

Stories

Poems

Ideas

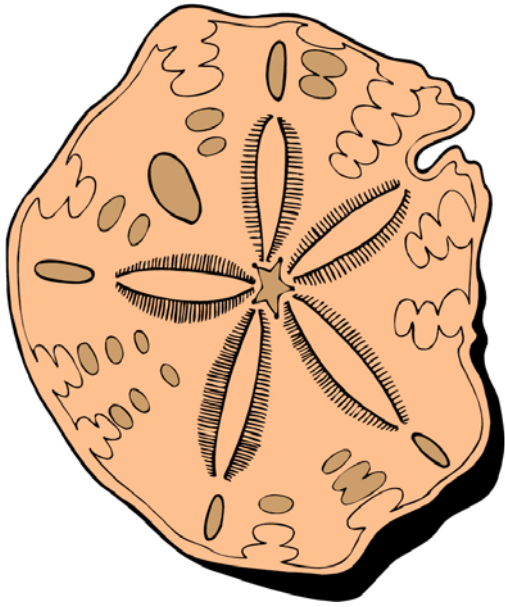
Funny things

Share





The Messiah Shell



The sand dollar is not a mollusk but a relative of starfish, sea cucumbers, and sea urchins. It spends its life upright in sand. Sand dollars are flat, circular animals from one to five inches in diameter.

Live specimens are covered with thousands of tiny spines used to navigate through the sand. They can move in only one direction--forward. When sand dollars die, the spines fall off.

Legend has it that God wanted to record the birth, the death, and the resurrection of Jesus where it would be remembered for all time, and where nothing could erase it. The story goes that God chose the lowly sand dollar which he created in human colors--- white, black, cream and brown. "The Messiah shell" has become its nickname.

First, let's think of Christ's birth. Look at the top of the sand dollar. Do you see the star that guided the wise men to the stable? Turn the shell over to see the Christmas poinsettia pattern.

The life of Jesus is represented by the two halves of the sand dollar. The top half represents Christ's divine nature and the bottom half represents his human nature.

Christ's resurrection is shown by the five holes in some species of sand dollars. There are two holes for the nails in his hands, two holes for the nails in his feet, and the last hole represents his pierced side. The strange thing about these holes is that scientists are still unable to explain their function.

Lastly, the resurrection of Jesus is depicted by the Easter lily pattern on the top of the shell.

A legend is a story that has been passed down from generation to generation. We cannot read God's mind and explain the reason for the sand dollar's designs. However, since I first heard this story, whenever I pick up a sand dollar, I think of Jesus birth, his death and His resurrection. When a story draws you closer to Christ, it's worth sharing.

Say, have you looked at a sand dollar lately?



Friendship's Rule

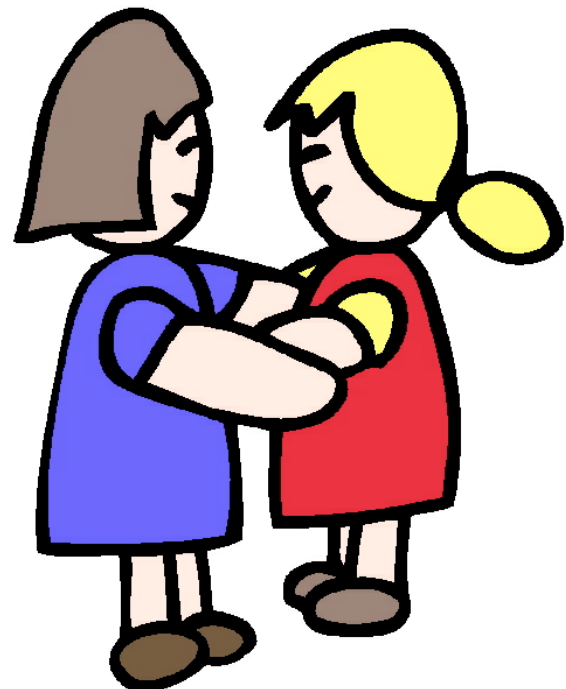
Our teacher says there is a rule.
We should remember while at school.

At home, at play, whate'er we do--
And that's the rule of friendship true.

If you would have friends, you must do
To them the kindly things that you
Would like to have them do and say
To you while at your work and play.

And that's the rule of friendship true;
It works in all we say and do.

It pays to be a friend polite,
For friendship's rule is always right.
-M. Lucille Ford





Poems to Share

Dear Jesus,

Help me use the ears
You gave me.
Forgive me when I
think only of myself
and do not care about
others or pay attention to them.

I am thankful that you
pay attention to me and
that you are not too
busy to hear me.

Thank you for loving me
and for forgiving my sins.
You really do care about me.

And thank you for my ears.

Amen.

By Dan Carr

Courtesy of Concordia Publishing House



Now that I can Read

I used to need somebody
TO SIT AND READ TO ME.
I'd look at every page they read
And listen carefully.

But now that I am in First grade,
I'm filling up a shelf
With stories, poems, and other things
That I can read myself.

Ruth Elkin





CHOOSE THE BEST

In addition to our educational vernacular, there are many expressions which we use that may leave a false or undesirable impression. Here is a list of expressions which may leave a negative impression, with kindred, more positive phrases which could be used:

Somewhat Negative

More Positive

Must -----	Should
Lazy -----	Can do more when he tries
Trouble maker -----	Disturbs class
Uncooperative -----	Should learn to work with others
Cheats -----	Depends on others to do his work
Stupid -----	Can do better work with help
Never does the right thing -----	Can learn to do the right thing
Below average -----	Working at his own level
Truant -----	Absent without permission
Impertinent -----	Discourteous
Steal -----	Takes without permission
Unclean -----	Poor habits
Dumbbell -----	Capable of doing better
Help -----	Cooperation
Poor -----	Handicapped
Uninterested -----	Complacent, not challenged
Expense -----	Investment
Contribute to -----	Invest in
Stubborn -----	Insists on having his own way
Insolent -----	Outspoken
Liar -----	Tendency to stretch the truth
Wastes time -----	Could make better use of his time
Incurred failure -----	Failure to meet requirements
Mean -----	Difficulty getting along with others
Time and again -----	Usually
Dubious -----	Uncertain



Poor grade of work -----	Below his usual standard
Clumsy -----	Not physically well coordinated
Profane -----	Uses unbecoming language
Selfish -----	Seldom shares with others
Rude -----	Inconsiderate of others
Bashful -----	Reserved
Show off -----	Tries to get attention
Will fail -----	Has a chance of passing if ...





Praise

by Joy Jones

Do you send home a note when a child misbehaves? Certainly. But do you also tell parents when their child is doing especially well?

Of course you mark 'X' when the answer is wrong. Do you also make a mark beside the answers that are right?

One of the most attractive features of human nature is that people respond to praise. Praise, or the promise of reward, motivates people to try harder, try longer, to behave better, to have hope.

The ways you can provide positive reinforcement in the classroom are easy and simple. You can post outstanding work on the board, phone parents to report when Juan or Wanda has improved-not only when he or she is causing problems. Make it a point to catch that troublemaker when he or she is not acting out, and comment on the improved behavior. Put a star on a student's paper.

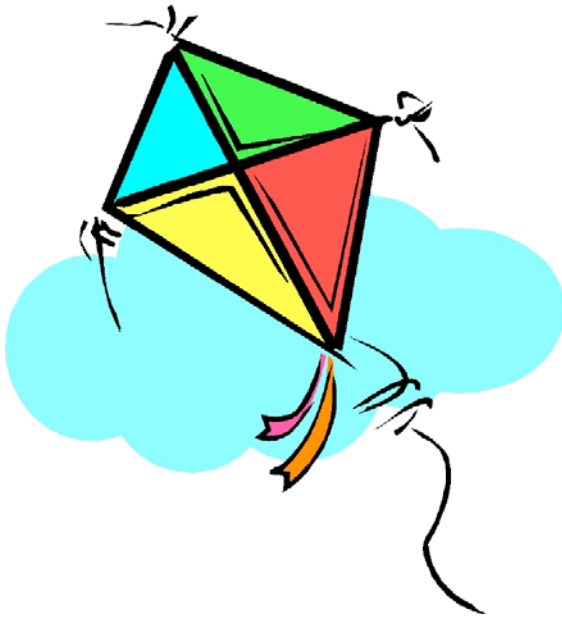
Since it's so easy and simple, why do so many of us have trouble giving praise? Sometimes people (falsely) regard giving out compliments as weak and wimpy. Particularly, if we want our students to work hard, stay on task and be disciplined, we fear to praise them. We hold the mistaken belief that people will only learn to do better if one points out their mistakes; so praise doesn't serve any useful purpose. But praise serves a useful and wonderful purpose. It inspires our students' best efforts.

And don't forget-- praise doesn't just work on children. Maybe if you praised your principal or your spouse every now and then, you'd see an improvement in their behavior, too.



Free to Soar

by: Wayne B. Lynn



One windy spring day, I observed young people having fun using the wind to fly their kites. Multicolored creations of varying shapes and sizes filled the skies like beautiful birds darting and dancing in the heady atmosphere above the earth. As the strong winds gusted against the kites, a string kept them in check.

