

MEDITATIONS*

JUST TO WALK in the woods, and no man's footprints there – nor any left by me. God's world around – and peace and quiet – and nature's gentle happiness. A mighty tree, an exquisite bloom, a sparkling stream wandering untainted to its mother river, majestic in her lavish bounty. A field unscarred – beauty held fast and replenished of nature's gifts by planted wealth to give again her treasures to a wise and thrifty image of his Creator. A woods unmarred from lavish harvest – unsightly waste replaced by growths of future's mighty trees. A masterpiece of man painted on Nature's canvas - giving life to countless of her children. Creatures scampering softly - winged rainbows flashing a fullness of life - contentment. I humbly bow my head in thanks.

A BARREN WASTE – silent in death, naked except for blackened shroud - not even shadows left to mark the source of man's inheritance. An open field – boundless acres being torn apart by man-made monsters begetting wealth and no return is given. Diminishing gifts 'til all is waste. An ugly ditch – no life contained – instead the broil of vanishing life stolen and squandered – heedless robbery. An ignorant few will eat while Satan laughs in glee that their progeny vanish. A belching, screaming industry – designed by green spewing death – transforming heaven sent streams to things of unsightly horror – and a few grow fat while millions starve, but slowly. The filth of God's creatures with Satan sponsored carelessness, fouling the life-giving waters. I bow my head in shame.

A PITIFUL FEW crying in the dark – their voices unheard by the throng rushing to the oblivion of a sterile world. I bow my head in prayer.

AND FROM THAT PRAYER there comes the truth that He who gave can give again – despair is sin – a weakness undeserving of His mercy. Our faith could be, that by the asking, sincere and humble petition for guidance, our heedless march would turn, and we to have again our Maker's favor. May Heaven hear our supplication.

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