

How to Drive the Devil Nuts

By

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to Charles G. and Diane L. Miller who have known something of Adversity in their lives, but through all have remained Happy. If asked the source of their indefatigable strength and indomitable spirit, they would say: Total commitment to God, to each other, and to their family.

For them LeeAnn and I dedicate this special thought:

*When we met,
I pictured us in Heaven,
I saw us surrounded by generations
With whom we would
Eternally enjoy **Happiness**.*

*From that very day to this,
That vision has never changed,
But has grown into a beautiful reality,
And I can't wait for that day
When we will live forever with the people we love*



Charles G. and Diane L. Miller

Being the kind of person I am, and with a brain not yet capable of functioning on an adult level, I think it would be really cool if someday, somewhere, we could all back *the Devil* into a corner and throw snowballs at him. We would be justified, because by then we would have figured out that we had been deceived and that he really isn't all we had either assumed, or feared him to be. We would have discovered by then that we were born with three sources of personal power which, if properly used, make *the Devil* shrink and run away throwing a frightful fit. Those three powers are: the ability to think, the freedom of choice, and the right to pursue and enjoy real **Happiness**

Even though we mention him quite a bit, this little book is not about *the Devil*; it's about us and how we can enjoy a **Happy** life in spite of him. Even in a crazy world like the one in which we live, we can use our triple powers to *Drive the Devil Nuts*.

You and I, not *the Devil*, are in complete and total control of our thoughts, feelings, emotions, ideas, and actions. Even though *the Devil* may try to influence our thoughts, and confuse our vision of **Happiness**, he has absolutely nothing to do with the choices we ultimately make.

The Devil and the role he wants to play in our world is not complex. Understanding him and what he does isn't rocket science. It is all very simple, really. His ambition is to convince us to do things that will exchange our opportunity for **Happiness** for *Misery*. Knowing what his ambition is and what he is trying to accomplish and the tactics he uses, we can choose to either let him accomplish his designs, or turn and walk away and watch him go *Nuts*.



The Devil has been around quite a while and has learned a few things about human beings and what kinds of things we will fall for. He doesn't come up with new ideas, because he doesn't have to. Basically, the same tactics that worked in the Garden of Eden still work effectively today. He knows if he's patient, and leaves us to think about what he slips into our minds, we'll do most of his work for him.

The Devil is fairly transparent and if you stop and think about the consequences of doing what he tries to tempt you to do, you will probably tell him to take a hike and send him on his way. That gives you an incredible advantage, because he doesn't have the power to make choices for you. That power belongs only to you and that *Drives Him Nuts*.

LeeAnn and I hope you enjoy what we have put together, and that it will be fun to discover how you can literally, *Drive The Devil Nuts*.



*For every Dark there is a Light,
For every Day there is a Night,
For every Right there is a Wrong,
For every Ding there is a Dong.*

*For every Up there is a Down,
For every Smile there is a Frown.
For every Sick there is a Well,
For every Heaven there is a Hell.*

*For every Happy there is a Sad,
For every Gloom there is a Glad,
For every Anxious there is a Calm,
For every Hurt there is a Balm.*

*For every High there is a Low,
For every Stop there is a Go,
For every Breath there is a Still,
For every Won't there is a Will.*

*For every Peace there is a War,
For every Less there is a More,
For every Worst there is a Best,
For every Work there is a Rest.*

*For every Joy there is a Sorrow,
For Yesterday there is Tomorrow,
For every Black there is a White,
For every Loose there is a Tight.*

*For every No there is a Yes,
For every Know there is a Guess,
For every Sate there is a Pang,
For every Yin there is a Yang.*

*For every Hope there's a Despair,
For every Foul there is a Fair,
For every Faith there is a Doubt,
And that's what Life is all about.*



There is the story of a man who was fit to be tied. His life at home seemed to be in constant turmoil. His business was in a slump and he was being hacked to death by his competitors. And in the absence of any customers to check his moody brooding, he came to the conclusion it was time to have a drink.

He had never had a drink of alcohol in his life. In fact, he had never even been inside a bar. He had seen what goes on in a bar on television and in the movies, and it seemed a whole lot better than what was going on in his life, and he was ready to make the change.

He put the “Out to Lunch” sign on his door, even though it was only ten thirty-five in the morning and drove to a part of town where he was sure no body knew him. He pulled up to the curb in front of a bar called *The Corner Pocket*; took three deep breaths to reassure himself and strengthen the mettle of his resolve, then got out of the car and went inside.

The place wasn’t as pleasant as the ones on television appeared to be. It smelled like a potpourri of stale tobacco and what he assumed was beer.

He sat down on one of the revolving stools and stared at the “Keep” standing behind the bar wiping shot glasses with a dishtowel. He was wearing a shirt with rolled up sleeves, a cheesy mustache, and an expressionless stare. “What’ll ya have?” he said.

Well, the poor man didn’t know what to say. He had never been in this particular situation before. He remembered a line from a show he had seen on television where a guy in a similar spot simply answered, “The Usual.”

“I’ll have the usual,” he said.

“The usual what?” the barkeeper asked.

The poor guy just sat on the stool and stared into the cool, limpid eyes of the bartender.

“You know what I think,” said the bartender, “I don’t think you have a ‘usual’ if you know what I mean. What are you doing here?”

“Funny,” the man on the stool replied, “I was just asking myself that same question and I really don’t know. Would it be asking too much for a glass of water and a couple of aspirins?”

“Not at all.” The bar keeper brought a couple of aspirins, and plopped two fizzing things into the glass of water.

“This’ll take care of what’s pounding in your head,” he said, “but it won’t fix the other stuff, if you know what I mean.”

The man thanked him for his kindness, took the medicine, and walked out of the bar. The answer to life’s problems won’t be found by going for a drink. Answers are found by pitching in and figuring out solutions. Mankind was made to think, not drink, and that’s how you *Drive the Devil Nuts*.



The Devil hates that you have a brain capable of reason and thought. It bothers him that you can actually think about the consequences of his enticement and see the foolishness of his suggestions. Because he hates your brain he will try to neutralize your ability to use it with alcohol, drugs, tantalizing distractions, and down-right, every day pride. When you stop using your brain objectively and considering the foolishness of his temptation, you are too much for him and he will retreat to his cubicle in the Ha Ha Haven.



Satan can never assume command of your ship, unless you yield it to him. Unless you willingly give him control, he can never take it from you.



*I'm tired, I'm weary
I'm just flat worn out,
I wonder if I'll ever know,
What life is all about.*

*Why do I have to work,
Why is life so hard,
Why can't I stay at home,
And putter around in the yard?*

*I no sooner get a paycheck,
Than the money is all used up,
I think I'd make a whole lot more,
If I held out a little tin cup.*

*Hey, buddy, listen here to me,
There's a million guys who envy you.
All they do is sit in the park,
Wishing they had something to do.*



The Devil hates you, because God loves you.



Often when we refer to the Devil, we are really referring to that part of us that tends to lean in favor of our physical appetites.

There is that Subjective part in each of us. The natural tendencies of the human being are often the source of temptations without any help from the Devil. We are both the "strong me," and the "weak me," and it's up to us to decide which one we are going to be.

For example, I love chocolate cream pie with a mountain of whipped cream and no one around I have to share it with, but I can't eat it, because I am diabetic. Whenever I go to a buffet there is always a chocolate cream pie with a mountain of whipped cream and I salivate as I stare at it. Occasionally I take a small piece, which I know I shouldn't do, but I just can't help myself. After I eat it I pay a heavy price. I know it's stupid. I know it's against my own well being, but sometimes I do it anyway, And the Devil has nothing to do with it.



*A man sat at his desk one day,
His tie was loosened
And his hair was affray.
He had worked like a slave all his life,
To take care of his kids,
And provide for his wife,
He wondered if there wasn't something more,
When a stranger came in,
Through his office door.*

*The stranger sat down and looked him in the eye,
So the man fixed his hair,
And tightened his tie,
And before he could utter a single word,
The stranger started in,
Singing like a bird.
"You're a dynamite man, as I can see,
And I know just what
Will make you **Happy**."*

*"You do?" asked the man with a puzzled look,
"I do, said the stranger,
I wrote the book."
"But I thought I was **Happy**," said the man,
"Well, you could be **Happier**,
And I have a plan."
"If you have a plan, I am willing to hear,"
"Oh you surely will," said the visitor,
And the stranger scooted near.*

*“It’s a simple plan,” the stranger started in,
“I call it pleasure,
Other’s call it sin.
But call it what you may, it’s all the same,
I can show you right now,
How to master the game.
All you have to do is exactly what I say,
And you can have fun,
Starting right today.”*

*“I can?” asked the man with a far away stare,
“You can, my friend,
I can take you there.”
“Wow,” said the man, “I’m all ears,”
And the stranger smiled,
Then he switched gears.
“I can tell you exactly what you need to do,
To have pleasure and fun,
But it’s all up to you.”*

*He perked his ears, and looked with intent,
He wanted to know,
What the stranger meant.
“So exactly what is it you think I should do?”
“Stop worrying about others,
And start thinking about you.”
“Thinking about me? Is that what you said?”
The stranger smiled,
And nodded his head.*

*“Why that’s the dumbest thing I’ve ever heard,”
And the man wouldn’t listen
To another word.
“There’s nothing more in this world for me,
That’s better than home,
With my little family.”
The stranger didn’t like it, not one bit,
He stood up from his chair,
And threw a fit.*

*He cursed and he yelled and slammed the door,
Because the man was **Happy**,
And he didn’t want more.
Happiness isn’t wrapped in fun and pleasure,
And it’s worth much more,
Than worldly treasure.
True **Happiness** comes from Heaven above
And the Devil hates it,
Because it means **Love**.*



The glory of human beings is their brain and the ability to think and reason. The curse of human beings is the willingness to let others think and reason for them. Or even worse, to let the Devil convince them to put thought and reason aside for irrational foolishness.



*Moses was a Prophet,
With a really tough job at hand,
To lead the Children of Israel,
From Egypt to the Promised Land.*

*Pharaoh wasn't too Happy,
To let Moses and his people go,
So he stubbornly dug his heels in,
And told Moses and Aaron, No!*

*But Moses was a Prophet,
And God told him what to say,
So Moses did as he was told,
And he led Israel away.*

*For forty years they wandered,
Living in the wilderness,
All the time following Moses,
Expecting **Happiness**.*

*God and Moses had removed them.
Out into the desert plain,
And they figured God owed them **Happiness**,
'Til they were settled again.*

*Moses parted the Red Sea,
And Israel crossed on firm, dry ground.
So Pharaoh tried to follow,
And his entire army was drowned.*

*When the Children of Israel were hungry,
God provided Manna at their feet,
And when they grew tired of Manna,
He gave them quail to eat.*

*When they got thirsty in the desert,
Moses gave them water from a stone,
In a cloud during the day and a pillar at night,
God never left Israel alone.*

Except this one time.

*Moses went up to the mountain,
Where he received God's Holy Law,
And when he came down with the tablets in hand,
He couldn't believe what he saw.*

*He had left his brother in charge,
For the time that he'd be away,
Thinking that things would go on as they were,
He had gone to the mountain to pray,*

*But no sooner had Moses gone,
Than the Children wanted to play,
So they persuaded Aaron,
To proclaim a Holiday,*

*They began to sing and dance,
They drank wine and had a great laugh,
Then they melted down their jewelry,
And made a golden calf.*

*Moses was astonished,
As he watched them having fun,
God's anger was kindled, too,
And the evil party was done.*

Now here's the point.

*It wasn't the Devil who forced them,
To go off on a bender and play,
It was the people themselves who wanted it,
And Aaron just gave them their way.*

*They figured they were owed a party,
After all they had been through,
After all, with Moses away for a while,
They had nothing better to do.*

*Moses learned about people,
In the desert long and wide,
All the teaching in the world and the Laws of God,
Can't change the person inside.*

*People are who they are,
And they'll be who they're going to be,
And if you leave 'em alone long enough,
You might be surprised at what you see.*

*Miracles don't make believers,
Even God's voice won't turn people around,
It's when the person inside wants to do right,
That he stands on Holy Ground.*



*Life can be boring,
If all you do is what you should,
You can be crazy every now and then,
As long as you're mostly good.*

*It's all a matter of percentages,
All you need is a passing grade,
That's all anyone can ask of you,
So you don't have to be afraid.*

*Live it up a little,
Go ahead and let off some steam,
Just don't go too far when you do,
And you'll still have peaches and cream.*

*It's things like this the Devil tells you,
That makes you think "What the Heck?"
But it's those little ropes you don't even feel,
That become a noose around your neck.*

*Can you imagine God saying,
“Perfection isn’t part of my plan,
If you sin a little don’t give it a thought,
I understand that you’re just a man.”*

*If you can imagine God saying that,
Well, I hate to burst your bubble,
But you’ve been deceived by the Devil,
And you’re about to get into trouble.*

*God doesn’t agree with the Devil,
Being good isn’t a whim,
You can’t go off doing things that are wrong,
And expect to be alright with Him.*

*God wants you to be **Happy**,
But you won’t be **Happy** for long,
If you listen to the lies of the Devil,
And go about doing things that are wrong.*



In the Old Testament (1st Kings 18:21) we read about Elijah, the Prophet and the problem he had with Israel's wishy-washy worship of Baal on the one hand and the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Moses on the other.

He posed this question: "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him: But if Baal, then follow him." The Devil's chief task now as then, is to try and keep you playing a game of mental ping-pong and not getting around to making a real choice.

The best way to keep from going crazy yourself, and Driving the Devil Nuts instead is to put down your paddles, think about what you are doing, and then make a right decision.

If someone told you to poke yourself in the eye with a nail would you do it? Would you do it even if that someone told you it would improve your vision? What the Devil tells you to do is just as stupid and if you thought about it, you wouldn't even bother listening to him.





*The spider hung in a dark corner
Waiting for something to fall in his lair.
All day and all night he waited,
With a cold and icy stare.*

*At last a grasshopper came along,
Hopping like grasshoppers do,
One last hop and he hit the web,
And he was stuck in the sticky goo.*

*He wiggled and wiggled and kicked,
But he couldn't set himself free,
And the spider crawled up slowly,
Just as calmly as could be.*

*"What are you going to do?"
Asked the Hopper filled with fright.
"I'm going to wrap you up
And eat you for supper tonight."*

*“Oh please, Let me go, Mr. Spider,
I want so much to be free,”
But the spider said, “Remember,
It was you who came to me.”*



*Today is the day,
For me to say,
To the miserable Old Devil,
“Get out of my way!”*

*“I don’t need you,
To do what you do,
I’m in control of my life
I won’t listen to you.”*

*Today is the day,
For me to say,
To the miserable Old Devil,
“Get out of my way.”*



Sometimes we think that Eve was just a silly girl who fell for a clever sales pitch. Nothing could be farther from the truth. She was a bright and intelligent woman who realized that being able to think and make rational choices, even if it meant learning by making a few mistakes was better than living in a Garden where everything was provided without work and there was no reason to think.



*The Devil isn't a big 'ol man,
In fact, he's miniscule.
And if you make him go away,
He'll act the proper fool.*

*You have all the power.
All that he can do,
Is make your life miserable
With what he gets from you.*

*You are the boss, not him!
In fact, he works for you.
Before he goes a Deviling,
You must tell him what to do.*

*He has a little bag of tricks,
That are easy to dispel,
And it's a whole lot better for you,
If you send him back to Hell.*

*You take control of you.
With no ifs, ands, or buts,
Don't go flying off your bird,
And you'll Drive the Devil Nuts.*



*Why is there a Devil?
What purpose does he serve?
All the things he makes us do,
He's really got some nerve.*

*The Devil listened, then answered,
"Wait a minute with that song,
All I do is bend your ear,
It's you who does the wrong."*



The way the Devil lives, it's no wonder he's miserable. He has no wife, no children, no grandchildren who call him "Grandpa" and who want to sit on his knee. He has no friends. He has no hope of ever being anything more than he is. I can't for the life of me imagine why anyone would want to be like him. Can you?"



*Imagine a life without Adversity,
Nothing to test your mettle,
Nothing to make you stop and think,
No problems you needed to settle.*

*Think of a life with no challenges,
How would your mind ever grow,
It would turn soft and effete,
And your wit would be languid and slow.*

*A life like that would be boring,
There would be nothing worthwhile to do,
Except skip all day picking flowers,
And taking the kids to the zoo.*

*Be grateful each day you are tested,
For each hardship that comes your way,
For every time you whip the Beast,
You'll have an exceptional day.*



Most of the evil in the world is hatched in the minds of men, spurred by the Devil's enticement and encouragement. He is a persuasive talker and convinces the willing listener to pursue his evil whispering as a means of achieving Happiness.



If you permit the Devil to get into your head, he will. He will do his best to help you decide on a course which will appear pleasant, thrilling, satisfying, and fun, and then persuade you to pursue it at once. To help, he will provide others with the same lusts, or desires, to cross your path, thus making you even more malleable to his manipulation.

And what is it he is trying to manipulate you to do? To make you accept the illusion of Happiness instead of enjoying the real thing.



*The Devil isn't your friend,
Though he wants you to think he is,
So you'll let him into your circle,
Where he can work his evil biz.*

*He'll be all pals and chummy,
But just remember this,
You can never, ever forget,
Just who the Devil is.*



*I wondered today what I would be,
If I suddenly found for sure,
That there was no God, or Devil,
No dark abyss, or lighted shore.*

*Would I drink 'til I was tipsy,
Or use drugs 'til I blew my mind?
Would I run with the wildest crowd,
Or pursue any pleasure I could find?*

*Would I become a thief, or a robber,
Or commit every conceivable sin?
Would I lie and deceive my neighbor,
And do whatever it took to win?*

*I contemplated this eerie vision,
This vision of life couldn't be.
'Cause whether there's a God or a Devil,
I still have to live with me.*



We humans spend a lot of time worrying about whether God is going to punish us, or the Devil is going to teach us to swim in a lava lake with funny swimsuits. Fear is a debilitating drain on the vitality of the body, mind, and spirit, and while there may be consequences for doing what you know isn't right, they are for your own good. Consequences help you learn to be Happy by learning to make Happier choices. And as for the Devil: don't worry about him, there's nothing he can do to hurt you.



Speaking hypothetically, let's assume for argument's sake that the Atheists are correct and there is no God; that the Ademonists are correct and there is no Devil; and that the Amoralists are correct and morality is up to individual interpretation. Having made these assumptions, we can further assume that if there is no God, there are no consequences for what would otherwise be sinful behavior; there would be no evil because there would be no "Tempter" seeking to destroy our souls; and, if there were no "across the board" morals, then behavior would be subject to what seemed right, or pleasurable at the time.

Supposing, and, once again, speaking hypothetically, that these assumptions were correct, and you didn't have to answer to anyone but yourself, what changes would you make in your life? Would you begin doing things you may have wanted to do, but never did because you were always afraid of being punished? Would you dump your faith, belief, and conscience altogether so you could discover the real you and find your own sense of *Happiness*?

Even if the assumptions made above were correct, there would still be people who would think being honest was the best thing. There would still be people who would choose to be kind, forgiving, and charitable. Right and wrong, good and bad, evil and righteous, would still be individual choices. Values are part of a human nature that rises from inside, regardless of exterior forces, or influences. No matter what circumstances may arise, or what questions or doubts may float like clouds across your sky, you would still be you and that is all that really matters.

