

The Empty Egg

Jeremy was born with a twisted body and a slow mind.

At the age of 12 he was still in second grade, seemingly unable to learn. His teacher, Doris Miller, often became exasperated with him. He would squirm in his seat, drool, and make grunting noises. At other times, he spoke clearly and distinctly, as if a spot of light had penetrated the darkness of his brain. Most of the time, however, Jeremy just irritated his teacher.

One day she called his parents and asked them to come in for a meeting. She said to them, "Jeremy really belongs in a special school. It isn't fair to him to be with younger children who don't have learning problems. Why, there is a five year gap between his age and that of the other students."

Jeremy's mother cried softly into a tissue, while her husband spoke. "Miss Miller," he said, "there is no school of that kind nearby. It would be a terrible shock for Jeremy if we had to take him out of this school. We know he really likes it here."

Miss Miller sat for a long time after they had left, staring at the snow outside the window. She wanted to sympathize with the Forresters. After all, their only child had a terminal illness. But it wasn't fair to keep him in her class. Jeremy was a distraction to the other children. Furthermore, he would never learn to read and write. Why waste any more time trying?

As she pondered the situation, guilt washed over her. Here I am complaining when my problems are nothing compared to that poor family, she thought. Lord, please help me to be more patient with Jeremy. From that day on, she tried hard to ignore Jeremy's noises and his blank stares. Then one day, he limped to her desk, dragging his bad leg behind him.

"I love you, Miss Miller," he exclaimed, loud enough for the whole class to hear. The other students snickered, and Doris' face turned red. She stammered ... "Wh-why that's very nice, Jeremy. N-now please take your seat."

Spring came, and the children talked excitedly about the coming of Easter. Doris told them the story of Jesus, and then to emphasize the idea of new life springing forth, she gave each of the children a large plastic egg. "Now," she said to them, "I want you to take this home and bring it back tomorrow with something inside that shows new life. Do you understand?"

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The Trowel



**Masonic Messages of
Brotherly Love from
Masters Lodge
No. 754 A.F. & A.M.**

Look to the East

My Brothers of Masters Lodge,

This weekend I was at my gaming convention worried about the shutdown of the government. If the government shutdown occurred, my vacation would have been canceled and I would either have to return to work or not get paid for my vacation. Needless to say I was more than a little upset. I was sitting there thinking there was nothing I could do about it and would finish my convention and return to work on Monday, thereby only missing a couple days of pay.

The more I thought about it, the more I put it in perspective. There are a lot of people out there who don't have a job and have run out of unemployment benefits. These people would give a lot to be in my predicament. Sometimes we get a little too focused on the problem we have in front of us and lose sight of the bigger picture. So there I was, sitting in a large room filled with people laughing and having a great time when I started to think about the bigger picture. It was at this point that I took my own advice and the weight was lifted from me.

It is times like this where we pick up our Masonic working tool and remind ourselves what they are to be used for. I think I am a little more hard-headed than most so in my case instead of a gavel I need a sledgehammer to fit my mind as a living stone.

Fraternally,
WM Brent J. Walker

Thought for Today...

"You cannot step twice into the same river, for other waters are continually flowing on."

- Heraclitus

From the March Stated

Thanks to WB John Gatton for his educational program on the reception of the DDGM.

Stated Communication

Thursday, April 21, 2011
7:30 pm

We have special dinner plans in April!

For the April Stated

B Robert Coombs will be presenting a Masonic Educational program.

Dinner in April

We will be meeting at the Sweet Tomatoes on Capital Blvd at 6:15 pm for dinner. All guests are welcomed!

Happy Masonic Birthday To...

Robert W. Procter III	April 18, 1991	20 years
J. Perry Watson	April 18, 1991	20 years

The Empty Egg *continued*

"Yes, Miss Miller," the children responded enthusiastically ... all except for Jeremy. He listened intently; his eyes never left her face. He did not even make his usual noises. Had he understood what she had said about Jesus' death and resurrection? Did he understand the assignment? Perhaps she should call his parents and explain the project to them.

That evening, Doris' kitchen sink stopped up. She still had to shop for groceries, iron a blouse, and prepare a vocabulary test for the next day. She completely forgot about phoning Jeremy's parents.

The next morning, 19 children placed their eggs in the large wicker basket on Miss Miller's desk. In the first egg, Doris found a flower.

"A flower is certainly a sign of life. When plants peek through the ground, we know that spring is here."

"That's my egg, Miss Miller," a small girl called out.

The next egg contained a plastic butterfly which looked very real. "We all know that a caterpillar changes and grows into a beautiful butterfly."

Bobby smiled and proudly said, "That one's mine."

Then Doris opened the third egg. She gasped. The egg was empty. Surely it must be Jeremy's she thought, and of course, he did not understand her instructions. If only she had phoned his parents.

Because she did not want to embarrass him, she quietly set the egg aside and reached for another. Suddenly, Jeremy spoke up.

"Miss Miller, are you going to talk about my egg?" Flustered, Doris replied, "Jeremy, your egg is empty."

He looked into her eyes and said softly, "Yes, but Jesus' tomb was empty, too."

Time stopped.

When she could speak again, Doris asked him, "Do you know why the tomb was empty?"

"Oh, yes," Jeremy said, "Jesus was killed and put in there. Then His Father raised Him up."

Then the recess bell rang. While the children excitedly ran out to the school yard, Doris cried. The cold inside her melted completely away.

Three months later, Jeremy died.

Those who paid their respects at the mortuary were surprised to see 19 eggs on top of his casket ... all of them empty.

*Author Unknown
From www.fathershands.com*