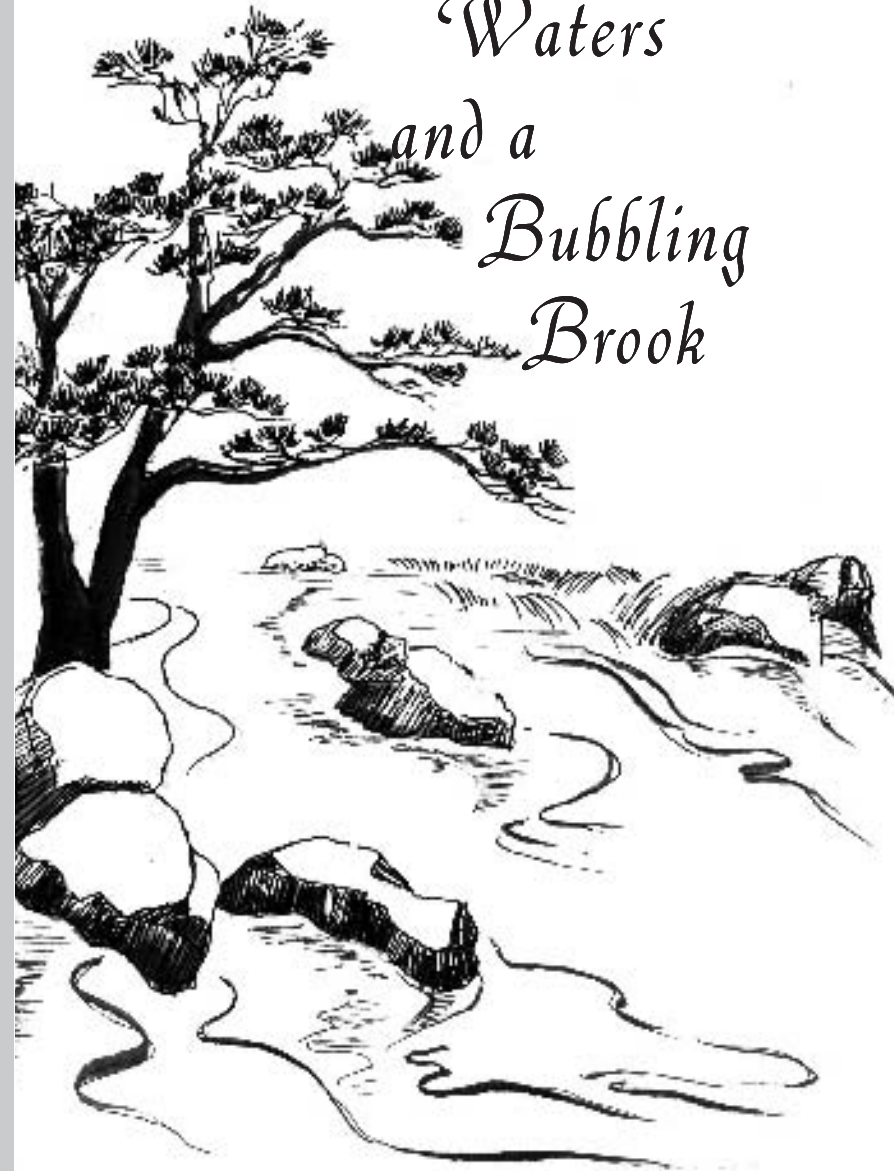


A COLLECTION OF ANECDOTES

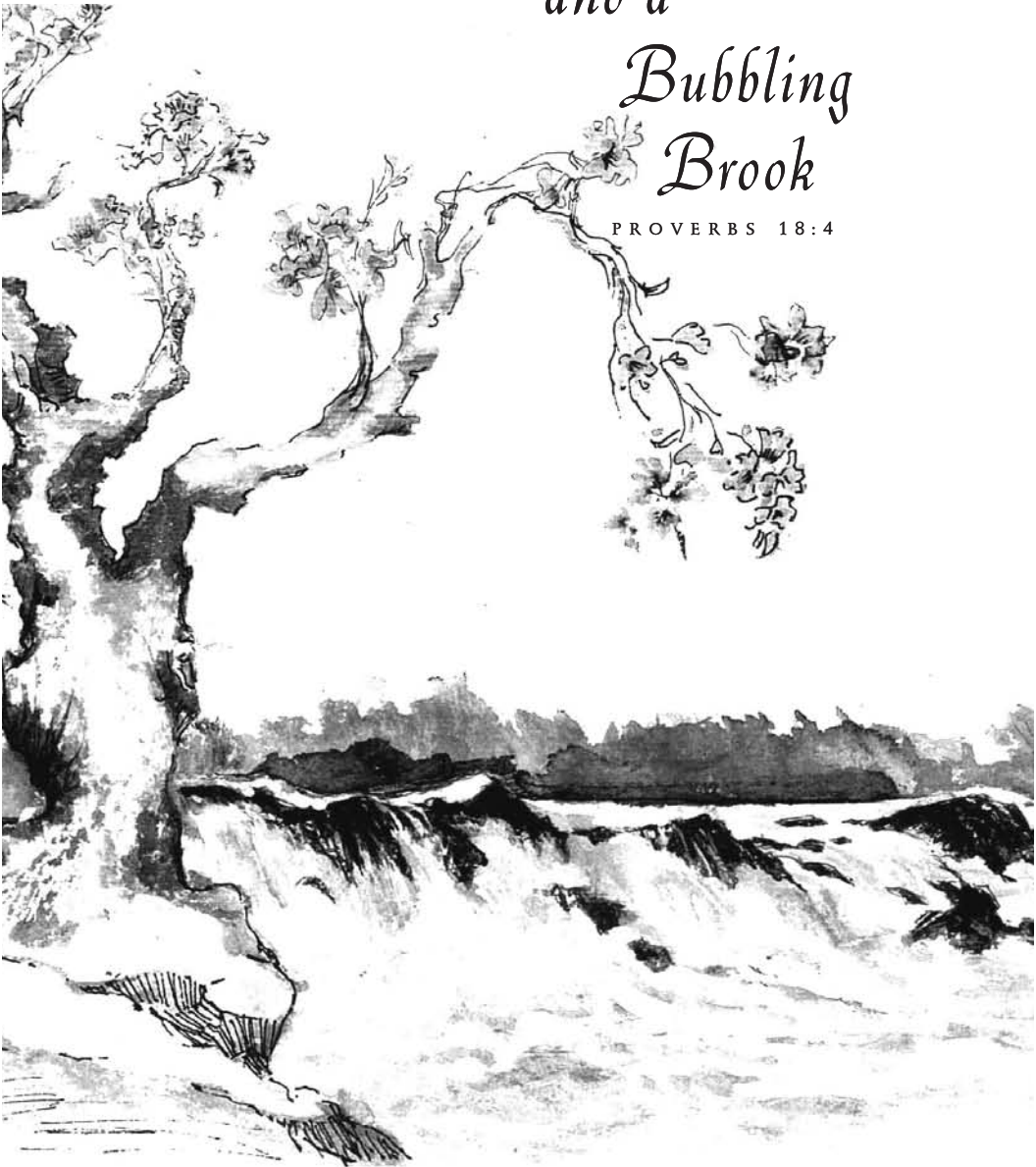
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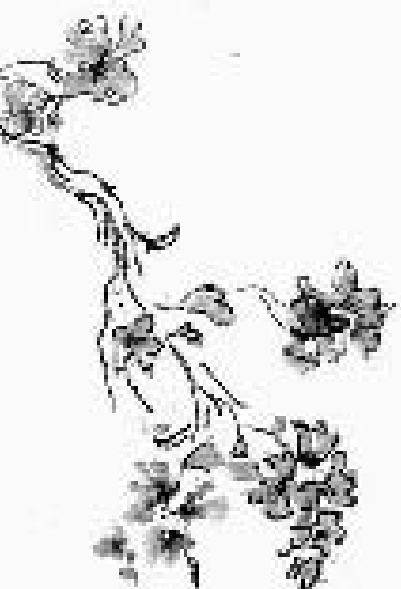
Deep Waters and a Bubbling Brook

*Deep
Waters
and a
Bubbling
Brook*

PROVERBS 18:4







*Deep
Waters
and a
Bubbling
Brook*

PROVERBS 18:4



HARVEST ACTIVITIES
2929 HILLSIDE LANE
DARIEN, ILLINOIS 60561

Preface

A proverb may be described as a moral without the fable attached. Simple statements of wisdom, they can be applied to a wide variety of experiences. In Proverbs 18:4 (NAS), these gems are likened to “deep waters” and “a bubbling brook.” How descriptive is this metaphor. Proverbs promote depthful thinking in their applications. And these distillations of great truths are as refreshing as a bubbling brook.

In the pages that follow are a number of short anecdotes, some well-known and others lesser-known, that provide examples of proverbs in action. Like the famous *Chicken Soup* devotional books, these stories illustrate important lessons in the Christian life. They are taken from many sources, the majority of them being inclusions in e-mails from friends of the compiler over a period of years. In this book they are arranged in nineteen sections, each under the heading of an appropriate proverb from the Bible.

While a number of these narratives are true stories, others are fictional; but all serve to illustrate great principles of truth applicable to true Christian living.

In addition to the anecdotes, we have included a large number of “one-liners,” terse statements that encapsulate depthful lessons. Two of the chapters of this book are devoted to collections of these short gems: one by Carl Schrade in his “Someone Once Said” and another by Elmer Weeks. Both are used with their permission.

Credit must also be given to the late Anton Frey, from whose book “Tales Twice Told” a number of these anecdotes, and the one-line aphorisms interspersed throughout this book, are derived.

The compiler also wants to express his appreciation to Shirley Bicke'l Evans for her hard work in designing, arranging, illustrating and typesetting this material, and to Lana Turner for her tireless efforts in editing and proofreading.

We hope and trust that this collection of devotional material will be as refreshing and helpful to you as it has been to us.

Carl Hagensick
October 2004

Acknowledgments

I want to thank my Heavenly Father for blessing me with a talent and allowing me to use it to glorify his name. I have derived great pleasure from laying out and illustrating this book, as well as the earlier book, *songs of the nightingale*.

I thank my husband Richard for encouraging me to use my talents to the fullest and always to do my very best. I treasure the paths we have walked together.

Thanks also to Carl Hagensick who had confidence in me to undertake these two projects, and for his patience. He waited until I enrolled in and graduated from a Graphic Design program, a two-year course I felt was necessary to qualify me for the task.

After I showed my first illustrations to my painting companion and friend, Sande Nitti, she spontaneously demonstrated the art of Sumi-e brush painting. I was spellbound! It has had a profound influence in all my drawings and illustrations since. Sande has been a constant and consistent source of inspiration and assistance.

I'm grateful for the support and insights of my late sister Jackie Lamel. It was her suggestion to use scriptures from the Proverbs to organize the anecdotes in this book. It was also Jackie who recommended the illustrations reflect a crisp, sharp look instead of the soft Sumi-e brush paintings used in the poetry book. I have always treasured her comments, so I started on another path, learning a new art technique. Elsie Petrequin-Noble of Clark College brought my illustrations to a higher level with her gentle, masterful guidance.

A big thanks to Lana Turner who accepted the challenge to edit and proofread the book. Her careful eye and nuanced ear allowed the stories to flow seamlessly. We have worked side by side as this book progressed. Others involved in the proofreading of both books were Ferne Berg, Margaret Ferlejewski, and my sister Jean Mora.

My graphic design instructor, Krystl Honda-Plinz of Clark College, offered invaluable advice on the layout design, as did Chris Maier of Mt. Hood Community College, Brian Evans of the University of Alabama, and David Turner, Lana's son.

Shirley Bickel Evans

Contents

1 Do not let Kindness and Truth leave you

The Heart of a Lesson	2
Are You God’s Wife?	3
The Secret of Service	3
Someone Who Understands	4
The Hospital Room	5
A Home for the Jonquils	6
The Old Lamplighter	7
The Most Caring Child	7
The Pickle Jar	8
A Lift in the Rain	10
The Richer Reward	10
Smile!	11
The Cavemen	12
Class Project: Smile!	14
Giving Again	15
Compliments Count	16

2 Trust in the LORD with all your heart

A Pearl Necklace	20
Father, Are You There?	21
Flying Blind	22
Fly Like an Eagle	22
Under His Wings	23
Adding Burden to Burden	23
Seven Ups Guaranteed to Lift Your Day	24
Walking to Scranton	25
Take the Burden Off Your Back	25
Creeping Across the Ice	26
The Glass Between	26
Too Small to Turn the Door Knob	27
A Father’s Care	27
Faith is a Glass Floor	28
Washing Away the Scars in the Sand	29
A Grandmother’s Promise	30
Making the Waves Come In	31
Photographs Develop in Darkness	31
The Creator won’t ask	32

Don't Quit Playing	33
A Finger, then a Hand.	34
The Ant and the Contact Lens	34

3

Do not be Wise in your own eyes

Final Exam	38
A Cucumber in a Bottle	38
At the End of the Tunnel	39
Acres of Diamonds	40
The Atmosphere of Faith	42
Using Love to Obtain.	43
The Lad at the Helm	43
Sin of Lying.	44
The Globe that "Just Happened"	44
The Wrong Definition of Conscience	44
Reversing the Hands of the Watch	45
Are You a Pumpkin?	45
Darwinian vs. God Contest	46
Assembling a Meat-Chopper	46
Crying for the Wasp	47
The Hen or the Egg?	47

4

How blessed is the man who finds Wisdom

The Fork	50
The Wise Woman's Stone	51
The Source of Wisdom	51
The True Teacher	52
Summer Trees	54
A Pane of Glass	55
We Have Only Theories	55
A Thousand Marbles	56
The Successful Plea	58
The Empty Egg	60
The Wisdom of Age	62
The Wise Old Owl	63
Mud Puddles	63
Exceptional Lessons in History.	64
Look Up	66
The Half Cannot Be Told	67
The Dynamics of Faith	67
Old Scottish Verse	67

5 The LORD will be your Confidence

The New Footprints	70
A Camel Left Over	71
A Lesson in Heart	71
Faith's Two Options	72
The Engine Room was Quiet	72
In the Well with God	72
Chosen to Clap and Cheer	73
Looking Backward	73
Reaching Thinner Air	74
The Source of the Shadow	74
Saved by the Rain	74
Paganini's Last String	75
The Chosen Vessel	76
Two Lights to Show the Way	77

6 Do not Withhold Good...

When You Thought I Wasn't Looking	80
A Good Deed Rewarded	81
Just for You	81
True Love	82
My Father will Pay for it	84
"But it's Warm Now"	84
A Two-Fold Blessing	85
What Goes Around Comes Around	86
The Master's Touch	88
Cold Water for a Fevered Child	89
A Tale of Bread and Butter	89
Hang On to One Another	90
Most Important Question	91
The Instrument Belongs to the Master	91
Always Remember Those Who Serve	92
Even the Leaves are Fragrant	92
Catalysts	93
So Faithful to Duty	93
A Canary in the Radio Studio	94
Mistaken Identity	94
A Missed Opportunity	95

7 Take hold of Instruction; Do not let go

Refiner and Purifier of Silver	98
Interview with God	99
Your Garden of Life	100
I Asked God to...	101
Aqueducts Need Water	101
Guidance	102
In a Minute	102
Plant Geraniums Outside	103
Don't Walk	103
The Liana Vines of Sin	104
Always Copy the Original.	105
Clear Water Reflects Best	105
Some Good Thoughts	106
"Me Try Some More"	108
A Lesson	109
I've learned that...	110
Apples or Chips	112
The Heavens Make Us Small	112
Beauty Tips	113
Michelangelo's Shadow	113
Handle with Care	114

8 Watch over your Heart with all Diligence

Accusations	119
Achievement	119
Actions	119
Advice	120
Aging	121
Ambition	121
Anger	121
Appreciation	122
Attitude	122
Bible	123
Boasting	124
Budget	124
Burden	124
Challenge	125
Change	125
Character	125

Cheerfulness	126
Choice	127
Commitment	127
Compassion	128
Conscience	128
Consecration	129
Contentment	129
Courage	130
Criticism	130
Deception	131
Decisions	131
Defeat	131
Dependency	132
Diligence	132
Discipline	133
Duty	133
Ease	133
Education	133
Efficiency	134
Emotions	134
Empathy	135
Encouragement	135
Endurance	135
Enthusiasm	136
Error	136
Example	136
Excuse-making	136
Experience	137
Failure	137
Faith	138
Falsehood	139
Family	140
Faults	141
Fear	141
Fellowship	141
Flattery	142
Fools	142
Forgiveness	142
Fortune	143
Friendship	143
God	145

Gossip	145
Greatness	145
Greed	146
Growth	146
Habits	147
Happiness	147
Heart	148
History	148
Honesty	148
Hope	149
Human Nature	149
Humility	150
Immaturity	151
Indecision	151
Industriousness	152
Influence	152
Integrity	153
Intoxication	153
Judging	154
Justice	154
Kindness	154
Knowledge	155
Laziness	156
Liberty	156
Life	156
Love	157
Mammon	158
Manners	159
Marriage	159
Maturity	160
Meddling	160
Mistakes	160
Moderation	161
Obedience	161
Open-mindedness	161
Opportunity	162
Patience	162
Perseverance	163
Politics	163
Power	163
Prayer	163

Pride	164
Principle	165
Priorities	166
Problems	166
Procrastination	167
Progress	167
Providence	167
Purpose	168
Religion	168
Reproof	168
Reputation	169
Resignation	169
Responsibility	169
Retribution	170
Self-denial	170
Self-esteem	170
Service	171
Sharing	171
Silence	172
Sin	172
Sincerity	172
Skill	173
Slander	173
Smile	174
Sorrow	174
Sow/Reap	174
Stewardship	175
Stubbornness	175
Success	175
Suffering	176
Tact	176
Temptation	177
Tolerance	177
Tongue	177
Trials	178
Trouble	179
Trust	179
Truth	179
Unselfishness	180
Values	181
Victory	181

Virtue	181
Wisdom	182
Witnessing	183
Words	184
Worry	185

9 I Love those who Love Me

The Art Collector	188
Whispers	190
Effective Preaching	190
The Trees' Garments of "Glory and Beauty"	191
A Box of Kisses	192
The Song of an Old Man	192
The Bee that Would Not be Saved	194
The Kiss of God	195
The Sighs of Love	196
The Smell of Rain	198
Will We Entertain the Lord Today?	200
The Stinging Scorpion	203
An "A" for Behavior	203
The Rented Room	204
Blooms for the Neighbor	206
The Blind Man's Lantern	207
A Special Person	207
The Many Names of Christ	208
Living in the House You Build	209
Straining the Musical Strings	209

10 The Lips of the Righteous feed many

"Information Please"	212
Following the Conscience	214
When the Clock Stopped	215
The Wrong Book	215
A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath	216
The Christian's "Wavemaster"	217
A Few Kind Words	217
One Person	218
One Day at a Time	219
It's a Small, Small World	220
Rabbi Talner's Prayer	221
I Wish You Enough	222

It's the Chords that Count	223
The Light Within	224
Animals Attack from the Rear	224
The Scent of Danger	225
Feeling the Tug	225

11

Whoever loves Discipline loves knowledge

The Ingredients of Zeal	228
Is the Jar Full?	230
The Broken Microscope	231
Incompatible Pictures	232
Kill the Ivy When it's Small	233
The Crowded House	233
Spring—Life Anew	234
Wounded Nasturtiums	234
The Spot on the Inside	235
Seeing the Guilty Seven Miles Away	235
The Call of the Barnyard	236
Drowning in a Canoe	237
Creosote	238
The Woodpecker and the Telephone Pole	238
Helping the Butterfly	239
Boiled by Degrees	239
The Speeding Ticket	240

12

He who is Slow to Anger...

Robby	244
Let the Mud Dry	246
The Wolves Within	246
Watching the Sun Move	247
Captain Not Drunk Tonight	247
The Child and the Gun	248
Taking a Second Glance	248
Giving Two-Fold	249
On Business for the Firm	250
The Fence	250
On Peace	251
The Blessing of a Broken Leg	252
Arrows on the Head	252
Living with the Dandelions	253

13

A Tranquil Heart is life to the body

The Bible's ABC's	256
Seven Wonders of the World	257
The Influence of a Gentle Hand	258
Dwelling with the Rose	258
The Hallelujah Chorus	259
God Thundereth	259
Redeem the Time	260
How You Look at Things	261
Gladness for a Space	261
Of War and Roses	262
Seeing with Blind Eyes	263
The Lesson of the Daffodils	264
Too Much Comfort	266
Flowers Under the Snow	266
The Steady Old Clock	267
Just the Estate I Wanted	267
The Obstacle in our Path	268
The Ministry of Pain	268
God Holds the Reins	269
Lying on your Back	269

14

A Joyful Heart makes a cheerful face

Secret of Happiness	272
Two Frogs in the Milk	274
Using the Wind	274
In the Bell Tower	275
Words of Wisdom	275
The Story of an Old Book	276
"That's All I Want"	277
Influence of Small Things	278
For Better Fuchsias	279
Happiness	279
Choosing Happiness	280
A Vision of the Heart	281
Invisible Brains	281
The Gentian Flower	282
The Oyster	283

15 How delightful is a Timely Word

Angels	286
Whistle the Best You Can	287
Building Prison Walls	288
She Must be Jesus' Mother	288
The "Arbitrary" Commandments	289
Salt Creates Thirst	289
The Sandpiper	290

16 The LORD...hears the Prayer of the righteous

The Lord's Prayer	296
Are You Too Busy?	297
Just PUSH!	298
Small Results	299
What if God...	300
I Asked the LORD to Bless You.	301
He Who Never Sleeps.	301
Safely on Your Knees	301
Answer to Prayer	302
I Asked God...	302
"I Saw the Pilot Smile"	303
The Marble Doesn't Matter Any More	303
"A Good Run"	304
Count Your Blessings	304
Pulling the Great Ship Closer	305
Sand in the Shoes	305
The Perfect Mistake	306
Metamorphosis	307
Emergency Phone Numbers	308
The Comfort of a Listening Ear.	309
A.S.A.P.	309
A Cloud of Smoke	310
Reaching the Heart	311

17 A Friend Loves at all times

Drinking from a Saucer	314
Helping Others Win	315
Taking Care of the Lambs	315
Cracked Pots	316
An Apron Full of Glass	317

Just a Short Way to Go Together	317
Beauty is in the Eye of the Beholder	318
The Gift of Brotherhood	320
True Love	321
The Pit	321
The Shoulder	322
The Voice of his Father	323
The Human Bible	324
Known by her Father	324
Knowing the Author	325
Showing the Way	325
Who is a True Friend?	326
If it Doesn't Rain	327
Two Goats on a Bridge	327
Lincoln Scattering an April Shower	328
In the Ruins of Pompeii	328
Stained Glass Saints	328
A Toddler's Smile	329
What Science Cannot Measure	329
Jesus, Friend of the Common Man	330
Making it Easier for the Competition	330
Ignore the Blots	331
Daddy Didn't Say, "Oh!"	331
Written in Stone	332
There's Only One Today!	332
Friendship	333
The Athenians and the Spartans	333
The Goose Story	334
A Tricycle for my Brother	335

18

A Joyful Heart is good medicine

Quick Cure at the Doctor's Office	338
Barney	338
The Winking Owl	339
Discouraged	339
The Jam is Loving-Kindness	339
Light the Lantern	340
What it Means to be Adopted	340
Willingly Deaf	340
The Best Translation	341
You Can Only Weigh What You Are	341

A Good Camera	341
“Likee Speech?”	342
It’s the Content that Counts	342
Laughing at the Storm	343
Man, Boy and Donkey	343
Bumblebees Cannot Fly	344
What Do We Hear?	344
“There Ain’t No Such Animal”	345
A Bumped Cow Kicks	345
Carry a Can of Oil	346
When Five Minutes is an Hour	346
The Christian in the Coal Mine	347
Total Commitment	347

19

Listen to Counsel and accept Discipline

Adversity	350
Anger	351
Aspirations	352
Attitude	352
Awareness	354
Bible	354
Christian Living	355
Christmas	356
Conscience	356
Contentment	356
Criticism	356
Devotions	357
Double-mindedness	357
Enthusiasm	357
Failure/Success	358
Faith	360
Fear	361
Forgiveness	362
Friendship	362
Gentleness	363
God	363
Goodness	363
Growth	363
Habits	364
Happiness	364
Helpfulness	365

Honesty, Truthfulness	366
Hope	367
Humility	367
Influence	367
Jealousy	368
Judging	369
Kindness	369
Leadership	369
Liberty.....	369
Loneliness	370
Love	370
Patience	371
Perseverance	371
Prayer, Praise	372
Pride	373
Procrastination	374
Reputation	374
Righteousness	374
Selfishness	374
Sin	374
Thankfulness	375
Thoughts	375
Time	375
Understanding	376
Wisdom	376
Witness	377
Words	377
Work	378
Worldliness	380
Worry	380



*Do not let
Kindness
and Truth
leave you*

PROVERBS 3:3



The Heart of a Lesson

*H*IS name was Bill. He had wild hair, wore a T-shirt with holes in it, jeans and no shoes. This was his wardrobe for his entire four years of college. He was kind of eccentric but very, very bright. He became a Christian while attending college.

Across the street from the campus was a prosperous and very conservative church. They wanted to develop a ministry to the students, but were not sure how to go about it.

One day Bill decides to go to the church. He walks in with his wild hair, jeans, T-shirt, and bare feet.

The service has already started, so Bill starts down the aisle looking for a seat. The church is completely packed and he can't find a seat. The well-dressed people look a bit uncomfortable, but no one says anything. Bill gets closer and closer to the pulpit, and when he realizes there are no seats, he just sits down right on the floor.

By now the people are really uptight, and the tension in the air is thick.

About this time, the minister realizes that from the back of the church, a deacon is slowly making his way toward Bill. The deacon is in his eighties, with silver hair and a three-piece suit. A godly man, very elegant, very dignified. Leaning on his cane, he walks down the aisle toward the boy.

The church is utterly silent except for the clicking of the man's cane. All eyes are focused on him. The minister can't even preach the sermon until the deacon does what he has to do. Everyone expects the deacon is going to eject Bill from church—and who could blame him?

But now they see the elderly man drop his cane on the floor. With great difficulty, he lowers himself to sit down next to Bill and worship with him so he won't be alone.

Everyone chokes up with emotion. When the minister regains his control, he says, "What I'm about to preach, you will never remember. What you have just seen, you will never forget."

Be careful how you live. You may be the only Bible some people will ever read.

Are You God's Wife?

A boy about ten years old was standing in front of a shoe store, barefooted, peering through the window and shivering with cold. A lady approached the boy and said, "My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?" "I was asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was the boy's reply.

The lady took him by the hand and went into the store and asked for the clerk to get half a dozen pairs of socks for the boy. She then asked if he could give her a basin of water and a towel. He quickly brought them to her. She took the young fellow to the back of the store and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed his feet and dried them with the towel.

By this time the clerk had returned with the socks. Placing a pair upon the boy's feet, she purchased a pair of shoes for him. She packaged the remaining pairs of socks and gave them to him.

She patted him on the head and said, "No doubt, my young fellow, you feel more comfortable now?" As she turned to go, the astonished lad caught her by the hand, and looking up into her face with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words:

"Are you God's wife?"

A. C. Frey Collection

The Secret of Service

DRUMMOND tells of a young woman whose life of sacrifice was the wonder of all who knew her. Nothing was too great to do for Christ. Every interest in her life was subordinated to his interests. The poor, the sinful, the lonely, the children, the needy of every description found in her a friend indeed. In a conversation with her one day, Drummond asked her the secret of her service. Without answering she opened a locket that hung upon her breast. In it was inscribed the answer: "**Whom having not seen, I love.**" This is the secret of every life that truly accepts Christ.

A. C. Frey Collection

Someone Who Understands

A farmer had some puppies he needed to sell. He painted a sign advertising the pups and set about nailing it to a post on the edge of his yard. As he was driving the last nail into the post, he felt a tug on his overalls.

He looked down into the eyes of a little boy. "Mister," the lad said, "I want to buy one of your puppies." "Well," said the farmer, as he rubbed the sweat off the back of his neck, "these puppies come from fine parents and cost a good deal of money."

The boy thought for a moment. Then, reaching deep into his pocket, he pulled out a handful of change and held it up to the farmer. "I've got thirty-nine cents. Is that enough to take a look?" "Sure," said the farmer. And with that he let out a whistle, "Here, Dolly!" he called.

Out from the doghouse and down the ramp ran Dolly, followed by four little balls of fur. The little boy pressed his face against the chain link fence. His eyes danced with delight. As the dogs came up to the fence, the little boy noticed something else stirring inside the doghouse. Another little ball appeared; slowly and awkwardly, the little pup began hobbling toward the others, doing its best to catch up.

"I want that one," the little boy said, pointing to the runt. The farmer knelt down at the boy's side and said, "Son, you don't want that puppy. He will never be able to run and play with you like these other dogs would." At that, the little boy stepped back from the fence, reached down, and began rolling up one leg of his trousers. In doing so he revealed a steel brace running down both sides of his leg, attached to a specially-made shoe.

Looking back up at the farmer, he said, "You see, sir, I don't run too well myself, and he will need someone who understands."

The Hospital Room

TWO men, both seriously ill, occupied the same hospital room. One man was allowed to sit up in his bed for an hour each afternoon to help drain the fluid from his lungs. His bed was next to the room's only window. The other man had to spend all his time flat on his back.

The men talked for hours on end. They spoke of their wives and families, their homes and jobs, their military service, and their travels. And every afternoon, when the man in the bed by the window could sit up, he would pass the time by describing to his roommate all the things he could see outside the window.

The man in the other bed began to live for those one-hour periods when his world would be broadened and enlivened by all the activity and color of the world outside. The window overlooked a park with a lovely lake. Ducks and swans played on the water while children sailed their model boats. Young lovers walked arm in arm amidst flowers of every color of the rainbow. Grand old trees graced the landscape, and a fine view of the city skyline could be seen in the distance.

As the man by the window described all this in exquisite detail, the man on the other side of the room would close his eyes and imagine the picturesque scene. With this pleasant daily interlude, days and weeks passed.

One morning, when the day nurse arrived, she found the lifeless body of the man by the window. He had died peacefully in his sleep. She was saddened and called the hospital attendant to take the body away. As soon as it seemed appropriate, the other man asked if he could be moved next to the window. The nurse was happy to make the switch, and after making sure he was comfortable, she left him alone.

Slowly, painfully, he propped himself up on one elbow to take his first look at the world outside. Finally, he would have the joy of seeing it for himself. He strained to look out the window.

It faced a blank wall. The man asked the nurse what could have possessed his deceased roommate, who had described such wonderful things outside this window. The nurse responded, "Why, that man was blind. He couldn't even see the wall! **Perhaps he just wanted to encourage you.**"

A Home for the Jonquils

IT was a cold night. I was mentally and physically tired and felt quite depressed. Customers in the store where I work had been cross and bothersome; tempers had been sharp all day; nothing had gone right. I was glad it was six o'clock and I could go home and relax.

I stopped at the corner store for some groceries, and even the clerk matched the mood of the day. Grumpily he said, "Hurry up, lady, I want to go home too." As I was leaving the store, I noticed a single bunch of jonquils in a bucket of water; they were huddled together as though they were lonely and cold. They seemed to say, "Please, lady, take us home." They were so beautiful, yet so out of place. I snatched them up, paid the clerk, and left.

As I walked the short distance to my home, my step was lighter and my previously dampened spirit rose. Upon entering my dark room, I was struck with the golden brilliance of the flowers. As I tenderly placed them in a vase, I seemed to hear them say, "But this isn't our home."

I couldn't explain the feeling, but I had a strong impulse to take the flowers to my shut-in neighbor across the hall. As I entered her room, the shut-in stared for a moment, then said, "How did you know? All day in my memories I've been walking among the jonquils in the garden I had years ago."

As I placed the flowers into her trembling hands, I had the distinct impression that their heads nodded in approval, and as I left, I seemed to hear their golden bells ringing out their thanks.

Feeling warm and happy inside, I forgot all the upsets of the day and again felt in tune with God. Do flowers talk? Yes, they do, I heard them.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Old Lamplighter

I was born in the great city of New York, in the borough known as the Bronx. In those early days, and for some time after the turn of the century, the city could boast of electric lights on the avenues; but the side streets were lighted by gas-lamps. These had to be individually lighted each and every day. Accordingly, in the late afternoon, it was not unusual to see a middle-aged man, with a ladder strapped to his back, come down the street, carrying a long stick with a lighted candle on the end of it. This he would stick into each lamp to light it. Then he would cross over the street to light the next lamp; and thus he continued to light one lamp after another—this was his mission! Eventually, one could see the lamplighter no longer, for the darkness would swallow him up. However, one could see the lights that he had left behind him.

There are people about us, and some who will come along after us, who will stumble and fall in the darkness unless we leave lighted lamps in the way for them. Jesus urged us to let our lights shine.

A. C. Frey

The Most Caring Child

AUTHOR and lecturer Leo Buscaglia once told of a contest he was asked to judge. The purpose of the contest was to find the most caring child.

The winner was a four-year-old child whose next-door neighbor was an elderly gentleman who had recently lost his wife. Upon seeing the man crying, the little boy went into the old gentleman's yard, climbed onto his lap, and just sat there. When his mother asked him what he had said to the neighbor, the little boy said, **“Nothing, I just helped him cry.”**

The Pickle Jar

As far back as I can remember, the pickle jar sat on the floor beside the dresser in my parents' bedroom. When he got ready for bed, Dad would empty his pockets and toss his coins into the jar. As a small boy I was always fascinated at the sounds the coins made as they were dropped into the jar. They landed with a merry jingle when the jar was almost empty. Then the tones gradually muted to a dull thud as the jar filled. I used to squat on the floor in front of the jar and admire the copper and silver circles that glistened like a pirate's treasure when the sunlight streamed through the bedroom window.

When the jar was full, Dad would sit at the kitchen table and roll the coins into paper holders. Taking the coins to the bank was always a big production. Stacked neatly in a small cardboard box, the coins rode between Dad and me on the seat of his old truck. Each and every time, as we drove to the bank, Dad would look at me hopefully. "Those coins are going to keep you out of the textile mill, son. You're going to do better than me. This old mill town's not going to hold you back." As he slid the box of rolled coins across the counter toward the teller, he would grin proudly. "These are for my son's college fund. He won't have to work at the mill all his life like me."

We would celebrate each deposit by stopping for an ice cream cone. I always got chocolate. Dad always got vanilla. When the clerk at the ice cream parlor handed Dad his change, he would show me the few coins nestled in his palm.

"When we get home, we'll start filling the jar again."

He always let me drop the first coins into the empty jar. As they rattled around with a brief, happy jingle, we grinned at each other.

"You'll get to college on pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters," he said. "But you'll get there. I'll see to that."

The years passed, and I finished college and took a job in another town. Once, while visiting my parents, I used the phone in their bedroom and noticed that the pickle jar was gone. It had served its purpose and had been removed.

A lump rose in my throat as I stared at the spot beside the dresser where the jar had always stood.

My dad was a man of few words, and never lectured me on the values of determination, perseverance, and faith. The pickle jar had taught me all these virtues far more eloquently than the most flowery of words could have done. When I married, I told my wife Susan about the significant part the lowly pickle jar had played in my life as a boy. In my mind it defined, more than anything else, how much my dad had loved me. No matter how rough things got at home, Dad continued to doggedly drop his coins into the jar. Even the summer when he got laid off from the mill, and Mama had to serve beans several times a week, not a single dime was taken from the jar. On the contrary, as Dad looked across the table at me, he became more determined than ever to make a way out for me.

“When you finish college, son,” he told me, his eyes glistening, “You’ll never have to eat beans again . . . unless you want to.”

The first Christmas after our daughter Jessica was born, we spent the holiday with my parents. After dinner, Mom and Dad sat next to each other on the sofa, taking turns cuddling their first grandchild. Jessica began to whimper, and Susan took her from Dad’s arms.

“She probably needs to be changed,” she said, carrying the baby into my parents’ bedroom to diaper her.

When Susan came back into the living room, there was a strange mist in her eyes. She handed Jessica back to Dad before taking my hand and leading me into the room.

“Look,” she said softly, her eyes directing me to a spot on the floor beside the dresser. To my amazement, there, as if it had never been removed, stood the old pickle jar, the bottom already covered with coins. I walked over to the pickle jar, dug down into my pocket, and pulled out a fistful of coins.

Choked with emotion, I dropped the coins into the jar. I looked up and saw that Dad, carrying Jessica, had slipped quietly into the room. Our eyes locked, and I knew he was feeling the same emotions I felt. Neither one of us could speak but our hearts understood.

Sometimes we are so busy adding up our troubles that we forget to count our blessings. Sorrow looks back. Worry looks around. **Faith looks up!**

A Lift in the Rain

LATE one night in the 1960's, an older black woman was standing on the side of an Alabama highway in a lashing rainstorm. Her car had broken down and she desperately needed a ride. Soaking wet, she decided to flag down the next car. A young white man stopped to help her — generally unheard of in those conflict-filled times. The man took her to safety, helped her get assistance and put her into a taxicab. She seemed to be in a big hurry! She wrote down his address, thanked him and rode away.

Seven days went by and a knock came on the man's door. To his surprise, a giant console color TV was delivered to his home. A special note was attached. It read: "Thank you so much for assisting me on the highway the other night. The rain drenched not only my clothes but also my spirits. Then you came along. Because of you, I was able to make it to my dying husband's bedside just before he passed away. God bless you for helping me and unselfishly serving others.

Sincerely, Mrs. Nat King Cole"

The Richer Reward

REV. Louis H. Evans, in the *Presbyterian Survey*, describes a few hours spent in the operating room of a medical missionary:

When he had finished, I stepped to his side. Gazing at his face, which was streaming wet from his exertions, and pale with the pallor that comes from keen anxiety and intense strain, I asked him: "Doctor, how can you stand it? Surely, every day is not like this?"

He merely smiled.

"How much money would you have received in the States for an operation like this?"

"Oh, about six hundred dollars."

"How much will you receive for this one?"

A strange light blazed into his tired eyes. I shall never forget his reply: "My fee," said the missionary physician, "my fee

will be this man's gratitude—and there can be no richer reward than that.”

Some men's souls are too big to be contained within their breasts; they overflow in deeds of sympathy and toil and love.

A. C. Frey Collection

Smile!

I am told that the muscles of the face are capable of over 250,000 different combinations of expressions. And one of the most useful is a smile.

Fulton J. Sheen used to say, “A smile across the aisle of a bus in the morning could save a suicide later in the day.” We all need the healing medicine of the heart that a smile, even from a stranger, provides. And for some, that medicine can save lives.

English essayist Joseph Addison put it this way: “What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity.” Don't say you can't make a difference! Don't ever say you have nothing to give! Each of us can give a smile, spontaneously and sincerely. Its value may not be recognized at once, but be assured that it will be felt.

My friend, Laura, sent me this anonymous poem about passing along a smile:

**Smiling is infectious, you catch it like the flu,
When someone smiled at me today, I started smiling too.
I passed around the corner and someone saw my grin,
When he smiled I realized I'd passed it on to him.
I thought about that smile, then I realized its worth,
A single smile, just like mine, could travel 'round the
Earth.
So, if you feel a smile begin, don't leave it undetected;
Let's start an epidemic quick, and get the world infected!**

Today you will find plenty of occasions to pass along a heartfelt smile. Remember—it's the second best thing you can do with your lips!

The Cavemen

LONG ago, or maybe not so long ago, there was a tribe in a dark, cold cavern. The cave dwellers would huddle together and cry against the chill. Loud and long they wailed. It was all they did. It was all they knew to do. The sounds in the cave were mournful, but the people didn't know it, for they had never known joy. The spirit in the cave was death, but the people didn't know it, for they had never known life.

But then, one day, they heard a different voice. "I have heard your cries," it announced. "I have felt your chill and seen your darkness. I have come to help."

The cave people grew quiet. They had never heard this voice. Hope sounded strange to their ears. "How can we know you have come to help?"

"Trust me," he answered. "I have what you need."

The cave people peered through the darkness at the figure of the stranger. He was stacking something, then stooping and stacking more.

"What are you doing?" one cried, nervously.

The stranger didn't answer.

"What are you making?" one shouted even louder.

Still no response.

"Tell us!" demanded a third.

The visitor stood and spoke in the direction of the voices. "I have what you need." With that he turned to the pile at his feet and lit it. Wood ignited, flames erupted, and light filled the cavern.

The cave people turned away in fear. "Put it out!" they cried. "It hurts to see it."

"Light always hurts before it helps," he answered. "Step closer. The pain will soon pass."

"Not I," declared a voice.

"Nor I," agreed a second.

"Only a fool would risk exposing his eyes to such light."

The stranger stood next to the fire. "Would you prefer the darkness? Would you prefer the cold? Don't consult your fears. Take a step of faith!"

For a long time no one spoke. The people hovered in groups

covering their eyes. The fire builder stood next to the fire. "It's warm here," he invited.

"He's right," one from behind him announced. "It's warmer." The stranger turned and saw a figure slowly stepping toward the fire. "I can open my eyes now," she proclaimed. "I can see."

"Come closer," invited the fire builder.

She did. She stepped into the ring of light.

"It's so warm!" She extended her hands and sighed as her chill began to pass.

"Come, everyone! Feel the warmth," she invited.

"Silence, woman!" cried one of the cave dwellers. "Dare you lead us into your folly? Leave us. Leave us and take your light with you."

She turned to the stranger. "Why won't they come?"

"They choose the chill, for though it's cold, it's what they know. They'd rather be cold than change."

"And live in the dark?"

"And live in the dark."

The now-warm woman stood silent, looking first at the dark, then at the man.

"Will you leave the fire?" he asked.

She paused, then answered, "I cannot. I cannot bear the cold." Then she spoke again. "Nor can I bear the thought of my people in darkness."

"You don't have to," he responded, reaching into the fire and removing a stick. "Carry this to your people. Tell them the light is here, and the light is warm. Tell them the light is for all who desire it."

And so she took the small flame and stepped into the shadows.

Class Project: Smile!

THE last class I had to take for my college degree was Sociology. The teacher was absolutely inspiring, with the qualities that I wish every human being had been graced with. Her last project of the term was called “Smile.” The class was asked to go out and smile at three people and document their reactions. I am a very friendly person and always smile at everyone anyway, so I thought this would be a piece of cake.

Soon after we were assigned the project, my husband, youngest son, and I went out to a fast food restaurant one crisp March morning. It was just our way of sharing special time together. We were standing in line, waiting to be served, when all of a sudden everyone around us began to back away, and then even my husband did.

I did not move an inch. A feeling of panic welled up inside of me as I turned to see why they had moved. As I turned around, I smelled a horrible “dirty body” smell, and there standing behind me were two poor homeless men.

As I looked down at the short gentleman close to me, he was “smiling.” His beautiful sky-blue eyes were full of God’s Light as he searched for acceptance.

He said, “Good day,” as he counted the few coins he had been clutching. The second man fumbled with his hands as he stood behind his friend. I realized the second man was mentally challenged and the blue-eyed gentleman was his guardian. I held back my tears as I stood there with them. The young lady at the counter asked him what they wanted.

He said, “Coffee is all, Miss,” because that was all they could afford. If they wanted to sit in the restaurant and warm up, they had to buy something. He just wanted to be warm.

Then I really felt it—the compulsion was so great I almost reached out and embraced the little man with the blue eyes. That is when I noticed all eyes in the restaurant were set on me, judging my every action. I smiled and asked the young lady behind the counter to give me two more breakfast meals on a separate tray.

I then walked around the corner to the table that the men had chosen as a resting spot. I put the tray on the table and

laid my hand on the blue-eyed gentleman's cold hand. He looked up at me with tears in his eyes and said, "Thank you."

I leaned over, began to pat his hand and said, "I did not do this for you. God is here working through me to give you hope."

I started to cry as I walked away to join my husband and son. When I sat down, my husband smiled at me and said, "That is why God gave you to me, Honey. To give me hope."

We held hands for a moment and we knew that only because of the Grace that we had been given were we able to give. That day showed me the pure Light of God's sweet love.

I returned to college on the last evening of class with this story in hand. I turned in my "project" and the instructor read it. Then she looked up at me and said, "Can I share this?" I slowly nodded and she got the attention of the class.

She began to read and that is when I knew that all of us, as human beings and children of God, share this need to heal people and to be healed.

In my own way I had touched the people at the restaurant, my husband, son, instructor, and every soul that shared the classroom on the last night I spent as a college student. I graduated with one of the greatest lessons I would ever learn: **unconditional acceptance.**

Don't love things and use people,

But use things and love people.

Giving Again

What, giving again?" I asked in dismay.

"And must I keep giving and giving away?"

"Oh, no," said the angel, piercing me through,

"Just give till the Father stops giving to you."

Compliments Count

ONE day a teacher asked her students to list the names of the other students in the room on two sheets of paper, leaving a space between each name.

Then she told them to think of the nicest thing they could say about each of their classmates and write it down.

It took the remainder of the class period to finish their assignment and, as the students left the room, each one handed in their papers.

That Saturday, the teacher wrote down the name of each student on a separate sheet of paper, and listed what everyone else had said about that individual.

On Monday, she gave each student his or her list. Before long, the entire class was smiling. “Really?” she heard whispered. “I never knew that meant anything to anyone!” and “I didn’t know others liked me so much” were some of the comments.

No one ever mentioned those papers in class again. She never knew if they discussed them after class or with their parents, but it didn’t matter. The exercise had accomplished its purpose. The students were happy with themselves and one another.

That group of students moved on. Several years later, one of the students was killed in Vietnam and his teacher attended the funeral of that special student.

She had never seen a serviceman in a military coffin before. He looked so handsome, so mature.

The church was packed with his friends. One by one, those who loved him took a last walk by the coffin. The teacher was the last one to bless the coffin.

As she stood there, one of the soldiers, who acted as a pallbearer, came up to her. “Were you Mark’s math teacher?” he asked. She nodded “Yes.” Then he said, “Mark talked about you a lot.”

After the funeral, most of Mark’s former classmates went together to a luncheon. Mark’s mother and father were there, obviously waiting to speak with his teacher.

“We want to show you something,” his father said, taking

a wallet out of his pocket. "They found this on Mark when he was killed. We thought you might recognize it."

Opening the billfold, he carefully removed a worn piece of note paper that had obviously been taped, folded and refolded many times.

The teacher knew, without looking, that the paper was the one on which she had listed all the good things each of Mark's classmates had said about him.

"Thank you so much for doing that," Mark's mother said. "As you can see, Mark treasured it."

All of Mark's former classmates started to gather around. Charlie smiled rather sheepishly and said, "I still have my list. It's in the top drawer of my desk at home."

Chuck's wife said, "Chuck asked me to put his in our wedding album." "I have mine, too," Marilyn said. "It's in my diary."

Then Vickie, another classmate, reached into her pocket-book, took out her wallet and showed her worn and frazzled list to the group. "I carry this with me at all times," Vickie said, and without batting an eyelash, she continued: "I think we all saved our lists."

That's when the teacher finally sat down and cried. She cried for Mark and for all his friends who would never see him again.

Life can get so hectic that we forget that life will end one day, and we don't know when that one day will be.

So please, tell the people you love and care for that they are special and important. Tell them, before it is too late.

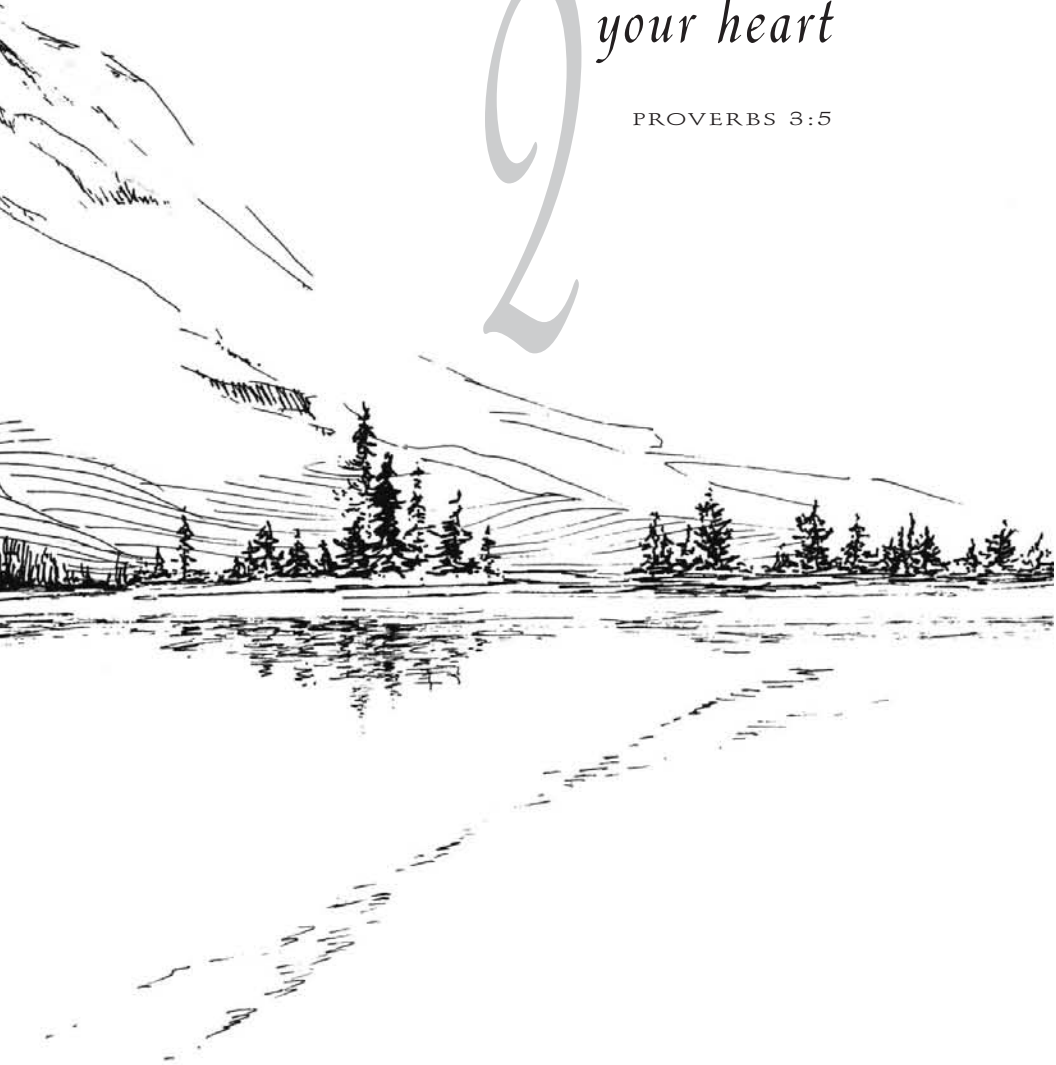


*Trust in the
LORD*

with all

your heart

PROVERBS 3:5



A Pearl Necklace

LITTLE Molly was a bright-eyed, pretty five-year-old. One day when she and her mother were at the supermarket, Molly saw a plastic pearl necklace priced at \$10. How she wanted that necklace! When she asked her mother if she would buy it for her, her mother said, “Well, it is a pretty necklace, but it costs an awful lot of money. I’ll tell you what. I’ll buy you the necklace, and when we get home we can make up a list of chores that you can do to pay for it. Also, your grandma just might give you some money for your birthday. Okay?”

Molly agreed, and her mother bought the necklace. The little girl worked on her chores very hard every day. And, sure enough, her grandma did give her some money for her birthday. Soon, Molly had paid for her cherished necklace.

How Molly loved those plastic pearls! She wore them everywhere—to kindergarten, when she went out with her mother to run errands, and even to bed. The only time she didn’t wear them was in the shower—her mother had told her the clasp would turn her neck green!

Now Molly had a very loving father. Every night when she went to bed, he would get up from his comfortable chair, come to her room, and read one of her favorite stories.

One night, when he had finished a story, he made an unusual and difficult request of Molly.

“Molly, do you love me?”

“Oh yes, Daddy, you know I love you.”

“Well, then, give me your pearls.”

“Oh Daddy, not my pearls! But you can have Rosie, my favorite doll. Remember her? You gave her to me last year for my birthday. And you can have her tea party outfit, too.”

“No, darling, that’s okay. Good night, my precious little one.” Her father brushed her cheek with a kiss and returned to his favorite chair.

A week later, after he had read her a story, Molly’s father once again made that challenging request.

“Do you love me, Molly?”

“Oh yes, Daddy, you know I love you.”

“Well, then, give me your pearls.”

“Oh Daddy, not my pearls! But you can have Ribbons, my toy horse. Do you remember her? She’s my favorite. Her hair is so soft, and you can play with it and braid it and everything. You can have Ribbons if you want her, Daddy.”

“No, that’s okay. God bless you, little one. Sweet dreams.” Her father brushed her cheek again with a kiss and left the room.

Several days later, when Molly’s father came as usual to read her a story, the little girl was sitting on her bed, her lip trembling.

“Daddy, I do love you. Here.”

Molly held out her small hand. In it was her beloved necklace. She let it slip into her father’s outstretched fingers.

With one hand he held the plastic pearls and with the other he pulled out of his pocket a blue velvet box. Inside of the box was a string of beautifully matched pearls. Real pearls! He had had them all along! He was waiting for Molly to give up the man-made plastic imitation so he could give her the real thing.

So it is with our Heavenly Father. He is waiting for us to give up the earthly things in our lives so he may give us a beautiful treasure in heaven.

Father, Are You There?

I remember, many years ago, a little boy on a trundle bed, having just retired for the night. Before going to sleep he turned in the direction of the large bed on which his father lay and said, “Father, are you there?” And the answer came back, “Yes, my son.” I remember that the boy turned over and went to sleep without thought of harm. Now that boy is an old man of seventy, and every night before going to sleep he looks up into the face of his Heavenly Father and says, “Father, are you there? Will you take care of me tonight?” And the answer comes back clear and strong, “Yes, my son.” **Whom need we fear if God our Father be with us?**

Flying Blind

I watched an airliner take off under cloudy skies, climb rapidly into gray mists, and disappear. It was flying “on the beam.” For all of us at times, life is a flight into mists of uncertainty and fogs of confusion. We can no more stop living at such times than an airplane can stop flying. We must go on, even if it means “flying blind.”

We need not be helpless at such times. God forever “sends out his light and truth” like a radio beam to “bring us to his holy hill, and to his dwelling place.” “Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, ‘This is the way, walk ye in it,’ when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left.”

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Fly Like an Eagle

DO you know that an eagle knows when a storm is approaching long before it breaks? The eagle will fly to some high spot and wait for the winds to come.

When the storm hits, the eagle sets its wings so that the wind will pick it up and lift it above the storm. While the storm rages below, the eagle is soaring above it.

The eagle does not escape the storm. It simply uses the storm to lift it higher. It rises on the winds that bring the storm.

When the storms of life come upon us — and all of us will experience them—we can rise above them by setting our minds and our belief toward God. The storms do not have to overcome us. We can allow God’s power to lift us above them. God enables us to ride the winds of the storms that bring sickness, tragedy, failure and disappointment into our lives. We can soar above the storm.

Remember, it is not the burdens of life that weigh us down, it is how we handle them. The Bible says, “Those who hope in the LORD will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles.”—*Isaiah 40:31*

Under His Wings

AN article in *National Geographic* several years ago provided an interesting picture of God's wings. After a forest fire in Yellowstone National Park, forest rangers began their trek up a mountain to assess the inferno's damage.

One ranger found a bird literally petrified in ashes, perched statuesquely on the ground at the base of a tree. Somewhat sickened by the eerie sight, he knocked the bird over with a stick. When he gently struck it, three tiny chicks scurried from under their dead mother's wings.

The loving mother, keenly aware of impending disaster, had carried her offspring to the base of the tree and had gathered them under her wings, instinctively knowing that the toxic smoke would rise. She could have flown to safety but had refused to abandon her babies. When the blaze arrived and the heat scorched her small body, the mother had remained steadfast. Because she had been willing to die, those under the cover of her wings would live.

"He will cover you with his feathers, and under his wings you will find refuge..."—*Psalms 91:4*

Adding Burden to Burden

A dear old saint complained about the burdens he was called upon to bear. He had noted another Christian who had no cross at all, while he himself carried the weight of two. So he asked Jehovah why he had to bear two crosses, while the other bore none. The Lord made no reply, but added to the burden upon him. Thinking that the Lord had not heard him, he again importuned the Lord. This time the Lord responded. He told him that the other Christian was yet too weak for the burden of a cross, whereas he was being made stronger by the bearing of the added burden! And isn't it the strong who are admonished to bear the infirmities of the weak? (Romans 15:1) Paul also says that we are to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. (Galatians 6:2)

Seven Ups Guaranteed to Lift Your Day...

- 1 Wake Up.**
Decide to have a good day. "Today is the day the LORD hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it."—*Psalms 118:24*
- 2 Dress Up.**
Put on a smile. A smile is an inexpensive way to improve your looks. "The LORD does not look at the things man looks at. Man looks at the outward appearance; but the LORD looks at the heart."—*I Samuel 16:7*
- 3 Shut Up.**
Say nice things and learn to listen. God gave us two ears and one mouth, so he must have meant for us to do twice as much listening as talking. "He who guards his lips guards his soul."—*Proverbs 13:3*
- 4 Stand Up.**
For what you believe in. Stand for something or you will fall for anything. "Let us not be weary in doing good; for at the proper time, we will reap a harvest if we do not give up. Therefore, as we have opportunity, let us do good."—*Galatians 6:9-10*
- 5 Look Up.**
To the Lord. "I can do everything through Christ who strengthens me."—*Philippians 4:13*
- 6 Reach Up.**
For something higher. "Trust in the LORD with all your heart, and lean not unto your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will direct your path."—*Proverbs 3:5-6*
- 7 Lift Up.**
Your prayers. "Do not worry about anything; instead, pray about everything."—*Philippians 4:6*

Walking to Scranton

A station agent at Bloomsbury, New Jersey, saw a man walking on the tracks of the Lehigh Valley railroad. On his back he carried a huge package, apparently containing utensils as well as clothes. He seemed tired. The agent stopped him and ordered him off the tracks, telling him that he was liable to arrest for trespassing, besides the risk of being killed by a train. The man, a foreigner, demurred, and produced a railroad ticket good from Jersey City to Scranton, Pennsylvania. The agent looked at him in amazement and asked him why he was walking when he might ride. The man replied that he thought the ticket only gave him the privilege of walking along the road. His right was explained to him, and the tired man delightedly boarded the first train that stopped.

