



## Just a Quick Prayer

Just a quick prayer for a busy day,  
didn't have time to stay still and pray,  
Well, I stubbed my toe, my car wouldn't start,  
a pain in my side like a fiery dart!  
"God, send your angels," I cried in despair.  
There was no response, didn't he care?  
I felt so alone -- and angry too!  
So I asked Him, "God, where are you?"  
Much to my wonder He chided me then,  
saying, "My child, where have YOU been?"

~ JB

## Climb Aboard

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus; Oh, how I love my Lord.  
Do you know my Jesus? We cannot afford  
to be without salvation, the world grows darker still  
Let's keep His light a-shining, let's pray to do His will.

Do you know your Jesus? Do you love your Lord?  
Reach out to Him and take His hand, Come on and climb aboard!  
Climb aboard with Jesus, the Lamb of Calvary,  
Who suffered on a wooden cross, so we could all go free!

Yes, climb aboard with Jesus, the Man from Galilee,  
He wants you to be with Him, throughout eternity!  
So climb aboard with Jesus, submit your will to His,  
Let Him be your shepherd, you'll find He's all there is!

~ JB



## Heaven...Here and Now

I've been thinking about green - not greenbacks, not greenware (the Alfred influence), not greenhorn - but the color, GREEN. One day I mentioned to Bob that I think the color I would least like to have drop out of the rainbow is green. He said, "Then it must be your favorite color." I was about to respond in the negative, because I've always said that my favorite color is purple. I realized, though, that he is probably right; since I could always count on green to BE there, I was free to choose another "favorite" color while fully enjoying the benefit of the glorious greens that adorn the hills and drape the valleys of our beautiful county.

The delightful revelation begins in early spring. First there's that tender, yellowy-green of miniature leaves newly freed from their winter armor...but look, some of those succulent greens are NOT leaves, but are actually clusters of tiny flowers. As the season progresses, the green deepens and becomes more the Crayon green of the eight-in-a-box beloved by school children. The observant will note, however, that this isn't a single green, but multiple shades, flickering in an ever-changing pattern as sunlight and shadows play their games on the leaves and on the ground.

The iridescent green on the back of the hummingbird as she lands on the feeder. The "teal-y" green of the distant hills on a steamy summer day. The shimmering flicker of aspen leaves, trembling before the slightest breeze. The tender shoots of newly sprouted seeds. The fruit that follows the blossom, working the miracle of ripening deep within itself. The stripey zucchini. The bloom of algae on a summer pond. The verdant velvet of moss.

Nor is winter, the gray season, without its greens. Look for the splash of the evergreen on the gray hills, the cluster of rhododendron leaves pushing through the snow, and, blessedly, the plants that thrive in our warm and comfortable homes. Yes, sometimes I think God's favorite color might be green; He has lavished it so richly and in such infinite variety.

I once learned a song entitled, "Green Cathedral," which I've always loved.

"I know a green cathedral, a shadowed forest shrine,  
Where leaves in love join hands above and arch your prayer and mine.

Within its cool depths sacred, a priestly cedar sighs,  
And the fir and pine lift arms divine unto the pure blue skies.

"In my dear green cathedral there is a flowered seat  
With choir loft in branch-ed croft, and song of bird hymns sweet.

And I like to dream at evening when the stars its arches light  
That my Lord and God treads its hallow-ed sod in the cool calm peace of night."