

1: Keepers of the Springs - Sweet Shore

"Keeper of the Spring" is a story that the late Peter Marshall loved to tell. He was an eloquent speaker and for several years served as the chaplain of the US Senate. The story is a tale of a quiet forest dweller who lived high above an Austrian village along the eastern slope of the Alps.

He used to love to tell the story of the Keeper of the Spring, a quiet forest dweller who lived high above an Austrian village along the eastern slope of the Alps. The old gentleman had been hired many years earlier by a young town councilman to clear away the debris from the pools of water up in the mountain crevices that fed the lovely spring flowing through their town. With faithful, silent regularity, he patrolled the hills, removed the leaves and branches, and wiped away the silt that would otherwise have choked and contaminated the fresh flow of water. The village soon became a popular attraction for vacationers. One evening the town council met for its semi-annual meeting. Said the keeper of the spring, "Who is the old man? Why do we keep him on year after year? No one ever sees him. For all we know, the strange ranger of the hills is doing us no good. For several weeks, nothing changed. By early autumn, the trees began to shed their leaves. Small branches snapped off and fell into the pools, hindering the rushing flow of sparkling water. One afternoon someone noticed a slight yellowish-brown tint in the spring. A few days later, the water was much darker. Within another week, a slimy film covered sections of the water along the banks, and a foul odor was soon detected. The mill wheels moved more slowly, some finally ground to a halt. Swans left, as did the tourists. Clammy fingers of disease and sickness reached deeply into the village. The embarrassed council called a special meeting. Realizing their gross error in judgment, they rehired the old keeper of the spring, and within a few weeks, the veritable river of life began to clear up. The wheels started to turn, and new life returned to the hamlet in the Alps. Our lives and our relationships are much like this--so much of what keeps us going and advancing is hidden from our sight, working behind the scenes to keep our springs clear and fresh. That conversation you had with a co-worker may just help her marriage, or may help him to develop his relationship with one of his children. And we may never know it.

2: Keepers of the Springs

If the Keepers of the Springs desert their posts or are unfaithful to their responsibilities, the future outlook of this country is black, indeed. This generation needs Keepers of the Springs who will be courageous enough to cleanse the springs that have been polluted.

