



Inside Life

The Powerful Gift of **Encouragement**

**Embracing
Adversity**

**The Lady with the
Lamp**

**As Tall As
You Want to Be**

**100 Ways to
Show Kids You Care**

Issue 13
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Inside Life

A Magazine of Understanding

Issue 13, August 2010

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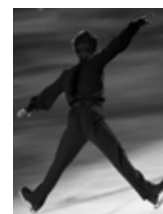
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Inside Life

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Printed by Inkprint Ltd

Inside Life is a magazine of understanding. Rather than just reporting on life, **Inside Life** seeks to delve inside the marvellous mystery that is life, to discover what it is all about. What does life mean? Where did it come from? How can we make the most of it?

Inside Life provides insight and answers to life's deep questions and challenges, and aims to provide articles of lasting hope, help, and encouragement for successful living in today's fast-moving world.

Inside Life is published three times a year, free of charge, as a community service.

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ISSN: 1177-3693

Our Cover: *It is always inspiring to see a group of people enthusiastically pulling together, working as a team, heaping positive encouragement on each other. Our lead article explores the importance and value of encouragement, and challenges readers to give this powerful gift as often as we can.*

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The Gift of Encouragement

By Rex Morgan

One day a school teacher asked everyone in her class to write down each of the other students' names and note the nicest thing they could say about each person.

Years later, the teacher heard that one of the students had died in Vietnam and she was asked to attend his funeral. The family showed her that the piece of paper from school with other students' kind remarks about him had been carried in his wallet until the day he died. Other students told the teacher that they had also saved their pieces of paper from that day and how much it had meant to them.

This true story from Minnesota demonstrates how powerful words of encouragement and appreciation can be.

Life Changing

'That dress really looks great on you!'; 'You're such a reliable person!'; 'I admire the way you handled that situation'—compliments like this can make your heart sing and give you a lift for the rest of the day. A well placed compliment can even change the course of someone's life.

Few rags-to-riches stories are as compelling as that of Enrico Caruso (1873–1921). The youngest of 21 children, only three of whom survived infancy, Caruso was born into grinding poverty. He longed to be an opera singer, but his first teacher told

him he was no good. His mother, however, praised him and told him she knew he could sing, and went barefoot in order to save money to pay for his music lessons. By the end of his life, Caruso had become the highest paid singer in the world and is generally acknowledged as one of the greatest operatic tenors ever.

**One kind word
can warm up
three winter months.**

Japanese proverb

**Encouragement is
'oxygen to the soul'.**

George Adams, physician

It is likely that you still remember compliments you received even many years ago. Everyone enjoys being appreci-

ated. Indeed, all of us hunger for encouragement.

'The deepest principle in human nature is the craving to be appreciated', concluded American philosopher William James. Mark Twain quipped, 'I can live for two months on a good compliment'.

Charles Dickens (1812–1870) had

a very difficult childhood. His father spent time in a debtors' prison, and Charles was unable to attend school

for more than four years. While working in a rat-infested warehouse, Charles mailed his first manuscript at night-time so no one would laugh

at him. After many rejections he finally had a manuscript accepted. Although he wasn't paid for the work, the fact that one editor had recognised him was so thrilling that he kept working, and became one of the most prodigious authors in history.

Encouragement is 'oxygen to the soul', said the physician George Adams. An old Japanese proverb declares, 'One kind word can warm up three winter months'. The Bible echoes these ideas: 'Kind words are like honey—sweet to the soul and healthy for the body'.¹

All of us thrive on encouragement; on the other hand, no one likes to be criticised. Criticism stings, and often leaves a scar.



Conditioned to Criticise

What a pity it is, then, that so many people are criticised so often, and sometimes encouragement is a remarkably scarce commodity. It is easy to laugh at other people's ideas, to pick holes in their arguments, and put people down. We seem to be conditioned to criticise quickly, and are slow to find words of praise. Even if we notice good things about others, we can easily avoid mentioning them. Our innate human selfishness often leads us to downplay the achievements of others lest they portray us in a bad light.

Often it takes a little thought to find ways to build others up. But really, it isn't all that hard to give appreciation and encouragement. It doesn't cost anything—perhaps a bit of self effacement—yet it is worth so much.

Did you realise that you possess a

great power that can change other people's lives for the better, and at the same time cause them to like you more? Yes, you do—the power of encouragement!

The famous American steel magnate Charles Schwab said:

The way to develop the best that is in a man is by appreciation and encouragement. There is nothing else that so kills the ambitions of a man as criticism from his superiors. I believe in giving a man incentive to work. So I am anxious to praise but loathe to find fault. If I like anything, I am hearty in my approbation and lavish in my praise.²

Animal trainers know that the key to improved performance in their

charges is to use 'positive reinforcement', praising and rewarding them instantly for good behaviour. It's a sad fact of life that while that we are quick to praise animals in order to cause improvement,

when it comes to other humans, we criticise and condemn rather than praising the efforts we notice.

