

Blanche's Collection

As a young adult, Blanche Frances Kuntz (now Tostengard) collected a number of interesting and worthwhile poems and readings, which follow.

Peace in '55

I stood upon a mountain crest, and from this lofty throne,
I saw a peaceful world at rest, 'neath monuments of stone.
I rode up on the heaving foam, and gazed down in the deep,
I saw below another home, where peace goes seeking sleep.
I soared birdlike in a plane, and in the bright clear air,
I saw no reason to explain, the peace to those up there.
I add this up, for what it's worth, and here's the sum to wit,
It's sad the only peace on earth, really lies.....
beneath it.

Charles Mason

Jan. 4, 1955

A colleague of Blanche's at Odeon Theaters

The Eight Beatitudes

1. **BLESSED** are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.
2. **BLESSED** are the meek, for they shall possess the land.
3. **BLESSED** are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted.
4. **BLESSED** are they who hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be satisfied.
5. **BLESSED** are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.
6. **BLESSED** are the pure of heart, for they shall see God.
7. **BLESSED** are the peacemakers, for they shall be called children of God.
8. **BLESSED** are they who suffer persecution for justice' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Reflection

Sometime when you're feeling important,
Sometime when your ego's in bloom,
Sometime when you take it for granted,
You're the best qualified in the room;
Sometime when you feel that your going
Would leave an unfillable hole,
Just follow this simple instruction
And see how it humbles your soul.
Take a bucket and fill it with water,
Put your hand in it up to the wrist.
Pull it out, and the hole that's remaining,
Is a measure of how you'll be missed!
You may splash all you please when you enter.
You can stir up the water galore.
But Stop. And you'll find in a minute,
That it looks the same as before.
The moral of the quaint example
Is to do just the best that you can.
Be proud of yourself, but remember --
THERE IS NO INDISPENSABLE MAN!

Author Unknown

A Beecher Thought

Conceit is the most incurable disease that is know to the human soul.

Henry Ward Beecher

Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace.

Where there is hatred, let me sow love;

Where there is injury, pardon;

Where there is doubt, faith;

Where there is despair, hope;

Where there is darkness, light;

Where there is sadness, joy.

OH, DIVINE MASTER,

Grant that I may not so much seek

to be consoled, as to console;

to be understood, as to understand;

to be loved, as to love.

FOR, it is in giving, that we received;

it is in pardoning, that we are pardoned;

and it is in dying, that we are born to eternal life.

LORD, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change,

the courage to change the things I can,

and the wisdom to know the difference.

On Whining

I complained because I had no shoes.....

UNTIL.....I met a man who had no feet!

Author unknown

Just for Today

Just for today I will try to live through this day only, and not tackle my whole life problem at once. I can do something for twelve hours that would appall me if I felt that I had to keep it up for a life-time.

Just for today I will be happy. This assumes to be true what Abraham Lincoln said, that “Most folks are as happy as they make up their minds to be.”

Just for today I will adjust myself to what is, and not try to adjust everything to my own desires. I will take my “luck” as it comes and fit myself to it.

Just for today I will try to strengthen my mind. I will study. I will learn something useful, I will not be a mental loafer, I will read something that requires effort, thought and concentration.

Just for today I will exercise my soul in three ways: I will do somebody a good turn, and not get found out; if anybody knows of it, it will not count. I will do at least two things I don't want to do – just for exercise. I will not show anyone that my feelings are hurt: they may be hurt, but today I will not show it.

Just for today I will be agreeable. I will look as well as I can, dress becomingly, talk low, act courteously, criticize not one bit, not find fault with anything, and not try to improve or regulate anybody except myself.

Just for today I will have a quiet half hour all by myself and relax. During this half hour, sometime, I will try to get a better perspective of my life.

Just for today I will be unafraid. Especially I will not be afraid to enjoy what is beautiful, and to believe that as I give to the world, so the world will give to me.

Al-Anon Family Group

How Wonderful is Thy Name in all the Earth!

