

BJ's Arrival

By Gayle Gordon

It was December 16, 2003 and the time had come. So the Lord walked over to little Brandon Joseph, also known as "BJ," and He said gently, "Come with me. Your time is here."

Well, of course BJ knew exactly what the Lord meant. After all, this was the day for which he had been waiting. All the little children in Heaven anxiously wait for the day they will be born on Earth.

The Lord took BJ by the hand and together they began to walk towards the edge of the clouds. As they walked, BJ was deep in thought. Finally BJ said, in a sad voice, "You know, Lord, I'm not going to know anyone when I get there. All my friends are here in Heaven. I'm probably going to be very lonely."

"Oh don't worry about that," chuckled the Lord. "I've already taken care of that. I've selected a very wonderful person to take care of you when you first arrive on Earth. Sort of your own special 'angel.' Your angel will always be there for you."

"Oh," was BJ's only response. And then, BJ began to think some more. Finally BJ said, "I'm glad I'll have my own angel and all. But will they like me? How will I know how to fit in?"

"Like you?" the Lord chuckled. "They're going to like you very much. Why you'll be able to see the love your angel has for you. It will show in your angel's face and you'll feel it in your angel's touch."

"Oh," was again BJ's only response. The Lord could see from the wrinkles in BJ's forehead that he had begun to think again. Soon BJ said, "Things are not like they are here. I won't fit in. I don't know how to speak their language or walk like they do or eat like they do or anything."

"It will be just fine," the Lord reassured him. "Your special angel will teach you all that you need to know. Your angel will be with you every step of the way. Showing you how to do things and giving you guidance on the issues that count the most."

"Okay," said BJ, with just a tiny hint of doubt still in his voice. Quickly BJ asked, "But what about us, Lord. What will happen to you and me. We spend time together everyday. I'm going to miss you too much."



The Lord stopped, and while holding BJ's hand, He said, "BJ, your special angel will teach you how to get down on your knees and fold your hands while you bow your head so that you can talk to me each and every day. I'll always be available to you."

A great big smile covered BJ's face. He was finally sure he wanted to make the trip to Earth to be born. "Okay, Lord, I'm ready," announced BJ. And with that said, the Lord turned BJ's hand loose and motioned him towards the edge of the clouds.

"You know the way," said the Lord with a gentle smile.

But just as BJ stepped off the cloud, and began the fall to Earth, he yelled out in panic, "Hey Lord, I don't know my special angel's name."

"Don't worry about that," the Lord yelled back. "Just call him 'Dad.'"

BJ arrived on Earth on December 17, 2003 at 12:38 a.m. And when he arrived, he landed in the softest, most comfortable place on Earth...in his mommy's arms. When he opened his eyes for the first time, there he was, standing over his mommy's shoulder...BJ's own special angel. His angel said, "Hi, Brandon. I'm your Dad."

Recipe for Growing Boys

By Irene Noble

Take one boy, about seven pounds. Give to a family who loves him very much. Simmer together with laughter, patience, comfort and a deep sense of responsibility for about three years. Let season, but watch carefully for signs of spoiling.

Mix one-part firmness with two parts understanding. Add both at the same time, with mature wisdom. Let season. Then mix thoroughly the Golden Rule with some baseball, fishing trips, responsibilities, privacy, picnics, games and a cookie jar. Shake in some soap, toothpaste and a comb.

Now very slowly add some good books, some music, a football, a lawn mower and a savings account. Let season quite awhile. Then mix liberally with some dreams that make sense and some that don't; some for fun and some for growth. Stir in some good conversation about grades, honor, beliefs, love, patriotism, girls, cars and the World Series. Sprinkle with humor... for extra interest, add a few roots such as integrity, fidelity, determination and gentleness. Mix with an interest in school activities, civic duty, and his fellow man. Poor in some weekend jobs, and a goal or two. Let season.

When you think he's ready...
garnish with faith in tomorrow
and glaze with pride.