Instead of blowing away with the wind, they arose against it to achieve great heights. They shook and pulled, but the restraining string and the cumbersome tail kept them in tow, facing upward and against the wind. As the kites struggled and trembled against the string, they seemed to say, "Let me go! Let me go! I want to be free!" They soared beautifully even as they fought the imposed restriction of the string. Finally, one of the kites succeeded in breaking loose. "Free at last" it seemed to say. "Free to fly with the wind."

Yet freedom from restraint simply put it at the mercy of an unsympathetic breeze. It fluttered ungracefully to the ground and landed in a tangled mass of weeds and string against a dead bush. "Free at last"--free to lie powerless in the dirt, to be blown helplessly along the ground, and to lodge lifeless against the first obstruction.

How much like kites we sometimes are. The Lord gives us adversity and restrictions, rules to follow from which we can grow and gain strength. Restraint is a necessary counterpart to the winds of opposition. Some of us tug at the rules so hard that we never soar to reach the heights we might have obtained. We keep part of the commandment and (pardon the pun) never rise high enough to get our tails off the ground.

Let us each rise to the great heights our Heavenly Father has in store for us, recognizing that some of the restraints that we may chafe under are actually the steadying force that helps us ascend and achieve.



The Hammer

by Ray Boltz and Steve Millikan, Source Unknown

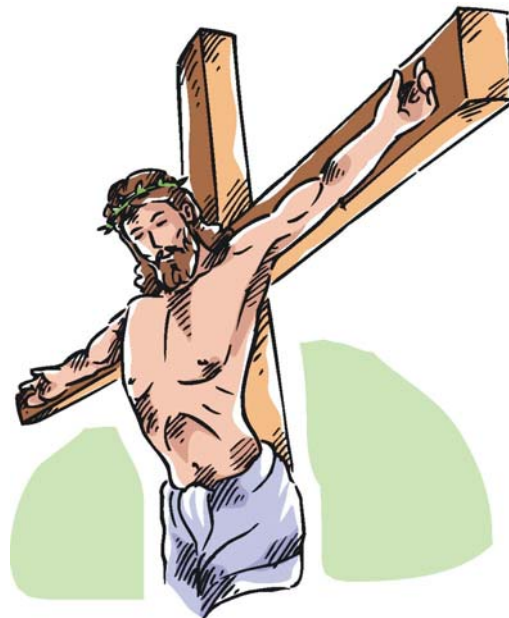
I was in the crowd the day that Jesus died
And, as He hung upon that cross, His mother cried.
I saw the crown of thorns He wore;
The stripes on His back.
The water and the blood ran out,
And then the sky turned black.
My mind was filled with anger.
My heart filled with shame.
The man brought only healing!
Well, who could bring Him pain?
Why does it seem the strong
They always victimize the weak?
And suddenly I found myself
Standing to my feet,

And I cried,
Who nailed Him there?
This Child of peace and mercy--
Who nailed Him there?
Come and face me like a man!
Who nailed Him there?
And the crowd began to mock me.
I cried, Oh my God, I just don't understand!
Then I turned and saw the hammer
In my hand.



I am just a Roman soldier,
An ordinary man.
I love my wife and children;
I do the best I can.
But how could I have killed Him?
There must be someone else!
I got to find an answer!
I can't blame myself!

I nailed Him there,
This Child of peace and mercy.
I nailed Him there.
I am the guilty man.
I nailed Him there
With my sins and my transgressions.
I cried, Oh my God, now I understand
When I turned and saw the hammer
In my hand.



101 GIFTS TO GIVE ALL YEAR LONG

1. Smile.
2. Pray with your family.
3. Pat someone on the back.
4. Say "Thank you."
5. Give an unexpected kiss...
6. ...or a warm hug.
7. Say, "You look wonderful!" and mean it.
8. Rub a tired back.
9. Share the Adventist Review, Message Magazine, Life and Health and other S.D.A. journals.
10. Send a thank-you card to an old teacher.
11. Say, "Good morning," even if it isn't.
12. Mail an unexpected and caring letter to an old friend.
13. Place a surprise phone call.
14. Wash the dishes when it's not your turn.
15. Empty the trash when it's not your turn.
16. Ignore a rude remark.
17. Send a "one-minute love call."
18. Start off someone's day with a joke or funny story.
19. Provide a shoulder to lean on.
20. Save the want ads for a job hunter.
21. Write an encouraging letter to an editor.
22. Take Grandma or Grandpa to lunch.
23. Send a "Thinking of You" card.
24. Wave and smile at a parking enforcement officer.
25. Pay your bills on time.
26. Pass your used clothes to a needy person.
27. Pass on some good news. Don't pass on the gossip.
28. Say something nice to someone.
29. Lend a favorite book. Don't nag to get it back.
30. Return a friend's favorite book.
31. Play catch with a little kid.
32. Help someone figure out a solution instead of giving advice.
33. Take a box of homemade cookies to work.
34. Visit an elderly shut-in.
35. Laugh at a boring joke.
36. Tell your partner that she is beautiful.








Share

37. Serve breakfast in bed and clean up afterward.
38. Clean the house for Mom and Dad.
39. Share a dream.
40. Walk with your partner on a regular basis.
41. Keep a confidence.
42. Try to understand a teenager. Try again and again. Succeed.
43. Let someone ahead of you in line.
44. Catch someone "doing it right" and say, "Great job!"
45. Say please.
46. Say *yes* when you'd rather say *no*.
47. Explain patiently.
48. Tell the truth, but with kindness and tact. Ask, "Does the other person really need to hear this?"
49. Encourage a sad person.
50. Spread a little joy.
51. Do a kind deed anonymously.
52. Share your umbrella.
53. Leave a funny card under a windshield wiper.
54. Tape a love note to the refrigerator.
55. Give someone a flower from your garden.
56. Share a beautiful sunset with someone you love.
57. Say "I love you" first. Say it often.
58. Share a funny story with someone whose spirits are dragging.
59. Free yourself of envy and malice.
60. Encourage some youth to do his/her best.
61. Share an experience and offer hopefulness.
62. Find the time. Yes, you can. It involves making new choices.
63. Think things through.
64. Listen.
65. Examine your demands on others. Give some of them up.
66. Lighten up. Find the funny side of a situation.
67. Take a quiet walk when you feel like blowing your top.
68. Be a friend.
69. Be optimistic.
70. Express your gratitude.
71. Read something uplifting to someone.
72. Do what you value and value what you do.
73. If you see litter on the sidewalk, pick it up instead of walking over it.
74. Be genuine.



Share

75. Walk tall.
76. Never miss an opportunity to be affectionate to your loved ones.
77. Invite a loved one to snuggle and lie on the grass on a summer's night while you look at the stars.
78. Look for something beautiful in one person every day.
79. Take someone on a surprise outing.
80. Ask a friend for help, even when you don't need it. 
81. Be quiet in a library. 
82. Help someone change a tire.
83. Tell a bedtime story to a little one or ask the little one to tell you a story.
84. Share your vitamin C.
85. Give a blanket to a homeless person.
86. Mail someone a poem.
87. Leave you letter carrier a little gift.
88. Point out the beauty and wonder of nature to those you love.
89. Allow someone a mistake.
90. Allow yourself several mistakes.
91. Invite a friend to Sabbath School and church.
92. Use just one parking space.
93. Consider a different point of view.
94. Let your partner win at golf.
95. Forgive an old grudge. 
96. Talk with a lonely child. 
97. Laugh at an old joke. 
98. Take kids to the park.
99. Be the "eyes and ears" for your friends.
100. Whistle when you're feeling down.
101. Let go of the urge to be critical of someone.

Adapted from a 4th course of *Chicken Soup for the Soul* by Jack Canfield and Mark Hansen Communications, Inc., Deerfield Beach, FL, 1997



Share

CAN DO ATTITUDES

Do what you do best: If you're a runner, run; if you're a bell, ring. Ignas Bernstein

Miracles happen to those who believe in them. Bernard Berenson

Courage is very important. Like a muscle, it is strengthened by use. Ruth Gordon

It is good to mark your Bible, but it is better to let your Bible mark you. Croft M. Pentz

