

Nature



What A Wonderful World

God gave this world to you and me.
It's priceless, yet it's also free.
It's beautiful beyond compare,
And He has left it in our care.
Every day begins anew,
Like a rose sparkling with the dew.
They blossom in the morning sun
And bloom until the day is done.
A little seed becomes a tree
And gives its shade to you and me.
Every creature great and small,
The Lord above has made them all.
The bear, the bee, the kangaroo,
All share this world with me and you.
High above us in the sky,
We watch the silver clouds go by.
They bring the gentle rain our way,
And rainbows brighten up our day.
And as we watch the setting sun,
Another perfect day is done.
God gave this world to you and me.
He lit the stars above.
By seeing all the things He made,
We know that God is love.

-- *Andrea Calhoun*

The Beach

As I was walking down the beach,
What do you think I found?
A very pretty seashell,
Laying on the ground.

I picked it up and washed it off,
And put it to my ear.
But a roar and ocean waves,
Were all that I could hear.

The gulls were circling up above,
In hunt for food to eat.
The waves were rolling in
And splashing at my feet.

I walked and walked for hours,
Taking it all in.
It's getting dark; it's time to go,
But I'll be back again.

-- Carol Rudder

Simple Beauty

To wake up on top of a mountain is one of the most breathtaking views of life and one of the few pleasures that is still free. I was but twelve and living in one of the many intervening valleys that are enclosed by the high mountains of West Virginia when I had the privilege to spend the night with a girlfriend. She live at the peak of one such mountain, and she had the unique blessing to observe one of God's most spellbinding wonders every day.

Since it was the latter half of the 1950s, many people of the mountains of West Virginia still used outside bathrooms. It was a chilly spring morning, and the sun had not yet made an appearance. I awoke with the necessity of going outside. I lay in the strange bed for a little while, being basically a shy child and not wishing to stumble through an unfamiliar house. The urge to go outside, however, overtook me, and I could not ignore it any longer. I quietly navigated through the dark house to the outdoors, fearful that I would disturb my girlfriend's parents.

Even today, 41 years later, I remember the reverence and wonder inspired by what met my eyes that glorious morning. The darknes slowly fading into morning light. The veiling fog covering the hills and valleys. The crisp morning air, as bracing as it was refreshing.

Leisurely, the majestic, reddish-gold sun began to ascend the early morning sky, spreading its radiant light. Slowly, tantalizing, as if exposing an exquisite work of art, the prevailing darkness slid away, and the sun began to melt off the opaque mist.

Deep valleys and green forest steadily began to emerge from their slumber. The bubbling streams and brooks were uncovered, as the now large sun continued to climb upward, painting the sky with a multicolor of reds, oranges, and pinks, revealing even more of the hidden beauty of the mountain. Birds and an assortment of animals began their never-ending search for food, filling the clear mountain air with God's music.

When the sun had reached a pinnacle in the cloudless sky and the fog had lifted, nothing but beauty remained to remind me of what a supreme artist our heavenly Father is, and that some things of beauty are still free for the taking.

I was awed by this picturesque masterpiece God had created, and I consider myself fortunate indeed to be granted the honor of witnessing that particular sunrise. From that moment on and for a long time thereafter, it changed the way I woke most mornings, knowing that even though I was not on the mountain but in a valley, God was still there working his enchantment each and every day.

I miss it most intensely now that I no longer have the opportunity to wake up to such simple pleasures and wish now that I could once more go back to the unpretentious wonder of childhood.

-- *Frances KayJenkins*

Rain
Wet, Cold
Dropping, Dripping, Beating
Gloom, Tremble, Warm, Pure
Shining, Spreading, Giving free
Boundless, Abundant
Sun

-- Ruan Luong

Skating
Exciting, entertaining
Speeding, gliding, dancing
Music, rink, park, sidewalk
Pacing, treading, stepping
Peaceful, quiet
Walking

-- Kum Sun Kim

Who Am I?

I am the sun that peeks at you in the soft hours of the morning, glistening brightly through the trees. My vibrant rays join the earth to the heavens above.

I am the rain that trickles from the sky, filling the streams and rivers. I sprinkle the flowers with light kisses of moisture in the morning so they grow strong and tall.

I am the wind that blows to create the waving waters. I like to whistle at times, to let you know that I am always near.

I am the grass, the trees, leaves, flowers and even the weeds. I am the artist of all glory that you behold in life.

I am the creator of a cultural rainbow -- the black, white, Oriental, Hispanic, and others that walk on this earth.

I am the eagle that soars from the highest mountain, the purring kitten, the roaring lion, and all the other creatures.

I am the first one to see the newborn child as it enters this world, and the first one to greet you as you depart from the earth and enter into my kingdom of everlasting life.

Who Am I?

If you are still puzzled by this question, go to your local bookstore and purchase a book known as the Bible. Open it to the first chapter (Genesis). You will find the answer to this question.

May God Bless & Enjoy your new life!

--Sherry Thornsberry