

The Tree

by Crystal J. Kirgiss



Whether short or tall,
bent or straight,
young or old,
full or bare,
once chosen and decorated
with tender care
each tree becomes lovely.
bathed in lights,
wrapped in color,
clothed in newness. . .
a symbol of bent bare empty lives
chosen by the Father,
bathed in Light,
wrapped in Hope,
clothed in Forgiveness.
REBORN,
because long ago a tiny babe
entered our world
and shattered the darkness.

Where Is My Pot?

“The woman then **left her waterpot**, and went her way into the city, and saith to the men, Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?” John 4:28-29

When the Samaritan woman meet Jesus at the well of Sychar, she came carrying her water pot - a symbol of the burden of sin she was carrying. After coming to faith in Christ she ran to tell others - **leaving her water pot.**

She had been set free!

“If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.”
John 8:36



One Solitary Life

Adapted from James Allen Francis

He was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another village. He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty, and then for three years he was an itinerant preacher.

He never wrote a book. He never held an office.

He never owned a home. He never had a family.

He never went to college. He never travelled more than two hundred miles from the place where he was born.

He never did any of the things that usually accompany greatness.

He had no credentials but himself

While he was still a young man, the tide of public opinion turned against him. His friends ran away. He was turned over to his enemies and went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. While he was dying, his executioners gambled for the only piece of property he had on earth, and that was his coat. When he was dead, he was laid in a borrowed grave through the kindness of a friend.

Nearly twenty centuries have come and gone, and today he is still the central figure of the human race and the leader of mankind's progress.

I am far within the mark when I say that . . .

all the armies
that have ever marched,
all the navies
that have ever sailed,
all the parliaments
that have ever sat,
and all the kings
that have ever reigned,
all put together,
have not affected the life of man
upon this earth
as much as
that

One Solitary Life.