

THE SUNNYSIDE

A VERSE BOOK

By

MaryEllen Cooley



As the years go by and I older grow
I become more feeble, more fragile and slow
But I am more happy, more patient and content.
To keep on the Sunnyside is truly my intent.

- MaryEllen Cooley

TABLE OF CONTENTS

2007 Editor's Note.....	1
About the Author.....	2
Preface.....	3
Acknowledgements.....	3
Dedication.....	3

FOR THE YOUNG AT HEART

I Like the Noise.....	6
I'm a Beachcomber.....	7
The Fountain of Youth.....	8
Positive Thinking.....	9
Anticipation.....	10
We Walk Along Together.....	11
Flowers to Share.....	12
Like Autumn Leaves.....	13
Life Begins at Sixty.....	14
Time to Retire.....	15
Seventy.....	16
Being Eighty-Five.....	17
I'm Still in Love.....	18
Our Golden Wedding.....	19
Your Golden Anniversary.....	20
For a Seventieth Anniversary.....	21
It is Time to Whistle.....	22
Why Worry?.....	23
Grandpa.....	24
The Old Fellow.....	25
The Hunchback Man.....	26
The Autumn of Life.....	27
See Good in Others.....	28
My Conclusion.....	29
It is Easy to Forgive.....	30
We Don't Really Change.....	31
I Wish You a Song.....	32
Faith and Flower Gardening.....	33
A Red Barn and Apple Blossoms.....	34
The Old Schoolhouse.....	35
Take Me Back.....	36
Her Favorite Hobby.....	37
Write a Letter to Grandpa.....	38
Rejoice!.....	39
Praise The Lord.....	40

TABLE OF CONTENTS (cont'd)

Come Rest Awhile.....	41
Welcome to Dogwood Dell.....	42

FOR SPECIAL DAYS

A New Year's Prayer.....	46
A New Year's Wish.....	47
New Every Morning.....	48
Valentine Greetings.....	49
Living Valentines.....	50
Love is Patient.....	51
The Message of Easter.....	52
Easter.....	53
Hearts Aglow.....	54
On A Wedding Day.....	55
At Graduation Time.....	56
Our Holiday in July.....	57
I Value My Freedom.....	58
Prayer for America.....	59
Labor Day.....	60
The Origin of Labor.....	61
Well Done.....	62
On Election Day.....	63
Thanksgiving.....	64
First Fruits.....	65
Where are The Nine?.....	66
The Stars Seem Brighter.....	67
Only A Few.....	68
Christmas Then and Christmas Now.....	69
The Carol Singers.....	70
A Daughter for Christmas.....	71
Love at Christmastime.....	72
After Christmas is Over.....	73

TRIBUTES TO MEN

The Man in My Life.....	77
A Man Called Bill.....	78
Musings of A Family Man.....	79
The Ideal Husband.....	80
Father's Day.....	81
Honor The Fathers.....	82

TABLE OF CONTENTS (cont'd)

Blessed is The Man.....	83
When Father was Head of The House.....	84
Dad Understands.....	85
The Biggest Man I've Known.....	86
The Music of A Whistled Tune.....	87
Like A Father.....	88
A Humble Man.....	89
Brotherly Love.....	90

TO FAVORITE FRIENDS

The Need for A Friend.....	93
Dear Dependable Mary.....	94
The Flower Garden Lady.....	95
Friends in Kansas.....	96
The Home Town.....	97
To Margaret.....	98
I Pray for You.....	99
Betty.....	100
Your Talent.....	101
To Friends on A Farm.....	102
My Neighbor.....	103
To A Beloved Friend.....	104
To Edna.....	105
A Motherly Heart.....	106
To Friends in Hatch Valley.....	107
The Ninth Grade Girls.....	108
In Memoriam (To Jovita Allen).....	109
The Sweet Little Lady.....	110
The Elderly Couple.....	111
Esther.....	112
Cheerfulness is Contagious.....	113
To Viola White.....	114
A Helpful Neighbor.....	115
My Errand Boy.....	116
Your Faith is An Inspiration.....	117
The Library Lady.....	118
For Newlyweds.....	119

TABLE OF CONTENTS (cont'd)**FOR DEVOTION**

When A Woman Prays.....	123
Tenderly Hold Us Close.....	124
Worshipping God.....	125
God Always Answers.....	126
Faith is A Bridge.....	127
When I Asked for A Talent.....	128
Send Me What I Need.....	129
Neglected Fruit.....	130
God Called Me to Teach.....	131
Why I go to Church.....	132
The Offering I Bring.....	133
I Have Learned to be Grateful.....	134
I do not Fear.....	135
The Modern Pharisee.....	136
Two Little Worms.....	137
Just Imagine!.....	138
I Know it is True.....	139
Read The Psalms.....	140
On The Fortieth Psalm.....	141
To A Friend Who Has Failed.....	142
The Price God paid for Me.....	143
Wherever He Leads I'll Go.....	144
Blessed be The Name of The Lord.....	145
Grandmother Had An Appointment to Keep...146	

It is with great pleasure that we have been able to re-print this book in which ALL the proceeds go to the American Cancer Society.

2007 Editor's Note

Everyone suffers hardships at some point or another in their lives. It is simply part of being human. But being human also has wonderful celebrations. My Grandmother, or Grandmama, as we would call her, had a tradition of presenting a poem to all the girls she knew who graduated high-school each year. That poem you will find in the pages that follow.

Knowing her tradition, when I reached adulthood I tried to carry on that tradition with a few modifications. Primarily I expanded the recipients of the poem to any graduate I knew, High School or College. I have found that giving her poem has brought me great joy and has been well received by all. As time progressed, I looked to her book *The Sunnyside*, as sources of gifts to people on multiple occasions. Again, I have seen it well received. Therefore, an opportunity to re-print her book was an easy decision.

The opportunity arose this year as I reflected on options for fundraising and charities I would like to support during my year as Worthy Matron of Melrose Chapter #920, Order of the Eastern Star in Houston, Texas.

During conversations with family members, I received nothing but support knowing that several members of the family have suffered from one type of cancer or another through the generations. I recall one person stating "I think she would be very happy" with my plans.

Thank you for your support in these fundraising endeavors. More importantly, I hope that this book will help you with your own reflections, provide comfort in your sorrows, and find words to describe your joys.

I want to especially thank the following for their support in this endeavor:

All the family of Grandmama
Hot Springs Chapter #58, Order of the Eastern Star, New Mexico
Melrose Chapter #920, Order of the Eastern Star, Texas
I also want to take a moment and thank LaRena Cooley Miller (Mom) and Aunt Betty for checking my happy fingers.

Debra Sue Miller

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The poems in this book are some of the many writings jotted down during the lifetime of a remarkable woman. MaryEllen Osborne Cooley, who lived a life with much pain, overcame that handicap by encouraging and helping others.

She was born in 1908 into a farming family living on leased land in rural Missouri. As a child she was involved in an accident in a buggy, and during the flu epidemic of 1918 she nearly died from the flu. Both of these problems were often suggested as a reason for her lifetime illness.

When MaryEllen was a teenager the family was offered a family farm in Kansas that had been homesteaded by an uncle of her father, and the family moved there. By that time she had become crippled and unable to attend school. After some time in a hospital and bedridden at home, she improved and was able to use crutches. With a lot of determination she managed to attend and finish high school.

She longed to go to college, but her physical handicap prevented that. Her time was spent in extensive reading and working with her hands in such activities as embroidery and quilt-making. Although doctors told her that she should never marry, she fell in love with a neighbor boy and married him. Later, although the doctor said she should never have a baby, she had both a son and a daughter.

As her pain and illness progressed, MaryEllen, her husband Bill Cooley and their children moved to New Mexico for her health. She did improve in that environment and lived to be nearly seventy-five years old before her death in New Mexico in 1983, some years after her husband's death. She had lived to know three grandsons and two granddaughters.

Much of her adult life MaryEllen spent in encouraging others. Instead of complaining about her infirmities, she encouraged her friends to be thankful for their blessings and be positive about what comes in life. Much of this spirit comes through in her poems.

Betty Osborne Young
(Sister of Author)

PREFACE

This book is a sample of some of the verse
 I have written all during the years.
 Very often I write when my heart is light
 But sometimes I write through tears.
 Some poems are the pleasant memories
 That helped pass a lonely day,
 And some I could not write
 Until I knelt to pray.

If you like any rhyme you see in this book,
 If one of them made you less blue,
 I will feel repaid for the effort I've made
 Knowing I've been a blessing to you.
 As I share some of my thoughts with others,
 I give of myself and my time.
 I give the best gift I know how to give
 Carefully wrapped up in a rhyme.

Acknowledgements

My sincere gratitude to those who have given me
 counsel and encouragement – my sister Betty, my dear
 friend Mary Knox; also, Mrs. Anne Ellis, Mr. Allen, and
 the many others who found my poems to be helpful.

**This book is affectionately
 Dedicated to the memory of
 My parents, Perry and Irene
 Osborne, whose influence
 Motivates me still.**

MaryEllen Cooley

FOR THE YOUNG AT HEART

I LIKE THE NOISE

I bought me a home next door to the school
Where the children pass each day.
I like the noise of girls and boys,
And I like to watch them play.

While some like the sound of a waterfall
Or soft breeze in a Cottonwood tree
My first choice is a little child's voice.
It is beautiful music to me.

So, I bought me a home with a school close by
Where I will not lack for noise.
My heart won't be cold as I grow old
For I'm listening to girls and boys.

A huge playground surrounds that school
And children come there each day.
The sweetest sound is in my part of town
When the children are at play.

I'M A BEACHCOMER

I go up and down life's inland bay
 Where people live and work and play;
 Seeking among the persons there
 The special ones who are jewels rare.
 I am always seeking that I may find
 Souls that are atune with mine.
 When on such common ground we meet,
 The friendship is sublimely sweet.
 It is my favorite hobby and has become an art;
 Looking for diamonds in each one's heart.

Up and down the village street
 I look for jewels in the friends I meet.
 In unlikely places I sometimes find
 Kindred souls who respond to mine.
 I must be careful lest I fail to see
 The sparkling radiance in those near to me.
 Diamonds and rubies and pearls rare
 Are hidden in hearts of folk everywhere.
 I must ever keep my eyes awake
 Lest I miss some treasure by mistake.

In all the children who pass my way
 I make discoveries every day.
 In many an unexpected childish word
 There is profound wisdom to be heard.
 Underneath that tousled hair
 The quick-witted brain is a treasure rare.
 Then I discover, to my surprise,
 Costly diamonds shine from his eyes.
 If faith and ambition are skillfully blended,
 He can become the jewel that God intended.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

I sat in my wheelchair watching today
 While neighbor children were in the street at play.
 I know it is time for them to be out
 When I hear them begin to laugh and to shout.
 The street seems a magical place to be
 Where all of their friends and playmates they see.
 As I sit here and watch, I share in their joys.
 I wish I could be there as one of the boys!

On each summer evening, after the heat,
 They gather to play in the cool of the street.
 I wheel my chair to an open door
 And eagerly listen to hear the score.
 When I watch the games, I feel I'm a part.
 When somebody wins, it thrills my heart!
 Time was when I was spry on my feet
 Just like the children out there in the street.

On autumn evenings when school lets out
 I hear the children's eager shout;
 Then I go to the window where I can see,
 For watching their play brings pleasure to me.
 "The fountain of youth" I always say
 Is wherever I see children at play!
 I will admit that my youth has flown,
 But never that my heart older has grown.

