

SHOES IN Church

April 1/18

I showered and shaved..... I adjusted my tie.

I got there and sat..... In a pew just in time.

Bowing my head in prayer..... As I closed my eyes..

I saw the shoe of the man next to me..... Touching my own. I sighed.

With plenty of room on either side..... I thought, 'Why must our soles touch?'

It bothered me, his shoe touching mine... But it didn't bother him much.

A prayer began : 'Our Father'..... I thought, 'This man with the shoes, has no pride.

They're dusty, worn, and scratched. Even worse, there are holes on the side!'

'Thank You for blessings,' the prayer went on.

The shoe man said..... A quiet 'Amen.'

I tried to focus on the prayer..... But my thoughts were on his shoes again.

Aren't we supposed to look our best. When walking through that door?

'Well, this certainly isn't it,' I thought, Glancing toward the floor...

Then the prayer was ended..... And the songs of praise began.

The shoe man was certainly loud..... Sounding proud as he sang.

His voice lifted the rafters..... His hands were raised high.

The Lord could surely hear. The shoe man's voice from the sky.

It was time for the offering..... And what I threw in was steep.

I watched as the shoe man reached.... Into his pockets so deep.

I saw what was pulled out..... What the shoe man put in.

Then I heard a soft 'clink' . As when silver hits tin.

The sermon really bored me..... To tears, and that's no lie..

It was the same for the shoe man.... For tears fell from his eyes.

At the end of the service..... As is the custom here.

We must greet new visitors, And show them all good cheer.

But I felt moved somehow..... And wanted to meet the shoe man.

So after the closing prayer..... I reached over and shook his hand.

He was old and his skin was dark..... And his hair was truly a mess.

But I thanked him for coming..... For being our guest.

He said, 'My names' Charlie..... I'm glad to meet you, my friend.'

There were tears in his eyes..... But he had a large, wide grin.

'Let me explain,' he said..... Wiping tears from his eyes.

'I've been coming here for months.... And you're the first to say 'Hi.'"

'I know that my appearance.....'Is not like all the rest.

'But I really do try.....'To always look my best.'

'I always clean and polish my shoes..'Before my very long walk.

'But by the time I get here.....'They're dirty and dusty, like chalk.'

My heart filled with pain..... And I swallowed to hide my tears.

As he continued to apologize..... For daring to sit so near

He said, 'When I get here.....'I know I must look a sight.

'But I thought if I could touch you.. 'Then maybe our souls might unite.'

I was silent for a moment..... Knowing whatever was said

Would pale in comparison.... I spoke from my heart, not my head..

'Oh, you've touched me,' I said.....'And taught me, in part;

'That the best of any man.....'Is what is found in his heart.'

The rest, I thought,..... This shoe man will never know.

Like just how thankful I really am... That his dirty old shoe touched my soul

Author unknown

Let old friends know you haven't forgotten them, and tell new friends you never will.

Remember, everyone needs a friend..

Someday you might feel like you have no friends at all.

Just remember this e-mail and take comfort in knowing that

Someone out there cares about you.....

And always will.

Ephesians 6:6* Not with eyeservice, as menpleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart;

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4/8

A Minister passing through his church

In the middle of the day,

Decided to pause by the altar

To see who come to pray.

Just then the back door opened,

And a man came down the aisle,

The minister frowned as he saw the man

Hadn't shaved in a while.

His shirt was torn and shabby,

And his coat was worn and frayed,

The man knelt down and bowed his head,

Then rose and walked away.

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In the days that followed at precisely noon,

The preacher saw this chap,

Each time he knelt just for a moment,

A lunch pail in his lap.

Well, the minister's suspicions grew,

With robbery a main fear,

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He decided to stop and ask the man,
'What are you doing here?'
The old man said he was a factory worker
And lunch was half an hour
Lunchtime was his prayer time,
For finding strength and power.
I stay only a moment
Because the factory's far away;
As I kneel here talking to the Lord,
This is kinda what I say:

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'I JUST CAME BY TO TELL YOU, LORD,
HOW HAPPY I HAVE BEEN,
SINCE WE FOUND EACH OTHERS FRIENDSHIP
AND YOU TOOK AWAY MY SIN.
DON'T KNOW MUCH OF HOW TO PRAY,
BUT I THINK ABOUT YOU EVERYDAY.
SO, JESUS, THIS IS BEN,
JUST CHECKING IN TODAY.'