It is written everywhere. What a pity we have never learned to read!
For there it is.....in each nuance of wind, wave, and rippling wheat.....
the movements of the brook.....the bird.....the newborn babe.....
within the sylph-like fabric of a song.....of speech.....of perfect silence
.....and there, in forest, in fog, in flurried snow, and you are GOD, and
there is your name.....written above and below, within and without the
world YOU made.....traced by the steady hand of the only Artist indeed
.....traced in the script of Divinity.....

HOW WONDERFUL IS THY NAME IN ALL THE EARTH!

Author Unknown

Destiny

Fame pays no heed to aches and pains;
Wealth buys for none the gift of skill.
However dressed, the man remains
the product of his mind and will.
His journey, cradle to the grave,
through joy and grief will swiftly run.
Three times a day for food he'll crave,
And sleep at night, his labours done.
He'll turn from self as time goes by,
And in the child that bears his name
His hopes throughout the years will lie
For honor and enduring fame.
This is the common lot of man:
To work, to dream, to hope and pray;
With life to do the best he can
And brave the future, come what may.

Author Unknown

Who loves himself, need fear no rival.

“IF”

If you can keep your head when all about you are losing
theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, but make
allowance for their doubting,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting, or being lied about
--- don't deal in lies,
Or being hated – don't give way to hating; and yet don't
look too good, nor talk too wise;
If you can dream, and not make dreams your master,
If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster and treat
those two imposters just the same,
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken twisted
by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken, and
stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings, and risk
it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose and start again at your beginnings, and never
breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerves and sinew to serve
your turn long after they have gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you, except the
will which says to them 'hold on';
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, or
walk with kings nor lose the common touch,
If neither foe nor loving friends can hurt you; if all
men count with you but none too much,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds
worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it.....
and which is more, You'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes – or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty face
Lighting a little Hour or two – is gone.

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:

Hither and thither moves, and mates and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.
The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;

And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He knows about it all – He knows – He knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit

Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.
And that inverted Bowl we call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,

Lift not thy hands to 'IT' for help – for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last
Man' knead,

And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:

Yea, the first Moring of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

What One May and May Not Call a Woman!

You may call a woman a kitten, but you must not
call her a cat.

You may call her a mouse, but you must not
call her a rat.

You may call her a chicken, but you must not
call her a hen.

You may call her a duck, but you must not
call her a goose.

You may call her a vision, but you must not
call her a sight.

Author Unknown

Opportunity

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk: I penetrate
Deserts and fields remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
See me in vain and uselessly implore --
I answer not, and I return no more.

Author Unknown

Silence at the proper season is wisdom, and
better than any speech.....

Plutarch

Sign in a Pub in Cork, Ireland

FREE TO SIT AND FREE TO THINK
FREE TO PAY FOR WHAT YOU DRINK
FREE TO STOP AN HOUR OR SO
AND WHEN UNEASY, FREE TO GO!

Cockney

I went down the frog and toad, thru' the
harry tate, knocked at the rorey omore,
went up the apple and pairs, laid my uncle
Ned on the weeping willow and went to bopeep!

Author Unknown

If pride were an art, how many graduates would we have?

What's the earth,
With all its art, verse, music worth -
Compared with love, found, gained and kept?

Robert Browning

The world would certainly abound
with minds remarkable profound,
If all children grew up to be
as smart as they appear at three!

Author Unknown

A Drunkard's Ode

How well I do remember, 'twas in the
late November,
I was walking down the street quite full
of pride,
My heart was all a-flutter as I slipped
into the gutter,
And a pig came there and laid down by
my side;
And as I lay there in the gutter, all to
soused to even mutter,
A lady passing by was heard to say:
"One may tell a brute that boozes by the
company he chooses."
Hearing this the pig got up and walked
away!

Author Unknown

A Mother's Name

No painter's brush nor poet's pen
In Just to her fame
Has ever reached half high enough
To write a mother's name.

