



Monday Matters

May 13, 2013

The Greatest Story Yet!

My mother used to tell us stories about her life growing up on a dairy farm in Wisconsin. Some stories were funny, some were interesting, some were astounding and some were sad. From her recount of her experiences as a child growing up, we could tell that overall she had become a happy person that loved her large family (well, most of her large family).

Her childhood home was a large farm and the whole family worked together to get the job done each day. They hired help, so most of her contribution was in the house getting meals prepared for hired hands, especially in the summer when harvesting and haying had to be done. Folks worked hard in the fields. They often used draft horses to work the fields and store the harvest. The fields were hot and the work days were long. When they came in from the fields, they were ready to eat a meal to nourish their hungry stomachs and worn bodies.



Tell Me the Story of Jesus

Quote of the Week

"Miracles are a retelling in small letters of the very same story which is written across the whole world in letters too large for some of us to see."

~C.S. Lewis~



I loved her stories. Many evenings she would read us our childhood books, and then we would beg her to tell us stories about the farm. During those days we lived outside of town and it was "country-like." Mom was a hard worker and knew how to make living in the country work - even if we lacked some of the conveniences of city-living. At times we had a big garden, and we all helped with planting and tending the garden...not as dedicated as real farmers, but we knew Mom understood the value of our garden. In my estimation it was great living; however, there were many challenges to living there, so we eventually moved into town.

We all have childhood stories. Some stories are wonderful and fun to recollect...and some stories are sad and even painful to remember or talk about. As parents we all hope we have given our children opportunities to tell the best stories, but along life's road events happen that makes life a challenge. Sometimes the memories of those sad times crowds out the memories of the great times.

There is a story that none of us could have ever made up nor could we be a product of without unfathomable sacrifice and love.

That story is the story of Jesus. Fanny Crosby wrote the old hymn "Tell Me the Story of Jesus" in 1880. Fanny Crosby was blind, but in spite of her blindness her love for the story of Jesus was perfectly sweet.

"Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart every word;
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard."

"Love in that story so tender,

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"The Big Belgium"

by Linda J. Nelson

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Nearer My God to Thee (for 9 cellos) - ThePianoGuys

Clearer than ever I see;
Stay, let me weep while you whisper,
Love paid the ransom for me."

"Tell me the story of Jesus."

Yes, tell me the story of Jesus. I never get tired of hearing it. It's the story for everyone and ANYONE...tell it again and again. It is the story of a ransom paid for me, and you. And, yes, admittedly this story makes me weep. It is the most precious story ever told. The story of Jesus...it can be a part of anyone's life's story.

by Linda J. Nelson