

More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection

By Alice Gray

Download now

Read Online

More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection By Alice Gray

A sequel to Stories for the Heart, More Stories for the Heart offers up over one hundred stories that hug readers' hearts and encourage their souls. This treasury of timeless tales-written by some of the best Christian communicators today-offers a wealth of compassion and love certain to minister to multiple generations. Readers will find themselves sharing these uplifting tales in conversation and letting the stories' wisdom inspire their thinking. These are stories that will add flavor to readers' views...and will be carried in their hearts. Whether read during peaceful moments spent cuddled up by the fire, during moments basking in the sunshine...or during read-aloud family times with loved ones, More Stories for the Heart is certain to encourage the soul.

Download More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection ...pdf

Read Online More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collectio ...pdf

More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection

By Alice Gray

More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection By Alice Gray

A sequel to Stories for the Heart, More Stories for the Heart offers up over one hundred stories that hug readers' hearts and encourage their souls. This treasury of timeless tales-written by some of the best Christian communicators today-offers a wealth of compassion and love certain to minister to multiple generations. Readers will find themselves sharing these uplifting tales in conversation and letting the stories' wisdom inspire their thinking. These are stories that will add flavor to readers' views...and will be carried in their hearts. Whether read during peaceful moments spent cuddled up by the fire, during moments basking in the sunshine...or during read-aloud family times with loved ones, More Stories for the Heart is certain to encourage the soul.

More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection By Alice Gray Bibliography

- Sales Rank: #786176 in Books
- Published on: 1997-07-01
- Released on: 1997-07-01
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 8.50" h x .75" w x 5.50" l, .76 pounds
- Binding: Paperback
- 300 pages

Download More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection ...pdf

Read Online More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collectio ...pdf

Download and Read Free Online More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection By Alice Gray

Editorial Review

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

The Day Philip Joined the Group

PAUL HARVEY with acknowledgement to Rev. Harry Pritchett Jr., rector of All Saints Episcopal Church in Atlanta, who called my attention to a boy named Philip.

He was 9—in a Sunday school class of 8-year-olds.

Eight-year-olds can be cruel.

The third-graders did not welcome Philip to their group. Not just because he was older. He was “different.”

He suffered from Down’s syndrome and its obvious manifestations: facial characteristics, slow responses, symptoms of retardation.

One Sunday after Easter the Sunday school teacher gathered some of those plastic eggs that pull apart in the middle—the kind in which some ladies’ pantyhose are packaged.

The Sunday school teacher gave one of these plastic eggs to each child.

On that beautiful spring day each child was to go outdoors and discover for himself some symbol of “new life” and place that symbolic seed or leaf or whatever inside his egg.

They would then open their eggs one by one, and each youngster would explain how his find was a symbol of “new life.”

So…

The youngsters gathered ’round on the appointed day and put their eggs on a table, and the teacher began to open them.

One child had found a flower.

All the children “oohed” and “aahed” at the lovely symbol of new life.

In another was a butterfly. “Beautiful,” the girls said. And it’s not easy for an 8-year-old to say “beautiful.”

Another egg was opened to reveal a rock. Some of the children laughed.

“That’s crazy!” one said. “How’s a rock supposed to be like a ‘new

life'?"

Immediately a little boy spoke up and said, "That's mine. I knew everybody would get flowers and leaves and butterflies and all that stuff, so I got a rock to be different."

Everyone laughed.

The teacher opened the last one, and there was nothing inside.

"That's not fair," someone said. "That's stupid," said another.

Teacher felt a tug on his shirt. It was Philip. Looking up he said, "It's mine. I did do it. It's empty. I have new life because the tomb is empty."

The class fell silent.

From that day on Philip became part of the group. They welcomed him. Whatever had made him different was never mentioned again.

Philip's family had known he would not live a long life; just too many things wrong with the tiny body. That summer, overcome with infection, Philip died.

On the day of his funeral nine 8-year-old boys and girls confronted the reality of death and marched up to the altar—not with flowers.

