

## MONDAY

Bible verses through the Gospel of John

**JOHN 5:18-20** *What the Father Does, the Son Does So Jesus explained himself at length. "I'm telling you this straight. The Son can't independently do a thing, only what he sees the Father doing. What the Father does, the Son does. The Father loves the Son and includes him in everything he is doing."*

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### COACH QUOTES

'After you retire, there's only one big event left... and I ain't ready for that.' Bobby Bowden / Florida State

'The man who complains about the way the ball bounces is likely to be the one who dropped it.' Lou Holtz / Arkansas

'There's nothing that cleanses your soul like getting the hell kicked out of you.' Woody Hayes / Ohio State  
*John Dahl*

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A group of alumni, highly established in their careers, got together to visit their old university professor. Conversation soon turned into complaints about stress in work and life.

Offering his guests coffee, the professor went to the kitchen and returned with a large pot of coffee and an assortment of cups - porcelain, plastic, glass, crystal, some plain looking, some expensive, some exquisite - telling them to help themselves to the coffee.

When all the students had a cup of coffee in hand, the professor said:

"If you noticed, all the nice looking expensive cups were taken up, leaving behind the plain and cheap ones. While it is normal for you to want only the best for yourselves, that is the source of your problems and stress.

Be assured that the cup itself adds no quality to the coffee. In most cases it is just more expensive and in some cases even hides what we drink.

What all of you really wanted was coffee, not the cup, but you consciously went for the best cups... And then you began eyeing each other's cups.

Now consider this: Life is the coffee; the jobs, money and position in society are the cups. They are just tools to hold and contain Life, and the type of cup we have does not define, nor change the quality of Life we live.

Sometimes, by concentrating only on the cup, we fail to enjoy the coffee God has provided us."

God brews the coffee, not the cups..... Enjoy your coffee!

"The happiest people don't have the best of everything. They just make the best of everything."

Live simply. Love generously. Care deeply. Speak kindly. Leave the rest to God. *Author unknown*

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My mother began getting calls from people who misdialed the similar number of a new computer repair business. Mom, who had had her number for years, asked the owner of the company to have the number changed. He refused. The calls kept coming day and night.

Finally, Mom began telling the people who called that the company had gone out of business. Within a week, the computer repair company voluntarily changed its number. *Cybersalt Digest*

## TUESDAY

**John 5:21-23** *"But you haven't seen the half of it yet, for in the same way that the Father raises the dead and creates life, so does the Son. The Son gives life to anyone he chooses. Neither he nor the Father shuts anyone out. The Father handed all authority to judge over to the Son so that the Son will be honored equally with the Father. Anyone who dishonors the Son dishonors the Father, for it was the Father's decision to put the Son in the place of honor."*

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At a country-club party a young man was introduced to an attractive girl. Immediately she began flattering him outrageously. The guy liked the young lady, but was taken a bit aback by her fast and ardent pitch. He was amazed when after 30 minutes she seriously proposed marriage.

"Look," he said. "We only met a half hour ago. How can you be so sure? We know nothing about each other."

"You're wrong," she smiled. "For the past 5 years I've been working in the bank where you have your account. I know all I need to know about you." *Humor*

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A story is told that took place in London when a preacher, Caesar Milan, was invited one evening to a very large and prominent home where a choice musical was to be presented.

On the program was a young lady who thrilled the audience with her singing and playing. When she finished, this young preacher threaded his way through the crowd which was gathered around her. When he finally came to her and had her attention, he said, "Young lady, when you were singing, I sat there and thought how tremendously the cause of Christ would be benefited if you would dedicate yourself and your talents to the Lord. But," he added, "you are just as much a sinner as the worst drunkard, or any harlot. But I am glad to tell you that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, will cleanse you from all sin if you will come to Him."

In a very haughty manner, she turned her head aside and said to him, "You are very insulting, sir." And she started to walk away. He said, "Mam, I did not mean any offense, but I pray that the Spirit of God will convict you."

Well, they all went home, and that night this young woman could not sleep. At two o'clock in the morning she knelt at the side of her bed and took Christ as her Savior. And then she, Charlotte Elliott, sat down and wrote the words of a favorite hymn, "Just As I Am":

"Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not to rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!"

And then the final stanza:

"Just as I am - Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come!"

And this is the basis on which all of us must come to Christ.

