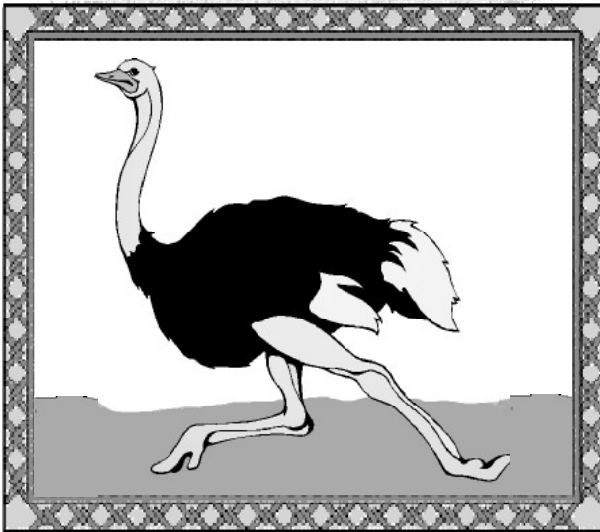


4

*Looking
for the Humor*



*The wings of the ostrich
flap joyfully . . .
when she spreads her feathers
to run,
she laughs
at horse and rider.
Job 13a, 18*

The Dream Machine

I've thought about the stomach
 and the stuff it has to grind,
No doubt if you looked everywhere
 you'd never, never find
A dream machine that does so much
 and takes so little care,
But when you eat a lot of junk
 it gives it wear and tear.

It comes in lots of sizes,
 from the extra large to small,
For every one is tailor made
 not just "one size fits all."
It has no filter, nuts, or bolts
 to keep it in its place,
No oil or grease is needed
 to help it keep its pace.

It takes no Drano once a week
 to wash out sludge and fat,
It has a built in enzyme, folks,
 so it can handle that.
It knows how long to grind the food
 before it lets it go
To that small, long intestine
 that is waiting just below.

It isn't taken out and washed
 then hung out on the line,
And if you treat your stomach right
 it gets along just fine.
You never have to trade it in,
 no up-grade you will need,
It grinds up stuff three times a day
 plus sometimes extra feed.

It isn't made of Corning Ware
 or even stainless steel,
And if you put good stuff in it
 much better you will feel.
No man created this machine
 God had this part all planned
And He has patent rights to it
 and holds it in His Hand.



The Woodpecker



The noisy woodpecker,
I'll have to confess,
I've not figured out
and I only can guess
That he must get headaches
when he pecks away
And rattles his head
as he works through the day.

Does he get a migraine,
or is it up front
That hurts him the most
when he pecks on a trunk?
How can he treat headaches?
Does he have a pill
When he overworks,
and then feels mighty ill?

Does he have some aspirins
all stored in his nest?
Supposing he did,
would that pill work the best?
Just what would he say
with his woodpecker voice
If he knew in his heart
that he did have a choice?

Would he take some Motrin,
 Excedrin, or such--
A couple of Advil
 just might be too much
For birds aren't addicted
 to using much drugs
When they are worn out
 from looking for bugs.

And pity the babies,
 when they get hatched out;
How can they get sleep
 when there's noise all about?
There must be a way
 that these birds learn to cope
If they've dulled their bill,
 and they just want to mope.

Though not a bird doctor,
 I think I can see
They have a solution
 without asking me.
The best I can guess
 when they ache in their head
They just shut their mouth,
 and then crawl into bed.

The Ostrich

The ostrich is a mighty bird
that can be eight feet tall,
And it can run like crazy, man,
but really, that's not all.

It has no feathers on its legs,
its head and neck are bare,
But if you try to race with it,
'twill beat you anywhere.

I wonder what an ostrich sees
with those big, shining eyes,
It could be that it sees too much,
so hangs its head and sighs.

And then those eggs so big and white
they lay upon the ground--
One egg could feed a dozen men,
I think some folks have found.



