

An Incomplete Collection of Invocations and Inspirational Readings from Past Meetings of SCMOTC / SCMOMC, Inc.

Compiled by Danielle Tapper, Historian 2015

June 1, 1968 Workshop Invocation

Adopted as the first official **SCMOTC Prayer**

Oh Heavenly Father, make me a better parent. Teach me to understand my children, to listen patiently to what they have to say, and answer all their questions kindly. Keep me from interrupting them or contradicting them. Make me as courteous to them as I would have them be to me. Forbid that I should ever laugh at their mistakes, or resort to shame or ridicule when they displease me. May I never punish them for my own selfish satisfaction or to show my power.

Let me not tempt my child to lie or steal. Guide me hour by hour that I may demonstrate by all I say and do that honesty produces happiness. Reduce, I pray, the meanness in me. When I am out of sorts, help me oh Lord, to hold my tongue. May I ever be mindful that my children are children, and I should not expect of them the judgment of adults. Let me not rob them of the opportunity to wait on themselves and to make decisions. Bless me with the bigness to grant them all their reasonable requests and the courage to deny them privileges I know will do them harm. Make me fair and just and kind, and fit me, oh Lord, to be loved and respected and imitated by my children, Amen.

– Dauna Lewis, Simi Valley MOTs

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Mother of Twins

A meeting convened one day in Heaven's sacred hall.
The ideal mother must be found for twins so sweet and small

She must be patient, first of all, and kind and calm and wise,
And capable of chasing tears away from tender little eyes.

She'd have to put her children first and be so very smart,
Have dedication and resolve, a sweet and loving heart.

They all agreed you were the best, no other mom would do.
Yes, Heaven found the perfect one, and sent those twins to you!

– Author Unknown

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A Parent's Prayer

Oh give me patience when wee hands
Tug at me with their small demands,
And give me gentle and smiling eyes.

Keep my lips from hasty replies,
And let not weariness, confusion, or noise
Obscure my vision of life's fleeting joys.
So when, in years to come, my house is still –
No bitter memories its rooms may feel.

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The Rose Beyond the Wall

Near a shady wall a rose once grew, budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by the morning dew, shedding its sweetness day and night.
As it grew and blossomed fair and tall, slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength with never a thought of fear or pride,
It followed the light through the crevice's length and unfolded itself on the other side.
The light, the dew, the broadening view, were found the same as they were before,
And it lost itself in beauties new, breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve and make our courage faint and fall?
Nay! Let us faith and hope receive – the rose still grows beyond the wall,
Scattering fragrance far and wide just as it did in days of yore,
Just as it did on the other side, just as it will forever-more.

– A. L. Frink

*****✂

Their First Day

I wonder what you're doing now,
And if everyone is treating you kind.
I hope there is a special person,
A nice friend that you can find.

I wonder if the teacher knows
Just how special you are to me,
And if the brightness of your heart
Is something she can see.

I wonder if you are thinking about me,
And if you need a hug;
I already miss the sound of your voice,
And how you give my leg a tug.

I wonder if you could possibly understand
How hard it is for me to let you grow,
On this day know that my heart breaks,
For this is the first step in letting you go.

– Author Unknown

*****✂

You are Richer Today

You are richer today than you were yesterday if you have laughed often, given something, forgiven even more, made a new friend today, or made stepping stones of stumbling-blocks; if you have thought more in terms of "thysself" than of "myself" or if you have succeeded in being cheerful even if you were weary.

You are richer tonight than you were this morning if you have taken time to trace the handiwork of God in the commonplace things of life, or if you have learned to count out things that really do not count, or if you have been a little blinder to the faults of friend or foe.

You are richer if a little child has smiled at you, and a stray dog has licked your hand, or if you have looked for the best in others, and have given others the best in you.

– Author unknown

*****✂

The Golden Chain of Friendship

Friendship is a golden chain, the links are friends so dear
and like a rare and precious jewel, it's treasured more each year...

It's clasped together firmly, with a love that's deep and true
and it's rich and happy memories and fond recollections too...

Time can't destroy its beauty, for as long as memories live
years can't erase the pleasure the joy that friendship gives...

For friendship is a priceless gift, that can't be bought or sold
but to have an understanding friend is worth far more than gold

And the golden chain of friendship is a strong and blessed tie
binding kindred hearts together as the years go passing by.

