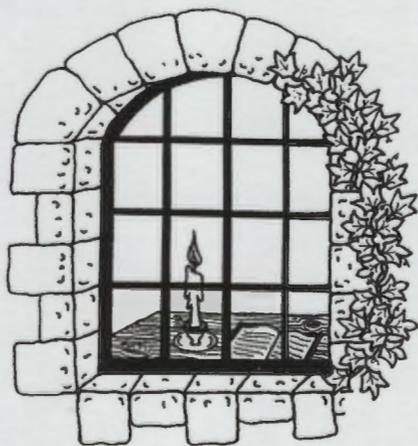


OUR  
HERITAGE



## *Moments*

I held in close seclusion  
Some costly jewels rare;  
I closed my hand upon them  
To keep them in my care.

Yet as I closed my fingers  
To hold these gems for me,  
Their rich prismatic colors  
Were hid so none could see.

Tis so with precious moments  
When held for us alone;  
We call them "our possessions"  
Yet they are not our own.

Each moment is God-given,  
Each holds its purpose true...  
So why not use the moments  
For cheering others too?

Then lay these precious moments  
As jewels in God's care,  
That all may see the beauty  
Reflected in them there.

In humble consecration  
May He each one control,  
That they may bring a blessing  
To some dear needy soul.

How sweet then are the moments  
That in God's service shine,  
Fulfilling each His purpose  
In sharing love divine.

- Henry B. Knox

## *Thinking It Over*

1. Everyone admires the person who works hard and unselfishly. This poem brings out another side of living, often forgotten, which is also important. Sum it up in your own words.

## **MRS. HARRIS' ADJUSTMENT**

The moving van stopped haltingly in front of a bungalow fenced in by white pickets. A "SOLD" sign was stuck haphazardly in the dandelion-clustered lawn. Weeds crept boldly out of the cracks in the sidewalk.

The door on the driver's side of the van slammed shut as a burly red-faced man clambered out. His helper was already standing near the back of the truck.

"Better check and make sure the door's unlocked, Bert, before we start unloading," advised the driver.

Bert opened the gate and walked briskly to the front door and rang the bell. Seconds later a man of thirty, dressed in a gray serge suit, stepped out into the afternoon sunlight.

"Good, you're here," he greeted them. "I was hoping you would get here before dusk. There aren't any bulbs in the light fixtures."

For the next two hours the men were busy unloading the van. They puffed and groaned as they lifted the bulky antique furniture from the truck and carried it up

the walk. The library table with heavy Victorian legs could not squeeze through the front door. The men tried in vain to maneuver it through the back door, repeating all the possible positions attempted earlier—upside down, on end, and sideways.

"Nope, it just won't work anyway we try it," concluded Bert, pushing his small-billed cap back and mopping the sweat from his forehead. "Guess we'll have to take it back to the warehouse."

"No, just set it over here near the window; I'll cover it with a blanket," began the man in the grey suit. "Mother will be disappointed, but I warned her that a bungalow was not going to have the size and proportions that her two-story house had. She'll just have to make another adjustment, but she is used to them by now."

The furniture continued to flow into the house. Overstuffed chairs, a grandfather's clock, high-backed wooden chairs, a dining room table, and a varied assortment of other pieces found their way into the single-story house.

Watching the bulky pieces proceed up the walk and into the house, the man in the grey suit shook his head. "I can't see what Mother wants with all this furniture. She'll be bumping into it at every turn."

Next door a car pulled onto the driveway. A middle-aged man carrying a briefcase walked across the lawn and into the house.

"Hello, Marge, I'm home," he called out, setting his briefcase down and picking up a stack of mail from the top of a low, marble table.

"Where are you, Marge?" he questioned with a slightly-concerned tone of voice.

"I'm up here, Harry, in the guest room; I'll be down

in a minute," came the faraway sound.

A heavy-set woman dressed in a print dress came down the stairs. In her hand she carried an empty glass.

"What were you doing up there, watering the plant in the window?" asked Harry.

"Yes, I took a glass of water up quite awhile ago. I saw a moving van pull up at the bungalow next door; so I had to watch them unload it." She chuckled, throwing her head back slightly and resting one hand on the banister. "You never saw the likes. Such furniture, so big and bulky. It must have come out of some high-ceilinged house over on Riverside Drive. You'd have laughed, Harry, to see them try and force a library table through the doors." Her laugh echoed in the hallway.

Her husband had only been half listening. But now he lost all interest in the mail he was thumbing through. "Did you see who bought the place? I heard at the men's club this noon that Romy Harris' widow had sold her house. Hard to imagine, though, that she bought the bungalow next door."