What *the Devil* wants is for you to quit being you and become someone more to his liking. He wants you to give up your power, your identity, your soul, not for his gain or profit, but solely for your loss. To do that, he will try to convince you that there is no God, no Devil, and no right or wrong. He tries to get you to at least accept the possibility that the hypothetical assumptions may be true and, therefore, should at

least be considered as you make decisions about you, your life, and your choices for ***Happiness***.

When you refuse to give up who you are and what you believe, it *Drives the Devil Nuts*. He hates people like you who are strong and firmly founded in a working system of beliefs, which lead you on an ardent search for truth. Having *the Devil* hate you for that reason isn't a bad thing.



*If you aren't **Happy**,
Just being you,
Then here's a little something,
I think you should do.*

*Go out walking,
And see what you can see,
And see how much worse,
Other's lives can be*

*Yours may not be perfect,
And your living might be tough,
You may be tied to a budget,
And there's hardly ever enough.*

*I promise as you walk,
Like I've suggested that you do,
Erelong you'll find someone else,
Whose much worse off than you.*



If you want to know how you will fare on the Day of Judgment, just think about how you treat your fellow men. When it is your turn to answer for your life, God will judge your trespasses by the way you have judged and punished those who trespassed against you. If you have sought justice, then justice will be required of you. It would probably be a good idea to learn to be merciful, kind, and forgiving. In fact it would probably not be a bad idea to not judge others at all. Worry about yourself and your actions and be forgiving of others, and on that Day we are all going to face, you won't have to worry.



*My eyes are too close together,
My nose bigger than a horn,
Sometimes I feel so ugly,
I wish I had never been born.*

*My ears stick out like two sails,
And my hair is always a mess,
I haven't got much of a figure,
So I look terrible in a dress.*

*I'm not really fat, but I'm pudgy,
And from behind I look like a truck,
I think my knees are too knobby,
And when I walk I look like a duck.*

*My arms are long and skinny,
Except where they're flabby and small,
And if it wasn't for the fact my Dad loves me,
No one would love me at all.*

*My mom says I shouldn't wear make up,
That makes me look like a clown,
And if God didn't want my hair blonde,
He would have chosen to make my hair brown.*

*Woe, woe, is me,
I'm so upset and so forlorn,
Sometimes I feel so homely,
Like a sheep who has just been shorn.*

*Oh how I wish I was pretty,
How is wish I had more things like a girl,
Then perhaps some handsome young man,
Would carry me off with a whirl.*

*I don't mean to be complaining,
To be going on throwing my fur,
But I have a beautiful friend named Melissa,
And I'd give anything to look just like her.*

*The boys stand in line to see her,
To have her smile and give them a wink,
While I'm in the lady's with a toothbrush,
Cleaning my braces in the sink.*

*Folks tell me, "Don't worry,
You're just in that awkward stage,
And one day you'll grow out of your misery,
And your life will be a whole new page.*

*But what if when I'm grown I'm not gorgeous,
What if when I'm older I'm worse?
Maybe I'm just one of those people,
Who are blessed with the ugliness curse.*

*Then one night while I was sleeping,
An Angel came into my room,
And told me to stop being silly,
And stop moping around in my gloom.*

*“It doesn't matter what you're like on the outside,”
The Angel said to me,
“It's what's in your heart that makes you,
Either miserable, or sweet as can be.”*

*“The important thing when folks meet you,
Isn't just what the eyes happen to see,
It's the beauty they find inside you,
That makes you as beautiful as can be.”*

*Then the Angel took off in a beam,
And left me alone in my room,
And I felt like a tight little rose bud,
That was ready to open and bloom.*

*Two years passed like two weekends,
Time flies when you're **Happy** as can be,
For tonight I got a diamond ring,
From a man who'll be married to me.*



*There once lived a lovely Princess,
Who wore a tiara and a beautiful dress,
But she was afraid,
When her life plans were made,
That things would turn out a mess.*

*She was not only very appealing,
She glowed from the floor to the ceiling,
But sometimes her thoughts,
Of the ought and ought nots,
Left her poor brain dizzy and reeling.*

*Her daddy the King, wise and true,
Told the Princess not to be blue,
If she did what was right,
Then one star-filled night,
A handsome Prince would come to her rescue.*

And one did.

*So the Princess got her own life,
In a kingdom with no toil or strife,
With a Prince of a man
She made a grand plan,
To be a good mother and a good wife.*

*So if you are both bothered and fretty,
And you worry about being a lone Betty,
Thank the Dear Lord,
With the most solemn word
That at least he made you pretty.*



*The most wonderful words you can ever hear are, I Love You.
Think about it. Someone loves you regardless of your faults and
foibles. That's pretty incredible, especially when you consider how
bad your breath is in the morning.*



*People need to know that someone loves them for who they are.
No body loves the Devil and maybe that's why he acts the way he
does.*

*The very best husbands and wives,
Are the ones with the simplest lives,
They may not have a lot,
But they love what they've got,
And their loving relationship thrives.*

*Often with the more people own,
Avarice won't leave them alone,
They always want more,
Than the people next door,
And their hearts turn as cold as a stone.*

*Children only know what to be,
By the things in their parents they see,
If you want them to be good,
And live as they should,
You be solid as a sturdy oak tree.*





*You can't buy **Happiness** at a store,
You can't get it from a new showroom floor,
It comes from above,
And it's built upon love,
And when you've got it you can't ask for more.*



Happiness isn't being someone else. Happiness is being you and being Happy about it.



When you want to be someone different than who you are, *the Devil* will try to oblige you by helping you convince yourself how unattractive, or unfit you are, or how much God must have disliked you for making you the way you are.

When I was a boy in school, I was cursed with big feet. I was only five foot seven and wore a size twelve and a half shoe. I looked like a capital “L.” I was uncoordinated and about as athletic as a toad with a sprained ankle. Not like my brother who was handsome, with great hair he could comb in a pompadour, played on the football team, could actually catch a baseball, was a “chick magnate,” and, as if he needed more, was voted “Best Dancer” in college. Nor was I like my sister, who invented new ways to solve algebra problems, which dumfounded her professors in college, nor was I like my little sister who could charm the tuxedo off a penguin.

I spent most of my life comparing myself to others and always felt like I couldn’t compete. Every time I wanted to try out for something, or do something, I sized up the competition and there were always others who were taller, or bigger, or better looking (though not too

often), more athletic, smarter, more whatever and I came to the conclusion that I was stuck just being boring, sub-par, run-of-the-mill blah. It wasn't until my freshman year in college, that an incredible drama professor saw some talent in me and gave me a chance to be more than just a face in the crowd.

No one is stuck just being who he or she is. There is no limit to what a person like you can do if you just let your mind play with, then pursue dreams. Your mind hasn't got the ability to dream something you cannot achieve. You cannot think of something out of the range of your capability.

The Devil doesn't want you to dream the dreams of a **Happy**, successful, jubilant and competent you. Those dreams will take you farther away from the effectiveness of his attempts to distort your appreciation of your own worth. When you are aware of how terrific you are, you are too much for *the Devil* to deal with and he storms off into the night with foam spewing from his mouth like ooze from a real sick horror movie.

If you focus on what you haven't got, you will never be satisfied with what you have and that will drive you nuts. *The Devil* doesn't have a body, so he tries to get you to dislike and even destroy yours. He doesn't have that spark of Divinity which you have that makes you wonderful, so he tries to get you to compromise yours. His personality is singular and he hates the multi-faceted personality you have and tries to get you to become miserable like him.

*You need to be **Happy** with you,
And all the neat things you can do,
Don't think about what you're not,
Because believe me, you've got a lot.*



*Hey, Pal, you don't look real Happy,
What is causing your fret?
Is it because you are getting older?
That's the problem I will bet.*

*You are beginning to think
Of all the living you never had,
And what if you've been good all this time,
When you could have been just a little bad.*

*You don't want to appear foolish,
If things aren't just as you wish,
Maybe you could've missed church once or twice,
To go hunt deer, or catch a few fish.*

*Perhaps you think of the "good life,"
With some wine, or a few sips of booze,
And of living it up just a little,
'Cause what would you have had to lose?*

*Well, don't worry about that, Good Buddy,
I assure you that God is real,
Living the good life is as good as it gets,
And being good is still your best deal.*

*I think the problem you've got, dear friend,
Is doubting what you have believed.
But when you get to Heaven, 'cause you're good,
You're going to be **Happily** relieved.*



*The word "live" backwards is "evil,"
And evil is what you'll get,
If you choose to live your life backwards,
And go the wrong way, you bet.*

*There's no way to go forward,
If those words are mixed up in your head,
If you choose an evil direction,
When you could have chosen a good one instead.*



As men and women grow older they begin to wonder if maybe their Faith hasn't prevented them from experiencing some of the "good life" that people without their Faith get to live. Characters in the movies and television shows look so glamorous, and appear to be living well with money, cool cars, and fancy houses; not to mention great romances.

Who are these beautiful people the common people want to be like? Who are they who sip expensive wines and wear fabulous clothes? Who are these "high rollers" who always win at the track and bust the house at the casinos? And who are these gorgeous people normal people want to be like?

These people are actors, characters, whose lives on the screen are scripted by writers and choreographed by directors so that everything appears exactly as it is supposed to appear. But, they are not real. Their false images lead people who are not pleased with themselves to try to become like them.

People are sometimes willing to sell their souls for a weekend in Las Vegas, or Atlantic City, or to be seen on a fabulous beach sipping whatever the crowd on the fabulous beach is sipping. Men and women,

frightened by the prospects of aging, seek to look like, act like, and live the life of those who have become their idols and heroes.

Satan uses dissatisfaction to invade self-esteem and spirituality. Personal relationships pale in comparison to the “no holds barred” relationships dramatized in the movies. The male ego is threatened by the cosmetically enhanced “Super Studs” doing “manly” things on the screen, which sometimes compel men to do dangerous things to prove their invincibility and demonstrate their youth.

And it’s not only the aging who fall for the comparative conundrum proffered by the media. Teenagers and young adults are the victims of “Oh I wish I looked like that” as well. In fact, much of the media blitz for “sexy” and “worldly” living is aimed right at young people who, because of the media, are dissatisfied with how they look and how they live.

If you could see the actors and actresses off the stage, and away from the movie set, you would see human beings who are not the same in real life as the characters they play on the screen. You’re much better off just being you.

If you can accept you the way you are, with the whole package of assets and defects, you make it really tough on *the Old Grass Squirmer*. It will *Drive Him nuts*.



Here's something to think about: the words, "*Adverse*," "*Adversity*," and "*Adversary*" are not synonymous with the character we refer to as *the Devil*. While an *Adversary* may be the cause of the *Adversity*, it is not always *the old Pit Pacer*.

From the teachings of Buddha, we learn that sometimes the *Adversity* we suffer may simply be normal processes associated with normal living. The *Adversity* humans suffer as a result of normal processes like the effects of aging, the reality of illness, and the natural consequences of freely and willfully made choices, have little or nothing to do with *the Devil*.

Next time you experience *Adversity*, be grateful for it. *Adversity* and the *Adversary* which causes it, actually work in your favor. Whether it's to make you stronger, or refine some other quality, enduring *Adversity* always serves to make you a better person. A good attitude during *Adverse* times is part of your *Happiness* and *Drives the Devil Nuts*.



*God is kind and loving,
Virtuous and wise,
And while He's there to lift me up,
It's up to me to rise.*



*A maiden fair lay tied and gagged,
With a train chugging down the track.
It was plain to see,
What she would be
If the Villain didn't come back.*

But villains never do.

*He would have to return and let her go,
But that's not what Villains do,
Thoughts of dread
Filled her head,
So she bitterly wept, "boo hoo."*

*Then out of the West came the sound of hooves,
And a man with a white hat appeared.
He spurred his horse
In a steady course,
As fate with the chugging train neared.*

*The Engineer just couldn't stop the train,
So, the hero, handsome and fine,
Picked up the girl,
Gave her a whirl,
And all in the nick of time.*

*"My hero, my hero," the fair damsel cried,
As he carried her off in his arms,
The train chugged by,
Made the Villain cry,
"Foiled again!" by the young hero's charms.*

*It's against the Villains' code of rules,
To undo nasty, dastardly deeds,
When someone good,
Does what he should,
Then the dirty old Villain's heart bleeds.*

*If you want to be a hero,
And not a dastardly Villain, not you,
It won't take long,
If you're handsome and strong,
To find some daring good work to do.*



A young girl's world can be terribly frustrating, because there are so many people she thinks she has to please. She thinks she has to look a certain way, act a certain way, speak a certain way, and dress a certain way, to appear acceptable to boys, teachers, parents, and other girls within her social circle. Her life is a constant juggling act and often seems like it is teetering on the very edge of disaster. What every young girl needs to know is that she is most acceptable when she looks, acts, speaks, dresses, and appears as her self. Eventually every juggling act falls apart and the young girl will be seen for who and what she really is. And, what is she? A beautiful daughter of God, and you just can't beat that.



*I was pretty happy with me,
I thought I was A number One,
I loved the life I was living,
Living my life was fun.*

*I didn't worry about things,
That weren't worth worrying about.
I just went on being **Happy**,
With ne'er a questioning doubt.*

*It wasn't 'til I met someone taller,
I realized I was short,
And it wasn't until I saw beauty,
I realized I wasn't that sort.*

*It wasn't 'til I met someone smarter,
That I felt that I wasn't too bright,
And it wasn't until I saw skinny,
That I thought my body a fright.*

*It used to be fun living,
I used to be pleased with me,
But after discovering all of these things,
I'm as miserable as I can be.*

*I'll never be taller or smarter,
All I am is all I will be,
So I guess I'd better accept who I am
And learn to be **Happy** with me.*



*Jealousy and envy,
Covetousness and pride,
Hatred and misery,
Are feelings deep inside.*

*Whenever I compare myself,
To people I am not,
I end up wanting to be like them,
And I'm not **Happy** with what I've got.*

*The Devil, too, is bothered,
Because he didn't get his way,
He coveted the throne of God,
And his pride led him astray.*

*He is really bothered,
Because you have more than he,
You have power and control over you,
And that drives him nutty as can be.*



It's ok to make mistakes during practice, because that is what practice is for. But in the game, every mistake is costly and gives your opponent an unearned advantage.



*Hell is a heck of a place,
And it shows on the Devil's face,
He always is frowny,
And he's upsy and downsy
And he hates the whole human race.*

*He hates **Happy** people like you,
And all the good things that you do,
He only can win,
If you choose to sin,
Then like him, you'll be miserable, too.*

*So here's something to think about,
If your head starts hatching a doubt,
You can visit Hell,
Or Heaven as well,
You can enjoy God, or be thrown out.*

*You know all you need to know,
To avoid the Devil and so,
You can be **Happy** and glad,
Or sorrowful and sad,
You must choose which way to go.*



*The Devil can never feel Happiness,
That's just not in his bag,
And words like love and joy,
Make the old Serpent gag.*

*He can never enjoy a sunset,
Or the beauty of a rose,
Or the laughter of a child,
Or anyone who does.*

*He never can be **Happy**,
He never can feel love,
He never gets warm fuzzies,
From Angels up above.*

*He can't find joy in goodness,
He can't enjoy peace,
He hates the truth, and honestly,
He wishes it would cease.*

*He hates the word, "Friendship,"
Trust and honor cause him pain,
He can't stand relationships,
They just go against his grain.*

*He hates those who follow him,
He despises those who sin,
Watching folks destroy themselves
Is all that makes him grin.*

*He can never enjoy caring,
Or drying flowing tears,
Or giving aid and comfort,
Or calming frightening fears.*

*Nothing makes him cheery,
Nothing brings him joy,
Maybe that's why the Devil
Is such a miserable old boy!*



*I almost made the ball team,
But was too afraid to try out,
I almost made a decision,
But my head was too filled with doubt,
I almost helped my brother,
But was afraid I'd be in the way,
I almost called my ailing mother,
But didn't know what to say,
I almost did a lot of things,
Things I really should have done,
Not only didn't I do all of them,
I didn't do a single one.*



If I have the right to pursue Happiness, I also have the right to be grumpy and to pursue misery. Can you pick out which choice the Devil made?



*I am going to be miserable today!
Just as miserable as I can be,
And if you all are smart,
You'll stay the heck away from me.*

*I'm going to wear a frown!
And scowl with a furrowed brow,
I'm going to be as miserable as heck,
And I'm going to start being miserable now.*

*Then my grandson ruined it all,
When he climbed up on my knee,
And said, "Gwampa, I love you,
Gwampa, do you love me?"*

*Gone! Gone were my plans for the day,
Gone was my self-imposed ploy,
My plan to be miserable was shot all to heck,
By the love of that one little boy.*



When you consider how absolutely unhappy the *Devil* is, why in the world would you, or anyone else be interested in what he has to say? Part of his deception is that if you do what he says, you will find ***Happiness***. While you are engaged in a war between the goodness of your human nature and your natural tendency to seek pleasure and avoid pain, he throws his hat into the ring and tries to convince you that investing your freedom of choice in things which make you feel good will pay huge dividends.

He relies on the strength of your subjective weakness and in his ability to convince you to succumb to it. He listens to what you say and observes how you behave, until he is able to devise a suitable strategy to entrap you. He doesn't create bad feelings, but uses the ones you already have to egg you on to regrettable actions. He doesn't create anger, or hatred, but once he has observed them simmering in your attitudes he throws a few logs on the fire.

He is powerless to make you do anything at all. He only helps you choose to do those things that will spoil your ***Happiness*** and make you look like a raving idiot. You, on the other hand, have the power to make choices that will cool the simmer, ease the aggression, and send him on his way. When he fails to convince you to succumb to weakness, it really *Drives him Nuts*.



*I sat one day 'neath a big old tree,
Thinking about how life ought to be,
How a guy should be judged by what's inside,
And not by his wealth, or worldly pride.*

*How he ought to be thought of for being good,
And doing the things that a good person should,
Not for the money he has in his purse,
Or his showy possessions, that's even worse.*

*Folks shouldn't respect him for how much he's worth,
Or the color of his blood, or the place of his birth,
Or how much money he has in the bank,
Or his place in the town, or his social rank.*

*I don't have any money, not on that scale,
When it comes to possessions, I'm not doing so well,
Nobody asks for my thoughts or advice,
I'm just supposed to stay out of the way and be nice.*

*I have dozens of dreams I would like to fulfill,
But the way things are going, I doubt that I will,
I don't have the money to prime the pump,
So I'll probably never get out of my slump.*

*All of a sudden from up in the tree,
A fuzzy-tailed squirrel dropped an acorn on me,
I looked up to his branch and to my surprise,
He was glaring at me with dark squirrelly eyes.*

*"You're a mess, and I've heard all I wish,
Why you're no better a man, than an old jellyfish,
No body cares how much money you've got,
Just whether you are a good person or not."*

*"You don't know," I said, "you're only a squirrel,
Things are different for me than they are in your world,
Down here life is harder than up in a tree,
So don't sit up there lecturing me."*

Then the squirrel put his paws on his hips.

