

Literary Page

ON GIVING

FROM THE PROPHET

You give but little when you give of your possessions.
It is when you give of yourself that you truly give.

For what are your possessions but things you keep and guard for fear you may need them tomorrow?

And tomorrow, what shall tomorrow bring to the overprudent dog burying bones in the trackless sand as he follows the pilgrims to the holy city?

And what is fear of need but need itself? Is not dread of thirst when your well is full, the thirst that is unquenchable?

There are those who give little of the much which they have - and they give it for recognition and their hidden desire makes their gifts unwholesome.

And there are those who have little and give it all.
These are the believers in life and the bounty of life, and their coffer is never empty.

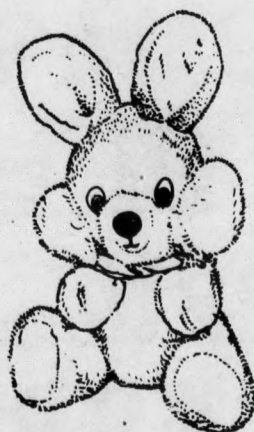
There are those who give with joy, and that joy is their reward.
And there are those who give with pain and that pain is their baptism.

And there are those who give and know not pain in giving, nor do they seek joy, nor give with mindfulness of virtue.

They give as in yonder valley the myrtle breathes its fragrance into space.
Through the hands of such as these God speaks, and from behind their eyes He smiles upon the earth.

It is well to give when asked, but it is better to give unasked, through understanding;
And to the open-handed the search for one who shall receive is joy greater than giving.
And is there aught you would withhold?
All you have shall some day be given;
Therefore give now, that the season of giving may be yours and not your inheritors'.

KAHLIL GIBRAN



WHY

As I walked through my earthly life
I saw the Heavenly King
He was carrying a cross
And the soldiers were mocking Him.

He was wearing a crown of thorns
From which His precious blood did drip
And on His purple robe
Did run the soldiers' spit

He finally reached the hill
Upon which He was to die
And as they stripped Him of His robe
There was no one there to cry

They nailed Him to the cross
And the raised it to the sky
They did not know it was
God's son they crucified

The soldiers did not know
That it was for them He died
But it was not only for them, my friend
It was also for you and I.

They took Him down from the cross
In a borrowed tomb to lie
And on that third day
No longer did His followers cry.

How can I help but serve Him?
How can I help but praise His name?
How can I help but tell about Him?
After He suffered such pain.

How can I help but love Him?
How can you help but do the same?
How can we help but obey Him?
And honour His holy name.

PAUL KERR