

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

The following paper was originally published June 1, 1979. Last night, however, I was reading, for the first time, the second book in the series Anne of Green Gables and came across a passage that struck a chord in my heart...and, today, "coincidentally," seems to apply to the following Stewardship Paper. The passage from L. M. Montgomery's Anne of Avonlea, pages 109-110, said it so much better than I:

"Look, do you see that poem?" [Anne] said suddenly, pointing.

"Where?" Jane and Diana stared, as if expecting to see Runic rhymes on the birch trees.

"There...down in the brook...that old green, mossy log with the water flowing over it in those smooth ripples that look as if they'd been combed, and that single shaft of sunshine falling right athwart it, far down into the pool. Oh, it's the most beautiful poem I ever saw."

"I should rather call it a picture," said Jane. "A poem is lines and verses."

"Oh dear me, no." Anne shook her head"... "The lines and the verses are only the outward garments of the poem and are no more really it than your ruffles and flounces are you, Jane. The real poem is the soul within them...and that beautiful bit is the soul of an unwritten poem. It is not everyday one sees a soul...even of a poem." September 9, 2003.

Who Done It

Life is like a mystery novel. You can't always interpret the events unless you have all the clues...and they're not handed to you on a "silver platter," either. You gain them slowly as you travel through the pages. It's easy, once you know "who done it." Then you can go back to the beginning, with a whole new perspective on seemingly unimportant events and see the innuendoes you missed on the first "go-around."

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Take the following poem, for example:

Once upon a time, I remember when...

But then,

Memories sometimes fade away...

I walked, with morning mist around my feet,

And watched the sun transform a mountain's coolness

Into heat of day.

I walked, for miles it seemed,

Until a warm, inviting rock stretched 'neath the pines

Did beckon me to stay.

And there I rested for a thousand years

Until I went, again, upon my way.

On the first go-around, it appears that the author is remembering a scene in the mountains. But poems aren't that straight forward and simple, either.

If you like to "detect," try taking another look at that last scene. But, remember...that even detectives have to do their homework; so here are some clues: Ps. 143:5-8, Gen. 2:4-6, John 8:12, Mic. 4:1-3, Deut. 32:4, II Peter 3:8, Ps. 90.

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You may find that the real author was not the person who wrote the poem...that the writer's hand was moved by yet another's...because, (and here's the final clue) when the poem was written, the writer had no knowledge of scripture at all.

Which only goes to show that half of knowing 'what's happening" and half the fun in life is reading a "good book."

(Written, June 1, 1979. Edited, November 4, 2012.)