struggles they face accepting loneliness that has been thrust upon them.

I thank the Lord for what He showed me. I was able to accept it as truth and act on it. Am I a saint? As a Christian, I may be a Saint but as a person, definitely not. However, I am learning to assess things more through the eyes of the Lord when I take time to seek Him.

My marriage broke up through no fault of my own until the Lord showed me how He saw me.

Here is a song I wrote during a bad patch last year. It promises hope in our bad times.

Broken Glass Of Shattered Dreams

Chorus: Broken glass of shattered dreams,

All is lost, it would seem

But I have Jesus here with me

Giving me a new dream (Repeat last time)

God hadn't promised my longed for things

So my ways did not go well

But He allowed me my direction

Then He caught me as I fell.

In small pieces my heart was broken.

All the pain destroyed my dreams,

I'd placed my hope in yearned for things,

But now they're gone so it seems.

Though still surrounded by shattered dreams



I'm no longer broken down.  
I know that my Lord's right here with me  
Shattered dreams will be my crown.  
God's ways are not mine but this I see  
He has plans to help me grow  
I can trust Him because He loves me  
So where He leads I will go.

(c) Maureen Lyons 3.8.05

Go on, broken creature, blessed by a love that no human  
partner can give and more beautiful because of the unique  
character God has formed from the broken pieces. Each crack  
tells a story - the story of your life. *by Maureen Lyons*

Mal 2:16 For the LORD, the God of Israel, saith that he hateth putting away: for one covereth  
violence with his garment,  
saith the LORD of hosts: therefore take heed to your spirit, that ye deal not treacherously.

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may 28

### **Look Up!**

I had to get a new pair of eyeglasses recently. Stigmatism had started to mix with my  
nearsightedness making  
things a little bit blurry with my old prescription. Also I had to finally give in to another sign of  
my aging body  
and get my first pair of bifocals.

It has taken me several days to get used to the new pair. While it was great seeing clearly at a  
distance again and

wonderful being able to read a book without it being an inch from my face, the combination  
lenses were a

challenge for me. The problem was that whenever I was looking at something far away I had to  
keep my eyes up

or else I got a wave of blurriness when I accidentally looked through the reading part of the  
lenses. I am glad that

my eyes are now getting the hang of it. It is no fun living in a blurry world.

I am grateful for this new pair of glasses for another reason too. They have taught me a truth that  
I will hold

close to my heart forever: whenever you need to see the road ahead clearly, Look Up! Too often  
in my life I have

kept the eyes of my soul looking down to the ground. When I did the world seemed like a scary,  
blurry, and

depressing place. When I raised those eyes up to Heaven, though, my vision always became  
breathtakingly clear.

I saw that God loves me. I saw that this is God's world. I saw that life is good and when I help  
others I make it

even better. I saw that no matter what each day may throw at me, I can face it with a loving heart  
and a joyful

spirit.

Whenever your life seems blurry then, look up! Whenever your life seems frightening or

overwhelming, look up!

Whenever you aren't sure what you should do, look up! God is in His Heaven and He is in your heart as well.

Open the eyes of your soul and see clearly just how much God loves you and just how much you can love as well.

**Isaiah 17:7** At that day shall a man look to his Maker, and his eyes shall have respect to the Holy One of Israel.

Hidden 2,000 feet beneath Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado, is the world's most sophisticated military headquarters. NORAD, the North American Aerospace Defense Command, is a joint U.S. and Canadian command center, set up in the 1960s. Their task was to coordinate military efforts in the event of nuclear attack and monitor the skies and space for possible threats. To accomplish this, NORAD had to be built to survive a direct hit from conventional nuclear weapons. So, 4.5 acres were excavated from solid granite to form a small city of chambers deep beneath the mountain. Twelve of these inner buildings are three stories tall. To enter the complex you must drive down a tunnel one-third of a mile long and through a pair of 25-ton steel blast doors. To resist the shock from a nuclear attack, all of the buildings in the complex are freestanding and do not touch the granite walls. The rooms are mounted on 1,319 steel springs that weigh about 1,000 pounds each. This allows the complex to shift 12 inches in any direction.

To make the compound self-sufficient, it contains a dining facility, medical facility with dental office, pharmacy, and a small clinic. It also has two physical fitness centers with exercise equipment and sauna, a small base exchange, chapel, and barber shop. Water comes from a spring within the mountain and is stored in four reservoirs that hold 1.5 million gallons each. Incoming air can be filtered to remove any harmful germs, chemicals, or radioactive particles. For backup power they have six huge 2,800-hp diesel generators. This self-sufficient design allows NORAD to provide its own power, water, air, and food for up to 800 people for 30 days. But it is still not tough enough to survive the second coming of Christ.

**Revelation 6:15-17** And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?

On that day, not even a command center deep in the earth will hide people from Jesus' coming.

===== Apr 9

My travel Plans for 2017

I have been in many places, but I've never been in Cahoots.

Apparently, you can't go alone. You have to be in Cahoots with someone.

I've also never been in Cognito. I hear no one recognizes you there.

I have, however, been in Sane. They don't have an airport; you have to be driven there. I have made several trips there, thanks to my children, friends, family and work.

I would like to go to Conclusions, but you have to jump, and I'm not too much on physical activity anymore.

