



Think Abouts 11

**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,



Yoda

Fear leads to Anger
 Anger leads to Hate
 Hate leads to Suffering
 {Yoda - Star Wars}

* SMILING *

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 - and when he
 smiled I realized, I'd passed it on to him.
 I thought about that grin, then I realized its worth,
 A single smile, just like mine, could travel round the earth.
 So, if you feel a smile begins, don't leave it undetected - let's start an epi-
 demic quick and get the world infected!
 {Author Unknown}

Walking

If We Are Facing in The Right Direction,
 All We Have To Do is To Keep On Walking.
 {Ancient Buddhist Expression}

* THE CURE *

The cure for all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes
 of humanity, all lie in the one word: Love. It is the divine vitality that everywhere
 produces and restores life.
 {Lydia Maria Child}

* THE FIREMAN *

In Phoenix AZ. a 26-year-old mother stared down at her son who as dying of
 terminal leukemia. Although her heart was filled with sadness, she also had a
 strong feeling of determination.

Like any parent she wanted her son to grow up and fulfill all his dreams.
 Now that was no longer possible. The leukemia would see to that. But she still
 wanted her son's dreams to come true. She took her son's hand and asked,
 "Billy, did you ever think about what you wanted to be once you grew up? Did
 you ever dream and wish what you would do with your life?"

"Mommy, I always wanted to be a fireman when I grew up."





Mom smiled back and said, “Let’s see if we can make your wish come true.”

Later that day she went to her local fire department in Phoenix, Arizona, where she met Fireman Bob, who had a heart as big as Phoenix. She explained her son’s final wish and asked if it might be possible to give her six-year-old son a ride around the block on a fire engine. Fireman Bob said, “Look, we can do better than that. If you’ll have your son ready at seven o’clock Wednesday morning, we’ll make him an honorary fireman for the whole day.

He can come down to the fire station, eat with us, go out all the fire calls, the whole nine yards! “And if you’ll give us his sizes, we’ll get a real fire uniform for him, with a real fire hat-not a toy one-with the emblem of the Phoenix Fire Department on it, a yellow slicker like we wear and rubber boots. They’re all manufactured right here in Phoenix, so we can get them fast.”

Three days later Fireman Bob picked up Billy, dressed him in his fire uniform and escorted him from his hospital bed to the waiting hook and ladder truck. Billy got to sit on the back of the truck and help steer it back to the fire station. He was in heaven.

There were three fire calls in Phoenix that day and Billy got to go out on all three calls. He rode in the different fire engines, the paramedic’s van, and even the fire chief’s car. He was also videotaped for the local news program.

Having his dream come true, with all the love and attention that was lavished upon him, so deeply touched Billy that he lived three months longer than any doctor thought possible.

One night all of his vital signs began to drop dramatically and the head nurse, who believed in the hospice concept that no one should die alone, began to call the family members to the hospital.

Then she remembered the day Billy had spent as a fireman, so she called the Fire Chief and asked if it would be possible to send a fireman in uniform to the hospital to be with Billy as he made his transition.

The chief replied, “We can do better than that. We’ll be there in five minutes. Will you please do me a favor? When you hear the sirens screaming and see the lights flashing, will you announce over the PA system that there is not a fire? It’s just the fire department coming to see one of its finest members one more time. And will you open the window to his room?”

About five minutes later a hook and ladder truck arrived at the hospital and extended its ladder up to Billy’s third floor open window. 16 firefighters climbed up the ladder into Billy’s room.

With his mother’s permission, they hugged him and held him and told him



how much they loved him. With his dying breath, Billy looked up at the fire chief and said, “Chief, am I really a fireman now?”

“Billy, you are, and the Head Chief, Jesus, is holding your hand,” the chief said. With those words, Billy smiled and said, “I know, He’s been holding my hand all day, and the angels have been singing.” He closed his eyes one last time.

{Author Unknown}

*** STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS ***

People are like stained-glass windows.

They sparkle and shine when the sun is out,
but when the darkness sets in,
their true beauty is revealed
only if there is a light from within.

{Elisabeth Kubler-Ross}

*** EXCELLENCE ***

The most splendid achievement of all is the constant striving to surpass yourself and to be worthy of your own approval.

{Denis Waitley, 1933-, American Author, Speaker, Trainer}

*** TRAGEDIES ***

One of the most tragic things I know about human nature is that all of us tend to put off living.

We are all dreaming of some magical rose garden over the horizon— instead of enjoying the roses that are blooming outside our windows today.

{Dale Carnegie , 1888-1955, American Author, Trainer}

*** DOWNWIND FROM FLOWERS ***

Several years ago in Seattle, Washington, there lived a 52-year-old Tibetan refugee. “Tenzin,” as I will call him, was diagnosed with one of the more curable forms of lymphoma.

He was admitted to the hospital and received his first dose of chemotherapy. But during the treatment, this usually gentle man became extremely angry and upset. He pulled the IV out of his arm and refused to cooperate. He shouted at the nurses and became argumentative with everyone who came near him. The doctors and nurses were baffled.

Then Tenzin’s wife spoke to the hospital staff. She told them Tenzin had been held as a political prisoner by the Chinese for 17 years. They killed his



first wife and repeatedly tortured and brutalized him throughout his imprisonment.

She told them that the hospital rules and regulations, coupled with the chemotherapy treatments, gave Tenzin horrible flashbacks of what he had suffered at the hands of the Chinese. “I know you mean to help him,” she said, “but he feels tortured by your treatments. They are causing him to feel hatred inside - just like he felt toward the Chinese.

He would rather die than have to live with the hatred he is now feeling. And, according to our belief, it is very bad to have hatred in your heart at the time of death. He needs to be able to pray and cleanse his heart.”

So the doctors discharged Tenzin and asked the hospice team to visit him in his home. I was the hospice nurse assigned to his care. I called a local representative from Amnesty International for advice. He told me that the only way to heal the damage from torture is to “talk it through.”

“This person has lost his trust in humanity and feels hope is impossible,” the man said. “If you are to help him, you must find a way to give him hope.” But when I encouraged Tenzin to talk about his experiences, he held up his hand and stopped me. He said, “I must learn to love again if I am to heal my soul. Your job is not to ask me questions.

Your job is to teach me to love again.” I took a deep breath.

I asked him, “So, how can I help you love again?”

Tenzin immediately replied, “Sit down, drink my tea and eat my cookies.” Tibetan tea is strong black tea laced with yak butter and salt. It isn’t easy to drink! But that is what I did. For several weeks, Tenzin, his wife, and I sat together, drinking tea. We also worked with his doctors to find ways to treat his physical pain. But it was his spiritual pain that seemed to be lessening.

