

New Year's Resolution



Peter Spyros Goudas
transcribed by Bernadette Scott

New Year's Resolution

*This story was written
On New Year's Day, year 2006.*

*Mr. Goudas was inspired
by a hymn he heard in a website,
and thought it would be a good
idea to write down his thoughts,
which I will read to you as written.*

*He also came up with the
idea to make an Audio CD of
the story, for anyone who is
visually impaired, or has
no access to the printed booklets.*

*In this booklet, we will see the picture
of a gentleman named Joseph
Scriven, who this article refers to, as
well as the picture of Mr. Goudas
playing his harmonica, along
with his employee, Livia, playing
the violin.*

*So here is the story the way
he wrote it.*

New Year's Resolution

*Today is Sunday, January 1, 2006!
the first day of the New Year.
What a proponderous day.
Many unexpected things may
occur throughout the
next 364 days.*

*I will not pretend to be a psychic or
fortune teller; I will live
each day as it comes.*

*So let us see what has
happened today.*

*Although it is not an
official working day,
as usual I went in the
office and since no-
one was there to*



*make me my Greek Coffee, I made
one myself. I was quite happy to have
my animals with me, especially Irma
who stills suffers the consequences of
the car accident a few years ago and
is still alive today.*



*I then proceeded to the computer
to check my e-mail.*

*There were hundreds of "spam"
and junk mail but somewhere
along the line one of them caught
my interest. It is as follows:*

*Tsuki naki misora ni,
kirameku hikari,
Aa sono hoshikage,
kibou no sugata.*

*These words meant nothing
to me, but there was a link
underneath which upon being
prompted allowed me to listen
to the lyrics. Here is the link if you
wish to listen to it:
[http://www.seiyaku.com/audio/
hoshinoyoPluribus96kb.mp3](http://www.seiyaku.com/audio/hoshinoyoPluribus96kb.mp3)*

While I was listening to this melody in the Japanese language, I felt very incompetent for not being able to understand anything.

Needless to say, the voices sounded very angelic, it was like the music was coming directly from heaven.

I felt the need to reach for my harmonica in my pocket and, eventually, I was slowly able to play this melody as an accompaniment to the chorus.

I felt the need to know more about the melody and the lyrics.

Finally, I discovered that the words when translated are as follows:

***What a Friend we have in Jesus,
all our sins and griefs to bear.
What a privilege to carry,
everything to God in Prayer.***

***O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
everything to God in Prayer.***

***Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?***

***We should never be discouraged;
take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
take it to the Lord in prayer.***

***Are we weak and heavy laden,
cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
take it to the Lord in prayer.***

***Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
take it to the Lord in prayer;
in his arms He'll take and shield
thee, thou wilt find a solace there.***

With curiosity fully aroused, I further tried to determine the author of these words. The author is a gentleman by the name of Joseph Scriven.

His story follows:

More than a century ago, on the streets of Port Hope, Ontario, a man could be seen walking along carrying a saw and a sawhorse.

*One day a rich man from across the street saw him and said to a friend,
"He looks like a sober man.*

I think I'll hire him to cut wood for me."

"That's Joseph Scriven," the friend replied.

"He wouldn't cut wood for you.

He only cuts wood for those who don't have enough to pay."

And that sums up the philosophy of Joseph Scriven, a devoted member of the Plymouth Brethren Church, who took the Sermon on the Mount literally. Scriven was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1819.



Joseph Scriven

He fell for a lovely young woman, but on the eve of their wedding she accidentally drowned. Scriven never recovered from the shock.

The Irishman began to wander, hoping to forget his sorrow. At age 25, he finally settled in Canada.

His faith led him to do menial tasks for poor widows and the sick. He often worked for no wages and was regarded by the people of the community as a kind man, albeit a bit odd.

He later fell in love again and planned to marry a wonderful Canadian woman. But again, tragedy struck. His fiancée died after contracting pneumonia. In 1855, a friend visited an ill Scriven and discovered a poem that he had written

for his ailing mother in faraway Ireland. Scriven didn't have the money to visit her, but he sent her the poem as an encouragement. He called it: "Pray Without Ceasing."

