



My Drift

Title: Inspiring Stories

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Since this is my 300th article, I planned to write about something special but sorry I couldn't think of anything more special than the 10 Inspiring Stories that follow. Our country has never been more split (at least in recent history) than it is today between liberal Democrats and conservative Republicans. There are a large number of vocal trouble makers in both groups. Then there is President Trump whose statements seem to make all Democrats extremely mad. The United States is not the only country with a lot of issues – it seems like the whole world is spinning out-of-control now days.

I never in my wildest dreams thought I would be quoting Rodney King, but he did have one thing to say that made sense back in 1992 and is especially true today.



STAY AT 17 INCHES



In Nashville, Tennessee, during the first week of January 1996, more than 4,000 baseball coaches descended upon the Opryland Hotel for the 52nd annual ABCA convention. Nineteen times since, many of the same professional, college, high school, youth, and a slew of international coaches from passionate and developing baseball nations have gathered at various convention hotels across the country for two-and-half days of clinic presentations and industry exhibits. Sure, many members of the American Baseball Coaches Association have come and gone in those years; the leadership has been passed, nepotistically, from Dave Keilitz to his son, Craig; and the association — and baseball, in general — has lost some of its greatest coaches, including Rod Dedeaux, Gordie Gillespie, and Chuck “Bobo” Brayton.

I have attended all but three conventions in those nineteen years, and I have enjoyed and benefited from each of them. But '96 was special — not just because it was held in the home of country music, a town I'd always wanted to visit. And not because I was attending my very first convention. Nashville in '96 was special because it was there and then that I learned that baseball — the thing that had brought 4,000 of us together — was merely a metaphor for my own life and those of the players I hoped to impact.

While I waited in line to register with the hotel staff, I heard other more veteran coaches rumbling about the lineup of speakers scheduled to present during the weekend. One name, in particular kept resurfacing, always with

the same sentiment — “John Scolinos is here? Oh man, worth every penny of my airfare.”

Who the hell is John Scolinos, I wondered. No matter, I was just happy to be there.

Having sensed the size of the group during check-in, I woke early the next morning in order to ensure myself a good seat near the stage — first chair on the right side of the center isle, third row back — where I sat, alone, for an hour until the audio-visual techs arrived to fine-tune their equipment. The proverbial bee in a boxcar, I was surrounded by empty chairs in a room as large as a football field. Eventually, I was joined by other, slightly less eager, coaches until the room was filled to capacity. By the time Augie Garrido was introduced to deliver the traditional first presentation from the previous season’s College World Series winner, there wasn’t an empty chair in the room.

ABCA conventions have a certain party-like quality to them. They provide a wonderful opportunity to re-connect with old friends from a fraternal game that often spreads its coaches all over the country. As such, it is common for coaches to bail out of afternoon clinic sessions in favor of old friends and the bar. As a result, I discovered, the crowd is comparatively sparse after lunch, and I had no trouble getting my seat back, even after grabbing a plastic-wrapped sandwich off the shelf at the Opryland gift shop.

I woke early the next morning and once again found myself alone in the massive convention hall, reviewing my notes from the day before: pitching mechanics, hitting philosophy, team practice drills. All technical and typical — important stuff for a young coach, and I was in Heaven. At the end of the morning session, certain that I had accurately scouted the group dynamic and that my seat would again be waiting for me after lunch, I allowed myself a few extra minutes to sit down and enjoy an overpriced sandwich in one of the hotel restaurants. But when I returned to the convention hall thirty minutes before the lunch break ended, not only was my seat not available, barely *any* seats were available! I managed to find one between two high school coaches, both proudly adorned in their respective team caps and jackets. Disappointed in myself for losing my seat up front, I wondered what had pried all these coaches from their barstools. I found the clinic schedule in my bag: “1 PM John Scolinos, Cal Poly Pomona.” It was the man whose name I had heard buzzing around the lobby two days earlier. Could he be the reason that all 4,000 coaches had returned, early, to the convention hall? Wow, I thought, this guy must really be good.

I had no idea.