Each time I arrived, Tenzin was sitting cross-legged on his bed, reciting prayers from his books. As time went on, he and his wife hung more and more colorful “thankas,” Tibetan Buddhist banners, on the walls. The room was fast becoming a beautiful, religious shrine. When the spring came, I asked Tenzin what Tibetans do when they are ill in the spring.

He smiled brightly and said, “We sit downwind from flowers.”

I thought he must be speaking poetically. But Tenzin’s words were quite literal. He told me Tibetans sit downwind so they can be dusted with the new blossoms’ pollen that floats on the spring breeze. They feel this new pollen is strong medicine. At first, finding enough blossoms seemed a bit daunting. Then, one of my friends suggested that Tenzin visit some of the local flower nurseries.



I called the manager of one of the nurseries and explained the situation. The manager's initial response was:

"You want to do what?" But when I explained the request, the manager agreed. So, the next weekend, I picked up Tenzin and his wife with their provisions for the afternoon: black tea, butter, salt, cups, cookies, prayer beads and prayer books. I dropped them off at the nursery and assured them I would return at 5:00.

The following weekend, Tenzin and his wife visited another nursery. The third weekend, they went to yet another nursery.

The fourth week, I began to get calls from the nurseries inviting Tenzin and his wife to come again. One of the managers said, "We've got a new shipment of nicotiana coming in and some wonderful fuchsias and oh, yes! Some great daphne. I know they would love the scent of that daphne! And I almost forgot! We have some new lawn furniture that Tenzin and his wife might enjoy."

Later that day, I got a call from the second nursery saying that they had colorful wind socks that would help Tenzin predict where the wind was blowing.

Pretty soon, the nurseries were competing for Tenzin's visits. People began to know and care about the Tibetan couple. The nursery employees started setting out the lawn furniture in the direction of the wind. Others would bring out fresh hot water for their tea. Some of the regular customers would leave their wagons of flowers near the two of them. It seemed that a community was growing around Tenzin and his wife.

At the end of the summer, Tenzin returned to his doctor for another CT scan to determine the extent of the spread of the cancer. But the doctor could find no evidence of cancer at all. He was dumbfounded. He told Tenzin that he just couldn't explain it.

Tenzin lifted his finger and said...

"I know why the cancer has gone away. It could no longer live in a body that is filled with love. When I began to feel all the compassion from the hospice people, from the nursery employees, and all those people who wanted to know about me, I started to change inside. Now, I feel fortunate to have had the opportunity to heal in this way.

Doctor, please don't think that your medicine is the only cure. Sometimes compassion can cure cancer, as well."

{By Lee Paton Submitted by Linda Ross Swanson}



*** ENDURANCE ***

Not in achievement,
but in endurance,
of the human soul,
does it show its divine grandeur
and its alliance with the infinite.

{Edwin Hubbel Chapin, 1814-1880, American Author, Clergyman}

*** CHILDREN ***

Listen to the desires of your children.
Encourage them and then give them
the autonomy to make their own decision.

{Denis Waitley, 1933-, American Author, Speaker, Trainer}

*** ENJOYMENT ***

Winners take time to relish their work,
knowing that scaling the mountain is what
makes the view from the top so exhilarating.

{Denis Waitley, 1933-, American Author, Speaker, Trainer}

*** IS MY TIME UP? ***

(A little humor)

A middle aged woman had a heart attack and was taken to the hospital. While on the operating table she had a near death experience. Seeing God she asked “Is my time up?”

God said, “No, you have another 43 years, 2 months and 8 days to live.”

Upon recovery, the woman decided to stay in the hospital and have a facelift, liposuction, and a tummy tuck. She even had someone come in and change her hair color.



Since she had so much more time to live, she figured she might as well make the most of it. After her last operation, she was released from the hospital.

While crossing the street on her way home, she was killed by an ambulance. Arriving in front of God, she demanded, "I thought you said I had another 40 years? Why didn't you pull me from out of the path of the ambulance?"

God replied, "I didn't recognize you."
{Author Unknown}

* LOVE *

The chemist who can extract from his heart's elements,
compassion, respect, longing, patience, regret, surprise,
and forgiveness and compound them into one can create
that atom which is called love.

{Kahlil Gibran, 1883-1931, Lebanese Poet, Novelist}

* LOVE *

The greatest weakness of most humans
is their hesitancy to tell others
how much they love them
while they're still alive.

{Orlando A. Battista}

* LOVE *

To fall in love is easy,
even to remain in it is not difficult;
our human loneliness is cause enough.
But is a hard quest worth making
to find a comrade through whose steady presence
one becomes steadily the person one desires to be.
{Anna Strong}



*** A ROSE WITHIN ***

A certain man planted a rose and watered it faithfully, and before it blossomed, he examined it. He saw the bud that would soon blossom and also the thorns.

And he thought, “How can any beautiful flower come from a plant burdened with so many sharp thorns?”

Saddened by this thought, he neglected to water the rose, and before it was ready to bloom, it died.

So it is with many people.

Within every soul there is a rose.

The God-like qualities planted in us at birth grow amid the thorns of our faults.

Many of us look at ourselves and see only the thorns and the defects.

We despair, thinking that nothing good can possibly come from us.

We neglect to water the good within us, and eventually it dies.

We never realize our potential.

Some people do not see the rose within themselves; someone else must show it to them.

One of the greatest gifts a person can possess is to be able to reach past the thorns and find the rose within others.

This is the characteristic of love, to look at a person, and knowing his faults, recognize the nobility in his soul, and help him realize that he can overcome his faults.

If we show him the rose, he will conquer the thorns.

Then will he blossom, blooming forth thirty, sixty, a hundred-fold as it is given to him.



**Our duty in this world is to help others
by showing them their roses and not their thorns.**

**Only then can we achieve the love
we should feel for each other;
only then can we bloom in our own garden.**

{Author Unknown}

*** A STORY OF TWO WOLVES ***

An old Cherokee is teaching his grandson about life.

“A fight is going on inside me,” he said to the boy.

“It is a terrible fight and it is between two wolves. One is evil - he is anger, envy, sorrow, regret, greed, arrogance, self-pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, superiority, and ego.”

He continued, “The other is good - he is joy, peace, love, hope, serenity, humility, kindness, benevolence, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion, and faith. The same fight is going on inside you - and inside every other person, too.”

The grandson thought about it for a minute and then asked his grandfather, “Which wolf will win?”

The old Cherokee simply replied, “The one you feed.”