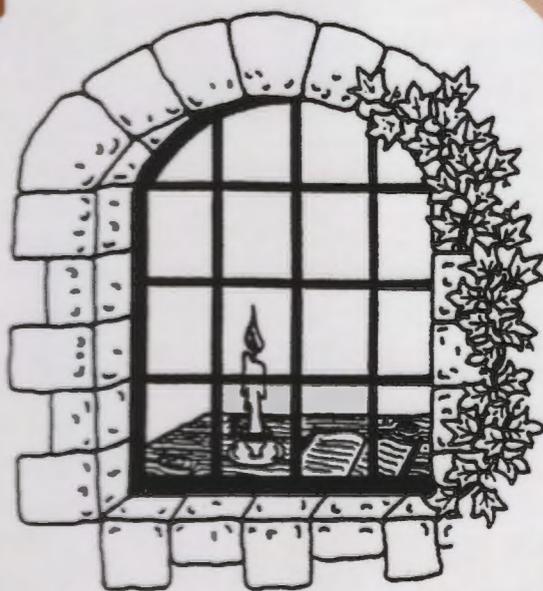
"That's who it is all right," began Marge. "I didn't see her, but I talked with her son earlier this afternoon. He was over there alone seeing that everything got moved in. I suppose she is too refined to watch anything as common as moving."

"Now, Marge, is that fair to say? You don't know why she wasn't there to help move. In fact neither of us has ever seen her. For all we know she is a wheel chair invalid."

"You *are* being charitable, Harry, but what you say doesn't sound very probable. Besides I can't help wondering what a wealthy woman wants with such a small

**Workbook for**

OUR  
HERITAGE



## *Moments* (Page 258)

Place a check mark before each thought that is expressed in the poem.

- 1. Jewels should be hidden to keep them safe.
- 2. We are responsible how we use our time.
- 3. All the moments in our lives are sweet.
- 4. If we allow God to control our time, He may be able to help someone else through us.
- 5. If you try to keep time for yourself, you will lose it.
- 6. The prismatic colors of jewels can not be seen by man's eyes.
- 7. Being submissive to God brings a blessing to others.
- 8. Moments are most valuable when they are shared.
- 9. If we use our time for God's service, it will be of more value.
- 10. Jewels are safe only if God watches over them.

## **MRS. HARRIS' ADJUSTMENT** (Page 259)

Match each statement from the story with something you can logically infer from it, using the sentences at the bottom.

- 1. The moving van stopped haltingly in front of a bungalow.
  - 2. Weeds crept boldly out of the cracks in the sidewalk.
  - 3. They puffed and groaned as they lifted the bulky antique furniture.
  - 4. "Where are you, Marge?"
  - 5. She missed seeing the widow's son help her from the black car and escort her into the house.
  - 6. She can't be by her window for any reason but snooping.
  - 7. "I'll drop over this morning and visit her."
  - 8. "Mrs. Harris is talking long distance to her daughter in Delaware."
  - 9. "A comfort. What do you mean?"
  - 10. "Mrs. Harris is blind."
- a. The confusion is cleared up.
  - b. Mrs. Harris is a gossip.
  - c. Someone jumped to a conclusion.
  - d. They weren't sure if this was the right place.
  - e. The setting of the story is not in Delaware.
  - f. Mrs. Harris has brown hair.
  - g. Much of Mrs. Harris' furniture is old.
  - h. Mrs. Harris had an accident.
  - i. Mrs. Harris uses unusual bedding.
  - j. Mrs. Gentry is in for a surprise.
  - k. The place wasn't lived in for a while.
  - l. He was accustomed to a quick response to his greeting.
  - m. She's not strong enough.
  - n. Mrs. Gentry is taking her husband's advice.
  - o. They were running out of gas.
  - p. She may have changed her opinion of Mrs. Harris if she had been home.

Check the sentences you think Mrs. Gentry may have said to her husband that evening.

- 1. "I was right."
- 2. "Guess what. I found out."
- 3. "I won't be so quick to jump to conclusions after this."
- 4. "You were right."
- 5. "I never saw anyone so eccentric before."
- 6. "Now I know why she watched me feed the bird."
- 7. "I should have gone over before today."
- 8. "Why did I ever go over to see Mrs. Harris?"
- 9. "Guess why Mrs. Harris has a maid."
- 10. "This is a lesson I hope to remember."

*About Ben Adhom* (Page 265)

Mark each sentence T or F.

- 1. One night Abou saw an angel in his room.
- 2. Abou was having troubled sleep.
- 3. Abou spoke to the Presence because he was scared.
- 4. The Presence was an angel.
- 5. The Presence was writing when Abou spoke to it.
- 6. Abou was more cheerful when he learned his name was not in the book.
- 7. Abou asked the angel to write his name under a different category.
- 8. Abou saw the angel writing again the second night.
- 9. Abou was blessed because he loved his fellow man.
- 10. The poem is saying that if we love our fellow man, we love God, too.

**THE JOKERS** (Page 266)

Choose the word that best shows the feeling being demonstrated by each of these statements from the story. Underline the right one.

- 1. "What... what do you mean?" he stammered.
  - a. shocked surprise
  - b. anger
  - c. caution
  - d. hatred
- 2. Beads of cold sweat could be seen on Eddie's face.
  - a. repentance
  - b. surprise
  - c. embarrassment
  - d. fear
- 3. "You don't think something might happen to Eddie? You know, being he's nervous and all."
  - a. hilarity
  - b. repentance
  - c. concern
  - d. self-assurance

TEACHER'S EDITION

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## Moments (Page 258)

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