



Think Abouts 04

Condensed and annotated
by
Jackson Koller



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Introduction

Welcome to this collection, one of several in a series. . .

Mostly about life, and living, but some on Nursing, Religion, etc., no jokes here though. These again are mostly from the email circuit, passed around until their origins are lost in the paperless trail!

I hope that they may cause you to pause and consider them as they did for me.

If I feel strongly enough about any essay my comments will follow it!

In thoughts we live,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Jackson Koller".



The Bible in 50 Words

God made
 Adam bit
 Noah arked
 Abraham split
 Joseph ruled
 Jacob fooled
 Bush talked
 Moses balked
 Pharaoh plagued
 People walked
 Sea divided
 Tablets guided
 Promise landed
 Saul freaked
 David peeked
 Prophets warned
 Jesus born
 God walked
 Love talked
 Anger crucified
 Hope died
 Love rose
 Spirit flamed
 Word spread
 God remained.

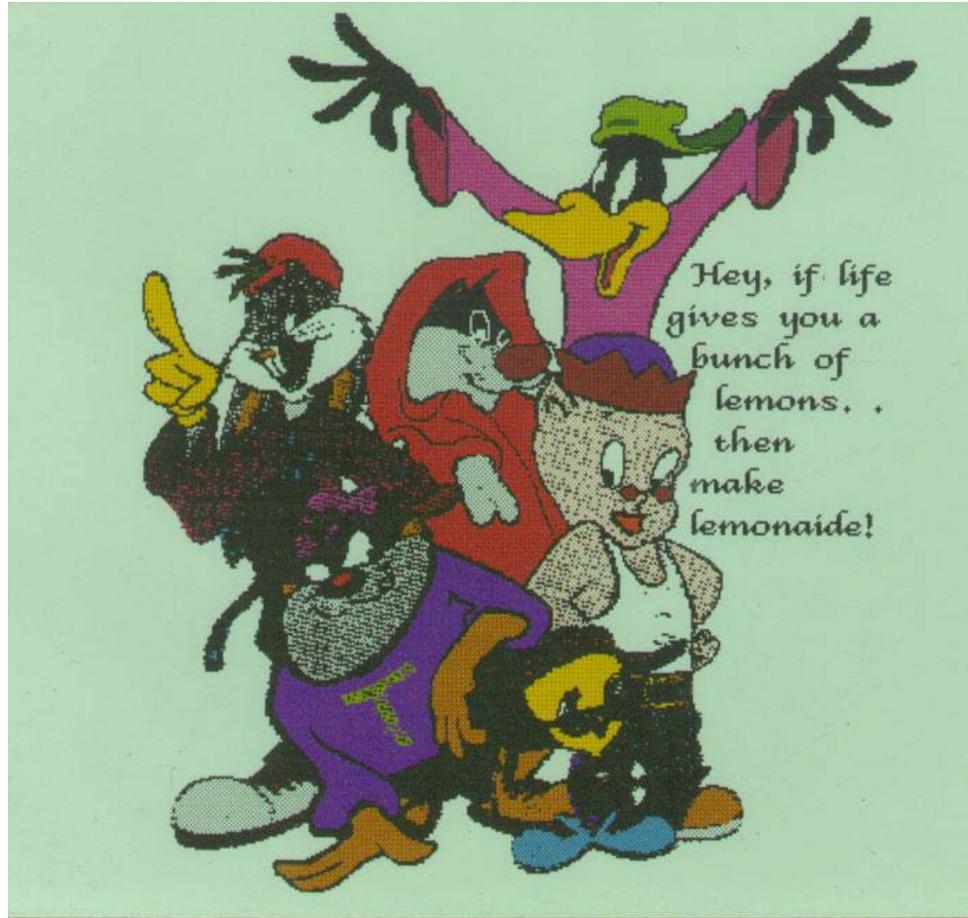
If you've ever really read the bible (I have) you will note a lot of repetition, this was to validate. If you cut out all the begottings, lineage, and numbering, making it one continous story, it would be reduced to a quarter in size (or less). The bible is one of the most fought over controversial books in existence.

That said: it can be broken down into it's simpliest form.

God (supply your own adjective if it differs) created the world, all within and around it. Creating man in his image, let us veer away from a narrow path to develop on our own. Set down basic rules/edicts and let us make our own decisions. The old testament is about the rules and guidelines basically.

The new testament (which I prefer) is about love, Gods love for us, and reserection. In my mind when we pass on we join with God and know total love, or we come back till we have learned all the lessons that finish our souls.

But, regardless of us, we are not forsaken...

Lemonade911 coincidences

The date of the attack was on: 9/11 and $9+1+1=11$

September 11th is the 254th day of the year: and $2+5+4=11$

After September 11th there are 111 days left to the end of the year. 119 is the area code for Iraq & Iran. And $1+1+9=11$ The Twin Towers- standing side by side looks like the number 11. The first plane to hit the Twin Towers was Flight # 11.

Wait there's more.....

The state of New York was the 11th State added to the Union. New York City - 11 letters Afghanistan - 11 letters The Pentagon - 11 letters Ramzi Yousef - 11 letters and convicted of orchestrating the attack on the WTC in 1993.

Flight 11- had 92 on board and $9+2=11$

Flight 77- had 65 on board and $6+5=11$.

I'm a firm believer in coincidences, especially mathematical similarities.

There is an underlying drive to organize out of chaos in the universe. Not numerology per se, just that there are coincidences if you look for them.



9-11-01 (Email not Broken)

In memory of all those who perished this morning; the passengers and the pilots on the United Air and AA flights, the workers in the World Trade Center, the Pentagon, and all the innocent bystanders. Our prayers go out to the friends and families of the deceased.

IF I KNEW

If I knew it would be the last time
That I'd see you fall asleep,
I would tuck you in more tightly
and pray the Lord, your soul to keep.

If I knew it would be the last time
that I see you walk out the door,
I would give you a hug and kiss
and call you back for one more.

If I knew it would be the last time
I'd hear your voice lifted up in praise,
I would video tape each action and word,
so I could play them back day after day.

If I knew it would be the last time,
I could spare an extra minute
to stop and say "I love you,"
instead of assuming you would KNOW I do.

If I knew it would be the last time
I would be there to share your day,
Well I'm sure you'll have so many more,
so I can let just this one slip away.
For surely there's always tomorrow
to make up for an oversight,
and we always get a second chance
to make everything just right.
There will always be another day
to say "I love you,"
And certainly there's another chance
to say our "Anything I can do?"

But just in case I might be wrong,
and today is all I get,
I'd like to say how much I love you
and I hope we never forget.



Tomorrow is not promised to anyone,
young or old alike,
And today may be the last chance
you get to hold your loved one tight.
So if you're waiting for tomorrow,
why not do it today?

For if tomorrow never comes,
you'll surely regret the day,
That you didn't take that extra time
for a smile, a hug, or a kiss
and you were too busy to grant someone,
what turned out to be their one last wish.

So hold your loved ones close today,
and whisper in their ear,
Tell them how much you love them
and that you'll always hold them dear
Take time to say "I'm sorry,"

"Please forgive me," "Thank you," or "It's okay."
And if tomorrow never comes,
you'll have no regrets about today.

Every one of us has one thing in common, our days on this Earth are numbered. We only have so much time, whether a year or 90 years, we will all pass on eventually.

Every day we pass up to love and be loving is a day lost, tomorrow may not come, don't miss the chance that it may be your last chance to express yourself and live life.