Don't mess with ostriches,
my friend,
for with their two-toed foot
They might give you
a mighty blow
and you could go kaput.

The Caller

I wonder if it gets your goat
when you call on the phone
And want to talk to someone else
but sit there all alone
And hear a voice recorded there
that gives you lots of choice
To push some numbers on your phone
to hear another's voice:

Push one, push two, push three or four,
or maybe even five,
It takes so long to reach someone--
could they still be alive?
Sometimes a person longs a bit
for older, simpler ways
When one could reach the party called
without an endless maze.

But this is progress, so they say,
and so, oh, friend of mine,
You now can build your patience skills
while waiting on the line



Stargazers

When I was a kid
 and looked up in the sky
I'd see the big dipper
 up ever so high,
And other bright stars
 just a'blazing away
When it was all dark
 at the end of the day.

Folks, it was exciting
 to see a star fall
And shift its position
 among large and small.
And do you remember
 the great Milky Way?
It's not often mentioned
 among folks today.

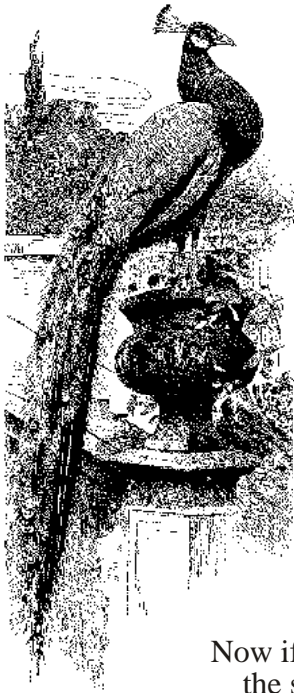
Do you s'pose the reason
 these stars aren't in view
There's just too much trash
 between them and you?
Those stargazing folks
 with a big telescope
Can see lotsa' stars,
 so they're up there, I hope.



When I take a look
 where the stars oughta' be
 I may see just one,
 or not much more than three.
 I've thought about God,
 up in Heaven somewhere,
 How some used to know Him,
 and bask in His care.

But now He seems distant
 and far, far away--
 They've gotten too busy
 to hear what He'd say.
 Is stuff in between
 that would keep
 Him from view?
 Could envy, and jealousy,
 and sin hide Him, too?

It boggles my mind
 that a God Who's so smart
 Would love me enough
 that He'd live in my heart.



Guarantees

I have an antique organ
 that you pedal with your feet;
 It's pretty nice to look at,
 and I think it's really neat.
 And though it's seen
 a lot of years,
 what most amazes me
 Is that the organ makers
 gave a ten year guarantee.

It seems the folks who made
 those things
 lived in the distant past
 And any product they produced
 they wanted it to last.

Now if we would compare this with
 the stuff that's made today
 I'm 'fraid I'd look in vain, my friends,
 for something made this way.

The cars for which we pay so much
 may last a year or two
 Before the thing starts breaking down,
 and we want something new.
 So what's a fellow s'posed to do
 when things don't hold up well?
 We prob'ly should return the thing
 and also we should tell
 The man who sold it to us
 to refund our cash, of course,
 Because we'll need that money,
 for we're going to buy a horse.

Another Blessing

I guess my mind's not fast enough to
process stuff I see
That almost goes at lightning speed
on ads on our TV;
And then they have line after line
of print that is so small
No human eye can read that stuff
and comprehend it all.
Why don't they simply tell the truth
in words both plain and clear?
It sure would be a big relief
on all the things I hear.
But all of this is not a loss
I hurry to confess
For well within my fingers reach
I simply need to press
A button that says "mute" you know
and ads I will not hear
And so I'll count my blessings
that it works year after year.



Asteroids

Today I heard an asteroid
hit our old planet earth,
O'er sixty millions years ago
destroying things of worth
Like dinosaurs and all of life
and left the earth a mess;
I don't know how they know all this,
no doubt its someone's guess.

