

MONDAY

John 18:28-29 ²⁸They led Jesus then from Caiaphas to the Roman governor's palace. It was early morning. They themselves didn't enter the palace because they didn't want to be disqualified from eating the Passover. ³⁹So Pilate came out to them and spoke. "What charge do you bring against this man?"

* * * * *

I have read how, "During his reign King Frederick William III of Prussia found himself in trouble. Wars had been costly and in trying to rebuild the nation, he was seriously short of finances. He couldn't disappoint his people, and to surrender to the enemy was not an option.

"After careful reflection, he decided to ask the women of Prussia to bring their jewelry of gold and silver to be melted down for their country. For each ornament received, he determined to exchange a decoration of bronze or iron as a symbol of his gratitude. Each decoration would be inscribed, 'I GAVE GOLD FOR IRON, 1813.'"

"The response was overwhelming. The women prized their gifts from the king more than their former jewelry. The reason why is clear, the decorations were proof that they had sacrificed for their king. It even became unfashionable to wear any other jewelry. And thus was established the ORDER OF THE IRON CROSS."

I wonder how much we who name the name of Christ and call ourselves Christ-ones (Christians) are willing to sacrifice for and give of our best to our king, King Jesus--and receive from him the ORDER OF THE WOODEN CROSS? *Daily Encounter*

* * * * *

MORE OR LESS- found this in an old cookbook.

Go Less – Sleep More	Ride Less – Walk More
Talk Less – Think More	Scold Less – Praise More
Waste Less – Give More	Clothe Less – Bathe More
Idle Less – Play More	Worry Less – Laugh More
Preach Less – Practice More	Eat Less – Chew More

author unknown, from Cup O'Cheer

* * * * *

Grandma used to set her hot baked apple pies on the window sill to cool. Her grand daughters set theirs on the window sill to thaw. *Rosemary Westbrook*

* * * * *

Anyone involved in the creation of an airport security system that requires pilots to be checked for weapons has got to be removed from any government job and promptly institutionalized, as he is a danger to himself and others.

We're talking about the pilot. Is there anyone in the government who can tell us why the pilot doesn't need a box-cutter to seize control of the airplane and kill everyone on it? You there, in the back -- the skinny guy with the big ears behind the teleprompter: Wanna take a guess?

Humor Digest

* * * * *

"Surely, you can't be serious!"

"I am serious... and don't call me Shirley."

Leslie Nielsen

TUESDAY

John 18:30-32 ³⁰*They said, "If he hadn't been doing something evil, do you think we'd be here bothering you?"* ³¹*Pilate said, "You take him. Judge him by your law." The Jews said, "We're not allowed to kill anyone."* ³²*(This would confirm Jesus' word indicating the way he would die.)*

* * * * *

Sunday school teacher Ms. Brown had a class of five-year-olds. She began the lesson by saying, "Today we are going to study about Peter. Can anybody tell me who Peter was?"

A little lad in the back of the group raised his hand.

"Oh, how nice," Ms. Brown said. "Billy knows. Billy, please come up front and tell the class who Peter was."

Billy quickly came to the front and said with great pride in his voice,

"I fink he was a wabbit." *Laugh & Lift*

* * * * *

A cabbie picks up a Nun. She gets into the cab, and notices that the VERY handsome cab driver won't stop staring at her. She asks him why he is staring. He replies: "I have a question to ask, but I don't want to offend you." She answers, "My son, you cannot offend me. When you're as old as I am and have been a nun as long as I have, you get a chance to see and hear just about everything. There's nothing you could say or ask that I would find offensive."

"Well, I've always had a fantasy to have a nun kiss me." She responds, "Well, let's see what we can do about that: #1, you have to be single and, you must be Catholic."

The cab driver is very excited and says, "Yes, I'm single and Catholic!" "OK" the nun says. "Pull into a parking spot." The nun fulfills his fantasy with a kiss that would make a hooker blush. But when they get back on the road, the cab driver starts crying.

"My dear child," said the nun, "Why are you crying?" "Forgive me, Sister, but I've sinned. and I lied to you. I confess; I'm married and I'm Jewish."

The nun says, "That's OK. My name is Kevin and I'm going to a Halloween party."

Humor Digest

* * * * *

An Illinois man left the snow-filled streets of Chicago for a vacation in Florida. His wife was on a business trip and was planning to meet him there the next day. When he reached his hotel, he decided to send his wife a quick email. Unfortunately, when typing her address, he missed one letter, and his note was directed instead to an elderly preacher's wife whose husband had passed away only the day before. When the grieving widow checked her email, she took one look at the monitor, let out a piercing scream, and fell to the floor in a dead faint.

At the sound, her family rushed into the room and saw this note on the screen:

“Dearest Wife, just got checked in. Everything prepared for your arrival tomorrow.

P.S. Sure is hot down here *Inspireme.net*

* * * * *

"What a bunch of weenies! Boarding an airliner is no more degrading, humiliating, and intrusive than, say, being processed into a state penitentiary."

