

Sunrise

The Newsletter For Women By Christian Women

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Beautiful

*Beautiful robes so white,
Beautiful land of light,
Beautiful home so bright,
Where there shall come no night;
Beautiful crown I'll wear,
Shining and bright o'er there
Yonder in mansions fair,
Gather us there.*

*Beautiful thought to me,
We shall forever be
Thine in eternity,
When from this world we're free;
Free from its toil and care,
Heavenly joys to share,
Let me cross over there;
This is my prayer.*

*Beautiful things on high,
Over in yonder sky,
Thus I shall leave this shore,
Counting my treasures o'er;
Where we shall never die,
Carry me by and by,
Never to sorrow more,
Heavenly store.*

Chorus:

*Beautiful robes, Beautiful land,
Beautiful home, Beautiful band,
Beautiful crown, Shining so fair,
Beautiful mansion bright, Gather us there.*

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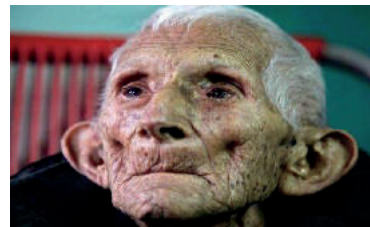
*He has made everything beautiful
In its time. Ecclesiastes 3:11*

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WHAT DO YOU SEE?

When an old man died in the geriatric ward of a nursing home in an Australian country town, it was believed that he had nothing left of any value.

Later, when the nurses were going through his meager possessions, they found this poem. Its quality and content so impressed the staff that copies were made and distributed to every nurse in the hospital.



One nurse took her copy to Melbourne. The old man's sole bequest to posterity has since appeared in the Christmas editions of magazines around the country and has appeared in magazines for mental health. A slide presentation has also been made based on his simple, but eloquent, poem.

And this old man, with nothing left to give to the world, is now the author of this "anonymous" poem.

Cranky Old Man

What do you see, nurses? What do you see?
What are you thinking when you're looking at me?
A cranky old man, not very wise,
Uncertain of habit, with faraway eyes?
Who dribbles his food, and makes no reply?
When you say in a loud voice, "I do wish you'd try!"
Who seems not to notice the things that you do
And forever is losing a sock or a shoe?
Who, resisting or not, lets you do as you will
With bathing and feeding, the long day to fill?
Is that what you're thinking? Is that what you see?
Then open your eyes, nurse, you're not looking at
me.

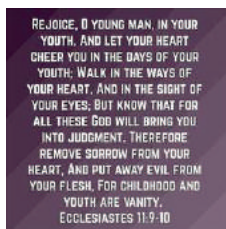
I'll tell you who I am... as I sit here so still,
As I do at your bidding, as I eat at your will.

I'm a small child of ten with a father and mother,
Brothers and sisters, who love one another,
A young boy of sixteen, with wings on his feet,
Dreaming that soon now, a lover he'll meet,
A groom soon at twenty, my heart gives a leap,
Remembering the vows that I promised to keep.
At twenty-five, now, I have young of my own,
Who need me to guide and a secure, happy home.
A man of thirty, my young now growing fast,
Bound to each other with ties that should last.
At forty, my young sons have grown and are gone,
But my woman is beside me to see I don't mourn.
At fifty, once more, babies play 'round my knee.
Again, we know children, my loved one and me.
Dark days are upon me; my wife is now dead.
I look at the future, I shudder with dread.
For my young are all rearing young of their own,
And I think of the years and the love that I've known.

I'm now an old man and nature is cruel.
It's jest to make old age look like a fool.
The body, it crumbles; grace and vigor, depart.
There is now a stone where I once had a heart,
But inside this old carcass, a young man still dwells.
And now and again my battered heart swells.
I remember the joys, I remember the pain,
And I'm loving and living life over again.
I think of the years, all too few, gone too fast,
And accept the stark fact that nothing can last.
So open your eyes, people; open and see,
Not a cranky old man; look closer. See ME!!

(Originally by Phyllis McCormack
Adapted by Dave Griffith)

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GARBAGE AND BEAUTY

I took a walk along a country lane, trying to clear my mind of doubts and depression. The morning air was crisp, and the light was brilliant. I walked along the shore of a still pond with cattails and a pasture with horses and cows.