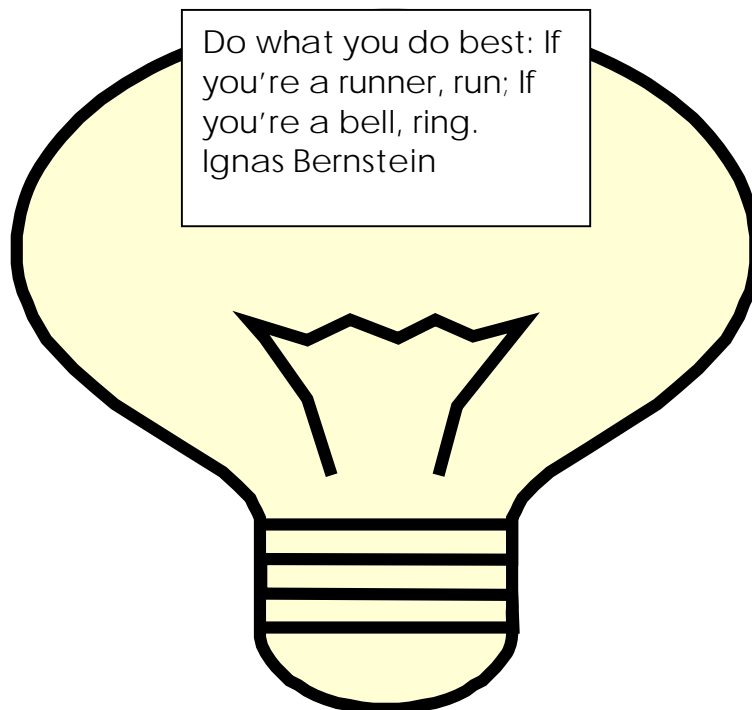
The word *impossible* is not in my dictionary. Napoleon Bonaparte

It's a funny thing about life; if you refuse to accept anything but the best, you very often get it. S. Somerset Maugham

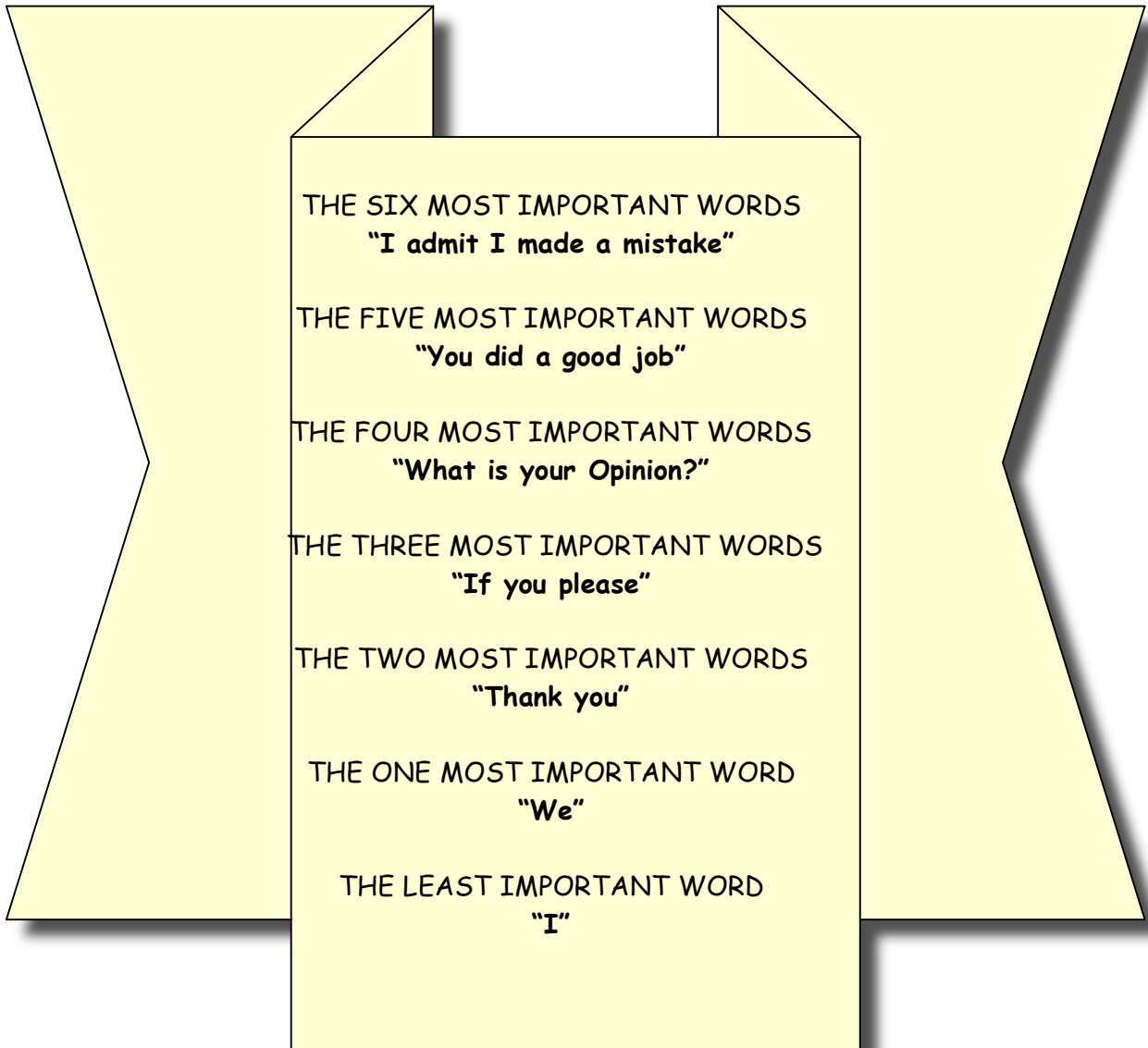
Life is like riding a bicycle. You don't fall off unless you stop peddling. Claude Pepper

If you think you can, you can. And if you think you can't, you're right. Mary Kay Ash

When one door is shut, another opens. Miguel De Cervantes



A SHORT COURSE IN HUMAN RELATION





School program ideas

Old Time Recitations

Invite the older people to a special lunch at Thanksgiving and do a program just for them. (Many older people have trouble getting out at night. So see if this can be done during the daytime.) Find plays, programs, and "pieces" from long ago and put on an old-fashioned recitation.

"The Price Was Right: In 1950..."

Research prices of household goods, etc., from a certain time period. (The Depression era is great, so is post-WWII—the 40s and 50s, and even the 60s. Old editions of the Sears Catalog are available.) Make up a "price is right" game. Download or sketch each item for showing on a screen. Have the emcee describe each item, where it would have been sold, and let the audience and panel guess its price. A great evening would be to pit the younger people against the older. Be sure to include items that would have been used during the lifetime of the older people but not the younger ones (such as record players and records).

Students will really get into the research for this game once they have started. And older people love reminiscing. This often leads to fascinating discussions between older and younger people on what things were really like. (My students are constantly stunned to hear that yes, Mother Methuselah, their teacher, actually used an artifact called a slide ruler, and did not hold a calculator until she had graduated from college, when she bought one that cost half a week's pay. And it only added, subtracted, multiplied and divided. Amazingly, most of her generation *could add and subtract in their heads as well as round off and multiply and divide in their heads*. And she learned to work with computers when they used punch cards and no screens. And many of us *dialed phone numbers, had party lines—explain that one--and only had one phone number.*)



To make the evening longer, a period sing-a-long is fun, as well as "period foods". (We once had a lengthy discussion with a group of high-school seniors who insisted that we tell them what foods we ate during the fifties. We told them "real food" as in fat, home-made French-fries, and cookies and cakes from scratch, homemade ice cream, mashed potatoes made from potatoes we had grown, meat that we had either raised or gotten from the neighborhood butcher, that there was a "milkman" who came to your door, and that there were *NO MACDONALDS, TACO BELLS, OR PIZZA HUTS.* We lived *before Mountain Dew, and actually had grandmothers who knew how to make homemade root beer.* And most of our entertainment memories revolved around something nature-y, like bike-riding, swimming, damming up small creeks, sandlot baseball, tree-climbing, fort-building, sticks, rocks, bee stings, skunks, rats, etc. When we mentioned our households' first color TVs (not until well into the 60's), it took a lot of 'splaining to convince them that we were mesmerized by black and white shows and that we had seen *I Love Lucy* when it first came out.)

We once did this program long ago in the early 1980s when we were fortunate enough to still have people living who had been born in the late 1890s and early 1900s. These people's grandparents had been in the Civil War, or they were immigrants or their parents were immigrants. They knew Teddy Roosevelt. *They knew stories that had been told directly to them by people who had been in the Civil War.* We used the 1906 Sears Catalog. The oldsters regaled us with stories of WWI (the Great War, the War to End All Wars), the Depression, the Roaring Twenties, and then they sang popular songs from that era while my husband strummed along. The highlight of the evening was when an old guy in his eighties climbed up on a table, sang "K-K-Katie" from WWI, and then taught the words and tune to the audience. It turned into an absolute riotous evening, there was a lot of bonding and a great deal of awe among students and the 80-ish group, and our old people were treated with a great deal more deference and respect when it was over.)



Poems

Poems from: The Expressive Reader Readers: Reader for the Sixth, Seventh, & Eighth Year, by James Baldwin and Ida C. Bender, New York: American Book Company, 1911

Battle Bunny: A Poem of the Civil War

By Bret Harte, an American writer (1839-1902). "After the men were ordered to lie down, a white rabbit, which had been hopping hither and thither over the field swept by grape and musketry, took refuge among the skirmishers, in the breast of a corporal."—*Report of the Battle of Malvern Hill, 1864.*



Bunny, lying in the grass,
Saw the shining column pass;
Saw the starry banner fly,
Saw the chargers fret and fume,
Saw the flapping hat and plume—
Saw them with his moist and shy
Most unspeculative eye,
Thinking only, in the dew,
That it was a fine review--
Till a flash, not all of steel,
Where the rolling caissons wheel
Brought a rumble and a roar
Rolling down that velvet floor,
And, like blows of autumn flail,
Sharply threshed the iron hail.