A couple was traveling

One afternoon, a couple was traveling on the road when all of a sudden at a far distance they saw a woman in the middle of the road asking them to stop.

The wife told her husband to keep on driving because it might be too dangerous, but the husband decided to pass by slowly so he wouldn't stay with the doubt on his mind of what might have happened and the chances of anyone being hurt. As they got closer, they noticed a woman with cuts and bruises on her face as well as on her arms. They then decided to stop and see if they could be of any help. The cut and bruised woman was begging for help telling them that she had been in a car accident and that her husband and son, a new born baby, were still inside the car which was in a deep ditch. She told them that the husband was already dead but that her baby seemed to still be alive. The husband that was traveling decided to get down and try to rescue the baby and he asked the hurt woman to stay with his wife inside their car. When he got down he noticed two people in the front seats of the car, but he



didn't pay any importance to it and took out the baby quickly and got up to take the baby to its mother. When he got up, he didn't see the mother anywhere so he asked his wife where she had gone. She told him that the woman followed him back to the crashed car. When the man decided to go look for the woman, he noticed that clearly the two people in the front seats were dead; a woman and a man with both their seatbelts on. When he looked closer, he noticed that it was the exact same woman that was begging them for help in the beginning. Do you think that it was a miracle of God? The Baby now lives with family members and he will live to tell the story.

Whether you believe the story or not, whether you believe in spirits, or even just a parents love being able to extend beyond death. It's a nice thought...

A FULL BOX OF KISSES

The story goes that some time ago, a man punished his 3-year-old daughter for wasting a roll of gold wrapping paper. Money was tight and he became infuriated when the child tried to decorate a box to put under the Christmas tree.

Nevertheless, the little girl brought the gift to her father the next morning and said, "This is for you, Daddy."

He was embarrassed by his earlier overreaction, but his anger flared again when he found the box was empty. He yelled at her, "Don't you know that when you give someone a present, there's supposed to be something inside it?"

The little girl looked up at him with tears in her eyes and said, "Oh, Daddy, it is not empty. I blew kisses into the box. All for you, Daddy."

The father was crushed. He put his arms around his little girl, and he begged for her forgiveness.

It is told that years after his death, his daughter, in settling his estate, found that he had kept that gold box by his bed from that Christmas night, ever after; so whenever he was discouraged, he could 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 as living souls have been given a gold container filled with unconditional love and kisses from our children, friends, family and Heavenly Father.

There is no more precious possession anyone could hold. Please, take a moment today, and enjoy a big handful of memories. And remember, they'll melt in your heart, not in your hands!

Bird cages

A man was on the side of the road with a large birdcage. A boy noticed that the cage was full of birds of many kinds. Where did you get those birds?" he asked.

Oh, all over the place, " the man replied. I lure them with crumbs, pretend I'm their friend then when they are close, net them and shove them into my cage."

"And what are you going to do with them now?" The man grinned, "I'm going to prod them with sticks, and get them really mad so they fight and kill each other. Those that survive, I will kill.

None will escape."

The boy looked steadily at the man. What made him do such things? He looked into the cruel, hard eyes. Then he looked at the birds, defenseless, without hope. "Can I buy those birds?" the boy asked.

The man hid a smile, aware that he could be on to a good thing if he played his cards right. "Well, he said hesitantly, "The cage is pretty expensive, and I spent a lot of time collecting these birds.

I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll let you have the lot, birds, cage and all for ten pounds and that jacket you're wearing."

The boy paused, ten pounds was all he had, and the jacket was new and very special, in fact it was his prized possession. Slowly, he took out the ten pounds and handed it over, then even more slowly he took off his jacket, gave it one last look then handed that over too.

And then well, you've guessed it he opened the door and let the birds go free.

MORAL OF THE STORY:

The Enemy of the world, Satan, was on the side of life's road with a very large cage. The man coming towards Him noticed that it was crammed full of people of every kind, young, old, from every race and nation.

"Where did you get these people?" the man asked. "Oh, from all over the world," Satan replied. "I lure them with drink, drugs, lust, lies, anger, hate, love of money and all manner of things. I pretend I'm their friend, out to give them a good time, then when I've hooked them, into the cage they go."

"And what are you going to do with them now?" asked the man. Satan grinned. "I'm going to prod them, provoke them, get them to hate and destroy





each other; I'll stir up racial hatred, defiance of law and order; I'll make people bored, lonely, dissatisfied, confused and restless. It's easy. People will always listen to what I offer them and (what's better) blame God for the outcome!"

And then what?" the man asked. "Those who do not destroy themselves, I will destroy. None will escape me."

The man stepped forward. "Can I buy these people from you?" he asked.

Satan snarled, "Yes, but it will cost you your life."

So, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, paid for your release, your freedom from Satan's trap, with His own life, on the cross at Calvary.

The door is open, and anyone, whom Satan has deceived and caged, can be set free.

There is victory in Jesus. "For God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." John 3

A message from my brother in Oz

Sometimes I really need a kick in the pants to remember things like this. I hope this will make you feel as empowered as it made me realize I am. I hope you choose to have a great day...

Michael is the kind of guy you love to hate. He is always in a good mood and always has something positive to say. When someone would ask him how he was doing, he would reply, "If I were any better, I would be twins!"

He was a natural motivator. If an employee was having a bad day, Michael was there telling the employee how to look on the positive side of the situation.

Seeing this style really made me curious, so one day I went up to Michael and asked him, "I don't get it! You can't be a positive person all of the time. How do you do it?"

Michael replied, "Each morning I wake up and say to myself, Mike, you have two choices today. You can choose to be in a good mood or you can choose to be in a bad mood. I choose to be in a good mood.

Each time something bad happens, I can choose to be a victim or I can choose to learn from it. I choose to learn from it. Every time someone comes to me complaining, I can choose to accept their complaining or I can point out the positive side of life. I choose the positive side of life."

"Yeah, right, it's not that easy," I protested.

"Yes, it is," Michael, said, "Life is all about choices. When you cut away all the junk, every situation is a choice. You choose how you react to situations. You choose how people will affect your mood. You choose to be in a good mood or bad mood. The bottom line: It's your choice how you live life."

I reflected on what Michael said. Soon thereafter, I left the Tower Industry to start my own business. We lost touch, but I often thought about him when I



made a choice about life instead of reacting to it.

Several years later, I heard that Michael was involved in a serious accident, falling some 60 feet from a communications tower. After 18 hours of surgery and weeks of intensive care, Michael was released from the hospital with rods placed in his back. I saw Michael about six months after the accident. When I asked him how he was, he replied.

“If I were any better, I’d be a twin. Wanna see my scars?”

I declined to see his wounds, but did ask him what had gone through his mind as the accident took place.

“The first thing that went through my mind was the well-being of my soon to be born daughter.” Michael replied. “Then, as I lay on the ground, I remembered that I had two choices: I could choose to live or I could choose to die. I chose to live.”

“Weren’t you scared? Did you lose consciousness?” I asked.

Michael continued, “...the paramedics were great. They kept telling me I was going to be fine. But when they wheeled me into the ER and I saw the expressions on the faces of the doctors and nurses, I got really scared. In their eyes, I read ‘he’s a dead man.’ I knew I needed to take action.”

“What did you do?” I asked.

“Well, there was a big burly nurse shouting questions at me,” said Michael. “She asked if I was allergic to anything. ‘Yes,’ I replied.

The doctors and nurses stopped working as they waited for my reply. I took a deep breath and yelled, ‘Gravity.’ Over their laughter, I told them, ‘I am choosing to live. Operate on me as if I am alive, not dead’.”

