

Adversity

A man meets a guru on the road and asks "Which way is success?" The bearded sage doesn't speak, but points to the left. The man thrilled by the prospect of quick and easy success, rushes off. Suddenly, there's a loud SPLAT!

Eventually, the man limps back, tattered and stunned, assuming he took the wrong turn. So he repeats his question to the guru, who again points silently in the same direction. The man obediently walks off, and this time there's a deafening SPLAAAT!

When the man crawls back, he is bloody, broken, and irate. "I asked you which way to success!" he screams at the guru. "I followed your direction, but all I got was splatted - twice! No more pointing! Talk!"

Only then does the guru speak, very quietly. "Success is that way. Just a little past splat."

David Cottrell



Faith /Adveristy

My life is but a weaving between my God
and me,
I do not choose the colors, He worketh
steadily.

Oftimes He weaveth sorrow, and I in
foolish pride,
Forget He sees the upper, and I the
underside.

Not till the loom is silent, and shuttles
cease to fly,
Will God unroll the canvas and explain the
reason why.

The dark threads are as needful in the
skillful Weaver's hand
As the threads of gold and silver in the
pattern He has planned.



Author Unknown

Prayer

The Difference

I got up early one morning
And rushed right into the day,
I had so much to accomplish
That I didn't have time to pray.

Problems just tumbled about me
And heavier came each task.
"Why doesn't God help me?" I wondered.
He answered, "You didn't ask."

I wanted to see joy and beauty,
But the day toiled on gray and bleak.
I wondered why God didn't show me;
He said, "But you didn't seek."

I tried to come into God's presence,
I used all the keys at the lock.
God gently and lovingly chided,
"My child, you didn't knock."

I woke up early this morning
And paused before entering the day,
I had so much to accomplish
That I had to take time to pray.



Adversity

I walked a mile with Pleasure;
She chatted all the way;
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.
I walked a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she;
But, oh! The things I learned from her,
When sorrow walked with me.

-Robert Browning Hamilton