

HEARTPRINTS



Whatever our hands touch—
We leave fingerprints!
On walls, on furniture,
On doorknobs, dishes, books,
As we touch we leave our
identity.

Oh please where ever
I go today,
Help me leave
heartprints!
Heartprints of
compassion

Of understanding and love.
Heartprints of kindness
and genuine concern.

May my heart touch a lonely neighbor
Or a runaway daughter,
Or an anxious mother,
Or, perhaps, a dear friend!

I shall go out today
To leave heartprints,
And if someone should say
“I felt your touch”,
May that one sense be...YOUR LOVE
Touching through ME...

— Author Unknown



Traveling On My Knees

Last night I took a
journey
To a land across
the seas.
I didn't go by
ship or plane
I traveled on my
knees.

I saw so many people there
In bondage to their sin,
And Jesus told me I should go,
That there were souls to win.

But I said “Jesus, I can't go
To lands across the seas.”
He answered quickly,
“Yes, you can
By traveling on your knees.”

He said, “You pray,
I'll meet the need.
You call, and I will hear.
It's up to you to be concerned
For lost souls far and near.”

And so I did; knelt in prayer,
Gave up some hours of ease,
And with the Savior by my side,
I traveled on my knees.

As I prayed on, I saw souls saved
And twisted persons healed,
I saw God's workers strength
renewed
While laboring in the field.

I said, “Yes Lord, I'll take the job.
Your heart I want to please.
I'll heed Your call and swiftly go
By traveling on my knees.”

Written by
Sandra Goodwin



The Call of the Barnyard

A flock of wild ducks
were flying in formation,
heading south for the
winter. They formed
a beautiful V in the
sky, and were
admired by everyone who saw them
from below.

One day, Wally, one of the wild
ducks in the formation, spotted some-
thing on the ground that caught his eye.
It was a barnyard with a flock of tame
ducks who lived on the farm. They were
waddling around on the ground,
quacking merrily and eating corn that
was thrown on the ground for them
every day. Wally liked what he saw. “It
sure would be nice to have some of that
corn,” he thought to himself. “And all
this flying is very tiring. I'd like to just
waddle around for a while.”

So after thinking it over a while,
Wally left the formation of wild ducks,
made a sharp dive to the left, and
headed for the barnyard. He landed
among the tame ducks, and began to
waddle around and quack merrily. He
also started eating corn. The formation



of wild ducks continued their journey
south, but Wally didn't
care. “I'll rejoin them
when they come back
north in a few months,
he said to himself.

Several months
went by and sure
enough, Wally looked
up and spotted the
flock of wild ducks in formation,
heading north. They looked beautiful up
there. And Wally was tired of the
barnyard. It was muddy and everywhere
he waddled, nothing but duck doo. “It's
time to leave,” said Wally.

So Wally flapped his wings furi-
ously and tried to get airborne. But he
had gained some weight from all his
corn-eating, and he hadn't exercised his
wings much either. He finally got off
the ground, but he was flying too low
and slammed into the side of the barn.
He fell to the ground with a thud and
said to himself, “Oh, well, I'll just wait
until they fly south in a few months.
Then I'll rejoin them and become a wild
duck again.”

But when the flock flew overhead

once more, Wally again tried to lift
himself out of the barnyard. He simply
didn't have the strength. Every winter
and every spring, he saw his wild duck
friends flying overhead, and they would
call out to him. But his attempts to
leave were all in vain.

Eventually Wally no longer paid any
attention to the wild ducks flying
overhead. He hardly even noticed them.
He had, after all, become a barnyard
duck.

Sometimes we get tired of being
wild ducks—followers of Jesus Christ.
It's not always easy to be obedient to
God and to discipline ourselves to hang
in there for the long haul. When we are
feeling that way, that's when Satan
tempts us to “fall out of formation” and
to join the barnyard ducks - the world.

But look what happened to Wally.
He thought he would just “check it out”
for awhile and then leave when he
wanted to. But he couldn't do it. Sin is
like that. Sin is a trap, and it has a way
of changing us into people we don't
even want to become. Eventually we
lose touch with who we really are and
we become barnyard ducks.