Michael lived, thanks to the skill of his doctors, but also because of his amazing attitude. I learned from him that every day we have the choice to live fully.

Attitude, after all, is everything.

“IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO BE WHO YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN.”

George Eliot

YOU HAVE JUST BEEN HUGGED

There’s something in a simple hug
 That always warms the heart;
 It welcomes us back home
 And makes it easier to part.
 A hug’s a way to share the joy
 And sad times we go through,
 Or just a way for friends to say
 They like you ‘cause you’re you.
 Hugs are meant for anyone
 For whom we really care,
 From your grandma to your neighbor,
 Or a cuddly teddy bear.
 A hug is an amazing thing -
 It’s just the perfect way
 To show the love we’re feeling
 But can’t find the words to say.



It's funny how a little hug
 Makes everyone feel good;
 In every place and language,
 It's always understood.
 And hugs don't need new equipment,
 Special batteries or parts -
 Just open up your arms
 And open up your hearts.

There is a lot to be said about simple touch, given freely and lovingly.

A Six Year Old's Prayer

Last week I took my children to a restaurant. My six-year-old son asked if he could say grace.

As we bowed our heads he said, "God is good. God is great. Thank you for the food, and I would even thank you more if Mom gets us ice cream for dessert. And liberty and justice for all, amen."

Along with the laughter from the other customers nearby, I heard a woman remark, "That's what's wrong with this country. Kids today don't even know how to pray. Asking God for ice cream. Why, I never."

Hearing this, my son burst into tears and asked me, "Did I do it wrong? Is God mad at me?"

I held him and assured him that he had done a terrific job and God was certainly not mad at him.

An elderly gentleman approached the table. He winked at my son and said, "I happen to know that God thought that was a great prayer."

"Really?" my son asked.

"Cross my heart." Then in a stage whisper he added (indicating the woman whose remark had started this whole thing), "Too bad she never asks God for ice cream. A little ice cream is good for the soul sometimes."

Naturally, I bought my kids ice cream at the end of the meal. My son stared at his for a moment and then did something I will remember the rest of my life. He picked up his sundae and without a word walked over and placed it in front of the woman. With a big smile he told her, "Here, this is for you. Ice cream is good for the soul sometimes, and my soul is good already."

There are a few interrelated ideas/philosophies in this story.
 First of all: ...and a child shall lead them! or: ...out of the mouths of babes!
 To retain the innocence of youth into adulthood, the joy and enjoyments



without the guilt and restrictions!

Secondly: ...to give is greater than to receive. Even more so when what your giving is really something you wanted for yourself! It is even a greater gift, when from the heart.

Lastly: yes, we are here to learn and develop, but we also here to LIVE! It is a shame when we become so structured in what we feel is right, that we put aside the innocent chances to enjoy things. God put things here for us to partake and enjoy. Not to excess, gluttony is one of the seven deadly sins, but it is to guide us to not indulge in excess, not to abstain completely. There is nothing wrong with asking God for the good things in life!

A thousand marbles

The older I get, the more I enjoy Saturday mornings.

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, I was shuffling toward the basement shack with a steaming cup of coffee in one hand and the morning paper in the other. 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 turned the dial up into 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. You know the kind, he sounded like he should be in the broadcasting business. He was telling whoever 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."

"Now then, 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 Tom, 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 in the shack 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 focused more on the really important things in life. There is nothing like watching your time here on this earth run out to help get your priorities straight."

"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 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. 75 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 meet up with a few hams to work 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 goes again to the point that we only have so much time on this EARTH, we need to use our time wisely!

About Our President

Received this from a friend who got it from a friend of hers in Texas. Well worth reading.

This piece came to me from a friend in Texas. Now, I have to acknowledge they are a bit prejudiced about their love of Geo. W., but I happen to agree with this author and thought I'd share it with you.

The Weight of the World, the Responsibility of a Generation



Published: 9/15/2001 Author: LS

Posted on 09/15/2001 18:17:08 PDT by LS

This was the same man who came within a hair's breadth of losing an election in November, who withstood the political chicanery of the Florida Democratic machine to fix the vote count.

This was the same man who admitted to having a drinking problem in younger years, and whose happy-go-lucky lifestyle led him to mediocre grades in college and an ill-fated oil venture.

This was the same man who mangled syntax even more than his father, and whose speaking missteps became known as "Bushisms."

And on Friday, this was the man who bore the weight of the world and the responsibilities of a generation with dignity, class, confidence, appropriate solemnity, and even much-needed wit.

One thing struck me during the campaign, that difficult, roller-coaster campaign that now seems years ago. It was that George W. Bush never seemed to get ruffled. Whether the theft of a campaign debate video or the sudden (some would say, vicious) release of a DUI arrest two decades ago at a key moment, "W" did not lose his cool. At times, his staff seemed overconfident, as did many of us. A 350-electoral-vote win, they quietly implied . . . and we optimistically believed.

Then they counted the votes, miscounted others, and re-counted still others. At the end, he was still there. Whereas Al Gore almost frantically huffed and puffed, trying to gin up something out of nothing, Bush quietly but confidently waited at his ranch. He didn't do nothing: that is the mistake people have constantly made with this man, confusing lack of bluster for absence of action. No, his team of attorneys and the iron-willed James Baker were carrying out his orders, but W stayed in the background, confident and faithful.

You see, it is this faith business that confounded everyone. We have had such actors and liars in public office that we have looked skeptically whenever anyone used the term faith.

But this was the same man who was the first politician ever in recent memory to name Jesus Christ as the lord of his life on public TV. Not an oblique reference to being "born-again" or having a "life change." He said the un-PC-like phrase, "Jesus Christ," to which his handlers and advisors, no doubt, off stage, were also saying, "Jesus Christ" in a much different tone.

God has a way of honoring those who honor him. David learned that while he was on the run from Saul's armies. Job learned that after his time of horrible tribulation. The Messiah said so Himself, many times. So this was the man who actually put faith into practice. He actually loves those who hate him.



It is a staggering concept, so foreign in daily occurrences that few thought it anything but grandstanding. Even one of W's biggest supporters chided the president for adhering to his "new tone."

Yet there he was, again and again, thanking the Democrats. Appointing his enemies to high places in his government. Inviting his former foes and their wives to private movie screenings, and (I know, this is hard to stomach) even treating them with dignity. See, this was the man who learned early on how faith worked: by praying for his enemies, you "heap burning coals upon their heads." Happen to catch Bill Clinton at the National Prayer Service? Didn't look too good, did he?

This was the man who named the absolute top people in national security and defense, then caught barbs from the politically righteous that this one didn't have the right views on abortion or that one didn't have the right position on guns.

And on September 11, at mid-morning, this was the man thrust into a position only known by Roosevelt, Churchill, Lincoln, and Washington. The weight of the world was on his shoulders, and the responsibility of a generation was on his soul.

So this same man—the one that the media repeatedly attempted to tarnish with charges of "illegitimacy," and the one whose political opponents desperately sought to stonewall until mid-term elections—walked to his seat at the front of the National Cathedral just three days after the two most impressive symbols of American capitalism and prosperity virtually evaporated, along with, perhaps, thousands of Americans. As he sat down next to his wife, immediately I knew that even if his faith ever faltered, hers didn't. I have never seen a more peaceful face than Laura Bush, whose eyes seemed as though they were already gazing at the final outcome . . . not just of this conflict, but of her reward in Heaven itself. In this marriage, you indeed got two for the price of one. The appropriate songs were sung, as one said, to in an almost unbearably emotional service. I, for one, broke down innumerable times merely listening on tape delay on the radio. How the man spoke without blubbing, I'll never know.

