

MONDAY

John 19:13 ¹³When Pilate heard those words, he led Jesus outside. He sat down at the judgment seat in the area designated Stone Court (in Hebrew, Gabbatha).

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A lady invited some people to dinner. At the table, she turned to their six-year-old daughter and said, 'Would you like to say the blessing?'

'I wouldn't know what to say,' the girl replied.

'Just say what you hear Mommy say,' the mother answered.

The daughter bowed her head and said, 'Lord, why on earth did I invite all these people to dinner?'
DMX

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Lincoln's next business venture was with William Berry in a general store, under the firm name of Lincoln & Berry, but did not take long to show that he was not adapted for a business career. The firm failed, Berry died and the debts of the firm fell entirely upon Lincoln. Many of these debts he might have escaped legally, but he assumed them all and it was not until fifteen years later that the last indebtedness of Lincoln & Berry was discharged.

During his membership in this firm he had applied himself to the study of law, beginning at the beginning, that is with Blackstone. Now that he had nothing to do he spent much of his time lying under the shade of a tree poring over law books, borrowed from a comrade in the Blackhawk War, who was then a practicing lawyer at Springfield. *Lincoln, RD*

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Before heading on vacation, I went to a tanning salon. I stayed under the tanning lights so long the protective eye shades I wore left a big white circle around both eyes. While gazing at myself in a mirror the next day I thought, "Man, I look like a clown.

I had almost convinced myself I was overreacting-until I was in line at the grocery store. I felt a tug at my hirt and looked down to see a toddler staring u a me. "Are you giving out balloons? He asked.
Nina Secviar, RD

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On one of the pages of a notebook Lincoln had written these four lines of schoolboy doggerel: "Abraham Lincoln, His Hand and Pen, He Will be Good, But God knows when."

The poetic spirit was strong in the young scholar just then for on another page of the same book he had written these two verses, which are supposed to have been original with him: "Time, what an empty vapor 'tis, And days, how swift they are; Swift as an Indian arrow, Fly on like a shooting star.

The present moment just is here, Then slides away in haste, That we can never say they're ours, But only say they're past."

Another specimen of the poetical, or rhyming ability, is found in the following couplet, written by him for his friend, Joseph C. Richardson: "Good boys who to their books apply, Will all be great men by and by."

In all, Lincoln's "schooling" did not amount to a year's time, but he was a constant student outside of the schoolhouse. He read all the books he could borrow, and it was his chief delight during the day to lie under the shade of some tree, or at night in front of an open fireplace, reading and studying. His favorite books were the Bible and Aesop's fables, which he kept always within reach and read time and again. The first law book he ever read was "The Statutes of Indiana," and it was from this work that he derived his ambition to be a lawyer. *Lincoln, RD*

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You know your kids are growing older when they stop asking where they came from and begin refusing to tell you where they are going. *P.J. O'Rourke, RD*

TUESDAY

John 19:14-15 ¹⁴*It was the preparation day for Passover. The hour was noon. Pilate said to the Jews, "Here is your king." ¹⁵They shouted back, "Kill him! Kill him! Crucify him!" Pilate said, "I am to crucify your king?" The high priests answered, "We have no king except Caesar."*

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On my way to my parents' house for dinner one evening, I glanced over at my 15-year-old daughter. "Isn't that skirt a bit short?" I asked. She rolled her eyes at my comment and gave me one of those "Oh, Mom" looks.

When we arrived at my folks' place, my mother greeted us at the door, hugged my daughter, then turned to me and said, "Elizabeth! Don't you think your blouse is awfully low-cut?" *Elizabeth Scott, RD*

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There were strange, queer, odd things and happenings in the Army at times, but, as a rule, President Lincoln did not allow them to worry him. He had enough to bother about.

A quartermaster having neglected to present his accounts in proper shape, and the matter being deemed of sufficient importance to bring it to the attention of the President, the latter remarked:

"Now this instance reminds me of a little story I heard only a short time ago. A certain general's purse was getting low, and he said it was probable he might be obliged to draw on his banker for some money.

"How much do you want, father?' asked his son, who had been with him a few days.

"I think I shall send for a couple of hundred,' replied the general.

"Why, father,' said his son, very quietly, 'I can let you have it.'

"You can let me have it! Where did you get so much money?"

"I won it playing draw-poker with your staff, sir!' replied the youth.

"The earliest morning train bore the young man toward his home, and I've been wondering if that boy and that quartermaster had happened to meet at the same table." *Lincoln, RD*

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As my five-year-old son and I were heading to McDonald's one day, we passed a car accident. Usually when we see something terrible like that, we say a prayer for whoever might be hurt, so I pointed and said to my son, "We should pray."