Another sad reality is that the people we are most likely to criticise, insult for their trivial faults, and say unkind things to, are those in our families. Why can't we bring more appreciation, and with it more happiness, into our homes?

When was the last time you brought your wife flowers and told her you loved and appreciated her? When was the last time you told your husband you are glad you married him? How often do you praise and appreciate your children or your workmates?

Working with Children

Encouragement is particularly valuable for children. As they grow, they need to hear frequent validation so they develop a balanced and healthy sense of self-worth to replace the feelings of inferiority they often have. Their inexperience causes them to make mistakes, and these can too often be criticised and punished. Young people are constantly searching for acceptance and approval. We need to give them encouragement and hope, or they will find inappropriate ways to gain attention and support.

If your children don't listen to you, try praising them for something. Express admiration for their handwriting, toys, clothing, drawing—anything you can say some positive words about—and see how they start listening attentively!

Here's a little tip to help increase your 'encouragement index'. Put

Words of appreciation and encouragement can work wonders. They produce results where criticism and ridicule fail.



some coins or buttons in one pocket and transfer one of them to the other pocket each time you encourage your child. The goal is to move all of the coins from one pocket to the other by the end of the day.

Words of appreciation and encouragement can work wonders. They produce results where criticism and ridicule fail. No wonder the Apostle Paul urged his followers, 'Therefore

encourage one another and build each other up'.³

Even the highest achievers and the most apparently positive thinkers suffer from doubts and fears. A professional ice hockey goalie once lamented, 'How would you like a job where, when you make a mistake, a big red light flashes, a buzzer sounds, and 20,000 fans boo?!'

**Treat people
as if they were
what they ought to be
and you help them
to become what they are
capable of being.**

Goethe

Tips for Giving Encouragement

- **Be sincere.**
Don't say it if you don't mean it. People see right through flattery.
- **Be specific.**
It's nice to say "Well done", but it's much more effective to explain exactly what part of the job was well done.
- **Don't delay.**
Say it when you think it—or the opportunity may be lost for good.
- **Do it in public.**
Praising people in front of others adds to the impact.
- **Put it in writing.**
Thank You cards or encouraging notes can be looked at often, and kept forever. There are people who keep a file of every complimentary note they've ever received. Surely that says something about the power of encouragement!

In their book, *Becoming a Person of Influence*, John Maxwell and Jim Dornan note an experiment that measured people's capacity to endure pain:

Psychologists measured how long a barefooted person could stand in a bucket of ice water. They found that one factor made it possible for some people to stand in the ice water for twice as long as others. Can you guess what that factor was? It was encouragement. When another person was present, giving support and encouragement, the sufferers were able to endure the pain much longer than their unencouraged counterparts.⁴

Bringing Out the Best

Praise brings out the best in people. Has the word ever gotten back to you that someone thinks you are intelligent? The next time you're around that person, you certainly don't want to do anything to dispel the illusion. We tend to live up to the way we think others see us.

The celebrated German writer Goethe put it this way: 'Treat people as if they were what they ought to be and you help them to become what they are capable of being'.

The Duke of Wellington, the British military leader who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, was not an

easy man to serve under. He was brilliant, demanding, and not one to shower his subordinates with compliments. Yet even Wellington realised that his methods left something to be desired. In his old age a young lady

asked him what, if anything, he would do differently if he had his life to live over again. Wellington thought for a moment then replied, 'I'd give more praise'.

Praise and encouragement is a wonderful gift to give. It is free, requires no shopping and no shipping, doesn't have to be gift-wrapped, doesn't require batteries. Yet it is worth a fortune, and can last a lifetime. When you give it away, you don't lose anything. You are able to give it again and again, and no one ever gets too much of it. Another great benefit is that you feel much better yourself after giving it. So there's no need to be stingy about it.

Why withhold something that is so precious, so available, and so potent? Give the powerful gift of encouragement often!

Notes

- ¹ Proverbs 16:24 (New Living Translation).
- ² Quoted in Dale Carnegie, *How to Win Friends and Influence People* (World's Work Ltd, 1970), p. 48.
- ³ 1 Thessalonians 5:11 (New International Version).
- ⁴ John C Maxwell and Jim Dornan, *Becoming a Person of Influence* (Thomas Nelson Publishers, 1997), p. 47.



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years and is a member of the Board of Reference for the NZ Christian Network. Rex can be contacted at rex@wcg.org.nz

Embracing Adversity

Show me someone who has done something worthwhile, and I'll show you someone who has overcome adversity.

Lou Holtz

By Chris Widener

Success in life depends upon being strong people with clear goals and indomitable spirits.

Unfortunately most of us aren't born that way. We grow that way.