{Author Unknown }

*** WHICH ONE ARE YOU? ***

A young woman went to her mother and told her about her life and how things were so hard for her. She did not know how she was going to make it and wanted to give up. She was tired of fighting and struggling.

It seemed as one problem was solved a new one arose. Her mother took her to the kitchen. She filled three pots with water and placed each on a high fire. Soon the pots came to a boil. In the first, she placed carrots, in the second she placed eggs and the last she placed ground coffee beans.

She let them sit and boil, without saying a word.

In about twenty minutes she turned off the burners.

She fished the carrots out and placed them in a bowl. She pulled the eggs out and placed them in a bowl.

Then she ladled the coffee out and placed it in a bowl.

**Turning to her daughter, she asked,
“Tell me, what do you see?”**



**“Carrots, eggs, and coffee,” she replied.
She brought her closer and asked her to feel the carrots.
She did and noted that they were soft.
She then asked her to take an egg and break it.
After pulling off the shell, she observed the hard-boiled egg.
Finally, she asked her to sip the coffee.
The daughter smiled as she tasted its rich aroma.
The daughter then asked, “What does it mean, mother?”**

Her mother explained that each of these objects had faced the same adversity -boiling water- but each reacted differently. The carrot went in strong, hard and unrelenting. However after being subjected to the boiling water, it softened and became weak.

The egg had been fragile. Its thin outer shell had protected its liquid interior. But, after sitting through the boiling water, its inside became hardened!

**The ground coffee beans were unique, however.
After they were in the boiling water they had changed the water.**

**“Which are you?” she asked her daughter.
“When adversity knocks on your door, how do you respond?**

Are you a carrot, an egg, or a coffee bean?”

Think of this: Which am I? Am I the carrot that seems strong, but with pain and adversity, do I wilt and become soft and lose my strength? Am I the egg that starts with a malleable heart, but changes with the heat?

Did I have a fluid spirit, but after death, a breakup, a financial hardship or does my shell look the same, but on the inside am I bitter and tough with a stiff spirit and a hardened heart? Or am I like the coffee bean? The bean actually changes the hot water, the very circumstance that brings the pain. When the water gets hot, it releases the fragrance and flavor.

If you are like the bean, when things are at their worst, you get better and change the situation around you.

When the hours are the darkest and trials are their greatest, do you elevate to another level?

How do you handle adversity?

ARE YOU A CARROT, AN EGG, OR A COFFEE BEAN?

{ Author Unknown }

Before I was a Mom

Before I was a Mom
I made and ate hot meals.
I had unstained clothing.
I had quiet conversations on the phone.

Before I was a Mom
I slept as late as I wanted
And never worried about how late I got into bed.
I brushed my hair and my teeth everyday.

Before I was a Mom
I cleaned my house each day.
I never tripped over toys or
forgot words to lullabies.

Before I was a Mom
I didn't worry whether or not my plants were poisonous.
I never thought about immunizations.

Before I was a Mom
I had never been puked on
Pooped on
Spit on
Chewed on
Peed on
Or pinched by tiny fingers

Before I was a Mom
I had complete control of my mind
My thoughts
My body
And I slept all night and got plenty of rest.

Before I was a Mom
I never held down a screaming child
So that doctors could do tests or give shots.
I never looked into teary eyes and cried.
I never got gloriously happy over a simple grin.
I never sat up late hours at night watching a baby sleep.

Before I was a Mom
I never held a sleeping baby just because I
didn't want to put her down.
I never felt my heart break into a million pieces
When I couldn't stop the hurt.



I never knew that something so small could
 affect my life so much.
 I never knew that I could love someone so much.
 I never knew what love at first sight really meant.
 I never knew I would love being a Mom.

Before I was a Mom
 I didn't know the feeling of having my heart
 outside my body.
 I didn't know how special it could feel to feed
 a hungry baby.
 I didn't know that bond between a mother and her child.
 I didn't know that something so small could make
 me feel so important.

Before I was a Mom
 I had never gotten up in the middle of the night.
 Every 10 minutes to make sure all was okay
 I had never known the warmth
 The joy
 The love
 The heartache
 The wonderment
 I didn't know I was capable of feeling so much
 Before I was a Mom.

Becoming a parent changes your whole perspective of the world, of your
 very reality.

Brass Balls

"CANNON BALLS"

In the heyday of sailing ships, all war ships and many freighters carried iron
 cannons. Those cannon fired round iron cannon balls. It was necessary to
 keep a good supply near the cannon, but prevent them from rolling about the
 deck. The best storage method devised was a square based pyramid with one
 ball on top, resting on four resting on nine which rested on sixteen.

Thus, a supply of thirty cannon balls could be stacked in a small area right
 next to the cannon. There was only one problem - how to prevent the bottom
 layer from sliding/rolling from under the others? The solution was a metal plate
 called a, "Monkey," with sixteen round indentations. If this plate was made of
 iron, the iron balls would quickly rust to it. The solution to the rusting problem
 was to make, "Brass Monkeys."

Few landlubbers realize that brass contracts much more and much
 faster than iron when chilled. Consequently, when the temperature dropped



too far, the brass indentations would shrink so much that the cannon balls would roll right off the monkey. Thus, it was quite literally, "Cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey!" (And all this time, you have had dirty thoughts, haven't you?) - - -

NOTE: You must send this fabulous bit of historical knowledge to at least thirteen unsuspecting friends (or enemies) within thirteen and one third seconds. If you don't, your floppy is going to fall off your hard drive and kill your mouse ... or something to that effect...

Get Over It

FRESH VIEWS

BRAIN FOOD FOR THE ENTREPRENEUR

Get over it; stay there

My friend Ann, a psychotherapist, recently shared with me her two-step program for mental health: "Get over it. And stay over it."

Don't we all know people to whom we'd like to shout Ann's advice? Kids who keep whining even though you've told them no 10 times? Spouses who bring up old spats like a broken record? Employees who harp on situations resolved long ago? How about those people who still blame their parents for their problems, though they're in their 30s, 40s or even older?

Yet, we too may find ourselves stuck on old issues. We may be paralyzed, afraid to change or try something new, because the last time we made a big change we failed. Or we mistrust everyone because we were cheated by a supplier or mistreated by a partner or investor. It's easy to nurse old hurts.

Ann's advice sounds flippant, but it's not. In every life-and every business-the proverbial "stuff" happens. Some of it is very serious. When bad things happen, we have to deal with them. But there's a difference between dealing with something and wallowing in it. We have to learn how to get over it, and once we do we have to teach ourselves how to stay over it.

So here's Ann's twostep program.

