



"The Daffodil Principal"

March 2016

So how many times has this happened to you? You wake up in the morning to the news from the clock radio, and pull the blanket over your head and say to yourself same news another day. Politicians fighting with each other, overseas, terrorists bombing each other and violence on our own streets make us ask "is this happening here?" Then we get out of bed, get a cup of coffee and open the newspaper and it's "ground hog" day all over again. The crime, the violence, challenges of life, same stuff different day, kind of make you want to climb back into bed. Then you ask yourself, "Can I make a difference?". Can one person make a change in this big world? The answer came to me the other day, as I was visiting one of our members in the Hospital. She said to me "Rabbi, A person should never get discouraged with all that happens around them", the important thing is to remember, that each of us CAN and DOES make a difference. She continued, Let me share with you the following story: "The Daffodil Principle"

Several times my daughter had telephoned me to say, "Mother, you must come visit and see the daffodils before the season is over." I wanted to go, but it was a two-hour drive from Chicago to Wisconsin.

"I will come next Tuesday," I promised, a little reluctantly, on her third call. Next Tuesday dawned cold and rainy. Still, I had promised that I would visit, and so I drove to Wisconsin. When I finally walked into my daughter Betsy's house and hugged and greeted my grandchildren, I said, "Forget the daffodils Betsy, it's too rough to travel, the road is invisible in the clouds and fog, and there is nothing in the world except you and these children that I want to see badly enough to drive another inch!"

My daughter smiled calmly and said, "We drive in these conditions all the time, Mother."

"Well, you won't get me back on the road until it clears, and then I'm heading for home!" I assured her. Betsy said "I was hoping you'd take me over to the garage to pick up my car."

"How far will we have to drive?" I asked? "Just a few blocks" Betsy answered.

After driving for several minutes, I had to ask, "Where are we going? This isn't the way to the garage!" "We're going to my garage the long way," Betsy smiled, "by way of the daffodils." "Betsy," I said sternly, "please turn around."

"It's all right, Mother, I promise. You will never forgive yourself if you miss this experience."

After about twenty minutes, we turned onto a small gravel road and I saw a small farm house. On the far side of the house, I saw a hand lettered sign that read, "Daffodil Garden."

We got out of the car and each took a child's hand, and I followed Betsy down the path. Then, we turned a corner of the path, and I looked up and gasped. Before me lay the most glorious sight.

It looked as though someone had taken a great vat of gold and poured it down over the mountain peak and slopes. The flowers were planted in majestic, swirling patterns, great ribbons and swaths of deep orange, white, lemon yellow, salmon, pink, saffron, and butter yellow. Each different-colored variety was planted as a group so that it swirled and flowed like its own river with its own unique hue. There were five acres of flowers.

"But who has done this?" I asked Betsy. "It's just one woman," Betsy answered. "She lives on the property. That's her home." Betsy pointed to a well-kept A-frame house that looked small and modest in the midst of all that glory. We walked up to the house. On the patio, we saw a poster.

"Answers to the Questions I Know You Are Going To Ask" was the headline.

The first answer was a simple one, "60,000 bulbs," it read. The second answer was, "One at a time, by one woman. Two hands, two feet, and very little brain. The third answer was, "Began in 1958."There it was, "The Daffodil Principle".

For me, that moment was a life-changing experience. I thought of this woman whom I had never met, who, more than forty years before, had begun, one bulb at a time to bring her vision of beauty and joy to an obscure mountain top. Still, just planting one bulb at a time, year after year, had changed the world. This unknown woman had forever changed the world in which she lived. She had created something of ineffable (indescribable) magnificence, beauty, and inspiration.

The principle her daffodil garden taught, is one of the greatest principles of celebration. That is, learning to move toward our goals and desires one step at a time--often just one baby step at a time--and learning to love the doing, and learning to use the accumulation of time.

When we multiply tiny pieces of time with small increments of daily effort, we too will find we can accomplish magnificent things. We CAN make a difference in our small world.

"It makes me sad in a way," I admitted to Betsy. "What might I have accomplished if I had thought of a wonderful goal thirty-five or forty years ago and had worked away at it 'one bulb at a time' through all those years. Just think what I might have been able to achieve!"

My daughter summed up the message of the day in her usual direct way.

"Start tomorrow," she said. "It's so pointless to think of the lost hours of yesterdays." End of story.

The way to make learning a lesson of celebration, instead of a cause for regret is to only ask, "How can I put this to use today?" We ALL have our challenges, trials and tribulations, but the question is how can we go forward and make a difference.

So, stop waiting.....Until your car or home is paid off, until you get a new car or home.

Until your kids leave the house, until you go back to school.

Until you finish school, until you lose 10 lbs.

Until you gain 10 lbs. Until you get married.

Until you get a divorce, until you have kids, until you retire.

Until summer, until spring, until winter, until fall, until you die.

There is no better time than right now to be happy.

Happiness is a journey, not a destination.

So.....Work as if you don't need the money; Love as if you have never been hurt.

DANCE! - As if no one is watching... Sing as if no one is listening, and Live like it's heaven on earth!

Thanks for going out there every day and doing G-d's work, it's Holy and noble.
Our City is most grateful and appreciative to each of you, for your dedication and devotion, we couldn't survive without you.....

Some great lessons about life, learnt from "Noah and the Ark".....

ONE: Don't miss the boat.

TWO: Remember that we are all in the same boat!

THREE: Plan ahead. It wasn't raining when Noah built the Ark .

FOUR: Stay fit. When you're 60 years old, someone may ask you to do something really big.

FIVE: Don't listen to critics; just get on with the job that needs to be done.

SIX: Build your future on high ground.

SEVEN: For safety's sake, travel in pairs.

EIGHT: Speed isn't always an advantage.(All of us have the same final destination.)
The snails were on board with the cheetahs.

NINE: When you're stressed, float awhile.

TEN: Remember, the Ark was built by amateurs; the Titanic by professionals.

ELEVEN: No matter the storm, when you are with God, there's always a rainbow

waiting. (When you're at the end of the rope, tie a knot and hang in.)

On behalf of ALL your Chaplains, May G-d bless you, keep you safe, and always keep you in His loving care. We are grateful for ALL you do.

Should you need an ear to listen or shoulder to lean on, don't hesitate to give us a call.

Compliments of your Police Chaplain

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