Then came the defining moment of our generation. Some people fondly recall their Woodstock days. Others mark with grim sadness November 22, 1963, as the day America lost her innocence. But I firmly believe when the history of this time is written, it will be acknowledged by friend and foe alike that President George W. Bush came of age in that cathedral and lifted a nation off its knees.

It wasn't so much his words, though read a decade later, they will indeed be as stirring as any. The conflict would end, he noted, "at an time of our choosing." It certainly wasn't his emotion. What had to have been one of the most

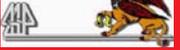


stunning exhibitions of self-control in presidential history, W was able to deliver his remarks without losing either his resolve or his focus, or, more important, his confidence. It was as if God's hand, which had guided him through that sliver-thin election, now rested fully on him. His quiet confidence let our enemies know . . . and believe me, they know that they made a grave miscalculation.

Now, this same man who practiced his faith through a tough election, who steeled his convictions even more in a drawn-out Florida battle, and who never once gave in to the temptation to get in the gutter with his foes (well, ok, maybe the "Clymer" comment is an exception), this same man now lifted the weight of the world and the responsibility of a generation and put it on his modest shoulders as though it were another unpleasant duty.

As he walked back to his seat, the camera angle was appropriate. He was virtually alone in the scene, alone in that massive place of God, just him and the Lord. But that's the way it's always been in his life recently. In that brief time it took him to return to his seat, I believe he heard words to the effect of, "You can do this, George. I am with you always. And you can do this well, because I am going before you. And don't worry about the weight. I've got it." And I saw in his eyes a quiet acknowledgement. "I know. Thank you, Lord."

Back at his seat, when W sat down, George H. W. Bush reached over and took his son's hand. The elder Bush always struck me as a religious man, but not someone who shared his life on a daily basis with the Lord. George H. W. treats the Father like a respected uncle, visiting him on appropriate holidays and knowing the relationship is real, but not constant. Anyway, I believe that in that fatherly squeeze George H. W. said, "I wish I could do this for you, son, but I can't. You have to do this on your own." W squeezed back and gave him that look of peace that Laura had kept throughout. It said, "I don't have to do it alone, dad. I've got help."



Accomplish the Improbable



There is also one that I can't locate where Garfield and Odie are sitting on a branch of a tree and he tells Odie, "Odie, dogs can't climb trees!" They look at each other as Odie falls out of the tree because he lost the belief that he could not do what he WAS doing.

Think of this in the year ahead to make it your greatest year yet, there is **NOTHING** you can't do or accomplish as long as you don't tell yourself you can't do it!

So now, go out there and get 'em!

Brian SR-71

Brian was an SR-71 pilot who took fantastic photos from the SR-71 and published a book of same. He went on to take other flight related photos (Blue Angels, etc.) and published several more books. He was badly injured in an aircraft accident and still carries many burn scars. He was invited to address a Rally at Chico CA. Chico Rally Address

Thank you for the opportunity to address this rally today. It is not often that a fighter pilot is asked to be the keynote speaker. There is a rumor that they are unable to put two sentences together coherently. I'd like to dispel that rumor today by saying that I can do that, and in fact that I have written several books. I always wanted to be an author, and I ARE one now. I'm a pretty lucky person really. I'm like the little boy who tells his father that when he grows up he wants to be a jet pilot, and his father replies, "Sorry son, you can't do both". I made that choice a long time ago and flew the jets. I was fortunate to live my dream, and then some. I survived something I shouldn't have, and



today, tell people that I am 28 years old, as it has been that long since I was released from the hospital.

It was like I received a second life, and in the past 28 years, I have gotten to see and do much, so much that I would not have thought possible. Returning to fly jets in the Air Force, flying the SR-71 on spy missions, spending a year with the Blue Angels, running my own photo studio.. and so much more. And now, seeing our country attacked in such a heinous way.

Some of you here today have heard me speak before, and know that I enjoy sharing my aviation slide show. I have brought no slides to show you, as I feel compelled today, to address different issues concerning this very difficult time in our nation's history.

I stand before you today, not as some famous person, or war hero. I am far from that. You know, they say a good landing is one you can walk away from, and a really great one is when you can use the airplane again. Well, I did neither...and I speak to you to today as simply a fellow American citizen.

Like you, I was horrified at the events of September 11th. But I was not totally surprised that such a thing could happen, or that there were people in the world who would perpetrate such deeds, willingly, against us. Having sat through many classified briefings while in the Air Force, I was all too aware of the threat, and I can assure you, it has always been there in one form or another. And those of you who have served in the defense of this nation, know all too well the response that is needed. In every fighter squadron I was in, there was a saying that we knew to be true, that said, when there was a true enemy, you negotiate with that enemy with your knee in his chest and your knife at his throat.

Many people are unfamiliar with this way of thinking, and shrink from its ramifications. War is such a messy business, and there are many who want no part of it, but rush to bask in the security blanket of its victory.

I spent an entire military career fighting Communism, and was very proud to do so. We won that war, we beat one of the worst scourges to humankind the world has known. But it took a great effort, over many years of sustained vigilance and much sacrifice by so many whose names you will never know.

And perhaps our nation, so weary from so long a cold war, relaxed too much and felt the world was a safer place with the demise of the Soviet Union. We indulged ourselves in our own lives, and gave little thought to the threats to our national security. You know, normally my talks are laced with numerous jokes as I share my stories, but I have very few jokes to tell this afternoon. These murdering fanatics came into our land, lived amongst our people, flew on our planes, crashed them into our buildings, and killed thousands of our citizens. And nowhere along their gruesome path were they questioned or stopped. The joke is on us. We allowed this country to become soft. We



shouldn't really be too surprised that this could happen. Did we really think that we could keep electing officials who put self above nation and this would make us stronger? Did we really think that a strong economy adequately replaced a strong intelligence community? Did we imagine that a President who practically gave away the store on his watch, was insuring national security? While our country was mired in the wasted excess of a White House sex scandal, the drums of war beat loudly in foreign lands, and we were deaf. Our response was to give the man two terms in office, and even then barely half the American public exercised their right to vote. We have only ourselves to blame. Our elected officials are merely a reflection of our own values and what we deem important.

Did we not realize that America had become a laughing stock around the world? We had lost credibility, even amongst our allies. To our enemies we had no resolve. We made a lot of money, watched a lot of TV, and understood little about what was happening beyond our shores. We were, simply, an easy target.

But we are a country awakened now. We have been attacked in our homeland. We have now felt the reality of what an unstable and dangerous world it truly is. And still, in the face of this unprecedented carnage in our most prominent city, there are those who choose to take this opportunity to protest, and even burn the flag.

If I were the regents or alumni of certain large universities in this county, I would be embarrassed to be producing students of such ignorance and notions. Like mindless sheep, they march with painted faces and trite sayings on signs, blissfully ignorant of the world they live in, and the system that protects them, hoping maybe to make the evening news.

Perhaps if they had spent more time in class they would have learned that those who forget the past are condemned to repeat it. They might have learned that all it takes for evil to succeed in the world, is for good people to stand by and do nothing. If they had simply gone back in history as recently as the Viet Nam War, they would have learned that an enemy that knows it can never defeat us militarily will persist as long as there is dissention and disruption in our land. Their ignorance can be understood, as their young empty minds have been filled with the re-written history tripe that tenured leftist professors can spew out with no fear of removal.

