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*Loving God's  
Creation*





*For you make me  
glad by your deeds,  
O Lord;  
I sing for joy at the  
works of your hands.*

*How great are your  
works, O Lord*

Psalm 92:4,5

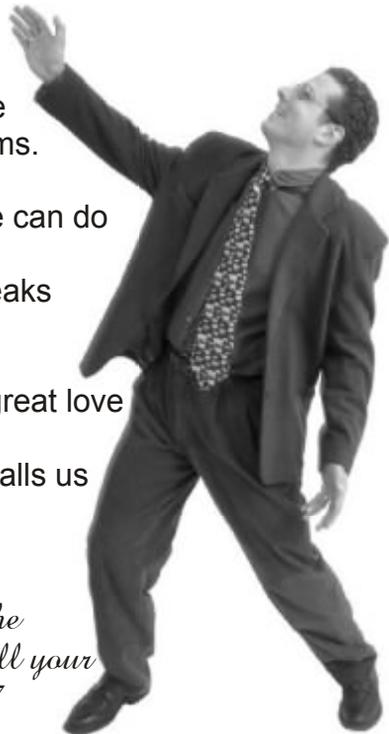
## *If We Could . . .*

If we could add up all the songs,  
Plus gather every book  
And then add all the sermons preached  
In every church and nook  
We couldn't summarize God's love  
So folks would understand  
How big God is and what He does  
And things that He has planned.

And even if we added flow'rs,  
And trees of every kind  
Plus birds and animals and stars  
And other things we'd find  
Like mountain peaks and valleys,  
And rushing flowing  
streams  
No words we have  
can e'er describe  
The love of God, it seems.

I guess the best that we can do  
Is love God in our heart  
And listen when He speaks  
to us  
And kinda' get a start  
On understanding His great love  
And see if we can try  
To find the reason He calls us  
the Apple of His Eye.

*Jesus replied: "Love the  
Lord your God with all your  
heart" Matthews 22:37*



## *Evening Shadows*

When evening shadows are stretched out  
There's lots that we can do, no doubt.  
It's awfully nice to take a walk  
Or sit out on the porch and talk.  
With pressures of the day now done  
We've time to watch the setting sun;  
This is a special time of day  
So let it wash your cares away.



## *Our Awesome Creator*

Sometimes I think on things a bit  
that almost blow my mind  
And I find God is awesome  
because of what I find.  
How could God make big elephants  
and small mosquitoes, too,  
And still come up with garter snakes  
and the hopping kangaroo?

Each kind of creature has its mind  
and set of eyes to see;  
How God comes up with lots of stuff  
just really baffles me.  
It also is amazing how he gave  
the dogs a bark,  
It's different from a lion's roar  
and from a meadow lark.

And then the gold and diamonds  
that He tucked inside the earth  
Were really nice surprises  
when folks found what they were worth.  
God didn't clone a bunch of stuff  
and say that "it's okay  
If things aren't really up to par—  
folks won't know anyway."

He never does a half a job  
or leaves his work undone,  
He is never on vacation  
just to sit out in the sun.  
He knows that folks on planet earth  
need lots of help, ya' know,  
And so He always is on call  
if folks are feeling low.

God's really a perfectionist  
and does things up to snuff,  
He doesn't get worn out and tired  
and think He's done enough.  
And best of all God loves us  
and that's the crowning touch  
Of all of His creation  
because He loves us much.



*Say to God, "How awesome  
are your deeds" Psalm 66:3*

*Our  
ID*



It really is amazing  
That there is no one like you.  
Your fingerprints and DNA  
Can give the cops a clue  
Of if you're who you claim to be.  
Of if you are a fake  
When someone holds a camera  
And will your picture take.

I know that God knows us so well  
He doesn't need that stuff  
To tell the shape our soul is in  
For He knows well enough  
By thoughts we think and words we say,  
And deeds that we do, too.  
For not a thing escapes His Eye,  
He knows us through and through.

And then I get to wondering  
And muse on it a while,  
Does God have work for everyone  
Who walks earth mile on mile?  
I know that I am only one,  
But do I have a part  
In God's great scheme of things on earth  
To do with all my heart?

It seems we'd please the Lord a lot  
By whispering in His Ear  
And ask how we could serve Him best—  
Those words He'd love to hear.  
God has a place for everyone  
For He needs hands and feet  
To help the folks who need a lift  
No matter town or street.





## *Birds*

I kinda' like to watch the birds—  
when they wake up they sing,  
Is it because their needs are met  
and don't need anything?  
Do they like their job description  
building nests with bits of grass  
And then lay eggs and keep 'em warm  
and wait for time to pass

Until some baby birds appear,  
then there is work to do  
For little birds have hunger pains  
just like their parents do.  
And so the mom and dad pitch in  
to raise their little brood  
And even teach them how to sing  
and how to find their food.