And that growth can either come from us entering wilfully into situations that will cause us to grow, or from the way we react when circumstances come upon us without our consent. The latter is what we call adversity.

Most of us spend our lives trying to avoid adversity, and I guess that is just as well. We shouldn't pursue adversity, but when it arrives, we should welcome it as a foe who, through our interaction with it, will make us into better people. Every contact we have with adversity gives us again the opportunity to grow personally and professionally, and to forge our character into one that will achieve much later on.

With that in mind, here are some thoughts on adversity, and how it can help us to succeed in every area of our lives and achieve our dreams.

Adversity brings out our resources. Horace said, 'Adversity reveals genius, prosperity conceals it'. When everything is going well, we coast.

There isn't a lot of stress, and we don't have to draw too much on the resources that reside within us. But when adversity comes, we begin to draw upon each and every resource that we have in order to conquer the circumstances at hand. Adversity, then, keeps us sharp. It keeps us using our personal muscle, which is a good thing, because we grow through the use of our resources.

Adversity brings us together with others. A team can have problems among its members, but when they step on the court, when they experience the adversity of facing another obstacle, they must pull together. 'One for all and all for one', as they say. The next time you experience adversity of some kind, keep your eyes open for how it can bring you together with your family, your co-workers, or your team. Then, when you are through it, you will find a bond has been created that wasn't there before.

Adversity makes us better people with stronger characters. Never underestimate the power of adversity to shape us inwardly. How will courage, discipline, and perseverance ever flourish if we are never tested? After adversity, we come out stronger people and are able to use our character and influence

in an even greater way to lead those around us, and to improve their lives, as well as our own.

Adversity makes life interesting. John Amatt said, 'Without adversity, without change, life is boring'. How true. Have you noticed that while we are in the middle of adversity, we only long to get out of it, but we then spend a lifetime recounting it to anyone who will listen? This is because it spices up our lives. Imagine how boring life would be if everything always went well, if there were never any mountains to be climbed.

Here are some questions for your reflection:

If you are in the middle of some adversity right now, what resources are you drawing on?

Who are you drawing closer to, and working with?

What part of your character is being tested and built up?

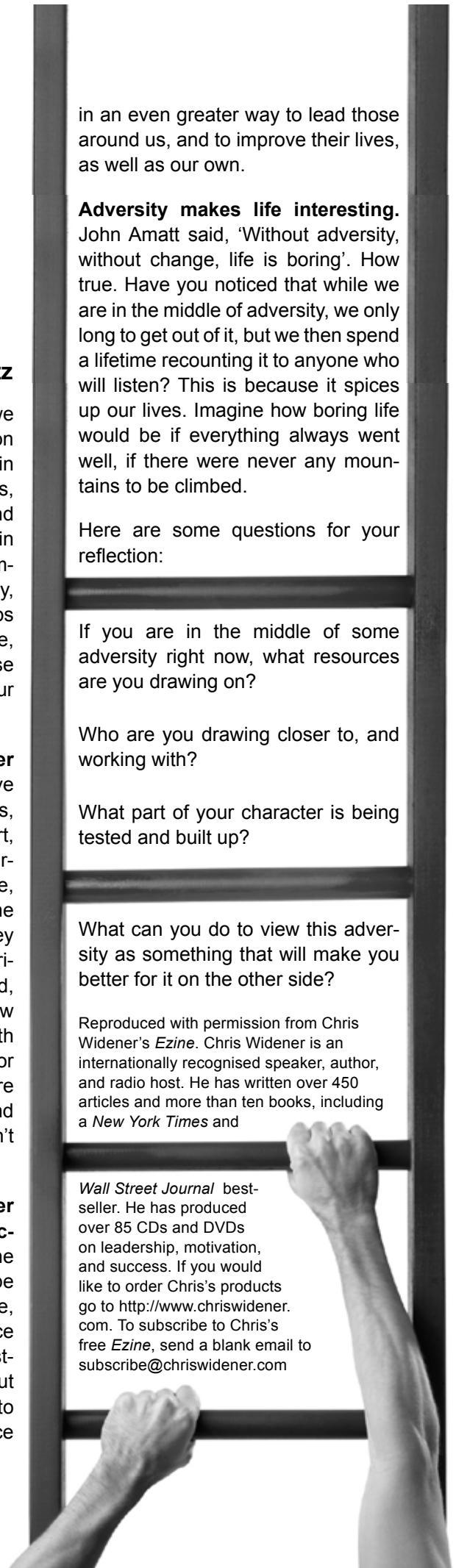
What can you do to view this adversity as something that will make you better for it on the other side?

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Wall Street Journal best-seller. He has produced over 85 CDs and DVDs on leadership, motivation, and success. If you would like to order Chris's products go to <http://www.chriswidener.com>. To subscribe to Chris's free *Ezine*, send a blank email to subscribe@chriswidener.com

Every adversity, every failure, every heartache carries with it the seed of an equal or greater benefit.