Bunny, thrilled by unknown fears,
Raised his soft and pointed ears,
Mumbled his prehensile lip,
Quivered his pulsating hip,
As the sharp vindictive yell
Rose above the screaming shell;
Thought the world and all its men--
All the charging squadrons meant--
All were rabbit hunters then,
All to capture him intent.



Bunny was not much to blame;
Wiser folks have thought the same--
Wiser folk who think they spy
Every ill begins with I.

Wildly panting, here and there,
Bunny sought the freer air,
Till he hopped below the hill,
And saw, lying close and still,
Men with muskets in their hands.
(Never bunny understands
That hypocrisy of sleep
In the vigils grim they keep
As, recumbent on that spot,
They elude the level shot.)

One—a grave and quiet man,
Thinking of his wife and child
Far beyond the Rapidan,
Where the Androscoggin smiled--
Felt the little rabbit creep,
Nestling by his arm and side,
Wakened from strategic sleep,
To that soft appeal replied,
Drew him to his blackened breast,
And --

But you have guessed the rest.
Softly o'er that chosen pair,
Omnipresent Love and Care
Drew a mightier Hand and Arm,
Shielding them from every harm;
Right and left the bullets waved—
Saved the savior and the saved.

Who believes that equal grace
God extends in every place?
Little difference he scans
'Twixt a rabbit's God and man's.

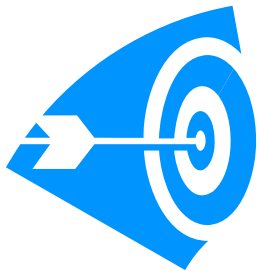
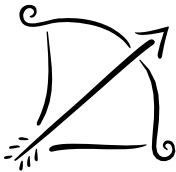


The Arrow and the Song
By Henry W. Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

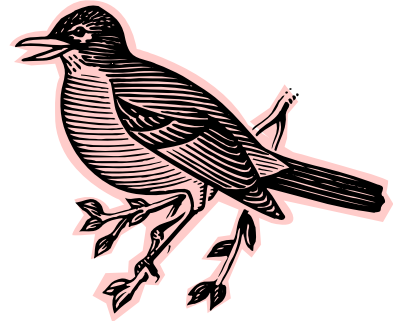
Long, long afterward in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroken;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.





THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

By Robert Browning



The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.





Secular stories

"General Lee and Traveler" from: *The Expressive Reader Readers: Reader for the Sixth, Seventh, & Eighth Year*, by James Baldwin and Ida C. Bender, America Book Company, NY, © 1911

General Lee and Traveler

By Robert E. Lee, Junior, in Recollections and Letter of General Robert E. Lee. Traveler was the name of the general's war horse that carried him through many stirring scenes of the Civil War. The horse outlived the general and was buried next to him when he died.



My father was generally accompanied by one of my sisters in his rides, whenever the weather and the condition of the roads admitted of their going. It took very severe weather to keep him in, though often he could not spare time, for during the winter months the days were very short. Whenever I was in Lexington I rode with him, and when he was prevented by any cause he would ask me to take Traveler out and give him a gallop, which I was delighted to do.

My father's affection for his horse was very deep and strong. In a letter written from the Springs one summer to his clerk in Lexington, he says:-



"How is Traveler? Tell him I miss him dreadfully, and have repented of our separation but once—and that is the whole time since we parted."

I think that Traveler appreciated his love and sympathy and returned it as much as was in a horse's nature to do. As illustrative of this bond between them, a very pretty story was told me by Mrs. S. P. Lee.

"One afternoon in July, the General rode down to the canal-boat landing to put on board a young lady who had been visiting his daughters and was returning home. He dismounted, tied Traveler to a post, and was standing on the boat making his adieux, when someone called out that Traveler was loose. Sure enough, the gallant gray was making his way up the road, increasing his speed as a number of boys and men tried to stop him.

"The General immediately stepped ashore, called to the crowd to stand still, and advancing a few steps gave a peculiar low whistle. At the first sound Traveler stopped and pricked up his ears. The General whistled a second time, and the horse with a glad whinny turned and trotted quietly back to his master who patted and coaxed him before tying him up again.

"To a bystander expressing surprise at the creature's docility the General observed that he did not see how any man could ride a horse for any length of time without a perfect understanding being established between them."

My sister, Mildred, who rode with him constantly, tells me of his enjoyment of their long rides out into the beautiful, restful country. Nothing seemed to delight him so much. I have often known him to give rein to Traveler and ride at full speed to the top of some long hill, then turn and wait for me, jogging along on the mare Lucy, while he called out in a merry voice, "Come along, Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy, Lucy Long!"

He would question the country people about the roads, where they came from, where they led to, and soon knew every farmer's name and every homestead in the country. He often said: --

"I wish I had a little farm of my own, where we could live in peace to the end of our days. You girls could attend to the dairy and the cows and the sheep and wait on your mother and me; for it is time now for us old people to rest and for the young people to work."



All the children in the country around were devoted to him, after they once knew him. He used to meet his favorites among the little ones on the street, and would sometimes lift them up in front of him to give them a ride on Traveler. That was the greatest treat he could provide.

Robert E. Lee has the peculiar distinction of having been asked by both the North and the South to lead their armies during the Civil War. He decided to support the South. His home near Washington, DC, was taken by the North and used as a cemetery. Arlington National Cemetery has become the final resting place of many famous people. Lee was unable to return to it after the War. When this piece was published by his son, many people were still living who had served in the Civil War.





"Cynthia's Cow" from: *The Expressive Reader Readers: Reader for the Sixth, Seventh, & Eighth Year*, by James Baldwin and Ida C. Bender, America Book Company, NY, @ 1911



Cynthia's Cow

By Mary Seldon McCobb

At the time of this story, 1780, Cynthia Smith was a little girl living at her father's home in South Carolina.

She was twelve years old, four feet and two inches high, and, for so young and so small a person, she was as staunch a patriot as you could have found in all America; for the War of Independence had been raging in the United States ever since Cynthia could remember.

When she was only five years old, her little heart had beaten hard at the story of the famous "Boston Tea Party," at which a whole shipload of tea had emptied into the harbor, because King George of England had insisted on a "three-penny tax."

The following year, when England shut up the harbor of Boston, not a mouthful of rice did Cynthia get to eat, for her father had sent his whole harvest to the North, as did many another Southern planter. Soon after that, her brother John went to Massachusetts to visit Uncle Hezekiah, and the next June they heard that he had been shot dead at the battle of Bunker Hill.



Cynthia wept hot tears on her coarse homespun apron; but she dried them in a sort of strange delight when Tom insisted on taking John's place and following a certain *George Washington* to the war.

"It's 'Liberty of Death' we have marked on our shirts, and it's 'Liberty or Death' we have burned into our hearts," Tom afterwards wrote home; and his mother wrung her hands, and his father grimly smiled.



"Just wait, you two other boys," said the latter. "We'll have the war at our own doors before it is all over."

He said this because Will and Ebenezer wished to follow in Tom's footsteps. Cynthia longed to be a boy, so that she might have a skirmish with the "Britishers" on her own account. But she had little time for patriotic dreamings and yearnings. There was a deal of work to be done in those days; and Cynthia helped to weave cloth for the family gowns and trousers, and to spin and knit yarn for the family stockings. This kept her very busy.

In 1776, when Cynthia was eight years old, two important events had happened—important, at least, to her. One was the signing of the Declaration of Independence, which she could not quite understand; the other was the birth of a red-and-white calf in Mr. Smith's barn. Her heart beat fast with feelings of patriotism when she heard her father read from a sheet of paper which someone had given him, "All men are born free and equal"; and she went almost wild with joy when her father gave her the little calf to be all her own.

Cynthia, giving free scope to her feelings, named the calf "Free-'n'-equal"; and if ever an animal deserved such a name, it was this one. It scorned all authority, kicked up its hind legs, and went careering round the



plantation at its own sweet will, only coming to the barn when Cynthia's call was heard.

Free-'n'-equal was Cynthia's only playmate, for there were no other children within six miles of the Smiths. As the calf grew and became a cow, the more intimate and loving did the two become. Cynthia confided all her secrets to Free-'n'-equal, and asked her advice about many an important undertaking. She even consulted her as to the number of stitches to be put on a pair of wristlets for Tom, who had, in the winter of 1777-1778, gone with General Washington to Pennsylvania.

Alas! Tom never wore those wristlets. He was one of the many who died of hunger and cold in that awful Valley Forge. Cynthia believed that Free-'n'-equal understood all the sorrow of her heart when she told her the pitiful news. Quite as much did she share her joy, when, a few months later, Cynthia came flying to the barn with the tidings that Lafayette had come from France to aid the American cause.

But again the joy vanished, and Cynthia sobbed her woe into Free-'n'-equal's sympathizing ear when Sir Henry Clinton captured Charleston, only twenty miles away. And a few months later her grief was beyond control. "For General Gates has come down to South Carolina, and father and Will and Hezekiah have gone to fight in his army."

