

Thoughts:

“For yesterday is but a memory and tomorrow is only a vision; but today well lived makes every yesterday a memory of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope.” – Sanskrit Poem

“Time is not measured by the years that we live, but by the deeds that we do and the joys that we give.” –Helen Steiner Rice

“You do not know what will happen tomorrow.” – James 4:14

A Year of Time
(Steven B. Cloud)

...Though even thinking on the subject of time may prove discomforting; it is not a bad idea—especially at the beginning of a new year.

As we look into [2008] we look at a block of time. We see 12 months, 52 weeks, 365 days, 8,700 hours, 525,600 minutes, 31,536,000 seconds. And all is a gift from God. We have done nothing to serve it, earn it, or purchase it. Like the air we breathe, time comes to us as a part of life.

The gift of time is not ours alone. It is given equally to each person. Rich and poor, educated and ignorant, strong and weak—every man, woman and child has the same twenty-four hour every day.

Another important thing about time is that you cannot stop it. There is no way to slow it down, turn it off, or adjust it. Time marches on.

And you cannot bring back time. Once it is gone, it is gone. Yesterday is lost forever. If yesterday is lost, tomorrow is uncertain. We may look ahead at a full year’s block of time, but we really have no guarantee that we will experience any of it.

Obviously, time is one of our most precious possessions. We can waste it. We can worry about it. We can spend it on ourselves. Or, as good servants, we can invest it in the kingdom of God.

The New Year is full of time. As the seconds tick away, will you be tossing time out the window, or will you make every minute count?”

FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

For the beauty of the earth; For the beauty of the skies, For the love which from our birth
over and around us lies: Lord of all, to thee we raise this our joyful hymn of praise.

For the beauty of each hour of the day and of the night, Hill and vale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light: Lord of all, to thee we raise this our joyful hymn of
praise.

For the joy of human love, Brother, sister, parent, child, friends of earth, and friends
above, For all gentle thoughts and mild: Lord of all to thee we raise this our joyful hymn
of praise.

For each perfect gift of thine to our race so freely given, Graces human and divine,
Flow'rs of earth and buds of heav'n: Lord of all to thee we raise this our joyful hymn of
praise.

“The River”
(Garth Brooks)

You know a dream is like a river
Ever changing as it flows
And a dreamer’s just a vessel
That must follow where it goes
Trying to learn from what’s behind you
And never knowing what’s in store
Makes every day a constant battle
Just to stay between the shores...and

I will sail my vessel
‘Til the river runs dry
like a bird upon the wind
these waters are my sky
I’ll never reach my destination
If I never try
So I will sail my vessel
‘Til the river runs dry

Too many times we stand aside
And let the waters slip away
‘Til what we put off ‘til tomorrow
Jas now become today
So don’t you sit upon the shoreline
And say you’re satisfied
Choose to chance the rapids
And dare to dance the tide...yes

I will sail my vessel
‘Til the river runs dry
Like a bird upon the wind
These waters are my sky
I’ll never reach my destination
If I never try
So I will sail my vessel
‘Til the river runs dry

And there’s bound to be rough waters
And I know I’ll take some falls
But with the good Lord as my captain
I can make it through them all...yes

I will sail my vessel

'Til the river runs dry
Like a bird upon the wind
These waters are my sky
I'LL never reach my destination
If I never try
So I will sail my vessel
'Til the river runs dry

Yes, I will sail my vessel
'Til the river runs dry
'Til the river runs dry

“God Of Our Fathers”

God of our Fathers, whose almighty hand
Lends forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before Thy Throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past;
In this free land by Thee our lost is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy Word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from daily pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine!

Hide it under a bushel, NO! I'm gonna let it shine...

All around the neighborhood, I'm gonna let it shine...

Don't let Satan pfft- it out! I'm gonna let it shine...

Let it shine 'til Jesus comes. I'm gonna let it shine...