POSITIVE THINKING

I feel the summer breeze
 Among the lovely trees,
 Where the beautiful Elk River wends its way.
 I feel I'm back again
 To that time away back when.
 I am enjoying those old scenes again today.

I'll forget arthritic pains
 And the energy it drains.
 I'll get up and take a walk around the yard.
 I feel better as I go.
 It doesn't matter that I'm slow,
 And that the getting up and down is very hard.

I recall the yard of yesteryear
 With its flowers. It gives me cheer.
 Who said that reminiscing does no good?
 With my cane I feel as spry
 As I did in days gone by,
 And I think the youthful thoughts, just as I
 should.

ANTICIPATION

Only one baby had brought her heart joy,
 One little pugged-nosed, curly-haired boy.
 He is now married and in a home of his own.
 The house isn't the same since she is alone.
 And the days are long and dreary.

She now knows a secret most too good to keep.
 Her daughter-in-law told her one day last week.
 She suddenly feels all the world looks bright.
 To plan for a grandchild makes everything right.
 And every day will again be cheery.

WE WALK ALONG TOGETHER

We walk along together
And we talk of many things –
About the flowering blossoms
Or of a bird that sings.

Each time he comes to see me
He says he came to talk,
And if I please will go with him,
He would like to take a walk.

We often walk of evenings
When the twinkling stars are bright,
He whispers love words in my ear
And kisses me goodnight.

I hear his mother calling
And he must do as he is told.
He is my little grandson
Who is only four years old.

FLOWERS TO SHARE

In my back yard the flowers grew
Enclosed by a wall that was five-feet-two.
When a little child asked to come inside,
She was overjoyed at the rose she spied.

I moved some flowers outside the wall
For folks to see who aren't very tall.
Each blossom looks more lovely to me
When I propagate it for others to see.
Even the fragrance that fills the air
Seems sweeter from the flowers I share.

LIKE AUTUMN LEAVES

"We fade as a leaf" the writer has said.
Some leaves in autumn change to yellow or red,
While others fade—turn crispy and brown
Til the tree looks better when they've blown to the
ground.

I know a dear lady, more than eighty years old
Who has a sweet beauty that's as precious as gold.
She has mellowed and ripened with each passing year.
To all those who know her she grows ever more dear.

She does not seem old, and she's not withering away.
She is growing more lovely with each passing day.
Like the brilliance of autumn that catches the eye,
She is admired and respected by all who pass by.

Some people grow beautiful and mellow with age;
"The spirit mellows" are the words of a sage.
Old age is coming to you and to me
When our true beauty will show like the leaf on a tree.

LIFE BEGINS AT SIXTY

"Life begins at forty" so I have been told.
At what age then is a man called "old"?
It can't be at sixty, for I'm sixty-one,
And I find that real living has just begun.

At sixty we've grown up but not grown old.
We can sift out the dross from among the gold.
We can now put aside the lesser things
And cherish the blessings that each day brings.

When I reached sixty I found life to be bliss,
For the preceding years have prepared me for this.
I've learned to be happy come whatever may,
And I'm thankful each morning for another new day.

TIME TO RETIRE

Who said it is time a man retire
 When he reaches age sixty-five?
 I am not old and I'm not worn out;
 I feel very much alive.

My good little wife has not quit work;
 She still keeps house as before.
 We both like to work, side by side,
 Just as in days of yore.

I want to be useful for as long as I live
 Be it eighty or ninety-three.
 To retire when still young may be the style
 But it is not good enough for me.

SEVENTY

Praise the Lord? I have reached it –
 The three score and ten!
 Life has been so much fun
 I would live it again!

In spite of mishaps
 And troubles galore,
 I would do it again
 To enjoy it once more!

There were many lessons
 That I learned the hard way.
 I can look back and laugh
 About it today.

One fact has registered
 In this brain of mine
 All of my worrying
 Was a waste of time.

Indeed it is true
 I've found life to be good.
 I would live it again
 If only I could.

BEING EIGHTY-FIVE

I do not worry about my arthritis.
The pains are never fatal, I know.
When I walk past my neighbors' flower beds
I am glad that I have to walk slow.

My digestive system is wearing out.
There are certain foods I must no longer eat.
So I've learned to appreciate simple things;
Even plain food can be a real treat.

My hands have become a bit shaky,
And my eyesight is sometimes very bad.
But, I can still play a good game of checkers.
For that I am heartily glad.

I love having to wear a hearing aid;
For when I wish the conversation to cease,
I quickly turn off the hearing power
To enjoy the quiet and peace.

Every day there are happy surprises;
It is great just to be alive.
I am glad I've lived long enough to learn
The fun of being eighty and five.

I'M STILL IN LOVE

It is many years since we were young
And I made my first date with you.
It is many years since we promised that
We'd love a lifetime through.

These many years have been happy years;
In our hearts we stay young and gay.
It certainly does not matter to me
That our hair has turned to gray.

I'm still in love with the same sweetheart.
I'm still in love with you.
You are entwined around my heart.
No other one will do.

For all the years that are ahead,
I'm still in love with you.

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING

I loved you much when we were wed
 And you were young and gay.
 I love you more as we celebrate
 Our Golden Wedding Day.

Through happy days and dreary days
 We've had blessings from above.
 We've shared our tears and shared our joys
 And still we are in love.

Rejoice my dear, this is the day
 For us to celebrate.
 Come with me for another slice
 Of the Golden Wedding cake.

All my life has been worthwhile
 Since the day I married you.
 The greatest event in both our lives
 Was the day we said "I do".

All our days have been golden days
 All along the way.
 We now have reached the brightest one –
 Our Golden Wedding Day.

Our love has lasted many years;
 It is time to celebrate.
 Come with me for another slice
 Of the Golden Wedding cake.

YOUR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

You've had fifty years of life together,
 Fifty years of "Honeymoon",
 Loving, caring, giving, sharing.
 The fifty years have passed so soon.

You've been blest by rearing children;
 Happy years for all to see,
 An example set for others,
 Just as Christian homes should be.

Sometimes there was pain and illness;
 For a truly balanced life
 Must have its days of joy and gladness,
 As well as those of grief or strife.

Times of sorrow, like the furnace
 Which refines the purest gold
 Will burn out the dross and blemish
 And leave it lovely to behold.

You have been tried, as in a furnace,
 Guided by the Master's Hand;
 You have been refined and molded
 In the pattern He has planned.

Growing sweeter, growing kinder,
 You grew lovely growing old.
 On this Golden Anniversary
 Both your hearts are purest gold.

FOR A SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

It is now seventy years that you've been
 husband and wife.
 That is the number of years
 of the average man's life.
 A Seventieth Anniversary is
 unusual to attain,
 And it rightly brings to you
 honor and fame.

This is what you have wished for
 and the dream has come true.
 That you have lived to see it
 is God's blessing to you.
 It is very few couples who can enjoy
 so many years.
 Congratulations to you! And hurrah!
 And three cheers!

With reasonably good health
 and a host of good friends,
 The counting of your blessings
 just never ends.
 Your friends rejoice that you have lived
 to see this great day.
 "Sincere congratulations" are the
 words they all say.

IT IS TIME TO WHISTLE

Are you angry? Are you sad? Whistle!
 Let others know when you are glad. Whistle!
 Whistling can blow all anger away –
 Can make sad aching hearts feel light and gay.
 You can turn dark hours to a bright new day
 When you whistle!

Has some brother been unkind? Whistle!
 Clear those cobwebs from your mind. Whistle!
 A feeling of resentment can never last long
 When you begin to whistle your favorite song.
 You can forgive the one who did you wrong
 If you whistle!

No matter if you're young or old. Whistle!
 While some complain and others scold. Whistle!
 Friends all around you will feel better soon
 When they hear you whistle a cheery tune.
 Whether it's morning or night or noon
 It is time to whistle!

WHY WORRY? (Psalm 37)

If we couldn't fret and stew
We wouldn't know what to do.
We moderns like to always rush and hurry.
The popular American sport
According to statistical report
Is to indulge in just a little bit of worry.

When we read the thirty-seventh Psalm
With its advice for keeping calm,
It makes us feel like trusting God the way we should.
The Psalmist says, "Don't fret"
For our God is watching yet,
And He always knows just who is truly good.

When we strive to do the right,
Trust in God with all our might,
We know we can depend on Him alone.
The righteous will be blest
And in the end will have the best.
Our God has promised He will not forsake His own.

GRANDPA

When Grandpa comes to visit,
He awakens with the dawn.
Before anyone else is stirring
He is working in the lawn.

He waters the thirsty flower bed
And pulls a weed or two.
Here is a vine that needs tying up;
He finds many things to do.

Very often he doesn't do it right;
Not in the way I would like it done.
But he so sincerely wants to help
I just cannot spoil his fun.

He can't sit around doing nothing
For he has been a hard-working man.
Grandpa doesn't want to be put on a shelf,
But to be useful for as long as he can.

THE OLD FELLOW

Senior citizens gather at the Center in town
 To play some jolly good games.
 Each one has fun with all who come
 And don't bother to know the names.

An old fellow there, so actively spry,
 Likes to show just what he can do.
 After walking the mile to get to town
 He will do an Indian dance, too.

He will read without his glasses
 To demonstrate that he can,
 And tell interesting stories of great events
 That happened away back when.

"How old is that fellow? I'd like to know.
 He seems so genuinely alive."
 "DON'T guess him at seventy, for I've been told
 That man is past ninety-five."

THE HUNCHBACK MAN

I heard them saying as I drew near
 Words not intended that I should hear.
 "There he goes again. Alas, Alack!
 That queer little man with the hump on his back."

Why I am crippled, I don't understand;
 For I'm sure God has no need for a crippled man.
 Then I met a blind man who said that he
 Feels especially blessed since he cannot see.

The faith of the blind man put me to shame.
 I will serve the Lord and no longer complain.
 There are many tasks that need to be done,
 And there's some man that is fitted to do each one.

God in His mercy supplied me His grace
 And expects me to faithfully fill my place.
 Today God is needing a hunchbacked man,
 So I will serve Him the best that I can.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE

If a leaf could know
 what its future may hold,
 That when autumn comes
 it will be shimmering gold,
 Would the leaf look forward
 and plan eagerly
 For the day when its colors
 will brighten the tree?

We know very well
 what our future can be:
 That we will change with age
 as the leaf on the tree,
 Mellowed and ripened
 and sweeter grown
 With a lovable personality
 that is all one's own.

The autumn of life
 is God's great plan
 And is one of the loveliest gifts
 He has given to man:
 When we shall reach
 that coveted goal—
 A ripe old age
 that has mellowed the soul.

SEE GOOD IN OTHERS

If you look for wrong and evil,
 It is easy to be found;
 For you'll find in all your neighbors
 That some evil traits abound.

Search, instead, for truth and goodness;
 Find some joy that you can share.
 Look for rainbows in the dewdrops;
 There is beauty everywhere.

When you're looking at your brother,
 Only see the good and kind.
 We ourselves are never perfect;
 We must keep this fact in mind.

Reflect upon some gracious virtue;
 Think of all the good and true.
 As you see the good in others,
 They will find some good in you.

MY CONCLUSION

We can judge a man as he judges;
 This fact is quite plain to me.
 The man who always trusts others
 Will himself more trustworthy be.

The thief suspects others of stealing.
 The liar thinks all do the same.
 While he who is given to gossip
 Is sure someone's slandered his name.

The good man who loves his brother
 And expects of each one his best
 Is the one on whom I like to depend.
 He will be true in every test.