Posted by Nora Puls This is one of my favorite sermons. Peter Marshall was an amazing Presbyterian minister who was the U. Senate Chaplain from during the presidency of Harry Truman, and died in He was born in Scotland and was known for his passionate preaching and deep conviction. All of his sermons were written out so that we have the original texts he created and can appreciate and once again be stirred by his intense love of God. Once upon a time, a certain town grew up at the foot of a mountain range. It was sheltered in the lee of the protecting heights, so that the wind that shuddered at the doors and flung handfuls of sleet against the window panes was a wind whose fury was spent. It leaped sparkling over rocks and dropped joyously in crystal cascades until, swollen by other streams, it became a river of life to the busy town. Millwheels were whirled by its rush. Gardens were refreshed by its waters. Fountains threw it like diamonds into the air. Swans sailed on its limpid surface, and children laughed as they played on its banks in the sunshine. But the City Council was a group of hard-headed, hard-boiled businessmen. They scanned the civic budget and found in it the salary of a Keeper of the Springs. Said the Keeper of the Purse: If we build a reservoir just above the town, we can dispense with his services and save his salary. So the Keeper of the Springs no longer visited the brown pools but watched from the heights while they built the reservoir. When it was finished, it soon filled up with water, to be sure, but the water did not seem to be the same. It did not seem to be as clean, and a green scum soon befouled its stagnant surface. There were constant troubles with the delicate machinery of the mills, for it was often clogged with slime, and the swans found another home above the town. At last, an epidemic raged, and the clammy, yellow fingers of sickness reached into every home in every street and lane. The City Council met again. They sought him out of his hermit hut high in the hills, and begged him to return to his former joyous labor. Gladly he agreed, and began once more to make his rounds. It was not long until pure water came liling down under tunnels of ferns and mosses and to sparkle in the cleansed reservoir. Millwheels turned again as of old. Sickness waned and convalescent children playing in the sun laughed again because the swans had come back. The phrase, while poetic, is true and descriptive. Nothing that has been said, nothing that could be said, or that ever will be said, would be eloquent enough, expressive enough, or adequate to make articulate that peculiar emotion we feel to our mothers. So I shall make my tribute a plea for Keepers of the Springs, who will be faithful to their tasks. There never has been a time when there was a greater need for Keepers of the Springs, or when there were more polluted springs to be cleansed. If the home fails, the country is doomed. The breakdown of homelife and influence will mark the breakdown of the nation. If the Keepers of the Springs desert their posts or are unfaithful to their responsibilities, the future outlook of this country is black, indeed. This generation needs Keepers of the Springs who will be courageous enough to cleanse the springs that have been polluted. It is not an easy taskâ€”nor is it a popular one, but it must be done for the sake of the children, and the young women of today must do it. The emancipation of womanhood began with Christianity, and it ends with Christianity. It had its beginning one night nineteen hundred years ago when there came to a woman named Mary a vision and a message from heaven. She saw the rifted clouds of glory and the hidden battlements of heaven. She heard an angelic annunciation of the almost incredible news that she, of all the women on earthâ€”of all the Marys in historyâ€”was to be the only one who should ever wear entwined the red rose of maternity and the white rose of virginity. It was told herâ€”and all Keepers of the Springs know how such messages comeâ€”that she should be the mother of the Savior of the world. He accorded her a new dignity and crowned her with a new glory, so that wherever the Christian evangel has gone for nineteen centuries, the daughters of Mary have been respected, revered, remembered, and loved, for men have recognized that womanhood is a sacred and a noble thing, that women are of finer clayâ€”are more in touch with the angels of God and have the noblest function that life affords. Wherever Christianity has spread, for nineteen hundred years men have bowed and adored. It remained for the twentieth century, in the name of

progress, in the name of tolerance, in the name of broadmindedness, in the name of freedom, to pull her down from her throne and try to make her like a man. For nineteen hundred years she had not been equalâ€”she had been superior. But now, they said, she wanted equality, and in order to obtain it, she had to step down. No nation has ever made any progress in a downward direction. No people ever became great by lowering their standards. No people ever became good by adopting a looser morality. It is not progress when the moral tone is lower than it was. It is not progress when purity is not as sweet. It is not progress when womanhood has lost its fragrance. Whatever else it is, it is not progress! We need Keepers of the Springs who will realize that what is socially correct may not be morally right. Our country needs today women who will lead us back to an old-fashioned morality, to an old fashioned decency, to an old fashioned purity and sweetness for the sake of the next generation, if for no other reason. Although the average American mother has advantages that pioneer women never knewâ€”material advantages: The modern challenge to motherhood is the eternal challengeâ€”that of being a godly woman. The very phrase sounds strange in our ears. We never hear it now. We hear about every other kind of womenâ€”beautiful women, smart women, sophisticated women, career woman, talented women, divorced women, but so seldom do we hear of a godly womanâ€”or of a godly man either, for that matter. I believe women come nearer fulfilling their God-given function in the home than anywhere else. It is a much nobler thing to be a good wife than to be Miss America. It is a greater achievement to establish a Christian home than it is to produce a second-rate novel filled with filth. It is a far, far better thing in the realm of morals to be old-fashioned than to be ultramodern. The world has enough women who know how to hold their cocktails, who have lost all their illusions and their faith. The world has enough women who know how to be smart. It needs women who are willing to be simple. The world has enough women who know how to be brilliant. It needs some who will be brave. The world has enough women who are popular. It needs more who are pure. We need woman, and men, too, who would rather be morally right than socially correct. Physically, they will be perfect. Intellectually, they will be brilliant. But spiritually, they will be pagan. Let us not fool ourselves. The school is making no attempt to teach the principles of Christ. The Church alone cannot do it. They can never be taught to a child unless the mother herself knows them and practices them every day. If you have no prayer life yourself, it is rather a useless gesture to make your child say his prayers every night. If you never enter a church it is rather futile to send your child to Sunday school. If you make a practice of telling social lies, it will be difficult to teach your child to be truthful. If you say cutting things about your neighbors and about fellow members in the church, it will be hard for your child to learn the meaning of kindness. For the newest of the sciences is beginning to realize, after a study of the teachings of Christ from the standpoint of psychology, that only as human beings discover and follow these inexorable spiritual laws will they find the happiness and contentment which we all seek. A minister tells of going to a hospital to visit a mother whose first child had been born. She was a distinctly modern girl. Her home was about average for young married people. Her smile was contagiousâ€”she seemed to have found a new and jolly idea. Then she took a long breath and started: I always wanted to be free. When I finished high school, I took a business course and got a jobâ€”not because I needed the moneyâ€”but because I wanted to be on my own. Before Joe and I were married, we used to say that we would not be slaves to each other. And after we married, our apartment became headquarters for a crowd just like us. And when I knew I was going to have a baby, I was afraid. She had almost forgotten I was thereâ€”she was speaking to the old girl she had been before her great adventure. Then remembering me suddenlyâ€”she went on: Oh, yes, well, things are different now. And the first thing I must do is to clean house. And that means I need God.

