# Gift of Love

The happy mother asked, "Can I see my baby?" The doctor put the baby in the mother’s arms and looked out the window. The baby had no ears.

The baby could hear. It was only his head that had a problem. One day, he came home from school and was crying. She knew his life was to be filled with heartbreaks. He cried, "A boy, a big boy ... called me a freak." His mother held him tight.

The boy's father talked with the doctor. What can we do? The doctor thought he could put ears on the boy, but where would they find ears? The search began for a person who would make such a sacrifice for the young man. Two years went by. Then, "You are going to the hospital, son. We found someone who will donate the ears you need. But it's a secret," said father.

The operation was a success, and a new person emerged. His talents blossomed into genius, and school and college became a series of triumphs. Later he married.

"But I must know!" He urged his father, "Who gave so much for me? I could never do enough for him." "I do not believe you could," said the father, "but the agreement was that you are not to know ... not yet."

They kept the secret for many years, but the day did come ...one of the darkest days that a son must endure. He stood with his father over his mother's casket. Slowly, tenderly, the father stretched forth a hand and raised the thick, reddish-brown hair to reveal that the mother had no ears.

"Mother said she was glad she never let her hair be cut," he whispered gently, " and nobody ever thought Mother less beautiful, did they?"

Real beauty lies not in the physical appearance,

but in the heart.

Real treasure lies not in what can be seen,

but what cannot be seen.

Real love lies not in what is done and known,

but in what is done but not known.