

4

LIVING AT
ITS BEST





*I have come that they
may have life, and have
it to the full.*

John 10:10



Living At Its Best

Are you living like a gypsy
and it's hard to settle down,
You find you move from place to place
to seek a better town?
There're quite a few to choose from--
some are large and some are small,
And though you look the country through
your hometown beats them all.
It may not have a lot of class,
pizazz, and other stuff,
But if the folks have lotsa' love
that just may be enough
To pull your heartstrings kinda' hard
and make you want to stay--
What better place to raise your kids
and live from day to day
Among the folks who know you well,
and go the second mile;
There's nothing else quite like it
where you live from smile to smile.



Making A House A Home

It's not the building you live in
that makes a house a home,
For it takes more than walls and roofs
and cushions made of foam--
And furniture that reeks of class
and polished to a T
E'en though it cost a million bucks
with lifetime guarantee.
Yes, you may have expensive things
and luxuries galore,
But this won't make a house a home
there's really so much more.

A home is where the family lives
and share their cares and joys,
And happy are the Moms and Dads
who love their girls and boys;
Where each one is important
and can share and do their part,
And this is what a home can be
if God lives in each heart.





My Best Friend

I like you just the way you are,
you need not change a thing
To make me feel that you're first class.
You help my heart to sing.

I like the way that we can talk
and share the way we feel;
It's good to know we'll not be judged
and we can be for real.

It's hard to find a friend like you.
Some folks are so obsessed
With money and the things they own,
and if they look well-dressed.

I like you, for you are yourself,
you help when I'm behind,
Your thoughtfulness and gentleness
is really quite a find.

When I count things that I hold dear,
and really my heart cheers,
The best is that I've been his bride
for fifty and eight years.

My Castle

My home is my castle you plainly can see
For inside its walls are expressions of me;
The colors I like, the pictures I choose,
The things that I cook--be it meat loaf or stews.

The smells from the oven distinctly are mine,
(I may have made brownies if I had the time).
The chairs and the tables, the lamps, the TV,
I've chosen because they're attractive to me.

But when I've surveyed my collection of stuff
I know in my heart it's not really enough
Unless there is family and grandkids around
To share what we have, making pleasures abound.

Thank God for my castle: I truly am blest --
For love of a family is life at its best!



The Rich Ones

Do you keep the home fires burning?
There's no other place, you know,
That's quite the same as folks at home
where all the kids can go.

In our confused and rushing world
home is the very best
Where one can feel relaxed and loved
and get a bit of rest.

No matter how much gold we have
or how much fame or pride,
We're mighty poor if we've no home
with family by our side.

So if you have a Mom and Dad
and happy siblings, too,
You are the richest folks on earth
though you're not in Who's Who.

So count your blessings one by one
and do it every day,
For love is greater than the gold
that you have stashed away.



Mother's

No one will love you like your Mom--
to her you're Number One,
And she will always love you much
no matter what you've done.



Somehow she sees the best in you
and holds you in her heart,
No matter where you are on earth,
if near or far apart.

She's always looking out for you
and wants for you life's best;
She's given you the breath of life
and hopes you'll do the rest.

I'm sure God loves His children, too,
and keeps them in his care,
And if we love Him in our heart
we'll find Him everywhere.

Kids

I like the word "kids." It's informal and neat,
And if you ask me, it's a word hard to beat.

I know the word "children" may be more correct
To those who love grammar and seldom reflect.

But it lacks a closeness that comes from the heart,
Though children are charming and really quite smart.

But kids will play baseball out in the back yard
And want Dad to watch as they bat the ball hard.

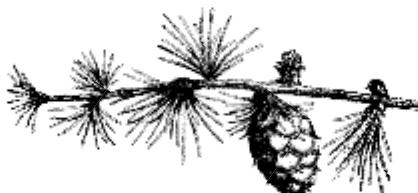
The boys and their sisters all know how to run,
It seems the kids know how to really have fun.

The old-fashioned slingshot is used quite a bit;
An unlucky bird is occasionally hit.

The trees are a challenge for each kid to climb
And they help each other most all of the time.

And though our own kids are grown up and away
And have their own children, I'd still like to say

That when they come home we are still Mom and Dad,
And they're still our kids, and we're awfully glad.



Little Fry

I think that kids are pretty smart,
They're sharp as they can be.
They know when they are really liked;
they're pretty fast to see
Right through a grown-ups plans or schemes
and know when they are wrong;
If you're a phony they can tell.
It will not take them long.
There's something else I like about
the small fry that we meet:
They always have a zest for life
no matter on what street.
Forgiveness from these little folk
is yours upon request;
They'll give you love at anytime.
It's what they do the best.
So share your love with little kids
and give them a fair shake,
You'll be surprised how you'll enjoy
the new friends that you make.



Children Need A Lot of Love

All children need a lot of love
when they are small and young,
They have an awfully lot to learn
when life has just begun.
Some parents think their kids should know
what took them years to learn,
How they should be polite and kind,
and always wait their turn.

When parents use bad judgment
and they make their own mistakes,
They hope they can pull out of it,
no matter what it takes.
They don't expect a whipping
or an open reprimand,
They hope that friends will love them,
and no answer will demand.

