

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

My Song

It was written a long time ago...when the child was very young. I had held here in my arms, her soft, trusting eyes watching me, before she had ever learned to speak a word...small and beautiful and three months old.

Now, she was eight...and tears came to those same eyes as she sat and listened to "her song." I finished playing and we sat for a moment at the piano. Then, she climbed into my lap and we clung to each other...not wanting the moment to end.

I loved her...and she knew it.

Not because of any words that were spoken, but because she knew that I had written a song especially for here...and had realized why that song had been written.

"Why are you crying?" I asked.

And a silent shake of her head was her only answer.

"Didn't you always know I loved you?"

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Yes, she nodded, mutely. Then a smile pierced the tears and her face became radiantly clam. "Maybe I'm crying because I'm happy," she smiled.

And I nodded my agreement.

And then life began its incessant knocking at the door, and interruptions...other people...other situations...broke the spell.

But...for a brief moment...there had been understanding.

All the rules, after that tiny baby had grown...

"Wash your hands," "Don't go in the street," "You mustn't hit," "Don't do this...and don't do that..." All the "Shalt nots"...

Given because someone cared...and had always cared.

And maybe that's why, before the Law had been "laid down" for the people of Israel...the child of God...that I says in the Bible,

"The Lord is my strength and my song." [Ex. 15:2]

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