Free-'n'-equal shook her head, and uttered a long low "Moo-o," which seemed plainly enough to say, "What's to become of the rest of us, my little mistress?"

Cynthia brushed away her tears in a twinkling.

"We'll take care of ourselves, that's what we'll do. Mother and I will attend to the rice; and you must do your part, and give us more milk than ever, so as to keep us strong and well."

Those were days of alarm along the Santee River, for the British soldiers were roaming all around and laying waste the country. But Cynthia was not afraid—no, not even when Lord Cornwallis came within three miles of the plantation. She said her prayers every day, and believed firmly in the guardian angels and a certain rusty gun behind the kitchen door. She was not afraid even when a redcoat did sometimes rise above the horizon like a



morning cloud. She had no more fear of him than of the scarlet-breasted bird which sang above her head when she went into the woods nearby to gather sticks.

It is no wonder, then, that she was taken all aback when, one afternoon as she came home with her bundle of sticks, her mother met her and said, "Cynthia, they have been here and driven off Free-'n'-equal."

"They!" gasped Cynthia. "Who?"

"The British soldiers. They tied a rope round her horns and dragged her along to their camp. Cynthia, Cynthia, what shall we do?"

Cynthia uttered a sound which was like a groan and a war whoop, and darted out of the door. Along the dusty road she ran, on and on. Her yellow sunbonnet fell back on her shoulders, and her brown curls were covered with dust. One mile, two miles, three miles—on and on. At last she reached a small house which was Lord Cornwallis's headquarters. Never a moment did Cynthia pause. The sentinels challenged her, but, without answering a word, she marched straight past them. Into the house—into the parlor—she walked. There sat Lord Cornwallis and some six officers, eating and drinking at a big table.

Cynthia stopped at the threshold and dropped a curtsy. Lord Cornwallis glanced up and saw her. Then Miss Cynthia dropped another curtsy, opened her lips, and began to speak.

"I am Cynthia Smith," said she, gravely, "and your men have taken my cow, Free-'n'-equal Smith, and I've come to fetch her home, if you please."

"Your cow?" questioned Lord Cornwallis, with a glass in his hand.

"They carried her off by a rope," said Cynthia.

"Where do you live?" asked the general.

"Three miles away, with my mother."

"Have you no father?"

"One, and four brothers."

"Where is your father?"

"He is in General Gates' army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis."

"Oh, he is a rebel, is he?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Cynthia, proudly.



"And where are your brothers?"

Cynthia paused. "John died along with General Warren, from the top of Bunker Hill," said she, with a trembling lip.

One of the younger officers smiled, but he stopped when he saw Lord Cornwallis' eye flashing at him.

"And Tom died out of Valley Forge, where he was helping General Washington," added Cynthia, softly.

"Where are the other two?"

"In the army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis." Cynthia's head was erect again.

"Rank rebels," said Cornwallis.

"Yes, they are."

"Hum! And you're a bit of a rebel, too, I am thinking, if the truth were told."

Miss Cynthia nodded with emphasis.

"And yet you came here for your cow," said Cornwallis. "I have no doubt but that she is rebel beef herself."

Cynthia paused a moment, and then said, "I think she would be if she had two less legs, and not quite so much horn. That is, she'd be a rebel; but maybe you wouldn't call her beef then."

Lord Cornwallis laughed a good-natured, hearty laugh that made the room

ring. All his officers laughed, too, including the miserable redcoat who had smiled over John's fate. Miss Cynthia wondered what the fun might be; but, in no wise abashed, she stood firm on her two little feet, and waited until the merriment should be over. At last, however, her face began to flush a little. What if these fine gentlemen were making fun of her, after all?

Lord Cornwallis saw the red blood mount in her cheeks, and he stopped laughing at once.

"Come here, my little maid," said he. "I myself will see to it that your cow is safe in your barn tomorrow morning. And perhaps," he added,



Lord Cornwallis



unfastening a pair of silver knee buckles which he wore, "perhaps you will accept these as a gift from one who wishes no harm to these rebels."

Then he rose and held his glass above his head; so did every officer in the room. "Here's to the health of as fair a little rebel as we shall meet!" said he.

She dropped her final curtsey, clasped the shining buckles, and out of the room she vanished, sure in her mind that Free-'n'-equal was all her own once more; and she was right. As for those buckles, they are this very day in the hands of one of Cynthia's descendants. For there was a real cow, and a real Cynthia, as well as a real Lord Cornwallis.

From: The Expressive Reader Readers: Reader for the Sixth, Seventh, & Eighth Year, by James Baldwin and Ida C. Bender, America Book Company, NY, © 1911



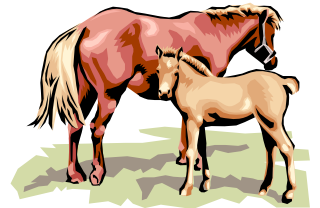


Catching the Colt

By Marian Douglas

With star in forehead, silver tail,
And three white feet to match,
The half-broken, playful colt
Not one of us could catch.

"I can," said Jack, "I'm good for that";
Then he shook his empty hat.
"She'll think it's full of corn," said he;
"Stand back, and she will come to me."



Her head, the shy, proud creature raised
As' mid the daisy flowers she grazed;
Then down the hill, across the brook,
Delaying often, her way she took.

Then stepping softly, and with movement quick,
She hurried on, and then came back.

"Ho! Ho! I've caught you!" then said Jack,
And put the halter round her neck.



By and by came another day
When Jack was wishing for a ride.
"I'll catch that colt the very same way,--
I know I can," said he with pride.

So, up the stony pasture lane,
And up the hill he trudged again;
Then to the colt he said, "Come, ho!"
And shook his old hat to and fro.



"She'll think it's full of corn," he thought,
"And easily then she will be caught."
"Come, Beck!" he called; and at the sound
The restless creature looked around.

Soon, with a quick, impatient kick,
She galloped far away from Jack;
Then underneath a tree she stopped
And leisurely some clover cropped.

Jack followed after, but in vain;
His hand was just upon her mane,
When off she flew as flies the wind,
And, panting, he pressed on behind.

Down the steep hill, the brook across,
O'er bushes, thistles, mounds of moss,
Round and around the field they passed,
Till breathless Jack fell down at last.

Then, vexed, he threw away his hat,-
"The colt," he said, "remembers that!
There's always trouble from deceit;
I'll never try again to cheat!"



"Catching the Colt" from: *The Expressive Readers: Reader for Fourth and Fifth Years* by Baldwin & Benders, American Book Company, 1919..



Stories



Tom Dick and Harry

Tom and Dick were two fire-engine horses. They were large and strong and beautiful. They could run very fast, and all the firemen were proud of them.

For six years these two horses had gone to every fire in their district. They had learned all the fire signals, and they knew just what to do and when to do it.

One day as they were coming home from a fire, Tom stepped on a loose stone in the street; he stumbled, and hurt one of his legs. The men led him to his stall and bandaged the leg. They said that it would be at least a week before they could drive Tom again.

The next day he seemed quite lame, and the captain of the fire company shook his head.

"Tom, my good horse," he said, "I'm afraid we shall have to go to all the fires this winter without you. But there's Harry, the new horse; he'll do the work until you get well."

So Harry was put in Tom's stall, and Tom was given the large box stall just beyond it.



That very night when everybody was having a good nap, the fire alarm was heard.

"Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong!" rang the great gong at the top of the engine house.

The firemen tumbled out of their beds. They drew on their boots, and were at their places in less than a minute.

"It's too bad about Tom," said the driver. "I don't know how we'll make out with Harry; but I hope he'll do pretty well."

"Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle!" rang the small bell just above the stalls.

The horses knew what that meant. All ran out and stood in front of the engine—all except poor Tom, who was shut in his stall. How eager they were for the grand rush through the streets!

"Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong!"

The men leaped upon the engine; the driver seized the reins; the horses sprang forward; and away they went, rushing and rattling down the street. And Tom was left alone in the box stall.

The poor horse could not understand why he could not go too. He forgot his lame leg. He neighed as loudly as he could. He jumped up and down. He listened to the sound of the clattering hoofs of Dick and Harry, now far down the street.

What did it all mean? Was he to go to no more fires? Was that new horse, Harry, to have all the joy of the midnight gallop through the streets, while he was left alone in the engine house?

Then Tom turned and kicked with all his might at the door which shut him in. It was splintered and cracked by the blow. He kicked again, and again, and again. The latch was broken, the door flew open, there was no one near to see what had been done.

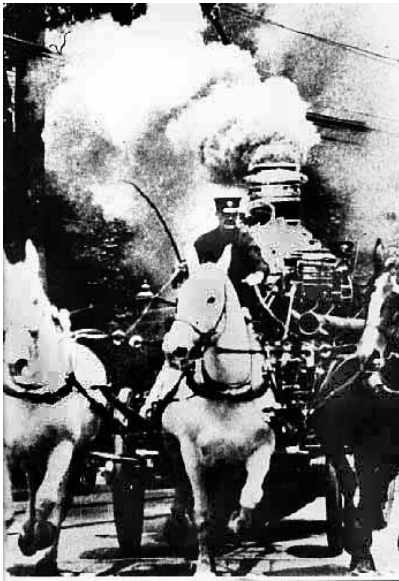
With one great leap Tom was out of the stall; then out of the engine house he rushed, and down the street he ran as he had never run before.

