



The Challenge

By Pauline Evans

Expectantly they look to me
And I fall upon my knees to Thee
Could I but ease their timid fear
Without your help I wouldn't dare

They're struggling hard to appear so bold
No clue as to what the year may hold
But in their eyes shine flames of hope
That maybe this year they have struck gold

I brace myself and take the plunge
No turning back, the work must be done
Lord, give me wisdom, strength and love
The kind that only comes from above

As different as the faces, so the needs
The challenge is mine to help them find the keys
You see, life is composed of many different doors
The right ones will lead them to incredible shores

And so, as educator, mentor and friend
The great task is mine to inspire them
And give them the correct tools with good instruction
Because to enter the right door requires an educated decision.





WET PANTS

Author: unknown

Come with me to a third grade classroom. There is a nine-year-old kid sitting at his desk, and, all of a sudden, there is a puddle between his feet, and the front of his pants is wet. He thinks his heart is going to stop because he cannot possibly imagine how this has happened. It's never happened before, and he knows that when the boys find out he will never hear the end of it. When the girls find out, they'll never speak to him again as long as he lives.

The boy believes his heart is going to stop; he puts his head down and prays this prayer: "Dear God, this is an emergency! I need help now! Five minutes from now I'm dead meat." He looks up from his prayer, and here comes the teacher with a look in her eyes that says he has been discovered.

As the teacher is walking toward him, a classmate named Susie is carrying a goldfish bowl that is filled with water. Susie trips in front of the teacher and inexplicably dumps the bowl of water in the boy's lap. The boy pretends to be angry, but all the while is saying to himself, "Thank you, Lord! Thank you, Lord!"

Now all of a sudden, instead of being the object of ridicule, the boy is the object of sympathy. The teacher rushes him downstairs and gives him gym shorts to put on while his pants dry out. All the other children are on their hands and knees cleaning up around his desk. The sympathy is wonderful. But as life would have it, the ridicule that should have been his has been transferred to someone else, Susie.



Share

She tries to help, but they tell her to get out.
"You've done enough, you klutz!"

Finally, at the end of the day, as they are waiting
for the bus, the boy walks over to Susie and whispers,
"You did that on purpose, didn't you?"

Susie whispers back, "I wet my pants once too."

May God help us see the opportunities that are always
around us to do good.
Remember -Just going to church doesn't make you a
Christian any more than standing in your garage makes
you a car.





Dreaming the Dream God is Dreaming for You

By Pauline Evans

He was young. He was handsome. He was strong. But he came from a troubled home. You see, his father had several children with four different women, and, to make matters worse, his mother was dead.

It would have been understandable if this young man had said, "Life is unfair; why me? I'll never make it in life. But did he allow his situation to get him down? Oh no! This was not the path he took. This young man dreamt of a time when he would become a great leader, a time when he would achieve great things. He had a vision of himself becoming somebody, and he held fast to that vision. He would not let go of his dream. He was even nicknamed "the Dreamer"

Do you know who this young man was? Joseph. His brothers gave him a hard time. They mocked him. They called him "the dead woman's son." But Joseph continued to dream. He believed that he would make it, no matter what anyone said.

Things got rough for Joseph. He had to face many obstacles. His brothers hated him so much that they sold him into slavery. Can you imagine that? Selling your own brother as a slave! They even lied to their father and told him that Joseph was dead. They went as far as dipping Joseph's coat into blood, and they held it up for their father to see. "A wild beast killed him," they said. Oh, the lies that we tell. The Bible says, "Be sure your sins will find you out." We may get away with it for awhile, but, remember, there's an all-seeing eye watching you.

Let's get back to Joseph: Luckily for him, when he got to Egypt, he was bought by someone in government. Joseph worked consistently hard; he did the right things; and, pretty soon, he was promoted. He was responsible for managing Potiphar's household. Seemed like Joseph's dreams were coming through, didn't it?

Oh no, more obstacles! Mrs. Potiphar cast her eyes upon this handsome, very attractive young man and decided she wanted him. Now, mark you, Mrs. Potiphar was very beautiful, and well-proportioned. She looked good! Every day, she tried to seduce



Joseph. She batted her eyes at him; gave him those 100-watt smiles, dressed in bathing suits and paraded herself before him. She did everything she could to tempt Joseph.

But Joseph held fast to his dream of becoming great, and Mrs. Potiphar certainly wasn't a part of that dream. He wasn't about to let her mess up his dream. Though the temptation was strong, Joseph said, "Get out of my face, I have a vision of my future, and you're not a part of it. God's plan for my life does not include you. Goodbye!"

Students, you'll face many temptations in life. Many of them will come wrapped in attractive packages. But don't let the wrappings fool you. Stick to your dreams. Drugs, alcohol, illicit sex and teen-aged pregnancy will mess up your dreams; your future. Do not give in to peer- pressure. It may seem like a good thing to do at the time, but in end, it's not worth it.