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The minister feeling foolish,
Told Ben that it was fine.
He told the man that he was welcome
To pray there anytime.
'It's time to go, and thanks,' Ben said
As he hurried to the door.
Then the minister knelt there at the altar,
Which he'd never done before.
His cold heart melted, warmed with love,
As he met with Jesus there.
As the tears flowed down his cheeks,
He repeated old Ben's prayer:

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**'I JUST CAME by TO TELL YOU, LORD,
HOW HAPPY I'VE BEEN,
SINCE WE FOUND EACH OTHERS FRIENDSHIP
AND YOU TOOK AWAY MY SIN.
I DON'T KNOW MUCH OF HOW TO PRAY,
BUT I THINK ABOUT YOU EVERYDAY.
SO, JESUS, THIS IS ME,
JUST CHECKING IN TODAY.'**

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**Past noon one day, the minister noticed
That old Ben hadn't come.
As more days passed and still no Ben,
He began to worry some.
At the factory, he asked about him,
Learning he was ill.
The hospital staff was worried,
But he'd given them a thrill.**

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**The week that Ben was with them,
Brought changes in the ward.
His smiles and joy contagious.
Changed people were his reward.
The head nurse couldn't understand
Why Ben could be so glad,
When no flowers, calls or cards came,
Not a visitor he had.**

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**The minister stayed by his bed,
He voiced the nurse's concern:
No friends had come to show they cared.
He had nowhere to turn.
Looking surprised, old Ben spoke up
And with a winsome smile;
'The nurse is wrong, she couldn't know,**

He's been here all the while.'
Everyday at noon He comes here,
A dear friend of mine, you see,
He sits right down and takes my hand,
Leans over and says to me:

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'I JUST CAME BY TO TELL YOU, BEN,
HOW HAPPY I HAVE BEEN,
SINCE WE FOUND THIS FRIENDSHIP,
AND I TOOK AWAY YOUR SIN .
I THINK ABOUT YOU ALWAYS
AND I LOVE TO HEAR YOU PRAY,
AND SO BEN, THIS IS JESUS,
JUST CHECKING IN TODAY .'

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If this blesses you, pass it on. Many people. Author unknown

Proverbs 18:24 A man that hath friends must shew himself
friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

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apr 15

In this crazy political season, I decided a little religion might be
appropriate so here is a short Bible study. Author unknown

Remember what Jesus said: 'Goats on the left, sheep on the right' (Matthew 25:33). Jesus also told
Peter that if he wanted to catch fish do it from the right side of the boat. They did and filled the boat
with fish.

John 21:6 (NIV) He said, "Throw your net on the right side of the boat and you will find some.
When they did, they were unable to haul the net in because of the large number of fish.

Origin of Left & Right...I have often wondered why it is that Conservatives are called the "right" and
Liberals are called the "left.

Read this verse in the Bible: Ecclesiastes 10:2 (NIV) - "The heart of the wise inclines to the right, but
the heart of the fool to the left. Thus sayeth the Lord. Amen.

It surely can't get any simpler than that.

Spelling Lesson:

The last four letters in American.....I Can

The last four letters in Republican..... I Can

The last four letters in Democrats..... Rats

Never grow a wishbone where a backbone ought to be.

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

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apr 22

A thought to remember,

Carl Marx said, "Remove one freedom per generation and soon you will have no freedom and no one would have noticed."

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

One day while the class was in the lab, the professor noticed one young man, an exchange student, who kept rubbing his back and stretching as if his back hurt.

The professor asked the young man what was the matter.

The student told him he had a bullet lodged in his back. He had been shot while fighting Communists in his native country who were trying to overthrow his country's government and install a new communist regime.

In the midst of his story, he looked at the professor and asked a strange question. He asked: "Do you know how to catch wild pigs?"

The professor thought it was a joke and asked for the punch line.

The young man said that it was no joke. "You catch wild pigs by finding a suitable place in the woods and putting corn on the ground. The pigs find it and begin to come every day to eat the free food. When they are used to coming every day, you put a fence down one side of the place where they are used to coming. When they get used to the fence, they begin to eat the corn again and you put up another side of the fence.