How many of us Christians make the same mistake! Our Lord wants to bear all our burdens and give us continual freedom from care and from the power of sin.

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Take the Burden Off Your Back

A man who was toiling along the road under a heavy burden was overtaken by a kindly driver, who offered him a lift along his way. He joyfully accepted the offer but continued to bend beneath his burden, which he still kept on his back. "Why do you not lay down your burden?" asked the kind-hearted driver. "Oh!" replied the man, "I feel that it is almost too much to ask you to carry my burden, too." And so Christians, who have given themselves into the care and keeping of the Lord Jesus, still continue to bend beneath the weight of their burdens, and often go weary and heavy-laden throughout the whole length of their journey.

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Creeping Across the Ice

IN the early days of migration to the West, a traveler once came for the first time in his life to the banks of the mighty Mississippi. There was no bridge. He must cross. It was early winter, and the surface of the mighty river was sheeted with ice. He knew nothing of its thickness, however, and feared to trust himself to it. He hesitated long, but night was coming on and he must reach the other shore. At length, with many fears and infinite caution, he crept out on his hands and knees, thinking thus to distribute his weight as much as possible. When he had thus painfully crossed half-way over, he heard a sound of singing behind him. There in the dusk was a man driving a four-horse load of coal across the ice, singing as he went!

Many a Christian creeps trembling out upon God's promises, where another, stronger in faith, goes singing through life, upheld by the same word. **"Have faith in God."** "Whoso putteth his trust in Jehovah shall be safe."

A. C. Frey Collection

The Glass Between

ONCE when I was staying in a hotel in England, a lady guest said she was awakened by a very strange noise of pecking or something of the kind. When she got up, she saw a butterfly flying back and forth inside the windowpane in a great fright, and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly did not see the glass, and expected every minute to be caught, and the sparrow did not see the glass, and expected every minute to get the butterfly. Yet all the while, that butterfly was as safe as if it had been millions of miles away, because of the glass between it and the sparrow. So it is with Christians. Satan cannot touch the soul that has the Lord Jesus Christ between itself and the devil.

A. C. Frey Collection

Too Small to Turn the Door Knob

A Methodist minister tells a story of his daughter who, wishing to speak to him one day when he was in his study, came up the stairs and, finding the door closed, put her small hand on the door knob. The child's hand was too tiny to grasp the handle firmly enough to turn it. To her delight, however, the handle turned, the door opened, and she ran into the study exclaiming, "Oh, Daddy, I have opened the door all by myself!" She was all unaware that her father, hearing her trying to open the door, had quietly gotten up from his chair and turned the handle from the inside. Thus God helps us when we do our best, and he makes the impossible possible. "I can do all things through Christ which strengthens me."

A. C. Frey Collection

A Father's Care

THE story is told of a young lad who was put on a railroad train by his father and sent on a journey to the home of his aunt in the city. As the boy entered the train, he was greatly troubled at the thought of what might happen to him while on the train and when he arrived at his destination. But he soon found that all his worrying was for nothing. No sooner had the train started than the conductor came up and spoke to him very kindly. Then the newsboy brought him apples, candy, and picture books to look at. So the time passed very pleasantly and quickly. When he arrived at the city, a cabman was at the gate to meet him and to take him safely to his aunt's home. The boy couldn't understand it. He thought it was a miracle.

But as he grew older, he learned that it was his father who had told the conductor to look after the boy, who gave money to the newsboy to supply his wants, and who had telegraphed ahead to a cab company to send a man to meet his boy at the station. Because his father was on the job, all his needs had been provided for.

A. C. Frey Collection

Faith is a Glass Floor

SUDDENLY the steering doesn't work. I try to negotiate the turn, but our car spins off the road, off the edge of a cliff—a cliff so high that there is ample time for sheer terror as we fall. I want to scream, but I can't. I find myself standing, foolishly, on the brakes. The car noses down nearly vertically, and then begins a mid-air tumble. My family is shouting suggestions. I lurch awake in a cold sweat, the victim of another nightmare of falling.

As long as I can remember, I've had a mortal fear of heights. As a consequence, I often find myself in very high places (usually with my kids) as I deliberately challenge this fear: driving a bridge span, walking out on a windswept balcony, careening around in a roller coaster, flying in a small plane. The desensitization has, over the years, worked well enough to change my behavior, but not my feelings. Nothing seems to destroy that small hard kernel of fear.

I recently found myself at the top of the tallest human-made structure in the world, the CN Tower, which is the premier landmark of Toronto.

One section of that tower has a glass floor which allows you to view the world hundreds of meters below you from between your feet. It was fascinating to watch people's reactions. Some stepped out calmly onto the floor with a look that reflected their puzzlement: Why was this such a big deal? Others stepped more gingerly, but rapidly gained confidence. Still others just watched for several minutes before they even tried to participate. Some, no matter how much they were coaxed, absolutely refused even to try.

I stood at the edge, frozen. I was incapable of taking a step over the void, a step where the bottom dropped out of the world. It didn't matter what my mind dictated. I knew it was safe. I knew that it would hold me. I knew that it was as sound as the solid floor upon which I stood. I could see others enjoying the experience. It didn't matter. The **fear** was so visceral, so physical, so commanding, I couldn't move my feet.

Finally, I simply closed my eyes, took three steps forward onto the glass, and then and only then, I looked. There be-

tween my dusty shoes was as much **straight downness** as I've ever seen. I forced myself again and again to step and look and step and look until the fear was replaced with **an excitement and wonder**.

We are taught from birth how to become responsible citizens, capable of meeting our own needs and ordering our lives. We learn how to take control, to plan, to execute our plans. Everything in our life's training, our education, our socialization is directed toward making us self-sufficient, efficient, effective people. Most of us build strong floors upon which to stand, and we feel comfortable and confident that they will, in most of life, sustain us.

Faith, on the other hand, is a glass floor. God calls us to become again "as children," giving up our control and our plans and our effectiveness to do the Divine Will on earth. God calls us out into the places where we are suspended over the very pits of hell, the places where we gain a sickeningly realistic perspective of our vulnerability. God calls us to trust, to step out into what we most fear, to conquer evil in this world.

It's been said that the most revealing microscope we each have into our own soul is that which provokes our fear or anger. If, with God's assistance, we meet what we most want to avoid, we are marching forward in faith. If we trust all of our lives to the Architect, we will find that the mansions Jesus prepares for us are all glass—glass to let in the Light, glass to reveal our innermost selves, glass to step out onto in faith.

Pat Grauer

Washing Away the Scars in the Sand

DR. J. F. Carson has a message for the penitent. God's mercy is like the tireless patience of the sea. The children dig deep wounds in the sand with their spades, leaving scars on the golden surface. Then quietly the old sea turns, and every trace of scar is obliterated, and the shining surface of the sand is smooth as ever. Day after day the scene is repeated, and the sea is never tired of putting things to rights... It is an emblem of the everlasting God who fainteth not, neither is weary.

A. C. Frey Collection

A Grandmother's Promise

WHEN my son was about ten years of age, his grandmother promised him a stamp album for Christmas. Christmas came, but no stamp album, and no word from Grandmother. The matter, however, was not mentioned; but when his playmates came to see his Christmas presents, I was astonished, after he had named the other gifts received, to hear him add, "And a stamp album from Grandmother."

After I had heard it several times, I called him to me and said, "But, Georgie, you did not get an album from your grandmother. Why do you say so?"

There was a wondering look on his face, as if he thought it strange that I should ask such a question, and he replied, "Well, Mama, Grandma said, so it is the same as ..." I could not say a word to check his faith.

A month went by and nothing was heard about the album. Finally, one day, to test his faith, and really wondering in my heart why the album had not been sent, I said, "Well, Georgie, I think Grandma has forgotten her promise." "Oh, no, Mama," he quickly and firmly said, "she hasn't."

I watched the dear, trusting face, which looked very sober for a while, then brightened as he said, "Mama, do you think it would do any good if I should write to her, thanking her for the album?" "I do not know," I said, "but you might try it."

A rich spiritual truth began to dawn upon me. In a few minutes a letter was prepared and committed to the mail, and Georgie went off whistling his confidence in his grandma. In just a short time a letter came back saying, "My dear Georgie: I have not forgotten my promise to you of an album. I tried to get such a book as you desired, but could not get the sort you wanted; so I sent to New York. It did not get here until after Christmas, and it still was not right, so I sent for another. As it has not come as yet, I am sending you three dollars to get one in Chicago. Your loving Grandma."

As he read the letter, his face was the face of a victor. "Now, Mama, didn't I tell you!" came the words from the depths of a heart that never doubted, that against hope, believed in hope that the stamp album would come. While he

was trusting, Grandma was working, and in due season faith became sight.

It is so human to want sight when we step out on the promises of God, but our Savior said to Thomas, and to the long line of doubters who have since followed him: “Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.”

A. C. Frey Collection

Making the Waves Come In

A boy was sailing his first toy boat when suddenly the string dropped from his hand. In spite of his frantic attempts to regain it, the boat was soon far beyond his reach. He then appealed to his older brother to get it back for him. Without comment, the bigger boy picked up rocks and began throwing them just beyond the boat. It seemed to the little fellow that his brother had paid no attention to his pleas — in fact, it looked as though he was making matters worse. But then the lad noticed that the first rock hit the water and set up a little wave. Each succeeding rock added to the waves that were bringing the little boat nearer and nearer to shore. The thing that threatened destruction saved the little boat.

It may seem that disaster follows disaster many times in our lives, and there is no apparent reason for it. But the waves that seem to mean complete destruction may in reality bring us closer to God. The Prophet of old declared, “Behold, God is my salvation; **I will trust, and not be afraid.**”—*Isaiah 12:2*

A. C. Frey Collection

Photographs Develop in Darkness

THE photographer takes his sensitive plate into a dark place to develop his picture. Sunlight would mar it. God often draws the curtain upon us, and in the darkness brings out some rare beauty in our life, some delicate feature of his own loveliness.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Creator won't ask...

- ♣ What kind of car you drove, but will ask how many people you drove who didn't have transportation.
- ♣ The square footage of your house, but will ask how many people you welcomed into your home.
- ♣ How many fancy clothes you had in your closet, but will ask how many of those clothes helped the needy.
- ♣ About your social status, but will ask what kind of class you displayed.
- ♣ How many material possessions you had, but will ask if they dictated your life.
- ♣ What your highest salary was, but will ask if you compromised your character to obtain that salary.
- ♣ How much overtime you worked, but will ask if you worked overtime for your family and loved ones.
- ♣ How many promotions you received, but will ask how you promoted others.
- ♣ What your job title was, but will ask if you performed your job to the best of your ability.
- ♣ What you did to help yourself, but will ask what you did to help others.
- ♣ How many friends you had, but will ask how many people to whom you were a true friend.
- ♣ What you did to protect your rights, but will ask what you did to protect the rights of others.
- ♣ In what neighborhood you lived, but will ask how you treated your neighbors.
- ♣ About the color of your skin, but will ask about the content of your character.
- ♣ How many times your deeds matched your words, but will ask how many times they didn't.

When there is nothing left but the Creator, that is when you find out the Creator is all you need.

Don't Quit Playing

WISHING to encourage her young son's progress on the piano, a mother took the small boy to a Paderewski concert. After they were seated, the mother spotted a friend in the audience and walked down the aisle to greet her.

Seizing the opportunity to explore the wonders of the concert hall, the little boy rose and eventually explored his way through a door marked **"NO ADMITTANCE."**

When the house lights dimmed and the concert was about to begin, the mother returned to her seat and discovered that her son was missing.

Suddenly, the curtains parted and spotlights focused on the impressive Steinway on stage.

In horror, the mother saw her little boy sitting at the keyboard, innocently picking out "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

At that moment, the great piano master made his entrance, quickly moved to the piano, and whispered in the boy's ear, "Don't quit. Keep playing."

Then, leaning over, Paderewski reached down with his left hand and began filling in a bass part. Soon his right arm reached around to the other side of the child and he added a running obligato.

Together, the old master and the young novice transformed a frightening situation into a wonderfully creative experience. The audience was mesmerized.

That's the way it is with God. What we can accomplish on our own is hardly noteworthy. We try our best, but the results aren't exactly graceful flowing music; but with the help of the Master, our life's work truly can be beautiful.

Next time you set out to accomplish great feats, listen carefully. You can hear the voice of the Master, whispering in your ear, "Don't quit. Keep playing." Feel his loving arms around you. Know that his strong hands are playing the concerto of your life. **Remember, God doesn't call the equipped, he equips the called.**

A Finger, then a Hand

I remember one time my daughter was begging her mother to get her a muff, and so one day her mother brought a muff home. Although it was storming, my daughter naturally wanted to go out to try her new muff, so she asked me to go out with her. As we went out, I said, “Emma, better let me take your hand.” She wanted to keep her hands in her muff, so she refused to take my hand. Well, by and by she came to an icy place, her little feet slipped—and down she went. When I helped her up she said, “Papa, you may give me your little finger.” “No, my daughter, just take my hand.” “No, no, Papa, give me your little finger.” Well, I gave my little finger to her, and for a little way she got along nicely, but pretty soon we came to another icy place and again she fell. This time she hurt herself a little, and she said, “Papa, give me your hand.” I gave her my hand, closed my fingers about her wrist, and held her up so that she could not fall. Just so, God is our keeper. He is wiser than we. And he can keep us from falling—**if we hold onto his hand.**

A. C. Frey Collection

The Ant and the Contact Lens

BRENDA was a young woman who was invited to go rock climbing. Although she was very scared, she went with her group to a tremendous granite cliff. In spite of her fear, she put on the gear, took hold of the rope, and started up the face of that rock.

In time, she reached a ledge where she could take a breather. As she was resting there, the safety rope snapped against Brenda’s eye and knocked out her contact lens.

Well, here she is, on a rock ledge, with hundreds of feet of cliff below her and hundreds of feet above her. She looked and looked, hoping the lens had landed on the ledge, but it just wasn’t there.

Far from home, her sight now blurry, Brenda was desperate and began to get upset, so she prayed to the Lord to help her to find the lens.

When she got to the top, a friend examined her eye and her clothing for the lens, but there was no contact lens to be found. She sat down, despondent, waiting for the rest of the party to make it up the face of the cliff.

Brenda looked out across range after range of mountains, thinking of that verse that says, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth." She thought, "LORD, you can see all these mountains. You know every stone and leaf, and you know exactly where my contact lens is. Please help me."

Finally, they walked down the trail to the bottom. At the bottom there was a new party of climbers just starting up the face of the cliff. One of them shouted out, "Hey, you guys! Anybody lose a contact lens?"

Well, that would be startling enough, but you know why the climber saw it?

An ant was moving slowly across the face of the rock, carrying the lens on its back!

Brenda told me that her father is a cartoonist. When she told him the incredible story of the ant, the prayer, and the contact lens, he drew a picture of an ant lugging that contact lens with the words, "Lord, I don't know why you want me to carry this thing. I can't eat it, and it's awfully heavy. But if this is what you want me to do, I'll carry it for you."

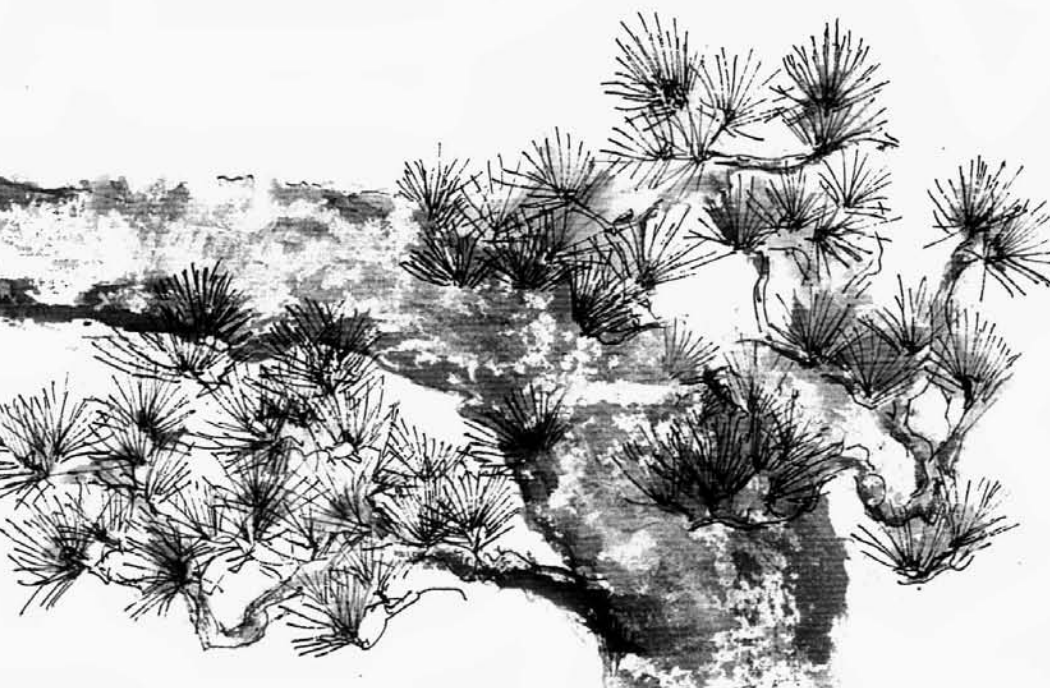
I think it would probably do some of us good to occasionally say, "God, I don't know why you want me to carry this load. I can see no good in it and it's awfully heavy. But if you want me to carry it, I will."

God doesn't call the qualified, he qualifies the called.



*Do not be
Wise
in your own
eyes*

PROVERBS 3:7



Final Exam

AT Duke University, there were four sophomores taking Organic Chemistry. They were doing so well on all the quizzes, midterms and labs that each had an “A” so far for the semester.

These four friends were so confident that, the weekend before finals, they decided to go up to the University of Virginia and party with some friends there.

They had a great time, but after all the hearty partying, they slept all day Sunday and didn’t make it back to Duke until early Monday morning.

Rather than taking the chemistry final then, they decided to find their professor after the final and explain to him why they missed it.

They explained that they had gone to UVA for the weekend with the plan to come back in time to study, but, unfortunately, they had gotten a flat tire on the way back, didn’t have a spare, and couldn’t get help for a long time. As a result, they missed the final.

The professor thought it over and then agreed they could make up the final the following day. The guys were elated and relieved.

They studied that night and went in the next day at the appointed time. The professor placed them in separate rooms, handed each of them a test booklet, and told them to begin.

They looked at the first problem, worth five points. It was something simple about free radical formation. “Cool,” they thought, each one in his separate room, “this is going to be easy.”

Each finished the problem and then turned the page.

On the second page was written: “For 95 points: Which tire?”

A Cucumber in a Bottle

“WHEN I was a little boy,” remarked an old man, “somebody gave me a cucumber in a bottle. The neck of the bottle was small, and the cucumber so large it wasn’t possible for it to pass through, and I wondered how it got there. But

out in the garden one day I came upon a bottle slipped over a little green sprout, and then I understood. The cucumber had grown in the bottle. And now I often see men with habits that I wonder any strong, sensible man could form, and then I think that likely they grew into them when they were young, and cannot slip out of them now. They are like the cucumber.”

A. C. Frey Collection

At the End of the Tunnel

IN the not too distant past, our railroad trains were equipped with kerosene lamps, lighted only after the darkness had set in. Unlike the electric lights on our modern trains, the kerosene lamps each had to be individually lighted by the porter.

Sometimes, during the day, a train had to pass through dark tunnels. Because these periods were comparatively short, the lamps were not lighted at such times. The people would sit in the darkness, awaiting the light as the train emerged from the tunnel.

On one of these train trips, a little girl was running up and down the length of the train, very much to the dismay of her mother, who had time and time again asked her to sit down beside her, so that she would not fall and hurt herself if the train should suddenly lurch around a curve. However, the little girl was too busy enjoying herself and did not heed her mother’s request. Suddenly, the train entered one of these dark tunnels, plunging from the brightness of noonday into the darkness of midnight. Everything went quiet; the little girl’s laughter and the patter of her feet could no longer be heard. Everyone wondered what had happened to her, until the train emerged into the light again, when, lo and behold, there sat the girl on her mother’s lap, her little arms tightly clasped about her mother’s neck!

How often we, too, are so childish in our pursuits—wanting to have our own way—until some trial, some tragedy, some bereavement, sends us scurrying back to the Father’s bosom.

A. C. Frey

Acres of Diamonds

HERE once lived, not far from the River Indus, an ancient Persian by the name of Al Hafed. Al Hafed owned a very large farm, with orchards, grain fields, and gardens. He was a wealthy and contented man: contented because he was wealthy, and wealthy because he was contented.

One day there visited that old Persian farmer an ancient Buddhist priest, one of the wise men of the East. He sat down by the fire and told the old farmer how this world of ours was made. He said that this world was once a mere bank of fog, and that the Almighty thrust his finger into this bank of fog, and began slowly to move his finger around, increasing the speed until at last he whirled this fog into a solid ball of fire. Then it went rolling through the universe, burning its way through other banks of fog, and condensed the moisture without, until it fell in floods of rain upon its hot surface, and cooled the outer crust. Then the internal fires, bursting outward through the crust, threw up the mountains and hills and valleys, the plains and prairies of this wonderful world of ours. If this internal molten mass came bursting out and cooled very quickly, it became granite; less quickly, copper; less quickly, silver; less quickly, gold; and after gold, diamonds were made.

Said the old priest, "A diamond is a congealed drop of sunlight." The old priest told Al Hafed that if he had one diamond the size of his thumb he could purchase the country, and if he had a mine of diamonds he could place his children upon thrones through the influence of their great wealth.

Al Hafed heard all about the diamonds, how much they were worth, and went to his bed that night a poor man. He had not lost anything, but he was poor because he was discontented, and discontented because he feared he was poor. He said, "I want a mine of diamonds," and he lay awake all night.

Early in the morning, he sought out the priest. "Will you tell me where I can find diamonds?"

"Diamonds! What do you want with diamonds?"

"Why, I wish to be immensely rich, but I don't know where to look."

“Well, if you will find a river that runs through white sands, between high mountains, in those white sands you will always find diamonds.”

“I don’t believe there is any such river.”

“Oh, yes, there are plenty of them. All you have to do is go and find them, and then you will have them.”

Said Al Hafed, “I will go.”

So he sold his farm, collected his money, left his family in the charge of a neighbor, and went off in search of diamonds. He began his search, very properly, at the Mountains of the Moon. Afterward he came around into Palestine, then wandered on into Europe, and at last, when his money was all spent and he was in rags, wretchedness, and poverty, he stood on the shore of that bay at Barcelona, in Spain, when a great tidal wave came rolling in between the pillars of Hercules. The poor, afflicted, suffering man could not resist the awful temptation to cast himself into that incoming tide, and he sank beneath its foaming crest, never to rise again.

The man who purchased Al Hafed’s farm one day led his camel into the garden to drink, and as that camel put its nose into the shallow water of that garden brook, Al Hafed’s successor noticed a curious flash of light from the white sands of the stream. He pulled out a black stone having an eye of light reflecting all the hues of the rainbow. He took the pebble into the house and put it on the mantel and then forgot all about it.

A few days later, the same old priest came to visit Al Hafed’s successor. The moment he entered the drawing-room, he saw that flash of light on the mantel, and he rushed up to it and shouted, “Here is a diamond! Has Al Hafed returned?”

“Oh, no, Al Hafed has not returned, and that is not a diamond. That is nothing but a stone we found right out here in our own garden.”

“But,” said the priest, “I tell you I know a diamond when I see it. I know positively that this is a diamond.”

Then together they rushed out into the garden and stirred up the white sands with their fingers, and lo! there came up other more beautiful gems than the first. Thus was discovered the diamond mine of Golconda, the most magnificent diamond mine in all the history of mankind, excelling the

Kimberly itself. The Kohinoor and the Orloff, of the crown jewels of England and Russia, the largest on earth, came from that mine.

Had Al Hafed remained at home and dug in his own cellar, or underneath his own wheat fields, or in his own garden, instead of wretchedness, starvation, and death by suicide in a strange land, he would have had “acres of diamonds.” For every acre of that old farm, yes, every shovelful, afterward revealed gems which since have decorated the crowns of monarchs.

Russell Conwell, “Acres of Diamonds”

The Atmosphere of Faith

DESPITE the presence of many suns in the universe, and the continual radiation from them of electromagnetic energy, outer space is dark and cold. It is our atmosphere that has much, if not everything, to do with the converting of the sun’s electromagnetic rays into light and heat, making life possible on this planet.

Some years ago, two Russian cosmonauts, having ascended into outer space, on their return to the earth declared that they could find no evidence of God up there. On the other hand, the American astronauts, having ascended into the same outer space, on their return to the earth said that they had seen evidence of God all about them while up there! The difference? The Russians lacked the atmosphere of faith, which the Americans had, and were therefore unable to recognize God anywhere. The Apostle Paul spoke truly when he declared, “he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.”

—*Hebrews 11:6*

A. C. Frey

Using Love to Obtain

HERE was once a little girl who knew the way to get just what she wanted from her daddy. If it was a pair of skates, or a new hat, she came rushing up to him as he sat in his easy chair, and nestling in his arms said, "Daddy, I love you so. You are the best daddy ever. I would just do anything for you." Then, sooner or later, when she wanted something very badly, in the end Daddy would pay. There were other times when errands were waiting for someone to run them, or when Daddy was tired and wanted quiet, that his little girl seemed to forget how much she loved him. Of course, she was just a thoughtless young lady, and not consciously hypocritical. She was also quite, quite human. Many of the sons and daughters of Adam find creeds easier than conduct, promises simpler than performance, and loving words cheaper than loving deeds.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Lad at the Helm

I remember, when sailing one day on a steamer, the captain's son, a bright little fellow of five or six years of age, was on board, and he wanted to take the place of the man at the helm. The good-natured steersman, to humor him, put the spoke of the wheel into the boy's little hand, which was hardly able to grasp it. But the man was careful at the same time to put his own big hand on the child's tiny fingers and to take a firm hold. The boy was in high glee, imagining that he himself was steering the huge steamer. Now, so God deals with you. He puts his Almighty hand on your feeble hand when you are trying to rule your own spirit and makes his strength perfect in your weakness.

A. C. Frey Collection

Sin of Lying

A minister told his congregation, "Next week I plan to preach about the sin of lying. To help you understand my sermon, I want you all to read Mark 17."

The following Sunday, as he prepared to deliver his sermon, the minister asked for a show of hands. He wanted to know how many had read Mark 17. Every hand went up. The minister smiled and said, "Mark has only 16 chapters. I will now proceed with my sermon on the sin of lying."

The Globe that "Just Happened"

THE kindness and generosity of Robert G. Ingersol won for him many friends who nevertheless deeply regretted his opinions. Among these was Henry Ward Beecher. In the study of the famous preacher was an elaborate celestial globe that had been sent to him with the compliments of its manufacturer. On its surface, in delicate workmanship, were raised figures of the constellations and the stars which composed them. The globe struck Ingersol's fancy. He turned it around with admiration. "This is just what I want," he said. "Who made it?" "Who made it, do you say, Colonel?" repeated Beecher. "Who made this globe? Why, nobody, of course. It just happened."

A. C. Frey Collection

The Wrong Definition of Conscience

A girl was asked what conscience was, and she gravely replied, "It's something inside of me that tells me when Johnny does wrong."

That kind of conscience is very common, but not particularly useful in reforming one's own life. There are many people, however, who base their assurance of their own high moral standards on their swift perception of other people's wrongdoing.

A. C. Frey Collection

Reversing the Hands of the Watch

I have a watch here—when wound up, it runs straight forward until it needs winding. By a fixed law, in conformity with the very structure of the timepiece, its hands move only in one direction while they move at all. Yet when I find that it is too fast, I move the hands backward; I interrupt the usual movement, but I violate no law. The watch could not have turned back its own hands and corrected itself, but a superior intelligence interferes for a proper end. Have I suspended or violated any law? Or have I simply brought a new law to bear which, though not in ordinary operation, is entirely consistent with the laws which govern the movements of the watch?

As I examine more minutely the structure of this delicate mechanism, I observe a remarkable fact: the maker of this watch has made provision for just such a reversal of that law by which both minute and hour hands move only forward. He has provided for a backward movement, when the intelligent owner chooses, without any interference with this exquisite arrangement. While I turn back the hands I disturb no wheel, and there is not even one tick the less; and yet, left to themselves, the hands of that watch never could change their direction of movement.

Who is competent to say that, when God reverses the hands on the great dial of nature, he has made no provision for such reversal?

A. C. Frey Collection

Are You a Pumpkin?

A woman was asked by a co-worker, “What is it like to be a Christian?”

The woman replied, “It is like being a pumpkin. God picks you from the patch, brings you in, and washes all the dirt off of you. Then he cuts off the top and scoops out all the yucky stuff. He removes the seeds of doubt, hate, greed, etc. Then he carves you a new smiling face and puts his light inside of you to shine for all the world to see.”

Darwinian vs. God Contest

ONE day, a group of Darwinian scientists got together and decided that man had come a long way and no longer needed God. So they picked one Darwinian to go and tell God that they were done with him.

The Darwinian walked up to God and said, “God, we’ve decided that we no longer need you. We’re to the point that we can clone people and do many miraculous things, so why don’t you just go on and get lost?”

God listened very patiently and kindly to the man. After the Darwinian was done talking, God said, “Very well, how about this? Let’s say we have a man-making contest.” The Darwinian happily agreed.

God added, “Now, we’re going to do this just like I did back in the old days with Adam.”

The Darwinian said, “Sure, no problem,” and bent down and grabbed a handful of dirt.

God looked at him and said, “No, no, no. You go make your own dirt.”

Assembling a Meat-Chopper

A successful cutlery manufacturer, who in his youth hated and despised God, once said:

“It takes a girl in our factory about two days to learn to put the seventeen parts of a meat-chopper together efficiently! It may be that these millions of worlds, each with its own orbit, all so wonderfully balanced in space—it may be that they just happened. It may be that by tumbling about for a billion years they finally arranged themselves.

“I don’t know. I am merely a plain manufacturer of cutlery. But this I know, that you can shake the seventeen parts of a meat-chopper around in a washtub for the next seventeen billion years and you’ll never make a meat-chopper.”

A. C. Frey

Crying for the Wasp

DR. A. C. Dixon told the story of a lady who was traveling with her child and a maid. A wasp got into the carriage, and the child fussed and cried, trying to catch it. At last the lady said to the servant, "What is the child crying for? Let him have it." A few minutes later the lady was startled by an awful scream from the child, and exclaimed in alarm, "What is the matter?" "He has got it!" was the servant's calm reply. So sometimes, in his great wisdom, God allows us to have what we want, what we cry for, that we may feel the sting and misery of it, and learn through pain and humiliation that God's will and way are best.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Hen or the Egg?

A young skeptic once said to an elderly lady, "I once believed in God, but now, since studying philosophy and mathematics, I am convinced that God is but an empty word." "Well," said the lady, "it is true that I have not learned these things, but since you have, can you tell me from whence this egg comes?" "Why, of course, from a hen," was the reply. "And where does the hen come from?" "Why, from an egg." Then the lady inquired, "May I ask which existed first, the hen or the egg?" "The hen, of course," rejoined the young man. "Oh, then a hen must have existed without having come from an egg?" "Oh, no, I should have said the egg was first." "Then I suppose you mean that one egg existed without having come from a hen?" The young man hesitated: "Well, you see—that is—of course, well, the hen was first!" "Very well," she said, "who made the first hen from which all succeeding eggs and hens have come?" "What do you mean by all this?" he asked. "Simply this," the lady answered, "I say that he who created the first egg or hen is he who created the world. You can't explain the existence even of a hen or an egg without God, and yet you wish me to believe that you can explain the existence of the whole world without him!"

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How

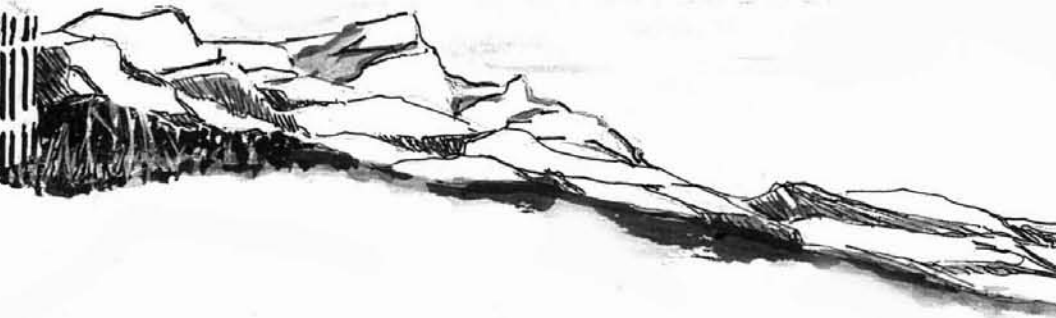
blessed

is the man

who finds

Wisdom

PROVERBS 3:13



The Fork

HERE was a woman who had been diagnosed with a deadly illness and had been given three months to live. Her doctor told her to start making preparations to die, so she contacted her pastor and had him come to her house to discuss her final wishes. She told him which songs she wanted sung at the service, what scriptures she would like read, and what she wanted to be wearing. The woman also told her pastor that she wanted to be buried with her favorite Bible. Everything was in order and the pastor was preparing to leave when the woman suddenly remembered something. “There’s one more thing,” she said excitedly. “What’s that?” came the pastor’s reply.

“This is very important,” the woman continued. “I want to be buried with a fork in my right hand.”

The pastor stood looking at the woman, not knowing quite what to say.

“That shocks you, doesn’t it?” the woman asked.

“Well, to be honest, I’m puzzled by the request,” said the pastor.

The woman explained. “In all my years of attending church socials and functions where food was involved (and let’s be honest, food is an important part of any church event, spiritual or otherwise), my favorite part was when whoever was clearing away the dishes of the main course would lean over and say, ‘You can keep your fork.’ It was my favorite part because I knew that something better was coming. When they told me to keep my fork, I knew that something great was about to be given to me. It wasn’t Jell-O or pudding. It was cake or pie. Something with substance. So I just want people to see me there in that casket with a fork in my hand and I want them to wonder, ‘What’s with the fork?’ Then I want you to tell them: ‘Something better is coming, so keep your fork, too.’”

The pastor’s eyes welled up with tears of joy as he hugged the woman good-bye. He knew this would be one of the last times he would see her before her death. But he also knew that she had a better grasp of heaven than he did. She **knew** that something better was coming.

At the funeral, people walking by the woman's casket saw the pretty dress she was wearing and her favorite Bible . . . and the fork in her right hand. Over and over the pastor heard the question, "What's with the fork?" And over and over he smiled. During his message, the pastor told the people of the conversation he had with the woman shortly before she died. He also told them about the fork and what it symbolized to her. The pastor told the people he could not stop thinking about the fork, and after that day, neither would they. So the next time you reach for your fork, let it remind you, oh so gently, that there is something better coming.

The Wise Woman's Stone

A wise woman who was traveling in the mountains found a precious stone in a stream. The next day she met another traveler who was hungry, and the wise woman opened her bag to share her food. The hungry traveler saw the precious stone and asked the woman to give it to him. She did so without hesitation. The traveler left, rejoicing in his good fortune. He knew the stone was worth enough to give him security for a lifetime. But a few days later he came back to return the stone to the wise woman.

"I've been thinking," he said. "I know how valuable the stone is, but I give it back in the hope that you can give me something even more precious. Give me what you have within you that enabled you to give me the stone."

The Source of Wisdom

A simple man met a very wise man.

"Can you tell me the source of your wisdom?" he asked.

"In two words," the wise man replied, "good choices."

"And what is the source of the good choices?"

"In one word, experience."

"And to what do you attribute your experience?"

"In two words," the wise man said, "bad choices."

The True Teacher

HER name was Mrs. Thompson. As she stood in front of her fifth grade class on the very first day of school, she told the children a lie.

Like most teachers, she looked at her students and said that she loved them all the same.

But that was impossible, because there in the front row, slumped in his seat, was a little boy named Teddy Stoddard.

Mrs. Thompson had watched Teddy the year before and noticed that he didn't play well with the other children, that his clothes were messy and that he constantly needed a bath.

And Teddy could be unpleasant. It got to the point where Mrs. Thompson would actually take delight in marking his papers with a broad red pen, making bold X's and then putting a big "F" at the top of his papers.

At the school where Mrs. Thompson taught, she was required to review each child's past records, and she put Teddy's off until last.

However, when she reviewed his file, she was in for a surprise.

Teddy's first grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is a bright child with a ready laugh. He does his work neatly and has good manners. He is a joy to be around."

His second grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is an excellent student, well-liked by his classmates, but he is troubled because his mother has a terminal illness. Life at home must be a struggle."

His third grade teacher wrote, "His mother's death has been hard on him. He tries to do his best, but his father doesn't show much interest and his home life will soon affect him if some steps aren't taken."

Teddy's fourth grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is withdrawn and doesn't show much interest in school. He doesn't have many friends and he sometimes sleeps in class."

By now, Mrs. Thompson realized the problem and she was ashamed of herself.

She felt even worse when her students brought her Christmas presents, wrapped in beautiful ribbons and bright paper,

except for Teddy's.

His present was clumsily wrapped in the heavy brown paper of a grocery bag. Mrs. Thompson took pains to open it in the middle of the other presents.

Some of the children started to laugh when she found a rhinestone bracelet with some of the stones missing, and a bottle that was one quarter full of perfume.

But she stifled the children's laughter when she exclaimed how pretty the bracelet was, putting it on and dabbing some of the perfume on her wrist.

Teddy Stoddard stayed after school that day just long enough to say, "Mrs. Thompson, today you smelled just like my mom used to."

After the children left, she cried for at least an hour. On that very day, she quit teaching "reading, and writing, and arithmetic." Instead, she began to teach children.

Mrs. Thompson paid particular attention to Teddy. As she worked with him, his mind seemed to come alive. The more she encouraged him, the faster he responded.

By the end of the year, Teddy had become one of the smartest children in the class, and despite her lie that she would love all the children the same, Teddy became one of her "teacher's pets."

A year later, she found a note under her door, from Teddy, telling her that she was the best teacher he ever had in his whole life.

Six years went by before she got another note from Teddy. He then wrote that he had finished high school, third in his class, and she was still the best teacher he ever had in his whole life.

Four years after that, she got another letter, saying that while things had been tough at times, he'd stayed in school and would soon graduate from college with the highest of honors.

He assured Mrs. Thompson that she was still the best and favorite teacher he ever had in his whole life.

Four more years passed and yet another letter came. This time he explained that after he got his bachelor's degree, he decided to go a little further.

The letter explained that she was still the best teacher he ever had. But now his name was a little longer—the letter was signed, “Theodore F. Stoddard, MD.”

The story doesn’t end there. You see, there was yet another letter that spring. Teddy said he’d met this girl and was going to be married. He explained that his father had died a couple of years before, and he was wondering if Mrs. Thompson might agree to sit in the place at the wedding that was usually reserved for the mother of the groom.

Of course, Mrs. Thompson did.

And guess what? She wore that bracelet, the one with several rhinestones missing. And she made sure she was wearing the perfume that Teddy remembered his mother wearing on their last Christmas together.

They hugged each other, and Dr. Stoddard whispered in Mrs. Thompson’s ear, “Thank you, Mrs. Thompson, for believing in me. Thank you so much for making me feel important and showing me that I could make a difference.”

Mrs. Thompson, with tears in her eyes, whispered back:

“Teddy, you have it all wrong. You were the one who taught me that I could make a difference. I didn’t know how to teach until I met you.”

Summer Trees

SUMMER trees, with all their foliage and fruit, teach us valuable lessons. They are so impartial and unselfish. They never ask one who seeks shade or refreshment whether he is rich or poor, learned or ignorant, good or bad. As God gives the sunshine and the rain to all, so the tree blesses all who approach it.

The Psalmist does well when he likens the righteous unto trees. Happy indeed are those who know trees intimately as their friends. One learning the language of trees may hold sweet and very profitable conversations with them.

A Pane of Glass

One day an angel gave four men a pane of glass.

☞ The philosopher took his and made a telescope, so he could see far into the future.

☞ The Pharisee made a magnifying glass of his, so he could magnify the faults of those around him.

☞ The introvert fashioned a microscope, so he could find the hidden things that lie deep within his heart.

☞ The wise man made a mirror.

We Have Only Theories

DR. W. R. Whitney, a past President of the American Chemical Society, picked up from his desk a small bar magnet. He brought it near a steel needle, and the needle leaped to the magnet.

“Why?” Dr. Whitney said. “We have worked out elaborate explanations. We speak learnedly of lines of force. We draw a diagram of the magnetic field. Yet we know that there are no lines there and the field is just a word to cover our ignorance.

“Our explanations are only educated guesses. Consider the beam of light that comes speeding from a star, traveling hundreds of years. Finally it reaches your optic nerve, and you see the star. How does that happen? We have our corpuscular theory of light, our wave theory, our quantum theory. But they are all just educated guesses.”

“So,” explained Dr. Whitney, “after we are all finished with our theories and guesses, we are still backed up against the fact of God—the will of God at work in what we call science.”

A. C. Frey Collection

A Thousand Marbles

PERHAPS it's the quiet solitude that comes with being the first to rise, or maybe it's the unbounded joy of not having to be at work. Either way, the first few hours of a Saturday morning are most enjoyable. A few weeks ago, what began as a typical Saturday morning turned into one of those lessons that life seems to hand you from time to time. Let me tell you about it.

I settled in my back room with a steaming cup of coffee in one hand and the morning paper in the other. I turned the dial to the phone portion of the band on my ham radio in order to listen to a Saturday morning swap net. Along the way, I came across an older-sounding chap, with a tremendous signal and a golden voice.

He was telling whomever he was talking with something about "a thousand marbles." I was intrigued and stopped to listen to what he had to say. "Well, Tom, it sure sounds like you're busy with your job. I'm sure they pay you well, but it's a shame you have to be away from home and your family so much. Hard to believe a young fellow should have to work sixty or seventy hours a week to make ends meet. Too bad you missed your daughter's dance recital." He continued, "Let me tell you something, Tom—something that has helped me keep a good perspective on my own priorities." And that's when he began to explain his theory of "a thousand marbles."

"You see, I sat down one day and did a little arithmetic. The average person lives about seventy-five years. I know, some live more and some live less, but on average, folks live about seventy-five years. I multiplied 75 times 52 and I came up with 3900, which is the number of Saturdays that the average person has in their entire lifetime. Now, stick with me, I'm getting to the important part.

"It took me until I was fifty-five years old to think about all this in any detail," he went on, "and by that time I had lived through over twenty-eight hundred Saturdays. I got to thinking that if I lived to be seventy-five, I only had about a thousand of them left to enjoy. So I went to a toy store and bought

every single marble they had. I ended up having to visit three toy stores to round up 1000 marbles. I took them home and put them inside of a large, clear plastic container right here next to my gear. Every Saturday since then, I have taken one marble out and thrown it away.

“I found that by watching the marbles diminish, I focus more on the really important things in life. There is nothing that helps you get your priorities straight like watching your time here on this earth run out.

“Now, let me tell you one last thing before I sign off with you and take my lovely wife out for breakfast. This morning, I took the very last marble out of the container. I figure that if I make it until next Saturday, then I have been given a little extra time. And the one thing we can all use is a little more time.

“It was nice to meet you, Tom. I hope you spend more time with your family, and I hope to meet you again here on the band. Seventy-five year Old Man, this is K9NZQ, clear and going QRT, good morning!”

You could have heard a pin drop on the band when this fellow signed off. I guess he gave us all a lot to think about. I had planned to work on the antenna that morning, and then I was going to work with a few hams on the next club newsletter. Instead, I went upstairs and woke my wife up with a kiss. “C’mon, Honey, I’m taking you and the kids to breakfast.” “What brought this on?” she asked with a smile. “Oh, nothing special, it’s just been a long time since we spent a Saturday together with the kids. Hey, can we stop at a toy store while we’re out? I need to buy some marbles.”

This is why my weekends are so important to me! Fame, material wealth, and social status do not guarantee happiness; in fact, they often hinder it.

The Successful Plea

“No,” said the lawyer, “I shan’t press your claim against that man. You can get someone else to take the case, or you can withdraw it—do as you please. There may be some money in it, but it would come from the sale of the little house the man occupies and calls home. I want nothing to do with this case.”

“I suppose the old fellow begged to be let off?”

“Well—yes, he did.”

“And you?”

“I didn’t speak a word to him.”

“Oh, he did all the talking, did he? What did you do?”

“I believe I shed a few tears; he didn’t speak a word to me.”

“Well, may I respectfully inquire whom he did address in your hearing?”

“Almighty God. But not for my benefit in the least. You see”—the lawyer crossed his right foot over his left knee, and began stroking his lower leg, as if to help state his case concisely—“you see, I found the little house easily enough, and knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me; so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through the crack of another door just as cozy a sitting room as there ever was.

“There on the bed, with her silver head resting high on the pillows, was an old lady. I was on the point of knocking when she said, “Come, Father, now begin; I’m all ready.” Beside her, on his knees, was an old, white-haired man. He began to pray. First, he reminded God that they were still his submissive children, Mother and he, and no matter what he saw fit to bring upon them, they wouldn’t rebel at his will. Of course, it was going to be very hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, with poor Mother so sick and helpless, but they’d been through hard times before. He reminded God how different it might have been if only one of their boys had been spared them; then his voice kind of broke, and a thin white hand stole from under the coverlet and gently stroked his snowy hair. He went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp again as parting with those three sons—unless Mother and he

should be separated. But at last he began to comfort himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew it was through no fault of his own that Mother and he were threatened with the loss of their little home, which meant beggary and the poorhouse, a place they prayed to be delivered from entering if it would be consistent with God's will. Then he quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. Yes, I should say he begged hard; in fact, it was the most thrilling plea I ever heard! At last, he prayed for God's blessing on those who were about to demand justice." The lawyer stroked his lower limb in silence for a moment or two, then continued, more slowly than before:

"And I believe I'd rather go to the poorhouse myself, tonight, than to stain my heart and hands with the blood of such a prosecution as that."

"You are afraid to defeat the old man's prayer?" queried the client.

"Bless your soul, man, you couldn't defeat it!" said the lawyer. "It doesn't admit of defeat! He left it all subject to the will of God; but he left no doubt as to his own wishes in the matter. He claimed that we were told to make known our desires unto God. You know, I was taught that kind of thing in my childhood; and why I was sent to hear that prayer, I'm sure I don't know; but I hand the case over."

"I wish," said the client, twisting uneasily, "you hadn't told me about the old fellow's prayer, because I want the money the place will bring. But I was taught the Bible all straight enough when I was a youngster, and I'd hate to oppose such an appeal as that one. I wish you hadn't heard a word of it, and perhaps you shouldn't listen to petitions not intended for your own ears."

"My dear fellow," he said, "you're wrong again; it **was** intended for my ears, and yours too, and God Almighty intended it. My mother used to sing about God's moving in a mysterious way, I remember."

"Well, my mother used to sing it, too," said the claimant, as he twisted his claim papers in his hands. "You can call in the morning, and tell them the claim has been met."

"In a mysterious way," added the lawyer, smiling.

The Empty Egg

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

One day she called his parents and asked them to come in for a consultation. As the Forresters entered the empty classroom, Doris said to them, "Jeremy really belongs in a special school. It isn't fair to him to be with younger children who don't have learning problems. Why, there is a five year gap between his age and that of the other students." Mrs. Forrester cried softly into a tissue while her husband spoke.

"Miss Miller," he said, "there is no school of that kind nearby. It would be an awful shock for Jeremy if we had to take him out of this school. We know he really likes it here."

Doris sat for a long time after they had left, staring at the snow outside the window. Its coldness seemed to seep into her soul. She wanted to sympathize with the Forresters. After all, their only child had a terrible illness. But it wasn't fair to keep him in her class. She had 18 other youngsters to teach, and Jeremy was a distraction. Furthermore, he would never learn to read and write. Why waste any more time trying?

As she pondered the situation, guilt washed over her. She prayed, "Lord, please help me to be more patient with Jeremy." From that day on, she tried hard to ignore Jeremy's noises and his blank stares.

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

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

Spring came, and the children talked excitedly about the coming of Easter. Doris told them the story of Jesus, and then to emphasize the idea of new life springing forth, she gave each of the children a large plastic egg.

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

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

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

The next morning, 19 children came to school, laughing and talking as they placed their eggs in the large wicker basket on Miss Miller’s desk. After they completed their math lesson, it was time to open the eggs.

In the first egg, Doris found a flower.

“Oh yes, a flower is certainly a sign of new life,” she said. “When plants peek through the ground, we know that spring is here.”

A small girl in the first row waved her arm. “That’s my egg, Miss Miller,” she called out.

The next egg contained a plastic butterfly, which looked very real. Doris held it up.

“We all know that a caterpillar changes and grows into a beautiful butterfly. Yes, that’s new life, too.”

Little Judy smiled proudly and said, “Miss Miller, that one is mine.”

Next, Doris found a rock with moss on it. She explained that moss, too, showed life.

Billy spoke up from the back of the classroom: “My daddy helped me,” he beamed.

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

Surely it must be Jeremy’s, she thought, and of course, he did not understand her instructions. If only she had not forgotten to phone his parents. Because she did not want to embarrass him, she quietly set the egg aside and reached for another.

Suddenly, Jeremy spoke up. "Miss Miller, aren't you going to talk about my egg?"

Flustered, Doris replied, "But Jeremy, your egg is empty."

He looked into her eyes and said softly, "Yes, but Jesus' tomb was empty, too."

Time stopped. When she could speak again, Doris asked him, "Do you know why the tomb was empty?"

"Oh, yes," Jeremy said. "Jesus was killed and put in there. Then his Father raised him up."

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

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

The Wisdom of Age

WHEN the professor had spoken we stood for a moment silent, then he smiled and said briskly:

"I have been a botanist for fifty-four years. When I was a boy, I believed implicitly in God. I prayed to him, having a vision of him—a person—before my eyes. As I grew older, I concluded there was no God. I dismissed him from the universe. I believed only in what I could see, hear, or feel. I talked about Nature and Reality."

He paused, the smile still lighting his face, evidently recalling the old days. I did not interrupt him. Finally he turned to me and said abruptly: "And now, it seems to me, there is nothing but God."

A. C. Frey Collection

The Wise Old Owl

A wise old owl sat in an oak,
The more he heard, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard.
Why can't we be like that old bird?

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Mud Puddles

WHEN I look at a patch of dandelions, I see a bunch of weeds that are going to take over my yard. My kids see flowers for Mom and blowing white fluff you can wish on.

When I look at an old drunk and he smiles at me, I see a smelly, dirty person who probably wants money, and I look away. My kids see someone smiling at them, and they smile back.

When I hear music I love, I know I can't carry a tune and don't have much rhythm, so I sit self-consciously and listen. My kids feel the beat and move to it. They sing out the words. If they don't know them, they make up their own.

When I feel wind on my face, I brace myself against it. I feel it messing up my hair and pulling me back when I walk. My kids close their eyes, spread their arms and fly with it, until they fall to the ground laughing.

When I pray, I say "Thee" and "Thou" and grant me this, give me that. My kids say, "Hi, God! Thanks for my toys and my friends. Please keep the bad dreams away tonight. Sorry, I don't want to go to heaven yet. I would miss my mommy and daddy."

When I see a mud puddle I step around it. I see muddy shoes and dirty carpets. My kids sit in it. They see dams to build, rivers to cross, and worms to play with.

I wonder if we are given kids to teach or to learn from? No wonder God loves the little children! Enjoy the little things in life, for one day you may look back and realize they were the big things.

Exceptional Lessons in History

Story Number One:

MANY years ago, Al Capone virtually owned Chicago. Capone wasn't famous for anything heroic. He was notorious for enmeshing the Windy City in everything from bootlegged booze and prostitution to murder.

Capone had a lawyer nicknamed "Easy Eddie." He was his lawyer for a good reason: Eddie was very good! In fact, Eddie's skill at legal maneuvering kept Big Al out of jail for a long time. To show his appreciation, Capone paid him very well. Not only was the money big, but Eddie got special dividends. For instance, he and his family occupied a fenced-in mansion with live-in help and all of the conveniences of the day. The estate was so large that it filled an entire Chicago city block. Eddie lived the high life of the Chicago mob and gave little consideration to the atrocities that went on around him.

Eddie did have one soft spot, however. He had a son that he loved dearly. Eddie saw to it that his young son had the best of everything: clothes, cars, and a good education. Nothing was withheld. Price was no object. And, despite his involvement with organized crime, Eddie even tried to teach his son right from wrong. Eddie wanted his son to be a better man than he was himself. Yet, with all his wealth and influence, there were two things he couldn't give his son: a good name and a good example.

One day, Easy Eddie reached a difficult decision. Easy Eddie wanted to rectify wrongs he had done. He decided he would go to the authorities and tell the truth about Al "Scarface" Capone, clean up his tarnished name, and offer his son some semblance of integrity. To do this, he would have to testify against the mob, and he knew that the cost would be great. Nevertheless, he testified.

Within the year, Easy Eddie's life ended in a blaze of gunfire on a lonely Chicago street. But he had given his son the greatest gift he had to offer, at the greatest price he would ever pay.

Story Number Two:

WORLD War II produced many heroes. One such man was Lieutenant Commander Butch O'Hare. He was a fighter pilot assigned to the aircraft carrier USS Lexington in the South Pacific. One day, his entire squadron was sent on a mission. After he was airborne, he looked at his fuel gauge and realized that someone had forgotten to top off his fuel tank. He would not have enough fuel to complete his mission and get back to his ship. His flight leader told him to return to the carrier. Reluctantly, he dropped out of formation and headed back to the fleet.

As he was returning to the mother ship, he saw something that turned his blood cold. A squadron of Japanese aircraft were speeding their way toward the American fleet. The American fighters were gone on a sortie, and the fleet was all but defenseless.

He couldn't reach his squadron and bring them back in time to save the fleet. Nor could he warn the fleet of the approaching danger. There was only one thing to do. He must somehow divert the enemy from the fleet. Laying aside all thoughts of personal safety, he dove into the formation of Japanese planes.

The wing-mounted 50-caliber machine guns blazed as he charged in, attacking one surprised enemy plane and then another. Butch wove in and out of the now broken formation and fired at as many planes as possible until all his ammunition was spent. Undaunted, he continued the assault. He dove at the planes, trying to clip a wing or tail in hopes of damaging as many enemy planes as possible and rendering them unfit to fly. Finally, the exasperated Japanese squadron took off in another direction.

Deeply relieved, Butch O'Hare and his tattered fighter limped back to the carrier. Upon his arrival, he reported in and related the events surrounding his return. The film from the gun-camera mounted on his plane told the tale. It showed the extent of Butch's daring efforts to protect his fleet. He

had, in fact, destroyed five enemy aircraft. This took place on February 20, 1942, and for that action Butch became the Navy's first ace of WW II, and the first naval aviator to earn the Congressional Medal of Honor. A year later, Butch was killed in aerial combat at the age of 29. His hometown would not allow the memory of this WW II hero to fade, and today, O'Hare Airport in Chicago is named in tribute to the courage of this great man.

So the next time you find yourself at O'Hare International, consider visiting Butch's memorial displaying his statue and his Medal of Honor. It's located between Terminals 1 and 2.

What do these two stories have to do with each other?

Butch O'Hare was Easy Eddie's son.

Look Up

THESE is a story of a wicked father who took his young son with him when he went to steal potatoes from his neighbor's field. When they came to the boundary fence, the father stopped and listened while his eyes searched from right to left. Silently, he began to climb the fence. Then the child spoke. "Dad," he said, "you forgot something—you didn't look up." Sudden guilt shamed the father; he took the lad by the hand and returned home.

God "is not far from every one of us; for in him we live and move and have our being." He is not merely a spectator beholding the evil and the good, but he is the actual ruler, upholding all things by his power, watching over the actions of every person, yet preserving our freedom to make our own decisions.

Since he is watching over all our actions, we should indeed use our time and means in the faithful performance of those tasks God has assigned for us to do. In this we do not depend wholly upon our own strength, but our efforts are aided and guided by the providential care of a loving God.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Half Cannot Be Told

A boy who was born blind had an operation which enabled him to see. His mother led him out into the fields and uncovered his eyes for the first time, and let him look upon the sky and trees and grass and flowers. "Oh, Mother!" he cried, "why didn't you tell me it was so beautiful?" "I tried to tell you, dear," was her answer, "but you could not understand me."

So it is sometimes with great verses in the Bible. When we first read them, or commit them to memory, we do not understand; but afterward, when they fit the heart and our eyes are opened, we wonder at their beauty.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Dynamics of Faith

A girl was distressed by the discovery that her brother had set traps to catch birds. Asked what she had done about the matter, she replied, "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said, "I prayed that God would prevent the birds from getting into the traps." "Anything further?" "Yes, I went out and kicked the traps all to pieces."

That child seems to have mastered the doctrine of the futility of faith without works. Real faith is not static, it is dynamic. It is not too much concerned with security. It even risks danger. It is bold to challenge the unknown.

A. C. Frey Collection

Old Scottish Verse

His thoughts were slow,
His words were few and never formed to glisten.
But he was a joy for all the clan,
For you should have heard him listen.



The
LORD
will be your
Confidence

PROVERBS 3:26



The New Footprints

IMAGINE you and the Lord Jesus are walking down the road together. For much of the way, the Lord's footprints go along steadily, consistently, rarely varying the pace. But your footprints are a disorganized stream of zigzags, starts, stops, turnarounds, circles, departures, and returns.

For much of the way, it seems to go like this, but gradually your footprints come more in line with the Lord's. They soon parallel his consistently. You and Jesus are walking as true friends! This seems perfect, but then an interesting thing happens: your footprints, that once etched the sand next to Jesus, are now walking precisely in his steps. Inside his larger footprints are your smaller ones. You and Jesus are becoming one.

This goes on for many miles, but gradually you notice another change. The footprints inside the large footprints seem to grow larger. Eventually they disappear altogether. There is only one set of footprints: they have become one. This goes on for a long time, but suddenly the second set of footprints is back. This time it seems even worse! Zigzags all over the place. Stops. Starts. Gashes in the sand. A variable mess of prints. You are amazed and shocked. Your dream ends.

Now you pray: "Lord, I understand the first scene with zigzags and fits. I was a new Christian; I was just learning. But you walked on through the storm and helped me learn to walk with you."

"That is correct," the LORD responds.

"And when the smaller footprints were inside of yours, I was actually learning to walk in your steps; I followed you very closely."