Get over it. Before you can get over something, you actually have to deal with it; otherwise, the problems and issues it pre

Bents will keep coming back to haunt you. You can't just pretend it never happened.

Repression, as I'm sure Ann the psychotherapist could tell you, isn't the answer. You have to figure out what happened and why, see what you've learned and what you'd do differently, how you can make it better (if at all), apologize to those you've wronged and, if necessary, say your goodbyes.

Stay over it. Once you've actually dealt with it, it's time to put it behind you. Yes, I know, some things are impossible to forget. Hurts, losses, disloyalty-you can't just pretend they never happened. But remembering isn't the same as holding a continual pity party. Old hurts are like scabs-they heal best when you stop picking at them. When you find yourself thinking about them-stop. Tell yourself, "Stay over it."

Ann's motto is a good message to give yourself-again and again-whenever you find yourself brooding over old hurts and disappointments. Tell yourself,



“Get over it. And stay over it.”

For more from Rhonda Abrams,
see www.Rhono.Works.com.

Great Thought

WHO IS PRESIDENT BUSH??

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 occurrence 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 a 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 acknowledgment. "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."



What a blessing to have a professing Christian as President - one who is not ashamed to admit it! Please take a moment after you read this to pray for him - he truly does have the weight of the world on his shoulders.

Pray that God will sustain him and give him wisdom and discernment in his decisions.

Make no mistake about it - the decisions he makes in the coming days, weeks and months will literally define the future of our country and the free world. Pray for his protection and that of his family.

I am a BAD American

I Am Your Worst Nightmare. I am a BAD American.

I am George Carlin.

I believe the money I make belongs to me and my family, not some midlevel governmental functionary with a bad comb-over who wants to give it away to crack addicts squirting out babies.

I believe no one ever died because of something Ozzy Osbourne, Ice-T or Marilyn Manson sang.

I think owning a gun doesn't make you a killer

I believe it's called the Boy Scouts for a reason

I don't think being a minority makes you noble or victimized.

I believe that if you are selling me a Big Mac, you'd better do it in English.

I don't use the excuse "it's for the children" as a shield for unpopular opinions or actions.

I think fireworks should be legal on the 4th of July.

I think that being a student doesn't give you any more enlightenment than working at Blockbuster. In fact, if your parents are footing the bill to put your pansy ass through 4-7 years of college, you haven't begun to be enlightened.

I believe everyone has a right to pray to his or her God.



Hillary Clinton is a carpet-munching lesbian.

My heroes are John Wayne, the Simpsons, and whoever canceled Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman.

I don't hate the rich. I don't pity the poor.

I know wrestling is fake and I don't waste my time arguing about it.

I think global warming is a big lie. Where are all those experts now, when I am freezing my ass through a long winter?

I've never owned a slave, or was a slave, I didn't wander forty years in the desert after getting chased out of Egypt, I haven't burned any witches or been persecuted by the Turks and neither have you, so shut-the-#\$%!-up already.

I want to know which church is it exactly where the Reverend Jesse Jackson preaches. And where does he get his money. And why is he always part of the problem and not the solution.

I think the cops have every right to shoot your sorry ass if you're running from them.

I also think they have the right to pull your ass over if you are breaking the law, regardless of what color you are.

I think if you are too stupid to know how a ballot works, I don't want you deciding who should be running the most powerful nation the world for the next four years.

I hate those bastards standing in the intersections trying to sell me crap or trying to guilt me into making 'donations' to their cause. These people should be targets.

I think if you are in the passing lane, and not passing, your license should be revoked, and you should be forced to ride the bus until you promise to never delay the rest of us again.

I think beef jerky could quite possibly be the perfect food.

I believe that it doesn't take a village to raise a child, it takes two parents.

I think tattoos and piercing are fine if you want them, but please don't pretend they are a political statement.

I think Dr. Seuss was a genius.

I'm neither angry nor disenfranchised, no matter how desperately the main-



stream media would like the world to believe otherwise.

I believe if she has her lips on your willie, it is sex, and it is sex for both of you. This even applies when you are President of the United States.

If that makes me a BAD American, then yes, I'm a BAD American.

If you too are a BAD American please forward this to everyone you know. We need our country back!

For a comedian there are quite a few profound thoughts here, I agree with most but not all of them.

Three roses

I walked into the grocery store not particularly interested in buying groceries. I wasn't hungry. The pain of losing my husband of 37 years was still too raw. And this grocery store held so many sweet memories. Rudy often came with me and almost every time he'd pretend to go off and look for something special. I knew what he was up to. I'd always spot him walking down the aisle with the three yellow roses in his hands. Rudy knew I loved yellow roses. With a heart filled with grief, I only wanted to buy my few items and leave, but even grocery shopping was different since Rudy had passed on.

Shopping for one took time, a little more thought than it had for two.

Standing by the meat, I searched for the perfect small steak and remembered how Rudy had loved his steak. Suddenly a woman came beside me. She was blond, slim and lovely in a soft green pantsuit. I watched as she picked up a large pack of T-bones, dropped them in her basket, hesitated, and then put them back. She turned to go and once again reached for the pack of steaks. She saw me watching her and she smiled. "My husband loves T-bones, but honestly, at these prices, I don't know."

I swallowed the emotion down my throat and met her pale blue eyes. "My husband passed away eight days ago," I told her. Glancing at the package in her hands, I fought to control the tremble in my voice. "Buy him the steaks.

And cherish every moment you have together."

She shook her head and I saw the emotion in her eyes as she placed the package in her basket and wheeled away.

I turned and pushed my cart across the length of the store to the dairy products. There I stood; trying to decide which size milk I should buy. A quart, I finally decided and moved on to the ice cream section near the front of the store. If nothing else, I could always fix myself an ice cream cone. I placed the ice cream in my cart and looked down the aisle toward the front. I saw first the green suit, then recognized the pretty lady coming towards me. In her arms she carried a package. On her face was the brightest smile I had ever seen. I would swear a soft halo encircled her blond hair as she kept walking toward me, her eyes holding mine. As she came closer, I saw what she held and tears began misting in my eyes.

"These are for you," she said and placed three beautiful long stemmed yellow roses in my arms. "When you go through the line, they will know these



are paid for.” She leaned over and placed a gentle kiss on my cheek, then smiled again.

I wanted to tell her what she’d done, what the roses meant, but still unable to speak, I watched as she walked away as tears clouded my vision. I looked down at the beautiful roses nestled in the green tissue wrapping and found it almost unreal. How did she know?

Suddenly the answer seemed so clear. I wasn’t alone. “Oh, Rudy, you haven’t forgotten me, have you?” I whispered, with tears in my eyes. He was still with me, and she was his angel.

