



THE QUARTERLY CUP

Women's Ministries, First Presbyterian Church
July 2011

Shirley and Marcy

--- unknown

He didn't want his mother to walk with him.

She wanted to give him the feeling that he had some independence, but yet know that he was safe, so she had an idea of how to handle it. She asked a neighbor if she would please follow him to school in the mornings, staying at a distance, so he probably wouldn't notice her.

The neighbor said that since she was up early with her toddler anyway, it would be a good way for them to get some exercise as well, so she agreed.

The next school day, the neighbor and her little girl set out following behind Timmy as he walked to school with another neighborhood child. She did this for the whole week.

As the two children walked and chatted, kicking stones and twigs, Timmy's little friend noticed the same lady was following them, just as she had seemed to do every day all week. Finally she said to Timmy, "Have you noticed that lady following us to school all week? Do you know her?"

Timmy nonchalantly replied, "Yeah, I know who she is."

The little girl said, "Well, who is she?"

"That's just Shirley Goodnest," Timmy replied, "and her daughter Marcy."

"Shirley Goodnest? Who is she and why is she following us?"

"Well," Timmy explained, "every night my Mom makes me say the 23rd Psalm with my prayers, 'cuz she worries about me so much. And in the Psalm, it says, "Shirley Goodnest (*surely goodness*) and Marcy (*mercy*) shall follow me all the days of my life, so I guess I'll just have to get used to it!"

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face shine upon you, and be gracious unto; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace.

May Shirley Goodnest and Marcy be with you today and always.

Today

--- unknown

Before you say an unkind word – think of someone who can't speak.

Before you complain about the taste of your food – think of someone who has nothing to eat.

Before you complain about your husband or wife – think of someone who's crying out to God for a companion.

Before you complain about life – think of someone who died too early on this earth.

Before you complain about your children – think of someone who desires children but they're barren.

Before you argue about your dirty house – think of the people who are living in the streets.

Before whining about the distance you drive – think of someone who walks the same distance.

And when you are tired and complain about your job – think of the unemployed, the disabled, and those who wish they had your job.

But before you think of pointing the finger or condemning another – remember that not one of us is without sin.

When depressing thoughts seem to get you down – put a smile on your face and think: you're alive and still around.

Prayer: Don't give God instructions – just report for duty.

Faith

--- unknown

A little girl and her father were crossing a bridge. The father wanted to be protective without injuring her feelings, asked his little daughter, "Sweetheart, please hold my hand so that you don't fall into the river.

The little girl said, "No, Dad. You hold *my* hand."

"What's the difference?" asked the puzzled father.

"There's a big difference," replied the little girl. "If I hold your hand and something happens to me, chances are that I may let go of your hand, but if you hold *my* hand, I know for sure that no matter what happens, you will never let my hand go."

In any relationship, the essence of trust is not in its bind, but in its bond. So hold the hand of the person who loves you, rather than expecting them to hold yours.

DEATH --- What a wonderful way to explain it

--- unknown

A sick man turned to his doctor as he was preparing to leave the examination room and said, "Doctor, I am afraid to die. Tell me what lies on the other side."

Very quietly, the doctor said, "I don't know."

"You don't know? You're a Christian man, and don't know what's on the other side?"

The doctor was holding the handle of the door. From the other side came the sound of scratching and whining, and as he opened the door, a dog sprang into the room and leaped on him with an eager show of gladness. Turning to the patient, the doctor said, "Did you notice my dog? He's never been in this room before. He didn't know what was inside. He knew nothing except that his master was here. And when the door opened, he sprang in without fear. I know little of what is on the other side of death, but I do know one thing . . . I know my Master is there, and that is enough."

Picking a puppy

---unknown

"Danielle keeps repeating it over and over again. We've been back to this animal shelter at least five times. It has been weeks now since we started all of this," the mother told the volunteer.

"What is it she keeps asking for?" the volunteer asked.

"Puppy size!" replied the mother.

"Well, we have plenty of puppies, if that's what she's looking for."

"I know. We've seen most of them," the mom said in frustration.

Just then Danielle came walking into the office. "Well, did you find one?" asked her mom.

"No, not this time," Danielle said with sadness in her voice. "Can we come back on the weekend?"

The two women looked at each other and laughed. "You never know when we will get more dogs. Unfortunately, there's always a supply," the volunteer said.

Danielle took her mother by the hand and headed to the door. "Don't worry, I'll find one this weekend," she said.

Over the next few days, her parents each had long conversations with her. They both felt she was being too particular. "It's this weekend, or we're not looking anymore," Dad finally said in frustration.

"We don't want to hear anything more about puppy size, either," Mom added.

They were the first ones in the shelter on Saturday morning. By now, Danielle knew her way around, so she ran for the section that housed the smaller dogs. Tired of the routine, Mom sat in the small waiting room at the end of the first row of cages. An observation window let visitors see the animals during times when visitors weren't permitted. Danielle walked slowly from cage to cage, kneeling periodically to take a closer look. The dogs were brought out one by one for her to hold. Each time, she said, "Sorry, but you're not the one."

It was the last cage on this last day in search of the perfect pup. The volunteer opened the cage door, and the child carefully picked up the dog and held it closely. This time she took a little longer. "Mom, I found the right puppy! He's the one! I know it!" she screamed with joy. "It's the puppy size!"

"But it's the same size as all the other puppies you held over the last few weeks," Mom said.

"No, not size, *The sighs*: when I held him in my arms, he sighed," she said. "Don't you remember? When I asked you one day what love is, you told me love depends on the sighs of your heart. The more you love, the bigger the sigh!"

The two women looked at each other for a moment. Mom didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. As she stooped down to hug her child, she did a little of both.

"Mom, every time you hold me, I sigh. When you and Daddy come home from work and hug each other, you both sigh. I knew I would find the right puppy if it sighed when I held it in my arms." She held the puppy up closer to her face and said, "Mom, he loves me. I heard the sighs of his heart!"

When was the first time you discovered it was easier to tell the truth than to lie - -- sometimes to your embarrassment. Why not share the memory --- anonymously if you want. Send your story to jwittich@greenapple.com for the next Quarterly Cup.

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