*"I have no possessions, no worldly pelf,
But I'm happy being able to take care of myself,
I don't care what other squirrels think of me,
I just do what I'm doing up here in this tree."*

*I hate to admit that little squirrel was right,
I ought to stop complaining and bemoaning my plight
I don't have very much, but what I have is mine,
I eat three meals a day and I'm doing just fine.*

*I don't have any debt, I'm beholden to none,
I have a home to go home to when my work day is done,
I have a family that loves me and that is a lot,
I'm pretty well off with the things I have got.*

*I got up from my place under that tree,
I was suddenly feeling much better about me,
I was a very rich man in my own sort of way,
Being down in the dumps was a waste of my day.*

*To my wife and my children I am King,
Our home is our palace, and here is the thing,
People can think what they want, that's alright,
Because I'll be at home with my family tonight.*



I think we need to take a hard look inside every now and again to see what motivates us; what makes us do the things we do. As water comes from the combination of Hydrogen and Oxygen, motivation comes from the combination of what we truly believe and what we truly desire. No matter what we profess to believe when we are with others, it's what we truly believe inside when we are by ourselves that makes the difference.



A good way to determine what you really believe inside is by examining your dominating desires. They will always be compatible with what you really believe. Of the two, desire is Hydrogen, and belief is the Oxygen and when you combine them, the result will always be the same.



*Have you ever been in a forest,
'neath the grandeur of the trees,
Or walked through a flowery meadow,
Or seen the mighty seas?*

*Have you ever seen a deer,
Drinking from a brook,
Or heard baby birds chirping
And didn't want to look?*

*Have you ever felt the breeze
From a snow capped mountain peak,
Or been so filled with joy
That you could hardly speak?*

*Have you ever played with a child,
Or looked in wonder at starry lights,
Or walked hand in hand with a sweetheart,
On moonlit summer nights?*

*God gave us this world to remind us,
Not all need be toil and strife,
Taking time for beautiful things,
Is what makes a beautiful life.*



*The Devil looked at the earth,
And was angry as could be,
Because it was so pleasant,
Filled with wonder and majesty,*

*The reason he was angry,
The reason he looked so grim,
When people appreciate beautiful things,
They tend to forget about him,*



Here's a little something to think about: Why is it, do you think, that whenever we gain a little knowledge, discover a truth, or look millions of light years into space that we seem to need God less?

When we gain knowledge, or discover truth, could it be that God is sharing what he knows with us, and, thus, we need him more?



What do you think about war? I think it's a terrible, but seemingly necessary thing. Carl Von Clausewitz, the undisputed authority on the subject of war, called it "Politics," or "Diplomacy" by other means. In other words, war is what happens when all other forms of communication end. When people no longer have the ability to use their minds, they resort to muscle. It seems strange, doesn't it, that young men and women should die because governments can't figure out any other ways to communicate and resolve their political differences?

The same theory of war exists in families. When husbands and wives can't communicate, they, too, resort to the use of some kind of force, or muscle to win the point. In that situation, kids are the one's whose lives are disrupted.

We need to find and employ better means of communicating with one another. War is terrible, and, in deference to my previous thought, is not a necessary thing.

If we are not able to communicate effectively, it is time to stop and think, not fight.



*When good people do nothing,
Then the Devil has his way,
And he can go about doing his work,
If the good folks stay away.*

*Goodness done for goodness sake,
Is goodness from the heart,
And many souls are turned around,
When good people do their part.*

*It Drives the Devil Nuts,
When good people come along,
He'd just as soon have them stay away,
Be somewhere else where they belong.*

*Goodness is reality,
While the Devil's work is fluff,
When good people act, the Devil leaves,
Because good people are too tough.*



*All babies come into the world,
Naked as they can be,
No credit cards or money or things,
Just arrived from Eternity.*

*Totally innocent and sweet,
Newborn babies are all the same,
And you love 'em because they are yours,
Before you even give them a name.*

*It is we adults who teach them,
What new babies need to know,
How to live in the world and be Happy,
As they begin to develop and grow.*

*But how can we teach them something,
Unless we know how to do it ourselves?
What your kid needs to know to be Happy,
Won't come from books on the shelves.*

*He or she will watch you
Before they understand what you say,
What they learn about life and **Happiness**,
Is from watching you live each day.*



*I wasn't feeling too good about me,
I was feeling a bit out of round,
I had a bout with Adversity,
And I was finding it hard to rebound.*

*At the end of the day I was aching,
I was feeling spiritually flat,
Like I had fought with the Devil himself,
And was lying face down on the mat.*

*Each time I tried to fight back,
I took another one straight on the chin,
He threw his punches so fast,
There was no way on earth I could win.*

*I laid on my bed in the darkness,
Reviewing the onslaught of the day,
When an interesting thought struck me,
And I knelt by my bed to pray.*

*“Thank you, Dear Lord,” I started,
With a smile gracing my face,
“The Devil threw his best at me,
And I put him back in his place.”*

*“Thanks for the strength you gave me,
Thanks for not letting me down,
Thanks for helping me smile,
When the Devil would have had me frown.”*

*I had won my battle that day,
I was alive and doing well,
I was stronger for the fight I had fought,
At each round I had answered the bell.*

*To be honest if you will permit it,
I was as **Happy** as **Happy** could be,
I had slugged it out with the Devil,
And had beaten Adversity.*

*I fell asleep grinning,
I had had a pretty good day,
I was going to bed **Happy**,
I had sent the Devil on his way.*

*I woke up the next morning,
Rested and ready to go,
If the Devil wanted another fight,
He just had to let me know.*

*Now, don't get me wrong,
I'm not looking for a fight,
But if the Devil wants to have one,
I'll give a few lefts and a right.*

*I am a living example,
That Adversity ain't so tough,
When the Adversary comes a knockin',
You will have strength enough.*

*That's because the Devil
Isn't the only player in the game,
God won't leave you helpless,
If you just call upon His name.*

*I know how to beat Adversity,
I think I know the way,
When the Adversary wants to duke it out,
Just kneel down and pray.*



To Believe means to accept the possibility that something is true. It doesn't mean to know without a doubt. Movement from mere acceptance of the possibility of truth to the pinnacle of knowledge requires Faith as the motivating power, and Hope that in the end, you will find the truth you seek. God does not expect His children to achieve total knowledge, or factual awareness of His reality, or of the depth of His love all at once, but as a patient, caring Father, is pleased to help His children walk step by step back to Him.



*I know all about Adversity,
It knows my scheduled plan,
It plays with me like a cat with a mouse,
And messes up all that it can.*

*When I need the sunshine,
I can almost count on rain,
And when I need calm and comfort,
I can almost bet on pain.*

*When I require understanding,
No one understands,
And when I need good luck's attendance,
I'm grasped in Adversity's hands.*

*When I need a rest
I instead must be awake and alert,
And keep the sword by my side unsheathed,
Or I might get surprised, or hurt.*

*When I say my prayers you'd think,
I'd get from Heaven what I sought,
But what usually comes my way,
Is a far cry from what I thought.*

*Is it that God doesn't hear me,
Or perhaps I'm out of His grace?
Is my request so far out of line,
That He turns and hides his face?*

*“Adversity raise thy fiendish head,
And look me in the eye,
For you are not my Governor,
And I'll not cease to try.*

*I won't give up and cry, 'Uncle,'
Just because you have a hold,
Maybe you are the answer,
That will make me strong and bold."*

*"That prayer I offered a moment ago,
I wish to put aside,
For Adversity is not my enemy,
And the Adversary not my guide."*

*Then I heard a voice inside,
"I heard your prayer for certain,
But stood and applauded your performance,
As you bowed before the curtain.*

*"I have confidence in you, my boy,
I love to watch you grow,
Adversity and the Adversary who brings it,
Comes not from down below.*

*"I know you get knocked about,
But I love to watch you fight,
I love to see you win the test,
And I know you'll do what's right.*

*"The Devil isn't all that tough,
All he does I let him do,
And just like Job I have confidence,
That you will whip him, too.*

*Adversity is what I permit,
To make you rise above.
Adversity and its annoying Adversary,
Are really evidence of my love."*



*I took a trip to the Holy Land,
And loved all the things I saw,
I was overcome by sacred sights,
That I looked at with wonder and awe.*

*Each place had special meaning,
Because of something that happened there,
And I gather strength from remembering,
When I have a cross to bear.*

*Sometimes when I'm suffering,
I think back to some place I have been,
And gather strength and confidence,
Because of the things I have seen.*



When Buddha was a young man, he took a trip into the countryside about his father's palace. During that trip, he saw an man who was terribly ill, another man who was old, a dead man, and an ascetic. From this experience he came up with *The Four Noble Truths*, which are: all men experience *Adversity* and, therefore, suffer; man's suffering is exacerbated by worldly lusts and desires; man's suffering can be controlled, and almost eliminated by controlling worldly lusts and desires through mental discipline, and by following the *Eightfold Path to Enlightenment*. In his mind, Enlightenment brought about the cessation of suffering and was, therefore, *Happiness*.

The Eightfold Path to Enlightenment and Happiness is: Right View, Right Intention, Right Speech, Right Action, Right Livelihood, Right Effort, Right Mindfulness, and Right Concentration.

Doing right things brings right results. Doing wrong things brings *unhappy* consequences. Suffering is the collector of the taxes due for wrong choices. Let *the Devil* suffer; you have *Happier* things to think about and do.



God is real. Count on it. He isn't just some agglutination of matter that fills the immensity of space, yet can be shrunken to fit inside a human heart. He isn't a mysterious omnipresence who cannot be known, or understood. He is a real, living, honest-to-goodness loving Father who sired the very spirit which empowers your physical body.

It is difficult for human minds to visualize and believe in the concept of God as a whatever. He is a real being and wants you to get to know him. Jesus really did rise from the tomb. That is not just a symbolic story, or a parable. It really happened.

The Devil doesn't want you to know these things. Knowing these two things and using them as the foundation of your decision making process will keep you out of *the Devil's* reach, and that'll *Drive The Devil Nuts*.



*God doesn't always tell you
What you should and shouldn't do,
But he'll let you know what's right and wrong,
And the rest is up to you.*

*He won't make choices for you,
He won't force you to do as you should
He'll let you make up your own mind,
And hopes you'll choose to be good.*

*Some of us are knuckleheads,
And do the darndest things,
But we can repent and start to do good,
And enjoy the **Happiness** it brings.*



*Little boys and girls like to play grownup,
And do things they've seen grownup people do,
And how they behave when they're playing,
May be something they've learned from you.*



*When I want my car to start,
I simply turn the key,
And when it's dark I flip a switch,
And turn on a light to see.*

*If I want a piece of toast,
I know just what to do,
And if I want a scrambled egg,
I know that process, too.*

*If I want something badly enough,
If there's something I wish to do,
I'm fairly sure I've got what it takes,
To figure out that process, too.*

*What I show the world on the outside,
Is an image I want all to see,
But who I am inside myself,
Is the true and honest me.*

*One day when you're not looking,
And I'm sure no one will see,
I'm going to slip off by myself,
And be the real, true me.*



*A little boy's world
Is a fantasy land,
With adventures and dragons,
All daring and grand.*

*A cloud floating by
Is a Pirate's ship,
Or a bush is a cowboy
With a gun on his hip.*

*A worn out broom
Is a prancing steed,
Just a few little props
Is all a boy needs.*

*A little boy's world
Is so unconfused,
With a horse or an airplane
To keep him amused.*

*But a little boy soon,
Changes his ways,
For the grown up world
With grown up days.*

*No more day dreaming,
And make believe toys,
It's time for the real life,
For grown up little boys.*

*But if a grown up boy,
Wants the old days to stay,
He can have a son of his own,
And the two of them can play.*



The question often arises whether the Devil still thinks he has a chance to take the throne of God. He has no delusions about that. He has been cast out and knows he will never be acceptable to God and he doesn't want to be. What he wants is for you to rebel against God and be cast out, too.



There is no right way to do the wrong thing.



*When the Devil's fiendish faction,
Finds in you dissatisfaction,
They combine in a devilish action,
To produce a tantalizing attraction.
For if they could insert a fraction,
With a simple, attractive distraction,
Then you, with that impaction,
Fall victim to that distraction,
Which all began with dissatisfaction,
Upon which you constructed your action,
Until, at last, that vile fraction,
With that artfully designed attraction,
Becomes more than a distraction,
It becomes part of you.*



Life really isn't as difficult as it seems if you just keep in mind what life is all about. It is a little like a scavenger hunt where you hurry about picking up as many experiences as you can, before time runs out. At the end of the game, you look back at how many experiences you have gathered, then think about all you have learned during the hunt. That's why old folks love to reminisce.



Would it surprise you to know that the Devil himself, the quint-essential “Adversary,” suffers Adversity the same as you? He does; he suffers Adversity and when it strikes him it is as annoying, irritating, and frustrating to him as it is when it strikes you.

When things happen that interrupt, or disrupt his plans, he goes into as frenetic a fit as a bat with jammed radar. He throws a proper wobbly, gnashing his teeth and foaming at the mouth in a frightful temper tantrum when Adversity rains on his party. And what is his Adversity? Who is his Adversary? You are. You are his arch-enemy; the cause of his acting like a grizzly bear with a hangnail when you choose right over wrong, good over evil, and Happiness over Misery. You are his Adversary, because your goodness is his ultimate defeat. To say the least, your Happiness Drives Him Nuts.





*If you want to drive Beelzebub bananas,
And upset his Baalistic status
Then decide right now, this very day,
To turn him out and send him away.*

*He can't come in unless you say it's ok,
And if you ignore him, he might go way,
But if he persists, 'cause he's looking for fun,
Ask God to join you and the Devil will run.*



*I love my wife,
She's as beautiful as can be,
The thing I think is really cool,
Is that my beautiful wife loves me.*





*When I say I believe,
What is it that I do?
It doesn't mean I know for sure,
I seek to know what's true.*

*It means I accept the possibility,
That what I seek is pure,
But I need Faith to strengthen me,
Until I know for sure.*



Illness is a part of life. There are things that make human beings sick. Germs, viruses, bacterium, and other organisms invade the body in a number of ways, attach themselves comfortably to some healthy cell and then commence to bring on the yuckies. *The Devil* doesn't make these invaders. He didn't create our bodies to be susceptible to disease. He can advance misery and suffering by aiding in the spreading of diseases, and trying to make people react to the suffering, but beyond that, he doesn't have much to do with anything.



Here is a major point: The Devil is not a Creator. He is a User. He doesn't make anything new, he only uses what is made available to him.



The biggest difference between God and you is that He is God and you are you. That is an important difference to remember.



Storm clouds are dark and threatening, but they carry the rain that freshens the air and waters the earth. In every Adversity, regardless of how dark and threatening it may appear, the good which comes from it is refreshing and life sustaining. Learn to enjoy the storm.



*Johnny was a playful lad,
As playful as could be,
He liked to climb to the top of his house,
Just to see what he could see.*

*Sometimes he would be the Captain,
Of a daring pirate ship,
Sometimes he was a cowboy,
With his pistol on his hip.*

*From the rooftop of his house,
He could be anything at all,
While on the roof he had to watch,
That he didn't slip and fall.*

*One day while he was up there,
Fighting a dozen dastardly foes,
He slipped and lost his footing,
And down the roof he goes.*

*Fortunately for Johnny,
There was a big tree in his way,
And Johnny grabbed a big old limb,
Which saved his life that day.*

*He had a couple of scratches,
And a bruise or two to show,
But nothing like it could have been,
If he had hit the ground below.*

*Kids are not the only ones,
Who play on dangerous roofs,
Sometimes adults like you and me,
Act like silly goofs.*

*And If you get into a fix,
When you're where you oughtn't be,
If you start to slip and fall,
Pray there's a big old tree.*



*Lucifer sat in an apple tree,
Watching the goings on.
He was hoping to find a victim;
A soul that might be won.*

*He sat in the tree from morning,
Clear through the heat of the day,
And by the time the sun went down,
His hopes were blowing away.*

*All the people he had seen,
Were kind and doing good,
Everyone was behaving,
Just like good people should.*

*He shook his head bewildered,
All that goodness just isn't right,
Seeing the Devil stew in a tree,
Isn't a pretty sight.*

*He thought of all the nasty things
That had worked with people before,
Things that had broken their goodness,
And sliced them to the core.*

*He began laughing until his sides ached,
From a chuckle to guffaw,
For he remembered the darkest, nastiest thing,
From his deck of cards to draw.*

*The apple tree shook with his laughter,
Each leaf felt the breeze of his humor,
For the way to spoil good People,
Is for someone to start a rumor.*

*Gossip, lies, and rumors,
Are the Devils favorite tools,
To be used against good people,
By simpletons, knaves, and fools.*

*Gossiping is an evil thing,
It does no good at all,
But Old Lucifer sure enjoys it,
It makes good people fall.*

*If you see the Devil, sitting in a tree,
With a grin both broad and wide,
Beware if you are a gossip,
Because you're on the Devil's side.*



Today is the day for you to stand and take the pledge that you will not be subject to the Devil's attempts to turn you against yourself, or anyone else. Today is the day to put on the "White Rose" of honor, valor, and integrity, and, by taking the sword of Happiness and Goodness in hand, enter the fight to send the Devil back to his hissing pit.



Of all God's creations you are the only one in your world who can be having an absolutely horrible day, with everything imaginable going wrong, and say, "I'm having a terrible day," and then brace yourself and choose to do something about it. That's why God inspired great composers to create beautiful music. He inspired artists of all kinds to create beautiful paintings and sculptures. He inspired great writers and poets (thank you very much) to produce words and thoughts that make you feel better.

If you're having a bad day, just put on some good music, read some inspiring poetry, go play with your grandkids, do something good for someone else, or read in this book. There is no reason for you to ever have a bad day. *The Devil* hates beautiful things and would much rather have you boil in the broth of your own misery than experience beautiful,

Happy things. Take advantage of the beautiful things God has provided and you will *Drive the Devil* back to the boat docks on the River Styx.

After you have busted out of the grouch and feel the sweetness of **Happiness**, go out and find someone who is stuck in the mud and do something to help them be **Happy**, too. You will have a great day.



*I think my life is over,
I feel like I'm all done,
I think the Devil has me,
I think my soul he's won.*

*I'd love to go to Heaven,
That's a place I'd love to be,
I think maybe I could make it,
If the Devil'd let go of me.*

*But alas my end is fated,
I'm sure there's no way out,*

*I'm going where it's really hot,
And I will burn, there is no doubt.*

*Then I thought I heard a voice,
And it said, "Don't be a dope.
No matter the mess you've made of your life,
For you there is always Hope."*



The lady was in total despair. She looked like she had been knocked silly in a ring full of pugilistic kangaroos with serious social issues. Her face was puffy and the bags under her eyes showed she had traveled a great deal through sorrow and *Misery*. Her visage was like a condemned felon waiting on pins and needles to die, only to find out the prison hadn't paid the gas bill and the execution had been painfully postponed. It was not a reprieve, or a commutation, just a postponement.

There were a few moments after the meeting, when refreshments were served and folks could mingle and this world-weary soul caught me in a corner and wanted to talk.

After the obligatory social graces, I said, "Please forgive me for an observation, but you don't look very *Happy*. Are you alright?"

