

Phil Evans

from



LIFE:

Not sure of the Questions?
Here are some Answers!

VOLUME

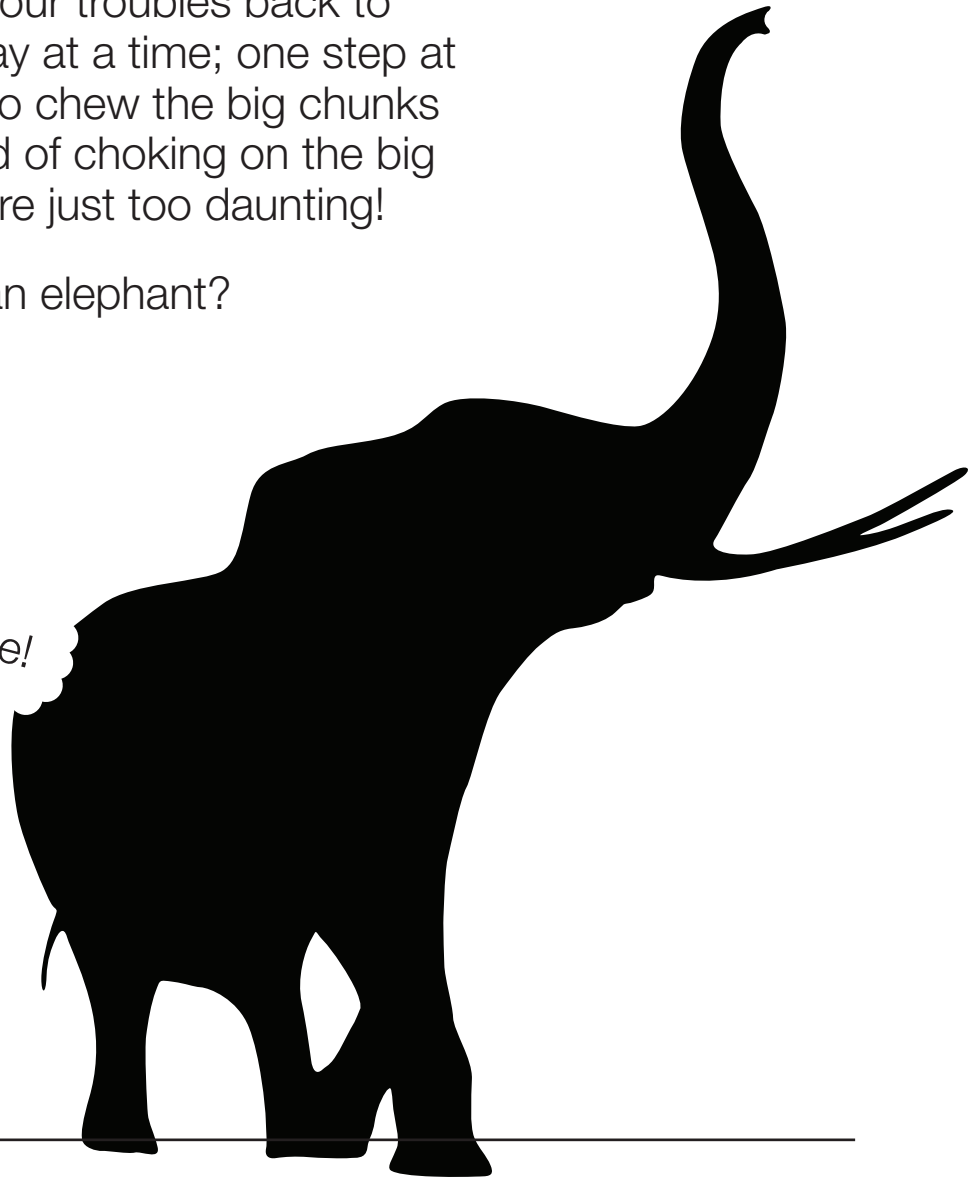
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Introduction

Sometimes reducing our troubles back to simple basics; one day at a time; one step at a time; can allow us to chew the big chunks in little pieces; instead of choking on the big pieces because they're just too daunting!

So, how do you eat an elephant?

One bite at a time!



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The Gnat

A few years ago, I worked for a company that sent me out on the road to some of their remote sites to do maintenance work. These sites were, for the most part, open fields approximately 100 to 160 acres in size.