But the unwitting aid they provide the enemy, in disrupting the national resolve, is unforgivable.

I think this is wonderful country, though, that gives everyone their voice of dissention. I am all for people expressing their views publicly because it makes it much easier for us to identify the truly foolish, and to know who cannot be counted on in times of crisis.



These are the weak and cowardly who, when the enemy is crashing through the front door, will cower in the back room, counting on better men than themselves to make and keep them free. Well, the enemy is at our front door, and isn't it interesting those who cry loudest and most often for their rights, are usually those least willing to defend it.

I heard a student on TV the other day say that this war just wasn't in his plans and he would simply head to Canada if a draft occurred. Just wasn't in his plans. I wonder what plans the young men at the beaches of Normandy had that they never got to live. I wonder if it was in the plans of 19-year-old boys in Viet Nam to lie dying in a jungle far from home. I guess the men and women at Pearl Harbor one morning had their plans slightly rearranged too. Gee, I hope we haven't inconvenienced this student. Those people in the World Trade Center have no more plans. It is up to us to have a plan now.

And it isn't going to be easy. Who ever said it would? Just what part of our history spoke of how easy it was to form a free nation? It has never been easy and has always required vigilance and sacrifice, and sometimes war, to pre-served this union. If it were easy, everyone would have done it. But no one else has, and we stand alone as the most unique country on earth.

And isn't it amazing that we have spent a generation stamping God out of our schools and government, and now as a nation, have collectively turned to God in memorial services, prayer vigils and churches around this country.

I am also very disturbed to hear that there are people in this country, at this particular time, who feel it inappropriate to wear the flag on their lapel because they are on the news or in a public job, and school officials who want to remove pro-American stickers so as not to offend foreign students. Well I am offended that these people call themselves Americans. I am offended that innocent people were killed in a mass attack of unthinkable proportions. And I am offended at listening to TV broadcasters speak to me condescendingly, with a bias that screams of their drowning in a cesspool of political correctness. I pity the person who thinks they are going to remove this flag from my lapel.

This flag of ours is the symbol of all that is good about this country.

America is an idea. It is an idea lived, and fought for, by a people.

We are America, and this is our symbol. We are imperfect in many ways, but we continue to strive toward the ideal our forefathers laid down for us over 225 years ago. I could never imagine desecrating that symbol. Perhaps there are many people in this nation who have never been abroad, or in harms way, and seen the flag upon their return.

Those poor souls can never know the deep pride and honor one feels to see it wave, to know that there is still a good ol' USA. With all our warts we are



still the greatest nation on earth, and the flag is the most powerful symbol of that greatness.

When I was in grade school, we used to say the Pledge of Allegiance every morning. It is something I never forgot. I wonder how many children even know that pledge today.

This flag is our history, our dreams, our accomplishments, indelibly expressed in bright red, white, and blue. This flag was carried in our Revolutionary War, although it had many less stars. But it persevered and evolved throughout a war we had no right to believe we could win. But we did, and built a country around it. This flag, tattered and battle worn, waved proudly from the mast, as John Paul Jones showed the enemy was true resolve was. This banner was raised by the hands of brave men on a godforsaken island called Iwo Jima, and became a part of the most famous photo of the 20th Century. Those men are all dead now, but their legacy lives on in the Marine Memorial in Washington, DC. Those of you who have seen it will recall that inscribed within the stone monument are the words-When Uncommon Valor, Was A Common Virtue- I don't believe you'll see the words, "it was easy", anywhere on it. This flag has even been to the moon, planted there for all time by men with a vision, and the courage to see it through.

I personally know what it is to see the flag, and feel something deep inside that makes you feel you are a part of something much bigger than yourself. Laying in a hospital bed, I can vividly recall looking out the only window in the room and on Sundays, seeing that big garrison flag flying proudly in the breeze. It filled the entire window, and filled my heart with a motivation that helped me leave that bed, and enabled me to be standing here today. And many years later, while fighting another terrorist over Libya, my backseater and I outraced Khaddafi's missiles in our SR-71 as we headed for the Mediterranean, and I can still clearly see that American flag patch on the shoulder of my space suit, staring at me in the rear view mirror as we headed west, and it was a good feeling. Now don't ask me why we had rear view mirrors in the world's fastest jet, I can assure you, no one was gaining on us that day.

I am so happy to see so many flags out here today. Long may it wave. History will judge us. How we confront this chapter of American history will be important for the future of this great nation. This will be a war like none other we have endured. The combatants will not just be the soldier on the battlefield, but will be fought by us the citizens. We are on the battlefield now; the war has been brought to us. We will determine the outcome of this war by how well we remain vigilant, how patient we are with tightened security, how well we support the economy, and most importantly, in the resolve we show the enemy. There are some things worth fighting for, and this country is one of them.

I pray for our leaders at this time. In the Pacific, during WW II, Admiral Bull Halsey said, "There are no great men, just great circumstances, and how they



handle those circumstances will determine the outcome of history". Our future and the future of coming generations are in our hands. Wars are not won just on military fronts, but by the resolve of the people. We must remain tenaciously strong in the pursuit of this enemy that threatens free people everywhere. I am encouraged that we will win this war. Even before the first shot was finished being fired, there were brave Americans on Flight 93, fighting back. These people were the first true heroes of this conflict, and gave their lives to save their fellow countrymen.

This nation, this melting pot of humanity, this free republic, must be preserved. This idea that is America is important enough to be defended.

Fought for. Even die for. The enemy fears what you have, for if their people ever become liberated into a free society, tyrannical dictatorships will cease and he will lose power.

How can they ever understand this country of ours, so self-indulgent and diverse, yet when attacked, so united in the defense of its principals. This is the greatest country in the world because brave people sacrificed to make it that way. We are a collective mix of greatness and greed, hi-tech and heartland. We are the country of Mickey Mouse and Mickey Mantle; from John Smith and Pocahontas to John Glenn and an Atlas booster; from Charles Lindbergh to Charley Brown; from Moby Dick to Microsoft; we are a nation that went from Kitty Hawk to Tranquility Base in less than 70 years; we are rock and roll, and the Bill of Rights; we are where everyone else wants to be, the greatest nation in the world.

The enemy does not understand the dichotomy of our society, but they should understand this; we will bandage our wounds, we will bury our dead; and then we will come for you...and we will destroy you and all you stand for.

I read this quote recently and would like to share it with you:

We are pressed on every side, but not crushed,
Perplexed, but not in despair,
Persecuted, but not abandoned,
Struck down, but not destroyed.

That is from II Corinthians. Not too long ago it would have been politically incorrect to quote from the Bible. I am so happy to be politically INCORRECT. And I am so proud to be an American.

Thank you all for coming out today and showing your support for your government, and your nation. You are the true patriots, you are the soldiers of this war, you are the strength of America.

Brian Shul, Chico, CA
October 3, 2001

Cheez!

A little girl walked to and from school daily. Though the weather that morning was questionable and clouds were forming, she made her daily trek to the elementary school.

As the afternoon progressed, the winds whipped up, along with thunder and lightning. The mother of the little girl felt concerned that her daughter would be frightened as she walked home from school and she herself feared that the electrical storm might harm her child. Full of concern, the mother quickly got into her car and drove along the child's route. As she did so, she saw her little girl walking along, but at each flash of lightning, the child would stop, look up and smile. Another and another were to follow quickly and with each the little girl would look at the streak of light and smile. When the mother's car drew up beside the child she lowered the window and called to her, "What are you doing? Why do you keep stopping?"