From the back seat I heard his earnest voice: "Dear God, please don't let those cars block the entrance to McDonalds." *Sherri Leard, RD*

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Why don't you ever see the headline: "PSYCHIC WINS LOTTERY"? *Laugh & Lift*

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One evening after dinner, my five-year-old son Brian noticed that his mother had gone out. In answer to his question about her absence, I said, "Mommy is at a Tupperware Party."

Obviously puzzled, he asked, "What's a Tupper Ware Party?"

I've always given my son honest answers, so I thought a simple explanation would be the best approach. "Well, Brian," I said, "at a Tupperware Party, a bunch of ladies sit around and sell plastic bowls to each other."

Brian nodded, indicating that he understood. Then he burst into laughter. "Come on, Dad, he said. "What is it really?" *Kenneth Holmes, RD*

WEDNESDAY

John 19:16 ¹⁶*Pilate caved in to the crowds demand. He turned Jesus over to be crucified. They took Jesus away*

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When my daughter was preparing for her school's "career week," a time when career options are discussed and often led by representatives of different professions, we talked about my job as an airline customer-service representative.

I mentioned that one of my responsibilities was to load passengers' luggage at the check-in counter. I later found out to my dismay that my daughter had mis-labeled my occupation as "Bag Lady."

Vivki Freeman, RD

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Probably the last official act of President Lincoln's life was the signing of the commission reappointing Alvin Saunders Governor of Nebraska.

"I saw Mr. Lincoln regarding the matter," said Governor Saunders, "and he told me to go home; that he would attend to it all right. I left Washington on the morning of the 14th, and while en route the news of the assassination on the evening of the same day reached me. I immediately wired back to find out what had become of my commission, and was told that the room had not been opened. When it was opened, the document was found lying on the desk.

"Mr. Lincoln signed it just before leaving for the theater that fatal evening, and left it lying there, unfolded.

"A note was found below the document as follows: 'Rather a lengthy commission, bestowing upon Mr. Alvin Saunders the official authority of Governor of the Territory of Nebraska.' Then came Lincoln's signature, which, with one exception, that of a penciled message on the back of a card sent up by a friend as Mr. Lincoln was dressing for the theater, was the very last signature of the martyred President." RD

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On the back of a septic-service company truck: "Satisfaction guaranteed, or your merchandise cheerfully refunded." J. W. Bradford, RD

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Every day since three-year-old Michael was told he was going to have a baby sister, he would touch his mommy's tummy tenderly and sing all the songs he knew to the baby.

Tragically, the baby was born in critical condition, and the doctors said the newborn would not last through the week. Michael, who was unaware of the crisis, kept insisting he wanted to see his sister and sing to her. Although children were not allowed in intensive care, his mother decided to let Michael see his sister and sing to her before she passed away.

When the nurse saw Michael in the room she said, "That child will have to leave."

Michael's mom responded firmly, "Not until he sings to his sister."

Michael didn't notice all the wires attached to the tiny infant. Touching the outside of the plastic crib, he beamed and began to sing: *You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. You make me happy when skies are gray. You'll never know, dear, how much I love you. Please don't take my sunshine away.*

Strangely, the baby seemed to respond. Her heart rate slowed and her breathing became easier. With tears in her eyes, the mother said, "Keep singing, Michael, keep singing." The more Michael sang, the more the baby relaxed.

Soon even the nurse chimed in, "Keep singing, Michael, keep singing."

And Michael did. The baby fell into a calm, healing sleep. Within days, she was well enough to take home.* Quoted by Michael Josephson, author unknown

THURSDAY

John 19:17-19 ¹⁷ *Carrying his cross, Jesus went out to the place called Skull Hill (the name in Hebrew is Golgotha),* ¹⁸ *where they crucified him, and with him two others, one on each side, Jesus in the middle.* ¹⁹ *Pilate wrote a sign and had it placed on the cross. It read: "Jesus the Nazarene, the king of the Jews."*

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One of the world's greatest scientists was also recognized as the original absent-minded professor. One day, on board a train, he was unable to find his ticket. The conductor said, "Take it easy. You'll find it."

When the conductor returned, the professor still couldn't find the ticket. The conductor, recognizing the famous scientist, said, "I'm sure you bought a ticket. Forget about it."

"You're very kind," the professor said, "but I must find it. Otherwise, I won't know where to get off."
GCFL

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On a quiet street in the city a little old man walked along shuffling through the autumn afternoon, and the autumn leaves reminded him of other summers come and gone. He had a long lonely night ahead, waiting for June.