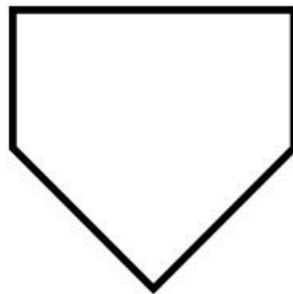
In 1996, Coach Scolinos was 78 years old and five years retired from a college coaching career that began in 1948. He shuffled to the stage to an impressive standing ovation, wearing dark polyester pants, a light blue shirt, and a string around his neck from which home plate hung — a full-sized, stark-white home plate.

Seriously, I wondered, who in the hell is this guy?

After speaking for twenty-five minutes, not once mentioning the prop hanging around his neck, Coach Scolinos appeared to notice the snickering among some of the coaches. Even those who knew Coach Scolinos had to wonder exactly where he was going with this, or if he had simply forgotten about home plate since he'd gotten on stage.

Then, finally ...

“You’re probably all wondering why I’m wearing home plate around my neck. Or maybe you think I escaped from Camarillo State Hospital,” he said, his voice growing irascible. I laughed along with the others, acknowledging the possibility. “No,” he continued, “I may be old, but I’m not crazy. The reason I stand before you today is to share with *you baseball people* what I’ve learned in my life, what I’ve learned about home plate in my 78 years.” Several hands went up when Scolinos asked how many Little League coaches were in the room. “Do you know how wide home plate is in Little League?” After a pause, someone offered, “Seventeen inches,” more question than answer.



“That’s right,” he said. “How about in Babe Ruth? Any Babe Ruth coaches in the house?”

Another long pause.

“Seventeen inches?” came a guess from another reluctant coach.

“That’s right,” said Scolinos. “Now, how many high school coaches do we have in the room?” Hundreds of hands shot up, as the pattern began to appear. “How wide is home plate in high school baseball?”

“Seventeen inches,” they said, sounding more confident.

“You’re right!” Scolinos barked. “And you college coaches, how wide is home plate in college?”

“Seventeen inches!” we said, in unison.

“Any Minor League coaches here? How wide is home plate in pro ball?”

“Seventeen inches!”

“RIGHT! And in the Major Leagues, how wide home plate is in the Major Leagues?”

“Seventeen inches!”

“SEV-EN-TEEN INCHES!” he confirmed, his voice bellowing off the walls. “And what do they do with a Big League pitcher who can’t throw the ball over seventeen inches?” *Pause.* “They send him to *Pocatello!*” he hollered, drawing raucous laughter.

“What they *don’t* do is this: they don’t say, ‘Ah, that’s okay, Jimmy. You can’t hit a seventeen-inch target? We’ll make it eighteen inches, or nineteen inches. We’ll make it twenty inches, so you have a better chance of hitting it. If you can’t hit that, let us know so we can make it wider still, say twenty-five inches.’”

Pause.

“Coaches ...”

Pause.

” ... what do we do when our best player shows up late to practice? When our team rules forbid facial hair and a guy shows up unshaven? What if he gets caught drinking? Do we hold him accountable? Or do we change the rules to fit him, do we widen home plate?

The chuckles gradually faded as four thousand coaches grew quiet, the fog lifting as the old coach’s message began to unfold. He turned the plate toward himself and, using a Sharpie, began to draw something. When he turned it toward the crowd, point up, a house was revealed, complete with a freshly drawn door and two windows. “This is the problem in our homes

today. With our marriages, with the way we parent our kids. With our discipline. We don't teach accountability to our kids, and there is no consequence for failing to meet standards. *We widen the plate!*"



Pause. Then, to the point at the top of the house he added a small American flag.



"This is the problem in our *schools* today. The quality of our education is going downhill fast and teachers have been stripped of the tools they need to be successful, and to educate and discipline our young people. We are allowing others to widen home plate! Where is that getting us?"

Silence. He replaced the flag with a Cross.

"And this is the problem in the Church, where powerful people in positions of authority have taken advantage of young children, only to have such an atrocity swept under the rug for years. Our church leaders are widening home plate!"