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

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

Suddenly the wild pigs have lost their freedom. They run around and around inside the fence, but they are caught. Soon they go back to eating the free corn. They are so used to it that they have forgotten how to forage in the woods for themselves, so they accept their captivity."

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

The government keeps pushing us toward Communism/Socialism and keeps spreading the free corn out in the form of programs such as supplemental income, tax credit for unearned income, tax exemptions, tobacco subsidies, dairy subsidies,

payments not to plant crops (CRP), welfare entitlements, medicine, drugs, etc., while we continually lose our freedoms,

just a little at a time.

One should always remember two truths:

There is no such thing as a free lunch, and you can never hire someone to provide a service for you cheaper than you can do it yourself.

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

If you think the free ride is essential to your way of life, then you will probably not share this.

BUT, God help us all when the gate slams shut!

Think about this quote for today:

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

Matthew 10:17* But beware of men: for they will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues;

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apr 29

A rich man looked through his window and saw a poor man picking something from his garbage ... He said, Thank GOD I'm not poor.

The poor man looked around and saw a naked man misbehaving on the street ... He said, Thank GOD I'm not mad.

The mad man looked ahead and saw an ambulance carrying a patient ... He said, Thank GOD am not sick.

Then a sick person in hospital saw a trolley taking a dead body to the mortuary ... He said, Thank GOD I'm not dead.

A dead person cannot thank God.

Why don't you thank GOD today for all your blessings and for the gift of life ... for another beautiful day.

What is LIFE?

To understand life better, you have to go to 3 locations :

1. Hospital

2. Prison

3. Cemetery

At the Hospital, you will understand that nothing is more beautiful than HEALTH.

In the Prison, you'll see that FREEDOM is the most precious thing.

At the Cemetery, you will realize that life is worth nothing. The ground that we walk today will be our roof tomorrow.

Sad Truth* : We all come with *Nothing* and we will go with *Nothing* ... Let us, therefore, remain humble and be thankful & grateful to God at all times for everything.

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

mar 4 A Blue Rose **Author unknown**

Having four visiting family members, my wife was very busy, so I offered to go to the store for her to get some needed items, which included light bulbs, paper towels, trash bags, detergent and Clorox. So off I went. I scurried around the store, gathered up my goodies and headed for the checkout counter, only to be blocked in the narrow aisle by a young man who appeared to be about sixteen-years-old. I wasn't in a hurry, so I patiently waited for the boy to realize that I was there. This was when he waved his hands excitedly in the air and declared in a loud voice, "Mommy, I'm over here." It was obvious now, he was mentally challenged and also startled as he turned and saw me standing so close to him, waiting to squeeze by. His eyes widened and surprise exploded on his face as I said, "Hey Buddy, what's your name?" "My name is Denny and I'm shopping with my mother," he responded proudly. "Wow," I said, "that's a cool name; I wish my name was Denny, but my name is Steve." "Steve, like Stevarino?" he asked. "Yes," I answered. "How old are you Denny?" "How old am I now, Mommy?" he asked his mother as she slowly came over from the next aisle. "You're fifteen-years-old Denny; now be a good boy and let the man pass by." I acknowledged her and continued to talk to Denny for several more minutes about summer, bicycles and school. I watched his brown eyes dance with excitement, because he was the centre of someone's attention. He then abruptly turned and headed toward the toy section. Denny's mom had a puzzled look on her face and thanked me for taking the time to talk with her son. She told me that most people wouldn't even look at him, much less talk to him. I told her that it was my pleasure and then I said something I have no idea where it came from, other than by the prompting of the Holy Spirit. I told her that there are plenty of red, yellow, and pink roses in God's Garden; however, "Blue Roses" are very rare and should be appreciated for their beauty and distinctiveness. You see, Denny is a Blue Rose and if someone doesn't stop and smell that rose with their heart and touch that rose with their kindness, then they've missed a blessing from God. She was silent for a second, then with a tear in her eye she asked, "Who are you?" Without thinking I said, "Oh, I'm probably just a dandelion, but I sure love living in God's garden."