"Very good. You have understood everything so far."

"When the smaller footprints grew and filled in yours, I suppose that I was becoming like you in every way."

"Precisely."

"So, Lord, was there a regression or something? The footprints separated, and this time it was worse than at first."

There is a pause as the Lord answers with a smile in his voice. "You didn't know? **That was when we danced.**"

A Camel Left Over

AN Arab who was dying called in his most trusted friend, whom he wanted to become executor of his last will and testament. He told his friend that he had 17 camels, of which he desired that his oldest son should receive one half ($\frac{1}{2}$); his second son, one third ($\frac{1}{3}$); and his third son, one ninth ($\frac{1}{9}$). On the Arab's death, his friend was confronted with the difficulty of dividing 17 camels into $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, and $\frac{1}{9}$, in exact proportions! The executor, being a very honest and unselfish man, himself owned but a single camel; he would carry out his friend's wish even if it meant adding his own camel into the lot. On doing so, he was able to give the oldest son $\frac{1}{2}$ of 18 = 9 camels; and to the second son, $\frac{1}{3}$ of 18 = 6 camels; and to the youngest son, $\frac{1}{9}$ of 18 = 2 camels. On adding these together he found he had disposed of $9+6+2 = 17$ camels, so that the one left over was his own!

How often does the Lord ask us to do certain things which seem to tax our strength completely; but we find, on putting into it all we have, the "Isaac" that we offered up is, in the end, returned to us!

A. C. Frey

A Lesson in Heart

A lesson in "heart" is my little 10-year-old daughter, Sarah, who was born with a muscle missing in her foot and wears a brace all the time. She came home one beautiful spring day to tell me she had competed in "field day"—that's where they have lots of races and other competitive events. Because of her leg support, my mind raced as I tried to think of encouragement for my Sarah, things I could say to her about not letting this get her down, but before I could get a word out, she said, "Daddy, I won two of the races!" I couldn't believe it! And then Sarah said, "I had an advantage." Ah, I knew it. I thought she must have been given a head start—some kind of physical advantage. But again, before I could say anything, she said, "Daddy, I didn't get a head start. My advantage was I had to try harder!"

Faith's Two Options

When you come to the edge of all the light you know, and are about to step off into the darkness of the unknown, faith is knowing that one of two things will happen:

- ✦ There will be something solid to stand on, or
- ✦ You will be taught to fly.

The Engine Room was Quiet

*F*INNEY, the great evangelist, tells us that he was once crossing the Atlantic when the steamer was overtaken by a fierce gale of wind. Upon the deck the roar and confusion were terrific. The spray from the crests of the waves blew upon the face with almost force enough to blister it. The noise of the waves roaring and foaming was almost deafening. But when he stepped into the engine-room, everything was quiet. The mighty engine was moving with quietness and stillness in striking contrast to the roar without. So God gives courage, strength, and quietness to the storm-tossed soul who follows Jesus' example and comes to him in prayer.

A. C. Frey Collection

In the Well with God

A young boy, walking through the field one day, preoccupied in thought, fell into a well. He was not hurt; however, his mother, on finding him, but unable to extricate him from the well at the moment, stood at the mouth of the well speaking comforting words to him. Sensing his mother's anxiety, he said to her, "Mother, do not worry, I was talking to God when he and I fell into this well together."

How comforting, when in the furnace of affliction, to know that he is there with us, too!

A. C. Frey

Chosen to Clap and Cheer

WHenever I'm disappointed with my role in life, I stop and think about little Jamie Scott. Jamie was trying out for a part in a school play. His mother told me that he'd set his heart on being in it, though she feared he would not be chosen.

On the day the parts were awarded, I went with her to collect him after school. Jamie rushed up to her, eyes shining with pride and excitement.

"Guess what, Mom," he shouted, and then said those words that will remain a lesson to me:

"I've been chosen to clap and cheer!"

Looking Backward

Ayacht was cruising among the isles of Scotland, when a gale caught the frail craft off a perilous lee shore. The skipper made for a harbor leagues away. Through the darkness the yacht went plunging on her course. At length she swung into smooth water and they dropped anchor, and turning into their berths the crew went peacefully to sleep. In the morning, the owner came on deck and surveyed the scene—a little haven girt about by dark purple mountains. Looking toward the entrance, he saw a narrow channel, with sharp rocks jutting here and there, all awash with boiling surf. Turning to the old skipper, he exclaimed, "Did we pass there in the darkness?"

This is a parable of life. We know something of the goodness and mercy which have followed us all our days, but we shall never fully realize the debt we owe our unseen Guide until we are safely within the harbor.

A. C. Frey Collection

Reaching Thinner Air

FRANK W. Boreham passes on a story told by Handley Page, the airman. When Page landed at Kobar, in Arabia, a large rat managed to get into his airplane. When Page was in mid-air, he discovered the rat's presence by the sound of gnawing behind him. Alarmed at the thought of the damage which those pitiless teeth might do, the aviator remembered that a rat is unable to survive at high altitude. He determined to soar, and he rose until he found breathing difficult. At length he descended to a lower level, and upon landing he discovered that the rat was dead.

There is help for the tempted here. When we feel ourselves endangered by the pests that molest our souls, we need only to rise to a loftier level of Christian attainment.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Source of the Shadow

AS when a father stoops down to kiss a child, the shadow of his body falls upon it, so many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going away from us, but our Heavenly Father stooping down to give us the kiss of his infinite and everlasting love.

A. C. Frey Collection

Saved by the Rain

A Frenchman, after attending a fair in Paris, was headed home on horseback. Behind his saddle was strapped a large satchel filled with presents for his wife and children. He was recalling the pleasant days at the fair, and picturing the joy of meeting his family, when the sky unexpectedly became overcast and it began to rain. He was annoyed and wondered why his trip had to be spoiled by such weather. He rode along pitying himself as men and women and even boys and girls sometimes do.

Just then, from behind some bushes, a robber sprang out and pointed his gun at the rider. The trigger clicked, but the gun did not fire. The grumbling rider put spurs to his horse

and was soon past danger. Collecting his thoughts, he said to himself, "What a fool I've been, complaining to the Lord that the rain was spoiling my trip home. If the rain had not come and dampened the powder in the robber's gun, I would have been killed and never reached home and family."

A. C. Frey Collection

Paganini's Last String

A little over a century ago, Niccolò Paganini's violin was enchanting many an audience in Europe. Paganini was a recognized virtuoso, and his Guarnerius thrilled music lovers with the grandeur of its clarion notes. But the musician was a gaunt, emaciated figure with waxen face and long black hair, and his clumsy movements frequently provoked unrestrained mirth.

During one of his scheduled concerts it seemed that all the evil fates were conspiring against him. He came limping on the platform because of a nail he had run into his heel. As he was tuning his violin both candles fell out of the music box, and the audience tittered. After he had played only a few bars one of the strings broke, and the throng laughed. When a second string broke, the laughter became more audible. But when a third string snapped and Paganini continued to draw divine music out of the single remaining string, the audience fell into a deep silence and looked on in consternation. They completely forgot his clumsiness and the mishaps that might have wrecked a less gifted musician. They realized that genius was revealing itself before them. It was he who had introduced the double harmony and the left-handed *pizzicato* (played by plucking the strings with the finger instead of using the bow), and to hear him induce delicate harmonies out of a violin with broken strings was a revealing and memorable experience.

What was the secret of Paganini's determination to finish his solo? How did his song continue despite the broken strings? The answer is quite apparent: he made full use of the one string that remained unbroken.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Chosen Vessel

The Master was searching for a vessel to use;
On the shelf there were many —
Which one would he choose?

Take me, cried the gold one, I'm shiny and bright,
I'm of great value and I do things just right.
My beauty and luster will outshine the rest
And for someone like you, Master, gold would be best!

The Master passed on with no word at all;
He looked at a silver urn, narrow and tall;
I'll serve you, dear Master, I'll pour out your wine
And I'll be at your table whenever you dine,
My lines are so graceful, my carvings so true,
And my silver will always compliment you.

Unheeding, the Master passed on to the brass.
It was wide-mouthed and shallow, and polished like glass.
Here! Here! cried the vessel, I know I will do,
Place me on your table for all men to view.

Look at me, called the goblet of crystal so clear,
My transparency shows my contents so dear,
Though fragile am I, I will serve you with pride,
And I'm sure I'll be happy in your house to abide.

The Master came next to a vessel of wood,
Polished and carved, it solidly stood.
You may use me, dear Master, the wooden bowl said,
But I'd rather you used me for fruit, not for bread!

Then the Master looked down and saw a vessel of clay.
Empty and broken it helplessly lay.
No hope had the vessel that the Master might choose,
To cleanse and make whole, to fill and to use.

Ah! This is the vessel I've been hoping to find,
I will mend it and use it and make it all mine.
I need not the vessel with pride of itself;
Nor the one who is narrow to sit on the shelf;
Nor the one who is big-mouthed and shallow and loud;
Nor one who displays his contents so proud;
Not the one who thinks he can do all things just right;
But this plain earthy vessel filled with my power and
 might.

Then gently he lifted the vessel of clay.
Mended and cleansed it and filled it that day.
Spoke to it kindly...

**There's work you must do,
Just pour out to others as I pour into you.**

Two Lights to Show the Way

JOHN Henry Jowett told us that during his student days he was appointed to preach at Saddleworth. He was entertained by a farmer. Following the afternoon service, he stayed at the farmer's house until time for the evening train. As darkness fell, the quiet of the day turned into a stormy night. Soon the rutty roads were living streams. When the time for the train's arrival neared, his host gave him a farm lantern, saying, "Just to help you to see where you are going, and to keep you out of the ditch." That of course meant something, but he added something better.

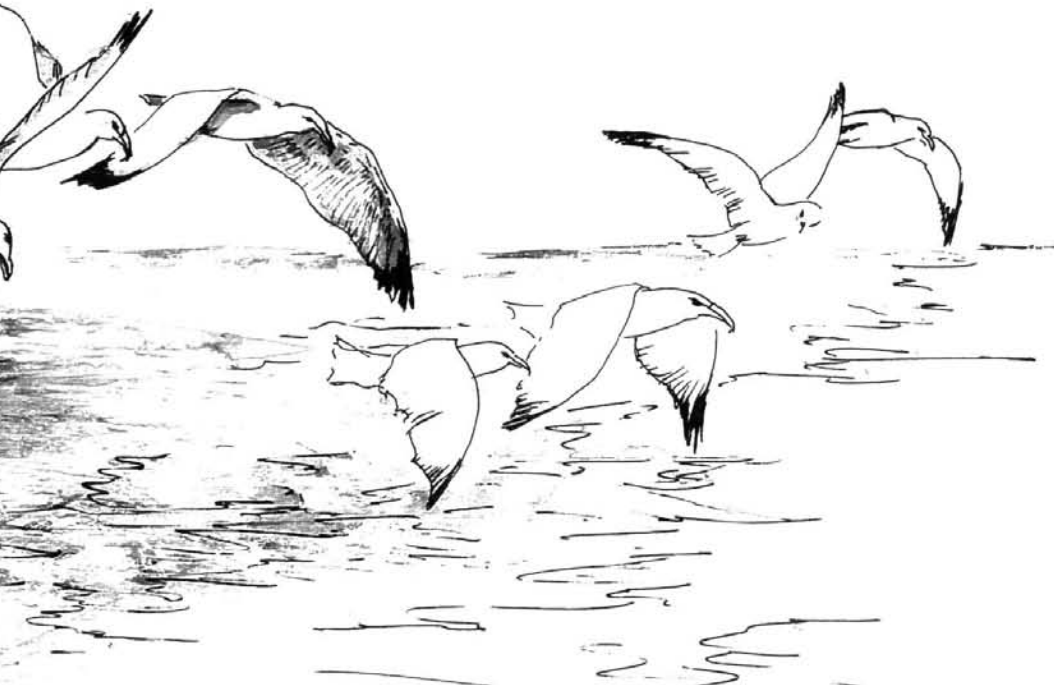
"Do you see that glimmer of light yonder?" Jowett was asked. "No, where?" was his answer. And then the farmer trained his eyes on the far-off gleam that appeared a mile away. "That is Saddleworth station. Make for that," were his instructions. The two lights gave the young preacher what was needed. The lantern gave him light for his feet, and each step was clear. The glimmer in the distance gave him cheer and pointed the course of his journey. He had the light for the next step and guidance for the main direction. The Psalmist gives us a similar picture: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

A. C. Frey Collection



*Do not
Withhold
Good
from those
to whom it is
due*

PROVERBS 3:27



When You Thought I Wasn't Looking

A message every adult should read, because children are watching you and doing as you do, not as you say.

WHEN you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you hang my first painting on the refrigerator, and I immediately wanted to paint another one.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you feed a stray cat, and I learned that it was good to be kind to animals.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you make my favorite cake for me, and I learned that the little things can be the special things in life.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I heard you say a prayer, and I knew there is a God I could always talk to and I learned to trust in God.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you make a meal and take it to a friend who was sick, and I learned that we all have to help take care of each other.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you give of your time and money to help people who had nothing, and I learned that those who have something should give to those who don't.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you take care of our house and everyone in it, and I learned we have to take care of what we are given.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw how you handled your responsibilities even when you didn't feel good, and I learned that I would have to be responsible when I grew up.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw tears come from your eyes, and I learned that sometimes things hurt, but it's all right to cry.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw that you cared, and I wanted to be everything that I could be.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I learned most of life's lessons that I needed to know to become a good and productive person when I grew up.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I looked at you and wanted to say, "Thanks for all the things I saw when you thought I wasn't looking."

A Good Deed Rewarded

THE well-dressed couple looked weary and bedraggled as they entered the front door of that rather middle-class hotel in San Francisco. “Do you have a room available?” they asked the desk clerk. “I am sorry, but we are sold out,” was his apologetic response.

“Do you know of any lodgings that might be available?” they persisted. “We have been looking for hours and all the hotels seem to be full.” “That is because there are several conferences in town this week,” the clerk responded, “and I don’t know of any rooms available.”

Discouraged, they turned to leave. But before they could reach the door, the clerk called them back. Hesitantly, he spoke: “If you don’t mind, I have a possible answer for you. I have a small room here where I sleep. It isn’t much, but you could use it tonight for no charge, and I could sleep on the floor behind the counter when my shift is over.”

Gratefully, the couple accepted the clerk’s offer. In the morning, when they were leaving, the clerk had just risen from his nap on the floor. Seeing him, the couple came over to express their gratitude. “Let me tell you,” the gentleman said, “if we ever open a hotel, you can be sure we will call you to be the manager for us.”

A few years later the clerk received a letter from the couple, asking him to manage the new hotel they had just opened in New York City. The hotel which Mr. and Mrs. John Jakob Astor opened was the world-famous Waldorf-Astoria.

Just for You

If God had a refrigerator, your picture would be on it.

If he had a wallet, your photo would be in it.

He sends you flowers every spring.

He sends you a sunrise every morning.

Whenever you want to talk, he listens.

He could live anywhere in the universe,
But he chose your heart!

True Love

ON the last day before Christmas, I hurried to the supermarket to buy the rest of the gifts I hadn't managed to buy earlier.

When I saw all the people there, I started to complain to myself: "It is going to take forever here and I still have so many other places to go. Christmas really is getting more and more annoying every year. How I wish I could just lie down, go to sleep, and only wake up after it was over."

Nonetheless, I made my way to the toy section, and there I started to decry the prices, wondering if kids really play with such expensive toys.

I noticed a small boy about five years old, pressing a doll against his chest. He kept on touching the hair of the doll, and he looked so sad. I wondered whom this doll was for.

Then the little boy turned to the old woman next to him and asked, "Granny, are you sure I don't have enough money?" The old lady replied, "You know that you don't have enough money to buy this doll, my dear."

Then she asked him to stay there for five minutes while she went to look around. She left quickly. The little boy was still holding the doll in his hands.

Finally, I walked over to him and asked him to whom he wanted to give this doll.

"This is the doll that my sister loved most and wanted so much for this Christmas. She was so sure that Santa Claus would bring it to her."

I replied that maybe Santa Claus would bring it to her after all, and not to worry. But he said sadly, "No, Santa Claus can not bring it to her where she is now. I have to give the doll to my mother so that she can give it to her when she goes there." His eyes were so sad while saying this. "My sister has gone to be with God. Daddy says that Mummy will also go to see God very soon, so I thought that she could take the doll with her to give it to my sister."

My heart nearly stopped.

The little boy looked up at me and said, "I told Daddy to

tell Mummy not to go yet. I asked him to wait until I come back from the supermarket." Then he showed me a very nice photo of himself where he was laughing.

He told me, "I also want Mummy to take this photo with her so that she will not forget me. I love my mummy and I wish she didn't have to leave me, but Daddy says that she has to go to be with my little sister."

Then he looked again at the doll with his sad eyes.

I quickly reached for my wallet and took out a few dollars and said to the boy, "What if we checked again, just in case, to see if you have enough money?"

"Okay," he said. "I hope that I have enough." I added some of my money to his without him seeing, and we started to count it. There was enough for the doll, and even some to spare. The little boy said, "Thank you, God, for giving me enough money."

Then he looked at me and added, "I asked yesterday before I slept for God to make sure I had enough money to buy this doll, so that Mummy can give it to my sister. He heard me. I also wanted to have enough money to buy a white rose for my mummy, but I didn't dare to ask God for too much. But he gave me enough to buy the doll and the white rose. Mummy loves white roses."

A few minutes later, the old lady returned, and I left with my cart. I finished my shopping in a totally different state of mind from when I started. I couldn't get the little boy out of my mind. Then I remembered a local newspaper article two days before, about an accident involving a drunk driver in a truck and a young mother and child in a car. The little girl died at the scene, and the mother was left in a critical state. The family had to decide whether to pull the plug on the life-support system, because the young lady would not be able to recover from the coma.

Was this the family of the little boy?

Two days after this encounter with the little boy, I read in the newspaper that the young lady had passed away.

I impulsively bought a bunch of white roses and went to the funeral home where the body of the young woman was on display for visitors to pay their final respects.

She lay there in her coffin, holding a beautiful white rose in her hand, with the doll and the photo of the little boy placed over her chest.

I left the place crying, feeling that my life had been changed forever.

The love that this little boy had for his mother and his sister is still, to this day, hard to imagine.

And in a fraction of a second, a drunk driver had taken it all away from him.

My Father will Pay for it

THE other day a little girl told me she was going to give her father a pair of slippers on his birthday. "Where will you get the money?" I asked. She opened her eyes wide and said, "Why, Father will give me the money." And I smiled silently as I thought the dear man would buy his own birthday present.

I was not there when she gave him the slippers. But I suppose when the father came down in the morning, there was the package between his knife and fork. And the father loved his little girl for her gift, even though he had had to pay for it. She had nothing in the world that he had not given her.

A. C. Frey Collection

"But it's Warm Now"

A lady, on getting into her carriage, remarked to the groom, "Jackson, it's a very cold day. Will you remind me when I get home to send some warm blankets to the poor people?" She arrived at her luxurious and warm rooms, took off her furs, and made herself comfortable over a cup of tea. Later, when Jackson reminded her of the promised blankets, she replied, "Ah, yes, I remember, but it's nice and warm now." In warmth and comfort she had no feeling for the poor.

A. C. Frey Collection

A Two-Fold Blessing

THE Scottish farmer heard a cry for help from a nearby field. Going to investigate, he discovered a young man caught in a muddy bog. Quickly forming a bridge of logs, he rescued the lad from the mire and brought him back to his small cottage to clean up and change his clothes. The farmer notified the young man's father to come and fetch him.

It was not long before the father, a wealthy local landowner, arrived. Expressing his gratitude to the farmer, he offered him a reward for saving his son's life. The farmer refused the offer, saying that it was no more than a neighborly thing to do.

When the father noticed that the farmer had a son about the same age as his own boy, he inquired as to where the farmer planned to send his son to college. "We cannot afford a university," the farmer replied, "so he will learn to farm my land after me."

"I insist," the wealthy man said firmly, "that your son shall go to a university and I will bear the cost."

Thus, a few years later the youth entered a university, where he studied medicine. He not only graduated with honors, but went into research and eventually discovered penicillin. His name was Alexander Fleming.

After many years had passed, the wealthy landowner's son, now in a position of great prominence, became deathly ill. Fortunately, the infection was cured with the use of the penicillin his young friend had discovered.

The name of the wealthy benefactor was Randolph Churchill, and the young lad whose life had been twice saved was none other than Winston Churchill.

What Goes Around Comes Around

HE almost didn't see the old lady stranded on the side of the road. But even in the fading light of day, he could see she needed help. So he pulled up in front of her Mercedes and got out. His Pontiac was still sputtering as he approached her.

Even though he was smiling, she was worried. No one had stopped to help for the last hour or so—was he going to hurt her? He didn't look safe, he looked poor and hungry.

He could see that she was frightened, standing out there in the cold. He knew how she felt. It was that chill which only fear can put in you.

He said, "I'm here to help you, ma'am. Why don't you wait in the car where it's warm? By the way, my name is Bryan."

Well, all she had was a flat tire, but for an old lady, that was bad enough. Bryan crawled under the car looking for a place to put the jack, skinning his knuckles a time or two.

Soon he was able to change the tire. But he had to get dirty and his hands hurt. As he was tightening up the lug nuts, she rolled down the window and began talking to him. She told him that she was from St. Louis and was only just passing through. She couldn't thank him enough for coming to her aid.

Bryan just smiled as he closed her trunk. She asked him how much she owed him. Any amount would have been all right with her. She had already imagined all the awful things that could have happened had he not stopped.

Bryan never thought twice about the money. This was not a job to him. This was helping someone in need, and God knows there were plenty who had given him a hand in the past. He had lived his whole life that way, and it never occurred to him to act any other way.

He told her that if she really wanted to pay him back, the next time she saw someone who needed help, she could give that person the assistance they needed. Bryan added, "And think of me."

He waited until she started her car and drove off. It had been a cold and depressing day, but he felt good as he headed for home, disappearing into the twilight.

A few miles down the road, the lady saw a small café. She went in to grab a bite to eat and take the chill off before she made the last leg of her trip home. It was a dingy restaurant. Outside were two old gas pumps. The whole scene was unfamiliar to her. The place clearly got little business. The waitress came over to wipe the table and set out clean silverware. She had a sweet smile—even being on her feet all day couldn't erase its warmth.

The lady noticed the waitress was nearly eight months pregnant, but she never let the strain and aches change her attitude. It was obvious that she had to work to support her family. The old lady wondered how someone who had so little could be so giving to a stranger. Then she remembered Bryan.

After the lady finished her meal, and the waitress went to get change for her hundred dollar bill, the lady slipped right out the door.

She was gone by the time the waitress came back. The waitress wondered where the lady could be; then she noticed something written on the napkin, under which were five more \$100 bills.

There were tears in her eyes when she read what the lady had written: "You don't owe me anything, I have been there, too. Somebody once helped me out, the way I'm helping you. If you really want to pay me back, here is what you do: Do not let this chain of love end with you."

Well, there were tables to clear, sugar bowls to fill, and people to serve, but the waitress made it through another day. That night when she got home from work and climbed into bed, she was thinking about the money and what the lady had written. How could the lady have known how much she and her husband needed the help right now?

With the baby due next month, it was going to be hard. She knew how worried her husband was, and as he lay sleeping next to her, she gave him a soft kiss and whispered, "Everything's gonna be all right. I love you, Bryan."

The Master's Touch

ONE day a stranger wandered through the streets of Stratford, England. As he neared the Stratford Cathedral he heard beautiful music coming from the building. He entered the church and took a seat toward the rear of the sanctuary. He was strangely attracted and enchanted by the strains of music coming from the wonderful organ.

After some time, he walked up the long aisle, climbed the steep staircase leading into the choir loft, and edged his way through the seats to take up a position near the organ. He stood there for a moment or two. Then the old organist who was seated at the console looked at him and asked, "What do you want?"

"Please, sir," replied the stranger, "I should like to play your organ. I was attracted by the delightful tone of your organ and would appreciate the privilege of playing upon it."

"No," snapped the old organist. "This is my instrument, and no one else ever plays it."

But the stranger entreated. Finally the old organist slipped out from the seat before the console and the stranger took his place. As the organist sat nearby, he heard strange combinations and tones coming from his organ. He was thrilled. After a few moments, he realized that the music being played was a composition on which he had labored long in his attempt to master it. Tears began to run down his cheeks. Finally the stranger stopped playing and looked around at the old organist, who said, "You must have rehearsed that piece for months to have mastered it as you have. I have been working on it for weeks and I do not feel that I have even begun to learn it."

"Yes," said the stranger seated at the organ. "You see, I love it. It is one of my own."

The eyes of the old organist searched the stranger's face. "Are you Mendelssohn?" he asked in amazement.

"Yes, that is my name," replied the stranger.

"And to think that I almost denied the master the privilege of playing upon my organ," said the old organist.

The Master Musician is able to produce heavenly music that will enchant and delight—but only as the console of your life is surrendered to the Lord Jesus can he thrill and mysteriously draw others to himself.

Cold Water for a Fevered Child

I saw a mother force her fever-stricken child into a bath of cold water. She cried with pain, but the mother was relentless. The child's teeth chattered, her frame shook with agony. Oh, cruel mother, have you no love for your child? Have you no pity? Have you no chord of tenderness that vibrates at her helpless cry? I looked a second time, and lo, the fever had fled, and the child was resting quietly.

A Tale of Bread and Butter

A baker living in a village not far from Quebec bought his butter from a neighboring farmer. One day he became suspicious that the butter was not of the same weight as before, and decided to investigate it. For several days he weighed the butter, and found that the rolls of butter which the farmer brought were gradually diminishing in weight. This angered him and he had the farmer arrested. "I presume you have weights," said the judge. "No, sir," replied the farmer. "How then do you manage to weigh the butter that you sell?" "That's easily explained, Your Honor," said the farmer. "When the baker commenced buying his butter from me, I thought I'd get my bread from him, and it's the one pound loaf I've been using as a weight for the butter I sell. If the weight of the butter is wrong, he has himself to blame."

A. C. Frey Collection

Hang On to One Another

HERE is a beautiful story of an overworked nurse who escorted a tired young man to her patient's bedside. Leaning over and speaking loudly to the elderly patient, she said, "Your son is here."

With great effort, the old man's unfocused eyes opened, then flickered shut again. The young man squeezed the aged hand in his and sat beside the bed.

Throughout the night he sat there, holding the old man's hand and whispering words of comfort.

By morning light, the patient had died. In moments, hospital staff swarmed into the room to turn off machines and remove needles.

The nurse stepped over to the young man's side and began to offer sympathy, but he interrupted her.

"Who was that man?" he asked.

The startled nurse replied, "I thought he was your father!" "No, he was not my father," he answered. "I never saw him before in my life." "Then why didn't you say something when I took you to him?"

"I realized he needed his son and his son wasn't here," the man explained. "And since he was too sick to recognize that I was not his son, I knew he needed me."

Do we need to be reminded that nobody should have to die alone? Likewise, nobody should have to grieve alone or cry alone. Or laugh alone or celebrate alone.

We are made to travel life's journey hand in hand. There is someone ready to grasp your hand today, and someone hoping you will take his or her hand.

Remember to hang on to one another!

**Lord help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray
My prayer shall be for others.**

Most Important Question

DURING my second month of nursing school, our professor gave us a pop quiz. I was a conscientious student and had breezed through the questions, until I read the last one: "What is the first name of the woman who cleans the school?" Surely this was some kind of a joke. I had seen the cleaning woman several times. She was tall, dark-haired and in her fifties, but how would I know her name? I handed in my paper, leaving the last question blank. Before class ended, one student asked if the last question would count toward our quiz grade. "Absolutely," said the professor. "In your careers you will meet many people. All are significant. They deserve your attention and care, even if all you do is smile and say 'Hello.'"

I've never forgotten that lesson. I also learned—her name was Dorothy.

The Instrument Belongs to the Master

THE story is told of a wealthy Englishman who had added to his valuable collection a rare violin which was coveted by Fritz Kreisler, the celebrated virtuoso. When the owner refused to part with the instrument, Kreisler begged permission to play it just once. The opportunity was granted and he played as only a genius can play. He forgot himself. He poured his soul into his music.

The Englishman stood as one enchanted until the playing ceased. He did not speak until Kreisler had tenderly returned the instrument to the antique case, with the gentleness of a mother putting her baby to bed. "Take the violin," the Englishman burst out, "it is yours. I have no right to keep it. It ought to belong to the man who can play it as you did."

That was odd reasoning, to be sure; and yet it has something compelling about it. In a sense, ought not an instrument belong to the master who can draw the finest music from it? And ought not our lives belong to the Master who can draw the noblest harmonies from them?

Always Remember Those Who Serve

IN the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less, a ten-year-old boy entered a hotel coffee shop and sat at a table. A waitress put a glass of water in front of him. "How much is an ice cream sundae?" the boy asked. "Fifty cents," replied the waitress. The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and studied a number of coins in it. "How much is a dish of plain ice cream?" he inquired. Some people were now waiting for a table and the waitress was a bit impatient. "Thirty-five cents," she said brusquely. The little boy again counted the coins. "I'll have the plain ice cream," he said. The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on the table and walked away. The boy finished the ice cream, paid the cashier and departed. When the waitress came back, she began wiping down the table and then swallowed hard at what she saw. There, placed neatly beside the empty dish, were two nickels and five pennies—her tip.

Even the Leaves are Fragrant

A group of girls were playing together one rainy afternoon. One of them opened the door for a moment, and the scent of wet, green, growing things poured into the room. The girl at the door turned and said to the others, "Do you smell the sweet-briar down by the gate? It is always fragrant, but never so fragrant as in the rain." One of the girls said impulsively that this reminded her of her aunt. When asked to explain, she said, "Why, you see, there are ever so many roses that are fragrant—the roses themselves, I mean—but the sweet-briar is the only one whose leaves also are fragrant. That is why it makes me think of my aunt, because everything about her, everything she does, not only the large things, but all the common everyday things, the leaves as well as the blossoms, have something beautiful in them."

A. C. Frey Collection

Catalysts

ACCORDING to the dictionary, a catalyst is “a substance that initiates or accelerates chemical reaction between two or more substances without itself combining with either of them or undergoing any permanent change.” (Winston)

Some of God’s dear people are catalysts, for by their mere presence they bring out the best in others. And by being unaffected by an issue which has caused conflict between people, they are often able to bring about a peaceable reconciliation. Truly, God has ordained that physical phenomena should reflect spiritual law!

A. C. Frey

So Faithful to Duty

I have been reading of an old man, an invalid, whose son had to bear the responsibility for the homestead. One day the son asked the father to do some little chores, but the old man was weary, and his memory was failing, and he forgot. When the son got home he inquired about the chores, and his father said, “Son, I am sorry to admit it, but really I forgot.” The son choked down his anger and said, “Never mind, Father, I’ll attend to them.” He was turning to go to the barn when the father called to him and said, “Oh, my boy, God bless you, just because you are always so faithful to duty! You will never know what a comfort you are to me, you are so faithful, my son, to duty!”

When the son returned from doing the chores, and addressed the poor old man in the deep arm chair, there was no response. In a moment the son discovered that, out of weariness and pain, the tired old man had gone to that land where “there shall be no more pain.” The sweetest memory that son cherishes of his father are these words: “God bless you, my boy! You are such a comfort to me, because you are always so faithful to duty!” And this is the kind of spirit which is inculcated by the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

A. C. Frey Collection

A Canary in the Radio Studio

ONE morning I tuned my radio to a station that had a canary in the studio. I do not think I ever heard a canary sing more sweetly. From his small cage he was doing his best, not knowing that his song was being heard beyond the walls of that room. Yet thousands heard and were cheered.

What a lesson for Christians! Often we become discouraged and feel we do not have any talent. We feel that the little we can do for Christ does not amount to anything. But he does not judge us according to our abilities, but by our faithfulness to him. He can take our little and magnify it into something great and wonderful. Surely, we can work for his glory and leave the results to him.

Mistaken Identity

A lame boy hurried to the passenger agent of a railway station as fast as his crutches and the basket of fruit and candy would permit. As the passengers rushed through the gate, a young man accidentally hit the basket, knocking oranges and apples in every direction. He stopped only long enough to scold the boy for being in his way. Another young man, who was passing by, saw the boy's distress and began picking up the fruit. As he placed it in the basket, he put a silver dollar in the lame boy's hand. With a "better luck next time" and a smile, the young man went his way.

"Hey, mister," called the little boy, "are you Jesus?"

"No," answered his friend, "I'm only one of his followers."

Many foreign missionaries have so closely followed Jesus that their native friends believed that Jesus had lived among them. **The people whose lives we touch need to see Jesus in our lives.** Many people have never known what Jesus was really like. Many will never understand his love unless they see it in our deeds.

A. C. Frey Collection

A Missed Opportunity

THE middle-aged couple that entered the office of the president of Harvard University that late-summer morning were dressed in well-worn but neat clothes. When they asked the secretary if they might see the president, she informed them that he had appointments scheduled for the entire day. "That's all right," the lady replied, "we'll wait."

Morning stretched into afternoon and the secretary was ready to go home for the day. Still the couple waited patiently in the chairs of the outer office. Finally the secretary called the president and mentioned that these people were patiently waiting. "Can you possibly give them a few minutes?" she asked the president. "They seem determined to wait all night." "OK," he answered, "send them in."

The couple seemed out of place as they sat in the plush chairs across from the university head. "What can I do for you?" he asked solicitously. "Well," they politely replied, "our son was a student here last year and loved the university. However, he was killed in an auto accident this summer and we would like to dedicate a memorial to him on the campus."

Somewhat impatiently, the president interrupted, "We already have more statues around this campus than we can handle." "We weren't thinking of a statue," was their answer, "we thought possibly a building." Looking at their humble attire, the president said in a condescending tone, "Do you know what a building costs?"

"No, how much?"

"About a million dollars," they were informed.

"Oh, is that all?" the woman exclaimed, and turning to her husband she said, "In that case, why don't we start our own university?"

And so they left the Harvard president's office and journeyed back to their home on the west coast. There, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford built Stanford University in their son's honor.



*Take hold of
Instruction;
Do not
Let Go*

PROVERBS 4:13



Refiner and Purifier of Silver

“He will sit as a refiner and purifier of silver...”—Malachi 3:3

THIS verse puzzled some women in a Bible study and they wondered what this statement meant about the character and nature of God.

One of the women offered to find out the process of refining silver and report to the group at their next Bible study. That week, the woman called a silversmith and made an appointment to watch him at work. She didn't mention anything about the reason for her interest beyond her curiosity about the process of refining silver.

As she watched the silversmith, he held a piece of silver over the fire and let it heat up. He explained that in refining silver, one needed to hold the silver in the middle of the fire, where the flames were hottest, in order to burn away all the impurities.

The woman thought about God holding us in such a hot spot. Then she thought again about the verse that says, “He sits as a refiner and purifier of silver.”

She asked the silversmith if it was true that he had to sit there in front of the fire the whole time the silver was being refined. The man answered that, yes, he not only had to sit there holding the silver, but he had to keep his eyes on the silver the entire time it was in the fire. If the silver was left a moment too long in the flames, it would be destroyed.

The woman was silent for a moment.

Then she asked the silversmith, “How do you know when the silver is fully refined?” He smiled at her and answered, “Oh, that's easy: when I see my image in it.”

If today you are feeling the heat of the fire, remember that God has his eye on you and will keep watching you until he sees his image in you.

Interview with God

I dreamed I had an interview with God.

“So you would like to interview me?” God asked.

“If you have the time,” I said.

God smiled. “My time is eternity. What questions do you have for me?”

“What surprises you most about humankind?” I asked.

God answered:

“That they get bored with childhood. They rush to grow up and then long to be children again.

“That they lose their health to make money and then lose their money to restore their health.

“That by thinking anxiously about the future, they forget the present, so that they live in neither the present nor the future.

“That they live as if they will never die, and die as if they had never lived.”

God took my hand and we were silent for awhile.

And then I asked, “As a parent, what are some of life’s lessons you want your children to learn?”

God replied with a smile:

“To learn they cannot make anyone love them. What they can do is let themselves be loved.

“To learn that it is not good to compare themselves to others.

“To learn that a rich person is not one who has the most, but is one who needs the least.

“To learn that it only takes a few seconds to open profound wounds in people they love, and it takes many years to heal them.

“To learn to forgive by practicing forgiveness.

“To learn that there are people who love them dearly, but simply do not know how to express or show their feelings.

“To learn that two people can look at the same thing and see it differently.

“To learn that it is not enough that they be forgiven by others, but that they must forgive themselves.

“And to learn that I am always here.”

Your Garden of Life

What have you planted in your garden of life?

It's not too late to ...

☞ **Plant three rows of peas:**

Peace of mind

Peace of heart

Peace of soul

☞ **Plant four rows of squash:**

Squash gossip

Squash indifference

Squash grumbling

Squash selfishness

☞ **Plant four rows of lettuce:**

Let us be faithful

Let us be kind

Let us be patient

Let us love one another

☞ **No garden without turnips:**

Turn up for meetings

Turn up for service

Turn up to help one another

☞ **And you must have thyme:**

Time for God

Time for family

Time for friends

☞ **Water freely with patience and cultivate with love!**

Remember, you reap what you sow.

I asked God to...

☞ **Grant me patience. God said, No.**

Patience is a by-product of tribulations; it isn't granted, it is earned.

☞ **Give me happiness. God said, No.**

I give you blessings. Happiness is up to you.

☞ **Spare me pain. God said, No.**

Suffering draws you apart from worldly cares and brings you closer to me.

☞ **Make my spirit grow. God said, No.**

You must grow on your own, but I will prune you to make you fruitful.

☞ **Help me enjoy life. God said, No.**

I will give you life so that you may enjoy all things.

☞ **Help me love others, as much as he loves me.**

God said ... Ahhhh, finally you have the idea!

Aqueducts Need Water

TRAVELERS in southern Europe will occasionally run across some remains of ancient Roman architecture. Among these are aqueducts. An interesting story is told of one such aqueduct, built in the year 109 at Segovia, Spain. For eighteen centuries it carried cool water from the mountains to the thirsty city. Then the modern pipelines were laid, and the old aqueduct was no longer used. Almost immediately it began to fall apart. The dry mortar crumbled, stones loosened and began to fall. A few years of idleness ruined what eighteen centuries of service had not destroyed.

Tremendous power for good can be destroyed, sapped away, by careless neglect or disuse. The servant with one talent was denounced, not because he had stolen it or gambled it, but because he had done nothing with it.

Guidance

WHEN I meditated on the word “guidance,” I kept seeing “dance” at the end of the word. I remember reading that doing God’s will is a lot like dancing. When two people try to lead, nothing feels right. The movement doesn’t flow with the music, and everything is uncomfortable and jerky. When one person relaxes and lets the other lead, both bodies begin to flow with the music. One gives gentle cues, perhaps with a nudge to the back by pressing lightly in one direction or another. It’s as if two become one body, moving beautifully. Dance takes surrender, willingness, and attentiveness from one person and gentle guidance and skill from the other. My eyes drifted back to the word “guidance.” When I saw “G,” I thought of God, followed by “u” and “i.” “God,” “u” and “i” “dance.” God, you and I dance. This statement is what guidance means to me. As I bowed my head, I became willing to trust that I would get guidance about my life. Once again, I became willing to let God lead.

Dance with God, trusting him to lead and to guide you through each season of your life.

In a Minute

IF you asked Dora to do anything, she would reply, “In a minute.” It was a bad habit she had. “Dora, go upstairs and bring down my comb.” “Yes, Mother, in a minute.” “Dora, come to dinner.” “In a minute.” One day Dora’s bird was hopping about on the floor. Dora’s mother said, “Dora, shut the door, or the cat will be after your bird.” “Yes, Mother, in a minute,” said Dora. “I just want to finish my drawing.” But the cat did not wait. In he came, and with a pounce he had the bird in his mouth. Down went the drawing, and away went cat, bird, and Dora. There was a wild chase out onto the lawn. “In a minute,” Dora came back weeping with the dead bird in her hand. Mother was sad, too, but said, “A great many things may happen in a minute.” Dora never forgot that lesson.

A. C. Frey Collection

Plant Geraniums Outside

TWO geranium plants were purchased at the same time. One was planted out in the garden; the other was placed in the cellar, beneath the house. Both plants were very closely observed to see the effects which different environments might have upon them.

At the end of a few weeks, the one in the cellar, which had been safely sheltered from the elements—the hot sun, the cold winds and the driving rains—had grown, yet not too well. It was frail and scrawny, and its leaves, buds and flowers were only partially developed.

On the other hand, the one planted outdoors, despite the many inclemencies of the weather, was robust; its leaves, buds and flowers were both beautiful and hardy.

God, in his dealings with us, could so ordain our providences that we would be protected from all the adversities to which humankind are heir. But, with nothing to overcome, how would we develop strength of character? Far better not to importune our God for the “charmed” life, but rather to let go, and let the LORD do with us “that which seemeth him good!”

A. C. Frey

Don't Walk

OF course we can read, yet we do not always understand what we read. Often we approach a subject with preconceived ideas and notions. A woman was visiting Washington, D.C. One day she came to a traffic crossing where the sign read, “Don't Walk.” Immediately she stepped off the sidewalk into the path of the oncoming traffic. The policeman blew his whistle to attract her attention, then asked her if she was able to read. She replied, “Of course, I can read.” Thereupon he asked her, “Then why are you walking?” “Oh,” she said, “I saw that sign, but I thought it was an ad for the bus company!”

A. C. Frey

The Liana Vines of Sin

IN the tropical forests of South America, where everything climbs, and everything seeks to overcome everything else, there is a curious class of plants to which the natives give the name of lianas or bushropes. These creeping plants twine around large trees in order to be lifted up above the dense vegetation into the pure air and bright sunshine overhead. Curiously, they will not cling to every kind of tree. They seem to dislike trees with smooth stems and umbrella-shaped crowns of foliage, and refuse to climb around them. The kind of tree they prefer to twine around is one that is very tall, with a rough bark and a slender crown of leaves at the top. You can see that there is a wonderful wisdom in such a choice, for this kind of tree is best suited for their purposes.

When the seed of one of these lianas is dropped by the wind or by a bird at the foot of a suitable tree, the seed begins to grow at once. At first it sends forth a slender thread-like stem that leans upon the tree for support. At this stage it is soft and tender, and looks like a vein of sap flowing and hardening as it flows. A child's finger could snap it with ease. But as it grows and lengthens it becomes thicker and tougher, and twines itself around the tree like a strongly twisted cable. It grasps the tree tighter with time; and by and by the tree is strangled by the thick bands, which only an ax could cut. The leaves of the poor victim wither and fall off, the sap stops flowing, and the tree slowly dies and becomes a stump of dry, rotten wood, still clasped by its cruel enemy, which flourishes, green and vigorous, upon its decay.

Now, my dear young friends, you are at the stage when the seeds of evil habits are sown in your life. If encouraged, they will grow quickly and twine around you, at last becoming strong bands which you cannot break, and which will strangle all your higher powers and destroy you. You must carefully watch for sin's small beginnings, and root it out immediately!

A. C. Frey Collection

Always Copy the Original

IN my early school days, in order to develop good penmanship we were given what was then called a “copy book.” At the top of each page, in beautiful script, was a motto such as “All that glitters is not gold.” Thus, while practicing good penmanship we were being taught nobility of character, too. That top line was the pattern we were to copy on the succeeding five lines. The first copied line was always the best; it came closer to the original—the pattern! The succeeding lines were never as good, because instead of copying the pattern we copied each previous line, thus gradually making poorer and poorer copies. It is that way in life, too: instead of copying the noblest pattern, Christ Jesus, we often copy “copies”—which are never, never as worthy!

A. C. Frey

Clear Water Reflects Best

As at many times before, I was trying to decide whether the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount were practical. My thoughts went back to childhood days, when such problems did not exist.

It was a mid-autumn evening. My mother and sister and I sat in the courtyard in front of our house. We awaited the rising of the autumn moon, which Mother had said would be very beautiful. Soon the tranquil full moon gradually appeared, pouring silver light over the earth. But as it rose higher and higher and we continued to gaze, our heads bent backward until, as it reached its zenith, we were very uncomfortable. Mother, seeing this, went into the house and returned with an enamel basin which she filled with water. Naturally, we saw the full moon reflected in the water. It was pure, clear water that made the perfect reflection possible.

The memory of that scene makes clear to me why so often we cannot feel the presence of God. Our minds are so full of worldly desires that it makes the reflection of God’s light impossible. Only a pure heart could preach the Sermon on the Mount. Only a pure heart can truly live it.

A. C. Frey Collection

Some Good Thoughts

This is the commencement speech given by the writer Anna Quindlen to the graduates at Villanova in June 2000.

It's a great honor for me to be the third member of my family to receive an honorary doctorate from this great university. It's an honor to follow my great-uncle Jim, who was a gifted physician, and my Uncle Jack, who is a remarkable businessman. Both of them could have told you something important about their professions, about medicine or commerce.

I have no specialized field of interest or expertise, which puts me at a disadvantage, talking to you today. I'm a novelist. My work is human nature. Real life is all I know. Don't ever confuse the two, your life and your work. The second is only part of the first.

Don't ever forget what a friend once wrote Senator Paul Tsongas when the senator decided not to run for re-election because he had been diagnosed with cancer: "No man ever said on his deathbed, 'I wish I had spent more time at the office.'" Don't ever forget the words my father sent me on a postcard last year: "If you win the rat race, you're still a rat." Or what John Lennon wrote before he was gunned down in the driveway of the Dakota: "Life is what happens while you are busy making other plans."

You will walk out of here this afternoon with only one thing that no one else has. There will be hundreds of people out there with your same degree; there will be thousands of people doing what you want to do for a living. But you will be the only person alive who has sole custody of your life. Your particular life. Your entire life. Not just your life at a desk, or your life on a bus, or in a car, or at the computer. Not just the life of your mind, but the life of your heart. Not just your bank account, but your soul.

People don't talk about the soul very much anymore. It's so much easier to write a resumé than to craft a spirit. But a resumé is a cold comfort on a winter night, or when you're sad, or broke, or lonely, or when you've gotten back the test results and they're not so good.

Here is my resumé: I am a good mother to three children. I have tried never to let my profession stand in the way of being a good parent. I no longer consider myself the center of the universe. I show up. I listen. I try to laugh. I am a good friend to my husband. I am a good friend to my friends, and they to me. Without them, there would be nothing to say to you today, because I would be a cardboard cutout. But I call them on the phone, and I meet them for lunch. I show up. I listen. I try to laugh.

I would be rotten, or at best mediocre at my job, if those other things were not true. You cannot be really first-rate at your work if your work is all you are.

So here's what I wanted to tell you today:

Get a life. A real life, not a manic pursuit of the next promotion, the bigger paycheck, the larger house. Do you think you'd care so very much about those things if you blew an aneurysm one afternoon, or found a lump in your breast? Get a life in which you notice the smell of salt water pushing itself on a breeze over Seaside Heights, a life in which you stop and watch how a red-tailed hawk circles over the water, or the way a baby scowls with concentration when she tries to pick up a Cheerio with her thumb and first finger.

Get a life in which you are not alone. Find people you love, and who love you. And remember that love is not leisure, it is work. Pick up the phone. Send an e-mail. Write a letter. Get a life in which you are generous.

And realize that life is the best thing ever, and that you have no business taking it for granted. Care so deeply about its goodness that you want to spread it around. Take money you would have spent on beers and give it to charity. Work in a soup kitchen. Be a big brother or sister.

All of you want to do well. But if you do not do good, too, then doing well will never be enough. It is so easy to waste our lives: our days, our hours, our minutes. It is so easy to take for granted the color of our kids' eyes, the way the melody in a symphony rises and falls and disappears and rises again. It is so easy to exist instead of live. I learned to live many years ago.

Something really, really bad happened to me, something that changed my life in ways that, if I had my druthers, it would never have been changed at all. And what I learned

from it is what, today, seems to be the hardest lesson of all. I learned to love the journey, not the destination. I learned that it is not a dress rehearsal, and that today is the only guarantee you get. I learned to look at all the good in the world and try to give some of it back because I believed in it completely and utterly. And I tried to do that, in part, by telling others what I had learned. By telling them this:

Consider the lilies of the field. Look at the fuzz on a baby's ear. Read in the backyard with the sun on your face. Learn to be happy. And think of life as a terminal illness, because if you do you will live it with joy and passion, as it ought to be lived.

“Me Try Some More”

SHE was only a little tot. I was hurrying to catch a train, but the lesson learned that morning was one I cannot soon forget. This wee lassie was toddling along the icy walk as fast as her little legs would carry her when she slipped and fell. Up she got and trotted along, only to fall again. I came to her as she was rising the second time. She raised her blue eyes and said, “Me fell down; me hurt some; me try some more.”

Dear little preacher of good cheer! Only the night before, I had fallen down. My desires had been utterly trampled and I was thoroughly discouraged. I had no intention of trying “some more.”

Her message went straight to my heart. I was “hurt some,” but it might be well to “try some more.” And I did try, with a blessed outcome.

And since then, the message of the little lassie has often come to me with conviction:

“Me fell down; me hurt some; me try some more!”

A. C. Frey Collection

A Lesson

Just think about this:

- ✦ Name the five wealthiest people in the world.
- ✦ Name the last five Heisman trophy winners.
- ✦ Name the last five winners of the Miss America pageant.
- ✦ Name ten people who have won the Nobel or Pulitzer Prize.
- ✦ Name the last six Academy Award winners for best actor or actress.
- ✦ Name the last decade's World Series winners.

How did you do?

The Point: Many of us don't remember the headliners of yesterday. These are no second-rate achievers. They are the best in their fields. But the applause dies. Awards tarnish. Achievements are forgotten.

Now see how you do on this one:

- ✦ List a few teachers who aided your journey through school.
- ✦ Name three friends who have helped you through a difficult time.
- ✦ Name five people who have taught you something worthwhile.
- ✦ Think of a few people who have made you feel appreciated and special.
- ✦ Think of five people you enjoy spending time with.
- ✦ Name half a dozen heroes whose stories have inspired you.

Easier?

The Lesson: The people who make a difference in your life are not the ones with the most credentials, the most money, or the most awards. **They are the ones who care.**

I've learned that...

The best classroom in the world is at the feet of an elderly person.

When you're in love, it shows.

Having just one person say to me, "You've made my day!" makes my day.

Having a child fall asleep in your arms is one of the most peaceful feelings in the world.

Being kind is more important than being right.

You should never say "no" to a gift from a child.

I can always pray for someone when I don't have the strength to help him in any other way.

No matter how serious your life requires you to be, everyone needs a friend to act goofy with.

Sometimes all a person needs is a hand to hold and a heart to understand.

Simple walks with my father around the block on summer nights when I was a child did wonders for me as an adult.

We should be glad God doesn't give us everything we ask for.

Money doesn't buy class.

It's those small daily happenings that make life so spectacular.

Under everyone's hard shell is someone who wants to be appreciated and loved.

The Lord didn't do it all in one day. What makes me think I can?

To ignore the facts does not change the facts.

When you plan to get even with someone, you are only letting that person continue to hurt you.

Love, not time, heals all wounds.

The easiest way for me to grow as a person is to surround myself with people smarter than I am.

Everyone you meet deserves to be greeted with a smile.

There's nothing sweeter than sleeping with your babies and feeling their breath on your cheek.

No one is perfect until you fall in love with them.

Life is tough, but I'm tougher.

Opportunities are never lost; someone will take the ones you miss.

When you harbor bitterness, happiness will dock elsewhere.

I wish I could have told my dad that I love him one more time before he passed away.

One should keep his words both soft and tender, because tomorrow he may have to eat them.

A smile is an inexpensive way to improve your looks.

I can't choose how I feel, but I can choose what I do about it.

When your newly-born child holds your little finger in his little fist, you're hooked for life.

It is best to give advice in only two circumstances: when it is requested and when it is a life-threatening situation.

The less time I have to work with, the more things I get done.

Everyone wants to live on top of the mountain, but all the happiness and growth occurs while you're climbing it.

Apples or Chips

A father saw his son reading a novel. He knew that his son was in the habit of such unprofitable reading. Calling the boy, he said, "John, I wish you to empty the apples out of that basket, and then take the basket to the woodshed and fill it with chips." The son did as he was directed. When he returned, the father said, "Now put in the apples." The son replied that he could not do this, because there was not room enough in the basket for both chips and apples. Then the father said, "That is just what you are about to do with your mind. You have been filling your mind with chips; and when you try to put in apples, there will be no room." Thus it is with all of us. If we fill our minds with jokes, foolish sayings and such, we will not be able to fill them with the things of the Holy Spirit (Ephesians 5:1-7).

A. C. Frey Collection

The Heavens Make Us Small

THE naturalist William Beebe tells of visits he made to Theodore Roosevelt, another naturalist. After an evening's talk in Roosevelt's home at Sagamore Hill, the two men would go out on the lawn and gaze up at the sky. The first of them to detect the first spot of light-mist beyond the lower left-hand corner of the Great Square of Pegasus would recite:

"That is the Spiral Galaxy of Andromeda.

It is as large as our Milky Way.

It is one of a hundred million galaxies.

It is 750,000 light-years away!

It consists of one hundred billion stars, each larger than our own sun."

After an interval, Beebe reports, Mr. Roosevelt would grin at him and say, "**Now I think we are small enough; let's go to bed!**"

A. C. Frey Collection

Beauty Tips

- ✦ For attractive lips, speak words of kindness.
- ✦ For lovely eyes, seek out the good in people.
- ✦ For a slim figure, share your food with the hungry.
- ✦ For beautiful hair, let a child run his or her fingers through it once a day.
- ✦ For poise, walk with the knowledge that you'll never walk alone.
- ✦ People, even more than things, have to be restored, renewed, revived, reclaimed, and redeemed; never throw out anybody. Remember, if you ever need a helping hand you'll find one at the end of your arm. As you grow older you will discover that you have two hands, one for helping yourself, the other for helping others.
- ✦ The beauty of a woman is not in the clothes she wears, the figure she possesses, or the way she combs her hair. The beauty of a woman is seen in her eyes, because that is the doorway to her heart, the place where love resides. True beauty in a woman is reflected in her soul. It is the caring that she lovingly gives, the passion that she shows. And the beauty of a woman only grows with passing years.

Audrey Hepburn

Michelangelo's Shadow

IT is said that Michelangelo placed a lighted candle on his cap while at work, that his shadow might not fall upon his creation. How the shadows of self mar the pictures that we try to paint! How they obscure the angel which we try to chisel from the block of marble! How selfishness dwarfs the character!

A. C. Frey Collection

Handle with Care

Part I

SOME people use their Bibles as repositories for all manner of things. Many women keep dead flowers in them. Do you suppose it is because they know that those precious flowers will not be disturbed in that Book, and that they will be safe there from damage? Let them find books of philosophy and therein keep their flowers. But let every Bible be so heavily used that nothing is safe in it except its reader's heart and mind.

Some people like the soft feel of a genuine leather binding, and will use their Bibles as coasters for their Sunday afternoon beers, or sit an ashtray upon them because the textured surface keeps it from slipping and sliding around. Others display them proudly on their coffee tables, so that their friends and neighbors will know that they are reverent, but then they will scream at their children for touching them.

Many Bibles are so overstuffed with papers and cards and old church bulletins and notes and the occasional pencil, with pictures of the grandkids and newspaper clippings, funeral and wedding announcements, that you just know those people couldn't possibly be actually sitting down and reading those books.

More often than not, Bibles are found at the bottoms of stacks of other books. Far too often does the preacher hear, "Well, I know it's around here somewhere..." Every Christian should know, not where his Bible is, but where his Bibles are.

Part II

OCCASIONALLY you walk into someone's home and you see a well-cared for Bible, yet it is so worn from heavy use that the color of its cover has faded. Raw leather shows at the corners, yet its pages are neither torn nor wrinkled.

If you should walk into someone's home and see such a Bible, pick it up and open it—carefully, please. In it you will

find many notes, written in small letters so that there is room for more. You will find whole passages marked, rather than the single verses that we've all been taught to memorize in our youth. You will never find anything else lying atop that Bible, except perhaps a pair of glasses.

Now, that person will not have the distracted look of a harried person, but the peaceful gaze of a contented soul. There will be joy in his or her eyes that fairly sparkles with vibrant electricity. The merest glance will tell you that here is a person at peace with himself and at peace with the world. Most of all, at peace with God.

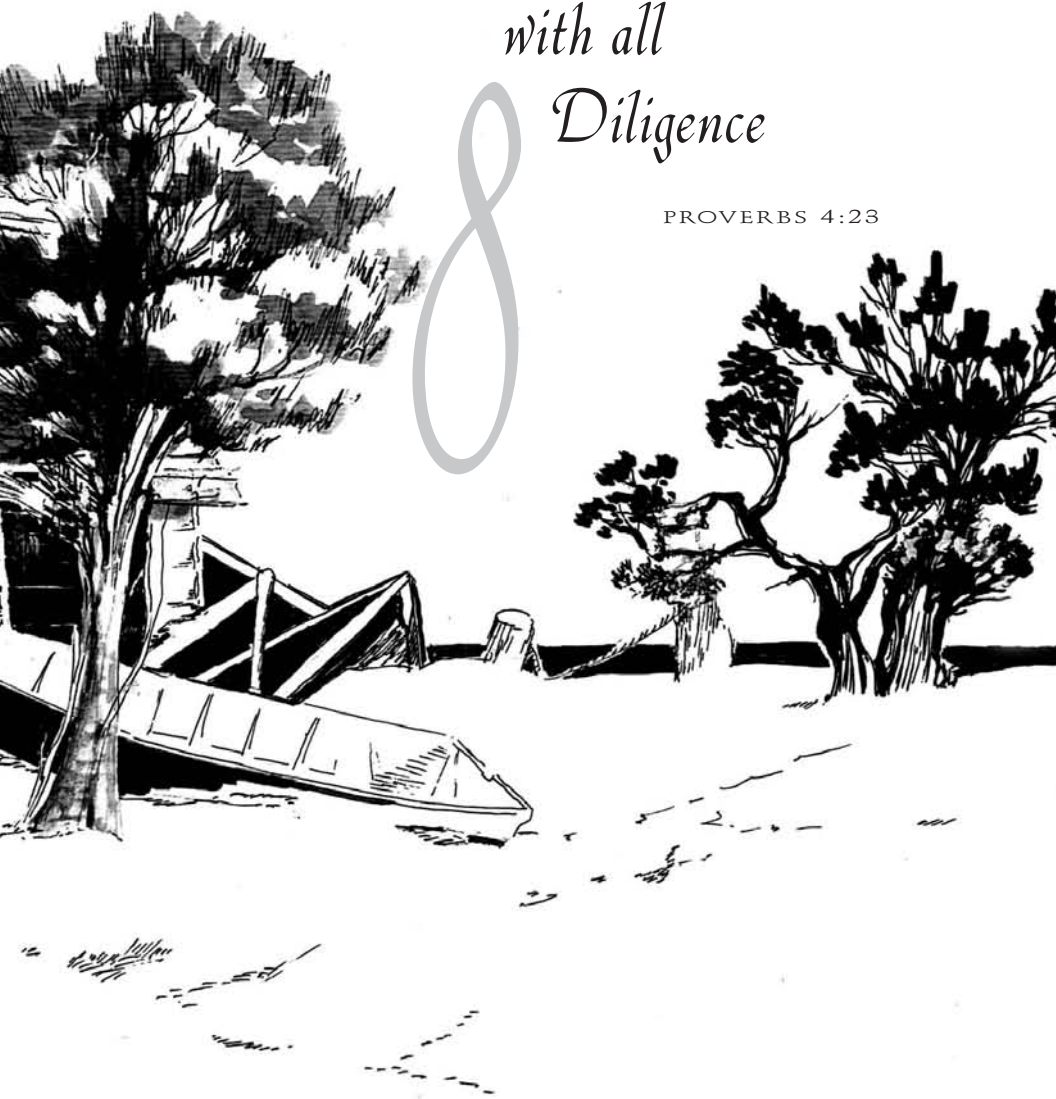
Imagine, just a single glance at a well-worn Bible will establish in your heart a connection with that person faster than any other thing.