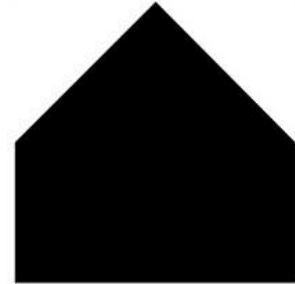
I was amazed. At a baseball convention where I expected to learn something about curveballs and bunting and how to run better practices, I had learned something far more valuable. From an old man with home plate strung around his neck, I had learned something about life, about myself, about my own weaknesses and about my responsibilities as a leader. I had to hold myself and others accountable to that which I knew to be right, lest our families, our faith, and our society continue down an undesirable path.

"If I am lucky," Coach Scolinos concluded, "you will remember one thing from this old coach today. It is this: if we fail to hold ourselves to a higher standard, a standard of what we know to be right; if we fail to hold our spouses and our children to the same standards, if we are unwilling or

unable to provide a consequence when they do not meet the standard; and if our schools and churches and our government fail to hold themselves accountable to those they serve, there is but one thing to look forward to ...”

With that, he held home plate in front of his chest, turned it around, and revealed its dark black backside.

“... dark days ahead.”



Coach Scolinos died in 2009 at the age of 91, but not before touching the lives of hundreds of players and coaches, including mine. Meeting him at my first ABCA convention kept me returning year after year, looking for similar wisdom and inspiration from other coaches. He is the best clinic speaker the ABCA has ever known because he was so much more than a baseball coach.

His message was clear: “Coaches, keep your players — no matter how good they are — your own children, and most of all, keep yourself at seventeen inches.”

He was, indeed, worth the airfare.

Written by Chris Sperry, Baseball/Life, LLC

MORAL OF THIS STORY

As I put this article together, the 2018 World Series is going on. The Boston Red Sox vs the Los Angeles Dodgers – it is a great matchup. It is also a great time to remember what Coach Scolinos was telling all of us Americans – “Don’t widen the plate – Stay at 17 inches!” We must all be held accountable for our actions and we must teach accountability to our kids. We all need to know that there will be consequences when we don’t do this. This accountability must happen in our homes, schools, churches, and the government.

If we don’t keep the plate at 17 inches, there will be dark days ahead!!

An 87-Year Old College Student Named Rose



The first day of school our professor introduced himself and challenged us to get to know someone we didn't already know.

I stood up to look around when a gentle hand touched my shoulder. I turned around to find a wrinkled, little old lady beaming up at me with a smile that lit up her entire being.

She said, "Hi handsome. My name is Rose. I'm eighty-seven years old. Can I give you a hug?"

I laughed and enthusiastically responded, "Of course you may!" and she gave me a giant squeeze.

"Why are you in college at such a young, innocent age?" I asked.

She jokingly replied, "I'm here to meet a rich husband, get married, and have a couple of kids..."

"No seriously," I asked. I was curious what may have motivated her to be taking on this challenge at her age.

"I always dreamed of having a college education and now I'm getting one!" she told me.

After class we walked to the student union building and shared a chocolate milkshake. We became instant friends. Every day for the next three months, we would leave class

together and talk nonstop. I was always mesmerized listening to this “time machine” as she shared her wisdom and experience with me.

Over the course of the year, Rose became a campus icon and she easily made friends wherever she went. She loved to dress up and she reveled in the attention bestowed upon her from the other students. She was living it up.

At the end of the semester we invited Rose to speak at our football banquet. I’ll never forget what she taught us. She was introduced and stepped up to the podium.

As she began to deliver her prepared speech, she dropped her three by five cards on the floor. Frustrated and a little embarrassed she leaned into the microphone and simply said, “I’m sorry I’m so jittery. I gave up beer for Lent and this whiskey is killing me! I’ll never get my speech back in order so let me just tell you what I know.”

As we laughed she cleared her throat and began, there are only five secrets to staying young, being happy, and achieving success.

1. Never stop playing. We do not stop playing because we are old; we grow old because we stop playing.
2. You need to laugh and find humor every single day.
3. You’ve got to have a dream or dreams. When you lose your dreams, you die. We have so many people walking around who are dead and don’t even know it!
4. Never stop learning. Try to learn new and exciting things every day.
5. Have no regrets. The elderly usually doesn’t have regrets for what we did, but rather for things we did not do. The only people who fear death are those with regrets.

