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What Whine Goes With Cooked Goose?

By Rev. James L. Snyder

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Some who know me suggest I might be a wee bit absentminded at times. I prefer to think of it as simply being actively engaged in processing thoughts; giving the tiny gray cells a good workout. My motto: Don't hate me because I'm thoughtful.

I must admit to a certain aura of preoccupation at times. However, it is not as severe as the Gracious Mistress of the Parsonage seems to think. I just have many things on my mind and at times, I am not fully conscious of my immediate surroundings.

I admit it, but I refuse to accept the thought that I am absent-minded. I always know where my mind is and what it is doing.

Of course, I will accede to certain instances where it might appear on the surface to resemble absent-mindedness, but appearances can be deceiving.

Case in point. Several times when my wife sent me to the grocery store around the corner for a few items (which doesn't happen often, due to what she calls my absentmindedness) I ended up across town not knowing what I was doing there.

I cannot explain this activity, but it is not empirical evidence that I am absent-minded. It's just one of those things that happens every once in a while to a person like me.

Sometimes I will meet a friend, and he or she asks why I did not wave back the other day when they saw me. Sheepishly, I admit that I did not see them.

It could happen to anybody.

With this in mind, an incident happened last week bearing explanation.

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As it happened, my wife was going to accompany our granddaughter on a school field trip. There was one thing needing attention. Someone needed to pick up our grandson from school that afternoon.

That someone turned out to be me.

In preparation for my "assignment," my wife lectured me on the necessity of picking up our grandson by 2:30 that afternoon. "It is extremely important," my wife said to me as I gazed out the window, "that he be picked up no later than 2:30."

Then she added something that terribly insulted me. She said, emphatically, "Do you think you can remember to do it?"

As far back as I can remember, my memory has served me quite well, thank you. I could not believe she could believe I would forget something that important. It just goes to show how little some people know some other people. I'm not mentioning any names.

The morning of the field trip arrived and I was in fairly good spirits, as I recollect. As my wife went out the door, she threw in my general direction the words, "Don't forget to pick up our grandson at 2:30."

I just smiled a smile, telling her I was in complete charge of my agenda.

Then it happened.

I went into the bathroom to shave and get ready for the day. The first thing I noticed was a piece of paper taped on my mirror with the words in bold print, "Don't forget to pick up our grandson at 2:30." I chuckled as I pulled it off the mirror.

I finished dressing and headed for the kitchen. When I went to pour a cup of coffee there is a piece of paper taped on the coffeepot. "Don't forget to pick up our grandson at 2:30."

I opened the refrigerator door to fix my breakfast and taped inside was a piece of paper. "Don't forget to pick up our grandson at 2:30."

This was getting to be a little ridiculous. Taped on the television screen was another piece of paper. "Don't forget to pick up our grandson at 2:30."

In fact, all over the house were little pieces of paper: "Don't forget to pick up our grandson at 2:30."

I could not believe the love of my life did not trust me with this assignment. I will confess to you, my feelings were just a little bit hurt at this lack of confidence.

You think you know somebody and then they treat you like this. To say I was indignant is to grossly underestimate my feelings at the time.

I took it, however, like the man I am and went about my business for the day.

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When I came home for lunch I saw the notes again, which refueled my indignancy, but I refused to let that get me down.

I headed back for my office and tucked in the back of my head the 2:30 appointment.

Back in the office, I busied myself with my work for the day. I must say the work was going extremely well. Atypically, the telephone did not ring once. It was absolutely heaven.

I glanced at my watch and noted that it was 2:55 and congratulated myself with a good day's work. As I looked at my watch, I had the feeling I was overlooking something. I racked my brain, but nothing came.

Then the telephone rang. As it rang, a light- bulb went on in my head. When I picked up the phone my wife was on the other end and simply said, "Don't forget to pick up our grandson at 2:30" and hung up the phone.

A familiar feeling crept into my mind; my goose was cooked and it was well done.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud. He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good: and whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." (Proverbs 16:18-20 KJV.)

The Reverend James L. Snyder is an award winning author whose writings have appeared in more than eighty periodicals including GUIDEPOSTS. In Pursuit of God: The Life of A. W. Tozer, Snyder's first book, won the Reader's Choice Award in 1992 by Christianity Today. Snyder has authored 8 books altogether.

