



MUSINGS

They're Only Here on Loan by Judy Shutt

When we think of all our sorrow and we dwell on all our strife. It's only fair to think about our blessings in this life.

God sends us many loved ones
And some he calls back home.
So remember while you're
grieving they're only here on
loan.

He lets them come to live with us
And share in all our love. Then
we must give them back to Him.
and heaven up above.

So, consider in your sadness the
time you've had to share. Then,
let them go, and know that God
will keep them in His care.

Good Friday Christians in an Easter Sunday World by Tina Allen

In the land of endless summer, we forget the breath of spring.
After the cold and dreariness that winter always brings.
Think back to the days spent farther north, to days of long
ago; Think of colder climates, remember ice and snow?
Winter's death is long; the days and nights are dreary;
It chills the body, dulls the mind, and makes the soul grow
weary. Christ's death upon the cross was just as lonely, cruel
and cold; For 30 pieces of silver, the Prince of Peace was sold.
Now turn your thoughts to Daffodils pushing towards the sun.
They'll be an end to winter, a promise to everyone.
Trees begin to bud, birds begin to sing.

The sleepy world awakens to the joy of spring.
Renewed, refreshed---the Earth has come alive;
From each and every corner, life has been revived!
With this comes a promise, when all else has failed;
The hope that Jesus gives us, once again prevailed.
Just as winter passes, and new life blooms everywhere;

We, too, can have new life, within God's love and care. Christ
died upon the cross, His body broken and alone; Put an end to
our despair and made our sins, His own.

For like the end of winter, with the coming of the spring;
In death there was no victory, in death there was no sting.
Those words are from my youth, an old, familiar song;
The meaning's not forgotten, the message is so strong.
"He lives! He lives! Christ Jesus lives today!" "He walks with
me, and talks with me, along life's narrow way."

Just as we forget the winter, when spring brings new
inflection,

Christ's death is overshadowed by His Easter resurrection. His
life was put to many tests-He died that we might live; What
greater gift is there than that, for anyone to give?

The lesson of Easter is a promise of great HOPE;
No matter that life's problems are, I know that I can cope.

The roads I walk are rocky, the path is seldom paved;
But I can hobble onward because I know I've been saved.
Sometimes I feel discouraged, may even moan and groan; But
I keep going forward, for I do not walk alone.

He died for me, He lives for me, what a price He paid;
I must be worth a lot to him, much more than I've repaid. He
died for us-each man and woman and every boy and girl;
We are Good Friday Christians in an Easter Sunday world. The
JOY I felt when Spring had come is the JOY of Easter morn.
The JOY and HOPE and PROMISE of eternal life reborn.

My wish for you, my dearest friends, when we are apart; Is
that the promise of that same HOPE will live within your
hearts.

MUSINGS

Tears of Glass (Reflections on 9/11/2001)

By Tina Allen

Today I heard the nation cry, as tears of
glass fell from the sky. I saw the the
shudders and heard the moan, Of twisted
steel and brick and stone.

The dust of concrete mortar flew, and
settled over the rescue crew.
The fires raged, the giants fell.
A silent horror cast its spell.

We could not see, we could not know,
Why this attack? Who was our foe?
What evil mind? We could not grasp---
The hatred that had fueled each blast.

We watched in shock and disbelief, as
tears of glass engulfed our grief. But
from the depths---a different cry;
The sound of Hope that will NOT die!

It started faintly, soft and low;
Began to build---began to grow;
American voices, millions strong; All
of them singing Freedom's song!

Shoulder to shoulder Americans stand,
To show support for this great land.
We salute our flag---long may it wave, O'er the
land of the free, the home of the brave.

I raise my voice to join the throng,
And sing of freedom's hopeful song.
The fires of freedom still burn bright,
in every heart on every night.

We are AMERICANS and still we sing,
"God Bless America"---let freedom ring.
No one can silence Freedom's call, of
Liberty and Justice for one and all!

A Year of Sorrows

by Holly Sorensen

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A year of sorrows
Acquainted
Intimately
With grief
One loss
After another
Overwhelming
Crying out "Enough"
And another befalls me
Seeking answers
Finding only one
Jesus

Finally

by Holly Sorensen

Copyright 1/20/2002

Finally
The firsts are over
The first night without you
The first week knowing you aren't coming
home
The first birthday of the rest of my life
Without you
The first holiday not shared with you
The first anniversary of our love without you
All of those firsts
Three hundred and sixty-five days of them
Now it's easier going forward
The memories are not so fresh
The pain begins to dull
Sleeping without dreams of you
Every night
You will always be a part of me
But now my future is without you
And I've found a place of peace
If not love

I Seek You Still

By Holly Sorensen

Copyright 11/15/2004

God

There are times
I feel so alone
I cry out to You
And wonder why I do so
As I review my life
The water of Your Spirit
Seems non-existent
I am wandering
In a dark desert
With no comfort to be found
I go to Your Word
And read the words of comfort
Finding none of it applies to my life

Still

I persist in seeking You
Through the hurt
I yet seek You
When I am perplexed
I find myself seeking you
Through my tears
I yet call out to You
In my doubt
I continue to believe You are
That you care for me
When all seems dust and ashes
Even then I seek You

Your Word says

You are a fortress
I am safe within Your walls
You are a healer
I am whole within Your shelter
You are a rewarder
Of all who call upon Your name
You walked as a man
You became acquainted intimately
With sorrow and grief
All out of love for me

Your Word repeats
Through all eternity
The songs of Your
love
Somehow
It again becomes
real to me
Somehow
I can raise my head
again
Facing another day
Through the doubts
Through the fears
Through the tears
Through the deserts
of my heart
I hear You say
"Peace. Be still."
My spirit becomes
renewed
I hear You say
"I am"
Finding that in that
statement
I can be

**What would I say to Jesus?
by Holly Sorensen**

Copyright 4/18/2003

I sought you as a child
A little girl
Hurting, confused
I knew you came in
Yet
Nothing seemed to change
My life went on

Seemingly overnight
I was in my late teens
And though I knew
You were still there
Everything was different
Nothing seemed to change
My life went on

You sought me as a young adult
Your presence was
Real, vital, all encompassing
My world turned upside down
Everything was different
Nothing seemed to change
My life went on

I fell in love with one the church
Disapproved of
And chose church over love
And in her pain
She ended her life
Everything was different
Nothing seemed to change
My life went on

In practice
I followed the church
Little pain became overwhelming pain
I sought to follow the one I had loved
Instead You were there
Giving me comfort.

My life went on
I found another love
Struggling with love versus
church teaching
And followed love
Everything was different
Nothing seemed to change
My life went on
My love left me
Tattered, bleeding, hurting
You again were there
Bringing peace, comfort
Even joy
Everything was different
Nothing seemed to change
My life went on

Now I look back
On the stages of my life
At the constancy of Your
love
And understand that
Everything was different
You are never changing
And so my life goes on

Patricia Carque
Inaugural

Place your hand on the lives
of your daughters and sons
and the hand of a protest
will rise

Let all know
They are loved
They are never alone

Lift your voice
summon hope
summon life

Dance in circles that honor
Love's presence
Blow the trumpet
and let the walls fall

We are one
in a world of compassion

Let us sing
Let us love
Let us move

Fill your hearts with
the grace of creation
Fill your tables with
food for the stranger

Bring the truth forth
Let the clouds burst
Let the reign of God's goodness
surge through us

The beginning will move us
to land
Where the last shall be first
and justice unearthed
and healing is part
of a plan

As we begin

As we begin

As we begin

As we begin

*In the beginning
God created the heavens and the earth
and together we will see that it is good*

