

Belhel Mar 25-62

LIFE'S EXTRAS

TRINITY

"THE HEAVEN DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD AND THE FIRMAMENT SHOWETH HIS HANDY WORK."

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A man was ~~a man~~ on a train and he was sharing a seat with a new made friend. They were riding through a valley in the spring. This man remarked to the new friend, "There is a wonderful future for the cattle business." The friend looked out of the window and there in the meadow was a fine herd of cattle grazing. Then the friend replied, as he pointed to a patch of daises, "Some how cows do not thrill me. There is more hope for humanity in a wild flower than in tons of beef."

The first man, in relating the story, said, "The more I thought about the friend's expression the more important it became in my thinking. Wild flowers are just some of life's extras...things we do not have to have and for that reason enjoy them the more."

After all life supplies us with two types of things:

1. The necessities
2. The extras.

Under necessities we have...Sunlight, water, air, food, clothes, and shelter. These are amongst the bare necessities

Under extras we have..Moonlight, star light, music, perfumes, flowers, the beauty of the sunrise and sunset. Extras around the home do more for domestic harmony than does beef. *Photography*

The wind is a necessity..we would perish without it, but the song it sings through the morning pines is a different matter.

The important thing is not making a list of necessities and extras but asking the question, "Who put them here and for what purpose?"

When we rightly ponder that question we may find that the newly made friend was right when he said that there is more hope for humanity in a wild flower than in tons of beef.

Beef supports the physical body but the beauty found in the extras feeds those finer things in the personality.

There are times when EXTRAS have healing powers that surpass what the prescribed necessities do not accomplish. Look back in your experiences and see if that is not true.

Mr. A. had a sick friend Mr. B. who lived near the sea. Mr. A. walked down the street on his way to see the sick man and was carrying with him a heavy heart. But there was a full moon...a silvery moon. All the clouds, scrubby bushes, and even piles of rubbish seemed to be transformed by that glory. A little breeze from the briny waters brought marshy fragrances. It just seemed that some power was trying to make beauty take sadness out of his heart.

He found his friend no less aware of this beauty, one of life's extras. The friend <sup>B</sup>saw how the moonlight flooded the gleaming tide with almost celestial light. He saw its long beams run through the cedars and mamosas. He felt the breeze also as it brought fragrances to him from the happy world beyond his window. After awhile a mocking bird taking the moonlight for the coming of dawn broke into song. On the table by his bed were all the necessities for a sick man but he got little comfort from them. But the glory of the moon, the fragrance carried on the breeze, and the song of the bird brought a calm peace to the patient's heart.

Some time afterward these two men met. The one who had been sick said ~~thamtham~~ to the other "Do you remember that night? I thought that was my last night for this world but from the time that bird song came through my window and I saw the glorious display of nature I felt I would get well. For all that seemed like the love of God and a peace came into my soul that gave me complete relaxation and a new hold upon life.

We have no doubt but that God made us, loves us and wants us not only to be good but to be happy. He gives us the necessities but the extras to feed the aesthetic part of our natures. The majesty of the mountains, the

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gorgeous beauty of the sunsets, and the thrilling wonders in the far away horizons did not happen by accident but were placed there by a loving Father and show the flowering of His purposes.

Out there in a mountain home the man of the family murdered a neighbor and was sent to the penn. It was a very poor home. The minister and his wife went up the gullied mountain road to the house. On the mantle was the picture of the husban...a little tin type picture. By the side of it was a bottle used for a vase and in the bottle a rhododendrum. The minister spoke of the flower, for it was one of his favorites. She said, " I do not know why but to have it there seems to help me. It some how reminds me of God."

God has been mighty good to speak to this world. He spoke at Sinai, He spoke through the Prophets, He spoke through Jesus, through the Scriptures, through the Holy Spirit, and through Life's Extras. That extra may be the little flower that kindles the memory in a bad mans souls and throw him prostrate on his knees. It may come across his path and change evil plans into good.

A man tells this story. "Bill Moore and I had a misunderstanding and after an experience in town one day we both knew that one would get the other sooner or later. I could not live in such suspense so one day I got a gun for I heard that Bill was carrying one. I started up to his house three miles away to have it out, to get it over with one way or another. When I had gone about one mile I saw some one coming down the road and it looked like Bill. I rode into a thicket of bay bushes to hide from him and to have the drop on him. Surrounded by bushes I waited. I had the devil in my heart and my gun in my hand. I reached up to push a twig out of my face and there was a sweet bay flower and I smelled it. I remembered that my mother loved that flower and had me to dig up a bush and set it in the yard for her. When we burried her she held one in her hand. I forgot all about why I had hid in the bushes and began to think of the kind of man my mother always wanted me to be. By that time Bill was passing by. You might think I was a fool to do it but I rode out of the bushes and called to Bill. He stopped and some how

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he seemed to catch from my voice that there was no harm in me. We talked and made friends and have been better friends than ever before. Truly, "He redeemeth thy life from destruction."

If you will examine your soul and its religion carefully you may find that a little wild flower, with the truth that surrounds it, holds more hope for humanity's soul than tons of beef.

