

True VALUES

Nothing truly valuable arises from ambition or from a mere sense of duty; it stems rather from love and devotion towards men.

—Albert Einstein

Whatever we become here in mortality is meaningless unless it is done for the benefit of others. Our gifts and talents are given to us to help us serve. And in serving others we grow spiritually.

We are here to help each other, to care for each other, to understand, forgive, and serve one another. We are here to have love for every person born on earth.

Anything we do to show love is worthwhile; a smile, a word of encouragement, a small act of sacrifice. We grow by these actions.

—Betty J. Eadie
(Embraced by the Light)

The gift of **life**

By Michael Palace*, Taiwan

Every year around the same time, I have to visit a particular office to take care of some personal paperwork. My visit there is usually made easy by the help of Judy, one of the women in the office who speaks English. (My Chinese falls short in situations that involve business and legal terms.) I always considered Judy a godsend.

Last year I hadn't been able to reach her to ask if she could set up an appointment, so I feared she had changed jobs. However, when time came to visit the office, to my pleasant surprise I found that Judy was still there. After several minutes of introductory chat, she burst into tears.

"Judy, whatever could be the matter? Are you okay?" I asked.

She proceeded to tell me that her husband had been diagnosed with a recurrence of cancer of the liver (he had already had one tumor removed), and that the doctors had told them he didn't have long to live.

"Thomas is only 42," said a tearful Judy. They had two young sons. Judy was beside herself with worry over their future, but I managed to calm her down. I proceeded to pray with her for her own peace of mind and heart, for her husband's health, and that through this her husband might get to know the Lord. We prayed that if it were His will, God would do a miracle and heal Thomas,

even in this late stage of cancer.

With a smile, Judy expressed her appreciation that I had taken the time to talk and pray with her. I replied, "Well, that's my job, you know!" (I've been a missionary working with the Chinese people for 25 years.)

When I called Judy the following day, she told me Thomas was due for a thorough checkup in the hospital a few weeks later, at which time they would know how much longer he had to live. I told Judy I would call her again around that time.

Those few weeks had elapsed when I had to return to the office to finish that paperwork before the end of the year. Christmas had just passed, and strains of "O Come All Ye Faithful" were still ringing in my ears as I got together some things for Judy and Thomas to read—some leaflets and a booklet of comforting promises for the dying and bereaved, *Glimpses of Heaven*. They were going to need all the encouragement and strength they could get from God's Word, I figured.

When I arrived at the office, Judy was not at her desk. I supposed she was with her husband. Surely she was more needed at his side than in the office at this time. Then suddenly she entered the room. She saw me, and lit up like a light bulb! At Thomas's final checkup, she explained, the doctors had been baffled when they couldn't find any trace of

the tumor. Previously the same doctors who had told Thomas he didn't have long to live had shown him a clear image of the cancerous tumor on the ultrasound screen. Now they could find no trace of it! It had disappeared! Both Judy and Thomas had been ecstatic, but were unable to find my phone number to tell me the good news. Judy and I rejoiced together, right there in the office.

As I looked down at the *Glimpses of Heaven* booklet

still in my hand, I realized how little faith I had had that God would answer our prayers. I felt a little embarrassed in front of the Lord about that, but very happy that God had given both Judy and Thomas a most wonderful Christmas gift—the gift of life.

Thomas imports baked goods, and he had given his wife a bag of biscuits (cookies) especially for me, as a little thank-you gift for praying for him. Then it was my turn to cry.

Born **anew!**

A single moment surely
Will be my fixed desire:
To pour the ruddy fire
Of wine of kindness down throats parched;
To overturn, spill joy upon the scorched,
Hate-caked mud of earth.
Their joy will be my birth!
My only peace, their peace,
Their pleasure brings me ease,
Their dream will be my dream.
And my heartbeat the throb
Of hearts that beat with God.
Sound that ringing through infinity
Each day calls echoes of divinity:
"Today I'm born anew!"

— *Amado Nervo (1870–1919), translated from the original Spanish*

What is
success?

To laugh often and much;
To win the respect of intelligent people
and the affection of children;
To earn the appreciation of honest
critics and endure the betrayal of
false friends;
To appreciate beauty;
To find the best in others;
To leave the world a bit better, whether
by a healthy child, a garden patch
or a redeemed social condition;
To know even one life has breathed
easier because you have lived;
This is to have succeeded.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

**Life becomes harder
for us when we
live for others,
but it also becomes
richer and
happier.**

—*Albert Schweitzer*