



Toothpaste Story

Supplies needed: One tube of toothpaste, one paper plate

Invite one or more of the children to help you with the illustration. Ask the child who is helping to squeeze the toothpaste out onto the paper plate. If you want to use more than one child, let them take turns, until the toothpaste is emptied onto the plate.



Then ask which child would like to put the toothpaste back into the tube!

When the children have realized that you have asked them to do an impossible thing, talk about word - once they are spoken, nobody can put them back.

Remember the poem:

"Boys flying kites
Haul in their white-winged birds.
But you can't do that
When you're flying words.

Thoughts unspoken will sometimes fall
back dead,
But God himself can't kill them once
they're said.



By Judy Wright



Balloon Story

A child's version of Romans 7-8.



Supplies: A large, but sturdy book. Balloons...one that is not yet blown up, several that are filled with helium. Keep the ones that are filled

with helium out of sight in a paper bag or behind the podium or desk.

Introduction:

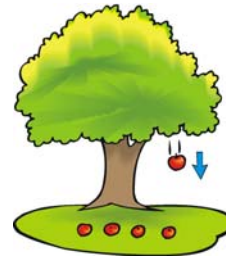
Who knows the difference between a "law" and a "rule"? While we speak of some rules as being laws, such as the speed limit, actually the traffic laws are only rules. A law is a statement about something that always happens. A rule only tells what SHOULD happen.

We say it is the "law" that we don't drive faster than 55 mph. But is it possible to drive faster? Sure. People do it every day.

But a law is like the law of gravity. Can you define the law of gravity? (Drop the book to illustrate!) The law of gravity says that when you drop something, it goes down, not up. That law is true for children and adults. If the President of the United States drops something, it goes down. It doesn't matter if you are a king or a rich

man or a poor man, the law of gravity works the same. It works the same on Monday and on Friday.

Now, would someone volunteer to hold this heavy book out at arm's length?(EGW-in-vision style!). Stand there while I continue to talk.



Is this person who is holding the book to keep it from falling down stronger than the law of gravity? It looks like it, to begin with. Let's vote.

How many think the law of gravity is stronger? How many think the person holding the book is stronger?

If the person continues to stand there, will he still be stronger than the law of gravity by supertime? How about by next Tuesday?

While a person can TEMPORARILY appear to overcome the law of gravity, in the end the law of gravity will win. Every time. No matter how strong the person is, no matter how hard he tries to fight it, the law will win.

There is another law that Paul talks about in the Bible. He calls it "the law of sin". He says that because of this law of



sin, when he wants to do what's right, he finds that he can't do it, because the law of sin is stronger than he is. Read Romans 7:21, 23:

"I find then a law, that evil is present with me, the one who wills to do good. For I delight in the law of God, according to the inner man. But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, bringing me into captivity to the law of sin."



The law of sin says that we are going to do what is contrary to God's law of love, the 10 commandments, even though we recognize that God's law is good, and we want to obey it. The law of sin is stronger than we are. We may be able to appear to overcome the law of sin in our own strength, just as we can appear to overcome the law of gravity--but only TEMPORARILY. In the end, the law of sin is going to win out.

But there is good news!

If you want to overcome a law, then you have to find another law that is stronger than the first law. Is there any law that is stronger than the law of gravity? (Take out a balloon that does not have air. Drop it. Then take out a balloon that is only filled with regular air. Drop that.) (Then take out the helium balloon(s) and hold them up.)



There is a law that is stronger than the law of gravity. If something is lighter than air, it becomes free from the law of gravity, and goes UP instead of DOWN. (Even small children will be able to tell you what will happen if you turn loose the helium balloons! Pass out the helium balloons, keeping one for yourself.) Does the law of gravity have power over a helium balloon? (Turn loose your balloon. Let the children watch as it goes up to the ceiling.)



Romans 8:2 says:

"For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus has made me free from the law of sin and death."

If you try to keep God's law of love in your own strength, you will fail every time. But if you ask Jesus to come INSIDE of you, just as the helium is put inside of the balloon, then you will be free from the law of sin, and you will have power to obey God's law of love.

But there's something important about helium -- you don't just put it inside the balloon once.

What happens after a day or two? Does the balloon that once has helium inside keep rising forever? No, you have to put the helium in fresh every day.