I have come to this simple conclusion—
 I will try judging all men to be true.
 Then, perhaps, other people will judge me
 As being honest in all that I do.

IT IS EASY TO FORGIVE

"If we truly love enough,
 it is easy to forgive."
 Mother's words I shall remember
 as long as I shall live.

Mother said, "We must forgive her
 and forget injustice done.
 And angry thoughts or malice
 must not be held toward anyone."

How can you forgive her?
 She has hurt you so!
 "Ah, that she has caused this anguish
 she must never know.
 She intended me no harm,
 for what she failed to see
 Was that the thing that she was doing
 was causing pain to me."

"I sometimes wish she were not so,
 but that is just her way.
 So we must both forgive her
 and love her more each day.
 Think thoughts of love and kindness
 and you soon will see
 Forgiveness will come naturally,
 just as it does with me."

"If you truly love enough,
 it is easy to forgive."
 These sweet words I shall remember
 for as long as I shall live.

WE DON'T REALLY CHANGE

We don't really change as the years go by,
 Although it may seem that we do.
 The high ideals which we had in youth
 Will be there in old age, too.

The characteristics a youth develops today
 Will still be his when his is old and gray.

By the thoughts we think and the choices we make
 We will seal our own destiny.
 We shape our own soul for its ultimate goal
 Throughout all of eternity.

"As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined"
 Was wisely said with man in mind.

I WISH YOU A SONG

I wish you a song, for to sing is the thing.
 It will drive away your blues—
 A lilting tune to sing or to croon
 Til all of your worries you lose.

I wish you a song that all the day long
 Will continue to ring through your heart,
 And make your day bright from morning till night
 With a glow that will never depart.

I wish you a song when the night is long
 And sleep is eluding you,
 A soothing refrain that will bring sleep again
 To leave you refreshed anew.

I wish you a song that will keep your faith strong
 Even while you are burdened with care.
 The dark clouds to clear, sing a song of good cheer.
 It will lift you out of despair.

FAITH AND FLOWER GARDENING

Of our many hobbies,
 flower gardening is best.
 She who tends a flower garden
 is always blest.
 It is not due to the beauty
 of the blossoms there
 With their lovely fragrance
 filling the air,
 And not for the exercise;
 it is none of these.
 It is that she does much of her work
 while down on her knees.

 As she weeds the flowers,
 she may not be aware
 That she is kneeling before the Creator
 in prayer.
 That in her heart she is praying
 to a Higher Power,
 To grant her success
 with each little flower.
 She may not even know that
 faith has a part,
 But God sees and knows,
 for God looks on the heart.

A RED BARN AND APPLE BLOSSOMS

Our family saw years of hardship
 And money was scarce on the farm
 When times began to get better,
 Dad built a big red barn.

 It was built just beyond the orchard,
 Where there was plenty of room.
 We saw the barn framed in beauty
 When the orchard burst into bloom.

 It gave a new hope for the morrow
 That our problems would vanish away.
 The new barn and the orchard full blooming
 Gave promise of a bright new day.

 The years of childhood pass quickly;
 We children soon were grown.
 We left the farm and the orchard
 To establish homes of our own.

 Today I drove back to the old homestead
 With a longing to see it once more.
 Hope was renewed by the red barn still standing
 Blessed by the apple trees' blooms as before.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

In a little town in Kansas,
Near a scenic waterfall,
There stands an empty schoolhouse
That is dear to the heart of all.

I never tire of listening
To the stories my Grandpa tells
Of the early days in that old schoolhouse
Where his memory still dwells.

I can imagine children's voices
As the wind whistles through the halls
And the sound of merry laughter
Almost echoes from the walls.

When he tells me of his boyhood,
And the activities of the town
That all centered around the schoolhouse,
It seems a shame to tear it down.

TAKE ME BACK

Take me back once more to rural scenes
Where the vegetation is growing all around,
Where the country air is fresh and sweet,
Far away from all the noises of the town.

Take me back again to scenes I knew
When my feet were firmly planted on the sod.
There my soul reached up toward the skies
And I knew the joy of feeling close to God.

Take me back. Oh, take me back,
Back again to that dear farm so far away.
Take me back, at least in memory,
To the happiness I knew in yesterday.

HER FAVORITE HOBBY

"Which of your many hobbies
Brings the greatest pleasure to you?"
I asked of a dear sweet lady
Whose age is past eighty-two.

"Writing letters," was her ready answer,
And the light in her soft eyes shone,
"Writing letters to those who are lonely,
The people who live alone."

"That hobby brings pleasure to others;
It makes many a dull day bright.
I would far rather write cheery letters
Than to earn great wealth if I might."

WRITE A LETTER TO GRANDPA

Have you written to Grandpa lately
Or couldn't you find the time
With all of your own many problems
To write him even a line?

His days are filled with remembering
The happier years he has had;
But when those he loves most forget him
He feels all alone and sad.

A letter can be a real treasure.
Even a brief note will do
To one who is old and lonely
And watching for letters from you.

Put a bit of yourself in the letter,
And a bit of humor and mirth.
The price of the stamp you put on it
Can't begin to equal its worth.

REJOICE!

I have just learned the meaning of the word "rejoice,"
 And I want to shout it at the top of my voice!
 I am able to sit up! I can walk once more
 After being near to eternity's door.
 I feel alive! I want to sing –
 To soar like an eagle on widespread wing.

My health is restored. I can walk again.
 I will praise the Lord forever—Amen!
 The Lord inclined unto me and heard my prayer;
 He brought me up out of the depths of despair!
 Like the man born blind who could suddenly see,
 I feel a real miracle has happened to me.

If you've lost something of value and had it returned,
 Then you know the great joy that I have just learned.
 Come rejoice with me, sing it loud and clear,
 For many others will be glad to hear
 Of the wonderful things that God can do;
 And praise the Lord, He can do it for you!

PRAISE THE LORD

Praise the Lord for making the mountains.
 Praise the Lord for making the sea.
 Praise the Lord for the beautiful sunset.
 Praise the Lord; I have eyes and can see.

Praise the Lord for making the flowers,
 The gardens and grass and the trees.
 Praise the Lord for the sun and the showers,
 And for the cool refreshing breeze.

Praise the Lord for making the seashore,
 For the beach and the surf and the sand.
 It was He who made all of the beauty
 That we enjoy throughout our fair land.

I never can praise Him one-half enough
 For all of His mercies to me.
 If He should withhold His blessings,
 What serious suffering there would be.

COME REST AWHILE

I went to the park to relax and rest,
 And I found a huge crowd was there.
 I went to the mountains; it was the same.
 There were multitudes everywhere.

By millions they are seeking a quite retreat,
 Yet, all seem to be seeking in vain.
 Still they search, for they feel a thirst
 Like a parched field needing a rain.

Even the Master sought solitude,
 And advised His disciples to see it too—
 "To come away by yourselves to a lonely place"
 And there your strength to renew.

I am aware of my own need to rest,
 But to find seclusion is hard.
 I may decide I must be content
 With what I find in my own backyard.

WELCOME TO DOGWOOD DELL

This cabin is loved by its owner;
 To her it's a jewel she has found.
 She has furnished it to her own liking;
 Each room with her treasures abound.

You are a welcomed guest in this cabin,
 But guard its neatness well
 For the sake of the guests who will follow.
 Be careful at Dogwood Dell.

Don't trample down the Dogwood.
 Don't bruise any blossoms fair,
 But set the house completely in order,
 And close the door with care.

You found it looking lovely,
 Help to keep it just the same.
 Please leave the place as beautiful
 As it was the day you came.

FOR
SPECIAL
DAYS

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

As we soon enter another year,
 I hold you up in prayer, my dear;
 That God will be your Guide each day
 And bless you in a special way,
 That He will be very close to you
 To guide your footsteps all year through.

May His hallowed presence bless
 All your days with happiness.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

I wish you happiness for the new year,
 A happiness real and complete.
 A happiness that will show
 Wherever you go
 And radiate to those whom you meet.

I wish you joy, the exuberant kind
 That overflows like a bubbling spring,
 A contagious joy
 That is without an alloy
 Is what I wish the new year to bring.

I wish you peace, but the peace the world gives
 Is empty and blighted and bare.
 I wish you a peace divine
 To last for all time
 That peace that comes only by prayer.

NEW EVERY MORNING

With joy and gladness we greet the new year.
 It thrills the heart when a new beginning is here.
 We will leave behind the mistakes of the past.
 We're certain we have learned our lesson at last.
 Yet new every morning are the mercies of God!

We need not wait till the year is through
 To make a fresh start and to begin anew.
 We have twelve months. We have fifty-two weeks.
 Each is a time of beginning to him who seeks.
 For new every morning are the mercies of God!

His love and forgiveness are new every day
 If only we ask Him, if we earnestly pray.
 Today is a new beginning for you.
 God and His mercy makes all things new.
 New every morning are the mercies of God!

VALENTINE GREETINGS

I thought I would send
 some lines your way
 As my greeting to you
 on this Valentine's Day.
 But, so very inadequate
 seem these words of mine
 When you are in truth
 a real valentine.

In your kindness to others
 we see love applied.
 You are love itself
 personified.
 The love of the Master
 shines through you
 In all that you say
 and all that you do.

LIVING VALENTINES

There are many valentines
 In the store across the way,
 And little children buying them
 To give on Valentine's Day.

They buy valentines for teacher
 And one for Mother, too;
 Valentines for favorite friends,
 Only the best will do.

See the smiling little fellow
 Like a mischievous little elf.
 Although he doesn't know it,
 He's a valentine himself.

Little girl with pigtails
 And dancing dark brown eyes
 You're a living valentine,
 You're an angel in disguise.

Give me living valentines,
 Bright-eyed girls and boys.
 When I have their love and friendship,
 I ask no other joys.

I see walking valentines
 Wherever children go.
 They scatter love and sunshine,
 Making heaven here below.

LOVE IS PATIENT

"Love is patient and kind," these words I read.
 A love that is patient is what I need.
 In my youth it was Grandmother who always took time
 To show interest in any problem of mine.

When learning to sew, I knew where to turn,
 My Grandmother was willing to help me learn.
 If my sewing went wrong or I had knots instead,
 Grandmother patiently untangled the thread.

No matter how busy Grandmother might be
 She always took time to listen to me.
 While others were rushed, a schedule to meet,
 Grandmother's patience was always a treat.

I've bought valentines as that day draws near;
 The best one I'll give to Grandmother this year.
 Love is patient and kind, I know that is true,
 And a valentine to Grandmother is long overdue.

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER

Go quickly and tell the joyful news.
 The Lord has risen today!
 To those you meet who are lonely and sad
 This message of comfort convey:

Our living Lord has conquered death.
 He is alive forevermore!
 He lives in my heart and He will live in yours
 If you only will open the door.

The glad Easter message proclaim to all.
 The Lord is risen indeed!
 My heart overflows with unspeakable joy
 For Jesus is all that I need.

To those who are hungry to know of His love
 There is hope, and peace, and cheer.
 We need not face life's problems alone.
 The Master is always near.

EASTER

How can I double when all about
 The miracles of God are seen?
 The trees that were bare
 When no leaves were there
 Have suddenly all turned green.
 The little bulbs were brown
 When put into the ground
 A few short months ago.
 They've burst forth with roots
 and tall green shoots.
 Now the flowers begin to show.