In the distance gleamed the snow-capped mountains of the Indian Peaks Wilderness.

I imagined a photo of this tranquil scene, and I planned it in my mind: where I would place the tripod, what lens to use, how I would crop it just right. I looked down near my feet in disgust. A crushed 20 ounce Budweiser can lay next to a large empty vodka bottle. "No foreground in this photo!" I said to myself. "I'll just crop out the garbage and focus on what is beautiful."

I paused. "That's it!" I thought. "Life always has both garbage and beauty. I can crop out the garbage from my field of view and focus on what is beautiful." My doubts lifted a little, as did my depression as I walked home. The next few days, I tried hard to focus on the good things, be positive, and be thankful. The glass is half full; life is good. It helped; but within a few days, the doubts and depression came back even worse. By keeping my head up and my eyes focused on the distant beauty, my feet kept tripping on the garbage where I was standing. Denying that it was there didn't take it away.

So I went on that walk again, along that country road. I saw the lake and the cattails, cows and horses, distant peaks and garbage at my feet. But this time, I brought a trash bag. When I came to my view, I picked up the cans and bottles. Again, I imagined my photo with a pristine foreground. This time, the whole scene was beautiful, from my feet to the distant horizon.

I became excited and started picking up all the trash I could see on my way home. I wanted my whole path to be beautiful and free, not just that one view. But soon, my trash bag was full, and I could carry no more. Litter dotted the roadside.

No matter how eager we are to see just the beauty in our lives, it takes time to pick up the trash from our past. While it is wonderful to look toward a happy horizon, we'll keep tripping over the wreckage of our past until we take the necessary time to do the dirty work and deal with it.

I'll go back to this country lane again and again. Each time, I'll bring a trash bag. And each time, as I look for both the beauty and the garbage, the view will get better and better.

Author's Name Withheld

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As it is written, "How beautiful are the feet of those who preach the good news!" Romans 10:15b

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The Touch of the Master's Hand

*'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,
But held it up with a smile.*

*"What am I bidden, good folks," he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?"*

*"A dollar, a dollar. Then two! Only two?
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?"*

*"Three dollars, once; three dollars, twice;
Going for three..." But no,
From the room, far back, a grey-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow;
Then wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening the loosened strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet,
As a caroling angel sings.*

*The music ceased, and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said: "What am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.*

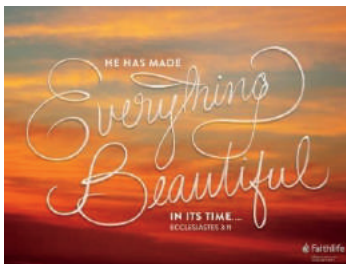
*"A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two?
Two thousand! And who'll make it three?
Three thousand, once; three thousand, twice,
And going and gone," said he.*

*The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We do not quite understand.
What changed its worth?" Swift came the reply:
"The touch of the Master's hand."
And many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and scarred with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd
Much like the old violin.*

*A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine,
A game — and he travels on.
He is "going" once, and "going" twice,
He's "going" and almost "gone."
But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul and the change that is wrought
By the touch of the Master's hand.*

Myra Welch

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Autumn Reflections

Autumn is a beautiful time of year in Missouri. The days are cooler than the hot days of August and September, and the nights are much cooler. The summer haze is gone from the sky, and it is a crystal clear blue much of the time.

It is a beautiful time of year, but we know that winter is coming. We must make the most of this short, beautiful season, the nice weather and the colorful scenery. The leaves begin to lose their bright green. Some become beautiful, brilliant shades of yellow, red or orange; others become drab and withered. It reminds me of the seasons of life.

In the fall of our lives, our physical bodies begin to slow and fail, perhaps becoming drab and withered like some of the leaves. Our spirits, however, can and should be in beautiful contrast to the failings of our bodies. If we have spent our years soaking up the Son, our spirits will reflect the Son's touch on our souls.

Leaves go through various things during their life spans. They get the early spring rains. Sometimes they get battered by violent storms that sweep through the area. During the hot months of summer, they endure the heat and the dry spells. Through it all, they cling tenaciously to the trees.

