

## TWENTY ANSWERS TO "WHO AM I"

I am a mother  
Who raised a family  
And tried to teach them  
To love one another.

I am now a widow  
Coping with chores old and new.  
Turning to God for help  
As down new paths I go.

I am also a neighbor--  
A smile or "Hi" as I walk by,  
Or a helping hand when needed.  
What are neighbors for?

I am a gardener too, you see,  
Planting and tilling the soil  
And harvesting all the fruits  
That God has given to me.

I am a teacher, they say--  
Teaching by word or example  
The things that God has taught me  
And teaching children to pray.

Sometimes, a comedian am I--  
Laughing is healthy you know.  
It lifts spirits, makes light of fears  
And you don't need drugs to be "high".

I am a caretaker of God's earth--  
Clean water and fresh air,  
Flowers animals and birds,  
And most of all, each man's worth.

A sinner am I, I must confess,  
Straying often from God's side--  
My selfishness, anger, my pride,  
But God forgives my sinfulness.

I try to be a lover now--  
Its not easy to love everyone--  
An enemy, a man with a gun,  
But Christ, Himself, showed us how.

I am a nurse, dedicated to healing,  
Bandaging "ou-ies" or wrapping burns,  
Comforting "patients" with pillow turns,  
And curing heartaches and wounded feelings.

I am a gambler every day--  
Trusting in God when illness comes.  
He'll see me through or take me home.  
We do not always know God's way.

A singer am I--my voice I raise--  
America the Beautiful on Memorial Day.  
Joyful songs at work or at play,  
And always and ever, singing God's praise.

I am a friend--I try to be there  
When others are feeling blue,  
To share their sorrows but also their joys.  
Everyone needs someone to care.

I try to be a peacemaker, too,  
To understand people's feelings,  
Reach out to folks, listen to them.  
How would I feel if I was you?

I am an artist in spirit  
Seeing the beauty in God's creation.  
In spring, the earth's re-creation  
And adding my little bit to it.

I am a beggar--yes, every day--  
Begging for forgiveness, for health,  
For help, for freedom from pain,  
And God answers in His own way.

I am sometimes a volunteer--  
Many hands make work light.  
The blessings received exceed what we give  
And others become near and dear.

I am a searcher, a curious one--  
How did the earth start? Why are we here?  
Why do hate and illness happen?  
To receive God's love, what have I done?

I'm a poet, trying to put into words  
The abstract things I feel.  
Here's hoping, tho' the meter is bad,  
What I meant is what you heard.

Always, I'm a child of God above  
Who made me and keeps me alive.  
Whenever I turn my face to Him  
He showers me with His love.

Amen