How it can be; I just do not see.
 It is too much for my little mind.
 But it is God's wondrous plan
 And I need not understand,
 For the wisdom of god is divine.
 So I'll just believe
 And his blessings receive.
 I know he leads me each step of the way.
 My glad heart will sing
 Of the miracles of spring
 And that He arose on that first Easter Day.

HEARTS AGLOW

When they traveled toward Emmaus,
 Their hearts were warmed in a marvelous way
 As they walked and talked with the Master
 On that first glad Easter Day.

Our hearts grow warm as we serve Him;
 We can walk and talk with Him too.
 As we practice feeling the presence of God,
 He will guide us in all that we do.

I have had a glorious experience this year.
 But have no words to explain how it can be.
 My heart is aglow with the love of the Lord,
 For He is so precious to me.

ON A WEDDING DAY

Take the Lord Jesus with you
 When you make that wedding vow.
 If the Master is always included
 Things work out better somehow.

Don't try to sail the marital sea
 And battle life's storms alone;
 The Master will be your pilot and guide
 When both of you are His own.

The God who made each human heart
 Can help you each to understand.
 He will reveal to each the other's worth
 As you journey hand in hand.

Even hearts that are closely knit
 Have thoughts that they cannot explain.
 Jesus is the heart's interpreter
 When He is allowed to supremely reign.

AT GRADUATION TIME

If I could find a real wishing well
 Where all of the wishes come true,
 I would get me a bushel of special ones
 And have them delivered to you.

I'd wish you a sense of humor
 To cushion the things that go wrong.
 I'd wish you a faith so triumphant,
 That you'd begin each day with a song.

I'd wish you to find your own special place,
 The work God intended for you.
 I'd wish a compassionate, congenial companion
 Beside you for all of life through.

I will not wish you great success
 Neither health nor a life of ease.
 Although these are often the goals in life,
 We can be happy without any of these.

As you leave school to go into the world,
 I wish for you only the best:
 That you can accomplish something worthwhile,
 For that is the ultimate test.

OUR HOLIDAY IN JULY

A most important day to me
 Is our holiday in July.
 Each year I make that day unique,
 For I never pass it by.

I fell I'm just a kid again
 On Independence Day,
 And find some way to celebrate—
 Perhaps an old fashioned way.

I must do something very special,
 Maybe different food to eat;
 And when watching public celebrations,
 To me that's quite a treat!

For so long as I know it's July,
 I'll feel the Fourth is great!
 If I were drawing my last breath,
 I'd want to celebrate!

I VALUE MY FREEDOM

Would you take away the freedom
 my forefathers fought to save,
 The liberty and enterprise
 that the constitution gave?
 Would you take away the freedom
 from an old man such as I,
 And take the reason for celebrating
 our holiday in July?

I set great value on my freedom
 in this homeland of the free
 Where I've the right to happiness,
 such as my hobby is to me.
 I'm content when I keep busy
 with the tasks I love to do.
 Feeling useful is the happiness
 I'm most eager to pursue.

I like to do some things myself
 even though I am growing old.
 My working days aren't over, quite,
 despite what I've been told.
 Don't force me into idleness;
 being "fenced in" that would seem.
 It would take away my freedom
 and all my self-esteem.

Let me enjoy some freedom still
 to do whatsoe'er I can.
 When I continue to be useful,
 I can feel I'm still a man.
 I'll be a patriotic citizen
 until my dying day.
 I want to die a free man;
 Please let it be that way.

PRAYER FOR AMERICA

Our Father and our God, Creator of the heavens and the earth,
 We thank You for America, this land of our birth.
 You have showered our nation with blessings indeed.
 You have given us far more than we ever could need.
 But, we often fail to be grateful to You.
 We fail to give credit where it's properly due.
 We look with a proud and arrogant gaze
 And say, "We achieved this ourselves, in our own ways."
 Lord God of Hosts, help us to see aright
 That You are our source of power and might!

Hear us, O God, hear America's prayer.
 We look to You in times of despair.
 The problems that beset America today
 Are all because we have wandered away.
 For the things of God we have failed to take time,
 And now we see our nation is filled with crime.
 We have foolishly thought that You do not care;
 Some will say that You aren't even there.
 We know in truth that You are grieved by our sin
 And by the way our nation has decayed from within.

Help us, our Father, to turn back to You,
 To the source of our strength when our nation was new.
 Our forefathers made a solemn vow
 To be loyal to You. But look at us now!
 We, the people, are guilty of sin.
 We have let greed and selfishness enter in.
 We let them take the place of honesty and love
 And the proper reverence toward God above.
 Hear us, our Father, as we now pray
 For a return to righteousness in America today.

Hear our prayer at this crucial hour
 As we interceded for those in power.
 We pray for our President and for the Congress, too,
 And for the State officials. May they look to You
 For guidance in matters of public affairs.
 Give them Your wisdom, dear God, to supplement theirs.
 May they lead our nation in ways that are right,
 Honest, and honorable in Your sight.
 Grant this petition, O Lord we pray,
 For the sake of those in America who serve You today.

Amen

LABOR DAY

I have a special gift from God:
 "I am happy in the work that I do."
 When I rejoice in my task
 It is all I can ask—

 Like a child who enjoys his play.
 My love for my job is so sincere
 It is always refreshing and new.
 With buoyant step
 And plenty of pep
 I am ready for work each day.

Today we show honor to labor
 As we honor the laboring man.
 There is a pleasure in work
 That is unknown if we shirk.

 We rejoice in the work that we do.
 I am thankful to God for labor,
 For strength to do what I can.
 Very sad it would be
 If there were no work for me;
 I would feel discouraged and blue.

THE ORIGIN OF LABOR

When God created the universe
 And made all the animals and man,
 They were made entirely different
 According to His marvelous plan.

Man was made with ability to think;
 The Creator planned it that way.
 He placed man in a garden for a reason,
 To till and to tend it each day.

Basic to man's contentment
 Is the joy in watching things grow,
 Whether growing food for the family
 Or raising beautiful flowers for show.

It arouses an inborn instinct
 That was placed there aeons ago.
 He who works close to nature
 Has riches that others don't know.

WELL DONE

Happy that laborer at the setting of sun
 Who knows the thrill of a task well done.
 He has finished the job he set out to do;
 Stayed with his work till he's seen it through.

No recreation, no play, and no fun
 Can equal the thrill of work well done;
 That weary feeling—ready for rest,
 Yet knowing full well he has done his best.

Happy the man at life's setting sun
 Who knows in his heart that his work is done.
 He can look back in memory and honestly say,
 "I've done some worthwhile work along the way."

ON ELECTION DAY

Will I go vote? I most certainly will!
 I'm a patriotic citizen still.
 Here is a fact of which you should note:
 No man is ever too old to vote!

I'll admit it is an effort for me to go;
 I know I am old and lame and slow.
 These arthritis pains are here to stay,
 But they won't keep me at home on Election Day.

We each must do the best that we can
 To elect good officials to govern our land.
 We are fortunate to live in a democracy
 And we dare not forget the responsibility.

While I am able to go and am in my right mind,
 The franchise is a glorious privilege of mine.
 For so long as I live I'll have taxes to pay
 And the duty to vote on Election Day.

THANKSGIVING

All the family are coming home,
 Even those who live far away.
 All will gather around the table once more
 On this Thanksgiving Day.

We will rejoice at being together again
 And the dear faces once more to see.
 It is a time of love and remembering
 Just as Thanksgiving really should be.

We look forward to a meeting in heaven
 When this old earth has passed away.
 We will gather around the throne of God
 On that great Thanksgiving Day.

There will be singing and glad rejoicing
 When we meet on the other shore.
 There we shall be with the Lord forever
 And praise Him forevermore.

FIRST FRUITS
(Deuteronomy 26:2)

I desire to bring a sacrifice
 To offer to my King.
 Like the ancient Hebrews
 The first fruits I would bring.
 I have no fruit, what shall I do
 On this Thanksgiving Day?
 I only bring this little gift,
 The praises that I sing.

(Hebrews 13:15)

I found it in the Scripture,
 The answer to my plea
 "The fruit of lips in praises"
 A true sacrifice can be.
 Now I know what I can do
 On this Thanksgiving Day.
 My lips in sincere praises
 Is the sacrifice from me.

WHERE ARE THE NINE?

When we fail to give thanks to the Father,
 To show appreciation for our blessings each day,
 Should we expect God to continue to bless us,
 To shower more blessings our way?

When we are lacking in real appreciation,
 We develop covetousness, jealousy, and greed.
 If we are never content with our blessings,
 We will want much more than we need.

It is pleasing to the Heavenly Father
 That we praise Him all the day long;
 That we tell to our friends how He helped us,
 Or praise Him in jubilant song.

When Jesus had healed the ten lepers,
 There was only one returned at that time
 To give praise and thanksgiving to the Master.
 Then Jesus asked, "Where are the nine?"

THE STARS SEEM BRIGHTER

The stars seem to shine on Christmas eve
 With a special brightness to those who believe.
 And they even seem a bit more near
 Than they are on other nights of the year.

There is a hallowed hush over all the earth
 As though the world awaits the Saviour's birth.
 For He is born in each humble heart anew
 To those who know the sweet story is true.

When we look up and claim Him as our own,
 If we let our hearts become His royal throne,
 Then Christmas takes on an added thrill.
 It becomes truly a day of peace and good will.

ONLY A FEW

When God stepped over the threshold
 To live in the world among men,
 And was born as a Babe in Bethlehem
 The stars shone with a brilliance for Him.

All of the angels in heaven
 Sang beautiful anthems that day,
 But only a few on earth really knew.
 The others just went on their way.

Those who knew it repeated the story;
 It was handed down from father to son.
 There was always a few who knew it—
 Who continued to pass it on.

Through the ages men have observed it,
 Making much of the outward show.
 And now the beautiful meaning of Christmas
 We share with the many who know.

CHRISTMAS THEN AND CHRISTMAS NOW

Feverishly we haste to do
 All our shopping, and when we are through
 We wrap each gift in a special way
 To look most beautiful on Christmas Day.

*"You will find a Babe wrapped in swaddling
 clothes."*

Luke 2:7

We decorate with a Christmas tree;
 We put a star at the top for all to see.
 The store windows in town are bright and gay;
 Very often a star is in each display.

"We have seen His star in the East."

Matthew 2:2

Joyful are the carols we sing;
 With Christmas music the air will ring.
 Groups of carolers are a familiar sign,
 Singing carols to their friends at night.

"A multitude of heavenly host praising God."

Luke 2:13

We send glad greetings every year
 To our loved ones far and near,
 To tell the Christmas story again
 "Of peace on earth, good will to men."

*"And all who heard it wondered at what the
 shepherds told them."*

Luke 2:18

THE CAROL SINGERS

She sat by the fireside
 in an old rocking chair.
 She was alone, neglected,
 and feeling despair;
 When out of the night
 she heard a new sound.
 It seemed to be music—
 her heart gave a bound.

"Yes, someone is singing!
 It is carols I hear."
 It was youthful voices
 that fell on her ear.
 She went to the window
 to take a peek out.
 Of course 'twould be over
 at the neighbors, no doubt.

The sound grew in volume
 as though just outside!
 She went to the door
 and opened it wide.
 The sight that she saw
 was a thrilling surprise.
 A group of church friends!
 Then tears filled her eyes.

"Christmas is real!
 It's a time of great joy!
 Thank you, dear God,
 for each girl and boy.
 For those who have come
 with a message of cheer
 To a lonely old lady
 at this glad time of year."

A DAUGHTER FOR CHRISTMAS

We knew Aunt Matilda felt lonely
 For tomorrow would be Christmas Eve.
 All of her friends had a family
 While her family was make-believe.

