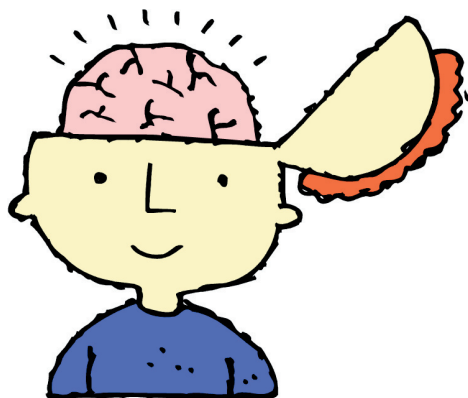
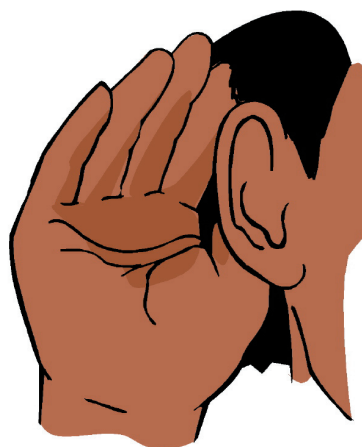


Share



Stories
Anecdotes
Amusing Incidents



If I Had My Life to Live Over Again

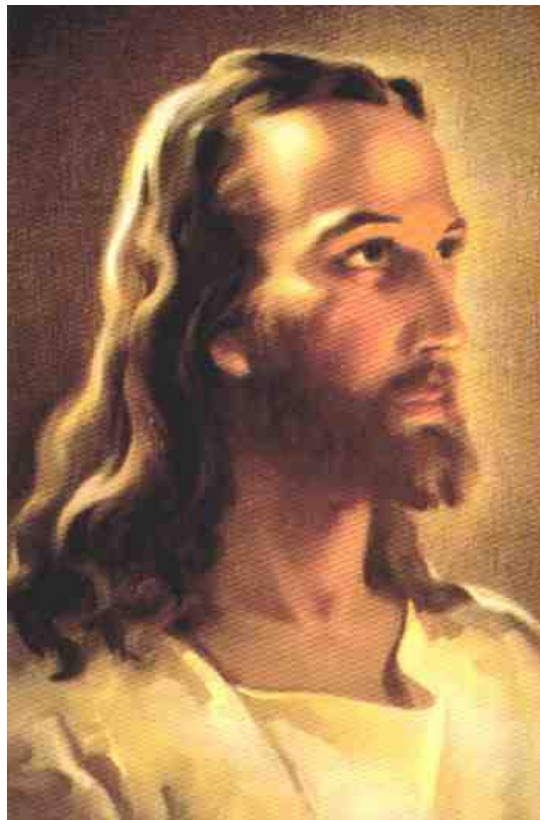
by Erma Bombeck



- * 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 have burned the pink candle sculpted like a rose before it melted in storage.
- * 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 have shared more of the responsibility carried by my husband.
- * 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 sat on the lawn with my grass stains.
- * I would have cried and laughed less while watching television and more while watching life.
- * 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.

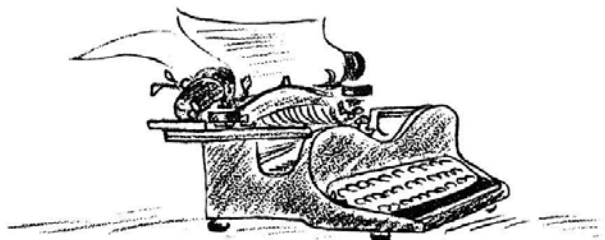
*Let's think about what God HAS blessed us with,
and what we are doing each day to promote
ourselves mentally, physically, emotionally.*



Typoglycemia?

Believe it or not you can read it.

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Why Women Cry

A little boy asked his mother, "Why are you crying?" "Because I'm a woman," she told him.

"I don't understand," he said. His mom just hugged him and said, "And you never will."

Later the little boy asked his father, "Why does mother seem to cry for no reason?"

"All women cry for no reason," was all his dad could say.

The little boy grew up and became a man, still wondering why women cry.

Finally he put in a call to God. When God got on the phone, the man asked, "God, why do women cry so easily?"

God said: "When I made the woman she had to be special.

I made her shoulders strong enough to carry the weight of the world, yet gentle enough to give comfort.

I gave her an inner strength to endure childbirth and the rejection that many times comes from her children.