I have also been in Doubt. That is a sad place to go, and I try not to visit there too often.

I've been in Flexible, but only when it was very important to stand firm.  
Sometimes I'm in Capable, and I go there more often as I'm getting older.  
One of my favorite places to be is in Suspense! It really gets the adrenalin flowing and pumps up the old heart! At my age I need all the stimuli I can get!  
I may have been in Continent, and I don't remember what country I was in. It's an age thing. They tell me it is very wet and damp there.

PLEASE DO YOUR PART!

You can do your bit by remembering to send this e-mail to at least one unstable person. My job is done!

Life is too short for negative drama and petty things. So laugh insanely, love truly and forgive quickly!

From one unstable person to another... I hope everyone is happy in your head - we're all doing pretty well in mine!

What are your travel plans? - Submitted by Earl

**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.

=====

apr 14

EASTER - a time we celebrate our redemption

Jesus' Death - 60 seconds to understand 60 seconds with God...

For the next 60 seconds, set aside whatever you're doing and take this opportunity!

Let's see if Satan can stop this.

THE (SCIENTIFIC) DEATH OF JESUS

At the age of 33, Jesus was condemned to the death penalty.

At the time crucifixion was the "worst" death. Only the worst criminals were condemned to be crucified. Jesus was to be nailed to the cross by His hands and feet.

Each nail was 6 to 8 inches long.

The nails were driven into His wrist.

Not into His palms as is commonly portrayed.

There's a tendon in the wrist that extends to the shoulder.

The Roman guards knew that when the nails were being hammered into the wrist, that tendon would tear and break, forcing Jesus to use His back muscles to support himself so that He could breathe.

Both of His feet were nailed together. Thus He was forced to support Himself on the single nail that impaled His feet to the cross. Jesus could not support himself with His legs because of the pain, so He was forced to alternate between arching His back then using his legs just to continue to breathe. Imagine the struggle, the pain, the suffering, the courage. Jesus endured this reality for over 3 hours.

Yes, over 3 hours!

Can you imagine this kind of suffering? A few minutes before He died, Jesus stopped bleeding. He was simply pouring water from his wounds.

From common images, we see wounds to His hands and feet and even the spear wound to



clarified his address. He then told me the address on the order was wrong - the address on the order was 72 Avenue and 138 Street, and the customer told me his address was actually 138 Avenue and 72 Street.

Whoops.

I then became infuriated and notified my dispatcher that the address on the order was wrong (they have put the wrong address on the order in the past, so a precedent had set for my frustration).

By this time I had already spent 30 mins on this order and wasn't happy to hear this - and I had already lost another order which got reassigned to another customer in the process, meaning I had just lost income because of this screw-up!

In my city the address on the order is in the Southwest end of the city, and the customer's actual address is now the Northeast end of the city.

I had ~ a 30 minute drive at night to get to the customer's actual address now.

So, I plugged the new information into Google Maps and made my way to the actual address.

I got to the customer's door and I expected him to be in a bad mood because his delivery had taken so long (despite the fact it wasn't my fault).

Instead, I was greeted by a very pleasant customer who explained to me that his wife put in the order on the

company's website and paid for it online, and her vision is not that great so she put in the wrong address in the by accident, so this whole thing was their own fault.

I felt so bad for this customer the whole time, but the customer said he felt so bad for me that he decided to throw math out the window and gave me an additional \$30 cash for my trouble.

My company also confirmed to me after I told them that they'd pay me a little extra for the order as well since I such a long drive on this order.

This means that in total on this 1 order, factoring in the guy's \$30 tip, I made \$45 on just this order - and ended up setting a record for income in 1 shift. I made 3 figures off this one night, something that has never happened to me before.

The real kicker is the order I lost I might've made \$10-15 on at most, but with all the extra money I made because of this gaffe I ended up making way more than I would've otherwise.

As I reflected on this today, it struck me that this is often the way God works.

God throws all kinds of stress and adversity our way and oftentimes we get angry, stressed out, frustrated, or anxious asking him "Why me?" When oftentimes once the situation plays itself out, we end up on the other side of it in better shape than

we were before.

That food order took me almost 1.5 hours to deliver, but I made more money on it than I would've if I had the right address from the start and moved on to another order sooner.

How many times have we heard people who have gone on a weight loss journey in their 40s, 50, or older and after

they reach their goal they say "I have more energy now than I did when I was in my 30s."

This is often what adversity will do to us. We see it as a bad thing at the time but God has a plan for us and is shaping us in his image, so that we can fulfill his purpose for our life.

Oftentimes we end up better once we get out of it than we were before we got into it.

So if you're going through adversity right now, just remember that God has your back and you'll come out at the

other end of it

better than you were before.

God bless, and as a great Canadian TV Show once said, "Keep your stick on the

**James 1:2** My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations;

===== Apr 30

Just Stay

A nurse took the tired, anxious serviceman to the bedside.

"Your son is here," she said to the old man.

She had to repeat the words several times before the patient's eyes opened.

Heavily sedated because of the pain of his heart attack, he dimly saw the young uniformed Marine standing outside the oxygen tent. He reached out his hand. The Marine wrapped his toughened fingers around the old man's limp ones, squeezing a message of love and encouragement.