Far away, the horse could see the flames shooting up in the darkness and lighting the sky beyond. He could hear the shouting of men and boys as they ran toward the fire. Yes, he could hear the clattering of horses' hoofs



and the rumbling of his own fire engine on the rough street some distance ahead of him.

Ah, how slow that new horse, Harry, must be! And how it must worry poor Dick to be hitched by the side of a beast so lazy and awkward! Whether Tom thought of this, or not, I cannot say; but he neighed wildly, and rushed onward like the wind.



And now the engine had come to a sharp turn in the street. The driver pulled hard on the reins; and then suddenly the new horse stumbled and fell. The men leaped from the engine and ran to help him up. Alas! A leg was broken; he could not rise.

"Run to the first fire box and call out another engine," cried the captain.

At that moment there was a great clattering of hoofs near by, and Tom came rushing up, his head held high, and his eyes flashing with the joy of the race.

"Hurrah!" cried the astonished firemen. "There's Tom! He's come to help us out, and he doesn't limp at all."

Right up to his place beside Dick the proud horse cantered; and in another minute the harness from Harry was thrown upon him, and he was ready for work. The driver shouted, the men leaped to their places, and again the engine was speeding down the street.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted the men. "We shall yet win; but we never could have done it but for brave Tom."

After the fire had been put out and the engine had been taken back, all the men came around Tom to pat him on the neck and speak words of kindness and praise.

"Well, his leg was not much hurt, after all," said the captain. "There's no need to keep him in the box stall."



"Tom, Dick, and Harry" from: *The Expressive Readers: Reader for Fourth and Fifth Years*, by Baldwin & Benders, American Book Company, 1919..



The Story of Raggles



One cold morning in March a poor, ragged-looking little Indian pony came up the road to Mr. Hudson's cattle ranch. He stopped at the gate and looked wistfully through the bars at the stacks of fodder and hay in the barnyard; and then, to make his wants known, he neighed timidly two or three times and stamped his feet on the frozen ground.

"What horse is that?" asked Mr. Hudson, who was sitting at this breakfast.

His little daughter Lillian looked out and saw the pony at the gate. "Oh, it's the funniest, raggedest little creature you ever saw, and he's all alone," she said.

"It's some stray pony from the other side of the prairie, no doubt," said Mr. Hudson.

"But what makes him so thin and ragged?" asked Lillian.

"That's because nobody takes care of him. His master, whoever he may be, has turned him out to shift for himself; and it's pretty hard for a pony to find much food on the bare prairie at this time of the year."

"He must be very hungry," said Lillian. "Shan't we put him in the barn and give him a good breakfast?"

"He doesn't belong to us," answered her father. "If I should drive him out of the lane he will probably find his way home again."

"But see how cold he is," said Lillian. "I'm sure it will do no harm to let him come in a while."

So Mr. Hudson told her to open the gate, and the pony walked in as if he were at home. They gave him a warm stall in the barn and the best breakfast he had eaten in many a day.

The little fellow must have wandered many miles across the prairie; for although Mr. Hudson made inquiries among all his friends and neighbors he



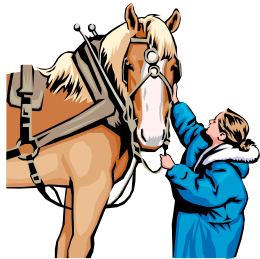
could not find any owner. So Lillian claimed him and named him "Raggles" because of his tangled mane and tail.

Raggles soon became a great pet. He was gentle and quick to learn, and his little mistress often took long rides upon his back.

Every morning during the fall and winter Raggles carried Lillian across the prairie to the nearest school, two miles away. Then, when she alighted, he turned and trotted back home. At three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian. If he got to school too early, he would wait patiently at the door till she came out. He seemed to know exactly what was expected of him.

At last one day in midwinter there came a dreadful snowstorm. It was so sudden and so severe that many people lost their lives, and thousands of cattle on the prairies were frozen to death.

Lillian was at school as usual. The storm began at noon, and the air grew terribly cold. The snow blew so thick and fast that people who were out of doors could only see a little way ahead of them; and several men and boys were frozen to death while trying to go from their barns back to their houses. The roads and the paths, and even the fences and hedges were soon hidden under the snow.



How would Lillian get home from school in such a storm as this? Mr. Hudson was ill in bed, and he was afraid that Raggles could not be trusted to go. But Mrs. Hudson went to the barn, saddled the pony, and tied a bundle of warm wraps for Lillian on his back. Then she stroked his shaggy neck and told him to be sure to bring Lillian safe home.

He seemed to understand, and trotted briskly out in the face of the dreadful storm. How would he find his way over the trackless, snow-covered prairie?

An hour passed, and the storm became fiercer and fiercer. Two hours went by; it was growing dark and the anxiety of Lillian's parents became terrible. Then, to their great joy, the shaggy form of Raggles was seen through the blinding snow, and on his back sat Lillian, bundled up, warm and safe, in the wraps which her mother had sent.



The teacher had helped her on the pony, and Raggles had bravely battled his way through the storm to bear his little mistress home. What a great reward the family got for its kindness to a poor, starving, homeless pony!

"The Story of Raggles" from: *The Expressive Readers: Reader for Fourth and Fifth Years* by Baldwin & Benders, American Book Company, 1919..



The Lion and the Mouse

A lion fell asleep in the woods. He fell asleep near the home of some little mice.

When the mice came out to play, they saw the lion. One little mouse said, "We can play hide and seek on his back."

One mouse hid behind the lion's ear. One mouse hid under the lion's paw. "This is fun," said the little mice.

Just then the lion woke up. The mice ran away. They ran and ran and ran. All ran but the little mouse under the lion's paw. She could not get away.

"Oh Lion! Please let me go," cried the little mouse.

"Why should I let you go?" said the lion.

"I am so little," said the mouse. "Please let me go."

"I am hungry," said the lion. "I have you under my paw. I will eat you."

"Do not eat me, Lion," said the mouse, "and some day I will help you."

The lion laughed.

"You can not help me," he said.

"You are only a little mouse. But I will let you go."

The next day the little mouse was in the woods. She heard the roar of a lion. "That is the old lion," she said. "I will go and see why he is roaring."

She ran until she found the lion. "Why do you roar, Lion?" said the mouse.

"Can you not see?" said the Lion.

"I am tied with a rope. I can not get away."

"Do not roar so loudly, Lion," said the mouse. "I can set you free."

"You can not set me free," said the lion.

And he started to roar again.

"Be still," said the mouse, "and I with my sharp teeth will cut the rope."

The lion lay still.

With her sharp teeth the mouse cut the rope.

The lion was free.





"I told you I would help you," said the mouse.
"Thank you, Little Mouse," said the Lion.
And he walked away free.

Even the smallest kind deed may repaid some day in a large way.

"The Lion and the Mouse" from: *The Progressive Road to Reading: Story Steps*, New York: Silver, Burdett, and Company, 1917, by Clare Kleiser, William Ettinger, and Edgar Dubs Shimer, illustrated by Harold Cue.





MY SON - MY SAVIOR

By Dorothy Doutt Minchew

So much has happened in only a few days. The stately green palm branches that were strewn as a path for the “king” are now brown from the sun and bruised and torn almost beyond recognition from the feet of countless visitors. Thousands have streamed into Jerusalem for this most festive of religious occasions—this festive occasion that is turning into a nightmare.

My son has been betrayed by one of his own followers. Sold! For thirty pieces of silver! Because it is “expedient that one should die,” Jesus has been turned over to Pilate to be crucified, while the thoughtless crowd shouts for the release of a common thief by the name of Barabbas. And now, by the simple act of washing his hands, Pilate becomes another of those whose hideous insults Jesus must bear.



I cannot stand much more of this anguish. I have no more tears. The hot ache in my parched throat makes it impossible for me to speak. As I stand helplessly by and watch my son being so cruelly mistreated by men, women, and children who are not worthy even to be in his presence, I wish that he had not even been born. He has tried so valiantly to do his heavenly Father’s bidding, and it has been such a difficult task. Why has so much been demanded from him?

Surely God, in His great wisdom, could have found another answer to man’s sin.

“Blessed art thou among women.”

Those words echo in my ears. Blessed? Blessed to know that from my womb has come one who will suffer an agony so horrible that even God must surely blacken all the earth to keep from seeing it?

Oh, God, did You forget? Did You not know, above all others, what pain a mother’s heart contains? Is it only the one who nurtures her babe that aches as her son aches?

My baby son! How happy Joseph and I were when you were born that start-filled night in Bethlehem! You were such a tiny bundle of joy for both of us. As the angels heralded your birth, we knew that you were someone special.

My pain is almost unbearable, watching the soldiers mock you, as they dress you in a scarlet robe and press a crown of thorns upon your brow.

