

The U-Can! Man Game For Life



[Click Here to Play the U-Can! Man Crying Over Spilt Milk Number Game](#)

Its A Game To Help
Me-You-Us-Them-They-These-We
With Forgiveness.

Game Questions

1. How do you play the game?

2. What are the game rules?

3. Who are the game members?

4. When do you play the game?

5. How much playing the game will cost you?

6: How much not playing the game has cost You?

7. What does God have to say about the game bottom-line?

STEP #1 HAVE ALL TEAM MEMBERS UNDERSTAND EACH "LSMN"

We Are All One Of These

Life Spilt Milk Number (LSMN)

- 1 - I cry over the spilt milk?
- 2 - I pick up the spilt milk?
- 3 - I go and get more milk?
- 4 - I pout?
- 5 - I focus on the spilt milk?
- 6 - I focus on the milk not spilt?
- 7 - I decide to do do nothing?

STEP #2 HAVE ALL TEAM MEMBERS ANSWER:

WHAT IS YOUR (LSMN) TODAY?

Must Be The Persons **REAL** "LSMN"

The U-Can! Man Crying Over Spilt Milk Number Game Rules (Life Spilt Milk Number)

- 1- Pick Your LSMN
- 2- Pick Their LSMN
- 3- Talk About LSMN
- 4- Accept LSMN
- 5- Start LSMN Dealing
- 6- Share LSMN
- 7- Have Fun With LSMN

STEP #3 USE THE WISDOM BELOW TO DEAL WITH EACH OTHER.

"A person or thing will **teach** you how they are, then that's how you deal with them. Knowing yours and thier spilt milk number is key to knowing how to deal with you, them or it. Remember before you deal play the The U-Can! Man Crying Over Spilt Milk Game.

STEP #4 REMEMBER OUR GAME BOTTOM-LINE:

My Position Today Based on My Actions Is:

- 1 - Forgive or Unforgive
- 2 - Forgiven or Unforgiven
- 3 - Forgave or Forgave Not
- 4 - Forgiver or Unforgiver
- 5 - To Forgive Or Not To Forgive

STEP #5 ALWAYS KNOW "THE CHOICE IS YOURS" SEE MY EXAMPLE

FROM CHAPTER 5 OF MY FIRST BOOK : RETURN TO HONOR: A SOLDIER STORY"

Chapter Five: Click On To Purchase



"The words poured out of my mouth as I emptied myself at the altar. "Lord Jesus, forgive me for being a hypocrite and basking in man's glory and praise. I know that all of it displeases You. God, I forgive Cardenas for what he did to me in May of 1983. Please bless him and his family. Only You know all of the details about why he shot me."

As the weeks went by, I often prayed that Cardenas would become a Christian. It was difficult to do, especially when I was still dealing with lingering effects of the bullet wounds. **It had taken twelve years**

for me to finally forgive Cardenas for what he had done to me, but I still

believe as strongly as I did back then that I made the right decision not to press charges against him. And that made me even surer that I needed to trust my conscience in my current situation, even if I didn't wholly understand it yet."

STEP #6 PRAY AND ASK GOD TO HELP US BE

FORGIVING VERSES UNFORGIVING

Knowing that Prayer And Forgiveness pleases God. Mathew 6:5-15

5: And when you pray, you shall not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

6But you, when you pray, enter into your room, and when you have shut your door, pray to your Father who is in secret; and your Father who sees in secret shall reward you openly.

7But when you pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

8Be not therefore like them: for your Father knows what things you have need of, before you ask him.

9After this manner therefore pray: Our Father who is in heaven, hallowed be your name.

10Your kingdom come. Your will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

11Give us this day our daily bread.

12And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

13And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For yours is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

14*For if you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you:*

15*But if you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses*

Please Read The Entire Chapter Number Five Below

For 12 Years I Walked Around With Unforgiveness

In my Heart (on the inside) As My Life Partner

But I ask God on many occasions to **Forgive me** during that 12 Year Period. I

needed God's Forgiveness Over and Over. However I would not Forgive...

Chapter Five

The days since I had been removed from my position as station commander of the Charleston Recruiting Command had now turned into weeks. Captain Henkel seemed to take pleasure in harassing me whenever he saw me. I hated to admit it, but I was not going to be sorry to see him leave. First Sergeant McClesky wasn't as hardnosed as Henkel, but he never tried to make the situation better.

I couldn't prove it, but it seemed as if my commander was trying to goad me into saying or doing something that would give him the ammunition he needed to have me kicked out of the military. I was not going to give him that satisfaction. It wasn't easy, but I forced myself to keep my mouth shut whenever he came over to give me the usual butt-chewing. It wasn't unusual for him to do this when others were in close proximity—in fact, the more people around the better, it seemed.

