

# New Year's Resolution



BY PETER SPYROS GOUDAS & Bernadette

## New Year's Resolution

This story was written  
On New Years Day of 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 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 fortuneteller; 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 see my animals, especially Irma who still 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.  
Jinchi wa hate nashi,  
mukyu no ochi ni,  
Iza sono hoshikage,  
kiwamemo ikan.

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>

When 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 was 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.



Joseph Scriven

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 Medicott 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.

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 fiance 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 Scott

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 for those who so desired or coffee 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 email 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 on program to be published by the Colombian government in its 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 above article.

He mentioned to us that since the article was posted in the Goudas Foods website, several newspapers asked for the rights to have this article reprinted in their newspaper. Mr. Goudas 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, nobody would pay too much attention on the above sentence. But, unfortunately, certain people focused their attention on this statement.

A month after this newspaper's article was published, when Mr. Goudas was in his office, his secretary rang his phone and said 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 that she speak with Mr. Goudas in private.

His mother was under the impression that Mr. Goudas was a Holy man, since she had heard that angels came to him.

This lady, was brought into Mr. Goudas' office in a wheelchair and they spent more than an hour, talking privately.

When we later 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 nice, so after posting it in the website, we then thought it would be best that we created a booklet for everyone to read and enjoy.

Especially because most of us are familiar with the above Hymn, but never knew the story behind it.

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

We thank him.



HAPPY NEW YEAR