

## NOT SO COMMON ANYMORE

Honorable leaders, respectful toward duty  
Straightforward reporting, not fake rooty-tooty  
Hatred expressed in public? Taboo!  
Respectful behavior from me and from you:  
Not so common anymore.

Friends and colleagues without hidden agendas  
Chatting on porches, backyards and verandas  
Talking and laughing, agreeing or not  
Reasonable reactions when topics got hot:  
Not so common anymore.

Children playing inside or out  
Safely and happily with rarely a doubt  
Chasing butterflies, wading the stream  
Building sand castles, time just to dream:  
Not so common anymore.

Chores to do as a matter of course  
Working hard to be part of the force  
Of provision for family or those in need  
Unlikely to look for a handout for free:  
Not so common anymore.

A church with no darkness, not everything plain  
Beauty on walls and bright window panes  
A cross to remind us light streaming in  
Occasional gift of a solo sung hymn:  
Not so common anymore.

Some people experience these things still today  
Some people still follow God's written way  
Some people do all they can to be true  
My prayer is that describes me, also you, but it's  
Not so common anymore.

## BETRAYED

My heart is in shreds. My pain is real. My mind's in a groove 'bout the way I feel.  
I trusted that friend with much of my life. I was betrayed! Talk about strife!  
I've been a Christian. I go to church. How could God leave me alone in the lurch?  
What sin's been committed? What have I done? I search my soul finding little or none.

I look for a friend or a confidant; someone who cares and understands what I want.  
Anger boils up, spewing lava-like coals. I say stupid things. I make rash goals.  
One minute I'm mad, the next I am crying. Life looks bad. I feel like dying.  
What was once mine has been given away. Peace and happiness remain at bay.

At last I know this won't disappear. I face the choice of faith or fear.  
I waver toward one and lean to the other, back and forth like melted butter.  
Deep in my spirit an anchor is weighed. As the storm dies down, my heart is stayed.  
Gradually I realize that God's still there. And He's the One Who will always care.

I've been distracted. One fact was lost. Love comes from God. He paid the cost.  
Love's not in the senses, and not bound by earth. Genuine Love bought me spiritual birth.  
What I can't see with my eyes is more real. I won't let the enemy dictate what I feel.  
My friend sinned against me and left me bereft. Faith in God's Word can salvage what's left.

Love makes it possible to have all restored. Love never discards folks for revenge or reward.  
My aching heart is slated for healing. Faith is the road. The Word is revealing.  
I need to want to. I need to submit. It's hard work, but forgiveness is it.  
My flesh will rebel. My mind may doubt. Faith and Love wash the sin right out.

It helps to remember that I need it too. Perfect people are very few.  
If I see offense as my solid right, I won't receive what heals the blight.  
Study love's definition, I Corinthians 13. There's no room there to be selfish or mean.  
Oh, it's not easy, but it will work. If I Follow directions, have faith, don't shirk.

Nose to the grindstone! Love by decision! Don't give in for any reason.  
Gradually I'll notice my heart is lighter. As I work with the Word, my path gets brighter.  
Self-centered thoughts on constant replay, the enemy can use and therefore sway  
My actions from my Lord and His Word. Suddenly forgiveness will seem absurd.

I'll take control of my thought life, [Please!] It's imperative to get on my knees.  
Constant prayer, praise and faith. Puts a smile on my Father's face!  
God is patient, good and kind. He'll help my spirit teach my mind.  
Healing will come and health will remain. I'll be fully able to love again.

## PREPARE ME, O FATHER

Prepare me, O Father through Facebook to scroll.  
Help me to set my emotion's control.  
Some people say things to make my blood boil,  
So prepare me, O Father, through Facebook to scroll.

Why do I go there when this chance I take?  
Why do I risk seeing news that is fake?  
Why take the chance to say: "Jump in the lake!"?  
Why do I go there when this chance I take?

Some of my family, acquaintances and friends  
Post pretty pictures of kids or events.  
I'd be disconnected, alone in the end but for  
Some of my family, acquaintances and friends.

People I've known and some I've just met.  
Post disagreeable format and yet.  
I rarely tell them, it's just their mind set, both  
People I've known and some I've just met.

Most of my friends have good things to say  
Informative, funny or sweet every day  
Pictures of children and nature's array  
Most of my friends have good things to say.

So, prepare me, O Father through Facebook to scroll.  
Help me set my emotion's control.  
Some people say things to make my blood boil,  
So, prepare me, O Father through Facebook to scroll.

## OLD?

technology is hot; old people are not; twenty-something should know  
my kids and their friends, laugh without end; old people suck, ho-ho  
computers and phones confuse the old crones; old men don't get it at all  
they can't understand, the mystery grand; they mess up the simplest call  
the young in-the-know, explaining the show; find incompetent fearful tech-mania  
they do not respect it, but always expect it; and think it's a pain in the, ah...

the kids tell funny tales of old people sales; their misunderstandings seem dumb  
they giggle and laugh, hee-haw epitaphs; because tech is so easy and fun  
I listen and grin, they've committed no sin; their viewpoint is valid but shallow  
before they were born, though they would scorn; tech-zero, brains were not fallow  
they don't see the past, or know just how vast;  
    old folks' accomplishments have been  
the old lived lots of years, shed lots of tears;  
    they've triumphed thru thick and thru thin  
if wisdom were young, it might bite it's tongue; when tempted to old-people bash  
one thing is sure, if the young endure; "old"; will get the last laugh

## EASIER TO GIVE THAN RECEIVE

If you're a preacher, a cop, a teacher, or a parent  
You've had opportunity to advise the miscreant  
Or you've tried to guide a person through the storm  
Desiring to help, and never to harm  
You've likely been down a similar road  
And learned to carry a similar load  
You may be certain all you try to tell  
Will help them avoid a personal hell  
And, I'm guessing you're right to a high degree  
But the one GETTING the help might disagree  
From the middle of a muddle one can not see  
It may seem right to you, but it's Greek to me

What advice is easier to give than to receive?  
Do the right thing! Don't deceive!  
Say no to the cookie, the shopping, the joint.  
Keep on going when there isn't any point  
Don't consider yourself, be kind to your brother  
Stop with the credit card, you don't need another  
Just because you're hurting doesn't mean you need a drink  
Making it through is easier than you think  
Lift up your head, put on a smile  
When something's too hard, go another mile  
Deny that depression with a happy face  
Get to work on time, run the race

Forgive the gossip, the slanderer too  
Don't pay them back, whatever you do  
Be patient with the children, defer to the spouse  
Get your job finished then clean the house  
Be the one who picks up the trash  
Pare things down, get rid of your stash  
Invest in people, the market, the school  
Don't count on others, don't be a fool  
Eat less, spend less, take another pill  
Move more, Save more, learn another skill  
All this advice has great value too  
Oh, not for ME, but it's good for YOU