She often spoke of a "lovely daughter"
 Whom she said lived far away.
 She was sure the daughter would come visit.
 She might come almost any day.

She had even written the "daughter's" name
 At the top of her Christmas list.
 But no one deceived by the story;
 We knew the "daughter" didn't exist.

Today Aunt Matilda was near to despair
 When a kind woman came into her room
 With these cheerful words, "I'm your daughter now;
 I drew your name this noon."

LOVE AT CHRISTMASTIME

A gift of love is a priceless gift
 At any time of the year,
 But a gift of love at Christmas time
 Is even more precious and dear;
 Because, by a marvelous miracle
 Love gifts touch the hearts of men
 When given in the name
 Of the One who came
 As a Babe born in Bethlehem.

Gifts given through a sense of duty
 Without enough love tucked inside
 Will lose some of their luster and beauty
 No matter how elegantly tied.

We can make a Christmas a "giving spree,"
 A mere give and get for merriment
 Or to help the economy.
 But a day of holy ecstasy
 Is the more ideal way it can be.
 We can give as though to the Master who said,
 "As you do it for one of these brothers of mine
 You are doing it for me."

A gift of love is truly transformed
 As if by a touch from above.
 It can warm the heart till the teardrops start
 When the gift is seasoned with love.

AFTER CHRISTMAS IS OVER

After our Christmas is over
 And the tinsel removed from the tree,
 When the last late gift has been opened,
 It isn't over for me.

My heart is still filled with remembering
 All the greetings and words of cheer,
 The letters from friends and relations,
 Who write me but once a year.

The extra love of the season
 Warms my heart by its afterglow.
 I feel more love from my neighbor,
 And I'm a better person I know.

TRIBUTES
TO
MEN

THE MAN IN MY LIFE

He is dearer to my heart than all others,
His nearness gives me comfort and rest.
Whether at work, at play, or relaxing,
I find his company is always the best,
For he is the man in my life.

When I feel the need to good counsel,
Someone to show me the way,
He is the friend who best understands me,
And I'm glad that I have him each day—
That dependable man in my life.

The years go by and he loves me still;
He continues to call me "sweetheart."
We are glad today that we made the pledge
To love till death do us part—
Me and the man in my life.

A MAN CALLED BILL

Some knew him only as the man called BILL
 Who doctored their cars when the motor was ill.
 They hadn't heard what his last name was.
 They didn't need to know it—because—
 All that was needed was to drive to the shop
 And ask for "Bill" as soon as they'd stop.
 The boss soon learned the majority by far
 Said, "I want no one but Bill to touch my car."

A POPULAR man is the one called BILL.
 His customers love him and always will.
 They find in him a friend indeed;
 For a car that runs is man's greatest need.
 Now a customer comes with the old request,
 And an explanation, half in jest,
 "I trust Bill with my car any day.
 He has a 'magic touch,' so some folks say."

Completely HONEST is the man called BILL.
 You can depend on him when your car is ill.
 If you can afford a fine Cadillac,
 Or only drive a rattling wreck,
 You find Bill's work to be the best.
 The repairs he makes will stand the test.
 The word has quickly got around,
 He is the most honest mechanic in all the town.

He is a BUSY man, the one they call BILL.
 It is past quitting time, but he is busy still.
 Although tired now, at the end of the day,
 This is an emergency, so he will stay
 For another hour of more hard work.
 He was never known a task to shirk.
 He always took time to see it done right.
 A satisfied customer was his delight.

A PERFECTIONIST is the man called BILL.
 If it isn't done right, he keeps trying still.
 He is never content with a "good-enough;"
 Each job must be right up to snuff.
 This explains the customers' usual plea,
 "I want no one but Bill to do it for me."
 He gives each car the selfsame care—
 An attempt at perfection beyond compare.

MUSINGS OF A FAMILY MAN

I have all that a man really longs for.
 I feel like a king on a throne
 With a wife who is faithful and loving
 And these children of our own.

As soon as I'm home for the evening
 The little ones climb on my knee.
 They ask for no other enjoyment
 Than a little attention from me.

They brighten our home with their laughter.
 They make us more gentle and mild.
 I know now how Jesus could liken
 The Kingdom of God to a child.

The future may hold some heartaches,
 But today great pleasure is mine.
 Our home is a place of contentment
 And enough joy to last a lifetime.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND

We read it in the "Good Book."
 In "Proverbs," the rules of life,
 The attitude of a husband
 Toward his faithful wife.

These are the words: "He praises her."
 That is all that need be said.
 What a multitude of meanings
 Into those words can be read.

There is a list of the qualities
 For a wife in those ancient days.
 All that is asked for the husband
 Is only words of praise.

Life was truly more simple then.
 Today we are wiser grown;
 But a better rule for marital bliss
 I doubt has ever been known.

If she was chosen from out all others
 To be the companion for life,
 The man who admires his own judgment
 Will certainly praise his wife.

FATHER'S DAY

Father's Day comes along in June
 When with love and romance our hearts are atune.
 We notice Dad a little on just that one day
 Then hurry back to our own work and play.

Father is pleased to be honored at all.
 With so much attention, he feels nine feet tall.
 He does not mind that we forget so soon,
 After we've paid him our respects in June.

A father asks for so little praise.
 He is content to be noticed in just little ways.
 Father seldom wishes for pomp or display,
 But a kindly word can brighten his day.

HONOR THE FATHERS

The poets have sung of mother's love,
 And praises to her are due;
 Whatever our defects, failure or loss,
 Mother's love is loyal and true.

A man seldom reveals his inner thoughts,
 The feelings deep in his heart;
 Yet father's love is equally true,
 For love is not a feminine art.

Ofttimes a dad is a quiet man,
 Few words of love will he say;
 But it shows by is pride in his children
 And his unselfishness every day.

Let's honor the fathers, give them our love,
 And praise them for all their kind deeds;
 Let us show our respect and devotion,
 For love is what each one needs.

BLESSED IS THE MAN

Blessed is the man who loves the Lord
 And finds enjoyment in reading God's Word.
 Blessed is the man. Happy is he
 Who studies his Bible diligently.
 To the counsel of scoffers he turns a deaf ear;
 The words of the ungodly he refuses to hear.

His neighbors know him as a man they can trust.
 He is like a green tree whose roots are thrust
 Down deep to fountains of refreshing springs,
 Such joy and contentment his influence brings.
 Like an evergreen tree, his mind is not bare,
 His kind words are fruit that many may share.

He teaches his children the Bible each day
 Encouraging them to trust God and obey.
 The scripture passages that he often quotes
 His sincere respect for the Bible denotes.
 Happy is the home where the man takes the lead
 In teaching his children God's precepts to heed.

WHEN FATHER WAS HEAD OF THE HOUSE

There was work for all to do on the farm;
 Each child had to do his part.
 Whatever the task that was given him,
 He did it with all of his heart.

There was no time to fuss or fight
 If all were busy doing right
 When father was head of the house.

Father taught us a love for labor,
 The joys of a task well done,
 And the importance of seeing completed
 Whatever we had begun.

We learned that labor has dignity
 And to work is a noble destiny
 When father was head of the house.

DAD UNDERSTANDS

With all of my childhood problems
 I always went to Dad.
 It was he who best understood me.
 He was the truest friend that I had.

As I stumbled through the turbulent teens
 Dad's counsel was my guide.
 We would sit down and talk things over,
 But he would seldom scold or chide.

He liked to point out the end result
 If I should choose this way or that.
 I felt I was a better person
 After each friendly chat.

This I knew, Dad's faith was strong;
 He was a man of prayer.
 I always knew Dad prayed for me
 And I was ever in God's care.

Time scurried by, and very soon
 I was a woman grown,
 And I still like my Dad's advice
 As I rear children of my own.

THE BIGGEST MAN I'VE KNOWN

There were younger sisters and brothers
 But he was the eldest son.
 He grew up to be a big man—
 Big in more ways than one.

He was a kind man and gentle,
 Always tender toward his own.
 And he had a big heart for others;
 He was the biggest man I've known.

His broad shoulders carried many a burden,
 For he willingly bore his share.
 Yet he thought of the burdens of others
 And remembered each one in prayer.

I realize now how big he was,
 For he left such a big empty space.
 Since he is no longer with us,
 It seems no one can take his place.

A big influence still lingers
 In memories, both happy and sad.
 All of my life I'll be grateful
 For the example of my good Christian Dad.

THE MUSIC OF A WHISTLED TUNE

When I reminisce of the joys that I've had,
 One of the sweetest memories of my Dad
 Is the sound of his whistling every day
 While he was at work and I was at play.
 He would always whistle while doing his chores
 In and out of the old barn doors.

I loved the sound—morn, night, and noon—
 The music of a whistled tune.

My Dad was "special," this I knew.
 He could whistle a tune as many can't do.
 Very often my childish plea
 Was, "Please whistle that song again to me."
 In memory I can hear him yet.
 The sound of his whistling I'll ne'er forget.

Some Dads may hum and some may croon,
 But mine could whistle the sweetest tune.

The best entertainment we children had
 Was provided by our talented Dad—
 The many poems that he could recite
 And the songs he would sing after supper at night.
 He would whistle a tune that we knew well
 And see who could be first the title to tell.

A whistling, musical memory
 Is the heritage Dad left to me.

Dad usually whistled a sacred hymn;
 The songs of the church were precious to him.
 He whistled the tune that was in his heart.
 He meant the words! He lived the part!
 Dad lifted his soul in heartfelt love
 As he whistled his "thanks" to the Father above.

If there's need for whistling on the other shore
 Then Dad is whistling a hymn once more.

LIKE A FATHER

"Like a father pities his children,"
 This scripture I can understand.
 It means that God is kind and loving.
 He leads me gently by the hand.

"Like a father pities his children,"
 How true the simile.
 My father disciplines me sternly,
 Yet he shows me sympathy.

"Like a father pities his children."
 I pity the child who never had
 A kind-hearted sincere Christian
 For the man whom he called "Dad."

AN HUMBLE MAN

He "sounded no trumpet before him"
 As though seeking for fame or renown;
 He was contented to be a common man,
 Just one of the men of the town.

A friend to the lonely and aging
 Yet a ready companion for youth,
 If asked his advice, he could give it
 In eloquent words of truth.

He was there in his place every Sunday
 To worship in the church of his choice,
 With never a desire to be prominent,
 In authority never lifted his voice.

When asked to point out a true Christian
 Everyone in that town would say:
 "He is an excellent example
 For he lives it in his own quiet way."

BROTHERLY LOVE

Do you have a little brother
 Who can tease like any other
 Til you sometimes almost wish that he were dead?
 Brothers always cause us trouble
 And problems by the double.
 Why couldn't he have been a girl instead?

Such a brother I once had
 And I thought him very bad.
 I wondered if his pranks would ever end.
 By the time he was sixteen
 He wasn't quite so mean.
 On some days he was almost like a friend.

When he grew to be a man,
 I began to understand.
 He had really loved his sister all the while,
 And that teasing was the way
 He had shown his love each day,
 For brothers feel that teasing is the style.

I am thankful for my brothers;
 I could even wish for others.
 We can seldom find another friend so true.
 Brothers do a lot of teasing,
 It's their substitute for squeezing
 And is as natural as the early morning dew.

TO FAVORITE FRIENDS

THE NEED FOR A FRIEND

It was a lucky star that caused us to meet,
That put your home next to mine on Chestnut Street
Where we can see one another every day
And pause in our work when we have something to say.