Tears like I had not seen flowing from the eyes of any human being began racing like a soapbox derby down her cheeks and her bottom lip started quivering.

She fought to control her bottom lip and said, "I'm not *Happy*?"

I nodded my head in a sort of, "I understand" kind of way and then asked, "Why not?"

"Because *the Devil* already has me and I know that when I finally die, I am going to hell and will burn in his eternal flames forever." Then she began to sob, almost uncontrollably. I hugged her and she got mascara on my suit. She was so in need of comfort and compassion and really needed more than I felt I was able to give her. I thought about what she had said and could tell from the look on her face she really believed what she was saying.

"Whhhhooooaa," I said. "First of all, there is no such place as a hell where souls burn in eternal flames forever. Second, what on earth makes you think *the Devil* already has you?"

"He just does; I just know he does. I have so many faults, every time I go to church the sermon is always about me. It's like the Pastor thinks about me and then gets his ideas for the sermon from something I've done. I can't remember the last time I heard a sermon that I didn't come away feeling exposed and guilty."

She looked into my eyes like a homeless puppy hoping I might be able to say something helpful, but there wasn't anything rushing into my mind.

“I’m sorry,” she said, “I was just hoping maybe you could say something that might help me.”

I thought for a moment, and then said, “I hope you’ll understand what I’m going to tell you,” I said, “but I think you may be having a little pity-party at the local paranoia park, but, having said that, I maybe have something that might be helpful.”

“I would appreciate anything you could do to help me,” she with a monstrous snuffle. I handed her a handkerchief I had in my pocket.

“Well, maybe I could just say a couple of things. First, much of the paranoia about your eternal welfare is the result of a perception of *the Devil*, which, I might say at the outset, is not correct. Second, if you have a weakness, you also have the opposite and corresponding strength. Third, the trick to feeling better, is doing better, and making better choices. And as to the idea of a hell in the center of the earth with endless flames, it just isn’t so. The center of the earth is hot and would make a perfect hell, but it just isn’t so. When you feel badly about yourself, that pain is worse than the sea of molten magma into which wicked souls are supposed to be cast. And I get the idea you are feeling pretty badly about yourself. Right?”

“Well, when I look in the mirror I do.”

“I think I know how to help you feel better about yourself and maybe help you like the person you see in the mirror.”

“Oh, if you only could.”

I held up my index finger as if I was about to make a significant point. Then I looked down into her eyes and said, “Because you already posses the opposite strength for every weakness, all you need to do is change your mental default from the weak to the strong, and I know you can do that.”

“I don’t know how to do that,” she said.

“It’s easy,” I said, “you just have to change your thoughts.”

“My thoughts?”

“Your thoughts! All you need to do is change your thoughts. You are an intelligent human being, with a wonderful brain, and the ability to use it to think your way out of misery and despair and into **Hope** and **Happiness**. Everything you do, everything you say, every experience you initiate begins as a stirring in your brain that eventually becomes an action. To change your world, you need to first change your perception of it and then, begin generating different thoughts, ideas, and actions and having **Happy** experiences.”

“But everything in my life is out of control,” she said.

“It may seem that way,” I said, “but God gave us a brain we can control and what we do with it determines whether we are **Happy**, or **Miserable**.”

As abruptly as the chat had started, it ended. The lady and I parted ways. I don’t know if what passed between us in that few moments much of a difference, but the conversation stayed with me and haunted my thoughts for a few hours more. The problem with impromptu conversations like the one I had with the lady are the thoughts you have after it’s all over. Given the time to think and rethink I could have come up with a million things I wish I would have said; things that would have been significant, but which didn’t come to my mind at the time. Well, hours after the chat I came up with some real jewels I wish I would have given to the lady, but maybe if I share them now, in this book, it might help someone else.

Here are some of the things I wish I would have said. *First, you are a child of a Divine Heavenly Father.* Think of it. You are royal. You have something in your soul that *Lucifer* covets. You have something he can never have and that *Drives Him Nuts*. That something is an eternal perspective—a bigger picture of your worth and potential. He want's you to feel beaten and broken, but you're not.

Second, you possess both strength and weakness and have the sole power to choose between them. The freedom of choice is a weapon the *Devil* cannot defend against. All he can do is try to get you to use your freedom of choice to make choices which are destructive and self-defeating.

Third, keep the role of Adversity in proper proportion. *The Devil* isn't as big and tough as he wants us to think he is. According to Isaiah, when we do finally see *Lucifer*, we will look upon him narrowly and wonder how he was able to do so much harm. He isn't that tough!

One point I wish like the dickens I had made with the lady is that weakness is easy. Strength, on the other hand takes work and effort. Weakness doesn't require any thing, while strength requires maintenance. Weakness is pleasant and fun, while strength requires discipline and sacrifice. It takes no thought to slip from strength to weakness; just a reduction in effort and discipline. Strength is a constant struggle against the body's, mind's, and spirit's desire for ease and comfort. If you've ever been on a conditioning program, you know exactly what I mean.

If you want to literally *Drive the Devil Nuts*, then rise above his enticements to slip into weakness. No one ever need be *Miserable* when there is so much *Happiness* available to those who choose to enjoy it. My advice to the lady, if I had a chance to give it to her now, would be to stop prophesying doom and gloom, and, with positive new thoughts and actions, begin to experience *Happiness*.



*It's hard for me to believe
In a God I cannot see,
But it helps to know when I need him,
That he believes in me.*

*I am not a perfect man,
I have my qualms and quirks,
But when I'm on the edge of despair,
Believing in God really works.*



*Do you ever think,
It's too late to make a change?
Do you ever feel that God and Heaven,
Are too far out of range?*

*Do you ever think that Angels,
Won't want to be with the likes of you,
Or that God won't have you in his house,
No matter what good you do?*

*Well, don't be too hard on yourself,
Thank goodness God's not like you,
Just go to him with a change of heart,
And he will welcome you.*

*Remember, he's not a tyrant,
And to him you're not a bother,
He loves you as much as he loves anyone,
Because he's your Heavenly Father.*





*Have you put off your praying,
Because you feel guilty as heck inside?
Are you convinced that God's upset,
Brother, maybe that's just your pride.*

*If you've the notion in your head,
That your Father no longer cares,
Just get down on your knees and talk to Him,
I promise He'll hear your prayers.*



If you want to Drive the Devil really nutty, in moments when you are in total despair, frustrated to the max and feeling stress and tension, close your eyes and picture yourself dressed all in white sitting by a brook in a beautiful meadow. As you enjoy a few moments of peace, the feelings of stress you had before will leave.

*Happiness and misery cannot occupy your mind at the same time.
When you have a choice, always choose peace and Happiness.*



*What does it mean to repent?
What does it mean to change your heart?
What does it mean to be born again,
Or to hope for a brand new start?*

*Does it mean you have to be sad,
Or walk with your head hung low,
Or have your shoulders slumped,
Or your spirit torpid and slow.*

*Do you think God will feel sorrow,
Or the Angels writhe in pain,
Because you choose to do what's right
And be with them again?*

*If you choose to repent,
It's the Happiest of all things,
God's arms are opened wide for you,
And for you the choir sings.*

*For you the Heavens are jubilant,
Because again, the Savior wins,
And the Devil goes away miserable,
Because you repented of your sins.*



*To repent means to forsake,
To do good, for goodness sake,
To turn your heart another way,
And strive for **Happiness** every day.*

*To forget about yourself,
Your worldly goods, or worldly pelf.
Think of all men like your brothers,
And help bring **Happiness** to others.*



By the way, if you are feeling distance between you and your Heavenly Father, who do you think might be telling you that you've blown it big time and God no longer wants you close to him? Do you think God is comfortable with that distance? Do you think he wants you to be that far away?

And how about Jesus? Do you think he might be saying that the atonement, which paid for sin, applies to everyone but you? Do you think he thinks that because he suffered for sins you put an extra burden on him and he doesn't want to even see your face? Do you think because you have made wrong choices, willfully made wrong choices, that your fate is sealed?

If you have thoughts like these running through your mind, then, *the Devil* has succeeded in *Driving You Nuts*, because those thoughts have been inspired by him to keep you miserable, and they just aren't true.

Do you recall the parable of the Prodigal Son, and how when he returned from tending pigs his father greeted him with robes, rings, and a huge feast? That's because his father loved him. Do you think your Father, or your elder brother love you any less? If so, think about this story.

A young man left his home and went away to college. He had never been away from home before, so the experience of having to make significant choices was new to him. He made some foolish errors and choices that were completely out of character, given the kind of family he was raised in.

He knew he had done wrong. He knew he had known all along that what he was doing was bone-headed stupid and wrong, but it was fun and it helped him fit in to the new crowd at school, so he did it anyway. One day while he was home for a visit, his father, a man wiser than King Solomon, sat down and lovingly told the boy that he loved him, that he was proud of having him for a son, and hoped he was *Happy*.

The kid knew his father knew about things he wished his father had not known about. He felt like an idiot; a special idiot, because he also knew that his father loved him. Knowing his father loved him, though, made things worse. The thought that he had betrayed his father and family burned in his soul. He was ashamed and couldn't look any of his family in the eye.

The time at home was miserable and the boy's heart felt like it was going to break into a million pieces. He felt a depth of sorrow he had never felt before and he didn't know what to do.

The night before the boy was to go back to school, the father went into the boy's room and sat next to him on the bed. "I know things aren't easy, and I know that you're having some things you're dealing with, but your mother and I love you and we are proud of the kind of young man you are."

Those words shot like flaming arrows through the boy and he looked into his father's eyes with a pleading stare. "Do you think you could give me a father's blessing, Dad?"

Well, the dad gave the boy a beautiful blessing and as the father and his son prayed together, they wept together. It was an experience neither of them would ever forget.

Do you think your Heavenly Father would turn you away if you asked him for a blessing? He isn't going to beat you up and destroy you with feelings of guilt and shame. You have already done enough of that yourself. He isn't going to shake his finger in your face and tell you how awful you've been. You've already done that to yourself. He isn't going to yell and scream and jump up and down and get all red in the face. *The Devil* does that. He is going to let you feel of his love and in his own way embrace you and welcome you home. And as for the Savior? Having you repent and come home makes what he did in Gethsemane worth it.

Think about this story next time you think Heavenly Father and Jesus don't want to hear from you,



Adversity is nothing more than the gymnasium where you get to work out. Adversity makes you strong, keeps you fit, and improves the quality of your life. Don't think of Adversity as suffering, think of it as going through some pain to achieve some gain.



*I stood on the shore of a mighty sea,
It seemed so ominous next to me,
I felt so insignificant and flat,
And wished I were as magnificent as that.*

*I bemoaned that I was such a blah,
When compared to the wonders that I saw,
Then I thought I heard God say, " Oh please,
You're much more wonderful, than all of these."*



*To plan, to be interrupted,
To dream, to be awakened,
To love, to be despised,
To hope, to be disappointed,
To attempt, to fall short,
To want, to be bereft,
To need, to be denied,
Adversity always shows its face.*

*To plan again,
To dream more enthusiastically,
To love more ardently,
To hope more fervently,
To attempt more earnestly,
To want more abundantly,
To need less,
Puts Adversity in its place.*



If I got everything I wanted, when I wanted it, the way I wanted it, by merely asking for it, nothing in the world would have any value or meaning, and I would never know the pleasure of earning what I wanted through hard work.



LeeAnn and I have found that one of the ways to experience *Happiness* in our lives is to work together, play together, plan together, and live our lives as an inseparable team. That sounds idyllic and it is, but it is what makes us *Happy*. That much togetherness, however, also has its problems. Not serious problems, but being in that close a proximity with me can be down right upsetting for anyone.

LeeAnn has incredible talents, as I have said before, and which I will continue to say, and that makes her an invaluable partner. I, on the other hand, can be just a tad sensitive when I don't get my way. At those times when LeeAnn is on the precipice of becoming clinically questionable, she squares her shoulders, takes a couple of deep breaths, and says it's time for us to get away. That means it's time for us to go fishing.

There is a lake less than twenty miles from our ranch, that is more than 8,500 feet above sea level, surrounded by a forest too magnificent even for nature to produce more than once, crowned about with snow-capped mountains, and filled with native trout. The water is pure and cold and I'm sure Angels go to that very lake to get a drink.

Our little boat is a small pontoon type of craft with just enough room for our fishing gear, a cooler with treats, two tackle boxes, three fishing poles, an oar, our electric motor, and the marine type batteries which run it. Once we hit the water the world of our stress ceases to exist; and from the time of launching, until the time of loading, we are transported to a realm where Gods and Angels are relaxing, too.

LeeAnn is a fisherman of the first and finest order. She has the patience of a granite peak that rends the very heavens, and the enthusiasm of a busload of cheerleaders on their way to competition. This thing we do is not a competition, though. That would spoil the rejuvenating effect on our burden weary souls. There is no competition, because LeeAnn always catches the first, the largest, and the most trout for the day, anyway.

When the sun shines, the lake is a jewel. When the clouds gather and rain drops fall, it is the dancing floor of the babes in Heaven waiting to be born. When the wind blows, it carries on its whispering breath a message of peace and tranquility. Heaven could not beat this place for beauty, nor could it offer accommodations more appealing than the gentle rocking of the boat upon which we sit.

While LeeAnn battles the trout for supremacy of the waters, I gather into the creel in my head, thoughts, poems, and inspiring ideas which find place on the pages of our books. After a few hours we are refreshed and in a sense, reborn with a new spirit electrically charged with love and enthusiasm.

Thank goodness for something as simple as a small boat and a beautiful lake; for a few hours away from this world to mingle with the splendor of God's fourth and fifth day's work.

The other day the fish were out smarting us and we were doing little more than drowning worms, when clouds began to gather overhead and rain began to pour. We got soaked. Before long the clouds continued their path over the mountains and again the rays of the sun reached down to kiss the quivering waters of the lake.

In a moment, the most beautiful rainbow appeared as if it had risen out of the lake itself. Beneath its spectral arch a few deer grazed in the tall, verdant grasses. It was a picture no artist would dare try to paint.

I think you would do well to slip away from the routines which define your days and go visit God in His garden. That is why He created this world; not so you might have a job, but so you could enjoy your life through the beauty of his creations. When you enjoy beautiful places, and sup at the table of God's grace, *the Devil* must leave. He simply cannot be where *Happiness* is, and that *Drives Him Crazy*.



*What do I do when I'm frazzled,
When there's more than enough on my dish?
I take my wife and our little boat,
And go off to catch some fish.*

*It doesn't matter if it's raining,
Or if it's hotter than blazes in the sun.
Getting away to go fishing,
Is always a lot of fun.*

*We sit for hours staring,
For the tip of the rod to jerk,
And whether we catch one fish or a dozen,
It's a whole lot better than work.*

*Some people like to go golfing,
Others do other kinds of stuff,
But give me my wife and our little boat,
And for me, that's Heaven enough.*



*I had a thought,
Which became a doubt,
And I wondered,
What life was all about.*

*How did we get here?
I wanted to know.
Did it happen in six days,
As they said long ago?*

*Or did we get here
As say the Evolutionist's Camp,
Who say that we crawled
From a place like a swamp?*

*There were other things,
Which crossed my mind,
Questions whose answers,
I could not find.*

*How could I believe,
Things I could not see?
How could those things,
Be real to me?*

*Those doubts grew stronger,
Day by day,
Until finally it seemed foolish
To kneel down and pray.*

*My head grew heavy,
And my heart turned cold,
I would no longer believe,
In the things I'd been told.*

*I used to be a **Happy** man,
But I became a doleful critter,
There was no sweetness in my life,
I grew angry, mean, and bitter.*

*What does life mean, if all we are,
Are natural biological processes,
If all there is, is life and death,
Then everything else is just guesses.*

*I grew sadder, and sadder by the day,
And would curse, and rant and rave,
Because in the end, my only end,
Would be a simple grave.*

*I had no Faith, I had no Hope,
I had nothing left to live for,
There has to be something other than this,
Life has to mean something more.*

*Then in a moment of deepest despair,
When I was all but ready to die,
To give up the ship and go down in the storm,
I heard a baby cry.*

*I saw a young mother,
With her wee, little girl,
Who had just come from some place,
To be in this world.*

*Then the thought in my head,
Which had turned into doubt,
Left me, and I knew all at once,
What life was about.*

*“Father, forgive me,
Please forgive me,” I said,
I closed my eyes tight,
And lowered my head.*

*I now had an answer,
Where I once had a doubt,
Because at last I knew,
What life was about.*

*I believe that God lives,
That he’s somewhere above,
And the reason I believe it,
Is because I’ve seen love.*



Give me a test today, Dear Lord, something to tax my brain. I need to stay strong, and I can't, unless I suffer a little pain.



*Hell is not a place you go
With fires burning bright,
It's not a place where demons wail,
And curse both day and night.*

*The Devil doesn't have horns on his head,
Or a tail with a point on its end.
He doesn't have fangs, or claws for his hands,
Or hooves that slash and rend.*

*This image of him, we think about,
This Devilish perception,
Isn't what he's like at all,
It's just an artist's conception.*

*Oh, he's real, sure enough,
Of that there's no doubt,
But he hopes like the Devil
That no one finds out.*

*He wants you to think,
That he's not real at all,
Then you won't believe,
And then you will fall.*

*The reason the Serpent,
Doesn't want you to believe,
Is because then you are ready,
For him to deceive.*

*And deceive you he will,
For deceive you he must,
You'll mock him in jest,
But his ways you will trust.*

*Don't be deceived, he'll do you no good,
He is the master of misery and hate,
And, my friend, far more often than not,
You won't know, until it's almost too late.*

*Hell's not a place you go,
Where demons crawl and hide.
When you do what is wrong, and know it,
Hell's how you feel inside.*



*If you see sump'n bad going on,
And you'd like to join in,
And you know it's wrong, but it looks like fun,
Brother, you're about to commit a sin.*

*A sin is sump'n you do
When you know it ain't right, or good.
And it's never as fun as you thought it'd be,
So you might as well do as you should.*

*But if you see sump'n good going on,
Haul off and jump right in,
'Cause doing good was never wrong,
And bein' good was never a sin.*



*I had been musing most of the day,
On how to chase Satan away.
I got an idea in my head,
As I sat on my bed,
To drop to my knees and pray.*

*The moment I started to pray,
The Devil didn't want to stay,
He left in a huff,
'Cause he'd had enough,
And he left for the rest of the day.*

*Every time from then, thereafter,
When I heard his fiendish laughter,
I just said a prayer,
'til he wasn't there,
And I've lived happily ever after.*



Opposites were not created by God, nor invented by the Devil. Opposites are an eternal reality. Every choice you consider has its opposite. Neither God, nor Satan has the power to make that choice for you. That power rests solely in you.



*I am a fretter,
I fret and moan and stew,
I hardly ever fret about me,
I save my fretting for you,*

*I don't think you're incompetent,
Or need my help at all,
It's just if I see you carrying things,
I worry that you might fall.*

*I know you've been doing what you do,
For a fairly long time, and so,
I ought to have confidence enough,
To just sit back and let you go.*

*But I just can't seem to do it,
So I fret and moan and stew,
But the only reason that I do it,
Is because I'm so in love with you.*



*Love,
Hate,
Hope,
Despair,
Faith,
Fear,
Good,
Evil,
Right,
Wrong,
Light,
Dark,*

Sometimes it's hard to know.