The same with Jesus. You need to invite Him into your heart every day in order to stay free from the law of sin. You do that by praying and asking Him to come into your heart, and by reading the Bible, so you can learn more about Him. Then you will have the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus on the inside, renewed every day, and you will be freed from the law of sin and death.

By Judy Wright



Some selections from Romans *Romans 7(NIV)*

4So, my brothers, you also died to the law through the body of Christ, that you might belong to another, to him who was raised from the dead, in order that we might bear fruit to God. 5For when we were controlled by the sinful nature, the sinful passions aroused by the law were at work in our bodies, so that we bore fruit for death. 6But now, by dying to what once bound us, we have been released from the law so that we serve in the new way of the Spirit, and not in the old way of the written code.

11For sin, seizing the opportunity afforded by the commandment, deceived me, and through the commandment put me to death. 12So then, the law is holy, and the commandment is holy, righteous and good.

21So I find this law at work: When I want to do good, evil is right there with me. 22For in my inner being I delight in God's law; 23but I see another law at work in the members of my body, waging war against the law of my mind and making me a prisoner of the law of sin at work within my members. 24What a wretched man I am! Who will rescue me from this body of death? 25Thanks be to God—through Jesus Christ our Lord! So then, I myself in my mind am a slave to God's law, but in the sinful nature a slave to the law of sin.

Romans 8(NIV)

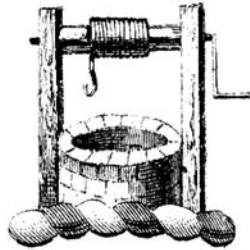
1Therefore, there is now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus, 2because through Christ Jesus the law of the Spirit of life set me free from the law of sin and death. 3For what the law was powerless to do in that it was weakened by the sinful nature, God did by sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful man to be a sin offering. And so he condemned sin in sinful man, 4in order that the righteous requirements of the law might be fully met in us, who do not live according to the sinful nature but according to the Spirit.

9You, however, are controlled not by the sinful nature but by the Spirit, if the Spirit of God lives in you.



The Swimming Kitten ... An Answered Prayer

I have two stories today: a silly, made-up story, and a really-truly story. First you have to hear the silly, made-up story, so you will understand the second story.



A long time ago, when Grandpa was a little boy, his parents told him the story of

"Tikkitikkitombonissorhomboharrybarrybuscapepipimbonissipompom". Come on: you can say it! Tikki-tikki-tombo-nisso-rhombo-harry-barry-buscap-epi-pimbo-nissi-pom-pom.

According to the story, hundreds of years ago, people named their children really l-o-n-g names! One little boy was named Tikki-tikki-tombo-nisso-rhombo-harry-barry-buscap-epi-pimbo-nissi-pom-pom. One day when he was playing in the yard with his brothers and sisters, he got too close to the well, and fell into it.

The only adult at home that day was his Grandpa, who was very hard of hearing. The brothers and sisters ran into the house and cried, "Grandpa, Tikki-tikki-

tombo-nisso-rhombo-harry-barry-buscap-epi-pimbo-nissi-pom-pom fell in the well! Get the ladder QUICK!"

And Grandpa said, "Huh?"

The children said, "Tikki-tikki-tombo-nisso-rhombo-harry-barry-buscap-epi-pimbo-nissi-pom-pom fell in the well! Get the ladder QUICK!"

And Grandpa said, "What's that you say? Speak up!"

"Tikki-tikki-tombo-nisso-rhombo-harry-barry-buscap-epi-pimbo-nissi-pom-pom fell in the well! Get the ladder QUICK!"

By the time Grandpa finally understood what had happened, and rescued poor Tikki-tikki-tombo-nisso-rhombo-harry-barry-buscap-epi-pimbo-nissi-pom-pom, he had almost drowned! So in order to keep such a thing from happening again, people started naming their children shorter names, like Mike and John and Caitlyn!

OK, that was the silly story...now for the true story...



Inspiration



One summer Karl and Lysa went with their parents to stay on Grandpa and Grandma's farm, way north in Minnesota. Grandpa and Grandma didn't actually live on their farm yet, but they hoped to live there when they retired. For now they went there for vacations. This particular summer, Karl and Lysa and their parents decided to use the farm themselves, for the whole summer.



The farm wasn't finished yet! The house wasn't finished yet. The house had walls, and windows, and doors. From the outside it looked like a regular house. But on the inside, the rooms weren't finished. The kitchen didn't have a sink or a stove or a refrigerator. The bathroom wasn't finished. Instead, there was an outdoor bathroom in a tiny little building behind the house called an outhouse.