On these sites were huge piles of metallic ores such as manganese, beryllium, chromium, ferrochrome, and many others. Occasionally, these fields would have to be mowed and the buildings would need repairs, so I would go out and do the repairs, and if the weeds and grass hadn't gotten too much out of control, I would use a tractor with a brush hog type mower and cut it back down.

Sometimes though, I'd have to call contractors to come into the fields to mow the waist-high grass and weeds with their heavier equipment.

This one particular site was in an isolated area of central Pennsylvania that was prone to heavy rainstorms with an extraordinary amount of lightning, possibly attracted to the area by all the ore piles. It was surrounded by a 10-foot high cyclone fence for security, with gates to allow access to a road that went through the center of the property.

That day was another very hot, mid-August day, and I could see Kevin (the contractor) on the far side of the road, traveling back and forth across the field, baking in the hot sun.

Around 1:30 P.M., I noticed some very heavy rain clouds coming over the nearby hills and knew that another storm was coming. I waited awhile to make sure that we actually were going to get rained out before calling Kevin in from the open area, hoping to let him get as much mowing done as possible.

When the sky started to darken and the wind picked up, I hopped into my pick-up truck and went out to the field to call him back to the building.

As I stood by the edge of the field waving to Kevin, signaling him to get back to the shop building, the first few heavy raindrops began falling. Then, as the first burst of lightning lit up the sky and the first crash of thunder shook the air, Kevin sailed passed me on his tractor like an eighteen wheeler on Interstate 80.

After locking the gate on that side of the road, I got back into my pick-up and pulled inside the second gate. The latch was broken on this gate and I had to wrap a short length of chain around the gatepost and then through the edge of the gate.

By then the lightning was closer and the rain was just starting to get a little heavier. I shoved the thick chain around the post and threaded it through the diamond-shaped openings in the fence on the gate and held both ends in my one hand.

Next I took the open lock off the fence, where it had been hanging, with my other hand. Just when I was about to put the lock on the chain, a gnat flew into my open right eye. That stung!

It stung so much that I instantly dropped the lock and the chain and put my hands to my eye, taking one step back at the same time.

Not a second later, lightning struck that fence somewhere close by, and I saw the whole fence in front of me light up and glow bright blue.

That beautiful but lethal shade of light blue from high-voltage radiation nearly filled in all those little diamondshaped openings in the fence.

I stood there awe struck as I realized what had just happened.

I was standing, wet, in rain, holding onto a chain that was threaded through a metal fence that was just about to be struck by lightning, when an insignificant insect, an annoying pest, a bug, flew into my eye and saved my life.

I was completely unharmed, not even a tingle.

Now, I've always believed that we each have a guardian angel, but I don't know for sure how they do their work.

At night when I lie down to go to sleep, I thank those guardian angels for the work that they do. Who knows how many times they saved my life and I don't even know about it.

(Author Unknown)

The Golden Phone

An American decided to write a book about famous churches around the world. So he bought a plane ticket and took a trip to Orlando, thinking that he would start by working his way across the USA from South to North.

On his first day he was inside a church taking photographs when he noticed golden telephone mounted on the wall with a sign that read “\$10,000 per call”. The American, being intrigued, asked a priest who was strolling by what the telephone was used for. The priest replied that it was a direct line to heaven and that for \$10,000 you could talk to God.

The American thanked the priest and went along on his way to his next stop.

Next stop was in Atlanta. There, at a very large cathedral, he saw the same golden telephone with the same sign under it. He wondered if this was the same kind of telephone he saw in Orlando and he asked a nearby nun what its purpose was. She told him that it was a direct line to heaven and that for \$10,000 he could talk to God. “O.K., thank you,” said the American.

He then traveled to Indianapolis, Washington DC, Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. In every church he saw the same golden telephone with the same “\$10,000 per call” sign under it.

The American, upon leaving Vermont decided to travel to Australia to see if Australians had the same phone. He arrived in Australia, and again, in the first church he entered, there was the same golden telephone, but this time the sign under it read “10 cents per call.” The American was surprised so he asked the priest about the sign.

“Father, I’ve traveled all over America and I’ve seen this same golden telephone in many churches. I’m told that it is a direct line to Heaven, but in the US the price was \$10,000 per call. Why is it so cheap here?”

