

## O Tiny Babe

By Alice Kenat, SFO  
Billings, MT

O Tiny Babe born today  
In Bethlehem we seek thee  
From Heaven to earth  
Our Lamb at Birth  
A stable warm to greet thee

A star is bright  
That lights the night  
Three wise men follow the  
sight  
A child is near  
Who warms the heart  
His arms are open wide

Open wide your arms to Him  
Allow His spirit to enter in  
He is the way, the truth, the life  
This Babe of Bethlehem

## The Christ

By Kenton Miller, SFO  
Tulsa, OK

New life rejoices when a summer storm  
Strides the earth and shouts,  
Thunder voiced and lightning crowned,  
In deep electric concentration,  
Bent upon its chores:  
To wash the sky and feed the ground.

Shall I care less about a thirsty Earth;  
Give ear to those who cry "Conform!"  
In their fear of Love and Passion,  
Born to die while never having lived?

Oh, it is dangerous, I know,  
To say 'I Am!'  
More, perhaps, than I was meant.  
And yet,  
I will hazard every chance,  
Endure their snipes and threats,  
And, dying in the end,  
Will Live!  
That you too might be Sunday born:  
Again, a summer storm of Love  
On the high, dry plains of their  
indifference.

## The World Turned Upside Down

By Caroline E. Richbourg, SFO

For dog fighting, off to prison,  
As Michael Vick has learned.  
For killing one's unborn child  
No penalty is earned!

Some protest the suffering of  
animals  
Caused for the good of humanity  
But claim a baby being aborted  
suffers  
Nothing during this calamity!

Protest the death of soldiers in  
Iraq  
And you many will hail;  
Protest the killing of the unborn  
And you might end up in jail!

Molestation and rape are rightly  
Punishable abuse,  
But killing an unborn baby is  
The ultimate child abuse!

Many deny life begins at  
conception  
If so there'd be no life ever  
And nothing growing in a womb  
And no new life to sever!

## Holy Hands

By Richard Hurzeler SFO  
Tyler, Tx.

I found her there moving  
like a cat stalking bounty  
Her smooth chocolate hands  
washing gently the frail  
old man who had no one.  
She remained in the  
shadows—  
beyond crystal chandeliers  
and elegant furniture facades.

At the margins she found  
the mother lode of human  
need  
which she treated as royalty.  
This humble nurse's aid—  
princess in the valley of  
Charity.

Up front a preacher proclaimed  
the Word of God and here quietly  
it was fleshed out. Unknown  
but to a few wandering eyes...  
and to...God.



Photo by William Wicks, SFO

## WINTER JEWELS

By Alice Kenat, SFO  
Billings, MT

Crystal shanks replace the grass  
Sparkling like diamonds each Fall and  
Winter  
Like summer dew, yet frozen in time  
Winter's cold becomes Winter's beauty,  
subtle yet shimmering  
Giving luster to all that it touches  
Transforming sidewalks, lawns,  
and rooftops into a jeweler's dream.

## A SEASON SEEN

By Roger K. Van Natta  
Carlsbad, NM

Autumn fades as its colors die  
Bring on winters burst, let the  
snowflakes fly,  
Sparrows perch searching for life's  
Sustaining seed,  
Then fly down to get what they need  
Squirrels dart bushy tailed  
along the ground  
Grabbing their nurture in a leap  
and a bound  
Suddenly autumn leaves are swept away  
A Zephyr picked them up, as if to play  
Gone are the leaves, coolness is  
all that remains  
Winter's warning came from  
across the plains  
Clouds darken all around; the  
sky goes gray  
Sun's last light fades from this display  
Winter bursts from its lair  
Let autumn fade from care.