There is a huge difference between growing older and growing up. If you are nineteen years old and lie in bed for one full year and don’t do one productive thing, you will turn twenty years old. If I am eighty-seven years old and stay in bed for a year and never do anything I will turn eighty-eight. Anybody can grow older. That doesn’t take any talent or ability. The idea is to grow up by always finding opportunity in change.

She concluded her speech by courageously singing “The Rose.” She challenged each of us to study the lyrics and live them out in our daily lives.

The Rose

*Some say love it is a river
That drowns the tender reed
Some say love it is a razor
That leaves your soul to bleed
Some say love it is a hunger
An endless aching need*

*I say love it is a flower
And you it's only seed
It's the heart afraid of breaking
That never learns to dance
It's the dream afraid of waking that never takes the chance
It's the one who won't be taken
Who cannot seem to give
And the soul afraid of dying that never learns to live
When the night has been too lonely
And the road has been too long
And you think that love is only
For the lucky and the strong
Just remember in the winter far beneath the bitter snows
Lies the seed
That with the sun's love
In the spring
Becomes the rose*

Songwriter: Amanda Mcbroom

At the year's end Rose finished the college degree she had begun all those years ago. One week after graduation Rose died peacefully in her sleep. Over two thousand college students attended her funeral in tribute to the wonderful woman who taught by example that it's never too late to be all you can possibly be.

When you finish reading this, please send this peaceful word of advice to your friends and family, they'll really enjoy it!

These words have been passed along in loving memory of ROSE.

REMEMBER, GROWING OLDER IS MANDATORY. GROWING UP IS OPTIONAL. WE MAKE A LIVING BY WHAT WE GET – WE MAKE A LIFE BY WHAT WE GIVE.

MORAL OF THIS STORY

If you want to stay young, no matter what your real age is, you need to play, laugh, dream about doing things you want to do, and learn new things every day. In addition to these, you should have no regrets about things that may have happened in the past.

I agree with these suggestions 100%!! However, I think that drinking a couple of beers every day would make us even more happier and feeling a lot younger.

MY TRAIN



At birth we boarded the train and met our parents,
And we believe they will always travel on our side.

However, at some station
Our parents will step down from the train,
Leaving us on this journey alone.

As time goes by,
Other people will board the train;
And they will be significant
i.e. Our siblings, friends, children,
And even the love of your life.

Many will step down
And leave a permanent vacuum.

Others will go so unnoticed
That we don't realize
They vacated their seats.

This train ride will be full of joy,
Sorrow, fantasy, expectations,
Hellos, goodbyes, and farewells.

Success consists of having a good relationship
With all passengers
Requiring that we give the best of ourselves.

The mystery to everyone is:
We do not know at which station
We ourselves will step down.

So, we must live in the best way,
Love, forgive, and offer the best of who we are.

It is important to do
This because when the time comes for us to step down
And leave our seat empty
We should leave behind beautiful memories
For those who will continue to travel on the train of life.

I wish you a joyful journey on the train of life.
Reap success and give lots of love.
More importantly, thank God for the journey.

Lastly, I thank you
For being one of the passengers on my train.

MORAL OF THIS STORY

You need to live a good life. Be nice to people and set a good example for your family and friends. You should do this because when the time comes for you to leave the train, you want to leave behind beautiful memories for those who will continue to travel on the train of life.



I have been fascinated with trains for as long as I can remember. In the summer of 1960, I got one of the best jobs in the World. I was hired as a Fireman on the Rio Grande Railroad. My primary duty was to sit in the engine and wave at the kids as we went by. I wrote an article about trains that you might want to read – it along with all of my 300 articles are on my website <http://bigdrifter.com/>

The Final Inspection



REGRETS

No Mr. President, none that I can think of.



motiflake.com

THE FINAL INSPECTION

The Soldier stood and faced God,
Which must always come to pass.
He hoped his shoes were shining,
Just as brightly as his brass.
'Step forward now, Soldier,
How shall I deal with you?
Have you always turned the other cheek?
To My Church have you been true?'

The soldier squared his shoulders and said,
'no, Lord, I guess I ain't.
Because those of us who carry guns,
Can't always be a saint.
I've had to work most Sundays,
And at times my talk was tough.
And sometimes I've been violent,
Because the world is awfully rough.
But, I never took a penny,
That wasn't mine to keep.
Though I worked a lot of overtime,
When the bills got just too steep.