3: Keeper Of The Spring - Pravs World

Keeper of the Spring. The late Peter Marshall, an eloquent speaker and for several years the chaplain of the United States Senate, used to love to tell the story of "The Keeper of the Spring," a quiet forest dweller who lived high above an Austrian village along the eastern slopes of the Alps.

The Keeper of the Spring? August 01, by Charles R. The late Peter Marshall, an eloquent speaker and for several years the chaplain of the United States Senate, used to love to tell the story of "The Keeper of the Spring,"¹ a quiet forest dweller who lived high above an Austrian village along the eastern slopes of the Alps. The old gentle man had been hired many years earlier by a young town council to clear away the debris from the pools of water that fed the lovely spring flowing through their town. With faithful, silent regularity he patrolled the hills, removed the leaves and branches, and wiped away the silt from the fresh flow of water. By and by, the village became a popular attraction for vacationers. Graceful swans floated along the crystal clear spring, farmlands were naturally irrigated, and the view from restaurants was picturesque. One evening the town council met for its semiannual meeting. Said the keeper of the spring, "Who is the old man? Why do we keep him on year after year? For all we know he is doing us no good. For several weeks nothing changed. By early autumn the trees began to shed their leaves. Small branches snapped off and fell into the pools, hindering the rushing flow of water. One afternoon someone noticed a slight yellowish-brown tint in the spring. A couple days later the water was much darker. Within another week, a slimy film covered sections of the water along the banks and a foul odor was detected. The millwheels moved slower, some finally ground to a halt. Swans left as did the tourists. Clammy fingers of disease and sickness reached deeply into the village. Embarrassed, the council called a special meeting. Realizing their gross error in judgment, they hired back the old keeper of the spring. Fanciful though it may be, the story carries with it a vivid, relevant analogy directly related to the times in which we live. What the keeper of the spring meant to the village, Christian servants mean to our world. The preserving, taste-giving bite of "salt" mixed with the illuminating, hope-giving ray of "light" may seem feeble and needless. Jones, Meet the Master New York: Revell, , , Used by permission of Thomas Nelson.

4: Keepers of the Spring: Reclaiming Our Water In An Age Of Globalization by Fred Pearce

"The keeper of the spring," a quiet forest dweller who lived high above an Austrian village along the eastern slopes of the Alps. The old gentleman had been hired many years ago by a young town council to.