Let your Bibles become the most highly-prized treasures in your home. Let them be treated with the careful attention that the Word of God deserves. Handle them with great care, but handle them often.



*Watch over your
Heart
with all
Diligence*

PROVERBS 4:23



To all my dear family and all my dear friends:

These maxims and quotations were collected over a period of thirty years. They were taken from newspapers, magazines, radio messages, and Bible conference speakers. It was only lately that they were sorted out to be best presented in their proper groupings.

Some friends asked me for copies of these maxims and quotations. It was then that I asked my friend, Mr. Bradley Hedman, to assist in sorting the entries into categories. His assistance throughout this undertaking is very much appreciated.

As you read these maxims and quotations, you will notice that I did not use any proverbs from the Bible. I thought it would be more appropriate not to intermix the Proverbs with the sayings of man. The Proverbs themselves are inspired by God and merit a place of their own.

Someone once said, "Nothing new is said in these maxims and quotations that was not said before—they appear and reappear dressed in different garments."

Carl F. Schrade
December 1989

Accusations

Clean your fingers before pointing them at someone else.

Some people live in the accusative case—always finding fault.

If the bad things they say about you are true, mend your ways. If they're not true, then forget it and go on doing what's right.

Achievement

Great achievements are but the accumulation of conquered difficulties.

To do just a little bit more and a little bit better is the secret of achieving excellence.

All of man's gains are the fruit of venturing.

What counts is not the number of hours you put in, but how much you put in the hours.

The only way to make sure you are not moving backward is to move forward.

Genius is not spontaneous combustion; it is a trail of sparks from a grindstone.

Yesterday's dreams are today's achievements and tomorrow's history.

Each accomplishment makes the next task easier.

It is of no profit to begin many things and bring none to an end.

Notice the gain in confidence upon accomplishing a tiresome labor.

Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishment gives luster—and more people look at a thing than weigh it.

Actions

One good idea put to use is better than a dozen ideas on a shelf.

Business is like a wheelbarrow: it stands still until someone pushes it.

Chop your own wood and it will warm you twice.

All the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.

The smallest good deed is better than the grandest intention.

Sincerity is validated by actions rather than words.

Well done is better than well said.

Actions speak louder than words—but not as often.

Thinking too long about a project often becomes its undoing.

The only ideas that will work for you are the ones you put to work.

No matter what your lot in life is, build something on it.

The significance of life is not determined by its duration—it's determined by its donation.

Anybody who waits for his ship to come in is apt to miss the boat.

Being on the right track won't get you anywhere if you just sit there.

We cannot do everything at once, but we can do something at once.

We have committed the Golden Rule to memory; let us now commit it to life.

Advice

When giving advice to a destitute person, put your advice in a sandwich.

Be cautious in giving advice: wise men don't need it, and fools don't heed it.

Be ruled by time, the wisest counselor of all.

A good scare often does more good than advice.

Even a pastor needs a pastor to whom he can go for advice.

The best way to succeed in life is to act on the advice we give to others.

Aging

It is not how old you are but how you are old.

Some people, no matter how old they get, never lose their beauty: they merely move it from their face to their heart.

As youth grow older, they revert somewhat to the traditional ways.

It's only when a man stops learning that he begins to grow old.

Age is an example of mind over matter: if you don't mind, it doesn't matter.

How to grow old gracefully? Put your life in God's care unreservedly.

I'd better not be wasting time, or time is wasting me.

Birthdays are guaranteed age increases.

Ambition

The man who never made a mistake never made anything worthwhile.

Ambition is a noble comrade but a dangerous master.

Everyone must make his own place in the world—there is none who will do it for you.

Ninety percent of ambition goes up the chimney.

Anger

People who fly into a rage always make a bad landing.

If you have reason to be angry, do not make a spectacle of yourself.

A show of anger ruins good relations with others.

An insult is like mud—it will brush off much easier when dry. Wait a little and things will mend more easily.

“A soft answer turns away wrath” is the best system of self-defense.

You can't lose your head without losing face.

The root of bitterness is anger kept inside.

Every time you give another person a “piece of your mind,” you add to your own vacuum.

Never tell a person off in anger. Play it cool.

The surest way to help a man defeat you is to get angry at him.

When you have written a wrathful letter—put it in the fire.

Appreciation

Don't let your parents down—they brought you up.

There is not a more rewarding exercise of the mind than gratitude.

The world of Nature is a beautiful book, but it is of little use to him who cannot read it.

All our discontents spring from lack of thankfulness for what we have.

Be quick to give credit to others, especially to those who serve unheard and unseen away from the spotlight.

Never look a gift horse in the mouth.

The thankless heart is always an unhappy heart.

Take time to show appreciation—thanks is the frosting on the cake.

Forget injuries; never forget kindness.

If you confer a benefit, never remember it; if you receive one, never forget it.

There is no better liberality than that of gratitude and thankfulness.

It would be nice if we would forget our troubles as easily as we forget our blessings.

Attitude

Grow antennae, not horns.

If you keep on saying “Things are bad,” you have a good chance of being a prophet.

Change yourself and your work will seem different.

Growl all day and you'll be dog-tired at night.

Two men looked through prison bars: one saw mud, the other, stars.

You can't hold a man down without staying down with him.

Any person who is always feeling sorry for himself, should be.

People are usually down on what they are not up to.

I can alter my life by altering my attitude of mind.

The art of pleasing consists in being pleased.

It is impossible to grow in grace if we have hardening of the attitudes.

Faultfinders never improve the world—they only make it seem worse than it really is.

Imagined injuries are the hardest to heal.

It is not your position that makes you unhappy, it is your disposition.

Hatred is a boomerang which is sure to hit you harder than the one you threw it at.

There's no difference between a stumbling block and a stepping-stone except in how you use them.

Life is ten percent what you make it and ninety percent how you take it.

If one looks for faults in others, he will find them.

Good depends not on things but on the use we make of things.

An optimist laughs to forget; a pessimist forgets to laugh.

The man who takes the world philosophically can never be permanently beaten.

Bible

There is no better book with which to defend the Bible than the Bible itself.

I have read many books, but the Bible reads me.

Do not criticize the Bible—let the Bible criticize you.

When the reading of the Bible makes you feel comfortable at all times, you are reading it wrong.

The Bible's horizon is eternity.

When considering Bible doctrines, let us not consider prominent Bible expositors to be the highest court of appeal.

God's words are worth much and cost little.

When the Bible speaks, the argument is over.

The Bible will not be revealed with its covers closed.

The best evidence of the Bible being the word of God is to be found between its covers.

What food is to the body, the Bible is to the soul.

The Bible that is falling apart usually belongs to a person who isn't.

The Bible is the book above all others to be read at all ages and in all circumstances of life.

The Bible has a proper counsel for every conflict in life.

Boasting

They love least who speak about their love the most.

People who tell others how early they rise in the morning act like roosters and crow about it.

Boast not when putting the harness on; wait till it comes off when the work is done.

Budget

The trouble with the budget is, it won't budge.

If the expense exceeds the income, the upkeep will be the downfall.

Beware of little expenses. A small leak may sink a big ship.

Appreciate the pennies and the dollars will follow.

Burden

It is not the load that wears us down, it is the way we carry it.

No matter what scale we use, we can never know the weight of another man's burden.

Challenge

Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objection must first be removed.

No man knows what he can do till he tries.

Obstacles placed in our way often prove whether we truly wanted something or just thought we did.

Don't let the failures of yesterday spoil your opportunity to do better today.

Setbacks pave the way for comebacks.

To a strong man, opposition is a challenge which goads him on to victory.

Change

The best reformers the world has ever known are those who began with themselves.

Nothing is permanent but change.

One can't change a person from the outside. Change comes from the inside.

Character

Character is what you are when no one is watching.

The character development of a person starts in the crib.

Character is the sum total of all our habits, whether good or bad.

Money lost, little lost. Reputation lost, more is lost. Courage lost, much is lost. Character lost, all is lost.

Virtue withers away if it has no opposition.

Search others for their virtues, yourself for your vices.

If you want to discover what is in a man, give him power; it will either make him or break him.

Character is property; it is the noblest of possessions.

Nature forms, school informs, sin deforms, flesh conforms, and Christ transforms.

With man as with apples, it's hard to polish the outside if the inside is rotten.

There is no better test of a man's character than his behavior when he is wrong.

Thoughts, words, and actions are the components that form the character. Thoughts conceive, words propel, and deeds form a habit—and habit establishes the character.

What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us.

A Christian character is not inherited; each individual must build it for himself.

Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed.

A godly character is more important than spiritual gifts and abilities.

Cheerfulness

No one ruined his eyesight by looking at the bright side of life.

Face the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.

Cheerfulness and contentment are great beautifiers and preservers of youthful looks.

Optimism is the cheerful frame of mind that enables you to sing like a teakettle when you're up to your chin in hot water.

The ABC of a Christian: **Always Be Cheerful.**
—1 *Thessalonians 5:16*

Cheerfulness is the principle ingredient of good health.

Better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.

That load becomes easy which is cheerfully borne.

Being well-adjusted is doing with a smile what you have to do anyway.

Cheerfulness is the atmosphere in which all good things thrive.

Cheerfulness is contagious, but don't wait to catch it from others—be a carrier.

Choice

God has never put anyone in a place too small to grow in.

The door to the human heart can be opened only from the inside.

You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink.

Destiny is not a matter of chance, it is a matter of choice. It is not a thing to be waited for, it is a thing to be achieved.

I can complain because rosebushes have thorns, or I can rejoice because rosebushes have roses.

Consider the bed you are making for yourself; it's the bed you will lie in.

There is a place in the world for every man and a man for every place. The secret is in securing the right man for the right place.

If you don't scale the mountain you can't see the view.

Love cannot be imposed by force; it must be accepted by the heart.

What you are to be, you are becoming now.

We are today only what we made ourselves yesterday.

Commitment

The greatness of a man's accomplishments is the measure of his commitments.

Where there is a will, there is a way.

Some Christians major in the minor and minor in the major.

When you do not start the day with God, you need not wonder when it does not end with God.

It does not take a great man to do great things. It just takes dedication and commitment.

Too many Christians have set aside the sweet by-and-by in favor of the disappointing here-and-now.

It is one thing to be in the truth, and another thing for the truth to be in us.

Dedication and commitment are the ingredients of a successful life.

“Almost” never made it.

Compassion

To understand is to pardon.

There is no better loan than a sympathetic ear.

Understanding and compassion are needed to have a good relationship with others.

There are three ways of seeing: seeing with our physical eye, seeing with our mind, and seeing with our heart.

Men do not care how much you know, unless they know how much you care.

Don't touch the wounded heart; rather anoint, bind up and heal.

Conscience

Conscience is God's presence in man.

So live, that you would not be ashamed to sell your parrot to the town gossip.

Conscience is that still, small voice that is sometimes too loud for comfort.

In matters of conscience the law of majority has no place.

Isn't it odd how people who wrestle with their conscience often try for two falls out of three?

The thought of the slightest infraction of justice on one's part should ring the loudest bells of alarm in the heart and head of every child of God.

Sensitivity to sin gets desensitized whenever we stifle our conscience, eventually losing its response to wrongdoing.

Pertinent truth about saintly living may touch a raw nerve. If it does, be glad and keep it tender: it is a warning sign of approaching danger.

Whatever creed be taught or land be trod, man's conscience is the oracle of God.

Consecration

He who is true to God will be true to man.

It takes more than a reel and a rod to make a fisherman, and it takes more than a Bible and a Sunday suit to make a Christian.

Consecration means burning the bridges behind you. It is a way with no return.

Christianity is the only place where surrender brings victory.

A true Christian is as careful how he speaks and lives in his home as how he acts among the brethren.

To will what God wills, this brings peace.

It will not be easy to brainwash the washed heart.

Lord, may I see you more clearly, love you more dearly, and follow you more nearly.

Living the Gospel is a full-time job.

Contentment

Be thankful for what you have not.

He that has little and wants less is richer than he that is rich and wants more.

Contentment consists not in great wealth but in few wants.

True contentment is getting out of any situation what there is in it.

It is not the greatness of a man's means that makes him independent so much as the smallness of his wants.

A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to leave alone.

If you don't like your job, quit; otherwise, shut up.

The secret of contentment is knowing how to enjoy what you have, and being able to lose all desire for things beyond your means.

Be content without being smug.

Contentment is to take life as it is and make the best of it, trusting in God for the future.

To be content with little is difficult, but to be content with much is impossible.

Our luxuries are always masquerading as necessities.

Courage

The man who dares to fight someone stronger has already won half the battle.

Reality may be a rough road, but escape is a precipice.

Don't be afraid to take a big step. You cannot cross a chasm in two small jumps.

The highest degree of courage is seen in those that are fearful but refuse to let fear defeat them.

Courage is the primary human quality; without it, all other character qualities would fail.

Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear—not absence of fear.

Criticism

Be generous with praise, cautious with criticism.

Criticism does not change people; kindness and appreciation do.

People ask for criticism but they hope to hear praise.

In correcting, point to that which is right more than to that which is wrong.

It is much easier to be critical than correct.

When rejecting the ideas of another, make sure you reject only the idea and not the person.

The goal of criticism is to leave the person with the feeling that he has been helped.

When we must criticize, let it be humbly, in the spirit of helpfulness—not to boost our own image.

It's easy to be critical—the real test is to come up with constructive alternatives.

Instead of pointing a critical finger, hold out a helping hand.
Make it a habit never to be critical about small things.

Deception

The **large print** giveth and the **small print** taketh away.

It is an illusion to talk of love and peace while the hands are holding weapons of destruction.

We may fool others. We may even fool ourselves. But we can never fool God.

Some people can paint, with their tongues, the foulest deeds in fairest colors.

All that glitters is not gold.

You may fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time.

With how much ease we believe what we wish to believe.

Resentment is hatred dressed in a tuxedo.

Often the chip on a person's shoulder is "bark."

If the advertisement or sales pitch seems too good to be true, then it usually is.

The greater the avowals, the smaller the truth.

Decisions

Don't jump on the bandwagon until you've heard the music.

Decisions are too often made by a guess, a stab in the dark, or by emotionally-loaded judgments.

Never make a decision when angry.

Defeat

He who seeks fun as an end in itself will find in it an end of himself.

He who throws dirt only manages to lose ground.

Irritation in the heart of a believer is always an invitation to the devil to stand by.

It is the tendency of human nature to act impetuously at times, overriding the virtue of prudence.

Defeat is not bitter if you don't swallow it.

People who fight fire with fire usually end up with ashes.

In quarreling, truth is always lost.

The only thing worse than a quitter is the man who's afraid to begin.

Complacent and comfortable Christians don't need hymns of spiritual warfare—they are already casualties.

Violence in the voice is usually the death rattle of reason.

To the timid and hesitating everything is impossible because it seems so.

One great obstacle to happiness is expecting too much.

Dependency

No man is an island.

No one is rich enough to do without a neighbor.

Charity is injurious unless it helps the recipient to become independent of it.

There is no such thing as a lone ranger Christian.

Diligence

Work is the yeast that raises the dough.

There may be good fortune in getting a good job, but not in keeping it.

He who waits upon fortune is never sure of a dinner.

Trifles make perfection; perfection is no trifle.

A second-class effort is a first-class mistake.

The person who wants to work finds a way; the other finds an excuse.

There is nothing so worthless as an unlocked lock.

Anything that is worth doing is worth doing well.

Discipline

Strength comes from struggle, weakness from ease.

Plan your work and then work your plan.

If I don't practice one day, I notice it; if two days, my friends notice it; if three days, the public notices it.

Practice is the best of all instructors.

Meekness is power under control.

Whoever tries for great objectives must suffer something.

A persistently right life is a consistently bright life.

There is no shortcut in developing character and spiritual muscle—it takes discipline.

As a twig is bent, so will it grow.

Too much time spent in complaining leaves too little time for doing.

In time, reluctant practice becomes relaxed habit.

No life ever grows great until it is focused, dedicated, disciplined.

Duty

In doing what we ought to do we deserve no praise, because it is our duty.

Always do right. This will gratify some people and astonish the rest.

Ease

He is no man as man should be, who never saw adversity.

All sunshine makes a desert.

There's nothing harder to stand than rows of days in leisure spent.

Education

The midnight oil that modern students burn is gasoline.

Children need models more than they need critics.

A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops.

It is better to have an educated heart than an educated mind.

The philosophy in the classroom is the philosophy of the government in the next generation.

If you want your son to become a man you must begin before he is a man.

Education is hard work, but it can be made interesting work.

Efficiency

Don't tell me how hard you work, show me some of your accomplishments.

A committee is a group of people who keep minutes and waste hours.

The quickest way to do many things is to do one thing at a time.

Beside the noble art of getting things done, there is the noble art of leaving things undone. The wisdom of life consists in the elimination of non-essentials.

Precious time should not be wasted over worthless matters.

The more a person has to do the more he is able to accomplish—he has learned to economize his time.

The best way to get rid of unpleasant duties is to discharge them immediately.

Emotions

The easiest way out of an emotional slump is to begin to do good, profitable and worthy things that add meaning to life.

Never attach yourself too closely to anything, in order to let go if Providence takes it from you.

It is not so much **what** we say as **how** we say it.

Nothing is little to him that feels it with great sensibility.

Empathy

No doctor is a good doctor who has not been sick himself.

He best can pity who has felt the woe.

Patience is mindful of its own imperfections, and sympathetic with the imperfections and shortcomings of others.

He who cannot weep does not know how to still the tears of others.

Encouragement

Corrections do much, encouragements do more.

A pat on the back often pushes out the chest.

Genuine praise lends a gentle touch to criticism.

A great thing we can give is encouragement.

It is a privilege to give a cheerful word at all times.

When criticizing say “we,” when complimenting say “you.”

Give a criticism in private, a compliment in public.

If defeated, carry no bitterness in your heart. New flowers of hope will spring forth from the ashes of defeat. There has never been a hero with no defeats, either before or after the victory.

The men and women who are lifting the world upward and onward are those who encourage more than criticize.

Endurance

When you reach the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on.

No one can endure hardness if there is no hardness to endure; no one can overcome without obstacles to overcome.

When things get rough, remember: it’s the rubbing that brings out the shine.

A tree with the deepest roots is the least likely to topple.

Enthusiasm

Boredom is a disease that erodes initiative and shrivels personality.

You can make friends easier in a month by being interested in them, than in ten years trying to get them interested in you.

Enthusiasm is the match that lights the candle of achievement.

None are so old as those who have outlived enthusiasm.

Error

It is many times harder to dislodge an error than it is to accept one.

It is harder to unlearn an error than to learn the truth.

Custom may lead men into error, but it justifies none.

Example

No one knows of your honesty unless you supply some examples.

It is harder to exemplify values than to teach them.

One of the greatest gifts that man has ever known is moral courage.

One example is worth a thousand arguments.

A great deal of instruction is negated by a bad example.

Be what you wish others to become.

You can preach a better sermon with your life than with your lips.

Excuse-making

He that is good for making excuses is seldom good for anything else.

Excuses are a testimony of failure.

Those who make the worst use of their time are the first to complain about its shortage.

Alibis are like weeds: once you start growing them, they may become your only crop.

We credit our successes to ourselves, our failures to others.

He who excuses himself accuses himself.

He who complains about boredom gives his own testimony of his inner emptiness and lack of interest.

Experience

A page of history is worth a volume of logic.

Our growth depends not in how many experiences we have but how we profit by them.

Life is measured by thoughts and actions, not by time.

Experiences of the past should be guideposts, not hitching posts.

Some people change their ways when they see the light—others only when they feel the heat.

Many of our acts are motivated by wishful thinking, only to show us there is no substitute for disciplined realism.

Don't judge your friend until you stand in his place.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

Some experiences cannot be described—they can only be felt.

A man used to vicissitudes is not easily dejected.

No man's knowledge in this life can go beyond his experience.

Only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches.

Most people don't believe in a water shortage until their well runs dry.

Failure

Failure is the path of least resistance.

He who considers too much performs too little.

A failure is a man who has blundered but is not able to cash in on the experience.

The road to failure is paved with many good intentions.

When success turns a man's head, he is facing failure.

Failures can be divided between those who thought and never did, and those who did and never thought.

A person who works for himself exclusively is in a very small business.

To muse means to think; to amuse means to kill time.

When Christians fight, Satan stays neutral while supplying ammunition to both sides.

Faith

Hope is wishing for a thing to come true. Faith is believing that it will come true.

Great faith can be shown only in great trials.

Faith makes all things possible; love makes all things easier.

Faith is deaf to doubts, dumb to discouragements, and blind to impossibilities.

Faith in the promises of God is the heart-beat of a Christian's existence.

Faith is the bird singing to greet the dawn while it is still dark.

Where there is no vision the people perish.

To see God in everything makes life the greatest adventure there is.

Faith in things unseen requires a simple childlike trust.

Faith is a commitment to God in the everyday things of life.

True belief is faith in action, otherwise it is only a mental exercise.

Let not the pressure of everyday life stifle God's eternal promises.

Sorrow looks back, worry looks around, faith looks up.

Faith is risking that God's Word is true after all.

True faith sees the invisible, believes the incredible, and receives the impossible.

With God, nothing shall be impossible.

True Christians believe with intensity of conviction.

True religion is not difficult, esoteric or obscure—just simple, plain faith.

Earthly possessions have no glitter in the presence of the precious promises of God's Word.

Believe and receive, or doubt and go without.

Through God we can turn our endings into beginnings.

God on one's side is a majority.

If you take God into your confidence, he will take you into his confidence.

A Christian is happier in a prison cell with Christ than in a palace without him.

Falsehood

Always speak the truth and you'll never worry about your memory.

A half-truth often does more damage than a lie.

A truth that's told with bad intent beats all the lies one can invent.

A lie has no legs to stand on, but it has wings to fly near and far.

Lies have short legs: people catch up with them.

The bigger the lie, the greater the audience.

Those who think it permissible to tell white lies soon grow color blind.

He who spins a fish story will be caught in his own net.

There is no such thing as a little white lie, whether big or small, or only an intentional shading of the truth. Degree is incidental: even a truth is a lie if told with an intent to deceive.

Caricatures tend to exaggerate and distort facts.

Partial truths are the adversary's bait, error is the hook, and sophistry the line to draw God's children away from the foundation of truth.

Family

The family fireside is the best of schools.

Adolescence is the age at which children stop asking questions because they know all the answers.

The father is the head of the family, the mother is the heart.

The best investment is time spent on your children.

The greatest aid to adult education is children.

Home is a place that our feet may leave but not our hearts.

He who forgets that he once was a child makes a poor father.

Parents are persons who spend half their time worrying how a child will turn out, and the rest of their time when it will turn in.

Sometime in your life your family will be all that you have left. Treat them right.

Children are likely to live up to what you believe of them.

All parents become apprentices in raising children, from which they never fully graduate as experts.

Parents should not give an inch and require a yard in return.

The best thing parents can do for their children is to love each other as a living example.

Charity begins at home. All good deeds should begin under the home-roof.

It is easy to become a parent, but very difficult to be one.

Only the best behavior is good enough for daily use in the home.

There is no better place to prove our ability to rule our spirit than in the home.

Communication and prayer are the nuts and bolts that hold the family together.

What is done to children, they will do to society.

Time should never be considered more important than the needs of another.

Faults

Faults are thick where love is thin.

Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest faults in ourselves.

The greatest of all faults is to be conscious of none.

The other person's faults, like another's headlights, appear more glaring than ours.

Try to find solutions, not faults.

Before you flare up at anyone's faults, take time to count to ten—ten of your own faults.

Correct your faults while they are little: it's easier to pull seedlings than to chop trees.

Fear

Boldness in most cases is a mask to hide fear.

Fear brings more pain than does the pain it fears.

The anticipation of a task is often harder than the task itself.

Fear is one of the Devil's favorite weapons.

Fellowship

Associate with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation.

It brings comfort to have companions in whatever happens.

Choose your companions with care—you become what they are.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Being alone with God is better than being in a crowd without him.

Tell me with whom you associate and I'll tell you what you are.

Beware of clique attitudes that make the less fortunate feel like social lepers; remember we are all born equal.

Iron sharpens iron.

Charm strikes the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Character cannot be obtained in solitude; it is developed in society.

To get along with others, one has to give and take—better yet, to give more than take.

Keep good company or none.

Be flexible in your relations with others, as long as it does not violate your conscience and the principles of godliness.

Flattery

Some people who slap you on the back are trying to help you swallow what they just told you.

Fools

The bigger the mouth the greater the vacuum.

There is no fool so great as a knowing fool.

A foolish man does not mince his words; a wise man considers his words.

Fools have their words on their tongues; the wise have their words in their hearts.

The man who acts as his own lawyer has a fool for a client.

It is part of human nature to think wisely and still act foolishly.

One can easily wreck in a day or two what builders have taken a year to do.

A lot of trouble is caused by a narrow mind with a wide mouth.

Empty trucks make the loudest noise.

Forgiveness

An unforgiving man cannot live in fellowship with a forgiving God.

To err is human, to forgive is divine.

Learn to forgive. You will never be happy with bitterness in your heart.

Confession of sin is the soil in which forgiveness flourishes.

Forgiveness is often a two-way street.

There are a few men who can forgive their enemies, but it takes a great man to forget them.

Forgiveness is a pleasant thing—it warms the heart and cools the sting.

Doing injury puts you below your enemy. Revenging him makes you even. Forgiving him sets you above him.

To be wronged is nothing unless you continue to remember it.

Don't put someone down unless it's on a prayer list.

It is impossible for a healthy mind to completely forget an offense, but we can and should keep it buried so as not to hurt self and others.

There is one remedy to ease life and make it happier: it is to forgive and keep on forgiving.

It is far better to forgive and forget than to resent and remember.

“I cannot forget” is but another way of saying “I will not forgive.”

Fortune

Fortune is like glass: the more it glitters the easier it breaks.

Fortune is easier to get than to keep.

Fortune does not change men, it only un.masks them.

Friendship

Friendship is to be purchased only by friendship.

The only way to have a friend is to be one yourself.

Make it a principle in your life to show your friends how much they mean to you.

Prosperity makes friends; adversity tries them.

Keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of your friends.

He whose hand is clasped in friendship cannot throw mud.

Friends are made by many acts and lost by only one.

The ornament of the home is the friend who frequents it.

Be loyal to your friends, defending them when criticized.

Honor your friends' confidence.

There is no better relation than a prudent and faithful friend.

True friendship does not lose its smile when asked to walk a second mile.

A good friend is like a plant: don't kill the friend by pulling all the weeds.

Friendship is like a garden: it must be cultivated to be enjoyed.

A patched-up friendship is not as it was before—the patch will be showing.

The most called-upon prerequisite of a friend is an accessible ear.

Pick your friends, but not to pieces.

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends but in the worth and choice of them.

Don't pick petals from a flowering friendship.

A sorrow shared lifts half the burden; a joy shared is twice the joy.

Friendship must be kept in constant repair.

Real friends are those who, when you have made a fool of yourself, don't feel that you have done a permanent job.

Be to his virtues very kind, to his faults a little blind.

No friendship is strong enough to get along unless it can take faults for granted.

Respect the privacy of your friends. No matter how close you are, don't pry when response is lacking.

The friends who are most stimulating to us are those who

disagree with us.

God

Whatever you love more than God is your idol.

Godlike love never gives up when human nature fails.

Culture without religion lacks depth and direction.

Every sunrise is a message from God, and every sunset his signature.

The Lord looks down on us, if we look up.

We can never out-love God.

God's people are often more concerned over their present circumstances than over God's ultimate purposes.

God is still in the business of confounding the wisdom and power of man.

Gossip

Don't listen to gossip—you may be the next one.

He who tells on others shows his own lack of trustworthiness.

A gossip is one who can give you all the details without knowing any of the facts.

Of tale makers and tale bearers, one is as bad as the other.

No glue can match the stickiness of rumors once they get a hold.

The difference between gospel and gossip is that the gospel is good news, while gossip is bad news.

So live, that if anyone speaks ill of you, none will believe it.

Greatness

Life's great question is not only how did you bear yourself in defeat, but how did you bear yourself in victory.

Greatness is an aggregation of minutiae.

It is better to take many injuries than to injure others.

Some men work only with their hands, others with their heads, others with their hearts. A great man works with all of these.

Turning the cheek means to return good for evil.

The true worth of a man is to be measured by that which he pursues.

Better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.

The greatest man in the world is not the man who accumulates the most money or the most power; it is not the man who takes the most out of life—it is the man who gives the most to life.

No one is a true nobleman by birth; but he is a noble man who has attained the largeness of character that regards all men as being born equal, and who loves his neighbor as himself.

Greed

A miser is a man held captive by his own possessions.

One weakness of our age is the inability to distinguish our needs from our greeds.

It is not the complexion of the skin, but the complexity of human selfishness that makes the problems of the world unsolvable.

Lust is only appeased for a moment—it is never satisfied.

Lust in one form or another is the common sin that plagues all mankind.

Growth

Personal growth is a continual process. One never graduates from the school of life.

The strongest principle of growth lies in human choice.

Our greatest challenge for growth comes through interacting with other people.

There are people whose bodies have grown but their minds have not. There are others whose minds have grown but not their hearts.

We are today what we made ourselves yesterday.

Who errs and mends to God himself commends.

It takes both rain and sunshine to make a rainbow.

The best teacher is often **time**.

Reaching maturity is a lifelong process. Never let the time come when you think you have arrived.

The largest room in the world is the room for improvement.

Life is a grindstone: whether it polishes you up or grinds you down depends on the stuff you are made of.

You have to do your own growing up, no matter how tall your grandfather was.

Every circumstance rightly taken is an education.

Every phase of life brings a fresh set of problems and opportunities to grow in grace and knowledge, into full maturity.

Habits

The chains of habit are too weak to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.

Be master of your habits or they will master you.

Habit cannot be tossed out the window—it must be coaxed down the stairs step by step, one at a time.

Habits are like easy chairs: easy to get into, hard to get out of.

Kick a bad habit before it kicks you.

First we make our habits, then our habits make us.

It is easier to prevent bad habits than to break them.

Happiness

The way to be happy is to make others happy.

Joy depends not on what is going on around us but what is going on within us.

Most people are about as happy as they make up their minds to be.

True happiness depends upon close alliance with God.

Some bring happiness wherever they go—others, whenever they go.

Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself.

There is no cosmetic for beauty like happiness.

Do not speak of your happiness to one less fortunate than yourself.

True happiness is without frivolity: seriousness without pessimism.

The great essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

If we learn how to give of ourselves, to forgive others, and to live in thanks-giving, then we need not seek happiness—happiness will seek us.

Heart

The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen nor touched, but are felt in the heart.

Some people can see at a glance what others cannot see with searchlights and telescopes.

A right heart is better than a correct head.

History

When a nation becomes overly pleasure-seeking, history has already begun writing its epitaph.

History is an approximate account of the past. Prophecy is an approximation of the future.

Honesty

Don't learn the tricks of the trade—learn the trade.

Admitting error clears the score and proves you wiser than before.

We can't put our sins behind us until we are ready to face them.

Live your life so that you don't have to hide your diary.

Honesty is the best policy.

Teach the tongue to say "I don't know."

To err is easy, to admit that we erred isn't.

Don't say "No" out of pride, nor say "Yes" out of weakness.

We all say something foolish sometimes—but it is more foolish not to admit it when we realize it.

An admission of error is a sign of strength rather than a confession of weakness.

Sincere repentance is followed by a change.

Better is a plain refusal than putting off.

Hope

God's promises shine brightest in our darkest hour.

It is always darkest just before the dawn.

The blue of heaven is larger than the clouds.

The tide turns at low tide as well as at high.

The night is not forever; the sun is.

Man's extremity is God's opportunity.

Human Nature

Whether young or old, strong or weak, everyone is infected with Adam-itis.

The subtle art of saving face will never save the human race.

It is part of human nature that, whatever wants are supplied to a man who is passive, he will not seek to gain by active endeavor.

It is part of human nature to esteem that which is distant as more grand and wonderful than that which is near.

People only want the truth when it agrees with them.

Some people who are liked from a distance are less likable when sitting in your living room.

More people have the palm of their hand turned up than down.

We would rather be ruined by praise than saved by criticism.

Everyone is like the moon, with a dark side he never shows to anybody.

The tendency is to call another “obstinate,” ourselves **firm**; to call another “hypercritical,” ourselves **discriminating**; to call another “wishy-washy,” ourselves **open-minded**.

Every one of us has all the centuries in him.

We are the inheritors of the past; history has left its mark on all of us.

An object in your possession seldom retains the charm it had while pursuing it.

Humility

A thankful heart never thanks himself.

The ear of barley that bears the richest grain always hangs the lowest.

Humility is making a right estimate of oneself.

To have to eat your own words may prove to be a healthy diet.

Humility is the basis for all other virtues.

Everyone is trying to accomplish something big, not realizing that life is made up of many little things.

Where boasting ends, true dignity begins.

Better to be a humble somebody than a proud nobody.

When the world thinks that a man has won, his struggles then have just begun.

A humble, frank admission of not knowing the answer to a question opens the admission of light.

He stands tallest who stoops to help others.

Humility is a strange thing—the minute you think you’ve got it, you have lost it.

A humble person seeks no credit, nor seeks a compliment for work well done.

It is not the lofty sail but the unseen wind that moves the ship.

Dignity has no room for boasting and exaggeration.

Great men never feel great; small men never feel small.

Humility is the prerequisite for eternal exaltation.

Immaturity

A man without moral principles is a being without a backbone.

Love built on beauty fails as soon as beauty dies.

You can’t win by trying to even the score.

The man who trims himself to suit everybody will soon whittle himself away.

The only exercise some people get is jumping to conclusions.

Some people are never at peace unless they are fighting.

A sharp tongue is no indication of a keen mind.

Little minds, like little ships with broad sails, are in great danger of capsizing if too strong a wind blows upon them.

Whoever holds a suspect guilty without proof is a victim of his instinct.

The water bubbles where it is shallowest.

Anger, resentment and touchiness are signs of a paltry person.

Indecision

A wish is a desire without any attempt to attain its end.

There is no more miserable being than the one for whom nothing is habitual but indecision.

Indecision is a near relative to unhappiness.

He who considers too much will perform too little.

When a person doesn't know what harbor he is making for, no wind is the right wind.

Sometimes if we do not make a choice, it is made for us by default.

Industriousness

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Work is the best narcotic.

Work is a good investment and it always pays.

The highest reward that God gives us for good work is the ability to do it better.

The highest reward for a man's toil is not what he gets for it, but rather what he becomes by it.

Never be idle; if your hands cannot be employed usefully, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Happiness is found in worthwhile activity; it is like running water, never a stagnant pool.

The person who is able to distinguish between tiredness and laziness in himself will go far.

Influence

Call people by their name; it is music to their ears.

One cannot be a leader by pushing.

No man is great enough to govern another man without that other man's consent.

There is no man so strong that he cannot be won by gentleness.

Who supplies another with a constructive thought has enriched him forever.

You never get a second chance to make a first impression.

Nothing is more powerful than the spoken word, either for good or for evil.

You cannot kindle other hearts if you don't have a fire in your own heart.

No serpent's bite will cause such pain as does an evil tongue.
A snake's bite injures only one, a word may hurt a throng.

Combativeness is a good trait if we know how to apply the brakes.

A minute of thought is of more worth than an hour of talk.

Keep your own secrets if you have any, lest you suffer exposure.

He who influences the thought of his time influences the thought of all times to follow.

Integrity

You cannot drive straight on a twisted lane.

The actions of men are the best interpreters of their thoughts.

Integrity has no need of rulers.

Our life must be consistent with what we consider to be of value.

He is not wise who is wise in words only.

The integrity of men is measured by their conduct, not by their profession.

Following the path of least resistance makes rivers and men crooked.

Honor is more important than honors.

A clear conscience makes a good pillow.

Intoxication

Alcohol has drowned more people than all the seas combined.

Dignity is one thing that cannot be preserved in alcohol.

Having a drink does not drown a care but waters it to grow faster.

Much drinking, little thinking.

Wine is a turncoat. First it's a friend, then a deceiver and in the end an enemy.

Alcohol kills everything living and preserves that which is dead.

Judging

Don't judge a man by his friends only, judge him by his enemies.

We seldom weigh our neighbors in the same balance with ourselves.

People can become so critical over and above the pointing out of problems, that they begin to judge and impute motives.

No one should be the judge in his own case.

He that would live in peace and at ease must not speak all he knows, nor judge all he sees.

How easy it is to judge others by their words and deeds, and ourselves by good motives and intentions.

Keep an argument free of emotion; decide matters on what is right, not who is right.

He hears but half, who hears one party only.

The absence of evidence does not make a thing true or false, right or wrong.

Quarrels would not last long if the fault were on one side.

Justice

In today's world, justice has been replaced by "just-us."

Never twist the facts if you want a matter to be straightened out.

Performing all that justice and righteousness require, without demanding like treatment from others, is a quality of godliness.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed on the same scale.

Some people find injustice relatively easy to bear; what stings is justice.

Kindness

If you must disagree, do so without being disagreeable.

Don't win the argument—win the person.

Helping others is visible love.

Kindness is the language the deaf can hear, the blind can read, and the forgotten can feel.

Few people ever get dizzy from doing too many good turns.

The more we give of kindness, the more we will receive in return; we'll never run out of it.

It is better to have a heart-to-heart talk, than a head-to-head talk.

The kind word that falls from your lips today may bear its fruit tomorrow.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

A word spoken in kindness to a sad person is like a burst of sunshine from behind a cloud.

Loving-kindness is love translated into action.

Learn to say kind things; nobody resents them.

Knowledge

To grow in knowledge is to retain the truths we have, and to add to our stock.

It is better to learn late than never.

The mind is like the stomach. It is not how much you put in it that counts, but how much it digests.

Sometimes we learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues.

We may be knowledgeable but not necessarily wise.

A man with knowledge who has a closed mind is like an encyclopedia that was never updated.

A pint of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

The more we know, the more we see how little we know.

You learn best when you dig it out yourself.

Better to be certain of a little than to misunderstand a lot.

The thirst for knowledge increases ever with its acquisition.

Repetition is the mother of memory, and remembering is the forerunner of knowledge and wisdom.

Knowledge in limbo is useless.

To learn and never be filled is wisdom. To teach and never be weary is love.

He who has only himself as a teacher has a fool as his pupil.

Laziness

A mind unemployed is a life unenjoyed.

The less one has to do, the less time he finds to do it.

Idleness is the holiday which fools take.

Idleness is the workshop of the devil.

Some men are like blisters—they appear after the work is done.

The only thing you can get without working is hungry.

Oversleeping is no way to make your dreams come true.

It does a man no good to sit up and take notice if he keeps on sitting.

Those who never worked in their lives live by the sweat of other people's brows.

Liberty

Those who deny freedom to others do not deserve it for themselves.

No one has the right to do as he pleases, except he please to do right.

Whatever evil may result from the spirit of free inquiry, the evil of suppression would be far greater.

Liberty is a thing you cannot have unless you are willing to give it to others.

Life

Talk is cheap until you hire a lawyer.

When you get something for nothing, you just haven't been billed for it yet.

Life is not a holiday but an education.

Life can only be understood by looking back, but it must be lived looking forward.

It takes the whole of life to learn how to live.

Housework is something you do which nobody notices unless you don't do it.

Life is a perpetual instruction in cause and effect.

The greatest battles of life are fought in the silent chambers of the heart.

The safest capital with which to begin life is good health and sound morals.

The great business of life is to be, to do, to do without, and to depart.

Every person is worth understanding.

There is happiness and pain in life—and one makes you able to feel the other more deeply.

Love

Love is like a muscle: if we don't use it, it atrophies.

Love is friendship set on fire.

Love is a game that all can play and no one loses.

It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

A wise man values not so much the gift of the lover as the love of the giver.

Love is not big-headed—it is big-hearted.

Our preoccupation with what we can do for others can distract us from giving the best gift we have: ourselves.

Love is best explained by actions, so others can see what it is by what we do.

Love looks through a telescope, not a microscope.

Love with strings attached is self-love.

Self-giving love is the best antidote for loneliness.

In a true Christian, love and consideration should be the rule, not the exception.

Love your neighbor, yet pull not down your hedge.

Love grows through the showing of appreciation and dies without it.

Love looks not with the eyes but with the heart.

More precious is love tested in the fire of deepest trouble, than trophies won by pride.

As like begets like, so love begets love.

Communicating love takes time and thoughtfulness.

Love without work is nothing but a sentiment.

Honest affection given or received sweetens our life.

Love without expecting reward is a reward in itself, and it creates no disappointment.

Love is the divine alchemy of life, transforming all duties into privileges and all responsibilities into joy.

To love for the sake of being loved is human. But to love for the sake of loving is angelic.

Mammon

Money can cure hunger but it cannot cure unhappiness.

There is nothing wrong with having money; the trouble begins when the money has you.

Wealth—whether acquired or inherited—if selfishly hoarded adds no degree of merit to the possessor.

Money is a good servant but a bad master.

A man is rich according to what he is, not according to what he has.

The Golden Rule—not the rule of gold—is what leads to happiness.

If we gather possessions they may soon possess us.

Wealth is a superfluity of what we don't need.

The dog with the bone is always in danger.

As riches grow, cares follow.

Manners

The greater the courtesy, the greater the man.

Politeness is a small price to pay for the good will and affection of others.

Life is short, but there is always time for courtesy.

To be humble to superiors is duty; to equals, courtesy; to inferiors, nobility.

Poise is the art of raising one's eyebrows instead of raising the roof.

Ceremonies differ according to countries. True politeness is everywhere the same.

Be friendly: friendship gives life a delicious flavor.

Politeness is a part of true Christian character, representing the sentiments of a loving heart.

What's true of gems is also true of men: a man of greater polish is esteemed higher than the man with less polish.

Marriage

Success in marriage is much more than finding the right person. It is a matter of being the right person.

The best possession is a sympathetic spouse.

A marriage without any conflict is almost as inconceivable as a nation without any crises.

Happy marriages are not achieved by idealism.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage and half-shut afterward.

You can bear your own faults—why not the faults of your spouse?

The difference between a successful marriage and a mediocre one consists of leaving three or four things unsaid.

A woman is perturbed by what a man forgets. A man is perturbed by what a woman remembers.

Chains do not hold a marriage together. It is threads, hundreds of tiny threads, which sew a couple together through the years.

Maturity

To handle yourself use your head; to handle others use your heart.

A proper balance between the idealistic and the practical is a sure way of getting ahead in life.

Difficulties in life are stepping-stones to maturity.

Be tolerant with youth, compassionate with the aged.

Have understanding for the weaknesses of others, and make allowance for their actions without approving the same.

One learns to overlook troubles instead of looking into them.

The first step toward maturity is to learn when, and when not, to say something. The second step is what, and what not, to say.

Slow to speak and swift to hear is one of the marks of maturity.

Let not reason be overcome by emotion, but let emotion be ruled by reason.

Growing in maturity is a lifetime job.

No life, no growth. No growth, no strength. No strength, no action. No action, no experience. No experience, no maturity.

Meddling

Those who in quarrels interpose must often wipe a bloody nose.

Mistakes

The greatest mistake is not to have learned from past mistakes.

Learn from the mistakes of others—you can't live long enough to make them all yourself.

To obtain maximum attention, it's hard to beat a good, big mistake.

Most people who berate their luck never think to question their judgment.

Try to fix the mistake, never the blame.

Mistakes should be reasons for growth, not excuses for discouragement.

Moderation

The bow too tightly strung is easily broken.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl necklace of all the virtues.

Any noble endeavor is killed by excess.

Obedience

Servanthood and obedience go together like Siamese twins.

Obedience is the fruit of faith.

One deflection from the right course brings another.

It is a generally-accepted principle that no one is qualified to rule others who has not himself learned obedience.

Open-mindedness

No man is wise at all times.

Inexperience is what lets a young man do what an older man says is impossible.

A mature mind is an open mind with an entrance for truth and better ideas, and an exit for errors and unprofitable thoughts.

Show me the man who never changes his mind, and I'll show you a man who never added to his knowledge.

The sectarian thinks that he has the sea ladled into his private pond.

Opportunity

Opportunities multiply as they are seized; they die when neglected.

The door of Opportunity is marked “**push.**”

Whatever line of work a man may choose, there is always an opportunity to reach the top.

A problem is an opportunity in work-clothes.

Opportunities always look bigger going than coming.

The pessimist sees a difficulty in every opportunity; the optimist sees an opportunity in every difficulty.

Patience

There is one quality that always comes to the aid of a man in times of adversity: Patience.

Patience is the virtue of accepting a disagreeable and painful situation without becoming bitter.

An effective method for developing patience is listening without interrupting, and responding with gentleness.

If you press a matter too hard or too often, it may become self-defeating.

Patience achieves more than force.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

God is not finished with the picture of your life yet; he is still painting.

There is nothing to be gained by answering in haste, but much to be gained by letting a few nights of sleep pass over it.

Life is hard by the yard but a cinch by the inch.

A slow drizzle for a length of time is more effective in watering the soil than a cloudburst.

Patience is a bandage for all sores.

Perseverance

Little and often fills the purse.

Life is like riding a bicycle: you don't fall unless you stop pedaling.

Failure is but the closed door to success. Try again and you may open it.

It is important to start right. It is more important to end well.

Don't be discouraged—it's often the last key in the bunch that opens the lock.

A few good deeds is not a yardstick for a man's character.

He who endures most patiently gives evidence of understanding and maturity.

All men have fits and starts to do a noble deed, but many lack persistency that leads to success.

There are no veterans in God's army.

Politics

Political promises are those that go in one year and out the other.

Anything that keeps a politician humble is healthy for democracy.

Nothing can be politically right that is morally wrong.

Power

Power is not so much what a man can accomplish as what he can lead others to do.

We have the weakness—God has the strength; thus it becomes an unbeatable combination.

Prayer

When we become too glib in prayer we are most likely talking to ourselves.

Christians who are not praying are playing.

The secret in praying is praying in secret.

A worldly Christian will stop praying; the praying Christian will stop worldliness.

Do not pray for a lighter load—pray for a stronger back.

Never put a man down except on a prayer list.

Man proposes, God disposes.

The purpose of prayer is not to change the Divine will, but to adjust oneself to it.

As is your “Amen” so is your prayer.

God’s answers are wiser than our prayers.

Prayer is not conquering God’s reluctance, but taking hold of God’s willingness.

There is a difference between **saying** your prayer and **praying** your prayer.

Some people don’t get down on their knees until they haven’t a leg to stand on.

When praying, do not give God instructions, just report for duty.

Prayer is not an attitude attained, but an attitude maintained.

Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees.

Pray to God, but keep on rowing to the shore.

Nothing lies beyond the reach of prayer except that which is outside the will of God.

He stands best who kneels most.

Pride

When nobody around you seems to measure up, it’s time to measure your yardstick.

It is a very unappetizing diet when you have to eat your own words.

If the doctors cure, the sun shows it; if they kill, the grave hides it.

Being willing to receive sometimes takes more grace than

giving to others—reluctance to receive exposes our pride.

An unfailing mark of a blockhead is the chip on his shoulder.

Of proud men it can be said that the taller they grow the harder they fall.

What goes up, in time will come down.

Pride is the forerunner of humiliation.

You cannot put a chip on the shoulder that you put to the wheel.

Temper gets us into trouble. Pride keeps us there.

Conceit is a strange disease, it makes everyone sick except the one who has it.

Ancestry is most important to those who have done nothing themselves.

Pride is selfishness gone to seed in the fertile soil of self-centeredness.

Everyone possesses just as much conceit as he lacks common sense.

Anyone who thinks he knows all the answers just isn't up-to-date on the questions.

One may be humble out of pride.

Principle

Idealism is good only if based on reality.

Adhering to principles, come what may, is not and has never been characteristic of the majority.

Principle may never be abandoned for any consideration, but liberty and personal right may be ignored in the interest of others and to Divine pleasure.

Compromise makes a good umbrella but a poor roof.

What I must do, and not what people think, is all that concerns me.

To clear a difficulty out of the way, there is no ax like a good principle.

The man who stands for a principle must value duty higher than life.

Any society which does not insist upon respect for all life must necessarily decay.

Priorities

One of the greatest obstacles to success is man's inability to put first things first.

Don't let the little things of life cause you to miss the boat.

People who maintain their right priorities are the most fulfilled and confident people.

Always remember: in fundamental things, unity; in less fundamental things, liberty; and in all things, charity.

Who we are is important, **what** we are is vital, **whose** we are is imperative.

Doing things right is not as important as doing the right thing.

Problems

Love reduces friction to a fraction.

Every problem has a limited life.

It is one thing to be in a crisis, and another thing to be the crisis.

The best angle from which to approach any problem is the *try*angle.

Problems are best solved when you treat the causes, not just the symptoms.

Difficulties strengthen the mind as labor does the body.

The best way to forget your own troubles is to help others in solving their problems.

Love is the common denominator to solve difficulties among people.

The best way out of a difficulty is through it.

You will never be the person you can be if all pressure,

tension and need for discipline are taken out of your life.

Character is not made in a crisis, it is only exhibited.

Procrastination

Procrastinator: one who puts off until tomorrow things he has already put off until today.

While we consider when to begin, it becomes too late to do it.

On the street of By-and-By one arrives at the house of Never.

Hard work is often an accumulation of easy things you didn't do when you should have.

Procrastination is a thief of time.

Small problems grow into large ones by feeding on procrastination.

Procrastination is the art of keeping up with yesterday.

Progress

In our haste to deal with the things that are wrong let us not upset the things that are right.

Progress is never smooth. It has to overcome ignorance, unbelief and ridicule.

The rung of a ladder was not meant to rest upon, but only to hold a man's foot long enough to put the other somewhat higher.

Progress always involves risk. You can't steal second base and keep your foot on first.

Providence

God never closes one door without opening another.

God provides the birds with food, but he does not drop it into their nest.

Purpose

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder.

Great men have purposes, others have wishes.

Do all the good you can, by all the means you can, in all the ways you can, for as long as you can.

Life is a cup to be filled, not drained.

It is better to have little to live on and something to live for, than to have plenty to live on and nothing to live for.

Life is not the wick or the candle, it is the burning.

The heart of every man is a furnace of smoldering fire, which when fanned by inspiration bursts into flame.

Religion

Two marks of a Christian: Giving and Forgiving.

Most people are willing to take the Sermon on the Mount as a flag to sail under, but few will use it as a rudder by which to steer.

The light that shows us our sin is the light that heals us.

Communion with God must ever hold a higher place than service for God.

The hardest job for people to do is to move religion from their throats to their lips.

The church was created for people, not people for the church.

A living religion is a way of living.

If Christ is kept outside, something is wrong inside.

What Christians need is less theology and more Doxology.

Reproof

When rebuking, turn the volume down; speaking softly is

like oil on troubled waters.

If a reproof is necessary, let our words have no bitter sting, nor our face a hard look.

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

Reputation

Every day that a man lives, he is building a reputation good or bad.

If you are highly talented, do not put your superiority on display.

Real talent need not be advertised.

Recognition cannot be demanded. It commends itself if there is a worthy cause.

Reputation is a bubble which a man bursts when he tries to blow it up for himself.

Easier to keep a good reputation than to regain it.

Don't talk about your accomplishments; let the track record do the talking.

Resignation

A man must be willing to resign to the inevitable, but first he must be sure that it is inevitable.

As soon as a person resigns himself to fate, his resignation is promptly accepted.

Responsibility

The ability to accept responsibility is the measure of a man.

We are morally responsible for every wrong which we have the power to prevent.

Ability is not worth much without dependability.

Responsibilities gravitate to the person who can shoulder them.

The final test of a man's ability is responsibility.

You owe it to the Lord, to yourself and those around you, to be the best that you are capable of becoming.

Retribution

Nature's law affirms instead of prohibits. If you violate her laws, you are your own prosecuting attorney, judge, jury, and hangman.

The law that "Every evil deed has its retribution" is beyond appeal.

The moral laws of God, like all the laws of the Universe, have built-in self-monitoring qualities, that will bless if not tampered with and will exact retribution if in any way violated.

God's mills grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine.

Our acts—like our own shadows—will follow us, even if we try to hide from them.

Break God's law and it will break you.

Self-denial

There are no crown-wearers in heaven who were not cross-bearers here on earth.

Self-denial and unselfishness are inseparable companions.

Consideration for others can mean taking a wing instead of a drumstick.

There is nothing truly valuable which can be gotten without pain or labor.

The power of refraining from things gives a man more strength than the possession of them.

He deserves not the sweet who will not taste the bitter.

Self-esteem

It takes an honest estimate of oneself to have a proper self-esteem.

The hardest secret for a man to keep is his opinion of himself.

The quickest way to acquire self-confidence is to try what you are afraid to undertake.

Let men laugh if they will when you sacrifice desire for duty; time is on your side and you have eternity to rejoice in it.

Service

Service never becomes slavery when performed in love.

God does not want your ability—he wants your availability.

Instead of waiting upon the LORD, some Christians want the LORD to wait on them.

The best place to find a helping hand is at the end of your arm.

What I would do for Christ must needs be done for others.

To serve means to be involved.

Be alert to serve. What counts most in life is what we do for others.

Sharing

What you keep is lost; what you give is forever yours.

We make a living by what we get, but we make a life by what we give.

We may give without love, but we cannot love without giving.

Charity gives itself rich; covetousness hoards itself poor.

Do the giving while you are living—then you are knowing where it is going.

Be aware of someone's economic needs and share with them in their wants.

There is a universal law, that the happiest people are those who are doing the most good for others.

A bell is not a bell until you ring it, a song is not a song until you sing it, and love is not love until you give it away.

The joy of living is in the giving; it is in the sharing and giving of self.

The principle of love overflows with tenderness and longs to bless.

Love, like the one basket of loaves and fishes, looks insufficient until you start giving it away.

Happiness is the dividend returned for investment in the well-being of others.

Love shared is love multiplied.

Silence

Silence is one of the hardest things to refute.

Not every question deserves an answer.

I have often regretted my spoken word, never my silence.

The best time to hold the tongue is the time when we feel we must say it or bust.

Silence cannot be misquoted, but it can be misinterpreted.

No echoes return to mock the silent tongue.

Well-timed silence has more eloquence than speech.

One thing about silence is that it can't be repeated.

Sin

Ill deeds are doubled with evil words.

All evils can be reduced to the common denominator, **sin**.

Man is the only animal that blushes—or needs to.

Evil often triumphs, but shall never conquer.

No evil is ever so finely spun that it will not show up in the light of the sun.

All the apples of temptation have worms.

Sincerity

In most situations in life, the consciousness of innocence is truly our best shield and our firmest security.

One cannot find any rule of conduct to excel simplicity and sincerity.

Purity of heart is purity of motive and intention.

Say what you mean, and mean what you say.

Only by taking the risk of being open with one another can we heal rifts, break impasses and build bridges.

Skill

Anything that is worth doing is worth doing well.

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigator.

When love and skill work together, expect a masterpiece.

Do what you can with what you have and where you are, and it will be well with you.

Slipshod methods never produce a master.

Every man's work is a portrait of himself.

How much you do is important; how well you do it is decisive.

One of the biggest thrills in life comes from doing a thing well.

Slander

Slander is worse than killing. Being killed, you die but once. Being slandered, you may be killed several times.

An injurious truth has no more merit than an injurious lie.

Evil speaking is like a boomerang; even if the tongue misses the target, it will return to mark and scar him who propelled it.

You can't whitewash yourself by blackening others.

You are none the holier for being praised and none the worse for being blamed.

Hear no ill of a friend nor speak any of an enemy.

Slander is the assassination of another's character.

Defamation is robbery of another's good name.

Smile

All people smile in the same language.

Smile at people. It takes 72 muscles to frown and only 14 to smile.

What sunshine is to flowers, your smile is to others.

A smile is a light in the window of the face, showing that the heart is at home.

A smile costs you nothing, but is worth a great deal to those who are lifted up by it.

You will never offend a person by returning a smile.

Most smiles are started by another's smile.

Sorrow

Sorrows which have no vent in tears may make other organs unhappy.

While grief is fresh, every attempt to divert only irritates.

Gifts and flowers are a poor substitute to a sorrowing and suffering person. The gift of your presence, when appropriate, is the best gift that one can give.

Sow/Reap

There was never a person who did anything worth doing, who did not receive more than he gave.

We become most what we focus upon most.

The person who throws himself away seldom likes the place he lands.

The most disappointed people are those who get what's coming to them.

The seed of wrongdoing may be concealed but the harvest cannot be.

He who digs a pit for others digs one for himself.

The bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower.

Stewardship

Be firm in the things eternal and flexible in the things temporal.

Those who have most to do, and are willing to work, will find time to do more.

Sum up at night what you have done by day.

We are not masters of our time, we are only stewards of it.

Time is but once. Waste it and it is gone forever. Invest it and it has not passed in vain.

Counting time is not as important as making time count.

He that goes to borrowing goes to sorrowing.

Time and words cannot be recalled.