– Mazher Sheikh

*****✘

It's me again God

Remember me, God?
I come every day
Just to talk with you, Lord,
And to learn how to pray . . .

You reach out Your hand,
I need never explain
For YOU understand. . .

I come to You frightened
And burdened with care
So lonely and lost
And so filled with despair,

And suddenly, Lord,
I'm no longer afraid,
My burden is lighter
And the dark shadows fade . . .

Oh, God, what a comfort
To know that You care
And to know when I seek You
You will *always* be there!

–Helen Steiner Rice

*****✘

A Mother's Prayer

I hold you in my arms and together we softly sway
As I rock you to sleep and this is what I pray:

I pray for your safety, your health and happiness, too;
I ask God to wrap you in his love in everything you do.
I pray you'll never know a single ounce of pain,
That you carry no burden and that you smile through the rain.

I pray you have the will to make all your dreams come true,
And that you find success in all you set out to do.
I pray for your future, one that I hope is bright,
And if you have the choice, to always do what's right.

I pray you have peace and love inside your heart,
Not just for yourself but for those less fortunate than you are.
I pray you grow into a person who values those you love,
And that loyalty and honesty are not just things you speak of.

I pray so many things for you because I love you so,
Because you are a little piece of me, my heart and my soul.

– Jill Wolf

*****✂

The Beauty of Friendship

Friendship is a Priceless Gift
that cannot be bought or sold,
But its value is far greater
than a mountain made of Gold.

For gold is cold and lifeless,
it can neither see nor hear
And in the time of trouble
it is powerless to cheer--

it has no ears to listen
Nor heart to understand,
It cannot bring you comfort
or reach out a helping hand

So when you ask God for a gift
be thankful if HE sends
not diamonds, pearls or riches
But The Love of Real True Friends.

- Helen Steiner Rice

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Time is not measured...

Time is not measured by the years that you live,
But by the deeds that you do, and the joy that you give
And each day as it comes brings a chance to each one
To love to the fullest, leaving nothing undone
That would brighten the life or lighten the load
Of some weary traveler lost on life's road
So what does it matter how long we may live,
If as long as we live we unselfishly give...

– Author Unknown

*****✂

Fathers are wonderful people

Fathers are wonderful people
Too little understood,
And we do not sing their praises
As often as we should.

For, somehow, Father seems to be
The man who pays the bills,
While Mother binds up little hurts
And nurses all our ills.

And Father struggles daily
To live up to "his image"
As protector and provider
And "hero of the scrimmage".

And perhaps that is the reason
We sometimes get the notion,
That Fathers are not subject
To the thing we call emotion,

But if you look inside Dad's heart,
Where no one else can see
You'll find he's sentimental
And as "soft" as he can be.

But he's so busy every day
In the grueling race of life,
He leaves the sentimental stuff
To his partner and his wife.

But Fathers are just wonderful
In a million different ways,
And they merit loving compliments
And accolades of praise,

For the only reason Dad aspires
To fortune and success
Is to make the family proud of him
And to bring them happiness.

And like Our Heavenly Father,
He's a guardian and a guide,
Someone that we can count on
To be always on our side.

- Helen Steiner Rice

*****✂

When Father Carves the Duck

We all look on with anxious eyes
When Father carves the duck
And mother almost always sighs
When Father carves the duck.

Then all of us prepare to rise
And hold our bibs before our eyes
And be prepared for some surprise
When Father carves the duck.

He braces up and grabs a fork
Whene'er he carves a duck
And won't allow a soul to talk
Until he's carved the duck.

The fork is jabbed into the sides
Across the breast the knife he slides
While every careful person hides
From flying chips of duck.

The platter's always sure to slip
When Father carves a duck.
And how it makes the dishes skip!
Potatoes fly amuck!

The squash and cabbage leap in space
We get some gravy in our face
And Father mutters Hindu grace
Whene'er he carves a duck.

We then have learned to walk around
The dining room and pluck
From off the windowsills and walls
Our share of Father's duck,

While Father growls and blows and jaws
And swears the knife was full of flaws
And Mother laughs at him because
He couldn't carve a duck.