The nurse brought a chair so that the Marine could sit beside the bed. All through the night the young Marine sat there in the poorly lighted ward, holding the old man's hand and offering him words of love and strength. Occasionally, the nurse suggested that the Marine move away and rest awhile.

He refused. Whenever the nurse came into the ward, the Marine was oblivious of her and of the night noises of the hospital - the clanking of the oxygen tank, the laughter of the night staff members exchanging greetings, the cries and moans of the other patients.

Now and then she heard him say a few gentle words. The dying man said nothing, only held tightly to his son all through the night.

Along towards dawn, the old man died. The Marine released the now lifeless hand he had been holding and went to tell the nurse. While she did what she had to do, he waited.

Finally, she returned. She started to offer words of sympathy, but the Marine interrupted her.

"Who was that man?" he ask.

The nurse was startled, "He was your father," she answered

"No, he wasn't," the Marine replied. "I never saw him before in my life."

"Then why didn't you say something when I took you to him?"

"I knew right away there had been a mistake, but I also knew he needed his son, and his son

just wasn't here.

When I realized that he was too sick to tell whether or not I was his son, knowing how much he needed me, I stayed."

I came here tonight to find a Mr. William Grey.

His son was Killed in Iraq today, and I was sent to inform him. What was this Gentleman's name?

The Nurse with Tears in

Her Eyes Answered,

Mr. William Grey.....

**Ecclesiastes 3:8** A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

The Biggest Mathematical Miracle in the World!

Moses and his people were in the desert, but what was he going to do with them? They had to be fed, and fed is what he did.

According to the Quartermaster General in the Army. It is reported that Moses would have to have had 1500 tons of food each day. Do you know that to bring that much food each day, two freight trains, each a mile long, would be required!

Besides you must remember, they were out in the desert, so they would have to have firewood to use in cooking the food. This would take 4000 tons of wood and a few more freight trains, each a mile long, just for one day.

And just think, they were forty years in transit.

And oh yes! They would have to have water. If they only had enough to drink and wash a few dishes, it would take 11,000,000 gallons each day, and a freight train with tank cars, 1800 miles long, just to bring water!

And then another thing! They had to get across the Red Sea at night. (They did?) Now, if they went on a narrow path, double file, the line would be 800 miles long and would require 35 days and nights to get through. So, there had to be a space in the Red Sea, 3 miles wide so that they could walk 5000 abreast to get over in one night.

But then, there is another problem.

Each time they camped at the end of the day, a campground two-thirds the size of the state of Rhode Island was required, or a total of 750 square miles long...think of it! This space just for nightly camping.

Do you think Moses figured all this out before he left Egypt? I think not!

You see, Moses believed in God. God took care of these things for him.

Now do you think God has any problem taking care of all your needs?

Oh and by the way, their cloths didn't wear out for 40 years either.

**De 8:4** Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell, these forty years.

**Ne 9:21** Yea, forty years didst thou sustain them in the wilderness, so that they lacked nothing; their clothes waxed not old, and their feet swelled not.

The Real Sad Part About all this, is it TOOK CHILD LIKE FAITH.

It is like when you were young, you would ask your dad what something meant, he would give you an answer and you would say, OH OK.

You excepted it as the truth, you didn't call up 45000 Philadelphia lawyers to check out what he actually meant.

You see, if Moses would of considered all that was required, his child like faith would have gone

the tube and there probably would never have been an exodus from Egypt.

**Romans 12:3** For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

The measure is like a grain of mustard seed. **Mt 17:20**

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## **Mar 12**

An 11-year-old girl from Redmond, Washington, says she has had enough of the low-cut, tight-fitting styles of today.

And recently she did something about it.

Rising sixth-grader Ella Gunderson wrote a letter to a Nordstrom department store, complaining of how few modest clothing choices were available for girls. She says she had two

very important reasons for objecting to the immodest styles she found so prevalent on the store's racks: "One, they're not comfortable, and two, you really shouldn't sacrifice your human dignity for the sake of fashion."

The Seattle-area youngster wrote that, while clothes shopping at a local Nordstrom store, a clerk had suggested to her that

"there is only one look," a bit of fashion advice Ella resisted.

"If that is true," she wrote to Nordstrom, "then girls are suppose (sic) to walk around half naked. I think that you should change that."

Ella also stated, "I see all these girls who walk around with pants that show their belly button and underwear. Even at my age, I know that is not modest."

The child's letter, which founds its way up the Nordstrom's corporate ladder -- all the way to executive vice president Pete Nordstrom -- drew an overwhelming response and prompted company officials to write back, promising to offer a wider range of clothes.

And as Ella's mother, Pam Gunderson, notes, not only did Nordstrom's write back, but so did almost every girls' clothier around. "There seems to be a note that was struck that really spoke to a lot of people about this," she says.

But the very thing that struck such a resonant chord with the clothiers merely struck Gunderson and her daughter as obvious: that the trend toward provocative and immodest garb has been taking over in the clothing industry. "I think the funny thing for us is that we don't think it's news. We think anyone who's been buying clothing for girls or women has known this for a long time," she says.

Nevertheless, the Seattle-area family found themselves in a media maelstrom after word



spread about Ella's letter.