*from J. Vernon McGee's commentary on James 2:13 via Laugh & Lift , arr.*

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You don't have to be the one who works the most hours, just the one who is most there during the hours you work. Come to work and put your heart on the table. *James P. Evans, corporate executive*

## WEDNESDAY

**John 5:24** *"It's urgent that you listen carefully to this: Anyone here who believes what I am saying right now and aligns himself with the Father, who has in fact put me in charge, has at this very moment the real, lasting life and is no longer condemned to be an outsider. This person has taken a giant step from the world of the dead to the world of the living.*

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What in the world was I doing in Miami Florida, poor and alone in a rich and sophisticated place? It was thirty years ago, and I was a finalist in the Pillsbury Bake-Off. I had entered three recipes, and remarkably, I was chosen as a finalist, out of thousands of entries. I remember clearly the voice of the woman on the other end of the phone. "Congratulations! You are a finalist in the Pillsbury Bake-Off."

Pillsbury flew everyone to Miami. Then they whisked us away to the famous Fontainebleau Hilton in Miami Beach. I was stunned just to be there in the fabulous surroundings. The food was incredible, and the settings like nothing I had ever seen. Nothing could top this, I thought, but I was about to learn one of the greatest lessons of my life.

The waiters and waitresses were all Cuban, and they spoke not a word of English. I couldn't help but notice anger in their expressions. It was not long before I understood why. They were ignored as though they didn't exist. No one even gave them a smile. I quickly lost my appetite and barely touched my food. I tried, with difficulty, to keep up with the questions of a very nice Vice President of a Pillsbury subsidiary. I was unsuccessful, but it didn't matter, because I was now a witness to the painful struggle of refugees from another land.

Were the refugees as overwhelmed as I? Did they feel as out of place, surrounded by wealthy people, who had no idea of what it was like to have nothing? Our situations were different, yet I felt that we were very much alike. I didn't know what to say to the people around me, and neither did they. I didn't understand the chatter, almost as much as they.

All of a sudden, I decided to do something about their situation. I wanted desperately to make them feel visible, important, and welcome in their new country. From somewhere deep inside of me, I began pulling out rusty expressions from my four years of high school Spanish. I could only remember a few phrases in their language, yet with that first phrase, "Gracias," I beheld a remarkable transformation. Warm, brown faces took on a shocked and delighted glow.

"De nada!" my delighted waiter replied. "It was nothing," he said, in halting English.

So it began, my bad Spanish communicating with another's bad English. I was enchanted by the happiness I saw in their faces. Did they feel more welcome in their new home? I hoped so.

After breakfast we were led into a converted ballroom. A hundred stoves and refrigerators were packed inside. We had just a few hours to complete our recipes, twice. One entry for pictures and one for the judges, who were kept in seclusion. I was one of the first contestants finished. Exhausted, I went up to my room to rest, greeting many smiling Cubans along the way.

That evening we were treated to a huge award ceremony dinner. No one ate much, and as they began to name the winners, there was sporadic applause from their family and friends. If I were a winner, I thought sadly, there would be no one to applaud for me.

I was amazed when I heard my name called out. As I stood, the room erupted in thunderous applause. What in the world?! I turned to look, and I saw dozens of smiling Cubans, waving and cheering for me. Stunned, and blind with tears, I reached out for my prize.

Bob Barker handed me my check and said, "You must have a lot of friends."

"I do now," I smiled, choking back tears. In that brief moment, I understood that my "prize" was neither money nor my fifteen minutes of fame. My true reward, I told my children later, was in learning that one small kindness can bring unexpected return. *Jaye Lewis, via Heartwarmers*

## THURSDAY

**John 5:25-27** *"It's urgent that you get this right: The time has arrived—I mean right now!—when dead men and women will hear the voice of the Son of God and, hearing, will come alive. Just as the Father has life in himself, he has conferred on the Son life in himself. And he has given him the authority, simply because he is the Son of Man, to decide and carry out matters of Judgment.*

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In his young struggling years, W. L. Douglass, the shoe manufacturer, "had been unemployed so long that he was down to his last dollar. Nevertheless, he put half of it--fifty cents--in the collection basket of his church. Next morning he heard of a job in a neighboring town. The railroad fare to that town was one dollar. To all appearances it would have been wiser if he had kept that fifty cents. However, with the half-dollar remaining he bought a ticket and rode halfway to the desired place. He stepped from the train and began to walk to the town.

"Before he had gone one block he heard of a factory right in that town where they were employing men. Within thirty minutes he had a job at a salary five dollars more a week [a good sum back then] than he would have received had he gone on to the other town."

*Encyclopedia of 7700 Illustrations via Daily Encounter*

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"When my grandmother got arthritis, she couldn't bend over and paint her toenails anymore. So my grandfather does it for her all the time, even when his hands got arthritis too. That's love."