– Ernest Vincent Wright

*****✂

Summer Shoe Pledge

Please raise your big toes and repeat after me:

As a member of the Cute Girl Sisterhood, I pledge to follow the rules when I wear sandals and other open-toe shoes:

- I promise to always wear sandals that fit.
- My toes will not hang over and touch the ground, nor will my heels spill over the backs. And the sides and tops of my feet will not pudge out between the straps.
- I will go polish-free or vow to keep the polish fresh, intact and chip-free. I will not cheat and just touch up my big toe.
- I will sand down any mounds of skin before they turn hard and yellow.
- I will shave the hairs off my big toe.
- I won't wear pantyhose even if my misinformed girlfriend, coworker, mother, sister tells me the toe seam really will stay under my toes if I tuck it the real good. (NOTE: Sandal-foot pantyhose are acceptable.)
- If a strap breaks, I won't duct-tape, pin, glue or tuck it back into place hoping it will stay put. I will get my shoe fixed or toss it.
- I will not live in corn denial; rather I will lean on my good friend Dr. Scholl if my feet need him.
- I will resist the urge to buy jelly shoes at Payless for the low, low price of \$4.99 even if my feet are small enough to fit into the kids' sizes. This is out of concern for my safety, and the safety of others. No one can walk properly when standing in a pool of sweat and I would hate to take someone down with me as I fall and break my ankle.
- I will take my toe ring off toward the end of the day if my toes swell and begin to look like Vienna sausages.
- If I have been privvy to the magic that is Foot Soup, I will share that knowledge and experience with the non-initiated.
- I will be brutally honest with my girlfriend/sister/coworker when she asks me if her feet are too ugly to wear sandals. Someone has to tell her that her toes are as long as my fingers and no sandal makes creepy feet look good.

This is my summer shoe pledge to you.

*****✂

Slow Me Down Lord

Slow me down Lord
Ease the pounding of my heart
by the quieting of my mind.

Steady my hurried pace
with a vision of the eternal march of time.
Give me amid the confusion of the day,
the calmness of the eternal hills.

Break the tension of my nerves and muscles
with the soothing music of the singing streams
that live in my memory.
Help me to know the magical restoring power of sleep.

Teach me the art of taking MINUTE vacations,
Of slowing down to look at a flower,
to chat with a friend,
to pat a dog,
to read a few lines of a good book.

Slow me down Lord
and inspire me to send my roots
deep into the soil of life's enduring values
that I may grow toward the stars of my greater destiny.
– *Wilfred A. Peterson*

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Forever Friends

Words could never tell you
How important you'll always be,
Just little things that you do
That are especially meant for me.

You always seem to remember
All the things to do.
That makes friends last forever,
And share a bond so true.

I'm so glad God gave to me
Someone just like you.
He knew that you would be
One of the chosen few!

– Author Unknown

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A Parent's Prayer

They're only little once.

Grant me the wisdom to guide them down the path that their feet should take.
For I know that they can never turn back and walk those paths with me again.
Give me the wisdom to guide their feet
so that someday they'll be able to walk alone.

They're only little once.

Give me the time I need to enjoy them.
For I know that after they're grown, I'll never have another chance to tell stories and pretend at those tea parties.
I'll never have another chance to watch them in a school play or sing in church,
or to see them catch that first fish or score that first goal or hit that first home run ball.
Give me the time in life's busy schedule to have fun with my children.

They're only little once.

Let me be a loving parent.
Let me correct and not just punish, explain and not merely scold.
Let me know when to correct, and how often, and when it's best to just look the other way.
Help me be patient and give me a gentle hand to mold them into better people.

Let me be a good teacher and an even better example.
Give me the right words and deeds to teach them.
Help me to teach them about You and how to walk in Your ways
so that when they are old they will not depart from Your ways.

For they're only little one time,
Only innocent and trusting and pliable for a space of time, one minute in an eternity,
Let me do my best for them while I have the chance.

Amen

– Author Unknown

*****✂

Balls of Clay

He'd found some balls of clay,
and puzzled over them,
inside a beach-side cave,
that was small, dark, and dim,

the beach he then did stroll,
he took the balls of clay,
he liked to hear ker-plunk,
so he threw them in the waves,

One dropped upon a rock,
inside he found a gem,
a priceless ruby red,
so he broke the rest of them,

Each clay ball held a treasure,
an Opal, Jade, or Agate,
A Diamond, Pearl, or Ruby,
A Sapphire, or Tanzanite,

He then thought about,
how he'd thrown some in the waves,
how he'd thought these priceless treasures,
were worthless balls of clay,

A sudden thought occurred to him,
that people were like gems,
their outside might be like the clay,
with treasure inside them,

not everyone is beautiful,
or is a pleasure to the eye,
but that doesn't mean they're also,
just worthless clay inside,

he wondered in his walk through life,
these people gems in clay,
just how many of them,
that he had thrown away.