As Christians we also endure lots of different things in the course of life. Some are nurtured and guided by loving families who see to it that we have the best they can provide for us. Others endure lots of hardships, be they family problems, financial stresses, physical difficulties or any other struggles. Some even endure storms in their lives, storms over which they have little if any control. Through the hard times, do we cling as tenaciously to our Savior as the leaves cling to the trees?

Just as the strong healthy leaves of summer change into their autumn phase and eventually fall from the trees, so it is with our lives. Some of the most wonderful Christians I have ever known have been the ones whose race is nearly completed. Their physical bodies have become frail and weak. They can no longer do many of the things they once did with ease. Even though their physical vitality is diminished, there is a twinkle in their eyes and a beautiful glow in their spirits. Their voices, though not as strong as they once were, still beautifully sing the wondrous story.

They know they are nearing the end of the marathon and that their race is nearly over. It seems the nearer they

get to the end of this life, the more radiant they become as they reflect more and more of their faith in Christ. Autumn is indeed a beautiful season!

Evelyn Waite, Rolla, MO

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GOD'S PATTERN FOR THE WORLD

Today I listened as the rains came steady, and the winds blew strong. The sounds of nature's extremes are irresistible as she sings her songs of furor, conflict, contemplation and resolution. In the wind, I hear rearrangement. In the rain, I hear cleansing. In the mists and clouds, I sense unresolved questions. In the sunrise, I see hope. In the sunset, I slide into acceptance. In the dark of night, I find refuge in aloneness and withdrawal. In the light of day, I discover clarity and truth. These things come, and they go—not just as nature's course—but as God's pattern for a world that desperately needs a pattern, which is also why He sent Jesus. "And God said, 'Let there be light' and there was light...and the Light was good."

Chuck Hicks, Searcy, AR

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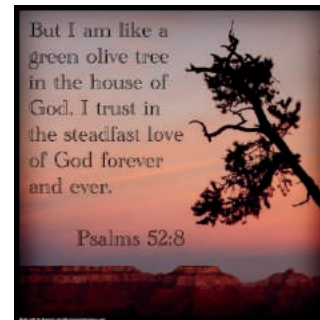
Ten Beautiful Thoughts

1. Prayer is not a **"spare wheel"** that you pull out when in trouble; it is a **"steering wheel"** that directs the right path throughout.
2. Why is a car's **windshield** so large and the rearview **mirror** so small? Because our **past** is not as important as our **future**. So look ahead and move on!
3. Friendship is like a **book**. It takes a few seconds to burn, but it takes years to write.
4. All things in life are temporary. If things are going well, enjoy it; they will not last forever. If they're going wrong, don't worry; they can't last long either.
5. Old friends are **gold**. New friends are **diamond**. If you get a **diamond**, don't forget the **gold** because to hold a **diamond**, you always need a **base of gold!**
6. Often when we lose hope and think this is the end, God smiles from above and says, "Relax, sweetheart, it's just a bend, not the end!"
7. When **God** solves your problems, you have faith in **His** abilities; when **God** doesn't solve your problems, **He** has faith in your abilities.

8. A blind person asked St. Anthony: "Can there be anything worse than losing eye sight?" He replied, "Yes, losing your vision."
9. When you pray for others, God listens to you and blesses them. Sometimes when you are safe and happy, remember that someone has prayed for you.
10. **Worrying** does not take away tomorrow's **troubles**; it takes away today's **peace**.

Author Unknown

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Do You Like to Write?



Sunrise is blessed with some very good writers who regularly respond when called upon to contribute. However, Sunrise needs more writers. If you write poetry or articles that have a spiritual application, please send them to evelyn@lawaiterolla.org. Articles should be 500-650 words (there is some leeway on that), and each should be encouraging and uplifting to sisters in Christ. Other guidelines may also apply. If you need to know potential themes for future issues in order to stimulate your creative processes, please contact me at the above email address. Thank you for your contributions to Sunrise!

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Sunrise is a monthly newsletter written and/or assembled by members of the Rolla Church of Christ. All previous issues can be accessed by going to <http://www.seekgrowserveandlove.org>. Click on the Resources tab, then on Sunrise Newsletter. You will find the current issue plus all previous issues.

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