

The Robin

Lord, as the mother robin sits on her eggs
and keeps them warm,
so do You keep me warm
with Your blanket of love.
The indwelling of Your Holy Spirit in me
feeds my soul
just as the mother robin feeds her young.
You send Your angels to protect me
just as the mother robin watches
and protects her little ones.
Like the baby robins who grow
from the nourishment
the mother robin gives them,
so do I grow from the nourishment
of Your Word.
As the baby robins grow and learn to fly
and leave their nest,
I also am able to go out and take care of the
affairs of my Father.
Thank You for Your Spirit,
Your Word, and truth
so that I can go out daily
and share what You have given me
with others.
Like the robins who fly,
let me also fly high in Your Spirit
so that one day we shall meet face to face.

The Wings of the Wind

Lord, let me ride on the wings of the wind
as I soar to Thee.
Along the way,
let me sit on a cloud
as I look in wonderment
at the beauty of the sky.
Look down upon me
and bless me
as I lift up my praises to Thee.
As I ride on the wings of the wind,
fill my heart with joy
as the excitement swells within my soul
as I reach Thee.

The Butterfly

Like the butterfly
who emerges from the cocoon,
so it is with us when we leave the cocoon
of our old ways
and become a new creation in God.

Like the butterfly
who soars to new heights,
so shall we soar to new heights
in the Lord.

Like the butterfly
who is free,
so are we free when we leave our sinful past
and abide in God.

Like the butterfly
who has new life,
so it is with us when we accept
Jesus as the Lord of our lives.

Majestic Tree

Oh majestic tree, how tall you stand
as you lift your branches toward the sky.

Even you praise the Lord
as you lift your branches toward heaven.

Oh majestic tree, how beautiful you are
with your leaves of green.

As the wind blows softly
and kisses each branch,

how gently your branches sway.

In the fall, you reach a new height of beauty
as your leaves turn colors

before they fall to the ground.

In the winter, your branches are bare
as you sleep,

but again how beautiful you are
when the snow becomes
a blanket upon you.

In the spring, how beautiful you are
when you awake from your sleep and buds
form on your branches.

As spring lets go to summer
and the buds have burst into
beautiful leaves,

how majestic you are.

Oh majestic tree, you are a miracle,
for who but God could have made you?

The Garden Of My Life

Jesus, walk in the garden of my life.
Plant the seeds of love, joy, kindness,
and a gentle spirit in me.

Take out the weeds of anger and pride
and resentment.

Water this garden of my life with love.
Let Your love germinate in me
and help me to be a willing bondsman
of my Lord.

Let Your light be the sun shining in my life
which will let me grow into
a beautiful flower
in Your eyes.

THE ROBIN

Meditational writings pointing to the
seasons.

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