

MOUNTAINSIDE FELLOWSHIP COWBOY CHURCH

The Cowboy Christian Camp Trees

By Barb Berg

A fine salty woman with all kinds of sorts,
Purchased some cowboy campsites to appease her various horts.
While assembling her bivouac with an ole horse trailer and plants,
The neighbor next door offered help with her rant.

"Who me?" as she winced, completely ashamed.
"My two trees need a plantin', they're dry and so maimed,
I was given these woody timbers to provide shade in my years,
but the thought of setting them in the ground, reduced my stamina to tears.
Oh, help me tender neighbor, dig a few holes for me please!
You see I call them my Christian Trees, my weary soul they so do ease."

The cowboy grabbed his shovel and prepared the ground to dig,
Feeling quite useful in spirit with absolutely no time to renege.
Fertilize and flowing water she poured into the ground,
the cowboy inserted these conifers, hoping for a steadfast timeless abound!

A relief of moral duty fell upon this woman of sorts;
she discovered that her neighbor was a unique preacher of all kinds of torts!
Crying for a holy blessing on her special Christian Trees,
the befuddled pastor slowly knelt down on his poor aching knees.

Folding his dirt felt hands he prayed: "God created the world
and all creatures about,
He brought me to this campsite to teach the lost and devout.
He called us together to share in His word.

This is what the Lord called his special unbranded herd.
Now God's blessing on these trees for indefinite growth,
as for that salty lady of sorts,
please, her kingdom mind, promote!"