And I never passed a cry for help,
Though at times I shook with fear.
And sometimes, God, forgive me,
I've wept unmanly tears.

I know I don't deserve a place,
Among the people here.
They never wanted me around,
Except to calm their fears
If you've a place for me here, Lord,
It needn't be so grand.

I never expected or had too much,
But if you don't, I'll understand.
There was a silence all around the throne,
Where the saints had often trod.

As the Soldier waited quietly,
For the judgment of his God.
'Step forward now, you Soldier,
You've borne your burdens well.

Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets,
You've done your time in Hell.'

~Author Unknown~



U.S. Soldier

MORAL OF THIS STORY

*It's the Soldier, not the reporter,
Who has given us the freedom of the press*

*It's the Soldier, not the poet,
Who has given us the freedom of speech*

*It's the Soldier, not the politicians, who ensures
Our right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness*

*It's the Soldier who salutes the flag,
Who serves beneath the flag,
And whose coffin is draped by the flag*

*If it weren't for the United States military,
There'd be NO United States of America*

All the Difference in The World

Every Sunday morning, I take a light jog around a park near my home. There's a lake located in one corner of the park. Each time I jog by this lake, I see the same elderly woman sitting at the water's edge with a small metal cage sitting beside her.

This past Sunday my curiosity got the best of me, so I stopped jogging and walked over to her. As I got closer, I realized that the metal cage was in fact a small trap. There were three turtles, unharmed, slowly walking around the base of the trap. She had a fourth turtle in her lap that she was carefully scrubbing with a spongy brush. "Hello," I said. "I see you here every Sunday morning. If you don't mind my nosiness, I'd love to know what you're doing with these turtles."



She smiled. "I'm cleaning off their shells," she replied. "Anything on a turtle's shell, like algae or scum, reduces the turtle's ability to absorb heat and impedes its ability to swim. It can also corrode and weaken the shell over time."

"Wow! That's really nice of you!" I exclaimed.

She went on: "I spend a couple of hours each Sunday morning, relaxing by this lake and helping these little guys out. It's my own strange way of making a difference."

"But don't most freshwater turtles live their whole lives with algae and scum hanging from their shells?" I asked.

"Yep, sadly, they do," she replied.

I scratched my head. "Well then, don't you think your time could be better spent? I mean, I think your efforts are kind and all, but there are fresh water turtles living in lakes all around the world. And 99% of these turtles don't have kind people like you to help them clean off their shells. So, no offense... but how exactly are your localized efforts here truly making a difference?"

The woman giggled aloud. She then looked down at the turtle in her lap, scrubbed off the last piece of algae from its shell, and said, "Sweetie, if this little guy could talk, he'd tell you I just made all the difference in the world."

MORAL OF THIS STORY

You can change the world – maybe not all at once, but one person, one animal, and one good deed at a time. Wake up every morning and pretend like what you do makes a difference. It does.

Shark Bait

During a research experiment a marine biologist placed a shark into a large holding tank and then released several small bait fish into the tank.

As you would expect, the shark quickly swam around the tank, attacked and ate the smaller fish.

The marine biologist then inserted a strong piece of clear fiberglass into the tank, creating two separate partitions. She then put the shark on one side of the fiberglass and a new set of bait fish on the other.



Again, the shark quickly attacked. This time, however, the shark slammed into the fiberglass divider and bounced off. Undeterred, the shark kept repeating this behavior every few minutes to no avail. Meanwhile, the bait fish swam around unharmed in the second partition. Eventually, about an hour into the experiment, the shark gave up.

This experiment was repeated several dozen times over the next few weeks. Each time, the shark got less aggressive and made fewer attempts to attack the bait fish, until eventually the shark got tired of hitting the fiberglass divider and simply stopped attacking altogether.