– Elizabeth Lindberg

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The Teacup Story

There was a couple who took a trip to England to shop in a beautiful antique store to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary. They both liked antiques and pottery, and especially teacups. Spotting an exceptional cup, they asked "May we see that? We've never seen a cup quite so beautiful."

As the lady handed it to them, suddenly the teacup spoke, "You don't understand. I have not always been a teacup. There was a time when I was just a lump of red clay. My master took me and rolled me pounded and patted me over and over and I yelled out, 'Don't do that. I don't like it! Let me alone.' But he only smiled, and gently said; 'Not yet!'" "Then, WHAM! I was placed on a spinning wheel and suddenly I was spun around and around and around. 'Stop it! I'm getting so dizzy! I'm going to be sick,' I screamed. But the master only nodded and said, quietly; 'Not yet.'

"He spun me and poked and prodded and bent me out of shape to suit himself and then... Then he put me in the oven. I never felt such heat. I yelled and knocked and pounded at the door. Help! Get me out of here! I could see him through the opening and I could read his lips as he shook his head from side to side, 'Not yet!'"

"When I thought I couldn't bear it another minute, the door opened. He carefully took me out and put me on the shelf, and I began to cool. Oh, that felt so good! Ah, this is much better, I thought. But, after I cooled he picked me up and he brushed and painted me all over. The fumes were horrible. I thought I would gag. 'Oh, please! Stop it, stop it!' I cried. He only shook his head and said. 'Not yet!'"

"Then suddenly he put me back in to the oven. Only it was not like the first one. This was twice as hot and I just knew I would suffocate. I begged. I pleaded. I screamed. I cried. I was convinced I would never make it. I was ready to give up. Just then the door opened and he took me out and again placed me on the shelf, where I cooled and waited ----- and waited, wondering "What's he going to do to me next? An hour later he handed me a mirror and said 'Look at yourself.'" "And I did. I said, 'That's not me; that couldn't be me. It's beautiful. I'm beautiful!'"

Quietly he spoke: 'I want you to remember, then,' he said, 'I know it hurt to be rolled and pounded and patted, but had I just left you alone, you'd have dried up. I know it made you dizzy to spin around on the wheel, but if I had stopped, you would have crumbled. I know it hurt and it was hot and disagreeable in the oven, but if I hadn't put you there, you would have cracked. I know the fumes were bad when I brushed and painted you all over, but if I hadn't done that, you never would have hardened. You would not have had any color in your life. If I hadn't put you back in that second oven, you wouldn't have survived for long because the hardness would not have held. Now you are a finished product. Now you are what I had in mind when I first began with you."

The moral of this story is this: God knows what He's doing for each of us. He is the potter, and we are His clay. He will mold us and make us, and expose us to just enough pressures of just the right kinds that we may be made into a flawless piece of work to fulfill His good, pleasing and perfect will.

So when life seems hard, and you are being pounded and patted and pushed almost beyond endurance; when your world seems to be spinning out of control; when you feel like you are in a fiery furnace of trials; when life seems to "stink", try this....brew a cup of your favorite tea in your prettiest teacup, sit down and think on this story and then, have a little talk with the Potter.

*****✂

The Cracked Pot: A Story for Anyone Who's Not Quite Perfect

A water bearer in India had two large pots, one hung on each end of a pole, which she carried across her neck.

One of the pots had a crack in it. While the other pot was perfect, and always delivered a full portion of water at the end of the long walk from the stream to the mistress's house, the cracked pot arrived only half full.

For a full two years this went on daily, with the bearer delivering only one and a half pots full of water to her master's house.

The perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments, perfect to the end for which it was made. But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it was able to accomplish only half of what it had been made to do.

After two years of what it perceived to be a bitter failure, it spoke to the water bearer one day by the stream: "I am ashamed of myself, and I want to apologize to you."