Where now, my son, are your faithful followers—even Peter?





Oh! I have been pushed down by the rushing mob and cannot even get a glimpse of him! As I lie here, unable to rise, I cannot help thinking back to his twelfth year, when Joseph and I brought him to Jerusalem for the Passover. How different it was from this day! Little did we realize that that year was the turning point in his life—until we discovered that he had not followed us as we left. When we returned to find him, we were amazed to hear him speaking with such wisdom and authority in the midst of learned men. Suddenly, I realized that my son surely was no ordinary boy.

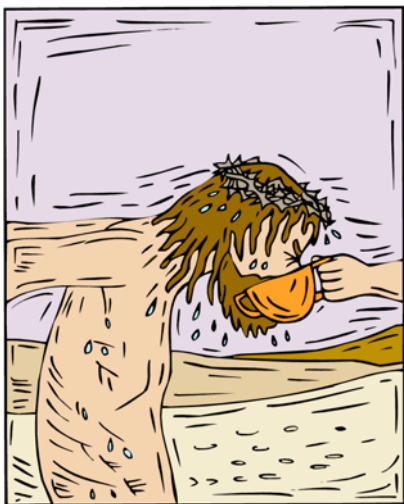
It was from that day that I began to know that he belonged more to God than to me.

At last, I can rise to my feet and see Jesus again. They have now clothed him in his own garments.

Be strong, Son! Stop there and rest! He is on his way up the Hill of Golgotha, laboring under the weight of the cumbersome cross. Splinters from the roughhewn wood have pierced his hands and streams of blood pour forth from the swollen purple bruises.

Oh, God, I cannot bear it any longer!

There are more tears! I thought there were none left. But God, in His mercy, has granted me once more a sweet release, as hot, relentless tears rush down my burning cheeks and muffled shrieks cut into my throat.



I can only watch in dismay and disbelief as the Roman soldiers raise the crude wooden cross on which his body hangs. I want to beat upon them with my fists, but I am too weak from grief to stir. I hear his barely audible whisper, “I thirst.” Dear God, have mercy on my son!

My eyes dim with tears as I think of the wedding guests whose thirst he quenched. It was in Galilee, at a great wedding feast in Cana, that I asked Jesus to perform his first miracle. He was astonished that I asked, but he did my bidding. That was the first time we shared openly what we had both known in secret.

He, whom I have seen perform miracles, cannot now even satisfy the longing on his own parched lips for a sip of cool water.

“He saved others, himself he cannot save!”

I have to clamp my trembling hands over my ears to block out the insidious jeering and shouting. Do they not care? Is it nothing to them—all those who pass by?

I did not suppose that it would come to such a time as this!

Nor do I understand how Jesus can ask for mercy for those who are committing this heinous act against him, how he can plead with God to “forgive them.”



I want my son to show them all—spineless Pilate, the too-loyal soldiers, the cruel mob—what special powers he possesses. But no! The torture continues hour after sickening hour as I watch the life's blood run out of him.

Oh, how faint I am. His hours on the cross seem unending. How much longer, God, before the anguish of this unholy day becomes a haunting memory?

The full power of Jesus' mission is beginning to unfold. I hear him tell the thief on the cross next to him that his sins are forgiven and that they will be together in Paradise.

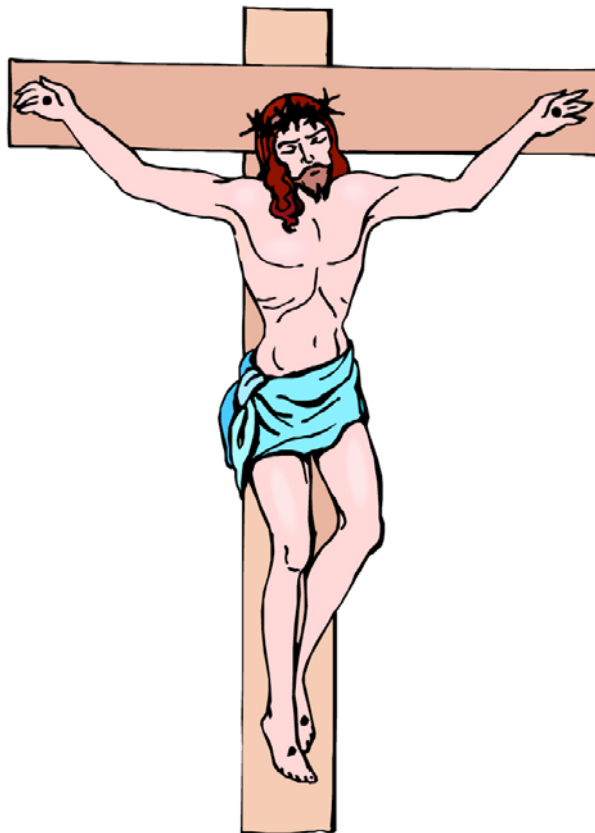
I was not aware that I was moving so close to the cross. But, all of a sudden, I am on John's arms, standing directly at the foot of the cross.

I look up into the eyes of my dying son. But, in spite of his agony and suffering, he sees only my grief, not his own. With a look of love, he is trying to relieve the agony which he knows is tearing at my heart.

As he asked John to take care of me, a drop of his precious blood fell from his thorn-crowned brow onto mine.

I much reach up to him.

And as I gaze into his face, I do not see my son. I see my Savior.





EMPTY TOMB, FULL HEART

By Nathaniel Olson

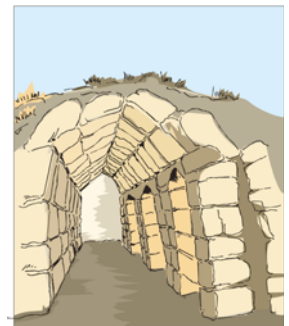
How can I describe the emotions flooding my soul as I wait my turn to enter the Garden Tomb, the place where Jesus Christ defeated death?

Although I am a writer, at this moment I have difficulty finding even one phrase to describe this moment. Perhaps the words “a quiet excitement” convey some of my feelings. I glance over at my daughter and the other forty-three members of our tour group from the United States, and their faces mirror my own keen anticipation; but each person is quiet and reflective. Someone breaks the silence with a soft melodic strain—a song by Bill Gaither. Somehow this hymn takes on a fresh meaning here in the shade of the Garden Tomb north of Damascus Gate, and soon many voices join in the singing:

Because He lives, I can face tomorrow;
 Because He lives, all fear is gone;
 Because I know, yes, I know He hold the future,
 And life is worth the living
 Just Because He lives.

This singing ends, but the words remain in my heart. I am gripped by the knowledge that this is the place where the angels declared, “He is not here, He has risen!”

Archaeological discoveries and Biblical descriptions of the tomb verify my conviction that this is, indeed, the tomb of Christ. As recent as 1970, the great British archaeologist Dame Kathleen Kenyon stated, “It is a typical tomb of about the first century A.D.” Other archaeologists concluded the tomb belonged to a wealthy Jew of the Herodian period; and Matthew 27:57 states the tomb belonged to Joseph of Arimathea, a rich and honorable member of the Sanhedrin, the Supreme Council of the Jews. Matthew further states that Christ’s burial place was hewn in a rock; and upon observation, it is clear that it is not just an old cave adapted as a burial place; but a tomb dug out of the rock.



The Biblical record of John places the tomb in a garden near the place of the crucifixion. Once again, this tomb fits the Biblical description, as Golgotha is a very short distance from the Garden Tomb. Luke described it as spacious enough for a number of people to stand inside, and Matthew further pictures it as being sealed with “a great stone.” In all detail the Garden Tomb fulfills the scriptural record.

Inside the tomb, the visitors note the ledges on each side of the tomb entrance, perhaps indicating a vaulted roof of an early church erected in front. To the left of the door is an anchor, an early Christian symbol, etched in the rock face.

As fascinating as these facts are, it is my spirit, not my mind, that registers the wonder of the empty tomb. Gone is the feeling of dissolution I sensed when I visited the other sites of



Biblical events. Here I sense an overpowering truth: Jesus did die; He was buried, but He rose the third day, according to the Scriptures.

At last our turn has come to go in. The other group is leaving, and I step closer to this tomb. I stand at the entrance to this Garden Tomb, and although I am only five feet four inches tall, I must bow low to enter. Directly in front of me is the “weeping chamber.” To my right is the low opening leading to the graves. As I walk over the threshold, I see the burial place with a pillow cut in the rock, and I say to myself, “This is where your Savior tasted death for every man. This is where he triumphed over death and the grave!” The words of Robert Lowry took on special meaning:

Up from the grave he arose!
 With a mighty triumph o'er His foes!
 He arose a victor from the dark domain,
 And He lives forever with His saints to reign!
 He arose! He arose!
 Hallelujah! Christ arose!

It is now time to return, and as I step from the tomb into the cool, crisp air of this February morning, I know I will never again be the same. For me, the resurrection has been verified by physical evidence and the Lord's promise is clear. He said, “Because I live, you too shall live.” If death could not hold him, it will not hold me. When my spirit is released from this body, I will live forever with God.