Whenever I saw him coming toward me, I would say a silent prayer asking God to help me to be strong and not react negatively toward him. A couple days before he was to be reassigned to his new duty station, he approached me as soon as he entered the building.

“How are things going, Isom?” he asked flippantly.

I knew that he wasn't interested in how I was doing, nor did he care.

“Just fine, sir,” I said as I quickly snapped to attention.

“Good. Did you change your mind about signing your evaluation report?” He folded his hands across his chest and rocked back and forth on his heels.

“No sir.”

“And why not?”

“Sir, all of my report cards in the past have been good and I believe that I have been doing my job.”

“And I guess you feel that you also deserve to be promoted right?”

“Yes. I do, sir.”

“Let me tell you something, Isom. You showed bad judgment when you wrote a positive evaluation for Grimes and tried to make it look like he was a good soldier. He isn't, and neither are you. I owe it to the Army to make sure that you don't make it to Master Sergeant. There have been too many soldiers who have slipped through the cracks and gotten promotions they didn't deserve. I am here to make sure you are not one of them.”

I stood rigidly as he continued his attack.

“You are not master sergeant material, and it is my job to help the Army out by taking care of your dumb a- -.”

“Hooha, sir,” I replied. My response made him angrier.

“I have informed the battalion commander and the brigade commander that you are worthless and a disgrace to the NCO Corp,” he sneered.

I stood there and listened as he continued to berate me. Other soldiers passed by, most of them shaking their heads when they were sure Captain Henkel couldn't see them.

“Now, how long do you think your Army career is going to last with a report like that?”

I did not respond. I knew that it was only my strong faith in God that was helping me to get through days like this. I reminded myself of Joseph's struggle as I tried to block out the verbal assault against me. I knew that Karen had gotten tired of hearing me talk about the Joseph story, but, to her credit, she continued to listen patiently every time I brought it up. The only

thing that she had a hard time accepting was why I hadn't tried to fight back against the Captain Henkel's harassment.

"John, they got you working like a dog and it's not right. You need to speak up and fight this."

"I know, baby, but things are going to work out, just wait and see."

"But how long is that going to take?" This has been going on for weeks. If you don't stand up and speak out against this, who will?"

"God is going to fight this battle, and I am going to come out on top in the long run."

I didn't want to admit to her how hard this was for me. It was beginning to affect me in ways that couldn't be explained. I wasn't my normal self anymore. All of my life, I had enjoyed making people laugh. Ever since childhood I'd been able to approach and chat with anyone—young or old, black or white. I had a knack for being able to put people at ease, and once that happened, they felt free to share their problems with me. But this situation was different.

Captain Henkel seemed to take pleasure in berating and belittling me, and it was beginning to affect my attitude. Karen was clearly frustrated by what she called my lack of desire to fight back when I had been done wrong. It was true that I hated conflict, and this wasn't the first time that I had been accused of being "too nice."

Six months after graduating from the Advanced Initial Training for new soldiers in October of 1982, I was sent to Ray Barracks in Friedberg, Germany. The base was located in the southern part of the city, near an industrial area. There were many facilities on the base, including a firing range. Several of the guys that were with me in basic training were also stationed there. One of those soldiers, Carlos Cardenas, was in the same company as me, and he

didn't like me at all. He and another soldier, Private Ayala, felt that I was getting special treatment, and they resented me for it.

The two of them often referred to me as a cheese-eater, which meant that they thought I was kissing up to the platoon sergeant to get him to like me. They hated the fact that I regularly volunteered for jobs when the platoon sergeant needed to get something done. Their comments bothered me, but I did my best to ignore them and just kept on soldiering.

The platoon sergeant, Sergeant First Class Jamison, had to get on Cardenas and Ayala on a regular basis for not doing their job, and it was common to see them standing at attention while he chewed them out. Things got worse when Sergeant Jamison made me the radioman for our section. Cardenas and Ayala were fit to be tied when they found out about it. What I couldn't understand was why they were so mad, when both of them had turned down the job.

One particular day in May of 1983, Private Cardenas and I were assigned to pull a special mission guard duty together. It was bitterly cold outside, and I longed for the time to go by quickly. Cardenas and I stood there without speaking to each other as we scanned the perimeter. I clutched my M-16 rifle tightly as I walked back and forth, shivering uncontrollably. We had to carry loaded magazines with live rounds just in case we needed it.