I gave her a hardness that allows her to keep going when everyone else gives up, and take care of her family through sickness and fatigue without complaining.

I gave her the sensitivity to love her children under any and all circumstances, even when her child has hurt her very badly.

I gave her strength to carry her husband through his faults and fashioned her from his rib to protect his heart.

I gave her wisdom to know that a good husband never hurts his wife, but sometimes tests her strengths and her resolve to stand beside him unflinching.

And finally, I gave her a tear to shed. This is hers exclusively to use whenever it is needed."

"You see, my son," said God, "the beauty of a woman is not in the clothes she wears, the figure that she carries, or the way she combs her hair.

The beauty of a woman must be seen in her eyes, because that is the doorway to her heart - the place where love resides."



~ Unknown

Anecdotes to Make You Smile

A Kindergarten teacher was observing her classroom of children while they were drawing. She would occasionally walk around to see each child's work.

As she got to one little girl who was working diligently, she asked what the drawing was.

The girl replied, "I'm drawing God."

The teacher paused and said, "But no one knows what God looks like."

Without missing a beat, or looking up from her drawing, the girl replied, "They will in a minute."



A Sabbath School teacher was discussing the Ten Commandments with her five and six year olds.

After explaining the commandment to "honor" thy father and thy mother, she asked, "Is there a commandment that teaches us how to treat our brothers and sisters?"

Without missing a beat, one little boy (the oldest of a family) answered, "Thou shall not kill."

One day a little girl was sitting and watching her mother do the dishes at the kitchen sink. She suddenly noticed that her mother had several strands of white hair sticking out in contrast on her brunette head.

She looked at her mother and inquisitively asked, "Why are some of your hairs white, mom?"

Her mother replied, "Well, every time that you do something wrong and make me cry or unhappy, one of my hairs turns white."

The little girl thought about this revelation for a while and then said, "Momma, how come ALL of grandma's hairs are white?"

The children had all been photographed, and the teacher was trying to persuade each of them to buy a copy of the group picture.

"Just think how nice it will be to look at it when you are all grown up and say, 'There's Jennifer. She's a lawyer,' or 'That's Michael. He's a doctor.'"

A small voice at the back of the room rang out, "And there's the teacher. She's dead."

A teacher was giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make the matter clearer, she said, "Now, class, if I stood on my head, the blood, as you know, would run into it, and I would turn red in the face."

"Yes," the class said.

"Then, why is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position, the blood doesn't run into my feet?"

A little fellow shouted, "Cause your feet ain't empty."

So You Think You Know Everything?

A dime has 118 ridges around the edge.

A cat has 32 muscles in each ear.

A crocodile cannot stick out its tongue.

A dragonfly has a life span of 24 hours.

A goldfish has a memory span of three seconds.

A "jiffy" is an actual unit of time for 1/100th of a second.

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

A snail can sleep for three years.

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

All 50 states are listed across the top of the Lincoln Memorial on the back of the five dollar bill.

Almonds are a member of the peach family.

An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain.

Babies are born without kneecaps. They don't appear until the child reaches 2 to 6 years of age.

Butterflies taste with their feet.

Cats have over one hundred vocal sounds. Dogs only have about 10.

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

February 1865 is the only month in recorded history not to have a full moon.

In the last 4,000 years, no new animals have been domesticated.

If the population of China walked past you, in single file, the line would never end because of the rate of reproduction.

If you are an average American, in your whole life you will spend an average of 6 months waiting at red lights.



It's impossible to sneeze with your eyes open.

Leonardo Da Vinci invented the scissors.

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

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

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

Our eyes are always the same size from birth, but our nose and ears never stop growing.

Peanuts are one of the ingredients of dynamite.

Rubber bands last longer when refrigerated.

"Stewardesses" is the longest word typed with only the left hand and "lollipop" is the longest word typed with only the right hand.

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

The cruise liner Queen Elizabeth 2 moves only six inches for each gallon of diesel fuel that it burns.

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

The sentence "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog" uses every letter of the alphabet.

The winter of 1932 was so cold that Niagara Falls froze completely solid.

The words "racecar," "kayak" and "level" are the same whether they are read left to right or right to left (palindromes).

There are 293 ways to make change for a dollar.

There are more chickens than people in the world.

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

There are two words in the English language that have all five vowels in order: "abstemious" and "facetious."

There's no Betty Rubble in the Flintstones Chewable Vitamins.



Tigers have striped skin, not just striped fur.

