(Continued from page 1)

breeze gently fluttering across the island always put a smile on his face. It was just as he imagined it would be. All those years working in New York City were soon forgotten.

As you can see, two huge trees dominated the little island. They stood proud and tall. From between them ran a quaint little path down to the shoreline. Jose would walk down to the water often, sometimes even wading out into the water a bit. And from time to time, an islander from the big island would row out into the bay and yell to Jose, “Jose, are you still alive?” And Jose would answer, ”Yes mi amigo, I am fine.” The next question was always the same. “But how can you live on that island and survive?” And Jose would promptly answer with a smile and a wave, “It is all a matter of perspective, my friend, it is all a matter of perspective.” Then the visitor would hurriedly leave the area, for fear of their own life.

The locals on the big island held that Jose’s island was inhabited by a ferocious, man-eating creature. Their fear was well founded, as many had perished simply visiting the island. But Jose seemed to be thriving there, and they could not understand how that could be, when so many before had disappeared. Jose seemed unfazed by the monster and that only heightened their curiosity. More and more often they would row out to see him, but not too close for fear of the monster, and they would yell, “Jose, Jose, are you still alive? Has the monster eaten you?” Jose would smile and wave, “No, mi amigos, I am fine. As for the monster, it is all a matter of perspective, my friends, it is all a matter of perspective.” And as always, they hurriedly rowed away, shaking their heads as they went, wondering how Jose could survive for so long on that cursed island.

It wasn’t long before Jose bought a canoe. How he enjoyed paddling around his island in the afternoon sunshine. One day, however, a huge fish was hiding in the shallows near Jose’s boat, and as he pushed out from the shore, it was startled. With a mighty swish of its tail, it leapt from the water, very near to Jose. The splash startled him at first, but when he realized what it was, he made an effort to make friends with the fish. Before long, the two of them played every day there in the shallow water. It was an amazing sight, Jose in his boat, wearing that silly hat, and the giant fish splashing about, trying to get Jose wet. And Jose, being the good friend he was, played along with the fish, pretending to be surprised each time it would jump.

For Jose, life was good there on “La Isla De Dos Arboles”. But he still received visitors, from a distance of course, questioning him as always. And as always, he would smile and wave and say, “I am fine my friends. It is all a matter of perspective, it is all a matter of perspective.” Jose lived there for many, many years, enjoying each and everyday.

THE END

P.S. The inhabitants of the big island never understood how Jose survived living on that island. It actually was a cursed island! Never doubt that there was, indeed, a ferocious, man-eating monster that stalked that little island! A hideous monster did live there, and was so tall and huge that you could not miss him. The islanders had a name for the beast. They called it Pajaro Gigante. In fact they named the whole island after him. Their name for Jose’s little patch of paradise was “La Isla De Pajaro Gigante”, “The Island of The Giant Bird”. But you don’t see him do you? You are seeing the island from Jose’s perspective, a beautiful, wonderful paradise. Let me show you this same picture from a slightly different perspective. As it is turned upside down, now you can see what the islanders saw each day. Do you understand their concern for Jose? There really is a giant bird monster, and he is eating Jose for lunch!

You and I live in a very dangerous, cursed world. For the Christian, there are often times when life is hard and unfair. How we deal with those issues is important. We can look at life from the perspective of the islanders and be afraid of a man-eating monster, or we can look at life from Jose’s perspective, and have joy, even in the hard times.

It’s your decision. You can choose to live on “La Isla De Dos Arboles”, or you can choose to live on “La Isla De Pajaro Gigant”. I hope you choose Dos Arboles.

**Theiyr’re**

Take that, grammar police!

**Misunderstood English Words**

Texas: Every day my wife texas me and tells me how her day is going.

Wheelchair: There is only one doughnut left so wheelchair.

Juicy: Tell me if juicy my keys anywhere.

Jello: Every day we ride the big jello bus to school.

July: You told me a fib. Why did july to me?

Nissan: While running, I fell and burned my nissan the carpet.

Tissue: If you need help, I would be glad to tissue.

Juan: We have room for juan more.

Wafer: I wanted to go to the store with Mom, but she did not wafer me.

Brief: I laughed so hard I couldn’t brief.

Texan/Horizon: My wife needs to stop texan and keep horizon the road.

Blueberry: During the storm the wind blueberry hard.

US Mail: Did you forget to shower, cause US Mail really bad.

Vitamin: Is that your boyfriend outside? Why don’t you just vitamin to meet us?

Mushroom: After we all get into the car, there isn’t mushroom left.

Pikachu: I went shoe shopping with my wife, and after 4 hours I finally told her to hurry up and pikachu.

Dozen: I thought this was funny, but it looks like you dozen even care.

