

I BEG YOUR PARDON!
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GO FOR ME!

A man, every Sunday morning, used to say to his wife: «Go to church, and pray for both of us».

And he would say to his friends: «I don't need to go to church. My wife goes, and she prays for us both».

But one night the man had a dream. He was in front of the door of Paradise, with his wife, and they were waiting for going in.

The door opened slowly, and the man heard a voice say to his wife: «You can come in for both of you!». The woman went in, and the door closed. The man was so upset that he woke up.

But it was his wife who had the greatest surprise when, next Sunday, when it was time to go to church, her husband told her: «I beg your pardon for all the other times, but today I'm coming to church with you».

► A SPIRITUAL ◀

It's me, it's me, O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer;
not my father, nor my mother; not the preacher, nor
the deacon, but it's me, O Lord, standin' in the need
of prayer.

from: BRUNO FERRERO, *Cerchi nell'acqua* (Circles in the water), Elledici

 Don Bosco Is Talking To You...

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FILE

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ORANGE
FOLD

fold SHORT TALES FOR OUR SOULS

Insert of the magazine "Educators of Life Skills"
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THE HAND

Giorgia was a little girl. She had gone shopping for her mother and had been careful and precise. So the grocer decided to prize her. He took a large box of candies, opened it in front of the girl, and said:

«Come on, take what you like!».

The girl chose a candy, but the grocer said: «Take a whole handful of them!».

Giorgia looked at him with her large eyes and whispered: «Oh... if so, please, you take them for me!».

«Why now?».

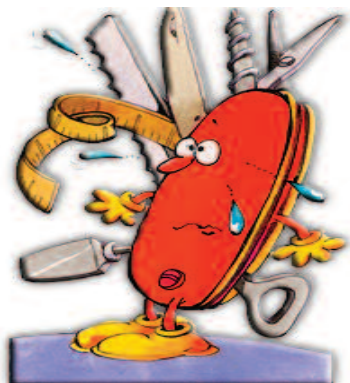
«Because your hand is bigger than mine!».



► FAITH ◀

When praying, we mustn't measure our prayers on the size of our faith.

We must simply remember that God's hand is bigger.



THE CARPENTER'S EYE



Once upon a time there was a carpenter's shop, in a small village. One day, while the owner wasn't in, all his tools held a meeting.

It was a long, lively, furious meeting. Some tools had to be excluded from the group.

One of them said: *«We must exclude the Saw: it bites and makes her teeth grind. She has an awful temper».*

Another tool said: *«We can't keep the Planer in our group: it has a cantankerous temper, and would graze everything it touches».*

«The Hammer – said another tool – has a violent temper too. It's a real hard hitter. It's insisting, and it annoys everybody. Let's send it out of the group!».

«And what about the Nails? It's impossible to cope with such pungent chaps! Let them go away! And File and Rasp as well. Living with them is a continuous friction. And let's kick off Sandpaper too. The only thing it seems to love is scratching others!».

So the tools quarrelled more and more ani-

matedly. They spoke all together. The Hammer wanted to send away the File and the Planer, the latter on their turn wanted to expel Nails and Hammer, and so on. At the end of the meeting, all the tools had been kicked out of the group.

The meeting was interrupted by the carpenter's arrival.

All the tools stopped talking immediately. The man went to his counter. He took a board and sawed it with the biting Saw, then he planed it with the Planer grazing all that it touches. Immediately after the Hatchet that wounds cruelly, the Rasp with its scratching tongue, the rough Sandpaper made their jobs.

Then the carpenter took the pungent Nails and the knocking Hammer.

And all these tools that had such a bad temper helped him making a cradle: a wonderful cradle for a baby who was going to be born.

A wonderful cradle for welcoming a new Life.



➤ THE EYE OF GOD ◀

The eye of God upon us is like the carpenter's eye.