The priest smiled and answered, “You’re in Australia now, son - it’s a local call”.

(Author Unknown)

The Gold Wrapping Paper

The story goes that some time ago, a man punished his 5-year-old daughter for wasting a roll of expensive gold wrapping paper. Money was tight and he became even more upset when the child pasted the gold paper so as to decorate a box to put under the Christmas tree.

Nevertheless, the little girl brought the gift box to her father the next morning and said, "This is for you, Daddy."

The father was embarrassed by his earlier over-reaction, but his anger flared again when he found the box was empty. He spoke to her in a harsh manner: "Don't you know, young lady, when you give someone a present there's supposed to be something inside the package"?

The little girl looked up at him with tears in her eyes and said: "Daddy, it's not empty. I blew kisses into it until it was full."

The father was crushed. He fell on his knees and put his arms around his little girl, and he begged her to forgive him for his unnecessary anger.

An accident took the life of the child only a short time later and it is told that the father kept that gold box by his bed for all the years of his life. And whenever he was discouraged or faced difficult problems he would open the box and take out an imaginary kiss and remember the love of the child who had put it there.

In a very real sense, each of us as human beings have been given a golden box filled with unconditional love and kisses from our children, family, friends and God.

There is no more precious possession anyone could hold.

The Grade

A professor stood before his class of twenty senior organic biology students, about to hand out the final exam.

“I want to say that it’s been a pleasure teaching you this semester. I know you’ve all worked extremely hard and many of you are off to medical school after summer. So that no one gets their GPA messed up because they might have been celebrating a bit too much this week, anyone who would like to opt out of the final exam today will receive a ‘B’ for the course.”

There was much rejoicing in the class as students got up, walked to the front of the class, and took the professor up on his offer. As the last taker left the room, the professor looked out over the handful of remaining students and asked, “Anyone else? This is your last chance.”

One final student rose up and opted out of the final.

The professor closed the door and took attendance of those students remaining.

“I’m glad to see you believe in yourself,” he said. “You all get ‘A’s.’”

(Author Unknown)

The Good Old Days

Go back in time Before the Internet and DVD. Before semi-automatic machine guns, joyriders and crack... Before SEGA or Super Nintendo.

Way back - I'm talking about hide and seek in the park.

The corner milk bar, hopscotch, billy carts, cricket in front of the garbage bin, skipping, handstands, footy on the best lawn in the street, Red Rover Crossover, go home stay home, slip-n-slide, the trampoline with water on it, hula hoops, pogo sticks, jumping in enormous puddles, mud pies and building dams in the gutter.

The smell of the sun and fresh cut grass. "Big bubbles no troubles" with Hubba Bubba Bubblegum. A choc-top Mr Whippy cone on a warm summer night after you've chased him 'round the block.

When 20 cents worth of mixed lollies was a meal and smoking fags was really cool.

Wait watching Saturday morning cartoons ... short commercials, the Thunderbirds (if you got up reeeeeearly early), the smurfs, Shazam, He-Man, Captain Caveman, Josie and the Pussycats, Hair Bear bunch and "Heeeeey, heeeeey, heeeeeeeey, - it's Faaaaaaat Albert".

Or staying up late and sneaking a look at the "AO" on the second telly.

When around the corner seemed far away, and going into town seemed like going somewhere. A million mozzie bites, wasp and bee stings.

Sticky fingers. Cops and robbers, cowboys and Indians, riding bikes and catching tadpoles. Marco polo in the neighbours' pool, drawing all over the road with chalk.

Climbing trees and building cubbies out of every sheet your mum had in the cupboard. Walking to school, no matter what the weather. Running till you were out of breath. Laughing so hard that your stomach hurt. Jumping on the bed. Pillow fights, spinning around, getting dizzy and falling down was cause for the giggles.

Being tired from playing ... Remember that?

The worst embarrassment was being picked last for a team.

Water balloons were the ultimate weapon.

Cricket cards in the spokes transformed any bike into a motorcycle, eating raw jelly, making homemade lemonade and sucking on a funny face.

Remember when ... There were two types of sneakers - girls and boys. Dunlop volleys with the green n gold or blue and the only time you wore them at school, was for "sport's day".

You knew everyone in your street - and so did your parents!

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