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*Thank You,
God*





Psalm 100:1,2,4,5

*Shout for joy to the Lord,
all the earth.*

*Worship the Lord with
gladness;
come before him with
joyful songs.*

*Give thanks to him and
praise his name.*

*For the Lord is good
and his love
endures forever,
his faithfulness continues
through all generations.*

I Kinda' Wonder



I wonder if you've read
in Psalms
where it says loud and clear
That we should always
praise the Lord
because He's always near.
I know sometimes when life gets tough
we're prone to lose our song
And join the folks who whine a lot
because some things are wrong.

I kinda' wonder, could it be
things might improve a lot
If we would praise and thank the Lord
for all the things we've got?
The folks who murmur and complain
about how bad they feel
May interfere with all the things
that make the body heal.

So try a new approach to life:
tell God how glad you are
That He has blessed you, oh, so much
though you're not up to par.
God likes to bless the thankful hearts
though they may smile through tears
For He knows how to share your load
and add life to your years.



*This
I
Know*

Sometimes we hear the thunder roll
and clouds obscure the sun
And wind and rain beat down on us
until the day is done.
It kinda' makes us feel depressed
and really down a tad
And then we end up feeling blue
because we feel so bad.

But if we'd count the sunny hours
that we enjoy each day
We'd find there are more sunny times
than there are days of gray.
It's easy to let stormy clouds
make some folks lose their grip
Unless they have a song inside
to brighten up their trip.

There's one thing that I know for sure
that all of us can do
Is simply count our blessings, friend,
then we won't feel so blue.
The sun out-lasts the storms of life--
it has and always will
And if our trust in God is strong
our cup He'll surely fill.

Thank You, God

Thank You, God, for loving me
and giving me Your peace,
There is no other thing on earth
that gives such sweet release
For when my heart is heavy
and burdened down with care
I find you never fail me,
in fact, You're always there.

I have a lot of friends on earth
who help when life gets tough,
And though at times they help a lot
sometimes it's not enough
And so You see I need You, Lord,
to care for me each day
So I will kinda' keep in touch
each evening when I pray.

I really have a lot of things
I'd like to thank You for
And while I think on it a bit
I'll mention three or four:
I thank You for my family,
for the flowers and the trees,
I thank you for the sunsets
and the gentle evening breeze.

I also have some neighbors
who are very nice to me,
With all the good things that You give
I'm blest as I can be.
And so my soul will thank You, Lord,
my heart will have a song
Because You're watching over me
all night and all day long.



*Give thanks to the Lord,
for he is good; his love
endures forever. Psalm 118:1*



*Do It
With Style*

When you do something for the Lord
Please give it all you've got
So He will know without a doubt
That you love Him a lot.
It's not too good to give to Him
Some stuff you do not need,
Remember, friend, when you buy things
You want them guaranteed.

I know some folks don't give to God,
He isn't on their list,
I'm sure they do not realize
The blessings they have missed.
God's love is all around us
And He'd like for us to show
By words we say and things we do
That we love Him, you know.

Do something beautiful for God
And do it with a smile;
It's bound to please the Lord a lot
If you do it with style.

Thanks for the Food

It's strange some people do not pray
and thank God for their food
For if we had no food to eat
we'd really come unglued.
God knew what He was doing, folks,
when He created stuff
And made it in abundance
so we'd always have enough.

So don't just chomp and chew your food
without a second thought
For you have many blessings
that a lot o' folks ain't got.
I'm glad some folks are thankful
and they bow their head and pray
And thank the Lord for all the food
that He provides each day.



*God
Watches
You*



Be glad that God is
 watching you
 each day and every night
For sometimes life can get quite tough
 when things don't turn out right.
But Jesus says, "Come unto Me
 and I will give you rest,"
And if we do that very thing
 our lives can turn out blest.

Christ did a lot of miracles
 when on this earth He trod
And showed us things so we could know
 about the love of God.
He wanted us to understand
 how much He cares, you know,
No matter if on mountain top
 or in the vale below.

A lot of folks bear burdens
 and they struggle day by day
But God has something better
 and we need not live that way.
Just put your hand in God's big Hand,
 tell Him what's in your heart
And thank Him that He watches you;
 God always does His part.

Flowers

I simply cannot figure out
what makes a flower grow;
Or how it knows just when to bloom,
I s'pose I'll never know.
What makes it red, or pink, or blue,
with spreading leaves of green?
How does it know how tall to grow?
What keeps it fresh and clean?
What gives it fragrance all its own?
What makes it large or small?
How does it know if it should sprout
in early spring or fall?
There must be something in the seed
that tells it what to do;
And who but God would put it there
for folks like me and you.