I think Stacey is dependable, on time, skilled, and always has a great attitude. She also has a very caring heart. She is very much like family. We are very happy with Comfort Keepers. Jeanette has been my ongoing caregiver. Jeanette is a self-starter who finds tasks to do without being asked and is very thorough. She does a great job with all tasks. We are thankful for Comfort Keepers. They sent an extremely caring and compassionate caregiver, Sarah. She was there for my mother all the way through and did everything possible to make my mother comfortable. I am truly thankful for the whole staff and everything they have done for my family. Kathy, our caregiver, has been the absolute best and we are all so thankful to have her on board. I have to share this instance that a Comfort Keepers caregiver did for our family. All of the sudden my mother-in-law climbed out of bed and was hungry, Beth, the nurse, without any hesitation got her some coffee and toast with jam. As a longtime client, I am very thankful to have her. She is an absolute God-send. My husband and I adore her. Having her care for my mom is like having our own personal angel. She is super enthusiastic which gets my husband to talk a lot more than normal. She is very friendly and eager to do whatever she can to help. I just love her! I would be lost if she left me. My mother and Lynn get along so well. She is so kind, friendly and helpful. We look forward to her coming over. We both appreciate the hard work she does for us as well as getting mom to her appointments. May I am a current client Comfort Keepers is a very respectful company that goes above and beyond to ensure coverage for your loved one. The owner goes out of her way to resolve any issues in a timely manner. May I am an employee I remember seeing a caregiver from Comfort Keepers helping my great aunt about 3 yrs ago. When I asked her about the care she was receiving she was very satisfied. So in December I was in search of employment, applied and was hired. Comfort Keepers is a wonderful company to work for. And I would recommend them to anyone needing help with your loved ones. Their concern and knowledge were extremely helpful. She is professional, communicates very effectively and is informative. I would have her back anytime! They all make a vital difference that allows me to sleep better at night and my mom to have more days and weeks and months of a better quality of life. With their efforts I am able to life by myself with only a little help. I would recommend their services to others. All of my caregivers are great, they go above and beyond. Because of them I have been able to stay at home even after my accident. Now I can shower regularly and I am so much less stressed and overwhelmed. The staff is very helpful and compassionate. Since they have started I am worried less and it helps to know someone is there to help her with her daily needs. One of my Comfort Keepers even made sure my bed was turned down every day. She was able to feel better and do things that she had been able to do for months. They were a wonderful gift for her. We had heard they were good and we were certainly not disappointed. Sis deserved the best and she got it. We were not just satisfied, we were very pleased with all the caregivers. I appreciate her help, her friendship and her concern. She always has a smile and is always friendly. She really cares about the people she takes care of and we love her like she is family. I would recommend others to Comfort Keepers of Muskegon. Since they started I have no stress in my life. My Comfort Keeper does such a great job of cleaning and she is always on time. We certainly chose the perfect company! Mom passed away on March 28 and Dot was a blessing. The care and concern she showed my Mom was only exceeded by the compassion she showed the family. Comfort Keepers sends true professionals. Jun I am a current client We so appreciate our caregiver Michael from Comfort Keepers of Spring Lake for his patience, attentiveness, professionalism, kindness, sense of humor and his good heart. Michael always does more than just what is required and he cares. She has been a blessing to us. She is very good in her work and always on time. She does extra above her job. God has blessed us with Jeanne being here for us. A care advisor will contact you shortly to discuss In-Home Care options in your area. An email has also been sent to you with contact information. Get Pricing Get Pricing By clicking the button above, you agree to our privacy policy and terms and conditions. Our team may contact you via an auto-dial phone system. Your consent is not required to use our service. Have a Care

Advisor contact you Request Info By clicking the button above, you agree to our privacy policy and terms and conditions. Get personalized guidance from a dedicated local advisor. Get an easy-to-understand breakdown of services and fees. Talk to a Specialist By clicking the button above, you agree to our privacy policy and terms and conditions. The hard part is over. Skip to the front of the line by calling

5: Inspirational articles from Living Life Fully

Keeper of the Spring. The late Peter Marshall was an eloquent speaker and for several years served as the chaplain of the US Senate. He used to love to tell the story of the "Keeper of the Spring," a quiet forest dweller who lived high above an Austrian village along the eastern slope of the Alps.

