



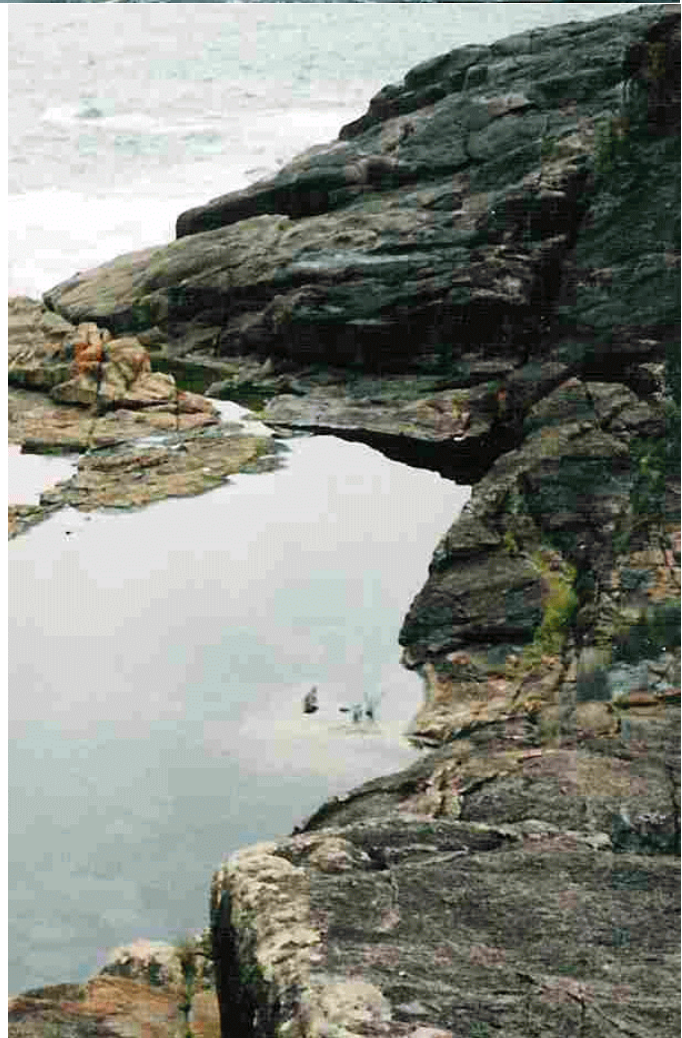
Love Amongst the Turmoil

Rocks of ruggedness and confusion,
broken and piled in vast disarray,
shattered and smashed but even so,
they dare to stop the pounding seas,
dashing the relentless mountains of water,
into thrusting towers of foam and spray,
thence, in dismal trickles to retreat.

This place would seem no place for life,
so unforgiving and powers so great,
yet on its edge is paradise,
nestled above the pounding turmoil,
filled with tears of clouds so sweet,
reflecting shimmers of golden rays,
a little pool so still and calm.

In this small paradise birds come with joy,
drinking deeply of the refreshing water,
splashing and washing their delicate wings,
fragile, yet safe from rocks and sea,
enjoying the care of their loving creator.

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Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they?

Matthew 6 verse 26 (NIV)