*Flowers appear on
the earth; the season
for singing has come
Song of Songs 2:12*

The Amazing Cross

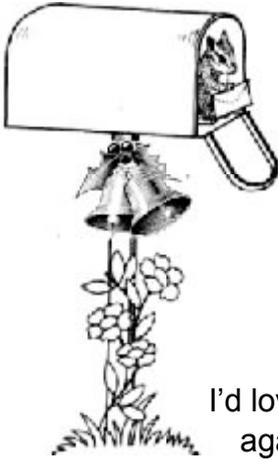
Some years ago when traveling
we saw a special sight
That could be seen for miles around
though it be day or night.
We took a boat from Hong Kong
and headed for Macao
Which sticks out in South China Sea
and I remember now
This Portuguese Peninsula
A gambler's paradise,
Had buildings large and beautiful
attracting gambler's eyes.

But that is not the special place--
I want to tell you of
The site that I'm referring to
tells folks about God's love.
A church with many steps in front
once stood atop a hill
And on its roof a cross was built
that could be seen at will.
In fact the sailors on the Sea
could see that rugged cross
It helped them know right where they were
so didn't suffer loss.

If storms were raging round about
they seldom lost their way
Because the cross was visible
to them both night and day.
But one day when the tempest came
the church came crashing down
Along with other buildings
in that a close-to-China town.
But one amazing thing that stood
and did not suffer loss;
The front wall of the church stood firm
which held aloft the cross.

And so the cross stands firm today
and lets the sailors know
If they are where they ought to be
and which way they should go.
And so the Cross of Christ still stands
and points to us the way
So we can know the love of God
and serve him every day.
And though the storms of life blow hard
against our heart and soul
We know that Christ, the Son of God,
can help us reach our goal.





Ring Those Bells

I'd love to hear the Church bells ring
again on Sunday morn
Reminding folks both young and old
that Jesus Christ was born
And that He wants to give them hope
and even cheer them up
For Church bells call the faithful
so that God can fill their cup.

I know some folks are grumpy
and they think life is not fair
But maybe if they went to Church
they'd find a blessing there.
Besides, they might meet lots of folks
who go to Church each week
Who like to sing and pray to God
and hear the preacher speak.

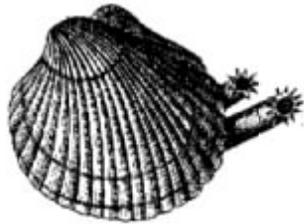
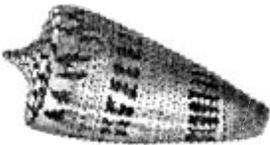
It seems to me each Church should have
a bell that they could ring
So folks could hear about God's love
and hear the faithful sing.
There's nothing in the whole wide world
as wonderful as love
And God is just the Person
who can send it from above.

The Sea

Who would want something more
than to walk on the shore
With someone you love by your side,
with feet that are bare
and shells here and there
And the sound of the rising tide?

The noise of the sea
is so peaceful to me
It makes me feel tiny and small.
The gulls on the beach
seem within easy reach
And answer to each others call.

I love to go there
where the wind blows my hair
With only the sound of the sea.
It freshens my soul,
and brightens my goal,
I'm grateful to know I am free.



Old Memories

When God created people
they were made in such a way
That they could keep stuff in their heads
as they lived day by day.
And what a blessing that has been
for memories of the past
Are stored for many, many years
as treasures that will last.

Of course the people who are smart
occasionally review
The things that mean a lot to them.
It kinda' helps them through
The cloudy and the rainy days
when loneliness sets in
And with good stuff to think about
they feel a peace within.

Some thoughts may cheer a tired soul
and even bring a smile
And when they see how blessed they are
it makes their life worthwhile.
So cherish your past memories,
God gave us power to store
A lot of good things in our heart
and still leave room
for more.



*I thank my God
every time I
remember you.
Philippians 1:2*

Rain



Now, what about a rainy day,
does it make you depressed?
Do clouds and rain make you feel down
before you've even dressed?
Now just put on your thinking cap
and take a different view
For if we never had some rain
what really would we do?
The earth would be so brown and dry
and clouds of dust would form;
We'd have to daily dust things off
because there as no storm.

We need to see that when the rain
comes pouring from the sky
It gives the earth a beauty bath
and won't let flowers die.
The water dusts the leaves on trees,
it gives the birds a drink,
The grass puts on it's robe of green
and roses wear their pink.
So thank the Lord for sending rain
and look not down, but up.
How nice to sit and read and dream
with coffee in your cup.

Thank you, Friend

I wonder if I've told you
that I'm glad you are my friend,
For friends are of one of God's great gifts
that He delights to send.
I thank the Lord that you came my way
and added to my days
A bit of courage and of love
in lots of different ways.

Some days are kinda' tough, you know,
and it is hard to cope
But if I talk to you a bit
you give me joy and hope.
Though I may treasure lots of stuff
and like it quite a lot
There's really nothing like a friend
in all the things I've got.