The child answered, "I am trying to look pretty, God keeps taking my picture."

May God bless you today as you face the storms that come your way. And don't forget to SMILE!

FIVE GREAT LESSONS:**1 - Most Important Lesson**

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 joke.

I had seen the cleaning woman several times. She was tall, dark-haired and in her 50s, but how would I know her name? I handed in my paper, leaving the last question blank.

Just 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.

2 - Second Important Lesson - Pickup in the Rain



One night, at 11:30 PM, an older African American woman was standing on the side of an Alabama highway trying to endure a thrashing 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 1960s. The man took her to safety, helped her get assistance, and put her into a taxicab. She seemed to be in a big hurry, but wrote down his address and thanked him.

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.

3 - Third Important Lesson -Always remember those who serve

In the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less, a 10-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?" he asked.

"Fifty cents," replied the waitress.

The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and studied the coins in it. "Well, how much is a plain dish of ice cream?" he inquired.

By now, more people were waiting for a table and the waitress was growing impatient. "Thirty-five cents," she brusquely replied.

The little boy again counted his 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 left. When the waitress came back, she began to cry as she wiped down the table. There, placed neatly beside the empty dish, were two quarters and five pennies - You see, he couldn't have the sundae, because he had to have enough left to leave her a tip.

4 - Fourth Important Lesson - The Obstacle in Our Path

In ancient times, a King had a boulder placed on a 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 stone out of the way. Then a peasant came along carrying a load of vegetables. Upon 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. After 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 of us never understand. Every obstacle presents an opportunity to improve our condition.

5 - Fifth Important Lesson - Giving when it counts

Many years ago, when I worked as a volunteer at a hospital, I got to know a little girl named Liz who was suffering from a rare and serious disease.

Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness.

The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the little boy if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister. I saw him hesitate for only a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, "Yes, I'll do it if it will save her."

He looked at his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the color returning to her cheeks. Then his face grew pale and his smile faded. He looked up at the doctor and asked with a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away?"

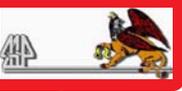
Being young, the little boy had misunderstood the doctor; he thought he was going to have to give his sister all of his blood in order to save her.

You see, after all, understanding and attitude are everything.

"Work like you don't need the money, love like you've never been hurt, and dance like you do when nobody's watching."

FRIENDS

1. In kindergarten your idea of a good friend was the person who let you have the red crayon when all that was left was the black one.
2. In first grade your idea of a good friend was the person who went to the bathroom with you and held your hand as you walked through the scary halls.
3. In second grade your idea of a good friend was the person who helped you stand up to the class bully.
4. In third grade your idea of a good friend was the person who shared their lunch with you when you forgot yours on the bus.
5. In fourth grade your idea of a good friend was the person who was willing to switch square dancing partners in gym so you wouldn't have to be stuck do-si-do-ing with Nasty Nicky or Smelly Susan.
6. In fifth grade your idea of a friend was the person who saved a seat on the back of the bus for you.
7. In sixth grade your idea of a friend was the person who went up to Nick or Susan, your new crush, and asked them to dance with you, so that if they said no you wouldn't have to be embarrassed.
8. In seventh grade your idea of a friend was the person who let you copy the social studies homework from the night before that you had forgotten.
9. In eighth grade your idea of a good friend was the person who helped you pack up your stuffed animals and old baseball cards so that your room would be a "high schooler's" room, but didn't laugh at you when you finished and broke out into tears.
10. In ninth grade your idea of a good friend was the person who went to that "cool" party thrown by a senior so you wouldn't wind up being the only freshman there.
11. In tenth grade your idea of a good friend was the person who changed their schedule so you would have someone to sit with at lunch.
12. In eleventh grade your idea of a good friend was the person who gave you rides in their new car, convinced your parents that you shouldn't be grounded, consoled you when you broke up with Nick or Susan, and found you a date to the prom.
13. In twelfth grade your idea of a good friend was the person who helped you pick out a college, assured you that you would get into that college, helped you deal with your parents who were having a hard time adjusting to the idea of letting you go...
14. At graduation your idea of a good friend was the person who was crying on the inside but managed the biggest smile one could give as they congratulated you.
15. Now, your idea of a good friend is still the person who gives you the better of two choices, holds your hand when you're scared, helps you fight off those who try to take advantage of you, thinks of you at times when you are not there, reminds you of what you have forgotten, helps you put the past behind you but understands when you need to hold on to it a little longer, stays with you so that you have confidence, goes out of their way to make time for you, helps you clear up your mistakes, helps you deal with pressure from others, smiles for you when they are sad, helps you become a better person,





and most importantly loves you!

Pass this on to those friends of the past, and those of the future...and those you have met along the way... Let it make a difference in your day and theirs. The difference between expressing love and having regrets is that the regrets may stay around forever. Thank you for being a friend. No matter where we go or who we become, never forget who helped us get there.

I HAD YOU ON MY HEART

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.

ABC's for Living.....

Although things are not perfect
 Because of trial or pain
 Continue in thanksgiving
 Do not begin to blame
 Even when the times are hard
 Fierce winds are bound to blow
 God is forever able
 Hold on to what you know
 Imagine life without His love
 Joy would cease to be
 Keep thanking Him for all the 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 see Him coming



Victorious in the sky
 We'll run the race with gratitude
 Xalting God most high
 Yes, there'll be good times and yes some will be bad, but ...
 Zion waits in glory...where none are ever sad!
 Too blessed to be stressed! Have a Great Life!

Dear Osama bin Laden:

Congratulations. You've done what our best diplomacy efforts have not been able to do. You've united the world. You've allowed the world to put aside its differences and instead made every terrorist group, and anyone helping these groups, enemy number one. You struck us, you have wounded our country, but all that did was strengthen our resolve for freedom. It united a country and a world to stand up to anyone who would challenge that freedom. Instead of bringing out our worst, it brought out our best. Thousands giving blood, helping with the recovery, and standing up to you. You launched an act of war. A war not against a country, but against any group that uses terrorism as a mechanism for policy, who attacks thousands of civilians, and who threatens democracy, freedom, and the opportunity for people to govern themselves. Be assured we will respond. We will be patient, prudent, and relentless in our pursuit. We will not strike out at citizens as you have done. We will target the persons who commit these acts of terrors. You may think you won yesterday, but you are so sadly mistaken. You can strike a people, but the idea of democracy is bigger than New York City and the Pentagon. It is bigger than a country or a President. Democracy is tougher than terrorism. If you want to see the best of democracy than watch the people of New York. Watch the people of Washington DC. Watch America. Watch the world come together as it never has before. All for one reason...to defeat you and every other terrorist who threatens that freedom. The only one who should afraid, Mr. bin Laden, is you.

[My opinion/thoughts on this one would take up a whole book...](#)

Piece of cake...

A little boy is telling his Grandma how everything is going wrong. School, family problems, severe health problems, etc.

Meanwhile, Grandma is baking a cake. She asks her grandson if he would like a snack, which, of course, he does. "Here, have some cooking oil." "Yuck" says the boy. How about a couple raw eggs?" "Gross, Grandma!" "Would you like some flour then? Or maybe baking soda?" "Grandma, those are all yucky!" To which Grandma replies: "Yes, all those things seem bad all by themselves. But when they are put together in the right way, they make a wonderfully delicious cake!

God works the same way. Many times we wonder why he would let us go through such bad and difficult times. But God knows that when He puts these things all in His order, they always work for good! We just have to trust Him



and, eventually, they will all make something wonderful!