Well over a year has passed since my visit to the Garden Tomb, but I still feel “a quiet excitement” as I remember Christ's triumph over death, and I try to share this hope with others. The eternal hope as expressed in Romans, 1:4, “(Jesus Christ) declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead.”

As we look forward to this Easter, with its reminders of everlasting life, I would like to share some lines I wrote shortly after my return from the Holy Land. May they help to make this Easter even more meaningful to you.

I have seen the empty tomb;
 I've stood amazed and hushed
 In the holy presence of Him
 Who conquers death and hell and gloom.
 He is not here! Oh symphony of victory!
 He is not here! Forevermore He lives!
 My heart is thrilled with the peace,
 The joy, the glory that only Jesus gives.

Taken from *Because He Lives* by William J. and Gloria Gaither, 1971.

*He is
 Risen!*

Share



The Three Ships

The Nina, the Pinta, the Santa Maria.
Three little ships from Spain,
Sailed over the seas, under the skies so blue,
Sailed on through the wind and rain.
So brave was the captain,
So gallant his crew,
Their faith remained steadfast
Till their goal came in view.
The Nina, the Pinta, the Santa Maria,
Three little ships from Spain,
Inspired the late pioneers
Who settled on hill and plain.
So great was their labor,
Their courage so true,
That our mighty nation
From their striving grew.
~ Lillian Wallard



Columbus

A New World

Columbus found a new world
Because he dared to do
A thing that was unheard of --
A thing that was quite new.

Columbus found a new world
Because he made a start,
Instead of merely pond'ring o'er
The thoughts within his heart.

Columbus found a new world
Because he saw things through.
And you can find your new world
Precisely that way, too.
~ Alice Crowell Hoffman





Fred and the Firecrackers

Bang, bang, bang!

The back door opened hurriedly.



"Fred, what made that noise?" called Mother.

"Oh, only some firecrackers," said Fred. "Nothing to worry about."

"Scared me half to death," said Mother. "I thought somebody was shooting a gun. Now, you be careful with those things! I don't want the place set afire."

"Aw, don't worry, Mother," said Fred. "There's no harm in these little firecrackers. Just make a noise, that's all."

"Well, be careful just the same," said Mother. "Even little firecrackers can do a lot of damage sometimes."

Mother went indoors. Ten minutes later there was a terrific bang in the back yard.

"Fred, what was that?" called Mother. "That was not firecracker. What in the world are you doing out there?"

"Aw, just having a little fun," said Fred. "I just put the firecracker inside a small wooden box, and, well, it made all that noise."

"What happened to the box?"

"Blew apart."

"Then you may be mighty thankful that you didn't get a splinter in yourself," said Mother.

Fred laughed. "A splinter?" he said. "Why should I get a splinter in me?"

"I'm warning you," said Mother. "There is tremendous power in gunpowder. You saw how it broke the box. It could easily have sent a splinter into your eye."

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"Oh, there's no harm," said Fred confidently. "These little firecrackers would never hurt anybody."

"Well, be careful," said Mother again. "And don't let me catch you trying any more tricks with those things."

"All right, Mother," said Fred. "I'll be careful."

Fred, however, had no intention of giving up the little game he was playing with the bundle of firecrackers he had bought that day.

Having found that a small firecracker would burst open a wooden box, he looked around for something else on which to experiment. Picking up an old glass bottle, he decided that here was the very thing. Not knowing that this was one of the most dangerous things he could do, he put the firecracker inside, lit the fuse, and then ran for his life.

There was a loud report and once more the back door opened.

"Fred!" called Mother. "What was that noise? What have you been doing now?"

But Fred did not answer. He was too afraid that if Mother should see the remains of that broken bottle, she would take his firecrackers away from him. So he hid behind the shed and waited until he heard the back door shut again. Then he began to look around for something else that he could blow up with a firecracker. He could not find another bottle, but his eye did fall upon an old red earthenware flowerpot-- one of those that have a small hole in the bottom.

"I'll try this," he said to himself. So he turned the flowerpot upside down, inserted a firecracker, plugged up the hole, and lit the fuse.

Because nothing had happened to him when the glass bottle exploded, he thought he would stand around this time and watch the flowerpot blow up, if it did.

Seconds passed as the little glow of fire crept along the fuse. Then bang! The firecracker exploded. So did the flowerpot.

Suddenly there was a piercing shriek. The back door opened again. Out rushed Mother.

"What is it? What is it?" she cried.





"Oh, my eye! My face!" cried Fred, blood streaming from his face and hands.

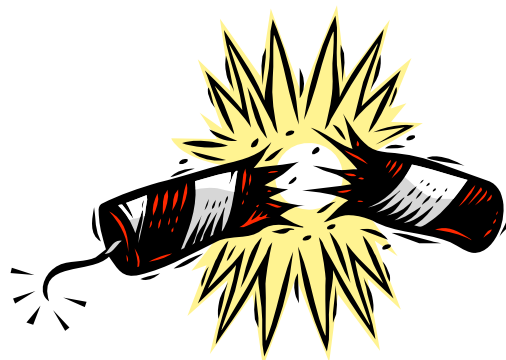
Mother hurried him indoors. She could see the ugly brick-red splinters sticking in his cheeks and hands. She rushed to the phone and called the doctor. Minutes later Fred was on his way to the hospital. When the doctor had finished with him, his head and arms were swathed in bandages. One eye was covered, too, and the doctor was not sure whether Fred would ever see with it again.

"But it was only a little firecracker in an old flowerpot," he whispered to Mother as he tried to explain what had happened. "I never thought it would splinter like that."

Only a little firecracker! But how much damage it had caused! How much suffering and expense!

Mother found splinters from that flowerpot all over the garage door; yes, and all over the back door, besides some in the fence several feet away. She left them there so that Fred could see them when he came back from the hospital.

But Fred didn't need to see them. He had learned his lesson. He had found out that playing with firecrackers, like playing with sin, is a mighty dangerous thing to do.





Fire Safety Check

During fire prevention week take this home and ask your parents to help you answer these questions.

1. How can smoke detectors help save lives?

2. Where are the best places to place smoke detectors in our home?

3. Where should things such as matches and lighters be placed so that young children cannot get them?

4. Where is the best place to keep emergency telephone numbers so that they will always be available to find and use?





5. Where is the best outdoor meeting place for our family in case we have to leave the house quickly?

6. What is our family fire emergency plan?



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Words to Think About

Children Learn . . .

10% of what they read

20% of what they hear,

30% of what they see,

50% of what they see and hear,

70% of what they say in their own words,

90% of what they say while they do something.

With children, there are no magic answers, only magic moments.

Listen to a child; opportunities come with little voices.

Strive for excellence, not perfection.

Children don't care how much you know;

They care how much you care.

Children follow in your footsteps faster than they follow your advice.

"Let my teaching fall like rain and my words descend like dew, like showers on new grass, like abundant rain on tender plants." Deuteronomy 32:2





NO "PARENT" LEFT BEHIND

I promise, you cannot read these and not laugh out loud. These are REAL notes written by PARENTS in a school district. (Spellings have been left intact.) Most of them are funny, but some are just sad.



1-- My son is under a doctor's care and should not take pe today. Please execute him.

2-- Please exkuce Lisa for being absent she was sick and i had her shot.

3-- Dear school: please ecsc's john being absent on jan. 28, 29, 30, 31, 32 and also 33.

4-- Please excuse Gloria from jim today. She is administrating.

5-- Please excuse Roland from p.e. for a few days. Yesterday he fell out of a tree and misplaced his hip.

6-- John has been absent because he had two teeth taken out of his face.

7-- Carlos was absent yesterday because he was playing football. He was hurt in the growing part.

8-- Megan could not come to school today because she has been bothered by ver! Y close veins.

9-- Chris will not be in school cus he has an acre in his side.

10-- Please excuse ray Friday from school. He has very loose vowels.

11-- Please excuse Pedro from being absent yesterday. He had (diahre, dyrea, direathe), the sh**s. Note: [words in ()'s were crossed out.

12-- Please excuse Tommy for being absent yesterday. He had diarrhea, and his boots leak.

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3-- Irving was absent yesterday because he missed his bust.

14--Please excuse jimmy for being. It was his father's fault.

15-- I kept Billie home because she had to go Christmas shopping because don't know what size she wear.

16-- Please excuse Jennifer for missing school yesterday. We forgot to get the Sunday paper off the porch, and when we found it Monday. We thought it was Sunday.

17-- my daughter was absent yesterday because she was tired. She spent a weekend with the marines.

18-- Please excuse Jason for being absent yesterday. He had a cold and could not breed well.

19-- Please excuse Mary for being absent yesterday. She was in bed with gramps.

20-- Gloria was absent yesterday as she was having a gangover.

21-- Please excuse Brenda. She has been sick and under the doctor.

22-- Maryann was absent December 11-16, because she had a fever, sorethroat, headache and upset stomach. Her sister was also sick, fever an sore throat, her brother had a low grade fever and ached all over. I wasn't the best either sore throat and fever. There must be something going around, her father even got hot last night.

