

Free To Be Children

Give our children, time to be children.
To savour the wonder that is theirs.
To blossom in the world of their simplicity,
Not darkened by the shadows that are ours.

Let them bask in the warmth of their sunshine,
Cleansed in the softness of their tears,
Be kissed by the beauties of nature,
Let them be free in the Kingdom that is theirs.

Their beauty is the purity of heaven,
Not tainted by the ugliness of man
Oh, let's not destroy their simplicity,
We can never improve on what they have

From: To School Through The Fields
by Alice Taylor

Contributed by Jean Lock

How to get to Heaven

A teacher was testing children in her Dublin Sunday school class to see if they understood the concept of getting to heaven. She asked them, 'If I sold my house and car, had a big jumble sale and gave all my money to the church, would that get me into heaven?'

'NO!' the children answered.

'If I cleaned the church every day, mowed the garden, and kept everything tidy, would that get me into heaven?' Again, the answer was 'No!' By now she was starting to smile.

'Well then, if I was kind to animals and gave sweeties to all the children, and loved my husband, would that get me into heaven?' Again, they all answered 'No!' She was just bursting with pride for them.

She continued, ' Then how can I get into heaven? A six year-old boy shouted out:

"YOU'VE GOTTA BE DEAD....."!!!!

ARE YOU GOD'S WIFE?

Witness the following scene on a cold day in December, some years ago, in New York City.

A little boy, about 10 years old, was standing before a shoe store on the roadway, barefooted, peering through the window, and shivering with cold.

A lady approached the young boy and said, 'My, but you're in such deep thought staring in that window!'

'I was asking God to give me a pair of shoes,' was the boy's reply.

The lady took him by the hand, went into the store, and asked the assistant to get half a dozen pairs of socks for the boy. She then asked if she could give her a basin of water and a towel. She quickly brought them to her. She took the little fellow to the back part of the store and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed his little feet, and dried them with the towel.

By this time, the assistant had returned with the socks. Placing a pair upon the boy's feet, the lady purchased him a pair of shoes. She tied up the remaining pairs of socks and gave them to him. She patted him on the head and said, 'No doubt, you will be more comfortable now.'

As she turned to go, the astonished kid caught her by the hand, and looking up into her face, with tears in his eyes, asked her:

'Are you God's wife?'

A CARING CHILD

A four-year-old child lived next door to an elderly gentleman, who had recently lost his wife. On seeing the man cry, the little boy went into the old gentleman's yard, climbed onto his lap, and just sat there.

When his mother asked him what he had said to the neighbour, the little boy just said: 'Nothing, I just helped him cry.'

My wish for you

Where there is pain, I wish you peace and mercy.
Where there is self-doubting, I wish you a renewed confidence in your ability to work through it.
Where there is tiredness or exhaustion, I wish you understanding, patience and renewed strength.
Where there is fear, I wish you love and courage.