When the friend inquired about the poem's origins, Scriven reportedly answered: "The Lord and I did it between us."

Scriven never intended for the poem to be published, but it made its rounds, and was set to music in 1868 by musician Charles Converse, who titled it:

"What a Friend We Have in Jesus." It has since become one of our greatest hymns.

Scriven died in 1886 (Ironically, in an accidental drowning). In his memory, the town of Port Hope erected a monument with this inscription from Scriven's famous song:

*In His arms He'll take
and shield thee.
Thou wilt find a solace there.*

I have promised as my New Year's resolution, that upon perfecting the melody on my harmonica, I will visit the above cemetery and monument so that I give my respects to the man who, unknowingly, has given so much to the world.

*HAPPY AND HEALTHY
NEW YEAR EVERYONE*

In the pictures, you can see Mr. Goudas playing his harmonica by himself and later practicing with Livia, who plays the violin.



Mr. Goudas was not able to visit Joseph Scriven's monument in Port Hope in the same year, due to his unforeseen accident.

You can read more about this in detail on another booklet by the title "Miracles Still do Happen".

It seems to be another article

From Bernadette

There I was with my pen and paper ready. But before I began writing, I provided for myself and the other people in the office with tea or coffee for those who so desired in anticipation of a story, and of course,



Greek Coffee for Mr. Goudas. Prior to this, Mr. Goudas had ordered some Guyanese Chinese Food which included: Shrimp Fried Rice, Stir Fried Mixed Vegetables and Deep Fried Chicken Wings.

As usual, he invited everybody.



Needless to say, today the food was absolutely magnificent. Perhaps because the Caribbean Chinese cook their food a little differently from traditional Chinese. Mmmmm! Who can resist this?!

Many people think that because Mr. Goudas is in the food business, he is eating all day long.

However, sometimes he actually forgets to eat even though at times his maid basically follows him around with a sandwich, coffee, tea or which ever beverage he prefers to drink. There was a glow on his face and a gleam in his eyes, like a kid with a big secret. He received an e-mail sent by the Colombian Government regarding his book "Experiencing Colombia: As seen through the eyes of Spyros Peter Goudas".

According to the e-mail, this book was published by the Colombian government in it's monthly review magazine and which claims it was

the best book ever written about Colombia.

As we were enjoying this dinner, Mr. Goudas began telling us a story regarding the New Year's article.

He mentioned that since the article was posted in the Goudas Foods website, several newspapers asked for the rights to have this article reprinted in their newspapers.

He gave them the authorization to do so, and most of them printed the article as written.

However, one particular newspaper, which translated the article in another language, did not have enough space to fit the whole article. So, they thought it would be a good idea to modify it and they removed certain sections.

The new and modified version of this story left out the part where

Mr. Goudas says:

"I then proceeded to the computer to check my e-mail...one of them caught my interest."

Instead, the newspaper stated that when Mr. Goudas was at his office on New Year's day, suddenly angels came from the skies to sing to him. Under normal circumstances no one would pay too much attention to this sentence. However, unexpectedly some people did focus on this statement. A month after this newspaper article was published, one day Mr. Goudas was advised by his secretary that a gentleman was waiting to talk

to him privately in the lobby.

When Mr. Goudas went to see this gentleman, he was told that this man's 95 year old mother was in the car; requesting to speak with him in private. Apparently, his mother was under the impression that

Mr. Goudas was a Holy man since she had heard that angels came to him. She was brought into Mr. Goudas' office in a wheelchair and they spent more than an hour, talking privately.

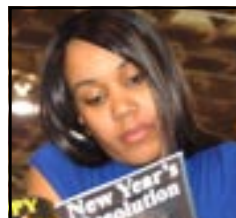
Later, when we asked Mr. Goudas to share his conversation with this lady, he said that it was confidential and not to be shared with anyone.

There is no doubt that this article is very special. Therefore, after posting it on the website, we thought it would be wonderful to create this booklet for everyone to read and enjoy because most of us are familiar with the Hymn,

What A Friend We Have In Jesus,
but never knew the story behind it.

Mr. Peter Spyros Goudas made this possible through writing this article to raise everyone's awareness.

We thank him.



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