So not long afterwards, Ella and her friends in a Catholic girls group called Challenge took advantage of the spotlight

and held a fashion show to demonstrate what kind of clothing they wanted to wear.

Gunderson says the windfall of fame her daughter's letter prompted was unexpected, but God led the message. And she adds, what has been great about the whole experience is "the prayer power behind it."

The mother says her family and the others involved started praying a special Catholic prayer called the Novena nine days before the fashion show. "Our whole prayer was just that it would be God's will," she explains, "just that the fashion show would be whatever He wanted it to be and would speak to whomever He wanted to hear about it."

Gunderson says right after the group started praying, a story appeared about them in the local paper. And soon afterward, she adds, news outlets around the country began to take notice as well.

An article in the Catholic Northwest Progress, a publication of the Archdiocese of Seattle, notes that Ella Gunderson has so far been interviewed on NBC's Today show and on CNN about her campaign for more modest clothing style choices, and that newspapers and magazines around the country have helped spread her pro-modesty message, as have thousands Internet publishers.

By Mary Rettig and Jenni Parker (

**Ester 8:11** Wherein the king granted the Jews which were in every city to gather themselves together, and to stand for their life, to destroy, to slay, and to cause to perish, all the power of the people and province that would assault them, both little ones and women, and to take the spoil of them for a prey,

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Mar 19

THE OLD FISHERMAN - submitted by Peggy

Our house was directly across the street from the clinic entrance of Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. We lived downstairs & rented the upstairs rooms to out-patients at the Clinic.

One summer evening as I was fixing supper, there was a knock at the door. I opened it to see a truly awful looking man. 'Why, he's hardly taller than my eight-year-old,' I thought as I stared at the stooped, shriveled body.

But the appalling thing was his face, lopsided from swelling, red & raw. Yet, his voice was pleasant as he said, 'Good evening. I've come to see if you've a room for just one night. I came for a treatment this morning from the eastern shore, & there's no bus 'till morning.'

He told me he'd been hunting for a room since noon but with no success; no one seemed to have a room. 'I guess it's my face. I know it looks terrible, but my doctor says with a few more treatments...'

For a moment I hesitated, but his next words convinced me, 'I could sleep in this rocking chair on the porch. My bus leaves early in the morning.' I told him we would find him a bed, but to rest on the porch. I went inside & finished getting supper. When we were ready, I asked the old man if he would join us. 'No thank you. I have plenty' and he held up a brown paper bag. When I had finished the dishes, I went out on the porch to talk with him a few minutes. It didn't take a long time to see that this old man had an over sized heart crowded into that tiny body. He told me he fished for a living to support his daughter, her five children & her husband, who was hopelessly crippled from a back injury.

He didn't tell it by way of complaint; in fact, every other sentence was prefaced with thanks to God for a blessing. He was grateful that no pain accompanied his disease, which was apparently a form of skin cancer. He was thankful for the strength to keep going.

At bedtime, we put a camp cot in the children's room for him. When I got up in the morning, the bed linens were neatly folded, & the little man was out on the porch.

He refused breakfast, but just before he left for his bus, haltingly, as if asking a great favor, he said, 'Could I please come back & stay the next time I have a treatment? I won't put you out a bit. I can sleep fine in a chair.' He paused a moment & then added, 'Your children made me feel at home. Grownups are bothered by my face, but children don't seem to mind.' I told him he was welcome to come again.

And on his next trip he arrived a little after seven in the morning. As a gift, he brought a big fish & a quart of the largest oysters I had ever seen. He said he had shucked them that morning before he left so that they'd be nice & fresh. I knew his bus left at 4 a.m., & I wondered what time he had to get up in order to do this for us.

In the years he came to stay overnight with us there was never a time that he did not bring us fish or oysters or vegetables from his garden.

Other times we received packages in the mail, always by special delivery; fish & oysters packed in a box of fresh young spinach or kale, every leaf carefully washed. Knowing that he must walk three miles to mail these & knowing how little money he had made the gifts doubly precious. When I received these little remembrances, I often thought of a comment our next-door neighbor made after he left that first morning. 'Did you keep that awful looking man last night? I turned him away! You can lose roomers by putting up such people!'

Maybe we did lose roomers once or twice. But, oh if only they could have known him, perhaps their illness would have been easier to bear. I know our family always will be grateful to have known him; from him we learned what it was to accept the bad without complaint & the good with gratitude.

Recently I was visiting a friend who has a greenhouse. As she showed me her flowers, we came to the most beautiful one of all, a golden chrysanthemum, bursting with blooms. But to my great surprise, it was growing in an old dented, rusty bucket. I thought to myself, 'If this were my plant, I'd put it in the loveliest container I had!'

My friend changed my mind. 'I ran short of pots,' she explained, 'and knowing how beautiful this one would be, I thought it wouldn't mind starting out in this old pail. It's just for a little while, till I can put it out in the garden.'

She must have wondered why I laughed so delightedly, but I was imagining just such a scene in heaven. There's an especially beautiful one, 'God might have said when he came to the soul of the sweet old fisherman. 'He won't mind starting in this small body.'

All this happened long ago -- and now, in God's garden, how tall this lovely soul must stand. The LORD does not look at the things man looks at. Man looks at the outward appearance, but the LORD looks at the heart.'

