

Thought for the Day

October 24 – October 28, 2011

October 24, 2011

*R*ULES FOR EFFECTIVE SUPERVISION

The great baseball manager Connie Mack never criticized a player in front of anyone else. And, he learned to wait at least 24 hours before discussing mistakes with players. Otherwise, he said, he dealt with goofs too emotionally.

In his first three years as a major league manager, Mack's teams finished sixth, seventh, and eighth. He took the blame and demoted himself to the minor leagues to give himself time to learn how to handle men. When he came back to the major leagues, he handled his players so successfully that he developed the best teams the world had known up to that time.

Mack had another secret of good management. He didn't worry. "I discovered," he explained, "that worry was threatening to wreck my career as a baseball manager. I saw how foolish it was and I forced myself to get so busy preparing to win games that I had no time left to worry over the ones that were already lost. You can't grind grain with water that has already gone down the creek."

Jesus taught that same lesson centuries ago. He said, "Therefore, do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own" (Matt. 6:34).

October 25, 2011

*T*HE WORTH OF A GOOD LISTENER

Some years ago someone placed this ad in a Kansas newspaper: “I will listen to you talk for 30 minutes without comment, for \$5.00.” Sounds like a hoax, doesn’t it? But the person was serious. Did anybody call? You bet! It wasn’t long before this individual was receiving ten to twenty calls per day. The pangs of loneliness were so sharp that some people were willing to pay good money for a half hour of companionship.

Do you know of a lonely person within your span of relationships? Just lending an ear to such a person can be a precious act of love.

October 26, 2011

*L*IKE A FISH OUT OF WATER

The legendary former football coach of Florida State, Bobby Bowden, recalls when he was a boy during Depression times. His father and uncle would take him fishing down by the river. They used cane poles and worms. Bobby says that for a while he thought his first name was “shut up.” They were always saying to him, “Shut up, you’ll scare the fish.”

Bobby says, “My job was to put the fish they caught on a stringer. They would flip the fish up on the sandy bank and then bait their hooks and keep right on fishing. As soon as I touched the fish, it would flip-flop all over the place. Often one of the fish’s sharp fins would stick me. Why was the fish so restless on the sandy shore? Because it was created to live in water. It was miserable anywhere else.”

Then Bobby made this observation: “A person outside of Christ is like a fish out of water. We were created in God’s image with a God-shaped hole inside of our souls. Until God fills that void, we will always be miserable.”

October 27, 2011

*L*OVE'S COMMUNICATION

Hosea is a boy living in a state-sponsored institution. He is profoundly retarded. He will never walk or talk. He is generally oblivious to his surroundings. His eyesight is very poor. But Hosea has a father who loves him. Though he lives a considerable distance from the institution, he comes faithfully to visit twice each week. The nurses say that no matter how many people are in the halls near Hosea's room when his father visits, Hosea can discern his father's footsteps coming down the hall. Hosea brightens up, begins to make noises, and looks toward the door. Love can communicate even to minds that are sadly limited.

October 28, 2011

A LOVING HUSBAND

A man named Carl Coleman was driving to work when a woman motorist, passing too close, snagged his fender with hers. Both cars stopped. The young woman was in tears as she surveyed the damage. The accident was her fault, she admitted. And her car was brand new, less than two days out of the showroom. How was she going to face her husband? Mr. Coleman was sympathetic but explained that they must write down each other's license number and automobile registration. The woman reached into the glove compartment of her car to retrieve the envelope containing these documents. On the front of the envelope was a note, written in a heavy masculine scrawl. It said, "In case of accident, remember, honey, it's you I love, not the car."

A Christian lives by this simple code: I must use things, love people, and worship God alone.