

FROM THE VICAR'S DESK



*TWO FRIENDS WERE WALKING THROUGH THE
DESERT.
DURING SOME POINT OF THE JOURNEY,
THEY HAD AN ARGUMENT AND ONE FRIEND SLAPPED
THE OTHER ONE IN THE FACE.*

*THE ONE WHO GOT SLAPPED WAS HURT,
BUT SAYING NOTHING, WROTE IN THE SAND,*

**"Today, my best friend
Slapped me in the face."**

*THEY WALKED UNTIL THEY FOUND AN OASIS,
WHERE THEY DECIDED TO TAKE A SWIM.
THE ONE WHO HAD BEEN SLAPPED
GOT STUCK IN THE MIRE AND STARTED DROWNING,
BUT THE FRIEND SAVED HIM.*

*AFTER HE RECOVERED FROM THE NEAR DROWN-
ING,
HE WROTE ON A STONE:*

**"Today, my best friend
Saved my life."**

*THE FRIEND, WHO HAD SLAPPED AND SAVED HIS
BEST FRIEND, ASKED HIM,
"AFTER I HURT YOU, YOU WROTE IN THE SAND.
NOW, YOU WRITE ON A STONE. WHY?"*

*THE FRIEND REPLIED
"WHEN SOMEONE HURTS US,
WE SHOULD WRITE IT DOWN IN SAND,
WHERE WINDS OF FORGIVENESS CAN ERASE IT.
WHEN SOMEONE DOES SOMETHING GOOD FOR US,
WE MUST ENGRAVE IT IN STONE.*

Learn to write your hurts in the sand
And to carve your benefits in stone.
They say it takes a minute to find a special
person,
An hour to appreciate him,
A day to love him,
But an entire life to forget him.
Take the time to live!
Do not value the things
You have in your life,
But value
Who you have in your life.
For, after this life,
The real one begins,
And never, ever ends!
(Yes, my friend, there IS a God!)
In Him, fr.t.