

Cast Your Bread upon the Waters

“Cast your bread upon the waters, For you will find it after many days. Give a serving to seven, and also to eight, For you do not know what evil will be on the earth. If the clouds are full of rain, They empty themselves upon the earth; And if a tree falls to the south or the north, In the place where the tree falls, there it shall lie. He who observes the wind will not sow, And he who regards the clouds will not reap. As you do not know what is the way of the wind, Or how the bones grow in the womb of her who is with child, So you do not know the works of God who makes everything. In the morning sow your seed, And in the evening do not withhold your hand; For you do not know which will prosper, Either this or that, Or whether both alike will be good” (Ecc. 11:1-6).

Of history's six major epidemics, influenza in 1918 was the most recent. During World War I, more people were killed by flu than by bullets. In this country alone, within six months of the outbreak, there were twenty million cases, and four hundred and thirty thousand deaths. In the wake of such devastation, we are inclined to focus on the statistics; we tend to ignore, as a measure of self-defense, the lives of the families which the figures comprise.

Herb Gilbey was a resident of Wallace, South Dakota. By the winter of 1918, the flu epidemic had come to the South Dakota prairie, to Herb's hometown. Now Herb was, in many ways, just an ordinary fellow. But in this bleak season, he was called upon to do a most extraordinary thing in saving the life of a dying boy. It was the night of the big snowstorm in Wallace, South Dakota, during the winter of 1918. Herb Gilbey was snug at his own hearthside. A knock came at the door. It was Herb's friend, the neighborhood druggist. Herb let him in. Pale, trembling, out of breath, the druggist explained that his seven-year-old son was gravely ill, near death. The boy had caught the flu and there were complications. Pneumonia. He couldn't survive, unless...

There was an experimental drug, a new medicine effective in combating pneumonia. The druggist had heard it was available in Minneapolis, but that was 250 miles and a blinding snowstorm away. The druggist was himself ill.

He was too weak to make the dangerous journey. Herb knew the druggist's son, the little fellow called Pinky by his mother. For anyone else, Herb might have argued that the mission was impossible. But he neither argued nor hesitated.

After receiving instructions, he got his car and drove off into the night. In those days, thirty-five miles an hour was top speed for an automobile in good weather. He drove over rough rural roads in an unreliable, unheated Model T Ford in a blizzard! But he made it to Minneapolis. And he made it to the pharmacist. And without stopping to rest, he returned to Wallace. It was more than twenty-four hours after his 500 mile quest had begun that he delivered the medicine safely. Seven-year-old Pinky lived.

Of all the good deeds Herb Gilbey may have done, most significant was this one—during the winter of 1918, when weather and disease ravaged the plains of South Dakota and the life of a little boy was saved. But not even Herb could have imagined that Pinky would grow up to demonstrate 67 years of similar selflessness. You never knew Herb Gilbey. But you have heard of Pinky; you knew him as Hubert Humphrey.

You cannot know what good return will come in the future of a good deed done today. The Lord did not send us to measure the worthiness of those ones we help; He sent us to help. Jesus did not send us to judge the quality of the soil; He sent us to sow the seed.

Plain Honesty

“No one calls for justice, nor does any plead for truth. They trust in empty words and speak lies; they conceive evil and bring forth iniquity” (Isa. 59:4). A client went to his attorney

and said, "I am going into a business deal with a man I do not trust. I want you to frame an airtight contract that he can't break and will protect me from any sort of mischief he may have on his mind." The attorney replied, "Listen, my friend. There is no group of words in the English language that will take the place of plain honesty between men which will fully protect either of you if you plan to deceive each other." (From Illustrations Unlimited, by James S. Hewett, p. 288) Speaking of evil men, Psalm 62:4 says, "They delight in lies; they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly." Eph. 4:25 says, "Therefore, putting away lying, 'Let each one of you speak truth with his neighbor,' for we are members of one another."

A Moments Wisdom

- One gauge of success is not whether you have a tough problem to handle, but whether it is the same problem you had last year.
- The worst thing about history is that every time it repeats itself, the price goes up.
- Almost everyone wants to do better, just not right now.
- It is a wise person who knows the difference between free speech and cheap talk.
- There are two kinds of people who foretell the future: those who don't really know what will be, and those who don't know that they don't know.
- All of the good intentions in the world weigh less than a single good deed.
- Most of us can keep a secret; it's all the people we tell it to that can't.
- Most know how to say nothing; few know when to say nothing.
- The happiest people don't necessarily have the best of everything; they just make the best of everything.
- Hope looks for the best in people instead of harping on the worst.
- Nine out of ten people improve upon better acquaintance.
- Time isn't your enemy unless you try to kill it.
- No one is more confusing than someone trying to give good advice while setting a bad example.
- Technology increases our temptation to become jealous and greedy: yesterday's impossibility has become today's luxury and will become tomorrow's necessity.
- Too much idleness fills up a man's time more completely, and leaves him less his own master, than any sort of honest employment whatsoever.
- Hating people is like burning down your house to get rid of mice.
- Yelling at people to get them to do things your way makes as much sense as driving your car by blowing the horn.
- Many fail to see an opportunity until it ceases to be.
- A sense of humor is the pole that adds balance to our steps as we walk the tightrope of life.
- You don't need to shout if you use the right words.
- The problem with some people is that they would rather pray for forgiveness than to fight temptation.
- "That day, your death, which you fear as being the end of all things, is the birthday of your eternity." (Seneca, Epistulae ad Lucilium, Epis. C. 11, c. 63 A.D.)