So when the kids make small mistakes
that don't amount to much,
Instead of scolding and a threat
give them a loving touch.
Sometimes when kids are difficult,
and of them you can't boast,
May be the very time, my friend,
they need your love the most.



The Loving Touch

I think I may have figured out
why Christ loved children so,
For little folks have lots of love
to give away, you know.

They aren't too busy with their toys
to put them down awhile,
And if you give them half a chance
they'll snuggle up and smile.

Their love can soften hardened hearts
and drive the blues away,
As they aren't filled with hate and pride,
for God made them that way.

I wish we folks who've older grown
still had their simple trust
And took more time to laugh and sing
and much less time to dust.

It seems that kids know how to live
and worry not too much
If Mom and Dad will take the time
to give their loving touch.

*And whoever welcomes a child
like this in my name, welcomes me.*

Matthew 18:5



Don't Despair Of A Child

Don't ever despair of a child, my friend,
No other gift that God could send
Will equal the joy that a child can bring
And cause the parent's hearts to sing.

If life seems hard, and sometimes tough,
A song and a prayer may be enough
Along with love that never dies
To heal some wounds from children's cries.

Each one is precious in God's sight--
He wants them always treated right.
God trusts His child into your care,
So do your best, and don't despair.

*Sons (daughters) are a heritage
from the Lord, children a reward
from Him. Psalm 127:3*

Brighten Someone's Day

If you talk about your problems
When you're chatting with your friends,
They may be looking for the time
Your conversation ends.
They've troubles of their own, you know,
And sometimes life is tough,
And if they're working hard to cope
They've problems quite enough.
So don't unload on those you love,
They'll hate to see you come
If all the things you say to them
Will leave them down and glum.
It's better far to tell your friends
How blest you are today,
And greet them with a smile and hug
And brighten up their day.



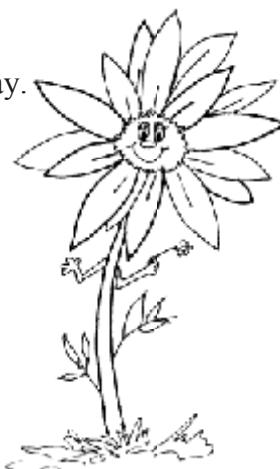
A Smile

If you get angry or upset
‘cause someone did you wrong,
Don’t let ‘em get your goat, my friend,
and take away your song.

Don’t argue, pout, or pitch a fit,
or you may lose a friend,
And it’s not worth the stress you get
to hate folks to the end.

And never, never give someone
a large piece of your mind,
The time may come you’ll need it all
if life becomes a grind.

A smile is worth a thousand words,
so use it every day,
It solves a lot of problems
no matter what folks say.



Your Cup

Now if you're in a raunchy mood
It's easy, folks, to come unglued.

But if you sing or hum a tune
Things may get better really soon.

Don't let life's struggles tie you up
For Jesus wants to fill your cup.

So get your mug down off the shelf,
This you can do all by yourself,

Then dust it off a little bit
While in your easy chair you sit.

Then if you think on happy stuff
You'll find that life is not too tough,

And once again you can look up
While Jesus comes and fills your cup.



Contentment

It's not too smart to argue
with a friend or with a foe,
You really have a better way
to spend your time, you know.

Some folks have their opinions
and they feel they're always right,
And if they pull this trick on you
just smile and be polite.

We never have too many friends,
so treasure every one;
It's nice to have no bitterness
when comes the setting sun.

How blest the woman, man, or child,
who spreads his love around,
For by making others happy
they have true contentment found.



Survive Or Thrive

Sometimes we find that life is tough,
but some know how to cope;
They seem to have a peace within
that gives them joy and hope.

And others find that life is hard
and things look pretty glum,
So they lose heart, their song is gone,
till finally they succumb.

It makes one wonder how it is
that some folks just survive
While others will keep on and on
and actually will thrive.

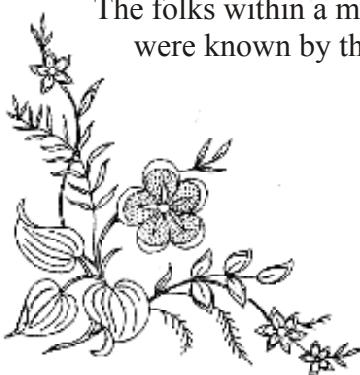
No doubt it is our attitude
and how we face our woe
That makes a world of difference
as to how our lives will go.



Then . . And Now

I like the things we have today:
computers, planes, and such,
Compared with what our parents had
we're blessed with oh, so much.
You'd think with all the things we have
all folks would happy be,
But that is not the way it is,
and it's not hard to see.

It used to be in days gone by
life didn't move as fast;
Folks loved their neighbors and made friends
with friendships that would last.
They didn't sit around the 'tube'
or play computer games,
The folks within a mile or two
were known by their first names.



The family was important then
and child abuse was rare,
For every member of the group
was given love and care.
I know we can't turn back the clock
to kinder, simpler days
When folks knew how to handle stress
and not their voices raise.

It may be we'd be smart, my friends,
if we'd learn from the past
And try to make each day ahead
much better than the last.
It seemed those folks of long ago
knew how to hum and sing
Because they put their faith in God,
and that's worth everything.