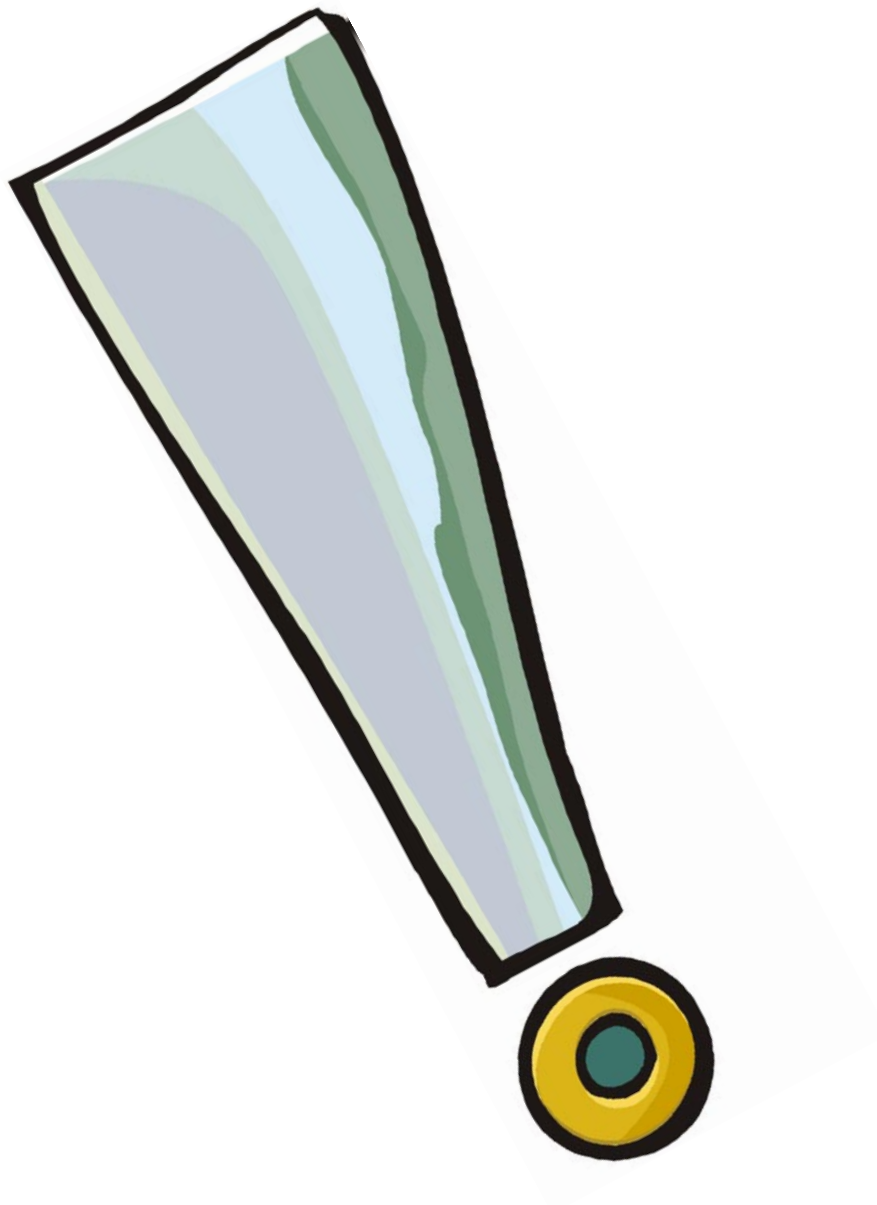
"Typewriter" is the longest word that can be made using the letters on only one row of the keyboard.

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

Women blink nearly twice as much as men.

Your stomach has to produce a new layer of mucus every two weeks or it will digest itself.

Now you know everything almost.



The Blind Man

One day, there was a blind man sitting on the steps of a building with a hat by his feet and a sign that read "I am blind. Please help."

A creative publicist was walking by and stopped to observe. He saw that the blind man had only a few coins in his hat. He dropped in more coins and, without asking for permission, took the sign and rewrote it. He returned the sign to the blind man and left. That afternoon the publicist returned to the blind man and noticed that his hat was full of bills and coins. The blind man recognized his footsteps and asked if it was he who had rewritten his sign and wanted to know what he had written on it.

The publicist responded: "Nothing that was not true. I just wrote the message a little differently." He smiled and went on his way.

The new sign read: "Today is spring and I cannot see it."

