

WHO'S TO BLAME?



We read it in the papers and hear it on the air
Of killing and stealing and crime everywhere.
We sigh and we say as we notice the trend,
“This young generation... where will it end?”
But can we be sure that it's their fault alone?
Are we less guilty, who place in their way,
Too many things that lead them astray.

Too much money, too much idle time;
Too many movies of passion and crime.
Too many books not fit to be read
Too much evil in what they hear said.
Too many children encouraged to roam
Too many parents who won't stay home.

Kids don't make the movies, they don't write the books
They don't paint the pictures of gangsters and crooks.
They don't make the liquor, they don't run the bars,
They don't change the laws, and they don't make the cars.

They don't peddle the drugs that muddle the brain;
That's all done by older folks... eager for gain.
Delinquent teenagers; oh how we condemn
The sins of the nation and blame it on them.

By laws of the blameless, the Savior made known
Who is there among us to cast the first stone?

***For in so many cases-it's sad but it's true-
The title "Delinquent" fits older folks too!***

BUTTERFLY STORY



A man found the cocoon of a butterfly. One day a small opening appeared. He sat and watched the butterfly for several hours as it struggled to force its body through the little hole. Then it seemed to stop making any progress. It appeared as if it had gotten as far as it could and could go no further.

So the man decided to help the butterfly. He took a pair of scissors and snipped off the remaining bit of the cocoon. The butterfly then emerged easily. But it had a swollen body and small, shriveled wings.

The man continued to watch the butterfly because he expected that, at any moment, the wings would enlarge and expand to be

able to support the body, which would contract in time. Neither happened! In fact, the butterfly spent the rest of its life crawling around with a swollen body and shriveled wings. It never was able to fly.

What the man in his kindness and haste did not understand was that the restricting cocoon and the struggle required for the butterfly to get through the tiny opening were God's way of forcing fluid from the body of the butterfly into its wings so that it would be ready for flight once it achieved its freedom from the cocoon.

Sometimes struggles are exactly what we need in our life. If God allowed us to go through our life without any obstacles, it would cripple us. We would not be as strong as we could have been. And we could never fly. So have a nice day... and struggle a little.

— Author Unknown