There was no electricity, no heat, no running water that came from a pipe.



When you needed water on that farm, you had to get it out of the well. The well was a deep, narrow hole in

the ground that went from the top of the ground all the way down to where there was water. To keep people from falling into the hole, the people who dug the well had built a little cupboard above the hole, and put a lid over the top. In order to get water out of the well, you had to drop a bucket tied to a long rope all the way down to the water. Then you had to pull the rope and the bucket of water back up to the top again.

Usually the lid over the top of the hole was closed and latched. But one afternoon, when Mother and Daddy were washing clothes, they had the top of the well open. They pulled up bucket after bucket full of water to fill a tub to wash the clothes. While they were doing that, little Gray Kitten got curious. He went to peek down the hole, and somehow lost his footing and fell 30 feet down into the well. He landed in the water.



Mother saw him fall into the hole, but she wasn't fast enough to save him. Mother, Daddy, Karl, and Lysa all peeked down into the well. Gray Kitten was

Inspiration

swimming in desperate little circles, way down inside the dark hole.

Mother and Daddy took turns letting the bucket down into the well, hoping the kitty would somehow figure out how to climb onto the bucket. But every time they pulled the bucket up again, the kitty would still be down below.

Mother and Daddy and Karl and Lysa prayed and asked Jesus to save their kitty. Karl and Lysa were very sad that their Gray Kitten might drown. Mother and Daddy didn't want the kitty to drown, but even more, they did not want a dead cat in their only supply of drinking water! It was bad enough to have a live kitty swimming down there!

Jesus heard their prayers, and the next time Mother put the bucket down into the well, Gray Kitten somehow figured out how to grab the rope that was tied to the bucket with his claws, and when Mother brought the bucket to the top, there was the kitty.

Mother wrapped him in a dry towel, and everybody took turns holding him and rubbing his fur to warm him up and dry him off. In a short time, he was as good as new!

Mother and Daddy told the children the story of Tikki-tikki-tombo-nisso-rhombom-harry-barry-buscap-epi-pimbo-nissi-pom-pom, who also fell into a well! So the children named Gray Kitten Tikki-tikki-tombo-nisso-rhombom-harry-barry-buscap-epi-pimbo-nissi-pom-pom. Except they called him "Tikki" for short!!!



By Judy Wright





Stolen Candy Bar



When Judy was a little girl, she heard a story in Sabbath School about a little child who stole a candy bar from the grocery store. In the story, which probably really happened, the child took the candy bar, and then later felt guilty and confessed. The child's mother gave the child money to pay for the candy bar and then went with the child to the store to pay for the candy.

When the child confessed and paid for the candy bar, the clerk at the store was so impressed with the honesty of the child that he gave the child another, free candy bar, and praised the child for being so honest.

Judy thought about that for awhile, and decided that sounded like fun!

So the next time she went with her mother to the store, she managed to slip a candy bar into her pocket. Later, after they were home again, she went out into the yard to play and took the candy out of her pocket to eat it. Somehow it didn't taste very good, not nearly as good as she had expected. After a couple of bites, she threw it away.

Then she waited several days, trying to get up enough courage to tell Mother what she had done. The longer she waited, the more she began to wonder how Mother would feel about it. But finally she began crying and told Mother what she had done. She didn't tell Mother about the story from Sabbath School; she just said that she had stolen a candy bar.

But just as in the story, Mother gave her the money to pay for the candy bar she had stolen. Then Mother took her to the store so she could confess to the clerk and pay the money for the stolen candy.



But Judy must have somehow gotten into the wrong story! Judy waited until there were no other customers at the check-out place. Then she took her money and went up to the clerk and said, "I stole a candy bar, and here is the money to pay for it."

The clerk didn't say, "What an honest little girl! Here's a free candy bar as a reward!"

Instead, the clerk just gave her a dirty



look, sighed deeply, opened the cash register drawer and put Judy's money inside. Then she slammed the door. Judy ran to her mother and they left the store together.

But that wasn't the end of the story. For weeks and weeks after that, every time Judy went with her mother to the store to buy groceries, that clerk scowled at Judy and watched her closely, suspicious that she might again try to steal something. When Judy would go with her mother to the store, she would look to see if that clerk was working. Once in awhile the clerk would be someone different. But usually it was the same clerk, frowning to see Judy and her



mother
come
into
the
store.