Author Unknown

One Solitary Life

He was born in an obscure village.
He worked in a carpenter shop until
he was thirty.
He then became an itinerant preacher.
He never held an office.
He never had a family or owned a house.
He didn't go to college.
He had no credentials but himself.
He was only thirty-three when the public
turned against him.
His friends ran away.
He was turned over to his enemies and
went through the mockery of a trial.
He was nailed to a cross between two
thieves.
While he was dying, his executioners
gambled for his clothing, the only property
he had on earth.
He was laid down in a borrowed grave.
TWENTY CENTURIES have come and gone, and
today He is the central figure of the
human race.
All the armies that ever marched, all the
navies that ever sailed, all the parliaments
that ever sat, and all the kings that ever
reigned have not affected the life of man
on this earth as that **ONE SOLITARY LIFE.**

Author Unknown

From “The Passing of Arthur”

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge,
“The old order changeth, yielding place to the new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort Theyself. What comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure. But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought
By prayer than this world dreams of.
Wherefore let thy voice rise like a fountain
For me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves, and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is bound by gold chains
About the feet of God.”

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Liquor and Longevity

The horse and mule live 30 years
And nothing know of wines and beers.
The goat and sheep at 20 die
And never taste of Scotch or Rye.
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at 18 is mostly done.
The dog at 15 cashes in
Without the aid of rum or gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in 12 short years it croaks.
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at 10.
All animals are strictly dry:
They sinless live and swiftly die.
But sinful, ginful rum-soaked men
Survive for three score years and ten.
And some of them – a very few,
Stay pickled till they’re 92!!
Ain’t it the truth?

Author Unknown

Blanche

Blonde she is, and passing fair,
Like a nymph (with horns to boot)
All the guile of Mother Eve –
Not that Blondie gives a hoot!
Care she takes to hide herself,
Happy, wise and fancy free,
Eyes the world and traps the fools -
fools most everyone – but me !

Norm Sampson
An Odeon colleague
January, 1956

Excerpts from Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's The Way to Happiness

Man was built with a capacity for three things of which he never has enough:

1. He wants life
2. He wants love
3. He wants to grasp the truth

On earth, life is overshadowed by death;

truth mingles with error

love is mixed with hate;

Men know that they would not long for these things if there was no possibility of finding them, so, being reasonable, they search for the source from which these mixed and imperfect portions of life, love and truth derive. In looking for the source of life, love and truth, as we know it here, we must go beyond the limits of this shadowed world – to a truth not mingled with its shadow, error; to a love not mingled with its shadow, hate; to a life not mingled with its shadow, death.....We must seek for Pure Love, Pure Truth, Pure life.....and that is the definition of God.

Contentment---A Contented man is never poor though he has so very little. A discontented man is never rich, let him have so very much.

Humility...Pride is an attempt to create an impression that we are what we actually are not. Humility is the truth about ourselves.

Our bodies become tired only because of tiredness of the mind. One basic reason for tiredness of mind is the conflict

between ideal and achievement;

between what we ought to be and what we are;

between our longing and our having;

between our powers of understanding, and the incomprehensible mysteries of the universe.

Only when a box is empty, can it be filled. Only when the ego is deflated can God pour in his Blessings. The truly humble man is never discouraged, but the proud man falls into despair. The humble man still has God to call upon; the proud man has only his own ego that has collapsed.

The Ego and the Moral Law.... Psychologists of all the ages have universally agreed that the root of all unhappiness is selfishness or egotism.... Those who live enclosed in their own ego pass through three mental stages....

1. Self indulgence – in youth, the ego desires satisfaction of its own flesh; middle age, it craves power or wealth; old age, it sublimates into avarice and love of security.
2. Fear – makes a person become a pessimist, fearing “everyone is against me”...eventually despair settles in, which is the ego left to its own resources, which it finally admits are nothing.
3. Ignorance – because egotism cuts off communication with God and neighbor, it cuts off knowledge from both these sources....The ego becomes increasingly unaware of its destiny and purpose in life....When we love our neighbours as ourselves....and everyone does love himself...then we can combat egotism.We must love sinners – but hate sin. More concretely, we must love communists, but hate communism.