Friends are very special. They make you smile & encourage you to succeed. They lend an ear & they share a word of praise. Show your friends how much you care.

Pass this on, & brighten someone's day.

Never look down on anybody, unless you're helping them up.

"Life without God is like an unsharpened pencil - it has no point."

WISHING YOU LOVE IN YOUR HEART...PEACE IN YOUR SOUL..AND JOY IN YOUR LIFE.....

**1Corinthians 6:5** I speak to your shame. Is it so, that there is not a wise man among you? no, not one that shall be able to judge between his brethren?

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mar 26

**John 8:32** And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

For some reason, people have difficulty structuring their arguments when arguing against supporting the currently proposed immigration revisions. This lady made the argument pretty simple.

NOT printed in the Orange County Newspapers they simply won't publish letters to the editor which they either deem politically incorrect (read below) or which do not agree with the philosophy they're pushing on the public. This woman wrote a great letter to the editor that should have been published; but, with your help, it will get published via cyberspace!

From: "David LaBonte"

My wife, Rosemary, wrote a wonderful letter to the editor of the OC Register which, of course, was not printed. So, I decided to "print" it myself by sending it out on the Internet. Pass it along if you feel so inclined.

Written in response to a series of letters to the editor in the Orange County Register:

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**Dear Editor:**

**So many letter writers have based their arguments on how this land is made up of immigrants. Ernie Lujan for one, suggests we should tear down the Statue of Liberty because**

**the people now in question aren't being treated the same as those who passed through Ellis**

**Island and other ports of entry.**

**Maybe we should turn to our history books and point out to people like Mr. Lujan why**

**today's American is not willing to accept this new kind of immigrant any longer.**

**Back in 1900 when there was a rush from all areas of Europe to come to the United States,**

**people had to get off a ship and stand in a long line in New York and be documented. Some**

**would even get down on their hands and knees and kiss the ground.**

**They made a pledge to uphold the laws and support their new country in good and bad times.**

**They made learning English a primary rule in their new American households and**

some even  
changed their names to blend in with their new home.  
They had waved good-bye to their birth place to give their children a new life and did  
everything in their power to help their children assimilate into one culture.  
Nothing was handed to them. No free lunches, no welfare, no labor laws to protect them. All  
they had were the skills and craftsmanship they had brought with them to trade for a future  
of prosperity.  
Most of their children came of age when World War II broke out. My father fought alongside  
men whose parents had come straight over from Germany , Italy , France and Japan  
None of these 1st generation Americans ever gave any thought about what country their  
parents had come from.  
They were Americans fighting Hitler, Mussolini and the Emperor of Japan .  
They were defending the United States of America as one people.  
When we liberated France , no one in those villages were looking for the French-American or  
the German-American or the Irish-American. The people of France saw only Americans. And  
we carried one flag that represented one country.  
Not one of those immigrant sons would have thought about picking up another country's flag  
and waving it to represent who they were. It would have been a disgrace to their parents  
who had sacrificed so much to be here.  
These immigrants truly knew what it meant to be an American. They stirred the melting pot  
into one Red, White and Blue bowl.  
And here we are with a new kind of immigrant who wants the same rights and privileges.  
Only they want to achieve it by playing with a different set of rules, one that includes the  
entitlement card and a guarantee of being faithful to their mother country  
I'm sorry, that's not what being an American is all about. I believe that the immigrants who  
landed on Ellis Island in the early 1900's deserve better than that for all the toil, hard work  
and sacrifice in raising future generations to create a land that has become a beacon for those  
legally searching for a better life.  
I think they would be appalled that they are being used as an example by those waving

**foreign country flags.**

**And for that suggestion about taking down the Statue of Liberty , it happens to mean a lot to**

**the citizens who are voting on the immigration bill. I wouldn't start talking about dismantling**

**the United States just yet.**

**(signed)**

**Rosemary LaBonte**

KEEP THIS LETTER MOVING. FOR THE WRONG THINGS TO PREVAIL THE RIGHTFUL MAJORITY NEEDS TO REMAIN COMPLACENT AND QUIET!! LET THIS NEVER HAPPEN!!

ALL TERRORISTS, And ALL PROTESTORS (violent or semi violent) are NOT from God!

Feb 5/17

A Generous Business Partner.

One day, a very wealthy man was walking on the road. Along the way, he saw a beggar on the sidewalk. The rich man looks kindly on the beggar and asked, "How did you become a beggar?"

The beggar said, "Sir, I've been applying for a job for a year now but haven't found any. You look like a rich man. Sir, if you'll give me a job, I'll stop begging."

The rich man smiled and said, "I want to help you. But I won't give you a job. I'll do something better. I want you to be my business partner. Let's start a business together.

The beggar blinked hard. He didn't understand what the older man was saying. "What do you mean, Sir?"

"I own a rice plantation. You could sell my rice in the market. I'll provide you the sacks of rice. I'll pay the rent for the market stall. I'll even give you food allowance everyday for the next 30 days. All you'll have to do is sell my rice. And at the end of the month, as Business Partners, we'll share in the profits."

Tears of joy rolled down his cheeks. "Oh Sir," he said, "you're a gift from Heaven. You're the answer to my prayers. Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

He then paused and said, "Sir, how will we divide the profits? Do I keep 10% and you get the 90%? Do I keep 5% and you get the 95%? I'll be happy with any arrangement."