Sometimes we need to change our strategy. If we always do what we've always done, we'll always get what we always got.

And remember, too, sometimes it's not WHAT we say, it's HOW we say it!!

*Actions
Speak Louder
Than
Words...*

Think Fast!

TEACHER: Why are you late?

WEBSTER: Because of the sign.

TEACHER: What sign?

WEBSTER: The one that says, "School Ahead, Go Slow."

TEACHER: Cindy, why are you doing your math multiplication on the floor?

CINDY: You told me to do it without using tables!

TEACHER: John, how do you spell "crocodile?"

JOHN: K-R-O-K-O-D-A-I-L

TEACHER: No, that's wrong

JOHN: Maybe it's wrong, but you asked me how I spell it!

TEACHER: What is the chemical formula for water?

SARAH: H I J K L M N O!!

TEACHER: What are you talking about?

SARAH: Yesterday you said it's H to O!

TEACHER: George, go to the map and find North America.

GEORGE: Here it is!

TEACHER: Correct. Now class, who discovered America?

CLASS: George!

TEACHER: Willie, name one important thing we have today that we didn't have ten years ago.

WILLIE: Me!

TEACHER: Tommy, why do you always get so dirty?

TOMMY: Well, I'm a lot closer to the ground than you are.

TEACHER: Ellen, give me a sentence starting with "I."

ELLEN: I is...

TEACHER: No, Ellen. Always say, "I am."

ELLEN: All right! "I am the ninth letter of the alphabet."



TEACHER: Can anybody give an example of COINCIDENCE?

JOHNNY: Sir, my Mother and Father got married on the same day, same time.

TEACHER: George Washington not only chopped down his father's cherry tree, but also admitted doing it. Now, do you know why his father didn't punish him?

JOHNNY: Because George still had the ax in his hand.

TEACHER: Desmond, your composition on "My Dog" is exactly the same as your brother's. Did you copy his?

DESMOND: No, teacher, it's the same dog!

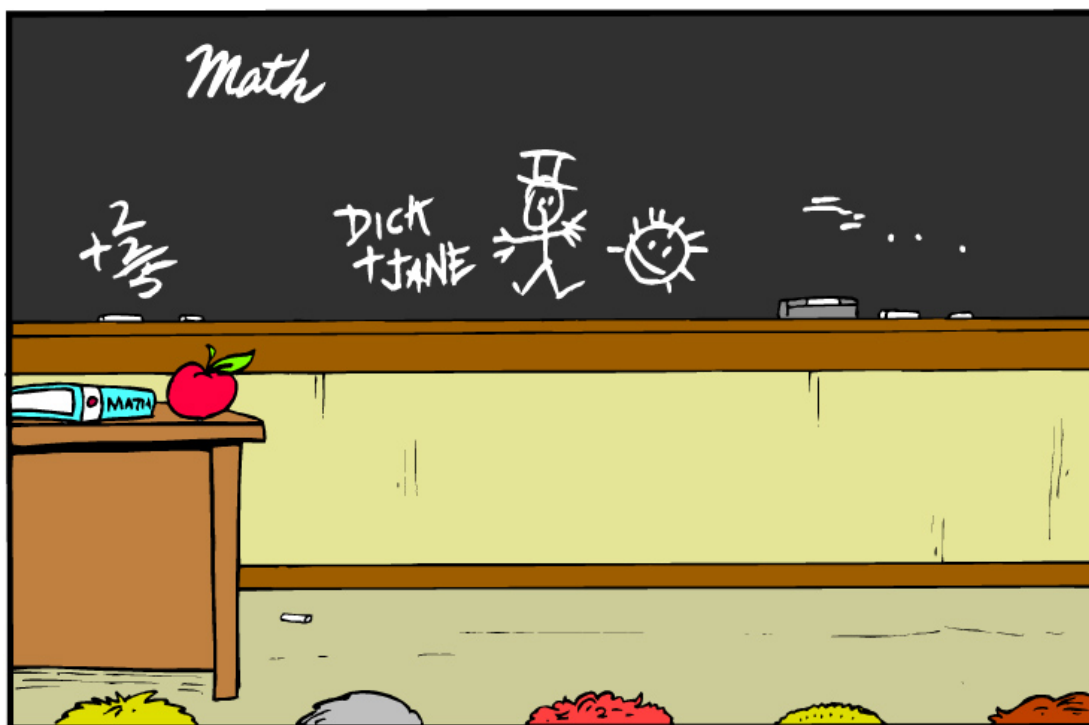
TEACHER: What do you call a person who keeps on talking when people are no longer interested?