About an hour into our shift, we saw Sergeant Jamison walking toward us on his way to the mess hall. My stomach growled as I remembered that I hadn't eaten anything since lunchtime. Sergeant Jamison smiled when he passed us. "Hello, Private Isom," he greeted me.

"Hey, Platoon Sergeant," I replied. He smiled and waved as he continued on his way, not bothering to acknowledge Private Cardenas.

When I turned toward Private Cardenas, I noticed that he had his weapon pointed at me.

"You cheese-eating motherf-----!" he yelled.

Instinctively, I put my right arm out to shield myself. I heard rather than felt the sound of the rifle that had been fired at me. I immediately fell to the ground and began to holler for someone to help me.

“Help me,” I repeated over and over again.

The pain was excruciating. Someone rushed over to me and held my hand. It wasn't long before I was placed in an ambulance and taken to the Frankfurt hospital. The last thing I remember is vomiting several times before everything went black.

Days later, I woke up to find that my right arm had been wrapped tightly. I was in agonizing pain. I learned that the doctors had removed eighteen inches of my intestine and that the blast had also severed a tendon in my wrist.

The doctors became concerned after a few days went by and my stomach began to swell. They performed another operation on me to correct the problem. I was still in pain when I came out of sedation, but it wasn't as bad as before.

The doctors began to worry again when I began running a fever. They were puzzled about the cause, and kept trying different things to regulate my body temperature. One day, as the nurse treated the wound, he pressed down on my abdomen and became alarmed when he saw a lot of pus oozing out. He immediately notified the doctor.

Doctor Harris walked in a few minutes and smiled. “That's it, Isom! The wound is infected, and the x-rays weren't picking it up.” He pressed down on my abdomen again and big globs of pus spurted out. “We are going to have to go back in to get rid of that infection,” he said confidently.

After sixty days in the hospital, I was finally on the mend, and I was sent home to recover on thirty days' sick leave. The military police and lawyers came to visit me several times to

question me about the incident. They wanted to know how the shooting had occurred and if I thought that Cardenas had intentionally tried to kill me.

The prosecutor wanted to take the case to court and try Cardenas for attempted murder, but I told them that I could not say for sure that he had intentionally shot me. My chain of command was very upset when they found out that I had refused to testify against Cardenas. “Isom, why are you trying to protect this guy? He tried to kill you!” Private Johnson demanded when he came by to check on me.

“I’m not trying to protect him. I just don’t want to accuse him of trying to kill me if it was just an accident.”

“Man, why else would he fire his weapon at you? You knew Cardenas had it in for you.”

“Yeah, I know that, but only God knows for sure if he meant to do what he did. I don’t want it on my conscience.”

“You’re a better man than me. I wouldn’t let him get away with it if I were you... he should be put in prison for life.”

I still wouldn’t give in. “He has his coming, and God will deal with him.”

Private Johnson wasn’t the only one struggling to understand why I refused to press charges against Cardenas. My chain of command kept trying to pressure me into saying that he’d tried to kill me, but I refused. When the word got out that I would not testify against Cardenas, many of the soldiers in my unit found it difficult to accept my decision. They started harassing me, even calling me names, because I wouldn’t “put Cardenas’ sorry a— in jail.”

“You’re being too nice,” some of them said disdainfully.

When new soldiers came to the unit and found out about the incident, they would immediately seek me out to ask me why I was allowing a criminal to walk around like he had

done nothing wrong. I was accused of being weak and sometimes got cussed out. It was hard to get them to understand that it was in the Lord's hands. I wasn't sure that Cardenas had purposely tried to kill me.

I stepped back and let the Army handle the situation, and eventually I was left alone. Cardenas was given a field grade Article 15 and forty-five days of extra duty. On rare occasions, when we ran into each other, we would speak, but he never offered an apology. After I left Germany, I never saw him again.

Little did I know that it would take years for me to completely heal from the ordeal. The process was long and painful. Never in my wildest dreams did I ever think that I would get shot as a result of friendly fire. I was bitter inside, but I refused to acknowledge it. When people asked me about it, I told them that I had forgiven Cardenas because it was the Christian thing to do. Secretly, I enjoyed the attention and admiration it brought when people praised me for my actions. It made me seem like a super-Christian to forgive a man who had almost taken my life.

It wasn't until years later that I realized how angry I was about the shooting. When I was stationed at the United States Army Recruiting School in Fort Jackson, South Carolina, in May of 1996, I retold the story to Sergeant First Class Marshall as we sat in her office. When I finished telling her what happened, she stared at me in amazement.

“But he shot you point blank. You had to know he was trying to kill you!”