*Fun,
Boring
Laugh,
Cry,
Bless,
Curse,
Give,
Take,
True,
False,
Win,
Lose,*

Which way I should go?

*Fast,
Slow,
Hot,
Cold,
Happy,
Sad,
Nice,
Mean,
Pleasure,
Pain,
Well,
Sick,*

Who can show the way?

*Old,
Young,
Wise,
Foolish,
White,
Black,
Gentle,
Rough,
Hard,
Soft,
Strong,
Weak,*

I should go today.

*Calm,
Chaos,
Peace,
Conflict,
Accept,
Reject,
In,
Out,
Plain,
Fancy,
Certain,
Confused,
There are lots of contending voices.*

*Anger,
Compassion,
Wisdom,
Folly,
Forgiveness,
Judgment,
Friendship,
Alienation,
Arrogance,
Humility,
Pompous,
Meek,
These are a few of my daily choices.*



God didn't leave us alone to make choices without some help. He gave us inspiration to follow, and a brain with the ability to think.



*Do you think there will come a day,
When God will want to hear what you say,
About things on earth you decided to do,
On that day when God wants to hear from you?*

*He'll ask about your choices, one by one,
And want to know all about what you've done.
He'll want to know if you used your head,
Or if you followed your desires instead.*

*I think he'll ask if you were good and true,
I think He'll just want to know about you,
What did you really want out of living,
And if you were kind, beneficent and forgiving.*

*Wouldn't it be great if on that day,
When you met with God, he would hear you say,
You've been true, You've been kind, just as you should,
You'll want Him to know you tried to be good.*

*You always looked up, never looked down,
You put a smile on your face, and never a frown,
You worked hard each day to be Christ-like and pure,
Then you can be with Him, that's for sure."*

*Today is the day to begin anew,
To do the things God wants you to.
You don't have to wait 'til the Judgment Day,
Being afraid what he'll ask, or what you might say.*

*You just do each day, what you know you should,
And do your best to be true and good,
Then no matter what happens, come what may,
You'll always be ready for the Judgment Day.*



If every negative thing that happened in our lives was because of the Devil, then on the day of Judgment, he'd be the only one who would be held accountable.



Sometimes Adversity comes as a consequence of wrong choices. Sometimes it comes because we didn't plan properly. And sometimes Adversity comes just because it is a part of the world in which we live. Adversity comes and goes, but Happiness can stay with us always.



Without Adversity there could be no Charity. Without despair there could be no Hope. Without want and need there could be no opportunities for service , compassion, or sharing. Without desperation there could be no peace. Look at what we would miss without Adversity.



Our brains are wonderful and our ability to use them to think and reason is marvelous, but sometimes having a brain and the ability to think and reason isn't enough. There are some things we don't have enough knowledge, or experience to handle. It is when we face things that we don't have enough knowledge, or experience to handle that we become accident prone and run the risk of making mistakes. At those times it is a good idea to ask God what he thinks. He may not come right out and tell us what to do, but he will send guiding inspiration. And step by step, he will help us find the answer.



*I don't know what I'll do today,
They came to my home
And took me away.
All I have now is a chair and a bed
And a few little things,
And some books I have read.
They bring my meals at six, twelve and six,
And if I get hungry ,
There is nothing to fix.
I don't have a radio, or television set,
My life is planned out,
Because they say I forget.
I miss my home and what I had,
I miss my refrigerator,
And my neighbors real bad.
I tried my best to fall asleep,
But hid my head in my pillow
And started to weep.
I don't know how long I'll be here,
I guess 'til I pass
To some Heavenly sphere.
I suppose I've arrived at that final stage
Where my book is full,
And there's no new page,
There's nothing left for me to try,
I guess I'll be here,
Until the day I die.
All I am is old and gray,
They came to my home
And took me away.*



Something has happened in society that has caused our elderly to become a burden, or an inconvenience. It was they who cared for us when we couldn't care for ourselves. It was they who spent their fortunes making sure we had clothes to wear, food to eat, and a roof over our heads. It was they who traded their dreams so that we could have some of our own; and it was they who sacrificed so we could begin building a life of our own.

It was they who spent more than they had on our wedding days and who were always there when money was short. But now, when they are too old to care for themselves, we send them to a place for the elderly, where they will be around people just like them. Do you really think that's fair?

It may be hard work, and it might require sacrifices. It may be inconvenient and disruptive, but that was what your parents had to face when they decided to bring you into the world.

The Devil will do anything he can to break up a family, by convincing them that it is alright to send the elderly away under the guise that it really is in their best interests to be with other people whose families have sent them away as well. The elderly need family. Caring for them will be a great source of **Happiness** to you and your children, and it will *Drive The Devil Nuts*.



*I'm too old for dreaming,
I'm too old for dreams to come true,
Dreaming is for the younger set,
As for dreaming, my days are through.*

*Maybe I'm not too old for dreaming,
I'm just not good enough to succeed,
It's not that I don't want a dream,
A good dream is just what I need.*

*I have no talent, or skill to call upon,
I have no experience, or special gift,
What I want to do is out of my range,
The cross of failure's too heavy to lift.*

*What I have is what I have,
And I have been given quite a lot,
I don't need anything else like a dream.
I should just be happy, but I'm not.*

*I had a vision last night, what a thing,
An angel woke me out of my sleep,
I asked if he had come for me,
To take me home with his other sheep.*

*He asked if I had any reason to stay,
My life had become uneventful,
My dreams had washed like driftwood ashore,
And I had grown cynical and resentful.*

*“I’m not ready to go,” I said,
“And what if I let you stay?”
“I don’t know, there’s gotta be something to do,”
Are there no dreams I can hatch today?”*

*Life doesn’t end just because you’re old,
It doesn’t stop because you think you are through,
But living stops the very day,
You have nothing left to do.*

*Keep your dreams in your sights,
Give them all you have to give,
Never let your life go to bed,
Until your dreams have had a chance to live.*



*A man sat on a corner,
With a tin cup in his hand,
He wore soiled clothing,
And an American Flag headband.*

*In his cup there were some coins,
Not more than a cent, or two,
Then with a look of pleading,
He held his cup to you.*

*A sign said he was a Veteran,
With neither food, nor place to go,
He was cold and hungry,
As he sat there in the snow.*

*You walked by, without a glance,
Leaving him with his blues,
Because you figured if you gave him cash,
He would use it to go buy booze.*

*You went home to your family,
You had food enough and to spare,
You had a fire in the fire place,
You had no worldly care.*

*You slept in a bed with a comforter,
With pillows under your head,
Not like that poor, homeless Veteran,
Who slept in the park instead.*

*But during the night, you had a dream,
Of this beggar in despair,
With filthy clothes and worn out shoes,
And greasy, matted hair.*

*It wasn't your fault, his lot in life,
You owed nothing to the man,
But you couldn't get him off your mind,
You couldn't forget the cup in his hand.*

*You couldn't get rid of the pleading look,
The way he held his cup up to you,
You were bothered all night by the feeling,
There must be something you could do.*

*You drove your car to the very spot,
Where the beggar had been before,
His sign was there, but he was gone,
You couldn't do much more.*

*So, you went back to your home and family,
Thinking you had done all you could,
That somehow God would bless you,
Because you had tried to do something good.*

*God gives us opportunities to be kind,
To help others who are in despair,
But if we assume they're not worthy of aid,
It's the same as saying, "I don't care."*

*Be careful, because one day all might change,
And you might be a beggar, too,
And the goodness and kindness you sent out,
Might just come around to you.*



Are you so tied up in the knots of your own affairs that you are oblivious to the suffering and hurting of others? If you are, you are part of an ever growing number of men and women in society who look upon those in need as victims of their own choices; and that may well be so. But sometimes the only way God can help those in need is through the goodness and love of people just like you.



If you want to send the Devil's little choo-choo over the hill, just do something good for some body else. Don't judge, criticize, or condemn the cause of the need; just help. That makes the Devil bite his nails and pull at his hair.



*Sometimes we men think,
That we are the chosen ones,
And this chauvinism gets passed down,
From fathers to their sons.*

*I think I'm safe in saying,
God doesn't feel that way,
To Him, His daughters are special,
And His sons shouldn't act that way.*

*I don't get where men got the notion,
That women were of a lower ilk,
That somehow they were the worms that spun,
And the men were like rich silk.*

*No, sir, it's just not right,
And if you'll permit me to say,
How you treat God's daughters,
Will come up on judgment day.*

*If you are a biblical burro,
And don't treat your wife too well,
She'll be in heaven with God looking down,
While you're walking on coals in hell.*



Do you know what really Drives the Devil Nuts?

When you stop and admire a beautiful sunset, or enjoy the fragrance of a rose, or the laughter of a child. You can listen to the songs of birds, or feel the love of a baby cuddling in your arms. These things Drive the Devil Nuts, because he can't enjoy any of them.

The Devil cannot enjoy anything that is beautiful, pure, lovely, or love itself. He must turn away from anything that is either Christ-like, or God inspired. He has no concept of Happiness, or Joy. He exists only to lie, deceive, and create misery. His motivating energy is derived from hatred and contempt. He is crushed under the heavy weight of jealousy, the bitterness of envy, and the gnawing fangs of insatiable covetousness. His every thought is destructive and his every aim is to destroy. When he fails in his attempts to make you like himself, it literally Drives Him Nuts.



*I think I'm pretty special,
God's lucky I'm around.
I make a significant difference,
To the people in my town.*

*The folks are all so common,
I alone know the score,
Without me they would be incomplete,*

*Like an apple without its core.
I've done so much for them,
I've made their lives complete,
I've done special things for them,
That's made knowing me a treat.*

*I don't know what the Lord would do,
If I just up and walked away,
I don't know how these folks would live,
If I wasn't here day after day.*

*Then one day I left my friends,
Only to find out from a letter,
That even though they all missed me,
Their lives were really better.*



One sure way to judge the character of a person is to watch how they treat children and the elderly.



*Old people are people, too,
Even if they are older than me and you,
There's a lot of stuff they can still do,
If you don't stick them in an old people's zoo.*

*Keep them at home, and treat them well,
Listen to all the stories they tell,
Hit the floor running when you hear their bell,
Because honoring your parents will keep you from hell.*



*Mom and dad, how I long,
To see your faces and hear you speak,
To hear your words of encouragement,
At times when I am weak.*

*I miss your advice and counsel,
I miss Sunday pot roasts, too,
I miss Christmas' and birthdays,
And the things we used to do.*

*But you're both gone,
And now I'm the one who's here,
Setting family traditions,
And creating family cheer.*

*I'm the one some call "Daddy,"
Others call me "Gwanpa," too,
And they all expect from me,
All I expected from you.*

*I hope when it's my turn to join you,
And my kids take my place,
That they'll wish they could hear me speak,
And wish they could see my face.*



*Little brothers can be useful,
At times they can be a pain,
Sometimes they don't have the sense,
To come in out of the rain.*

*Little brothers like adventure,
They do what big brothers do,
And sometimes it's kind of neat,
When they want to be like you.*

*You have to be careful, however,
If you're a big brother of one,
Because they are honest and innocent,
And will always tell what you've done.*

*They don't think there's the slightest chance,
Big brothers would do something wrong,
They think they're walking with a hero,
If big brother takes them along.*



*Son, what are you doing to me?
Why are you treating me so?
Why when I want to stay so much,
Are you telling me it's time to go?*

*I never turned my back on you,
Dad and I did the best we knew how,
And now you're sending me somewhere strange,
Because of my wrinkled brow.*

*Is this the punishment you give me,
Because I wasn't a perfect mom?
To go live out my life with strangers,
Instead of living with you in your home?*

*Dad and I wanted a family,
And we knew how hard it would be,
And now when I need you the very most,
This is what you are doing to me?*



Chipper was the eighth of eight children and by all accounts should have been spoiled rotten; and he was. By the time he came along, most of his siblings were well on their way though the infant years, which left him alone to keep the nursery in functional order. The next youngest was a brother named “Beep,” who was already in the third grade, and the oldest, “Buster,” was beginning his first year in college.

His four sisters, Maggie, age 10, Dolly, age 12, Flipper, age 16, and Buster's twin, Billie, age 18, was just starting beauty school. Buster and Billie were busy with school and friends and didn't spend as much time with Chipper as the other kids, but Maggie, Dolly, and Flipper couldn't get enough of the "little brother."

It didn't take long for Chipper to figure out that Flipper was the cuddler, and Dolly the officious maid who ran to his aid whenever she was summoned. Maggie was the playful one who would tickle the bottoms of his little feet. Mom told her not to do that, because tickling baby's feet might make him stutter when he got older.

The first year and a half of his life was as idyllic for the family as a walk in the park on a beautiful Spring day. He was in charge and as far as he was concerned, that is the way it was supposed to be. As he went through the stages of the "Terrible Twos," the other members of the family recalled how each of them were at similar ages, so that the "Terrible Twos," weren't really that terrible at all. Every thing he did, some of which would be annoying in other households, with other children, was amusing and his antics were often compared with those of Buster when he was two, or Beep (he being the last baby to be observed before Chipper), when he was beating his knees raw crawling around like a chubby puppy.

By the time Chipper was ready for Kindergarten, both Buster and Billie were married, and Flipper was engaged to a guy in the Army; Dolly was a cheerleader in high school, and Maggie was trying to figure out how to smile without showing her braces. Beep had turned into quite a character and he was Chipper's favorite.

Beep liked having a little brother, so he didn't mind having Chipper follow him around; it made him feel important. Being a big brother can be a neat thing, if you handle it properly; otherwise it could be a pain in

the back of the front, if you know what I mean. But, Beep had it all figured out, so it wasn't a problem.

Chipper loved hanging around his Big Brother and he felt special that his big brother wanted him hanging around.

One day while Chipper was walking a few steps behind Beep and his friend "Oscar," he heard them say something about stealing some peaches from old man Tucker's orchard. Chipper was intrigued; there was an adventure afoot, and he was going to be in on it.

"Ok, Chipper," Beep said, "here's what I want you to do. I want you to go up on old man Tucker's porch and talk to him; you know keep him busy while Oscar and me get some peaches. Do you think you can do that?"

"Sure I can," Chipper said, and he started skipping around the corner to the front of Tucker's house.

Just as Beep had said, old man Tucker was sitting in a rocking chair on the front porch, like he had nothing better to do. Just at the very moment that Chipper got to the picket fence gate, Mrs. Tucker came out and invited him to come onto the porch and have some lemonade with them.

This was going to be an easier job than Chipper had thought. He went straight up to the porch and sat down on a comfortable swing.

When Mrs. Tucker brought him his lemonade, and a piece of homemade peach pie, why the little distracter was as happy as he could be.

"So," Mr. Tucker said, "what brings you around all by yourself?"

“Oh, I’m not all by myself,” Chipper answered holding a rather large bite of pie in his cheek.

“You’re not?” Mr. Tucker asked with a sort of surprised look on his face.

“No, Sir,” Chipper answered, like a man in charge of the situation. “I was supposed to come up here and keep you busy while my brother, Beep, and his friend, Oscar, got peaches from your orchard.”

Old Mr. Tucker sprang like a hungry cat after a plump mouse, headed around the house and right straight for the orchard. The next thing Chipper knew, Mr. Tucker was pulling Beep and Oscar by their shirt collars, right up onto the porch.

Chipper was as surprised as surprised could be. He had no idea that what his big brother Beep and his friend Oscar were doing was wrong. It was just supposed to be fun, but it wasn’t fun anymore. For the first time in his life, Chipper was aware that his big brother, Beep, his hero, had done something wrong, and his little world was shattered.

Having a hero can be a difficult thing, especially if you find out that he isn’t perfect, even if your hero happens to be your big brother. It’s always better to have faith in yourself and confidence in your ability to do what’s right, rather than to follow the example of a hero. Being able to think for yourself is the best way to keep from being hurt by other people’s wrong choices.



When you do something you know is wrong, you can't blame the Devil, or some other Adversary, because you are the only one with the power to make that choice. In the end, the person you have to answer to for the choices you have made is you.



The Devil's job is not to control you, but to help you lose the ability to control yourself.



*I said something
I shouldn't have said,
The words came flying
Right out of my head.*

*I was angry,
And my face was red,
I wished I had said
Something else instead.*

*It was too late,
The hurt was done,
There were no other
Points to be won.*

*I had said what I said,
And I really blew it,
I didn't really mean it,
The Devil made me do it.*



What is there that attracts human beings to someone, either in the visible world or not, whose only design and desire is to tear them down and do them harm? The Devil promises fun and pleasure and like trout waiting in the stream for food to float down, we humans nibble at what comes our way, hardly expecting that eventually something would come by that has a hook in it.

The better you feel about yourself, the less likely you are to fall victim to the Devils predatory deceptions.

King Solomon was the wisest man in the world he knew, but because he didn't follow his own counsel, he became the most foolish.



I have not always been the disciplined man of steel I am today. I had a huge weakness. I loved to eat. I loved to eat things like a brick of cheddar cheese with salsa while watching late night television. I loved downing a box of chocolate donuts (the chocolate cake donuts with thick chocolate frosting) while watching a football or basketball game, or at just about any other time and washing them down with a gallon of chocolate milk. I consumed fats and carbohydrates like I breathed air.

One day I was driving home from Montana and had just finished a box of chocolate donuts as I described above, with a gallon of chocolate milk, when I decided I had been foolish. Not wanting to neglect my nutrition, I stopped at a convenience store and bought a half gallon of not from concentrate orange juice. I thought the orange juice would balance the junky chocolate donuts and chocolate milk. It didn't! In fact, it made the problem worse.

Zippping down the interstate, which I had done gazillions of times, I fell asleep at the wheel. I didn't think that would be much of a problem, because both my car and I had traveled that stretch of highway so many times we should have been able to do it in our sleep and we could have except for that one thing. And what was that one thing?

When my eyes blinked shut, the road was a straight line and someone unbeknownst to me put a bend in it. I didn't know the bend was there and the car didn't know it was there, but it was there and when the car and I reached it, the road took off in a new direction and we didn't. I was awakened by a huge thud and a cloud of dust. My car and I had left the road and bounced into a field.

I had been "falling asleep" just about every time I ate; not just asleep, but a heavy, almost comatose, state of unconsciousness. A friend suggested I go see a doctor. I'm not fond of doctors, because it is a rule that if you don't go see one, there's nothing wrong. There's nothing wrong unless and until you go to the doctor's and he points something out. I went to the doctor and he said I had type II diabetes. I wasn't comfortable with the diagnosis and questioned it. I told him I wanted a second opinion and he said that in his opinion I was ugly, too.

If my theory was correct and I didn't have diabetes before I went to the doctor's, he spoiled all of that by telling me my blood sugar level was 547, my A1C was around 14, and that I was, medically speaking, really close to having some serious problems.

Apparently I hadn't fallen asleep at the wheel after all. That would have been irresponsible. I had passed out. That was the first time I had passed out while driving and that was scary. What I had was a medical condition. I had been passing out quite a little bit after big meals, and because of the white smock-clad M.D.'s diagnosis, I had to give up chocolate donuts, chocolate milk, not from concentrate orange juice, and every thing else on the face of the earth with any taste, And, on top of that, I was carrying 295 pounds on a skeleton that was meant to hold less than 200. I used to tell people that I liked my body so much I was trying to grow another one.