Judy

realized that even though it is good to confess if you do something wrong, it's better NOT to do the wrong thing in the first place. Being honest ALL the time brings greater rewards than being dishonest and then saying you're sorry afterwards.

By Judy Wright

HONESTY

Morality may consist solely in the courage of making a choice.

Wickedness is always easier than virtue,
for it takes a short cut to everything.
But over time you learn, you can't make
wrong work.

There are always two choices,
two paths to take.
One is easy.

And your only reward is that it's easy.
You cannot do wrong without suffering
wrong.

Work joyfully and peacefully,
knowing that right thoughts and right
efforts
will inevitably bring about right results.

You can never lose anything that really
belongs to you,
and you can't keep that which belongs to
someone else.

You always experience the consequences of
your own acts.

If your acts are right, you'll get good
consequences;
if not, you'll suffer for it.

Sooner or later everyone sits down to a
banquet of consequences.

~~ Author Unknown ~~



The Pump

"Bring the whole tithe into the storehouse . . . test me in this, says the Lord Almighty, and see if I will not open the floodgates of Heaven and pour out so much blessing that you will not have room enough for it." Malachi 3:10

For over a year, we had lived in a small cabin (12 by 20 feet) with two small sons. The youngest was still in diapers, the old-fashioned cloth kind, for he was allergic to disposable diapers. We did not have enough money to put running water in the cabin, so we hauled water from a spring over two miles away. In good weather this wasn't too bad; in bad weather it was terrible, for often we had to walk and carry jugs of water over icy, snowy roads that would not allow the car to get close to the house.

Until you have tried it, you have no idea of how much water it takes to bathe four people, do dishes, soak diapers, clean, drink, cook. Luckily, we had an outhouse, so we didn't have to carry flushing water. But oh! Spring water is very cold, and water weighs quite a bit.



At long last, someone offered to buy an acre of land that we owned in our old home area. Now we could have a well drilled. But a well is useless without a pump to lift the water into the house.

We spent a lot of time looking over the pump catalogs. No one ever studied

pictures of pumps with more fervor and devotion than we did. Finally, we settled on a half-horse Gould's jet pump. Its bright blue exterior promised to pump an abundance of water.



But now we ran into a snag. The money we would get for our land covered the cost of the well, and would cover the pump, or it would cover the cost of the well and the tithe.

We spent several agonizing weeks trying to figure out a way around the tithe. We had sold the land for five times what we had paid for it. But of course everything else was up in price, too . . . so did we *really* make a profit? If we put the money back into our house, had we *then* made a profit?

I tried to get water from my well by letting down a small can on a rope. But the well was too deep and too narrow to get any amount of water.

And so we prayed, and prayed, and prayed. . . And at last we traveled 300 miles to the bank where we would sign the final papers giving us the money to



pay for the well . . . and the pump . . . or the tithe . . . or the pump . . . or the tithe.

When we walked out of the bank, I turned to my husband. I knew if we didn't pay that tithe immediately, we would never pay it, for the specter of all those diapers in that cold spring water was rising up.

So we prayed, made out the tithe check, stuffed it into an envelope, addressed it to our home church, and mailed it at the street corner.

We drove from the city as I sobbed. I saw no way for years for us to afford the pump that we needed. I tried to be brave, but I am afraid that my faith did not extend to any solutions. The best I could see happening was that somehow God would get me through day after dreary day of hauling water. I did thank God for that spring, for without it we couldn't have survived at all.



The buildings sped by, until at last we were out in the country, headed for the new home of my husband's sister.

We pulled onto the sister's property next to a big red barn. The new place had several large outbuildings. Before we even had a chance to open the car door, our brother-in-law came to the car

window. He was holding a battered brown box.

"I've been cleaning out junk that the former owners left." He said. "I found this pump. I think it's new, but I have no use for it. I was going to throw it out, but I thought I would ask you if you would be interested in it."

We opened the box, and there inside, much shinier and bluer than in the picture, lay a Gould's jet pump. It was the same pump that we had so longingly looked at all those months in the catalog.

The (free) pump rode home with us, while I cried some more. It was rapidly installed in the corner of the bathroom. For the next 15 years, whenever we needed water, the pump would kick on, and we would hear its hum.