Nine children with their Sunday school teacher placed on the casket of their friend their gift of love—an empty egg.

A Song in the Dark
MAX LUCADO, from *God Came Near*

On any other day, I probably wouldn't have stopped. Like the majority of people on the busy avenue, I would hardly have noticed him standing there. But the very thing on my mind was the very reason he was there, so I stopped.

I'd just spent a portion of the morning preparing a lesson out of the ninth chapter of John, the chapter that contains the story about the man blind from birth. I'd finished lunch and was returning to my office when I saw him. He was singing. An aluminum cane was in his left hand; his right hand was extended and open, awaiting donations. He was blind.

After walking past him about five steps, I stopped and mumbled something to myself about the epitome of hypocrisy and went back in his direction. I put some change in his hand. "Thank you," he said and then offered me a common Brazilian translation, "and may you have health." Ironic wish.

Once again I started on my way. Once again the morning's study of John 9 stopped me. "Jesus saw a man, blind from birth." I paused and pondered. If Jesus were here he would see this man. I wasn't sure what that meant. But I was sure I hadn't done it. So I turned around again.

As if the giving of a donation entitled me to do so, I stopped beside a nearby car and observed. I challenged myself to see him. I would stay here until I saw more than a sightless indigent on a busy thoroughfare in downtown Rio de Janeiro.

I watched him sing. Some beggars grovel in a corner cultivating pity. Others unashamedly lay their children on blankets in the middle of the sidewalk thinking that only the hardest of hearts would ignore a dirty, naked infant asking for bread.

But this man did none of that. He stood. He stood tall. And he sang. Loudly. Even proudly. All of us had more reason to sing than he, but he was the one singing. Mainly, he sang folk songs. Once I thought he was singing a hymn, though I wasn't sure.

His husky voice was out of place amid the buzz of commerce. Like a sparrow who found his way into a noisy factory, or a lost fawn on an interstate, his singing conjured up an awkward marriage between progress and simplicity.

The passersby had various reactions. Some were curious and gazed unabashedly. Others were uncomfortable. They were quick to duck their heads or walk in a wider circle. "No reminders of harshness today, please." Most, however, hardly noticed him. Their thoughts were occupied, their agendas were full and he was…well, he was a blind beggar.

I was thankful he couldn't see the way they looked at him.

After a few minutes, I went up to him again. "Have you had any lunch?" I asked. He stopped singing. He turned his head toward the sound of my voice and directed his face somewhere past my ear. His eye sockets were empty. He said he was hungry. I went to a nearby restaurant and bought him a sandwich and something cold to drink.

When I came back he was still singing and his hands were still empty. He was grateful for the food. We sat down on a nearby bench. Between bites he told me about himself. Twenty-eight years old. Single. Living with his parents and seven brothers. "Were you born blind?"

"No, when I was young I had an accident." He didn't volunteer any details and I didn't have the gall to request them.

Though we were almost the same age, we were light-years apart. My three decades had been a summer vacation of family excursions, Sunday

school, debate teams, football, and a search for the Mighty One. Growing up blind in the Third World surely offered none of these. My daily concern now involved people, thoughts, concepts, and communication. His day was stitched with concerns of survival: coins, handouts, and food. I'd go home to a nice apartment, a hot meal, and a good wife. I hated to think of the home he would encounter. I'd seen enough overcrowded huts on the hills of Rio to make a reasonable guess. And his reception…would there be anyone there to make him feel special when he got home?

I came whisker-close to asking him, "Does it make you mad that I'm not you?" "Do you ever lie awake at night wondering why the hand you were dealt was so different from the one given a million or so others born thirty years ago?"

I wore a shirt and tie and some new shoes. His shoes had holes and his coat was oversized and bulky. His pants gaped open from a rip in the knee.

And still he sang. Though a sightless, penniless hobo, he still found a song and sang it courageously. (I wondered which room in his heart that song came from.)

At worst, I figured, he sang from desperation. His song was all he had. Even when no one gave any coins, he still had his song. Yet he seemed too peaceful to be singing out of self-preservation.

