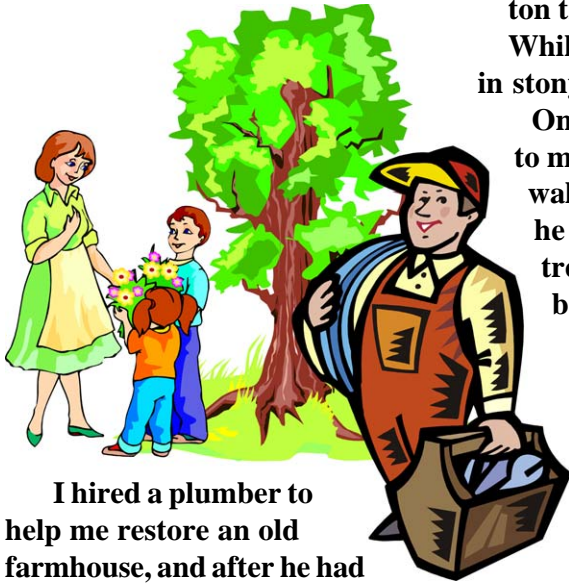


The Small Tree



I hired a plumber to help me restore an old farmhouse, and after he had just finished a rough first day on the job: a flat tire made him lose

an hour of work, his electric drill quit and his ancient one ton truck refused to start. While I drove him home, he sat in stony silence.

On arriving, he invited me in to meet his family. As we walked toward the front door, he paused briefly at a small tree, touching the tips of the branches with both hands.

Upon opening the door he underwent an amazing transformation. His tanned face was wreathed in smiles and he hugged his two small children and gave his wife a kiss. Afterward he walked me to the car. We passed the tree and

my curiosity got the better of me. I asked him about what I had seen him do earlier.

“Oh, that’s my trouble tree,” he replied. “I know I can’t help having troubles on the job, but one thing’s for sure, those troubles don’t belong in the house with my wife and the children. So I just hang them up on the tree every night when I come home and ask God to take care of them. Then in the morning I pick them up again.”

“Funny thing is,” he smiled, “when I come out in the morning to pick ‘em up, there aren’t nearly as many as I remember hanging up the night before.”

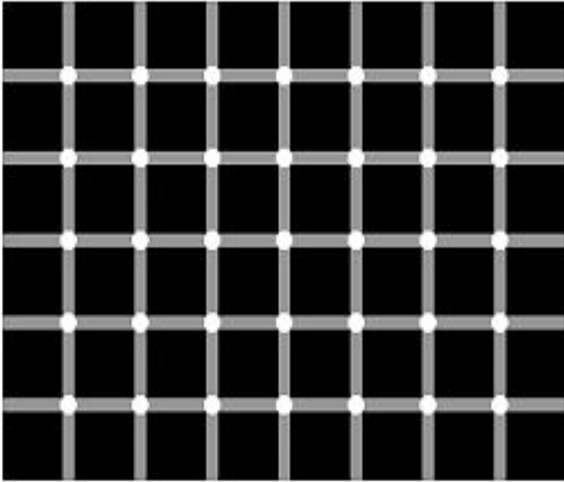


“Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son *to be* the propitiation for our sins.”

1 John 4:10

“Love is Kind” 1 Corinthians 13

F. W. Farrar tells how, when Dwight L. Moody was an ignorant, ragged, shoeless boy in the streets of Chicago, he found his way to a Sunday school by one of those unseen providences that men call chance. He was shy and sensitive and very nervous lest the other boys would laugh at him because he could not find the places in the Bible. The teacher observed his embarrassment, and with gentle, silent tact saved him from his shame by finding the places for him. But for that little nameless act of love and sympathy, a career of memorable beneficence might have been lost to the world.

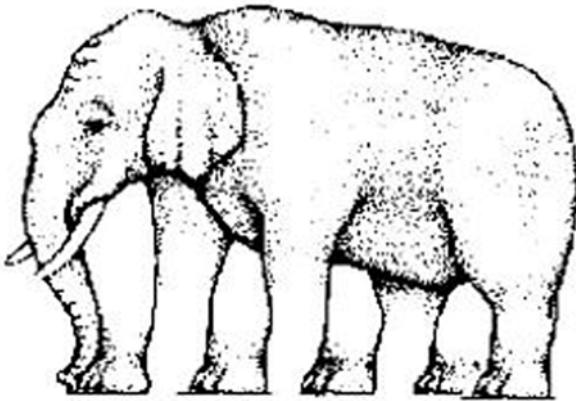


Count the black dots.

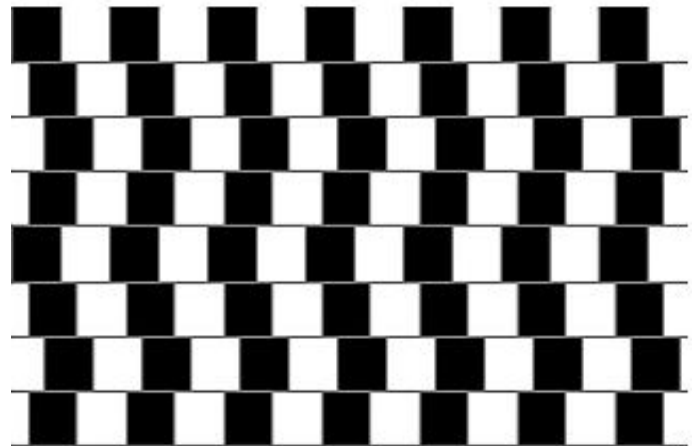
Keep staring at the black dot and after a while the gray haze around it will appear to shrink.

If we stare at the horrible sins in the world around us we might become insensitive to the constant, though somewhat less “spectacular” sin in our own lives. Many die lost because of this.

“Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things.” **Romans 2:1**



How many legs does this elephant have?



Are the horizontal lines parallel or do they slope?

We live in a world where “straight” living people are made to appear crooked.

“Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!” **Isaiah 5:20**



Is this a picture of a skull or of a woman looking in a mirror? I think this image was originally called “vanity.” We all grow old sometime and it seems we tend to waste a lot of time on things we can not keep.

“He is no fool who gives what he can not keep to gain what he can not lose.” Jim Elliot

A Godly woman:

³Whose adorning let it not be that outward *adorning* of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; ⁴But *let it be* the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, *even the ornament* of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. ⁵For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves ..1 Peter 3:3-5



Is this a man playing a saxophone, or the silhouette of a woman? [Hint, the dot just to the right of the saxophone is the woman’s right eye.]