

INSPIRATIONAL STORIES

The Carpenter's Glasses

My mother's father worked as a carpenter. On this particular day, he was building some crates for the clothes his church was sending to orphanages in China . On his way home, he reached into his shirt pocket to find his glasses, but they were gone. When he mentally replayed his earlier actions, he realized what had happened; the glasses had slipped out of his pocket unnoticed and fallen into one of the crates, which he had nailed shut. His brand new glasses were heading for China.

The Great Depression was at its height and Grandpa had six children. He had spent \$20 for those glasses that very morning. He was upset by the thought of having to buy another pair. It's not fair, he told God as he drove home in frustration. I've been very faithful in giving of my time and money to your work, and now this.

Months later, the director of the orphanage was on furlough in the United States . He wanted to visit all the churches that supported him in China , so he came to speak one Sunday at my grandfather's small church in Chicago . The missionary began by thanking the people for their faithfulness in supporting him.

But most of all, he said, I must thank you for the glasses you sent last. You see, the Communists had just swept through the orphanage, destroying everything, including my glasses. I was desperate. Even if I had the money, there was simply no way of replacing those glasses. Along with not being able to see well, I experienced headaches every day, so my coworkers and I were much in prayer about this.. Then your crates arrived. When my staff removed the covers, they found a pair of glasses lying on top.

The missionary paused long enough to let his words sink in. Then, still gripped with the wonder of it all, he continued: Folks, when I tried on the

glasses, it was as though they had been custom made just for me! I want to thank you for being a part of that. The people listened, happy for the miraculous glasses. But the missionary surely must have confused their church with another, they thought. There were no glasses on their list of items to be sent overseas. But sitting quietly in the back, with tears streaming down his face, an ordinary carpenter realized the Master Carpenter had used him in an extraordinary way.

There are times we want to blame God instead of thanking him! Perhaps we ought to try to thank Him more often.

Moral of the story, always believe that God knows what's best for us, even if it may seem like a disaster has befallen upon us. Always look at the positive side. Have faith in God my friends.

When Little Dog Dies

Our 14-year-old dog Abbey died last month. The day after she passed away my 4-year-old daughter Meredith was crying and talking about how much she missed Abbey. She asked if we could write a letter to God so that when Abbey got to heaven, God would recognize her. I told her that I thought we could so, and she dictated these words:

Dear God, Will you please take care of my dog? She died yesterday and is with you in heaven. I miss her very much. I 'm happy that you let me have her as my dog even though she got sick. I hope you will play with her. She likes to swim and play with balls. I am sending a picture of her so when you see her you will know that she is my dog. I really miss her. Love, Meredith We put the letter in an envelope with a picture of Abbey & Meredith , addressed it to God/Heaven. We put our return address on it. Meredith pasted several stamps on the front of the envelope because she said it would take lots of stamps to get the letter all the way to heaven. That afternoon she dropped it into the letter box

at the post office. A few days later, she asked if God had gotten the letter yet. I told her that I thought He had. Yesterday, there was a package wrapped in gold paper on our front porch addressed, 'To Meredith' in an unfamiliar hand. Meredith opened it. Inside was a book by Mr. Rogers called, 'When a Pet Dies. Taped to the inside front cover was the letter we had written to God in its opened envelope. On the opposite page was the picture of Abbey & Meredith and this note: Dear Meredith, Abbey arrived safely in heaven. Having the picture was a big help and I recognized her right away. Abbey isn't sick anymore. Her spirit is here with me just like it stays in your heart. Abbey loved being your dog. Since we don't need our bodies in heaven, I don't have any pockets to keep your picture in so I'm sending it back to you in this little book for you to keep and have something to remember Abbey by.

Thank-you for the beautiful letter and thank your mother for helping you write it and sending it to me. What a wonderful mother you have. I picked her especially for you. I send my blessings every day and remember that I love you very much. By the way, I'm easy to find. I am wherever there is love.

Love, God

[In Search of Happiness](#)

Once a young man came to a revered teacher, who was seated under a tree near a beautiful lake, and asked for the solution for his unhappiness. After some minutes of conversation the old master kindly instructed the visitor to put a handful of salt in a glass of water and then to drink a few mouthfuls.