"Why?" asked the bearer. "What are you ashamed of?"

"I have been able, for these past two years, to deliver only half my load because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your mistress's house. Because of my flaws, you have to do all of this work, and you don't get full value from your efforts," the pot said.

The water bearer felt sorry for the old cracked pot, and in her compassion she said, "As we return to the mistress's house, I want you to notice the beautiful flowers along the path."

Indeed, as they went up the hill, the old cracked pot took notice of the sun warming the beautiful wild flowers on the side of the path, and this cheered it some.

But at the end of the trail, it still felt bad because it had leaked out half its load, and so again it apologized to the bearer for its failure.

The bearer said to the pot, "Did you notice that there were flowers only on your side of the path, but not on the other pot's side?"

"That's because I have always known about your flaw, and I took advantage of it. I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back from the stream, you've watered them.

"For two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate my mistress's table. Without you being just the way you are, she would not have this beauty to grace her house."

Moral: Each of us has our own unique flaws. We're all cracked pots.

But it's the cracks and flaws we each have that make our lives together so very interesting and rewarding. We've just got to take each person for what they are, and look for the good in them.

There's a lot of good out there.

*****✂

My Dear Friend

Dear friend I can't explain to you
How much you mean to me
If it weren't for you I can't imagine
Where I'd even be

You've made me laugh and smile
More than I can bear
You've helped me through the hardest times
When I was in despair

You kept me up when I was down
And I was feeling blue
You helped me turn my life around
And become somebody new

Thank you friend for everything
I'm glad you really cared
Thanks for never leaving me
Thanks for being there

– Brandon Chase Sims

*****✂

When I Am an Old Lady

When I'm an old lady, I'll live with each kid,
And bring so much happiness just as they did.
I want to pay back all the joy they've provided.
Returning each deed! Oh, they'll be so excited!
(When I'm an old lady and live with my kids...)

I'll write on the walls with reds, whites, and blues,
And bounce on the furniture.....wearing my shoes.
I'll drink from the carton and then leave it out.
I'll stuff all the toilets and oh, how they'll shout!
(When I'm an old lady and live with my kids...)

When they're on the phone and just out of reach,
I'll get into things like sugar and bleach.
Oh, they'll snap their fingers and then shake their head,
And when that is done, I'll hide under the bed.
(When I'm an old lady and live with my kids...)

When they cook dinner and call me to eat,
I'll not eat my green beans or salad or meat.
I'll gag on my okra, spill milk on the table,
And when they get angry...I'll run....if I'm able!
(When I'm an old lady and live with my kids...)

I'll sit close to the TV, through the channels I'll click
I'll cross both eyes just to see if they stick.
I'll take off my socks and throw one away,
And play in the mud 'til the end of the day!
(When I'm an old lady and live with my kids...)

And later in bed, I'll lay back and sigh,
I'll thank God in prayer and then close my eyes.
My kids will look down with a smile slowly creeping,
And say with a groan, "She's so sweet when she's
sleeping!"

– Joanne Bailey Baxter

*****✂

For All Mothers

This is for all the mothers who froze their buns off on metal bleachers at soccer games instead of watching from cars, so that when their kids asked, "Did you see my goal?" They could say, "Of course, I wouldn't have missed it for the world," and mean it. This is for all the mothers who have sat up all night with sick children in their arms, wiping up barf laced with Oscar Meyer wieners and cherry Kool-Aid saying, "It's OK honey, Mommy's here."

This is for all the mothers of Kosovo who fled in the night and can't find their children. This is for the mothers who gave birth to babies they'll never see and for the mothers who took those babies and gave them homes, for all the mothers who run carpools and make cookies and sew Halloween costumes and for all the mothers who don't.

What makes a good mother anyway? Is it patience? Compassion? Broad hips? The ability to nurse a baby, cook dinner, and sew a button on a shirt, all at the same time? Or is it heart? Is it the ache you feel when you watch your son or daughter disappear down the street, walking to school alone for the very first time? The jolt that takes you from sleeping to dread, from bed to crib at 2 a.m. to put your hand on the back of a sleeping baby? Is it the need to flee from wherever you are and hug your child when you hear news of a school shooting, a fire, a car accident, a baby dying? I think so.

So this is for all the mothers who sat down with their children and explained all about making babies. And for all the mothers who wanted to but just couldn't.