The rich man shook his head and chuckled. "No, I want you to give me the 10%. And you keep the 90%."

For a moment, the beggar couldn't speak. When he tried to speak, it was gibberish. "Uh, gee, uh, wow, I mean, huh?"

He couldn't believe his ears. The deal was too preposterous.

The rich man laughed more loudly. He explained, "I don't need the money, my friend. I'm already wealthy beyond what you can ever imagine. I want you to give me 10% of your profits so you grow in faithfulness and gratitude."

The beggar knelt down before his benefactor and said, "Yes Sir, I will do as you say.

Even now, I'm so grateful for what you've done for me!"

And so that was what happened. He forgets where the blessings came from. Each day, the beggar now dressed a little bit better, operated a store selling rice in the market. He worked very hard. He woke up early in the morning and slept late at night. And sales were brisk, also because the rice was of good quality. And after 30 days, the profits were astounding.

At the end of the month, as the ex-beggar was counting the money, and liking very much

the feeling of money in his hands, an idea grew in his mind. He told himself, Gee, why should I give 10% to my Business Partner? I didn't see him the whole month! I was the one who was working day and night for this business. I did all this work! I deserve the 100% profits!

A few minutes later, the rich man was knocking on the door to collect his 10% of the profits. The ex-beggar opened the door and said, "You don't deserve the 10%. I worked hard for this. I deserve all of it!" And he slammed the door.

If you were his Business Partner, how would you feel?

Friend, this is exactly what happens to us.

God gave us everything, God is Our Business Partner.

God gave us life - every single moment, every single breath, every single second. God gave us talents - ability to talk, to create, to earn money. God gave us a body - eyes, ears, mouth, hands, feet, heart. God gave us mind - imagination, emotions, reasoning, language.

So we need to give back Our Business Partner something in return.

God bless you all !!!

Who is the beggar?

**Matthew 25:26** His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed:

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feb 12/17

**Todays religious people's sentiment**

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The busier I get, the less I get done...

The faster I go, the less I progress...

The Bible?! I don't have time to read that.

I'll hear it on Sunday anyway...

Prayer?

God knows my heart and the Holy Spirit can read my mind...

I cannot stop to pick him up,

appointments won't allow...

to get into a conversation--

I cannot see how...

I don't have time to listen to

that man that said "Hello..."

Have I too many things to do

to really get to know?

Who are those people growing up

before my very eyes?

It seems each time I stop and look

they are another size!

Who is that woman in my home?

Her beauty changes not,

but if I have to ask these,

what priorities have I got?

"O where did I ignore that compass

keeping me on track?  
Each chapter and each verse of such--  
Lord, have I been that slack?  
Stable me again upon  
that course that prospers all:  
where I am guided by Your Spirit--  
answering Your call."  
Repentance. It MUST be from the heart!  
It MUST start in the home.  
It MUST be done if I am to be effective at all...

ANYWHERE! by Jim Busby at [www.WordsToHisServant.com](http://www.WordsToHisServant.com)

**Joel 2:9** They shall run to and fro in the city; they shall run upon the wall, they shall climb up upon the houses; shall enter in at the windows like a thief.

**Matthew 6:33** But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

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feb 19

*I guarantee that this story will "Make your Day*

This is worth reading - God is good!

*If this doesn't light your fire ... your wood is wet.*

The Folded Napkin ... A Truckers Story.

I try not to be biased, but I had my doubts about hiring Stevie. His placement counsellor assured me that he would be a good, reliable busboy.

But I had never had a mentally handicapped employee and wasn't sure I wanted one. I wasn't sure how my customers would react to Stevie.

He was short, a little dumpy with the smooth facial features and thick-tongued speech of Downs Syndrome. I wasn't worried about most of my trucker customers because truckers don't generally care who buses tables as long as the meatloaf platter is good and the pies are homemade.

The four-wheeler drivers were the ones who concerned me; the mouthy college kids traveling to school; the yuppie snobs who secretly polish their silverware with their napkins for fear of catching some dreaded "truck stop germ," the pairs of white-shirted business men on expense accounts who think every truck stop waitress wants to be flirted with. I knew those people would be uncomfortable around Stevie so I closely watched him for the first few weeks.

I shouldn't have worried. After the first week, Stevie had my staff wrapped around his stubby little finger, and within a month my truck regulars had adopted him as their official truck stop mascot.

After that, I really didn't care what the rest of the customers thought of him. He was like a 21-year-old kid in blue jeans and Nikes, eager to laugh and eager to please, but fierce in his attention to his duties. Every salt and pepper shaker was exactly in its place, not a bread crumb or coffee spill was visible when Stevie got done with the table. Our only problem was persuading him to wait to clean a table until after the customers were finished. He would hover in the background, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, scanning the dining room until a table was empty. Then he would scurry to the

empty table and carefully bus dishes and glasses onto his cart and meticulously wipe the table up with a practiced flourish of his rag. If he thought a customer was watching, his brow would pucker with added concentration. He took pride in doing his job exactly right, and you had to love how hard he tried to please each and every person he met. Over time, we learned that he lived with his mother, a widow who was disabled after repeated surgeries for cancer. They lived on their Social Security benefits in public housing two miles from the truck stop. Their social worker, who stopped to check on him every so often, admitted they had fallen between the cracks. Money was tight, and what I paid him was probably the difference between them being able to live together and Stevie being sent to a group home. That's why the restaurant was a gloomy place that morning last August, the first morning in three years that Stevie missed work.

