



I hired a plumber to help me restore an old farmhouse, and after he had just finished a rough first day on the job: a flat tyre made him lose an hour of work, his electric drill quit and his ancient one ton truck refused to start, I drove him home while he sat in stony silence. On arriving, he invited me in to meet his family. As we walked toward the front door, he paused briefly at a small tree, touching the tips of the branches with both hands. When opening the door he underwent an amazing transformation. His face was wreathed in smiles, he hugged his two small children and gave his wife a kiss. Afterward he walked me to the car. We passed the tree and my curiosity got the better of me. I asked him about what I had seen him do earlier. 'Oh, that's my trouble tree,' he replied 'I know I can't help having troubles on the job, but one thing's for sure, those troubles don't belong in the house with my wife and the children. So I just hang them up on the tree every night when I come home and ask God to take care of them. Then in the morning I pick them up again.' 'Funny thing is,' he smiled, 'when I come out in the morning to pick 'em up, there aren't nearly as many as I remember hanging up the night before. We all need a Tree!

If you think you are beaten - you are  
If you think you dare not - you don't  
If you like to win but you think you can't  
It's almost certain you won't.  
If you think you'll lose - you've lost  
For out of this world we find  
Success begins with a person's will  
It's all in the state of mind.  
If you think you're outclassed - you are  
You've got to think high to rise  
You've got to be sure of yourself  
Before you can win a prize.  
Life's battles don't always go  
To the strongest or fastest man  
But soon or late the man who wins  
Is the man who thinks he can.

I'm afraid I am not a good speaker  
My friends with this fact will agree  
The reason I fail is quite simple  
My friends won't stop talking to me!

You can say 'Happy Birthday', you can sing  
'Happy Birthday', but you can also write:  
Count not your age in years you live,  
but by the happiness you give,  
The friends you make, the good you do,  
the confidence that's placed in you;  
The little things that day by day  
bring cheer to others on life's way;  
And count this birthday one more mile  
upon the road to things worthwhile.

The man who wrote 'Count your blessing' was  
Johnson Oatman, a Methodist Minister who lived  
and worked in New Jersey around the turn of the  
last century. Though he wrote more than 5,000  
hymns and songs, only one or two are known today.  
But, in 'Count your blessings', he struck a chord that  
still echoes in many thousands of hearts  
When upon life's billows you are tempest tossed  
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,  
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,  
And it will surprise you what the Lord has done!

A scholar in China was translating  
parts of the New testament into a local  
dialect and found himself stuck  
because he could not find an  
appropriate word or phrase for  
'comforter'. He left the passage for a  
while and went on to other work, then  
it so happened that one of his native  
workers came to ask for a few days  
off. He explained that his sister had  
lost her little baby and was in great  
distress. 'I would like to go to her', he  
said, 'so that I can help her heart to  
get round the corner.' The translator's  
problem was solved! There was the  
phrase he needed. I wonder if, today,  
there is someone whose heart we can  
'help round the corner'?

It was a wet August afternoon on the seafront. Disgruntled  
holidaymakers were bemoaning the sudden downpour.  
Then the words of a happily skipping along toddler brought  
sunshine into the hearts of all who were lucky enough to  
catch them. 'Granny, don't worry! God made the rain as  
well, didn't He?'

When as a child Anna tried to do too many things too  
quickly, her Grandmother used to say, 'Take your time.  
The Lord didn't do it all in one day. What makes you think  
you can?' Sound advice for us all in these times of rush  
and bustle.

Little George and his mother were out walking when they  
passed a shoe repair shop. 'Look Mummy', George said.  
'Jesus must be in there. It says 'Healing while you wait!'

## THE UNDERSTANDING HEART

Sir William Osler, visiting one of London's leading children's hospitals, noticed that in a convalescent ward all the children were clustered at one end of the room, dressing their dolls, playing games and playing in the sandbox. All except one little girl, who sat forlornly on the edge of her high narrow bed, hungrily clutching a cheap doll.

