

“Miracles are instantaneous, they cannot be summoned, but come of themselves, usually at unlikely moments and to those who least expect them.”

Katherine Anne Porter
(1890-)
Ship of Fools

CALL ME MASTER

Ye call Me Master and obey Me not,
Ye call Me Light and see Me not,
Ye call Me Way and walk not,
Ye call Me Life and desire Me not,
Ye call Me Wise and follow Me not,
Ye call Me Fair and love Me not,
Ye call Me Rich and ask Me not,
Ye call Me Eternal and see Me not,
Ye call Me Noble and serve Me not,
Ye call Me Mighty and honor Me not,
Ye call Me Just and fear Me not.

I am an optimist I do believe that all things work together for good. I do not believe in damnation of the multitude. I find it impossible as a father to believe that the Father of us all made us to be cast into an eternal pit. I do not believe it-I cannot believe it.

JOURNEY-NOT A DESTINATION:

God, you are as close to me as I am
to myself. I look for you the way
I picture you, rather than the way
you really are. Am I searching for
something when perhaps that "something"
is the search?

The question is the answer; the search
is the discovery. In going, I am
already there.

**Many Are
Called, but
Few Are
Chosen**

Possessions

In the last century, a tourist from America paid a visit to a renowned Polish rabbi, Hofetz Chaim. He was astonished to see that the rabbi's house was only a simple room filled with books, plus a table and a bench. "Rabbi," asked the tourist, "where is your furniture?" "Where is yours?" replied the rabbi. "Mine?" asked the puzzled American. "But I am only a visitor here. I'm only passing through." Said the rabbi, "So am I."

Discipline

The poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge was visited by an admirer one day. During the course of the conversation the subject somehow got around to children. "I believe," said the visitor, "that children should be given a free rein to think and act, and thus learn at an early age to make their own decisions. This is the only way they can grow into their full potential." Coleridge interrupted the man at this point. "I would like you to see my flower garden," said the poet, and he led the man outside. The visitor took one look and then exclaimed loudly, "Why, that is nothing but a yard full of weeds!" "It used to be filled with roses," said Coleridge, "but this year I thought I would let the garden grow as it willed without my tending to it. This is the result."

JOY BEARING . . . The test of Christian character should be that a man is a joy-bearing agent to the world. Henry Ward Beecher

TWO SURPRISES . . . The world is equally shocked at hearing Christianity criticized and seeing it practiced. D. Elton Trueblood