This is for reading "Goodnight, Moon" twice a night for a year, and then reading it again, "Just one more time."

This is for all the mothers who mess up. Who yell at their kids in grocery store and swat them in despair and stomp their feet like a tired two year old who wants ice cream before dinner.

This is for all the mothers who taught their children to tie their shoelaces before they started to school and for all the mothers who opted for Velcro instead.

For all the mothers who bite their lips (sometimes until they bleed) when their 14 year olds dyed their hair green.

This is for all the mothers who lock themselves in the bathroom when babies keep crying and won't stop.

This is for all mothers who show at work with spit-up in their hair and milk stains on their blouses and diapers in their purse. This is for mothers who teach their sons to cook and their daughters to sink a jump shot.

This is for all mothers whose heads turn automatically when a little voice calls "Mom?" in a crowd, even though they know their own offspring are at home or are grown.

This is for mothers who put pinwheels and teddy bears on their children's graves.

This is for all the mothers whose children have gone astray and who can't find words to reach them.

This is for all the mothers who sent their child to school with a stomach ache, assuring that they would be just FINE once they got there, only to get a call from the school nurse an hour later asking them to please pick them up right away.

This is for young mothers stumbling through diaper changes and sleep deprivation, and mature mothers learning to let go.

For working moms and stay-at-home moms, single mothers and married mothers, mothers with money and mothers without, this is for you, so hang in there. The world would be a terrible place without the love of mothers everywhere. You make it a more civil, caring and safe place for the precious children in our world.

– Author Unknown

*****✂

A Prayer for the Children

We pray for the children
who sneak popsicles before supper,
who erase holes in math workbooks,
who can never find their shoes.

And we pray for those
who stare at photographers from behind barbed wire,
who can't bound down the street in a new pair of sneakers,
who never "counted potatoes,"
who are born in places where we wouldn't be caught dead,
who never go to the circus,
who live in an X-rated world.

We pray for the children
who bring us sticky kisses and fistfuls of dandelions,
who hug us in a hurry and forget their lunch money.

And we pray for those
who never get dessert,
who have no safe blanket to drag behind them,
who watch their parents watch them die,
who can't find bread to steal,
who don't have rooms to clean up,
whose pictures aren't on anybody's dresser,
whose monsters are real.

We Pray for the Children
who spend their allowance before Tuesday,
who throw tantrums in the grocery store and pick at their food,
who like ghost stories,
who shove dirty clothes under the bed,
who never rinse out the tub,
who get visits from the tooth fairy,
who don't like to be kissed in front of the carpool,
who squirm in church and scream in the phone,
whose tears we sometimes laugh at and
whose smiles can make us cry.

And we pray for those
Whose nightmares come in the daytime,
Who will eat anything
Who have never seen dentist,
Who aren't spoiled by anybody,
Who go to bed hungry and cry themselves to sleep,
Who live and move, but have no being
We pray for the children
Who want to be carried and for those who must,
Who we never give up on and for those who don't get a second chance.
We pray for those we smother and for those who will grab the hand of anybody kind enough to offer it.

*****✘

A Mother's Wages

If I would charge one cent each time
I washed my children's clothes,
Or tied a shoe or gave a bath
Or wiped a runny nose,
Or made a bed or acted as
Their judge or referee,
It would be possible that I
Could live in luxury.

If I were paid a nickel for
Each diaper that I've pinned,
For every Band-Aid I've applied
When arms or legs were skinned,
For every toy that I've picked up
And put back in its niche,
There wouldn't be a single doubt--
Why, I could be quite rich.

If just one dime would be my fee
For giving them a pill,
For making meals and wiping up
The milk they always spill,
For darning scores of tiny socks,
For fixing things that break,
It wouldn't be too long before
A fortune I would make.

Although it's true I don't receive
A solitary cent,
I'm repaid in many ways
For all the time I've spent.

Their smiles, their love is my reward
For this unending care,
And I am richer, yes, by far
Than any millionaire!

– Author Unknown

*****✂

When I come to the end of my journey...