It is not only what we do, but also what we neglect to do, for which we are accountable.

Stubbornness

Be constant in what is good, beware of being obstinate in anything.

Constancy is a virtue; obstinacy is an evil.

A dogma, hardened by endless repetition, is difficult to dissolve.

Nothing is harder to open than a closed mind.

Success

Success consists of getting up just one more time than you have fallen down.

The door to success swings on the hinges of opposition.

Helping others is the secret of all success—in business, in the arts, and in the home.

Success or failure is caused more by mental attitudes than mental capacities.

Itching for what you want doesn't do much good—you have to scratch for it.

The road to success is always under construction.

Success comes to the person who does little things well.

If opportunity knocks, use it—if you don't, you lose it.

Diligence is Fortune's right hand, and **frugality** her left.

No rule for success will work if you don't work.

Suffering

The stars are most bright when darkest the night, and God is the nearest when life is the dreariest.

The bird with a broken pinion never again soars so high, but its song is sweeter.

Tact

A diplomat is a man who remembers a woman's birthday but never remembers her age.

Tact is the unseen part of what you really think.

Be civil to all, sociable to many, familiar to few, a friend to one, and an enemy to none.

Tact is the ability to close your mouth before someone else wants to do it.

Tact is the knack of making a point without making an enemy.

An ounce of thoughtfulness can ease a ton of heartache.

The ill-timed truth we might have kept, who knows how sharp it pierced and stung? The word we had not sense to say, who knows how grandly it would have rung?

Never correct another in public or in the presence of a bystander.

Give a reproof lovingly, refute an error gently. It is more effective on the receiver and more gratifying to the giver.

Some people have chronic hoof-in-mouth disease.

How to avoid an argument? State your point, scratch your head, and then add, "I may be wrong."

Temptation

When you flee temptation, don't leave a forwarding address.

When a man has a pet peeve, it's remarkable how often he pets it.

No man is safe from falling into temptation until he has learned not to dally with temptation.

If you don't want the fruits of sin, stay out of the Devil's orchard.

Tolerance

He is not well-bred who can't bear ill-breeding in others.

It's the glory of a man to bypass an offense.

The art of being wise is the art of knowing what to overlook.

If you think the world is all wrong, remember that it contains people like you.

Hunt for the good points in the other person; remember, he has to do the same for you.

To learn to understand each other is the greatest art in life.

Tolerance comes with age because of the faults we had and still have but did not fully overcome.

Tongue

To speak kindly does not hurt the tongue.

An ounce of keeping the tongue in check beats a ton of explanations.

The tongue is the only instrument that gets sharper with every use.

The secret of a governable tongue is not as much self-control as it is Christ-control.

Don't talk about yourself—it will be done when you leave.

One reason why a dog is such a lovable creature is that his tail wags instead of his tongue.

A loose tongue often gets into a tight spot.

Never leave your tongue in gear while your brain is idling.

Nothing is opened by mistake more often than the mouth.

Better to let them wonder why you didn't talk than why you did.

Wise men keep their tongue to keep their head.

No member of the body needs as many muscles as the tongue.

The tongue is the indicator of the heart's condition.

It is better to talk less and do more observing and listening. God has given us two eyes and two ears for input, but only one mouth for output.

Trials

Troubles are often the tools by which God fashions us for better things.

God gives us trials equal to our faith, not faith equal to our trials.

A gem cannot be polished without friction, nor can a man be perfected without trials.

It is by God's permitted trials that he works into our character his divine design.

A storm-weathered tree is stronger and deeper-rooted than a sheltered one.

The fruit makes the pruning worthwhile.

Afflictions are the rough touches and hard rubs to polish us for use and for shining.

The Lord sometimes takes us into troubled waters, not to drown us but to cleanse us.

God's children are like tea bags: they have to go through hot water before the aroma becomes more pleasant.

It takes darkness to see the twinkling stars, and it is in the darkest hours when we appreciate God's bright promises most.

That which was bitter to endure may be sweet to remember.
The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows.
If you want the rainbow, you must put up with the rain.

Trouble

You can't keep trouble from coming, but you need not give it a chair to sit on.

In order to get out of step you don't need to do anything.

A warm heart, a cool head, and clean hands: an excellent formula for keeping us out of trouble.

Adversity affects people differently: some become bitter, others become better.

Trust

God always gives the best to those who leave the choice with him.

Complete trust in God asks no questions nor complains.

God does not promise smooth sailing, but he does promise safe arrival.

I know not always the way he leads me, but well do I know my guide—what have I to fear?

Peace to a Christian is not the absence of trouble, but the presence of God.

Do the very best you can and leave the outcome to God.

Truth

God's laws are truths that stand the test of time.

Most people want the truth only if it agrees with them.

Heart and lips should never be at odds.

The naked truth is often so boring that most people cannot help dressing it up a bit.

The greatest friend of **Truth** is **time**, and her constant companion is **humility**.

Finders keepers, except when we find the truth. Truth is to be shared.

Truth has nothing to lose by fairness, openness and reasonable moderation—and the turning on of all available light.

There is no power on earth more formidable than the truth.

A lie travels around the world while the truth is still getting her boots on.

Truth on every subject, however or by whomever uttered, is the voice of God.

The appetite for truth gets sharper with every morsel eaten and digested.

The greatest homage we can pay to **truth** is to use it.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies.

Never ask who is right, ask what is right.

Delay of answer is preferable to error.

Unselfishness

It is impossible to give of ourselves at arm's length or in absentia.

The Dead Sea is a dead sea because it continually receives and never gives.

God looks not on the quality of the gift but on the quality of the giver.

See what you can do for others, not what they can do for you.

Unselfishness never comes easy.

To be known is good, to belong is better.

The art of unselfish living is practiced by few and mastered by even fewer.

Some people give and forgive; others get and forget.

The manner in which it is given is worth more than the gift.

He who is not liberal with what he has, deceives himself when he thinks he would be liberal if he had more.

Frugality is good if liberality be joined to it.

Values

You may call that your own which no man can take from you—your spiritual values.

An ounce of wisdom is worth a ton of wit.

The future belongs to those who love, not to those who hate.

Full often, what you now despise proves better than the things you prize.

Some are taken up with the immediate so much that they lose sight of the ultimate.

No pleasure is comparable to standing upon the high ground of truth.

Woe, if a man is not more than what the tailor and hair dresser have made him to be.

Victory

The only conquests that are permanent and leave no regrets are conquests over ourselves.

If there were no difficulties, there would be no victories.

There is a kind of victory in good work done, no matter how humble.

Forget mistakes. Organize victory out of mistakes.

Every difficulty removed is a step gained.

Fear confronted is the first step to fear dissolved.

Virtue

Virtue debases itself by justifying itself.

He is ill-clothed that is bare of virtues.

Virtue, like a precious perfume, is most fragrant when submitted to being crushed by trials and testings.

It is more noble to use things and love people than to love things and use people.

A truly virtuous person does not advertise his virtue—it will surface on its own.

Only virtue tested in the fire of adversity is true virtue.

Virtue is like a precious stone, best when plainly set.

Not to know evil is innocence; to know evil and to choose good is virtue.

True nobility comes from the gentle heart.

Some people's virtues are somewhat tainted with vice.

Wisdom

The greatest truths are the simplest ones and so are the greatest men.

Much wisdom often goes with fewest words.

When a person grows to maturity he becomes wiser—he talks less but says more.

To know how to use knowledge properly is wisdom.

The doors of Wisdom are never shut to those who seek Wisdom.

Wisdom is of great value. We pay for it dearly by experience.

Wisdom is a collection of values gained by experiences and observations, weighing them one against the other.

Every person gets silly ideas, but a clever person suppresses them.

Be wise in this world but be not worldly-wise.

Wise men are not always silent, but know when to be.

Some people could use some common horse-sense, to know when to “nay.”

The doorstep to the temple of Wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance.

The Bible is the Fountain of Godly wisdom.

Wisdom is a tree that grows in the heart and whose fruits appear on the tongue.

Knowledge comes from taking things apart, wisdom from putting them back together.

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can—and the wisdom to know the difference.

A wise man hopes for the best, is prepared for the worst, and bears with equanimity whatever may happen.

When alone guard your thoughts, when in the family guard your temper, when in company guard your words.

Wise people speak from experience—and at other times from experience speak not.

The best way to become wise is at your own expense.

Witnessing

The three thicknesses a missionary must have: thickness of skin, of stomach, and of soles.

Be not only a reflector of Christ, but a radiator.

It is better to be accused of telling the truth than to be accused of hiding it.

If God's Word is in your mind, it will also be on your tongue.

We may use the truth as a club to show our strength, but it will not bring men to God.

To be the salt of the earth, we must sprinkle it out of our shakers, by giving a witness.

Applying some shoe leather to the gospel will improve our spiritual life.

Some Christians are Dead Sea Christians: all intake and no outlet.

If Jesus' name is worth possessing, then surely it is worth proclaiming.

Do not preach to others how to behave if you have not preached it to yourself first.

When presenting the truth do it gently; one does not hang pictures with a sledgehammer.

It is easier to find a score of men wise enough to comprehend the truth, than one intrepid enough to stand up for it in the face of opposition. There are not many that stand up to be counted.

There is nothing so refreshing as a clean, clear, uncompromising stand for the truth.

To be a fool for Christ's sake does not give us license to act like a fool.

Be careful how you live—you may be the only Bible some people will ever read.

The best proof of being a child of God is your living birth certificate that can be read by everyone.

When the Lord uses you as an angel to do good to others, praise him with thanksgiving. Be sure to do it low-key so that only you and the Lord know about it.

One good deed is more convincing than ten arguments.

Speak no untruth—speak the truth—speak the truth in love.

God has always had some people in every age who would not yield to the logic of the executioner's ax or to the arguments of a blazing fire.

Words

What most orators want to give in depth, they give in length.

Talking is not always communicating.

A word to the speaker: the mind can't retain what the seat can't endure.

Language is the apparel in which your thoughts parade before the public. Never clothe them in shoddy or vulgar attire.

The more you say, the less people remember.

To many speakers, the clock runs out before he does.

A recipe for a good speech: put in more shortening.

The advantage of writing over speaking is that writing can be unhurriedly measured and weighed.

One may talk too much on the best of subjects.

Listen more, talk less; no one ever learned anything by talking.

It is not so much what we say as the number of times we say it.

When talking, be not a book come alive.

Don't shoot too high—aim low and the common people will understand.

Brevity is the soul of wit.

Worry

Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday.

Worry is like sitting in a rocking chair: it will keep you occupied, but it won't get you anywhere.

Ulcers are caused not so much by what you eat as by what's eating you.

We crucify ourselves between two thieves: Regret for yesterday and Fear for tomorrow.

You can't change the past, but you can ruin the present by worrying about the future.

Some people have their troubles three times: first in anticipation, second in the reality, and thirdly living them over in morbid retrospection.

He who worries about what people think of him would not worry so much if he only knew how seldom they do.

Brood over your troubles and you may get a perfect hatch.



*I Love
those
who Love
Me*

PROVERBS 8:17



The Art Collector

HERE was a man and his son who were very wealthy and loved to collect rare works of art. They had everything in their collection, from Picasso to Raphael. They would often sit together and admire these marvelous creations of gifted human beings.

In time there arose a great conflict among nations and the son had to go to war. He was very courageous and died in battle while rescuing another soldier. The father was notified and grieved deeply for his beloved only son.

Several months later a young man came to visit the father, having a large package in his hands. He said, "Sir, you don't know me, but I am the soldier your son gave his life to save. He saved many lives that day, and he was carrying me to safety when a bullet struck him in the heart. He died instantly.

"He often talked about you, and your love for art." The young man held out his package. "I know this isn't much. I'm not really a great artist, but I think your son would have wanted you to have this."

The father opened the package. It was a portrait of his son, painted by the young man. He stared in awe at the way the soldier had captured the personality of his son. The father was overcome with emotion and his eyes welled up with tears.

When he was finally able to speak he thanked the young man and offered to pay handsomely for the picture. "Oh, no sir, I could not accept. I can never repay what your son did for me. It's a gift."

The father immediately hung the portrait over his mantle in the most prominent place. Every time visitors came he insisted they see his son's portrait before he showed them any of the great works he and his son had collected.

Sometime later the father died. To settle his estate a great auction was scheduled to dispose of the celebrated collection. On the given day many prominent people gathered, excited to see the rare masterpieces and to have an opportunity to purchase one for their own.

As they assembled in the auction hall they saw on the platform the soldier's painting of the son. After all were

seated, the auctioneer entered. A hush fell over the people. He pounded his gavel.

“We will start the bidding with this picture of the son. Who will bid for this picture?”

There was silence. Then a voice in the back of the hall shouted, “We want to see the famous paintings. Skip this one.”

But the auctioneer persisted.

“Will someone bid for this painting? Who will start the bidding? \$1,000? \$2,000?”

Another voice shouted indignantly, “We didn’t come to see this painting. We came to see the Van Goghs, the Rembrandts. Get on with the real works of art!”

But still the auctioneer continued.

“The son! The son! Who will take the son?”

Finally a voice came from the very back of the hall. It was the longtime gardener of the man and his son. “All I can afford is \$100, but I will give it all for the painting.” Being a poor man, it was all he could give.

“We have \$100, who will bid \$200?”

Another voice cried impatiently, “Give it to him for the \$100. Let us see the masters.”

“\$100 is the bid, will anyone bid \$200?”

The crowd was indignant. They didn’t want the picture of the son by some unknown artist. They wanted the more worthy works as investments for their collections.

The auctioneer pounded the gavel.

“Going once, twice, **sold for \$100!**”

A man sitting in the second row shouted, “Now let’s get on with the collection!”

The auctioneer laid down his gavel.

“I’m sorry, the auction is over.”

A dismayed voice shouted, “What about the paintings?”

“I’m sorry. The auction is over. When I was called to conduct this auction, I was told of a secret stipulation in the will. I was not to reveal that stipulation until this moment. Only the painting of the son was to be auctioned. Whoever bought that painting will inherit the entire estate, including all the fine works of art.”

Whispers

The man whispered, “God, speak to me,”
and a meadowlark sang.
But the man did not hear.

So the man yelled, “God, speak to me,”
and the thunder rolled across the sky.
But the man did not listen.

The man looked around and said,
“God, let me see you,”
and a star shined brightly.
But the man did not see.

Now the man shouted,
“God, show me a miracle,”
and a life was born.
But the man did not notice.

So the man cried out in despair,
“Touch me, God, and let me know you are there.”
Whereupon God reached down and touched the man.
But the man brushed the butterfly away and walked on.

Don't miss out on a blessing because it isn't packaged the way that you expect.

Effective Preaching

ONE day, St. Francis of Assisi said to a young disciple, “Let us go out and preach today.” Together they left the quiet monastery and went to a nearby town. St. Francis visited the various shops, made some purchases, spoke with an acquaintance here and there, and did several other errands. At last they returned to the monastery. The young disciple, thinking his master had forgotten the original purpose of their excursion, asked, “Sir, when do we do the preaching?” St. Francis smiled as he said, “My son, we have been preaching all morn-

ing. We have done the best kind of preaching by our very actions and conduct among our fellow men.”

Are those with whom we come in contact going to listen to what we say and wonder at our discourteous conduct, our careless work? Or are they going to remember our Christ-like deeds and words? “Be thou an example of the believers.”

A. C. Frey Collection

The Trees’ Garments of “Glory and Beauty”

ISRAEL’S ancient High Priest, Aaron, during the early part of the great Day of Atonement, wore his white garments, the linen garments of sacrifice, as he “offered himself” in the various animals that were slain “for the people.” However, at the close of this day, after having thus faithfully served his God and the people, he changed to other garments, those of scarlet, blue, purple and gold—the “garments of glory and beauty.” In these garments he then came forth and with uplifted hands pronounced the benediction upon the people.

So the trees minister to us much as Aaron did. During the Spring and Summer they serve their God and the people in their garments of service—the green leaves. Their service is in the beauty with which they delight our eyes as they bedeck the hillsides; in the shade which they afford from the heat of the sun; in the fragrance of their blossoms and their fruitage in due time; in the moisture suspended in the atmosphere about them; and in the purified oxygen which they exhale for us. Then comes the Autumn when, having completed this service on our behalf, they change to their other garments—the scarlet, blue, purple, and golden-hued leaves—their “garments of glory and beauty.” With uplifted hands they stand there, pronouncing the benediction of God upon all people.

A. C. Frey

A Box of Kisses

A man once punished his five-year-old daughter for wasting a roll of expensive gold wrapping paper. Money was tight and he was upset because the child had used the gold paper to decorate a box to be put under the Christmas tree.

Nevertheless, the little girl brought the gift box to her father the next morning and said, "This is for you, Daddy." The father was embarrassed by his earlier overreaction, but his anger flared again when he found the box was empty. He spoke to her in a harsh manner, "Don't you know, young lady, when you give someone a present there's supposed to be something inside the package?"

The little girl looked up at him with tears in her eyes and said, "Oh, Daddy, it's not empty. I blew kisses into it until it was full."

The father was crushed. He fell on his knees and put his arms around his little girl, and he begged her to forgive him for his unnecessary anger.

An accident took the life of the child soon afterward. The father kept that gold box by his bed for the rest of his life. Whenever he was discouraged or faced difficult problems, he would open the box and take out an imaginary kiss and remember the love of the child who had put it there.

In a very real sense, each of us have been given a golden box filled with unconditional love and kisses from our children, family, friends and God. There is no more precious possession.

The Song of an Old Man

I had been sitting alone in the little chapel for some time, busy at the organ in preparation for a meeting, and was about to leave the room, when an old man who had been in the adjoining reading-room came slowly toward me. Lifting his face toward mine, he said, "I like music. Won't you go back and play a little more for me?" He was eighty-four years old, as he told me afterward. His body was bent under the burden of years, and as I seated myself again at the organ he

came and stood beside me, fully ripe, it seemed, for heaven. He was alive to only one great thought . . . Jesus, the Savior and Master! He had been turning the leaves of the *Gospel Hymns* while my fingers ran over the keyboard, and presently he laid the book before me saying, "Play that slowly, and I'll try to sing it for you." Softly and very slowly I followed him, as with a broken voice, often scarcely audible, he tried to sing.

"Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it then, where'er you go."

It was little more than a whisper song; but as he took up the words of the chorus a glad smile spread over his face, and his voice seemed to gather strength from his heart as he *looked* rather than sang:

"Precious Name! Oh, how sweet:
Hope of earth and joy of heaven."

It was true worship: the simple, glad expression of a loving, loyal heart. Verily, I sat alone with a saint that day, for as the other verses of the hymn were sung their wondrous meaning was interpreted by the face of the singer, and the veil seemed to fall away, revealing to me things unseen.

I had never seen the old man before; it is not likely I shall ever see him again in the flesh; but his life touched mine with blessing that day, for he had unconsciously brought the Master very near. God's work in the world calls loudly for consecrated talent, vigorous minds, songful voices, physical strength, business tact, enterprise, money and time. We realize this, and perhaps, finding that we have few, if any, of these things, think that we have nothing that would be "acceptable in God's sight." He wants the best we have, it is true; but even if the best is very, very poor, it is acceptable to the Father, who cares more for the love which prompts our service than for the service itself. There was no music in the old man's voice; indeed, it could truthfully be said that he almost had no voice; but he drew a soul a little nearer to the Savior with what he had. God owned and blessed his weakness. "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

The Bee that Would Not be Saved

THE other evening I was a little late in going down to dinner, and this was the reason: I noticed a number of dead bees lying on the floor of the lookout where I am accustomed to work—a sight that I encounter every spring. The poor things had come in through the open window. When the windows were closed they found themselves prisoners. Unable to see the transparent obstacle, they had hurled themselves against the glass panes on all sides, east, north, south and west, until they fell to the floor exhausted, and died. But yesterday, I noticed among the bees a great drone, much stronger than the bees, who was far from being dead—who, in fact, was very much alive and was dashing himself against the panes with all his might, like the great beast that he was. “Ah! my fine friend,” said I, “it would have been an evil day for you had I not come to the rescue. You have been done for, my fine fellow; before nightfall you would be lying dead, and on coming upstairs in the evening with my lamp, I would have found your poor little corpse among those of the other bees. Come, now, like the Emperor Titus I shall mark the day by a good deed: let us save the insect’s life. Perhaps in the eyes of God a drone is as valuable as a man, and without any doubt it is more valuable than a prince.”

I threw open the window, and, by means of a napkin, began chasing the insect toward it; but the drone persisted in flying in the opposite direction. I tried to capture it, it lost its head completely; it bounded furiously against the glass panes, as though it would smash them, took a fresh start, and dashed itself again and again against the glass. Finally it flew the whole length of the apartment, maddened and desperate. “Ah, you tyrant!” it buzzed. “Despot! You would deprive me of my liberty! Cruel executioner, why do you not leave me alone? I am happy, and why do you persecute me?”

After trying very hard, I brought it down and, in seizing it with the napkin, I involuntarily hurt it. Oh, how it tried to avenge itself! It darted out its sting; its little nervous body, contracted by my fingers, strained itself with all its strength in an attempt to sting me. But I ignored its protestations, and, stretching my hand out the window, opened the napkin. For

a moment the drone seemed stunned, astonished; then it calmly took flight out into the infinite.

Well, you see how I saved the drone. I was its providence. But (and here is the moral of my story) do we not, stupid drones that we are, conduct ourselves in the same manner toward the providence of God? We have our petty and absurd projects, our small and narrow views. Our rash designs, whose accomplishment is either impossible or injurious to ourselves. Seeing no farther than our noses and with eyes fixed on our immediate aim, we plunge ahead in our blind infatuation, like madmen. We would succeed, we would triumph; that is to say, we would break our heads against an invisible obstacle.

And when God, who sees all and who wishes to save us, upsets our designs, we stupidly complain against his providence. We do not comprehend that in punishing us, in overturning our plans and causing us suffering, he is doing all this to deliver us, to open the Infinite to us.

Victor Hugo

The Kiss of God

THE other day, in the midst of the hurrying traffic of a great thoroughfare, an old poverty-stricken woman was leading a blind youth by the hand. He had a battered concertina hung around his neck. His face was marred, even ugly; he had the look of one but half-witted. But he was clearly her son. There was the same face, the same form, though he was slightly taller. They came along, she impassive and heedless of everything but her charge. Suddenly they stopped, and moved by some impulse, she leaned forward and kissed him tenderly. Few noticed it, but there was contentment in the face of the blind fellow, and a firmer grip of the hand that upheld and guided him. Some of us in our blindness and loneliness have felt the kiss of God and the pressure of his hand. We are content that the crowd, eager for novelty, should sweep by, assured that all that they can find is worthless when compared to the love that passes knowledge.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Sighs of Love

“SHE keeps repeating it over and over again. We’ve been back to this shelter at least five times. It has been weeks now since we started all of this,” the woman told the volunteer.

“What is it she keeps asking for?” the volunteer asked.

“Puppy size!”

“We have plenty of puppies, if that’s what she’s looking for.”

“I know. We have seen most of them,” the mother said in frustration.

Just then the young child came walking into the office.

“Well, did you find one?” asked her mother.

“No, not this time,” she said with sadness in her voice. “Can we come back on the weekend?”

The two women looked at each other, shook their heads and laughed.

“You never know when we will get more dogs. Unfortunately, there’s always a supply,” the volunteer said.

The young child took her mother by the hand and headed to the door.

“Don’t worry, I bet we’ll find one this weekend,” the child said.

Over the next few days both Mom and Dad had long conversations with her. They both felt she was being too particular.

“It’s this weekend or we’re not looking any more,” Dad finally said in frustration.

“We don’t want to hear anything more about ‘puppy size’ either,” Mom added.

Sure enough, they were the first ones in the shelter on Saturday morning. By now the young child knew her way around, so she ran right for the section that housed the smaller dogs.

Tired of the routine, Mom sat in the small waiting room at the end of the first row of cages. There was an observation window so you could watch the animals from there.

The young girl walked slowly from cage to cage, kneeling periodically to take a closer look. One by one the dogs were

brought out and she held each one. One by one she said, "Sorry, you're not the one."

It was the last cage on this last day in search of the perfect pup.

The volunteer opened the cage door and the child carefully picked up the dog and held it close. This time she took a little longer.

"Mom, that's it! I found the right puppy! He's the one! I know it!" she screamed with joy. Mom, startled by all the commotion, came running.

"What? Are you sure? How do you know?" she asked.

"It's the puppy sighs!"

"Yes, it is the same size as all the other puppies you held the last few weeks," Mom said.

"No, not **'size' — 'sighs.'** When I held him in my arms he sighed," she said.

"So?"

"Don't you remember? When I asked you one day what love is, you told me "Love depends on the sighs of your heart. The more you love, the bigger the sighs!"

The two women looked at each other for a moment. Mom didn't know whether to laugh or cry. As she stooped down to hug her child she did a little of both.

"Mom, every time you hold me I sigh. When you and Daddy come home from work and hug each other, you both sigh. I knew I would find the right puppy if it sighed when I held it in my arms," she said.

Then, holding the puppy up close to her face she said, "Mom, he loves me. I heard the sighs of his heart."

Close your eyes for a moment and think about the love that makes you sigh.

The Smell of Rain

A cold March wind danced around the dead of night in Dallas as the doctor walked into the small hospital room of Diana Blessing. Still groggy from surgery, with her husband David holding her hand, they braced themselves for the latest news. Complications had forced Diana, only 24 weeks pregnant, to undergo an emergency cesarean to deliver the couple's new daughter, Dana Lu Blessing. At 12 inches long and weighing only one pound and nine ounces, they already knew she was perilously premature. Still, the doctor's soft words dropped like bombs. "I don't think she's going to make it," he said, as kindly as he could. "There's only a 10 percent chance she will live through the night, and even then, if by some slim chance she does make it, her future could be a very cruel one." Numb with disbelief, Diana and David listened as the doctor described the devastating problems Dana would likely face if she survived. She would never walk, she would never talk, she would probably be blind, and she would certainly be prone to other catastrophic conditions from cerebral palsy to complete mental retardation, and on and on. "No! No!" was all Diana could say.

She and David, with their five-year-old son Dustin, had long dreamed of the day they would have a daughter to become a family of four. Now, within a matter of hours, that dream was slipping away through the dark hours of morning, as Dana held onto life by the thinnest thread. Diana slipped in and out of sleep, growing more and more determined that their tiny daughter would live to be a healthy, happy young girl. But David, fully awake and listening to additional dire details of their daughter's chances of ever leaving the hospital alive, much less healthy, knew he must confront his wife with the inevitable.

David told Diana that they needed to talk about making funeral arrangements. Diana remembers that David was trying to tell her what was going on, but she just did not want to listen. "I couldn't listen," she said. "I remember saying, 'No, that is not going to happen, no way! I don't care what the doctors say. Dana is not going to die! One day she will be coming home with us, and she will be just fine!'"

As if willed to live by Diana's determination, Dana clung to life hour after hour, with the help of every medical machine and marvel her miniature body could endure. But as those first days passed, a new agony set in for Diana and David. Because Dana's underdeveloped nervous system was essentially "raw," the lightest kiss or caress only intensified her discomfort, so they couldn't even cradle their tiny baby girl against their chests to offer the strength of their love. All they could do, as Dana struggled alone beneath the ultraviolet light in the tangle of tubes and wires, was to pray that God would stay close to their precious little girl. So, as the weeks went by, she did slowly gain an ounce of weight here and an ounce of strength there.

At last, when Dana turned two months old, her parents were able to hold her in their arms for the very first time. And two months later, Dana went home from the hospital, just as her mother had predicted. Today, five years later, Dana is a petite but feisty young girl with glittering gray eyes and an unquenchable zest for life. She shows no signs whatsoever of any mental or physical impairment. Simply, she is everything a little girl can be and more, but that happy ending is far from the end of her story.

One blistering summer afternoon, five-year-old Dana was sitting on her mother's lap in the bleachers of a local ballpark where her brother Dustin's baseball team was practicing. As always, Dana was chattering nonstop with her mother and several other adults sitting nearby when she suddenly fell silent. Hugging her arms across her chest, Dana asked, "Do you smell that?" Smelling the air and detecting the approach of a thunderstorm, Diana replied, "Yes, it smells like rain." Dana closed her eyes and again asked, "Do you smell that?" Once again, her mother replied, "Yes, I think we're about to get wet, it smells like rain." Still caught in the moment, Dana shook her head, patted her thin shoulders with her small hands and loudly announced, "No, it smells like him. It smells like God when you lay your head on his chest." Tears blurred Diana's eyes as Dana then happily hopped down to play with the other children. Before the rains came, her daughter's words confirmed what Diana and all the members of the

extended Blessing family had known all along. During those long days and nights of her first two months of life, when her nerves were too sensitive for them to touch her, God was holding Dana on his chest. It was his loving scent that she remembered so well.

Will We Entertain the Lord Today?

It happened one day at December's end
Some neighbors called on an old-time friend.
And they found his shop, so meager and mean,
Made gay with a thousand boughs of green.

And old Conrad was sitting with face a-shine,
When he suddenly stopped as he worked with twine.
And he said, "My friends, at dawn today,
When the cock was crowing the night away,

The Lord appeared in a dream to me,
And he said, 'I'm coming your guest to be.'
So I've been busy with feet astir,
Strewing my shop with branches of fir.

The table is spread and the kettle is shined,
And over the rafters the holly is twined.
And now I'll wait for my Lord to appear;
And listen closely so I will hear

His steps as he nears my humble place.
And I'll open the door and I'll look on his face."
Then his friends went home and left Conrad alone,
For this was the happiest day he had known.

For long since his family had passed away,
And Conrad had spent many a sad Christmas Day.
But he knew with the Lord as his Christmas guest,
This Christmas would be the dearest and best.

So he listened with only joy in his heart,
And with every sound he would rise with a start,
And looked for the Lord to be at his door,
Like the vision that he had had a few hours before.

So he ran to the window after hearing a sound,
But all he could see on the snow-covered ground
Was a shabby beggar whose shoes were torn,
And all his clothes were ragged and worn.

But old Conrad was touched and he went to the door
And he said, "Your feet must be cold and sore.
I have some shoes in my shop for you.
And I have a coat to keep you warmer, too."

So with grateful heart the man went away.
But Conrad noticed the time of day
And he wondered what made the dear Lord so late,
And how much longer he'd have to wait.

Then he heard another knock, and he ran to the door,
But it was only a stranger once more.
A bent old lady with a shawl of black,
And a bundle of kindling wood piled on her back.

But she asked only for a place to rest,
A place that was reserved for Conrad's great guest.
But her voice seemed to plead, "Don't send me away,
Let me rest for a while this Christmas Day."

So Conrad brewed her a steaming cup
And told her to sit at the table and sup.
After she had left, he was filled with dismay
For he saw that the hours were slipping away.

The Lord had not come as he said he would
And Conrad felt sure he had misunderstood.
When out of the stillness he heard a cry.
"Please help me and tell me — Where am I?"

So again he opened his friendly door
And stood disappointed as twice before.
It was a child who had wandered away,
And was lost from her family on Christmas Day.

Again Conrad's heart was heavy and sad,
But he knew he could make this little girl glad.
So he called her in and he wiped her tears,
And he quieted all her childish fears.

Then he led her back to her home once more.
Then, as he entered his own darkened door,
He knew that the Lord was not coming today,
For the hours of Christmas had all passed away.

So he went to his room, and he knelt down to pray.
He said, "Lord, why did you delay?
What kept you from coming to call on me?
I wanted so much your face to see."

Then softly, in the silence, a voice he heard.
"Lift up your head— I have kept my word.
Three times my shadow crossed your floor.
Three times I came to your lowly door.

I was the beggar with bruised cold feet;
I was the woman you gave something to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street.
Three times I knocked, three times I came in,
And each time I found the warmth of a friend.

Of all the gifts, love is the best.
I was honored to be your Christmas guest."

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

The Stinging Scorpion

HERE was a man who saw a scorpion floundering around in the water. He decided to save it by stretching out his finger, but the scorpion stung him. The man still tried to get the scorpion out of the water, but the scorpion stung him again.

Someone nearby told him to stop saving the scorpion that kept stinging him. But the man said, "It is the nature of the scorpion to sting. It is my nature to love. Why should I give up my nature to love just because it is the nature of the scorpion to sting?"

**Don't give up loving.
Don't give up your goodness,
Even if people around you sting.**

Let's not give up on Love. If you have love in your heart, you always have something to give. Love is the one treasure that multiplies by division. It is the one gift that grows bigger the more you take from it. It is the one business in which it pays to be an absolute spendthrift. You can give it away, throw it away, empty your pockets, shake the basket, turn the glass upside down, and tomorrow you will have more than ever.

An "A" for Behavior

WHEN Edward Everett Hale brought his first report home from Boston Latin School, it showed that he stood only ninth in a class of fifteen. He was terribly downhearted, but home was his refuge and he had a good mother. She said, "Never mind, Edward, I notice in your report that you are first for good behavior, and that means more to me than to have you head of the class and not behave well." What a sensible mother!

It is a striking thing that no one ever refers to Jesus as clever or brilliant. It is because all know that the supreme virtue is goodness.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Rented Room

OUR house was directly across the street from the clinic entrance of Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. We lived downstairs and rented the upstairs rooms to outpatients 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 and 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, and 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 and 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 oversized heart crowded into that tiny body.

He told me he fished for a living to support his daughter, her five children, and 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 a thanks to God for a blessing. He was grateful that no pain accompanied his disease, which was apparently a form of skin cancer. He thanked God for giving him 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 and 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 and 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 and then added, "Your children made me feel at home. Grown-ups are bothered by my face, but children don't seem to mind." I told him he was welcome to come again.

On his next trip he arrived a little after seven in the morning. As a gift, he brought a big fish and 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 and fresh. I knew his bus left at 4:00 a.m. and 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 and oysters packed in a box with fresh young spinach or kale, every leaf carefully washed. Knowing that he must walk three miles to mail these, and 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 illnesses 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 and the good with gratitude to God.

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. “Here’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 “... for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the LORD looketh on the heart.” —*1 Samuel 16:7*

Blooms for the Neighbor

A story is told of a young woman who was a great lover of flowers. She set out a rare vine at the base of a stone wall. It grew vigorously but did not blossom. Day after day she cultivated and watered it and tried in every way to coax it to bloom. One morning, as she stood before the plant disappointed, her invalid neighbor called to her and said, “You cannot imagine how I have been enjoying the blooms on that vine you planted.”

The young woman looked over the wall and there was a mass of bloom. The vine had crept through the crevices and bloomed on the other side. Poor girl! She thought that her plant was a failure when all the time it was proving a blessing to one who sorely needed it. The invalid was enriched and blessed in every way because of the faithful efforts of that girl in cultivating a single vine, even though the girl could not see the results. How important it is, then, that we seek to create the right kind of influence. The way we live, worship, act and play may count for more than we think.

The Blind Man's Lantern

HERE is a story of a man who was walking down a dark street and met another man with a staff and a lantern. The striking thing, as the stranger noticed it, was that the man was feeling his way with his staff, and apparently making no use of the light. When asked if he were not blind, the man replied that he was, but he knew the street well, and had no difficulty in making his way with his staff. "But," asked the stranger, "why do you carry a lantern?" "To keep other people without lanterns from stumbling over me," was the blind man's answer. To be able only to tell others where not to go is a small gift, but it is something. Not everyone can be a brilliant beacon in the world, but the humblest person can keep himself from being a stumbling block.

A. C. Frey Collection

A Special Person

They say it takes a minute to find a special person,
An hour to appreciate them,
A day to love them,
But a lifetime to forget them.

- ✿ There's no limit to how much good you can do if you don't care who gets the credit.

- ✿ Christian forgiveness is like the sweetness given forth by flowers when they are trampled upon.

The Many Names of Christ

- To the *Architect*— he is the **Chief Corner Stone.**
To the *Artist*— he is the **One Altogether Lovely.**
To the *Baker*— he is the **Living Bread.**
To the *Banker*— he is the **Hidden Treasure.**
To the *Biologist*— he is the **Life.**
To the *Builder*— he is the **Sure Foundation.**
To the *Carpenter*— he is the **Door.**
To the *Doctor*— he is the **Great Physician.**
To the *Educator*— he is the **Great Teacher.**
To the *Engineer*— he is the **New and Living Way.**
To the *Florist*— he is the **Rose of Sharon and
the Lily of the Valley.**
To the *Geologist*— he is the **Rock of Ages.**
To the *Horticulturist*— he is the **True Vine.**
To the *Jeweler*— he is the **Pearl of Great Price.**
To the *Judge*— he is the **Righteous Judge,
Judge of All Men.**
To the *Lawyer*— he is the **Counselor, the Law
Giver, the Advocate.**
To the *Oculist*— he is the **Light of the Eyes.**
To the *Philanthropist*— he is the **Unspeakable Gift.**
To the *Philosopher*— he is the **Wisdom of God.**
To the *Preacher*— he is the **Word of God.**
To the *Reporter*— he is the **Good Tidings of
Great Joy.**
To the *Sculptor*— he is the **Living Stone.**
To the *Servant*— he is the **Good Master.**
To the *Statesman*— he is the **Desire of All Nations.**
To the *Student*— he is the **Truth.**
To the *Theologian*— he is the **Author and Finisher
of our Faith.**

To the *Toiler*— he is the **Giver of Rest.**

To the *Sinner*— he is the **Lamb of God that
takes away the sin
of the world.**

To the *Christian*— he is the **Son of the Living God,
the Savior, the Re-
deemer and the Lord.**

Living in the House You Build

ONE of my friends told me of a philanthropist who once hired a contractor, who had been most unfortunate, to build him a dwelling. He gave him authority to choose the material and to govern every part of its construction. The contractor felt that this was an opportunity for him to recover some of his lost fortune, and he put into the building the poorest material and the faultiest of work. When the house was finished the philanthropist said, "This house is for you and your family, and you can live in it as long as you please. It is yours forever." The contractor realized that he had built a poor house in which he must now live. So our lives are blighted if we build weakness into our characters and allow sin to rule in our lives.

A. C. Frey Collection

Straining the Musical Strings

As the musician straineth his strings,
and yet he breaketh none of them,
but maketh thereby
a sweeter melody and better concord,
so God, through affliction,
makes his own better
unto the fruition and blessing
of the life to come.

A. C. Frey Collection



*The Lips
of the
Righteous
feed many*

PROVERBS 10:21

10



“Information Please”

WHEN I was quite young, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighborhood. I remember well the polished case fastened to the wall.

The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother talked to it. Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person—her name was “Information Please” and there was nothing she did not know. “Information Please” could supply anybody’s number and the correct time.

My first personal experience with this genie-in-the-bottle came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbor. Amusing myself at the tool bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer. The pain was terrible, but there didn’t seem to be any reason in crying because there was no one home to give sympathy. I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at the stairway. The telephone! Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlor and dragged it to the landing. Climbing up, I unhooked the receiver and held it to my ear.

“Information Please,” I said into the mouthpiece just above my head. A click or two and a small clear voice spoke into my ear.

“Information.”

“I hurt my finger...” I wailed into the phone. The tears came readily enough now that I had an audience.

“Isn’t your mother home?” came the question.

“Nobody’s home but me,” I blubbered.

“Are you bleeding?” the voice asked.

“No,” I replied. “I hit my finger with the hammer and it hurts.”

“Can you open your icebox?” she asked. I said I could. “Then chip off a little piece of ice and hold it to your finger,” said the voice.

After that, I called “Information Please” for everything. I asked her for help with my geography and she told me where Philadelphia was. She helped me with my math. She told me

my pet chipmunk, that I had caught in the park just the day before, would eat fruit and nuts.

Then there was the time Petey, our pet canary, died. I called "Information Please" and told her the sad story. She listened, then said the usual things grown-ups say to soothe a child. But I was inconsolable. I asked her, "Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all, only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage?"

She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly, "Paul, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in." Somehow I felt better.

Another day I was on the telephone. "Information Please."

"Information," said the now familiar voice. "How do you spell fix?" I asked.

All this took place in a small town in the Pacific Northwest. When I was nine years old, we moved across the country to Boston. I missed my friend very much. "Information Please" belonged in that old wooden box back home and I somehow never thought of trying the tall, shiny new phone that sat on the table in the hall. As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me. Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity, I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding, and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way west to college, my plane put down in Seattle. I had about half an hour between planes. I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister, who lived there now. Then without thinking what I was doing, I dialed my hometown operator and said, "Information Please." Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well.

"Information."

I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying, "Could you please tell me how to spell fix?"

There was a long pause. Then came the soft-spoken answer, "I guess your finger must have healed by now."

I laughed. "So it's really still you," I said. "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me back then?"

"I wonder," she said, "if you know how much your calls

meant to me. I never had any children and I used to look forward to your calls.”

I told her how often I had thought of her over the years and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister.

“Please do,” she said. “Just ask for Sally.”

Three months later I was back in Seattle. A different voice answered “Information.” I asked for Sally. “Are you a friend?” she said.

“Yes, a very old friend,” I answered.

“I’m sorry to have to tell you this,” she said. “Sally had been working part-time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago.”

Before I could hang up she said, “Wait a minute. Is your name Paul?”

“Yes.”

“Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down in case you called. Let me read it to you.” The note said, “Tell him I still say there are other worlds to sing in. He’ll know what I mean.”

I thanked her and hung up. I knew what Sally meant.

Never underestimate the impression you unknowingly may make on others.

Following the Conscience

W.T. Stead, who went down on the Titanic, was one of the many noble men on that doomed vessel who stepped aside for the weaker. He was once offered the editorship of a certain newspaper at a tempting salary. He asked whether he would be absolutely free to direct the policy of the paper. No, he was expected to conform to the general policy of the publisher. He was not a rich man, but without hesitation he refused the offer. When friends remonstrated with him, telling him he could not afford to be so Quixotic, he replied that he had “A Wealthy Partner” on whom he could depend. That sort of religion counts.

A. C. Frey Collection

When the Clock Stopped

A clock in a jewelry store window in a small town stopped one day for half an hour, at fifteen minutes of nine. School children, noticing the time, stopped to play; people hurrying to the train, looking at the clock, began to walk leisurely; professional men, after a look at the clock, stopped to chat a minute longer in the sunshine; and all were half an hour late because one small clock stopped. Never had these people known how much they depended upon that clock till it led them astray.

Many are thus depending upon the influence of Christians; you may think you have no influence, but you cannot go wrong in one little act without leading others astray.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Wrong Book

BUSY in his study, a minister was preparing his sermon for the coming Sunday. He reached to the shelf at his side for a book, and then remembered that he had left it downstairs. His little daughter was playing in the bedroom, and he called her. She came running, eager and delighted at the thought that Papa needed her. He explained carefully where she could find the book, and she went gladly, returning in a moment with a book which he saw at a glance was the wrong one. But he hardly looked at the book as he took it and laid it on the table. He looked only at the eager face of his little daughter, wreathed in smiles. Gathering her close to his heart, he kissed her and said, "Thank you, darling." And when she had gone back happy and contented to her play, he went quietly for the book he needed. I think I should like to listen to the sermons that man would preach.

A. C. Frey Collection

A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath

SOME time ago my wife was standing in a grocery line with my five-year-old daughter, having to listen to a foul-mouthed woman behind her complaining that the line was moving too slowly. Her first impulse was to remind the woman that a young impressionable child was being polluted by her foul language. But the holy spirit re-directed my wife. Instead of a swift rebuke from the flesh, this woman heard, "You must be hurting really badly inside to be screaming so loud on the outside." The woman burst into tears and the door was opened to bring healing into her life instead of words which just would have made the walls around her thicker. The prison doors were opening. My wife was set free from her resentment and the woman was beginning to get healed from deep wounds in her heart.

At a conference my wife attended recently, she heard a missionary relate a personal experience she had with a grumpy bank teller in one of the foreign countries she worked in. The bank teller apparently was sick of foreigners and let her feelings be known to each one of them. She seemed to enjoy belittling these foreigners. The abuse was so intense that the missionary would do anything to get into a different line whenever she went to the bank. On a particular day, there was only one teller booth open. Needless to say, the abuser was on duty. If it wasn't for the fact that she desperately needed to cash a check to buy food for the day, she would have walked out of the bank just to avoid having to deal with that teller. As she braced herself for the abuse, she begged God for words to say to this woman. Face to face with her tormentor, out came something like:

"Oh, it must be awfully hard to deal with us foreigners every day. We just never seem to be able to understand the differences in currency. I don't know how you put up with us, but I am so grateful that you are available to help us. I don't know what we would do without you."

The teller was utterly disarmed and left speechless as a tear coursed its way down her cheek. The teller's reaction led the missionary to continue to share words of encouragement. Over time, they became good friends and the teller's hostility towards foreigners diminished considerably.

The Christian's "Wavemaster"

AMONG the gadgets used by "ham" (amateur radio) operators is one called the wave meter or absorption meter. It is used to determine the frequency or wavelength of a transmitter. When this contraption is placed in close proximity to an activated transmitter, you turn the dial until the indicator lamp lights, and by reading the dial you know the transmitter's frequency or wavelength.

The light of the lamp is not from a battery or other power source in the wave meter, but from energy absorbed from the transmitter, which energy is then converted into light. The lamp lights only when the wave meter and the transmitter are in exact resonance with each other. Turning the dial to either side of this point of resonance extinguishes the light completely.

While God in his power is everywhere present, comparatively few are able to discern his presence! The reason is that they are not in tune with the Infinite God. We are like the little wave meter. When we get in tune with God by way of consecration, we receive of his spirit, which in turn is transformed into the light, joy, peace, goodwill and happiness of our lives. If we turn to the right or the left, his spirit is lost to us, and all becomes darkness.

A. C. Frey

A Few Kind Words

ON one occasion the genial but sad-faced Eugene Field sat at a table in a New York restaurant. The voluble waiter rattled off a number of dishes that were ready for service. Field looked at him solemnly for a moment then remarked, "Oh, friend, I want none of those things. All I require is an orange and a few kind words." There was more pathos than humor in the reply. To men and women of toil and travail, how welcome are a few kind words! Without them a banquet is a famine; with them an orange is a feast.

A. C. Frey Collection

One Person

DR. Frank Mayfield was touring Tewksbury Institute when, on his way out, he accidentally collided with an elderly cleaning maid. To cover the awkward moment, Dr. Mayfield started asking questions. "How long have you worked here?"

"I've worked here almost since the place opened," the maid replied. "What can you tell me about the history of this place?" he asked.

"I don't think I can tell you anything, but I could show you something."

With that, she took his hand and led him down to the basement under the oldest section of the building. She pointed to one of what looked like small prison cells, their iron bars rusted with age, and said, "That's the cage where they used to keep Annie."

"Who's Annie?" the doctor asked.

"Annie was a young girl who was brought here because she was incorrigible. Nobody could do anything with her. She'd bite and scream and throw her food at people. The doctors and nurses couldn't even examine her without her spitting and scratching at them.

"I was only a few years younger than her myself and I used to think, 'I sure would hate to be locked up in a cage like that.' I wanted to help her, but I didn't have any idea what I could do. I mean, if the doctors and nurses couldn't help her, what could someone like me do?"

"I didn't know what else to do, so I just baked her some brownies one night after work. The next day I brought them in. I walked carefully to her cage and said, 'Annie, I baked these brownies just for you. I'll put them right here on the floor and you can come and get them if you want.' Then I got out of there just as fast as I could because I was afraid she might throw them at me. But she didn't. She actually took the brownies and ate them.

"After that, she was just a little bit nicer to me when I was around. And sometimes I'd talk to her. Once, I even got her laughing. One of the nurses noticed this and she told the doctor. They asked me if I'd help them with Annie. I said I would

if I could. So that's how it came about that every time they wanted to see Annie or examine her, I went into the cage first and explained and calmed her down and held her hand. That's how they discovered that Annie was almost blind.

"After they'd been working with her for about a year—and it was tough sledding with Annie—the Perkins Institute for the Blind opened its doors. They were able to help her, and she went on to study and became a teacher herself.

"Annie came back to the Tewksbury Institute to visit, and to see what she could do to help out. At first, the Director didn't say anything, and then he thought about a letter he'd just received. A man had written to him about his daughter. She was absolutely unruly—almost like an animal.

"He'd been told she was blind and deaf as well as 'deranged.' He was at his wit's end, but he didn't want to put her in an asylum. So he wrote here to ask if we knew of anyone—any teacher—who would come to his house and work with his daughter.

"And that is how Annie Sullivan became the lifelong companion of Helen Keller.

"When Helen Keller received the Nobel Prize, she was asked who had the greatest impact on her life and she said, 'Annie Sullivan.'

"But Annie said, 'No, Helen. The woman who had the greatest influence on both our lives was a cleaning maid at the Tewksbury Institute.'"

One Day at a Time

A certain lady had met with a serious accident, which necessitated a painful operation and many months of confinement in her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was taking his leave, the patient asked, "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here, helpless?" "Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks the thought, "only one day at a time," came back with its quieting influence.

A. C. Frey Collection

It's a Small, Small World

Let's try to shrink the world down to a size manageable for our minds. If we could shrink the earth's population to a village of precisely 100 people, with all the existing human ratios remaining the same, it would look something like the following—

There would be:

- ❖ 57 Asians
- ❖ 21 Europeans
- ❖ 14 from the Western Hemisphere, both north and south
- ❖ 8 would be Africans
- ❖ 70 would be non-Christian
- ❖ 30 would be Christian (that includes anyone espousing the name of Christ)
- ❖ 6 people would possess 59 percent of the entire world's wealth and all 6 would be from the United States.
- ❖ 80 would live in substandard housing
- ❖ 70 would be unable to read
- ❖ 50 would suffer from malnutrition
- ❖ 1 would be near death
- ❖ 1 would be near birth
- ❖ 1 (yes, only 1) would have a college education
- ❖ 1 (yes, only 1) would own computer.

Thirty-six percent of the world's military money is spent by one nation, the United States.

1.1 billion people in the world live on less than \$1 a day.

Christians are sending only 1.2 percent of their missions funds to 1.1 billion who live in the unevangelized part of the world.

The Bible still has not been translated into at least 2,000 languages.

Eighty-five percent of the world's poorest nations are located in the least evangelized part of the world.

If you have food in the refrigerator, clothes on your back, a roof overhead and a place to sleep, you are richer than 75 percent of this world.

If you have money in the bank, in your wallet, and spare change in a dish someplace, you are among the wealthiest eight percent.

If you can attend a meeting to worship God without fear of harassment, arrest, torture, or death, you are more blessed than 3 billion people in the world.

If you have never experienced the danger of battle, the loneliness of imprisonment, the agony of torture, or the pangs of starvation, you are ahead of 500 million people in the world.

If you can read this message, you are more blessed than over 2 billion people in the world who cannot read at all.

In the time you read this message, over 250 children will have died of preventable diseases, over 100 (mostly children) will have died from bad drinking water, over 15 children will have entered or been sold into prostitution and over 1,500 people will have been born into the unevangelized part of the world.

Remember from this day forth what the condition of the world is and how blessed you truly are!

Rabbi Talner's Prayer

WHEN Jews get up in the morning, they first wash themselves and then immediately start their prayers, which last for at least an hour. Christians, on the other hand, first read the Bible, and only afterwards begin to pray.

Why?

Rabbi David Talner, contrary to the normal custom of the Jews, used to start the day by reading his mail, and only prayed afterwards. When asked why, he answered, "The more renowned a man is, the more difficult is his struggle against besetting evil thoughts in prayer. So I always read my letters first. Usually, they begin by addressing me as a righteous Rabbi, a teacher, a leader, a holy man, or some other complimentary phrase. Then I begin my prayer by saying, 'LORD, you know that I do not deserve these titles of honor. But since so many men believe me to be so in all sincerity, do not put their faith to shame. Make me become what they believe I am.'"

I Wish You Enough

AT an airport recently, I overheard a father and daughter in their last moments together. Standing near the security gate as her flight began boarding, they hugged and he said, “I love you. I wish you enough.”

She in turn said, “Daddy, our life together has been more than enough. Your love is all I ever needed. I wish you enough, too, Daddy.” They kissed and she left.

He walked over to where I was seated by the window. I could see he wanted and needed to cry. I tried not to intrude on his privacy, but he welcomed me in by asking, “Did you ever say good-bye to someone knowing it would be forever?”

“Yes, I have,” I replied.

Saying that brought back memories I had of expressing my love and appreciation for all my dad had done for me.

Recognizing that his days were limited, I took the time to tell him face to face how much he meant to me. So I knew what this man was experiencing.

“Forgive me for asking, but why is this a forever good-bye?” I asked.

“I am old and she lives much too far away. I have challenges ahead and the reality is, her next trip back will be for my funeral,” he said.

“When you were saying good-bye I heard you say, ‘I wish you enough.’ May I ask what that means?”

He began to smile. “That’s a wish that has been handed down from past generations. My parents used to say it to everyone.”

He paused for a moment and, looking up as if trying to remember it in detail, he smiled even more. “When we said ‘I wish you enough,’ we wanted the other person to have a life filled with just enough good things to sustain them,” he continued, and then turning toward me he shared the following as if he were reciting it from memory:

“I wish you enough sun to keep your attitude bright.

I wish you enough rain to appreciate the sun more.

I wish you enough happiness to keep your spirit alive.

I wish you enough pain so that the smallest joys in life appear much bigger.

I wish you enough gain to satisfy your wants.

I wish you enough loss to appreciate all that you possess.

I wish enough ‘Hello’s’ to get you through the final ‘Good-bye.’”

He then began to sob and walked away.

It’s the Chords that Count

DR. F. B. Meyer related a beautiful story of a little girl staying at a summer hotel. She was at that trying age when small fingers are beginning to find their way about the piano, striking as many wrong notes as right ones, and not particularly sensitive to the anguish such attempts cause others. A brilliant musician was also staying at the hotel. He came into the drawing-room, where the girl was plunking away on the piano, to the annoyance of the many other people in the room. He quickly appraised the situation and sat down beside the small musician. He began to accompany her with the most exquisite improvisation. Each note of hers only gave him a new motif for chords of surpassing beauty, while the crowd in the drawing room listened breathlessly. When the performance was over, the great musician took the child by the hand and introduced her as the one to whom they were indebted for the music. Her efforts had led to his magnificent accompaniment, but his part in the performance left a deep impression.

It is the Lord’s presence with the Christian that makes the difference. “Apart from him we can do nothing” acceptable. If we achieve, it is because he works with us and through us. To God be the glory!

A. C. Frey Collection

The Light Within

PEOPLE are like stained glass windows. They sparkle and shine when the sun is out. But in the darkness, beauty is seen only if there is a light within. Let us today start looking for that light. But more so, let us learn to let our own light shine brightly.

“Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.”—*1 Peter 3:3,4*

Animals Attack from the Rear

ANIMAL trainers say that the secret of safely handling all beasts of the cat species, such as lions, tigers, and leopards, is to keep them constantly afraid of you. The instant they get over their fear, they will attack anyone who crosses their path. They are all treacherous, too, and often gather courage for an attack when the master's eyes are turned away from them. One never knows when they will get over their fear and spring at the keeper if they have a chance to do it from behind. Our fight with the devil is like that. He is always seeking to attack us from the rear or in ambush. “The devil goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour,” but he is a great coward when faced with courage. “Resist the devil and he will flee from you” is as true in our time as it was when the Apostle James first declared it.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Scent of Danger

A short time ago I read a story that made me thoughtful. A great menagerie was sold at auction. Some straw that had been used as temporary bedding for the wild beasts was bought by a man who owned a livery stable. And horses that had never seen a lion were uneasy and refused to enter the stalls where the straw was. It was an instinctive dread of an unseen enemy. And it is possible for a conscience to be so delicately adjusted to the voice of God that when a lure which we do not certainly know to be sinful, a cunningly baited trap for the soul, is placed in our path, there is a spiritual instinct, a divine scent, that makes us draw back and avoid the danger. The Apostle Paul had such a conscience.

A. C. Frey Collection

Feeling the Tug

DOCTOR Bosworth of Oberlin was in the habit of taking a walk late every afternoon. One day while so engaged he came across a lad flying a kite. The afternoon was a stormy one, the clouds were hanging low. The boy had played out an enormous length of twine and the kite was lost in the clouds. The professor asked the boy what he was doing, and when the lad replied that he was flying a kite, Dr. Bosworth continued: "But how do you know you have a kite on the end of that string? You can't see it." The boy, not looking at the noted educator, replied: "Because I can feel the tug of it."

A. C. Frey Collection



*Whoever loves
Discipline
loves knowledge*

PROVERBS 12:1



The Ingredients of Zeal

I sat down in my armchair, weary with work; my toil had been severe and protracted. The church wore an aspect of thrift and prosperity. Joy and hope and courage were the prevailing sentiments on every hand. As for myself: I was joyous in my work; my brethren were united; my sermons and exhortations were evidently telling on my hearers; my church was crowded with members; the whole community was more or less moved by the prevailing excitement; and so the work went on. I had been led into exhausting labors for its promotion.

Tired from my efforts, I soon lost myself in a dream-like trance, though I seemed fully aware of my surroundings. A stranger entered the room, without any announcement. I saw in his face benevolence, intelligence and weight of character; but though he was passably well attired, he carried various measures and chemicals and implements, which gave him a very strange appearance.

The stranger came toward me, and extending his hand he asked, "How is your zeal?"

I supposed when he began to speak that the query was to be for my health. But I was pleased to hear his final word, for I was quite well-pleased with my zeal, and I knew the stranger would smile when he saw its proportions. Instinctively I conceived of it as a physical quantity, and putting my hand to my bosom, brought it forth and presented it to him for his inspection.

He took it and, placing it on his scale, weighed it carefully. I heard him say, "One hundred pounds!"

I could scarcely suppress a cry of satisfaction. But I caught his earnest look as he noted down the weight, and I saw at once that he was intent on pushing his investigation.

He broke the mass to atoms, put it in his crucible, and put the crucible into the fire. When the mass was thoroughly melted, he took it out and set it down to cool. It congealed into a series of layers or strata. At the stroke of the hammer the layers fell apart, and were each tested and weighed. The stranger made detailed notes as the process continued.

When he had finished, he presented the notes to me. He gave me a look of mingled sorrow and compassion, as with a parting “May God save you!” he left the room.