Napoleon Hill



Where Do You Go for Your Intellectual Feast?

By Jim Rohn

Pity the man who has a favourite restaurant, but not a favourite author. He's picked out a favourite place to feed his body, but he doesn't have a favourite place to feed his mind!

Why would this be? Have you heard about the accelerated learning curve? From birth, up until the time we are about eighteen, our learning curve is dramatic, and our capacity to learn during this period is just staggering. We learn a tremendous amount very quickly. We learn language, culture, history, science, mathematics, everything!

For some people, the accelerated learning process continues longer. But for most, it levels off when they get their first job. If there are no more exams to take, if there's no demand to get out paper and pencil, why read any more books? Of course, some of us will continue to learn through experience. Just getting out there—sometimes doing it wrong and sometimes doing it right—we will learn.

Can you imagine what would happen if you kept up an accelerated learning

curve all the rest of your life? Imagine what you could learn to do, the skills you could develop, the capacities you could have. Here's what I'm asking you to do: be one of those unusual people who keeps up their learning curve and develops an appetite for always trying to find good ideas.

One way to feed your mind and educate your philosophy is through the writings of influential people. Maybe you can't meet the person, but you can read his or her books. Churchill is gone, but we still have his books. Aristotle is gone, but we still have his ideas. Search libraries for books and programs. Read magazines. Watch documentaries. They are full of opportunities for intellectual feasting.

In addition to reading and listening and viewing, you also need a chance to do some talking and sharing. I have some people in my life who help me with important life questions, who assist me in refining my own philosophy, weighing my values and pondering questions about success and lifestyle.

We all need to associate with the ideas of people who influence the major issues of our world: society, money, enterprise, family, government, love, friendship, culture, taste, opportunity, and community. Philosophy is mostly influenced by ideas, ideas are mostly influenced by education, and education is mostly influenced by the people with whom we associate.

One of the great fortunes of my life was to be around my mentor, Mr. Shoaff, for five years. During that time he shared with me at dinner, during airline flights, at business conferences, in private conversations, and



in groups. He gave me many ideas that enabled me to make small daily adjustments in my philosophy and activities. Those daily changes, some very slight but very important, soon added up to weighty sums.

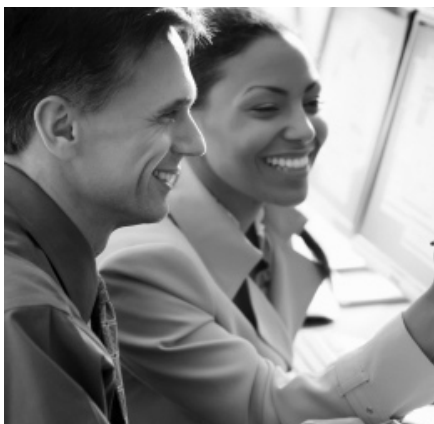
A big part of the lesson was having Mr. Shoaff repeat his ideas over and over. You just can't hear the fundamentals of life philosophy too often. They are the greatest form of nutrition, the building

blocks for a well-developed mind.

Feed your mind just as you do your body. Feed it with good ideas, wherever they can be found. Always be on the lookout for a good idea: a business idea, a product idea, a service idea, an idea for personal improvement. Every new idea will help to refine your philosophy. Your philosophy will guide your life, and your life will unfold with distinction and pleasure.

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The Lady with the Lamp

By Bernie Schnippert

They called her 'the lady with the lamp'. Her real name was Florence Nightingale (1820–1910), perhaps history's most famous and beloved nurse.

Born to wealth and privilege as a daughter to an upper-class British family, she forsook the comforts of her pedigree to become a humble nurse who served the ill with such skill and devotion that her very name is a synonym for these virtues.

Florence gained the nickname 'the lady with the lamp' as the result of her loving service to the British wounded of the Crimean war. She was said to be seen in the dark of night, when all others were asleep, moving from wounded soldier to wounded soldier to give them aid and comfort, carrying a lamp so she could see them, and they could see her.

Choosing service over the comforts of inherited status and wealth, Florence felt a calling from God: 'God called me in the morning and asked me, "Would I do good for Him, for Him alone without the reputation." '1

Ironically, her willingness to do good 'without the reputation' resulted in her attainment of the highest of reputations.

I should know. I was visited personally by 'the lady with the lamp'. That's right. I have met Florence Nightingale.

'What?' you say, 'You could not possibly have met Florence Nightingale. She died in 1910, almost 100 years ago'.

'Ah', I respond, 'but wait until you hear my story. Once you hear my story, which I shall now relate, you can decide for yourself the truth of my testimony. You may just find that not only have I met Florence Nightingale, but you have as well'.