PUPIL: A teacher.

SYLVIA: Dad, can you write in the dark?

FATHER: I think so. What do you want me to write?

SYLVIA: Your name on this report card.



This Teacher Always Learns

You may be the teacher, but you're also a student.

adapted from an article by Gregory E. Favre

Stephen Covey put it this way in his "Seven Habits": Seek first to understand, then to be understood. Or, more simply, speak less and listen more.

With this in mind, I almost always ask groups at the end of the day to tell me what they have been hearing in the overall discussions, as well as the individual exchanges. What are the important lessons they will file away for future use, if any?

Let me share some I have heard recently. They are not new, but they are checkpoints that, if practiced, will make us all better leaders and better followers. And shouldn't that be our goal each and every day?

1. Change yourself and grow, but do so without killing what you value.
2. Remember that a good and effective contrarian says yes, as well as no.
3. Be more sensitive to how others might perceive you, keeping in mind that perception can be reality.
4. Take the time to think about your own biography and ask yourself: How might who and what I am, and what my background is, affect my teaching and leadership style?
5. Know yourself and build on your own strengths so that you can get the best out of others.
6. Understand that all teachers are not the same. Learn to use different styles and multiple ways to resolve conflicts. Learn what works with each individual.
7. Recognize that we can be our own worst critics. Too often, good work goes unrewarded, while the much louder classroom woes and whines garner most of the attention.
8. Acknowledge that we all have fears. Don't run away from them. Confront them and work to overcome them. Seek or provide whatever help is needed.
9. Interpersonal communication is complicated, but don't let this stop you from talking across our differences. Our differences matter and listening is vital.



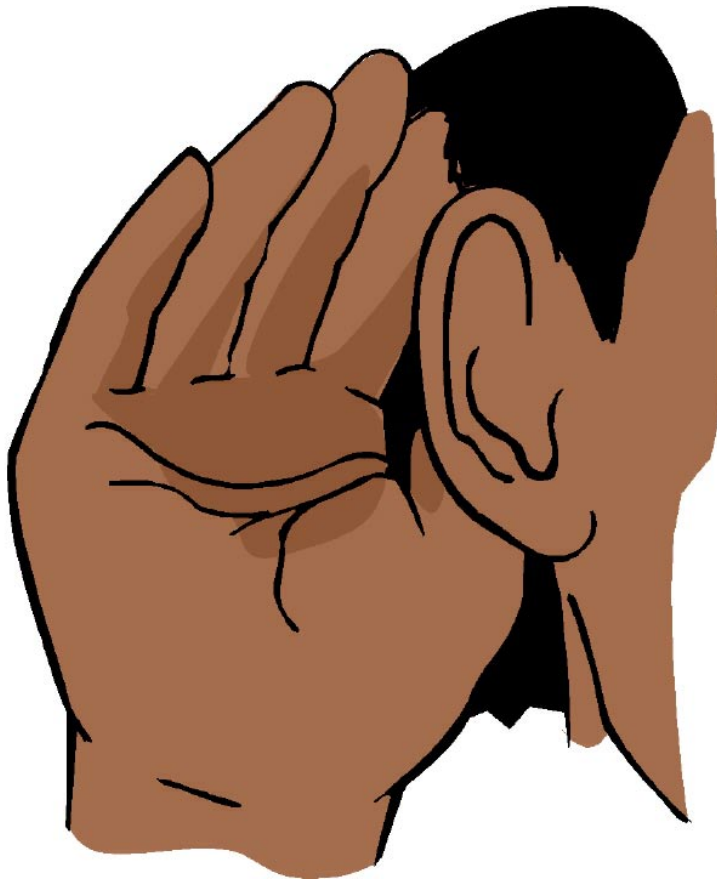
10. Don't avoid those difficult conversations, but be clear in your mind as to what you want to accomplish. Have a goal.
11. Be yourself. Remember, truth is one of the main ethical values.

I have had the privilege of working with and learning from so many wonderful journalists, men and women of all ages and many backgrounds and different sets of skills and talent for more than half a century. And I still have so much to learn.

That's why I am always asking questions and listening to the answers, looking eagerly to fill the multitude of voids in my universe of knowledge. And my hope is that you will do the same. Try to make every class period with your students and every engagement with your colleagues a mutual learning experience.

As a leader, you may be the teacher, but you should never forget that you are also a student.