I opened the note and read as follows:

Analysis of the zeal of Junis, a candidate for the crown of glory: weight in mass, 100 pounds, of which, on analysis, there proves to be,

- ☛ Bigotry—10 parts
- ☛ Personal ambition—23 parts
- ☛ Pride of talent—14 parts
- ☛ Love of praise—19 parts
- ☛ Pride of denomination—15 parts
- ☛ Love of authority—12 parts
- ☛ Love of God—4 parts
- ☛ Love of man—3 parts

I had been troubled at the peculiar manner of the stranger, and especially at his parting look and words; but when I looked at the figures my heart sank. I made a mental effort to dispute the correctness of the report, but was suddenly startled into a more honest mood by an audible sigh, almost a groan, from the stranger, who had paused in the hall, and by a sudden darkness falling upon me. I cried out, “Lord, save me!”

I knelt down by my chair, with the paper in my hand, and my eyes fixed upon it. At once it became a mirror, and I saw my heart reflected in it. The record is true! I saw it; I felt it; I confessed it; I deplored it; and I begged God, with many tears, to save me from myself. At length, with a loud and irrepressible cry of anguish, I awoke.

Is the Jar Full?

ONE day, an expert in time management was speaking to a group of business students and, to drive home a point, used an illustration those students will never forget. As he stood in front of the group of high-powered overachievers he said, “Okay, time for a quiz,” and he pulled out a one-gallon, wide-mouth Mason jar and set it on the table in front of him.

He also produced about a dozen fist-sized rocks and carefully placed them, one at a time, into the jar. When the jar was filled to the top and no more rocks would fit inside, he asked, “Is this jar full?”

Everyone in the class yelled, “Yes.”

The time management expert replied, “Really?”

He reached under the table and pulled out a bucket of gravel. He dumped some gravel in and shook the jar, causing pieces of gravel to work themselves down into the spaces between the big rocks.

He then asked the group once more, “Is the jar full?”

By this time the class was on to him. “Probably not,” one of them answered.

“Good!” he replied.

He reached under the table and brought out a bucket of sand. He started dumping the sand in the jar and it went into all of the spaces left between the rocks and the gravel.

Once more he asked the question, “Is this jar full?”

“No!” the class shouted.

Once again he said, “Good.”

Then he grabbed a bottle of wine and began to pour it into the jar until it was full to the brim. The students laughed.

The expert asked, “What is the point of this experiment?”

One eager beaver raised his hand and said, “The point is, no matter how full your schedule is, if you try really hard you can always fit some more things into it.”

“No,” the speaker replied, “that’s not the point. This jar represents your life. The rocks are the important things—your spirituality, your partner, your family, your health, your passions—things that if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full.

“The gravel represents the other things that matter, like

your job, your house, your car. The sand is everything else—the small stuff.

“If you put the sand into the jar first,” he continued, “there won’t be any room for the rocks or the gravel. The same goes for your life. If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, you will never have room for the things that matter most. So pay attention to the rocks, the things that are critical to your happiness. Maintain a close relationship with God. Take your spouse out to dinner. Play with your children. Take time to get medical checkups. There will always be time to go to work, clean the house, and fix the disposal.”

One student raised her hand and asked what the wine represented. The speaker smiled. “I’m glad you asked. It just goes to show that no matter how full your life may seem, there’s always time for a glass of wine with a friend!”

The Broken Microscope

MACAULAY tells the story of a young scientist in India who acquired a microscope. Beneath it he placed a drop of water from the Ganges, the sacred river of India. He looked and beheld an infinite pollution. In a rage, he broke the microscope in pieces and threw it away. The Ganges continued carrying its infection to the sea, but he would not see it. Foolish, you say. But no more foolish than the way most people close their eyes to the facts of their own life. They don’t have the courage to look at the truth. They prefer to live all their days in a fool’s paradise. In their sincerest moments there is some insincerity. Their self-examination is nothing more than self-defense. They can put a favorable construction upon almost any action when dealing with themselves.

A. C. Frey Collection

Incompatible Pictures

DR. Barbour tells of a young fellow who went off to college. His mother said she would like to go along and get him started right, but he said, "No, Mother; let me go and get settled myself."

She did not visit him until he was in his second year. After he had shown her the college and its various buildings and classrooms, she said, "Take me to your room." He said, "All right." They went up to his room. There were a pair of oars, a football, a baseball with some gold letters on it, a tennis racket—all the indications of an athletic college boy. Then she looked up and saw some pictures on the wall that ought never to be on anybody's wall. She was a very wise mother, and said nothing.

When Christmas came, the young man received two packages from his mother. One was marked for his room, and upon opening it he found a beautiful picture of Hoffmann's Christ.

The mother went to visit him again in the early spring. The boy met her very gladly and showed her around, and by and by she asked to go up to his room. She looked around the room: there were the oars, the football, baseball, and tennis racket; then she glanced up where the pictures were before, but they were not there. Facing the door, where it was the first thing that you saw as you entered the room, was the face of Christ. The mother said, "By the way, William, there were some other pictures here when I visited before." He said, "Oh well, Mother, you see, they did not fit in with him."

A. C. Frey Collection

Kill the Ivy When it's Small

IN the gardens of Hampton Court, visitors used to see trees that were well-nigh strangled by huge coils of ivy, which were wound about them like the snake around the unhappy Laocoön. There was no untwisting of the folds, they were too giant-like and fast-fixed, and every hour the rootlets of the climber were sucking out the life of the unhappy tree. Yet there was a day when the ivy was a tiny sprig, only asking a little aid in climbing. Had it been denied then, the tree would never have become its victim. Vice, intemperance, lust, anger, avarice—like the vine—twine about a man, extracting the life from him and leaving him a wreck.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Crowded House

ONCE upon a time there was a man who lived with his wife, two small children, and his elderly parents in a tiny hut. He tried to be patient and gracious, but the noise and crowded conditions wore him down.

In desperation, he consulted the village wise man. “Do you have a rooster?” asked the wise man.

“Yes,” he replied.

“Keep the rooster in the hut with your family, and come see me again next week.”

The next week, the man returned and told the wise elder that living conditions were worse than ever, with the rooster crowing and making a mess of the hut. “Do you have a cow?” asked the wise elder. The man nodded fearfully. “Take your cow into the hut as well, and come see me in a week.”

Over the next several weeks, the man—on the advice of the wise elder—made room for a goat, two dogs, and his brother’s children.

Finally, he could take no more, and in a fit of anger, kicked out all the animals and guests, leaving only his wife, his children, and his parents. The home suddenly seemed spacious and quiet, and everyone lived happily ever after.

Spring — Life Anew

How refreshing is the Spring, with its resurgence of life after the cold and barren Winter! Roots that have been lying dormant in the ground are awakened—called forth by their returning lord, the sun. The grasses, flowers and trees all begin to manifest the resurrection. How appropriate that Jehovah God ordained that the Passover should be in the Spring of the year. It was at this season that Jesus was resurrected from the dead. Therefore, every little blade of grass that pushes its way out of its prison-house of death, every blossom that wafts its fragrance on the Spring breezes, and every tree that puts forth its new foliage, is but a mute memorial of that Resurrection and the assurance of the general resurrection of all the countless dead, when, as Jesus declared, “...all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth...”
—*John 5:28-29*

A. C. Frey

Wounded Nasturtiums

Many years ago, dear old Bro. R. H. Hirsh told the story of a large garden of beautiful nasturtiums—the flowers whose leaves are like miniature umbrellas. A very heavy hailstorm broke over this area in Philadelphia. It inflicted much damage upon the gardens, and particularly on this beautiful bed of nasturtiums. Relentlessly, the hailstones cut the little flowers into shreds and ribbons, until the garden was a very sorry sight to behold. However, after the storm, when peace and tranquility again prevailed, the air was redolent with such a fragrance from these “wounded” and “bruised” flowers as it had never been before!

So with us, our trials and experiences, though very severe, should make us yet more kind and benevolent, blessing all those around us. Perfected through suffering!

A. C. Frey

The Spot on the Inside

WHILE walking down the street one day I passed a man who was washing a large plate glass window. There was one soiled spot which defied efforts to remove it. After rubbing hard at it, using much soap and water, and failing to remove it, he found out the trouble. "It's on the inside," he called out to someone in the store.

Many are striving to cleanse the soul of its stains. They wash it with the tear of sorrow; they scrub it with the soap of good resolves; they rub it with the chamois of morality—but still the consciousness of it is not removed. The trouble is, "It's on the inside." It is the heart that is bad. If the fountain is bitter, the stream will not be sweet.

A. C. Frey Collection

Seeing the Guilty Seven Miles Away

ONE day the astronomer, Mitchell, was making observations on the sun just as it was setting, and there came into range of the great telescope the top of a hill seven miles distant. On the hilltop were several apple trees, and in one of them were two boys stealing apples. One was getting the apples and the other was watching to make sure that nobody saw them. But there sat Professor Mitchell, seven miles away, with the great eye of the telescope full upon them, noting every motion and even the guilty expression of their faces, as plainly as if he had been in the tree with them.

Think not, because no man sees, that such things will remain unseen!

A. C. Frey Collection

The Call of the Barnyard

A flock of wild ducks were flying in formation, heading south for the Winter. They formed a beautiful “V” in the sky and were admired by everyone who saw them from below.

One day Wally, one of the wild ducks in the formation, spotted something on the ground that caught his eye. It was a barnyard with a flock of tame ducks who lived on the farm. They were waddling around on the ground, quacking merrily and eating corn that was thrown on the ground for them every day.

Wally liked what he saw. “It sure would be nice to have some of that corn,” he thought to himself. “And all this flying is very tiring. I’d like to just waddle around for a while.” So after thinking it over, Wally left the formation of wild ducks, made a sharp dive to the left, and headed for the barnyard.

He landed among the tame ducks and began to waddle around and quack merrily. He also started eating corn. The formation of wild ducks continued their journey south, but Wally didn’t care. I’ll rejoin them when they come back this way in a few months, he said to himself.

Several months went by and sure enough, Wally looked up and spotted the flock of wild ducks in formation, heading north. They looked beautiful up there. And Wally was tired of the barnyard.

It was muddy, and everywhere he waddled there was nothing but muck. “It’s time to leave,” said Wally. So Wally flapped his wings furiously and tried to get airborne. But he had gained some weight from all his corn eating, and he hadn’t exercised his wings much either.

He finally got off the ground, but he was flying too low and slammed into the side of the barn. He fell to the ground with a thud and said to himself, “Oh well, I’ll just wait until they fly south in a few months. Then I’ll rejoin them and become a wild duck again.”

But when the flock flew overhead once more, Wally again tried to lift himself out of the barnyard. He simply didn’t have the strength. Every Winter and every Spring, he saw his

wild duck friends flying overhead, and they would call out to him. But his attempts to leave were all in vain.

Eventually Wally no longer paid any attention to the wild ducks flying overhead. He hardly even noticed them. He had, after all, become a barnyard duck.

Sometimes we get tired of being wild ducks—followers of Jesus Christ. It's not always easy to be obedient to God and to discipline ourselves to hang in there for the long haul. When we are feeling that way, we are tempted to “fall out of formation” and to join the barnyard ducks—the world.

But see what happened to Wally? He thought he would just “check it out” for a while and leave when he wanted to. But he couldn't do it. Sin is like that. Sin is a trap, and it has a way of changing us into people we don't even want to become.

Eventually, we lose touch with what we really are—the sons and daughters of the Most High. We become barnyard ducks.

Drowning in a Canoe

ONE of the men who accompanied Commodore Peary to the North Pole has since drowned in a canoe in some waters near his home. After escaping the perils of cracks in the polar ice, and giving the most human account of the dash to the north, George Borup lost his life in what he must have considered quite a negligible peril compared with those he had passed through. It is so in the moral life. Souls that can successfully brave the big perils are often the victims of the small ones. A temptation to be dishonorable in a big matter is easily overcome; but many yield to the temptation to be careless in small things.

A. C. Frey Collection

Creosote

DOWN in the railroad yard the other morning I saw a box-car loaded with railroad ties that had been thoroughly soaked in creosote solution. I noticed on this warm day that this one car was completely free from pestiferous bugs and insects of all kinds, though the cars about it were alive with all kinds of life. The clean antiseptic creosote created an atmosphere that was so uncongenial to the pests that they avoided it. The Christian whose life is constantly immersed in the Word frees himself from the pestiferous little worries and temptations of life. The atmosphere of the Word is inimical to their presence. The Christian is “clean” through the Word.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Woodpecker and the Telephone Pole

ONE Sunday morning as people were going to church, a telephone pole, large and strong and round, suddenly groaned and trembled. With a great snapping sound, the upper half of the pole fell to the ground, like a great strong man struck down by an unseen bullet. A crowd soon gathered, marveling what could have caused such a catastrophe. Just then a small boy began to climb the stump to investigate. When he reached the top he found that right where the pole had broken was a scooped-out place where a pair of woodpeckers had built their nest, and there in the nest was a poor little woodpecker frightened half to death.

Unnoticed but steadily, stroke by stroke, the birds had dug their way into the heart of that great, strong telephone pole until they had sapped its strength. Sometimes a man comes crashing down. The whole world marvels at it; but in time it is discovered that some secret sin had eaten into his heart.

A. C. Frey Collection

Helping the Butterfly

ONE day a naturalist was studying a cocoon, from which a butterfly was struggling to be free. He heard it beating against the sides of its little prison, and his heart went out in pity for the helpless creature.

Using a tiny lancet, he cut away the fragile walls and released the little captive. But to his amazement it was not the beautiful creature that he had expected to see. It lay struggling upon the table, unable to walk, unable to fly, a helpless, unlovely object. Instead of the gorgeously colored wings were weak, shriveled limbs.

What was the matter with this creature that should have been so beautiful? The prison gates had been opened too soon. The obstacle had been removed before the struggler had grown strong, through struggling, to be ready for its glorious flight into the sunshiny skies and among the perfumed flowers.

O God, when the walls seem to close about us, when we struggle and agonize to be free, yet the barriers remain—is it not because, in your infinite wisdom, you see that we are weak, and you want us to become strong? When the struggle is finished at last, like the butterfly we may come forth—in glorious robes of splendid colors, in the everlasting robes of righteousness.

A. C. Frey Collection

Boiled by Degrees

IN a certain laboratory experiment a live frog was placed in water heated at the rate of .0036 of a degree Fahrenheit per second. The frog never moved or showed any sign of distress, but was found at the end of two and a half hours to be dead. The explanation was that the temperature of the water changed so gradually that the frog never recognized its danger. It was boiled to death without noticing it.

Many a man grows so accustomed to his evil environment that he fails to realize how he is being spiritually ruined.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Speeding Ticket

JACK took a good look at his speedometer before slowing down: 73 in a 55 mph zone. The flashing red lights in his rear-view mirror insisted he pull over quickly, but Jack let the car coast. Fourth time in as many months. How could a guy get caught so often? When his car had slowed to 10 miles an hour, Jack pulled over, but only partially. Let the cop worry about the potential traffic hazard. Maybe some passing car will graze his backside with a mirror. Jack slumped into his seat, the collar of his trench coat covering his ears. He tapped on the steering wheel, doing his best to look bored, his eyes on the rear-view mirror. The cop was stepping out of his car, the big pad in hand. Bob? Bob from church? Jack sank farther into his trench coat. This was worse than the coming ticket. A Christian cop catching a guy from his own church. A guy who happened to be a little eager to get home after a long day at the office. A guy he was about to play golf with tomorrow. Jack was tempted to leave the window shut long enough to gain the psychological edge, but decided on a different tack. Jumping out of the car, he approached a man he saw every Sunday, a man he'd never seen in uniform.

"Hi, Bob. Fancy meeting you like this."

"Hello, Jack." No smile.

"Guess you caught me red-handed in a rush to see my wife and kids."

"Yeah, I guess." Bob seemed uncertain. Good.

"I've seen some long days at the office lately. I'm afraid I bent the rules a bit—just this once." Jack toed at a pebble on the pavement. "Diane said something about roast beef and potatoes tonight. Know what I mean?"

"I know what you mean. I also know that you have a reputation in our precinct." Ouch. This was not going in the right direction. Time to change tactics.

"What'd you clock me at?"

"Seventy-one. Would you get back in your car, please?"

"Now wait a minute here, Bob. I checked as soon as I saw you. I was barely nudging 65."

The lie seemed to come easier with every ticket.

"Please, Jack, in the car."

Flustered, Jack hunched himself through the still-open door. Slamming it shut, he stared at the dashboard. He was in no rush to open the window.

The minutes ticked by. Bob scribbled away on the pad. Why hadn't he asked for a driver's license?

Whatever the reason, it would be a month of Sundays before Jack ever sat near this cop again.

A tap on the window and Jack jerked his head to the left. There was Bob, a folded paper in hand. Jack rolled down the window a mere two inches, just enough room for Bob to pass him the slip.

"Thanks." Jack could not quite keep the sneer out of his voice.

Bob returned to his car without a word.

Jack watched his retreat in the mirror, bottom teeth gnawing his upper lip. When Bob vanished inside his car, Jack unfolded the sheet of paper. How much was this one going to cost? Wait a minute. What was this? Some kind of joke? Certainly not a ticket. Jack began to read:

Dear Jack,

Once upon a time I had a daughter. She was six when she was killed by a car. You guessed it—a speeding driver. After a fine and three months in jail, the man was free. Free to hug his daughters. All three of them. I only had one, and I'm going to have to wait for the resurrection before I can hug her again. A thousand times I've tried to forgive that man. A thousand times I thought I had. Maybe I did, but I need to do it again. Even now. Pray for me. And be careful. My son is all I have left.

Bob

Jack shifted uncomfortably in his seat. Then he twisted around in time to see Bob's car pull away and head down the road. Jack watched until it disappeared. A full 15 minutes later, he, too, pulled away and drove slowly home, praying for forgiveness and hugging a surprised wife and kids when he arrived.



*He who is
Slow to Anger
has great
understanding*

PROVERBS 14:29

12



Robby

I have always supplemented my income by teaching piano lessons. Over the years I found that children have many levels of musical ability. I've never had the pleasure of having a prodigy, though I have taught some talented students. However, I've also had my share of what I call "musically challenged" pupils. One such student was Robby.

Robby was 11 years old when his mother (a single mom) dropped him off for his first piano lesson. I prefer that students (especially boys) begin at an earlier age, which I explained to Robby. But Robby said that it had always been his mother's dream to hear him play the piano. So I took him as a student.

Well, Robby began his piano lessons and from the beginning I thought it was a hopeless endeavor. As much as Robby tried, he lacked the sense of tone and basic rhythm needed to excel. But he dutifully reviewed his scales and some elementary pieces that I require all my students to learn.

Over the months he tried and tried while I listened and cringed and tried to encourage him. At the end of each weekly lesson he'd always say, "My mom's going to hear me play some day." But it seemed hopeless. He just did not have any inborn ability.

I only saw his mother from a distance as she dropped Robby off or waited in her aged car to pick him up. She always waved and smiled but never stopped in. Then one day Robby stopped coming to his lessons. I thought about calling him but assumed, because of his lack of ability, that he had decided to pursue something else. I also was a little glad that he had stopped coming. He was a bad advertisement for my teaching!

Several weeks later I mailed to the students' homes a flyer about the upcoming recital. To my surprise, Robby (who received a flyer) asked me if he could be in the recital. I told him that the recital was for current pupils and because he had dropped out he really did not qualify.

He said that his mom had been sick and unable to take him to piano lessons, but he was still practicing. "Miss Hondorf, I've just got to play!" he insisted. I don't know what led me to allow him to play in the recital. Maybe it was his persistence or maybe it was something inside of me saying that it would

be all right.

The night for the recital came. The high school gymnasium was packed with parents, friends and relatives. I put Robby up last in the program before I was to come up and thank all the students and play a finishing piece. I thought that any damage he would do would come at the end of the program and I could always salvage his poor performance through my “curtain closer.”

Well, the recital went off without a hitch. The students had been practicing and it showed. Then Robby came up on stage. His clothes were wrinkled and his hair looked like he’d run an eggbeater through it. “Why didn’t he dress up like the other students?” I thought. “Why didn’t his mother at least make him comb his hair for this special night?”

Robby pulled out the piano bench, sat down and began to play. I was surprised when he announced that he had chosen Mozart’s Concerto #21 in C Major. I was not prepared for what I heard next.

His fingers were light and nimble on the keys. He went from pianissimo to fortissimo . . . from allegro to presto. Never had I heard Mozart played so well by anyone his age. After six and a half minutes he ended in a grand crescendo and everyone was on their feet in wild applause.

Overcome and in tears, I ran up on stage and joyfully put my arms around Robby. “I’ve never heard you play like that, Robby! How’d you do it?”

Through the microphone, Robby explained: “Well, Miss Hondorf . . . remember I told you my mom was sick? Well actually she had cancer, and she passed away this morning. And, well . . . she was born deaf, so tonight was the first time she ever heard me play. I wanted to make it special.”

There wasn’t a dry eye in the house that evening. As the people from Social Services led Robby from the stage to be placed into foster care, I noticed that even their eyes were red and puffy and I thought to myself how much richer my life had been for taking Robby as my pupil.

But that night, Robby was the teacher and I was the pupil. He taught me the meaning of perseverance and love and believing in yourself. He taught me to take a chance on someone even if you don’t know why.

Let the Mud Dry

A young man had been badly insulted, and, full of angry indignation, declared that he was going at once to demand an apology. "My dear boy," said Father Graham, a beloved old man of the village, "take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud: it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little, till he and you are both cool, and the thing will be easily mended. If you go now it will only be to quarrel."

The young man took his advice, and before the next day was done, the insulting person came to beg forgiveness.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Wolves Within

A grandson told of his anger at a schoolmate who had done him an injustice. Grandfather said, "Let me tell you a story.

"I, too, have felt a great hate for those who have taken so much, with no remorse for what they do. But hate wears you down and does not hurt your enemy. It is like taking poison and wishing your enemy would die. I have struggled with these feelings many times.

"It is as if there are two wolves inside me; one is good and does no harm. He lives in harmony with all around him and does not take offense when no offense was intended. He will only fight when it is right to do so and in the right way.

"But the other wolf is full of anger. The littlest thing will send him into a fit of temper. He fights everyone, all the time, for no reason. He cannot think, because his anger and hate are so great.

"It is hard to live with these two wolves inside me, for both of them try to dominate my spirit."

The boy looked intently into his grandfather's eyes and asked, "Which one wins, Grandfather?"

The grandfather solemnly replied, "The one I feed."

Watching the Sun Move

TWO children were playing on a hillside when they noticed that the hour was nearing sunset, and one said wonderingly, "See how far the sun has gone! A little while ago it was right over that tree, and now it is low down in the sky." "Only it isn't the sun that moves, it's the earth. Father told us," answered the other. The first one shook his head. The sun did move, for he had seen it; and the earth did not move, for he had been standing on it all the time. "I know what I see," he said triumphantly. "And I believe Father," said his brother. So mankind divides still—some accepting only what their senses reveal to them, the others believing the Word of God.

A. C. Frey Collection

Captain Not Drunk Tonight

A sea captain, long noted for his rigid discipline, once came upon his first mate lying drunk. To settle an old score, the captain wrote in the logbook: "Last night First Mate Johnson intoxicated."

The entry rankled Johnson and he waited for revenge. Finally the chance came when he was assigned to write several entries in the log. With a bold hand, he wrote: "Captain Smith not drunk tonight."

Some of us might have a literal point of view about the truth and say that, after all, the mate had only written what was true about the captain. But the fact is he told the truth with every intention of deceiving.

It takes quite a stretch of imagination to believe we can do right when our intention is to do wrong.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Child and the Gun

EARLY in my Christian ministry I was called to apprehend a man who had gone insane. After we had captured him in a field, we found that he carried a loaded revolver. I returned it to his wife, but she said, "I don't want that gun. You'd better keep it, I don't want to see it any more." So I took the gun, with some of the bullets, brought it home and placed it in one of the drawers of my desk, and promptly forgot about it.

My son, Richard, a lad of about five, was rummaging through my desk one day and came upon the revolver and bullets. "Daddy, look what I found! May I have this? May I have this?" Now, of course, you who are parents know what I did. Though he begged me to give him the gun, I quickly took it away from him, after looking to see whether any bullets were in the magazine. "No, no, Richard," I said, "you cannot have that gun. It's too dangerous for you."

Did my son understand? He did not!

Christian friends, are we not like that? We are only children of faith. We plead and pray and petition for something we think we cannot do without, something which seems to be the most precious thing in all our lives. Yet our Heavenly Father says firmly and tenderly, "No, my child, I must refuse this petition. I cannot let you have this thing that you feel you need more than anything else in your life." Although we cannot understand now, when we reach the maturity of the sons of God and meet him face to face, we shall understand.

A. C. Frey Collection

Taking a Second Glance

A traveler in North Carolina saw an old man sitting in a chair in his garden, hoeing. The traveler laughed. He thought it was a case of monumental laziness. But he happened to look again as he laughed, and he saw a pair of crutches lying on the ground by the old man's chair. What had at first struck him as ridiculous now appeared heroic.

When disposed to criticize, remember human frailties.

A. C. Frey Collection

Giving Two-Fold

A good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature, and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett agreed to purchase a tract of land which had been “lawed over” for years. Some people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property which had such an incubus of uncertainty upon it. Others thought that perhaps he welcomed some legal sparring and would pitch in to fight that fence line question on his own behalf. That’s what the owner of the adjoining land thought. So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett coming across the field one day. Said Hackett, “What’s your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?”

“Your fence is over on my land two feet at one end, and one foot at the other end.”

“Well,” replied Hackett, “you go ahead and set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet, set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet.”

“But,” objected the neighbor, “that’s twice what I claim.”

“I don’t care about that,” said Hackett. “There’s been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself.”

The man paused, abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle, tooth and nail, but this move by the new neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn’t to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett. “Squire,” said he, “that fence ain’t going to be moved an inch. I don’t want the land. There wasn’t anything in the fight... but the principle of the thing.”

How often has a soft answer turned away wrath!

A. C. Frey Collection

On Business for the Firm

A traveling salesman was telling a friend about some poor treatment he had received in a certain establishment during his rounds. The rudeness and injustice he recited stirred the listener to protest. "And you did nothing about it afterwards? You let it go too easily! A fellow like that deserves to be taught a lesson." "Yes, but—I'm not here to avenge personal wrongs; I'm on business for the firm," answered the salesman. He must do nothing to hinder or bring discredit upon the work intrusted to him. How much more true of us who are intrusted with the Lord's business?

A. C. Frey Collection

The Fence

THERE was a boy with a bad temper. His father gave him a bag of nails and told him that every time he lost his temper, he had to hammer a nail in the back fence.

The first day the boy drove 37 nails into the fence. The next day, only 25. It gradually dwindled down. He discovered it was easier to hold his temper than to drive those nails into the fence.

Finally the day came when the boy didn't lose his temper at all. He told his father about it and the father suggested that the boy now pull out one nail for each day that he was able to hold his temper. The days passed and the young boy was finally able to tell his father that all the nails were gone.

The father took his son by the hand and led him to the fence. He said, "You have done well, my son, but look at the holes in the fence. The fence will never be the same. When you say things in anger, they leave a scar just like this one. You can put a knife in a man and draw it out. It won't matter how many times you say 'I'm sorry,' the wound is still there. A verbal wound is as bad as a physical one."

On Peace

☞ If peace... only had the music and pageantry of war, there'd be no more wars.—*Sophie Kerr*

☞ Dear God, Please send to me the spirit of Your peace. Then send, dear Lord, the spirit of peace from me to all the world. Amen.—*Marianne Williamson*

☞ Great tranquility of heart is his who cares for neither praise nor blame.—*Thomas à Kempis*

☞ He who joyfully marches to music in rank and file has already earned my contempt. He has been given a large brain by mistake, since for him the spinal cord would fully suffice. This disgrace to civilization should be done away with at once. Heroism at command, senseless brutality, deplorable love-of-country stance, how violently I hate all this, how despicable and ignoble war is; I would rather be torn to shreds than be a part of so base an action! It is my conviction that killing under the cloak of war is nothing but an act of murder. —*Albert Einstein*

☞ I keep the telephone of my mind open to peace, harmony, health, love and abundance. Then whenever doubt, anxiety, or fear try to call me, they keep getting a busy signal and soon they'll forget my number.—*Edith Armstrong*

☞ Mankind must put an end to war, or war will put an end to mankind... War will exist until that distant day when the conscientious objector enjoys the same reputation and prestige that the warrior does today.—*John F. Kennedy*

☞ A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.—*Johan Christoph Schiller*

☞ Fear knocked at the door. Faith answered. No one was there.—Inscription at *Hind's Head Inn* in England

☞ It is easy enough to be friendly to one's friends. But to befriend the one who regards himself as your enemy is the quintessence of true religion. The other is mere business.—*Gandhi*

☞ I keep my ideals, because in spite of everything I still believe that people are really good at heart.—*Anne Frank*

The Blessing of a Broken Leg

MR. McConkey told of a lady summering in Switzerland who went for a stroll and came to a shepherd's fold. She looked in at the door. There sat the shepherd and nearby on a pile of straw lay a single sheep seemingly in suffering. Asking what was the trouble, she was told that the lamb's leg was broken. The shepherd said that he himself had broken it. It was a most wayward animal and would not follow nor obey and so misled the others. He had had experience with sheep of this kind, so he broke one of its legs. The first day when he took it food, it tried to bite him. He let it lie for a couple of days then went back to it. It not only took the food but licked his hand, showing every sign of submission and affection. He said when it was well, it would be the model sheep of the flock. It had learned obedience through suffering.

Many times out of our very agony of heart, the God of love seeks to bring into our lives the supremest blessing that can enrich and glorify our lives—the blessing of a human will yielded to the will of God. Scripture assures God's children that afflictions are for their profit "that we might be partakers of his holiness" and that we might "yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

A. C. Frey Collection

Arrows on the Head

WE have read of Caesar having prepared a great feast for his nobles and friends. It happened that the day appointed was so extremely foul that nothing could be done to the honor of the meeting, whereupon he was so displeased and enraged that he commanded all who had bows to shoot up their arrows at Jupiter, their chief god, as if in defiance of him for that rainy weather. When they did this their arrows fell short of heaven and struck their own heads, so that many of them were sorely wounded. So our murmurings, which are so many arrows shot at God, will return upon our own heads; they won't hurt him, but will wound us.

A. C. Frey Collection

Living with the Dandelions

A man who had purchased a most beautiful estate found in his grassy lawns a goodly number of little yellow flowers—dandelions. While their petals looked resplendently golden in the morning sun, he knew that if he took no measures to rid his lawns of these encroachers, it would not be long before his lawns would be completely overrun. Not knowing what to do, he wrote for advice to the Department of Agriculture, in Washington, D.C. They suggested that he use a certain chemical that would destroy the flowers before the seeds had a chance to ripen and be disseminated.

He did exactly as he was told, only to find that the next year he had even more dandelions. He again wrote to the Department of Agriculture, which this time suggested another chemical, but the results were no different. Three times in three years he asked them for help. The fourth year he was desperate. He reminded them that three times now he had asked them for guidance in ridding his lawns of the unwanted flowers, and three times he had done exactly as he was told; yet, instead of the condition improving, it had steadily grown worse. What was he to do now?

This time they had but a single suggestion—that he now try to learn to live with them!

“O God, grant me the serenity to accept the things that I cannot change; courage to change things I can; and wisdom to know the difference.”

A. C. Frey



*A Tranquil
Heart
is life to the
body*

PROVERBS 14:30

B



The Bible's ABC's

- A**lthough things are not perfect
Because of trial or pain
Continue in thanksgiving
Do not begin to blame
E'en though the times are hard
Fierce winds are bound to blow
God is forever able
Hold on to what you know
Imagine life without him
Joy would cease to be
Keep thanking him for all things
Love imparts to thee
Move out of "Camp Complaining"
No weapon that is known
On earth can yield the power
Praise can do alone
Quit looking at the future
Redeem the time at hand
Start every day with worship
To "thank" is a command
Until we meet our Savior
Victorious by his grace
We'll run the race with courage
Xalting God with praise
Yes, some days will be good
 and yes some will be bad, but...
Zion waits in glory—where none are ever sad!

Seven Wonders of the World

A group of students was asked to list what they thought were the present Seven Wonders of the World. Though there was some disagreement, the following received the most votes:

- 1 Egypt's Great Pyramids
- 2 Taj Mahal
- 3 Grand Canyon
- 4 Panama Canal
- 5 Empire State Building
- 6 St. Peter's Basilica
- 7 China's Great Wall

While gathering the votes, the teacher noted that one quiet student hadn't turned in her paper yet, so she asked the girl if she was having trouble with her list.

The girl replied, "Yes, a little. I couldn't quite make up my mind because there were so many." The teacher said, "Well, tell us what you have, and maybe we can help."

The girl hesitated, then read, "I think the Seven Wonders of the World are:

- 1 to see
- 2 to taste
- 3 to touch
- 4 to hear..."

She paused, and then added,

- 5 "to feel
- 6 to laugh
- 7 to love."

The room was so silent you could have heard a pin drop. Those things we overlook as simple and "ordinary" are truly wondrous. This is a gentle reminder that the most precious things in life cannot be bought. God gave them to us.

Being happy doesn't mean everything's perfect, it just means you've decided to look beyond the imperfections.

The Influence of a Gentle Hand

A stranger stopped for the night at a farmer's house. He noticed that a slender little girl, by her gentle ways, had a great influence in the house. The next morning, when the farmer wanted to drive the stranger to town, the horse refused to go. They jerked it, whipped it and kicked it, but it would not move. Then the little girl laid her hand on the horse's neck, spoke a few kind words to it, and stroked it. Instantly the tense muscles relaxed and the stubbornness vanished. They had no more trouble with the pony that day.

A. C. Frey Collection

Dwelling with the Rose

A Persian Fable says:

One day a wanderer found a lump of clay,
So redolent of sweet perfume

Its odors scented all the room.

"What art thou?" was his quick demand,

"Art thou some gem of Samarkand,

Or spikenard in this rude disguise,

Or other costly merchandise?"

"Nay; I am but a lump of clay."

"Then whence this wondrous perfume, say?"

"Friend, if the secret I disclose,

I have been dwelling with the rose."

Sweet parable! and will not those

Who love to dwell with Sharon's rose,

Distill sweet odors all around,

Though low and mean themselves are found?

Dear Lord, may we to thee retreat,

Then shed abroad thy Fragrance sweet!

A. C. Frey Collection

The Hallelujah Chorus

YEARS ago in Cincinnati, Handel's *Messiah* was rendered by perhaps the greatest chorus on earth: Patti, then in her prime, was the leading soprano; Whitney, the bass; Theodore Toedt, the tenor; Carey, the alto; and this quartet was supported by more than four thousand voices.

Just before the *Hallelujah Chorus* a stillness fell over the vast assembly. Suddenly the bass sang *For he shall reign for ever and ever*; the tenor lifted it a little higher—*For ever and ever*, and the alto lifted it still higher—*For ever and ever*; then Patti broke in as though inspired—*King of Kings, and Lord of Lords*. As she broke off, paused and lifted her eyes, a voice seemed to float down from above as the voice of an angel flinging out through the great hall the question, *How long shall he reign?*—and a thousand sopranos in unison responded *For ever and ever*. Then the four thousand voices of the chorus broke forth like the shout of an angelic host, *Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*

What a glorious day for this poor old sin-ruined, storm-torn, heart-broken, groping-in-the-dark world—when he shall take his rightful throne and reign in all hearts and over all lives for ever and ever!

A. C. Frey Collection

God Thundereth

DR. J. R. Miller relates a story of some children alone during a thunderstorm; each gave a favorite Scripture verse. One of the children chose, *The Lord of glory thundereth*, and when she was asked why she gave these words, she said, "Once I heard a great noise when I thought I was alone in the house, and I was so frightened that I screamed with terror. My father was near, and he called, 'Don't be frightened, Margie; it is only Father.' Now when it thunders, and I begin to be afraid, God seems to say to me, 'Don't be frightened, Margie, it's only Father,' and all my fears vanish."

A. C. Frey Collection

Redeem the Time

“**R**EDEEM the time, because the days are evil.” How do you view time?

There’s a familiar illustration that likens time to money. We spend our money, and we spend our time. The only difference is that we all have different amounts of money to spend, but we all have the same amount of time. Yet each of us values time differently, just as we each value money differently. When you get change at a store do you count the coins or just put them in your pocket because the change from a dollar is not worth counting? When you have a few extra minutes, do you spend them on something worthwhile, or is change back from an hour not worth redeeming? How much is a few minutes worth, anyway?

Here are a few suggestions on how to value even small amounts of time:

How much is a year worth?

Ask a student who failed a grade.

How much is a month worth?

Ask a mother who gave birth to a premature baby.

How much is a week worth?

Ask the editor of a weekly newsmagazine.

How much is an hour worth?

Ask two lovers who are waiting to meet.

How much is a minute worth?

Ask a commuter who just missed his train.

How much is a second worth?

Ask a driver who just missed an accident.

How much is a hundredth of a second worth?

Ask an Olympic athlete who just missed the gold medal.

Don’t just miss the gold medal.

Redeem the time.

Walk circumspectly.

How You Look at Things

ONE day a father and his rich family took his son on a trip to the country with the purpose of showing him how poor some people can be. They spent a day and a night on the farm of a very poor family.

When they got back from their trip the father asked his son, "How did you like the trip?"

"Very much, Dad!"

"Did you see how poor people can be?" the father asked.

"Yeah!"

"And what did you learn?"

The son answered, "I saw that we have a dog at home, and they have four. We have a pool that reaches to the middle of the garden, they have a creek that has no end. We have imported lamps in the garden, they have stars. Our patio reaches to the front yard, they have a whole horizon." When the little boy was finishing, his father was speechless.

His son added, "Thanks, Dad, for showing me how poor we are!"

Isn't it true that it all depends on the way you look at things? If you have love, friends, family, health, good humor and a positive attitude toward life, you've got everything! You can't buy any of these things. You can have all the material possessions you can imagine, but if you are poor of spirit, you have nothing!

Gladness for a Space

If I had known what trouble you were bearing,

What griefs were in the silence of your face,

I would have been more gentle and more caring,

And tried to give you gladness for a space.

Of War and Roses

HE strode the length of the nursery walkway, inhaling the heady scent. To an untrained eye, the rows of methodically labeled roses might look identical. But Monsieur Francis Meilland knew better. As a rose breeder, he had dedicated his life to these plants. He knew each one intimately.

Pausing, he reached out to rub a particularly glossy leaf, its finely serrated edge curling slightly over his finger. "Ah, this one ... this one ..." Monsieur Meilland sighed.

A masterpiece! Unlike anything he had ever grown before. Of all his treasures, this plant produced the most heartbreakingly beautiful blooms.

Monsieur Meilland was anxious to experiment, to develop the rose further, and to give it an appropriate name. But he was out of time. The year was 1939 and the threat of war hovered over Western Europe. He could only hope to preserve the rose from the terrible dangers on the horizon.

By June the following year, the German Army had occupied northern France. Now the Nazis cut across to the coast, then turned and moved toward Paris, never striking twice in the same place. Waging "blitzkrieg," or lightning war, they had attacked first one town, then another, spreading defeat and disaster everywhere.

Pressed for time, Monsieur Meilland took cuttings from his beloved plant, still untested and still unnamed.

Methodically, he packaged and shipped them to rose aficionados throughout the world. Would they get out of France? Would they arrive at their destinations? More importantly, would they survive? He could only hope, and pray.

One last plane left France just before the Nazis gained control of the airport. On board were the final rose cuttings, cushioned in a diplomatic pouch, destined for the United States.

Four long years passed. Throughout Europe, shelling resounded like a giant bell solemnly tolling for the dead. And then it arrived: a letter from a rose grower in Pennsylvania praising the beauty of Meilland's discovery. It was ruffled. Delicate. The petals were of cameo ivory and palest cream, tipped with a tinge of pink.

His rose had survived.

But, for Monsieur Meilland, the crowning glory came later. On the very day that Berlin fell and bells of freedom rang across Europe, rose growers gathered far away, in sunny California, at a ceremony to christen his splendid blossom. To honor the occasion, white doves were set free to wing their way across a sapphire sky.

And after so many years, the fragile rose that had survived a war finally received its name:

“Peace.”

Carol McAdoo Rehme

Seeing with Blind Eyes

A blind woman sang *One Sweetly Solemn Thought* at a recent service and we could feel the living presence of God in her voice. After the service Mrs. McGuire and I drove her to her home. “I am very happy in my religion: God has put many beautiful things in the world,” she said. Then as we helped her from the street to her cottage home, she casually explained, “I have never had sight.”

She had never seen a star-lit sky, a rainbow, a zigzag lightning flash, the halo of mist around the crest of a mountain, a million fishes splashing in a tropical river at sunrise. She had never seen a baby, a smile, a magnolia tree in bloom, a wooded hillside in autumn, a thick cloud, phosphorescence playing across the ocean breakers at night, or a rainbow painted by the setting sun across a canvas of dark clouds. Yet she spoke of many beautiful things!

But she had heard the voice of God through the greetings of friends, she had sensed the fragrance of the rosebud, tasted his providence in the cool water, and felt his presence through her fingertips as she studied her Braille New Testament. And the Beauty of the world made her happy.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Lesson of the Daffodils

SEVERAL times my daughter had telephoned to say, "Mother, you must come see the daffodils before they are over."

I wanted to go, but it was a two-hour drive from Laguna to Lake Arrowhead. "I will come next Tuesday," I promised, a little reluctantly, on her third call.

Next Tuesday dawned cold and rainy. Still, I had promised, and so I drove there. When I finally walked into Carolyn's house and hugged and greeted my grandchildren, I said, "Forget the daffodils, Carolyn! The road is invisible in the clouds and fog, and there is nothing in the world except you and these children that I want to see badly enough to drive another inch!"

My daughter smiled calmly, "We drive in this all the time, Mother." "Well, you won't get me back on the road until it clears—and then I'm heading for home!" I assured her. "I was hoping you'd take me over to the garage to pick up my car." "How far will we have to drive?" "Just a few blocks," Carolyn said, "I'll drive. I'm used to this." After several minutes I had to ask, "Where are we going? This isn't the way to the garage!"

"We're going to my garage the long way," Carolyn smiled, "by way of the daffodils." "Carolyn," I said sternly, "please turn around." "It's all right, Mother. I promise you will never forgive yourself if you miss this experience."

After about twenty minutes we turned onto a small gravel road and I saw a small church. On the far side of the church I saw a hand-lettered sign: "Daffodil Garden."

We got out of the car and each took a child's hand, and I followed Carolyn down the path. Then we turned a corner of the path, and I looked up and gasped.

Before me lay the most glorious sight. It looked as though someone had taken a great vat of gold and poured it down over the mountain peak and slopes.

The flowers were planted in majestic, swirling patterns, great ribbons and swaths of deep orange, white, lemon yellow, salmon pink, saffron, and butter yellow. Each different-colored variety was planted as a group so that it swirled and

flowed like its own river with its own unique hue. Five acres of flowers!

“But who has done this?” I asked Carolyn. “It’s just one woman,” Carolyn answered. “She lives on the property. That’s her home.” Carolyn pointed to a well-kept A-frame house that looked small and modest in the midst of all that glory.

We walked up to the house. On the patio we saw a poster: “Answers to the Questions I Know You are Asking” was the headline. The first answer was a simple one: “50,000 bulbs,” it read. The second answer was, “One at a time, by one woman. Two hands, two feet, and very little brain.” The third answer was, “Began in 1958.”

There it was. The Daffodil Principle. For me that moment was a life-changing experience. I thought of this woman whom I had never met, who, more than forty-five years before, had begun one bulb at a time to bring her vision of beauty and joy to an obscure mountain-top. By planting just one bulb at a time, year after year, this unknown woman had forever changed the world in which she lived. She had created something of ineffable magnificence, beauty, and inspiration.

The principle her daffodil garden taught is one of the greatest principles of success: learning to move toward our goals and desires one step at a time—often just one baby-step at a time—learning to love the doing, learning to use the accumulation of time. When we multiply tiny pieces of time with small increments of daily effort, we too will find we can accomplish magnificent things. We can change the world.

“It makes me sad in a way,” I admitted to Carolyn. “What might I have accomplished if I had thought of a wonderful goal forty-five years ago and had worked away at it ‘one bulb at a time’ through all those years. Just think what I might have been able to achieve!” My daughter summed up the message of the day in her direct way.

“Start now,” she answered.

Too Much Comfort

PROFESSOR Wieman of Chicago says that in college he had a roommate who desired to improve his intellectual life, so he procured a large comfortable chair that was thought to be good for study. He got study slippers and a lounging jacket. A book rest was fastened to the arm of the chair to hold the book at the right angle for his eyes. He acquired a special lamp, eye-shade, pencils, paper and revolving bookcase. He would come into the room after the evening meal, take off his coat and put on the jacket, take off his shoes and slip into the slippers, adjust the lamp, put his book on the book rest, recline in the comfortable chair with his eye-shade over his eyes, and when everything was perfectly adjusted, he would go to sleep.

A. C. Frey Collection

Flowers Under the Snow

MANY of us find life hard and full of pain. The world uses us roughly. We suffer wrongs and injuries. Other people's clumsy feet tread upon our tender spirits. We cannot avoid these things, but we should not allow harsh experiences to deaden our sensibilities, or make us stoical or sour. The true challenge of living is to keep our hearts sweet and gentle in the hardest conditions and experiences.

If you remove the snow from a hillside in the late winter, you will find sweet flowers growing there beneath the cold drifts, unhurt by the storm and by the snowy blankets that have covered them. So should we keep our hearts tender and sensitive beneath life's fiercest winter blasts and through long years of suffering, even of injustice and wrong treatment. That is true victorious living.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Steady Old Clock

I have a little old farmhouse in the country—a place over one hundred and fifty years old. We have some old things around that house, including clocks. There's something fascinating about the ticking of a clock, especially in the quiet of the night. One of those old clocks is in the dining room. One day we had a violent hurricane. The great maples seemed almost to bend double under the driving winds. The rain beat upon the window-panes. The very beams of the house seemed to creak.

But the old clock acted as if there were no storm at all. "Tick, tock, tick, tock," it said calmly. If the clock had been a modern human being, it would have speeded up its tempo as if to cry excitedly, "Isn't it a terrible storm? What shall we do?" But the clock was measuring time which is rooted in the center of the stars. It was measuring decades, generations, eons, not merely excitable little minutes.

A man who has cultivated **the peace of God which passeth all understanding** does not get agitated by the little storms of life. His life is rooted in something eternal, so he goes on at his own private pace like the ticking of a clock during a thunderstorm.

A. C. Frey Collection

Just the Estate I Wanted

IT is a fact that when our blessings seem few we often have many more than we realize. There was a man who, wishing to sell a small estate, sent for a realtor and asked him to write an advertisement telling about the property. When the advertisement was ready, the agent took it to the man and read it to him. "Read that again," said the owner. The agent did so. "I have been looking for an estate like that all my life, and I did not know that I owned it."

So it is with our blessings. We have had them all along and did not know it.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Obstacle in our Path

ONCE upon a time a king placed a boulder on a busy roadway. Then he hid himself and watched to see if anyone would remove the huge rock. Some of the king's wealthiest merchants and courtiers came by and simply walked around it. Many loudly blamed the king for not keeping the roads clear, but none did anything about getting the big stone out of the way.

Then a peasant came along carrying a load of vegetables. On approaching the boulder, the peasant laid down his burden and tried to move the stone to the side of the road. After much pushing and straining, he finally succeeded. As the peasant picked up his load of vegetables, he noticed a purse lying in the road where the boulder had been. The purse contained many gold coins and a note from the king indicating that the gold was for the person who removed the boulder from the roadway.

The peasant learned what many never understand:

Every obstacle presents an opportunity to improve one's condition.

The Ministry of Pain

FATHER Damien had for thirteen years been a missionary to the lepers on Molokai. Finally the dread disease laid hold on him.

One morning he spilled some boiling water on his foot. But there was not the slightest pain. Then he knew he was doomed. He knew that death had come to his body and little by little would take possession. A hundred times better for him if that boiling water had brought pain.

So with conscience. You have committed a certain wrong. Does it hurt? Then be glad. You become hopeless only when your soul gets past feeling.

A. C. Frey Collection

God Holds the Reins

A wisp of memory from long ago comes in. I was a little lad driving a great team of farm horses hitched to an empty hay rack. Suddenly, from unaccustomed noises, perhaps sensing too weak a hand upon the reins, they started on a wild gallop down the sloping road, across a ravine. Everything I had, tensed arms, pounding heart, appealing voice, was strained in the attempt to restrain, to control, to guide them across the narrow wooden bridge.

Does the reader chide me for remembering so trivial a thing? But how can I forget, especially how a strong pair of hands reached beyond my own (for I was not alone on that lonely road, you see), grasping the reins, and a voice far more authoritative than my own commanded the galloping horses, and they obeyed. It was good to have Father drive when the horses broke away.

When, in the life which we now live in this body and in such a world, the wild horses begin to rear and plunge, it is good that we are not alone, that we can whisper, "Father, you drive."

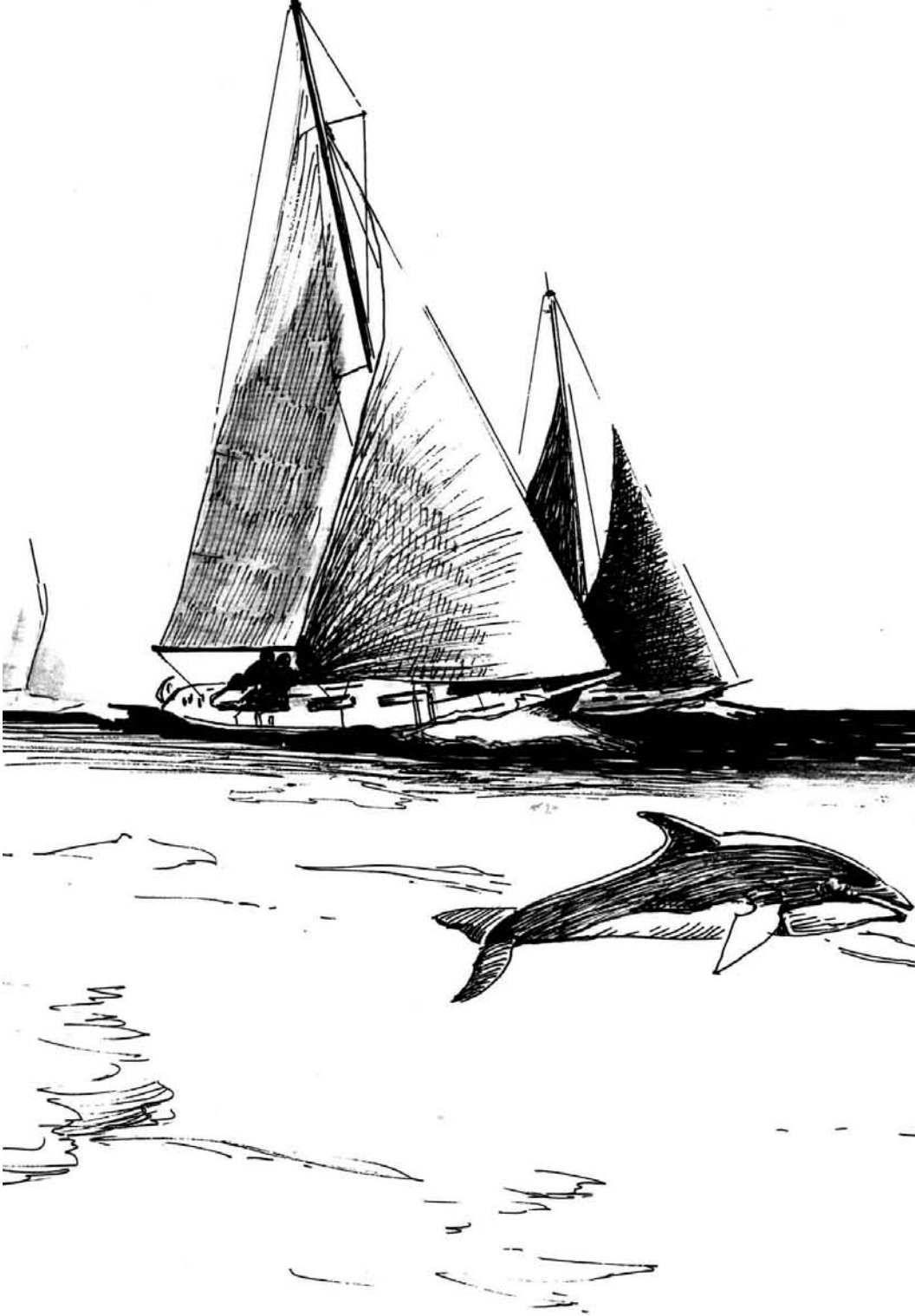
A. C. Frey Collection

Lying on your Back

DURING Dr. Payson's last illness a friend, coming into his room, remarked sympathetically, "Well, Doctor, I am sorry to see you lying here on your back."

"Do you know why God puts us on our backs, at times?" said Dr. Payson. "No," was the answer. "In order that we may look upward."

A. C. Frey Collection



*A Joyful
Heart*

makes a

14 *cheerful face*

PROVERBS 15:13



Secret of Happiness

SHE is 92 years old, petite and well poised. She is fully dressed each morning by eight o'clock, with her hair fashionably coifed, and her makeup perfectly applied, in spite of the fact that she is legally blind.

Today she has moved to a nursing home. Her husband of 70 years recently passed away, making this move necessary.

After many hours of patient waiting in the lobby of the nursing home, she smiled sweetly when told her room was ready. As she maneuvered her walker to the elevator, I provided a visual description of her tiny room, including the eyelet curtains that had been hung on her window.

"I love it," she stated with the enthusiasm of an eight-year-old having just been presented with a new puppy.

"Mrs. Jones, you haven't seen the room ... just wait," I said.

Then she spoke these words that I will never forget:

"That does not have anything to do with it," she gently replied. "Happiness is something you decide on ahead of time. Whether I like my room or not does not depend on how the furniture is arranged. It is how I arrange my mind. I have already decided to love it.

"It is a decision I make every morning when I wake up. I have a choice. I can spend the day in bed recounting the difficulty I have with the parts of my body that no longer work, or I can get out of bed and be thankful for the ones that do work. Each day is a gift, and as long as my eyes open, I will focus on the new day and all of the happy memories I have stored away ... just for this time in my life. Old age is like a bank account. You withdraw from what you have already put in."

She went on to say:

I believe that ...

Our background and circumstances may have influenced who we are, but we are responsible for who we become.

Life is 10 percent what happens to me and 90 percent how I respond to it. I remain in charge of my **attitude**.

No matter how good a friend is, they're going to hurt you

every once in a while and you must forgive them for that.

Just because someone doesn't love you the way you want them to doesn't mean they don't love you with all they have.

True friendship continues to grow, even over the longest distance. The same goes for true love.

It's taking me a long time to become the person I want to be.

You should always leave loved ones with loving words. It may be the last time you see them.

You can keep going, long after you think you can't.

We are responsible for what we do, no matter how we feel.

Either you control your attitude or it controls you.

Heroes are the people who do what has to be done when it needs to be done, regardless of the consequences.

Money is a lousy way of keeping score.

My best friend and I can do anything or nothing and have the best time.

Sometimes the people you expect to kick you when you're down will be the ones to help you get back up.

Sometimes when I'm angry I have the right to be angry, but that doesn't give me the right to be cruel.

It isn't always enough to be forgiven by others. Sometimes you have to learn to forgive yourself.

No matter how badly your heart is broken, the world doesn't stop for your grief.

Just because two people argue, it doesn't mean they don't love each other. And just because they don't argue, it doesn't mean they do.

Two people can look at the exact same thing and see something totally different.

Your life can be changed in a matter of hours by people who don't even know you.

Credentials on the wall do not make you a decent human being.

Even when you think you have no more to give, when a friend cries out to you, you will find the strength to help.

Maturity has more to do with what types of experiences you've had and what you've learned from them, and less to do with how many birthdays you've celebrated.

Two Frogs in the Milk

ONCE upon a time two frogs that had been living in comfort and ease in a cool pond of water were accidentally scooped up by a milkman in a bucket of water, which he poured into his can in order to give his milk more volume and thereby increase his revenue. The frogs were astonished to find themselves in an unknown element, in which it was not possible to support life, and they had to kick vigorously in order to keep their heads above the milk. One of them, disheartened by being shut up in the dark, said, "Let's give up and go to the bottom; it's no use kicking any longer." The other said, "Oh no, let's keep kicking as long as we can and see what the outcome will be. Maybe things will change soon." So one frog gave it up and went to the bottom. The other kept kicking, and when the milkman got to town and opened his can, behold, the frog had kicked out a lump of butter large enough to float him and he was sitting on it comfortably. **Moral: Keep on striving!**

A. C. Frey Collection

Using the Wind

A small boy at a lakeside resort launched a little boat of his own making one windy afternoon. The breeze filled the sails immediately, but instead of carrying the small craft on its course, capsized it and sent it straight to the bottom. The owner of the sailboat looked sober for a moment, then with the most philosophical composure remarked, "That's a good wind for kites," and went to get his kite. The little fellow's pluck and good sense are worthy of imitation. If you have failed in something you have attempted, the very circumstances which caused your failure may be an advantage when you try something else. Don't sit down and sulk because your boat has sunk. The very wind that capsized it may carry your kite higher than you have dared to hope.

A. C. Frey Collection

In the Bell Tower

A visitor to Amsterdam, wishing to hear the wonderful music of the chimes of St. Nicholas, went up into the tower of the church to hear it. There he found a man with wooden gloves on his hands pounding on a keyboard. All he could hear was the clanging of the keys when struck by the wooden gloves, and the harsh, deafening noise of the bells close over his head. He wondered why the people talked of the marvelous chimes of St. Nicholas. To his ear there was no music in them, nothing but terrible clatter and clanging. Yet all the while there floated out over and beyond the city the most entrancing music. Men in the fields paused in their work to listen, and were made glad. People in their homes and travelers on the highways were thrilled by the beautiful bell tones which fell from the tower.

There are many lives which, to those that dwell close beside them, seem to make no music; they pour out their strength in hard toil; they are shut up in narrow spheres; they dwell amid the noise and clatter of common tasks; they think themselves that they are of no use, that no blessing goes out from their life; they never dream that sweet music is made anywhere in the world by their noisy hammering. But out over the world, where the influence goes from their work and character, lives are blessed, and weary ones hear, with gladness, sweet comforting music.

A. C. Frey Collection

Words of Wisdom

God didn't promise days without pain,
laughter without sorrow, sun without rain,
But he did promise strength for the day,
comfort for the tears, and light for the way.