Everyday be thankful for what you have and who you are.

Even though I clutch my blanket and growl when the alarm rings, thank you, Lord, that I can hear. There are many who are deaf. Even though I keep my eyes closed against the morning light as long as possible, thank you, Lord, that I can see. Many are blind.

Even though I huddle in my bed and put off rising, thank you, Lord, that I have the strength to rise. There are many who are bedridden. Even though the first hour of my day is hectic, when socks are lost, toast is burned and tempers are short, my children are so loud, thank you, Lord, for my family. There are many who are lonely. Even though our breakfast table never looks like the pictures in magazines and the menu is at times unbalanced, thank you, Lord, for the food we have.

There are many who are hungry.

Even though the routine of my job often is monotonous, thank you, Lord, for the opportunity to work. There are many who have no job.

Even though I grumble and bemoan my fate from day to day and wish my circumstances were not so modest, thank you, Lord, for life!

A friend is someone we turn to when our spirits need a lift.

A friend is someone to treasure. For friendship is a gift.

A friend is someone who fills our lives with Beauty, Joy and Grace and makes the world we live in a better and happier place.

YOU ARE MY FRIEND AND I AM HONORED!

Did you know?

Rubber bands last longer when refrigerated.

Peanuts are one of the ingredients of dynamite.

There are 293 ways to make change for a 20 dollar bill.

The average person’s left hand does 56% of the typing.

A shark is the only fish that can blink with both eyes.

There are more chickens than people in the world.



Two-thirds of the world's eggplant is grown in New Jersey.

The longest one-syllable word in the English language is "screched."

On a Canadian two dollar bill, the flag flying over the Parliament building is an American flag.

All of the clocks in the movie "Pulp Fiction" are stuck on 4:20.

No word in the English language rhymes with month, orange, silver, or purple.

"Dreamt" is the only English word that ends in the letters "mt".

All 50 states are listed across the top of the Lincoln Memorial on the back of the \$5 bill.

Almonds are a member of the peach family.

Winston Churchill was born in a ladies' room during a dance.

Maine is the only state whose name is just one syllable.

There are only four words in the English language which end in "dous": tremendous, horrendous, stupendous, and hazardous.

Los Angeles' full name is "El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de los Angeles de Porciuncula"

A cat has 32 muscles in each ear.

An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain.

Tigers have striped skin, not just striped fur.

In most advertisements, the time displayed on a watch is 10:10.

Al Capone's business card said he was a used furniture dealer.

The characters Bert and Ernie on Sesame Street were named after Bert the cop and Ernie the taxi driver in Frank Capra's "It's a Wonderful Life."

A dragonfly has a life span of 24 hours.

A goldfish has a memory span of three seconds.

A dime has 118 ridges around the edge.



It's impossible to sneeze with your eyes open.

The giant squid has the largest eyes in the world.

In England, the Speaker of the House is not allowed to speak.

The microwave was invented after a researcher walked by a radar tube and a chocolate bar melted in his pocket.

Mr. Rogers is an ordained minister.

The average person falls asleep in seven minutes.

There are 336 dimples on a regulation golf ball.

"Stewardesses" is the longest word that is typed with only the left hand.

Kind of interesting

Did you know

It is impossible to lick your elbow.

A crocodile can't stick its tongue out.

A shrimp's heart is in its head.

People say "Bless you" when you sneeze because when you sneeze, your heart stops for a mili-second.

In a study of 200,000 ostriches over a period of 80 years, no one reported a single case where an ostrich buried its head in the sand (or attempted to do so).

It is physically impossible for pigs to look up into the sky.

A pregnant goldfish is called a twit

Between 1937 and 1945 Heinz produced a version of Alphabet Spaghetti especially for the German market that consisted solely of little pasta swastikas.

In average, a human being will have sex more than 3,000 times and spend two weeks kissing in their lifetime.

More than 50% of the people in the world have never made or received a telephone call.

Rats and horses can't vomit.

The "sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep's sick" is said to be the toughest tongue twister in the English language.

If you sneeze too hard, you can fracture a rib. If you try to suppress a sneeze, you can rupture a blood vessel in your head or neck and die. If you keep your eyes open by force, they can pop out.

Rats multiply so quickly that in 18 months, two rats could have over million descendants.

Wearing headphones for just an hour will increase the bacteria in your ear by 700 times.

If the government has no knowledge of aliens, then why does Title 14, Section 1211 of the Code of Federal Regulations, implemented on July 16,



1969, make it illegal for U.S. citizens to have any contact with extraterrestrials or their vehicles?

In every episode of Seinfeld there is a Superman somewhere.

The cigarette lighter was invented before the match.

Thirty-five percent of the people who use personal ads for dating are already married.

A duck's quack doesn't echo, and no one knows why.

23% of all photocopier faults worldwide are caused by people sitting on them and photocopying their buttocks.

In the course of an average lifetime you will, while sleeping, eat 70 assorted insects and 10 spiders.

Most lipstick contains fish scales.

Cat's urine glows under a black-light.

Like fingerprints, everyone's tongue print is different.

Over 75% of people who read this will try to lick their elbow.

Leadership

“Being responsible sometimes means pissing people off.”

Good leadership involves responsibility to the welfare of the group, which means that some people will get angry at your actions and decisions. It's inevitable, if you're honorable. Trying to get everyone to like you is a sign of mediocrity: you'll avoid the tough decisions, you'll avoid confronting the people who need to be confronted, and you'll avoid offering differential rewards based on differential performance because some people might get upset. Ironically, by procrastinating on the difficult choices, by trying not to get anyone mad, and by treating everyone equally “nicely” regardless of their contributions, you'll simply ensure that the only people you'll wind up angering are the most creative and productive people in the organization.

Life is

Have you ever-watched kids on a merry-go-round,
or listened to the rain slapping on the ground?

Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight,
or gazed at the sun into the fading night?

You better slow down,
don't dance so fast,
time is short,
the music won't last.

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 hundred chores,
running through your head?

You'd better slow down,
don't dance so fast,
time is short,
the music won't last.

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,
'cause you never had time,
to call and say "Hi"?

You'd better slow down,
don't dance so fast,
time is short,
the music won't last.

When you run so fast to get somewhere,
you miss half the fun of getting there.
When you worry and hurry through your day,
It is like an unopened gift...thrown away...

Life is not a race,
Do take it slower.
Hear the music,
before the song is over.

LIFE

I'm grateful for yesterday, as much as for today, but more than ever for tomorrow.

Note: Erma Bombeck needed an organ transplant, and even though she could have been moved to the head of the waiting list, due to her prominence and wealth (like Mickey Mantle), she refused to do such, and subsequently, died from organ failure.

IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER - by Erma Bombeck

I would have talked less and listened more.

I would have invited friends over to dinner even if the carpet was stained, or



the sofa faded.

I would have eaten the popcorn in the 'good' living room and worried much less about the dirt when someone wanted to light a fire in the fireplace.

I would have taken the time to listen to my grandfather ramble about his youth.

I would never have insisted the car windows be rolled up on a summer day because my hair had just been teased and sprayed.

I would have burned the pink candle sculpted like a rose before it melted in storage.

I would have sat on the lawn with my children and not worried about grass stains.

I would have cried and laughed less while watching television-and more while watching life.

I would have shared more of the responsibility carried by my husband.

I would have gone to bed when I was sick instead of pretending the earth would go into a holding pattern if I weren't there for the day.

I would never have bought anything just because it was practical, wouldn't show soil, or was guaranteed to last a lifetime.

Instead of wishing away nine months of pregnancy, I'd have cherished every moment and realized that the wonderment growing inside me was the only chance in life to assist God in a miracle.

When my kids kissed me impetuously, I would never have said, "Later. Now go get washed up for dinner."

There would have been more "I love you's" ..more "I'm sorry's" ...but mostly, given another shot at life, I would seize every minute...look at it and really see it ... live it...and never give it back.

Stop sweating the small stuff. Don't worry about who doesn't like you, who has more, or who's doing what. Instead, let's cherish the relationships we have with those who Do love us. Let's think about what God HAS blessed us with. And what we are doing each day to promote ourselves mentally, physically, emotionally, as well as spiritually. Life is too short to let it pass you by. We only have one shot at this and then it's gone.

In memory of Erma Bombeck who lost her fight with cancer.



Life's Little Annoyances

You have to try on a pair of sunglasses with that stupid little plastic thing in the middle of them.

The person behind you in the supermarket runs his cart into the back of your ankle.

The elevator stops on every floor and nobody gets on.

There's always a car riding your tail when you're slowing down to find an address.

You open a can of soup and the lid falls in.

It's bad enough that you step in dog poop, but you don't realize it till you walk across your living room rug.

The tiny red string on the Band-Aid wrapper never works for you.

There's a dog in the neighborhood that barks at everything.

You can never put anything back in a box the way it came.

Three hours and three meetings after lunch you look in the mirror and discover a piece of parsley stuck to your front tooth.

You drink from a soda can into which someone has extinguished a cigarette.

You slice your tongue licking an envelope.

Your tire gauge lets out half the air while you're trying to get a reading.

A station comes in brilliantly when you're standing near the radio but buzzes, drifts and spits every time you move away.

There are always one or two ice cubes that won't pop out of the tray.

You wash a garment with a Kleenex in the pocket and your entire laundry comes out covered with lint.

The car behind you blasts its horn because you let a pedestrian finish crossing.

A piece of foil candy wrapper makes electrical contact with your filling.

You set the alarm on your digital clock for 7pm instead of 7am.

The radio station doesn't tell you who sang that song.

You rub on hand cream and can't turn the bathroom doorknob to get out.

People behind you on a supermarket line dash ahead of you to a counter just opening up.

Your glasses slide off your ears when you perspire.

You can't look up the correct spelling of a word in the dictionary because you don't know how to spell it.

You have to inform five different sales people in the same store that you're just browsing.

You had that pen in your hand only a second ago and now you can't find it.

You reach under the table to pick something off the floor and smash your head on the way up.

Man without a face

This should remind us that no matter how bad things are we should never give up believing in ourselves. Here is a true story by Paul Harvey.



Pass it to anyone who you think would find it interesting and inspiring. You will be surprised who this young man turned out to be. (Do not look at the bottom of this letter until you have read it fully)

Years ago a hardworking man took his family from New York State to Australia to take advantage of a work opportunity there.

Part of this man's family was a handsome young son who had aspirations of joining the circus as a trapeze artist or an actor.

This young fellow, biding his time until a circus job or even one as a stage-hand came along, worked at the local shipyards which bordered on the worst section of town. Walking home from work one evening this young man was attacked by five thugs who wanted to rob him. Instead of just giving up his money the young fellow resisted. However, they bested him easily and proceeded to beat him to a pulp.

They mashed his face with their boots and kicked and beat his body brutally with clubs, leaving him for dead. When the police happened to find him lying in the road they assumed he was dead and called for the Morgue Wagon. On the way to the morgue a policeman heard him gasp for air and they immediately took him to the emergency unit at the hospital. When he was placed on a gurney a nurse remarked to her horror that this young man no longer had a face. Each eye socket was smashed, his skull, legs and arms fractured, his nose literally hanging from his face, all his teeth were gone and his jaw was almost completely torn from his skull. Although his life was spared he spent over a year in the hospital. When he finally left his body may have healed but his face was disgusting to look at. He was no longer the handsome youth that everyone admired.

When the young man started to look for work again he was turned down by everyone just on account of the way he looked. One potential employer suggested to him that he join the freak show at the circus as The Man Who Had No Face. And he did this for a while.

He was still rejected by everyone and no one wanted to be seen in his company. He had thoughts of suicide.

This went on for five years. One day he passed a church and sought some solace there. Entering the church he encountered a priest who had seen him sobbing while kneeling in a pew. The priest took pity on him and took him to the rectory where they talked at length. The priest was impressed with him to such a degree that he said that he would do everything possible for him that could be done to restore his dignity and life, if the young man would promise to be the best Catholic he could be and trust in God's mercy to free him from his torturous life.

The young man went to Mass and communion every day, and after thanking God for saving his life, asked God to only give him peace of mind and the grace to be the best man he could ever be in His eyes.

The priest, through his personal contacts was able to secure the services of the best plastic surgeon in Australia. They would be at no cost to the young man, as the doctor was the priest's best friend. The doctor too was so impressed by the young man, whose outlook now on life, even though he had experienced the worst, was filled with good humor and love.

The surgery was a miraculous success. All the best dental work was also



done for him. The young man became everything he promised God he would be. He was also blessed with a wonderful, beautiful wife, and many children, and success in an industry which would have been the furthest thing from his mind as a career if not for the goodness of God and the love of the people who cared for him. This he acknowledges publicly.

The young man? Mel Gibson.

His life was the inspiration for his production of the movie
“The Man Without A Face.”

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 kitchen with a steaming cup of coffee in one hand and the morning paper in the other. What began as 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 volume up on my radio in order to listen to a Saturday morning talk show. I heard an older sounding chap with a golden voice.

