



LORD OF A THOUSAND SMILES

By Pill Pugh

In a hospital waiting room. People in blue, green or pink gowns. Not a fashion parade. It was kind of sad, we all knew why we were there. The colours told the kind of cancer you had. A little lady in the corner, scarf and beanie covering her head, looked straight at me and smiled. Her face lit up the room and seemed to express hope. Smiling, Healing, Lord Jesus, thank you for assuring us of your promise, “Lo I am with you always”. Amen.

LORD OF THE HARVEST

Two tiny country Churches were up against it. Many widows, pensioners. Could they keep a Minister of the Word, not to mention meet their mission commitment? A letter was sent out to the community. The one minister in the town, an asset to the community, may have to leave. One farmer gave a paddock of wheat to the appeal. It was a good year

and made all the difference. Lord thank you for the seed, rain and sun, bringing an abundant yield, so that labourers can be sent into your fields of mission. Amen.

EVEN THE LEAST

Two campers walking along a bush track. Around a bend they came upon a feathery bundle, a bush cockatoo, too injured to fly. What could they possibly do, except speak reassuringly and sprinkle a few drops of water on its beak? And then Heaven took a hand. The wounded bird opened its wings, in one glorious display towards the setting sun, and was peacefully still. And we buried the beautiful creature deep in the bush away from disturbances.

Dear Lord, thank you that Heaven is always open to welcome the soul of one of your little ones, even on a bush track. Amen.