Then among the leaves near an orphan's home a piece of paper caught his eye, and he stooped to pick up with trembling hands. As he read the childish writing the old man began to cry, cause the words burned inside him like a brand.

"Whoever finds this, I love you, whoever finds this, I need you. I ain't even got no one to talk to, So whoever finds this, I love you!

The old man's eyes searched the orphan's home and came to rest upon a child. With her nose pressed up against the window pane. And the old man knew he found a friend at last, so he waved to her and smiled. And they both knew they'd spend the winter laughing at the rain.

And they did spend the winter laughing at the rain, talking through the fence and exchanging little gifts they made for each other. The old man would carve toys for the little girl. She would draw pictures for him of beautiful ladies, surrounded by green trees and sunshine, and they laughed a lot.

But then on the first day of June the little girl ran to the fence to show the old man a picture she drew, but he wasn't there. And somehow the little girl knew he wasn't coming back so she went to her room, took a crayon and paper and wrote....

"Whoever finds this, I love you, whoever finds this, I need you, I ain't even got no one to talk to. So whoever finds this, I love you!" *Author Unknown, Cup O'Cheer*

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If you are a senior you will understand this one, if you deal with seniors, this should help you understand them a little better, and if you are not a senior et.....God willing, someday you will be.

We went to breakfast at a restaurant where the 'seniors' special' was two eggs, bacon, hash browns and toast for \$2.99. 'Sounds good,' my wife said. 'But I don't want the eggs.'

'Then, I'll have to charge you \$3.49 because you're ordering a la carte,' the waitress warned her.

'You mean I'd have to pay for not taking the eggs?' my wife asked incredulously.

'YES!' stated the waitress.

'I'll take the special then,' my wife said..

'How do you want your eggs?' the waitress asked.

'Raw and in the shell,' my wife replied. She took the two eggs home and baked a cake. DON'T MESS

WITH SENIORS!!! WE'VE been around the block more than once!
From my sister, Carolyn Olkives (Moore)

FRIDAY

John 19:20-22 ²⁰Many of the Jews read the sign because the place where Jesus was crucified was right next to the city. It was written in Hebrew, Latin, and Greek. ²¹The Jewish high priests objected. "Don't write," they said to Pilate, "'The King of the Jews.' Make it, 'This man said, 'I am the King of the Jews.'""
²²Pilate said, "What I've written, I've written."

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My musical director wasn't happy with the performance of one of our percussionists. Repeated attempts to get the drummer to improve failed. Finally, in front of the orchestra, the director said in frustration, "When a musician just can't handle his instrument, they take it away, give him two sticks and make him a drummer.

A stage whisper was heard from the percussion section: "And if he can't handle that, they take away one of his sticks and make him a conductor. *Quincy Wong*

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An insurance agency that I work for draws business from a retirement community. Once, when applying for auto insurance for a client, it was necessary to learn how many miles he drove in a year. He said he didn't know.

"Well, do you drive 10,000 miles a year," I asked, "or 5,000?"

He said the numbers sounded high. "What month is this?" he asked. I told him it was July.

"Maybe this will help," he said. "I filled the car with gas in February." *Lynn Bebee, RD*

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Overheard at a business luncheon, "Yesterday I got my necktie stuck in the fax machine. Next thing I knew, I was in Los Angeles."

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Leonard Swett, of Chicago, whose counsels were doubtless among the most welcome to Lincoln, in summing up Lincoln's character, said:

"From the commencement of his life to its close I have sometimes doubted whether he ever asked anybody's advice about anything. He would listen to everybody; he would hear everybody; but he rarely, if ever, asked for opinions.

"As a politician and as President he arrived at all his conclusions from his own reflections, and when his conclusions were once formed he never doubted but what they were right.

"One great public mistake of his (Lincoln's) character, as generally received and acquiesced in, is that he is considered by the people of this country as a frank, guileless, and unsophisticated man. There never was a greater mistake.

"Beneath a smooth surface of candor and apparent declaration of all his thoughts and feelings he exercised the most exalted tact and wisest discrimination. He handled and moved men remotely as we do pieces upon a chess-board.

"He retained through life all the friends he ever had, and he made the wrath of his enemies to praise him. This was not by cunning or intrigue in the low acceptation of the term, but by far-seeing reason and discernment. He always told only enough of his plans and purposes to induce the belief that he had communicated all; yet he reserved enough to have communicated nothing." *Leonard Swett, RD*

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Just ahead of me in a line at the movie theater was a woman with a cell phone glued to her ear, arguing with the ticket booth.

"Your movie can't be sold out!" she shouted. "I'm talking to my boy friend inside who says there are two empty seats beside him. One ticket please."

She got her ticket. *Claudia Wrazel-Horowitz, RD*