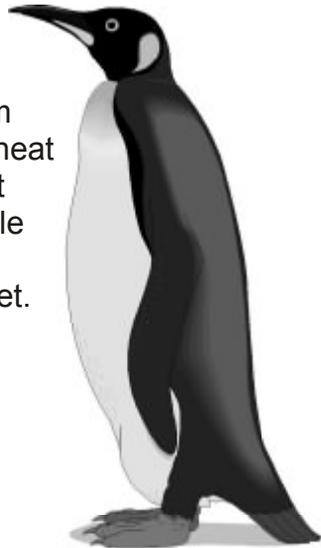
It's amazing how the bird brain  
knows how it must survive  
And it is programmed so they know  
how they can stay alive.  
This didn't happen just by chance  
a million years ago  
For God created birds with care—  
He loves their songs, you know.

## *Penguins*

Don't you love the looks of penguins  
as they look all gussied up  
Like they have on tuxedos  
to go somewhere to sup?  
They're always seen in black and white  
at home or at the beach—  
And when they talk among themselves  
I don't understand their speech.

They have scale-like barb-less feathers  
along with flipper wings  
But these don't get 'em off the ground,  
but penguins know these things.  
It's fun to watch these flightless birds  
go waddling through the snow,  
It seems they're in a hurry  
almost anywhere they go.

I'm glad their coat  
of feathers  
keeps them warm  
and looking neat  
For they might want  
to chat a while  
with new friends  
that they meet.



## *Rhinos*

Some folks will visit Africa  
and then go on safari  
And from the stories that they tell  
they really are not sorry.  
Of course it costs a bit of dough  
to take that kind of trip  
But if you wait too long  
you just might fall and break a hip.

A lot of things I liked to see,  
but the big black rhino  
Was so much bigger than the rest  
you'd think he'd be quite slow.  
Although he weighs more than a ton  
don't think he is not fast  
Unless you can top 30 miles  
you just might come in last.

His sense of smell is very good,  
his hearing is acute,  
But when it comes to seeing things  
it isn't worth a hoot.

Amazingly, this hefty beast  
will charge full speed ahead  
And if you're in the critter's way  
you well may end up dead.

I read about a rhino  
that was moved inside a truck  
And when the door was open  
he showed he had some pluck  
For he took vengeance on that truck  
and rammed it pretty bad  
So if you're moving rhinos, friend,  
make sure they are not mad.



## *The Vet*

A doctor who treats animals  
must really be quite smart  
For animals can't tell the Doc  
if it's its head or heart  
That makes it feel down in the dumps  
with head a' hangin' low,  
And if their tail is dragging,  
they're pretty sick, you know.

The Vet can't understand meows,  
a whinny, or a bark,  
I've never heard a ferret talk  
when it hides in the dark.  
It must upset the Doc a bit  
when he just has to guess  
About the medicine he gives—  
should it be more or less?

When treatment is a guessing game  
for those that cannot speak  
And if the Vet says "open wide  
so I can take a peek"  
The animal may eye the Vet  
and wonder what he said  
And even give a wistful look  
with heart that's full of dread.

I know I could not be a Vet,  
I know I'd sorry be  
When cats or dogs or horses  
would look wistfully at me.  
I'd prob'ly have to specialize  
on those that can be heard  
And only treat the parrots  
and the talking myna bird.





## *Tree Frogs*

Have you ever seen a tree frog  
Sitting on your kitchen floor?  
It was a little visitor  
We'd never seen before.  
I'm not too much on wildlife  
Sneaking right inside our house  
And that includes small lizards  
And the hungry little mouse.

Now if I'd want a critter  
To share my home and board  
I'd have a special place for it  
And let it stay aboard.  
Now when we took our kitchen broom  
To try to shoo it out  
We found that little rascal  
Was pretty smart no doubt

For when we closed our workroom door  
With our computer stuff  
It made a jump and found the crack  
Was really big enough  
And so we have a tree frog  
Living in our workroom here  
And as long as it keeps quiet  
We will not live in fear.

## *Storms*



Last night the wind  
blew really hard,  
it whistled in the dark,  
Torrential rain was falling  
on the town of Avon Park.  
The people had been watching news  
about a hurricane  
And wondered where the thing would land,  
and Wilma was its name.

When morning came I saw the wind  
blow branches back and forth,  
Do you suppose their roots hung on  
for all that they were worth?  
And birds must have a special touch  
to build a sturdy nest  
So they can weather wind and rain  
and really stand the test.

Its kinda' like sometimes in life  
we run into a storm--  
It's hard to hunker down again  
where we felt safe and warm.  
But be assured the sun will shine  
for God is Lord of all  
And if you dial His 911  
He'll hear you when you call.

