

The Silent Tongue

The little girl was so misunderstood,
But still a smile was on her face.
Her life was good and she wanted to tell the world,
But she couldn't say the words.
Her tongue was silent.

Others could say what they wanted to say.
Why couldn't she?
She wanted to tell the world to rejoice,
But she couldn't say the words.
Her tongue was silent.

And then one day a thought broke through.
Why not? Maybe I can do it, too.
With the help and the prayers of her loved ones and friends,
She worked and she worked till the sounds came through.
Rejoice!! Rejoice!! Her words are music to my ears.

And now, praise God, her voice soars. She sings of joy and happiness.
But, alas, the years have dimmed my ears, and I must listen closely.
I must listen with my heart to hear her song. But this I know –
She will love me as I love her, as we communicate heart to heart.
Our hearts are not silent.

The Church

It is often despise
So many times criticize
Thought of only as a pretense
In the world's eyes

The Church as it sits here
We are it's legs moving from place
To place, telling of GOD'S Amazing
Grace, the Church we are it's
Body, it's soul we are it's face

The Church, we are the Church
People of God who unconditionally
Love, shown this by our
Father up above,

We are it's hands feeding the
Hungry. It's arms clothing the
Naked. It's love sheltering the
Homeless. It's heart loving the
Unloveables

Whenever our feet go. Taking
The Gospel to and fro
The Church we are the Church
Often despised, so many times
Criticized. Thought of only as
A pretense before the world's
Eyes

With our faults, our frailties
Believing in JESUS CHRIST our
LORD and SAVIOR
For in Him we have
Blessed merciful favor

Good Night

Crisp air, cold, clear on my face

I look up to see, bare gray branches, stretching on high.

Big bright stars sparkle through a black velvet sky.

My breath an offering of smoke to the heavens.

Footprints are all I hear.

Crunching, squeaking muffled tones.

A dog barking in the distance, at the bright fullness of the moon.

I head home.

Smelling smoke from the chimney. I see the glow from the lights.

Thinking to myself .

That this is,

A good night.