

Autobiography - Frank Rutherford - tells how he preached his heart out to his people. Delivered the truth in his soul one day. Not a soul spoke to him. The Janitor finally came in. His only remark was "It is raining outside." He went out and closed up the building. He went home without an umbrella, drenched by the rain, entered his little room.

He lost his heart and his ability to minister. He left the ministry.

I read that and thought -- why could not just one have said a word of

encouragement?

*Man pond - frogs
for 4 hrs at least
2 hrs make all*

"A farmer came to town and asked the owner of a restaurant if he could use a million frog legs. Naturally, being rather shocked, he asked the farmer where he could get so many. The farmer answered, "I've got a pond at home just full of them. They drive me crazy night and day."

"After an agreement was made for several hundred frogs, the farmer returned home. A week later he came back with two scrawny frogs and a rather foolish look on his face. "I was wrong," he said to the restaurant owner. "There were just two frogs in my pond, but they were sure making a lot of noise."

The next time you hear what seems to be a lot of noise about how bad church affairs are, just remember this little story. It is probably no more than a couple of chronic grouchers who have nothing more to do than grouch and croak."

- It takes so little to make us sad
- Just a slighting word, a doubtful sneer,
- Just a scornful smile on some lips held dear
- And our footsteps lag though the goal seem near,
- And we lost the joy and hope we had.
- It takes so little to make us sad.
- It takes so little to make us glad,
- Just a cheering clasp of some friendly hand.
- Just a word from one who could understand.
- And we finish the task we so long had planned.
- We lose the fear and doubt we had.
- It takes so little to make us glad.