When things go wrong and I feel blue,
All that I need is a good talk with you.
My innermost thoughts with you I can share;
I know that you understand and you always care.

God planted in each heart the need for a friend,
A hunger for companionship until life's end.
One of the greatest blessings that God ever sends
Is when He helps us to find the right kind of friends.

DEAR DEPENDABLE MARY

She was a friend who understood me
 When I was silly sixteen,
 Who still loved me when I was sixty
 And all of the years in between.

She's a friend who has shared my laughter,
 My heartaches, and even my tears.
 She has given me courage and fortitude
 And been a blessing to me through the years.

There are other friends who love me,
 Although their ardor may sometimes vary.
 She even forgives when I make mistakes;
 She is dear, dependable Mary.

I wish I could keep Mary here with me,
 For her heart is attune with mine;
 But her home is so very far away
 That I can't have her all the time.

I must be content just knowing she's there,
 And love her by remote control;
 Knowing I have a friend, wherever she is,
 Who is truly a kindred soul.

THE FLOWER GARDEN LADY

Bright blossoms are blooming row upon row
 While a sweet little lady out there with her hoe
 Weeds them and tends them and trains them just so.
 She never seems to tire of the work they require
 And sings a sweet song that the blossoms inspire.

I look out in the garden and wonder which is more fair
 The beautiful flowers that are blossoming there
 Or the little old lady with the snow-white hair.
 She walks slowly along caressing each bloom
 And softly sings to herself a melodious tune.

The sweet lady goes walking at the close of each day
 To admire her flowers in the sun's last ray,
 Softly singing a hymn her thanksgiving to say.
 To walk among flowers is an inspiration says she;
 And the dear, precious lady is an inspiration to me.

The fragrance of flowers filling the air,
 The sweet lady who gave them such tender care,
 And the hymns she sang while working there—
 These are beautiful memories unlike any other
 For the flower garden lady is my own mother.

FRIENDS IN KANSAS

I left many friends in Kansas;
 It seemed my heart was left behind
 When I moved away from Kansas
 To seek a warmer clime.
 But the memories so dear and sweet
 I cherish more and more
 As in fancy I can live again
 Those precious days of yore.

My fond memories of Kansas
 Are sweet beyond compare;
 Some of the finest folk I've ever known
 Are the ones who still live there.
 I owe a debt of gratitude
 That I can never quite repay
 For the times they've helped to brighten
 Many a would-be dreary day.

I often yearn for Kansas
 Where I still have many friends.
 They are in my thoughts of evenings
 When my daily schedule ends.
 I have a yearning that is burning
 To see those scenes once more;
 I wish to step upon the porch again
 And walk through the kitchen door.

If I could be in Kansas
 (at least for just a day)
 To see again those faithful friends
 I knew e'er I moved away,
 It would set my heart to singing
 Like the birds sing in the spring;
 There would be the joy bells ringing
 And I'd feel content with everything.

THE HOME TOWN

If I search the wide world over
 For a home with quiet rest
 When growing old and needing friends
 I'd find the home town is the best.

Where everybody knows me
 And friendships are sincere,
 I am very glad that I came back,
 I'm glad I now live here.

In every business place in town
 It always is the same.
 As soon as I have stepped inside,
 Folks call me by my name.

Friends greet me with a handshake
 Like I'm a long lost brother.
 A firm handclasp is eloquent
 Where there's love for one another.

TO MARGARET

I have never ceased to love you
 Since we were girls in our teens.
 The passing of years are unnoticed
 To those with common dreams.

On the day that I first met you
 Your soul was knit to mine
 As if it were intended that we be friends
 For the very beginning of time.

Something deep down within me
 Responds to a person like you.
 Although I do have many friends,
 The close ones are but few.

I still love you though the years pass by,
 And we live many miles apart.
 I know very well that you hold me
 Enshrined within your heart.

I PRAY FOR YOU

There is never a day but I think of you
 And feel an urge to pray;
 But when I hold you up to God in prayer,
 I know not the words to say.

I feel very certain you have need for prayer
 And I must do my part
 E'en though I do not know what to pray for,
 Not knowing the thoughts of your heart.

So I pray that the Father will bless you
 With whatever you really need,
 That He will send you what He knows is best;
 For this I sincerely plead.

We know God looks into each human heart;
 He understands and He cares.
 To ask Him for the blessing we truly need
 Is the ultimate in perfect prayers.

BETTY

The most beautiful name I have ever known
 I am certain means "loyal and true."
 There is no other like it; it stands alone
 And is the most suitable name for you.

I've met many another who carried that name
 And found each one a jewel rare.
 It never fails. It is always the same
 When that magical name they share.

Those with the name "Betty" seem extra endowed
 With the qualities which merit our praise.
 A room full of "Bettys" would be a good crowd
 Of women with lovable ways.

YOUR TALENT

You say that you have no talent,
 But I beg to disagree.
 You have a most wonderful talent:
 You always understand me!

When I try to explain my feelings,
 My words come out the wrong way.
 Yet you comprehend my meaning;
 You know what I'm trying to say.

You do me more good than a tonic;
 When I am feeling low
 And all others question my motives,
 You will not doubt me I know.

Don't say that you have no talents:
 You have made my dark world bright.
 It makes any day a red-letter day
 To know someone has heard me aright.

TO FRIENDS ON A FARM

I've been visiting with friends who live on a farm
Out where there is plenty of room.
That rural area has a magnetic charm;
I regretted to leave so soon.

Busy and active are those folks on the farm,
Yet there is a peaceful quiet sublime.
There is time for friendships to be truly warm.
It's the busy people who find the most time.

Fortunate, indeed, are those on a farm
Out where there is room to grow,
Where hearts grow big and souls reach up,
And God sends extra blessings I know.

MY NEIGHBOR

I have a friendly neighbor
Who lives next door to me.
Her nearness is a blessing
For we are as alike as we can be.

We enjoy the same amusements
And the same hobbies every year.
We never feel we are alone
When each has the other near.

We have a fence between us.
It was built right on the line
To mark the official boundary
Between her yard and mine.

But no fence can separate us,
For friendship finds a way.
We made a gate to open wide
And we go in and out each day.

TO A BELOVED FRIEND

You had become my dearest friend,
 And when you moved away
 I was in despair. I mourned my loss,
 For I missed seeing you each day.

New neighbors live where you once lived.
 I've learned to love them too;
 So I now have these friends next door
 And I also still have you.

I have come to know it is better so;
 We gain more friends every year.
 While all the friends of former days,
 Are just as sweet and dear.

As the years go by, friends multiply,
 Increasing more and more.
 There will be more friends for me to greet
 When I reach that other shore.

TO EDNA

When you saw I had a need to feel needed,
 You gave me something to do.
 Yours is a rare gift of understanding;
 Few persons are equal to you.

The stones in my path were a hazard.
 They were continually bruising my feet.
 Your friendship anointed the bruises
 Like an ointment precious and sweet.

The clouds in my sky were threatening,
 I needed shelter away from the storm.
 You opened your heart with kindness
 And suddenly I felt warm!

A MOTHERLY HEART

That mother down there at the Children's Home
 Knows how to love children who are not her own.
 It is like a talent, precious and rare,
 A love for children that is beyond compare.

There are such mothers who love in truth
 And feel a concern for all the youth—
 The neighbors' children, her own children's friends.
 Her love for children just never ends.

She feels a compulsion to love each one
 And to show a concern as though each were her son.
 It is her nature. It is more than an art
 When a woman is endowed with a motherly heart.

TO FRIENDS IN HATCH VALLEY

When I was left alone, bereaved and sad,
 And I needed to find a new home,
 I chose a small town on the Rio Grande
 To build me a place of my own.

In the valley of Hatch I have settled down
 In the most friendly town that I know.
 I've discovered the city of "brotherly love"
 Is in southwestern New Mexico.

Friends go out of their way to be helpful,
 To be understanding and kind.
 The Biblical command to love others
 Seems paramount to everyone's mind.

THE NINTH GRADE GIRLS

When I moved here to this new home,
I wished for friends to call my own.
The Widows' Club offered to answer my quest,
And the Senior Citizens invited me as a guest.
The Extension Club I was asked to try,
But none of these seemed to satisfy.

Where can I find some teen-aged girls?

A superb idea suddenly came to me—
I'll invite some girls to my home for tea.
The school girls came and were so sweet
The next year I decided the plan to repeat.
It became a tradition, for as long as I live,
A tea for the Freshmen girls I will give.

Hurrah for the ninth-grade girls!

These high school girls are my friends in truth;
If I live long enough, they may restore my youth.
They've given me something to look forward to—
Something extra special that is fun to do.
The girls always thank me for giving the tea,
But I feel the "Thank Yous" should come from me.

A thousand thanks to the ninth-grade girls!

IN MEMORIAM (To Jovita Allen)

"I was a stranger and you took me in."
You took me into your heart.
In loving kindness you reached out to me
And made me feel that I was a part—
A part of the church and the community,
That feeling of being "at home."
I was no longer a stranger in an unknown town.
I was no longer completely alone.

The world is hungry for compassionate souls.
We need such persons as you.
But God in His wisdom called you Home,
Leaving unfinished tasks we must do.
The Christian concern you had for all
(And the splendid example you set)
Was like a shining light in a selfish world.
A light we will not soon forget.

THE SWEET LITTLE LADY

When first I moved to a new little town
 I met friendly people from all around
 Who advised, "You will find it so
 You meet kind folk here wherever you go,
 And there is a special one you really must meet,
 A sweet little lady on Wilson Street."

From their apt descriptions she was easy to spy,
 Her radiant smile quickly caught my eye.
 A more cheerful face I never did see,
 I knew in an instant it must be she.
 Her hair was done up in a coiffure so neat;
 It was the sweet little lady from Wilson Street.

I soon got to know her and to love her too.
 I found her charming, considerate, loyal, and true.
 No name is e'er mentioned but she says a good word,
 Her voice in criticism can never be heard.
 Her love for others is full and complete.
 This sweet little lady on Wilson Street.

A woman of numerous talents is she.
 A more capable hostess we seldom will see.
 She is also an artist and loves her art.
 The pictures she paints, their own story impart.
 Her work-room is her quiet retreat,
 The sweet little lady on Wilson Street.

My heart leaps for joy when she comes to call;
 Her very presence is a blessing to all.
 A bit of her personality she leaves everywhere,
 Like the aroma of roses filling the air.
 I have no adequate words for a description complete
 Of the sweet little lady on Wilson Street.

THE ELDERLY COUPLE

The elderly couple across the way
 Are admired by all who see them each day.
 Whatever is his interest is her interest, too.
 Each takes pride in what the other can do.

For sixty-six years they've been happily wed;
 That they love one another doesn't need to be said.
 A more devoted couple we aren't likely to meet;
 Their concern for each other is truly sweet.

It is pleasant to see couples who are loyal and true,
 Who work together at whatever they do.
 Our nation's need is for such as they—
 That elderly couple across the way.

ESTHER

To a precious friend who is loyal and true,
 You are my ray of sunshine when skies are blue.
 Whatever I say, you understand;
 When I am confused, you give me a hand.
 At my foolish mistakes you help me to laugh;
 You sift out the wheat from among the chaff.

You encourage me to be my best
 And help me in trials to stand the test.
 I am a better person because of you.
 You've helped me to start my life anew.
 You've given me cause to rejoice each day
 With hope and courage to go on my way.