Or perhaps he sang from ignorance. Maybe he didn't know what he had never had.

No, I decided the motivation that fit his demeanor was the one you'd least expect. He was singing from contentment. Somehow this eyeless pauper had discovered a candle called satisfaction and it glowed in his dark world. Someone had told him, or maybe he'd told himself, that tomorrow's joy is fathered by today's acceptance. Acceptance of what, at least for the moment, you cannot alter.

I looked up at the Niagara of faces that flowed past us. Grim. Professional. Some determined. Some disguised. But none were singing, not even silently. What if each face were a billboard that announced the true state of the owner's heart? How many would say "Desperate! Business on the rocks!" or "Broken: In Need of Repair," or "Faithless, Frantic, and Fearful"? Quite a few.

The irony was painfully amusing. This blind man could be the most peaceful fellow on the street. No diploma, no awards, and no future—at least in the aggressive sense of the word. But I wondered how many in that urban stampede would trade their boardrooms and blue suits in a second for a chance to drink at this young man's well.

"Faith is the bird that sings while it is yet dark."

Before I helped my friend back to his position, I tried to verbalize my empathy. “Life is hard, isn’t it?” A slight smile. He again turned his face toward the direction of my voice and started to respond, then paused and said, “I’d better get back to work.”

For almost a block, I could hear him singing. And in my mind’s eye I could still see him. But the man I now saw was a different one than the one to whom I’d given a few coins. Though the man I now saw was still sightless, he was remarkably insightful. And though I was the one with eyes, it was he who gave me a new vision.

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Sarah Stiles:

Within other case, little persons like to read book More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection. You can choose the best book if you love reading a book. Given that we know about how is important some sort of book More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection. You can add knowledge and of course you can around the world by the book. Absolutely right, simply because from book you can realize everything! From your country until eventually foreign or abroad you may be known. About simple issue until wonderful thing you could know that. In this era, we are able to open a book or searching by internet unit. It is called e-book. You may use it when you feel bored stiff to go to the library. Let's read.

Ronnie Chaney:

As people who live in the modest era should be change about what going on or facts even knowledge to make them keep up with the era that is certainly always change and move ahead. Some of you maybe will update themselves by reading through books. It is a good choice for you but the problems coming to an individual is you don't know which you should start with. This More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection is our recommendation to help you keep up with the world. Why, because book serves what you want and wish in this era.

Merle Poteet:

Information is provisions for those to get better life, information currently can get by anyone at everywhere. The information can be a expertise or any news even a huge concern. What people must be consider when those information which is inside the former life are hard to be find than now could be taking seriously which one would work to believe or which one the actual resource are convinced. If you get the unstable resource then you get it as your main information you will see huge disadvantage for you. All those possibilities will not happen with you if you take More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection as your daily resource information.

Florence Ross:

This More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection is completely new way for you who has interest to look for some information given it relief your hunger details. Getting deeper you in it getting knowledge more you know or else you who still having bit of digest in reading this More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection can be the light food to suit your needs because the information inside this book is easy to get by anyone. These books produce itself in the form which can be reachable by anyone, yes I mean in the e-book type. People who think that in e-book form make them feel tired even dizzy this guide is the answer. So there is not any in reading a e-book especially this one. You can find what you are looking for. It should be here for you. So , don't miss the item! Just read this e-book variety for your better life and also knowledge.

Download and Read Online More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection By Alice Gray #K3QYZSRPG09

Read More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection By Alice Gray for online ebook

More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection By Alice Gray Free PDF d0wnl0ad, audio books, books to read, good books to read, cheap books, good books, online books, books online, book reviews epub, read books online, books to read online, online library, greatbooks to read, PDF best books to read, top books to read More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection By Alice Gray books to read online.

Online More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection By Alice Gray ebook PDF download

More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection By Alice Gray Doc

More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection By Alice Gray Mobipocket

More Stories for the Heart: The Second Collection By Alice Gray EPub