Sometimes people would be startled at the sound and ask if we minded that noise. I never did; for to me it was an angel's song. I had no doubt that God had directed someone to buy an unneeded pump years before, abandon it in a barn, and then have a man find it only minutes before we would drive into his driveway needing a pump.

By
Rebecca K. Fraker

*Well drillers at work
at our home*





Out of The Ditch

After many days of prayer, I became convinced that I should teach at a small church school nearly an hour's drive from my home. The school could only afford to pay me a very small wage. But, convinced that "all God's biddings are enablings", I began the daily journey. I trusted that the God who called me to the job would keep my old car running and provide for my needs.

As the school year wore on, my needs were provided—as well as a few of my wants. But there was never a dollar extra from one week to the next.

By the time we entered snowy February, I had \$5 besides my gas money left until my March paycheck. I started my journey to the school on a very snowy, icy day. My three children, seat-belted in the back, soon fell asleep in the warm car.



I crept along slowly, with no more than minor slippage, until I rounded a curve and started down a hill. Suddenly, the car was out of control. It slid around and around in circles, finally sliding off the right side of the road along a ditch. Ahead, I could see three other cars already in the ditch. I prayed as I braced for the impact. Providentially,

the car stopped just before it would have hit the back of the last car in the ditch.

The kids were still asleep, the car was undamaged, but now I realized something. Four cars, counting me, had already rounded that curve and slid into the ditch. That meant that the next car to come down the hill would probably rear-end me. It might not even be a car, but a log-truck or another large truck. And my children were in the back seat.



This thought roused me to action, and so I quickly shook the children awake. I got them out of the car and we began to struggle through the fields along the road, up the banks where we thought the cars could not slide.

The area around us was very rural. We kept walking until we came across a hunting cabin. Although there was no one there, the cabin had a sheltered porch. I decided that the kids would be safer there than walking along that treacherous, icy road. I made them promise to stay on the porch until I returned.





Trudging on, I at last came to a house several miles down the road. The owners graciously allowed me to use the phone, and I called for a substitute to open the school and take the class.

Then I turned my thoughts to the car. I only had \$5. That, I knew, wasn't nearly enough to pull the car from the ditch. Now what? Praying, I reminded my Lord that I was doing His job, and that He had promised to provide for my needs. I had barely finished the prayer when I looked out the window and saw my car going by the house!



I opened the door, but before I could shout, the car stopped and backed into the driveway. Astonished, I walked out to greet a man holding my car keys.

"This is my car," I told him.

"Great!" he replied.

"But how did you get the car out of the ditch?" I asked.

"My car was in the ditch, too, and when I rented the tow truck to get mine out, I decided I would pull all the other cars out, too."

"But how did you know where to bring the car?"

"Oh, I didn't know. But your car had the keys in it, so I started it and decided I would leave it in the first driveway that looked right. And when I passed this driveway, it looked right. So I backed in."

Needless to say, a very happy praising woman carefully drove the car back to the cabin to pick up her children.

The rest of the journey to school was uneventful. We even made it before the first student arrived!

God continued His faithfulness through four years of teaching at mission wages. His on-going provision and care was always delightful and unique. While the bank account was always empty, our storehouse of memories of God's goodness is full to overflowing.

By Rebecca K. Fraker





Temptations

*. . . Like men who snare birds and like those who set traps to catch men.
(Jeremiah 5:26)*

Part 1

A man was on the side of the road with a large birdcage. A boy noticed that the cage was full of birds of many kinds.

"Where did you get those birds?" he asked.

"Oh, all over the place, " the man replied.

"I lure them with crumbs, pretend I'm their friend, and then when they are close, I net them and shove them into my cage."

"And what are you going to do with them now?"

The man grinned, "I'm going to prod them with sticks, and get them really mad so they fight and kill each other. Those that survive, I will kill. None will escape."

The boy looked steadily at the man. What made him do such things? He looked into the cruel, hard eyes. Then he looked at the birds, defenseless, without hope.

"Can I buy those birds?" the boy asked.



The man hid a smile, aware that he could be on to a good thing if he played his cards right. "Well," he said hesitantly, "The cage is pretty expensive, and I spent a lot of time collecting these birds. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you have the lot, birds, cage and all, for ten pounds and that jacket you're wearing."

The boy paused. Ten pounds was all he had, and the jacket was new and very special; in fact it was his prized possession. To give it up meant many cold days. Slowly, he took out the ten pounds and handed it over. Then even more slowly, he took off his jacket, gave it one last pat, and handed that over too. And then . . . he opened the door and let the birds go free.