Your friendship is like a rose so rare,
 I feel contentment because you are there.
 I had in my heart a big empty place;
 In your own way you filled the space.
 You are my special friend, sincere and true.
 I am thankful to God that I have you.

CHEERFULNESS IS CONTAGIOUS

When I heard about your accident
 And that you were down in bed,
 I went at once to try to cheer you,
 But you cheered me instead.

You bear it all so bravely,
 The frustration and the pain;
 It did me good to talk with you.
 I shall call on you again.

Your cheery voice I love to hear,
 And your bright smile I love to see.
 You are just what the doctor ordered
 As the best medicine for me.

TO VIOLA WHITE

I had allowed myself to grow careless,
 To neglect using this talent of mine.
 Although I know that if I do not practice
 It will grow dormant and rusty with time.

It was then that you came, and I loved you.
 I felt a desire to be helpful to you,
 Using my talent to do what I could
 At whatever you asked me to do.

You have given me new inspiration;
 You encouraged me to get back to work,
 At my God-given duties to keep busy.
 I know I must no longer shirk.

I owe you a debt of gratitude
 That is much more than I can ever repay.
 But I know God Himself will reward you
 On that last final Reckoning Day.

A HELPFUL NEIGHBOR

I have an understanding neighbor
 Who lives next door to me.
 She shares my griefs and shares my joys
 With equal sympathy.

But since an illness has befallen her
 She can no longer walk about.
 Her welcomed presence in my home
 I must learn to do without.

She helps me more than ever now,
 For she has more time to pray.
 She holds me up to God in prayer;
 She intercedes for me each day.

My burdens have grown lighter,
 My pathway is more clear
 Because my neighbor prays for me
 And I feel God's presence near.

MY ERRAND BOY

Thank you for running my errands,
For being helpful and kind.
Thank you for willingly giving to me
The precious gift of your time.

Thank you for being dependable,
For stopping by every day
To ask if there is a letter to mail
Or something I wish to say.

Your courtesy reflects the good training
Of parents who truly love you,
Who wish you to always be happy
And to be a good citizen too.

YOUR FAITH IS AN INSPIRATION

God knows that you will be very brave;
He knows He can always depend on you,
That even when sorrow and suffering strike
Your Christian character will show through.

The God who searches all human hearts
Knows how much each one can bear.
He knows you continue to look to Him
And trust Him your burdens to share.

Your faith is a real inspiration
To others along life's weary road.
The courage you show when in sorrow
Help others to bear their heavy load.

God knows you will set an example
For others who will follow your way,
As you look to the Lord for comfort
And trust Him for strength every day.

THE LIBRARY LADY

When I come to the library to find me a book
 She is never too busy to help me look.
 Whether I check it out to take to my home
 Or just wish to read a bit, here all alone,
 The library lady is gracious and kind!

I like to come here for a quiet retreat
 Away from the hustle and noise of the street.
 There is always some book I've been wanting to read
 Or maybe some new information I need
 From the library lady who is gracious and kind!

The library lady is a good friend of mine,
 She will do me a favor most any time.
 Not only in the library, but wherever we meet
 She is ever eager to be helpful and sweet,
 For the library lady is gracious and kind!

Is it due to her working with books each day
 That makes her be thoughtful in every way?
 The real reason she is kind wherever she goes
 Is that she's a true Christian and her character shows.
 The library lady is gracious and kind!

FOR NEWLYWEDS

When you two have quarreled
 and everything has gone wrong;

When in your heart
 there is no longer a song.

Turn to the Bible,
 find a Psalm to read.

Words that seem written
 just to fill your need.

Read the Psalm together
 as your heart's deep prayer.

The reading of God's word
 is a thing to share.

As you both lift your hearts
 to the Father above,

You will find you've become
 more deeply in love.

This is a time-tested recipe
 and it cannot fail,

For the love of God
 will always prevail.

FOR DEVOTION

WHEN A WOMAN PRAYS

All through the ages
There have been women who prayed,
And oftentimes
The hand of death has been stayed.

Many a willful youth
With an inclination to stray
Returned because
His mother continued to pray.

A woman's prayer
When true and sincere
Brings the power
Of God to those she holds dear.

The Scripture
Records how the answer came
When a woman
In faith called on His Holy Name.

We can feel
His hallowed Presence hovering there
As a woman lifts her heart
To the Lord in sincere prayer.

TENDERLY HOLD US CLOSE

Shall I pray to the Father, asking that He
 Spare the life of this grandchild so precious to me?
 O Lord, give me wisdom is my earnest plea.
 Tenderly hold us close, dear Lord,
 Tenderly hold us close!

My children are requesting that I should pray
 Asking God to heal their baby today.
 Oh, what shall I do and what shall I say?
 Tenderly hold us close, dear Lord,
 Tenderly hold us close!

I know that we are continually in God's care,
 And I know there is always an answer to prayer.
 But should I request the "when" and the "where"?
 Tenderly hold us close, dear Lord,
 Tenderly hold us close!

I'm not wise enough to know what is best,
 That we in this hour will be most blest.
 Gracious Lord, give us strength to meet the test.
 Tenderly hold us close, dear Lord,
 Tenderly hold us close!

WORSHIPING GOD

Worshiping God is loving God,
 Showing love in any way that we can
 Loving Him with our heart, our mind, and our soul
 Just as the Scriptures command.

When we worship with all of our being,
 We are aware that the Lord is there,
 Whether we bow in adoration before Him
 Or lift holy hands in prayer.

It matters not the position
 Nor how we express what we feel.
 When we show our true love and devotion
 It is then that our worship is real.

GOD ALWAYS ANSWERS

There is never a prayer that God doesn't answer.
 We are the ones who fail to reply;
 For God has already prepared the answer
 And is just waiting for our feeble cry.

He does not always answer directly
 With a definite "Yes" or "No";
 He may merely remind us of some other problem
 Or of some truths that we need to know.

When things don't happen as we had expected,
 We do not see that the answer is there.
 In our human blindness and selfish unkindness
 We think God didn't answer our prayer.

God in His wisdom may give a command;
 He may tell us some task to do.
 Then we are bewildered and can't understand,
 For we see no connection between the two.

But if we faithfully follow the Spirit's leading
 And are ever so prompt to obey,
 We will find when we do the duty God gave us
 That we have the answer to our problem that day.

FAITH IS A BRIDGE

Faith is a bridge, stalwart and strong,
 Over the river of doubt.
 He who walks every day on the bridge highway
 Can put all his fears to rout.

It is best not to gaze at the river below
 Or to lean too far over the side,
 For if we fall into doubt and cannot swim out
 We will be carried along with the tide.

The more we travel this bridge of faith
 The less we notice the water below,
 Till we become unaware that the river is there
 As onward and upward we go.

WHEN I ASKED FOR A TALENT

I complained that I had no talent.
 Then God sent sorrow to me.
 While His loving arms gave me comfort,
 I was able, at last, to see
 That I now could bring comfort to others—
 A talent I had acquired!
 To my sorrowing friend I knew what to say;
 With experience my words were inspired.

I asked God to give me more talents,
 And I was given a cup of pain.
 Into my life that been all sunshine
 Came endless days of rain.
 I asked the Lord why it happened to me—
 Why must I suffer so?
 He told me to bear it bravely
 And my heart with understanding would grow.

Once I had scorn for the fallen—
 For the derelicts along the way.
 I readily judged the parents at fault
 If children went astray.
 When I asked for a talent of wisdom
 That I might be a blessing to someone I need,
 One dear to my heart brought shame and disgrace
 And made my heart to bleed.

Very soon, I discovered, that heartache
 Like the sorrow and the pain given me
 Had become a most useful talent—
 A talent of true sympathy.
 I can now rejoice in my sufferings,
 For burdens bring blessings I know.
 I have read many times in the Scriptures
 How troubles have helped talents to grow.

SEND ME WHAT I NEED

I'll not suggest what You should send
 For I cannot see the final end;
 Just send me what I need.
 I humbly bow before You now, asking to be blest.
 Send what will be the best for me, for only You know best.
 If I am weak and falter, give me strength to stand the test.
 Send me what I need, O Lord, send me what I need.

Sometimes I may ask amiss,
 Wishing ease, or fame, or bliss.
 Lord, send me what I need.
 If I need disappointment to keep my ego in control,
 If I need pain and suffering for the welfare of my soul,
 Lord, lead me on, until at last I reach that final goal.
 Send me what I need, O Lord, send me what I need.

Forgive me when I fail to see
 That everyday You are blessing me
 And sending what I need.
 I know each day along the way my needs are satisfied,
 That the love I share with others is always multiplied,
 And with abundant blessings I never fail to be supplied.
 Thank you Lord for sending me daily what I need.

NEGLECTED FRUIT

The spiritual fruits are love, joy, and peace.
 Our need for these virtues seems never to cease.
 There is another fruit which is often left out—
 The value of patience we don't talk about.

To practice patience is difficult to do.
 We get in a hurry, we "fret" and we "stew".
 When we take our burdens to the Lord in prayer
 We sometimes forget to leave them there.

God's answer to prayer never comes too late,
 But we may lack the patience to trust and to wait.
 In our feverish haste we so soon forget
 That an all-wise God is watching us yet.

O dear friend, have faith and you will know
 That God in His mercy is never too slow.
 The answer, like a lamp at the right time lit,
 Will brighten our path if we wait for it.

GOD CALLED ME TO TEACH

I knew it beyond a doubt; the Lord had called me.
 There was something special that He wished me to be.
 In my own little mind I was certain that I knew
 Just the very service He would have me do.
 Like many another in this modern day
 I wanted to be a missionary and live far away.
 But things didn't work out the way I had planned.
 I became ill and crippled; I could not understand.
 Surely God would heal me and I could still go,
 But time was scurrying by, it seemed God was so slow.
 Maybe God was not kind as I'd thought Him to be,
 Else why did all this trouble happen to me?

The more I thought it over and tried to figure it out,
 The more I was tempted to rebel and to doubt.
 It was then that I realized that my faith was gone,
 And I felt helpless and alone with no God to lean on.
 At long last I finally began to see
 It was to teach in Sunday School that God was calling me.
 So I got busy and began to prepare
 With much Bible study, meditation, and prayer.
 I took a study course with many books to read;
 I soon found it was satisfying my own personal need.
 My hungry soul was fed. I was happy once more,
 And my faith was stronger than ever before.

I was given a class of young girls to teach—
 Hungry young souls that I could reach.
 Great peace and joy just flooded my soul.
 I was now a missionary; I had reached my goal.
 There is no higher calling, no work more sublime,
 For Sunday School teaching is service full time.
 I must keep busy at doing God's work,
 In my Master's service I dare not shirk.
 For more than forty years I've continued to teach,
 And many are the souls I've been able to reach.
 The great Commission is fulfilled indeed
 When we teach the Bible wherever there is need.

WHY I GO TO CHURCH

I can worship God in my own home
 Where I read my Bible each day.
 I like to be alone with the Lord
 My sincere prayers to say.
 But when it comes to praising god,
 My voice is never up to par.
 To praise Him as the Bible commands
 I must be where others are
 Singing praises to the Lord.

Jesus loves me—even sinners like me—
 With the greatest love that has ever been known.
 I must praise Him with all of my heart
 For the wonderful love He has shown.
 He is indeed the Lily of the Valley;
 His the only Bright and Morning Star.
 To rightly praise my blessed Saviour
 I must be where people are
 Singing praises to the Lord.