Detachment....Life seems flat and stale to many people. They think they are in a rut. They want to know how to get out of it. The answer is detachment. Detachment is a matter of cutting all the strands that tie us to the ground. Thus, allowing the soul to bound upwards toward God. If we “need” outside things, we become literally absorbed in them, so that our own personalities are dispersed. Attachment is narrowing.....detachment broadens us. The materialist has a confined personality because he lives in a closed universe, no larger than the things he can reach with his senses. The egotist lives in an even narrower world: the padded cell of his own selfishness. The believer has broken free - he can ascend freely to the Heaven on Earth in which his nature can expand towards a limitless and self-forgetful joy.

The Subterranean....The tragedy of our day is the despair of the successful. Their misery does not originate in the failure of their plans, but in the fact that, having realized them, they found no happiness. The ‘Everything’ they longed for (material benefits and temporal triumphs) turned out, on possession, to be Nothing. ‘Nothing’ is the polar opposite to God and His creation.

Joy from the Inside....The philosophers tell us everyone must have joy. Since nobody can make the universe his slave, everyone who looks outward for pleasure is bound to disappointment....A glut of entertainment wearies us; a realized ambition becomes a bore; a love that promised full contentment loses its

glamour and its thrill. Lasting happiness can never come from the world. Joy is not derived from the things we get or the people we meet; it is manufactured by the soul itself, as it goes about its self-forgetful business. . . . Full happiness is understood only by those who have denied themselves some legitimate pleasures, in order to obtain deferred joys. Men who “let themselves go” go to seed or go mad. The savior of the world himself told us that the best joys come only after we have purchased them by prayer and fasting; we must give up our copper pennies first, out of love for Him, and he will pay us back in pieces of gold, in joy and ecstasy.

Love is infinite. . . . A child who has a single toy enriches it with his love. A spoiled child with many playthings becomes blase’ and ceases to take pleasure in any one of them. . . . The more people own beyond the limit of things they can personalize and love, the more they suffer boredom, ennui and satiety. . . . Since increase in quantity among the things we love brings a decrease in the quality of love, there are two ways by which we may hope to keep pure love. One is to give away in proportion as we receive. The other is complete detachment from wealth. . . . to give up everything. Everyone’s power of renunciation is greater than anyone’s power to possess: no man can own the world, but any man can disown it. The misers may fill their wallets, but never their hearts for they cannot obtain all the wealth they are able to imagine and desire. . . . but the poor in heart are rich in happiness.

I shall pass this way but once.
If, therefore, there be any good thing
I can do, or any kindness I can show,
To any fellow creature, let me do it
now. Let me not defer it nor neglect
it. For I shall not pass this way again.

Author Unknown

How Not to Raise Money For Your Church!

The town of La Guaria, Venezuela, was a wild and wooly one back in the 1620's. It was full of rough-and-tumble seamen, hard bitten explorers and the like. Few more lurid towns existed in this hemisphere.

A handful of priests decided that a church was sorely needed there. But how to build it? There was no money. None, that is, for a church. It all seemed to go for rum and knives and bad women.

The padres were convinced that this was the most blasphemous spot of the face of the earth. One day one of them sighed, "If only we had a gold piece for every curse uttered here." And that's what started the idea. It was proclaimed that everyone would be fined every time he cursed....and the amount would be in accordance with the gravity of the imprecation. In a short time, enough was on hand to build the church.

It was nicknamed, "La Iglesia de la Santisima Caramba".....The Church of the Most Holy Damn!!!

Some men find truth through science;
Some through simple faith;
But none....without humility

Author Unknown

Herewithin

Can I grow old with graceful air?
Not mind the change in skin and hair?
The sagging chin,
The denture grin,
The not so thin, Me?

Can I grow old in such a way
That the man I married will gladly say,
"Though skin may line
You still look fine,
Dear love of mine, My Wife."

Can I grow old in such a way –
That my own kids will frankly say.
"How does she look?
She sure can cook,
And she wrote a book, Of Poetry."