- *Anonymous TSA Agent*

WEDNESDAY

John 18:33-35 ³³*Pilate went back into the palace and called for Jesus. He said, "Are you the 'King of the Jews?'"* ³⁴*Jesus answered, "Are you saying this on your own, or did others tell you this about me?"* ³⁵*Pilate said, "Do I look like a Jew? Your people and your high priests turned you over to me. What did you do?"*

* * * * *

I scrubbed the kids until they looked brand new and then put on my best homemade dress. I loaded them into the rusty old 51 Chevy and drove off to find a job. The seven of us went to every factory, store and restaurant in our small town. No luck. The kids stayed, crammed into the car and tried to be quiet while I tried to convince whoever would listen that I was willing to learn or do anything. I had to have a job. Still no luck.

The last place we went to, just a few miles out of town, was an old Root Beer Barrel drive-in that had been converted to a truck stop. It was called the Big Wheel. An old lady named Granny owned the place and she peeked out of the window from time to time at all those kids. She needed someone on the graveyard shift, 11 at night until seven in the morning. She paid 65 cents an hour and I could start that night.

I raced home and called the teenager down the street that baby-sat for people. I bargained with her to come and sleep on my sofa for a dollar a night. She could arrive with her pajamas on and the kids would already be asleep. This seemed like a good arrangement to her, so we made a deal. That night when the little ones and I knelt to say our prayers we all thanked God for finding Mommy a job. And so I started at the Big Wheel.

When I got home in the mornings I woke the baby-sitter up and sent her home with one dollar of my tip money - fully half of what I averaged every night. As the weeks went by, heating bills added another strain to my meager wage. The tires on the old Chevy had the consistency of penny balloons and began to leak. I had to fill them with air on the way to work and again every morning before I could go home.

One bleak fall morning, I dragged myself to the car to go home and found four tires in the back seat. New tires! There was no note, no nothing, just those beautiful brand new tires. Had angels taken up residence

in Indiana? I wondered. I made a deal with the owner of the local service station. In exchange for his mounting the new tires, I would clean up his office. I remember it took me a lot longer to scrub his floor than it did for him to do the tires.

I was now working six nights instead of five and it still wasn't enough. Christmas was coming and I knew there would be no money for toys for the kids. I found a can of red paint and started repairing and painting some old toys. Then I hid them in the basement so there would be something for Santa to deliver on Christmas morning. Clothes were a worry too. I was sewing patches on top of patches on the boys pants and soon they would be too far gone to repair.

On Christmas Eve the usual customers were drinking coffee in the Big Wheel. These were the truckers, Les, Frank, and Jim, and a state trooper named Joe. A few musicians were hanging around after a gig at the Legion and were dropping nickels in the pinball machine. The regulars all just sat around and talked through the wee hours of the morning and then left to get home before the sun came up. When it was time for me to go home at seven o'clock on Christmas morning I hurried to the car. I was hoping the kids wouldn't wake up before I managed to get home and get the presents from the basement and place them under the tree (We had cut down a small cedar tree by the side of the road down by the dump.)

It was still dark and I couldn't see much, but there appeared to be some dark shadows in the car - or was that just a trick of the night? Something certainly looked different, but it was hard to tell what.

When I reached the car I peered warily into one of the side windows. Then my jaw dropped in amazement. My old battered Chevy was full to the top with boxes of all shapes and sizes. I quickly opened the driver's side door, collapsed inside and kneeled in the front facing the back seat. Reaching back, I pulled off the lid of the top box.

Inside was a whole case of little blue jeans, sizes 2-10! I looked inside another box: It was full of shirts to go with the jeans. Then I peeked inside some of the other boxes: There were candy and nuts and bananas and bags of groceries. There was an enormous ham for baking, and canned vegetables and potatoes. There was pudding and Jell-O and cookies, pie filling and flour. There was a whole bag of laundry supplies and cleaning items. And there were five toy trucks and one beautiful little doll. As I drove back through empty streets as the sun slowly rose on the most amazing Christmas Day of my life, I was sobbing with gratitude. And I will never forget the joy on the faces of my little ones that precious morning.

Inspireme.net

THURSDAY

John 18:36 ³⁶*"My kingdom," said Jesus, "doesn't consist of what you see around you. If it did, my followers would fight so that I wouldn't be handed over to the Jews. But I'm not that kind of king, not the world's kind of king."*

* * * * *

While watching a movie recently, I couldn't hear the dialogue over the chatter of the two women sitting in front of me. Unable to bear it any longer, I tapped one of them on the shoulder.

"Excuse me," I said, "I can't hear."

"I should hope not," she replied sharply. "This is a private conversation."

Cybersalt Digest

* * * * *

One day, a poor boy who was selling goods from door to door to pay his way through school, found he had only one thin dime left, and he was hungry. He decided he would ask for a meal at the next house. However, he lost his nerve when a lovely young woman opened the door. Instead of a meal he asked for a drink of water.