I met Florence Nightingale about two years ago. The place of our meeting was a hospital in Portland, Oregon, called the Oregon Health and Science University Hospital, where I was a patient. I had undergone surgery a day or two before to remove a cancerous tumour in my small intestine, along with my gall bladder. Although I knew at the time that I had, and have, other tumours in my liver that cannot be removed, the mission of this particular surgery was only to remove the small intestine tumour, and it was a success. Therefore I was in a hospital room recovering my strength.

At the time of Florence's visit, I was only a few days into my recuperation. I was hooked up to numerous intravenous fluid delivery devices, including one which kept me hydrated and



This famous statue of Florence Nightingale stands in Waterloo Place, Westminster, London, England, just off The Mall.

another that delivered a strong pain medicine that I needed because of the 30 cm long abdominal incision that could be quite painful if I moved. I was very weak, was not allowed to eat, and worse, I was allergic to the pain medicine and so did not use it unless the pain was unbearable, which sometimes it was.

Part of the regimen of recovery, among other things, is to have a nurse—more accurately, a CNA or certified nursing assistant—come by your bed from time to time, day and night, take your blood pressure, take your temperature, and perform a few other duties associated with collection and analysis of a certain unnamed body fluid. (The patients, including me, find this humbling. The nurses, strangely, seem to think nothing of it.)

It was somewhat unpleasant to be visited by these nurses, because they would disrupt you if you were reading or sleeping, force a thermometer into your mouth and a pressure cuff onto your arm, proceed to take the readings, and usually not bother very much with small talk. They just interrupted you, did their job, and walked away. It was especially bad at night because sometimes—although not often—I actually fell asleep, and I resented being awakened by them for this seemingly meaningless routine.

Furthermore, it was especially unpleasant to be visited by one particular nurse for a couple of reasons. First, she obviously smoked a lot, and she always smelled very strongly of tobacco smoke, an odour that I did not like even when I was feeling well, and especially found downright repellent when I was weak, hadn't eaten, had a sensitive stomach, and was in pain.

Second, she was unusually rough about her chores. She would grab my arm violently and tug it to the side

of the bed, jam on the pressure cuff, push the thermometer into my mouth, pump the cuff so hard I thought my arm would fall off, take the reading, pull off the cuff and pull out the thermometer, and then basically throw my arm back onto the bed, not caring where it landed.

As I said, I especially dreaded the visits of this nurse, until that is, one night I will never forget. This particular night I was wide awake and very cold. I was having 'goose bumps' from being so cold, and I was shivering. I was extremely fatigued, in pain, and had a great deal of anxiety from being so cold, but also being hot at the same time: I had a fever! Then, in the middle of my suffering, the dreaded nurse's assistant appeared and went through her usual ritual—roughly, seemingly uncaringly, smelling of tobacco, and not speaking a single word.

In spite of my dislike of her, my suffering spurred me to tell her that I was cold and to ask meekly if she would get me an extra blanket. She left my bedside without comment of any kind, without even acknowledging my request. I thought I had been ignored, only to find her appearing back beside me in a few minutes with a couple of blankets fresh from being cleaned, and piping warm, either from being just taken freshly from a dryer, or from some heater they might use just for the purpose of warming the blankets.

She proceeded, again, without comment or fanfare of any kind, to carefully place a blanket over my feet and up towards my neck with almost military precision. I say 'towards my neck', instead of 'to my neck', because I am very tall and the blankets are short, so they did not reach all the way to my neck—a phenomenon that might seem humorous to some people but that bothered me greatly, since a person with cancer

who is ill and has a fever has no sense of humour. At least, I don't. No matter. She noticed the difference between my height and the length of the blanket, and took the second one, placing it at my neck 'towards my feet', so that the two blankets together reached from neck to toe and overlapped in the middle.

The warmth of the two blankets began to chase away my coldness, but they were not enough.

So, she again left silently and returned with more blankets, also steaming warm, and again silently, neatly, and I dare say lovingly, layered one upon another and back again—tucking the sides carefully under me—so that, in the end, I lay cocooned snugly, warmly, and peacefully beneath a layer of hot, freshly laundered blankets, looking like a living mummy with only my head poking out of the pile so I could breathe. Underneath this pile of loving kindness I found warmth, peace, and sleep. The nurse's assistant left without a word and silently resumed her rounds.

In the morning, I awoke without a fever, but bathed in a puddle of my own perspiration, so that all the blankets, bed coverings, and my hospital gown were soaked with sweat, and had to be replaced. That night had been a turning point in my recovery, and I longed to tell her how much she had helped me in my time of need, but she had finished her scheduled hours for the week and I never saw her again.

I also could not, and cannot, remember her name. Since I could not remember her name, I feared that I could never find her to thank her. Then it hit me. I realised that I knew her after all.

