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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

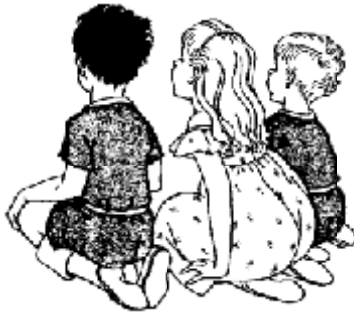
I saw a sloth up in a tree
a' hangin' upside down,
He really seemed quite nonchalant,
he had no smile or frown.
He hung right there, ignoring me,
and did not try to flee,
It seems he's really at his best
just hanging in a tree.

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.