

God's Front Porch

By Barb Berg

Sitting here in the silence of the dawn, the spirit caught me up.
Gazing over the rain soaked pasture still thick with fog I observe God's
creatures waking up slowly presenting a variety of sounds to the
sleepy earth.

I watch a crow as he flies by, ebony wings and body with a purpose
to survive the coming winter ahead. Do these animal souls sense a
holy place where the creator dwells? I ask?

Survival is their main achievement roaming through thickened
brush for smaller creatures to consume, or flying in a vast void
targeting prey that is vulnerable to nature's will. Where do they fit in
compared to the children of God? I ask?

Man has a kin to the wildlife on earth, he can be obedient to his maker
and survive the temptation of wrong or allow free will to overcome and
make him in this world.

My mind ponders - then I hear the wetland frogs cease their
sounds as the rays of warm sun invade their homes. Coyotes retreat to
their dens, fearful of man.

I sip my coffee on my front porch gazing on God's presence in the
smells of the freshly mowed pasture, oh the calming effect it has on
my soul!

The certainty of life contained from my porch's view only portrays a
small entity of how life entwines.

Observing a web spun between the porch posts attached to the
rhody bush, sketches a magnificent pattern of design,
incomprehensible to me of what a small spider can create!

Could God provide all these feats and miracles within just a small
view from my front porch? I question?

So in the quiet dawn I retrieve to my front porch to read daily from
his book of knowledge in the solitude of Nature's observances and
sh sh sh's! I hear God say, "GOOD MORNING!"