

Poetry: Because poets say it best

THINGS NOT DONE BEFORE

The things that haven't been done before
Those are the things to try.
Columbus dreamed of an unknown shore
At the rim of the far -flung sky.
And his heart was bold and his faith was strong
As he ventured in dangers new
And he paid no heed to the jeering throngs
Or the fears of the doubting crew.
The things that haven't been done before
Are the tasks worth while today.
Are you one of the flock that follows, or
Are you one of the timid souls that quail
At the jeers of the doubting crew
Or dare you, whether you win or fail
Strike out for the goal that's new?

UNKNOWN

BY THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND

'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,
But he held it up with a smile.
"What am I biddin, good folk?" he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?"
"A dollar—a dollar—then two, only two"
"Going for three"—but no—
From the room far back, a grayhaired man
came forward and picked the bow,
Then wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening the loosened strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet
As the voice of an angel sings.
The music ceased and the auctioneer,

With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said, "Now, what am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.
"A thousand and who'll make it two?"
"Two thousand and who'll make it three?"
"Three thousand once—three thousand twice—"
"And going—and gone," cried he.
The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We do not understand"
"What changed its worth?" Quick came the reply,
"The touch of the Master's hand."
And many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and scarred with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin.
A mess of pottage—a glass of wine,
A game and he travels on;
He is going once—and going twice—
He's going—and going—gone.
But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a man, and the change that's wrought
By the touch of the Master's hand!
MYRA BROOKS WELCH

LESSONS FROM GEESE

Fact 1: As each goose flaps its wings it creates an "uplift for the birds that follow". By flying in a "V" formation, the whole flock adds 71% greater flying range than if each bird flew alone.

Lesson: When people share a common direction and sense, the community can get where it is going quicker and easier because it is traveling on the t(h)rust of one another.

Fact 2: When a goose falls out of formation, it suddenly feels the drag and resistance of flying alone. It quickly moves back into formation to take advantage of the lifting power of the bird immediately in front of it.

Lesson: If we have as much sense as a goose we stay in formation with those headed where we want to go. We are willing to accept their help and give our help to others.

Fact 3: When the lead goose tires, it rotates back into the formation and another goose flies to the point position.

Lesson: It pays to take turns doing the hard tasks and sharing the leadership. As with geese, people are interdependent on each other's skills, capabilities and unique arrangements of gifts, talents or resources.

Fact 4: These geese flying in formation honk to encourage those up front to keep up with their speed.

Lesson: We need to make sure our honking is encouraging. In groups where there is encouragement, production is much greater. Individual empowerment results from quality honking.

Fact 5: When a goose gets sick, wounded or shot down, two geese drop out of formation and follow it down to help and protect it. They stay with it until it dies or is able to fly again. Then, they launch out with another formation or catch up with the flock.

Lesson: If we have as much sense as geese, we will stand by each other in difficult times as well as when we are strong.

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