One feeble voice is not enough
 To sing praises to the King of Kings.
 It takes an entire congregation
 And is best where everyone sings.
 It is fine to relax on Sundays
 Or to travel somewhere in the car.
 But I go to church Sunday mornings
 To be where other Christians are
 Singing praises to the Lord.

Some people look forward to heaven
 For reasons that to me seem very queer,
 To have golden streets and a mansion
 In that city that will be crystal clear.
 I am sure it will be a beautiful place,
 But I am more eager by far
 Just to worship my Lord and Saviour
 Where the multitude of worshipers are
 Singing praises to the Lord.

THE OFFERING I BRING

What suitable sacrifice can I bring
 As a worthy offering to my Lord and King?
 I must give of myself, give a part of me;
 Only then can my offering a true sacrifice be.
 I will bring to the Lord my very best—
 That which cost me something, for that is the test.

When I bring an offering of money today,
 It isn't "cold cash" as some would say,
 For my time, my effort, and energy
 Have gone into these earnings that come to me.
 My money isn't just worldly pelf.
 As I give it, I am giving a part of myself.

I will give of my time, for every day
 As I think of others I remember to pray.
 I give of my time to help others in need.
 Even a cheery word can be sowing good seed.
 So my time as an offering I will bring,
 For time is truly a priceless thing.

A treasured gift I must certainly bring
 Is that of thanksgiving unto my King.
 For God, Himself, has asked that we
 Ever and always should thankful be.
 Praise and thanksgiving, the Psalmist has said,
 Is a worthy sacrifice. These words we have read.

When I come before Him with my offering today,
 My money and my time at His feet I will lay,
 And my voice in thanksgiving I will ever raise.
 My heart is filled with songs of praise.
 These are the gifts that I would bring.
 As an offering to my Lord and King.

I HAVE LEARNED TO BE GRATEFUL

I have learned to be grateful, even for pain,
 For each bit of suffering has brought me some gain.
 It makes me akin to others who know
 The secret—the sorrows help blessings to grow.

After the pain there comes sweet release,
 Nothing else can equal that feeling of peace.
 Had I not known pain, I'd not know the relief—
 The infinite joy beyond all belief.

God tenderly watches as I'm "tried as by fire."
 He knows how much heat it should require
 To burn out the dross from the gold in my soul
 Till I willingly allow Him to have full control.

The sweetest blessings from His bountiful store
 God sends to those who suffer and more.
 So I shall be grateful even for pain,
 For each bit of suffering has brought me some gain.

I DO NOT FEAR

I truly have nothing to worry about;
 There is nothing to cause me alarm.
 I do not fear, although dangers are near;
 I know I am protected from harm.

The dear blessed Saviour, so tender and true,
 Watches over me every day.
 He is my guide whatever betide,
 And He leads me each step of the way.

I know that the Lord has a wonderful plan,
 Something special He's intended for me.
 I shall seek His holy will, that plan to fulfill,
 That I may be what He wants me to be.

Even though my old body is racked with pain
 And my days left on earth may be few,
 Each precious hour I'll rejoice in His power.
 I can even serve Him by encouraging you.

THE MODERN PHARISEE

How shocking it is that youth go wrong!
That the inclination to sin is so strong!
The many temptations never came my way
That seem to lure the youth of today.
In the proper path I desired to abide;
I scorned any thought of stepping aside.

One day I read Romans twelve and three
The full meaning of that scripture came to me.
I cried to the Lord, "Have mercy, please!"
As in remorse, I fell on my knees.
I am the sinner for whom Christ died.
In the light of God's Word, my sin is pride!

TWO LITTLE WORMS

Two caterpillars in the garden one day
Were discussing the future in a serious way.
Said one caterpillar, "I must spin me a cocoon,
For the time of my departure will be very soon."
"Pugh," scoffed the other, "I just don't believe;
Those stories of butterflies are just to deceive."

"I will make no cocoon, I haven't the time to spare.
I am content with life as I find it here."
"But what will you do when the cold winds blow?
It is better to believe even though we don't know."
"Nonsense," said the foolish worm, "You bother me.
Why worry about cold that may never be?"

So he made no cocoon, and the cold winter's chill
Froze him to death as cold winds will.
The other caterpillar was safe from harm
In the cocoon he had made—he was cozy and warm.
When he awakened on a warm day in spring
He had become a butterfly with a colorful wing.

JUST IMAGINE!

Man can send voices and pictures through the air.
 He can pick up sound waves from everywhere.
 Just imagine what God can do.
 He could replay the scenes of my whole life through.

If all were to be shown on a giant screen,
 Every act of my life by all to be seen,
 Could I step out when they called my name
 Or would I cringe in terror or hid in shame?

I make my own record of all my deeds,
 To replay the sound waves is all that God needs.
 My every word is recorded there.
 Every word I have said could be picked up from the air.

Nothing is impossible for God to do.
 It is a sobering thought—and frightening too.
 I wonder if God will do it that way
 When He judges me on that great Judgement Day?

I KNOW IT IS TRUE

I don't understand it, yet I know it is true,
 The Creator of the universe is in me and in you.
 When I pray to Him, I lift my hands in prayer,
 Not that I think He is someplace up there,
 But because He is so much greater than I—
 So wonderful, so powerful, so exalted and high.

I lift up my heart and my hands in praise
 For the blessings He gives me all of my days.
 I praise Him for dwelling in each of our hearts,
 That His Holy Spirit to us He imparts.
 Why the great God of the universe should love us so
 I cannot understand, but it is true, I know.

READ THE PSALMS

With a little imagination
 In any situation
 We can find a verse from Psalms that will apply.
 We should ever praise the Lord;
 Praise Him both in deed and word.
 In the book of Psalms we find some reasons why.

When we feel the inclination
 For some prayer and meditation,
 Reading Psalms makes worship vital and sincere.
 If we find a favorite Psalm and read
 The very words that fill our need,
 We can feel the Presence of the Lord is ever near.

In the Lord we do rejoice.
 We honor Him with heart and voice
 Because we know He always hears us when we call.
 In many Psalms we find a prayer.
 The Psalms assure us of His care
 And the promise that He watches over all.

ON THE FORTIETH PSALM

I waited for the Lord and he heard my plea.
 When I had patiently waited, He answered me.
 He brought me up out of the miry clay
 And sent me rejoicing on my way.
 He set my feet on the solid ground.
 A new song in my heart and joy I have found.
 Many shall see it and will become aware
 Of how the Lord in His kindness answered my prayer.

"Help me, dear Lord, to keep my vow
 That I'll always remember how You blessed me now
 And to proclaim to others the blessed relief
 Of waiting with patience and with sincere belief."
 The Psalmist assures us that God knows what's best
 And at just the right time we'll be richly blest.
 "O, God, calm my restless, impatient soul,
 Make me willing to wait and let You take control."

TO A FRIEND WHO HAS FAILED

Don't feel downcast because you have failed—
 I've a message of cheer.
 The compassionate Master has promised
 That He's always near.

Even a failure can become a success
 In God's almighty hands.
 He will give you strength to try again
 For He understands.

Not till we've failed can we ever learn
 True humility.
 But to try again, and again, and again
 Takes real ability.

The disciples deserted the Master
 In His dark hour.
 They learned they were weak and helpless
 Without His power.

Yet these were the ones Jesus entrusted
 To spread the word,
 So that in every village and hamlet
 The gospel was heard.

THE PRICE GOD PAID FOR ME

My little lamb has wandered away,
 Willful and rebellious,
 She was determined to stray.
 O God, where is my child tonight?
 Where is my darling? Why did she go?
 Did she not understand that I love her so?
 I would willingly die to save her from harm,
 To save her from sorrow and pain.
 O that I knew how to rescue her,
 To bring her back home again.
 O God, help me in my plight!

I would go out in the desert
 Amid briar and thorn;
 I would gladly search
 Although bruised and torn.
 There is no suffering known
 That I wouldn't endure
 To have her at home again, safe and secure,
 Away from her wanderings, away from her sin,
 Back home with me to begin again.

If I could rescue my darling
 From the mountains wild
 I would suffer torment.
 I would die for my child!
 O, God in heaven, now I see
 That is the price You paid for me!
 O God, I am not worthy,
 Not worthy that You should love me so!
 That terrible price You paid for me!
 I didn't know! I didn't know!

WHEREVER HE LEADS I'LL GO

My grandchild and I went for a walk one day
 Where many rough stones were along the way.
 Some hills were steep but he climbed them all
 Not even crying when rocks caused him to fall.
 He rejoiced at the scent in every turn
 And asked many questions. He was eager to learn.
 When the going was hard, he did not complain.
 Wherever I led him, he gladly came.

With another grandchild, on another day,
 I went for a walk along the same way.
 He rebelled and resisted, although he wanted to go,
 But the rocks in the path made our progress so slow.
 He suggested a better path he'd like to take
 And objected to any choices I'd make.
 He complained so much that he gave me no joy.
 I felt almost sorry I had invited the boy.

The difference in the boys made me realize
 The way I must look in God's all-seeing eyes.
 Some days I follow gladly as He leads me along,
 Even rejoice at burdens and sing a glad song.
 But I'm ashamed as I recall there have been other days
 When I complained that He led me in difficult ways.
 Forgive me, dear Master, I just didn't know
 That my wrong attitudes could grieve You so!

BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD

In my bereavement what shall I say?
 "The Lord hath given and He hath taken away."
 I feel lost and bewildered; my sorrow is deep.
 In my loneliness I can do naught but weep.
 But I need not despair nor the future fear,
 For my heavenly Father is always near.
 "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

I will no longer question, no longer ask "Why?"
 My Father knows far better than I
 What is best for my loved one and best for me.
 He can see what my finite eyes cannot see.
 My deepest desire is that God's will be done,
 Then all will be best for everyone.
 "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

This experience for me is a fork in the road.
 From now on I must carry a different load.
 That stage in my life has come to an end.
 New tasks are awaiting around the bend.
 I am willing to follow where the Master leads.
 In His infinite wisdom He supplies all my needs.
 "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

GRANDMOTHER HAD AN APPOINTMENT TO KEEP

My Grandmother's life was a real busy life.

She was the mother of six, and a farmer's wife.
But I've heard it said that each Lord's Day
Found her and her family on their way
To the small country church on the plot of land
That her father donated for the church to stand.
She ne'er missed a Sunday, come rain, cold, or heat,
For Grandmother had an appointment to keep.

A meal at Grandmother's was always a treat.

Her table just groaned with the good food to eat.
After breakfast was eaten, each knelt by his chair
While Grandfather led in the family prayer.
The Sunday noon meal was usually late,
"But Spiritual Food must never wait."
Grandmother was strict in her firm belief
In the Sunday morning appointment to keep.

When they moved into town, at an age to retire,
She found more time for her heart's desire.

Much more of her time was now occupied
With serving her Lord, in life's eventide.
A Sunday School class of women she taught,
And here faithful example by many was caught:
"Whatever happens, come what may,
We've an appointment to keep on each Lord's Day."

When old and feeble she still managed to go,
Though lame with arthritis and walking so slow.

In time, by wheelchair was the only way
She could be taken to church on each Lord's Day
A ramp was built to enter one door,
For Grandmother could climb the steps no more.
Yet, still she was there to do her small part,
Her faith and her courage to others impart.

The news of her death reached me one day,

And I lifted my heart in thanksgiving to pray;
Grandmother's pain and suffering was o'er,
The sorrows of earth she would know no more.
I rejoiced that she now was "fallen asleep"
For Grandmother had an appointment to keep
With the Lord she loved, forever to be—
An appointment to keep for eternity.