It is important that we realize that our work should not be done unto man, but it should be done unto the Lord because it is God that gives us the blessings and the reward for being faithful in that task. The Bible tells us to do our good deeds in secret and not seek recognition, and because we do our work unto the Lord and not unto man, God will reward us openly that all may see the blessings of the Lord. If you feel unappreciated at your place of employment or just in life generally, then I hope this story will encourage your heart to continue on and know that you do make a big difference in this world. The late Peter Marshall, an eloquent speaker and for several years the chaplain of the United States Senate, used to love to tell the story of "The keeper of the spring," a quiet forest dweller who lived high above an Austrian village along the eastern slopes of the Alps. The old gentleman had been hired many years ago by a young town council to clear away the debris from the pools of water up in the mountain crevices that fed the lovely spring flowing through their town. With faithful, silent regularity, he patrolled the hills, removed the leaves and branches, and wiped away the silt that would otherwise choke and contaminate the fresh flow of water. By and by, the village became a popular attraction for vacationers. Graceful swans floated along the crystal clear spring, the millwheels of various businesses located near the water turned day and night, farmlands were naturally irrigated, in the view from restaurants was picturesque beyond description. One evening the town council met for its semi-annual meeting. Said the keeper of the spring, "Who is the old man? Why do we keep him on year after year? No one ever sees him. For all we know the strange ranger of the hills is doing us no good. For several weeks nothing changed. By early autumn the trees began to shed their leaves. Small branches snapped off and fell into the pools, hindering the rushing flow of sparkling water. One afternoon someone noticed a slight yellowish-brown tint in the spring. A couple days later that water was much darker. Within another week, a slimy film covered sections of the water along the banks and a foul odor was soon detected. The mill wheels moved more slowly, some finally ground to a halt. Swans left as did the tourists. Clammy fingers of disease and sickness reached deeply into the village. Quickly, the embarrassed council called a special meeting. Realizing their gross error in judgment, they hired back the old keeper of the spring. The wheels started to turn, and new life returned to the hamlet in the Alps once again. Swindoll It does not matter what the job is that you are fulfilling, but it is very important that you continue in that job as long as God has placed you there. Never allow the enemy to discourage you to think that your tasks are all in vain and not making a difference. God is the judge and He would not place you in a certain position, unless that position needed your help to make it better. Never look to your boss for your promotion, but rather do your job to the best of your abilities and you will see God promote and prosper you to heights you never thought possible. Or what will a man give in exchange for his soul? And if they were all one member, where would the body be? But now indeed there are many members, yet one body. And those members of the body which we think to be less honorable, on these we bestow greater honor; and our unpresentable parts have greater modesty.

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7: Inspirational and Christian STORIES -- Keeper Of The Spring.

The late Peter Marshall, an eloquent speaker and for several years the chaplain of the United States Senate, used to love to tell the story of "The Keeper of the Spring," 1 a quiet forest dweller who lived high above an Austrian village along the eastern slopes of the Alps. The old gentle man had.

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8: The Keeper of the Spring | Insight for Living Canada