You know the kind, he sounded like he should be in the broadcasting business himself.

He was talking about “a thousand marbles” to someone named “Tom”. I was intrigued and sat down 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 my workshop next to the radio.



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 onething we can all use is a little more time.”

“It was nice to talk to you Tom, I hope you spend more time with your loved ones, and I hope to meet you again someday. Have a good morning!”

You could have heard a pin drop when he finished. Even the show’s Moderator didn’t have anything to say for a few moments. I guess he gave us all a lot to think about. I had planned to do some work that morning, then go to the gym. 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.”

HAVE A GREAT WEEKEND AND MAY ALL SATURDAYS BE SPECIAL!

MEMO FROM GOD

I am God.

Today I will be handling all of your problems. Please remember that I do not need your help. If life happens to deliver a situation to you that you cannot handle, do not attempt to resolve it.

Kindly put it in the SFGTD (something for God to do) box.

It will be addressed in My time, not yours. Once the matter is placed into the box, do not hold on to it.

If you find yourself stuck in traffic; Don’t despair. There are people in this world for whom driving is an unheard of privilege.

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

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

Should you grieve the passing of another weekend; Think of the woman in dire straits, working twelve hours a day, seven days a week to feed her chil-



dren.

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

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

Should you find yourself at a loss and pondering what life is all about, asking
what is my purpose?

Be thankful. There are those who didn't live long enough to get the opportunity.

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

This is a call to count your blessings.

Mother Teresa

People are often unreasonable,
illogical, and self-centered;
Forgive them anyway.

If you are kind, People may accuse you
of selfish, ulterior motives;
Be kind anyway.

If you are successful,
you will win some false friends
and some true enemies;
Succeed anyway.

If you are honest and frank,
people may cheat you;
Be honest and frank anyway.

What you spend years building, someone
could destroy overnight;
Build anyway.

If you find serenity and happiness,
they may be jealous;
Be happy anyway.

The good you do today,



people will often forget tomorrow;
Do good anyway.

Give the world the best you have,
and it may never be enough;
Give the world the best you've got anyway.

You see, in the final analysis,
it is between you and God;
It was never between you and them anyway.

- Mother Teresa

YOU HAVE MY PLACE

One day, a man went to visit a church. He arrived early, parked his car, and got out. Another car pulled up near him, and the driver told him, "I always park there. You took my place!"

The visitor went inside for Sunday School, found an empty seat, and sat down. A young lady from the church approached him and stated, "That's my seat! You took my place!"

The visitor was somewhat distressed by this rude welcome, but said nothing.

After Sunday School, the visitor went into the church sanctuary and sat down. Another member walked up to him and said, "That's where always sit. You took my place!"

The visitor was even more troubled by this treatment, but still said nothing.

Later, as the congregation was praying for Christ to dwell among them, the visitor stood, and his appearance began to change. Horrible scars became visible on his hands and on his sandaled feet.

Someone from the congregation noticed him and called out, "What happened to you?"

The visitor replied, "I took your place."

Nails

There once was a little boy who had a bad temper. His Father gave him a bag of nails and told him that every time he lost his temper, he must hammer a nail into the back of the fence. The first day the boy had driven 37 nails into the fence. Over the next few weeks, as he learned to control his anger, the number of nails hammered daily 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 day 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.

NASA Proves God's Word

For all you scientists out there and for all the students who have a hard time convincing these people regarding the truth of the Bible...here's something that shows God's awesome creation and shows that He is still in control.

Did you know that the space program is busy proving that what has been called "myth" in the Bible is true?

Mr. Harold Hill, President of the Curtis Engine Company in Baltimore Maryland and a consultant in the space program, relates the following development. I think one of the most amazing things that God has for us today happened recently to our astronauts and space scientists at Green Belt, Maryland. They were checking the position of the sun, moon, and planets out in space where they would be 100 years and 1000 years from now.

We have to know this so we won't send a satellite up and have it bump into something later on its orbits. We have to lay out the orbits in terms of the life of the satellite, and where the planets will be so the whole thing will not bog down.

They ran the computer measurement back and forth over the centuries and it came to a halt. The computer stopped and put up a red signal, which meant that there was something wrong either with the information fed into it or with the results as compared to the standards. They called in the service department to check it out and they said "what's wrong?" Well, they found there is a day missing in space in elapsed time. They scratched their heads and tore their hair. There was no answer.

Finally, a Christian man on the team said, "You know, one time I was in Sunday School and they talked about the sun standing still." While they didn't believe him, they didn't have an answer either, so they said, "Show us." He got a Bible and went back to the book of Joshua where they found a pretty ridiculous statement for any one with "common sense." There they found the Lord saying to Joshua, "Fear them not, I have delivered them into thy hand; there shall not a man of them stand before thee." Joshua was concerned because he was surrounded by the enemy and if darkness fell they would overpower them. So Joshua asked the Lord to make the sun stand still! That's right- "The sun stood still and the moon stayed—and hastened not to go down about a whole day!" The astronauts and scientists said, "There is the missing day!" They checked the computers going back into the time it was written and found it was close but not close enough. The elapsed time that was missing back in



Joshua's day was 23 hours and 20 minutes-not a whole day. They read the Bible and there it was "about (approximately) a day"

These little words in the Bible are important, but they were still in trouble because if you cannot account for 40 minutes you'll still be in trouble 1,000 years from now. Forty minutes had to be found because it can be multiplied many times over in orbits. As the Christian employee thought about it, he remembered somewhere in the Bible where it said the sun went BACKWARDS. The scientists told him he was out of his mind, but they got out the Book and read these words in 2 Kings: Hezekiah, on his death-bed, was visited by the prophet Isaiah who told him that he was not going to die. Hezekiah asked for a sign as proof. Isaiah said "Do you want the sun to go ahead 10 degrees?"

Hezekiah said "It is nothing for the sun to go ahead 10 degrees, but let the shadow return backward 10 degrees.." Isaiah spoke to the Lord and the Lord brought the shadow ten degrees BACKWARD! Ten degrees is exactly 40 minutes! Twenty-three hours and 20 minutes in Joshua, plus 40 minutes in Second Kings make the missing day in the universe!

Quotes

We live in a wonderful world that is full of beauty, charm and adventure. There is no end to the adventures that we can have if only we seek them with our eyes open.

—Jawaharlal Nehru

TODAY'S LAUGH: HUMOROUS QUOTES

"Did you ever walk in a room and forget why you walked in? I think that's how dogs spend their lives."

— Sue Murphy

"I told my psychiatrist that everyone hates me. He said I was being ridiculous - everyone hasn't met me yet."