The great physician looked at the lonely little figure, then at the ward nurse. 'We've tried to get Susan to play', the nurse whispered, 'But the other children just won't have anything to do with her. You see, no one comes to see her. Her mother is dead, and her father has been here just once. He brought her that doll. The children have a strange code. Visitors mean so much. If you don't have any visitors, you are ignored.'

Sir William walked over to the child's bed and asked, in a voice loud enough for the others to hear, 'May I sit down please?' The little girl's eyes lit up. 'I can't stay very long this time', Osler went on, 'but I have wanted to see you so badly.' For five minutes he sat talking with her, even inquiring about her doll's health and solemnly pulling out his stethoscope to listen to the doll's chest. As he left, he turned to the youngster, a twinkle in his gentle eyes, and said in a carrying voice, 'You won't forget our secret, will you? And mind, don't tell anyone.' At the door he looked back. His new friend was now the centre of a curious and admiring throng.

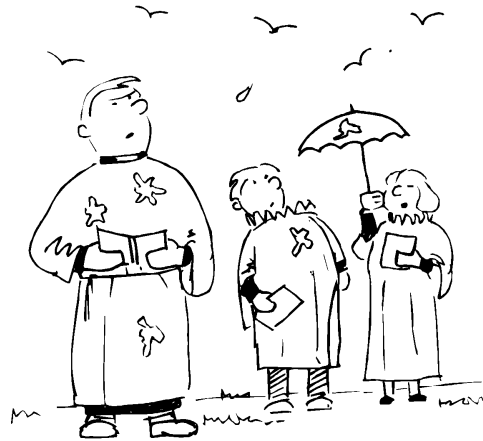
'As you go along the road of life, hold fast to God with one hand, and open the other to your neighbour.' Just one sentence, but what a wealth of meaning in it.

There is no such thing as falling asleep during a sermon, only concentrating hard with your eyes close and nodding occasionally in agreement.

When you find yourself in a situation where every course of action is wrong from somebody's point of view, do what YOU want. That way at least one person will be happy.

An amazing thing about this world is that it can never grow old. It can not, as long as there are children in it. Bless them, they have refreshing thoughts that keep us on our toes.

'Eat up your sago pudding', Mum coaxed young Peter one dinner time. As her son seemed reluctant to obey, she added, 'Just think dear, thousands of little boys would be glad to have some nice sago pudding.' Retorted Peter promptly, 'Come on Mum. Name just one and let's have a bet on it!'



Open Air Services had their drawbacks at the Seaside

I don't know who first asked this question, but I think it's a good one. 'Do you make things happen, watch things happen, or wonder that on earth has happened

Jane, Rosa's teenage daughter was forever asking to borrow the family car. One morning, exasperated, Rosa said to her, 'What do you think the Almighty gave you two legs for?' To which Jane at once replied, 'One for the brake and one for the accelerator

The restaurant where I took my sons for a meal was crowded with fans watching a sporting event on television. The harassed waitress took our order, but more than half an hour passed with no sign of her return. I was trying to keep my children from becoming restless when suddenly shouts of victory came from the bar. 'Hey', commented my 11-year-old, 'it sounds as if someone just got his food.'

Grandma was trying to teach young Jimmy good manners. After a few lessons Jimmy asked 'Grandma, if I'm invited out to dinner, should I eat pie with a fork?' 'Yes you should', smiled Grandma. 'Well', said Jimmy, with beguiling innocence, 'Do you have a piece of pie to practise on?' And Grandma being Grandma - she did!



"HYMN NUMBER 28, OMITTING VERSES ONE, THREE, FOUR AND FIVE . . ."

The perfect summer day is when the sun is shining, the breeze is blowing, the birds are singing and the lawn mower is broken!

A Sunday School teacher asked her class why Joseph and Mary took Jesus with them to Jerusalem. A small child replied, 'They couldn't get a baby-sitter.'