Even after learning that I was diabetic I wasn't convinced. I cheated. I did. I snuck foods no diabetic should sneak and felt like I was really getting away with something. I didn't take my diabetic condition

seriously. Just because the doctor said I had it, didn't mean I really had it, so I chose to do naughty things with carbs.

One day I noticed that I didn't notice that I had feet, except for a heaviness which felt like wet, heavy socks around my feet. That heaviness was called neuropathy, and that neuropathy got through to my apathy. My sneakiness no longer seemed so clever. I got the message. I either made some changes, or I was going to die one miserable, degenerative phase at a time. I dropped the ninety-five pounds, got my A1C down to around 7, and my blood sugar hovering around a respectable 115.

Fortunately for me, the decision to go from a perception of weakness to a strong one was literally, a choice between life or death. I chose life. It would be great if every choice between weak and strong were as clear cut and obvious, as life and death, but they're not. Most of the time choices between weakness and strength are personal choices that affect the quality of life, but not the end of life. It takes a lot of work, discipline, and conscious commitment to choose strength over weakness, but if you consider the alternatives, the work, discipline, and commitment are well worth it.



On October 29, 1929, *Black Tuesday*, the stock market took a 13% plunge and panic such as the world of that time had not known, began its tsunami like devastation. Fortunes were lost, dreams were caught in the rip tide of bank failures, lost jobs, lost homes, and lost hope. The prospects of failure were so overwhelming that people chose death rather than face the coming trials. This was the beginning of *The Great Depression*.

Aptly named, this time in American history, indeed, the history of the world was more than just a financial holocaust. It was a time when people began to re-evaluate what they believed. The term, *The Great Depression* extended beyond Wall Street and the financial markets into the lives of individuals caught in its incendiary path. Suicides were common, but more common was the loss of Hope. As the fires of ruin turned the American Dream to ashes, people traded Faith for any promise of a surcease of suffering. Hope became expectation and dependence on governmental intervention.

Hard times are part of the cycle of life. Hard times don't define who a person is, only what that person is made of. During the same era of panic, there existed the spirit of optimism in people who understood that for every negative there was a positive and for every privation there was an abundance. Using the same manure of the times, some were overcome by the ugliness of it, while others used it to nourish newly planted dreams of *Happier* and better days. *Happier* and better days did come and when they did, those who had borne the burden of negative pessimism dragged those attitudes with them. Those, on the other hand, who had triumphed over the hard times entered into the new days like pilgrims who had found their Promised Land.

During hard times *the Devil* uses depression, despondency, misery, and despair to weaken the *Hope* and *Faith* in downcast spirits and expose vulnerability he can exploit to catch the weary in his web of deceit. Under those circumstances, he, too, will make promises of Hope.

When times are hard, as they were during those difficult decades of disappointment and discouragement, it is difficult not to be selfish and subjective. During those very times, however, there is an increase in opportunities to serve others and do good.

In a small house in Albuquerque, New Mexico, a family struggling for survival like every other family, held a family council and decided that as difficult as times were for them, there were others having a much worse time; there were people who needed their help.

The family lived only a mile or two from the train tracks and had hobos (as they were called) coming by daily to beg for food, water, or anything the family could spare. At this council the family decided to make a pot of cracked wheat cereal every morning and have it ready for the men when they came by. They began doing this every morning, not knowing how many would be served. The first morning five or six men followed the aroma to the boiling pot in the backyard. Fresh cereal, with warm milk from the family's little Swiss milk cow, fresh rolls and home-churned butter took away not only the bite of hunger from the eaters, but the sting of gloom from those whose time was busily occupied in service.

Good news spreads fast and there were men from the trains for breakfast every morning for three years. It would have gone on indefinitely had the railroad not abandoned that particular stop. The family, however, did not give up. Every morning the girls made fresh rolls, with churned butter, and took pitchers of cream to families in the neighborhood.

The *Depression* ended as depressions always do. The hard times left as they always do. The war which had provided jobs and income for American workers, also caused mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, neighbors and friends to mourn because of the battlefield

casualties ended, too, as all wars eventually do. Life went on as it always does, and history records the names of those who made a difference.

Good people *Drive the Devil Nuts*. Acts of courage and selflessness make him crazy. **Hope** is the menace that puts him over the edge. A smile and a cheerful countenance sends the *old Serpent* writhing and squirming into the night, with his venom drooling from his mouth.

Hard times are just times and nothing more. The sun rises and sets during them the same as at any other time. Hard times are to be enjoyed. They are the spawning grounds for wonderful thoughts, ideas, and memories. Without them, the easier times wouldn't be so pleasant.



*Nothing is going well,
Everything's going wrong,
No matter what I try to do,
It's always the same old song.*

*I don't know if God is ignoring me,
But my options are running out,
And I see no evidence he is near,
And my head is filling with doubt.*

*I know I am a few days away,
From maybe losing it all,
And what will I tell my wife and kids,
If I'm up against a wall?*

*The sky is as black as ink,
No moon or stars at night,
There's nothing at all coming my way,
And my prospects aren't too bright.*

*"What do you want me to do?"
I ask while on my knees,
"If you have any ideas up there,
Come to my rescue, please."*

*I stare into the darkness in silence,
My head is as blank as the sky,
And I shake me head in disappointment,
And do not understand why.*

*Then in my mind I thought I saw,
The Devil was laughing at me,
He thought I was whipped and done,
And he was giggly as could be.*

*"Stand aside old Dragon,
You don't mean anything to me,
I will find a way out of this mess,
And rise to the top, you'll see."*

*God will never let you down,
He'll never leave you high and dry,
Just work with Faith and Hope,
And you'll be rescued by and by.*



The right to choose can only exist if there are options which can be clearly considered. Without those options, there could not be a right to choose. There is in human nature, the dueling elements described as polarizing opposites, which vie for control of the conscious decision making process. Whether they are called, “*Yin and Yang,*” or “*Subjective, Objective,*” or, “*the Light Side and Dark Side,*” they are always present to present their cases to your mind.

Because of the polarizing opposites, which enables the right to choose, it stands to reason that choices you make are meaningful, and that you will be accountable to yourself for them, either in consequences, or rewards. Every choice you make is connected to other choices you have made in the past, and to choices you will make in the future. These connections form the intricacies of patterns both in thought and behavior.

Every choice you make is a conscious, willful act. Don't hurry into a decision. Take extra time to think about the consequences of your choice. There are times when a wrong choice seems right, because the consequences seem pleasurable, or fun. Maybe in a moment of haste you might be tempted to think, "Just this once. It won't do *any* harm." That's when you need to stop and think again.

When it comes to an outright choice between right and wrong, however, you will always know the right one. That's because of the *Light of Christ* which burns inside you. You may still talk yourself into a wrong choice, but you will do so over the default reaction that sets off an alarm in your head,

When you get the feeling that you should re-think your choice, before making one, do it. After all, the one thing *the Devil* cannot tolerate, is a thinking person. Intelligence *Drives him Nuts*.



*The Devil went a walking,
Just to get a sense of things,
To see if he could do his job,
And frustrate human beings.*

*He feels no satisfaction,
Unless he nabs a soul, or two,
So, often he goes a walking,
Just to see what he can do.*

*He saw a lovely lady,
Crying and feeling low,
So he decided to approach her,
And help her anguish grow.*

*At the very moment,
He stood standing by her side,
A bird began singing,
And her smile she couldn't hide.*

*When she stopped to listen,
Her sorrows went away,
And the Devil went off stomping,
Because he didn't get his way.*

*A little farther down the road,
The Devil's heart took flight,
A man and his wife were sparring,
And they were quite a sight.*

*The Devil no sooner reached them,
Than their sparring was done,
They held each other lovingly,
And watched the setting sun.*

*All the mischief he thought to do,
He thought'd bring him fun,
Wasn't happening the way he wished,
And the day was almost done.*

*There is one thing that Drives Him Nuts,
That undoes his craftiness,
That's when people he wants to spoil,
Experience Happiness.*

*He hates it, he hates it,
When he loses a potential soul,
When people enjoy Happiness,
They are free from his control.*

*A sunrise, a sunset,
A Rose, a Happy thought,
Beautiful and Happy things,
Bring the Devil's work to naught.*

*If you want to have a Happy Day,
Cultivate Happy things,
Watch the sun that's setting,
Or hear the bird that sings.*

*Smell a rose,
Or watch the clouds on high,
Or sit in the park,
And watch the kids go running by.*

*There's a million little Happy things,
You can think and do,
Any time at all you feel,
The Devil approaching you.*



Adversity is the opponent you face on the field of life. The best way to keep from losing the game is to come up with a winning strategy. The rules of the game are always the same, and if you understand them, you can always win.



The Devil isn't a moron. He isn't as random or unorganized as he sometimes is thought to be. He is very methodical and calculating. He knows exactly what he is doing, and he follows a very strict plan to lure you into a path that is not in your best interests, but his.

Years ago, too many to talk about comfortably, I coached football and basketball teams and discovered that there were three things that made a successful team. First, conditioning. All sports require physical strength and stamina. Many games are won in the last minutes when fatigue begins to take its toll. Getting the physical body into shape is hard, hard work; and it's work that never ends. The day you stop, or neglect your physical conditioning, you begin to lose your edge. So, athletes follow a strict training schedule, which includes the proper diet, adequate sleep, and dedication to hard work both during and off season.

Another aspect of conditioning is mental conditioning. Like the body, the mind needs to be exercised. It is in the mind that success begins as positive ideas, and concepts. Athletes train their minds to achieve a series of goals that will result in success.

The second of the three is preparation. Every successful athlete and every successful team has a definite game plan that takes into account the other team's strengths and weaknesses. A good coach constructs a plan that amplifies his team's strengths, while exploiting the other team's weaknesses.

The third of the three is execution, or carrying out the details of the game plan. In this, the other two come together to form a solid competitive performance. But, there is one thing that stands in the way of success: The coach of the other team.

While I would be conditioning my teams, and devising game plans, and evaluating opposing team strengths and weaknesses, the other coach was doing the same with his team. He was devising a game plan that would frustrate us, and keep us from being able to execute the plan we had prepared.

Inevitably the coach who adequately conditions his players, prepares them for the contest, and develops a winning game plan, ends up being successful. That's why teams practice.

Practice time is to develop strength where a team is weak, to improve where it is strong, learn the game plan, and prepare to execute it.

In a role more complimentary than he deserves, *the Devil* is like an opposing coach. He has his players, and they are well conditioned. He has an aggressive game plan, and he and his players are vigorous in its execution. He and his have been doing this for a long, long time and they are very good at it.

But they have a weakness that leaves them highly vulnerable to defeat. ***They have no power to execute their plan without your permission.*** They can't run the court, or the field of play, unless you let them. Major point! Huge point! Incredibly important point! You and you alone determine whether they win, or lose by deciding if you will give them the ***power to defeat you.***

There isn't a coach of any team, or sport in the world that wouldn't be willing to give up a kidney to have that kind of power handed to him. Imagine how it would be if the coach of an opposing team were to give up to the other coach, his game plan, an outline of his vulnerabilities, and then tell him he would not put up a defense, regardless of how strong the opposing offense would be. That's exactly what you do when you feel the urge to be angry, or despondent, or to gossip, or to tell a lie, or any of a million other selfish, subjective, or negative impulses and give in to them. You are giving *the Devil* and his team power to score. Without your power, and your permission for them to use it, they can't win.

So, what kind of game plan do you need to develop to beat him? A very simple one.

First, remember what team you're on. You are part of a winning team, with a winning tradition, and a coach who is able to prepare you to win in your contest against the Adversary.

Second, condition yourself with positive, uplifting, and motivating attitudes. Victory in sports begins in the mind, and so does victory against *the Devil* and his team. A positive mental attitude is essential as a defense against the *Adversary's* most potent offensive tools: fear, hopelessness, depression, despondency, selfishness, anger, hatred, and just the regular, every day, low-down blues.

You can condition yourself by reading the scriptures and other good and uplifting books. You can protect your mind by paying close attention to what you watch, read, or hear that might give the opposing team an opportunity to break your defenses.

Third, fill your mind with **Happy** thoughts, and cultivate **Happy** ideas. **Happy** people literally *Drive the Devil Nuts*. He can't handle them. They don't give him any power that he can use against them. **Happiness** is a way of living, but it's not his way. Sing **Happy**, uplifting songs and he runs away plugging his ears. Have **Happy** sayings around the house, or around the office, or anywhere else you spend time and it sends him to the corner cursing. These **Happy** sayings will remind you to be **Happy**. **Happiness** is to *the Devil* what wolf bane, a silver bullet, a silver cross, or a wooden stake in the heart is to Dracula.

Practice being upbeat and positively motivated. Practice the good things you read about in the scriptures and good books. Practice singing uplifting songs. Practice, practice, practice. And, when the time comes that the *Adversary* brings his team to face you on the court, you will be ready and he and his won't stand a chance.

Fifth, never stop doing these things. The moment you let down your aggressive conditioning, preparing, and executing, *the Devil* and his

team take power from you to beat you up a little. He and his never rest, and are never unwilling to challenge you. For this contest you must always be on your toes and prepared. Then, you will never fail.

The Devil is a sore loser. For those who choose to defeat him, the battle will be fierce, and the competition stiff. But, to win a tough contest makes the victory all that much sweeter.



What is *Happiness*? *Happiness* does not mean having your giggle meter tapped out in the red zone, nor does it mean having your subjective appetites filled. It means living in such a way that your body, mind, and spirit are in total harmony. *Happy* people face challenges, disappointments, and discouragement, because no one wins all of the time. *Happy* people, however, realize that challenges, disappointments, discouragement, and even losing once in a while are all part of life and are, therefore, part of *Happiness*.

Happiness is not pleasure, but pleasant things are part of it. *Happiness* is not selfish, even though it is a very personal and individual way of life. *Happiness* and Charity are identical twins, and while they may seem separate individuals, they actually exist as a synergistic oneness with two hearts.

Happiness and the propensity for enjoying it exists inside every human being. It is not something you discover, or find, or seek. It's already there. Just, in the vernacular of the computer, let it be your default setting. Be *Happy*; it'll make you feel great, and make *the Devil* and his minions feel lousy.



*The Devil walked up to a man one day,
And tried to buy his soul,
He said He was able to do anything,
If the man gave him control.*

*He could have power and riches,
Any thing his heart desired,
The world would be at his beck and call,
He would be Happy with what he acquired.*

*He told the man it was simple,
All the man had to do,
Was to worship him as though he were God,
And his unhappy days would be through.*

*But the man wouldn't hear, or heed him,
For he knew all too well,
That those who choose the Devil's way,
Will suffer the pains of Hell.*

*The Devil went away wailing,
Writhing angrily.
And left the man standing alone,
Under an Olive Tree.*

*He knew this man was beyond getting,
This man would never sin,
He would never leave an opening
To let the Devil in.*

*He was beyond the Devil's touch,
No matter how hard the Devil tried,
He was the example for all of us,
Until the day he died.*

*But even the grave couldn't hold him,
And he left the borrowed tomb.
And the Devil knew that he was whipped,
And crawled back to his doom.*

*Day after day the Devil walks up,
And tries to steal a soul,
And promises he can do anything,
If he just can have control.*



*Give me a chance to play the game,
I've been waiting all my life,
Give me a chance to show my grit,
On the field of toil and strife.*

*I've practiced hard and honed my skills,
Put me in coach, I won't drop the ball
I'm not the sidelines kind of a guy,
Let me in, I'll give it my all.*

*But the game is different when you're on the field,
You have to do, and not just talk,
When it's time to get dirty and hold your spot,
You have to be able to walk the walk.*



You'd think, wouldn't you, that people who try to do good, and be good, and make all the right choices would catch a break and not have to worry about *Adversity*. And yet, it is at those very times that your dedication to doing good is at a peak that *Adversity* seems to peek around the corner and see what mischief it can do. *The Devil* is a Master Artisan when it comes to mischief and he rarely misses an opportunity to ply his trade. Just because he is a Master Artisan at mischief, though, doesn't mean he's always successful at it.

Now, what I am going to tell you is a huge secret. In fact, you may want to cup your hands around the page so nobody else can see. It's that big of a secret. Here it is: ***You can turn the Devil's efforts against you, against him. You can turn Adversity into a positive, motivating, uplifting, and satisfying experience.*** When you do that, you leave him and his fellow mischief makers standing on the corner trying to figure out what the heck went wrong. Think with me for a moment.

If you had no enemies, how would you learn to love them? If no one offended you, or wronged you, how would you ever learn to be forgiving? If no one ever persecuted you, or spitefully used you, or lied about you, or spread false and vicious gossip and rumors about you,

how would you ever experience the beauty of praying for them? If life never slapped you on the jaw, how would you ever learn to turn the other cheek? If no one hurt you, how would you ever learn to heal? If you never had to walk into the darkness, how would you ever develop faith?

If there was no selfishness, how would you learn to be selfless? Without knowing something of pain, how could you learn compassion? If you had never experienced fear, how could you understand hope? If you had never been fooled by pleasure, how could you enjoy *Happiness*? Without illness, how would you appreciate wellness? Without conflict, how could you love peace?

Without the lure of dishonesty, how could you choose honesty? If there was no justice, how could you learn to be merciful? If there wasn't pride, how could you learn humility? If there were no vices, how could you learn virtue?

When you turn **Adversity** back to the **Adversary**, you will not only feel the exhilarating rush of fulfillment and *Happiness*, you will experience joy.



When you look at it this way, **Adversity** is your friend, a gift, something to look forward to with anxiousness, not anxiety. When you face **Adversity**, smile, get excited, because it is a chance for you to learn many wonderful things, to get better at gaining strength, and beating *the Devil* at his own game. I can tell you now, when you turn *the Devil* against himself, it *Drives Him Nuts*.



*If you want to have a little fun,
And watch the Devil go Nuts and fizzle,
When he tempts you to do something bad,
Do good instead, that'll drive him mad.*



*The Devils sat down for a meeting,
Something was dreadfully wrong,
And if they didn't fix it soon,
They wouldn't be Devils for long.*

*For the first time since they had been Devils,
Their agenda had fallen into doubt,
It was like someone had told the people,
What the Devil was all about.*

*They tried things that had worked before,
Things like Devils always do,
But the people seemed to have wised up a lot,
And the Devils were almost through.*

*"It just doesn't seem right," they all said out loud,
"It just doesn't seem right at all.
Things that were solid, that used to work,
Are bouncing around like a ball."*

*Here is the problem they met to discuss,
Here's what was spoiling their day,
People who used to be easy to net,
Were easily getting way.*

*They tempted one man with lust,
But he chose virtue instead,
And another they teased with anger,
But he kept good thoughts in his head.*

*And a woman they have always nabbed,
With gossip and vicious rumor,
Has turned away from that temptation,
With a **Happy** sense of humor.*

*That's the way it is all over the world,
Even with the youth,
They almost made a young man lie,
But instead he told the truth.*

*There was worry on their faces,
Because people were beginning to see,
That the Devils offered nothing worth having,
Only pain and misery.*

*There are still some people around,
Who haven't come to their senses,
Who don't know how to turn away,
From the Devils' tricky offenses.*

*And so, it's up to you and me,
To convince our friends and neighbors,
To choose the good, and shun the bad,
And spoil the Devils' labors.*

*It can and will be done, my friend,
And people will stop their sinning,
And the world will be a Paradise,
Like it was in the beginning.*

*The Devil and his devils will choose to leave,
Not a Devil will remain,
Because of the people's goodness,
All their evil is in vain.*

*Come one, come all, join the cause,
To chase the Devils away,
We can do a lot of good,
If we all begin today.*

*Now you see why the Devils,
Where stewing with such a fuss,
They're all about to lose their jobs,
And it's all because of us.*

*The Devils sat down for a meeting,
Something was dreadfully wrong,
And if they can't find a way to fix it soon,
Then they won't be Devils for long.*



The Devil and his minions operate within a very narrow corridor and must wait for windows of opportunity to open so they can sneak out and do what they do. You, with your unlimited powers, are the one who creates those windows of opportunity and allows the demons to get out. Instead of letting them out, use your powers to keep them confined.