End of Part 1





Part 2

The Enemy of the world, Satan, was on the side of life's road with a very large cage. The man coming towards him noticed that it was crammed full of people of every kind, young, old, from every race and nation.



"Where did you get these people?" the man asked.

"Oh, from all over the world," Satan replied. "I lure them with drink, drugs, lust, lies, anger, hate, love of money, and all manner of things, I pretend I'm their friend, out to give them a good time. Then when I've hooked them, into the cage they go."

"And what are you going to do with them now?" asked the man.

Satan grinned. "I'm going to prod them, provoke them, get them to hate and destroy each other. I'll stir up racial hatred, defiance of law and order. I'll make people bored, lonely, dissatisfied, confused, and restless. It's easy. People will always listen to what I offer them and (what's better) blame God for the outcome!"

"And then what?" the man asked.

"Those who do not destroy themselves, I will destroy. None will escape me."

The man stepped forward. "Can I buy these people from you?" he asked.

Satan snarled, "Yes, but it will cost you your life."

So Jesus Christ, the Son of God, paid for your release, your freedom from Satan's trap, with His own life, on the cross at Calvary. The door is open, and anyone whom Satan has deceived and caged can be set free.



The End

Author: Unknown



Even Puppies Count

Even though I had been raised to believe in God, I didn't quite get prayer. Growing up, I occasionally used the "vending machine" approach to God, the "please help me find the keys" pleading. I would promise to do something in the hopes God would make me the trade. Sometimes these prayers seemed to get an answer.



My really big prayers, though, that the abuse in the household would quit, NEVER were answered. At last I gave up on God, or at least on a God that seemed to think finding keys was more important than the sobs of a child.

As a young adult, I began to read a Bible, and I became intrigued with the Jesus that I saw. I began to turn my life over to this Jesus. I still froze at the thought of praying to a God the Father. I wasn't too keen on a God the Father. Jesus seemed pretty okay, but to approach a Father -- no way. So when I prayed, I would pray through Jesus, and I kept Jesus there as a buffer between me and this other God, the one I thought I knew from my childhood.

As I grew in my relationship with Jesus, I began to notice in the Scriptures that Jesus seemed to trust this God the Father. I sometimes would address a prayer to this God, but I was always careful to pray to the

"Father that Jesus knew, not the other one."

And then one day a puppy arrived at my back door -- a very cute but dirty puppy. It was not unusual for people to abandon animals in our country location, and I knew that somebody had dumped this poor puppy out along the road. It had wandered through the woods until it reached our place.

I fed it and cleaned it up with a feeling of sadness. We already owned two dogs, and I knew it would have to go to the shelter. There it would be put to sleep.



I felt very bad about this. I looked at the puppy, and thought of how awful it was that it would die instead of having a happy life, loving kids somewhere. Something with such a potential for love and loyalty would never have a chance.

And as I sorrowed, I remembered a scrap of Bible verse about sparrows. And stuff about lilies and birds . . . and I thought about this Heavenly



Father, and for the first time I began to genuinely pray to Him. I asked

Inspiration

Him to remember the little puppy just as He remembered those sparrows.

With that prayer, I left my house and wandered down my road. No one answered my knock at the first home, but at the second one, a few kids answered the door.

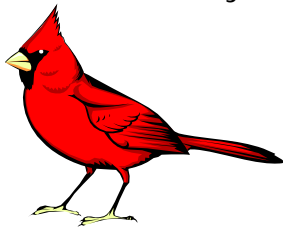
"I found a puppy," I began. I didn't get much farther. Happy jumping and yelling brought the parents to the door. How funny it was that I should come at that moment! They had just made a family decision to get a puppy for their kids.

The little dog found a loving home with five great little kids that day. So the Father that Jesus knew still cared about things like sparrows and puppies.

I, for the first time, felt as though I had actually connected with the heart of the Father.

In the days that followed, I no longer felt hesitant to approach Him. He loved lilies, and birds, and puppies. . . and through the years, I discovered that He loved me, too.

By Ida Snyder



POEM

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful:
The Lord God made them all.*

*Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.*

*The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
To gather every day.*

*He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.*

Words: Cecil F. Alexander Hymns for Little Children, 1848. Alexander is thought to have written these lyrics at Markree Castle, near Sligo, Ireland.