"How does it taste?" the teacher asked. "Awful," said the apprentice after he had spat out the revolting liquid a few paces away. The teacher chuckled and then asked the young man to take another handful of salt and put it in the lake. The two walked in silence to the nearby lake and

when the youngster swirled his handful of salt into the lake, the old man told him, "Now drink from the lake."

As the water dripped down the young man's chin, the master asked him again, "How does it taste?" "Good!" he replied. "Do you taste the salt?" asked the Master. "No," said the young man. The Master sat beside the trouble youth, took his hands, and said :

"The pain of life is pure salt; no more, no less. The amount of pain in life remains the same, exactly the same. But the level of 'pain we taste' depends on the container we put it into. So when you are in pain, the only thing you can do is to enlarge your sense of things. Stop being a glass. Become a lake. And you can become a lake when you broaden your outlook; when you stop looking only at yourself and your own pain and what has been done/has happened to you.

Look at life as a whole and the many things without which you would not be what you are today – your friends, parents, family, hobbies, work, nature around you.

When you are confronted with a problem, you see only the problem and ruminate over it endlessly which only makes the situation more tragic. Think of previous instances when things were better. When the people who hurt you seemed better, when life in general was better.

Never compare yourself negatively with others. You are a unique person."

The young man left, and his viewpoint on his problems had totally changed.

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[A LETTER TO GOD](#)

Little Bobby came into the kitchen where his mother was making dinner. His birthday was coming up and he thought this was a good time to tell his mother what he wanted. Mom, I want a bike for my birthday. Little Bobby was a bit of a troublemaker. He had gotten into trouble at school and at home. Bobby's mother asked him if he thought he deserved to get a bike for his birthday. Little Bobby, of course, thought he did. Bobby's mother wanted Bobby to reflect on his behavior over the last year. Go to your room, Bobby, and think about how you have behaved this year. Then write a letter to God and tell him why you deserve a bike for your birthday. Little Bobby stomped up the steps to his room and sat down to write God a letter.

[SOAR BEYOND YOUR FEARS !!!](#)

Once there was a king who received a gift of two magnificent falcons from Arabia. They were peregrine falcons, the most beautiful birds he had ever seen. He gave the precious birds to his head falconer to be trained. Months passed and one day the head falconer informed the king that though one of the falcons was flying majestically, soaring high in the sky, the other bird had not moved from its branch since the day it had arrived. The king summoned healers and sorcerers from all the land to tend to the falcon, but no one could make the bird fly. He presented the task to the member of his court, but the next day, the king saw through the palace window that the bird had still not moved from its perch. Having tried everything else, the king thought to himself, "May be I need someone more familiar with the countryside to understand the nature of this problem." So he cried out to his court, "Go and get a farmer." In the morning, the king was thrilled to see the falcon soaring high above the palace gardens. He said to his court, "Bring me the doer of this miracle."

The court quickly located the farmer, who came and stood before the king. The king asked him, "How did you make the falcon fly?"

With his head bowed, the farmer said to the king, " It was very easy, your highness. I simply cut the branch where the bird was sitting."

We are all made to fly — to realize our incredible potential as human beings. But instead of doing that, we sit on our branches, clinging to the things that are familiar to us. The possibilities are endless, but for most of us, they remain undiscovered.

DOUBLE TAKE

He gasped as he suddenly awoke from a terrible dream. “Where am I?? How did I get here?!” he thought frantically as he looked around the hospital room. A few seconds later he remembered—he only had a short amount of time left. “Left to do what? Wheeze and throw up? Watch my wife and mother cry and feel my eyes water from all the stinking flowers in my room? Yeah, what a life this is,” he thought miserably. Lying on this hospital bed day in and day out has made him start to wonder what all this is really about. You’re born, you go to school, you get a job then you rot and die. There’s gotta be something more to it than this!! If only he knew what... Just then, his little sister with her ugly purple hair, two thousand and one piercings and her too-cool-for-school boy toy waltzed in. “Oh, Lord, what now?” he thought wearily as they came up beside him. “You look like a ghost, bro” his sister remarked, making a face. “Yeah, man, you look whiter than Michael Jackson,” her oh-so-suave boyfriend commented. Obnoxious laughter rang out in his room as they both doubled over, nearly knocking over two dozen roses. “Leave me alone,” he grumbled, closing his eyes. Maybe when he opened them they would be gone, maybe everything would be gone. “I’m sorry, bro, really. Look, I just came to say I love you and all that stuff. I just wanted you to know that.” “Uh, thanks, sis, that’s real, um, sweet of you.” “Anything for you, bro,” she grinned as she started to walk out the door, her boy toy in tow. “Wait,” he said, not sure where that came from. “Yeah, bro?” He paused, trying to collect his thoughts, which were mostly made of mush these days. Slowly, he uttered the words, “Don’t go.” His sister looked at him in a way he’d never seen before and came up beside him again. Her boy toy took a seat next to the door. “I’m here, bro, I’m here,” in a rare moment of tenderness, she took his hand in hers. They stayed like that for what seemed like hours to him.