She thought he looked hungry so brought him a large glass of milk. He drank it slowly, and then asked, "How much do I owe you?"

"You don't owe me anything," she replied. "Mother has taught us never to accept pay for a kindness."

He said..... "Then I thank you from my heart." As Howard Kelly left that house, he not only felt stronger physically, but his faith in God and man was strong also. He had been ready to give up and quit.

Year's later that young woman became critically ill. The local doctors were baffled. They finally sent her to the big city, where they called in specialists to study her rare disease. Dr. Howard Kelly was called in for the consultation. When he heard the name of the town she came from, a strange light filled his eyes. Immediately he rose and went down the hall of the hospital to her room.

Dressed in his doctor's gown he went in to see her. He recognized her at once. He went back to the consultation room determined to do his best to save her life. From that day he gave special attention to the case.

After a long struggle, the battle was won. Dr. Kelly requested the business office to pass the final bill to him for approval.

He looked at it, then wrote something on the edge and the bill was sent to her room. She feared to open it, for she was sure it would take the rest of her life to pay for it all. Finally she looked, and something caught her attention on the side of the bill.

She read these words..... "Paid in full with one glass of milk." **(Signed) Dr. Howard Kelly**
Inspireme.net

* * * * *

COMPUTER TERM DICTIONARY

State-of-the-art: Any computer you can't afford.

Obsolete: Any computer you own.

Microsecond: The time it takes for your state-of-the-art computer to become obsolete.

Laugh & Lift

* * * * *

While waiting in line to check out at a Christian bookstore, a man in front of me asked the clerk about a display of hats with the letters WWJD on them. The clerk explained that WWJD stands for "What would Jesus do?" and that the idea is to get people to consider this question when making decisions.

The man pondered a moment, then replied, "I don't think he'd pay \$17.95 for that hat."

Cybersalt Digest

FRIDAY

John 18:37 . ³⁷Then Pilate said, "So, are you a king or not?" Jesus answered, "You tell me! Because I am King, I was born and entered the world so that I could witness to the truth. Everyone who cares for truth, who has any feeling for the truth, recognizes my voice."

* * * * *

Kim Sherer writes: "One night while my young son, Ryan, was sleeping, a storm began brewing outside. After a loud clap of thunder, I heard him wake up so I headed toward his room to comfort him. He asked me to stay with him until he fell asleep. As I lay there I realized he hadn't asked me to make the storm go away, but to stay with him. How many times, I wondered, have I asked God to take away the storms of life, when instead I need to ask him to stay with me and help me weather them more peacefully?"

Kim makes a good point. As the hymn writer, Charles A. Tindley, put it so aptly:

*When the storms of life are raging, Stand by me (stand by me);
When the storms of life are raging, Stand by me (stand by me);
When the world is tossing me Like a ship upon the sea,
Thou Who rulest wind and water, Stand by me (stand by me).* *Daily Encounter*

* * * * *

"I wish the chemists who successfully removed the lead from gasoline would try the same with our politicians." *Cybersalt*

* * * * *

A problem can also become an opportunity:

In 1859, a Brooklyn chemist traveled to Titusville, Pennsylvania, to watch the drilling for oil. He was Robert Chesebrough who watched as the oil drillers cursed a colorless oily residue that stuck to their drills. Though it was a problem that gummed up the works, the oil workers smeared this stuff on their cuts and burns. It helped to heal. Chesebrough took this oily residue back to Brooklyn. By 1870, he was manufacturing what he had developed from that oily problem. He called it Vaseline Petroleum Jelly.

A violent storm posed a problem for the captain of a slave ship. He was John Newton, born in London on July 24, 1725. After his mother died when he was seven, he joined his father at sea at age eleven. After his life went downhill, he became the captain of a slave ship. He transported slaves from Africa to America. On March 10, 1748, a storm frightened him so badly that he called out to God for mercy.

The problem of the storm started a storm in his heart. He remembered his childhood faith. Finally that inner storm gave him the opportunity to give up the slave trade. At age 39, he became a priest of the Church of England. He wrote a hymn called "Amazing Grace" to tell how God's love changed his life.
Daily-Encounter

* * * * *

A woman's husband died. He had \$20,000 to his name. After paying all the funeral expenses, she told her closest friend that there was no money left.

The friend asked, "How can that be? You told me he had \$20,000 a few days before he died. How could you be broke?"

The widow replied, "Well, the funeral cost me \$6,500. And of course, I had to make the obligatory donation to the church, pay the organist and all. That was \$500, and I spent another \$500 for the wake, the food and drinks, you know. The rest went for the memorial stone."

The friend asked, "\$12,500 for the memorial stone? Wow! How big was it?"

The widow replied, "Three carats." *Cybersalt Digest*

* * * * *

An invisible man marries an invisible woman. The kids were nothing to look at either.

Cybersalt Digest