

Reach out...

And see what one person can do

Early on a Saturday morning, my husband and I were waking up in a lovely, old-fashioned bed-and-breakfast room. We were due at a prayer breakfast in what seemed a very short time. I took the plunge, jumped out of bed and ran over to the window. There was snow—lots of it—and our car, parked beneath the window, looked like an igloo. “Edward, get up,” I urged. “We don’t even have a scraper.”

We began to get ready in disgruntled haste, not at all the right frame of mind for gathering to pray. And I was responsible for the opening words.

Suddenly, I heard an odd rhythmic noise, like a distant lawn mower. Hair-brush in hand, I walked over to the window. There below me was the hooded figure of a fellow guest whose acquaintance we had made only briefly the night before. As quietly as he could, he was cleaning the snow off our car windows. He had already finished his own car parked next to ours.

I drew a deep breath as I let the curtain fall into place. Someone, almost a stranger, without fuss was smoothing our path that early morning. Scraper in hand, he was loving his neighbor in practical fashion. Clearly he planned to drive off unseen. I had no difficulty with that day’s opening prayer, entitled, as it happened, “For Others.”—*Brigitte Weeks (Guideposts)*

**Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—
The Bible, Leviticus 19:18**

Only a life lived for others is a life worthwhile.

—*Albert Einstein*



It’s a cold day in December in New York City. A little boy about ten years old was standing before a shoe store on Broadway, barefooted, peering through the window and shivering with cold. A lady approached the boy and said, “My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?”

“I was asking God to give me a pair of shoes,” was the boy’s reply.

The lady took him by the hand, went into the store, and asked the clerk to get a half dozen pairs of socks for the boy. She then asked if he could give her a basin of warm water and a towel. He quickly brought them to her. She took the little fellow to the back part of the store and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed his little feet, and dried them with a towel. By this time, the clerk had returned with the socks.

Placing a pair upon the boy’s feet, she then purchased a pair of shoes for him, and tying up the remaining pairs of socks, gave them to him. She patted him on the head, and said, “No doubt, my little fellow, you feel more comfortable now?”

As she turned to go, the astonished lad caught her by the hand and, looking into her face with tears in his eyes, he answered the question with these words: “Are you God’s wife?”—*Author unknown*

As the old man walked the beach at dawn he noticed a youth ahead of him picking up starfish and flinging them into the sea. Finally, catching up with the youth, he asked him why he was doing this. The answer was that the stranded starfish would die if left in the morning sun. “But the beach goes on for miles and there are millions of starfish,” countered the old man. “How can your effort make any difference?”

The young man looked at the starfish in his hand and then threw it to the safety of the waves. “It will make a difference to this one,” he said.—*Brian Cavanaugh, The Sower’s Seeds*

I knew a woman once who was always seeking a new companion, a new love, but never finding one that satisfied or lasted, because she was always seeking to get love, to receive love, to be loved. So when I suggested to her that perhaps she needed to learn how to give love and to love unselfishly for the benefit and happiness of another, after years of searching this struck her as an entirely new thought. It had never occurred to her before.

She soon found what she was looking for all the time by trying to find someone whom she could make happy by giving her love to him.

True happiness comes not in your pursuit of selfish pleasure and satisfaction, but in finding God and giving His life to others and bringing them happiness. Then happiness pursues and overtakes and overwhelms you, personally, without even seeking it for yourself.—*David Brandt Berg*