

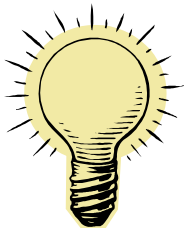
Let Your Light Shine

Submitted by Monisha Peters

Benjamin Franklin came to a personal conclusion that the lighting of streets would not only add gentility to his city, but also make it safer. In seeking to interest the people of his native Philadelphia in street lighting, however, he didn't try to persuade them by talking about it. Instead, he hung a beautiful lantern on a long bracket outside his own front door. Then he kept the glass brightly polished, and diligently lit the wick every evening just before dusk. People wandering down the dark street saw Franklin's light a long way off. They found its glow not only friendly and beautiful, but helpful as well. Before long, other neighbours began placing similar lights in front of their own homes. Soon, the entire city was dotted with lights and everyone awoke to the value of street lighting. The matter was taken up with interest and enthusiasm as a city-wide, city-sponsored endeavour.

'God's Little Lessons on Life for Mom,' Honor Books of Tulsa, Oklahoma, 1999. P. 87

Is the light from your life encouraging and inspiring others?



Visiting the Shrine, Ignoring His Books

Submitted by Monisha Peters

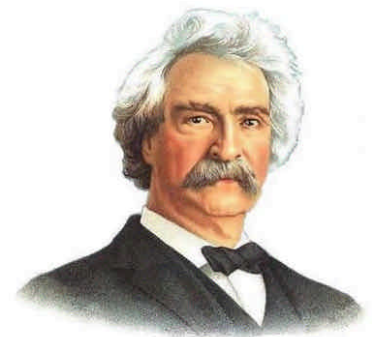
Bill Bryson has written a fascinating book called. The Lost Continent: Travels in Small Town America.

In the book, he tells of travelling to Hannibal, Missouri to visit the boyhood home of the noted author Mark Twain. He described the house as a 'trim, white-washed house with green shutters. set incongruously in the middle of downtown.'

It costs two dollars to visit Mark Twain's home and to walk around the site. Bill Bryson said he found the home to be a disappointment. He expressed his disillusionment like this: 'It purported to be a faithful reproduction of the original interiors, but there were wires and water sprinklers clumsily evident in every room. I also very much doubt that young Samuel Clemens' bedroom had Armstrong vinyl on the floor or that his sister's bedroom had a plywood partition in it.' He said that the house, which is owned by the city of Hannibal, attracts some 135,000 visitors each year. But Bryson was disappointed that he was not able to actually go inside the house. 'You look through the windows,' he says. 'At each window there is a recorded message telling about each room.'

As he proceeded from window to window, he met another tourist who seemed to know a lot about the house. Bryson asked him: 'What do you think of it?' The friendly stranger replied: 'Oh, I think it's great. I always come here when I'm in Hannibal. two or three times a year. Sometimes I go out of my way to come here.' Bill Bryson was fascinated, 'Really?' he replied. 'Oh yes,' the man said. 'I must have been here twenty or thirty times by now. This is a real shrine you know.' As the two of them continued walking and touring together, Bill Bryson said to the man: 'You must be a real fan and follower of Mark Twain. Would you say the house is just like Mark Twain described it in his books?' 'Oh, I don't know,' said the tourist. 'wouldn't have the foggiest notion. I've never read any of his books!'

Visiting his shrine, but ignoring his books. Sadly, that may be a pretty good description of how many people deal with Jesus Christ. They visit his shrines, but fail to accept Him and follow Him and fail to apply His teachings to their daily lives.



Mark Twain

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