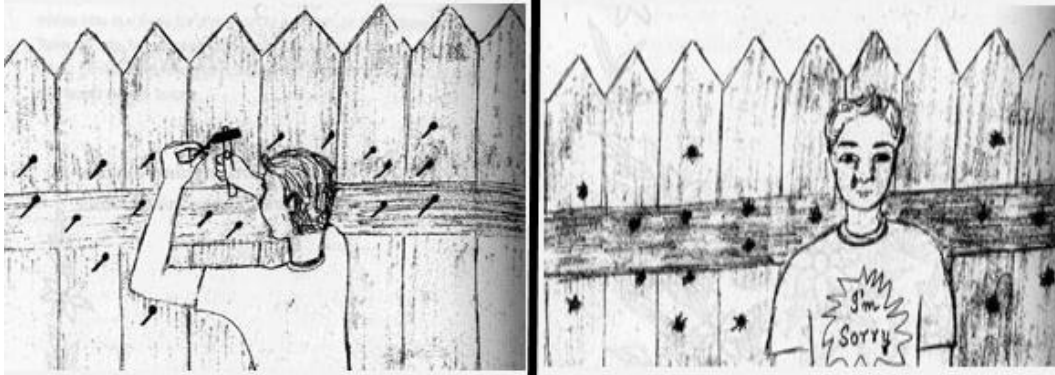
The marine biologist then removed the fiberglass divider, but the shark didn't attack. The shark was trained to believe a barrier existed between it and the bait fish, so the bait fish swam wherever they wished, free from harm.

MORAL OF THIS STORY

Many of us, after experiencing setbacks and failures, emotionally give up and stop trying. Like the shark in the story, we believe that because we were unsuccessful in the past, we will always be unsuccessful. In other words, we continue to see a barrier in our heads, even when no 'real' barrier exists between where we are and where we want to go.

The Fence

There once was a little boy who had a bad temper. One day, his father gave him a bag of nails and a hammer. The father, then asked the son to hammer a nail into the back of the fence every time he lost his temper going forward.



The first day the boy had driven 37 nails into the fence. Over the next few weeks, as he learned to control his anger a bit, the number of nails hammered daily gradually started to dwindle down. Soon he discovered, it was easier to hold his temper than to drive those nails into the fence....

Finally, the day came when the boy didn't lose his temper. He was thrilled to tell his father about it. As he shared this achievement, the father suggested that he now go ahead and pull out one nail for each day that he was able to hold his temper.

The days passed, and the young boy was finally able to eventually remove all the nails from the fence. He was even more excited this time to share this new achievement with his father. As expected, the father was extremely pleased. He congratulated the son and told him how proud he was for this achievement.

The father took his son by the hand and led him to the fence. He said, "You have done well, my son, but look at the holes in the fence. The fence will never be the same. When you say things in anger, they leave a scar just like this one. You can put a knife in a man and draw it out. It won't matter how many times you say I'm sorry, the wound is still there. But, a verbal wound is as bad as a physical one. Friends and loved ones are a very rare jewel, indeed. They make you smile and encourage you to succeed. They lend an ear, they share a word of praise, and they always want to open their hearts to us. Water your relationships with kindness... and they will grow. So be careful what you say... and you won't chase friendships away".

The boy now stood silent as he began to understand the value of the lesson his wise father tactfully taught him. The little boy then understood how powerful his words were. He looked up at his father and said, "I hope you can forgive me father for the holes I put in you."

"Of course, I can", said the father.

MORAL OF THIS STORY

The words you say to people in anger leave scars. Be nice to other people.

The Business Owner's Daughter Thinking Out of the Box (Creative Thinking)



In a small Italian town, hundreds of years ago, a small business owner owed a large sum of money to a loan-shark. The loan-shark was a very old, unattractive looking guy that just so happened to fancy the business owner's daughter.

He decided to offer the businessman a deal that would completely wipe out the debt he owed him. However, the catch was that we would only wipe out the debt if he could marry the businessman's daughter. Needless to say, this proposal was met with a look of disgust.

The loan-shark said that he would place two pebbles into a bag, one white and one black.

The daughter would then have to reach into the bag and pick out a pebble. If it was black, the debt would be wiped, but the loan-shark would then marry her. If it was white, the debt would also be wiped, but the daughter wouldn't have to marry the loan-shark.

Standing on a pebble-strewn path in the businessman's garden, the loan-shark bent over and picked up two pebbles. While he was picking them up, the daughter noticed that he'd picked up two black pebbles and placed them both into the bag.



