

## IT'S THE WAY YOU DO IT

THE very first thing in the morning we begin to dramatize our thoughts. Agnes gets up exclaiming, "It's grand to be alive!"

"What's so grand about it?" mumbles her roommate. "You don't even know what kind of a day it is yet."

"I know it, but it's grand just the same," bubbles Agnes, turning on the water in the tub.

"Yes, you can feel that way," mutters the roommate. "Everybody's good to you, everybody's always helping you. But you wouldn't feel so gay if you had to struggle along as I do. You don't notice anybody making it easier for me." So she stays in bed a half hour longer to feel sorry for herself. Each young lady receives her appropriate recompense in the affairs of the day.

It is strange how we constantly emphasize and dramatize the things we want to get away from. The corpulent person for instance may remark every day that everything he eats makes him fat. An overly thin person may insist energetically that nothing, absolutely

nothing he eats, puts a pound of weight on him.

A friend of mine found himself in need of a position. He started after it. He was not discouraged by the fact that all around him people were saying "jobs are sure scarce these days."

"I've always been able to get a job," he stated with conviction, "I'll have a place in a day or two." And he actually had to choose among three fairly good jobs before the end of the week! People say it was because he had had a lot of experience, but the underlying fact still remains that he took a *plus* attitude.

Let us watch a girl entering a public-speaking class. She hopes to achieve poise, confidence, ease in expressing herself. Does she state this when asked why she is taking the course? She does not. She goes to great lengths to describe how "petrified" she gets when talking before people. She describes graphically, almost thrillingly, how her knees shake and her heart pounds.

The instructor interrupts her and insists that she go to the platform, face the class, and announce, "The floor is under me."

She does this and is amazed. It is such a simple thing, yet she feels new stability as she stands there.

Why? Because she has started to dramatize confidence and poise instead of fear. She has discovered how real, how tangible a thing thought is.

Here's another thing. Have

you ever noticed how differently people who are tired sit down? One comes into the room, flops into a chair, sprawls out and moans: "Am I tired! I'm simply dead! Absolutely dead." Another relaxes into a chair, leans back comfortably and murmurs, "It's delightful to be able to rest awhile." One is sitting down to be tired; the other is sitting down to rest.—*Nettina Louise Strobach, condensed from Progress.*

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### FRANK CONFESSION

THERE is a story about a "tough guy" who came to Confession. When he had finished his tale, the priest said, "Now recite the Act of Contrition."

"I don't remember it after all these years," he answered.

"Well, then, just tell God in your own words that you are sorry," the priest told him.

Whereupon the poor fellow, ignorant but penitent, thumped his breast and said loud enough to be heard by all in the neighborhood, "O God, I'm a helluva sinner!"—*Catholic World.*

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