



"It's What You Scatter That Counts"

August 2018

They walk among us quiet and humble and you would never know about them or suspect anything about them, unless you saw them in action. You would never know by the way they talk or the way they carry themselves, but they are there. I am talking about the hidden angels among us, our brothers and sisters of the Department, that do hidden acts of kindness that make our Lord smile. Let me give you a few examples...

Like the kid standing on line at the 7-11 buying some candy, chips and a drink, the total came to \$2.97. The kid tells the cashier "let me put some back I only have \$1.50". The kid turns to return the items to the shelf and who is standing behind him, one of our Officers, and the Officer says "kid, don't sweat it, I got it covered" and paid for the whole thing. The kid left smiling and I'm sure the Lord was looking down and smiled too. Or the time I was in the restaurant with one of our members for a cup of coffee. Our Copper exchanged pleasantries with the waitress and finds out she is working her way through school. When it came to pay, the copper left her a rather large tip, and tells me "Rabbi, G-d is good to me so I'm going to pass it along". When the waitress saw the tip, she burst into tears of gratitude. And when one of our members was in an accident, an anonymous officer sent over dinner for a week, signed "you don't know me, get well soon". And the stories go on and on, stories that never make the news but they make our Lord smile. So to all of our hidden Angels, you know who you are, I say G-d bless you, thanks for ALL you do, and thanks for making our world a better place. It reminded me of the story

"IT'S WHAT YOU SCATTER THAT COUNTS"

I was at the corner grocery store buying some early potatoes... I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily apprising a basket of freshly picked green peas.

I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes. Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Jim Miller, (the store owner) and the ragged boy next to me.

'Hello Barry, how are you today?' 'Hello, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank you. Just admiring them peas. They sure look good.'

'They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?' 'Fine. Getting stronger all the time.'

'Good. Anything I can help you with?'

'No, Sir. Just admiring them peas.'

'Would you like to take some home?' asked Mr. Miller.

'No, Sir. Got nothing to pay for them with.' 'Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?'

'All I got is my prize marble here.' 'Is that right? Let me see it', said Miller.

'Here it is. She's a dandy.'

'I can see that. Hmm mmm, only thing is this one is blue marble and I sort of go for red marbles. Do you have a red one like this at home?' the store owner asked.

'Not exactly, but almost.'

'Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble'. Mr. Miller told the boy.

'Sure will. Thanks Mr. Miller.'

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me.

With a smile she said, 'There are two other boys like him in our community, all three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever.'

When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, when they come on their next trip to the store.'

I left the store smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado, but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys, and their bartering for marbles.

Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his visitation that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them. Upon arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could.

Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two wore nice haircuts, dark suits and white shirts...all very professional looking. They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket.

Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket. Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one; each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes..

Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller... I told her who I was and reminded her of the story from those many years ago and what she had told me about her husband's bartering for marbles. With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket.

'Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about.

They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim 'traded' them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size...they came to pay their debt.'

'We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world,' she confided, 'but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho ..'

With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband... Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles.

The Moral:

We will not be remembered by our words, but by our kind deeds. Life is not measured by the breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath.

REMEMBER, IN THE END ,IT'S NOT WHAT YOU GATHER, BUT WHAT YOU SCATTER THAT TELLS THE WORLD WHAT KIND OF LIFE YOU HAVE LIVED! SCATTER GENEROUSLY YOU DO YOUR MAKER PROUD!

Some thoughts to ponder:

Found written on the wall in Mother Teresa's home for children in Calcutta:

People are often unreasonable, irrational, and self-centered. *Forgive them anyway.*

If you are kind, people may accuse you of selfish, ulterior motives. *Be kind anyway.*

If you are successful, you will win some unfaithful friends and some genuine enemies. *Succeed anyway.*

If you are honest and sincere people may deceive you. *Be honest and sincere anyway.*

What you spend years creating, others could destroy overnight. *Create anyway.*

If you find serenity and happiness, some may be jealous. *Be happy anyway.*

The good you do today, will often be forgotten. *Do good anyway.*

Give the world the best you have, and it will never be enough. *Give your best anyway.*

In the final analysis, it is between you and G-d. It was never between you and them anyway.

On behalf of ALL your Chaplains, May G-d bless you and keep you safe.

Should you need a shoulder to lean on or an ear to listen, or perhaps you have some good humor to share,

Please don't hesitate to give us a call.

Compliments of your Police Chaplain

Rabbi Moshe Wolf

773-463-4780 or email: moshewolf@hotmail.com