Finally, he looked up at her and whispered, “Sis, what is all this for?” His voice cracked as he uttered the last word and tears started flowing down his ashen cheeks. With tears in her eyes as well she whispered back, “I don’t know, bro, I really don’t know.” Suddenly, her boy toy cleared his throat loudly, an obvious indicator of his growing impatience. “I do know, though, that life isn’t all about that guy,” she said as they both laughed gently.

“Thanks, sis,” he said genuinely, giving her hand a light squeeze. “For what? I didn’t do much. I can’t even answer your question.” “You’ve done a lot more than you realize,” he said softly, growing weaker. “Well, alright then, I’m glad I could help. See ya later, bro.” With that, her and her boy toy were out the door. He passed away about twenty minutes later wearing the most blissful look you ever did see.

ANGER AND LOVE

A sage asked his disciples, “Why do we yell in anger? Why do people yell at each other when they are upset?”

The man thought for a while and replied, “Because we lose our calm and hence yell..” “But, why to yell when the other person is just next to you?” asked the sage... “Isn’t it possible to speak to him or her with a soft voice? Why do you yell at a person when you’re angry?”

The man gave some other answers but none satisfied the sage.

Finally he explained, “When two people are angry at each other, their hearts distance a lot. To cover that distance they must yell, to be able to hear each other. The angrier they are, the stronger they will have to yell to hear each other through that great distance.”

Then the sage asked, what happens when two people fall in love? They do not yell at each other but talk softly, why? Their hearts are very close. The distance between them is very small... The sage continued, ‘When they love each other even more, what happens? They do not speak, only whisper and they get even closer to each other in their love. Finally they even need not whisper, they only look at each other and that’s all. That is how close two people are when they love each other.’ Then the sage said, ‘When you argue do

not let your hearts get distant, do not say words that distance each other more, else there will come a day when the distance is so great that you will not find the path to return.’
Lets reach across the lines that divide us, not with pointing fingers but outstretched hands

LOOK AROUND YOU

A very special teacher in high school many years ago had a husband who unexpectedly died suddenly of a heart attack. About a week after his death, she shared some of her insight with a classroom of students. As the late afternoon sunlight came streaming in through the classroom windows and the class was nearly over, she moved a few things aside on the edge of her desk and sat down there.

With a gentle look of reflection on her face, she paused and said, “Before class is over, I would like to share with all of you a thought that is unrelated to class, but which I feel is very important. Each of us is put here on earth to learn, share, love, appreciate and give of ourselves... and none of us knows when this fantastic experience will end. It can be taken away at any moment. Perhaps this is God’s way of telling us that we must make the most out of every single day.”

Her eyes beginning to water, she went on, “So I would like you all to make me a promise... from now on, on your way to school, or on your way home, find something beautiful to notice. It doesn’t have to be something you see – it could be a scent – perhaps of freshly baked bread wafting out of someone’s house, or it could be the sound of the breeze slightly rustling the leaves in the trees, or the way the morning light catches one autumn leaf as it falls gently to the ground. Please, look for these things, and cherish them.

For, although it may sound trite to some, these things are the “stuff” of life. The little things we are put here on earth to enjoy. The things we often take for granted. We must make it important to notice them, for at any time ... it can all be taken away.”

The class was completely quiet. We all picked up our books and filed out of the room silently. That afternoon, I noticed more things on my way home from school than I had that whole semester. Every once in a while, I think of that teacher and remember what an impression she made on all of us, and I try to appreciate all of those things that sometimes we all overlook.

Take notice of something special you see on your lunch hour today. Go barefoot. Or walk on the beach at sunset. Stop off on the way home tonight to get a double dip ice cream cone. For as we get older, it is not the things we did that we often regret, but the things we didn’t do.

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