



“What shall I Fear”

July 2020

We are living in unprecedented times. We wake up each morning, and ask ourselves, “Do I want to read the news, or am I better off not reading the news”? COVID, protest, violence, loss of life, loss of property, and the list goes on. And just when you think you think your mind and soul is full, now starts all the politics about the presidential elections, and the ads are non-stop. A huge thanks and debt of gratitude to each and every one of you, our First Responders, for going out EVERY DAY , doing your Holy and noble work, of serving and protecting all of G-d's children, regardless of the circumstances. We could not survive without you! But there is one thing that no one can take from us, and that is Hope and Prayer. NEVER give up your faith, remember, daylight comes right after the darkest moments of night. It reminds me of the poem "What Shall I Fear"....

I used to live in perpetual fear of losing things I had, or never having the things I hoped to acquire in my life.

What if I lose my hair? What if I never get the big house I want? What if I become overweight, out of shape, or unattractive?

What if I lose my job? What if I am disabled and cannot play ball with my child? What if I get old and frail and have nothing to offer those around me?

But life has lessons for those who listen, and now I know: If I lose my hair, I will be the best darn bald guy I can be, and I will be grateful that my head can still stimulate ideas, if not follicles.

A house does not make a person happy. The unhappy heart will not find contentment in a bigger house, while the heart that is merry will make any home a happy one.

If I spend more time developing my emotional, mental, and spiritual dimensions, rather than over-focusing on my physical self, I will be more beautiful with each passing day.

If I cannot work for wages, I will work for the Lord -- and His benefits package is unmatched.

If I am physically unable to teach my child to throw a curve ball, I will have more time to teach him to handle the curves thrown by life, and this shall serve him better. And if aging robs me of my strength, mental alertness, and physical stamina,

I will offer those around me the strength of my convictions, the wisdom of experience seasoned with adversity, and the spiritual stamina of a soul that has been carefully shaped by the hard edges of a long life.

No matter what losses or broken dreams may lie in my destiny, whatever burdens shall be my fate, I will meet each challenge with dignity and resolve. For G-d has given me many gifts and talents, and for each one that I may lose, I will find ten more that I never would have cultivated were the course of my life to always run smoothly.

And so, when I can no longer dance, I will sing joyfully; when I haven't the strength to sing, I will whistle with contentment; when my breath is shallow and weak, I will listen intently and shout love with my heart; and when the bright light approaches, I will pray silently until I cannot pray; alas, it will then be time for me to go to the Lord.

And what then should I fear?

And here is another short story to warm the soul,

"The Burden We Carry"...

Brenda was a young woman who was invited to go rock climbing. Although she was scared to death, she went with her group to a tremendous granite cliff. In spite of her fear, she put on the gear, took a hold on the rope, and started up the face of the rock.

Well, she got to a ledge where she could take a breather and as she was hanging on there, the safety rope snapped against Brenda's eye and knocked out her contact lens. Here she was on a rock ledge, with hundreds of feet of cliff below her. She looked and looked and looked, hoping it had landed on the ledge, but it just wasn't there. As she hung on a sheer rock cliff, her sight now blurry, she prayed to the Lord to help her to find the lens.

When she got to the top, a friend examined her eye and her clothing for the lens, but there was no contact lens to be found. She sat down, despondent, with some of the climbers, waiting for the rest of the group to make it up the face of the cliff. She looked out across range after range of mountains thinking of that Bible verse that says, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth." She thought, "Lord, you can see all these mountains. You know every stone and leaf, and you know exactly where my contact lens is. Please help me."

Finally, they walked down the trail to the bottom. At the bottom there was a new party of climbers just starting up the face of the cliff. One of them shouted out, "Hey, you guys! Anybody lose a contact lens?" That alone would be startling enough, but she was astonished to learn how the other climber found it? It seems an ant was moving slowly cross the face of the rock, carrying the lens!

Brenda told her father (a cartoonist) the incredible story of the ant, the prayer, and the contact lens. He drew her a picture of an ant lugging that contact lens with the words, "Lord, I don't know why you want me to carry this thing. I can't eat it, and it's awfully heavy. But if this is what you want me to do, I'll carry it for you."

It would probably do most of us good to occasionally say, "G-d, I don't know why you want me to carry this load. I can see no earthly good in it and it's awfully heavy. But, if you want me to carry it, I will." Remember, "G-d doesn't call the qualified, He qualifies the called."

And last but not least a bit of humor from the "Moshe Files" to keep you smiling.

Little Johnny asked his dad for a dollar to give to a little old lady at the park. His father impressed by his son's kindness, gave him the dollar.

The next day, Little Johnny asked his dad for another dollar, again for the little old lady at the park. Proud of his son's generosity, the father gave him another dollar and patted him on the back.

The following day, before heading out to the park, Little Johnny asked for yet another dollar.

"There you are my son," said the father. "But, tell me, isn't the little lady able to work anymore?"

"Oh yes, she is, daddy," said Little Johnny with a wide smile, "She sells candy at the park" ... LOL

On behalf of All your Chaplains, we wish you a healthy and safe summer.

Should you need a shoulder to lean on, an ear to listen, or perhaps have some good humor to share, don't hesitate to give us a call.

All our numbers are listed in your FOP handbook under Chaplains.

For The Curious: The name of G-d: Please note: I do not spell out the name of G-d out of respect. Spelling out THE NAME and then throwing it in the trash, would be a desecration of THE NAME, so I put in the dash.

This is a religious custom I follow, and please don't be offended. Thanks for understanding.

If you would like to discuss it further, please don't hesitate to drop me a line or give me a call.

Compliments of your Police Chaplain

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