Joseph did not give in. Mrs. Potiphar was embarrassed. To be slighted by this young man, a slave! She was going to set him up. So as Joseph fled from her presence, she grabbed his coat; and when her husband came home, she showed it to him and told him that Joseph had tried to rape her.

Joseph was thrown into jail for a crime he did not commit. (Have you ever been falsely accused? punished for something you did not do? Then you have an idea of how Joseph felt). One could understand if Joseph had given up at this point. Satan was there saying to him, "Why not forget your dream of being someone great? Don't you see, every time you try, there is someone picking on you? When you turn to the left, there's an obstacle in your way; to the right, an obstacle, all around, obstacles; why not give up? Stop trying!! Hit back!"

Well, that might have seemed like the easiest thing to do. But Joseph looked beyond the obstacles and saw the future God had prepared for him. He would not let go of his dreams. He worked hard while in prison. He did the right thing. He had a positive attitude and was eventually set free.

Not just set free but set free to become the next president of Egypt! His dreams finally came through. His vision became a reality!

What dreams do you have for yourself? Do you dream of going to college? University? Do you have visions of yourself doing great things with your life? The Bible says, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." It is time to start dreaming about your future, where you want to be and what you want to do.





Like Joseph, you will have to face obstacles: It could be negative people around you, parents who tell you are worthless, friends who encourage you to do wrong, teachers who believe you will fail. Are you tempted to stop trying? To give up? To do the wrong thing? Remember, if you think you are beaten, you are. If you think you'll lose, you're lost!

I encourage you to look beyond the obstacles and see the future God has prepared for you. God believes in your dreams. Never lose sight of the fact that God, the Dreamer, has a dream for your life. It is a bright and wonderful future. So keep on striving until you reach your goal.

FAITH



A Glimpse of Sunshine

Pauline Evans

It was a cold day, and the weather seemed to be influencing my mood. It wasn't really just the weather, but it was surely adding to the dejection. As I reached the door of the school, I wasn't really looking forward to the hectic and at times frustrating day I knew was ahead of me.

Teaching was what I thought I knew how to do. After all, the events in my life that led me to embrace the teaching profession were beyond my control. There wasn't any doubt in my mind that it was providential. This was what God intended for my life. It wasn't an easy job: Touching hearts! Influencing for the better or worse! Making or breaking lives! That's an awesome responsibility! One that I take very seriously! It was due to this fact that it got so overwhelming at times.

On this cold day, however, God gave me a glimpse of sunshine, a ray of hope, a lift to my spirit. With my hand on the door handle, I heard a little voice call out, "teacher!" So I turned to look, and there was one of my students with two roses nicely packaged in colored wrap. She pointed to a car that was just driving off, and there was her mom smiling and waving. The roses were gifts from them to me. Immediately, I turned my mind upward as the inward tears fell at how amazing my God is. Even the smallest of matters that affect His children concern Him.

I needed that lift to my spirit to face the challenges the day would hold. When I least expected it, God sent roses for me to refresh my spirit, a reminder of His love for me. His nature is like that. But, what about our nature? As teachers, do we aim to refresh the dejected spirit of our students? Or do we add to their frustration with our negative and sometimes uncaring attitude?

As I reflected on the past two weeks as they related to this particular child who gave me roses that morning, I was feeling a bit undeserving of such a wonderful gift. In essence, I had been spending extra time with her because she was having difficulties with some of the concepts we were covering. A third grader is often expected to come with at least the very basic understanding of certain concepts. But this was not the case here. As I





worked with this student, I found myself becoming very frustrated and irritated at times. However, I continued to “help” her or possibly frustrate her. The problem was that my expectation of the class was very high, and it conflicted with what the reality was.

Could it be that if I had paused at the onset of such frustrations and given a gift of love, I would have lifted and refreshed a student's spirit as God did mine? A smile, a kind word or deed might have served to avert the frustration and irritation, recreate an atmosphere of security, and boost the love of learning.

When I thanked my student for the roses later that day, she said, “Miss, do you know why my mom bought you roses?”

“Why?” I asked.

“Because you’re a good teacher,” she replied.

Isn't it inspiring when a student says that to a teacher? I certainly found it moving. But the question continues to badger me: Do I always seek to lift and refresh my students' spirit? If God can show such care and love towards me, even in the simplest of matters, shouldn't I be more careful about the kind of aura I exude?

Our work would be well on its way if we provided for our students a glimpse of sunshine, a ray of hope: hope in their abilities, hope in human kindness, hope in the future, hope in God.

A glimpse of sunshine, especially during the rain, is a spark of hope. It propels us forward even when we think we can't go an inch more. Helping a child believe in his/her ability to succeed even when the going gets tough is to provide a glimpse of sunshine for that child.

May we as teachers embrace our power to provide a glimpse of sunshine for that student who so desperately needs it!