The night before I watched a film
how some are quite concerned
Another asteroid might hit
and leave our planet burned.
They wondered how to intercept
a thing as big as this;
And wondered if a missile
could be built to make it miss

Our planet earth and all of us
and make it veer off course
This all seems pretty wild to me--
I wonder, what's their source?
I guess if there are worriers
who want to spoil their days
We oughta' let 'em worry some
and not our voices raise.

We common folks who trust in God
know that He made all things,
And daily He knows what to do,
and so the Christian sings.
So do not fret that asteroids
might knock our world apart
Just put your hand in God's big Hand
and praise Him in your heart.





The Traveler

I've never been to Gravel Switch,
to Haw, or Picayune.
I 'spose if I were really smart
I'd try and get there soon.
I'll bet the folks in these small towns
are friendly as can be,
They'd take the time to sit a spell
and chat with folks like me.

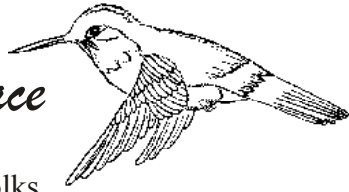
I doubt they'd do that in New York
or San Francisco Bay,
They just might be too busy
to give me the time of day.
So I'll seek out the folks who live
a simpler, slower style,
For I might want to chat a bit
then rest a little while.

The Listener

I've never heard a rabbit talk
and tell what's on it's mind
But if it did, with those big ears,
I wonder what I'd find.
It really must hear lots of stuff,
but it is pretty smart,
It doesn't speak one little word--
it keeps it in it's heart.



The Best Place



I wonder if the city folks
can hear the robins sing
And watch them flutter back and forth
as free as anything.
Do they see squirrels in their trees
or are the trees cut down
So they can make a shopping mall
and so enlarge the town?

Can bunny rabbits roam the streets
or would they end up dead?
If they'd go hopping down the street
they'd live in fear and dread.
The constant sound of cars and trucks
(some swearing with their horn)
Must make the faint of heart to cringe
and wonder why they're born.

I think I'll stay in our small town
where there is slower pace,
And let the brave and hardy folks
move to a city place
Where they can live with traffic jams
and seldom hear a bird
And most the people on the street
won't say to them a word.

A small town is the place to live
or even on a farm;
The city folks don't realize
they're missing lots of charm.



The Lucky Ones

Do country mice eat better
than the ones that live in town?
There's lots of food in either place
if they just look around.
But country mice can hustle fast
between a barn and house
And search out goodies all around
that please a hungry mouse.

I'd also guess they're more relaxed
and live with far less stress,
As they're not dodging cars and trucks
and ending up a mess.
I've also heard that country food
is no doubt better far
Than what those city slickers eat
in restaurant or bar.

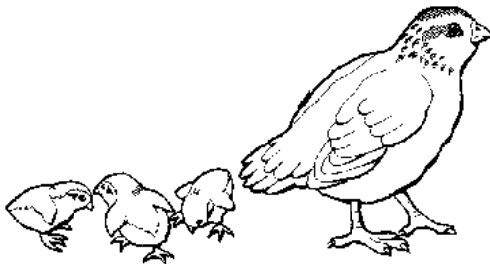
I doubt they run away from home
unless they go next door
In search of better cheese or scraps
they haven't had before.
I guess there's nothing mice can do,
they must live where they are,
But if they have a country home
they're better off by far.

Selective Hearing

It seems to me that kids select
the things they want to hear;
Its kinda' hard to rise and shine
till Dad shouts loud and clear:
"The bus is due to be out front
in ten, or maybe five"--
'Tis when they hear that final call
that out of bed they dive.

Another time its hard to hear,
and fills a kid with gloom,
Is when Mom shouts, and points upstairs:
"You must clean up your room!"
And other words are hard to hear,
like take the garbage out,
Or feed the dog, these, too, can seem
like foreign words, no doubt.

I know some kids have hearing loss
and don't hear very well,
But they can hear a block away
the ice cream man's small bell.



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.

