

# . . . HIGH COTTON

After six days... our earth was formed from the loving hands of God that we now share  
Man and Women followed, bringing forth countless descendants as numerous as the stars,  
into our care

With only a cradle of straw... the infants feed sweetly from Mothers' breasts like honey from the bee  
A lullaby of love was heard by the waves at the seashore and the wind in the trees

Then the kingdom began the task of hunting, planting and harvesting... and giving thanks for our  
daily bread

Fruit of the vine and work of human hands... mission, toil and labor for food... and a place to lay our  
weary heads

From the smallest to the largest of God's creatures... one and all

The nourishment of daily food is the tonic to keep us going and heed the call

After the harvest, we found that bread was not enough food to fill our daily diet

A fishing trip to calm the roughest waters... and to nourish the soul became a call to the rite

Planting the seed of love among the most desolate soil, then giving that love away is the reason for  
our being

For the sweat from our brow is only a second compared to the glories of heaven that await our seeing

Jesus Christ compares the kingdom of heaven to a tiny mustard seed, the smallest seeds upon the soil  
Yet when full grown... it is larger than all the plants in the garden, so that birds can nest and take rest  
from their toil

Some seeds planted will die because of no roots

While other seeds will grow and bear endless bushels of fruit

As this Christmas Season brings gifts of joy and love, lets look upon our harvest with abundant  
Thanksgiving

As our days continue to unfold... the past is over and today is at hand, and the daily motion is our living  
A shopping list I propose: A packet of cosmic seeds, a plot of land, a watering can, and a shovel will  
all have to be gotten

Plant these seeds with love... and keep them well nourished: And indeed you too shall be sitting in...  
high cotton