When I come to the end of my journey
And I travel my last weary mile
Just forget if you can, that I ever frowned
And remember only the smile

Forget unkind words I have spoken
Remember some good I have done
Forget that I ever had heartache
And remember I've had loads of fun

Forget that I've stumbled and blundered
And sometimes fell by the way
Remember I have fought some hard battles
And won, before the close of the day

Then forget to grieve for my going
I would not have you sad for a day
But in summer just gather some flowers
And remember the place where I lay

And come in the shade of evening
When the sun paints the sky in the west
Stand for a few moments beside me
And remember only my best

– Mrs. Lyman Hancock

*****✂

Volunteer's Lament

As a stay-at-home mother and devoted wife,
I've volunteered my entire adult life.

Sunday school teacher and a Girl Scout leader,
Library worker and story-time reader...

Involved in every organization around,
Deeds kept me running all over town.

Secretary, Treasurer, and sometimes Chair,
Often it seemed I served everywhere.

I scheduled fundraisers, baked cakes and pies,
Planned school picnics, prayed for blue skies.

In a desperate pinch, a substitute teacher,
And at every ball game, I cheered from a bleacher.

I car-pooled the kids of working mothers,
Served snacks to countless sisters and brothers.

When a teacher said, "Whose mother can...?"
Up in the air went my daughter's hand.

In 15 years of public school,
"My mom will do it!" became the rule.

Now my daughters are away and grown,
With work and schedules of their own.

Yet even today I hear the call,
And volunteer to help one and all.

Someday, I'll leave this mortal earth,
To stand and be counted, for what it's worth.

And when Saint Peter looks my way,
I think I'll know just what he'll say,

"To give out the harps and halos here,
I'll need a willing... volunteer!"

– Mary Drew Adams

The Nothing Poem

When children come home at the end of the day,
The question they're asked as they scurry to play
Is, "Tell me, what did you do today?"
And the answer they give makes you sigh with dismay
"Nothing, I did nothing today?"

Perhaps nothing means that I observed a bird's nest,
Or counted to ten with Mrs. West.
Maybe I painted a picture of red and blue,
Or heard a story about a mouse that flew.

Maybe today was the very first time
That my scissors followed a very straight line.
Maybe I led a song from beginning to end,
Or played with a special brand new friend.

When you're only 5 and your heart has wings,
NOTHING can mean so many things!

– Author Unknown

*****✂

We Cannot All Be Famous

We cannot all be famous
Or be listed in "Who's Who,"
But every person, great or small,
Has important work to do.

For seldom do we realize
The importance of small deeds,
Or to what degree of greatness
Unnoticed kindness leads.

For it's not the big celebrity
In a world of fame and praise,
But it's doing unpretentiously
In an undistinguished way.

The work that God assigned to us,
Unimportant as it seems,
That makes our task outstanding,
And brings reality to dreams.

So do not sit and idly wish

*****✂

For wider, new dimensions
Where you can put into practice,
Your many good intentions.

But at the spot God placed you
Begin at once to do,
Little things to brighten up
The lives surrounding you.

If everybody brightened up
The spot where their standing,
By being more considerate,
And a little less demanding.

This dark old world would very soon
Eclipse the evening star,
If everybody brightened up
The corner where they are!

– Helen Steiner Rice

Too Many Days at a Time

There are two days in every week about which we should not worry, two days which should be kept free from fear and apprehension:

One of these days is yesterday, with its mistakes and cares, its faults and blunders, its aches and pains. Yesterday has passed forever beyond our control. All the money in the world cannot bring back yesterday.

We cannot undo a single act we performed. We cannot erase a single word we said. Yesterday is gone!!

The other day we should not worry about is tomorrow, with its possible adversities, its burdens, its large promise and poor performance. Tomorrow is beyond our immediate control. Tomorrow's sun will rise, whether in splendor or behind a mask of clouds. But it will rise. Until it does we have no stake in tomorrow, for it is yet unborn. This leaves only one day: today.

Any man can fight the battles of just one day. It is when you and I add the burdens of two awful eternities - yesterday and tomorrow, that we break down. It is not necessarily the experience of today that disturbs one's peace of mind. It is oftentimes the bitterness for something which happened yesterday and the dread of what tomorrow may bring. Let us therefore live one day at a time.

– Author Unknown

*****✂

A Mother's Garden

A tired young mother knelt down by her bed at the end of a stress-filled day.
"Dear God, I need help and direction from You, to bring up my children Your way."
She took her dusty Bible down from the shelf and wearily started to read,
But she drifted to sleep and started to dream of a garden, ready for seed.