*Flowers  
Are  
Special*



God made a lot of flowers  
And He did it with a splash  
And though He made a lot of them  
The colors never clash.  
There's nothing like a spring bouquet  
To cheer a weary soul  
Especially when loving hands  
Arrange them in a bowl.

But not just colors and design  
Make flowers hard to beat  
God also added perfume  
Which I think is pretty neat.  
No wonder men take flowers  
To their wife or to their date,  
Or when they're getting married  
And about to cut the cake.

And even when a person leaves  
And walks that golden stair  
The gift that's most appropriate  
We give them then and there.  
It seems that flowers say a lot  
That words can never say,  
That's why God gave His special touch  
And made them just that way.

*Life's  
Lemonade*



Some folks get bent all out of shape  
when someone does them wrong,  
And if they don't forgive it,  
it steals away their song.  
First thing ya' know their aches and pains  
will worsen by the day  
And its really kinda' stupid  
to live your life that way.

But if your mind says "hold a grudge"  
and keep it in your heart  
You're making your life difficult  
which isn't very smart.  
We all have bumps and hurts in life  
but we've the power to choose  
If they will keep us in the pits  
where we are bound to lose,

Or if we'll throw it in the trash  
and smile and keep our song  
And 'fore ya' know it life is good  
and we can travel on.  
God wants us to be happy  
and enjoy the things He's made  
So if life hands you lemons, friend,  
make a batch of lemonade..

## *Smarts*

I know some folks have lots of smarts  
But cannot figure out  
How birds can migrate miles and miles  
And never seem worn out.  
We know they never have a map  
To show them where to head,  
You'd think their heart and lungs would burst  
And leave the birds half-dead.

I know if we would try to swim  
A thousand miles or so  
Before we'd swim a country mile  
We'd have no get up and go.  
And yet the bird can fly with ease  
To some far distant shore  
And doesn't lose directions  
In a thousand miles or more!

I wonder how the Arctic terns  
Born up near the North Pole  
Leave home when they are six weeks old  
And they are in control  
And fly eleven thousand miles south  
To spend the winter there  
Then they fly back to their old home  
To spend their summer there.

God must have made the bird-brain  
Out of special kinds of stuff  
Because those birds are awful smart  
And must be pretty tough.  
There are some folks who ride a plane  
And circle planet earth,  
Still others take a catamaran  
And sail for all they're worth.  
And so we find that birds have brains  
That tell them what to do,  
God also gave smarts to the folks  
Who sail the oceans, too.



## *Trees*

I know we've seen a lot of trees  
and oft sit in their shade  
But have you counted up the kinds  
of trees that God has made?  
The oak, the palm, the evergreen,  
the maple, and the fig,  
The sycamore, the beech, the elm,  
tell us that God is big.

I know I've only named a few—  
I sure can't name 'em all,  
But have you thought on them a bit,  
how some are big and tall  
And have a trunk so thick and broad  
supporting tons of wood?  
The roots must hang on awfully tight—  
more than you think they could.

I marvel when the wind blows hard  
and beats against a tree  
That it can still stay upright  
and not topple down on me.  
The wind and rain and storms that blow  
just tend to make it strong,  
God knew how tough they'd need to be  
so didn't do it wrong.

It kinda' makes me think a bit  
while we tread earthly sod  
There are gonna' be some storms in life  
till we get home with God.  
No doubt if we can weather them  
and keep from giving up  
We'll find, like trees, they'll make us strong  
and God will fill our cup.





## *Its Different Now*

I know that things have changed a lot  
since I was just a kid--  
It seems the folks who grow up now  
don't do the things we did.  
We kinda' had our chores at home,  
attended Church and school,  
Of course our parents wanted us  
to live the Golden Rule.

When we had extra time for fun  
we might play hide and seek  
And that was kinda' fun, ya' know,  
if the seeker didn't peek.  
Of course we didn't have a grill  
but if we'd gather wood  
We'd light a fire and roast hot dogs  
that tasted mighty good.

I doubt that life at slower speed  
deprived us very much  
For we had neighbors who were kind  
and so we kept in touch.  
I hope the folks who have a lot  
and rush from place to place  
Will take time to enjoy themselves  
and not just take up space.



## *Stuff*

I like the word "stuff" for it covers so much,  
And puts lots of things in a group,  
It may be the things we don't know where to put  
Could fit in a file we call "Soup."  
There is stuff that we write, and stuff that we mail,  
There's stuff in the closet and car,  
There's stuff in our purse, and stuff in the fridge,  
There's stuff wherever we are.  
There's stuff that we love and stuff that we hate  
There's stuff we would like to forget,  
There's stuff that we want and there's  
stuff that we don't,  
There is stuff we need to do yet.  
I know of no word that will cover so much,  
No word that could ever embrace  
The odds and the ends of disorganized folk  
When there's stuff all over the place.