He was at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester getting a new valve or something put in his heart. His social worker said that people with Downs Syndrome often have heart problems at an early age so this wasn't unexpected, and there was a good chance he would come through the surgery in good shape and be back at work in a few months.

A ripple of excitement ran through the staff later that morning when word came that he was out of surgery, in recovery, and doing fine. Frannie, the head waitress, let out a war hoop and did a little dance in the aisle when she heard the good news.

Marvin Ringers, one of our regular trucker customers, stared at the sight of this 50-year-old grandmother of four doing a victory shimmy beside his table. Frannie blushed, smoothed her apron and shot Marvin a withering look. He grinned. "OK, Frannie, what was that all about?" he asked.

"We just got word that Stevie is out of surgery and going to be okay." "I was wondering where he was. I had a new joke to tell him. What was the surgery about?" Frannie quickly told Marvin and the other two drivers sitting at his booth about Stevie's surgery, then sighed: "Yeah, I'm glad he is going to be OK," she said. "But I don't know how he and his Mom are going to handle all the bills. From what I hear, they're barely getting by as it is." Marvin nodded thoughtfully, and Frannie hurried off to wait on the rest of her tables. Since I hadn't had time to round up a busboy to replace Stevie and really didn't want to replace him, the girls were busing their own tables that day until we decided what to do. After the morning rush, Frannie walked into my office. She had a couple of paper napkins in her hand and a funny look on her face.

"What's up?" I asked. "I didn't get that table where Marvin and his friends were sitting cleared off after they left, and Pete and Tony were sitting there when I got back to clean it off," she said. "This was folded and tucked under a coffee cup." She handed the napkin to me, and three \$20 bills fell onto my desk when I opened it. On the outside, in big, bold letters, was printed "Something For Stevie." "Pete asked me what that was all about," she said, "so I told him about Stevie and his Mom and everything, and Pete looked at Tony and Tony looked at Pete, and they ended up giving me this." She handed me another paper napkin that had "Something For Stevie" scrawled on its outside. Two \$50 bills were tucked within its folds. Frannie looked at me with wet, shiny eyes, shook her head and said simply: "truckers."

That was three months ago. Today is Thanksgiving, the first day Stevie is supposed to be back to work.

His placement worker said he's been counting the days until the doctor said he could work, and it didn't matter at all that it was a holiday. He called 10 times in the past week,



making sure we knew he was coming, fearful that we had forgotten him or that his job was in jeopardy. I arranged to have his mother bring him to work. I then met them in the parking lot and invited them both to celebrate his day back.

Stevie was thinner and paler, but couldn't stop grinning as he pushed through the doors and headed for the back room where his apron and bussing cart were waiting.

"Hold up there, Stevie, not so fast," I said. I took him and his mother by their arms.

"Work can wait for a minute. To celebrate your coming back, breakfast for you and your mother is on me!" I led them toward a large corner booth at the rear of the room.

I could feel and hear the rest of the staff following behind as we marched through the dining room. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw booth after booth of grinning truckers empty and join the procession. We stopped in front of the big table. Its surface was covered with coffee cups, saucers and dinner plates, all sitting slightly crooked on dozens of folded paper napkins. "First thing you have to do, Stevie, is clean up this mess," I said. I tried to sound stern.

Stevie looked at me, and then at his mother, then pulled out one of the napkins. It had "Something for Stevie" printed on the outside. As he picked it up, two \$10 bills fell onto the table.

Stevie stared at the money, then at all the napkins peeking from beneath the tableware, each with his name printed or scrawled on it. I turned to his mother. "There's more than \$10,000 in cash and checks on that table, all from truckers and trucking companies that heard about your problems. "Happy Thanksgiving."

Well, it got real noisy about that time, with everybody hollering and shouting, and there were a few tears, as well.

But you know what's funny? While everybody else was busy shaking hands and hugging each other, Stevie, with a big smile on his face, was busy clearing all the cups and dishes from the table..

Best worker I ever hired.

**Psalms 86:15** But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, longsuffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

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feb 26

A minute with GOD

I spent a minute and hope you will too.

I LOVE THE OPENING SENTENCE:

With what is going on in the world these days, Heaven could end up a ghost town?

My name is GOD. You hardly have time for Me. I love you and will always bless you.

I am always with you. I need you to spend 30 seconds of your time with Me today.

Don't pray, just praise. Today I want this message to go across the world before midnight.

You see, I'm coming for my church very, very soon and if you do not put me first, you will be left behind to go through the seven year tribulation.

Will you help? Please do not delete it and I'll help you with something that you are in need of.

Just dare Me! A blessing is coming your way. Please drop everything and pass it on.

Why are prayers getting smaller, but bars and clubs are expanding?

Why is it so easy to worship a celebrity, but very difficult to engage with God?

Think about it, are you going to forward this or are you going to ignore it because you

think you will get laughed at?