So when I count my blessings
and then kinda' add 'em up
I find that it is folks like you
who help to fill my cup.
I'm thankful that you crossed
my path,
you really make my day.
I hope you know folks
love you
in a special kind of way.



Country Kitchens

I like my country kitchen
and I like my apron, too,
For when we eat together
we do more than sit and chew.

We've lots of things to talk about
with family and with friends,
It could go on an hour or more
before the chatting ends.
Yes, it is fun to reminisce
and talk about the past
When maybe we would come in first
or sometimes even last.

It seems a kitchen is the place
where folks can share their heart
And tell about the dreams they have
and how they plan to start.
So don't despise your kitchen,
e'en with dishes in the sink
For it's a power house of love--
more important than you think.



Survival

I wonder if it's dawned on you
how folks can live so long
When there's a multitude of stuff
that really could go wrong.

Most kids survive when riding bikes
or even climbing trees,
Besides the measles, chicken pox,
and countless skinned-up knees.

Then teenage years soon come along
and kids begin to drive,
We're happy if they can adjust
and manage to survive.

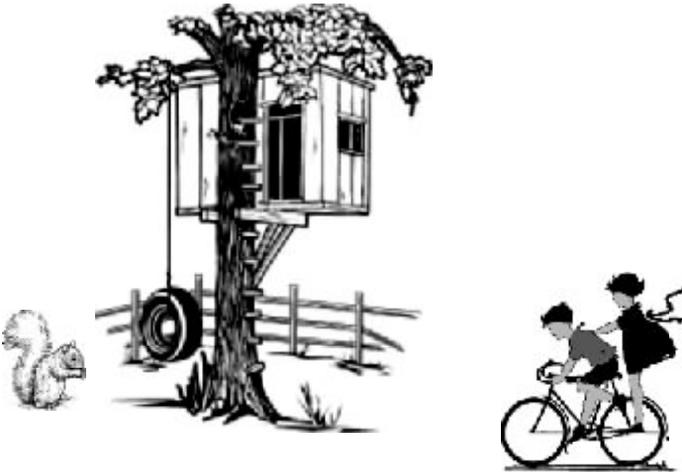
And then, of course, the years roll on
and lots could come our way,
And of the things that do go wrong
we hope they will not stay

Like heart disease, a fractured hip,
arthritis, or the gout,
And ulcers are not good to have
a lot of folks find out.

Even cataracts or aching back
are not to be desired,
And if you're wearing hearing aids
you might feel like you're wired.

I will not mention all of them
for it would take a book
And really might depress your mind
if you would take a look.

So, if you have lived fifty years
or even ninety-nine
Enjoy the years that you have left
and make them mighty fine.



*God, who richly provides us with
everything for our enjoyment.
1 Timothy 6:17*



Remembering

I have a lot of memories
I've saved for quite awhile,
Some really are out-dated
and no doubt are out of style.
But I keep hanging on to them
in both my heart and mind
And as I think on them a bit
a lot of stuff I find.

I like to think of long ago
when I was just a kid
And life moved at a slower pace
and things that I once did.
Life's problems were quite different then,
there was no Internet,
And things we watched on our TV
did not get us upset.

Computer glitches were unknown
and microwaves were nil,
But somehow folks of yesteryear
could empty stomachs fill.
Our friends and neighbors seemed to know
how they could best survive
And most of them had faith in God
that helped keep them alive.

It's nice to have a lot of stuff
stored up from years gone by
And when I see the things we have
it makes me wonder why
We tend to murmur and complain
and bellyache a lot
About how tough life is for us
and things that we have not.

We need to count our blessings
when we think our life is tough
And thank the Lord that what we have
is much more than enough.
Be glad you are alive today
and please don't soon forget
Compared with folks of long ago
we're in the best times yet.



Grandpas

Don't think, my young friend,
because Grandpa is old
that he's not too smart in the head,
His shoulders may droop
and his hair may be white,
his tummy may look too well fed.

But stored in his mind is a lot of good stuff
he's gathered from over the years,
He's watched people rise and he's watched
people fall,
and sometimes he's had to shift gears.

He's learned to adjust to the changes in life
no matter how good or how bad;
He's dealt with the crafty, he's dealt with the good;
he learned a whole lot from his Dad.

He's learned to say "no", and he's learned
to say "yes"
depending on what was at stake,
If he'd write a book I feel sure we would find
a lot less mistakes we would make.

Don't think for a minute that age makes him dull--
in fact, it will sharpen his wits;
He knows what's important and what to forgive
the older and older he gets.

So learn from your Grandpa and watch very close
and copy the good things you see;
Some day you'll be blest and have
grandkids yourself,
then what a nice Grandpa you'll be.