God is crazy about you. He sends you flowers every spring and a sunrise every morning. Whenever you want to talk, He'll listen. He can live anywhere in the universe, and He chose your heart!

If you like, send this on to the people you really care about. I did. Hope your day is a "piece of cake!"

Seize the moment

I have a friend who lives by a three-word philosophy: "Seize the moment."

Just possibly, she may be the wisest woman on this planet. Too many people put off something that brings them joy just because they haven't thought about it, don't have it on their schedule, didn't know it was coming or are too rigid to depart from their routine. I got to thinking one day about all those women on the Titanic who passed up dessert at dinner that fateful night in an effort to cut back. From then on, I've tried to be a little more flexible.

How many women out there will eat at home because their husband didn't suggest going out to dinner until after something had been thawed? Does the word "refrigeration" mean nothing to you?

How often have your kids dropped in to talk and sat in silence while you watched Jeopardy! on television?

I cannot count the times I called my sister and said, "How about going to lunch in a half hour?" She would gasp and stammer, "I can't. I have clothes on the line. My hair is dirty. I wish I had known yesterday. I had a late breakfast, it looks like rain, and my personal favorite: It's Monday." She died a few years ago, and we never did have lunch together.

Because Americans cram so much in their lives, we tend to schedule our headaches. We live on a sparse diet of promises we make to ourselves when all the conditions are perfect: We'll go back and visit the grandparents when we get Stevie toilet trained. We'll entertain when we replace the living room carpet. We'll go on a second honeymoon when we get two more kids out of college.

Life has a way of accelerating as we get older. The days get shorter and the list of promises to ourselves gets longer. One morning, we awaken, and all we have to show for our lives is a litany of "I'm going to," "I plan on." and Someday, when things are settled down a bit."

When anyone calls my 'seize the moment' friend, she is open to adventure and available for trips. She keeps an open mind on new ideas.

Her enthusiasm for life is contagious. You talk with her for 5 minutes, and you are ready to trade your bad feet for a pair of rollerblades and skip an elevator for a bungee cord!

My lips have not touched ice cream in 10 years. I LOVE ice cream. It's just that I might as well apply it directly to my hips with a spatula. I bought a triple decker. If my car had hit an iceberg on the way home, I would have died happy.

Now.....go on and have a nice day. Do something you WANT tonot something on your "should do" list. If you were going to die soon, and had only one phone call to make, who would you call and what would you say?



And why are you waiting?

Have you ever watched kids playing on a merry go round or listened to the rain lapping on the ground? Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight or gazed at the sun into the fading night? Do you run through each day on the fly? When you ask "How are you?" Do you hear the reply? When the day is done, do you lie in your bed with the next 100 chores running through your head? Ever told your child, "we'll do it tomorrow" and in your haste not see his sorrow? Ever lost touch, let a good friendship die to call and say

"Hi"? When you run so fast to get someplace, you miss half the fun of getting there. When you worry and hurry through your day, it's like an opened gift...thrown away...Life is not a race....Do take it slower...hear the music before the song is over.

Quotes

"The door of opportunity won't open unless you do some pushing."—Anon.

"True affluence is: not needing anything."—Gary Snyder

"A laugh is a terrible weapon."—Kate O'Brien

Always make sure that what you think you see is not just what you want to see:

"Take care, your worship; those things over there are not giants but wind-mills."—Miguel de Cervantes (from Don Quixote)

"Beware that you do not lose the substance by grasping at the shadow"—Aesop

"That white horse you see in the park could be a zebra synchronized with the railings."—Ann Jellicoe (from The Knack)

"That is what learning is. You suddenly understand something you've understood all your life, but in a new way."—Doris Lessing

"Courage is the power to let go of the familiar."—Raymond Linquist

"To change and to improve are two different things."—German proverb

If you would keep your friends, hold your tongue:

"It is important to our friends that we are unreservedly frank with them, and important to our friendship that we are not."—Mignon McLaughlin

"Don't tell friends their social faults; they will cure the fault and never forgive you."—Logan Pearsall Smith

"If we all told what we know of one another, there would not be four friends



in the world.”—Blaise Pascal

“Imagination is more important than knowledge.”—Albert Einstein

“To conquer without risk is to triumph without glory.”—Pierre Corneille

“You go back to the gym and you just do it again and again until you get it right.”—Arnold Schwarzenegger

It’s not worth it to obsess about the way you look:

“Circumstances alter faces.”—Carolyn Wells

“A woman obsessed with her body is also obsessed with the limitations of her emotional life.”—Kim Chernin

“Taking joy in life is a woman’s best cosmetic.”—Rosalind Russell

“If your ship doesn’t come in, swim out to it.”—Jonathan Winters

“Champions take responsibility. When the ball is coming over the net, you can be sure I want the ball.”—Billie Jean King

“If a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.”—Francis Bacon

Be as upbeat as you can be: “The basic success orientation is having an optimistic attitude.”—John DePasquale

“Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement. Nothing can be done without hope and confidence.”—Helen Keller

“Think positively and masterfully, with confidence and faith, and life becomes more secure, more fraught with action, richer in achievement and experience.”—Eddie Rickenbacker

“Think nothing done while aught remains to do.”—Samuel Rogers

“We are not all capable of everything.”—Virgil

“Do not do onto others as you would they should do onto you. Their tastes may not be the same.”—George Bernard Shaw

Find the kind of exercise with which you’re most comfortable — and do it!:

“As long as my body is in shape, my mind is working at its full capacity.”—Victoria Principal



“Sedentary people are apt to have sluggish minds. A sluggish mind is apt to be reflected in flabbiness of body and in a dullness of expression that invites no interest and gets none.”—Rose Kennedy

“Contrary to popular cable TV-induced opinion, aerobics have nothing to do with squeezing our body into hideous shiny Spandex, grinning like a deranged orangutan, and doing cretinous steps to debauched disco music.”—Cynthia Heimel

“It’s weak and despicable to go on wanting things and not trying to get them.”—Joanna Field

“Use what talents you have; the woods would have little music if no birds sang their song except those who sang best.”—Reverend Oliver G. Wilson

“One of the sources of pride in being a human being is the ability to bear present frustrations in the interests of longer purposes.”—Helen Merrell Lynd

Make sure you really know what you think you “know”:

“Who knows what he is told, must know a lot of things that are not so.”—Arthur Guiterman

“It’s what you learn after you know it all that counts.”—Jean Rostand

“The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant.”—Lord David Cecil

“I’m not happy. I’m cheerful. There’s a difference. A happy woman has no cares at all. A cheerful woman has cares but has learned how to deal with them.”—Beverly Sills

“Time isn’t a commodity, something you pass around like cake. Time is the substance of life. When anyone asks you to give your time, they’re really asking for a chunk of your life.”—Antoinette Bosco

“The world belongs to the energetic.”—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Take many small steps and eventually reap lots of big benefits:

“Nothing can be done except little by little.”—Charles Baudelaire

“I recommend that you take care of the minutes, for the hours will take care of themselves.”—Lord Chesterfield

“Life is a great bundle of little things.”—Oliver Wendell Holmes



The Fish Company

The FISH tape is an inspirational video tape produced by the Pike Place Market Fish Co. It is about 15 minutes long and the workers at the Fish Co. talk about ways to make your work rewarding for both the employee and the customer. They divided it into 4 components:

First: Be There

Be aware of what the customer is saying
 Be present with people (just like being with your best friend)
 Acknowledge even the passerby

Second: Make Their Day

Take joy in making people happy
 If you love your job, it will show
 When you create this kind of culture, everyone will want to join in
 Include the customer in your fun

Third: Have Fun—Play!