Can I grow old in such a way –
That friends of mine will always say
“Her life to me has quality,
It’s good to be, Her Friend”.

Can I grow old in such a way –
That teenage girls will glibly say,
“She is so neat,
Quite old, but sweet,
I’d like to meet Her Sons”.

Can I grow old? I have no doubt,
That’s what life is all about
But beyond the grin,
The sagging chin,
Herewithin
I’m still me!

Shirley Reaman
Red Deer, Alberta

The Professionals

An Engineer is a man who
Knows a great deal about very little
And who goes along learning more and more about
Less and less until finally he knows practically
Everything about nothing

A Salesman, on the other hand, is a
Man who knows very little about many things
And keeps learning less and less about
More and more, until he knows
Practically nothing about everything.

A Vice-President starts out knowing
Everything about everything, but ends
Up knowing nothing about anything, due to
His association with Engineers and Salesmen.

Author Unknown

Important Words

The 6 most important words: I admit I made a Mistake.

The 5 most important words: You did a good job.

The 4 most important words: What is your opinion?

The 3 most important words: If you please.

The 2 most important words: Thank you.

The 1 most important word: We

The Least important word: I

Author Unknown

Surprise in Heaven

I dreamed death came, the other night.

And Heaven's gate swung wide.

An angel with a halo bright

Came and ushered me inside.

And there! To my astonishment!

Stood folks I'd judged and labeled

As "quite unfit", "of little worth"

And "spiritually disabled".

Indignant words rose to my lips,

But never were set free,

For every face showed stunned surprise...

Not one expected ME!!

Author Unknown

Love

LOVE is like a rose bush...

Sometimes we smell the sweetness of the flower.

But sometimes we feel the pierce of the thorn!!

An Irish Prayer

May those who love us, love us;
And those that don't love us,
May God turn their hearts.
And if He doesn't turn their hearts,
May He turn their ankles,
So we'll know them by their limping.

The Piddling Pup

(A tale of a pedigreed Pup, in 10 piddles and a puddle)

Piddle No. 1

A farmer's dog came into town
His Christian name was "Rex",
A noble pedigree had he,
Unusual was his text.
And as he trotted down the street
'Twas beautiful to see
His work on every corner –
His work on every tree.

Piddle No. 2

He watered every gateway too,
And never missed a post,
For piddling was his specialty
And piddling was his boast!
The City Curs looked on amazed
With deep and jealous rage
To see a simple country dog
The piddler of the age!

Piddle No. 3

When all the dogs from everywhere
Were summoned with a yell,
To sniff the country stranger o'er
And judge him by his smell;
Some thought that he a king might be,
Beneath his tail a rose
So every dog drew near to him
And sniffed it up his nose.

Piddle No. 4

They smelled him over one by one,
They smelled him two by two,
And noble Rex, in high disdain
Stood still till they were thru'
Then just to show the whole shebang
He didn't give a dam
He trotted in a grocery store
And piddled on a ham!

Piddle No. 5

He piddled in a mackerel keg,
He piddled on the floor,
And when the grocer kicked him out,
He piddled thru' the door.
Behind him all the city dogs
Lined up with instinct true
To start a piddling carnival
And see the stranger through.

Piddle No. 6

They showed him every piddling post
They had in all the town,
And started in with many a wink
To pee the stranger down.
They sent for champion piddlers
Who were always on the go,
Who sometimes did a piddling stunt
Or gave a piddle show.

Piddle No. 7

They sprung these on him suddenly
When midway in the town;
Rex only smiled and polished off
The ablest, white or brown.
For Rex was with them every trick
With vigor and with vim,
A thousand piddles more or less
Were all the same to him!

Piddle No. 8

So he was wetting merrily,
With hind leg kicking high,

When most were hoisting legs in bluff
And piddling mighty dry.
On and on, Rex sought new grounds
By piles of scrap and rust,
Till every city dog went dry
And piddled only dust.

Piddle No. 9

But on and on went noble Rex
As wet as any rill,
And all the champion city pups
Were pee'd to a standstill.
Then Rex did free-hand piddling
With fancy flirts and flits,
Like "Double Dip" and "Gimlet Twist"
And all the latest hits.