Forward this to all your friends. 80% of you won't. GOD said if you deny me in front of your friends, I will deny you on the day of judgment.

When one door closes, God opens two. If GOD has opened doors for you, send this message to everyone...

*Submitted to us by Patricia Borle*

**Isaiah 55:6** Seek ye the LORD while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

**Revelation 3.10** Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.

Happy New Year, may you be ready and blessed when the Lord calls, Come Up Hither.

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Givens has been in the Cincinnati Police Department for over 26 years, but in all that time he's never had an experience that compares to this one.

<unknown.jpg>

On Monday, Givens was sitting in his patrol car in a parking lot when he was accosted by one very unexpected visitor who seemed dead set on getting his attention.

"This goose came up and started pecking on the side of the car," Givens told The Dodo.

"I threw some food out for her, but she didn't take it. She just kept pecking and quacking.

Then she walked away, stopped and looked back.

Then came over again and pecked some more."

When the goose walked away a second time, and again looked back,

Givens decided to follow her. And it's a good thing that he did.

<unknown\_1.jpg>

"She led me about 100 yards away to this grassy area near a creek.

That's when I saw one of her babies all tangled up in some string from a balloon.

His little feet were kicking," said Givens. "She led me straight to him."

Though stunned by what just happened, Givens was wary of approaching the trapped gosling, fearing that the goose might attack if he did.

So instead he radioed the SPCA, but no wildlife rescuers were immediately available.

Givens' colleague, Officer Cecilia Charron, heard the call and volunteered to help.

"She showed up on her own," he said. "I told her to be careful, but she just walked over and untangled the baby. The mother goose just watched, like she knew. It was amazing."

Once the baby was untangled, Givens and Charron looked on as he rejoined his mom and swam away safely. Not surprisingly, the officers were in disbelief about how it all played out from start to finish.

Charron even started to tear up, telling Givens it was the highlight of her 24 years on the force.

"It seems like something made up. It was just incredible," said Givens.

"I honestly don't know why I decided to follow her, but I did.

It makes me wonder — do they know to turn to humans when they need help?"

<unknown\_2.jpg>

Though we'll never be sure if the desperate mother goose did indeed approach the officer knowing he would help, what is certain is that he did — and that's what made the difference.

"I don't know what it all means," Givens said, "but I hope it might

inspire more compassion in other

**1Corinthians 1:27** But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty;

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Jan 8

More month than money is a staple in our household.

As a single, disabled mother of two (one in college) on a fixed income, saying that money is tight is an understatement.

Our living situation dictated that we move from the overpriced rented apartment we had been in for nearly three years to something more affordable.

Divine providence led us to a wonderful house that the owners needed to sell right away because the wife's job had moved to another state. Blessing #1, the mortgage payment would be significantly less than our apartment had been.

A few months later I felt led to donate money to my church's world hunger drive. I gave a few dollars, but felt God telling me that local families were hungry, too. So, I planned to gather a few canned goods and staples to take to the local food bank, but, again, seemed to hear God telling me that cash was the way to go.

"But I can barely pay my family's bills now. How can I afford to give money to feed other families?" I thought.

I figured God must somehow be affiliated with Nike because His response was, "Just do it."

I did as instructed, wondering which bill I could skip paying that month.

About a week later I received a letter from the title company that handled my home purchase. It stated that the enclosed check was a refund for hazard insurance.

I had no idea what that meant, and really didn't care.

All I knew was that, once again, God showed His faithfulness.

The check was for 20 times more than I had donated to the local food bank. from a MountainWings moment

**1Corinthians 1:27** But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty;

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Jan 15

### **The Cookie Thief**

The woman arrived at an airport one night

With several long hours before her flight.

She hunted for a book in the airport shop,

Bought a bag of cookies and found a place to drop.

She was engrossed in her book but happened to see,

That the man sitting beside her, as bold as could be,  
Grabbed a cookie or two from the bag in between,  
Which she tried to ignore to avoid a scene.  
So she munched the cookies and watched the clock,  
As the gutsy cookie thief diminished her stock.  
She was getting more irritated as the minutes ticked by,  
Thinking, "If I wasn't so nice, I would blacken his eye."  
With each cookie she took, he took one too,  
When only one was left, she wondered what he would do.  
With a smile on his face, and a nervous laugh,  
He took the last cookie and broke it in half.  
He offered her half, as he ate the other,  
She snatched it from him and thought... ooh, brother!  
This guy has some nerve and he's also rude,  
Why he didn't even show any gratitude!  
She had never known when she had been so galled,  
And sighed with relief when her flight was called.  
She gathered her belongings and headed to the gate,  
Refusing to look back at the thieving ingrate.  
She boarded the plane, and sank in her seat,  
Then she sought her book, which was almost complete.  
As she reached in her baggage, she gasped with surprise,  
There was her bag of cookies, in front of her eyes.  
If mine are here, she moaned in despair,  
The others were his, and he tried to share.  
Too late to apologize, she realized with grief,  
That she was the rude one, the ingrate, the thief!  
How many times have we absolutely known that something was a  
certain way, only to discover later that what we believed to be  
true was not?  
Keep an open mind and an open heart, because you just never  
know, you might be eating someone else's cookies....

by Valerie

**Hebrews 13:2** Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some  
have entertained angels unawares.

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jan 22