I realised that, whatever her real name, for about 20 minutes two years ago, in a hospital room, in the middle of the night, I was visited by 'the lady with the lamp'. The lamp that lit her way, and mine, was not one of wax or oil, but rather the light that lights any person who serves the needy, the

For about 20 minutes two years ago, in a hospital room, in the middle of the night, I was visited by 'the lady with the lamp'.

sick, the lame, the blind, and the poor anytime they perform such an act.

Whether she was a Christian, I do not know. This I do know, however: all acts of kindness come ultimately from God, no matter who delivers them at any particular moment, be they monk or madman. The biblical writer James says, 'Every good and perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of the heavenly lights, who does not change like shifting shadows'.² The light she brought in her person shone brightly on me for a moment. It enlightened me, refreshed me, comforted me, and like a true lamp, it warmed me when I needed it most.

I decided that, whatever this nurse's assistant's real name was, at that

time, for about 20 minutes, she was Florence Nightingale. At least she was to me.

Jesus said, '...whatever you did [i.e. some good deed] for one of the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me'.³ It is good to hear Jesus speak on behalf of people, like me, who have been helped.

But those who have been helped sometimes want to personally thank the Florence Nightingales who serve them. Perhaps they do not know the helper's real name. Perhaps they forget, or maybe never see them again. Perhaps when they are helped they cannot speak or communicate, for they are ill, or even unconscious.

It has dawned on me that I might, by

telling my story, not only give thanks to my Florence Nightingale, but represent, humbly, everyone who has had a Florence Nightingale of their own. So, for myself and all others who have felt the love and kindness of another person whom they have never been able to thank, I say, 'Thank you, Florence Nightingale, wherever—and whoever—you are'.

Notes

¹ Michael D. Calabria, *Florence Nightingale in Egypt and Greece: Her Diary and "Visions"* (State University of New York, 1996), p. 45.

² James 1:17. (New International Version)

³ Matthew 25:40 (NIV).

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By Joseph Tkach

The parents of the 19th century English poet Elizabeth Barrett were so violently opposed to her marriage to fellow poet Robert Browning that they disowned her.

For those whose high school English classes are a dim memory, Elizabeth Barrett was the author of the sonnet that begins, 'How do I love thee? Let me count the ways'.

She certainly loved Robert Browning. So they married and ran off to far-away Florence, Italy. Yet several times a month, Elizabeth wrote loving, eloquent, and moving letters to her parents, seeking a reconciliation.

They never once replied.

After ten years of letter writing, Elizabeth received a large box in the mail. She was heartbroken to discover that it contained all of her letters to her parents—*unopened*.

Those letters are some of the most beautiful and expressive in all English literature. Had her parents read them, a reconciliation might well have occurred.

We hurt *ourselves* when we snub the efforts of others to apologise and make amends for their offences against us.

Forgiveness is the key to freedom—from anger, hatred, bitterness, and resentment.

The apostle Peter asked Jesus, 'Lord, how many times shall I forgive my brother when he sins against me? Up to seven times?' Jesus answered,

'I tell you, not seven times, but 77 times'.¹

Rebuffing the efforts of others to reconcile with us cripples the soul and cuts us off from healing. Forgiveness is the key to freedom—from anger, hatred, bitterness, and resentment. Is there someone you need to forgive?

Notes

¹ Matthew 18:21–22 (NIV).

Joseph Tkach is Pastor General of Grace Communion International.

'I've Been Reading...'

***Magnificent Desolation: The Long Journey Home from the Moon*, by Buzz Aldrin and Ken Abraham, New York: Harmony, 2009.**



By John Halford

I have always found the story of the moon landing fascinating, so I was looking forward to reading this account by Buzz Aldrin, the second man to set foot on the lunar surface. It was not quite what I expected.

Aldrin is famous for his 'magnificent desolation' description of the lunar landscape. But the focus of this book is not about his epic adventure 40 years ago. He gets that out of the way in the first few chapters. He then tells the story of the not-so-magnificent desolation his life became in the decade following the moon landing.

In a remarkably frank account he describes how, after reaching the heights of fame and acclaim as a genuine American hero, he allowed

himself to become a drunken dervish. In his own words:

I...achieved the greatest success, universally acclaimed as one of mankind's most extraordinary achievements to date, and then found adversity crouching at my door, waiting to trip me up. Once entangled, I didn't unwittingly fall into depression and alcoholism; I took willful steps in the wrong direction, thinking I could turn around at any point. But like a motorboat idling on the Niagara River, I soon found myself being swept along, past the point of no return, out of control, drowning my sorrows and disappointments in alcohol, and heading for the precipice and ultimate destruction. Having been to the moon, I plummeted into my own personal hell on Earth. Had it not been for some friends who cared enough

to call a drunk a drunk, even if he had walked on the moon, I might have perished.¹

Aldrin describes his collapse honestly and candidly. It is a compelling story, and I found myself caught up in his struggle, and wanting him to succeed. Eventually he does:

Finally, in October 1978, I laid down alcohol once and for all. My willingness to do so was not an act of willpower so much as a coming to the end of my own selfishness. I had always been self-centred, and because of my abilities or my intelligence or my fame, people had let me get away with it. When I began to see myself for what I really was, and had a group of fellow travellers who knew me for what I was—and were not impressed—I began to take baby steps toward getting well. Along the way, I learned that to truly keep something and hold onto it, you have to give it away.²

What I thought would be a book about outer space is more a story of the conquest of inner space, and I recommend it to anyone who is interested in personal growth and development. If you are struggling with an addiction or depression, you may find it particularly reassuring. Buzz Aldrin shows how anyone—even a genuine hero—can become a victim. But with courage, humility and the right support, you can face up to your problem, and change.

Notes

¹ *Magnificent Desolation*, pp. 305-306.

² *ibid.*, pp. 172-173.

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The Lost Kite

By Jeb Egbert

I had my first love affair when I was just six years old. It's true...but it's probably not what you're thinking.

When I was six, I had a marvellous kite that was the love of my life. That kite meant everything to me. Frequently when my father arrived home from work, he would take the love of my life and me out to the front yard. Adorned with a huge ball of string and my kite, he would get it started. And as the kite soared into the Southern California sky, I watched with amazement as it bobbed and weaved in the breeze. How could life get any better? A small boy with his magical kite.

One day as I was flying the kite in our front yard, my mother knocked on the kitchen window to get my attention. As I glanced her way, she beckoned me inside. It was time for dinner. Disappointed that I would have to put my kite away for the evening, I began to reel the huge ball of string in.

But then something happened. The line went limp and the kite was no longer coming towards me. As a six-year-old, I'm sure it took me a while to figure out what was happening, but the truth was, the love of my life wasn't coming home! When I finally put all the pieces together, I did what most six-year-old boys would do... burst into tears.

My mother saw all this playing out from the window and quickly

summoned my father. I can still see Dad in my mind's eye rushing out of the house. 'Son, I can't promise anything. But I'm going to go after that kite', he said. With window rolled down and his left arm swung over the driver's side door, I saw him poke his head out of the car to try to assess the direction the kite was heading. And he was off.

Twenty minutes later, he returned. He shared some of the saddest news I had heard in my young life. He was unable to retrieve the kite.

Simultaneously, and unbeknownst to me, my mom was experiencing a new love affair of her own. And because of this love affair she suggested something that we had never done ever before. 'Jeb', she said, 'why don't we pray about it?' So before bed that evening, I knelt down next to my mother, hands folded in front of my bed. I don't really recall what she said, but I know she was praying that somehow, some way, the love her life, her God, would restore the kite to me.

The next morning I heard a knock on our front door. I was still in a foul mood, but I was the closest to the door, so I answered it. A neighbour I had never met was standing in front of me. 'Son', he said, 'I saw everything that happened last evening, and I felt so badly for you that I decided that I would get you a replacement kite'.

A couple of hours later, our next-door neighbour, whom I did know, knocked. He hadn't witnessed the tragedy that played out the prior

evening but announced, 'Jeb, I was cleaning out my garage and found a kite. I thought you might like it'.

Finally, my dad came home from work with, you guessed it, another kite. Of course, this sudden wealth of kites left me feeling euphoric. But I also remember clearly, in my six-year-old way, thinking that this new love affair of my mom's—the one she prayed to—was awesome.

That initial intervention has stuck with me for the better part of 50 years. It has had an indelible impact on my life. I thank my mother to this day that she didn't just pray for me in the confines of privacy, but openly invited me to eavesdrop.

Years later, my dad used to invite me to come along on his 'prayer walks'. It was often fascinating to hear not only what he talked to God about,

but also how he talked with God. While there was reverence, it was conversational. While there was respect, it was shared as though with a close friend.

That's why I like to encourage parents and grandparents to intentionally spend time with their children and grandchildren in prayer.

It made a difference for me. It taught me at a tender young age that I could have a personal relationship with God, and that he cared about me. I believe it can make a difference for your children or grandchildren, too!

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100 Ways to Show Teens You Care

Notice them. Smile a lot.

Remember their birthday.
Ask them about themselves.
Look in their eyes when you talk to them.

Listen to them. Giggle together.

Tell them their feelings are okay.

Set boundaries that keep them safe.

Be honest. Be yourself.

Listen to their stories.

Hug them. Surprise them.

Notice when they're acting differently.

Suggest better behaviours when they act out.

Feed them when they are hungry.

Delight in their discoveries.

Share their excitement.

Call them to say hello.

Give them space when they need it.

Contribute to their collections.

Discuss their dreams with them.

Laugh at their jokes. Be relaxed.

Answer their questions.

Create a tradition with them and keep it.

Learn what they have to teach.

Use your ears more than your mouth.

Show up at their concerts and games.