The Story of an Old Book

HE was a young man of 22 and about to ship over to Europe for duty in World War II. Part of his last day in Florida was spent in a used book store to buy something to read on the ship across the Atlantic. His eyes spotted a tattered copy of one of the classics. As he leafed through the old book, he noticed it was full of copious notes in the margin. Soon he was more caught up in the notes than in the book itself. He quickly made his purchase and headed to his ship.

As the days of the transatlantic voyage passed, the young soldier became more and more intrigued by the one who had made the notes in his precious book. Inside the front cover, he discovered the name and address of the former owner, a girl by the name of Diane.

After disembarking he wrote a letter to the former owner and received a reply. She was a young lady from New York who had purchased the book for a college course in classical literature.

For the next two years, they carried on a correspondence about the classics and found their shared perceptions of the books they read very stimulating.

After two years on the European front, the young soldier was given a two-week furlough to visit his family in the United States. He quickly wrote his friend in New York and asked if he might meet her. She agreed.

"Where shall we meet?" he wrote. "In Grand Central Station," she responded. "How will I know you?" "I will meet your train and I will be holding a single red rose."

When the fateful day arrived, his anticipation knew no bounds. As he walked rapidly through the station, he caught sight of one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen. She was smartly dressed in a lovely blue dress. Instinctively he turned to follow the attractive girl. Then he caught himself. His body wanted to go after the pretty lady his eye had spotted; his mind wanted to find the girl he had been writing to.

Finally, with great reluctance, he turned from his new pursuit to try to find his correspondent. It was just then that he spotted a woman holding a single red rose. She was not

at all what he expected. Middle-aged and wearing ill-fitting clothes, she looked more like a poor washer-woman than the girl whose scintillating mind he had come to love.

Hesitantly he approached the woman. "Excuse me, but is your name Diane?" he queried. "No," she answered. "I'm sorry," he stammered, "but I was supposed to meet a girl here who would be holding a single red rose."

The woman responded, "I am not quite sure what you are talking about, but a young lady in a blue dress just gave me this rose to hold. She said if a young soldier would approach me about the rose, to tell him that she would be in the restaurant across the street."

With buoyant spirits, he practically flew out of Grand Central Station to meet the girl in the blue dress. Some eleven months later, they were married and are still happily studying the classics.

The attractive girl had so arranged the meeting to see if her young soldier was interested in her looks or her mind.

"That's All I Want"

IN his beautiful book, *I Shall Not Want*, Robert Ketchum tells of a Sunday School teacher who asked her group of children if anyone could quote the entire 23rd Psalm. A golden-haired four-year-old girl was among those who raised their hands. A bit skeptical, the teacher asked if she could really quote the entire psalm. The little girl came to the front of the room, faced the class, made a perky little bow, and said, "The LORD is my shepherd, that's all I want." She bowed again and went and sat down. That may well be the finest interpretation of the 23rd Psalm ever heard.

Influence of Small Things

DROP a pebble in the water, just a splash and it is gone,
But there's half a hundred ripples, circling on and on and on—
Spreading, spreading, from the center, flowing on out to
the sea;

And there's no way of telling, where the end is going to be.
Drop a pebble in the water, in a minute you forget,
But the little waves are flowing, and the ripples circling yet.
All the ripples flowing, flowing to a mighty wave have grown;
And you've disturbed a mighty river, just by dropping in a
stone.

Drop a word, unkind or careless, in a minute it is gone,
But there's half a hundred ripples, circling on and on and on.
They keep spreading, spreading, spreading, from the
center as they go,

And there's no way to stop them, once you've started
them to flow.

Drop a word, unkind and careless, in a minute you forget,
But the little waves are flowing, and the ripples flowing yet.
And perhaps in some sad heart, a mighty wave of tears
you've stirred,

And disturbed a life that's happy, when you've dropped
an unkind word.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness, just a flash and it is gone,
But there's half a hundred ripples, circling on and on and on,
Bearing hope and joy and comfort on each splashing,
dashing wave,

'Til you wouldn't believe the blessing of the one kind word
you gave.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness, in a minute you forget,
but the gladness still is swelling, and the joy is circling yet.
And you've rolled a wave of comfort, whose sweet music
can be heard

Over the miles and miles of water, just by dropping
one kind word.

For Better Fuchsias

“I thought not to be surprised by anything at my time of life,” said a well-known minister, “but one of my flock did manage to take my breath away. I was preaching about the Father’s tender wisdom in caring for us all. I illustrated my point by saying that the Father knows which of us grows best in sunlight and which of us must have shade. ‘You know you plant roses in the sunshine,’ I said, ‘and heliotrope and geraniums; but if you want your fuchsias to grow they must be kept in a shady nook.’

“After the sermon, which I hoped would be a comforting one, a woman came up to me, her face glowing with pleasure that was evidently deep and true. ‘Oh, Dr.—, I am so grateful for that sermon,’ she said, clasping my hand and shaking it warmly. My heart glowed for a moment, while I wondered what tender place in her heart and life I had touched. Only for a moment, though. ‘Yes,’ she went on fervently, ‘I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias.’”

A. C. Frey Collection

Happiness

Remember the five simple rules to be happy:

- 1 Free your heart from hatred.
- 2 Free your mind from worries.
- 3 Live simply.
- 4 Expect less.
- 5 Give more.

Choosing Happiness

IT was a rainy, humid day: the mother of all bad hair days. I was riding on a bus downtown to go to work. The windows on the bus were covered in condensation so thick you couldn't see outside. Everyone was wilting. I was sitting next to a man in a business suit and didn't pay much attention until we both got off at the same stop and walked to the same newsstand to get a morning paper.

The man running the stand was obviously having a bad day. He was rude, abrupt and unsmiling as we purchased our papers, which served only to add more gloom to my day. The businessman caught my eye and smiled. He then proceeded to smile brightly, thank the newsstand proprietor for the paper and for being open on such a morning to make sure we were able to get our papers. In short, he expressed his appreciation for something most of us would take for granted.

The man running the newsstand responded only with a grunt and a sour expression. The businessman then pleasantly wished him a good day. As we turned away, I asked this man why he had continued to be pleasant to the newsman when he obviously didn't care about and didn't respond to his expression of appreciation and friendliness. The businessman grinned at me and said, "Why would I let someone else control what I say and what I feel or what kind of day I'm going to have?"

We then separated to go to our respective work places. To this day, I don't know who that businessman was, where he worked, or anything else about him. I never saw him again, even though I looked for him on the bus on other days. He appeared briefly in my life and disappeared just as quickly. I don't even remember what he looked like. But I've never forgotten the words he said or the way his smile seemed like a shaft of sunlight on a gloomy day. That was a good 25 years ago, but the impact it had on my life has endured. I never had a chance to thank him personally, but the way I choose to look at life as a result of those words is his legacy to me and my thanks to him.

Our interaction with someone we encounter can impact at

least the next five people that person encounters. A smile and words of simple appreciation multiply themselves geometrically. We cannot control people and situations that come to us, but we can always control our response to them. And in such positive decisions lie our control and personal power to make a positive difference. It's something anyone and everyone can do. It is a real legacy that can impact both the present and the future.

A Vision of the Heart

A story is told by Mr. Stuart Robertson in his delightful book of *Talks to Children*. A little girl was sitting on her mother's knees. She was very fond of her mother. She called her "my very own mother," and like one who was rejoicing over precious treasures, she touched the features of her mother's face with her little fingers—her mother's lips, her eyes, her cheeks, her hair. After a while she said, "Mummy, can I see your heart?" The mother said, "I don't know about that, but you can look into my eyes, and see if you can see anything." The child climbed up and peered in; and then she cried out gleefully, "I can see your heart, Mummy, and there is a wee girl in there, and it's me!"

A. C. Frey Collection

Invisible Brains

A skeptical young man confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe the Bible. The Quaker said: "Dost thou believe in France?" "Yes; though I have not seen it, I have seen others that have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country exists." "Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?" "No, to be sure, I won't." "Did thee ever see thine own brains?" "No." "Ever see anybody that did?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?"

A. C. Frey Collection

The Gentian Flower

ONE Christmas someone sent Mr. Whittier a gentian flower pressed between two panes of glass. Seen from one side, it appeared only a blurred mass of something without beauty. But seen from the other side of the glass, the exquisite beauty of the flower appeared in all its delicate loveliness. Whether the gift was lovely or not depended on the side from which one viewed it. The poet hung the gift in the window, facing his room. Those who passed by outside marked only a gray disk of clouded glass, seeing no beauty; but the poet, sitting within, looked at the token and saw outlined against the winter sky all the glory of the flower. He then penned this lovely poem:

They cannot from their outlook see
the perfect grace it hath for me;
For there the flower, whose fringes through
the frosty breath of autumn blew,
Turns from without its face of bloom
to the warm tropic of my room,
As fair as when beside its brook
the hue of bending skies it took.

But deeper meanings come to me,
my half-immortal flower, from thee!
Man judges from a partial view,
none ever yet his brother knew;
The Eternal Eye that sees the whole
may better read the darkened soul,
And find, to outward sense denied,
the flower upon its inmost side.

Too often we look upon the blurred side of actions—yes, of people, too. We do not see the loveliness on the other side. We are all continually misinterpreting others. There is a flower side in many an act which we condemn because we see only the blurred side. Let us train ourselves to believe always the best of people and of actions, and find some beauty in everything.

J. R. Miller

The Oyster

There once was an oyster
Whose story I tell
Who found that some sand
Had got into his shell.

It was only a grain
But it gave him great pain
For oysters have feelings
Although they're so plain.

Now, did he berate
The harsh workings of fate
That had brought him
To such a deplorable state?

Did he curse at the government
Cry for election
And claim that the sea should
Have given him protection?

"No," he said to himself
As he lay on a shell
"Since I cannot remove it
I shall try to improve it."

Now the years have rolled around
As the years always do
And he came to his ultimate
Destiny — stew.

And the small grain of sand
That had bothered him so
Was a beautiful pearl
All richly aglow.

Now the tale has a moral
For isn't it grand
What an oyster can do
With a morsel of sand?

What couldn't we do
If we'd only begin
With some of the things
That get under our skin?



*How delightful
is a
Timely
Word*

PROVERBS 15:23

15



Angels

ONE day I saw a little girl sitting by herself in the park. Everyone passed her by and never even stopped to see why she looked so sad! She was dressed in a worn pink dress, barefoot and dirty; she just sat and silently watched the people go by.

The next day I decided to go back to the park to see if the little girl would be there again.

Yes! Sure enough she was there, in the very same spot where she had been before . . . and with the same sad look in her eyes.

I decided to walk over to meet the little girl. A park full of strangers is not a place for young children to play alone.

As I got closer I could see that the little girl's back was somehow deformed. I figured that that was the reason people just passed her by and made no effort to speak to her. Deformities are unwelcome in our society, and most people avoid assisting someone who is different.

As I approached her, I could see the shape of her back more clearly. She was grotesquely shaped in a humped-over form. The little girl lowered her eyes slightly to avoid my intent stare.

I smiled to let her know it was okay—I was there to help and to talk.

I sat down beside her and opened with a simple, "Hello!"

The little girl acted shocked! She stared into my eyes and finally stammered, "Hi." I smiled and she shyly smiled back.

Well, we talked more and I asked the girl why she was so sad.

The little girl looked at me and said, "Because I'm different."

I immediately said, "That you are!" and smiled.

The little girl looked even sadder and said, "I know."

"Little girl," I said, "you remind me of an angel, sweet and innocent."

She smiled, slowly got to her feet and said, "Really?"

"Yes, like a little guardian angel sent to watch over all those people walking by."

She nodded and smiled. Then she opened the back of her

pink dress and allowed her wings to spread. She said, "I am. I am *your* guardian angel," with a twinkle in her eye.

I was speechless—certain that I was seeing things.

She said, "For once, you thought of someone other than yourself. My job here is now done."

I got to my feet and said, "Wait, why did no one else stop to help an angel?"

She looked at me, smiled, and said, "You are the only one that could see me." And then she disappeared.

Whistle the Best You Can

A minister tells that one day he came out of a hotel whistling quite low. A little boy playing in the yard heard him, and said, "Is that the best you can whistle?"

"No," said the minister. "Can you do better?"

The boy said he could, and the minister said, "Well, let's hear you."

The little fellow began to whistle, and then insisted that the minister should try again. He did so, and the boy acknowledged that it was good whistling. As the minister walked away, the little fellow said, "Well, if you can whistle better, what were you whistling like that for?"

Indeed, why would you not do your best in whatever you do? The world has plenty of poor, slipshod, third-class work done by people who could do better if they would. Let everyone try to do his best, whether in whistling, singing, working or playing.

A. C. Frey Collection

Building Prison Walls

AT one time many convicts were employed in building high walls around the prison grounds of Portland. Armed soldiers posted above the men watched them at their work. Every brick laid rendered their escape more impossible, and yet they themselves were laying them. So each sin committed makes it harder to refrain from further sin, more difficult to turn back.

A. C. Frey Collection

She Must be Jesus' Mother

ON a recent Sunday, Henry Burnett was a guest in the home of a friend whose young daughter had just come in from her first Sunday School lesson. Seeing the child's enthusiasm, Mr. Burnett asked, "What did you do at Sunday School this morning?" "We sang a song," she said, "in a big room where a lady talked." "Who was she?" asked Mr. Burnett. "I don't know her name," she said, "but she must be the mother of Jesus, for she talked about him all the time." A little child leads us here. The teacher's name meant little or nothing to the girl, but what she said about Jesus so impressed her that she saw a close kinship between the teacher and Jesus.

A. C. Frey Collection

The “Arbitrary” Commandments

AN old-fashioned minister was once driving a carriage along a country road with one of his young parishioners who, like many young men, liked to argue about religion. The wise old minister listened to him without much comment as he expounded his views. Finally the minister said bluntly, “So you object to the Ten Commandments?”

“N-No,” stammered the young man, “not their purpose and object, but a fellow hates to have ‘shall’ and ‘shan’t’ flung in his face every minute! They sound so arbitrary!”

The old minister clucked to his horse and hid an involuntary sly smile as he made some minor adjustments to the reins. A few minutes later the boy suddenly caught hold of his arm.

“You’ve taken the wrong turn. That guidepost said, ‘This way to Holden!’”

“Oh, did it?” the minister replied carelessly. “Well, it might be a better road, but I hate to be told to go this way and that by an arbitrary old signpost!”

An embarrassed laugh from his red-faced traveling companion told the old man that his shot had struck home. They were soon heading the other way and following the directions of the “arbitrary” signpost.

A. C. Frey Collection

Salt Creates Thirst

AT a missionary meeting some young people were discussing the text, “Ye are the salt of the earth.” One suggestion after another was made as to the meaning of “salt” in the verse. “Salt imparts a desirable flavor,” said one. “Salt preserves from decay,” another suggested. At last a Chinese Christian girl spoke up. “Salt creates thirst,” she said. There was a sudden hush in the room. Everyone was thinking, “Have I ever made anyone thirsty for the Lord Jesus Christ?”

A. C. Frey Collection

The Sandpiper

SHE was six years old when I first met her on the beach near where I live. I drive to this beach, a distance of three or four miles, whenever the world begins to close in on me. She was building a sandcastle and looked up at me, her eyes as blue as the sea.

"Hello," she said.

I answered with a nod, not really in the mood to bother with a small child.

"I'm building," she said.

"I see that. What is it?" I asked, not really caring.

"Oh, I don't know, I just like the feel of sand."

That sounds good, I thought, and slipped off my shoes. A sandpiper glided by.

"That's a joy," the child said.

"It's a what?"

"It's a joy. My mama says sandpipers come to bring us joy."

The bird went gliding down the beach. Good-bye joy, I muttered to myself, hello pain, and turned to walk on.

I was depressed, my life seemed completely out of balance.

"What's your name?" She wouldn't give up.

"Robert," I answered. "I'm Robert Peterson."

"Mine's Wendy ... I'm six." "Hi, Wendy." She giggled. "You're funny," she said.

In spite of my gloom, I laughed too and walked on. Her musical giggle followed me.

"Come again, Mr. P," she called. "We'll have another happy day."

After a few days of dealing with a group of unruly Boy Scouts, PTA meetings, and an ailing mother, I needed another trip to the beach. The sun was shining one morning as I finished washing dishes. I need a sandpiper, I said to myself, gathering up my coat.

The ever-changing balm of the seashore awaited me. The breeze was chilly but I strode along, trying to recapture the serenity I needed.

"Hello, Mr. P," she said. "Do you want to play?"

"What did you have in mind?" I asked, with a twinge of annoyance.

"I don't know, you say."

"How about charades?" I asked sarcastically.

The tinkling laughter burst forth again. "I don't know what that is."

"Then let's just walk."

Looking at her, I noticed the delicate fairness of her face. "Where do you live?" I asked.

"Over there." She pointed toward a row of summer cottages.

Strange, I thought, in winter.

"Where do you go to school?" "I don't go to school. Mama says we're on vacation."

She chattered little girl talk as we strolled up the beach, but my mind was on other things. When I left for home, Wendy said it had been a happy day.

Feeling surprisingly better, I smiled at her and agreed.

Three weeks later, I rushed to my beach in a state of near panic. I was in no mood to even greet Wendy. I thought I saw her mother on the porch and felt like demanding she keep her child at home.

"Look, if you don't mind," I said crossly when Wendy caught up with me, "I'd rather be alone today." She seemed unusually pale and out of breath.

"Why?" she asked.

I turned to her and shouted, "Because my mother died!" and thought, my goodness, why was I saying this to a little child?

"Oh," she said quietly, "then this is a bad day."

"Yes," I said, "and yesterday and the day before and—oh, go away!"

"Did it hurt?" she inquired.

"Did what hurt?" I was exasperated with her, with myself.

"When she died?"

"Of course it hurt!" I snapped, misunderstanding, wrapped up in myself. I angrily strode away.

A month or so after that, when I next went to the beach, Wendy wasn't there.

Feeling guilty, ashamed, and admitting to myself I missed her, I went up to the cottage after my walk and knocked at the door. A drawn-looking young woman with honey-colored hair opened the door.

“Hello,” I said, “I’m Robert Peterson. I missed your little girl today and wondered where she was.”

“Oh yes, Mr. Peterson, please come in. Wendy spoke of you so much. I’m afraid I allowed her to bother you. If she was a nuisance, please, accept my apologies.”

“Not at all—she’s a delightful child,” I said, suddenly realizing that I meant what I had just said.

“Wendy died last week, Mr. Peterson. She had leukemia. Maybe she didn’t tell you.”

Struck dumb, I groped for a chair. I had to catch my breath.

“She loved this beach, so when she asked to come, we couldn’t say no. She seemed so much better here and had a lot of what she called happy days. But the last few weeks, she declined rapidly...” Her voice faltered. “She left something for you... if only I can find it. Could you wait a moment while I look?”

I nodded stupidly, my mind racing for something to say to this lovely young woman. She handed me a smeared envelope with **“MR. P”** printed in bold childish letters. Inside was a drawing in bright crayon hues—a yellow beach, a blue sea, and a brown bird.

Underneath was carefully printed: **A Sandpiper to bring you joy.**

Tears welled up in my eyes and a heart that had almost forgotten how to love opened wide. I took Wendy’s mother in my arms. “I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry,” I muttered over and over, and we wept together. The precious little picture is framed now and hangs in my study. Six words—one for each year of her life—that speak to me of harmony, courage, and undemanding love. A gift from a child with sea blue eyes and hair the color of sand—who taught me the gift of love.

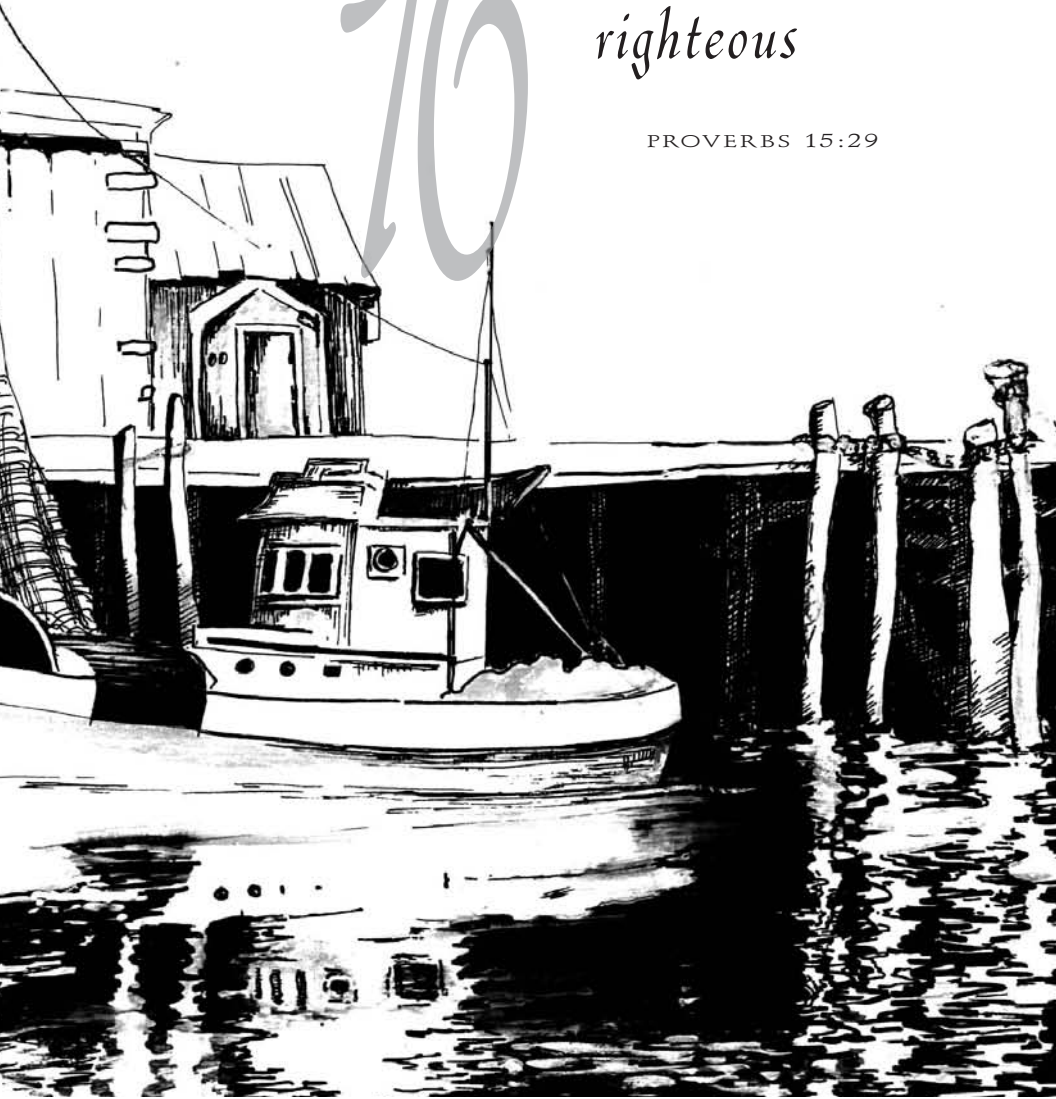
Note: *This is a true story sent out by Robert Peterson. It happened over 20 years ago and the incident changed his life forever. It serves as a reminder to all of us that we need to take time to enjoy living and life and each other. The price of hating other human beings is loving oneself less. Life is so complicated, the hustle and bustle of everyday traumas can make us lose focus about what is truly important or what is only a momentary setback or crisis.*

Submitted by Jenna Plew



*The LORD ...
hears the
Prayer
of the
righteous*

PROVERBS 15:29



The Lord's Prayer

I cannot say ...

"Our" if I live only for myself.

"Father" if I do not endeavor each day to act like his child.

"Who art in heaven" if I am laying up no treasure there.

"Hallowed be thy name" if I am not striving for holiness.

"Thy Kingdom come" if I am not doing all in my power to hasten that wonderful event.

"Thy will be done" if I am disobedient to his Word.

"On earth as it is in heaven" if I do not serve him here and now.

"Give us this day our daily bread" if I am dishonest or am seeking things by subterfuge.

"Forgive us our debts" if I harbor a grudge against anyone.

"Lead us not into temptation" if I deliberately place myself in its path.

"Deliver us from evil" if I do not put on the whole armor of God.

"Thine is the kingdom" if I do not give the King the loyalty due him from a faithful subject.

"The power" if I fear what men may do.

"The glory" if I'm seeking honor only for myself, and

"Forever" if the horizon of my life is completely bounded by time.

Are You Too Busy?

*A*s you got up this morning, I watched you, and hoped you would talk to me, even if it was just a few words, asking my opinion or thanking me for something good that happened in your life yesterday. But I noticed you were too busy, trying to find the right outfit to wear.

When you ran around the house getting ready, I knew there would be a few minutes for you to stop and say hello, but you were too busy. At one point you had to wait fifteen minutes with nothing to do except sit in a chair. Then I saw you spring to your feet. I thought you wanted to talk to me but you ran to the phone and called a friend to get the latest gossip instead. I watched patiently all day long. With all your activities I guess you were too busy to say anything to me.

I noticed that before lunch you looked around, maybe you felt embarrassed to talk to me, that is why you didn't bow your head. You glanced three or four tables over and you noticed some of your friends talking to me briefly before they ate, but you didn't. That's okay. There is still more time left, and I hope that you will talk to me yet.

You went home and it seems as if you had lots of things to do. After a few of them were done, you turned on the TV. I don't know if you like TV or not, just about anything goes there and you spend a lot of time each day in front of it not thinking about anything, just enjoying the show. I waited patiently again as you watched the TV and ate your meal, but again you didn't talk to me.

At bedtime, I guess you felt too tired. After you said good night to your family you plopped into bed and fell asleep in no time. That's okay, because you may not realize that I am always there for you. I've got patience, more than you will ever know. I even want to teach you how to be patient with others as well.

I love you so much that I wait every day for a nod, a prayer or a thought, a thankful place in your heart. It is hard to have a one-sided conversation.

Well, you are getting up once again. Once again I will wait, with nothing but love for you, hoping that today you will give me some time. Have a nice day!

Your Creator, GOD

Just PUSH!

A man was sleeping at night in his cabin when suddenly his room filled with light, and God appeared. The LORD told the man he had work for him to do, and showed him a large rock in front of his cabin.

The LORD explained that the man was to push against the rock with all his might. So this the man did, day after day. For many years he toiled from sunup to sundown, his shoulders set squarely against the cold, massive surface of the unmoving rock, pushing with all of his might. Each night the man returned to his cabin sore and worn out, feeling that his whole day had been spent in vain.

Since the man was showing discouragement, the Adversary (Satan) decided to enter the picture by placing thoughts into the weary mind: "You have been pushing against that rock for a long time, and it hasn't moved."

These thoughts discouraged and disheartened the man, giving him the impression that the task was impossible and that he was a failure. "Why kill myself over this?" he thought. "I'll just put in my time, giving only just the minimum effort, and that will be good enough."

And that is what he planned to do, but he decided to make it a matter of prayer and take his troubled thoughts to the LORD. "LORD," he said, "I have labored long and hard in your service, putting all my strength to do that which you have asked. Yet, after all this time, I have not even budged that rock by half a millimeter. What is wrong? Why am I failing?"

The LORD responded compassionately, "My son, when I asked you to serve me and you accepted, I told you that your task was to push against the rock with all of your strength, which you have done. Never once did I mention to you that I expected you to move it. Your task was to push.

"And now you come to me with your strength spent, thinking that you have failed. But, is that really so? Look at yourself. Your arms are strong and muscled, your back sinewy and brown, your hands are callused from constant pressure, your legs have become massive and hard. Through opposition you have grown much, and your abilities now surpass

that which you used to have. Yet you haven't moved the rock. But your calling was to be obedient and to exercise your faith and trust in my wisdom. This you have done. Now, my son, I will move the rock."

At times, when we hear a word from God, we tend to use our own intellect to decipher what he wants, when actually what God wants is just simple obedience and faith in him. By all means, exercise the faith that moves mountains, but know that it is still God who moves mountains.

When everything seems to go wrong
just **P.U.S.H.!**

When the job gets you down
just **P.U.S.H.!**

When people don't react the way you think they should
just **P.U.S.H.!**

When your money is gone and the bills are due
just **P.U.S.H.!**

When people just don't understand you
just **P**ray

Until
Something
Happens !

Small Results

THERE is a story about a commercial traveler who presented himself before his chief after finishing his round. Taking the small batch of orders in his hand, the manager looked at the man and said, "And is this all you've done?" In reply the man looked steadily at his employer and said, "No, sir, it isn't all I've done, but I'm afraid it is all I can show." In our work for God it is often when we toil hardest that we can show the least tangible result. But if there has been the earnest endeavor to serve Christ, we may be sure that he knows all about it, and will reward us accordingly.

A. C. Frey Collection

What if God ...

Couldn't take the time to bless us today because we couldn't take the time to thank him yesterday?

Decided to stop leading us tomorrow because we did not follow him today?

Stopped allowing us to see another flower bloom because we grumbled when God sent the rain?

Didn't walk with us today because we failed to recognize it as his day?

Took away the Bible tomorrow because we would not read it today?

Took away his message because we failed to listen to his messenger?

Allowed the door to our Bible study room to be closed because we did not open the door of our heart?

Stopped loving and caring for us because we failed to love and care for others?

Would not hear us today because we would not listen to him yesterday?

Answered our prayers the way we answer his call for service?

Met our needs the way we give him our lives?

O Lord, help us to be thankful that you have “not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.”—*Psalms 103:10*

I Asked the LORD to Bless You

I asked the LORD to bless you
As I prayed for you today,
To guide you and protect you
As you go along your way.
His love is always with you,
His promises are true,
And when we give him all our cares,
You know he will see us through.
So when the road you're traveling on
Seems difficult at best,
Just remember I'm here praying
And God will do the rest.

He Who Never Sleeps

BISHOP Quale had a sense of humor concerning himself. He told humorously of a time when he sat up late in his study worrying over many things. He said that finally the Lord came to him and said, "Quale, you go to bed; I'll sit up the rest of the night."

A. C. Frey Collection

Safely on Your Knees

SOME years ago an eminent preacher was climbing an alpine summit with two guides. After much labor the top was reached, and forgetting the gale that was blowing, the preacher stood up to enjoy the view. Instantly the guide called to him and pulled him down, saying, "On your knees; you are not safe except on your knees." Even at the summit of Christian experience and privilege, we are not safe except on our knees. Prayer is as needful on the mountain tops as in the valleys.

A. C. Frey Collection

Answer to Prayer

ON a Saturday night several weeks ago, a certain pastor was working late and decided to call his wife before he left for home. It was about 10:00 P.M., but his wife didn't answer the phone. The pastor let it ring many times. He thought it was odd that she didn't answer, but decided to wrap up a few things and try again in a few minutes. When he tried again she answered right away. He asked her why she hadn't answered before, and she said that the phone hadn't rung at their house. They brushed it off as a fluke and went on their merry ways.

The following Monday, the pastor received a call at the church office, on the phone that he'd used that Saturday night. The caller wanted to know why the pastor had called on Saturday night. The pastor couldn't figure out what the man was talking about. Then the man said, "The phone rang and rang, but I didn't answer." The pastor remembered the mishap and apologized for disturbing him, explaining that he'd intended to call his wife. The man said, "That's okay. Let me tell you my story. You see, I was planning to commit suicide on Saturday night, but before I did, I prayed, 'God, if you're there, and you don't want me to do this, give me a sign now.' At that point my phone started to ring. I looked at the caller ID, and it said, 'Almighty God.' I was afraid to answer!"

The reason why it showed on the man's caller ID that the call came from "Almighty God" is because the church that the pastor serves is called Almighty God Tabernacle!

I Asked God ...

for a flower,
He gave me a garden.
for a tree,
He gave me a forest.
for a river,
He gave me an ocean.
for a friend,
He gave me **you**.

“I Saw the Pilot Smile”

ROBERT Louis Stevenson told of an experience that once happened to his grandfather. He was on a vessel that was caught by a terrific storm and was carried irresistibly toward a rocky shore where complete destruction was imminent. When the storm and danger were at their height, he crept up on deck to look around and face the worst. He saw the pilot lashed to the wheel, with all his might and nerve holding the vessel off the rocks and steering it inch by inch into safer water. While he stood watching, the pilot looked up at him and smiled. It was little enough, but it completely reassured him. He went back to his room below with new confidence, saying to himself, “We shall come through; I saw the pilot smile!”

If we could only in some way catch sight of a smile on the face of the great Pilot in the strange rough sea in which we are sailing, we too could do our work and carry our burdens with confidence and with joy.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Marble Doesn't Matter Any More

ONE day a lady was giving her little nephew some lessons. He was generally a good, attentive child, but on this occasion he could not fix his mind on his work. Suddenly he said, “Auntie, may I kneel down and ask God to help me find my marble?” His aunt gave her consent, so the boy knelt by his chair, closed his eyes, and prayed silently. Then he arose and went on with his lessons contentedly. Next day, almost afraid of asking the question, lest the child had not found his toy and so might lose his simple faith, the lady said to him, “Well, dear, have you found your marble?” “No, Auntie,” was the reply, “but God has made me not want to.”

God does not always answer our prayers in the way we wish or expect; but if we are sincere in our appeal to him, he will take from us what is contrary to his will and give us faith to leave all in his holy will.

A. C. Frey Collection

“A Good Run”

BENNIE Locke, an engine driver who has done fifty-seven years of service on the Lackawanna Railroad and has never received a demerit mark from his superiors, had the habit of removing his cap when he entered his engine and uttering a prayer for God's protection on each day's run. He tells the following story: "Number Six was twenty-five minutes late out of Scranton one day, and I said my little prayer as usual when I stepped into the cab. After I had asked for the safety of our train, I said, 'Lord, help me bring her in on time.' It was a stiff climb up the Pocono Mountains for the first part of the trip, and it never seems so steep as when you are late. I couldn't gain a second on the way up, but after we dipped over the summit things began to break just right for me. It was a beautiful day, with the air perfectly clear, and we almost flew down the mountain. I just held her steady and let her go. At last the old train shed at Hoboken loomed ahead, and as we pulled into the station I looked at my watch and we were just on the dot. As I stood wiping the sweat from my face, there was a tap of a cane on the outside of my cab and looking out I saw the president of the rail line, all smiles, and he said to me, 'A good run, sir! A very good run!' That meant more to me than anything. And, brother, when I make my last run, and pull into the Great Terminal, if I can just hear him say, 'A good run, sir! A very good run,' the toil and the struggle down here won't matter at all."

A. C. Frey Collection

Count Your Blessings

Life is shaded, through and through,

Mostly by man's point of view.

Count your troubles—you'll be sad.

Count your blessings—you'll be glad!

Pulling the Great Ship Closer

I have often watched giant ocean-going vessels nudge themselves into a slip. But they are too large, too clumsy, and too powerful to dock themselves directly to the pier. A man aboard the vessel throws a line to the man on the shore. This latter takes the liner's hawser and fastens it to the cleat on the pier. Then the liner's engines begin to pull on the hawser; but it is not the pier that is pulled to the ship, but the ship is pulled closer and closer to the pier. So, too, prayer is not intended to bring God closer to us, but rather us closer to God.

A. C. Frey

Sand in the Shoes

NOT long ago I read about a man who had walked all the way from San Francisco to New York. In recounting his experiences, he said that the hardest part of the journey was not in climbing the Rockies, high and hard though they were. It was not the long, hot trudge over the desert, nor the crossing of swollen streams and rivers. The thing that almost defeated him was the sand in his shoes.

The enemies that almost overcome us, almost defeat us, are not the external hardships through which we have to fight our way, but little things, like grains of sand, that irritate and distress us. Our success or our failure is hardly ever determined by the circumstances of life, but by the spirit in which we face them. All of us will encounter rough places in our journey. There are hills of difficulty to be climbed; hot deserts of disappointment to be crossed; rivers of opposition to overcome. We shall make the journey successfully if we have the right attitude and the right spirit. If we can keep the sand out of our shoes, we shall walk triumphantly.

A. C. Frey Collection

The Perfect Mistake

MY mother's father worked as a carpenter. On one particular day, he was building some crates for the clothes his church was sending to an orphanage in China.

On his way home, he reached into his shirt pocket to find his glasses, but they were gone. When he mentally replayed his earlier actions, he realized what had happened; the glasses had slipped out of his pocket unnoticed and fallen into one of the crates, which he had nailed shut.

His brand new glasses were heading for China!

The Great Depression was at its height and Grandpa had six children. He had spent \$20 for those glasses that very morning. He was upset by the thought of having to buy another pair. "It's not fair," he told God as he drove home in frustration. "I've been very faithful in giving of my time and money to your work, and now this."

Months later, the director of the orphanage was on furlough in the United States. He wanted to visit all the churches that supported him in China, so he came to speak one Sunday at my grandfather's small church in Chicago.

The missionary began by thanking the people for their faithfulness in supporting the orphanage. "But most of all," he said, "I must thank you for the glasses you sent last year. You see, the Communists had just swept through the orphanage, destroying everything, including my glasses.

"I was desperate. Even if I had the money, there was simply no way of replacing those glasses. Along with not being able to see well, I experienced headaches every day, so my co-workers and I were much in prayer about this.

"Then your crates arrived. When my staff removed the covers, they found a pair of glasses lying on top." The missionary paused long enough to let his words sink in.

Then, still gripped with the wonder of it all, he continued: "Folks, when I tried on the glasses, it was as though they had been custom-made just for me! I want to thank you for being a part of that."

The people listened, happy for the miraculous glasses. But the missionary surely must have confused their church with

another, they thought. There were no glasses on their list of items to be sent overseas.

But sitting quietly in the back, with tears streaming down his face, an ordinary carpenter realized the Master Carpenter had used him in an extraordinary way.

Metamorphosis

IN the science of biology, there is a life-process known as metamorphosis, in which an insect passes through three different stages of development. From the egg it passes first into the larval stage of the worm or caterpillar; from this it enters the pupal stage of the cocoon or chrysalis; and from this into the final, the adult or imago state of the moth or butterfly.

A caterpillar is an “earth-bound” creature; it is confined to the solid earth beneath it, for it has no wings! But God has decreed that this caterpillar need not always be such; it may have a higher, a nobler existence. To attain this, it must be willing to renounce its caterpillar existence, and climbing high, take steps to cut itself off from the world, and the world from itself. It does this by building its cocoon or chrysalis. Eventually it will emerge from the cocoon, an “air-borne” creature having wings—a beautiful moth or butterfly! It should be noted that the caterpillar has “teeth”—mandibles by which it tears, bites, eats its food—the green leaves. But a butterfly has no mandibles, but a tube that it uses to extract from flowers the sweet nectar.

This is an analogy. The justified creature may aspire in response to the “call” to the higher life; and by way of a consecration unto death, cut himself off from the world, and the world from himself. A change takes place through this spirit-begetting. If faithful in this “development” he continues unto the actual death of the old creature. He finally “emerges,” no longer a human being, but a spirit being on the divine plane of existence. No longer will he feed upon the food natural to mortal humans, but upon the “ambrosia”—the “nectar of the gods.” He will be immortal.

A. C. Frey

When in need, please use the following *Emergency Phone Numbers*

When in sorrow	John 14
When men fail you	Psalm 27
If you want to be fruitful.	John 15
When you have sinned	Psalm 51
When you worry.	Matthew 6:19-34
When you are in danger	Psalm 91
When God seems far away	Psalm 139
When your faith needs stirring	Hebrews 11
When you are lonely and fearful	Psalm 23
When you grow bitter and critical.	I Corinthians 13
For Paul's secret to happiness	Colossians 3:12-17
To understand the love of Christ	II Corinthians 5:14-19
When you feel down and out	Romans 8:31
When you want peace and rest	Matthew 11:25-30
When the world seems bigger than God	Psalm 90
When you want Christian assurance	Romans 8
When you leave home for labor or travel	Psalm 121
When your prayers grow narrow or selfish	Psalm 67
When you need courage	Joshua 1
For how to get along with fellow men	Romans 12
When you think of investments and return	Mark 10
If you are depressed	Psalm 27
If your pocketbook is empty	Psalm 37
If you are losing confidence in people	I Corinthians 13
If people seem unkind	John 15
If discouraged about your work	Psalm 126

Alternate Numbers

For dealing with fear	Psalm 34:7
For security	Psalm 121:3
For assurance	Mark 8:35
For reassurance	Psalm 145:18

All lines to Heaven are open 24 hours a day!
Feed your faith, and doubt will starve to death!
Remember: God answers all **knee mail!**

The Comfort of a Listening Ear

THE world hungers for sympathy—compassion. Often we can do nothing but sympathize—suffer with the distressed—but, oh, how it helps! A rural pastor relates this experience: “A poor mother on a mountain farm met my pastoral visit by bursting into tears, saying, ‘Oh, somehow I just knew you would come today. I have so many troubles and problems that I want you to help me with!’ Then she told me things that were beyond my wisdom to solve, and how just a little more of the dull burden would mean insanity. I was alarmed at the fool I must appear, for I did not know what to say. At length she surprised me by saying, ‘You have settled my problems so nicely. You have given me just the help I needed!’ Then I knew it was sympathy, not wisdom, which she needed, for I hadn’t solved a single problem.”

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A.S.A.P.

There’s work to do, deadlines to meet,
You’ve got no time to spare;
But as you hurry and scurry—
A.S.A.P.—Always Say A Prayer.

In the midst of family chaos,
“Quality time” is rare.
Do your best; let God do the rest—
A.S.A.P.—Always Say A Prayer.

It may seem like your worries
Are more than you can bear.
Slow down and take a breather—
A.S.A.P.—Always Say A Prayer.

God knows how stressful life is;
He wants to ease our cares,
And he’ll respond to all your needs—
A.S.A.P.—Always Say A Prayer.

A Cloud of Smoke

A sailor was the only survivor of the unfortunate foundering of a vessel near an uncharted and desolate island. The only way to reach the island was by swimming; but one had to be a very strong swimmer to reach the shore. All others, save this one sailor, who attempted swimming the distance were lost.

On the island, from sticks, reeds and stones, he built a little shelter to protect himself from the weather. Much of his time was spent in experimenting with the wild vegetation for food, and in searching out the island for some other human beings. Somehow he got a little fire started to keep himself fairly comfortable when the nights were cold; but he had to keep it burning continuously. On first reaching the island, he had taken his shirt and fastened it to the top of a very tall tree in the hope that some vessel passing might see it and come to rescue him.

Day after day, he kept searching all over the island. One morning as he climbed a hill, he saw a cloud of smoke rising heavenward. He began to hope that this was evidence that there was another human on the island. Both his heart and his pace quickened, but on reaching the top of the hill and looking down, he saw that it was his own little shack with all of his earthly belongings that had burned away. Slowly, disappointedly, he made his way back to the shore. There he sat down in the sand, with his head in his hands, and gazed out upon the restless sea, wondering if it were not better for him to walk out into it and drown himself. Surely, this would end all of his misery...

Suddenly he spied another column of smoke, but it was on the distant horizon. He watched it anxiously and hopefully, thinking that it was a vessel come to rescue him. It was nearing the island; but suddenly it stopped in its approach, and his hopes again were shattered. However, in another moment he noticed that a small lifeboat was being put down alongside of the vessel, and that a man in the rowboat was making for the shore where he stood. The man in the boat ceased rowing, and cupping his lips, shouted to the forlorn

sailor, “We just saw your smoke signals, and have come to rescue you.”

So, too, the great salvation is not for us until all of our earthly hopes and ambitions have been completely abandoned for the greatest of all treasures—that great redemption in Christ Jesus!

A. C. Frey Collection

Reaching the Heart

SOME years ago at a drawing room function, one of England’s leading actors was asked to recite for the pleasure of his fellow guests. He consented and asked if there was anything special that his audience would like to hear.

After a moment’s pause an old clergyman present said, “Could you, sir, recite to us the Twenty-third Psalm?”

A strange look passed over the actor’s face; he paused for a moment, and then said, “I can, and I will, upon one condition; after I have recited it, you, my friend, will do the same.”

“I?” said the clergyman, in surprise. “But I am not an elocutionist. However, if you wish it, I will do so.”

Impressively, the great actor began the Psalm. His voice and his intonation were perfect. He held his audience spellbound; and as he finished, a great burst of applause broke from the guests.

Then, as it died away, the old clergyman arose and began the Psalm. His voice was not remarkable; his intonation was not faultless. When he had finished, no sound of applause broke the silence, but there was not a dry eye in the room, and many heads were bowed.

Then the actor rose to his feet again. His voice shook as he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the old clergyman and said: “I reached your eyes and ears, my friends; he reached your hearts. The difference is just this—I know the Twenty-third Psalm, but he knows the Shepherd.”

A. C. Frey Collection



*A Friend
Loves
at all times*

PROVERBS 17:17

17



Drinking from a Saucer

I've never made a fortune
And it's probably too late now.
But I don't worry about that much—
I'm happy anyhow.
As I go along life's journey
I'm reaping better than I sowed.
I'm drinking from my saucer
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

Ain't got a lot of riches.
Sometimes the going's rough,
But I've got a kid that loves me.
That makes me rich enough.
I just thank God for blessings,
And the mercy he has bestowed.
I'm drinking from my saucer
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

When things were going wrong,
My faith got a little thin.
Then all at once the dark clouds broke
And the old sun shone again.
So Lord, help me not to gripe
About the tough rows I have hoed.
I'm drinking from my saucer
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

And if God gives me strength and courage
When the way gets steep and rough,
I won't ask for other blessings,
I'm already blessed enough.
And may I never be too busy
To help another bear his load.
Then I'll keep drinking from my saucer
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

Helping Others Win

And they call some of these people "retarded."

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 this one thing: what matters in 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.

Taking Care of the Lambs

A gentleman, walking over his farm with a friend, was showing off his crops, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep. With all of these his friend was highly pleased, but especially with his splendid sheep. He had seen the same breed frequently before, but never had seen such noble specimens. With great earnestness he asked the farmer how he had succeeded in rearing such flocks. His simple answer was: "I take care of the lambs, sir."

A. C. Frey Collection

Cracked Pots

A water bearer in China had two large pots, each hung on the ends of a pole which he carried across his neck. One of the pots had a crack in it, while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water. At the end of the long walk from the stream to the house, the cracked pot arrived only half full.

For a full two years this went on daily, with the bearer delivering only one and a half pots of water to his house.

Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments, being perfect for which it was made. But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it was able to accomplish only half of what it had been made to do.

After two years of what it perceived to be a bitter failure, the cracked pot spoke to the water bearer one day by the stream. "I am ashamed of myself, because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your house."

The bearer said to the pot, "Did you notice that there are flowers only on your side of the path, but not on the other pot's side? That is because I have always known of your flaw, and I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back, you have watered them. For the past two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate the table. Without you being just the way you are, there would not be this beauty to grace the house."

Moral: Each of us has our own unique flaws. We are all **cracked pots**. But it is the cracks and flaws we each have that make our lives together so very interesting and rewarding. You've just got to take each person for what they are, and look for the good in them.

An Apron Full of Glass

A plainly dressed woman was noticed picking up something in the street—a poor, slum street, where ragged, barefooted little children were accustomed to play. The policeman on the beat noticed the woman's action, and watched her very suspiciously. Several times he saw her stoop and pick up something and hide it in her apron. Finally he went up to her, and with a gruff voice and a threatening manner demanded, "What are you carrying off in your apron?" The timid woman did not answer at first, whereupon the policeman, thinking she must have found something valuable, threatened her with arrest if she did not show him what she had in her apron. The woman opened her apron and revealed a handful of broken glass. "What do you want with that stuff?" asked the policeman. The woman replied, "I just thought I'd like to take it out of the way of the children's feet."

Dear soul, she was doing what she could. How much sweeter the world would be if each of us would be careful to save the bare feet of the young and the weak!

A. C. Frey Collection

Just a Short Way to Go Together

"**W**HY didn't you tell her she was taking more than her share of room and encroaching upon your rights?" someone asked of a young girl who was merrily describing an old woman who had taken a seat beside her in a crowded railway car, and crammed into the small space a birdcage, a basket of apples, and bundles numerous and varied. "It wasn't worth while to trouble about it; we had such a little way to go together," was the reply. What a motto that would be for a life-journey! So many little annoyances are not worth noticing, so many small unkindnesses may be passed by silently because we have "such a little way to go together."

A. C. Frey Collection

Beauty is in the Eye of the Beholder

She was not beautiful.
Nothing about her was extraordinary.
Nothing about her made her stand out in a crowd.
She grew up in a family of six.
The eldest, she learned responsibility at an early age.
As she grew stronger and brighter,
She instilled a gentle cheer to whomever she met.

She was not beautiful.
But she made others feel beautiful about themselves.
She meets a rebel boy who thinks he's all man.
Befriending him, she teaches him how to read,
A little boost the man needed to go to college.

They became friends fast and she fell
Fast in love with her rugged, handsome student.
The "man" then finds himself in a dilemma:
He soon found himself in love with a girl.
A girl so beautiful, she turned even the grouchiest man's head.
Her hair was a halo of light around her,
Her eyes the bluest blue of ocean.

Like an angel, he tells his tutor—
Like a beautiful angel.
The girl swallows a lump at her throat.

She was not beautiful,
She did not possess the heart of the one she loved,
But she did not care.
As long as he was happy,
She would be—or she tried to be.

She helped him write the most beautiful letters to his angel,
All the time envisioning that it was she herself
Receiving those very letters.
And so the girl helped him choose the right words,
Buy the right gifts for his angel.

His angel brought him much joy
And much pain to the girl who cried behind her smiles.
But that never stopped her from giving more
Than she would ever receive.

Then one day, the most terrible thing imaginable broke loose.
The angel he loved left him for another man,
A richer, more successful man.
The boy was stunned.
He was so hurt he did not speak for days.
The girl went to him.
He cried on her shoulder and she cried with him.
He hurt and so did she.

Time went by.
And so the wounds heal.
The boy realizes something about his friend/tutor
He never realized before.
How her laughter sounded heavenly,
How her smiles brightened up the darkest days.
And, simply, how beautiful—yes, beautiful—
she looked to him!

Beautiful.
This plain, simple girl was beautiful to him.
And he began to fall,
Fall so in love with this beautiful girl.

One day, he picked up all his courage to see her.
He walked to her house, nervous and fidgeting,
Running his thoughts over and over in his head.
He was going to tell her how beautiful she was to him.
He was going to tell her how wonderfully in love he was
with her.

He knocked.
No one was home.
The next day he found out,
The beautiful girl he loved had a brain aneurysm
That put her into a coma.

The doctors were grim and the family decided to let her go.
One final time he got to see her.
He held her hand,
He stroked her hair,
And he cried for this beautiful girl.
He cried for he will never see her smile
Or hear her speak his name.

He cried.
But it was too late.

The beautiful girl was buried and the heavens broke out
In a beautiful spring shower, weeping for their loss.
She was the most beautiful girl in the world.

Look around you.
Aren't there a lot of plain faces?
Take a good look,
A real good look, or you might miss out
On that beautiful person.

Forever.

The Gift of Brotherhood

ONE day Turgenev, the Russian writer, met a beggar who besought him for alms. "I felt in all my pockets," he said, "but there was nothing there. The beggar waited, and his outstretched hand twitched and trembled slightly. Embarrassed and confused, I seized his dirty hand and pressed it. 'Do not be angry with me, brother,' I said, 'I have nothing with me.' The beggar raised his bloodshot eyes and smiled. 'You called me "brother",' he said. 'That was indeed a gift.'"

A. C. Frey Collection

True Love

A young woman who fancied herself a poetess, and who had her own ideas about love, once came with her poems to the editorial office of a New York magazine. The editor asked her what she wanted. She told him that she had some poems that she would like to have published in his magazine. "About what?" asked the editor. "All about love," she replied. "Love," recited the young woman, casting her eyes heavenward, "is gazing upon a lily pond at night, by the shimmering moonbeams, when the lilies are in full bloom, and ..." "Stop, stop, stop!" cried the editor, curtly interrupting her, "you are all wrong. I will tell you what love is: it is getting up cheerfully out of a warm bed on a cold winter morning, at two o'clock, to fill hot-water bottles for ailing children. That's real love. I'm sorry, but I don't think we can use your poems."

A. C. Frey Collection

The Pit

A man fell into a pit and couldn't get himself out.

A **subjective** person came along and said, "I feel for you, down there."

An **objective** person came along and said, "It's logical that someone would fall down there."

A **Pharisee** said, "Only bad people fall into a pit."

A **mathematician** calculated how he fell into the pit.

A **news reporter** wanted the exclusive story on his pit.

A **fundamentalist** said, "You deserve it."

An **I.R.S.** man asked if he was paying his taxes on the pit.

A **self-pity** person said, "You haven't seen anything until you've seen *my* pit."

An **optimist** said, "Things will get better."

A **pessimist** said, "Things will get worse."

Jesus, seeing the man, took him by the hand and *lifted him out* of the pit.

The Shoulder

MY mother used to ask me what is the most important part of the body. Through the years I would take a guess at what I thought was the correct answer.

When I was younger, I thought sound was very important to us, so I said, "My ears, Mommy." She said, "No. Many people are deaf. But you keep thinking about it and I will ask you again soon."

Several years passed before she asked me again. Since making my first attempt, I had contemplated the correct answer. So this time I told her, "Mommy, sight is very important to everybody, so it must be our eyes."

She looked at me and told me, "You are learning fast, but the answer is not correct because there are many people who are blind."

Stumped again, I continued my quest for knowledge. Over the years, Mother asked me a couple more times and always her answer was, "No, but you are getting smarter every year, my child."

Then last year, my grandpa died. Everybody was hurt. Everybody was crying. Even my father cried. My mom looked at me when it was our turn to say our final good-bye to Grandpa. She asked me, "Do you know the most important body part yet, my dear?"

I was shocked when she asked me this now. I always thought this was a game between her and me. She saw the confusion on my face and told me, "This question is very important. It shows that you have really lived your life."

"For every body part you suggested in the past, I have told you it was wrong and I have given you an example why. But today is the day you need to learn this important lesson."

She looked down at me as only a mother can. I saw her eyes well up with tears. She said, "My dear, the most important body part is your shoulder."

I asked, "Is it because it holds up your head?" She replied, "No, it is because it can hold the head of a friend or loved one when they cry."

"Everybody needs a shoulder to cry on sometime in life, my

dear. I only hope that you have enough love and friends that you will have a shoulder to cry on when you need it.”

Then and there I knew the most important body part is not a selfish one. It is sympathetic to the pain of others.

The Voice of his Father

I once heard the famous Scottish preacher, John McNeil, relate this personal incident. During his boyhood in Scotland, he worked a long distance from home. The walk home took him through a dense forest and across a wide ravine, where wild animals and robber gangs lurked. Darkness would often gather before he got to the woods, and he said, “How I dreaded to make the last part of the trip! I never went through those woods without trembling with fear.

“One night it was especially dark, but I was aware that something or someone was moving stealthily toward me. I was sure it was a robber. A voice called out, and its eerie tone struck my heart cold with fear. I thought I was finished. Then came a second call, and this time I could hear the voice saying, ‘John, is that you?’ It was my father’s voice. He had known my fear of the ravine and the darkness of the forest, and he had come out to meet me. My father took hold of my hand and put his arm around me; I never had a sweeter walk in my life. His coming changed the whole trip.”

That is God’s relationship to you and me! He is your Father and my Father. Through the darkness and mists we hear his voice—he has come to meet us. Just at the time we need him, he will be there. Through the darkest moments of life our Heavenly Father says, “Fear not! Here is my hand! I will walk the rest of the way with you.”

A. C. Frey Collection

The Human Bible

I remember the story of a chaplain who, passing over the battlefield, saw lying upon the ground a soldier that had been wounded. The chaplain had his Bible under his arm, and he stooped down and said to the man, "Would you like to have me read you something that is in the Bible?" The wounded man said, "I am so thirsty, I would rather have a drink of water." The chaplain hurried off as quickly as possible and brought the water. After the man drank the water he said, "Could you lift my head, and put something under it?" The chaplain took off his own overcoat, rolled it up and, tenderly lifting the soldier, put it as a pillow for his tired head to rest on. "Now," said the man, "If I only had something over me: I am so cold." There was only one thing for the chaplain to do, and that was to take his coat off and cover the man. As he did so, the wounded soldier looked up into his face and said, "If there is anything in that book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it."

There is infinite meaning in that story. **Many people will never see Jesus unless they see him in our lives.**

A. C. Frey Collection

Known by her Father

A father was holding his little blind daughter on his knee. Just then a friend came in, and, picking her up, walked off with her into the garden. The little one expressed neither surprise nor fear, so her father said, "Aren't you afraid, darling?" "No," she said. "But you don't know who has you!" "No," was the prompt reply, "but you do, Father." That was enough. She was in "the sight of" her father, and **faith in her father's loving care banished fear.**

A. C. Frey Collection

Knowing the Author

A young lady once laid down a book which she had just finished with the remark that it was the dullest story she had ever read. Some time later she became engaged to a young man, and one night she said to him, "I have a book in my library whose author's name, even his initials, are precisely the same as yours. Isn't that a coincidence?" "I do not think so," he replied. "Why not, pray?" "For the simple reason that I wrote the book." That night the young lady sat up until two o'clock reading the book again, and this time it seemed the most interesting story she had ever read. The once dull book was now fairly fascinating, because she knew and loved the author.

So a child of God finds the Bible interesting because he knows and loves the Author. It is his Father's message, addressed to him.

A. C. Frey Collection

Showing the Way

*I*T is a dark stormy night, and a little child, lost in the streets of the city, is crying in distress. A policeman, gathering from the child's story enough to locate the home, gives directions: "Just go down this street, half a mile, turn and cross the big iron bridge, then turn to your right and follow the river down a little way, and you'll see then where you are." The poor child only half comprehending, chilled by the wind and bewildered in the storm, is turning about blindly, when another voice speaks kindly, "Just come with me." The little hand is clasped in a stronger one, the corner of a warm cloak is thrown over the shoulders of the shivering child, and the way home is made easy. The first one had told the way; the second condescends to **be the way**.

A. C. Frey Collection

Who is a True Friend?

A voyaging ship was wrecked during a storm at sea and only two of the men on it were able to swim to a small desert island. The two survivors, Bob and Joe, who were old friends, agreed that they had no other recourse but to pray to God.

However, to find out whose prayer was more powerful, they agreed to divide the territory between them and stay on opposite sides of the island.

The first thing Bob prayed for was food. The next morning, he saw a fruit-bearing tree on his side of the island, and he was able to eat its fruit. Joe's parcel of land remained barren. After a week, Bob was lonely and decided to pray for a wife. The next day, another ship was wrecked, and the only survivor was a woman who swam to his side of the island. On the other side of the island, nobody arrived. Soon Bob prayed for a house, clothes, and more food. The next day, like magic, all of these were given to him. However, Joe still had nothing.