Rebecca - age 8

"When someone loves you, the way they say your name is different. You know that your name is safe in their mouth." Billy - age 4

"Love is when a girl puts on perfume and a boy puts on shaving cologne and they go out and smell each other." Karl - age 5

"Love is when you go out to eat and give somebody most of your French fries without making them give you any of theirs." Chrissy - age 6

"Love is what makes you smile when you're tired." Terri - age 4

Love is when my mommy makes coffee for my daddy and she takes a sip before giving it to him, to make sure the taste is OK." Danny - age 7

*Roger napp*

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Sometimes when I'm angry I have the right to be angry, but that doesn't give me the right to be cruel. When two people argue, it doesn't mean they don't love each other, And just because they don't argue, it doesn't mean they do. *Roger Knapp*

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Two men went fishing. One man was an experienced fisherman, the other wasn't. Every time the experienced fisherman caught a big fish, he put it in his ice chest to keep it fresh. Whenever the inexperienced fisherman caught a big fish, he threw it back. The experienced fisherman watched this go on all day and finally got tired of seeing this man waste good fish. "Why do you keep throwing back all the big fish you catch?" he asked.

The inexperienced fisherman replied, "I only have a small frying pan." Sometimes, like that fisherman, we throw back the big plans, big dreams, big jobs, big opportunities that God gives us. Our faith is too small. We laugh at that fisherman who didn't figure out that all he needed was a bigger frying pan; yet how ready are we to increase the size of our faith?

Whether it's a problem or a possibility, God will never give you anything bigger than you can handle. That means we can confidently walk into anything God brings our way. You can do all things through Christ (Philippians 4:13).

Nothing is too big for God. Stop telling God you've got big problems, but instead tell your problems to a big God *Godswork.org*

**FRIDAY**

**John 5:28-29** *"Don't act so surprised at all this. The time is coming when everyone dead and buried will hear his voice. Those who have lived the right way will walk out into a resurrection Life; those who have lived the wrong way, into a resurrection Judgment.*

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Someone asked the other day, 'What was your favorite fast food when you were growing up?'

'We didn't have fast food when I was growing up,' I informed him. 'All the food was slow.'

'C'mon, seriously. Where did you eat?'

"It was a place called 'at home,'" I explained! 'Mom cooked every day and when Dad got home from work, we sat down together at the dining room table, and if I didn't like what she put on my plate I was allowed to sit there until I did like it.'

By this time, the kid was laughing so hard I was afraid he was going to suffer serious internal damage, so I didn't tell him the part about how I had to have permission to leave the table. But here are some other things I would have told him about my childhood if I figured his system could have handled it.

Some parents NEVER owned their own house, never wore Levis, never set foot on a golf course, never traveled out of the country or had a credit card. In their later years they had something called a revolving charge card. The card was good only at Sears Roebuck. Or maybe it was Sears & Roebuck. Either way, there is no Roebuck anymore. Maybe he died.

My parents never drove me to soccer practice. This was mostly because we never had heard of soccer. I had a bicycle that weighed probably 50 pounds, and only had one speed, (slow) We didn't have a television in our house until I was 19. It was, of course, black and white, and the station went off the air at midnight, after playing the national anthem and a poem about God; it came back on the air at about 6 a.m. And there was usually a locally produced news and farm show on, featuring local people.

I was 21 before I tasted my first pizza, it was called 'pizza pie.' When I bit into it, I burned the roof of my mouth and the cheese slid off, swung down, plastered itself against my chin and burned that, too. It's still the best pizza I ever had.

I never had a telephone in my room. The only phone in the house was in the living room and it was on a party line. Before you could dial, you had to listen and make sure some people you didn't know weren't already using the line. Pizzas were not delivered to our home but milk was.

All newspapers were delivered by boys --my brother delivered a newspaper, six days a week. It cost 7 cents a paper, of which he got to keep 2 cents. He had to get up at 6AM every morning. On Saturday, he had to collect the 42 cents from his customers. His favorite customers were the ones who gave him 50 cents and told him to keep the change. His least favorite customers were the ones who seemed to never be home on collection day.

Movie stars kissed with their mouths shut. At least, they did in the movies. There were no movie ratings because all movies were responsibly produced for everyone to enjoy viewing, without profanity or violence or most anything offensive.

*Share some of these memories with your children or grandchildren Just don't blame me if they bust a gut laughing. Growing up isn't what it used to be! **Shared by Rosemary Westbrook***

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A day without sunshine is like night. Light travels faster than sound. That's why some people appear bright until you hear them speak. OK, so what's the speed of dark? *Larry's Proverbs*

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'Gentlemen, it is better to have died as a small boy than to fumble this football.'  
John Heisman AUBURN *John Dahl*