Courtesy of:
Gregory E. Favre
Leadership & Management Faculty
<http://poynter.org/column.asp?id=34&aid=75422>



Bravery Honored By a Foe

by Ben La Bree

In a rifle-pit, on the brow of a hill near Fredericksburg, were a number of Confederate soldiers who had exhausted their ammunition in the vain attempt to check the advancing column of Hooker's finely equipped and disciplined army which was crossing the river. To the relief of these few came the brigade in double-quick time. But no sooner were the soldiers entrenched than the firing on the opposite side of the river became terrific.

A heavy mist obscured the scene. The Federal soldiers poured a merciless fire into the trenches. Soon many Confederates fell, and the agonized cries of the wounded who lay there calling for water, smote the hearts of their helpless comrades.

"Water! Water!" But there was none to give, the canteens were-empty.

"Boys," exclaimed Nathan Cunningham, a lad of eighteen, the color-bearer for his regiment, "I can't stand this any more. They want water, and water they must have. So let me have a few canteens and I'll go for some."

Carefully laying the colors, which he had borne on many a field, in a trench, he seized some canteens, and, leaping into the mist, was soon out of sight.

Shortly after this the firing ceased for a while, and an order came for the men to fall back to the main line.

As the Confederates were retreating they met Nathan Cunningham, his canteens full of water, hurrying to relieve the thirst of the wounded men in the trenches. He glanced over the passing column and saw that the faded flag, which he had carried so long, was not there. The men in their haste to obey orders HAD FORGOTTEN OR OVERLOOKED THE COLORS.

Quickly the lad sped to the trenches, intent now not only on giving water to his comrades, but on rescuing the flag and so to save the honor of his regiment.

His mission of mercy was soon accomplished. The wounded men drank freely. The lad then found and seized his colors, and turned to rejoin his regiment. Scarcely had he gone three paces when a company of Federal soldiers appeared ascending the hill.

"Halt and surrender," came the stern command, and a hundred rifles were leveled at the boy's breast.

"NEVER! While I hold the colors," was his firm reply.



The morning sun, piercing with a lurid glare the dense mist, showed the lad proudly standing with his head thrown back and his flag grasped in his hand, while his unprotected breast was exposed to the fire of his foe.

A moment's pause. Then the Federal officer gave his command:

"Back with your pieces, men, don't shoot that brave boy."

And Nathan Cunningham, with colors flying over his head, passed on and joined his regiment.

His comrades in arms still tell with pride of his brave deed and of the generous act of a foe.

II. THE BRAVERY OF RICHARD KIRTLAND

Richard Kirtland was a sergeant in the Second Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. The day after the great battle of Fredericksburg, Kershaw's brigade occupied the road at the foot of Marye's Hill.

One hundred and fifty yards in front of the road, on the other side of a stone wall, lay Sykes's division of the United States Army. Between these troops and Kershaw's command a skirmish fight was continued through the entire day. The ground between the lines was literally covered with dead and dying Federal soldiers.

All day long the wounded were calling, "Water! water! water!"

In the afternoon, Sergeant Kirtland, a Confederate soldier, went to the headquarters of General Kershaw, and said with deep emotion: "General, all through last night and to-day - I have been hearing those poor wounded Federal soldiers out there cry for water. Let me go and give them some."

"Don't you know," replied the general, "that you would get a bullet through you the moment you stepped over the wall?"

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant - "but if you will let me go I am willing to try it."

The general reflected a minute, then answered: "Kirtland, I ought not to allow you to take this risk, but the spirit that moves you is so noble I cannot refuse. Go, and may God protect you!"

In the face of almost certain death the sergeant climbed the wall, watched with anxiety by the soldiers of his army. Under the curious gaze of his foes, and exposed to their fire, he dropped to the ground and hastened on his errand of mercy. Unharméd, untouched, he reached the nearest sufferer. He knelt beside him, tenderly raised his drooping head, rested it gently on his breast, and poured the cooling life-giving water



down the parched throat. This done he laid him carefully down, placed the soldier's knapsack under his head, straightened his broken limbs, spread his coat over him, replaced the empty canteen with a full one, then turned to another sufferer.

By this time his conduct was understood by friend and foe alike and the firing ceased on both sides.

For an hour and a half did he pursue his noble mission, until he had relieved the wounded on all parts of the battlefield. Then he returned to his post uninjured.

Surely such a noble deed is worthy of the admiration of men and angels.