Saving The Golden Goose: Where The True Gold Lies

By MAUREEN O'CREAN

I remember as a child being fascinated by a small aspect of a much larger fairy tale in Jack and the Beanstalk. I guess I have never really been enamored with conquest and really thought that Jack was a thief, but I loved the hen that laid the golden eggs.

The original source of course was Aesop, who told a tale with a moral core in The Goose that laid the golden egg. A man and his wife had the good fortune to possess a goose that laid a golden egg every day. For a while they were happy and lived well, but then they became impatient with how quickly they were accumulating their wealth. So they thought that if the goose could lay such a fine egg of gold, it must be lined with the precious metal. If they cut the goose open, they could get the gold all at once. Of course we all know what happened, the goose was just a goose and there was no gold inside.

For Aesop, the moral of the story was much wants more and loses all. I think there is also a hidden message, true gold comes from the process of creating.

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You, my dear Diva, are a Golden Goose. Each day you lay multiple golden eggs throughout your life. They are often disguised as meals for loved ones, staying a little later at work to help your boss or co-workers, volunteering at the church or PTA, working on your cross-stitch or scrapbooking or on a passion of your heart. Everything that you do, each and every day, that brings a blessing to another is a golden egg. Like the goose in the story, you know how to lay the eggs. How well do you care for the goose?

If you are at all like me, and I think you are, we are very, very hard on the goose. Instead of recognizing all the golden eggs she has laid, and being thankful, we, like the greedy man and woman in the story, expect more, more, more. It is time that we honor the goose and forget about the eggs. If the goose is well cared for, the eggs will come, won't they! Here are 7 lucky tips for the care and feeding of the golden goose:

1. Take one day off a week from work. The Sabbath is there for a reason, even God rested. "and on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested..." Genesis 2:3
2. Feather your own nest. I have the most wonderful bed linens, I feel like a princess every night when I go to bed. I have 2 feather mattresses and a silk, down comforter. I bought them at a discount store we have called, Tuesday Morning. Scour the town for one of your own. You will sink into luxury and know you are special, each and every night.
3. Nurture another golden goose. Identify a friend or a loved one running on fumes. Pick up her kids after school, take over the scout meeting for her, bring her a home-cooked dinner (just double your batch) and leave it on the step. Why do we have to wait until we are struck down with a catastrophic illness or event to reach out to each other? Let's start a prevention program with our circle of women before the goose is cooked.
4. Feed your spirit daily. Find a quick, easy message that inspires you every day. One way with us is to sign up for the Daily Diva Word, it's a free, quick pick me up that comes in your email.
5. Turn off the noise. Have a quiet time each day to shift gears. If you work outside of the home, plan just 15 minutes of alone time in your car before you pick the kids up, or rush to the store. Get a great CD or tape and play it, all alone in your car as you change states from employee to mom, wife or sane woman.
6. Become a Teacher. The only way that we ever learn anything new is from someone else. As you begin to value yourself as the Golden Goose you really are, you'll begin to notice other women struggling to do it all. Share what you have learned with them and what helps you feel good about yourself.
7. Never Mistake the Egg as the Gift. We have become a society that values things more than people. It is often joked, tongue-in-cheek that you are only as good as your last accomplishment. That is the ultimate lie. We are not a collection of the things that we do, the sale that we make, or the goal that is conquered. You are the gift. You are the Golden Goose. The egg is just the last thing you created.

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Wherever you are right now in your life, please stop for a moment and hear this truth. The true gold lies not in the outcome or accomplishment, it is in the process of creating. When you give yourself a little space and care for the golden goose inside you, you will once again lay a golden egg. Don't worry, there is no where to go, you have everything you need for the blissful life you desire. You just forgot where the true gold lives—inside of you.

All the best, Maureen

PS To help you remember the gold that you are, I've created some postcards for you to download. Two to keep and two to share with another Golden Goose that needs encouragement. Please visit us at

to download your free postcards. Special thanks to D. L.

Ashliman for the translations of Aesop's Fable, The Golden Goose.

Maureen O'Crean is the founder of

, an international online community of

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