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O Lord, you have searched me and known me. You know when I sit down and when I rise up; you discern my thoughts from far away. You search out my path and my lying down, and are acquainted with all my ways. Even before a word is on my tongue, O Lord, you know it completely. You hem me in, behind and before, and lay your hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is so high that I cannot attain it. How weighty to me are your thoughts, O God! How vast is the sum of them! If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing. Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love. I still get a bit choked up with this! How can I give my daughter away? Emily has always belonged to God. Nancy and I have been entrusted the care of Emily. We have passed on to Ken and Emily their mutual responsibility to care for each other as they grow together in their marriage. In the larger scheme of things, confirmed through baptism, we belong to God. Yet it is hard to let go of those we truly love. Jim Morford and Burt Neumeyer. Jim and Billy were married just about as long. Some of you as parents are letting go of your children as they graduate from High School or College or move on to new things "in new places" in their own way! In and throughout life, we belong to God. In thinking about this, I learned anew the value of having a public ceremony and reception. All of us, young and old, wherever we are in our journey through life. The people love this beautiful stream that flowed through their town, with its pure water that one could see right through the smooth stones that formed the riverbed and the fish that fought their way upstream. It was his job to tend the pools and the springs that formed the source of this sparkling little stream. He took his job seriously, for each day as he set about his task he would think of the townsfolk down below. We never see him. Well, soon the silt began to pile up around the mountain springs. Decaying branches and leaves fell into the pools and decomposed, filling the pure spring waters with cloudy debris. A key question for all of us "women and men alike: When children are baptized, what commitment do we all make to nurture children in faith in Jesus Christ? Grandparents and Great Grandparents ask: Am I going to help nurture growth of young minds through the sharing of some of my wealth of knowledge and insight? What a great time, the senior years, to share stories, pictures, insights to help new generations grow in faith? It is so easy to succumb to peer pressure when it comes to things we get involved with that are less than wholesome or healthy. So much is lost when young people miss the opportunity to be, socially-connected, members of the living Body of Christ. Am I going to live my life taking from the world what I can get letting others have what is left over? So what does God want us to carry away this morning from this message? I now want to read to you a portion of a letter written by a young mother, Micaela Solano, who is working in partnership with Saginaw Habitat for Humanity in acquiring a new home for her family. To say Macaela has had a rough life is an understatement. She grew up in a single parent home coming from a family of 14 "surrounded by violence, drugs and abuse" living in abandoned houses, hotels, parks. At the age of 14 she became pregnant had her first son. There was a point in the last few years that I knew I needed something better for myself and the future of my children. I

was looking for something more. I moved to Linton Street. But I knew things were going to get better. She says and I quote: I found my purpose. I can do it. I will do it. I did do it.

9: Keeper of the Spring

In Keepers of the Spring, he brings back intriguing stories from people like Yannis Mitsis, an ethnic Greek Cypriot, who is the last in his line to know the ways and.

The Keeper of the Spring Date: The old gentle man had been hired many years earlier by a young town council to clear away the debris from the pools of water that fed the lovely spring flowing through their town. With faithful, silent regularity he patrolled the hills, removed the leaves and branches, and wiped away the silt from the fresh flow of water. By and by, the village became a popular attraction for vacationers. Graceful swans floated along the crystal clear spring, farmlands were naturally irrigated, and the view from restaurants was picturesque. One evening the town council met for its semi-annual meeting. Said the keeper of the spring, "Who is the old man? Why do we keep him on year after year? For all we know he is doing us no good. For several weeks nothing changed. By early autumn the trees began to shed their leaves. Small branches snapped off and fell into the pools, hindering the rushing flow of water. One afternoon someone noticed a slight yellowish-brown tint in the spring. A couple days later the water was much darker. Within another week, a slimy film covered sections of the water along the banks and a foul odour was detected. The mill wheels moved slower, some finally ground to a halt. Swans left as did the tourists. Clammy fingers of disease and sickness reached deeply into the village. Embarrassed, the council called a special meeting. Realizing their gross error in judgment, they hired back the old keeper of the spring. Fanciful though it may be, the story carries with it a vivid, relevant analogy directly related to the times in which we live. What the keeper of the spring meant to the village, Christian servants mean to our world. The preserving, taste-giving bite of "salt" mixed with the illuminating, hope-giving ray of "light" may seem feeble and needless. Revell, , , Excerpted from *Improving Your Serve*: All rights reserved worldwide. Subscribe to our daily devotional Type:

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