He then asked the daughter to reach into the bag and pick one.

The daughter naturally had three choices as to what she could have done:

- 1. Refuse to pick a pebble from the bag.**
- 2. Take both pebbles out of the bag and expose the loan-shark for cheating.**
- 3. Pick a pebble from the bag fully well knowing it was black and sacrifice herself for her father's freedom.**

She drew out a pebble from the bag, and before looking at it ‘accidentally’ dropped it into the midst of the other pebbles. She said to the loan-shark:

“Oh, how clumsy of me. Never mind, if you look into the bag for the one that is left, you will be able to tell which pebble I picked.”

The pebble left in the bag is obviously “black” and seeing as the loan-shark didn’t want to be exposed, he had to play along as if the pebble the daughter dropped was white and clear her father’s debt.

MORAL OF THIS STORY

It’s may well be possible to overcome tough situations by thinking outside of the box and not giving into the obvious options you have to pick from.

The Obstacle in Our Path (Opportunity)



In ancient times, a King had a boulder placed on a roadway. He then hid himself and watched to see if anyone would move the boulder out of the way. Some of the king’s wealthiest merchants and courtiers came by and simply walked around it.

Many people loudly blamed the King for not keeping the roads clear, but none of them did anything about getting the stone out of the way.

A peasant then came along carrying a load of vegetables. Upon approaching the boulder, the peasant laid down his burden and tried to push the stone out of the road. After much pushing and straining, he finally succeeded.

After the peasant went back to pick up his vegetables, he noticed a purse lying in the road where the boulder had been. The purse contained many gold coins and a note from the King explaining that the gold was for the person who removed the boulder from the roadway.

MORAL OF THIS STORY

Every obstacle we come across in life gives us an opportunity to improve our circumstances, and while the lazy complain, the others are creating opportunities through their kind hearts, generosity, and willingness to get things done.

The Blind Girl



There was a blind girl who hated herself purely for the fact she was blind. The only person she didn't hate was her loving boyfriend, as he was always there for her. She said that if she could only see the world, she would marry him.

One day, someone donated a pair of eyes to her – now she could see everything, including her boyfriend. Her boyfriend asked her, “now that you can see the world, will you marry me?”

The girl was shocked when she saw that her boyfriend was blind too and refused to marry him. Her boyfriend walked away in tears, and later wrote a letter to her saying:

“Just take good care of my eyes dear.”

MORAL OF THIS STORY

When our circumstances change, so does our mind. Some people may not be able to see the way things were before and might not be able to appreciate them. There are many things to take away from this story, not just one.

This is one of the inspirational short stories that left me speechless.

Let's recap these 10 inspiring stories and lessons learned.

<u>TITLE</u>	<u>MORAL OF THE STORY</u>	<u>QUOTE</u>
STAY AT 17 INCHES	Be accountable for our actions	Children that aren't taught accountability for their actions grow up to become adults that think nothing they do is wrong.
ROSE	To stay young, we need to play, laugh, dream, and learn new things	Why grow up When you can stay young forever?
MY TRAIN	Set a good example for your family and friends	The Train of Life
FINAL INSPECTION	It's the Soldier who gives us Americans the quality of life we enjoy	God gives his hardest battles to his toughest soldiers.
ALL THE DIFFERENCE	You can change the world by doing one good deed at a time	It's your turn to change the world
SHARK BAIT	We can be successful if we don't give up and keep trying	FAILURE FAILURE FAILURE FAILURE FAILURE KEEP TRYING UNTIL SUCCESSFUL!

THE FENCE

**The words you say to
people in anger leave
scars**

THE DAUGHTER

**It's possible to
overcome tough
situations by thinking
outside of the box**

OBSTACLE IN PATH

**Every obstacle we come
across in life gives us an
opportunity**

BLIND GIRL

**When our
circumstances change,
so does our mind**

be kind
EVEN TO MEAN PEOPLE

**I LIKE TO THINK
OUTSIDE THE
QUADRILATERAL
PARALLELOGRAM**



**DO NOT LET
CIRCUMSTANCES
CONTROL YOU.
YOU CHANGE YOUR
CIRCUMSTANCES.**

I hope we all learned something today!

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