She heard a sweet voice speaking loud and clear: "My grace is sufficient for you.
Just listen to the words I am speaking; whatever I say to you - do.
The heart of each child is a garden, and it needs to be tended with care.
I will give you all that you require if you water your own heart with prayer.
Warm nurture and firm admonition are both needed to balance the soil.
Come often to Me for instruction and strength as in their hearts' garden you toil."

The next day, she started preparing the ground; she planned it with tender care.
She wanted only the finest of plants to grow in her garden there.
She quickly planted some seeds of kindness next to her rows of sweet peace;
Then gentleness and goodness side-by-side, she planted down on her knees.
Slow-growing patience, self-control and joy were all dropped in, one-by-one.
When she added true faithfulness and love, she thought all her hard work was done.

Suddenly weeds appeared in the garden, just when her seeds began to sprout,
So she carefully wielded the tool of faith and dug the harmful weeds out.
Then she nurtured and watered the seedlings with the thirst-quenching Word of God.
She staked her young plants with hand-woven cords as they struggled to break through the sod.
Just as her Lord had promised that night, she never was left all alone;
He showed her the way and He guided her hand as each tiny seed was sown.

At last it was time for the harvest; the mother had given her best.
The hearts of her children were fruitful for God, and she was eternally blessed!

– Connie Faust

Please forward all suggested corrections, additions, and requests for copies to DCTapper@outlook.com.

Likewise, if you have a copy of any of the following "missing" readings available, please forward them.

*****✘
5-4-90 BOD (Becky Hames)
"I won't let you down"
*****✘

11-2-91 "A letter dedicated to those who are gone"
*****✘

6-27-92 BOD
"A Gift of Time"
*****✘

5-14-93 BOD
"For Mom with Love"
*****✘

6-12-93
"A Wish for You"
*****✘

2-5-94
A Mother's Proclamation
*****✘

5-5-95 bod
"What We Share"
*****✘

5-17-96 bod
My neighbors keeper
*****✘

11-14-97
New State Prayer
AYR gave framed copy to LP

*****✘
11-13-98
"Growing Smiles"
*****✘

2-6-99 bod
"Real Vision"
*****✘

2-30-99 bod
"Slow Dance"
*****✘

5-1-99 gen AYR
Beauty Tips from Audrey Hepburn
*****✘

6-19-99
"A Mom's Prayer"
*****✘

11-5-99 bod
"Friends are like Angels"
*****✘

11-6-99 GEN
Be a queen
by Oprah Winfrey from chicken soup for the soul
*****✘

2-5-00 BOD
The oyster from chicken soup for the teenage soul
*****✘

BOD 5-5-00 how to keep them running
*****✘

BOD 6-17-00
My Child
*****✘

Bod 11-3-00
The wooden bowl
*****✘

BOD 5-4-01
for all the moms
*****✘

GEN 5-5-01
To all the mothers
*****✘

Bod 5-302
A parent's prayer
*****✘

BOD 6-29-02
A mother's Love
*****✘

BOD 11-8-02
The Parents Poem
*****✘

5-2-03 BOD
"Dear God"
*****✘

Gen 5-3-03
Thank you Mom
*****✘

BOD 6-7-03
To Dad
*****✘

BOD 11-7-03
When you and I are old
*****✘

Gen 11-8-03
"Friends"
*****✘

"Our Shared Life" ✚
*****✘
Bod 1-31-04

Song of Solomon chapter 8 verses six and seven

*****✘

GEN 5-15-04

Peaceful Lives

*****✘

Bod 11-5-04

Slow Down

*****✘

GEN 11-6-04

The interview with God

*****✘

B 4-29-05

We cannot merely pray to you

*****✘

G 4-30-05

I am Thankful

*****✘

B 6-11-05

A meditation for women who do too much

*****✘

B 2-4-06

On your way

*****✘

B 5-5-06

What will the world

*****✘

G 5-6-06

Let me hold you longer

*****✘

G 11-4-06 †

If tomorrow starts without me

*****✘

2-3-07 b

Because

*****✘

G 5-5-07

Dear Friends

*****✘

G 11-3-07

For All Mothers

*****✘

L a prayer for the children

*****✘

B 2-2-08

Thunderstorms

*****✘

G 5-17-08

The Chinese bamboo tree

*****✘