Finally, Bob prayed for a ship, so that he and his wife could leave the island. In the morning, he found a ship docked at his side of the island. He boarded the ship with his wife and decided to leave Joe on the island.

He decided that Joe was unworthy to receive God's blessings, since none of his prayers had been answered. As the ship was about to leave, Bob heard a Voice from heaven booming, "Why are you leaving your friend on the island?"

"My blessings are mine alone, since I was the one who prayed for them," Bob answered. "His prayers were all unanswered and so he does not deserve anything."

"You are mistaken!" the Voice rebuked him. "He had only one prayer, which I answered. If not for that, you would not have received any of my blessings."

"Tell me," Bob asked the Voice, "What did he pray for that I should owe him anything?"

"He prayed that all your prayers be answered."

For all we know, our blessings are not the fruits of our prayers alone, but those of another praying for us. My prayer for you today is that all your prayers are answered.

If it Doesn't Rain

A young man spent an entire evening telling a girl how much he loved her. He said that he couldn't live without her; that he'd go to the ends of the earth for her; yes, go through fire for her, or die for her. But when leaving he said, "I'll see you tomorrow night—if it doesn't rain."

How often we say we love God, yet deny it by our actions. The Apostle John said, "Let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth."

A. C. Frey Collection

Two Goats on a Bridge

THEY tell the story of two goats who found themselves on different sides of a narrow but turbulent stream. Each wanted to get to the other side. There was no bridge; but a dead tree trunk had fallen so that it afforded the means for crossing from one side to the other. They both started out from opposite sides of the stream, at the same time, only to meet in the middle of this precarious little bridge. Now, they might each of them have fought with the other for the right of way, with the chance that both of them might have slipped into the stream to certain death. One, however, had the good sense to lie down to let the other walk over him, after which he himself arose to go his own way in peace. Yes, we do sing, "low in the dust I'd lay me, that the world my Savior might see," but do we really mean it?

A. C. Frey

Lincoln Scattering an April Shower

IF I were to paint a picture of Lincoln, I would call my picture *Lincoln Scattering an April Shower*. It would be of that morning in Springfield when he saw a girl standing in an open door and crying. He learned that the baggage man had forgotten to come for her trunk and she was likely to miss the train. He quickly shouldered the trunk and strode off with giant steps to the depot. There might not be much dignity in the picture, but there would be lots of heart.

A. C. Frey Collection

In the Ruins of Pompeii

DURING some recent research among the ruins of Pompeii, the explorers turned up a touching relic. It was the body of a crippled boy. He was lame in his foot. And around the body there was a woman's arm: a finely-shaped, beautiful, bejeweled arm. This mute find told its simple story. The great eruption suddenly coming from the volcano, the crowd fleeing for life, the little cripple unable to get along fast enough, the woman's heart touched, her arm thrown about the boy to aid his escape; then the overflowing ash, and both lost. The arm that was stretched out to save another was preserved, and only that. All the rest of the brave rescuer's body was gone. **The saving part was saved.**

A. C. Frey Collection

Stained Glass Saints

A child, on being asked, "What is a saint?"
could recall only the stained glass windows
of his parish church.

His reply was: "A saint is a person that the
light shines through."

How true!

A. C. Frey

A Toddler's Smile

THE young woman who boarded the bus carried in her arms a little girl about a year old, a beautiful child with golden ringlets, large blue eyes, and a hint of roses in her cheek.

A few blocks farther on two workmen—both in grimy working clothes—entered. They sat directly behind the young woman. The baby looked at them over her mother's shoulders. The men smiled at her, and one touched her little hand. After just a moment of wide-eyed wonder, her face dimpled into a smile and she stretched out her chubby arms to them. It mattered not to her that these were strangers—that their clothes were stained with the dust and grime of their daily toil. The child saw only their smiles; she recognized their friendliness.

What a simple thing it is to offer a friendly smile. Many people are waiting for kindness and understanding. The kingdom of our Lord is made up of all kinds and classes and conditions of people. The lands from which they come, the languages they speak, the color of their skin may differ from ours, but unless we accept them in the spirit of Christian friendliness, with the sincerity of a little child, we cannot hope to enter into the joy of Christ's kingdom with them.

A. C. Frey Collection

What Science Cannot Measure

SCIENCE has its limitations. It can tell us that a mother's tears are just so much hydrogen and oxygen (water), and so much sodium chloride (salt); how much it weighs and how much space it occupies. Yet you and I know that this doesn't begin to tell what a mother's tears really are; for science is unable either to weigh or to measure the deep and sincere emotions that bring the tears into being!

A. C. Frey Collection

Jesus, Friend of the Common Man

A missionary in India, in one of her tours, came upon a distant village of natives who were unusually mild in their treatment of her. She explained the life of Christ to them, telling them he was the poor man's friend, that he used to eat with common people, and heal their sick, that little children ran after him and climbed upon his knees as he sat in their houses. Suddenly she was interrupted by a native, who said: "Miss Sahib, we know him well. He lived here for years." It turned out that an old man belonging to another mission had once lived in that far-away village. Oh, my friends, if only our villagers could recognize Jesus in your life and mine!

A. C. Frey Collection

Making it Easier for the Competition

IN the early years of this century, it was not uncommon to see a shabbily dressed man coming down the street, crying, "Umbrellas to mend." He carried with him a few steel umbrella ribs and some cotton thread. You would come out with a broken umbrella, and hand it to him to repair. In a few minutes he would return it to you, asking only a few cents for his work. One of these umbrella menders seemed to be more diligent than most others, and made sure that his work would really last. When asked why he was so very careful, taking unusual pains to see that it was what it ought to be, he replied that he wanted to make it easier for the next umbrella mender that might pass that way—that people might trust him to do a good job, too. **He was just thinking of others.**

A. C. Frey Collection

Ignore the Blots

ON reaching home one evening, tired and somewhat dispirited, my little girl brought me her copy-book which she had just completed. It was her first, and the young face reddened with a beautiful and honest flush, for she knew as she turned the pages some little word of praise and cheer would reward her hard efforts. The pages were very neatly written. I told her what a pleasure it was to see how careful she had been. Presently we came to one on which were two small blots. As she turned the page the little hand covered them, and looking up into my face with an artlessness that was beautiful, she said, "Papa, don't see the blots!" Of course, I did see them, but I bent down and kissed the little forehead, and was thankful for the lesson I had learned. How precious it would be if, amid all the nameless strifes and discords that so fret and chafe us, we could just lay our hand over the sullied page of human lives and "not see the blots." When trifles annoy and vex us, if we would only look away from these to some brighter pages!

A. C. Frey Collection

Daddy Didn't Say, "Oh!"

I believe it was Pastor Dolman whom I heard tell how he was sitting at his desk one day when he heard the door creak, and then suddenly there was a sharp cry of pain. Looking up he saw his daughter who had started to enter the room when her fingers had caught in the door. He jumped and calling the mother said, "You better come and look after this little girl." The mother came and taking the child said tenderly, "Does it hurt so dreadfully?" "Oh, it hurts," said the child, "but the worst is that Daddy didn't even say, 'Oh!'" There is someone who sighs for us, weeps with us, feels with us in our troubles—remember what is said of our Lord, "**In all their affliction he was afflicted...**"—*Isaiah 63:9*.

A. C. Frey Collection

Written in Stone

A story tells that two friends were walking through the desert. During some point of the journey they had an argument, and one friend slapped the other one in the face.

The one who got slapped was hurt, but without saying anything, wrote in the sand: **Today my best friend slapped me in the face.**

They kept on walking until they found an oasis, where they decided to take a bath. The one who had been slapped got stuck in the mire and started drowning, but the friend saved him. After he recovered from the near drowning, he wrote on a stone: **Today my best friend saved my life.**

The friend who had slapped and saved his best friend asked him, "After I hurt you, you wrote in the sand. Now, you write on a stone. Why?" The other friend replied, "When someone hurts us we should write it down in sand where winds of forgiveness can erase it away. But when someone does something good for us, we must engrave it in stone where no wind can ever erase it."

Learn to write your hurts in the sand and to carve your blessings in stone.

There's Only One Today!

I'll never have this day again,
And when today is through
I may not have another chance
For things I ought to do.
The friendship I should offer,
The kindness someone needs,
The thoughtfulness I can express
In loving little deeds.
The helpful words that someone
Might wait to hear me say:

Lord, help me to remember
There's only one Today!

Friendship

A collection of sayings

If you live to be a hundred, I want to live to be a hundred minus one day, so I never have to live without you.”
— *Winnie-the-Pooh*

A real friend is one who walks in when the rest of the world walks out.

Strangers are just friends waiting to happen.

Friendship is one mind in two bodies. — *Mencius*

Friends are God’s way of taking care of us.

If you should die before me, ask if you could bring a friend. — *Stone Temple Pilots*

I’ll lean on you and you lean on me and we’ll be okay. — *Dave Matthews Band*

Everyone hears what you say.

Friends listen to what you say.

We all take different paths in life, but no matter where we go, we take a little of each other everywhere.
— *Tim McGraw*

Hold a true friend with both your hands. — *Nigerian Proverb*

A friend is someone who knows the song in your heart and can sing it back to you when you have forgotten the words. — *Unknown*

The Athenians and the Spartans

ONE day, at the national Olympic games of Greece, a feeble old man arrived late and found all the seats occupied. He passed the seats of the Athenians, but they only laughed at the old man. He passed on to the seats of the Spartans, when in a moment, they rose from their seats as one man to offer him a seat. The Athenians, seeing this, raised a loud cheer. “Ah!” said the aged, white-haired stranger, “the Athenians admire that which is good, but the Spartans practice it.”

A. C. Frey Collection

The Goose Story

THE next time you see geese heading south for the winter, flying along in a “V” formation, you might consider what science has discovered as to why they fly that way.

As each bird flaps its wings, it creates an uplift for the bird immediately following.

By flying in a “V” formation, as a group, the flock adds at least seventy-two percent greater flying range than if each bird flew on its own.

People who share a common direction and sense of community can get where they are going more quickly and easily, because they are traveling on the thrust of one another.

When a goose falls out of formation, it suddenly feels the drag and resistance trying to go it alone, and quickly gets back into formation to take advantage of the lifting power of the bird in front.

If we have as much sense as a goose, we will stay in formation with those who are headed the same way we are.

When the head goose gets tired, it rotates back in the wing, and another goose flies point.

It is sensible to take turns doing demanding jobs, with people or with geese flying south.

Geese honk from behind to encourage those up front to keep up their speed.

Finally—and this is important—when a goose gets sick or is wounded by gunshots and falls out of formation, two other geese fall out with that goose and follow it down to lend help and protection. They stay with the fallen goose until it is able to fly or until it dies, and only then do they launch out on their own, or with another formation, to catch up to their original group.

If we have the sense of a goose, we can more easily recognize the potential benefits of collaboration, solidarity and brotherhood to keep each other strong.

We need each other!

A Tricycle for my Brother

A little girl in a migrant camp fell in love with one of the dolls in the toy box, but she had to put it back when play time was over.

At Christmas time the camp staff arranged to give out toys and agreed to let the child with perfect attendance have first choice. A beautiful doll was placed in the center of the gifts and the little girl, having had perfect attendance, was permitted to choose first. Her eyes nearly popped as she stood before the doll. She stared in wonder, then she turned and walked down and took a tricycle.

When asked why, she said her little brother had wanted a tricycle and now she could give him one.

A. C. Frey Collection



*A Joyful
Heart*

is good

medicine

18

PROVERBS 17:22



Quick Cure at the Doctor's Office

A woman went to the doctor's office. She was seen by one of the new doctors, but after about four minutes in the examination room, she burst out, screaming as she ran down the hall.

An older doctor stopped and asked her what the problem was, and she explained. He then had her sit down and relax in another room.

The older doctor marched back to the new doctor and demanded, "What's the matter with you? Mrs. Terry is 63 years old, she has four grown children and seven grandchildren, and you told her she was pregnant?"

The new doctor continued to write on his clipboard and said, "**Does she still have the hiccups?**"

Barney

A four-year-old was at the pediatrician for a checkup. As the doctor looked in her ears with an otoscope, he asked, "Do you think I'll find Big Bird in here?" The little girl stayed silent. Next, the doctor took a tongue depressor and looked down her throat.

He asked, "Do you think I'll find the Cookie Monster down there?"

Again, the little girl was silent. The doctor put a stethoscope to her chest. As he listened to her heartbeat, he asked, "Do you think I'll hear Barney in there?"

"Oh, no!" the little girl replied. "Jesus is in my heart. **Barney's on my underpants.**"

The Winking Owl

DR. A. C. Dixon tells a story of a man who, going down a street in Chicago, came to a taxidermist's shop and stopped long enough to criticize some things. In the window was an owl. The man said, "That owl is not stuffed right: its head is not on right, the body is not poised right, the feathers are not fixed right. If I could not stuff an owl better than that, I would leave the taxidermy business." When he finished, the owl turned around and winked at him. The man continued down the street feeling like the biggest fool in Chicago, for he had criticized a live owl.

A living owl was beyond the man's criticism.

God's living Word is beyond the world's criticism.

A. C. Frey Collection

Discouraged

As I was driving home from work one day, I stopped to watch a local Little League baseball game that was being played in the park near my home. As I sat down behind the bench on the first base line, I asked one of the boys what the score was. "We're behind 14 to nothing," he answered with a smile.

"Really," I said. "I have to say you don't look very discouraged."

"Discouraged?" the boy asked with a puzzled look on his face. "Why should we be discouraged? **We haven't been up to bat yet.**"

The Jam is Loving-Kindness

MOTHER asked her six-year-old what loving-kindness meant. "Well," he said, "when I ask you for a piece of bread and butter and you give it to me, that's kindness, but when you put jam on it, that's loving-kindness."

A. C. Frey Collection

Light the Lantern

ONE night a motorist was run down by a train at a grade crossing. The old signal man in charge of the crossing had to appear in court. After a severe cross-examination, he was still unshaken. He said he had waved his lantern frantically, but all to no avail. The following day the superintendent of the line called him into his office. "You did wonderfully well yesterday, Tom," he said. "I was afraid at first that you might waver." "No, sir," replied Tom, "but I was afraid that old lawyer was going to ask me whether or not my lantern was lit!"

A. C. Frey Collection

What it Means to be Adopted

TEACHER Debbie Moon's first graders were discussing a picture of a family. One little boy in the picture had a different color hair than the other family members. One child suggested that he was adopted, and a little girl said, "I know all about adoptions because I was adopted."

"What does it mean to be adopted?" asked another child.

"It means," said the girl, "that you grew in your mommy's heart instead of her tummy."

Willingly Deaf

C. H. Spurgeon, while still a young man and a village pastor, was passing the house of a woman known as the village termagant, who greeted him with a volley of rude words. Smiling, the young man said, "Yes, thank you; I am quite well." She burst into another string of expletives. "Yes, it does look as if it's going to rain," he replied. Surprised as well as exasperated, the woman exclaimed, "Bless the man, he's as deaf as a post! What's the use of talking to him?"

A. C. Frey Collection

The Best Translation

A young man was asked by a friend, “What have you got to do with the British and Foreign Bible Society?” “Oh,” said George, “I am a translator.” “What! You, a translator?” “Yes,” said George, “**I’m busy translating the Bible into my daily life.**”

A. C. Frey Collection

You Can Only Weigh What You Are

A little boy was on the scales, and being very anxious to outweigh his playmate he puffed out his cheeks and swelled like a frog. But the playmate was wiser. “Oho!” he cried in scorn, “that doesn’t do any good; you can only weigh what you are!” How true this is of us bigger children who try to impress ourselves—and, yes, sometimes God Almighty—by the virtues we should like to have! It doesn’t do any good. “You can only weigh what you are.”

A. C. Frey Collection

A Good Camera

AN amateur photographer was invited to dinner with friends and took along a few pictures to show the hostess. She looked at the photos and commented, “These are very good! You must have a good camera.”

He didn’t make any comment, but, as he was leaving to go home he said, “That was a really delicious meal! **You must have some very good pots.**”

“Likee Speech?”

WHEN we do not know just what we should say, it is well for us not to say anything; for, if we do speak, it is possible that we will be embarrassed when the situation finally resolves itself. Many years ago there was a banquet at Princeton University, to which the great Chinese diplomat, Dr. Wellington Koo, was invited to be the guest of honor and the chief speaker. As one of a number of representatives of the student body on this occasion, a burly member of the Princeton football team found himself seated next to Dr. Koo. Very embarrassed by the formality of the occasion, and utterly at a loss for conversation, the young man turned to Dr. Koo during the soup course and said, “Likee soup?”

Dr. Koo urbanely bowed his head and grinned. Later, he arose and delivered a polished, thoughtful and witty address. Sitting down amidst applause, Dr. Koo turned to the chagrined student and said smilingly, “Likee speech?”

A. C. Frey Collection

It’s the Content that Counts

THE daughter of a village doctor was complaining to her father of the drudgery of housework. The doctor pointed to some rows of empty bottles and said, “These bottles are of no value in themselves, but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is their content which kills or cures. Your daily tasks—the dishes washed or the floors swept—are homely things and count for nothing in themselves; but it is the anger or the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put into them that shall last. These make your life.”

A. C. Frey Collection

Laughing at the Storm

A gentleman was crossing on the ferry from New York to Brooklyn. The tide was running very high and the boat crashed into the dock. In a moment all was confusion. The gentleman noticed a little girl sitting on the knee of the hackman, who evidently was her father. The little chin began to quiver, the tears started to her eyes, and a cry of fear sprang from her lips. But turning and looking into her father's face, she saw him laughing. Instantly, without having anything explained, the tears dried, the little mouth straightened out, and the cry of fear gave place to a merry laugh. **She had faith in her father.**

A. C. Frey Collection

Man, Boy and Donkey

AN old man, a boy and a donkey were going to town; the boy rode on the donkey and the old man walked. As they went along they passed some people who remarked it was a shame the old man was walking and the boy was riding. The man and the boy thought maybe the critics were right, so they changed positions.

Later they passed some people that remarked, "What a shame, he makes that little boy walk." They decided they both would walk.

Soon they passed some more people who thought they were stupid to walk when they had a decent donkey to ride. So, they both rode the donkey.

Now they passed some people that shamed them by saying how awful it was to put such a load on the poor donkey. The boy and man said they were probably right, so they decided to carry the donkey.

As they crossed a bridge, they lost their grip on the animal and he fell into the river and drowned.

The moral of the story: If you try to please everyone, you may eventually lose everything!

Bumblebees Cannot Fly

SOME years ago I met a mechanical engineer, who told me that it had once been proven by the law of aerodynamics—after measuring the body and the wings of a bumblebee—that such a creature could never fly. But the bumblebee could not read, nor could it understand what the learned scientists were saying about it, so it just went right on flying!

A. C. Frey

What Do We Hear?

A group of three women was standing in the railway station at Back Bay, Boston, evidently awaiting the arrival of a guest. As they stood there, a young couple passed them, and part of their conversation reached the ears of the three women. One of the group said, “Oh, I know where they have been: to a concert, for I heard her say something about a ‘trained ear.’” The second woman then remarked, “Now isn’t that funny; I am sure that they have been to the zoo, for I heard her distinctly say something about a ‘reindeer.’” The third one said, “I am sure that you are both mistaken. What she said concerned the weather, for she asked him if it had ‘rained here.’” The three women began to argue, but decided to settle the dispute by asking the couple what they had been discussing as they passed.

They were all very much surprised when the young lady told them that she merely said to her fiancé, “I’m glad you met me at the train, dear.”

A. C. Frey

“There Ain’t No Such Animal”

A hardware salesman, visiting a farm, intrigued the farmer’s son by the interesting stories he told. One story the boy could not believe, however, was about an animal the salesman called a giraffe. The salesman told the lad that this animal had a neck so long that he could, without stretching, reach the level of the barn loft while standing on the ground.

Sometime later, on learning that a circus was coming to a nearby town, the salesman went to the farm to pick up the lad and bring him to see a real giraffe. At the circus, upon seeing the giraffe, the lad remarked, “There just ain’t no such animal.” How reluctant we, too, are at times to believe the Truth that our Heavenly Father puts before us!

A. C. Frey

A Bumped Cow Kicks

WHEN she was a little girl, a lady learned a good lesson, which she tells for the benefit of others: “One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father’s farmyard, where stood many cows, oxen, horses, etc., waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn around. In doing so she happened to bump her neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes all the animals were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed and said, ‘See what comes of kicking when you are hit? Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family in an uproar.’ Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, ‘Take care, my children. Remember how the fight in the farmyard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble.’”

A. C. Frey Collection

Carry a Can of Oil

THESE is a story of an old man who carried a little can of oil with him everywhere he went, and if he passed through a door that squeaked, he poured a little oil on the hinges. If a gate was hard to open, he oiled the latch. And thus he passed through life lubricating all the hard places and making it easier for those who came after him.

People called him eccentric, queer, and cranky; but the old man went steadily on, refilling his can of oil when it became empty, and oiling the hard places he found.

There are many lives that creak and grate harshly as they live day by day. Nothing goes right with them. They need lubricating with the oil of gladness, gentleness, or thoughtfulness. Have you your own can of oil with you? Be ready with your oil of helpfulness in the early morning. It may lubricate the whole day for someone. The oil of good cheer to the downhearted one—Oh, how much it may mean! The word of courage to the despairing—**Speak it!**

A. C. Frey Collection

When Five Minutes is an Hour

THE following incident is reported by the Rev. Thain Davidson. It has its own lesson...

“You have made me lose a whole hour,” said a gentleman to a lad as he came into a room where an important committee was meeting. “Beg pardon, sir, that is impossible,” said the youth, taking out his watch. “I’m only five minutes late.” “Very true,” replied the other, “but there are twelve of us here, and each one of us has lost five minutes; so that makes an hour.”

A. C. Frey Collection

The Christian in the Coal Mine

“I think a Christian can go anywhere,” said a young woman who was defending her continual attendance at some doubtful places of amusement. “Certainly she can,” rejoined her friend, “but I am reminded of a little incident which happened last summer when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her, she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide to the party. ‘Can’t I wear a white dress down there in the mine?’ she asked, petulantly. ‘Yes, mum,’ returned the old man, ‘there is nothing to keep you from wearing a white frock down there, but there will be considerable to keep you from wearing one back.’”

A. C. Frey Collection

Total Commitment

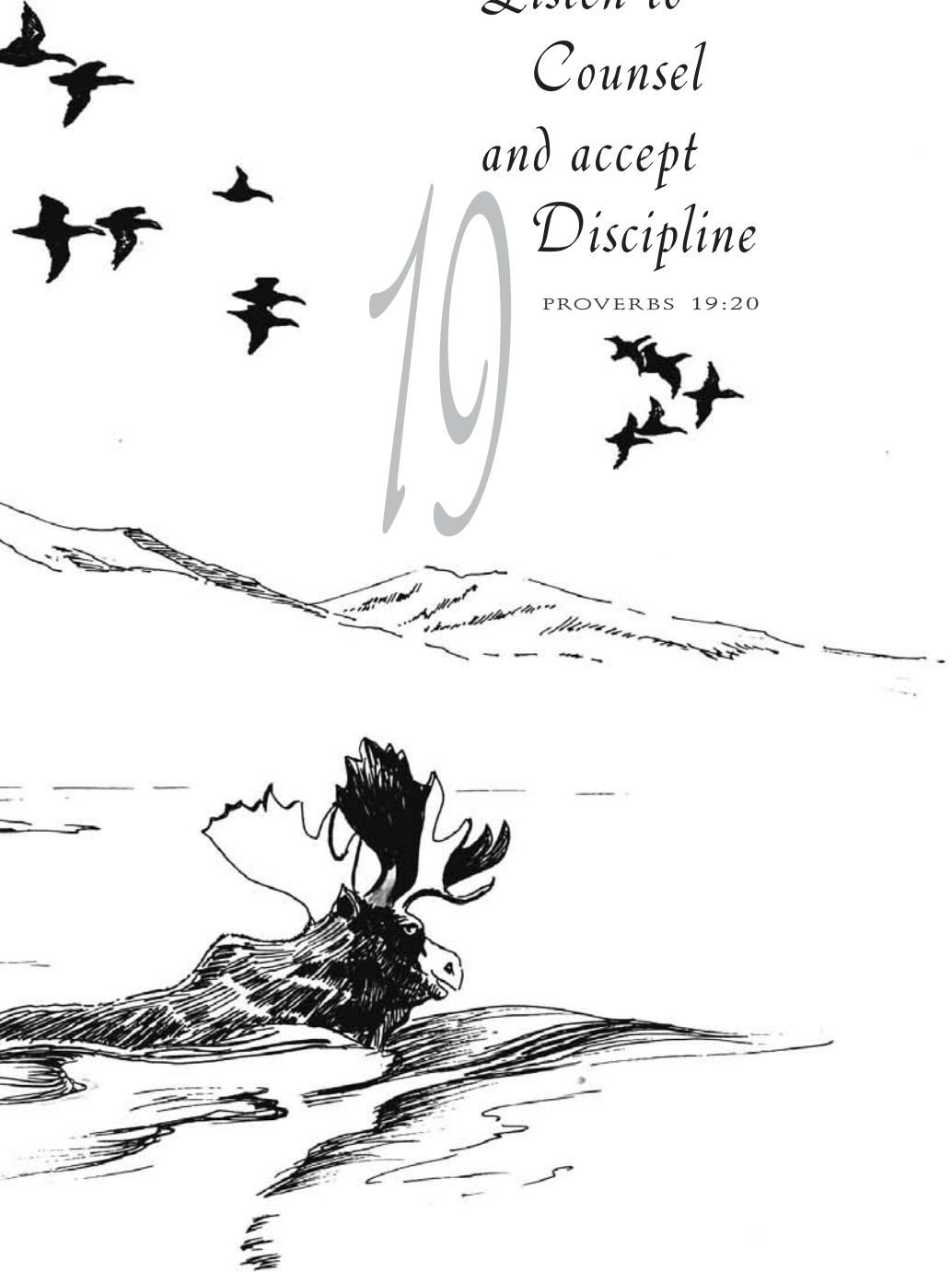
A chicken and a pig were passing by a church and heard the beautiful choral singing. Said the chicken to the pig, “That was beautiful! Let’s show our appreciation by giving them a good ham and egg breakfast.” Replied the pig, “For you, that may be **sacrifice**; for me, that is **total commitment**.”



*Listen to
Counsel
and accept
Discipline*

PROVERBS 19:20

19



A collection of seed thoughts

Compiled by E. O. Weeks

Adversity

Blessings thrive in affliction's soil.

Afflictions are but the shadow of God's wings.

A man who removes a mountain begins by carrying away small stones.

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

Trouble is only opportunity in work clothes.

Adversity may sometimes get a Christian down, but only on his knees.

Jesus spoke of Christianity as a banquet, but never as a picnic.

No trouble can come so near that God is not nearer.

The difficulties of life are intended to make us better, not bitter.

One reason that the school of Christ is so tough is that you get the test first and the lesson later.

God often digs wells of joy with the spade of sorrow and adversity.

God's grace enables us to "face the music" even when we don't like the tune.

The darkest clouds often bring the heaviest showers of blessings.

Jesus is no security against life's storms, but he is perfect security in them.

Troubles are not sent to bother us but to better us.

If we had no trials, there would be no triumphs.

A smooth sea never makes a skillful sailor.

When it gets dark enough, you can see the stars.

The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

Trouble is to the triumphant spirit what turbulent water is to a sturdy boat.

Prosperity makes friends, adversity tries them.

If things go wrong, don't go with them.

When the leaves are gone, we are able to see the sky more clearly.

When experiences send us on the rocks, let us be a lighthouse, not a wreck.

Adversity is the way the Great Surgeon gives us a "faith" lift.

Gain requires pain!

The brook that flows over stones makes the sweetest music.

You will never be the person you can be if afflictions, trials, and disciplines are taken out of your life.

He who will have nothing to do with thorns can never gather roses.

Every morning is a new beginning.

Only God can change sunsets into sunrises.

Tears are often the means by which we see God's rainbow of promises.

If you remove the rocks, the brook will lose its song.

If the going gets easy, you may be going downhill.

Anger

People who fly off the handle usually make a bad landing.

Losing your temper is no way to get rid of it.

The acid of anger harms the one in whom it is stored more than the one on whom it is poured.

Beware! Anger is just one letter short of danger.

Anger that answers anger is like a stone cast into a hornets' nest.

The longer you keep your temper the more it will improve.

Suppress a moment of anger and you prevent a day of sorrow.

Anger is the wind that blows out the lamp of reason.

There are times when you should never say anything important to a person: when he is tired, when he is angry, and when he has just made a mistake.

Temper: a quality that at critical moments brings out the best in steel and the worst in people.

Those who shoot from the hip often hit themselves in the foot.

Aspirations

Be wholly for God if you want to be holy like him.

By making a commitment, it will in turn make you.

Hitch your wagon to a star but hold your horses.

There is a deep tendency in human nature to become what we imagine ourselves to be.

The degree of vision in a man is the correct measure of that man.

He who puts God first must of necessity put himself last.

The true test: not, is it wrong, but is it best?

The archer shoots only as high as he aims.

If you don't stand for something, you'll fall for anything.

Only God can satisfy the hungry heart of man.

We aspire by setting up ideals and then going all out to acquire them.

If you aim at nothing, you're sure to hit it.

Silence is the atmosphere in which great things are fashioned.

"Average" is as close to the bottom as it is to the top.

Reaching high keeps a man on his toes.

The only way of discovering the limits of the possible is to venture a little past them into the impossible.

You will never hit your target if you don't shoot for it.

Attitude

A "bone of contention" has no place in the body of Christ.

Hardening of the heart is more serious than hardening of the arteries.

You are neither as good as your friends say nor as bad as your enemies say.

Some people seem to go through life standing at the complaint counter.

Events are less important than our reaction to them.

What you are, so is your world.

Stability is not an end of problems, but a way of reacting to them.

It is good to have an open mind as long as it is not so porous as not to hold convictions.

A sensitive listener hears what is said, and sometimes the things that are not able to be said.

Often the same thing that makes one person bitter makes another better.

It is always easier to see both sides of an issue that we are not particularly concerned about.

You can't expect a man to see eye to eye with you when you're looking down on him.

The man who does only what is required of him is a slave; the moment he does more, he is a free man.

In spite of the cost of living, it's still popular.

Things that would be easy become difficult when done with reluctance.

Interesting people are those who are interested.

Life is like eating a watermelon, enjoying its sweetness while spitting out the seeds.

We do not always see things as they are, we usually see things as we are.

If I keep a green bough in my heart, the singing bird will come.

An optimist is one who makes the best of it when he gets the worst of it.

A pessimist is one who complains about the noise when opportunity knocks.

Look at your work as something that you can do rather than something you can't do.

It's not your position but your disposition that makes you happy.

Awareness

God never makes us conscious of our weaknesses except to give his strength.

We live on a moving line between the past and the future. That line is our lifeline.

God can speak only to those who listen.

Experience is the awareness of knowing a lot of things you should not do!

Nothing is wonderful if it is taken for granted.

A mistake is evidence that at least someone has tried to do something.

Don't let your mind become so busy that your heart can't respond.

Awareness is realizing that great opportunities are often disguised as impossible situations.

Bible

Without the Bible, man would be in the midst of a sandy desert, surrounded on all sides by a dark and impenetrable horizon.

Many Bibles are "red" only on the edges.

What you bring away from the Bible depends to some extent on what you bring to it.

More people are troubled by what is plain in the scriptures than by what is obscure.

The only Bible some people will ever read is the Bible according to you.

The Bible is a guide book; the way to master it is to let it master you.

The Bible is a mirror in which man sees himself as he really is.

The Bible is the traveler's map, the pilgrim's staff, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's charter.

In God's works we see his hand, but in his Word we see his heart.

Going through the Bible is fine, but it is best to let the Bible go through you.

Christian Living

Our lives are like violins: in the right hands they will give forth wonderful music.

Live each day as if it were your last—it may be!

Reputation is what men think you are; character is what God knows you are.

The light of God's Son in your heart puts his sunshine on your face.

If we save the candle, there will be no light.

Character is what you are in the dark.

A true Christian is one who is right-side-up in an upside-down world.

God formed us, sin deformed us, and only God through Jesus can transform us.

If you are not as close to God as you were, you need not wonder who moved.

If anyone speaks evil of you, your life should be such that no one would believe them.

If you would lift others up, you must be on high ground yourself.

Our critics are the unpaid guardians of our souls.

If a sermon pricks your conscience it must have some good points.

A shining countenance brightens your example of faith.

Our good advice is sometimes confused by our bad example.

He who walks with God will be out of step with the world.

The cross is the first rung of the ladder to heaven.

The nearest way to glory is to strive toward that goal.

Christmas

The hinge of history is on the door of Bethlehem's stable.

Conscience

He won't listen to his conscience—he doesn't want advice from a total stranger.

When we can't hear God's directions, it's time to turn up the volume of our conscience.

Contentment

Discontentment makes rich men poor, contentment makes poor men rich.

He who lives content with little, possesses much.

If we cannot find contentment in ourselves, it is useless to seek it elsewhere.

Be content with what you have, but not with what you are.

I grumbled because I had no shoes, until I met a man that had no feet.

Real joy is not common happiness, but rather a zest that springs from an inner sense of peace even in the face of conflict.

Criticism

How seldom we weigh our neighbor in the same balance as ourselves.

He has the right to criticize who has the heart to help.

Instead of putting others in their place, put yourself in theirs.

Some of us would rather be ruined by praise than helped by criticism.

A person who is rowing has no time to rock the boat.

Rudeness is a weak man's imitation of strength.

Judging displaces love.

Critics are people who sit on the sidelines and utter snide lines.

The mind is often like a car: if it begins to knock, it needs an overhaul.

Faults are the easiest things to find.

A fanatic is someone who won't change his mind to agree with us.

When we criticize others, are we not honoring ourselves?

Devotions

He who has no time for God in the morning is not likely to encounter him later in the day.

Anyone who only samples God's word occasionally will never acquire a taste for it.

Religion should be our steering wheel, not our spare tire.

Double-mindedness

Many people use religion like a bus: they ride it only when it is going their way.

Many Christians are like pins, pointed in one direction but headed in another.

Never look back unless that is the way you wish to go.

A person who leads a double life sometimes finishes it in but half the time.

Men occasionally stumble over the truth, but most pick themselves up and hurry off as if nothing had happened.

Enthusiasm

Too many have the truth on ice, rather than on fire.

Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm.

So long as enthusiasm lasts, youth is still with us.

Apart from enthusiasm, joy cannot live.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

The largest cemetery may be where our unused talents lie buried.

If we want God's fire to burn in our hearts, we must cast out yesterday's ashes.

Failure/Success

Success is often more attitude than aptitude.

Excuses are the nails used to build the house of failures.

Collapse of the Christian life is seldom a blowout, it is usually a slow leak.

Spiritual success requires consecration without reservation.

The dictionary is the only place where "success" comes before "work."

To win is not always success; to lose is not always failure.

Success is often failure wearing a fresh coat of paint.

It is better to try and fail, than to fail to try.

You cannot mend your way with the weak thread of excuses.

There is no failure save in giving up.

Sometimes the best gain is to lose.

A man can fail many times, but he isn't a failure until he begins to blame somebody else.

Organize victory out of your failures.

Only one person in the whole world can defeat you, and that is yourself.

If at first you don't succeed, you are running about average.

In great attempts it is glorious even to fail.

Failure takes endeavor, and endeavor persisted in is never failure.

Nothing is all wrong: even a clock that has stopped is right twice a day.

The best way to succeed in life is to act on the advice you

give to others.

Striving for success without hard work is like trying to harvest where you have not planted.

There is nothing wrong in making mistakes, but don't respond to encores.

Failure is the only opportunity to more intelligently begin again.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

Sometimes a noble failure serves the world as faithfully as a distinguished success.

When you begin to think about defeat, the devil begins to win.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failing to stick to the purpose he sees is best.

Silence is not always golden, sometimes it is just plain yellow.

Men do not stumble over mountains, but over molehills.

Failure is more often due to a lack of purpose than a lack of talent.

Failure is found at the end of the path of least persistence.

Nothing is ever a total failure: it can always serve as a bad example.

You can't learn without mistakes.

If you have tried and failed, and you need a hand in yours in the darkness of disappointment, you can count on mine.

Success isn't how far you got, but the distance you traveled from where you started.

There are no hopeless situations, there are only men who have grown hopeless about them.

Two kinds of failures: the man who will do nothing he is told, and the man who will do nothing else.

He who insists on standing alone will soon buckle from weak legs.

Success usually comes to those who are too busy to look for it.

The man who never makes mistakes loses a great many chances to learn something.

The greatest success is to conquer self.

Experience is a wonderful thing: it enables us to recognize a mistake every time we repeat it.

You do not get to your destination by looking in a rear-view mirror.

Faith

When you can't find a way out, look up.

The word "discouragement" is not found in the dictionary of faith.

I discredit God's name when I call him my Father but act like an orphan.

When fear knocks on your door, send faith to answer it, and you'll find that there is no one there.

To wait on the Lord is to put your weight on his promises.

Those who see God's hand in everything, always leave everything in his hands.

You can never break God's promises by leaning too hard on them.

True faith sees the invisible, believes the incredible, and receives the impossible.

Faith that is left unwatered will fade and die.

It is impossible to overdraw your account from faith's bank.

Faith is the best antidote for a fearful heart.

Where the Lord puts a period, do not change it to a question mark.

Blessed is the man who digs a well from which another may draw faith.

The eye of faith can always pierce the clouds of affliction to see the sun beyond.

Faith is the grave of anxious care.

If you don't scale the mountain, you can't see the view.

Only he who can see the invisible can do the impossible.

If you must doubt, doubt your doubts—never your beliefs.

Does your faith move mountains or do mountains move your faith?

The well of God's promises is deep and full; it is the buckets of our faith that we bring to it that are small.

The real victory of faith is to trust God in the dark.

The faith to move mountains is the reward of those who have moved molehills.

Trust in the dark will bring triumph at dawn.

Quiet tension is not trust, it is simply suppressed anxiety.

Submission is a healing balm to the pain of trying experiences.

The footprints of submission will always be seen in the pathway that the faithful have traveled.

If your Christian appearance is sagging, what you need is a "faith-lift."

Faith is like radar that can see through the thick fog.

Fear

Fear of the past projected into today cancels out the reality of the present.

Fear manufactures dust and static that causes interference with **good** reception.

Fear is often the parent of dishonesty.

The fear of the unknown will keep us chained from progress and growth.

Self-consciousness often blocks the road on which we would like to travel.

Self-consciousness sets up a high perimeter fence that keeps others away.

Fear tosses sand into the workings of a relationship and results in friction.

To avoid facing danger is to live in hiding with fear.

Fear always distorts our perception and confuses us as to what is really happening.

Forgiveness

Christian forgiveness is like the sweetness given forth by flowers when they are trampled upon.

He who cannot forgive others destroys the bridge over which he himself must pass.

Christians should seek to remove from their memories the sins that God has forgiven.

To understand all is to forgive all.

It is only the forgiving who qualify for forgiveness.

God forgives and buries our sins, then posts a sign: "No digging allowed."

A retentive memory may be a good thing, but the ability to forget is a sign of greatness.

Forgiveness is rubbing out another's mistake instead of rubbing it in.

A coat of forgiveness cannot be worn over a coat of resentment.

Friendship

A true friend will put a finger on your faults without rubbing them in.

Forget yourself for others, and others will never forget you.

Some friends are like your shadow: you see them only when the sun shines.

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus, seen when all around is dark.

The only safe and sure way to destroy an enemy is to make him your friend.

A friend is one who knows all about you and still loves you.

Go often to the house of a friend, for weeds choke up the unused path.

When a friend asks, there is no tomorrow.

The most I can do for my friend is simply to be a friend.

Great friendship is the hyphen between two minds.

Friendship that flows from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

The best mirror is an old friend.

A friend is the one who comes in when the whole world has gone out.

A friend is a person with whom you dare to be yourself.

Friends are those rare people who ask how you are—then wait to hear the answer.

Gentleness

There is nothing as strong as true gentleness or as gentle as true strength.

It is only imperfection that is not tolerant of what is imperfect.

God

God often uses the smallest tools to perform the largest tasks.

God without man is still God; man without God is nothing.

God is great in great things, but he is very great in little things.

The universe is centered on neither the earth nor the sun. It is centered on God.

All creation is an outstretched finger pointing to God.

Goodness

A saint is one who makes goodness look attractive.

There's no limit to how much good you can do if you don't care who gets the credit.

Growth

There is precious instruction to be gained in finding we are wrong.

I'm not what I want to be and I'm not what I should be, but by God's grace, I'm not what I used to be.

Spiritual stature cannot be acquired without growing pains.

All the flowers of tomorrow are in the seeds of today.

What I am to be I am becoming.

When saving for a rainy day, be sure to put away a few pleasant thoughts.

When growth stops, decay begins.

A person shows where he is by what he does with what he has.

Habits

Habit is a man's best friend or his worst enemy.

Habit is like a cable: we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

Habits are first cobwebs, then steel nets.

The best way to break a habit is to drop it.

Happiness

Happiness often depends on the quality of our thoughts.

The best way to keep happiness is to share it.

If you see someone without a smile today, give them one of yours.

A smile is a universally understood expression.

The only way on earth to multiply happiness is to divide it.

The really happy man is the one who can enjoy the scenery when he has to take a detour.

Happiness is not mostly pleasure, it is mostly victory.

To be without some of the things you want is indispensable to happiness.

The most important thing you wear is a happy countenance.

To be happy ourselves is the most important contribution we can make to the happiness of others.

Happiness is not a station you arrive at, but the manner in which you travel.

To be of use in this world is the only way to be happy.

To get the full value of happiness you must have someone to divide it with.

Many are on the wrong scent in their pursuit of happiness.

Unhappiness is not knowing what we want and killing ourselves to get it.

A smile is a curve that can set a lot straight.

Happiness is often the result of being too busy to be miserable.

Formula for personal happiness and fulfillment: seek the happiness and fulfillment of others.

Be content with that which you have and are, be generous with both, and you won't lack for happiness.

Happiness is never stopping to think if you are.

Happiness is not having what one wants, but enjoying what one has.

Helpfulness

Instead of pointing a faultfinding finger, hold out a helping hand.

When it comes to helping others, some stop at nothing.

Do unto others as if others were you.

There will always be more power in the opened hand than in the clenched fist.

We become rich through what we give and poor through what we keep.

The highest kind of giving is done from the bottom of the heart.

A song coupled with service makes a beautiful sermon.

Do what you can, where you are, with what you have.

God does not comfort us to make us comfortable, but to make us comforters.

There is no better exercise for strengthening the heart than reaching down to lift others up.

You can't help a man toward the top of the mountain without getting closer to it yourself.

What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult for each other?

Life is a steep grade and we should give others a lift when they need it.

Help your brother across the rough waters and you are stronger for the effort.

No one is useless in the world who lightens the burdens of it for someone else.

The most beautiful hands are those which are found always ready to help their fellow man.

The hand that gives, receives.

People are never so generous as when giving advice.

There is a big difference between advice and help.

Put the hay down where the sheep can reach it!

Honesty, Truthfulness

We should work harder at being what we should be, than at hiding what we are.

There are no degrees of honesty before God.

Truth is as clear as a bell, but it isn't always "tolled."

Beware of believing a half-truth: it may be the wrong half.

Error needs support, truth stands alone.

It is often surprising to find what heights may be obtained merely by remaining on the level.

The devil has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.

It is better to suffer for speaking the truth, than that the truth should suffer for want of speaking it.

Truth is not only violated by falsehood, it is equally slurred by silence.

The naked truth is not indecent.

Basic research is what I am doing when I don't know what I am doing.

When you try to make an impression, the chances are that is the impression you will make.

Stretching the truth won't make it last any longer.

Hope

The ladder of hope has nothing to rest on here below, it is held up from above.

There are no hopeless situations, only people who grow hopeless about them.

The day of evil reveals to us the value of our glorious hope.

Put off the shadow from the brow; there is no night but hath its morn.

No one is hopeless whose hope is in God.

A truly poor man is one who has no hope.

Humility

One of the things a man can do that lower animals can't is stand up before a crowd and put both feet in his mouth.

The only man who is always right is the one who knows he also makes mistakes.

Be humble or you'll stumble!

The taller a bamboo grows, the lower it bends.

The Christian's highest place is lying low at the feet of Jesus.

Humility is that low sweet root from which all heavenly virtues shoot.

We tread life's upper road when we walk humbly with our God.

Humility is a strange thing: when you think you have it, you haven't.

The tree with the heaviest fruit hangs the lowest.

Those who travel the high road to humility are not troubled by heavy traffic.

Influence

You are either leaving a mark on the world, or the world is leaving its mark on you.

Our lives either shed light or cast shadows.

A person cannot teach what he does not know, nor lead where he does not go.

Do we live our lives in such a way that we can say to our children, "Go thou and do likewise"?

If you want your neighbor to know what Christ will do for him, let him see what Christ has done for you.

He who reforms himself has done much toward reforming others.

We often help to straighten out others when we walk uprightly.

This I learned from the shadow of a tree: my shadow self, my influence, may fall where I can never be.

You can always tell where the lamplighter has been by all the lights that he leaves behind.

The candle not only shines on him who lights it but on all within reach of its rays.

If your absence doesn't make any difference, your presence won't either.

Those who cannot change their minds, cannot change anything.

If you have an unpleasant neighbor, the odds are that he does, too.

An ounce of example far outweighs a pound of advice.

Unused talents give you no advantage whatever over someone who has no talents at all.

When people think well of us, the first thing we should do is look to see if they are right.

Jealousy

The fires of jealousy burn on, fueled by doubt and distrust, consuming its possessor.

The jealous man sets before himself a banquet of doubt, then feeds on its bitter nourishment.

Judging

We judge ourselves by what we feel we are capable of doing; others judge us by what we have done.

Judging displaces love.

They condemn, who do not understand.

Kindness

Kindness is the oil that takes the friction out of life.

Christian kindness is love in working clothes.

He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

Be kind, for everyone you meet is fighting a hard battle.

You cannot do a kindness too soon, for you never know how soon it will be too late.

The milk of Christian kindness never sours.

Write injury in the dust, but kindness in stone.

Kindness or tact is the art of making someone feel at home when you wish they were.

Leadership

If you never stick your neck out, you'll never get your head above the crowd.

Some leaders want sheep to shear rather than to care for.

Uprightness of character and tenderness of heart are prerequisites for those who would lead others.

He is not fit to lead who has not first learned to obey.

Behold the turtle: he makes progress only when he sticks his neck out.

Liberty

Liberty is not the right to do as you please, but the freedom to do as you ought.

To what avails the plow, or sail, or land, or life, if man is not free?

No man is truly free if he cannot command himself.

Loneliness

Loneliness was the first thing that God pronounced to be not good.

People who are lonely usually build walls instead of bridges.

Love

Love is never afraid to give too much.

Unless we run on love, we don't run well at all!

Giving is the thermometer of love.

We may give without loving, but we cannot love without giving.

Love can never be wasted, it always brings a big return—if not in this life, then in the next.

True religion is love in action.

The best gifts are tied with heartstrings.

Love is the oil in the machinery of life.

Love is the communicated caring about the happiness of others.

Where there is true love, there is no labor.

True love expects no return.

Love cures—it cures those who give it, and it cures those who receive it.

Love gives freely, it cannot be bought.

We are shaped and fashioned by what we love.

Love that has its limitations will come to that end, but true love has no end.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with a single thread.

No disguise can long conceal love where it is, nor feign it where it is not.

Love sees what no eyes see, and hears what no ears hear.

True love always flows outward.

They are the true disciples of Christ, not who know most, but who love most.

Love makes even the unsightly beautiful to behold.

Our Lord cares not so much for our works, as for the love in which they are done.

Love is not something you merely feel, it is something you do.

It is hard to express love with a clenched fist.

The comfort one finds on the less-traveled road of love is found nowhere else.

Love never asks, "How much must I do?" but "How much can I do?"

The time to really love others is when they least deserve it.

True love is helping someone who can't return the favor.

All love triangles are "wreck-tangles."

They do not truly love who do not show their love.

Love has reasons which reason knows not of.

Weathering the storms by loving is the only way to find and enjoy the rainbows of life.

Love dictates that we focus our attention on the needs of those we love.

True love demands that self be forgotten.

What we love, we shall grow to resemble.

To love is to find pleasure in the happiness of the person loved.

Service is love made visible.

Love's store can never be depleted.

Patience

Patience is something you greatly admire in the driver behind you, but not in the one ahead of you.

The secret of patience is doing something else while you are waiting.

A mother's patience is like a tube of toothpaste: it's never quite gone.

Perseverance

Trying times are the times to keep trying.

When the going gets tough, the tough get going.

A diamond is but a piece of coal that stuck to the job.

He didn't know it couldn't be done, so he went ahead and did it.

If you knock long enough and loud enough at the door, you are sure to wake someone.

We can do anything we want to if we stick to it long enough.

The quitter never wins; the winner never quits.

He conquers who perseveres and endures.

The will to persevere is the difference between failure and success.

One thing at a time, and all things in order.

That which grows slowly, endures.

The man with push will eventually pass the man with pull.

God will either lighten your load or strengthen your back.

Great works are performed not by strength but by perseverance.

Prayer, Praise

Prayer releases one from the prison of fear, futility and ineffectiveness.

A persons on his knees sees more than a philosopher on tiptoes.

Prayer is the highest use to which speech can be put.

Prayer should be the key to our day and the lock to our night.

If prayer doesn't change things, it changes you.

When your knees knock, kneel on them.

The essence of prayer is to open self that God may come in.

Prayer connects us with the heavenly power source of life.

A Christian usually runs the race best on his knees.

Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view.

Do not face the day until you have faced God in prayer.
Prayer is an invisible communication line to heaven.
Productive prayer requires earnestness, not eloquence.
You'll never get a busy signal when calling upon the Lord.
The best way to stand upright is down upon your knees.
The garment of joy that is not hemmed with praise will soon unravel.

Pride

Only the foolish and the dead never change their minds.
The person who looks up to God will never look down on others.
You are always in the wrong key when you sing your own praise.
The bigger a man's head gets, the easier it is to fill his shoes.
Swallowing your pride will never give you indigestion.
Some people grow with responsibility, others just swell.
A man wrapped up in himself makes a very small package.
Be not like the cock who thought the sun rose to hear him crow.
People put a low estimate on the man who puts too high an estimate on himself.
The man who toots his horn the loudest is usually in the fog.
He who falls in love with himself will have no rivals.
It's strange, but a big head is a sign of a small man.
The man who thinks himself a big shot is already in line to be shot down.
Blowing your own horn leaves you winded for the uphill climb.
Pride must be swallowed, else it will choke you.
There is nothing so annoying as arguing with a man who knows what he is talking about.

Blessed are the ignorant, for they are happy in thinking they know everything.

Swallowing your pride is never fattening to your head.

Procrastination

There is no resurrection for opportunity that is lost.

If you have a hill to climb, waiting won't make it smaller.

What a wonderful world it would be if we all did today what we put off until tomorrow.

Reputation

Think little of what others think of you.

He who steals my purse steals trash; he who steals my good name takes all.

One thing you can give and still keep is your word.

Righteousness

To be right with God has often meant to be in trouble with men.

Better to want to do right than to be afraid to do wrong.

There is no right way to do a wrong thing.

It is easier to fight for principles than to live up to them.

A recognized fault is well on its way to correction.

Selfishness

Some people work hard, hoard all their money, and when they are old they are able to buy the things only the young can enjoy.

Sin

Man's greatest ecological problem is pollution of the heart.

The sin that blinds us the most is our own.

Those who begin telling "little white lies" soon find themselves colorblind.

If you don't want to trade with the devil, stay out of his workshop.

Neither inflation nor depression affect the wages of sin.

Before our sins can be put behind us, we must face them.

Someone who is green with envy will soon be ripe for trouble.

The denial of sin is the devil's chloroform.

To avoid forbidden fruit, stay out of the devil's orchard.

As a moth gnaws at a garment, so envy consumes a man.

Thankfulness

The greatest sum in addition is to count your blessings.

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

If we pause to think, we will have cause to thank.

He that enjoys without thanksgiving is robbing the giver.

If you can think of nothing for which to give thanks, you no doubt have amnesia.

Gratitude is born in hearts that take time to count up past mercies.

Thoughts

As one thinks in his heart, so is he.

A great many people think they are thinking when they are merely rearranging their prejudices.

When someone gets lost in thought it's probably because it's unfamiliar territory.

Change your thoughts and you change your world.

Time

You can't turn back the clock, but you can wind it up again.

By killing time, we often murder opportunity.

Improve your time and time will improve you.

Time spent waiting on God is never wasted.

The sunrise never finds us where the sunset left us.

To most, the future is that time when you'll wish you'd done what you aren't doing now.

Understanding

Those who dare to teach never cease to learn.

LORD, may I always have eyes that I may see and never pass another's calvary and think it just a common hill!

Be not disturbed at being misunderstood, be disturbed rather at not being understanding.

Everything that irritates us about others can lead us to an understanding of ourselves.

Understanding is learning what you didn't even know you didn't know.

Knowledge is the raw material on which understanding feeds.

Wisdom

He is no fool who gives what he cannot keep, to gain what he cannot lose.

A wise man is often known to change his opinion.

All signs on the road to wisdom read "keep to the right."

You can often tell a wise man by the things he does not say.

Fools curse their mistakes, the wise profit from them.

Common sense is not a common commodity.

Wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.

What a fool does in the end, the wise man does in the beginning.

To admit that I have been in the wrong is but saying that I am wiser today than I was yesterday.

To a wise man, the more he knows, the more he knows that he knows very little.

Wisdom consists in knowing what to do with what you know.

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise.

From the errors of others, a wise man corrects his own.

Knowledge is proud that it knows so much, wisdom is humble because it has so much to know.

Tact is the art of making a point without sticking it in someone.

Wisdom is the accurate perception of what is really important.

I have lived in this world just long enough to look carefully the second time into things that I was sure of the first time.

Reasons that sound good aren't always sound reasons.

I grow old learning something new every day.

One thought driven home is better than three left on base.

If your mind should go blank, don't forget to turn off the sound.

Wisdom is knowing enough to keep your mouth shut when you find yourself in deep water.

Witness

The greatest hindrance to witnessing is cold feet.

Men may doubt what you say, but they will believe what you are.

If you have found knowledge, hold it up so others may light their candles from it.

Words

Gentle words fall lightly, but they have great weight.

When facts are scarce, rumors abound.

To speak ill of others is often a dishonest way of praising ourselves.

A careless tongue can equally run someone down as can a motorist.

Gossip is like soft soap: mostly "lye."

Why do you suppose that God gave us two ears but only one mouth?

Words of praise, like gold and diamonds, owe their value to their scarcity.

Be sure your brain is in gear before engaging your mouth.

It is better to keep your mouth shut and be thought a fool, than to open it and remove all doubt.

He who gossips to you will gossip of you.

Better to slip with the foot than with the tongue.

Words spoken are the index of the heart and mind.

Strong and bitter words indicate a weak cause.

Blessed are they who have nothing to say and who cannot be persuaded to say it.

Think all that you speak, but speak not all that you think.

Silence is one of the great arts of real conversation.

No sermon is dull that cuts through to the conscience.

The gossip usually gets caught in his own "mouth-trap."

It is better to choose what you say, than to say what you choose.

Work

Genius is one percent inspiration and ninety-nine percent perspiration.

Your work is a reflection of your character: as you are, so you labor.

Nothing is really work, unless you would rather be doing something else.

Many people fail to recognize opportunity because it comes disguised as work.

The armor of God is awkward equipment for one who sits.

The mode by which the inevitable comes to pass is effort.

The reason why most men do not achieve more is because they do not attempt more.

Weak men wait for opportunities, strong men go out looking for them.

No man who was properly occupied was ever miserable.

If there is a job to be done, ask the busiest person to take it on.

Have your tools ready and God will find you work.

The highest reward for man's toil is not what he gets for it, but what he becomes by it.

Change your attitude and work will seem different.

Footprints in the sands of time were never made by sitting down.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

Everything comes to him who waits, if he works while he waits.

Too many people today quit looking for work as soon as they find a job.

It is better to wear out than to rust out.

The best way to kill time is to work it to death.

The best way to keep good intentions from dying is to execute them.

When your work speaks for itself, don't interrupt.

The man who says it can't be done should not interrupt the man who is doing it.

Doing little things with a strong desire makes them great in God's sight.

Nothing makes a person more productive than the last minute.

People who do things that count never stop to count them.

Complete frustration is watching someone else do something that you just said could not be done.

Too many people are ready to carry the stool when the piano needs to be moved.

Don't wait for something to turn up, get a shovel and dig for it.

Well done is better than well said.

Rust wear out more tools than overuse does.

Ideas are peculiar things: they won't work unless you do.

No farmer ever plowed a field by turning it over in his mind.

If you want to leave footprints in the sands of time, wear work boots.

It's hard to climb up higher with your hands in your pockets.
Plan your work, then work your plan.

Worldliness

How empty is a life that is filled only with things.

It is hard to tune in to heaven's message if our lives are filled with earthly static.

If your life is a drag, worldly weights are probably to blame.

The more we are attracted to Christ, the less we are distracted by the world.

It isn't the ship in the water, but the water in the ship that sinks it.

Those who dive into selfish, worldly pleasure always come up with sand in their mouths, for it is so shallow.

Worry

Worry pulls tomorrow's clouds over today's sunshine.

Worry is a burden that a Christian was never meant to bear.

A large number of us do mountain climbing over molehills.

Worry is unbelief parading in disguise.

You can't get anywhere today walking in the mire of worry.

The load of tomorrow added to that of today is too heavy for any mortal being.

Worry is the interest paid on trouble before it is due.

Worry brings on us today the misfortunes that may never come.

A remedy for worry: Lift the gloom in another's life.

Worry is like a mental tornado, or like a dog chasing his tail.

To carry anxious care to bed is like trying to sleep with your backpack on your back.

To worry is not to trust.

I am an old man and have had many troubles, but most of

them have never happened.

Worry never robs tomorrow of its sorrow, it only saps today of its strength.

Tomorrow's burdens were never meant to be borne with today's grace.

The cover is bound in ICG Pearl Linen cloth on the spine and Rainbow Antique paper over the panels. The chapter headings and selected text titles were set in Deanna Script. The typeface for the text is Stempel Schneidler, with ITC Goudy Sans for chapter titles.