— Rodney Dangerfield

We have to remember humor among all the heavy stuff, to laugh at ourselves is good for the soul.

Even smiling and just feeling "good" inside is sometimes enough to get over the duldrums.

NEPALESE GOOD LUCK MANTRA

INSTRUCTIONS FOR LIFE

1. Take into account that great love and great achievements involve great risk.
2. When you lose, don't lose the lesson.
3. Follow the three R's:
 - Respect for self
 - Respect for others and
 - Responsibility for all your actions.



4. Remember that not getting what you want is sometimes a wonderful stroke of luck.
5. Learn the rules so you know how to break them properly.
6. Don't let a little dispute injure a great friendship.
7. When you realize you've made a mistake, take immediate steps to correct it.
8. Spend some time alone.
9. Open your arms to change, but don't let go of your values.
10. Remember that silence is sometimes the best answer.
11. Live a good, honorable life. Then when you get older and think back, you'll be able to enjoy it a second time.
12. A loving atmosphere in your home is the foundation for your life. Do all you can to create a tranquil, harmonious home.
13. In disagreements with loved ones, deal only with the current situation. Don't bring up the past.
14. Share your knowledge. It's a way to achieve immortality.
15. Be gentle with the earth.
16. Once a year, go someplace you've never been before.
17. Remember that the best relationship is one in which your love for each other exceeds your need for each other.
18. Judge your success by what you had to give up in order to get it.
19. Call your mother.
20. Approach love and cooking with reckless abandon.

I'm sure that this is a repeat, or that I have it in one of the other books in a similar form, but, **GOOD things are always worth repeating, and repeating.**

No wonder English is so hard to learn!

We polish the Polish furniture.
 He could lead if he would get the lead out.
 A farm can produce produce.
 The dump was so full it had to refuse refuse.
 The soldier decided to desert in the desert.
 The present is a good time to present the present.
 At the Army base, a bass was painted on the head of a bass drum.
 The dove dove into the bushes.
 I did not object to the object.
 The insurance for the invalid was invalid.
 The bandage was wound around the wound.
 There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
 They were too close to the door to close it.
 The buck does funny things when the does are present.
 They sent a sewer down to stitch the tear in the sewer line.
 To help with planting, the farmer taught his sow to sow.
 The wind was too strong to wind the sail.
 After a number of Novocain injections, my jaw got number.



I shed a tear when I saw the tear in my clothes.
 I had to subject the subject to a series of tests.
 How can I intimate this to my most intimate friend?
 I spent last evening evening out a pile of dirt

Older Women

Not that any of us know what this is all about.....

Subject: Andy Rooney - So there is life after 40...

About women over 40 and beyond, Andy Rooney says.....

“As I grow in age, I value women who are over 40 most of all. Here are just a few reasons why:

An older woman will never wake you in the middle of the night to ask, “What are you thinking?” She doesn’t care what you think.

If an older woman doesn’t want to watch the game, she doesn’t sit around whining about it. She does something she wants to do. And it’s usually something more interesting.

An older woman knows herself well enough to be assured in who she is, what she is, what she wants and from whom.

Few women past the age of 40 give a damn what you might think about her or what she’s doing. An older woman usually has had her fill of “meaningful relationships” and “commitment.” The last thing she wants in her life is another dopey, clingy, whiny dependent lover.

Older women are dignified. They seldom have a screaming match with you at the opera or in the middle of an expensive restaurant. Of course, if you deserve it, they won’t hesitate to shoot you if they think they can get away with it.

Older women are generous with praise, often undeserved. They know what it’s like to be unappreciated.

An older woman has the self-assurance to introduce you to her women friends. A younger woman with a man will often ignore even her best friend because she doesn’t trust the guy with other women.

An older woman couldn’t care less if you’re attracted to her friends because she knows her friends won’t betray her.

Women get psychic as they age. You never have to confess your sins to an older woman. They always know.



An older woman looks good wearing bright red lipstick. This is not true of younger women or drag queens.

Once you get past a wrinkle or two, an older woman is far sexier than her younger counterpart. Her libido's stronger, her fear of pregnancy gone.

Her experience of lovemaking is honed and reciprocal and she's lived long enough to know how to please a man in ways her younger cousin could never dream of.

Older women are forthright and honest. They'll tell you right off you are a jerk if you are acting like one. You don't ever have to wonder where you stand with her. Yes, we praise older women for a multitude of reasons. Unfortunately, it's not reciprocal. For every stunning, smart, well-coiffed hot woman of 40+, there is a bald, paunchy relic in yellow pants making a fool of himself with some 22-year-old waitress.

Ladies, I apologize.

Notes on culture: 2/98

The work environment for ultimate success: in the companies that get bigger, or faster, or more flexible, or survive a crisis. Companies with these values are the ones that can change.

8 Key elements or values:

1. Trust
2. Trust
3. Mentoring (coaching)
4. Openness
5. Risk-taking
6. Credit (acknowledgment)
7. Honesty
8. Caring (compassion)

Rob Lebow - Bellevue, WA

From 17 million surveys of workers in 40 countries

Observations regarding kids

Ever notice that a human baby doesn't walk until it's tall enough to reach a parent's hand?

Cleaning your house while your kids are still growing is like clearing the drive before it has stopped snowing.

"There is only one pretty child in the world and every mother has it."
—Chinese Proverb.



Mothers of teens know why animals eat their young.

I asked Mom if I was a gifted child...she said they certainly wouldn't have paid for me.

Children are natural mimics, who act like their parents despite every effort to teach them good manners.

Children will soon forget your presents, they will always remember your presence.

Children seldom misquote you. In fact, they usually repeat word for word what you shouldn't have said.

The main purpose of holding children's parties is to remind yourself that there are children more awful than your own.

Becoming aware of my character defects leads me naturally to the next step of blaming my parents.

We child-proofed our home 3 years ago and they're still getting in!

Be nice to your kids. They'll choose your nursing home.

Grandchildren are God's reward for not killing your children.

Who are these kids and why are they calling me Mom?

Insanity is hereditary. You get it from your kids.

When mama ain't happy, ain't nobody happy.

You can fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but you can never fool a Mom.

I love to give homemade gifts...which one of my kids do you want?

Familiarity breeds children.

A child's greatest period of growth is the month after you've purchased new school clothes.

Anyone who says 'Easy as taking candy from a baby' has never tried it.

Children: You spend the first 2 years of their life teaching them to walk and talk. Then you spend the next 16 telling them to sit down and shut-up.



The best inheritance parents can give their children is a few minutes of their time each day.

I like to leave each volumn on a light note, so I'll wrap this one up here...

Ta ta for now...