The reason the Devil and those who hang with him wander around causing mischief is because they have no place better to go and nothing better to do. They hate families who laugh, play, and live together Happily.

They like kids hanging out on the streets and parents doing other things than being at home as a family. Good families are too tough and that Drives the Devil Nuts.



*The Devil knows man's one desire,
Is to avoid pain altogether,
Men would rather have sunny days,
Than cold and stormy weather.*

*Mankind will do most anything,
To maintain the life of ease,
And shun the things that give him pain,
And do exactly as he please.*

*Stress and tension are annoying,
When there's golfing and fish to land,
And football games on the television set,
And things that make life grand.*

*Where sports and fun, and pleasure,
And comfortable ease abound,
You can be darned sure the Devil,
And his gang are hanging around.*

*Life wasn't meant to be easy,
In the sense of avoiding pain,
It is to learn, to grow, to improve and prepare,
To live with God again.*



Sometimes when we're experiencing difficulty it's because our vision is too narrow. When you are stuck in the muck in the middle of the road, step back and look at the bigger picture.



*If this life was all we had to live,
And there was nothing before, or after,
Then do all you can to have pleasure and fun,
And fill your life with laughter,*

*If all we are is natural selection,
Simply part of an evolutionary chain,
Then do all that you can, while you're alive,
To avoid suffering, anguish and pain.*

*But if there's more, when our life is through,
And there's something much better to come,
Then use your time wisely, with this thought in mind,
That one day you'll be going home.*



The Devil is going to lose the war between good and evil; there are no questions about that. The only question remaining to be answered is, how many casualties will he pick up along the way?



*“Who is the person in charge here?
Who is the one you must see?”
“Well, if you need a choice or decision,
The person you see is me.”*



The Devil knows who you are and is afraid of you, because you have the power to mess up his plans, and send him screaming in a rage, back to his realm of nothingness.



*I've spent my whole life working hard,
Wearing calluses on my hand,
I've always done what I've been told,
I have worn the worker's band.*

*I work real well when I have a boss,
Someone to tell me what to do.
I put in my eight hour shift,
And I am happy with my due.*

*I have a home, a roof overhead,
I pay for when the boss pays me,
I put food on the table, and milk in the fridge,
For my wife and family.*

*I put in ten, twenty, maybe thirty years,
What I know how to do, I do,
I look forward to retirement,
When my working days are through.*

*If the day ever came when my boss let me go,
I'd be dead, 'cause my work would be done,
I'd lose everything I had in this world,
And the life I had known would be gone.*

*I've been trained to do only one kind of job,
I'm not smart for new training today,
If what I do I can't do anymore,
I guess I'll just flutter away.*

*Then some guy said, "Buddy, you have a brain,
And it'll never say you can't,
You don't need a boss, just a positive thought,
And you can do whatever you want."*



We talk a great deal in this book about being *Happy* and how *Happiness Drives the Devil Nuts*. We talk about making *Happy* choices as a way of avoiding *Misery*. Well, *Happiness* does *Drive the Devil Nuts*, and making *Happy* choices does overpower *Misery*. *Happiness* is the key to living in an *Adverse* world without being caught in the vortex of eventual *Misery*.

Here is an important point: the more you focus on *Happiness* for yourself, the less likely you are to experience it. The phrase, “*I want to be Happy*,” immediately removes the possibility that you will experience it. Why?

Happiness is active. It is not a feeling, or a condition, but rather a way of life based on *Faith*, *Hope*, and their busy sister, *Charity*. *Happiness* is a “doing” word. You experience *Happiness* by things you do. For example, the way for you to be *Happy* is to do things which make others *Happy*. You cannot lift someone else’s spirits without lifting yours as well. When you work to make someone else feel better, you feel better, too.

This world is a *Miserable* place for so many millions of people, but not for those who have learned that *Love* is *Happiness* in motion. People who do good things feel good. People who give *Love* feel *Love*. If you want to get on God's good side and feel His influence in your life, do something good for his other children; help them feel His influence through what you do for them and they will, in turn, find someone they can help.

When you feed the hungry, clothe the naked, give drink to those who thirst, you help solve physical needs, but just as important as the physical needs are the spiritual, emotional, and intellectual needs. Solving physical needs requires resources, but solving spiritual, emotional, and intellectual needs takes time and *Love*. Some of the *Happiest* hours you will spend in a day will be those you spend being a friend, a mentor, or a source of *Hope*.

There are people in every community who are *Miserable*, because they feel alone; that nobody cares. Loneliness is a terrible burden on the human soul. By taking the time to visit the elderly, or shut-in, or the down-and-out, you infuse your spirit of *Love, Enthusiasm, Hope, and Happiness* into their lives, and for that you will experience something above *Happiness*; you will experience God's level of *Happiness* called *Joy*.



*“I’m alone again today,
Send a friend, Dear Lord, I pray,
Just to see a Happy face,
In this dreary, miserable place,
Would make a Happy day.”*

*Apparently that prayer wasn’t heard,
Not a single, solitary word,
No one came my way,
I waited most of the day,
I was sick of the misery I had endured.*

*Then I thought of someone I knew,
How she must be miserable, too,
I put on my hat,
As I thought about that,
And dropped in right out of the blue.*

*When she saw me she gave me a smile,
And said no one had been by for a while,
Her eyes were bright,
And they glowed with delight,
And the look on her face ended my trial.*

*For both of us it was a **Happy** day,
We laughed and talked in the friendliest way,
We both had said prayers,
That someone who cares,
Would come by for a visit and stay.*

*God had answered our prayers in this way,
So we both try to help someone each day,
When we step out of our zone,
Then we’re no longer alone,
And we have new friends by the end of each day.*



You remember Sir Isaac Newton, the fellow who sat under a tree and when an apple fell from the tree onto his head, it is reported he discovered gravity. Well, In 1687, this same fellow published his “*Philosophie Naturalis Principia Mathematica*,” in which he described the three laws of motion, which are: First, that an object will remain either at rest in a given position, or if that object is moving, will remain moving in the same direction, in a straight line, and at a constant velocity; Second, that an exterior force traveling in the same direction, but at a greater velocity, will increase the velocity of the object, without altering its direction: and third, that for every perpendicular or non—parallel force which impacts the object, the object will react with equal and opposite force. These are not just physical laws, but they apply to relationships as well.

Sam had wound up in a care center for the elderly, actually it was kind of an assisted living center except he couldn’t cook in his room, but joined the other residents in the dining hall. It was a nice place and the staff did everything possible to make the residents comfortable. It was expensive, but Sam had been able to put a little away, so after his wife passed away the kids persuaded him to sell his home and other assets, give them the money and they would take care of his needs. Sending him to a facility was their idea of taking care of his needs.

It was difficult for Sam. He was able to get around on his own and had no physical or mental impairment. His only qualification for being in the place was his age and his social security. Sam was an avid fisherman, but there was no way he could get out fishing unless someone signed him out and that wasn't happening. His kids would come by on holidays, or maybe once every few weeks or so, but most of the time he watched television, or played cards, or chess, or checkers. It got so that by mid-afternoon he was bored and there was nothing left to do except either go to an activity in the recreation room, or take a nap until supper time.

Sam was an object going in one direction at a constant speed, and would have remained that way had not some exterior force impacted him.

One evening after supper, Sam saw a woman in a wheelchair leaning against the pane with her nose almost pushed against the window. To the casual observer it would appear that she was looking for someone. Something moved Sam and he went over and introduced himself.

“Hello, my name is Sam,” and he held out his hand. “What is your name?”

“Please, don't bother me,” the lady said and turned her head farther away from the intruding menace, Sam.

“Your name is Please, don't bother me?” Sam asked jokingly.

She looked at him and then turned away.

“Say,” Sam said, “it's a lovely evening, would you like to go outside and wait for your company?”

“No, thank you, now please leave me alone.”

That was a great example of an object reacting to the perpendicular, or non-parallel force impacting it. No matter what Sam tried to do, the woman reacted with equal and opposite force and Sam wasn't getting anywhere.

Frustrated and ready to walk away, Sam noticed the glistening of a tear in the woman's eye. She wiped her eyes with a lace handkerchief and turned her head so Sam couldn't see her tears. Sam knew instantly what was wrong. The lady had been expecting visitors, but had been stood up and probably not for the first time.

Sam said, "I was hoping to see my family, too, but it seems like they're not going to make it tonight. It sure would be nice to have a little company out in the gazebo, What do you say? Can we go for a little spin?"

Before she could answer, Sam was behind her with his hands on the handles of her chair. "Just for a minute or two, then if you want I'll bring you right back in."

The woman didn't say anything, but nodded her head and out they went.

They sat in the shade of the gazebo for two and a half hours talking and laughing and sharing memories. It turned out that she went to the rival high school and graduated just two years after him. They had gone to the same "hangouts" and even knew some of the same people. What a coincidence. What a miracle.

Sam and Sarah started having the evening walks, weather permitting, and they both looked forward to them. Sit wasn't long before Sam was approaching others and inviting them to join out in the gazebo after supper.

Eventually more than twenty-five men and women gathered in the gazebo, weather permitting, or in the recreation room and it made a difference.

Newton's three laws of motion explain what happens when one human being goes out of his way to impact the life or lives of others. I think it finally got to be that the residents would rather not miss their after supper social, even if it meant cutting visits from friends and family a little short.

The Devil loves to see people hurting and blue. He likes to seem them disappointed and despondent. When someone like Sam comes along and moves them in a better direction, it *Drives the Devil Nuts*. Is there someone in your circle who needs a "Sam" about now? Be that "Sam" and no matter what struggles you may be having in your own life, you will feel better.



*I woke up this morning,
Happy as a lark,
I saw the Happy sunshine,
That chased away the dark.*

*I heard a happy little bird,
Singing in the tree,
I felt that God had made,
This Happy day for me.*

*Only an hour later,
I stubbed my little toe,
I burned my breakfast toast,
And the wind began to blow.*

*I heard a nasty rumor,
That occupied my mind,
I looked for a paper I needed,
But simply could not find.*

*My list of chores was longer,
Than there were hours in the day,
I had a thousand things to do,
And a stack of bills to pay.*

*By dinner time I looked a fright,
I was frizzled, frazzled, and frayed.
All it would take is one more thing,
And I would be filleted.*

*At bedtime I reflected
On what had come my way,
And wondered what had happened,
To my Happy little day.*



Lao Tzu, the ancient Chinese philosopher, had had his fill of the wars and unrest rampant in his native land and decided to leave his home and find a place where he could enjoy peace and serenity. As he approached the gate of his town, a man stopped him and asked him to write down his teachings so that others could learn from them. This he did. His writings are called, “*Tao Te Ching*,” or “The Way.” In the eighty-one verses he wrote, he described how one should live one’s life with introspection, and strict mental discipline.

It was Lao Tzu who said that the journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step; meaning perhaps that the path of *Happiness*, or *Misery* is not a slippery slide, but a journey taken one step at a time. When you select the path you are going to take, whether it is *Happiness*, or *Misery*, you select the destination and move in that direction. Even though you may wish a different destination, the one at the end of the path you choose is the one you will attain.

Misery never was, never is, and never will be *Happiness*. *The Devil* tries to make you think, or even believe that his way is the way to find *Happiness*, but that is just one of his deceptions; one which is easy to fall for, because it seems like it's the way things ought to be. *Happiness* has its own rewards, and *Misery* its own sorrows. They are two different paths, with two different destinations, and ne'er the twain shall meet.



Heroes are usually normal people who make right choices under difficult circumstances.



*Why is it when I pray for peace,
The good Lord sends me a test?
Why is it the simplest things
Can become a hornet's nest?*

*Why is it when I ask for strength,
I stumble because of weakness?
And why is it the Lord can't see
My humility and meekness?*

*How come it is when I pray for help,
The Lord seems to pile on the load?
How come it is that my pathway in life
Is a rocky, dusty road?*

*I guess it's alright, the answers I get,
Every one I get I earn,
I guess I should be grateful,
For all of the things I've been able to learn.*

*I can find peace at the end of the day,
When I've put the day to rest,
I can deal with hornets nests once in a while,
If I just keep doing my best.*

*No one said life should be easy,
The Lord never designed it to be,
"So if you want to improve me, Lord,
Keep sending the hard things to me."*



*If your day seems like a beehive,
With a thousand critters that sting,
Just think of the honey they're making,
And get busy and do your thing.*



*I can prove the Devil isn't all that bright,
I can prove he's mentally deficient.
I'll give you a simple example
That should be sufficient.*

*He wallows in the mire of misery,
And treads in a pool of gloom,
He hates the light and bright colors,
And rants and raves in his room.*

*Now here is the point I am making,
If the old Serpent would heed my voice,
He could stop being the miserable Devil,
If he just made a Happier choice.*



The Devil is not looking for friends to play with. All he wants for you is misery. It's not a war he thinks he can win; winning isn't what he wants. The object is not for him to win, but for you to lose.



Often, the greatest Adversary in our lives, and the one that causes the greatest Adversity is not the Devil, but our own freedom of choice. When difficult times arise, we can handle them. But the most difficult test of our mettle is how we handle the consequences of a poor choice. There is no “rewind” button that lets us go back and unmake the choice. Once a choice is made, it is made, and what happens after that is out of our hands.

We can make a mistake, that is just an error in judgment and we can learn from it. Even the consequences of a mistake are not Adverse, but part of a rewarding, learning experience.

But the consequences of making a choice that is not a mistake are more difficult, because we then have become a traitor to our own cause and interfered with our own Happiness.

Willingly making a choice which is contrary to what we know is right, is self-defeating and, if we persist in making them, they will eventually become self-destructive.

The fact that you can change self-defeating and self-destructive choices Drives the Devil Nuts, because when given the chance, he couldn't do it.



*Why is the Devil so angry?
Why is he filled with hate?
What have I done to offend him?
Why does he lie in wait?*

*Why does he have to bother me?
What terrible thing have I done?
Why can't he just understand
That I want to be left alone?*

*Because, you're everything he isn't,
And he jealous as he can be.
And because of that gnawing jealousy,
He wants to bring you misery.*



*If you have a wife that loves you,
And kids who think you're the best,
Don't worry about your bank account,
You are richer than they rest.*

*If you have an honest heart,
And your word is as strong as steel,
And you can sleep without concern,
Then you'll love the way you feel.*

*If your house isn't a mansion,
And flashy and showy, too,
But you're a man of integrity,
The Kings will envy you.*

*If you have food on the table,
And clothes to put on your back,
And you're grateful to God in Heaven,
Then brother you're on the right track.*



*Life's struggle isn't between good and bad,
With two opposing voices.
Life's struggle is inside your head,
As you contemplate your choices.*

*The Devil really couldn't care less,
How the struggle in your head turns out,
All he wants to do
Is make you wrestle with doubt.*

*He will try to make you doubt,
What you know and what you believe,
And he'll use sly little Devil tricks,
He has hidden up his sleeve.*

*Once you begin to question,
What you've always thought was true,
He patiently steps aside and waits,
While you destroy you.*

*The Devil really couldn't care less,
About the struggle inside of you,
He only wants you to question and doubt,
The things you've believed to be true.*

*Stick with what you know is right,
Keep believing in what is true,
It's far better for the Devil to go nuts
Than what he has in mind for you.*



*The Devil hates good families.
He hates them more than castor oil,
Whatever he can do to cause them grief,
Is the focus of his toil.*

*When families stick together,
And thrive through thick and thin,
He does whatever he thinks he can,
To bring them down again.*

*Love, Hope, and Harmony,
Just like a razor blade that cuts,
Puts a slash in his whole plan,
And Drives the Devil Nuts.*



*When life is tough and trying,
And the outlook's dimly dim,
Think of the God who made you,
And have a word with Him.*

*He never is too busy,
To listen to what you say,
All you have to do is get on your knees,
And bow your head and pray.*

*He knows all about you,
He even knows your name,
He knows everything you're thinking,
And will your wildest demons tame.*

*Everything he wants for you,
The potential in you He sees,
He will help you see and reach,
When you talk to Him on your knees.*



*The Devil went to talk to God,
He had something on his mind,
He didn't think that things were fair,
And he said he wasn't blind.*

*He'd seen how lovingly God treated,
His sons and daughters on the earth,
And he felt he was being cheated,
And he complained about his dearth.*

*"What is it you would have me do?"
The loving Father said,
"I can't abandon my children,
And let you have them instead."*

*“Maybe not,” the Devil said,
“But at least give me a chance,
Let me play my fiddle
And see who starts to dance.”*

*“Alright, that’s fair,” the Father said,
“I’ll let you play your tune.
You can play until your fiddle breaks,
But that’s all I’ll let you do.”*

*“And that’s enough,” the Devil grinned,
He was as happy as could be,
“If your boys and girls hear my tune,
They will always follow me.”*

*“Be on your way, now, Lucifer,
I’ve heard all you have to say,”
And the Devil went away chuckling,
Because he thought he’d gotten his way.*

*But the Father, wise and Fatherly,
Had a great plan in his head,
His children could hear another tune,
They could dance to that instead.*

*That other tune his kids could hear,
His Beloved Son would play,
And head to head with Lucifer,
He would surely win the day.*

*All the Devil has power to do,
Is try to grab an ear,
And make you dance a fancy step,
And keep the Serpent near.*

*But when you're tired of dancing
To Lucifer's frenetic pace,
You will hear the sounds of love,
Playing in its place.*

*Heavenly Father and His Son,
Play harmoniously to the soul,
And together they will send the Serpent
Hissing back into his hole.*

*Satan still wasn't happy,
As anyone who saw him could see,
Being the second fiddler
Was all he would ever be.*

*So, if you hear the Devil's strings,
And you feel the urge to move,
Remember there's another song,
Of peace, and hope, and love.*



*Where did the Devil come from?
How did he ever come to be?
How did he become so evil?
Why is he tempting me?*

*When we lived with God in Heaven,
Not all up there were good,
Some refused to do the things
Heavenly Father said they should.*

*Satan and his followers,
Rebelleed against the plan.
They were kicked out of Heaven
And vowed to torment man.*

*Just as men aren't all the same,
Each different as can be,
Lucifer and his were up there, too,
Just like you and me.*

*He chose to be the Devil,
And it was his choice to make,
He became the enemy of right,
And stomped away for goodness sake.*

*He is here among us now,
As real as real can be,
He's here to do all that he can,
To distract you and me.*

*He's little more than an irritant,
He's annoying and obnoxious, too,
He wants to ruin your Happiness,
And do what he wants you to.*

*His goal, his only goal,
About this you can't be hazy,
Is to mess up what is good for us,
And make us all go crazy.*



You know, we're not in this battle with Adversity alone. There are other folks just like us and we can work together to beat whatever Adversary is causing us grief. Our working together will produce Happiness and that will Drive the Devil Nuts.



