



## Monday Coffee Cup...

*A bit of encouragement to  
bring a jolt of life to  
your day!*

### *Don't Miss the Moments...*

*I walked outside a few minutes ago, to see my daughter coming across the parking lot with Aunt Mel. What a precious sight! My daughter is growing so fast! And, of course, that was even more apparent when she at first waved to me happily, but then started crying as I approached—she was not about to leave her aunt! But then that wasn't my reason for walking over to her... I just wanted a brief hug and a moment to say "hello." She's just become an independent little lady, and has developed a strong opinion about nearly everything!*

*So in the midst of the hustle and bustle of kids and grandkids growing up—from learning to walk and talk, to graduating from high school and taking on new jobs—do we make the most of every day? A friend and worship ministry member sent me a poem a while back that came to mind again today. I'd like to share it with you, because I believe it is worth the read. I pray it will challenge and encourage you as you endeavor to show Christ's love to your family day in and day out...*

*Blessings... Carlee*

### FAMILY

I ran into a stranger as he passed by,  
'Oh excuse me please' was my reply.

He said, 'Please excuse me too;  
I wasn't watching for you.'

We were very polite, this stranger and I.  
We went on our way and we said goodbye.

But at home a different story is told,  
How we treat our loved ones, young and old.

Later that day, cooking the evening meal,  
My son stood beside me very still.

When I turned, I nearly knocked him down.  
'Move out of the way,' I said with a frown.

He walked away, his little heart broken.  
I didn't realize how harshly I'd spoken.

While I lay awake in bed,  
God's still small voice came to me and said,

'While dealing with a stranger,  
common courtesy you use,  
but the family you love, you seem to abuse.

Go and look on the kitchen floor,  
You'll find some flowers there by the door.

Those are the flowers he brought for you.  
He picked them himself: pink, yellow and blue.

He stood very quietly not to spoil the surprise,  
you never saw the tears that filled his little eyes.'

By this time, I felt very small,  
And now my tears began to fall.

I quietly went and knelt by his bed;  
'Wake up, little one, wake up,' I said.

'Are these the flowers you picked for me?'  
He smiled, 'I found 'em, out by the tree.

I picked 'em because they're pretty like you.  
I knew you'd like 'em, especially the blue.'

I said, 'Son, I'm very sorry for the way I acted today;  
I shouldn't have yelled at you that way.'  
He said, 'Oh, Mom, that's okay.  
I love you anyway.'

I said, 'Son, I love you too,  
and I do like the flowers, especially the blue.'

