

A True Story About A Pastor

He had a kitten that climbed up a tree in his backyard and then was afraid to come down. The pastor coaxed, offered warm milk, etc. The kitty would not come down. The tree was not sturdy enough to climb, so the pastor decided that if he tied a rope to his car and drove away so that the tree bent down, he could then reach up and get the kitten. He did all this, checking his progress in the car frequently, then figured if he went just a little bit further, the tree would be bent sufficiently for him to reach the kitten. But as he moved a little further forward...the rope broke. The tree went



“boing!” and the kitten instantly sailed through the air-out of sight. The pastor felt terrible. He walked all over the neighborhood asking people if they’d seen a little kitten. No. Nobody had seen a stray kitten. So he prayed, “Lord, I just commit this kitten to Your keeping,” and went on about his business. A few days later he was at the grocery store, and met one of his church members. He happened to look into her shopping cart and was amazed to see cat food. Now this woman was a cat hater and everyone knew it, so he asked her, “Why are you buying cat food when you hate cats so much?” She replied, “You

won’t believe this,” and told him how her little girl had been begging her for a cat, but she kept refusing. Then a few days before, the child had begged again, so the mom finally told her little girl, “Well, if God gives you a cat, I’ll let you keep it.” (You can see where this is going) She told the pastor, “I watched my child go out in the yard, get on her knees, and ask God for a cat. And really, Pastor, you won’t believe this, but I saw it with my own eyes. A kitten suddenly came flying out of the blue sky, with its paws spread out, and landed right in front of her.”



Philip's Egg

By Paul Harvey, with acknowledgement to Rev. Harry Pritchett Jr., who called my attention to a boy named Philip. (Some minor editing, by Pastor Devers)

He was 9 - in a Sunday school class of 8-year-olds. Eight-year-olds can be cruel.

These children did not welcome Philip into their group. Not just because he was older. He was “different.”

He suffered from Down’s syndrome and its obvious manifestations: facial characteristics, slow responses, symptoms of retardation.

One Sunday after Easter the Sunday school teacher led the children in an activity using plastic eggs, the kind that pull apart in the middle. The Sunday school teacher gave one of these plastic eggs to each child.

On that beautiful spring day each child was to go outdoors and discover for himself some symbol of “new life” and place that symbolic seed or leaf or whatever inside his egg.

They would then open their eggs one by one, and each youngster would explain how his find was a symbol of “new life.”

The youngsters gathered around on the appointed day and put their eggs on a table, and the teacher began to open them.

One child had found a flower. All the children “oohed” and “aahed” at the lovely symbol of new life.

In another was a butterfly. “Beautiful,” the girls said. And it’s not easy for an 8-year-old to say “beautiful.”

Another egg was opened to reveal a rock. Some of the children laughed.

“That’s crazy!” one said. “How’s a rock supposed to be like a ‘new life’?”

Immediately a little boy spoke up and said, “That’s mine. I knew everybody would get flowers and leaves and butterflies and all that stuff, so I got a rock to be different.”

Everyone laughed.

The teacher opened the last one, and there was nothing inside.

“That’s not fair,” someone said. “That’s stupid,” said another.

Teacher felt a tug on his shirt. It was Philip. Looking up he said, “It’s mine. I did do it. It’s empty. I have new life because the tomb is empty.”

The class fell silent.

From that day on Philip became part of the group. They welcomed him. Whatever had made him different was never mentioned again.

Philip’s family had known he would not live a long life; just too many things were wrong with his tiny body. That summer, overcome with infection, Philip died.

On the day of his funeral nine 8-year-old boys and girls confronted the reality of death and marched up to the altar, but not with flowers.

Nine children with their Sunday school teacher placed on the casket of their friend their gift of love, an empty egg.



Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. **Believest thou this?**

John 11:25-26