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# *Laughter*

*Looking for the Humor*



## *Isaac (he laughs)*

*Abraham gave the name Isaac  
to the son Sarah bore him.*

*Genesis 21:3*

*And Sarah said,  
“God has brought me laughter,  
and everyone who hears about this  
will laugh with me.”*

*Genesis 21:6*

*A cheerful heart is good medicine  
Proverbs 17:22a*

*Our mouths were filled with  
laughter,  
and our tongues with songs of joy.*

*Psalms 126:2*

## *Laughter*



Have you a sense  
of humor  
as you live from day to day  
Or do you find it's hard to laugh  
no matter what folks say?  
If you can't snicker now and then  
and even laugh out loud  
You may not be invited much  
to join a happy crowd.

Laughter is good medicine,  
it makes your mind relax--  
I wonder if it might prevent  
some future heart attacks.  
To laugh a lot relaxes you  
and helps your blood flow free,  
It's good for body, mind, and soul;  
e'en doctors will agree.

But if you want to live uptight  
and hassle stress and strain  
The chances are you'll feel depressed  
and often will complain.  
Why not try laughing every day  
and smile at folks you meet?  
It might bring joy into your life  
and that is hard to beat.

A cheerful look brings joy to the heart,  
and good news gives health to the bones.  
Proverbs 15:20

## *The Merry Heart*

A merry heart, the Bible says,  
is like a medicine.  
I wonder if we laugh a lot  
when with our friends and kin.  
If we would smile and sing and hum  
our stresses should be few,  
For it is hard to hold a grudge  
when smiling through and through.  
And laughing is contagious, friend,  
it drives the blues away,  
For if you have a happy heart  
depression will not stay.  
When I see people all stressed out  
and eyes keep looking down,  
It is no wonder that their face  
shows nothing but a frown.  
A smiling face, a happy heart,  
works better than a pill  
And if you wonder if this works,  
you bet your boots it will.



A cheerful heart  
is good medicine  
Proverbs 17:22



## *Hats*

If you come  
to our house  
and stay overnight  
You'll find when you enter the room  
The four walls are covered with forty some hats--  
Too many to wear, I presume.

Some hats are of cotton, and some are of silk,  
And others are made out of felt,  
Of course the straw hats on the hot, humid days  
Are helpful so that you won't melt.

There's fur from the rabbit and wool from the sheep  
These both keep you warmer than toast,  
But some with their ribbons, their strings,  
and their pins,  
Are prob'ly the ones I like most.

There's leather and plastic, and even wood pulp,  
Palm fronds and batik are both nice,  
The shapes and the colors all vary a bit,  
As well as the country and price.

I'm saying all this for I want you to know  
That I have a purpose in mind:  
In case you are hounded by long sleepless nights  
Where else in the world can you find  
A room where the hats are all hung on the wall  
Just waiting for someone to wear;  
Your night would pass faster if you'd try on hats  
Relaxing with never a care.

And though you can't sleep and your eyes  
won't stay shut--  
Not even just one little tad  
You'll greet the next day with a smile on your face  
Remembering the fun that you had.



*Eat  
More  
Fish*

It must be fish is good for us.  
I've thought on it a bit  
For Jesus fed the multitudes  
an awful lot of it.  
He didn't hand out burgers  
to that hungry, waiting bunch,  
He also knew that French fries  
might not be too good for lunch.  
No doubt He knew some of the folks  
could not eat fat and grease  
And so He gave them healthy food  
when they received each piece.

So watch your diet, friend of mine,  
be careful what you eat;  
The food that you put in your mouth  
should not your health defeat.  
So while you ponder what to eat  
and want a healthy dish  
I wonder if you'd be quite smart  
to eat a piece of fish.

## *Old Wives Tales*



I do not have a horseshoe hung  
above my cottage door,  
And I won't take a rabbit's foot,  
I think it needs all four.  
To worry about ladders  
and to read my horoscope  
Just seem like they're a waste of time  
and will not help me cope.

I really doubt I need to fear  
a cat with coat of black,  
And if I sing before I eat,  
would I get off the track?  
I've never used a worry stone  
and left my thumbprint there,  
To knock on wood won't do much more  
than mess my head of hair.  
I wonder if the folks who plant  
their garden by full moon  
Will have a whole lot better crop  
than those who plant too soon.

Oh, there are superstitions  
and a lot of crazy stuff  
That people may believe in  
but it makes their life more tough.  
I'm not just sure who started these,  
but I can plainly see  
To put my hand in God's big hand  
is much the best for me.

## *Feet*

I've seen a lot of people's feet  
where most are walking down the street.  
Some feet have shoes with lots of shine  
(but I'll admit these are not mine),  
While others have a dusty look  
as if a mountain trail they took.  
Some feet are bare with callous thick  
and carry scars where thorns did prick.  
They've followed paths unknown to most  
which do not go from coast to coast.  
Some feet are gnarled and worn from toil  
of planting seeds in hardened soil.  
All feet have their own tale to tell --  
from castles grand to prison cell.  
If feet could talk or write a book  
I'm sure we'd take another look.  
They'd tell how folks have spent their life--  
if pastures green, or toil and strife.



## *Cement Plant*

Today I saw a little plant  
that grew up through a crack;  
It was surrounded by cement  
yet seemed to have no lack  
Of all those nutrients and stuff  
it needs to make it grow.  
How it can thrive in such a place  
I guess I'll never know.