*I was feeling happy,
Just as happy as could be,
Happy in my little world,
With what God had given me.*

*Happy with the way I looked,
Happy with all I had,
I was happy doing good,
Never thought of doing bad.*

*I loved my wife and family,
I loved my job and home,
I was as happy as I could be,
But the Devil wouldn't leave me alone.*

*One day I saw a house,
Bigger than the one we had,
I really wanted to have it,
I wanted it real bad.*

*It had a triple car garage,
With wonderful cars inside,
They were new, mine was old,
My envy was deep and wide.*

*Then there was the boat,
A cruiser behind the place,
I had always wanted one like that,
A smile grew on my face.*

*I was overcome with lust,
I wanted all that stuff,
When I thought of what I had,
It simply wasn't enough.*

*I wanted more!
It gnawed at my entire being.
My life could not go on without them,
I wanted everything.*

*My wife thought I was foolish,
She thought my ambition inane,
She thought my runaway desires
Bordered dangerously on insane.*

*“We have a home,” she proffered,
“It fits our every need,
We are very happy here,”
She called my desires, greed.*

*I persisted, until I beat her down,
Saying, these things were good for me,
They would stimulate my motivation,
I told her how successful I would be.*

*We sold our house and took a loan,
We were in debt up to our ears,
But I was a terrific salesman,
And I went forward with no fears.*

*I got my new house,
My new cars and brand new boat,
I was the hero at my work,
And loved to brag and gloat.*

*My wife worked like a slave,
To tend the house and keep it clean,
For all the guest I invited over,
To see how successful I had been.*

*We had barbeques and parties,
We had friends over all the time,
The burden was on my wife and kids
To show off this palace of mine.*

*Things at work were getting harder,
The economy was getting tight,
I worked extra hours,
And my wife got a job at night.*

*We had been through slow times before,
We had always landed on our feet,
But it was getting harder,
With mortgage payments and bills to meet.*

THEN THINGS CHANGED,

*In one day, we met reality,
Our world turned upside down,
The market fell and banks collapsed,
And our financial direction was down.*

*My wife lost her night job,
My sales dropped like rocks,
Our investments turned to powder,
We were caught in frozen locks.*

*I went to our bank,
Where I had banked since my birth,
To borrow money against the house,
But we owed more than it was worth.*

*It took just over ninety days
To lose the luxury cars and boat,
The home theater and furniture was next,
I lost all but my hat and coat.*

*My banker, who had been my friend,
Sent letters of dismay,
And threatened to come and take the house,
If I didn't come in and pay.*

*Finally I lost my job,
"Temporarily," is what they said,
But I had no money coming in,
I had a pile of bills instead.*

*And then that day,
Our family was open to exposure,
When the bank tacked a note on our door,
That said "This House Is In Foreclosure."*

*My wife's heart was broken,
She sighed in disbelief,
Because of my ambition,
Our family had suffered grief.*

*I would have given anything,
To have our old house back,
But it was gone and all we had,
Were the clothes we wore on our back.*

*"It's God's fault," I cried,
"After all, he's God,"
He could have stopped this terrible thing,
And made easier the path we trod.*

*I had prayed and prayed,
Until my knees had grown sore,
My words had fallen on deafened ears,
And I didn't believe anymore.*

*A friend said maybe it was the Devil,
Who had caught me in his snare,
It didn't matter if it was God or him,
I really didn't care.*

*My wife said, "don't you dare blame God,"
With a voice rather coolish,
"It wasn't Him who caused our grief,
It was you and I who were foolish."*

*"You and I both knew,
We were taking a dangerous chance,
We heard a tune we liked a lot,
And both of us chose to dance."*

*"Now the dance is over,
And we have to pay the band,
We'll start over and build anew,
But with a brand new plan.*

*"If the Good Lord blesses us again,
With a home to call our own,
And a simple way to get around,
We will build upon a stone."*

*"No more debt than we can bare,
No more fancy stuff,
We'll just get what we can pay for,
And that will be enough."*

*She was right, of course,
That little wife of mine,
If we live wisely from then on,
Everything will just be fine.*

*God can't change the course,
Of things we choose to do,
When we choose either folly or vice,
There's nothing he can do.*

*He will always tell us,
In his own and personal way,
The proper things that we should do,
That we should think and say.*

*I have to take the hammer,
It was I who lost it all,
It was because of vanity,
I caused our family's fall.*

*For a time I'd had been a hero,
My vanity satisfied,
But in the end I was a fool,
And failed at everything I tried.*

*Thank goodness for my loving wife,
Whose heart is pure and true,
Together we had to face our woe,
And together we saw it through.*

*Never base tomorrow
On what you have today,
For as sure as you're six inches tall,
Change will come your way.*



When there's somebody else to blame, you don't have to be the one who looks like a silly ape. "It's the government's fault," or "if so and so hadn't done this or that," may be an easy out, but what happens in your life, regardless of the who, what, when, why, where, or how which may impact, or influence the outcome of your day, you are still in control and it's up to you how your day turns out.



*God is a wise and loving Father,
Who loves his children so,
He knows we have to make mistakes
So we can learn and grow.*

*There is a major difference,
Between a mistake and a nasty sin,
A mistake is part of a learning curve,
And that's different than a sin.*

*A mistake is an error in judgment,
A sin is a willful thought,
A mistake is a natural occurrence,
A sin is with evil fraught.*

*A mistake is an "oops, I'm sorry,
It will not happen again."
But doing what you know is wrong,
Is a sin, on the other hand.*

*God winks at our mistakes,
And teaches us with love,
But when we choose to commit a sin,
He frowns from up above.*

*The rewards of making a mistake,
Are knowledge and wisdom gained,
But the consequences of committing sin,
Are suffering and pain.*

*God may wink at mistakes,
But he doesn't wink at sin,
He raises his children with wisdom,
If we'll only let him in.*

*The greatest lesson we can learn
Is to listen to His voice,
And use His knowledge and wisdom,
Whenever we make a choice.*



*I have a habit I'd like to break,
But I just can't seem to do it.
It hangs on me like a heavy weight,
But I've grown so terribly used to it.*

*It's a curse, it's a plague, it's a blight,
And though I love it, I really hate it,
And I want is to get rid of it, really I do,
But I'm the one who decided to make it.*

*This habit of mine is part of me,
I created it and now it's my boss,
I would love to un-create it now,
But it won't let me and I'm at a loss.*

*I'm a slave to my habit,
It commands and I quickly obey,
But if I'm ever to escape this prison I'm in,
I'd better get digging today.*



Have you ever had a habit you wished you didn't have, but couldn't figure out a way to get rid of? Once a habit sets in, it's a task for titans to wrest its talon-like grip. It's entangled and dug into you stronger and deeper than an hundred eagles claiming their prey. A habit can be broken, but it is not an easy thing to do, not an easy thing to do at all.

Good habits are like lights on a miner's hat. They help us keep watch in the darkness of night. They illuminate the path ahead, and shine in the shadows of the unexpected attacks of **Adversity**. With them, you can withstand whatever comes your way.

Bad habits, on the other hand, rob you of that protection and become part of the **Adversity** itself. There is no right way to do the wrong thing and bad habits never produce good results.

If you want to be **Happy** all of the time, you simply make being **Happy** a habit. *The Devil* would have you be habitually *Miserable*. God, his Angels, and those who would be with him are **Happy**. His state is a state of true, unfeigned **Happiness**.

Happiness Drives the Devil Nuts, because it is something he has chosen to exist without. He can never be **Happy** and he hates anyone who chooses **Happiness** over *Misery*. Being hated by *the Devil* isn't a bad thing.



*If God loves me like I'm told He does,
Like I think He does,
Like I believe He does,
Like I hope he does,
Then why is life so hard?*

*If God is the Creator like I'm told He is,
Like I think He is,
Like I believe He is,
Like I hope he is,
Then why am I not created perfectly?*

*If God is all-wise like I'm told He is,
Like I think He is,
Like I believe He is,
Like I hope he is,
Then why am I so foolish?*

*If God is powerful like I'm told He is,
Like I think He is,
Like I believe He is,
Like I hope He is,
Then why am I so weak?*

*If God is there for me like I'm told He is,
Like I think He is,
Like I believe He is,
Like I hope He is,
Then I need never fear.*

*If God is all that I'm told He is,
That I think he is,
That I believe He is,
That I hope He is,
Then I have nothing to worry about.*

*Because God is what I'm told He is,
What I think He is,
What I believe He is,
What I hope He is,
Then come what may, I'll be alright.*



Habits can be changed and replaced, but the chains of addiction must be broken and removed. The word that makes such a breaking and removing possible is Hope.



*It isn't up to God,
What I choose to be.
My choices are mine to make,
What I choose is up to me.*

*The Devil isn't my brain,
He doesn't think for me,
What I choose isn't up to him,
What I choose is up to me.*

*God is there to guide me,
The Devil to lead me astray,
The two roads are clearly marked,
It's up to me to choose the way.*

*I can't blame God, or the Devil,
If I choose what I choose to be,
Because what I choose isn't up to them,
What I choose is up to me.*



When young David went to take food to his brothers serving in Israel's army, on the front lines of the battle with the Philistines, he was taken aback by the boasting of the Philistine Giant, Goliath, and the fear and reluctance of those on Israel's side to answer his blustery challenge. In the course of the conversation, young David said, "*Is there not a cause?*" He then did what any reader of the Bible knows, and went out and slew the Giant.

The two great engines that move human beings are ***Faith, and Hope***. When there is a *cause* that propels and compels an action, there is an increase in energy which actually lifts the soul and ignites man to rise to his highest level of competency.

If the inspiration and motivation for action is the fulfillment of a selfish, or subjective appetite, that aspiration may be achieved, but it will never be enough. Selfishness is a consumptive monster whose barking appetite is never filled. Men and women who have achieved high levels of accomplishment for selfish reasons, often die bitter and feeling unfulfilled. Men and women, on the other hand, who are inspired and motivated by a *cause* greater than themselves, may also feel as if they have never reached their zenith, but will die happy, because they made a difference.

Great men and women of daring intellect and motive, have generally been ordinary people with extraordinary dedication to a *cause*. Names of such may include, Mother Teresa of Calcutta, and thousands of other women who have given themselves to service and humanitarian enterprises. Mahatma Gandhi, Lao Tzu, Confucius, Buddha, and thousands more like them who have discovered that happiness is not found in what you possess, but in what possess you.

Perhaps the greatest of all was Jesus Christ of Nazareth. In the span of a mere three years, he literally changed the world. He never owned

his own house; never had money in his pocket; lived on the largess of friends and believers, and even upon the hospitality of his accusers. He was a friend to the common people, and a thorn in the sides of the rich and politically astute. He was rejected by the religious orders of his time, and chose as his classroom the hillsides, the seashore, and the streets where the common people rushed to greet him. He had a *cause*. His dedication and commitment to that *cause* raised him to the top of a cross, where he was brutally crucified. But even in that theater of suffering, he was inspired and motivated; asking at the moment of most intense pain for forgiveness for his tormentors.

While these men and women may well be considered only in the light of their religious affiliation, or theology, to do so would be to miss an important element in their greatness. It was not the *cause* which lifted and propelled them, it was the inspiration and motivation they got from it which caused the action for which they are known, and for which they have been tabbed, “Great.”

Religion, or theology, may define a *cause*, but only the mind and heart of an individual inspired and motivated by it has the ability to raise it from being a *cause*, to being a campaign. It was not the belief in the *cause* which slew Goliath. It was a young man inspired and motivated by it that moved him to fight and slay the boastful Giant.

All good *causes* are God inspired and are, therefore, worthy of action. Humble people often make the greatest human beings. An humble woman in a neighborhood, seeking to do good for people in need of service and help, is as great as the more famous and more widely publicized Mother Teresa. The young mother who teaches her children the value of honesty, hard work, dedication to proper principles, and love, is as great as Buddha, or Lao Tzu. The young father who provides for his family and tenderly cares for their needs, and who, with his wife, raises good and honorable children, is as great as any man who has ever lived.

Motivation is the drawing of strength from the inside to perform an honorable, cause-inspired task on the outside. The harmony of the inspiration and motivation from within, and the performance of the action is what creates greatness. It is that greatness that overcomes selfishness and combines with the eternal greatness and goodness of the Almighty. That harmony and combination are the keys to happiness, and will always *Drive the Devil Nuts*.



Today is the reason you were born! It is your life and existence. Every day before has led up to this glorious day of opportunity and it's up to you to make the most of it. It is a once-in-a-lifetime chance for you to be the very best you can be. Go for it. You'll be great, and that will Drive the Devil Nuts.



*“I wonder what I shall do with my life?”
The young man asked a cloud.
“I wonder what great things I’ll be called to do,”
And he asked it straight and proud.*

*“You are a cloud driven by wind,
You go where the air tells you to go,
Whether it’s fast, or whether it’s not,
Depends on the winds that blow.*

*“But I, on the other hand,
Can go wherever it suits me,
I just need to follow the dream I choose,
Whatever that dream may be.”*

*All young men talk to clouds,
In pretty much the selfsame way,
Wondering what thrones they will find,
What honors the world might pay.*

*Some men sit way too long,
As hordes of clouds pass their way,
The only reason they don't get up and move,
Is nothing moves them, today.*

*Without a dream, a vision of hope,
Without a meaningful cause,
Staring at clouds is about all there is,
Like a kitten batting yarn with its paws.*

*Open your mind to the greatness of God,
Listen for the sound of his voice.
He'll give you options of things you can do,
And inspire and motivate your choice.*

*It's pleasant to repose in grassy fields,
And watch as the clouds float apart,
But get off your duff and stop watching the clouds,
And follow the cause in your heart.*



*“Hey Joe,
Which way do I go?
Have you any advice for me?”*

*“Sure,” said Joe,
And he said it slow,
“Find where God wants you to be.”*

*“Where is that?”
And I took off my hat,
And wiped the sweat from my brow.*

*“I wish I knew,
I really do,
Because I would go there now.”*

*“I don’t know,”
Said wise old Joe,
“It ain’t up to me to say.*

*“What I think,”
Said Joe with a wink,
“Is get on your knees and pray.”*



*Is there anything wrong with wanting to win,
To rising clear to the top?
Is there anything says I can't be the best,
Is there any reason to stop?*

*Is winning the game such a terrible thing?
Is it bad being better'n than the rest?
Is it bad to want good things, rich things, and such?
Is it bad to get highest on the test?*

*Does humility mean losing?
Does being meek mean wearing sackcloth and rags?
Do nice things mean I'm too worldly,
Or I'm so proud my spirit sags?*

*Did God make me to be poor?
Did he make me to be sad and forlorn?
'cause if that's all life is meant to be,
Why on earth was I born.*

*Go for it, brother,
Be the best you can,
Go as high and far as you will,
You won't be punished for being a man.*

*But remember, as you start your climb,
Your ascent must mean more than you,
What you win must be winning for all,
What you win is for others, too.*

*Make the world a better place,
Than it was on the day you were born,
And the little boy who comes after you,
Will have your dreams to build on.*



*I used to be a curmudgeon
A grumpy sort of guy,
I wore a frown,
And was always down,
And my humor was always dry.*

*I was quick to pull the trigger,
I had an incredibly short fuse,
I would go kersplat
At the drop of a hat
And I didn't need much of an excuse.*

*I know I wasn't Happy,
I didn't think I was supposed to be,
Life was rough,
I had to be tough,
I had no time for frivolity.*

*Then one day my little Princess
Climbed up upon my knee.
With a hand on my cheek,
She began to speak,
Just as sweet as she could be.*

*“Daddy,” she said like an Angel,
“Why are you so blue?
Have I done something bad,
That’s made you mad,
Because I really do love you.”*

*“No, my little Angel,
You’ve done nothing bad at all,
If it wasn’t for you,
I’d be in a stew,
With nothing pleasant in life to recall.”*

*“Then please try to be Happy,
Because when you’re Happy I’m Happy, too,
When you are mad,
I really feel bad,
And I know Heavenly Father does too.”*

*I looked at a picture of Jesus,
We have hanging on our living room wall,
“Listen to the child,
Whose heart’s sweet and mild,”
He didn’t seem Happy with me at all.*

*“You don’t have to be Happy yourself,
Whether you’re Happy or not’s up to you,
You can be mad,
And you can be sad,
But don’t make others unhappy, too.”*

*I felt about as ugly as a horned toad,
And what I’m saying is on the level,
If you go around,
Tearing folks down,
You are a servant of the Devil.*

*From that very moment 'til this,
My life took a complete turn about.
I didn't want to be,
Like the Devil, you see,
All filled with anger and doubt.*

*Thanks to a picture of Jesus,
And my little Princess on my knee,
I want to try,
Until the day that I die,
To make others as Happy as can be.*



*If you tell me that you love me,
If you say I am your Lord,
Then please pay attention,
And listen to my word.*

*I love Happy people,
Who listen to my voice,
And shun the unhappy things in the world,
And make the Happy choice.*

*We didn't make the world,
To be ugly, dull and dreary,
We made it so that you could be,
Happy, glad, and cheery.*

*The Devil, on the other hand,
Never understood,
That the way to get the most out of life,
Is to fill your life with good.*



This has been a fun book to write, and LeeAnn and I hope it has been a fun one for you to read. We hope that the message encased in the stories, and the context of the poetry made you stop and think. You and I are not senseless toys to be pushed by one force or the other. We are thinking human beings with a brain and can choose for ourselves which of the many influences in life we will follow. Choosing well has its own rewards, and making other choices have their consequences. **Happiness** comes from enjoying rewards, not in suffering consequences.

Years ago LeeAnn and I decided we wanted to do something worthwhile—something useful to others. Because of a dream LeeAnn

had, we started the “*People Helping People Now*” organization. You can see our website at: <http://www.peoplehelpingnow.com>. All of the proceeds from the sale of our books goes to our charity. By purchasing this book, you have contributed to helping people put food on their tables, clothing on their backs, a roof over their heads, and training for better job opportunities. Thank you for what you have done.

Goodness is God-in-us, and it *Drives the Devil Nuts*. If you want to really drop kick *the Devil* right out of the stadium, just reach into your bag of goodness and share what you have been given with those whose bag might be running low and could use a little help.

LeeAnn and I want to hear from you, if you care to keep in touch with us. Please visit our *Craig and LeeAnn Leavitt Blog* at: craigandleeannleavittbooks.blogspot.com, for up to date information on us, our books, and schedule of events. Hopefully, when we’re near where you are, you will come and see us. Always remember that *Happiness* is not a treasure you seek, it’s the way you choose to live.



*Happiness is what you will experience when you see the Devil
running like a madman,
Screaming and howling into the night,
Because you chose to Drive Him Nuts.*