Piddle No. 10

And all the time this country dog
Did never wink or grin,
But piddled blithely out of town
As he had piddled in.

The Puddle

The city dogs conventions held,
To ask, "What did defeat us?"
But no-one ever put them wise,
THAT REX HAD DIABETES!!!

Author Unknown

The Voice of God

God speaks to you in his own sweet way,
Or have you never heard...

His kind, consoling message, and the
Wisdom of His word?

He speaks of love and brotherhood and
Courage in your strife,

Of faith and deep humility, and virtue
In this life.

His voice is not the common kind, the
Sound from lips that part.

It is a sweet and gentle tongue that
Whispers to your heart.

It does not scold or criticize, or
Make the last demand.

It only wants to let you know that God
Will understand.

God speaks to you each day and night,
His voice is soft and clear.

And you will hear His voice... unless...
You do not want to hear.

Author Unknown

“Everyone can master a grief but he who has it!!”

W. Shakespeare

The English Tongue

When young and half a world away
In Bangalore or Mandalay
I visited the temples there
And walked about the market square
And often found the natives spoke
The language of those other folk
In that small isle so far away
Wherein the birth of English lay.

Now in that isle one cannot claim
That all the people speak the same
Despite the fact of common race
The accents change from place to place
Northern, Midland, Cornwall, Kent
Each to his own distinguishment
How strange that from this mixture sprung
The wonder of a world-wide tongue.

The language now enjoys good health
In lands beyond the Commonwealth
The continents that start with "A"
Use English in a major way
And scholars have, with one accord,
Found in its study great reward.
It must possess some special worth
To be so widely used on earth.

It proves a very useful link
It's in this tongue world bankers think
And aliens whose ships collide
Prefer the case in English tried;
And foreigners of high degree
Use English for their Ph.D.
And Lloyds, of course, on no pretext
Use other than the English text.

This is the tongue that Shakespeare spoke
Pitt and Scott and Bolingbroke
Chaucer, Churchill, Spenser, Blake
Nelson, Collingwood and Drake.
No doubt the language will endure

With all its richness and allure
Let all who're here be of good cheer
The English tongue won't disappear

Author Unknown.

Blessed Are You

YOU who take time to listen to difficult speech;
For you help us to know that if we persevere we
Can be understood.

YOU who walk with us in public places, and ignore the
Stares of strangers; for in your companionship we
Find havens of relaxation.

YOU who never bid us "hurry up", or snatch our tasks
From our hands to do them for us; for often we need
Time rather than help.

YOU who stand beside us as we enter new and untried
Ventures; for our failures will be outweighed by
The times when we surprise ourselves and you.

WHEN by all these things you assure us that the thing
That makes us individuals is not in our peculiar
Muscles, nor in our wounded nervous systems, but in
Our God given selves which no infirmity can confine.

Author Unknown

Hebrews 12:2

Sorrow looks back, worry looks around, faith looks up.

When I Whine

Today, upon a bus
I saw a girl with golden hair
And wished I was as fair.
When suddenly she rose to leave,
I saw her hobble down the aisle,
She had one leg and wore a crutch.
But as she passed, she passed a smile.

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two legs, the world is mine.

I stopped to buy some candy,
The lad who sold it had such charm.
I talked with him, he seemed so glad.
If I were late, it'd do no harm.
And as I left, he said to me,
"I thank you, you've been so kind.
It's nice to talk with folks like you.
You see," he said, "I'm blind."

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two eyes, the world is mine.

Later while walking down the street,
I saw a child with eyes of blue.
He stood and watched the others play.
He did not know what to do.
I stopped a moment and then I said,
"Why don't you join the others, dear?"
He looked ahead with out a word.
And then I knew, he couldn't hear.

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two ears, the world is mine.

With feet to take me where I'd go.
With eyes to see the sunset's glow.
With ears to hear what I'd know.

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine.
I've been blessed indeed, the world is mine.