There are lots of different ways to have fun (not just throwing fish like at the Fish Market)
 Enjoy each moment and don't let things weigh you down
 Include the customer

Fourth: Choose Your Attitude

You choose where you are going to be when you get out of bed in the morning—make the choice to live in the present, enjoy your day and include others

You can instantly choose how you feel
 You can choose to be genuine in your interactions with others

F = First, be there, in the here and now

I = Include them and make them feel special

S = Share the play

H = Have an attitude that makes you feel good and makes others around you feel good!

'THE RACE'

Teamwork At It's Very Best

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

'A candle loses nothing by lighting another candle.'

ATTITUDE

THE LONGER I LIVE THE MORE I REALIZE THE IMPACT OF ATTITUDE ON LIFE!

Attitude is more important than facts. It is more important than the past, than education, than money, than circumstances, than failures, than success, than what other people say or do. It is more important than appearances, giftedness or skill. It will make or break a company, a church, a home or a person.

THE REMARKABLE THING IS, WE HAVE A CHOICE EVERY DAY REGARDING THE ATTITUDE WE WILL EMBRACE FOR THAT DAY!

We cannot change the past. We cannot change the fact that people will act in a certain way. We cannot change the inevitable.

THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO IS PLAY THE ONE CARD WE HAVE, AND THAT IS OUR ATTITUDE!

I AM CONVINCED THAT LIFE IS 10% OF WHAT HAPPENS TO ME AND 90% OF HOW I REACT TO IT; AND SO IT IS WITH EVERYONE.

WE ARE EACH IN CHARGE OF OUR ATTITUDE!

THE TEST

This isn't like other quizzes....don't bother getting a pen and paper...just listen and think about what your answers would be...it's stolen from elsewhere, but the sentiment is true.

1. Name the 5 wealthiest people in the world.
2. Name the last 5 Heisman trophy winners.
3. Name the last 5 winners of the Miss America contest.
4. Name 10 people who have won the Nobel or Pulitzer Prize.
5. Name the last 6 Academy Award winners for Best Actor and Actress.
6. Name the last decade's worth of World Series Winners.

How did you do?

The point is, none of us remembers the headliners of yesterday. These are no second-rate achievers. They're the best in their fields. But the applause dies. Awards tarnish. Achievements are forgotten. Accolades and certificates are buried with their owners.

Now here's another quiz. See how you do on this one:

1. List a few teachers who aided your journey through school.
2. Name 3 friends who have helped you through a difficult time.
3. Name 5 people who have taught you something worthwhile.
4. Think of a few people who have made you feel appreciated and special.
5. Think of 5 people you enjoy spending time with.
6. Name 6 heroes whose stories have inspired you.

Easier? The Lesson?

'The people who make a difference in your life aren't the ones with the most credentials, the most money or the most awards. They're the ones who care'.



Friends

Some people come into our lives and quietly go. Others stay awhile and leave footprints on our hearts and we are never the same.

To those who matter to me:

There are moments in life when you miss someone so much that you just want to pick them from your dreams and hug them.

Dream what you want to dream; go where you want to go; be what you want to be, because you have only one life and one chance to do all the things you want to do.

May you have enough happiness to make you sweet, enough trials to make you strong, enough sorrow to keep you human, enough hope to make you happy.

Always put yourself in others' shoes. If you feel that it hurts you, it probably hurts the other person, too.

The happiest people don't necessarily have the best of everything; they just make the most of everything that comes their way.

Happiness lies for those who cry, those who hurt, those who have searched, and those who tried, for only they can appreciate the importance of people who have touched their lives.

Love begins with a smile, grows with a kiss and ends with a tear.

The brightest future will always be based on a forgotten past, you can't go on well in life until you let go of your past failures and heartaches.

When you were born, you were crying and everyone around you was smiling...

Live your life so that when you die, you're the one who is smiling and everyone around you is crying.

Remember this and pass it on when you are with those who have touched your life in one way or another, or those who make you smile when you really need it, or those that make you see the brighter side of things when you are really down and those you want to tell how much their friendship/love is appreciated!





TWO TOUGH QUESTIONS:

Question 1: If you knew a woman who was pregnant, who had 8 kids already, three who were deaf, two who were blind, one mentally retarded, and she had syphilis; would you recommend that she have an abortion?

Read the next question before scrolling down to the answer of this one.

Question 2: It is time to elect a new world leader, and your vote counts.

Here are the facts about the three leading candidates:

Candidate A: Associates with crooked politicians, and consults with astrologists. He has had two mistresses. He also chain smokes and drinks 8 to 10 martinis a day.

Candidate B: He was kicked out of office twice, sleeps until noon, used opium in college and drinks a quart of whisky every evening.

Candidate C: He is a decorated war hero. He is a vegetarian, does not smoke, drinks an occasional beer and has not had any extramarital affairs.

Which of these candidates would be your choice?

Candidate A is Franklin D. Roosevelt

Candidate B is Winston Churchill

Candidate C is Adolph Hitler

And, by the way: Answer to the abortion question if you said yes, you just killed Beethoven.

Pretty interesting isn't it. Makes a person think before judging someone.

Remember amateurs built the ark; Professionals built the Titanic.

Abortion is a tough question in itself, not one that I am going to touch on here. Because, you are either for or against it and there is no discussion between the two.

Anyways, they are interesting questions on judgements and how to present information. You can sqew any answers or results by how the questions are presented and percieved.



What a difference a day makes

On Monday we emailed jokes
On Tuesday we did not

On Monday we thought that we were secure
On Tuesday we learned better

On Monday we were talking about heroes as being athletes
On Tuesday we relearned who our heroes are

On Monday we were irritated that our rebate checks had not arrived
On Tuesday we gave money away to people we had never met

On Monday there were people fighting against praying in schools
On Tuesday you would have been hard pressed to find a school where someone was not praying

On Monday people argued with their kids about picking up their room
On Tuesday the same people could not get home fast enough to hug their kids

On Monday people were upset that they had to wait 6 minutes in a fast food drive through line
On Tuesday people didn't care about waiting up to 6 hours to give blood for the dying

On Monday we waved our flags signifying our cultural diversity
On Tuesday we waved only the American flag

On Monday there were people trying to separate each other by race, sex, color and creed
On Tuesday they were all holding hands

On Monday we were men or women, black or white, old or young, rich or poor, gay or straight, Christian or non-Christian.
On Tuesday we were Americans

On Monday politicians argued about budget surpluses
On Tuesday grief stricken they sang 'God Bless America'

On Monday the President was going to Florida to read to children
On Tuesday he returned to Washington to protect our children

On Monday we had families
On Tuesday we had orphans



On Monday people went to work as usual
On Tuesday they died

On Monday people were fighting the 10 commandments on government property

On Tuesday the same people all said 'God help us all' while thinking 'Thou shall not kill'

It is sadly ironic how it takes horrific events to place things into perspective, but it has. The lessons learned this week, the things we have taken for granted, the things that have been forgotten or overlooked, hopefully will never be forgotten again!

September 11th was a major world event.
The World, America and Americans have all changed because of it.
Hopefully all for the better!

The act of the attacks themselves can neither be condoned nor pardoned, these were criminal acts against the public, no less criminal than a drive by shooting. Yes, we are at war, but it is a very different war than ever before as it is against an ideology vs. another country. It will not be hard to win, but impossible to obtain a surrender and cessation.

God bless and keep America...

Time to move on to the next volumn...