Now can it be when we plant things  
and give them lots of care,  
We give them too much water and  
we drown them then and there?  
Or we could be too anxious and  
might over-fertilize  
And then we wonder why on earth  
it withers up and dies.

It must be God knows where to plant  
and how to make it grow  
And has some secrets all His own  
that we'll just never know.  
So while I struggle hard to grow  
my plants in fertile soil  
I'll watch for plants that  
God has grown  
without my touch or toil.



## *The Sloth*

I saw a sloth up in a tree  
a' hangin' upside down,  
He really seemed quite nonchalant,  
he had no smile or frown.  
He hung right there, ignoring me,  
and did not try to flee,  
It seems he's really at his best  
just hanging in a tree.

His meat hook claws work very well  
and keep him quite secure  
For when he moves about at night  
it's only a short tour.  
He's not too much on exercise,  
nor has much social grace,  
He pretty much stays to himself,  
it seems he cannot face

The busy world that rushes on  
some feet below his head  
For if he tried to join that group  
he'd likely end up dead.

I've thought about the sloth a bit  
and thought what he might do;  
Could he be a detective  
for the rich and well-to-do?

Content to watch from up above  
the changing scene below  
He may be smarter than we think,  
I guess we'll never know.  
But we are sure he'd watch and wait  
without a bit of sound  
And most important we would know  
he always hangs around.



## *Awards*

The Hollywood folks have their Grammy Awards;  
each hope in their heart they will win.  
They're dressed in their finest, put on a big smile  
and wait for the meet to begin.

The place becomes silent as names are announced,  
then breaks into thunderous applause.  
A few tears are shed, hugs and kisses abound,  
for this is a Hollywood cause.

Reporters are there with their cameras and mikes  
and don't want to miss any sight,  
For they want to tell the whole world  
so they'll know  
what happened on this special night.

What those folks don't know with their  
trophies and gold  
with rise in prestige and with fame,  
Is millions of Granny's all over the world  
will get an award just the same.

It may be a flower clutched in a small hand  
and held up to Granny with pride,  
It may be a piece of a sticky bon bon,  
but Granny takes these in her stride.

She treasures each gift that a loving child brings,  
for children are really quite smart,  
And I'd rather have just a Granny Award  
for it is a gift from the heart.



## *Dandelions*

Some folks do not like dandelions  
to show up in their yard,  
They spray the plants with poison stuff  
and sometimes work quite hard  
To kill off all those pretty blooms  
that let us know its spring;  
They miss the little round balloons  
the blossoms soon will bring.

I've really wondered many times  
if that strong poison spray  
Will wash into our rivers, folks,  
and make us sick some day.  
The folks who can't stand yellow  
should take trowels and a spade  
And root out plants that they don't like  
and then they'd have it made.

It could be that these folks don't know  
the roots contain a drug  
That's used to treat the liver  
so some good stuff they have dug.

The leaves are rich in vitamins;  
just wash them up a bit  
And add them to your salad greens,  
they just might make a hit.

Now if you crave a little wine  
just make it from the flow'rs--  
You better start with just a sip  
as it may last for hours.  
It seems to me a simpler thing  
and safer far to do  
Is learn to love your dandelions  
for they have beauty, too.



## *The Garbage Handlers*

You're looking for a partner, friend,  
with whom to spend your days?  
I may have a suggestion that  
will your percentage raise  
Of how long you'd stay married  
and enjoy your wedded bliss;  
It's not a questionnaire of sorts,  
or how well he can kiss.  
It matters not the car he drives,  
it may be truck or van,  
His I.Q. may be average  
but he does the best he can.  
It's not his gold or bank account  
or kind of clothes he wears;  
It's more important you find out  
if he's a man who cares.  
He really wouldn't have to have  
an awful lot of clout,  
But look for one you think, my friend,  
who'd take the garbage out.



## *Living in the Pink*

Do you have a sense of humor?  
E'en laughter is a gift  
For it erases strain and stress  
and gives the heart a lift.

It's good to have around all day  
and even every night  
For if you kinda' laugh a lot  
more things will turn out right.

So don't leave home without it, friend,  
life's better than you think  
If you will smile and laugh a lot  
and live it in the pink.



## *Colors*

I know the decorator folks  
do lots of fancy stuff  
And they may charge a bunch of dough  
to bring you up to snuff.  
Their color combinations  
they promote with vim and zest  
Assuring you that you'd be pleased  
with what THEY think is best.

But when I think on this a bit  
the thought occurs to me  
There's something that these fancy folks  
may simply fail to see.  
God made the earth so beautiful  
with colors all galore  
That never seem to clash a bit  
from His eternal store.

Take notice of the sunsets  
with their orange, gray, and red,  
There even might be purple  
or a bit of pink instead.  
And have you noticed flowers  
with their glowing colors bright  
For God is big on beauty  
and so He does it right.

He must have loved bright colors  
when He made our world, you know,  
For there is something colorful  
most any place you go.  
I've never seen a spring bouquet  
with colors that would clash  
For God made all things beautiful  
and did it with a splash.

So do not be discouraged, friend,  
with colors that you use  
If they look pretty in your sight  
use any that you choose.  
Don't let the decorator folks  
get in your way one bit  
For after all, it is YOUR home  
and YOU will live in it.



Many colors  
are one of God's  
great gifts.