Apologise when you've done something wrong.

Keep the promises you make.

Wave and smile when you part.

Display their artwork in your home.

Point out what you like about them.

Catch them doing something right.

Ask for their opinion.

Have fun together. Thank them.

Introduce them to your friends and family.

Tell them how much you like being with them.

Let them solve most of their own problems.

Meet their friends and parents.

Let them tell you how they feel.

Be excited when you see them.

Let them act their age.

Be consistent. Be available.

Admit when you make a mistake.

Enjoy your time together.

Give them a special nickname.

Marvel at what they can do.

Tell them how proud you are of them.

Be happy. Ask them to help you.

Support them. Believe in them.

Applaud their successes.

Deal with problems and conflicts while they are still small.

Nurture them with good food, good words, and good fun.

Delight in their uniqueness.

Let them make mistakes.

Give them immediate feedback.

Include them in conversations.

Respect them. Be flexible.

Join in their adventures.

Help them learn something new.

Be understanding when they have a difficult day.

Give them good choices.

Respect the choices they made.

Be silly together. Hang out together.

Make time to be with them.

Inspire their creativity.

Accept them as they are.

Appreciate their personality.

Talk openly with them.

Trust them. Share a secret.

Create a safe open environment.

Cheer their accomplishments.

Encourage them to help others.

Tackle new tasks together.

Believe what they say.

Help them take a stand and stand with them.

Do what they like to do.

Make decisions together.

Build something together.

Encourage them to think big.

Go places together.

Welcome their suggestions.

Visit them when they're sick.

Help them learn from their mistakes.

Tell them what you expect of them.

Introduce them to new experiences.

Be sincere. Talk directly together.

Expect their best; don't expect perfection.

Love them no matter what.



As Tall As You Want to Be



A team of doctors gave him six months to live after they diagnosed him as suffering from a rare disease that inhibits digestion of nutrients in food. Intravenous feedings of vitamins and supplements allowed him to regain his strength, but his growth was permanently stunted.

Confined to hospitals for long periods of time until the age of nine, he quietly plotted his revenge on the kids who taunted him and called him 'peanut'.

He recalled many years later that subconsciously 'the whole experience made me want to succeed at something athletic'. Sometimes his sister, Susan, went ice skating at the local rink, and he would go along to watch. There he stood, a frail, undergrown kid, with a feeding tube inserted through his nose and down into his stomach. When he wasn't using it, one end of the tube was taped behind his ear.

One day, as he watched his sister whirl around the ice, he turned to his parents and said, 'You know, I think I'd like to try ice skating'. Two adults glanced at their

By Dr Denis Waitley

When he was two years old, an adopted child of two college professors suddenly and inexplicably stopped growing, and his health started to fail.

life-threatening child with expressions that were beyond belief!

Well, the boy tried it and he loved it, and he went at it with a passion. Here was something fun at which he could excel, where height and weight weren't important.

During his medical check-up the following year, the doctors were startled to discover that he had actually started growing again. It was too late for him to reach normal size, but neither he nor his family cared. He was recovering and succeeding. He believed in his dream, although he had little else to hang on to.

None of the kids taunt him and tease him today. Instead, they all cheer and rush to get his autograph. He has just completed another dazzling performance on the world professional ice skating tour, with a long string of triple jumps, complicated manoeuvres, and athletic moves, capped off with a racing front flip that brought him to a sudden stop inches from the audience. Although he has retired from professional skating, he remains a coach, mentor, and commentator revered by everyone in winter sports.

At 160 cm and 52 kg of pure muscle and electrifying energy, former Olympic gold medal figure skating champion Scott Hamilton stands as tall and as proud as any winner. Scott's size didn't limit his faith and reach. Don't let doubts and critics limit yours. This doesn't mean that you'll close every sale or get promoted in record time. Scott Hamilton certainly didn't hit every triple-axle jump he ever attempted, especially during the initial learning phase. Success in developing any skill requires a basic trust in your ability that should never be allowed to waver.

You can stand tall, no matter how small!

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Roots and Wings (A Child's Bedtime Song)

By Dr Dennis Waitley

If I had two wishes, I know what they would be,
I'd wish for Roots to cling to, and Wings to set me free;

Roots of inner values, like rings within a tree,
and Wings of independence to seek my destiny.

Roots to hold forever to keep me safe and strong,
to let me know you love me, when I've done something wrong;

To show me by example, and help me learn to choose,
to take those actions every day to win instead of lose.

Just be there when I need you, to tell me it's all right,
to face my fear of falling when I test my wings in flight;

Don't make my life too easy, it's better if I try,
and fail and get back up myself, so I can learn to fly.

If I had two wishes, and two were all I had,
and they could just be granted by my Mom and Dad;

I wouldn't ask for money or any store-bought things,
the greatest gifts I'd ask for are simply
Roots and Wings.

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