“Maybe he was, but I've forgiven him.” Normally, people would respond by telling me how awesome I was for being able to forgive someone who had done such a terrible thing, or continue to press the question of why I hadn't testified against him.

Sergeant Marshall looked at me intently for a moment, and then she asked a question that made my suppressed emotions flow forth like a volcanic eruption. “Did you *really* forgive him, Sergeant Isom?”

The look in her eyes said that she did not believe me. I found myself forced acknowledge feelings that I didn’t even know existed. At that moment, I realized the truth that others had been trying to get me to see for years. *I didn’t want to admit that Cardenas had tried to kill me!*

I wanted to be liked by everyone and to believe that I got along well with others. It was hard to admit that there was someone who disliked me enough to want to kill me. The realization of that fact changed my life forever. I allowed myself to become angry for the first time since the shooting. I began to cry. It was as if the dam that had held my anguish back for so many years had finally burst.

“That sorry a - - shot me,” I wept. “He messed up my life! I had a perfect body when I joined the Army. Now I’ve had three major operations, my back is messed up, and so is my wrist. There are so many things I can’t do anymore,” I wailed. “He messed me up forever! Did I really forgive him? Hell, no!” I continued to weep uncontrollably for a few minutes, and it seemed like I didn’t have enough tears for what I’d just come to terms with.

Sergeant Marshall didn’t say anything as I slowly pulled myself together. I began to realize that I had finally come clean!

“You know, Sergeant Isom, you’ve told your story to a lot of people. I’m sure they go away proclaiming that you are truly a man of God to forgive Cardenas the way you did. It’s amazing to them, but you just admitted that you have been faking.”

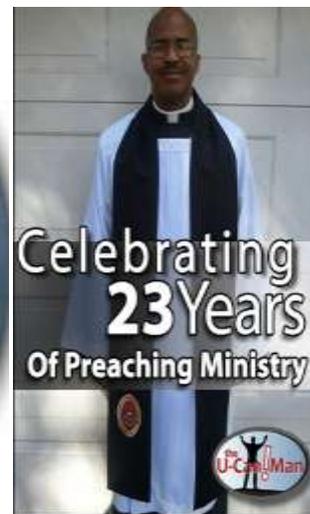
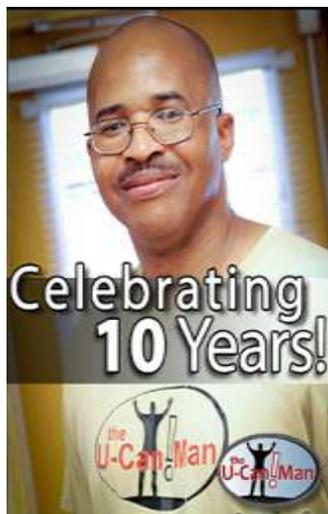
I let her words sink in. They cut through me, but I knew that she was right.

Sergeant Marshall continued, “Until you truly forgive the man who shot you, he still has control over you. So I suggest that you forgive him from your heart this time.”

Moments later, I thanked Sergeant Marshall for her advice and immediately got up and went to the chapel. I got on my knees and asked God to forgive me for what had been hidden in my heart for years. The words poured out of my mouth as I emptied myself at the altar.

“Lord Jesus, forgive me for being a hypocrite and basking in man’s glory and praise. I know that all of it displeases You. God, I forgive Cardenas for what he did to me in May of 1983. Please bless him and his family. Only You know all of the details about why he shot me.”

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Step #7 Believe U-Can! Forgive

YOU FORGIVING IS:

A

GAME-FOREVER

Changer

For Church and None Church Members.

His (Christ Jesus)

G-Grace

A-And

M-Mercy

E-Endureth

FOREVER



His Mercy

Psalm 100:5 King James Version (KJV)

⁹For the LORD is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

His Grace

2 Corinthians 12:9 King James Version (KJV)

⁹And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

YOU CAN FORGIVE!

Because I FORGAVE I CAN ENJOY...See Below

Served My Country 25 1/2 Years(1982-2007)

SFC. John Wallace Isom Jr.

It Takes
**Team
Work**



To Make
**Dream
Work**



Why I Served:

1. Help People
2. Give People Hope
3. Freedom of Speech
4. Give Back
5. See the World
6. Learn Skills
7. Learn How to Be Me
8. Raise Family
9. Make My Parents Happy
10. Become a Man



“The Army Man” to the “U-Can Man”



All Done Through “**FOCUS**”



Filtering Distractions

Overcoming Obstacles

Committing to the Cause

Understanding your uniqueness

Shouldering you Responsibility